The Provincial Wesleyan.

Published under the direction of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference of Eastern British America.

Volume XV. No. 20. | HALIFAX, N. S., WEDNESDAY, MAY 20, 1863. | Whole No. 722.

Religious Miscellany.

Christ Washing the Disciples' Feet.

BY REV. G. W. BETHUNE, D.D.

O blessed Jesus, when I see thee bending,
Girt as a servant, at thy servants' feet;
Love, lowliness, and might, in zeal all blending,
To wash their dust away, and make them meet
To share thy feast—I know not to adore,
Whether thy humbleness or glory more.

Conscious thou art of that dread hour impending,
When thou must hang in anguish on the tree;
Yet, as in the beginning, to the ending
Of thy sad life, thine own are dear to thee;
And thou wilt prove to them ere thou dost part,
The untold love which fills thy faithful heart.

The day, too, is at hand, when, far ascending,
Thy human brow the crown of God shall wear;
Ten thousand saints and radiant ones attending,
To do thy will and bow in homage there.
But thou dost pledge to guard thy Church from ill,
Or bless with good, thyself a servant still.

Meek Jesus! to my soul thy Spirit lending,
Teach me to live, like thee, in lowly love;
With humble service all thy saints befriending,
Until I serve before thy throne above;
Yes, serving e'en my foes, for thou didst seek
The feet of Judas in thy service meek.

Daily, my pilgrimage as homeward wending,
My weary way, and sadly stained with sin,
Daily do thou, thy precious grace expending,
Wash me all clean without, and clear within,
And make me fit to have a part with thee
And thine, at last, in heaven's festivity.

O blessed name of SERVANT! comprehending
Man's highest honor in his humblest name,
For thou, God's Christ, that office recommending,
The throne of mighty power didst truly claim;
He who would rise like thee, like thee must owe
His highest glory to his stooping low.

For the Provincial Wesleyan.

Stories for the Young.

BY A PILGRIM FATHER.

NO. 12.

My acquaintance with Tommy E—— was begun at a large military station in India. It was on the occasion of a social meeting of the soldiers and their families who, fearing the Lord, spake often one to another, and took sweet counsel together. Such a meeting was a novelty there. Nothing of the sort had ever been thought of in the camp. Convivial carousals and canteen indulgences had, indeed, been customary there as, alas! they too much are among soldiers everywhere; but it was a new idea to substitute tea for liquor, devotional hymns for ribald songs, and the voice of prayer for the language of profanity. Yet although it was an unprecedented thing in the place, it was not quite unknown to all the company for whom it was principally intended. Many of them when young had, in their native land, been acquainted with annual gatherings of a somewhat similar kind in connection with the Sabbath schools they attended, and now in the midst of strangers, and distant far from home, they entered with spirit into a project that rekindled in their minds the pleasing associations of their early life. The arrangements had been made under the sanction of the commanding officer, whose favorable feeling had been won by the orderly and exemplary conduct of the pious men in the corps, and who kindly afforded every facility in his power for the furtherance of the object. The missionary chaplain, too, who had suggested the treat, felt all the responsibility of the necessary preparations for its success. Nor were the men, themselves, indifferent to the character of the enterprise. They felt identified personally with the honour of the cause, and laboured most cordially to forward the movement, and make it in every way worthy of themselves. The scene was deeply interesting and suggestive. In a tent pitched on the plain, the company was assembled. There were the veterans, bearded, brawny, whose heroism in many engagements was attested by the decorations that they wore. And there, also, were their patient and devoted wives, who had with exalted endurance shared with their husbands the perils and privations incident to foreign service in the camp and on the field. Some of their little ones were there, too, who, born in different hemispheres, had never known the meaning of home, but were ever in a literal sense strangers and pilgrims on the earth, as all their fathers were. Then there were beardless boys but recently arrived to fill the gaps that sickness and the sword had caused. With the exception of a few invited guests, the meeting was purely of a military complexion, but the men of war had laid aside for a season the weapons of strife, and in social intercourse appeared to symbolise the happy period when, because the people shall be all righteous, they shall not learn war any more. When all was ready, a blessing was implored in the familiar lines—

"Be present at our table Lord," &c.

and the hearty and homely way in which the company sang, afforded a pleasing evidence of the universal identity of christian feeling and expression. Desiring to enjoy the service as fully as possible, I mingled freely among the various happy groups that mustered round the amply furnished tables, and at length sat down beside the subject of my story who was evidently a general favourite. Tommy E——, though only about fifteen years of age, had been in the regiment for a considerable time—his position being that of a drummer. He was born in London, and had all the advantages of a comfortable home. His parents were, themselves, disciples of Christ, and were anxious that their children should also learn of Him. They were diligent in their endeavours by precept and example to bring their little ones to a love and reverence for the Saviour; but however it may have been with the other members of the family, their efforts with Tommy seemed altogether in vain. He was a wayward boy, and was as little moved by the tears of his mother as by the sterner rebukes of his father. He was proof against all the motives and ministrations stimulated and sustained by domestic affection and parental authority, and was resolved to follow the devices and counsels of his own heart. To get rid of the irksome importunities, and still more disagreeable restraints imposed upon him at home, he decided to join the army, but, as he was still so young as to be far below the standard, he could only be admitted as a member of the Band. He made application to serve in this capacity, and was accepted, and after some time was sent out to India with his Regiment. Shortly after his arrival, he was seized with fever, and was sent into the Hospital. Up to this period, he had been unchecked in his self-elected career of self-seeking and pleasing. Now, however, laid upon a sick bed, in a public Bethesda, with nobody near but hireling strangers, the youthful prodigal, as he remembered his father's house, and thought on his father and mother's heart, came to himself, and in the bitterness of self-accusation he wept before the Lord and bemoaned his folly. His illness, though severe, was not unto death.—The leisure enforced by affliction was favorable for reflection. The lessons of his early youth were brought vividly to his mind, and as he pondered on all the tender solicitude and offices of a mother's love,—on the voice of pity and of prayer that had often whispered to him of a father's fervent faithfulness, and of his own perverse frowardness,—he was filled with anguish. But He who followed Jonah when he fled to Tarshish, had never lost sight of Tommy in all his wanderings, and now, having opened his ear to discipline, He spoke to him in some such spirit as to Elijah, when He found him in the cave, "What doest thou here?" Strange that the grace, that had been so long resisted at home, should be eagerly welcomed abroad! Yet, so it was! Surrounded by christian ordinances and influences, the truth was refused a hearing; but in a sick room on a foreign shore; in the presence of the heathen, who know not God and are despisers of Christ, it was received with gladness, and accomplished the thing whereto it was sent! While in a state of deep distress, Tommy was visited by a christian friend, who, seeing that the Spirit was wounded, sought to comfort him by directing his mind to "The Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world," and in a little time he was enabled to believe to the saving of his soul, and then, a new creature in Christ Jesus, thoroughly renovated in body and in mind, he sang with the Psalmist, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits;—who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies."

On leaving the Hospital, Tommy appeared in a new character. He had taken service with the Captain of salvation, and was determined that he should never desert his colours. It was not to be expected, however, that he would be free from molestation, and even persecution, because of the change he had made. He was now assailed with the jeers and taunts of his former ungodly companions, who hoped they might yet see him altogether such an one as themselves. But he endured hardness as a good soldier of the Lord Jesus, and by his patience and consistency put to silence the voice of all gainsayers. Tommy soon got to be respected by his comrades, and won the good opinion of all by his kind and gentle disposition while among his classmates he was known for his power in prayer, his daily and diligent study of the Word of God, and the winning joy and brightness of his experience of religion. And, if there be joy in the presence of the Angels of God over one sinner that repenteth, surely there would be satisfaction to the anxious, prayerful parents on earth as they learned that this, their son, once lost, was found, and who had long been dead, was now alive! "How happy I am, sir," said he, "when writing home now, to tell of the Lord's gracious dealings with me, and how, for the great love wherewith He hath loved me, He hath saved me with the washing of regeneration, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost!" And who will not say, "It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes!"

"One Step at a Time."

It would be difficult to find a better illustration than the following, of the Scripture truth, that "God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty." The keenest intellect often fails to trace God's hand were the simple eye of faith sees with undimmed vision:

Some years ago there was a powerful outpouring of God's Spirit in a town not far from Boston, and many were hopefully converted to God. Among those who were long anxious for their own salvation, was a lawyer of mature age and unusual culture and refinement. He was the object of many prayers and much solicitude on the part of pastor and brethren; and when he appeared in their little meetings, some anxiety was felt lest anything should be said or done to shock his fastidious taste, and disgust him with religion itself. Even after he had avowed himself an inquirer, the caution of those who had these meetings in charge was still exercised to prevent such of the brethren as were rude in speech from giving exhortations or leading in the devotions.

It was during such a season of conference and prayer, after very appropriate remarks from the pastor and more gifted of the brethren, that the convicted lawyer took his turn to speak. "I am still in darkness," he said, "I cannot see my way to peace and pardon. You bid me come to God by faith and penitence; and I read in the Bible that no man can come unless Christ shall draw him.—You hold me responsible to work out my own salvation, at the same time assuring me that it is God who worketh in me to tell me that I must repent or perish; while an apostle expresses the hope that peradventure God may give sincere repentance. How in such a mass of darkness shall I ever find the path to heaven?"

The sad tones of the speaker, and his distressing perplexity touched every heart.—While they looked one upon another, and then at the pastor to see who could most suitably answer him, they were startled to observe a humble brother who sat directly behind him, rise hastily to his feet. He was a plain, unlettered man; the village blacksmith; rough in speech, and coarse in face and form. Laying his great brown hand upon the lawyer's shoulder, he said abruptly, "Friend, I kin see your difficulty. You're wantin' to have the way to grace an' glory all spread out afore you so as you kin see the whole length o' the road at once. But the Lord ain't a-goin to indulge you in no sich way.—An' it's my belief that if you find the path to heaven, you've got to go as I did across Widder Mitchell's swamp—one step at a time. You see it was pitch dark, and I didn't know an inch of the way: so the widder's son went afore me with a lantern. When he got to the narrer passage through the marsh, he sez to me, "here's steppin' stones here, but I can only show you one at a time: and when you've taken that, you must jest wait for the next;" an' so it was. He went ahead and held back his light when he had taken a step for me to see it and foller him; and so I did, one step at a time, and got safe over. But ef I'd waited to see all the steps at once before, I'd been the other side forever.

"An' so it is, to my thinkin', with gittin' religion. Take the first step when the Lord shows it to you, without stoppin' to question about it; and ef you'll trust in him and foller his leadin' step by step, he'll bring you safe to glory." The quaint, though homely talk went to the heart of that man of intellect and culture, like an arrow to its mark. He turned and grasped the speaker's hand with a cordial, fervent pressure. "You are right, sir, you are right" he said: "I see the truth now. God would humble my pride, and teach me my dependence on him. From my heart I thank you for your faithful words.—Will you pray for me here and now?"

The rough blacksmith was melted in turn to tears, and sobbed for a moment like a child. Then his prayer rose from a full heart, and quivering lips; and as he wrestled and supplicated like Jacob of old, as a prince "he had power with God, and prevailed."—The humbled inquirer saw, in the light of the glorious Gospel "as it shines in the face of Jesus Christ," the stepping stones from the horrible pit and miry clay of sin and guilt; and with grateful, trusting love, followed the Heavenly Guide into "the straight and narrow way."

Two Women Praying.

In the county of A. there lived, remote from a village, two pious females, who had recently united with husbands opposed to the Gospel of Christ. These young women beheld with the keenest sensation, the dear partners of their lives pursuing a path which must soon end in everlasting death. Each had often carried her troubles and sorrows to the throne of grace, and laid them before One who knew the anxiety of her heart, and each had often shed tears in secret. As a great intimacy had existed between these young females, they jointly agreed to spend one hour daily in praying for their husbands, and continued this prayer for seven years without any visible effect. At length, with hearts full of anguish, they met to mingle together their sorrows, their inquiry was—Shall we no longer pray for our dear partners—must they, oh! must they be for ever miserable? They concluded that, although their prayers had not been answered, yet they would persevere, even unto the end of life, in the course they had adopted; and, if their husbands would go down into destruction, they should go loaded with their prayers. They moreover resolved to renew their strength, and to pray more earnestly than ever; thus they continued for three years longer. About this time one of them was awakened in the night by the mental distress of her husband. Sleep had departed from his eyes, distress and anguish had seized his soul, for the prayer of these females had come up in remembrance before the throne of God; and the man who could once ridicule the tender anxieties of a distressed wife, was now upon his knees in the greatest agony. Now be, with earnestness, entreated her to pray for him; "For," said he, "the day of grace is almost over, and the door of mercy is ready to be closed against me for ever." His distress, and the hope of the wife, continued to increase.—As soon as the day dawned, she went with an overflowing heart to tell her praying companion, that God was about to answer their petitions; but great was her astonishment to meet her friend coming on the same errand, to tell her what God was doing for her husband.

Thus after ten years' perseverance in calling mightily upon God, these Christian females had the unspeakable satisfaction of seeing both their husbands brought on the same day to realize their undone condition, and about the same time to receive, and, it is hoped, the assurance of mercy.

Tell it! Tell it!

And yet, again, Christian, if this be true that there is an atonement made for sin, tell it, tell it, tell it. "We cannot all preach," say you; no, but tell it; tell out the story; tell out the mystery and wonder of Christ's love. "But I should never get a congregation;" tell it in your house; tell it by the fireside.—"But I have none but little children;" tell it to your children, and let them know the sweet mystery of the cross, and the blessed history of him who lived and died for sinners. Tell it, for you know not into what ears you may speak. Tell it often, for thus you will have the better hope that you may turn sinners to Christ. Lacking talent, lacking the graces of oratory, be glad that you lack these, and glory in your infirmity that the power of Christ may rest upon you, but do tell it. Sometimes there are some of our young men get to preaching, who had better hold their tongues, but there are many others who have gifts and abilities which they might use for Christ, but who seem tongue-tied.—I have often said that if you get a young man to join a rifle corps, he has got something to do, and he puts his heart in it; but if you get the same young man to join the church, well, his name is in the book, and he has been baptized, and so on, and he thinks he has nothing more to do with it. Why, brethren, I do not like to have members of the church who feel they can throw the responsibility on a few of us, while they themselves sit still. This is not the way to win battles.

If at Waterloo, some nine out of ten of our soldiers had said, "Well, we need not fight; we will leave the fighting to the few, there they are; let them go and do it all." Why, if they had said that, they would very soon have all been cut to pieces. They must every one of them take their turns, horse, and foot, and artillery, men who were light armed, and men of all kinds; they must each march to the fray; yes, and even the guards, if they are held back as a reserve to the last, yet they must be called for,—"Up guards, and at 'em!" and if there are any of you here that are old men and women, and think you are like the guards, and ought to be spared the heavy conflict, yet up and at them, for now the world needs you all, and since Christ has bought you with his blood, I beseech you be not content till you have fought for him, and have been victorious through his name. Tell it till there is never a dark alley that has not been illuminated by its light, nor a loathsome den which has not been cleansed by its power. Tell out the story that Christ died for the ungodly.—*Spurgeon.*

Believe and Rejoice.

We take the following paragraphs from the *North Western:* The sight of a little child at prayer is one of the most touching in this world. Bowing at the little bedside, the hands folded, the night-robe falling gracefully about the limbs, the eyes closed, and the lips moving gently! He has not yet learned to "make a prayer," make it for human rather than Divine ears. The little fellow speaks gently to the Saviour about some ugly tempers or naughty words, suggests some blessing he would be right glad to receive for pa and ma, and something for sister and the baby, and may be he remembers his dog, and then drops into his bed—the fringes come droopingly over the bright eyes, and he is asleep. He goes to sleep with the understanding that the Lord will have him taken care of all night for *he asked Him to.* Blessed faith! He has not been puzzled with discussions of second causes, and laws and processes, and antecedents and sequences. He has a Father in heaven, and that Father does what he is asked to do. Will his systematic theology ever teach him anything better, or his later philosophy make him truly wiser? Will it give him any better gift than the simple faith of childhood?

How much profit is there in whining? It is surely very disagreeable to all who contemplate it *objectively,* and we are incapable of conceiving what pleasure it has, *subjectively* considered. We all shun the man or woman who whines and snuffles, and whose face wears an I-have-made-up-my-mind-to-be-unhappy expression. Whining lightens no burdens, lessons no cares, and gains no sympathy. Therefore be cheery, be brave, trust in God, do good, and rejoice evermore. Dear friend given to whining, what kind of commentary is your gloomy face on the power and comfort of religion? Is it not a "display" advertisement that Christianity and cheerfulness are not compatible? Being *blue* and *blessed* are hardly synonomous. He who whines always don't "Rejoice evermore."

Religious Intelligence.

Christian Union in India.

An American Missionary in India gives the following:

A general Conference of the Christian missions of India, intended to embrace them all, was held at Lahore during the Christmas week of 1862. The object of the Conference was union in prayer and the discussion of various important subjects connected with the missionary work. Among the subjects discussed were the best method of rendering schools effective in the work of evangelizing the country, and the surest means that can be devised to bring heathen females speedily under the influence of the Gospel. In regard to this, it was the general conviction that what is known as the Zenana system of schools, is best adapted to the country in its present condition. Instead of endeavoring to collect the girls for a public school, a Christian female visits families, and, by so doing, the mothers can be instructed also. There is so strong a sentiment against being seen in public by native females, that it is quite impossible to bring them into schools except by means of these family visitations.

The subject of itinerations for the purpose of preaching the Gospel in the rural districts to the common people, elicited some profitable discussion.

The ever-recurring question of what rule should govern with regard to the admission of converted polygamists in the church, also came up for consideration. This question seems to be really the most formidable obstacle in the way of the prosecution of the missionary work.

On the intervening Sabbath evening, during the session of this Conference, Christians from seven different nations, and representing seven different denominations, joined in commemorating the sufferings and death of our common Saviour. The emblems were consecrated by a Presbyterian minister, and passed to clergymen of the Church of England and dissenting ministers and laymen, by a Baptist deacon. This Conference will, without doubt, be productive of good. All that attended it were instructed, edified, and stirred up to try to do more for the spread of the gospel and the salvation of souls.

Interesting Correspondence.

As an indication of the good work which is in progress among the youth of Eastern Canada, the *Montreal Witness* gives a correspondence which recently took place between the boys of the Mission school at *Pointe aux Trembles* and boys of the daily prayer-meeting at Montreal. As the letter from the former is in French, we give but the reply. Somewhat similar correspondence passed between the girls' school at *Pointe aux Trembles* and the girls of the Montreal prayer-meeting.

Reply of the Boys of the Daily Prayer-meeting, Montreal, to the Letter above referred to:

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,—We are happy to have the pleasure of returning an answer to the most encouraging letter which you have been so kind in sending us, also to hear that God has been graciously pouring out His Holy Spirit upon you in answer to the many prayers which have been offered up in your behalf; and we cannot be too grateful that you have not forgotten to remember us in your prayers; and believe us, we never forget to pray that God would give you His Holy Spirit, to draw your hearts above this world, to look to the Saviour with the eye of faith. Let us pray earnestly for the Holy Spirit, and we shall not be sent empty away. Believe in this power of Jesus to save and help you. You must seek for Him as for hid treasure, and remember His words, "Those that seek me early shall find me." His love is beyond the power of words to express; and He is willing to pardon abundantly all that come to Him. May your hearts be ever warmed and gladdened by the bright sunshine of a Saviour's presence. There is no delight in this world to be compared with that which is felt when the Saviour is near. Surely we have great cause to thank God for His distinguishing love and mercy in singling us out, and condescending to dwell in our hearts, whilst so many who are no greater sinners than we, are "living without God and without hope in the world." May you live for Christ, and devotion to His blessed service, not only in winning fresh jewels for the Saviour's crown, but in imparting stronger faith, and more earnest zeal in the hearts of those who have been already gathered into the fold of the Good Shepherd. May the gladness and sunshine of the Saviour's presence ever more and more be inwardly experienced by you in all its glowing, quickening power and heavenly delight, as a rich foretaste of those pleasures "which eye hath not seen nor ear heard, and which it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive," but which we hope God hath prepared for us all. Remember us in your prayers, and we will be happy to hear from you at any time.

WM. PATTERSON,
WM. KYLE, } Committee.
WM. F. GEMMELL,

Martin Boos.

"Among the pleasantest reminiscences of my journey," says a recent traveller in Upper Austria, "is a visit I paid to the neighborhood where Martin Boos the well-known preacher of righteousness, lifted up his voice. About twenty-four miles north of Linz, Boos was chaplain thirty years ago. In Gallneukirchen itself, the chief scene of his activity, his memory is well-nigh extinct. There is only one farmer there who belongs to the Evangelical Church. But about four miles from this place there is a small village, consisting of scattered farm-houses, where the seed sown by Boos has brought forth fruit, so that a small evangelical congregation exists there at present. As Boos himself never left the Church of Rome, his adherents also never thought of such a step. After his removal, many of his converts used to meet, in order to be strengthened and encouraged in the truth by reading the Bible and prayer. The Liguorians were very active to counteract the influence of Boos; erected chapels, and, when they found the people unwilling to attend Mass, had resource to the help of the police. When all means failed, the Liguorians, at a last resource, asked them whether they did not know that Boos was a heretic, and that he had made them all Protestants. This was quite a new idea for the poor people, at first not very pleasant; but after a while they thought it best to investigate the matter, and sent trustworthy men to various Protestant places to find out whether the Protestants preached the doctrine of Boos, and when the messengers returned with the report—the Protestants teach exactly like Boos, salvation through Christ's merit only—they said: 'If this is so, it is best for us to join the Protestant Church!' This resolution, however, was not easily carried out. According to an Austrian law, a Roman Catholic who wished to leave his Church, first required to be instructed by a priest for six weeks. But the ingenuity of the priests converted in this case six weeks into twenty years. The arithmetical miracle is performed in this manner. Six weeks' instruction means forty-two lessons. But the interval between the lessons is not fixed, and depends on the discretion of the spiritual teacher. The patience and perseverance of these simple people were at last rewarded. The law above mentioned was changed in 1849. There is now in Weikendorf a congregation of 110 members, and a church to be used as a school, is in progress of erection. The four principal leaders are four aged farmers, who knew Boos personally. One of them, when asked whether he had known Boos, replied, 'I heard him preach for nine years, but it was only the last year I began to *know* him.'"—*Work of the Christian Church.*

One Tract.

A young mountaineer chief in Bermah, when two hundred and fifty miles from his own home, was taught to read by a missionary's wife. The little tract she used in teaching him caused the scales of heathenism to fall from his eyes, and showed him the way to Jesus. He went back to his mountain home a converted man. A little tract saved him! When he reached home he told the story of Jesus, which he had learned from the tract, to his people. Crowds flocked to hear him speak. The Holy Ghost was with him, and in one year one thousand five hundred souls were hopefully saved—saved as the result of the influence of one little tract. Scatter tracts! Scatter tracts! Who can tell but your hand may give a tract that shall be the means of saving many a soul? God does his great things by little agencies. Work, then, work! The time is short.

General Miscellany.

A Queen's Day.

THE DAILY LIFE OF THE SOVEREIGN.

In the last number of *Harper's Magazine,* there is an interesting article by T. H. Siddons, which will be read with avidity for the novelty and minuteness of its revelations. It is entitled

A QUEEN'S DAY.

There is a corps attached to the British Court which is denominated "Gentlemen-at-Arms." They do not absolutely form the body guard of the sovereign, that title being monopolized by the "Yeomen of the Guard," commonly called the "beef-eaters,"—an old corruption of *Buffetiers.* But their duty is nevertheless to defend the Queen's person against all possible attacks, when she holds a Court at Windsor or Buckingham Palace. This *garde du corps* consists of forty "Gentlemen"—that is, according to the aristocratic reading of English society, persons who have never been in trade. There is a captain, a lieutenant, and two or three other officers. The gentlemen pay £1,300 for their commission, and receive each £100 per annum. They wear a scarlet coat and white buckskin breeches, a steel breast-plate, gauntlets, a helmet, and jack boots. They are armed with sword and spear; and thus attired and accoutred they line the staircase and the throne-room on reception days, when the Queen receives her devoted subjects. I once held one of these commissions, and after, by selling the commission which I had bought, had relinquished the weary privilege of standing bolt upright for four hours in the presence of the Sovereign and the Court, I held a small appointment in the royal household. These circumstances familiarised me with the usages of the Queen, and impressed me deeply with a sense of her Majesty's method, industry, kindness, intelligence, and high notions of duty.

An idea naturally prevails among the multitude that the life of a sovereign is a life of luxurious idleness. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," was predicated of a British king in the days of despotism, but has no application to the head which is continually occupied with considerations of public good.

Queen Victoria—I speak of her in the present tense, though it is now four years since I was an inmate of the palace—rises at half-past six o'clock the summer, and half-past seven in the winter. After the toilet and morning service in the chapel of the palace, she breakfasts.—Coffee, bread, butter, eggs, and meat constitute the usual repast. One or two ladies in waiting and an equerry have the privilege of partaking the morning meal with the royal family. Breakfast over, the Queen sallies forth to walk on the slopes at Windsor, or in the garden of the palace, and generally visits, when at Windsor, the farm or aviary, looking at her horses and examining the aquarium.

Re-entering her dwelling, she goes into the nursery or the rooms in which the princes and princesses are going through their studies; then glancing at the *Times* and the *Morning Post* she enters her library and receives the Master of the Household. This officer lays before her Majesty a memorandum of all the applications and letters he has received addressed to the Queen, and reports how he has disposed of them. He is allowed a considerable latitude in regard to the dispensation of the monarchs' charities; for, of course, the Queen cannot herself institute inquiries into the deserts of the numerous applicants. On the departure of the Master of the Household the Lord Steward's deputy enters to receive orders as to the invitations that shall be issued to persons of merit and distinction to visit Her Majesty. These persons arrive to dine on the one day, remain all the next enjoying the individual attentions of one or other of the members of the household, and return home on the third day. These three days are called the days of "Rest," "Reception," and "Departure."

At eleven o'clock the despatch-boxes of the principal Secretaries of State arrive or are brought by the Ministers themselves. There is one from the Foreign Minister, one from the War Minister, one from the Lords of the Admiralty, and one from the Home Secretary, with a supplemental box from the Premier, who is either First Lord of the Treasury or Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The box of the Foreign Secretary receives primary attention. It contains a *precis,* carefully written and signed by the Secretary or one of the Under-Secretaries, of all the correspondence that has recently taken place with foreign powers, together with drafts of the replies which it is proposed to send. If any knotty question be at issue the Queen will probably desire to see the original despatches, if her wish in this respect has not been anticipated. It is a fiction to say that a constitutional sovereign "can do no wrong." In her alone is vested the power to declare war and make peace, though the responsibility is borne by the Premier. Hence it becomes her duty to watch the progress of every discussion, and to stop, ere it be too late, the adoption of any policy which may compromise the peace of the nation.

The Foreign Secretary's box being closed, that of the War Minister receives attention.—This box, in time of peace, contains a report of all that has been done in respect to new military inventions, and alterations in the clothing and equipment of the troops; recommendations of certain general officers for important military commands, staff situations, or colonial governments; and a list of all the promotions and appointments it is proposed to make. These latter are inscribed on large sheets of paper, and if there is nothing objectionable in any of the candidates for preferment, the Queen attaches her sign manual to each sheet. The Lords of the Admiralty make a communication corresponding with that of the War Secretary.

The Home Secretary's box contains warrants and patents for the Queen's signature, which warrants confer judicial or ecclesiastical appointments upon the higher members of the bar and the clergy, or are the signal for the execution of great criminals. It is always a subject of deep sorrow to the Queen when the Home Secretary does not see reason for recommending her to exercise the Royal prerogative of mercy. To consign a fellow-creature to eternity is revolting to her Christian spirit, and especially when that fellow-creature is a woman. Indeed, since the last paroxysm of anguish which the Queen endured on this account, it has been customary to assume that a murderess is a lunatic, and to confine her for life.

The public affairs of the nation at an end, the Queen now receives visitors, who have either been specially invited, or persons who have been honored with her "commands" to attend at the palace. Among these latter are artists and publishers, who have rare and novel works to show to Her Majesty, or her likeness to take; persons intrusted with presents for the aviary, foreigners with special introductions from their own sovereigns, tradesmen with articles which the Queen is desirous of purchasing, and so forth. After these folks have been dismissed the royal family take their lunch, at which the Queen eats and drinks heartily. The horses and carriages are then brought to the door, and Her Majesty either rides or drives out for three or four hours, frequently taking the opportunity of visiting some of the nobility, the Duchess of Cambridge, the Duchess of Inverness, or even (in the country) poor but worthy people who are confined by sickness, and her kindness, to the suffering of her own sex, is proverbial. It is on record that when Mrs. Warner, a tragic actress of excellent character, was ill of a disease which ultimately carried her to her grave, the Queen sent a carriage every day that she might have the advantage of pure air. On her return home the Queen spends an hour in her private boudoir or library, and then dresses for dinner.

A dinner at the palace has always been a very stately, dreary, tedious affair. The table service is of course superb—gold plate, Sevres porcelain, alabaster vases, flowers, brilliant chandeliers, servants in scarlet coats and powdered heads, a military band performing in the ante-room, and many ladies and gentlemen all in full dress costume. A profound silence reigns throughout the meal, only broken by the voice of the Queen addressing herself to one or other of the guests, who are expected to limit themselves to a direct reply. General conversation is carried on in whispers only. A great variety of wines are drank at the royal table, the Queen and Prince Albert confining themselves chiefly to German (Rhine) wines.

After dinner, the party adjourns to the drawing rooms, and there the Queen casts aside all ceremony, and gives herself up to the promotion of the enjoyment of her guests and family. If the party be not large, a chamber concert or a dance is improvised, the Queen herself taking a prominent part in the singing and dancing.—The objects of interest to the stranger in the suit of drawing rooms are numerous, and the Queen is not slow to invite attention to and explain them—a hospitable office, in which she is cordially sustained by the Princes and Princesses, and the ladies and noblemen of the household. There are magnificent vases; statutes of marble, bronze and alabaster; glorious pictures by the masters, ancient and modern; portfolios of engravings, musical instruments, curious articles of *vertu,* &c. All is life and *abandon.* At half-past eleven, or earlier, the Queen retires, gracefully courtesying to the company, the ladies-in-waiting, and the lady guests acknowledging the obeisance by sinking to the very ground.

Such, briefly sketched, is an ordinary Queen's day. Circumstances occasionally happen to vary the routine. There is a review of twenty thousand soldiers at Aldershott, or of 40,000 volunteers at Hyde Park, or of a fleet at Spithead. There is a *fete* at the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, a Chapter of the Garter or Bath to be held, an exhibition of pictures by the royal Academicians to be visited, Parliament to be opened or prorogued, or a drawing-room to be held.

A "Drawing-Room" at St. James's Palace is a grand affair. It is then that the aristocracy makes its greatest display. The exquisite beauty of the youthful ladies who are to be presented is exhibited to the greatest advantage, the warmth of the weather (it is May) admitting of the dresses being worn very low; the dowagers blaze with the family diamonds; the major part of the noblemen and gentlemen rejoice in military or naval attire; the ambassadors and ministers are grand in their gold-laced coats, swords and bags; the Guards are in their newest uniform; the carriages are of every hue, the panels emblazoned with rich coats of arms, and the hammering cloths composed of embroidered velvet or costly woollen fabrics; the coachmen and servants are all velveteen, plush, silk stockings, powdered wigs, and vast bouquets; and the proud horses, caparisoned with silver harness, snort and paw the ground, challenging a part of the admiration bestowed by the thousands who crowd the streets near the palace upon vehicles and their handsome occupants.

An introduction to the British Queen—in other words, a presentation to the Queen, which does not always carry the presented beyond the precincts of the Court—is effected after this wise: A person desirous of being presented, seeks the favour of some nobleman or titled lady who has already enjoyed the privilege. He or she writes on two cards the name of the person to be presented and that of the introducer. One of these cards is presented by the Lord Chamberlain, the other is laid before the Queen, that if either of the individuals named be objectionable her Majesty may express her disinclination to receive the party. A gentleman must be presented at a "Levee" before he can be admitted to a "Drawing-Room." The Levee is held by the highest Prince of the realm. If, after presentation, it should be discovered that there is a flaw in the character of the individual who has been introduced at Court, a notice appears in the London Gazette, signed by the Lord Chamberlain, to this effect:—"The presentation of ——, on such a day, at her Majesty's Drawing-Room, held at St. James's Palace, was a mistake; and such presentation is not to be considered as having taken place." Such advertisements are of rare occurrence. Only two have appeared in twenty years.

On the Drawing-Room day, the Queen, surrounded by the other members of the Royal family and the great officers of state, takes up her place under a dais, or throne canopy, and the company pass before her. The ladies courtesey to the party; the gentlemen fall on one knee and kiss the Queen's hand. All parties backing out through a door opposite to that by which they entered. That same "backing out" is a troublesome process, especially to the fair sex, whose trains are long and therefore embarrassing.

On the night of the third and last drawing-room, which is generally held on the Queen's birthday, many of the ladies go to the opera in the dresses they have worn in the drawing-room. The *coup-d'oeil* then presented from the stage is superb! The glittering of diamonds, softened by the waving ostrich plumes and marabouts; the richness of the silks, brought out vividly by the light of five hundred jets of gas; and, above all, the health and loveliness of a thousand young faces, present a picture which, once seen, is never forgotten. To see it to the best advantage, one should volunteer to join the throng upon the stage who sing the National Anthem on such occasions. Managers of opera-houses are not the most accommodating people in the world, but there are keys of silver and keys of gold that will open wide the most stubborn portals that ever were constructed to keep out the curious and the vulgar.

Such is an outline of the manner in which the British sovereign passes her day in London or at Windsor. When the Summer arrives, her Majesty betakes herself to her beautiful marine abode in the Isle of Wight, and gives herself up to domestic enjoyment. Parliament is then "up;" the members scatter themselves all over the world, and the ministers of state retire to their country-houses. In the Autumn, the Queen has hitherto gone down to her estate in Scotland Contiguous to Balmoral is some fine deer-stalking, a manly sport, in which the late Prince Consort and the Prince of Wales particularly delighted. The poor Highlanders in the vicinity of Balmoral, like the poor people in the Isle of Wight, always look forward with delight to her Majesty's advent, for then they taste of royal beneficence administered with no niggard hand.