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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVI.]

TORONTO, MAY 23, 1896.

F

[No. 21.]

**"Two Cents a Week, and a Prayer."**

"Two cents a week and a prayer"  
A tiny gift may be,  
But it helps to do a wonderful work  
For our sisters across the sea.

"Two cents a week and a prayer,"  
From our abundant store,  
It was never missed for its place was  
filled  
By a Father's gift of more.

"Two cents a week and a prayer,"  
'Twas the prayer, perhaps, after all,  
That the work has done and a blessing  
bought,  
The gift was so very small.

"Two cents a week and a prayer,"  
Freely and heartily given,  
The treasures of earth will all melt  
away—  
This is treasure laid up in heaven.  
—Heathen Woman's Friend.

dirty drivers with their unwashed hands and unblessed food. How little regard they have for the Law. Uncle Laban would fast a lifetime rather than taste anything that had even been passed over a fire of their building. I can imagine I see him now, gathering up his skirts and walking on the tips of his sandals for fear of being touched by anything unclean.

"Your Uncle Laban is a good man," answered Phineas, "one careful not to transgress the Law."  
"Yes," said the boy. "But I like your way better. You keep the fasts, and repeat the prayers, and love God and your neighbours. Uncle Laban is careful to do the first two things; I am not so sure about the others. Life is too short to be always washing one's hands."

Phineas looked at the little fellow sharply. How shrewd and old he seemed for one of his years! Such independence of thought was unusual in a child trained as he had been. He scarcely knew how to answer him, so he turned his attention to spreading out the fruits and bread he had brought for their supper.

Next morning, after the caravan had gone on without them, they started up a narrow bridle-path, that led through hill-side pastures where flocks of sheep and goats were feeding.

The dew was still on the grass, and the air was so fresh and sweet in this higher altitude that Joel walked on with a feeling of strength and vigour unknown to him before.

"Oh, look!" he cried, clasping his hands in delight, as a sudden turn brought them to the upper course of the brook whose waters falling far below had refreshed them the night before.

The poetry of the Psalms came as naturally to the lips of this beauty-loving little Israelite as the breath he drew.

Now he repeated, in a low, reverent voice, "'The Lord is my shepherd: I shall not want.' Oh, Rabbi Phineas, did you ever know before that there could be such green pastures and still waters?"

The man smiled at the boy's radiant, up-



ORIENTAL DONKEY BOY.

turned face. "'Yea, the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof,'" he murmured. "We have indeed a goodly heritage."

Hushed into silence by the voice of the hills and the beauty on every side, they walked on till the road turned again.

Just ahead stood a house unusually large for a country district: everything about bore an air of wealth and comfort.

"Our journey is at an end now," said Phineas. "Yonder lies the house of Nathan ben Obed. He owns all those flocks and herds we have seen in passing this last half-hour. It is with him that I have business, and we will tarry with him until after the Sabbath."

They were evidently expected, for a servant came running out to meet them. He opened the gate and conducted them into a shaded courtyard. Here another servant took off their dusty sandals, and gave them water to wash their feet.

They had barely finished, when an old man appeared in the doorway, his long beard and hair were white as the abba he wore.

Phineas would have bowed himself to the ground before him, but the old man prevented it, by hurrying to take both hands in his, and kiss him on each cheek.

"Peace be to thee, thou son of my good friend Jesse!" he said. "Thou art indeed most welcome."

Joel lagged behind. He was always sensitive about meeting strangers, but the man's cordial welcome soon put him at his ease.

He was left to himself a great deal during the few days following. The business on which the old man had summoned Phineas required long consultations.

## THE BOY DISCIPLE.

BY

ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON.

### CHAPTER IV.

It was nearly the close of the day when the long caravan halted, and tents were pitched for the night near a little brook that came splashing down from a cold mountain-spring.

Joel, exhausted by the long day's travel, crowded so full of new experiences, was glad to stretch his cramped limbs on a blanket that Phineas took from the camel's back.

Here, through half-shut eyes, he watched the building of the camp-fire, and the preparations for the evening meal.

"I wonder what Uncle Laban would do if he were here!" he said to Phineas, with an amused smile. "Look at those



WOMAN CHURNING IN PALESTINE.

One day they rode away together to some outlying pastures, and were gone until night-fall. Joel did not miss them. He was spending long happy hours in the country sunshine. There was something to entertain him, every way he turned. For a while he amused himself by sitting in the door and poring over a roll of parchment that Sarah, the wife of Nathan ben Obed, brought him to read.

She was an old woman, but one would have found it hard to think so, had he seen how briskly she went about her duties of caring for such a large household.

After Joel had read for some little time, he became aware that some one was singing outside, in a whining, monotonous way, and he laid down his book to listen. The voice was not loud, but so penetrating he could not shut it out, and fix his mind on his story again. So he rolled up the parchment and laid it on the chest from which it had been

taken; then winding his handkerchief around his head, urban fashion, he humped out in the direction of the voice.

Just around the corner of the house, under a great oak tree, a woman sat churning. From three smooth poles joined at the top to form a tripod, a goat skin bag hung by long leather straps. This was filled with cream, she was slapping it violently back and forth to time to her weird song.

Her feet were bare and she wore only a coarse cotton dress. But a gay red handkerchief covered her black hair, and heavy copper rings hung from her nose and ears.

The song stopped suddenly as she saw Joel. Then recognizing her master's guest, she smiled at him so broadly that he could see her pretty white teeth.

Joel hardly knew what to say at this unexpected encounter, but he thought himself to walk the way to the sheep-folds and the watch-tower. "It is a long way there," said the woman, doubtfully. Joel flushed as he felt her black eyes scanning his misshapen form.

Just then Sarah appeared in the door, and the maid repeated the question to her mistress.

"To be sure," she said. "You must go out and see our shepherds with their flocks. We have a great many employed just now, on all the surrounding hills. It hada, call your son, and bid him bring hither the donkey that he always drives to market."

The woman left her churning, and presently came back with a boy about Joel's age, leading a donkey with only one ear.

Joel knew what that meant. At some time in its life the poor beast had strayed into some neighbour's field, and the owner of the field had been at liberty to cut off an ear in punishment.

The boy that led him wore a long shirt of rough hair-cloth. His feet and legs were brown and tanned. A shock of reddish sunburned hair was the only covering for his head. There was a squint in one eye, and his face was freckled.

He made an awkward obeisance to his mistress.

"Buz," she said, "this young lad is your master's guest. Take him out and show him the flocks and herds, and the sheep-folds. He has never seen anything of shepherd life, so be careful to do his pleasure. Stay!" she added to Joel. "You will not have time to visit them all before the mid-day meal, so I will give you a lunch, and you can enjoy an entire day in the fields."

As the two boys started down the hill, Joel stole a glance at his companion. "What a stupid-looking fellow!" he thought: "I doubt if he knows anything more than this sheepy beast I am riding. I wonder if he enjoys any of this beautiful world around him. How glad I am that I am not in his place."

Buz, trudging along in the dust, glanced at the little cripple on the donkey's back with an inward shiver.

"What a dreadful lot his must be," he thought. "How glad I am that I am not like he is!"

It was not very long till the shyness began to wear off, and Joel found that the stupid shepherd lad had a very busy brain under his shock of tangled hair. His eyes might squint, but they knew just where to look in the bushes for the little hedge-sparrow's nest. They could take unerring aim, too, when he sent the smooth sling-stones whizzing from the sling he carried.

"How far can you shoot with it?" asked Joel.

For answer Buz looked all around for some object on which to try his skill; then he pointed to a hawk slowly circling overhead. Joel watched him fit a smooth pebble into his sling; he had no thought that the boy could touch it at such a distance. The stone whizzed through the air like a bullet, and the bird dropped several yards ahead of them.

"See!" said Buz, as he ran to pick it up, and display it proudly. "I struck it in the head."

Joel looked at him with increasing respect. "That must have been the kind of sling that King David killed the giant with," he said, handing it back after a careful examination.

"King David?" repeated Buz, dully. "accuse to me I've heard of him, some

time or other; but I don't know about the giant."

"Why, where have you been all your life?" cried Joel, in amazement. "I thought everybody knew about that. Did you never go to a synagogue?"

Buz shook his bushy head. "They don't have synagogues in these parts. The master calls us in and reads to us on the Sabbath; but I always get sleepy when I sit right still, and so I generally get behind somebody and go to sleep. The shepherds talk to each other a good deal about such things; I am never with them though. I spend all my time running errands."

Shocked at such ignorance, Joel began to tell the shepherd king's life with such eloquence that Buz stopped short in the road to listen.

Seeing this the donkey stood still also, wagged its one ear and won't to sleep. But Buz listened, wider awake than he had ever been before in his life.

The story was a favourite one with Joel, and he put his whole soul into it.

"Who told you that?" asked Buz, taking a long breath when the interesting tale was finished.

"Why I read it myself!" answered Joel.

"Oh, can you read?" asked Buz, looking at Joel in much the same way that Joel had looked at him after he killed the hawk. "I do not see how anybody can. It puzzles me how people can look at all those crooked black marks and call

music of the shepherds' pipes played softly on the uplands.

A distant rumble of thunder aroused them late in the afternoon; and they started up to find the shepherds calling in their flocks. The gaunt sheep dogs raced to and fro, bringing the straying goats together. The shepherds brought the sheep into line with well-aimed sling-shots, touching them first on one side, and then on the other, as oxen are guided by the touch of the goad.

Joel looked up at the darkening sky with alarm. "Who would have thought of a storm on such a day!" he exclaimed.

Buz cocked his eyes at the horizon. "I thought it might come to this," he said; "for as we came along this morning there were no spider-webs on the grass; the ants had not uncovered the doors of their hills; and all the signs pointed to wet weather. I thought though, that the time of the latter rains had passed a week ago. I am always glad when the stormy season is over. This one is going to be a hard one."

"What shall we do?" asked Joel.

Buz scratched his head. Then he looked at Joel. "You never could get home on that trifling donkey before it overtakes us; and they'll be worried about you. I'd best take you up to the sheep-fold. You can stay all night there, or comfortably. I'll run home and tell them where you are, and come back for you in the morning."



SHEEPFOLD.

them rivers and flocks and things. I looked one time, just where Master had been reading about a great battle. And I didn't see a single thing that looked like a warrior or a sword or a battle-axe, though he called them all by name. There were several little round marks that might have been meant for sling-stones; but it was more than I could make out, how he could get any sense out of it."

Joel leaned back and laughed till the hills rang, laughed till the tears stood in his eyes, and the donkey waked up and ambled on.

Buz did not seem to be in the least disturbed by his merriment, although he was puzzled as to its cause. He only stopped to pick up more stones for his sling as they went on.

It was not long till they came to some of the men,—great brawny fellows dressed in skins, with coarse matted hair and tanned faces. How little they knew of what was going on in the busy world outside their fields! As Joel talked to them he found that Caesar's conquests and Herod's murders had only come to them as vague rumours. All the petty wars and political turmoils were unknown to them. They could talk to him only of their flocks and their faith, both as simple as their lives.

Joel, in his wisdom learned of the Rabbis felt himself infinitely their superior, child though he was. But he enjoyed his day spent with them. He and Buz ate the ample lunch they had brought, dipped up water from the brook in cuns they made of oak-leaves, and both finally fell asleep to the droning

music of the shepherds' pipes played softly on the uplands. Joel hesitated, appalled at spending the night among such dirty men; but the heavy boom of thunder, steadily rolling nearer, silenced his half-spoken objection. By the time the donkey had carried him up the hillside to the stone-walled enclosure round the watch-tower, the shepherds were at the gates with their flocks.

Joel watched them go through the narrow passage, one by one. Each man kept count of his own sheep, and drove them under the rough sheds put up for their protection.

(To be continued.)

#### VICTORIA'S EARLY PIETY.

Even as a child Victoria was piously inclined. Until she was twelve years old she did not know that she was heir to the throne; at that age she found it out by a genealogical tree being left in her way. On asking if it was really true that she was the next to reign, and being informed that it was, she said, "Now, many a child would boast, but they don't know the difficulty; there is much splendour, but more responsibility." Then, raising her right hand, she added, "I will be good." Years after, when the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain came to tell her Majesty of her accession, she was roused from sleep at five o'clock in the morning. As soon as she was told that she was Queen of Great Britain, with a strong sense of her need of God's help in her new responsibility, she turned to the Archbishop, and kneeling down, said, "Let us pray."

#### Dare to Say "No."

Dare to say "No" when you're tempted to drink.  
Pause for a moment, my brave boy, and think—  
Think of the wreck upon life's ocean tossed  
For answering "Yes," without counting the cost.  
Think of the mother who bore you in pain!  
Think of the tears that will fall like the rain;  
Think of her heart, and how cruel the blow;  
Think of her love and at once answer "No!"

Think of her hopes that are drowned in the bowl;  
Think of the danger to body and soul  
Think of sad lives once as pure as the snow;  
Look at them now and at once answer "No!"  
Think of a manhood with rum-tainted breath;  
Think how the glass leads to sorrow and death;  
Think of the homes that, now shadowed with woe,  
Might have been heaven had the answer been "No!"

Think of lone graves both unwept and unknown,  
Hiding fond hopes that were fair as your own;  
Think of proud forms now for ever laid low,  
That still might be here had they learned to say "No."  
Think of the demon that lurks in the bowl,  
Driving to ruin both body and soul;  
Think of all this as life's journey you go  
And when you're assailed by the tempter say "No!"

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#### Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, MAY 23, 1896.

#### THE HOMELINESS OF THE QUEEN.

The Spectator concludes a notice of the Queen's book, by saying that her Majesty, Queen though she be, is in everything a woman of homely impressions and homely affections. She thinks no domestic to be compared with her most devoted domestics, no girls cleverer and sweeter than her daughters, no courage more admirable than her sons'. She was as pleased with getting Dr. Norman McLeod's authority for being as much at Balmoral as she desired, as if Dr. Norman McLeod had been her constitutional adviser instead of one of her spiritual advisers. She is far from feeling too excited to take pleasure in being advised to do what she wishes to do. She is far from feeling too excited to be vexed by

continual rain in beautiful country or by losing her luggage so that she cannot retire to rest without inconvenient special arrangements. In church matters she is thoroughly religious, without being able to see any vital distinction between her own church and that of the Presbyterians. In a word, she is in everything a warm-hearted, natural, simple-minded, undogmatic woman, as well as a Queen. And that is so difficult for the world in general to realize, that this book will probably give as much pleasure by convincing its readers of this, as it would have done if it had contained a great amount of new and original matter on the subject of the Queen's deepest and most carefully considered convictions—which, however, it is certain that she could never have given us without doing far more mischief than she could have done good.

**VICTORIA, QUEEN OF ENGLAND.**

The following is the outline of a lecture delivered by the Hon. George Makepeace Towle, Boston, Mass., in the Chautauqua Amphitheatre.

The present Queen of England is the granddaughter of George III. Her mother was a German princess, the daughter of Francis, Duke of Saxe-Cobourg, and sister of the late King of the Belgians. Her father, Edward, Duke of Kent, was poor, and repaired to Germany, and Victoria was born in really humble circumstances.

When she was only eight months old her father died. Her mother, the Duchess of Kent, was a woman of sense, of character and culture, and after her husband's death her life-work was the care and education of her daughter. As she grew up, the princess was taught to care for her health by temperate living and outdoor exercises. Horseback riding, rowing, and sailing were among her recreations. The family was compelled to practice economy, and yet the princess was taught lessons in practical charity. The Duchess of Northumberland became a member of the family, and took a lively interest in the education of the child. Victoria saw her fourteenth birthday without knowing anything of her relation to the reigning dynasty. Mr. Towle gives us a picture of the device resorted to by her teacher to convey this information in the most impressive manner. Extending back some generations she placed the family record in a book the princess was studying. As she saw the record she scanned it closely and noted that there was but one name between her own and the crown. Her teacher was intensely delighted, as she saw an expression of surprise flit across her pupil's face. Turning her honest German eyes full upon the duchess, she said, "I did not know that I was so near the throne." "It is so; it is so," she replied, "and I thought you should know it." A pause ensued, and the girl was lost in thought. Finally she said: "Well, I will be good." From this moment the current of her life somewhat changed. She was more thoughtful and more studious. She became accomplished in music, drawing, and the continental languages. Attention was given to some of the sciences, especially botany. To Viscount Melbourne belongs the credit of educating her in the principles of the British constitution, and this work was thoroughly done.

Thus time passed on; she had often heard of her cousin Prince Albert, Prince of Saxe-Cobourg and Gotha, second son of the then reigning duke, but had never seen him. Her uncle Leopold, King of the Belgians, an old match-maker, had an idea in his head, and Prince Albert was sent to London on some matter of business not requiring haste in his return. Of course it would be politic in him to call upon his cousin Victoria, and possibly spend some days in the family of her mother, his aunt. The project worked to perfection, the parties met, were pleased with each other, were much in each other's company, and parted as lovers.

One night in June, 1837, a little after midnight, Victoria was awakened by loud, rapid thumps upon the door of her bed-chamber, and she was told that her presence was needed in the drawing-room with the least delay. Throwing on a loose dress, and with her luxuriant hair flowing over her shoulders, she entered the room and found in waiting the

Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Melbourne, and other state officials. Being seated, the bishop made the following address: "We make no apology for disturbing your ladyship at this early hour, as our business is urgent. We bring you sad news; it is but a few minutes since the King of England expired, and you are now our royal Queen, and we your loyal subjects." He then advanced a few steps, knelt before her and kissed her hand. Lord Melbourne did the same; an old duke, an uncle, worn out and decrepit with age, advanced, hobbling along, to do the same homage, but the gracious young Queen met him and said: "Do not kneel, uncle; I am still your niece, the Victoria." These ceremonies ended, the magnates retired, and so did the young Queen, though perhaps not to sleep. June 20th, 1837, was the day set for her coronation. The ceremonies were elaborate, old customs were sacredly observed, and the Lord Archbishop placed the crown of the British Empire upon her head with, not only his prayers and benedictions, but with the best wishes and highest hopes of the people.

Still the question was pondered by all thoughtful minds: "What kind of a Queen has England now? we don't know her; will she be ambitious, arbitrary, and severe like Elizabeth, or will she be an easy, careless, good soul like Queen Anne? As yet she is but a pretty, cultured young lady, and she is yet to grow into the Queen. We will wait and pray." Victoria was pleased, not to say a little intoxicated, with this sudden change in her situation. She wrote Prince Albert that she could not think of marrying in less than four years, and that subject must not be mentioned. The coldness of her letter to him indicated that without knowing it, perhaps she had really married her crown. He was disappointed and angered, and at the earliest moment these facts were communicated to her Royal Highness. The old uncle, Leopold, became acquainted with the facts in the case, but felt himself to be equal to the emergency. When he thought the time had come for the parties to become engaged, Prince Albert was sent to London to convey his congratulations to the newly-crowned Queen. Elaborate arrangements were made for the interview, and as he ascended the stairs to her reception room at Windsor, she met him on the landing, and her greeting was so cordial that all wounds were healed and the two were royal lovers once more. She studied with delight the changes which two years had made in his appearance. Tall, broad-shouldered, symmetrical in form, with clear, mild eyes, dignified in his bearing, she could not reserve herself to herself that he was not only a prince, but what was better, he was a splendid man. According to law and royal custom, if they should ever wed the proposal must come from the lady; and after a few days the Prince received a card inviting him to the drawing-room of the Queen. He found her alone, standing, waiting to receive him, and with blushes, but no embarrassment, she proposed to become his wife, and February 10th, 1840, at St. James' Palace, they were married. It was a love match all round, for everybody was pleased with it.

Queen Victoria's reign has been characterized by many great events, resulting in the spread and advancement of civilization. She has been closely associated with the great men of her own realm, and with all the courts of Europe. The Queen is not the cipher or figure-head in the British government. Personally she is truly loyal to the laws of England. She is cautious in no case to interfere with the rights and prerogatives of even the meanest of her subjects. She does not rule, she governs. In all important matters she is consulted, and her advice receives the most respectful consideration of her ministers and of Parliament. It was her friendly counsel, aided by the clear judgment of her noble consort, that did much to help us out of the Trent affair and arrest threatened war.

"In Queen Victoria," says an English writer, "her subjects have found a wiser, gentler, happier Elizabeth. No former monarch so thoroughly comprehended the great truth that the powers of the crown are held in trust for the people, and are the means, and not the end, of government. This enlightened

policy has entitled her to the glorious distinction of having been the most constitutional monarch England has ever seen. Not less important and beneficial has been the example set by her Majesty and her late consort in the practice of every domestic virtue. Their stainless lives, their unobtrusive piety, and their careful education of the royal children, have borne rich fruit in the stability of the throne, and have obtained for the royal family of England the respect and admiration of the civilized world. Whilst on all sides of the British Isles the nations have been as a sea lashed with storms and tempests, the throne of England has stood unshaken, and its stability is the result of the virtues of the reigning Queen."

**JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.**

**PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.**

**MAY 31, 1896.**

**A prayer for everybody.—Psalm 19. 12-14.**

**AN INQUIRY.**

Verse 12. Man invariably misjudges himself when making an estimate respecting his own character. There is a good deal of the Pharisee in all of us, we think more highly of ourselves than we ought to think.

**SUBSTANTIAL PRAYER.**

"Cleanse thou me from secret faults." Men often sin in the dark, and even when no outward sin is committed, what secret sins are frequently perpetrated in the heart? "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." God searches the heart and knows the imaginations of the thoughts, the tendency of which we do not always rightly understand, hence how wise to pray, "Cleanse thou me from secret faults." We should watch against evil thoughts concerning others.

**ADDITIONAL PRAYER.**

Verse 13. "Keep back thy servant from presumptuous sins." We are no longer kept than we are kept by the power of God, hence there is need to pray, "Keep me as in the hollow of thy hand." There is a danger of allowing an inclination to a sin to creep into our hearts. It may be a sin either against God or our fellow-men, and we have need to constantly watch and pray, and seek for divine guidance. This is the only way to pursue if we would be upright and innocent from the great transgression.

**A SWEET PETITION.**

Verse 14. "Let the words of my mouth," etc. When the words of the mouth and the meditations of the heart are well pleasing in the sight of God, how calm and happy we then feel. We can walk abroad as conquerors of sin, triumphing over the enemy of souls, rejoicing in the God of our salvation. Let the prayer of this lesson be often presented at the mercy-seat.

**LESSON NOTES.**

**SECOND QUARTER.**

**STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO LUKE.**

**LESSON IX.—MAY 31.**

**DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM FORETOLD.**

Luke 21. 29-36. Memory verses, 34-36.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Heaven and earth shall pass away; but my words shall not pass away.—Luke 21. 33.

Time.—Tuesday, April 4, A.D. 30.

Places.—Mount of Olives and Jerusalem.

**DAY BY DAY WORK.**

Monday.—Read the verses which come before the lesson (Luke 21. 5-19), and recall the Time, Place, and Rulers.

Tuesday.—Read the Lesson (Luke 21. 20-36), try to tell it in your own words.

Wednesday.—Read Psalm 122, which tells of Jerusalem in prosperity.

Thursday.—Read Luke 19. 37-48 (Christ weeping over Jerusalem).

Friday.—Read Luke 13. 31-35, the words

of Christ about Jerusalem, and find answers to the Questions on the Lesson.

Saturday.—Read the prophecy of Jerusalem's destruction in Isa. 64. 1-12, and see where the teachings are found in the lesson.

Sunday.—Read about the heavenly Jerusalem in Rev. 21. 1-7, 22-27.

**QUESTIONS.**

1. Woes, verses 20-24.  
20. What should the disciples see? What were they then to know? 21. What were they bidden to do? 22. What are those days called? 23. What should there be in the land? 24. What evils should come to the people? What should become of Jerusalem? Who are meant by "the Gentiles?" How long was this trouble to last?

2. Signs, verses 25-31.  
25. What signs in the heavens are named? What signs on the earth? 26. How would men feel in those times? 27. Whom would men see coming? 28. How should the followers of Christ act in those times? 29. What parable did Christ give to illustrate the time to come?

3. Fulfilment, verses 25-31.  
32. When were these things to be fulfilled? 33. What shall never pass away? 34. Against what sins are the followers of Christ warned? 36. What are we commanded to do? Before whom may we hope to stand?

**TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.**

Just as Jesus told his disciples to keep his words in their mind and to watch for their fulfilment, so he tells us. Let us study and learn and think over all the words of Jesus, and for this purpose let us search the gospels, which contain them. When the people of this world are in trouble and in danger let us remember that we are the children of the King, and that no harm can come to us if we trust in our Lord. Let us beware of the things that would turn our hearts from God, and watch ever against sin, and hope to stand before the throne of Christ.

There is a "whistling well" on a farm in Clare County, Michigan. It is 130 feet deep, and whistles loudest just before a storm.

**Ready 24th April.**

**Stephen: A Soldier of the Cross.**

BY

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## QUEEN VICTORIA.

We have great pleasure in presenting in this number of Pleasant Hours the accompanying fine portrait of Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, who sways the sceptre over wider realms than ever monarch did before. Not Semiramis or Zenobia kept equal state, nor Caesar or Alexander ruled over such vast domains. The morning drum-beat of her garrisons keeps pace with the rising sun around the world, and their sunset gun accompanies the closing day. Forty colonies, many of them many times vaster than the motherland, pay her allegiance.

Never was monarch so universally beloved, and never "in the fierce light that beats upon the throne, and blackens every spot" did any live so pure, so blameless, so noble a life. Not for her pomp, her power, her crown and sceptre is she so beloved; but for the gentle womanly virtues which as maiden Queen, as wife, as mother, and as sorrowing widow she has shown. Well might Tennyson dedicate his poems in the following beautiful lines:

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,

Victoria, since your Royal grace  
To one of less desert allows  
This laurel greener from the brows  
Of him that uttered nothing base;

And should your greatness, and the care  
That yokes with empire, yield you time  
To make demand of modern rhyme  
If aught of ancient worth be there;

Take, madam, this poor book of song;  
For though the faults were thick as dust  
In vacant chamber, I could trust  
Your kindness. 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 reposed;  
A thousand claims to reverence closed  
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen;

And statesmen at her council met  
Who knew the seasons when to take  
Occasion by the hand, and make  
The bounds of freedom wider yet.  
By shaping some august decree,  
Which kept her throne unshaken still,  
Broad based upon her people's will,  
And compassed by the inviolate sea.

We have all heard the story how, when  
the Archbishop of Canterbury came to  
announce her accession to the throne,  
her first act was one of prayer to God



OUR WIDOWED QUEEN.

for grace and wisdom to bear the burdens thus laid upon her. This has been the secret of her beautiful life. Soon after the youthful Queen was crowned with royal state in Westminster Abbey, and soon after that the same venerable fane witnessed the pageant of her marriage to "Albert the Good."

These events are thus beautifully referred to in Mrs. Browning's fine poem entitled

## CROWNED AND WEDDED.

When last before her people's face her  
own fair face she bent,  
Within the meek projection of that shade  
she was content

To erase the child-smile from her lips,  
which seemed as if it might  
Be still kept holy from the world to  
childhood still in sight—

To erase it with a solemn vow,—a princely  
vow—to rule;

A priestly vow—to rule by grace of God  
the pitiful;

A very godlike vow—to rule in right and  
righteousness,

And with the law and for the land!—so  
God the vower bless!

The minster was alight that day, but not  
with fire, I ween,

And long-drawn glitterings swept adown  
that mighty aisled scene.

The priests stood stoled in their pomp,  
the sworded chiefs in theirs,  
And so, the collared knights, and so, the  
civil ministers,

And so, the waiting lords and dames—  
and little pages best

At holding trains—and legates so, from  
countries east and west.

So, alien princes, native peers, and high-  
born ladies bright,

Along whose brows the Queen's, new  
crowned, flashed coronets to light,

And so, the people at the gates, with  
priestly hands on high,

Which bring the first anointing to all  
legal majesty.

And so the dead—who lie in rows be-  
neath the minster floor,

There, verily an awful state maintaining  
evermore;

The statesman whose clean palm will  
kiss no bribe whate'er it be.

The courtier who, for no fair queen, will  
rise up to his knee.

The court-dame who, for no court-tire,  
will leave her shroud behind.

The laureate who no courtlier rhyme  
than "dust to dust" can find.

The kings and queens who having made  
that vow and worn that crown,

Descended unto lower thrones and  
darker, deep adown!  
Dieu et mon droit—what is't to them?  
—what meaning can it have?  
The King of kings, the right of death—  
God's judgment and the grave.  
And when betwixt the quick and dead,  
the young fair Queen had vowed,  
The living shouted "May she live!  
Victoria, live!" aloud.  
And as the loyal shouts went up, true  
spirits prayed between,  
"The blessings happy monarchs have,  
be thine, O crowned queen!"

But now before her people's face she  
bendeth hers anew,  
And calls them, while she vows, to be  
her witness thereunto.

She vowed to rule, and, in that oath, her  
childhood put away.

She doth maintain her womanhood, in  
vowing love to-day.

O, lovely lady!—let her vow!—such lips  
become such vows,

And fairer goeth bridal wreath than  
crown with vernal brows.

O, lovely lady!—let her vow! yea, let  
her vow to love!

And though she be no less a Queen—  
with purples hung above,

The pageant of a court behind, the royal  
kin around,

And woven gold to catch her looks  
turned maidenly to ground,

Yet may the bride veil hide from her a  
little of that state,

While loving hopes, for retinues, about  
her sweetness wait.

She vows to love who vowed to rule—  
(the chosen at her side)

Let none say, God preserve the Queen!  
—but rather bless the bride!

None bow the trump, none bend the  
knee, none violate the dream

Wherein no monarch but a wife, she to  
herself may seem.

Or if ye say, Preserve the Queen!—oh,  
breathe it inward low—

She is a woman, and beloved!—and 'tis  
enough but so.

Count it enough, thou noble prince, who  
tak'st her by the hand,

And claimest for thy lady-love, our lady  
of the land!

And since, Prince Albert, men have  
called thy spirit high and rare,

And true to truth, and brave for truth,  
as some at Augsburg were,—

We charge thee by thy lofty thoughts,  
and by thy poet-mind

Which not by glory and degree takes  
measure of mankind,

Esteem that wedded hand less dear for  
sceptre than for ring,

And hold her uncrowned womanhood to  
be the royal thing.

And now upon our Queen's last vow,  
what blessings shall we pray?

None, straitened to a shallow crown, will  
suit our lips to-day.

Behold, they must be free as love—they  
must be broad as free,

Even to the borders of heaven's light and  
earth's humanity.

Long live she!—send up loyal shouts—  
and true hearts pray between,—

"The blessings happy peasants have, be  
thine, O crowned Queen!"

In our picture we have a portrait of  
her Majesty after her great life-sorrow  
had darkened all her days. To this be-  
reavement Tennyson refers in the fol-  
lowing touching lines:

"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.

"May all love,  
His love, unseen, but felt, o'ershadow

thee,  
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 again."

Fingle—There goes a woman with a  
history. Fangle—That woman who just  
left your office? How do you know?  
Fingle—She worked for an hour trying to  
sell it to me.



THE QUEEN'S PRIVATE APARTMENTS, OSBORNE HOUSE.