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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VII.]

TORONTO, JUNE 11, 1887.

[No. 12.]

VICTORIA, QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

On the 24th of May, 1819, a little blue-eyed girl-baby was born into the world at Kensington Palace.

When the "little English May-flower," as her German grandmother loved to call the Princess Victoria, first saw the light, it was by no means certain that she was heir to the throne of England.

The Duke of Kent died just eight months after the birth of his daughter. He was one of the most popular of the royal princes, and his death was much regretted. He never seemed to entertain any doubt as to his infant daughter's succession to the throne, and used constantly to hold her up in his arms and say to his friends: "Look at her well! She will one day be Queen of England." Upon his death the Duchess of Kent sent for her brother, Prince Leopold, and from that moment he devoted a fatherly care and love to the Princess Victoria.

THE QUEEN'S CHILDHOOD.

The Duchess of Kent and Prince Leopold, in view of the uncertainty which surrounded the prospects of the little Princess, wisely resolved that she should be kept in ignorance of the great destiny which in all probability lay before her. The Duke of Kent, at his death, had left his widow and daughter "without means of existence." The Duchess lived quietly enough during the Queen's childhood. She was anxious to guard her daughter from the merest chance of hearing that she was regarded as the future Queen of England. Born of a thrifty German race herself, she looked with horror upon the extravagance of the members of the House of Hanover, and took care to inculcate lessons of a far different nature in the mind of the Princess,—lessons which afterwards bore rich fruit and beneficially affected in no small degree the prosperity of England.

George IV. died when the Princess Victoria was twelve years old, and as there was only the life of an old man of sixty-five between her and the throne, it was thought judicious to tell her now for the first time of the great prospect that lay before her. So imminent was this prospect deemed

by the nation, that a Bill was brought into Parliament, making the Duchess of Kent Regent, should her daughter be called to the throne before completing her eighteenth year.

The little Princess received the news with a calmness and a deep sense of the responsibility involved in so important a position, which would be surprising in a child of twelve, were it

in those days was scarcely suited to youth and purity. This, and her absence from the drawing-rooms, gave great offence to the Royal Family, and the occasional storms that arose from these causes were the only events that rippled the calm of our Queen's girlhood.

THE QUEEN'S ACCESSION.

When William IV. died (June 20th,

not without justice. It was very extraordinary, and something far beyond what was looked for. Her extreme youth and inexperience, and the ignorance of the world concerning her, naturally excited intense curiosity to see how she would act on this trying occasion, and there was a considerable assemblage at the Palace. The doors were thrown open, and the Queen entered, quite plainly dressed in mourning. She bowed to the Lords, and took her seat, and then read her speech in a clear, distinct, and audible voice, without any appearance of fear or embarrassment. As the two old men, her uncles, knelt before her, swearing allegiance and kissing her hand, I saw her blush up to the eyes, as if she felt the contrast between their civil and natural relations, and this was the only sign of emotion she evinced."

THE QUEEN'S HUSBAND.

In 1836, when there appeared every probability of the Princess Victoria becoming Queen of England, and at no distant date, and when King Leopold began seriously to consider the union of the cousins, Baron Stockmar writes as follows: "Albert is a fine young fellow, well grown for his age, with agreeable and valuable qualities; and who, if things go well, may in a few years turn out a strong, handsome man, of a kindly, simple, yet dignified demeanour. It can be imagined with what eyes of interest the young prince regarded the fair-haired, blue-eyed girl whom his relatives destined for his future wife, and by whose side he would probably sit on the throne of England.

In 1838, King Leopold wrote to the Queen, suggesting that some decisive arrangement regarding the marriage should be made for the year 1839, when she and the Prince would be twenty years old; but the Queen decided against this. Her reasons were excellent. She thought herself and the Prince too young, and also suggested that he should make himself complete master of the English language before the question of marriage should recur. A year later she again writes to her uncle, deprecating any haste as regards the marriage. The



QUEEN VICTORIA.

not for the remembrance of the care and thought that had surrounded her with all good influences and kept her from all evil ones, throughout her childhood.

The next six years were spent quietly enough. The Duchess of Kent took endless pains to ensure her daughter the best education that could be given and the finest moral training. The Princess was carefully kept away from court, the atmosphere of which

1837) speculation was rife as to the character of the young Queen. Her mother had kept her in such jealous seclusion that no one knew anything about her. "The King died at twenty minutes after two, and the young Queen met the Council at Kensington Palace at eleven. Never was anything like the first impression she produced, or the chorus of praise and admiration which is raised about her manner and behaviour, and certainly

true womanliness of the Queen's heart is shown in her letter to Baron Stockmar, announcing her engagement: "Albert has completely won my heart, and all was settled between us this morning . . . I feel certain he will make me very happy; I wish I could say I felt as certain of my making him happy, but I shall do my best." This is not the language of a queen, but of a loving woman.

The Queen announced her intended marriage on the opening of Parliament on the 16th of January, 1840. The Queen says that her hands shook while she read this declaration, and that she was happy and thankful when it was over. Doubtless it was nervous work for a girl of twenty thus publicly to announce her choice.

MARRIED LIFE.

The Queen found in Prince Albert, young as he was, an inestimable guide and counsellor in the trying position in which she was placed.

In November 1840, the Princess Royal was born, and in November of the following year the hearts of father, mother, and nation were gladdened by the birth of an heir to the throne.

Since the Queen's marriage, Prince Albert had been indefatigably employing himself in various ways, the usefulness of which was barely recognized during his life by the country at large, but could not fail to be appreciated by those who were in close association with him.

In 1858 the Duchess of Kent died, and the Queen's sorrow for her mother was deep and sincere.

In October of the same year the Prince Consort suddenly lost energy and spirits. Not long before his fatal illness, in speaking to the Queen, he said, "I do not cling to life; you do, but I set no store by it. If I knew that those I love were well cared for, I should be quite ready to die to-morrow."

The Princess Alice was his devoted nurse. The Queen was seldom absent from the sick-room. Of her loneliness and overwhelming grief when the end came it is needless to speak. Half her life was gone. Rarely has such an intensely mutual existence been lived by two persons. In their public capacity, as in their private, they were as one.

The Queen's sons by no means eat the bread of idleness. The Prince of Wales works hard at the profession of royalty, and his brothers perform their no less onerous duties with assiduity.

The Queen's daughters are all more or less gifted with artistic tastes. The Crown Princess of Germany is a clever artist, and has also cultivated to proficiency a taste for sculpture. The artistic proclivities of the Princess Louise are well-known both in England and in Canada, where her husband for some years held the post of Governor-General.

At the death of the Princess Alice of Hesse, of diphtheria caught from her own child, whom she nursed with

devoted care, the heart of the nation turned to the Queen in her sorrow. Her Majesty can scarcely realize how in every home her grief became a household sorrow in these great troubled moments of her life, and how men and women went about with an ache at heart for the sorrow of the Queen. At such times the nation feels as one family with a strength of sentiment that often by its intensity excites a sensation of wonder even in those who experience it.

NO!

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

CHAPTER III.

WHAT IS SENT, COMES.

"MAMMY!" shouted Jack one clear, bright morning in the latter part of January. "O! Uncle John's goin' to take me and Will and learn us how to skate. Ain't I just tickled?"

But Manice smiled and said, gently, "That is good, Jacky, now you can use your Christmas skates. Be a little careful at first, dear; you don't like headaches, and a good knock on the ice will be pretty sure to give you one."

"How can you let him go, Manice?" asked Aunt Maria. "It's a clear tempting of Providence, to my mind, to let a child get into such danger."

"I don't think there is much danger, Aunt Maria. I want Jack to have the exercise and pleasure. Both will do him good, and he must learn caution by needing it. There is no better way."

"But, Manice, I shouldn't think you'd have a minute's peace while he's gone. I shouldn't if he was my child. Just think of those awful air-holes," groaned Aunt Sally.

"I'd rather think of the firm ice, aunty, and I can leave Jack to God's care in one place just as well as another."

"You wouldn't like it any better if he was brought home to you dripping and dead," sternly put in Aunt Maria.

Manice's eyes darkened with feeling. "Sufficient unto my day is the evil thereof," Aunt Maria. I am only Jack's mother, yet I have got to take his father's place as well, and I observe that the best fathers I see or know try to make their sons manly and strong. I mean to try to do that with Jack."

Her boy who had listened with flushed face and swelling heart, pulled her face down to his lips and whispered in her ear,

"Mammy, I won't go if it's goin' to plague you."

"I want you to go, dear," she whispered back.

"Whispering ain't polite," said Aunt Maria, but Mrs. Manice did not seem to hear it.

"Come," she said, smiling at Jack. "Your mittens are just done, and I'll sew on your ear-pieces you pulled off

your cap yesterday while you're getting on your coat and boots."

And off they went, Jack jumping and laughing at her side, and she laughing with him, though the fears her aunt had tried to awaken in her heart would now and then stir and lift their heads. Manice Boyd had found out long before that it needed courage as well as wisdom to train a boy. The question was, should he be sent out with no self-reliance, no strength of character, or should she train him up into the use of the whole armor of God, to go up and conquer temptation! There was but one answer to this, and in order to teach her boy to meet life she let him go from her many and many a time with a sore heart, and watched for his return with the agonized longing that only an anxious mother knows. She tried and learned to trust her boy in God's hands—the only Father he had to care for him.

As time went on and Jack became ten years old, Mr. Boyd decided that he and his own son Will should go to a large private school in Hexham as soon as it opened in the autumn, and in the meantime he desired that they should both learn to ride. Here was another terror to Manice, and the aunts were loud in their disapproval. But Mr. Boyd had his way, with Manice's full consent. She knew it was a good thing for her boy to learn how to guide and master a horse. Moreover, she knew the time might come when this knowledge might be of use to Jack, and perhaps of the greatest use.

"How can you trifle with that boy's life so, Manice?" indignantly asked Aunt Maria.

"I don't think I do, aunty," was the calm answer; "it seems best for Jack to learn, and it is a good time now. John will be careful, and I can't always keep my boy out of danger. I must trust him in God's hands, here as everywhere."

"Well!" put in Aunt Sally. "I should think you'd be just about distracted, every minute of the time."

Manice smiled, but her lip quivered, and she turned away, unwilling to say more. Jack, however, survived skating and riding lessons, but fell into greater danger in his home, and through the agency of Aunt Sally.

Miss Sarah Packard was a charitable woman in her own way. Yet out of one of these very charities came an evil that overshadowed the whole family. A poor child, the only child of a widow to whom Aunt Sally had been specially good, was taken with scarlet fever, and Miss Packard sat by her bedside an hour before the doctor came, not aware of the nature of the disease. But when the little girl began to get better and the nurse left, Miss Sally, quite ignorant that the contagion of this fever lasts a long time, went every day to see Jenny, and carried home with her the fatal seeds which sowed themselves in Jack's constitution.

When Manice's physician pronounced the boy to be ill with scarlet fever, poor Miss Sally exclaimed, "O I can't have fetched it, can I?" but the boy had been exposed in no other way. It really was her own fault.

"There!" said Miss Maria, "You've fussed and scolded about his skating and riding, and now you've done worse by him than if he'd broken into the pond, or been thrown. He's just the kind of boy to die of it, too. I shouldn't wonder a mite if he died right away, just out of your carelessness."

Poor Miss Sally burst into tears. Though she did nag Jack perpetually, she had learned to love his bright face and hearty voice, his boyish fun and nonsense, and it cut her to the heart to think she had harmed him. Manice came in and found her crying.

"Nothing's the matter with her," snapped Aunt Maria, "only I happened to say she'd done a good deal worse for Jack than ever skating or riding did, for all she was for ever scolding about them!"

"Dear Aunt Sally," said Manice, tenderly, "don't feel so, you had no idea that you could harm Jack when you were so good to poor little Jenny. I am so glad my boy has this at home, not after he had gone to school. Now I can take care of him myself, and I shall not have this to dread."

"Maybe he won't ever go to school," grimly remarked Aunt Maria, who had the happy faculty some people possess of saying the very thing that cuts the hearer to the quick.

Manice winced, but had the courage to reply, quietly,

"Perhaps he won't, that is in God's hands only. I can nurse him as well as I know how, and I have confidence in Doctor Nelson. But I know we cannot either of us save him if it is God's will that he should die."

A smothered sob half-choked the last word, and Aunt Sally's tears flowed again.

"You see, dear aunty, we couldn't keep him from danger," Manice went on; "even here it came to him, and I trust he will come out of it all right. But I have sent the girls to John's, as his children have had it; and since Annie and Alice were both away while you were with Jenny Smith, and went directly from Mrs. Bruce's to John's house, I feel quite safe about them."

After all, Jack was not dangerously ill. His constitution had been strengthened by good, plain food, abundant out-door exercise, and early, regular hours; and the fever did not take violent hold upon him. But Doctor Nelson warned Manice that these light cases demanded the strictest care and the longest seclusion, for their after effects were so often fatal. So when Jack felt quite well enough to be playing marbles in the yard, or flying kite in the fields, he had to be shut up in his mother's room and be restricted in his diet.

"It's just mean, mammy!" he exclaimed. "I feel well enough to go

fishin', and hungry as a bear. And here I am lying on this old sofa or lookin' out of the window like a bear in a mahogany cage, and nothing but beef tea and bread 'n' butter and crust coffee to eat."

"And growling like a small bear, too!" laughed his mother.

"Well, I guess any feller'd growl. I'd rather forty times over be studyin' lessons at school than kickin' round here. I had, truly, bluey!"

"Do you know you are learning a lesson here, Jack?"

"Why, I haven't even pecked into a hook, mummy; not seen even my 'rithmetic."

"For all that, my boy, you're learning to say 'No!' the hardest and needfullest lesson of your life. You are learning self-control."

"Dreadful slow! Guess I've got to wear a dunce-cap, Miss Mother."

"Slow is sure, Jackey. I know it is hard enough for you to be shut in here, but I think every day how much better God knows what is good for my boy than I do. He can teach you as I never could, and this is his way, to put you where you must deny your will, your wants even, or suffer—perhaps die."

"I didn't think he was teaching me," said Jack, with a sort of awe.

He had considered himself the doctor's victim hitherto, and resented it. When Aunt Sally brought various dainties to his very door, and his mother refused them for him, he almost thought her unkind. But he laid that to the doctor, too; and, though Manice had explained to him exactly why he must be kept in-doors and denied sweets, that did not allay his craving for freedom or lessen his eager appetite. But there was something in the thought that God had set him this lesson to learn that impressed him beyond his mother's teaching. And when he was at last set free from quarantine, Manice rejoiced to see how a certain steadiness had been added to his character; a strength, as yet, to be sure, only a germ discernible but to a mother's eye, but full of promise. She, too, had learned her own lesson, in denying her boy the liberty and indulgence that would have harmed him, and which it hurt her own heart so to deny him. She knew at last what the words mean:

"He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men."

When the school at Hexham opened, Jack was quite well, and Uncle John took him over with Will to begin an entirely new life there away from his mother. It is true they were to come home every Friday night and stay till Monday morning, for Hexham was only fifteen miles from Danvers; but it seemed much farther to Jack, and his heart swelled within him as, after shaking hands with the aunts, kissing the girls, and receiving a great hug from Mimy, he threw his arms round his mother's neck and laid his wet cheek against hers. Manice's eyes were full too, but she did not let Jack see them.

She held him closely, and kissed him with a mother's tender kiss. But she kept her voice firm as she said,

"Good-bye, my boy. Don't forget your watchword 'No' for all evil. Be so brave we shall all be proud of you, and remember your chap'er and mine."

Jack pulled himself away and bounded down the steps, stopping a moment before he opened the door to give his face a vigorous rubbing and wink the tears off his lashes.

"Hooray, Will!" he shouted, as he clambered up into his uncle's carriage, and waved his hand to the twins at the window.

He did try hard to be brave, and very soon the novelty of the drive and the eager thrill of anticipation replaced in the child's heart the sorrow of parting. It is such a thing to be young!

His mother's grief lay hard and bitter in her soul all day, and was only soothed by her unceasing look upward. But he was soon happy in the playground with his fellows, and looking forward to all he should have to tell his mother when Saturday came.

The Hexham school was literally as well as nominally a family school, not a place for boys to herd together and be crammed with such book-knowledge as is considered necessary. There were only twelve pupils here and they were taught by an elderly clergyman and his daughter. They all boarded in the house—a rambling old structure that began life as a country tavern, and when railways abolished such institutions, had been bought by Mr. Kent, and served ever since for its present purpose.

The old ball-room was used as a school-room, with one end screened off for Miss Malvina's recitation room; and the numerous chambers that had once accommodated guests made it possible to give every boy a room of his own, which was a recommendation in itself.

Mr. Kent was a quiet, simple, unworldly man, very learned in books, but with little other wisdom. Miss Malvina had keener sense for every-day matters, and kept order among the boys much better than her father, though she confined her teaching to the common English studies.

Jack was a fairly intelligent boy, and had been taught to study, but Will had never applied himself. Miss Malvina was pretty sharp with him as she found him out.

One day it was Will Boyd's turn to go down to the village for the mail. Generally the boy on whom this agreeable duty devolved asked and was allowed to have another boy to go with him, but this day Will didn't invite anybody. After school in the afternoon he disappeared; the rest were out in the home-field playing ball, but he did not join them. Pretty soon Jack was sent after him; they wanted to play a game where "even sides" were necessary. So Jack set out to find him. He hunted over the playground, the wood-shed, the barn, and

at last a peculiar odor coming from the empty corn-house betrayed the wanderer. Jack opened the door, and there sat Will white and ghostly, sucking away at the end of a cheap cigar.

Will was one of those not uncommon people who begin to desire to do a thing as soon as they are advised not to do it. When he heard Miss Malvina express her disgust at cigar smoking, he began to long to learn how. He had availed himself of his errand to the village to buy a bundle of the commonest sort, made of coarse damaged tobacco, and had stolen away and hid himself in the corn-crib, not expecting to be looked after or found out if he was.

But here he was, struggling with the nauseous taste and smell of the thing, trying to master the method of smoking it; his back braced against a post, and his face livid with the effort to repress an overmastering nausea that was gradually getting the better of him. But he was not going to give in before Jack. He took the cigar from his lips and waved it at his cousin.

"Hooray, Jack! how—ugh, O! smoke rather chokes a feller—ugh. Have one yourself! Nothin' like tryin'!"

"No!" said Jack, with a face of disgust. He might have said more, but just then Will turned over on his face on the slatted floor and outraged nature avenged herself. No landsman on his first voyage was ever more deadly seasick than poor Will.

Jack managed to help him into the house and up to his room after a while, but the exertion brought on his nausea afresh, and Miss Malvina had to be called. And then Mr. Kent, passing along the hall, perceived there was some trouble, and came in himself.

There was no need to inquire or explain the cause of this sickness. The odour of the wretched cigar filled the boy's hair and clothes, and when at last, weak and tired out, he fell asleep, all his garments were strung out on the clothes-line and left to the purifying of the winds, or they would have betrayed him to the school.

"Poor boy!" said kind old Mr. Kent, as he came in before bed-time to ask how Will was, and found him fast asleep, pale as death, with dark semi-circles below his eyes from mere exhaustion.

"I don't feel that way about it," said Miss Malvina, sharply. "He's got what he deserved, and I hope it will teach him a lesson."

"My dear, 'if we all got our deserts who should 'scape whipping?' and is it pleasant to learn such hard lessons, do you think?" He is so young too, so ignorant of life. Poor boy!"

Miss Malvina looked at her father's gentle face and smiled.

"Well, then! Poor boy!" she said.

But Jack didn't think so. (To be continued.)

The Queen's Jubilee.

The following Jubilee song has been written and set to music by Mr. Torrington.

Old England calls upon her sons
To honour England's Queen;
Her sons respond, and daughters too,
To keep her mem'ry green.
With loyal hearts and ready hands
The Empire's children stand
Prepared to do, prepared to die
For Queen and native land.

For fifty years our country's flag
Hath borne o'er earth and main;
The name of Empress, Queen beloved,
With neither spot nor stain.
Long may it bear Victoria's name,
Long o'er us may she reign,
And for our Empire, broad and grand,
May she new honour gain.

Upon our Queen—our country—flag
God's blessing ever rest,
With peace and plenty everywhere
Her people's homes be blest.
God save the Queen, her people pray
From hearts sincere and free,
God save our loved Victoria
And crown her Jubilee.

CHORUS.

Victoria! our Queen beloved
With loyal heart and hand,
Thy Colonies and Fatherland
United by thee stand.

TRUE WOMANLINESS.

The following beautiful story is told of Lady Stanley, wife of the late Dean Stanley, of Westminster Abbey, in connection with a London hospital, near the abbey: "Lady Stanley was in the habit of spending a good deal of time in this hospital, talking with the sick and suffering people there, and trying to cheer and comfort them. Among these was a poor woman suffering from a painful and dangerous disease. Lady Stanley's kind words had been a comfort to her on her sick-bed. The doctors said that her life could be saved only by her going through a very painful operation. They told her that she must certainly die unless the operation were performed. 'I think I could bear it,' she said, 'if Lady Stanley could be with me while it was being done.' Lady Stanley was sent for. When the messenger arrived at her home, he found her dressed in the splendid robes which ladies wear when called upon to attend on Queen Victoria. She received the message from the hospital. There was no time to change her dress; so she threw a cloak over her, and hastened to the hospital. She spoke some encouraging words to the poor woman, and stood by her side till the operation was over and the poor, suffering patient was made comfortable. Then the noble lady hastened to the palace. She apologized to the Queen for her delay in coming, and told her what had caused the delay. The Queen praised her for kindly waiting on one of her suffering subjects before coming to wait on her."

To know God in his greatness, Christ in his goodness, the world in its vanity, and sin in the danger thereof, will be means to stir up the soul to watchfulness.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JUNE 11, 1887.

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FOR THE YEAR 1887.

HOW DO YOU TREAT YOUR SOVEREIGN?

THE anecdote of our sovereign lady, on which the following little story is founded, was repeated to me a few months ago at Amritsar. I may amuse my young friends, and not only awaken a smile, but leave a lesson behind.

It is well known that our Queen, especially in Scotland, loves to throw aside the trammels of state, and walk about in simple guise, sometimes entering the cottages of the poor.

One showery day, the Queen, on foot and alone, entered the dwelling of an old woman. It is possible that the dame's sight was dim, for she did not recognize her royal visitor, whose face is so familiar to her people. The Queen had come to ask a trifling favour.

"Will you lend me an umbrella?" said the royal lady, who did not happen to have one with her.

The dame was of a somewhat churlish nature, or rather, we should say, of a suspicious disposition. The hospitality of her country would not allow her to refuse the request altogether, but she granted it ungraciously, and with grudging

"I hae twa umbrellas," said the dame, "ane is a beauty, t'other is vara auld. Ye may tak this, I guess I'll never see it agen," and so saying she proffered a ragged concern, whose whalebone ribs might be seen here and there through the

course, torn cover. England's Queen quietly took the umbrella, which was better than nothing, and went forth into the rain, not by one word betraying her rank. The next day one of Her Majesty's servants brought back the wretched umbrella: and then the cottager knew to whom she had lent it.

"Ay—ay—had I but kenned wha it was that asked for the loan, she wad hae been welcome to my best, to a' that I hae i' the world!" exclaimed the mortified woman, shocked and grieved at having missed such an opportunity of winning a smile from the Queen!

No one can admire the dame's over-cautious, grudging spirit; but still her fault was not a great one, for she did not recognize her sovereign. But if we could suppose that she owed her cottage and her daily food to royal bounty, and that she knew that she was asked for a loan by one who was not only her Queen but her benefactress, and that she intentionally—knowing—insulted a monarch by offering her the worst, the dame's conduct would be utterly disgusting. We could hardly believe that any human heart could be so basely ungrateful!

Yet; oh! careless, worldly, selfish (so-called) Christians, how often such ingratitude is yours! Your Heavenly King asks for your time, how much do you give him! as much as you can spare without feeling the loss! Christ asks for your silver and gold for his work, and what do you bestow on missions? Perhaps one-hundredth part of what you spend on your own pleasures or folly.

There are those who know that it is the King himself who asks for their time, their money, their work, and

their prayers! And their joyful reply is, "Take anything—take my best—take myself! Thou art welcome to all that I have in the world!"

THE QUEEN AND THE SICK CHILD.

THREE or four years ago Her Majesty the Queen came to open a new wing of the London Hospital. For some days previously nothing else was talked about in the papers and on the streets but Her Majesty's intended visit. There was a little orphan child lying in one of the wards of the hospital, and she too had heard that the Queen was coming. She said to the nurse, "Do you think the Queen will come and see me?"

"I am afraid not, darling," said the nurse; "she will have so many people to see, and so much to do."

"But I should so much like to see her," pleaded the little patient; "I should be so much better if I saw her," and day after day the poor child was expressing her anxiety to see Her Majesty.

When the Queen came the governess told her Majesty, and the Queen with her large, kindly heart and motherly instincts said, "I should like to see that dear child; would you just take me to the ward?" and Queen Victoria was conducted to the bedside of the orphan girl.

The little thing thought it was one of the women come in the crowd to see the opening of the hospital, and said, "Do you think the Queen will come and see me? I should like to see the Queen."

"I am the Queen," said her visitor. "I heard you were anxious to see me. I hope you will be so much better now;" and she stroked down her fevered, wasted, pale brow, gave some money to the nurse to get some nice things for the child, and went her way.

The child said, "I am ever so much better, now that I have seen the Queen."

A greater than the Queen is always near to praying souls, even the King of kings, and we would all be much better if by faith we realised his presence.



THE QUEEN AND THE SICK CHILD.



THE QUEEN'S PRIVATE APARTMENTS, OSBORNE HOUSE.



PRINCE OF WALES.

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

FIFTY years of wondrous progress and development—social, literary, scientific, religious—are covered by the three words: *Queen Victoria's Reign*. We purpose in this brief paper to refresh our memories with a glance at some of the characteristic incidents which have given Victoria so firm a place in the hearts of her people.

THE EARLY TRAINING OF OUR QUEEN.

From the days when the infant daughter of Ernest, Duke of Kent, was dandled in her father's arms with the proud parental cry: "Look at her well, she will yet be Queen of England!" her noble German mother seems to have cherished the idea of forming in her child, by careful training and restraining, under the Divine blessing, such a character as might

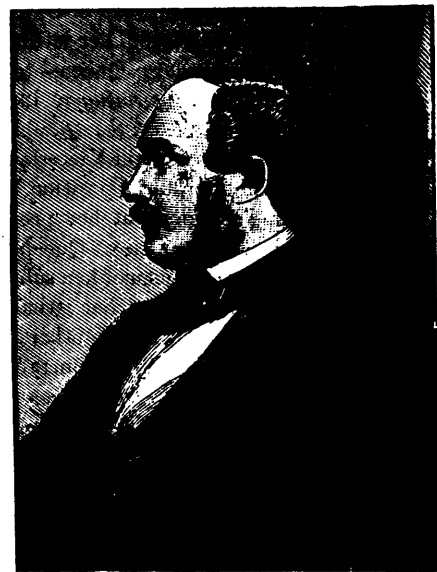
pass unrebuked before her people, even in the "fierce light that beats upon a throne."

She was kept with jealous care from the evil influences of a corrupt court, and brought up, as only too small a proportion of her subjects have been, in habits of simplicity, obedience, frugality and piety. The following story shows that she was early made to bear the "discipline of consequences": "The Princess had her allowance, and was expected to make it suffice and never to over-run it. Once at the bazaar at Tunbridge Wells she had expended all her pocket-money in a number of presents for various relations and friends, when she remembered another cousin, and saw a box marked half-a-crown which would be just the thing for him. The bazaar people wished to enclose it with the other articles purchased.

But the governess said: 'No. You see the Princess has not the money, and so of course she cannot buy the box.' The offer was then made to lay it aside till purchased, and the Princess thankfully assented. As soon as quarter-day came, down she came to the bazaar on her donkey, before seven o'clock in the morning, and carried the box away with her."

The young Princess was kept— notwithstanding her child like wonderment at the little attentions paid to her, and not to her sister—in ignorance of her nearness to the throne, until she had reached the age of twelve. Her comment when the matter was explained to her shows that her reflective powers were quite beyond her years: "Now, many a child," said the young Princess, "would boast; but they don't know the difficulty. There is much splendour, but there is much responsibility."

We pass over the six happy years of free, open-air life, spent, for the most part, in seclusion, until the death of her royal uncle placed Victoria on the throne.



PRINCE CONSORT.

saying simply to the Archbishop: "I beg your Grace to pray for me." Then all three knelt down together; and thus the reign of Queen Victoria was

THE MAIDEN QUEEN.

Most of us have read Miss Wynn's pleasant story of the manner in which, after much knocking and ringing at the gates of Kensington Palace, and many remonstrances on the part of the maid, who was reluctant to disturb the sweet sleep of her mistress, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain obtained access to Her Majesty in the early dawn of morning; and how, "standing in a loose white night-gown and shawl, her night-cap thrown off and her hair falling upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified," the young Queen opened her lips for the first time in her new character,



THE QUEEN.

inaugurated by a prayer-meeting! Surely a fitting beginning for fifty years of blessing!

The delicacy of feeling in which she



OSBORNE HOUSE, ISLE OF WIGHT.



BALMORAL CASTLE, SCOTLAND.

had been trained is strikingly illustrated by her gentle refusal to observe the propriety of addressing her letter of condolence to the late Queen—to Her Majesty the *Queen Dowager*, instead of to Her Majesty the *Queen*. "I will not be the first," said Victoria, "to remind her of her altered position."

The touching incident of her proclamation, when the young Queen, overcome by the enthusiasm of her subjects and by the novelty of her situation, fell weeping on her mother's neck, has been exquisitely immortalized by Mrs. Browning:

"God bless thee, weeping Queen,
With blessings more divine,
And fill with better love than earth
That tender heart of thine;
That when the thrones of earth shall be
As low as graves brought down,
A pierced Hand may give to thee
The crown which angels shout to see.
Thou wilt not weep
To wear that heavenly crown."

Victoria was soon to find a helpmeet in the cares of State; but during the brief period of her life as Maiden Queen, she gave evidence of great decision of character and firmness of principle, coupled with a most earnest desire to understand the duties of her high position. "It is clear," says Dr. Arnold, "that those matters in which it is our duty to act, it is also our duty to study." Acting on this principle, the young Queen was each morning in consultation with her ministers, and was soon initiated into the details of State affairs. In these days of lax Sabbath-keeping it is well to remember the practical lesson taught by the Queen to one of her noble ministers who desired to transact with her on Sunday morning affairs of high importance. "The nobleman was somewhat surprised that the subject of the sermon the next day turned out to be the duties and obligations of the Christian Sabbath. "How did your lordship like the sermon?" asked the Queen. "Very much indeed, your Majesty," was the reply. "Well, then," said the Queen, "I will not conceal from you that last night I sent the clergyman the text from which he preached. I hope we shall all be improved by the sermon." The nobleman suggested an early meeting on the morrow at nine o'clock. "As early as seven, my lord," said the Queen, "if you like, we will look into the papers."

THE ROYAL WIFE AND MOTHER.

The Queen's marriage with her cousin Prince Albert, of Saxe-Cobourg, took place on February 10th, 1840. It is well known that love dictated and ruled the union of the royal pair. "Father, brother, friends, country," writes Her Majesty, with that simplicity and absence of assumption which charms the hearts of her people, "all has he left, and all for me. What is in my power to make him happy I will do."

Her Majesty's tender regard for her husband made her very sensitive to

the unjust aspersions to which he was occasionally subject, and correspondingly delighted when his merits were duly appreciated. Every true wife will appreciate the Queen's letter to Lord John Russell when he had expressed himself very warmly concerning the Prince Consort's Speech on the Jubilee of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in 1851.

"The Queen felt sure that the Prince would say the right thing, from her entire confidence in his great tact and judgment. The Queen, at the risk of not appearing sufficiently modest (and yet why should a wife ever be modest about her husband's merits?), must say that she thinks Lord John Russell will admit now that the Prince is possessed of very extraordinary powers of mind and heart. She feels so proud of being his wife, that she cannot refrain from herself paying a tribute to his noble character."

Her Majesty's sacrifice of personal feeling in laying before her people so many of the sacred details of her family-life, renders it, superfluous for us to do more than refer to the pages of her published *Journals* in proof of the fact that her own mother's lessons were thoroughly carried out in the royal nursery. As they grew older, Her Majesty's children learned by unconscious imitation of their mother to take the warmest and most sympathetic interest in the lives of the poor.

One specimen must suffice. "I walked out with the two girls," writes Her Majesty in her *Highland Journal*, "stopped at the shop and made some purchases for poor people and others. Really the affection of these poor people, who are so hearty and happy to see you taking an interest in everything, is very touching and gratifying."

THE WIDOWED QUEEN.

Many of our readers remember that terrible December night when the light of the royal home was quenched. Even in that "first lone hour of widowhood" the Queen writes: "I can see the mercy and love which are mingled with my trial." She was much affected by the present of a richly-bound Bible—an offering from "many widows of England." In that graceful, sympathetic style which is peculiarly her own, the Queen wrote her thanks to her kind sister-widows, gratefully acknowledging "the consolations of God," adding, "that our Heavenly Father may impart to many widows those sources of consolation and support, is their broken-hearted Queen's earnest prayer."

In the many sorrows which have fallen on the Queen since the sunshine of her life was shaded by that first terrible storm-cloud, Her Majesty has always responded sensitively to the touch of sympathy, though since that sad event her public appearances have been comparatively rare. She has never been careless of her people's love. When the nation watched with her in trembling hope round the sick-

bed of her first-born, and rejoiced with her on his marvellous restoration in answer to prayer, Her Majesty was deeply touched; not less so when that fated December day deprived her of the daughter who had been her husband's chosen companion, and hence specially dear to herself—the lamented Princess Alice; nor yet again, when the son who, more than his brothers, seemed to inherit his father's literary tastes, was stricken down. In all her sorrows—and in all their sorrows, ever the first to send a sympathetic message in any national calamity—our widowed Queen has "dwelt among her people." No empty acclamations greet her jubilee, but heart-felt gratitude to God rises from the nation as with one voice that he has so long spared to it a Queen whom it can love and reverence without stint. Her name is worthily linked with that of her noble husband, who did so much for his adopted country, which heartily joins in the Laureate's prayer for the mourner he left behind:

"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 unseem but felt o'ershadow thee,
Till God's love set thee at his side again."
G. M. A.

SPECIAL JUBILEE NUMBER OF "CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE," JUNE, 1887,

Has 27 engravings, 2 fine portraits of the Queen, 1 of Prince Albert, pictures of Balmoral Castle, Osborne House, and the Queen's private apartments at Osborne House, 13 of Her Majesty's Tower, etc. Also jubilee articles by the Editor and Rev. Dr. Carman; The Victorian Era, by Rev. W. Harrison; Fifty Years of Progress, by Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone; jubilee poems, etc. Every loyal Methodist should have a copy. Price 20 cents. A large edition published. Back numbers from January can still be supplied. Price \$1 for the half year. Address: William Briggs, 78 & 80 King St. East, Toronto. C. W. Coates, 2 Bleury St., Montreal. S. F. Huestis, Halifax, N.S.

HOW THE QUEEN WRITES.

A FEW days ago I saw a long letter written by the Queen, two or three months back. I should like to have made a copy of it, for the homely, motherly words would have gone straight to the hearts of all who read it. The theme was Her Majesty's last great sorrow, and it brought the "unaccustomed brine" to my eyes as I glanced at the composition. The Queen does not now write in that fine running hand which characterizes so many of the royal autographs, but has adopted a much rounder style. This letter was evidently written in a great hurry; still there was no blot or erasure. What most struck me was the extent to which the Queen unbinds when she is writing to a subject about one so dear to her as her last

son. Her Majesty writes almost as affectionately to the children of those whom she has known intimately as to the members of her own family.—*Life*.

Lord Rosslyn's Jubilee Lyric.

O QUEEN! this day
Thy people, generous and just,
As well they may,
Confirm anew their sacred trust
Enshrined in half a century's dust.
Thy royal robe
Is starred by Love: its purple hem
Surrounds the globe:
But true Love is the fairest gem
Of thy Imperial diadem.

Queen of the sea!
What prouder title dignifies
A monarchy?
The Orient owns it, and it lies
Amidst thy countless colonies;

Thy jubilee
Is marked by Love; 'tis all thine own
And given to thee
By all—a sweet flower fully blown,
The grace and grandeur of thy throne.

I pray thee take,
In some exchange for all the good
That thou dost make,
The troubles thy brave heart withstood,
Thy temperate yet undaunted mood.

'Tis a poor song
By one whose heart has ever been
Loyal and strong,
And who, like Simon, now has seen
His hope fulfilled:—GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

A Jubilee Hymn.

O God, the King of kings,
Under whose mighty wings
The nations rest,
The song of Jubilee
We raise on high to thee,
Whose glorious name shall be
Forever blest.

Long hath thy goodness been
Vouchsafed to England's Queen,
God bless her still.
As earthly days decline,
May light more brightly shine,
And joy and peace divine
Her spirit fill.

And when an earthly crown,
At thy command laid down,
Shall pass away,
Grant her a crown of light
Where loving hearts unite
In heavenly glory bright,
Through endless day.

Long may the spotless fame
Of her beloved name
On earth be known,
May peace and unity
Our Empire's glory be,
And love and loyalty
Surround the throne.

THE ONE HE DIDN'T TAKE

"James!"
"Yes, pa."
"There were seven California pearls
in that cupboard. Six of them are
gone. Do you know anything about it?"
"I never took one of them."
Mamma says she knew James took
at least five of them.
"You little rascal! How dare you
tell me you never took one, and here's
only this little one with the grub-
side left!"
"Oh, pa, don't hit me. I said I
didn't take one of them—and—and—
and that's the one I didn't take."
Pa relented.

The Jubilee Year.

BY R. P. SCOTT.

Nor with the blare of trumpet, nor with
cannon's thunderous tone,
We hail the coming of the year, the grandest
Earth has known,
Joyous shouts of exultation o'er every land
and sea,
Rise from glad hearts to welcome in our
loyal Jubilee!
Fifty years have rolled away, since a maiden
in her teens
Took her place among Earth's rulers, a
Queen among its queens;
A Monarch 'mong its monarchs, to wield a
mightier sway,
And to rule by love, not terror, as in the
olden day.

From where the northern tempests bend the
tall Canadian pines,
From where, on Himalayan peaks the sun-
struck ice-cliff shines.
From the burning plains of India, the snows
of Labrador,
From the islands of the ocean, Australia's
golden shore,
From where round Waimoro's brow the
eternal mists are curled,
From where the mighty Gulf Stream starts
to roll across the world;
From where'er old England's banner is
floating o'er the free,
Come words of kindly greeting to this time
of Jubilee;—

And England's fair and flowery meads, and
Scotland's heathery braes,
And Ireland's shamrock-haunted vales a joy-
ous anthem raise:—
"Victoria, God be with thee still, as he has
ever been!
We reverence thee as Mother, and honour
thee as Queen,
We respect thee for the sorrows thy
suffring heart has known,
And love thee for the sympathies that centre
in thy throne."

We whose brows with age are wrinkled,
whose locks are thin and grey,
And whose steps are growing feeble, remem-
ber well the day
When the heavens shook with thunder of
cannon, and the cry,—
"God bless our Queen Victoria!" rose
jubilant and high;—
And his blessing has been with thee through
all these many years,
Been with thee in thy day of joy and in thy
night of tears.

Looking back adown Time's vista what
changes we have seen
Since that bright sunny summer day we
hailed thee as our Queen:—
Time and distance, those twin giants have
been grappled and o'erthrown;
For we have chained the lightning-flash,
and, now, from zone to zone,
Through the twilight depths of ocean, down
valley, over height,
It speeds upon our errands, swifter far than
day or night;
The force that cleaves the thunder-cloud,
the lurid bolt of fire,
Now wafts our faintest whisperings along the
listening wire;

Across the ocean's pathless waste, sends
forth a guiding ray,
And on the city's midnight streets shines
like a dawning day.
And Steam, the tireless toiler, ever willing,
ever strong,
Despite of storm and tempest, bears our
argosies along;
Rushes o'er our iron highways, drives
spindle, loom and mill,—
Yet its heart that throbs so loudly an infant's
hand can still.
The unresting eyes of Science have pierced
the vaulted blue,
And gazed upon ten thousand worlds the
Arab never knew.

Ay! and the very Sun himself our mandate
must obey,
And bring before us, at our will, dear
friends, though far away!

Time has not time to tarry and tell the
wonders done
Since on thy royal brow first shone the
smiling summer sun;
Tell how Knowledge has brought nearer the
time Earth longs for, when
The sword shall pass and vanish at the
waving of the pen;
And the poet and the painter shall be fore-
most in the van
When the nations march together—the
brotherhood of man;
When from every land and ocean beneath
the arching skies
One mighty Hallelujah, one grand chorale
shall rise,
Sweet and solemn as the chanting of angels on
that night
When Heaven in its glory burst upon the
shepherds' sight!
Yes, from Earth's remotest regions, wherever
man hath trod,
Shall rise the prayer of thankfulness unto
Almighty God!—
And blazoned on Time's Record of the great
days that have been
Shall be the long and happy reign of our
beloved Queen.

—Galloway Gazette.

OUR GRACIOUS QUEEN.

BY THE EDITOR.

(Reprinted from the Jubilee number of the
Methodist Magazine.)

IN commemoration of the jubilee
of our gracious Sovereign we have
endeavoured to give to the June
number of our loyal *Methodist Maga-
zine* a specially patriotic character.
In this endeavour we have been
admirably seconded by our able con-
tributors. Methodists are everywhere
characterized by their conspicuous
devotion to the person and crown of
their rightful ruler. Without reserve
they recognize their duty to fear God
and honour the king. This they did
in troublous times, when their loyalty
was sorely tried by civil and religious
disabilities, by petty persecutions and
groundless aspersions. This they do
with an added zest and a more en-
thusiastic devotion when all disabilities
are removed, and when the Sovereign
is one whose private virtues and
personal attributes, no less than her
official destiny, are calculated to call
forth the truest fealty of soul. And
never was Sovereign more deserving to
be loved, never had ruler stronger
claim upon the loyal sympathies of her
people than our revered and honoured
widowed Queen. Of all the tributes
to her character none, we think, is
nobler than that paid by the Laureate,
well-nigh forty years ago, to which the
passing years have only added emphasis
and truth:

Revered, beloved,—O you that hold
A nobler office upon earth
Than arms, or power of brain or birth
Could give the warrior kings of old. . . .

May you rule us long,
And leave us rulers of your blood
As noble till the latest day!
May children of our children say,
"She wrought her people lasting good;
"Her court was pure; her life serene;
God gave her peace; her land repose;

A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen."

But not the splendours of royal
state, not the victories of arms, not
even the conspicuous virtues of her
life, are the chief claim upon our
loving sympathies; but rather the
sorrows through which her woman's
heart hath passed. To these royalty
affords no shield, the castle wall no
bulwark. As the Roman moralist
long since said, "Death knocks alike
at royal palace and at peasant's hovel."*
With the meanest of her subjects
the mistress of an empire is exposed
to the shafts of bereavement and
sorrow. This touch of nature makes
us all akin. The undying devotion to
the memory of the husband of her
youth has touched the nation's heart
as nothing else could have done.

And worthy was he to be loved.
In a position of supreme delicacy and
difficulty how wisely he walked; what
a protecting presence; what a sym-
pathising friend to his Royal consort;
what a godly example to his house-
hold, to the nation, to the world! Let
Tennyson again record his virtues:

We see him as he moved,
How modest, kindly, all accomplished, wise,
Not swaying to this faction nor to that:
Not making his high place the lawless perch
Of wing'd ambitions, nor a vantage-ground
For pleasure: but thro' all this tract of
years
Wearing the white flower of a blameless
life,
Before a thousand peering littlenesses,
In that fierce light which beats upon a
throne

And blackens every blot; for where is he,
Who dares foreshadow for an only son
A lovelier life, a more unstein'd, than his?
Or how should England dreaming of his
sons
Hope more for these than some inheritance
Of such a life, a heart, a mind as thine,
Thou noble Father of her Kings to be;
Dear to thy land and ours, a Prince indeed,
Beyond all titles, and a household name,
Hereafter, thro' all times, Albert the Good.

Can we wonder that his untimely
death left the world forever poorer to
the sorrowing Queen; that the page-
antry of State became irksome, that
her heart pined for solitude and com-
munion with the loved and lost, that
for well-nigh a score of years she wore
unrelieved her widow's sombre weeds.
Well might the Laureate say:

Break not, O woman's heart, but still
endure;
Break not, for thou art Royal, but endure,
Remembering all the beauty of that star
Which shone so close beside thee, that ye
made
One light together, but has past and left
The crown a lonely splendour.

The Queen has ever shown herself
the friend of peace, and by her earnest
remonstrance against war has not un-
frequently won the beatitude of the
peace-maker.

Her personal and womanly sym-
pathies are another conspicuous charac-
teristic. Her autograph letters to the

* Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum
tabernas
Regumque turres.

bereaved widows of President Lincoln
and President Garfield smote chords of
feeling that vibrated in the remotest
hamlets of two continents. Nor are
her sympathies restricted to the great.
They extend alike to the humblest of
her subjects. To the stricken wives
of shipwrecked mariners or fishermen,
of death-doomed miners and pitmen,
to the sick children in the hospitals,
and in homes of want, her heart goes
forth with loving sympathy, her
private purse is opened in generous
aid. These are truer claims to a
nation's love than the material splen-
dour of a Semiramis or a Zenobia.
And that love has not been withheld.
Upon no human being have ever been
converged so many prayers, so many
blessings and benedictions. Through-
out the vast Empire that with its
forty colonies engirdles the world,
wherever prayer is wont to be made,
go up petitions for England's Queen.
In Australian mining camps, in far
Canadian lumber shanties, in the
remotest hamlets, and in the fishing
villages that line almost every sea, the
patriotic devotion of a loyal people
find utterance in the words, "God save
the Queen!"

At this auspicious period, the com-
pletion of half a century of a prosper-
ous reign, it is eminently fitting that
the nation should rejoice and bring its
thank-offering unto God for the bless-
ings so bounteously vouchsafed. 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 Thysons, encompass Thee,
The love of all Thy daughters cherish Thee,
The love of all Thy people comfort Thee,
Till God's love set Thee at His side at last.

The British National Anthem.

ADAPTED FOR THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.

God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen.
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious;
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On her be pleased to pour,
Long may she reign.
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the Queen.

Seed sown through fifty years,
Sown or in smiles or tears,
Grant her to reap;
Her heritage of fame,
Her pure and stainless name,
Her people free from shame,
Guard thou and keep.

O'er land and waters wide,
Through changing time and tide,
Hear when we call;
Where'er our English tongue
To wind and wave hath rung,
Still be our anthem sung;
God save us all.

DEAN PLUMPTRE.

THE eyes of the Lord are upon the
righteous, and his ears are open unto
their cry.

The Queen's Jubilee.

Now this is the year of the jubilee
Of Queen Victoria's reign,
So let us sing a joyful glee
And success to her domain;
Long has she been blessed to rule us,
By a kind and loving hand;
Then sing a glad song as we march along,
And may God bless our native land.

So here's success to the empire,
May unity rule the day,
And may God bless dear old Ireland,
And drive her cares away;
Success to dear Australia
And India's far-off shore,
And God bless our dear Canada,
The land that we adore.

Three cheers for bonnie Scotland,
Her lads and lasses too,
May she ever be united
With our grand Red, White and Blue;
May peace long reign on land and main,
And strifes our union ne'er sever;
May the Red, White and Blue—
And Stars and Stripes too—
Remain firm friends forever.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

B.C. 1491.] **LESSON XII.** [June 19.

THE COMMANDMENTS.

Exod. 20. 12-21. Commit to mem. vs. 12-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.
Matt. 22. 39.

OUTLINE.

1. Man's Duty to Man.
2. Man's Fear of God.

TIME, PLACE.—Same as last lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Honour thy father* Respect, obey, comfort, protect; all that a child can do for a parent at any age. *Days may be long*—Not a promise of personal life, but of national life. *But false witness*—Not be false against one's neighbour in any respect. *God is come to prove you*—The law now given was to be the test for all ages of the people's readiness to serve God. *The thick darkness*—To the people the mountain appeared to be enveloped in thick darkness, caused by the low settling clouds. *Where God was*—Not that God was not everywhere then, as now, but the sounds and the awful phenomena had come from the clouds upon the mountain, and they thought God to be in the clouds and darkness.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. To honour all men?
2. To revere God?
3. To keep his Commandments?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What is the fifth Commandment? "Honour," etc. 2. What is the sixth Commandment? "Thou shalt not kill." 3. What is the seventh Commandment? "Thou shalt not commit adultery." 4. What is the eighth Commandment? "Thou shalt not steal." 5. What is the ninth Commandment? "Thou shalt not bear false witness." 6. What is the tenth Commandment? "Thou shalt not covet," etc. 7. What is the sum of the last six Commandments, as given in the GOLDEN TEXT? "Thou shalt love," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Love to man.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

28. What is said concerning the power of Satan? Our Lord calls him "the prince of this world." (John xii. 31.) Ephesians ii. 2. The prince of the power of the air, of the spirit that now worketh in the sons of disobedience.

B.C. 1490.] [June 26.

TEMPERANCE LESSON.

Lev. 10. 1-11. Commit to mem. vs. 8-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Let not sin therefore reign in your mortal body. Rom. 6. 12.

OUTLINE.

1. The Fire of Sin.
2. The Fire of Wrath.

TIME.—1490 B.C.

PLACE.—Mount Sinai.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Nadab, Abihu.* Sons of Aaron and priests of God. *His censor*—The vessel prepared, in accordance with God's command, into which coals from the altar were to be put, and incense sprinkled upon the coals in the daily service. *Strange fire*—Fire not from the brazen altar, but from some unconsecrated source. *Fire from the Lord*—Lightning. *Devoured*—Struck them down dead. *Aaron held his peace*—Awestruck and overwhelmed by this vindication of divine honour. *Mishael, Elzaphan, Uzziel*—Relatives of Aaron, of whom nothing else is known. *Carried them in their coats*—Buried them just as they were struck down. *Eleazar and Ithamar*—The remaining sons of Aaron, and associates in the priestly office of the two who had been slain. *Uncover not your heads, etc.*—Give no visible signs of mourning. *Let . . . Israel bewail, etc.*—The sorrow was to assume the form of a national contrition for sin.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. The danger of impiety?
2. The duty of obedience to God's law?
3. The demand for purity in God's service?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Why were Nadab and Abihu destroyed? For offering strange fire. 2. What caused them to offer strange fire? Intoxication, from the use of wine or strong drink. 3. What was its effect upon them? It made them unable to distinguish between holy and unholy, clean and unclean. 4. What command did God therefore give to Aaron? "Do not drink wine nor strong drink, thou nor thy sons." 5. What is the lesson we ought to learn? "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

CATECHISM QUESTION.

29. And what is said concerning the bondage of sin? Our Lord said: "Every one that committeth sin is the bondservant of sin." (John viii. 34.) [Romans vi. 16; 2 Peter ii. 19.]

HOW THE QUEEN TRAVELS.

The Royal train, provided by the London and North-Western Company, consists of twelve vehicles, counting the two Royal saloons and omitting the truck.

The Queen's saloons are in the centre of the train, and these commodious carriages, fitted for day and night travelling, Her Majesty occupies with Princess Beatrice. There are two beds in the sleeping compartment, which opens from the day saloon. The beds are simple, in green and gilt furniture and fittings, something like elaborate "cots" in shape; and generally the interior fittings of the train leave nothing to be desired. The floors are carpeted, the ceilings padded, the wide windows curtained, the lamps deeply shaded. Electric bells communicate with the attendants or the officials, and by pressing a button at the end of a long variegated cord or bell-pull, the alarm is sounded in the van. A separate electric button is fixed in each side of the sleeping compartment, by which the attendants may be summoned, another button when pressed will cause the train to stop as quickly as may be.

The usual furniture, comfortable but simple, and a lavatory, are all included in the Queen's saloons. There are hooks and racks for parcels, wraps, bird-cages, and small bundles, of which Her Majesty and the Princess convey a goodly supply. The late John Brown used to occupy a seat in the Royal day saloon, back to the engine

as the train stood, and facing the door of the Queen's apartments, so as to be within call at once. The Queen's carriages are warmed in the usual way with hot water.

Nothing is wanted to render the journey as little irksome and as little fatiguing as possible. The carriages exteriorly are bright and clean and newly polished. The wheels are "solid"—blocks of wood taking the place of spokes; the springs are massive; the tires glide smoothly over the rails; the gas is a patented article; the carriage-steps let down as in road carriages, and the wide plate-glass windows permit an extensive view of the country through which the train is passing.

HOW BESSIE SAW THE QUEEN.

"Yes, I've seen the Queen once. I was in the park when she came along wi' them fine gen'lemen on 'ossback a-bangin' away at the drums an' that; I s'pose them was the Parliament. I never was so far afore, an' I ain't been since, an' I was werry tired, but I squeezed in among the folks. Some on 'em was swells, an' some on 'em was sich as me, an' some on 'em was sich as shopkeepers.

"One hold fellow says to me, says he, 'What do you want 'ere, my little gal?'

"I want to see the Queen, an' Prince Halbert, an' the Parliament gen'lemen," says I.

"I'm a Parliament gen'leman," says he, 'but I ain't a-goin' down to-day.'

"I worn't a-goin' to let 'im think he could do me like that, for he worn't dressed nigh so smart as Wilson a-Sunday. 'You're chaffin,' says I; 'why hain't you got a 'oss, and a goold coat an' summat to blow?'

"Then he busted out larfin', fit to kill 'isself; and says he, 'Oh, you should 'ear me in Parliament a-blowin' my own trumpet, an' see me a-ridin' the 'igh 'oss there.'

"I think he was 'alf-silly, but he was wery good-natur'd—silly folks horfen is. He lifted me hup right over the people's 'eads, an' I see the Queen wi' my own heyas, as plain as I see you, sir, an' Prince Halbert, too, a-bowin' away like them himages in the grocers' winders. I thought it was hunccommon queer to see the Queen a-bowin'. I'd 'spected that all on us would a-'ad to bob down as hif we was playin' 'oney-pots when she come by. But, there she was a-bowin' away to hoveybody, and so was Prince Halbert. I knew 'im from the picturs, though he didn't seem 'alf so smart as the gen'lemen that druv the 'osses. What a nice-lookin' gen'leman, though, that Prince Halbert is! I do believe that himage in the barber's winder in Bishopsgate, with the goold sheet on, ain't 'alf as 'ansome. Wisher may die hif he didn't bow to me! The queer hold cove I was a-settin' on, guv me 'is 'at to shake about like the other folks—law, 'ow they did shake their 'ats an' their 'ankerchers, an' beller as if they'd bust theirselves! An' Prince Halbert grinned at me k...-like; an' then he guv the Queen a nudge, an' she grinned an' guv me a bow too, an' the folks all turned round to look at me an' I felt as hif I was a swell."

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