

**Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques**

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XX.

TORONTO, MAY 19, 1900.

No. 20.

Victoria! Victoria!

BY ALFRED AUSTIN.

Now ring the joybells loud and long!  
Now let the cannons roar!  
And lusty cheer and loyal song  
Resound from shore to shore!  
From rustic lane and garden croft  
Your summer roses bring!  
Fling out the triune flag aloft!  
And loyal verses sing:  
Victoria! Victoria!  
Long may she live and reign!  
The Queen of every British heart,  
And the Empress of the Main!

Come, loyal brethren from the east!  
Come, kindred from the west!  
Capo and Australia, join the feast,  
And be Britannia's guest!  
And ye who own another way,  
But one in speech remain,  
Be heart and soul with us to-day,  
And swell with us the strain:  
Victoria! Victoria!  
Long may she live and reign!  
The Queen of every British heart,  
And the Empress of the Main!

With wisdom, goodness, grace, she filled  
For sixty years the throne,  
And whatsoever her people willed,  
She made that will her own;  
More long, more nobly, reigned than all  
The kings of days gone by;  
Sceptres may fade and empires fall,  
Her name shall never die!  
Victoria! Victoria!  
Long may she live and reign!  
The Queen of every British heart,  
And the Empress of the Main!

## THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

BY THE EDITOR.

The personal character of Queen Victoria has been well epitomized in the expression of one of the Boston Artillery Company, who received such a royal welcome in Great Britain. "Victoria, a type of the highest womanhood as Queen, and queenliness as woman."

There is something that appeals to our feelings of chivalry in this daughter of a hundred kings uniting in herself the blood of the Saxon house of Wessex and the Celtic house of Argyle. Hers is a tiny hand to sway a sceptre over realms wider than those of Semiramis or Zenobia. But not the wide extent of her empire, not the strength and valour of her armies, not the might and majesty of her navies, are her sovereign claim to the homage of our hearts, but her true and pure and noble womanhood.

This has been shown in every great crisis of her life. In the night of June 19th, 1837, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain rode through the darkness to the Palace of Kensington to announce to the young Queen her accession to the throne. The first words to the Archbishop of Canterbury of this maiden of eighteen years, called to such high estate, were, "I ask the prayers of your Grace on my behalf." In the silence of that early June dawning, the Queen and prelate knelt together, and Victoria began her reign with prayer at the footstool of the King of kings. And the reign thus begun has been continued for sixty years in the fear and love of God and in dependence upon his guidance and grace.

One of the noblest characteristics of the Queen has been her love of peace. More than once the silken rein of her authority and influence has restrained the impetuosity of her advisers. In troublous times, when war-clouds lowered and a hasty word might draw their lightning from the sky, as notably at the time of Lord Palmerston's hasty action in the Trent affair, by the counsel of the Queen and her consort the message of Great Britain to America was so softened that peace was happily maintained between the mother and the daughter land.

But more deeply are our feelings touched by her messages of love and sympathy to her humbled subjects. To the stricken wives of shipwrecked mariners or fishermen, or death-doomed miners and plimen, to the sick children in the



OUR GRACIOUS QUEEN.

hospitals, and in homes of want, her heart has gone forth in loving sympathy, and her private purse has been opened in generous aid. And when the whole American nation was bowed in grief over the untimely fate of its martyred President, Lincoln and Garfield, no deeper sorrow was felt, no truer words of sym-

pathy were uttered, than those which our widowed Queen wrote to the widows of those great men. Her autograph letters smote chords of feeling that vibrated in the remotest hamlets of two continents.

This sixty-third year of her reign is not without its elements of pathos. Successive bereavements have come to her tender and loving heart. The removal of the husband of her youth, of many beloved kinsfolk, and tried and trusted servants, has left the crown to her "a lonely splendour." Of all the great statesmen who stood about her when she ascended the throne not one remains. The friends of her youth, and many of her riper years, have passed away.

Never was sovereign more worthy to be loved, never had ruler stronger claim upon the loyal sympathies of her people than our revered and honoured Queen. Of all the tributes to her character, none, we think, is nobler than that paid by the English laureate, over forty years ago, to which the passing years have only added emphasis and truth.

"Her court was pure; her life serene;  
God gave her peace; her land reposed;  
A thousand claims to reverence closed  
In her as mother, wife, and Queen."

And that love,—the love and loyalty of her people,—has not been withheld. Upon no human being have been converged so many prayers. Throughout the vast Empire, that with its forty colonies engirdles the world, wherever prayer is wont to be made, go up petitions to Almighty God on her behalf. The patriotic devotion of a loyal people finds utterance in the words, "God Save the Queen." For our gracious sovereign we can offer no more fitting prayer than that voiced by the sweetest singer of her reign:

"May all love,  
The love of all thy sons encompass thee,  
The love of all thy daughters cherish thee,  
The love of all thy people comfort thee,  
His love unseen but felt o'ershadow thee,  
Till God's love set thee at his side at last."

## GOLD AND DIAMONDS.

The greatest hole ever made in the crust of earth by the hand of man is in South Africa. It is so large that an inhabitant of the moon could detect it with a telescope. But the question whether it is a natural or an artificial orifice would probably be as puzzling to our lunar neighbours as that concerning the canals on the surface of the planet Mars is to us. The excavation is fourteen acres in extent, and six hundred and fifty feet in depth. It is the diamond-mines of Kimberley. The gems taken out of this huge pit would fill an ordinary-sized hall bed-room from floor to ceiling. The total output of this and adjacent mines in the last twenty years is said to be nigh fifteen tons (!), and be valued at \$375,000,000. Among the notable gems are the "Star of South Africa," eighty three and a half carats, valued at \$125,000; the "Tiffany," the largest yellow diamond in the world, one hundred and twenty-five carats, \$100,000; "the Porter Rhodes," four hundred and four carats and the "Excelsior," the largest diamond known, nine hundred and seventy-one and three-fourths carats. No one doubts but that the De Beers Mining Syndicate are the fortunate owners of the diamond storehouse of the world.

There are those who believe this to have been the Land of Ophir of the Scriptures. There are prehistoric remains of quartz crushing and fortifications apparently for the defence of the mines.

It should be a most grateful pleasure for those who have much of the joy of life to take thought for those who have been given less. Thought so spent is like money at a high rate of compound interest. It doubles on itself. The oftener we seize a chance to turn a kind thought into a deed the more chances we have, and each chance brings its own reward.—Forward.



HER MAJESTY'S MEDITERRANEAN FLEET APPROACHING CONSTANTINOPLE.

Victoria.

BY MONIEE L. IN SWART.

Name whose marble binds are one All thy children meet the sun— None we love to dwell upon— Victoria

Name that wins the hearty cheer, Name of every Briton dear, Fondly cherished far and near Victoria.

As thou proved thy life has been Fate and sword thy Queen "None nobler has England seen— Victoria

Rolling not by power of might But by virtue and by flight Of thy life so stainless, white Victoria.

Thy kindness and sympathy Make thee loved on land and sea Even the alien bend the knee— Victoria

May our God prolong thy days' Thy children's voices raise With new songs and heart-felt praise Victoria.

Dorchester.

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various periodicals such as 'The Best', 'The Weekly', 'The Monthly', etc., with their respective prices and descriptions.

WILLIAM BRIGGS, Montreal Book and Publishing House, Toronto. C. W. Coates, S. F. Hill, 217 St. Catherine St., Montreal.

Pleasant Hours: A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Willough, D.D., Editor. TORONTO, MAY 19, 1900.

THE QUEEN AND HER LOYAL SUBJECTS.

The twenty-fourth of May, with its bonfires, crackers, and hosts of happy children, is with us once again, and her Majesty's birthday promises to be celebrated this year throughout the Empire with greater rejoicings and more of them than ever before.

As Queen and Empress, Victoria is honoured than the London crowd, unless it's a London policeman, so they laugh and chaff and sometimes make penny buns to make the me go quicker till I cry of "Here she is— Here she comes!"

THE QUEEN ENJOYS IT, and shows her enjoyment in her face. The English love always consider her their own inalienable property, and she is pleased and willing to be so considered.

forms the nucleus, and they will not be denied the privilege of cheering her, of looking at her, or of loving her. It is safe to say that in ninety-nine per cent of the homes in England, pictures of the Queen can be found.

Sometimes it is claimed that the Queen's portraits are softened and toned down till the more recent ones make her look younger than she really is, but this is certainly not the case with her photographs exhibited in the shop windows, which seem true to every line and every wrinkle.

APPECTION FOR HER PEOPLE. It is sanguine and most sincere, no one can doubt who has watched her while the crowd shouted and applauded, not only on the occasion of the last great Jubilee procession, when she was so overcome that she cried, but on the occasion of some little unexpected outburst from the populace.

The Queen's leading characteristic is motherliness. She is a "homely" woman, in the good old-fashioned acceptance of the term. Higher than her state she holds her womanhood. In Court robes, surrounded by the pomp of a throne, the woman may be forgotten in the ruler of nations, but in everyday life as the people see her, dining in English streets, Scotch roads, or through the leafy paths in and about Cliveden, visiting cottages, or enjoying alfresco teas by the wayside, she is, though

THE GREATEST WOMAN OF HER DAY, but a woman, essentially feminine after all, and taking the same genuine interest in her surroundings as the rest of humanity.

There is no adequate way in which to express the intense loyalty feeling for the Queen by all classes of the English people, she is more than popular, more than beloved, she is part of themselves, of their homes, and of the nationality of which they are so proud. Such words, perhaps, may sound overstrained, but the

interested in every detail, for the light that beats upon a throne has not left that of Victoria of England in darkness. The time and space have been devoted to the public side of the Queen's life that comparatively few people know much of.

HER WONDERFUL PERSONALITY.

The Queen is and always has been devoted to art. All the Princesses were taught to draw at an early age, and many of their sketches, as well as many of her Majesty's, were exhibited at Earl's Court during the Jubilee year. The Prince Consort shared the Queen's artistic tastes, and in the early days of their marriage they bought many carefully selected pictures, which have since increased many thousand pounds in value.

The Queen, though she has travelled extensively in the United Kingdom, has not been much of a traveller outside of it. The greatest precautions are taken for her safety whenever she changes residence. A pilot engine in charge of a man thoroughly familiar with the road to be traversed precedes the Royal train. Nothing is allowed to cross the main line for half an hour before the time fixed for the Queen to pass.



CHAPEL ROYAL ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

connected as it is with monarchs, statesmen, and generals famous to history.

To go back to the beginning: it was probably about the year 1100 when the first building on the present site of the palace was put up as a sort of hospital, being a lazaret house for women.

The building, of course, has been much added to at later periods, chiefly by Charles I., Queen Anne, George, and George III. It has a somewhat rambling appearance, and is of mixed architecture—chiefly Gothic.

This chapel, apart from its architectural interest, has many associations which make it more interesting still. In the first place, the Liturgy, as now used in the Church of England, was rendered here for the first time. Secondly, King Charles I. attended in these walls his last service on earth, just prior to setting out for his journey to Whitehall and the execution block. Here were married George IV. and Queen Caroline; and, coming down to our own times, here it was our beloved Queen was both confirmed and married.

George III. attended the Royal Chapel every Sunday morning in state, so long as the service, and so devout was he, that the Queen and family were in the habit of dropping off one by one, leaving the King to stand alone with his Majesty's equerry to freeze it out together.

Certain it is that not all the attendants were so devout as the King, for the story goes that on one occasion the Queen and her daughter, coming hither one Sunday, found the chapel quite full—not a seat to be had! Looking round and finding the case hopeless, the duchess somewhat audibly observed—"Come away, Louisa; at any rate we have done the civil thing."

The Levees are still held in St. James's Palace. From the window of this room the accession of the monarch is proclaimed, and it was here so many years ago that our Queen stood and looked out on the surging, cheering crowd who had assembled to listen to the proclamation of her accession. In this palace died Queen Mary, two children of Charles I., Queen Caroline—wife of George II., the Princess Elizabeth—daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Clarence, and other celebrities. Here also were born Charles II. and George II.

The Palace of St. James is one of the most valuable relics of old London, but its interior is very little known to the public. Who, on looking back upon the happy and prosperous reign of Queen Victoria, will now join me in the wish that she may long be spared as Sovereign of our Court of St. James's?



ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

knowledge which inspires them has been gained in every grade of English society. The Prince of Wales is popular, his wife is essentially "the people's Princess," and for them, no other Princess exists, but the Queen stands alone in their affectionate regard, and the explanation, apart from all personal reasons, lies in the fact that those who in the height of their maturity are now teaching their children to reverence their Queen, were themselves born and brought up under the aegis of her protection.

The anecdotal side of the Queen's life has been thoroughly exploited. Stories of herself and her children have been told and retold till they are as familiar as nursery rhymes. Her coronation, marriage, widowhood, and triumphant Jubilee are as widely known as though each of her subjects had been personally

ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

St. James's Palace—it is no exaggeration to say—is better known by name than any other palace throughout the world. The very mention of it—in countries remote, and amongst peoples who speak other languages and have different manners and customs—wins instant respect and recognition; for does not its court wield a mightier influence than any other court; and are not its accredited emissaries the representatives of a power than which none is mightier? Being, then, what we may term the official headquarters of a nation on whose realms the sun never sets, St. James's Palace must ever possess a singular interest to the great majority. This is further enhanced by its past associations,

# The Dog That Found a Fortune.

By Florence Yarwood Witty.

CHAPTER V.  
CONCLUSION.

"Go ye and preach the Gospel unto every creature."—Our Saviour's last request.

"Oh, Rose! I have such good news for you," said Ernest, dashing into her room. "Aunt Sarah has given me enough money to send you to the hospital, and ten dollars besides to buy clothes."

"Oh, how good of her!" exclaimed Rose, clapping her little thin hands together.

"I always thought Aunt Sarah was mean," said Ernest; "but she isn't. She's a regular brick."

"If I ever do get well, I shall certainly go and stay with her all I can, and take care of her in her old age."

"Now about your clothes," said Ernest. "Who can you get to buy them for you, and help fix them up for you?"

"Mrs. Long will do that," said Rose. "She is so good and kind, and is always willing to help me in any way she can."

"Yes, we would be badly off if it were not for Mr. and Mrs. Long," replied Ernest. "I wish there were a few more people like them in the world."

Mrs. Long and Rose were very busy for a few days making up some comfortable gowns, and when her slender wardrobe was ready, one bright summer morning Ernest took her to the hospital, where she was to stay for a long three months.

How lonely he would be without her he dared not stop to think, but he consoled himself by thinking what a joy it would be to see her come back well and strong. There were weary days and nights of suffering in store for her. But she bore it all bravely, and at last one day she had the joy of standing up straight and erect like other girls. And when she was pronounced cured, she returned again to Pleasant Valley, where Ernest waited for her, overjoyed to see that his cherished dream was realized. His sister could now walk down the street by his side. She was pale and slender-looking yet, it is true, but she was straight and erect.

As soon as possible she went over to see Aunt Sarah, and was shocked to see how much the old lady had changed and fallen since she had last seen her.

Wistfully the old lady looked at the fair, sweet girl before her, and then she said: "Could you stay here with me all the time? I have no one to take care of me, and I already have one foot in the grave."

Yes, Rose would stay, willingly, gladly, for she felt very grateful to her for what she had done for her, and it would certainly be a great pleasure to be able to do something for her in return. Besides, home was a miserable enough place to stay, with her father and step-mother drunk, and quarrelling all the time.

So she remained with her aunt, caring for her lovingly, tenderly, and doing all she could to make her happy and comfortable.

The old lady's remaining days on earth were evidently but few, and she seemed thoughtful and kinder of late, and not so irritable.

"If you had lots of money, Rose, what would you do with it?" she asked abruptly one day, after one of her thoughtful moods.

"Why, I would give a hundred dollars every year to the mission work," replied Rose, without a moment's hesitation. She had thought it all out when she lay on her back on her couch during weary days of suffering, what she would do if she had lots of money.

"What! Would you waste it like that?" exclaimed the old lady in amazement.

"But that wouldn't be wasting it, auntie," answered Rose, gently. "If we were not surrounded by the civilizing influences of Christianity, we would be sadly in need of some one to carry the Gospel to us. Hence, it is our duty to send the glad news to those far-away lands that are still in heathen darkness. And now that the Lord has been good enough to restore to me my health and strength, I want to go to those dark countries and tell them the glad tidings of great joy which the angel declared should be unto all people."

"I have never done any good in the world," said her aunt, after a pause, in a regretful tone.

"Yes, you have, auntie," replied Rose, comfortingly. "Just think how much

good you did when you furnished the money to send me to the hospital."

"Yes, but that was the first dollar of money I ever gave away. I have lived to be nearly threescore years and ten, and never gave a dollar to a needy creature before. But now I must soon go, and leave my money all behind me, and I want to leave it where it will do the most good in the world, to atone in a measure for the mistakes of my life. I have prayed to the Lord to forgive me, and I believe he has heard my prayer. When I am gone my money will be yours and Ernest's. I believe you will use it wisely, and where it will do a great deal of good. I am glad you are going to tell the heathen about the Bible. May God bless you in your noble work. I once thought it was a needless waste of time and money, but I see things in a different light now."

How wonderfully the religion of Jesus does change us! Rose could hardly recognize in the subdued, thoughtful old woman the irritable, peevish one of a few months ago.

The end came quite unexpectedly after all. She was suddenly stricken with paralysis, unable to move or speak but very little.

"You—will—and—my—will—up—in—that—tin—box," said she, with great difficulty, pointing to a tin box up on the mantel. "And—the—money—is—"

But where the money was she could not tell, for her strength failed her, and in a few moments she was dead.

After the funeral was over, Rose and Ernest began searching for the money. They were sure they would find it without much trouble in some of the drawers or boxes about the house, but after a careful search they were dismayed at not finding any clue to it whatever.

Again and again they looked the whole house through, searching in all the odd, out-of-the-way places, for they had often heard it said that their aunt was peculiar, and always kept her money in some strange, secluded place. But each time they failed.

It was a lovely autumn day, so they went and sat outside, under a tree, for a while, trying to think where they had better look next for the missing treasure.

Their dog had accompanied them, and he ran around the house, frisking about, and finally he made a dash under the house, and soon returned with an old boot in his mouth, and sailed around the yard with it in high spirits.

Rose sat watching him in a careless, indifferent way, when suddenly, as the dog came near her, still shaking and throwing the boot, in true puppy style, a bright tin box rolled out from the inside of it, and fell at her feet.

Ernest took his knife out and opened it, and there was the missing money, a goodly sum, too.

"Who ever would have thought of looking in such a place as that for it!" exclaimed Rose, in astonishment. "I noticed that aunties pointed down when she was trying to tell me where it was, and I thought she meant under the carpet, but it seems she meant under the house. She was so afraid of burglars, that she has put it there, where they would never find it, and I am sure no burglar would have ever thought of looking in such a place as that."

And now, dear reader, my simple story is drawing near a close. I want to tell you a very little more about the characters I have introduced to you here, and then adieu.

Far away in the sunny fields of Japan Rose is working to-day, holding up the banner of love to a perishing people.

Ernest is one of the ablest temperance speakers and writers in our land. His whole heart and soul is in the work. His boyish dreams are realized. He is a man now, and is working with all his might to put down the liquor traffic.

Dick White is what the world calls a respectable drunkard. He manages to keep on his feet, for he has grown accustomed to the liquor, and it has also grown accustomed to him, but he takes almost enough to swim in every day.

Old Hank Brown and his wife still get drunk and quarrel and fight. During the long winter evenings his wheelbarrow often takes a trip out to steal wood.

And now my story is told. And, as I lay aside the pen, the earnest prayer of my heart is that all the boys and girls who read it may be true temperance and missionary workers, and after a while will come the joyful harvest, when,

"The King, our King, shall take his throne,  
And the loved shall all be gathered home."

The End.

One ought to talk only as loud as he lives—a rule which would deprive some people of the privilege of shouting.—Crapman.

## LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS

LESSON IX - MAY 27

PARABLES OF THE KINGDOM.

Matt. 13. 24-35 Memory verses, 31-33.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The field is the world.—Matt. 13. 38.

OUTLINE.

1. The Parable of the Tares, v. 24-30.
2. The Parable of the Mustard Seed, v. 31, 32.
3. The Parable of the Leaven, v. 33. Time.—A.D. 28. Place.—Near to the Sea of Galilee.

LESSON HELPS.

24. "Another parable"—Another illustration by means of a story "The kingdom of heaven"—God's government in the affairs of men.

25. "While men slept"—"While the providence of God and human affairs were going quietly on."—Whedon. "His enemy"—The devil (verse 39). "Came and sowed tares among the wheat"—This is said to be a not uncommon way in Eastern countries of wreaking malice upon an enemy, it has been practiced in modern times even among civilized peoples. "Tares"—Bastard wheat, darnel; a very familiar pest in fields of grain. Tares look at first like wheat, and could not be separated from it without great difficulty, but the grain is black. When eaten with wheat the tares have a directly poisonous effect, causing nausea, giddiness, and sometimes paralysis, and even death.

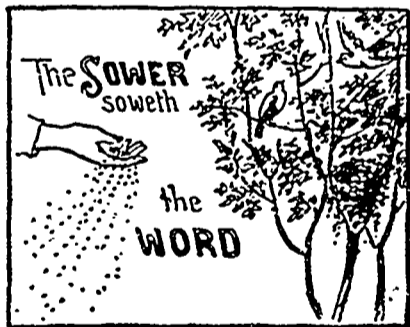
26. "When the blade was sprung up"—After the wheat had grown and showed the ear. "Then appeared the tares"—Darnel first begins to appear unlike wheat when the fruit comes.

27. "The servants of the householder"—In the parable these stand for people who are interested in the cause of Christ, who labour for its advancement.

28. "Wilt thou then that we go and gather them up"—The servants who asked this question have their parallel in the history of the Christian Church in those good but terribly mistaken men who have sought to purify the world by persecution.

29. "He said, Nay"—This does not mean that we are not to expel from the church unworthy members. The parable was not told to give precepts for the government of the church, but to unfold God's principles in the government of the world. "Ye root u, also"—The wheat and tares being twined together at the roots.

30. "The harvest"—When the crop is cut down. "Barn"—Often the barns



in the East are caves in the mountain sides. "Pits are lined with straw and covered with stone and pyramids of earth."

32. "The least of all seeds"—Not true botanically, but true as compared with the various kinds of seeds familiar to Jewish husbandry. "Becometh a tree"—Under the hot climate of the valleys of Palestine this shrub grew large and with such vigour as to make it equal to a small tree. "Lodge in the branches"—Build nests there, and dwell there as their home.

33. "Like unto leaven"—Leaven, or yeast, was the common material for fermentation necessary to make what is known as leavened or raised bread "Three measures of meal"—Some comparatively large quantity as measured by the small quantity of leaven.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Parables of the kingdom.—Matt. 13. 24-33.  
 Tu. The parable explained.—Matt. 13. 34-43.  
 W. Further parables.—Matt. 13. 44-52.  
 Th. The enemy at work.—Gen. 3. 1-8.  
 F. Separation.—Matt. 25. 31-46.  
 S. Judgment.—Rev. 20. 11-15.  
 Su. Growth of the kingdom.—Mark 4. 26-34.

## QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Parable of the Tares, v. 24-30. Who spoke this parable? With what kingdom did he compare what sort of a man? What does the good seed represent? Verse 38. Who sows it, and where? Verses 37, 38. What had seed-sowing was done? Who sowed the tares? Verse 39. When did the owner of the field find the tares? Who questioned him about his seed-sowing? Over what were the servants perplexed? To whom did the owner refer the evil? What did the servants propose to do? Why were they forbidden to gather the tares? How long were the wheat and tares to grow together? Which would, then, be first gathered? How were they to be disposed of? What was to be done with the wheat? What, in brief, is the meaning of the Parable of the Tares? What lesson from it should come to each of us?
2. The Parable of the Mustard Seed, v. 31, 32. To what seed is the kingdom of heaven likened? What is said of the size of the seed? What does it become when grown? What shelter does it offer? What lesson comes to us from the Parable of the Mustard Seed?
3. The Parable of the Leaven, v. 33. To what, again, is the kingdom of heaven likened? What is "leaven"? Where was the leaven placed? What effect had it on the meal? What transforming effect has the Gospel on human hearts? From the Parable of the Leaven what lesson comes to us?

## PRACTICAL TEACHINGS

- Where in this lesson are we taught
1. That the wicked are found among the good here?
  2. That the wicked will be separated from the good hereafter?
  3. That the wicked will have a fate different from the good?
  4. That true religion is progressive?

## By Way of the Wilderness.

By Fanny (Mrs. G. R. Alden) and Mrs. C. M. Livingstone.

Illustrated, cloth, 75 cents, Postpaid.

## Life of D. L. Moody.

Authorized edition. By W. R. Moody, and A. P. Fitt, with introduction by Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A.

Paper, 25 cents, Postpaid.

## A NEW MUSIC BOOK.

## Make His Praise Glorious.

For the Sunday school and Church.

EDITED BY E. O. EXCELL.

Each, 35 cents, Postpaid.

Per Dozen, \$3.60 Not Prepaid.

A large collection of new music, never before published. A choice selection of the most popular Gospel Hymns and Sunday school songs. A complete list of favourite Church Hymns selected by eminent Clergymen.

## Of Such is the Kingdom.

A book of Children's Stories by Clara Vawter. Beautifully illustrated by Will Vawter. Elegantly bound in green and gold.

Price \$1.25, Postpaid.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. Coates, Montreal. S. P. Huestis, Halifax



WINDSOR—FROM THE PARK.

### Britain's Flag.

BY JAS. H. BORLAND.

Nail to the mast our ancient flag!  
Long may it float on high,  
And thrill with pride each British heart,  
And kindle every eye.  
Beneath that flag have Britons sailed,  
And searched out every sea,  
Beneath its folds have heroes died,  
For British liberty.

The battle shout beneath it rang,  
And burst the cannon's roar,  
When Britain's thunders shook the deep,  
In stirring days of yore.  
O'er decks that flag have British blood was shed,  
Where bowed the conquered knee,  
Thy flag has waved, and proudly proved  
Thee Mistress of the Sea.

No more shall dread oppression reign,  
Or violence flourish free,  
While Britain's ships are on the flood,  
Her flag upon the sea;  
Her arm has still its ancient power,  
To strike the needed blow,  
She can still make her prowess felt,  
Far as the billows flow.

While there remains a wrong to right,  
Our flag, be thou unfurled,  
Till righteousness proclaims abroad  
The freedom of a world.  
O better that our honoured flag  
Lay trampled in the dust,  
Than British hearts or British arms  
Prove traitor to their trust.

O flag that braved a thousand years  
Thy battle and the breeze,  
A thousand more in peace uphold,  
The Empire of the Seas,  
That freer trade and juster laws  
May earth and ocean span,  
And universal peace attest  
The brotherhood of man.

### OUR GRACIOUS QUEEN.

BY REV. DR. CARMAN.

Superintendent of the Methodist Church.

Queen Victoria was raised up of God  
for a great life-work, and a great life-  
work has she accomplished. The in-



WINDSOR CASTLE—FROM RTON.

nocence, purity, and filial affection of her childhood and girlhood are a quiet, impressive pattern for every young lady under her jewelled sceptre's sway. That she had a mind of her own from the beginning is proved by her preference for Lord Melbourne, her first Prime Minister, and the inability of Wellington and Peel to form a ministry because of her unwillingness to change the ladies of her household. Her marriage with the Prince Consort involved constitutional questions of much delicacy, and implied relationships of so tender susceptibility, that nothing less than her noble husband's wisdom and prudence, and her own fidelity to the people and to genuine British interests, could have borne them through the perplexities of the situation. Above all, and more than all, her life and example as wife and mother won and kept the loyalty and love of all British peoples in the world.

It is asked, Why is the British throne so stable? It is because the British crown is so faithfully and grandly worn. From her girlhood she has reigned for the girls of the kingdom; a mother with sons, she has ruled for the boys. One of the united head of a family, she has seen her people, in the goodness of God, set in families; the mistress in a home, she has realized that the pure home is the strength of the State; a leader in society, she has felt that society must be incorrupt and incorruptible, and has done her best to make and keep it so. Her standards have been high, and they have been well enforced.

The Queen is a lover of parliamentary constitutional government, and for long years has been well equipped in all knowledge and experience concerning it. There can be no doubt she is now as well-informed in political matters as her Ministers of State, and in all international concerns she is fully abreast of the times, and manifests the keenest interest. Her influence has more than once preserved the peace of Europe, and perpetually fosters the spirit of amity among the nations. From her many years of felicitous government, and the many branches of her family, she has become a sort of Queen-mother among the royal houses of the Continent, and kinship is often a power in the palace as well as in the cot.

Her reign has well shown how much the character of the sovereign has to do with imperial expansion and national power. Britons all around the world are proud to say "Our Queen." Cicero said character, moral worth, has much to do in making the orator, it certainly has much to do in making the successful ruler. Despite all speculation, intelligent human-intelligent humanly respects moral worth. Despite all countercurrents and

countercurrents, the hearts of men from the ends of the earth are drawn to the obedient daughter, the faithful wife, the noble mother, and we have all these in our most gracious Queen Victoria.

Aye, more, far more. The very sorrows that have pierced her heart in the way of their bearing, with strong tides of sympathy and love have made her one with her people in all quarters of the globe. Her widowhood in the death of Albert the Good, and her stricken motherhood in the death of children and grandchildren beloved, have united royal palace, stately mansion, and humble home in purest affection in every land under the folds of Britain's flag.

It is easy in some circumstances to be loyal. In our circumstances it would argue a base and ungrateful nature to be disloyal, to be regardless of affection and duty to crown and throne. The silent forces proceeding from the life and character of Queen Victoria make mightily for imperial unity. A tyrant enthroned would drive us asunder. It has occurred in the past, and would be repeated. But a careful, discreet, intelligent, loving, earnest, constitutional sovereign, forever studying the welfare of the millions under her sway, ever devoting her best thoughts and warmest love for their good, ever uniting in herself the strong bands of daughter, wife and mother, and these of the highest type known to the race, ever herself a glorious example of respect for authority and law, a pattern of a pure morality and a generous religion, must attract to a common centre, to the heart of the motherland, the colonies of kindred sentiment and liberty, kindred race, institution and law. While sinister forces from without may in a way compel us to seek the strength, wealth and peace of a united empire, happily energies from within lend effectually to the same glorious consummation.

### THE QUEEN'S TRAVELLING HABITS.

When travelling abroad, her Majesty usually adopts the "incognita" of the Countess of Kent, but last time she changed this "travelling name" to that of Countess of Balmoral. The Royal yacht, escorted by a flotilla, generally sails from Portsmouth to Cherbourg, where the strictest attention is paid to her.

The suite abroad consists very much of the same ladies and gentlemen as when the Queen travels at home. As at home, despatches and telegrams follow her Majesty, or await her at the halting-places. Many questions are discussed and many papers perused and signed while the Queen travels. Our gracious Sovereign is a hard worker, and comparatively few persons outside of the Royal circle know what an immense deal of business the Queen gets through, and the close attention and clear mind which she brings to bear on all questions. So, as the Queen travels she works—her kingdom and its interests are never absent from her, although she may be away or in comparative seclusion.

### ATTACHED TO THE BAKERY.

A plausible tale of a man who bought a loaf of bread and took away more property than he paid for, is told by the Pawtucket correspondent of the Providence Telegram. The man was in a hurry to catch a car.

His impatience made the clerk nervous. She forgot to snap the string which bound the paper about the loaf, and away sped the man with the loaf, while the string reeled off behind him.

He caught the car all right, and although the conductor and some of the passengers noticed, as he sat down close to the door, that the twine paid itself out as the car rolled along, the man did not discover the tangle until he alighted. In the meantime the conductor was having a good time; as passengers stepped on the platform he



NORMAN GATE AND ROUND TOWER, WINDSOR.

cautioned them not to walk on that string, and they did not.

It might have looked mysterious to the people who saw the string moving along the street, for the unravelling continued until the bakery twine bobbin had been nearly emptied by the connected loaf a mile away. The man with the bread felt a tug at his loaf as he stepped down from the car. Then he followed up the cord, winding as he went.

He was one of those strictly honest men who want nothing that does not belong to them; and the best part of the story is that he followed the string back, winding as he walked, and in due time entered the bakery and restored the ball of twine.

### "She Noddit to Me."

BY A. DEWAR WILLOCK.

An old woman standing at her cottage door sees the royal train passing, and has the good fortune to obtain a bow and a smile from her Majesty, hence the title, "She Noddit to Me."

I'm but an auld body,  
Living up in Deeside,  
In a twa-roomed bit hoosie,  
Wi' a toofa' beside;  
Wi' ma coo an' ma grumphy,  
I'm as happy's a bee,  
But I'm far prooder noo,  
Since she noddit to me!

I'm nae sae far past wi't—  
I'm gie trig an' hale,  
Can plant twa-three tawties,  
An' look aifter my kale;  
An' when oor Queen passes,  
I rin oot to see,  
Gin by luck she micht notice  
And nod oot to me!

But I've aye been unlucky,  
And the blinds were aye doon,  
Till last week the time  
O' her veesit cam' roon,  
I waved my bit apron,  
As brisk's I could dee,  
An' the Queen lauched fu' kindly,  
An' noddit to me!

My son sleeps in Egypt—  
It's nae eese to fret—  
An' yet when I think o't,  
I'm sair like to greet.  
She may feel for my sorrow—  
She's a mither, ye see,—  
An' maybe she kent o't  
When she noddit to me!



LOCK AT WINDSOR.