

proportion as he possessed that characteristic that he would prove his qualification to be a teacher. It was sometimes said that Sunday School teachers were not always punctual. Now, Sunday School teachers who loved children were never unpunctual. They would not be behind time, because they would be depriving themselves of the pleasure of being with the children. He (the Bishop) had always felt it a pleasure through life to be amongst children, especially boys. It had always been a greater pleasure to him to be among boys, even little boys, than to be amongst men. Although he delighted to be among friends, his chief happiness always was to be with little boys. He did not speak of this as if it were to be the feeling of all teachers, but it was a feeling to be cherished, in order to fit themselves for the work they had undertaken. They should try to love the children for their own sakes. Children were sometimes very troublesome, downright plagues; but if they meant to be good teachers they must love them in spite of the plague; they must be constantly feeling that though they were troublesome little animals, they were God's choicest gifts to them. This was the second kind of love, but they must rise to a higher love. *There must be a love of the Saviour.* If they had not already given themselves to God, surrendered themselves to their Heavenly Father, they could not draw the children to Him. They must begin by making the desire to please God the fundamental object of their lives; they must pour out their whole soul to Him; they must know nothing else in comparison with His will; they must try to kindle within themselves the fire of that devotion which marked the true Christian. It was good to remind one another of these great fundamental truths when they met together for mutual counsel, when they met together to show their sympathy for each other in the work they were doing; it was good to remind themselves of what was necessary if they were to serve the Lord as they had undertaken to serve Him.

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

ODE.—VICTORIA REGINA.—1887.

With triple gem in diadem,
On her ancestral throne,
She rules the land whose silver sands
Are girt with azure zone;

But she doth own a prouder throne,
Won for herself I ween:
Within our soul, with soft control,
VICTORIA reigns a Queen.

With sceptred might, divinely right,
She rules these Western shores,
Around whose rocks in thunder shocks,
Old Ocean ever roars.

But o'er the world, her flag unfurled
In every port is seen:
In every zone where she is known,
VICTORIA reigns a Queen,

The dark Hindoo, the Australian, too,
Confess her gentle sway:
The Empress Queen—she reigns supreme
O'er regions far away.

Throughout her reign, in wide domains,
Science and Art have been
The lights that shone the paths upon
The Empire of the Queen.

And martyred dead a light have shed,
The brightest and the best
Upon this age, whose noblest page
Our mission fields attest.

The Union Jack she I never lack
Hearts loyal and strong hands,
To nail quite fast unto the mast
The emblem of these lands.

The Shamrock green, with emerald sheen,
The Thistle, and the Rose
Shall still combine and intertwine
Despite our country's foes.

Let all rejoice with heart and voice,
In every clime and scene,
That in this year of JUBILEE
VICTORIA reigns a Queen.

—Irish Ecclesiastical Gazette.

A. L.

LIFE is like a museum in which one sees fragments, and torsos, and casts of ancient art. Our best efforts are but weak and feeble copies of excellence—sad, mutilated, some deformed, all imperfect.

HARRY ALDEN'S BEACON STREET BATTLE.

BY ELIZABETH ABERCROMBIE.

(From the Churchman, N. Y.)

Harry Alden was going to Boston to spend a week and a day. He had never been to Boston before. It was therefore a great event in his life, although even this event sank into comparative insignificance before the thought of the stupendous honors awaiting him in the delightful old town. For you must know that Harry was going neither to a South-End boarding-house, nor to a West-End "flat" nor yet to a down-town hotel, but he and his mamma had been asked to visit at the house of Mrs. Ly-sander Walkinshaw, of Beacon Street.

It certainly was an honor that did not fall every day to the lot of an Appledore boy. Harry had been tremendously raised in his own estimation, ever since the invitation arrived. He felt taller somehow, and went about stroking his upper lip with tender flourishes of his little brown paw, although it was fully seven years too early yet to look for even the first downy shadow there.

If he'd been unexpectedly summoned to Windsor Castle to spend a year with the queen, he could hardly have felt much prouder than he did now.

"I s'pose we can take the king with us, mamma?" said Harry, the day before they were to start.

"What, Lion, Harry? No, dear, I don't think 't would do. Mrs. Walkinshaw may not like dogs, you know. At any rate, I shouldn't wish to impose one upon her without a special invitation, dear."

This was a most unexpected blow. Harry had never dreamed of having to leave Lion behind. "She must be a queer sort of woman, if she don't like dogs," he muttered. Why, he and Lion had never been separated for a single day—not since that time Harry ventured out on that patch of ice "all teeny-torn-y-tin," and the big dog had fished him out by the scruff of his neck, as if he had been a little young puppy of his own.

Dear, good, faithful old Lion! Harry could hardly bear to look him in the face as he skipped from attic to cellar and from cellar to barn collecting the treasures that—whatever else was left behind—must go in the trunk. It was an odd collection when done, I can assure you, too. There were strings and nails and fired-off-cartridges and jagged-edged jack-knives, but when Harry laid a well-sharpened hand-saw and a bundle of sticks among his mother's best dresses in the tray, even that gentle-faced lady rebelled.

"No, Harry Alden, these can't go," she said. "I'll have you know that I draw the line at saws and sticks."

"Well, I might want them if it rained much, you know," pleaded Harry with a solemn face, and was scarcely convinced when Mrs. Alden laughingly suggested the impossibility of its raining very much in eight days' time, together with the unlikelihood of his wanting a saw in a Beacon Street drawing-room at all.

As for Lion, he knew what all those preparations meant only too well. Wise dog! he had not lived to his time of life without learning how people conduct themselves when starting forth on a journey from home. All day long he hung about close to his young master's heels. If Harry went upstairs, Lion trotted upstairs too. If Harry sat down for a moment to rest, Lion dropped down at his feet, poking his cold nose against Harry's hands, beating the floor with that great tail of his, and making a half-suppressed whine that cut into Harry's heart like a knife.

"Poor old fellow!" said Harry, looking

straight into the Newfoundland's big, sorrowful eyes, "it's an awful shame you can't go—yes it is. But I shall soon be home again, doggie, and you shall have the loveliest new collar I can find in Boston, and the beautifullest beef-bone for your dinner the day I come back that we can find in that stingy old Jemmy's kitchen cupboard. So cheer up, old king of the beasts!"

But strange to say, Lion was not comforted very much by all these fine promises. He carried about a deeply dejected and mournful countenance all day, and evidently felt offended as well as grieved.

The next morning was one of too much bustle in the little household for Harry to think much about his dog. The carriage which was to take the travellers to the station had already drawn up to the door before he remembered that he had not seen him since the night before.

"Why, mamma, where is Lion?" he exclaimed, with a start of dismay.

"I don't know, dear; I saw him lying before your door when I left my room this morning. He must be somewhere about. But you haven't a moment to spare, Harry—we shall be late to the train—you must come without saying good-bye."

Harry gave a long shrill whistle; no answering bark. "Lion! Lion! Lion!" he shouted. No appearance of the dog. "It's very strange!" muttered Harry, dashing up the stairs and opening numberless closed doors. But they were calling him peremptorily from below. He really *must* go, or lose the train. Bounding down again, he hurriedly bade Jemima "take care of Lion," and made a flying leap into the carriage by his mother's side. The horse started off at a brisk trot. Harry gazed anxiously back down the road, but still there was nothing to be seen of the dog.

Then came a scramble at the station, buying the tickets, checking the large trunk and the small valise, shaking hands with half a dozen boys, who had assembled to see their comrade off, with as much seriousness as if he were proposing to take a trip round the world. Finally, Harry followed his mother into the train. He was given the seat by the window, of course, and sat with his head leaning out, vainly trying to think of something more to say to the boys outside, when, suddenly, his eyes were attracted to a small black speck, far up the road. It was coming, coming, coming, growing larger for every breath the excited boy drew.

It was somebody's dog.

"Hurrah! it's Lion!" exclaimed Harry, bidding the boys look round. "It's Lion, mamma! good for you, old fellow—good for you I say!"

Harry gave another of his long shrill whistles. Lion heard, but the matter was beginning to take on a serious hue, for the train had started. Would the dog get there only in time to be crushed under those cruel wheels? Harry turned sick at the thought, and heedless of his mother's entreaties, dashed out on the platform to bid him keep back. Luckily the train was a long one, and the car the Aldens had entered was one of the last. As this was slowly crawling across the road, down which the dog had been running, Lion stood not five yards away from the track. There was a shout from the bystanders; the dog gave a powerful leap, and lay panting at his master's feet, but safe, safe! All Harry's big heart went up in thankfulness for that. He never was nearer crying—and didn't—in his life.

By the time he had resumed his seat by Mrs. Alden's side the train was well under way, and Appledore almost out of sight behind a projecting hill. Lion lay at their feet with meekly bowed head, knowing well enough, the rogue, that he deserved a scolding for his hazardous trick.

(To be continued.)