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PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XV.]

TORONTO, MAY 18, 1895.

[No. 20.]

The Queen's Birthday.

The following song has been written and set to music by Mr. F. H. Torrington, Toronto:

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.

OUR GRACIOUS QUEEN.

BY THE EDITOR.

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 enthusiastic 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 has 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 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

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 unstain'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,

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 unfrequently won the beatitude of the peace-maker.

Her personal and womanly sympathies are another conspicuous characteristic. Her autograph letters to the 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 splendour 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. Throughout 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 finds utterance in the words, "God save the Queen!"

It is eminently fitting that the nation should rejoice and bring its thank-offering unto God for the blessings 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 thy sons 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.

A GOOD CURE.

ADDISON tells, in the *Spectator*, an old story of an emperor who had dyspepsia, and his doctor ordered a hole bored in an axe-handle and some medicine poured into it instead of into his mouth. Then the emperor was ordered to use the axe in chopping till his hands became moist with sweat. This, it was said, would cause them to absorb the drug and produce a cure. The story goes that the prescription succeeded, and that his Majesty became sound and well once more in his digestive organs.

FOND mother: "How do you like your new governess, Arthur?" Arthur: "Oh, I like her ever so much!" "I'm so glad my little boy has a nice teacher at last." "Oh she's awful nice! She says she don't care whether I learn anything or not so long as father pays her salary."



QUEEN VICTORIA

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 sympathizing friend to his Royal consort; what a goodly example to his household, 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 awaying to this faction nor to that;
Not making his high place the lawless perch
Of wing'd ambitions, nor a vantage-ground

Then 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 pageantry of State became irksome, that her heart pined for solitude and communion with the loved and lost, that for well-nigh ascore 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,

The King's Reply.

BY MARY B. CLARKE.

The English monarch, George the Fourth,
Was riding out one day
In Windsor park, with prancing steeds
And carriage bright and gay.
He met a coarse and blustering man,
Who thought it very wise
To flaunt his scorn of royalty,
Before the monarch's eyes.

"Uncover, 'tis the king we meet,"
Said one who rode apear,
"Your disrespect will be construed
As anarchy, I fear."
The fellow answered with an oath
We would not dare repeat,
"I'll not take off my hat to him,
Or any king I meet."

The king, who heard the rude remark,
Replied, with gracious smile,
And bowed with stately courtesy
And lifted hat the while:
"I to my meanest subject would
This much of honour give,
And pray that long and happily
The gentleman might live."

The king passed on, the subject paused,
Surprised to thoughtfulness—
Was he indeed the gentleman
Who practised gentleness?
Would courtesy and kindness
As truly honour bring,
And dignify the humblest man
As though he were a king?

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, MAY 18, 1895.

A QUEEN'S PRAYER.

WHEN Queen Victoria was a girl of but eighteen years, she was told that she was to rule over the mighty kingdom to whose throne she was heir. There are few persons, either old or young, who would not at least have felt a momentary elation of pride at such an announcement. But there was no expression of exultation in Victoria's face, or words, or heart.

Though she had from infancy been destined to the honour, to her nature, distrustful of itself, the announcement brought a feeling of responsibility that was overpowering, and she sank on her knees, clasped her hands, and faltered out:

"God help me to be good."
Her prayer has been heeded. Help has been given her, and to her purity and loyalty have been added glories and honours and powers enough to satisfy the highest earthly ambition. Later in her reign, when she was asked for an explanation of England's greatness, she said:

"It is the Bible and Christianity."
When she began to rule, England had a lower standard of court life than it knows to-day. But the personal influence of its

good Queen has done much to give the English court and nation the enviable place they hold to-day in European civilization.

It is worth while to remember the simple, earnest words with which the true-hearted monarch of the proudest kingdom in the world assumed her diadem, "God help me to be good!"

BALMORAL.

STORIES OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.

PRINCESS ALICE'S husband, the late Grand Duke of Hesse, was much liked at Balmoral. His frank and genial manner won all hearts. "He was always so nice!" A scarf-pin he gave to one of the servants was shown to me: a pretty jewelled bit, with over thirty tiny pearls. He was generous to the gillies, who by no means have an easy time during the fishing and deer-stalking seasons; and he did not tell tales out of school. One day, when his party was returning from deer-stalking, they found that the coachman who had been in waiting at the appointed place had improved his leisure by imbibing whiskey, and was totally unfit to ride—in fact, tumbled off his horse as often as he was lifted on. Thereupon he was stowed into the cart with the dead deer, and the Duke of Hesse sprang upon the horse and served as postillion. He conveyed the party in safety to the stables, and as he rode into the yard shouted out "Take off!" which is the signal for the hostlers given by the coachman. "Take off yourself!" was the reply, and great was the consternation when it was found to whom they had spoken so cavalierly. But, bless you! the Duke didn't mind it; and, what was still better, he did not betray the drunken coachman, who was sure in his own mind—when he came to that mind—that the next day would be that of his dismissal.

It has often been interesting to me to observe the tone in which different members of the Royal family are mentioned—a tone indicative of their special characteristics. A lad of eighteen or thereabouts, a lad with an open sonnie Scotch face, talked enthusiastically to me of the Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne). "She is so bright and jolly to talk with!" says he, and, on the whole, thinks he likes her best. Others dwell on the goodness of the Princess Beatrice, who is to them a true child of Deedee, so much of her life has been spent there. The tenantry gave her a handsome four-in-hand when she married, of which gift "she was very proud," they will tell you. At a suggestion that some people called her proud an old cottager remonstrated. "Na, na! her manner was different from the rest; but she was brought up different—was with older folk mostly. The other children were taken by their governess or nurse to the cottages to give their own little gifts, and they played with the cottage children an hour every day. It was different with the Princess Beatrice. But she wasna proud. Na, na!"

Of the sons, the Duke of Edinburgh has passed the least time here since his boyhood. The Duke of Connaught is often here, and the Prince of Wales is looked upon as a son of the soil. I heard two cottagers talking over a story concerning the three one day. It sounded somewhat familiar to me. It may be an old story; and it may be a manufactured one. "But," said the old dame, who had known them from childhood, and evidently still viewed them as a trio of extremely lively lads, "it was just what they would have liked." The three had been fishing some distance from Balmoral, and were waiting at the appointed place for the waggonette to take them home. A boy with an empty machine came along, and, seeing them standing there, asked them where they were going.

"To Balmoral."

"Would they ride with him?"

"Oh, yes," and they all got in.

"And what may you do at Balmoral?" asked the boy of the Prince of Wales, who sat beside him, the whole three, it seems, being strangers to the lad.

"I am the Prince of Wales."

"Ay! and who may that chap be?" indicating with his thumb over his shoulder the second son of her Majesty.

"He is the Duke of Edinburgh."
"And 't'other one?" with another jerk of his thumb.

"The Duke of Connaught."
The boy wore an air of thought for some moments, then he spoke again.

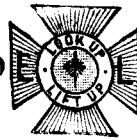
"Perhaps you'd like to know who I am?" he said.
The Prince intimated that he would.

"I am the Shah of Persia," said the lad, not to be outdone in this assumption of titles.

From internal evidence I should judge that this story originated about the time of the visit of the Shah of Persia and his suite to Balmoral. They were not entertained at the Castle, with the exception of a lunch, but at the neighbouring house of Glenmuick. A ball was given there in their honour, largely attended by the neighbourhood. The Shah was not impressed with the beauty of the ladies, nor with the dancing. Wines and whiskey had been provided in an unlimited measure, and some of the soldiers present, having partaken too freely, fell to fighting under or near the Shah's window, in the mingled dawn and twilight of the midsummer night. Thereupon his Majesty of Persia immediately arose and watched the fight from his window, pronouncing it the best thing he had seen since his arrival in Great Britain.

His suite, still preserved in photographs, wore habitually their huge Astrachan hats, and may have done so in bed for aught anyone knew to the contrary. The impression they made on the countryside was not a particularly savoury one, notwithstanding we are taught by Oriental poetry, including the "Arabian Nights," that bathing is an important function in the East.

Epworth League.



Happy Juniors.

TUNE.—"We are marching on with shield and banner bright."

We are happy Juniors and we love the fight,
For our sins are pardoned, and our life is bright,
Jesus watches o'er us, and he keeps us right,
We will praise our Saviour's name.

CHORUS.

Then awake, then awake.

Jesus never changes, he is just the same,
He'll forgive your sins, and relieve you of your pain;
Then when the fighting's over, with Jesus we shall reign;
In that home so bright and fair.

When our fighting's over, we shall meet above,
With our blessed Jesus, and with those we love;
For our Saviour loves us, while we work for him,
So we'll work till Jesus comes!

JUNIOR LEAGUE.

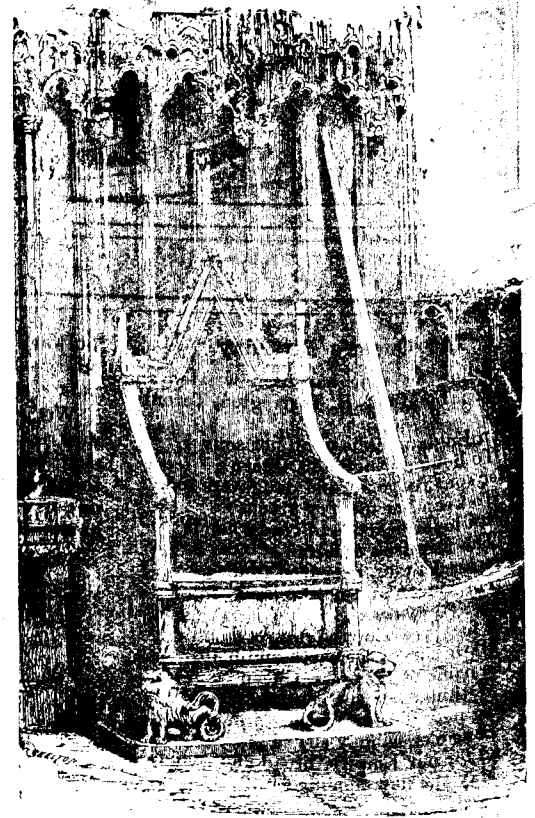
PRAYER-MEETING TOPICS.

May 26, 1895.

THE EXALTED PRINCE.—Acts 5. 31.

The exaltation of Christ refers to his resurrection. An angel was sent down from heaven to raise him from the dead. He could have raised himself, but this would have been like a prisoner breaking away from prison by stealth. But when an angel is commissioned from heaven to do this work, it is proof positive that the atonement he has made for the world's redemption is well pleasing and acceptable to God.

Christ now becomes a Prince, that is one who reigns. He has made the atonement as a priest, and now as a Prince he must reign.



THE CORONATION CHAIR.

He sits on the throne and rules as a King in Zion. He must reign until he hath put all enemies under his feet. Even kings and potentates are to submit to him. To him every knee shall bow and every tongue confess that he is Lord to the glory of God the Father. Kings are to become nursing fathers and queens nursing mothers in Israel.

He especially reigns in the hearts of all who submit themselves unto him, saying, "Other lords have had dominion over us, but henceforth these only will we serve." Christians are faithful servants and obedient children. They submit themselves unto him serving him acceptably with a reverence and with godly fear. Every thought is brought into captivity. He is the King of kings and Lord of lords.

"Reign in us, Lord,
Thy foes control,
Who would not own thy sway,
Diffuse thine image through my soul,
Shine to the perfect day."

VICTORIA'S THRONE.

THE English throne, used in the coronation ceremonies of the Kings and Queens of Great Britain, and which is so splendid in its covering of rich silks, velvets and gold, is, in fact, simply an old oak chair of antique fashion. It has been used on all State occasions for the past six hundred years, and perhaps even longer, many reputable writers claiming that they have discovered traces of its existence prior to the eleventh century. Ages of use have made the old framework as hard and as tough as iron. The back and sides of this chair-throne were formerly painted in various colours, all of which are now hidden by heavy hangings of satin, silk and velvet. The magic powers attributed to the old relic lie in the seat, which is made of a heavy, rough-looking sandstone, 26 inches in length, 17 inches in width, and 19 inches in thickness. Long before it was wrapped in velvet and trimmed in gold, to be used by the Tudors and the Stuarts, this old stone of stones served as a seat during the coronations of the early Scottish kings.

Tradition relates that the sacred stone was brought from the hill of Tara, in Ireland, and placed in the Minster of Scone by Kenneth II. The Irish claimed to have received it by miracle. Popularly it was supposed to be the stone upon which Jacob slept at Bethel, carried thence by his sons when they went into Egypt, and conveyed by the daughter of Pharaoh and her Greek husband to Spain. Upon it laws were given, and from it justice was administered. It seems now to be regarded as the

emblem of justice, loyalty and national perpetuity.

Did you ever hear of the curious throne
Where the monarchs of England are
crowned,
Beneath whose seat is the stone of Scone,
Ancient and sacred and world renowned.

'Tis only a battered oaken chair,
Massive and ugly, yet once it shone
With colours and gilding, wondrous fair,
And all because of the stone of Scone.

In the Abbey of Westminster it stands,
Four couchant lions its sturdy feet,
And treasure, and lives, and goodly lands
Were the price of the relic beneath its seat.

Plantagenet Edward, of his line
The first and bravest, at Dunbar
Vanquished his Scottish foe, lang syne,
And the stone of Scone was the spoil of war.

And nearly six hundred years have sped,
Since the chair in the Abbey's aisle found
room,
And the race of Edward all are dead—
A pinch of dust in the sprig of bloom.

And where are the roses, red and white,
And the Tudor plumes, and the bonnet
blue?
And stalwart Cromwell, the Roundhead
knight,
And William of Orange, brave and true?

One by one in the centuries flown,
Sitting a space in that ancient chair,
Over the sacred stone of Scone,
They have sworn to be leal to England
there.

And one by one they have put aside
Mace of office or jewelled crown;
And king and commoner, side by side,
"Ashes to ashes" have laid them down.

And still 'neath the minster's arches high
Touched by the dim light strange and fair,
For the kings that are coming by—and bye
Waits the stone of Scone, on the old oak
chair.

ANNA MALANN.

BY ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON.

III.

The good woman even attributed to these animals theological creeds of their own, or rather, perhaps, adherence to those of the particular sect to which their former masters or owners belonged. "Don't say anything about Jews," she once whispered, as we drew near the rough kennel of a gaunt yellow cur; "he don't know any other religion; he's been with them all his days. I took him after Miss Levy died. He set everything by the family, and I don't want him to think we disapprove of their beliefs."

"I suppose I need not ask you," I said, one day, "with your views of animals and their being like folks, if you think there's a future for them after death?"

To my surprise the old woman shook her head sadly, and the soft brown eyes grew moist. "No," she said, in a low, mournful voice, "I'm afraid there's no chance of that. I've give it up. I did hold to it as long as I could, and it most broke my heart to let it go. But so many of the folks I look up to tell me it isn't so, that I've had to give up that pint. Even Elder Peters, that's so fond of dogs and horses himself, he always said there wasn't any chance of meeting them anywhere in the next world; and Dr. Church held that too; and good old Mis' Holcombe, that left money to take care of destitute cats. They was all one way, proved it from the Scriptures, you know—like the beasts that perish, and all that. They all say there ain't a single word in the Bible that gives them a reasonable hope. There's most everything else spoke of as being there—folks and angels and martyrs and saints and trees and flowers and fruit and streams and precious stones. But nothing about creatures, except—well, sometimes I think there's a chance for white horses—just a chance."

"For white horses!" I exclaimed, in amazement.
"Yes; in Revelation, speaking about heaven and the saints, it tells about their being dressed in white robes and riding on white horses. But there's another—a dreadful verse in that book—I never like to think of it. After telling all the beautiful things that's inside of heaven, it says, 'But without are dogs.' Now ain't that a terrible mournful

picture? It's as if the other animals all give up when they was told there wasn't any place for them up there, and just died for good, instincts and all if you don't want to call them souls—but dogs, why, they just couldn't do it; they must follow on after their masters, room or no room. And so I always seem to see them hanging about the door, waiting and waiting, getting a peek in when it opens to let somebody go inside, and maybe catching sight of their masters—oh! I can't stand it, anyhow."

In vain I tried to show the poor woman that the dog of Revelation, banished from bliss with murderers, idolators, and others of the wicked, was not one of her four-footed friends. She had looked at the harrowing vision too long to be able to banish it at once.

"But there's one thing I won't give in to," she said, "and that is that Scriptur' don't go to show that folks'd oughter be kind and merciful to creatures. It does—I say it does. There's heaps and heaps of things that shows it. Of course there's that one about the righteous man regarding the life of his beast; but then some might say that was because he nee'ded the beast and wanted its work. But there's lots of passages besides that. Why, how beautiful it always speaks about sheep and lambs! There ain't nothing better it can find to liken God to than a shepherd, and the tenderest kind of one, too. Why, it says he

Scriptur's that way, to my thinking, even if it don't say up and down in big capitals, 'Don't beat your horses, or kick your dogs.'"
"It must be a sad thought," I said to her once, "that you will never see these animal friends in the next world." It was a cruel thing to say, under the circumstances, but I did not stop to think.

A mist clouded the soft dog-like brown eyes, as they met mine for an instant and then turned quickly away. "It's dreadful," she said, in a low, hushed tone—"dreadful. It's wicked, I know, to say so, but—I couldn't be happy up there and them outside. Me and all the real folks, that's had every-thing in this world—rights, and laws to protect their rights, and—soul's—us all inside heaven, and them that's been put upon and worried and tortur'd all their days, them outside of it all, oh, I couldn't stand it—I know I couldn't! So—well—maybe I sha'n't be there myself." She went on hurriedly, as if in response to some expression she thought my face might wear: "Not that I'm giving up my religion. That's a sight of comfort to me—more'n anything else, I guess. But, you see, folks generally are so busy saving their own souls and other people's—heathen's and all—they can't attend to righting the awful wrongs done to creatures, and it's nat'ral, I know. But I've got a leaning that way, and I'm so made I seem to know how to help animals and coax folks to be good to them. So I just

IN A QUEEN'S KITCHEN.
That imperial station is not wholly incompatible with proper attention to household duties, is proved by many instances. Probably the best queens have been those who were not so wholly taken up with the pomp and glitter attached to the ceremonial functions of their royal position, that they had no time to interest themselves in the training of their children, the conduct of their households, and the ordering of those housewifely tasks in which the true woman takes delight. Such belong to the class of noble women of whom it is said in the last chapter of Proverbs that "she seeketh wool and flax and worketh willingly with her hands; she riseth also while it is yet night and giveth meat to her household and a portion to her maidens. . . She looketh well to the ways of her household." Such women were the late Empress Augusta, of Germany, and ex-Empress Frederick. To the same illustrious category of royal housewives belong the present Empresses of Germany and Austria, the Dowager Queen of Holland, the Queens of Denmark and England, and, as correspondents have recently stated, the Empress of Japan. That the domestic virtues, combined with works of charity and benevolence, are not inseparable from the most elevated station, the lives and daily experiences of these royal ladies have abundantly testified. And there are many other women, occupying high stations in public and social life in this and other lands, who are equally distinguished by the possession of those rare qualities that mark the "perfect housewife."

The royal kitchen at Windsor Castle is probably the most extensive and best equipped kitchen in all England, although no doubt less expensively fitted than those of Berlin, Vienna and St. Petersburg. Here there is nothing for mere show but everything for use. The long lines of ranges and ovens, surmounted by rows of pots and saucepans, the substantial-looking carving-tables, and the active, bustling servants all go to make up the complement of a well-ordered, serviceable kitchen, where nothing is lacking, and nothing wasted and where there are no inefficient. Here are roasted the "royal barons of beef," for the great dinners that are given by her Majesty. The main fireplace is a spacious one, with a dozen or more spits, and at times there are eight or ten roasts in front of the great fire at once, all suspended over a huge drip-pan. On festive occasions, "barons of beef," boar's head and game-pie are the famed products of the kitchen, but it is sometimes turned to other uses than the feeding of royalty and nobility. During the recent floods in the neighbourhood, which caused much distress, hundreds of gallons of soup were prepared in the royal kitchen by the Queen's order and given to the poor.



JESUS ON THE CROSS.

A SECRET CHRISTIAN.

A BENGALI woman, who was a pupil of mine, informed me that her husband called on a friend who was supposed to be an orthodox Hindu. The visitor was told by his servant that his master saw no one at that hour of the day. No reason was given except this, that his master shut himself up in his room every day for an hour, and strictly ordered the servants not to disturb him.

This excited the visitor's curiosity, and depending on their long established friendship, he gently pushed open the door, and what did he see? The Bible left open on the floor as if it had just been read, and the man on his knees engaged in earnest prayer. He was praying in an audible whisper so that the visitor could hear that his petition were offered in the name of the Lord Jesus. He stood amazed until his friend had finished, and then exclaimed: "What does this mean? While you are regular in the observance of religious duties and pass for a good Hindu, you are really a Christian." "Hush, hush," was the reply, "now that you have seen it I cannot deny the fact to you, but I entreat you not to let it go further, for it will break my mother's heart."

gathers the lambs up in his arms and carries them in his bosom; it tells how he makes them lay down in green pastures, and leads them out beside the still waters. And the them out beside the still waters. And the Master, too. He calls himself the Good Shepherd, and then explains to the folks what a good shepherd is, and how he has names for all his sheep and knows them all, and how they'll follow him all about and know his voice, and it says that he'll even give his own life for his sheep, any good shepherd will, he sets so much by them. It stands to reason no one could treat sheep and lambs cruel anyway if they think much of the Bible.

"And telling people not to aggravate the oxen by mazzing them up while they're thrashing out the corn, and not to do such an unnatural, cruel kind of thing as to seethe a kid in its mother's milk. And where it tells you in case you come across a bird's nest on the ground or up in a tree, with the mother-bird setting on her eggs or cuddling her young ones, to be sure and not hurt her, but let her go. And in talking so much about creatures, and how smart and how knowing, and how hard-and how busy, and how bold and how hand-some! There's Solomon, he can't say enough about the ants being so forehanded, and about the ants being so forehanded, and laying up their food, and the conies building in the rocks, and the greyhound, which is so comely in going."

"And in Job it goes on about the fine looks and the strength and the high spirit of horses, pawing the ground and smelling the battle, and all. And I'm sure our Master when he was here loved the birds, and talked about them, and spoke of his Father feeding them and keeping count of the sparrows. And he said, however strict folks was about keeping Sunday, anyone would help a creature that fell into a hole, or got hurt any way, that day or any other. Oh, I tell ye the whole gist of

tell God right out all about it—that I feel I must give up my whole life, day in and day out, to helping and comforting these creatures he's made, and made so like folks in every-thing but just not having souls. And I tell him"—she spoke softly and reverently—"I tell him I love him and want to serve him, and I'm on his side, and will be to my dying day. But I've got such a terrible aching and burning over the things done to these creatures that I can't attend to the other things folks tell me is the highest, most important ones."

"I haven't got time for all the meetings—the sewing society and missionary concerts and temperance meetings and teachers' meetings and the anti-smoking society, and all those stated means, as they call them. I'm drove day and night, looking up suffering creatures, fetching home them that's lost, nursing the sick, chinking up the lonesome and homesick. Why, you wouldn't believe how tall my hands be. And so I tell him plain, but humble and respectful, that if he thinks best to say, because I gin up the work and duty of a professor, I must give up the rewards too, why, I've nothing to say. He knows best, understanding the whole case, and I know he'll do right. So I just go on with what I've got to do for these poor things as if I was just one of them, soul-lacking and all. And they think I am."

"I told you I had no story, nothing but a picture—poorly drawn, I know—of one woman and her work and ways. I do not even point a moral. Maybe there is none. It is for you to say."

THE children of drunkards are in larger proportion more idiotic than others.



THE RENDING OF THE VEIL

"And it was the third hour, and they crucified him. And when the sixth hour was come, there was darkness over the whole land until the ninth hour. And at the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, and gave up the ghost. And the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom."

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A.D. 30.] LESSON VIII. [May 26.

JESUS ON THE CROSS.

Mark 15. 22-37. Memory verses, 25-27

GOLDEN TEXT.

While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.—Rom. 5. 8.

OUTLINE.

1. The Man of Sorrows, v. 22-25.
2. The King of the Jews, v. 26-32.
3. The Son of God, v. 33-37.

TIME.—Friday, April 7, A.D. 30.

PLACE.—Golgotha, a place "nigh to" Jerusalem, and therefore outside its walls. There was a garden in it, and in the garden a tomb which was the property of Joseph of Arimathea. An old tradition identifies it with the site of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; which was in Christ's time outside the city, some have identified it with the "Dome of the Rock"; there are other "identifications" also; but the site is not certainly known. "Calvary" is the Latin translation, and "skull" the English, of its name. It was probably a round-topped hill, and received its name from its shape.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Jesus on the cross.—Mark 15. 22-37.
 Th. Scripture fulfilled.—John 19. 17-24.
 W. The penitent thief.—Luke 23. 39-49.
 Th. The burial.—Mark 15. 39-47.
 P. A voluntary death.—John 10. 11-18.
 S. "Lifted up."—John 3. 11-18.
 Sa. He died for us.—Rom. 5. 1-11.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Man of Sorrows, v. 22-25.
 Where was Jesus taken to be crucified?
 What is the meaning of this name?

By what other name is the place called? See Luke 23. 33.

What was here offered to Jesus, and why refused?

How were his garments disposed of?

At what time of day was Jesus crucified?

What followers of Jesus witnessed the crucifixion? See John 19. 25, 26.

2. The King of the Jews, v. 26-32.

What accusation was written over Jesus?

In what languages was this written? See John 19. 20.

Who were crucified with Jesus?

What Scripture was thus fulfilled?

Who railed at Jesus on the cross?

What did the people say?

What rulers joined in mocking him?

What did these rulers say?

Who else joined in the reviling?

3. The Son of God, v. 33-37.

What marked event occurred at the sixth hour?

How long did the darkness last?

What cry was heard at the ninth hour?

How did some interpret this cry?

What act of mercy did one man do?

What did this man say? What did Jesus then do?

What assurance is there that Jesus was dead? See John 19. 31-35.

What was done with his body? See John 19. 38-42.

What said the centurion when Jesus died? See Matt. 27. 54.

For whom did Jesus die? (Golden Text.)

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we shown—

1. The truthfulness of God's Word?
2. The greatness of Jesus' love?
3. That Christ's death was voluntary?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Where was Jesus crucified? At Golgotha, also called Calvary. 2. How was he crucified? Between two thieves. 3. What Scripture was thereby fulfilled? He was numbered with the transgressors. 4. How was he treated by all in this hour of misery? He was mocked and reviled. What great lesson does his crucifixion teach us? To bear God's will patiently. What is the Golden Text? "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The stonement for sinners.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What is the Church of Christ?

The society of those whose bond of union is faith in Christ as our Divine Redeemer and our Lord, and who worship God in his name.

HOW THEY TELL TIME IN NEPAUL.

THERE are no public schools in Nepal. The sons of princes and nobles—even our young king, while he is yet only a boy—are taught at home by the *gurus*, or household priest, who is supposed to be also a pundit, or very learned man. Later, the young men of rank are sent to Patna, Benares, or Calcutta, where they learn to speak English, and to wear English clothes, and to tell the time of day by an English clock; for in Nepal time is measured by means of a copper vessel, with a small hole in the bottom, set afloat on a tank or pool. Sixty times a day this kettle fills and sinks, and every time it sinks a gong is struck; so that the day is divided into sixty "gongs" or "bells," as sailors reckon time aboard ship. The poor



THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Bhootiya shepherds, or the Newar women who make pottery in the fields, say that the day is begun when they can count the tiles on the roof of a house, or when they can see the hairs on the back of a man's hand by holding it up against the light.—*St. Nicholas.*

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

BY LOUISE SEYMOUR HOUGHTON.

ALBERT EDWARD, the oldest son of Queen Victoria, is now a man well on in mature life, and for years he has set himself seriously to fit himself for the great responsibilities which devolve upon a sovereign. The most essential thing and the most difficult is to know the people, and so Prince Albert Edward goes about, not, indeed, like the eastern Caliph, Haroun Al Raschid, in disguise, but wearing the plain habit and the simple manner of an unostentatious gentleman, without retinue or pomp of any kind. His great purpose is to know thoroughly all classes of the people whom he is one day to govern, and he permits himself nothing which will hinder the accomplishment of this purpose.

Thus it was that in 1885, when all Ireland was in a ferment, apparently on the very verge of rebellion, the Prince of Wales crossed over to Dublin, accompanied only by his eldest son, and spent days in going about that excited city, mingling with all classes of people, listening to their conversation, and putting himself, as nearly as possible, at their point of view. A man who has the courage and the good sense to take such a step at a time so dangerous will not be likely to make grave mistakes when his hour for action arrives. In every way the Prince has most carefully prepared himself for his duties, and he seems never to forget that his high position has conferred upon him duties rather than privileges. For example, he never breaks an engagement; yet one would suppose that a Prince might be pardoned if he simply did what he liked best to do, whatever might be his engagements. So in the matter of public speaking. To speak well in public is particularly necessary for a man in his position. But not only was the Prince, as a young man, not a good speaker, but the art of public speaking is peculiarly difficult for one who, by the very nature of his position, may not speak on politics or religion, or discuss public men, or touch upon any one of three-quarters of the topics which are open to most speakers.

Difficult as the task was, the Prince conquered it. He is one of the very finest public speakers of his day, graceful, tactful, forceful; the delight and the model of everyone who is permitted to hear him.

Such a man in such a position is an inspiration to everyone who knows or who knows of him. Even here, in far-away America, it must be a source of power to any young man to know that such a one as a royal prince looks upon his high position merely as a summons to a more determined and courageous discharge of duty than is required of other men. The great lesson that of opportunity is obligation taught thus by the Prince of Wales is a lesson for every one to whom opportunity comes, whether on a large or a smaller scale.—*Forward.*

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