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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

TORONTO, MAY 19, 1894.

[No. 20]

Vol. XIV.]

THE ROYAL PALACES OF ENGLAND.

BY REV. WILLIAM A. DICKSON.

The Royal Palaces of England are so rich in historic associations, that they present special claims on general interest. They are not stained with the blood of revolution, as in France nor yet splendid prisons, as in Russia. Aside from this they are inseparably linked with the Queen's life. Through their corridors have streamed not only solemn statesmen, hoary soldiers, and reverent divines, but renowned men of all lands whose rank or achievements procured for them the privilege of personal audience with royalty.

St. James' Palace dates back to the times of Henry VIII. From the walls of its picture-gallery, rows of kings and queens look down on the visitor. St. James' was found too small for the Queen's drawing-rooms, so the only state ceremonials now held there are levees.

Buckingham Palace has had the distinction of being the chief town residence of her Majesty. Costly evidences of Prince Albert's artistic taste here greet the visitor, in grounds so skilfully laid out that one's fancy is almost beguiled into the belief that the spot is "far from the madding crowd" of busy London. The Queen's start for the coronation, her second meeting with Prince Albert, the official announcement of her marriage, and the birth of most of her children took place here.

Windsor Castle is, undoubtedly, England's proudest possession among her many palaces. It is twenty three miles distant from London, stands on the bank of the Thames, not far from Eton College, and is embowered amid venerable oaks. Its frowning embattlements point back to a time when strongly-fortified walls helped erring monarchs to look out upon an angry world with comparative composure.

That it is hard to so lay up treasures on earth where thieves cannot break through and steal, is borne out by the fact that an immense quantity of massive silver plate was mysteriously stolen from the castle in 1841.



THE QUEEN'S PRIVATE APARTMENTS, OSBORNE HOUSE.

Balmoral Castle is the title of the Queen's northern retreat, 'n the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood," "the chosen home of chivalry, the garden of romance." Accompanied by Prince Albert she first visited Scotland in 1847.

At twenty-three years of age, and never having been out of England previously, the Queen's sense of novelty was fresh. After two more equally delightful trips, it was decided to buy or build a home among its heathery hills. So Balmoral, with its grounds four miles by seven in extent, and deer forest of 30,000 acres, was bought by the Prince Consort and became his private property.

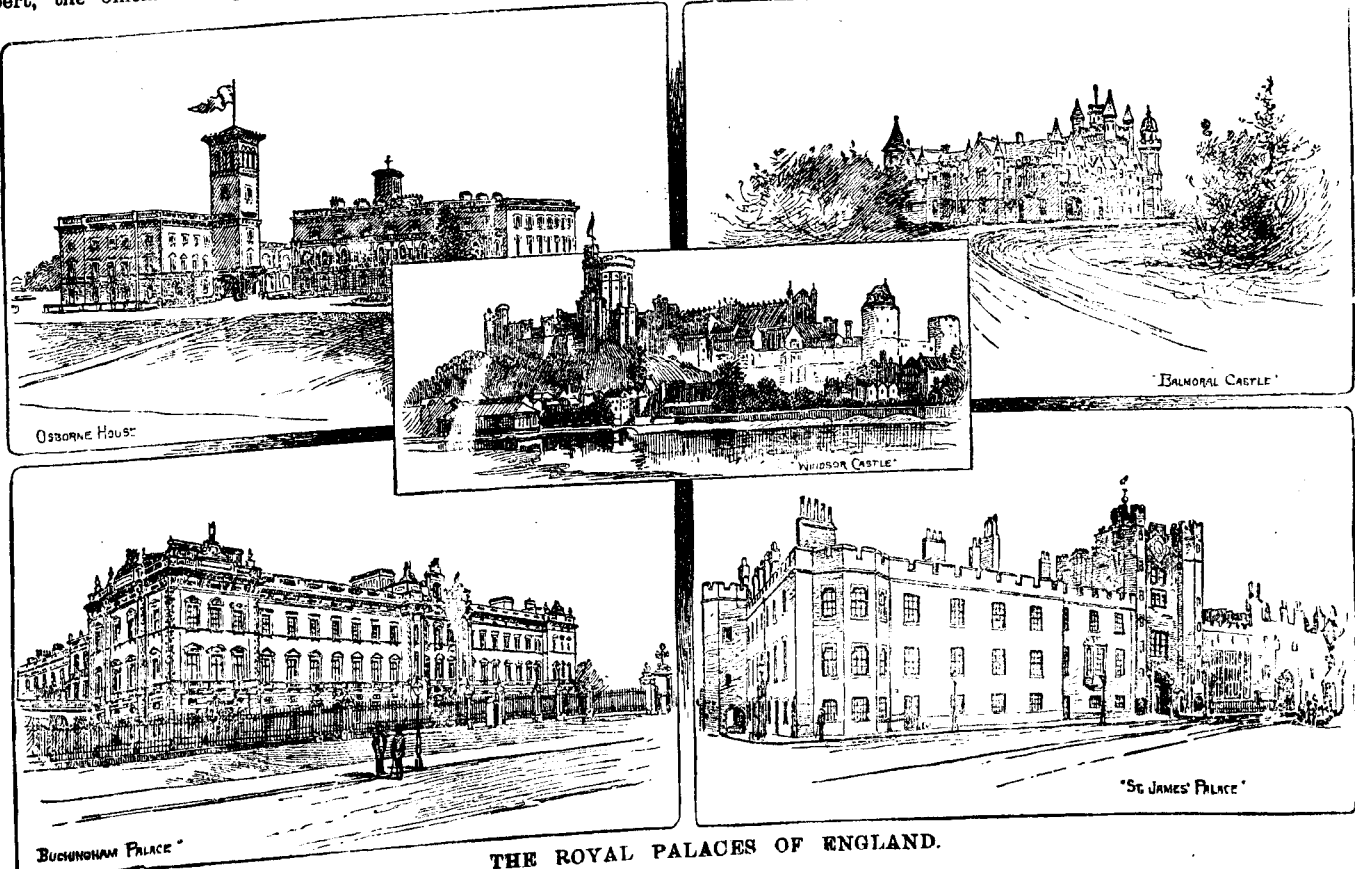
It lies forty-eight miles west of Aberdeen, on the banks of the Dee, and is built of red granite in baronial style, with pointed gables and clock tower.

In this quiet mountain retreat the Queen lives as free and easy a life as any private lady—shopping in the Highland store, visiting the poor and sick, handing to them comforts and tokens of remembrance, and by words of tender consolation and lofty promise alluring them to brighter worlds. The "Leaves from my Journal in the Highlands" reveal a happy family life and afford glimpses of very lovable attributes. A copy of this "Journal" was sent by her to Charles Dickens with the inscription:

"God bless our going out, nor less
Our coming in, and make them sure;
God bless our daily bread, and bless
Whate'er we do, whate'er endure:
In death unto his peace awake us,
And heirs of his salvation make us."

Reviewing her training, her friendships, and possessions, we can see ample materials for happiness. Her cup of earthly bliss was indeed full. Rejoicing in the progress and peace which marked her reign, proud of the achievements and popularity of her august consort, loved by him more tenderly after twenty years than in the first days of her married life, and loving him so as to

pray that she "might be spared the pang of surviving him," taking comfort in the dutiful affection and promising careers of sons and daughters, what more could be needed to make life thrill with rapture? But a bright day is sometimes followed by a dark night. With the parting from the Princess Royal the shadows began to gather. A few months later she sped to Frogmore, and held her mother's hand while she crossed to the silent land. The royal sky was growing darker. For some years prior to 1860 the Prince Consort's health had been unconsciously giving way. In November of that year he drove in wet weather to Sandhurst, to inspect the new military academy, and contracted fever. He thought to con-



THE ROYAL PALACES OF ENGLAND.

quer the ill-omened feelings by force of will. But the combat grew unequal. Bit by bit hope had to be exchanged for fear, and fear gave way to despair. His favourite hymn was "Rock of Ages."

He repeatedly addressed the Queen in German as "dear little wife." On December 14, with this expression on his faltering lips and his head resting on the Queen's shoulder, the fond husband and father, the enlightened statesman, and the sincere Christian sank into the slumber that knows no waking. Soon after, the many widows of England presented their widowed Queen with a Bible in token of special sympathy.

On a tall hill overlooking Balmoral is a granite monument with this inscription:

"TO THE BELOVED MEMORY
OF
ALBERT, THE GREAT AND GOOD
PRINCE CONSORT.

ERECTED BY HIS BROKEN-HEARTED WIDOW
VICTORIA R.
AUGUST 22, 1862."

A passage from the wisdom of Solomon, 4. 13, 14, follows.

A national monument erected in Hyde Park at a cost of \$550,000 is one of the sights of London. Singularly enough, the two members of the family who most resembled him in practical and intellectual ability—Alice and Leopold—have since passed away.

For thirty-four years this brave woman has devoted herself to carrying on the mission her lamented husband laid down, comforting anyone in sore trouble, and by wise reforms laying the foundation of the throne firmer in the affections of a well-governed people.

Authentic incidents which show her consideration and breadth of character abound. Thus, for instance, at court presentations, instead of seating herself on the throne and letting candidates ascend the steps to kiss hands, to the discomfort of those wearing trains, she stands in front of the steps while they file by.

She also set aside the old custom of retiring from royalty by walking backward for the more easy and natural fashion of departing as from the presence of any ordinary mortal.

When she came to the throne the practice prevailed of gentlemen at court remaining in the dining-room and often drinking to excess after the ladies had left the table. Her authority, however, succeeded in establishing another etiquette.

Her autograph letter to Mrs. Lincoln expressing her horror, pity, and sympathy at the assassination of President Lincoln, and her similar communication when President Garfield died, are tender evidences of her true womanhood.

Early in the present year the court band was summoned for a Sunday rehearsal in view of preparing for an approaching state dinner. Two German Methodists refused to play, on the ground of conscientious scruples, and were, therefore, dismissed. On leaving the castle on Monday they met the Bishop of London, to whom they stated their case. During the day the leader of the band was called before her Majesty, who ordered the men to be restored to their posts, bravely adding,

"I will have no man persecuted in my service for conscience's sake, and I will have no more Sunday rehearsals."

After fifty-seven years of toil she still adheres to the lesson learned in childhood, namely, "finish the work in hand," and without doubt "looks for a kingdom which cannot be moved."

As an embodiment of virtue in private life, and as England's most constitutional monarch, she has won fame. Her name will live in history and her example stimulate dreaming souls to find the way to glory in the path of duty. If so, leader and followers will have personal experience of the truth contained in these closing lines:

"And when the thrones of earth shall be
As low as graves brought down,
A pierced hand will give to thee
The crown which angels shout to see.
Thou wilt not weep to wear that crown."

The only way to get some people to take a front seat in prayer-meeting is to move the pulpit.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, MAY 19, 1894.

OUR GRACIOUS QUEEN.

WE have pleasure in presenting herewith a special patriotic number of PLEASANT HOURS, commemorating Queen Victoria's seventy-fifth birthday.

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 dignity, 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.

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. 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.

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!"

THE BRITISH NATIONAL BANNER.

BRITAIN owes its renowned Union Jack, as probably also its name, to King James the First. The flag of England was, previous to his reign, a red cross—that of St. George—on a white field; the flag of Scotland, a white diagonal cross—that of St. Andrew—on a blue field. That one flag might be formed for the united countries of England and Scotland, the King, in 1606, ordered the red cross of St. George, bordered with white to represent its white field, to be so placed on the flag of Scotland that the two crosses should have but one central point. This flag was first hoisted at sea on April 12, 1606, and was first used as a military flag by the troops of both nations on the ratification of the legislative union of England and Scotland, on May 1, 1607.

On the parliamentary union of Great Britain and Ireland the red diagonal cross of St. Patrick was placed side by side with the white cross of St. Andrew so as to form one cross, the white next to the mast being uppermost, and the red in the fly, while to it on the red side a narrow border of white was added to represent the white field of the flag of Ireland, and upon these was placed the border cross of St. George, as in the previous flag. The three crosses thus combined constitute the present Union Jack.

It's only a small bit of bunting—
It's only an old colour'd rag—
Yet thousands have died for its honour,
And shed their best blood for the flag.

It's charged with the cross of St. Andrew,
Which of old Scotland's heroes had led;
It carries the cross of St. Patrick,
For which Ireland's bravest have bled.

Join'd with these is the old English ensign—
St. George's Red Cross on white field,
Round which from King Richard to Wolsey,
Britons conquer or die, but ne'er yield.

It flutters triumphant o'er ocean,
As free as the wind and the wave;
And the bondsman from shackles unloosen'd,
'Neath its shadow no longer a slave.

It floats over Malta and Cyprus—
Over Canada, India, Hong Kong,
And Britons, where'er their flag's flying,
Claim the rights that to Britons belong.

We hoist it to show our devotion
To our Queen, to our country and laws;
It's the outward but visible emblem
Of advancement and liberty's cause.

You may call it a small bit of bunting—
You may say it's an old colour'd rag—
But freedom has made it majestic,
And time has ennobled the flag.

HOW BESSIE SAW THE QUEEN.

"YES, I've seed the Queen once. I was in the park when she came along w' them fine gen'lmen on 'ossback a-banging 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, and I was werry tired, but I squeezed in among the folks. Some on 'em was swells, an' some on 'em was sich as shopkeepers.

"One hold feller 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'lmen,' says I.

"I am a Parliament gen'lman,' says he, 'but I ain't a goin' down to-day.'
'But I worn't agoin' 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 'arfin', fit to kill 'isself; and says he, 'Oh, you should 'ear me in Parl'ment a-blowin' my own trumpet, and see me a-ridin' the 'igh 'oss there.'

"I think he was 'alf silly, but he was very good-natur'd—silly folks horften is. He 'fied me up right over the people's 'eads, and I see the Queen w' my hown 'eyes, as plain as I see you, sir, an' Prince Halbert, too, a-bowin' away like them him-ages in the grocers' winder. I thought it was humecommon 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 heverybody, and so was Prince Halbert. I knew 'im from the pictures, though he didn't seem 'alf so smart as the gen'lman that druv the 'oss. 'What a nice-lookin' gen'lman, though, that Prince Halbert is! I do believe that him-ages in the barber's winder in Bishopsgate, with the goold sheet on, ain't 'arf as 'ansome. Wisher may die hif he didn't bow to me! The queer old cove I seen a-settin' on, guv me 'is 'at to shake about like the other folks—law, 'ow they did shake their 'ats and their 'ankerchers, an' beller as if they'd bust theirselves! An' Prince Halbert grinned at me kind-like; an' then he gave 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."

God Save the Queen.

(Jubilee Version.)

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.

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

God bless our native land!
May heaven's protecting hand
Still guard our shore!
May peace our power extend,
Foe be transformed to friend,
And Britain's power depend
On war no more!

Through every changing scene,
O Lord, preserve our Queen,
Long may she reign!
Her heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above,
And in the nation's love
Her throne maintain!

And not this land alone,
But be thy mercies known
From shore to shore!
Let all the nat'om see
That men should brothers be,
And form one fam'ly
The wide earth o'er!

A QUEEN'S ADVICE TO A GIRL.

A YOUNG lady whose father held a high official position enjoyed the honor of a luncheon with Queen Victoria, previous to leaving for the East, where her father was going, as an ambassador. After the lunch the Queen, taking her hand, said, "You are of the same age that I was, when I was called to the duties of Queen of England. You are now going to take your dead mamma's place at the head of your father's household. I do not expect you at once to do all that your mother was able to do. I shall not advise you about this duty or that in detail. Knowledge will come with the every-day requirements of the position. But I wish you to carry out with you one suggestion from me which I hope you will not forget. You will meet many people whom you will not understand, and many whom you cannot love. Bury the bad in people and always seek for the good. Do this, and with the intelligence and good judgment which you have, England will honour you as she honoured your mother."

DRAPER: "Did you sell that line of old dress-goods to the lady who's just gone out, Jenkins?" Jenkins: "Yes, sir. I got her to take it by telling her it was quite a novelty. So it is, sir, in a way of speaking, for it's so old-fashioned that nobody wears it now." Draper: "That's right, Jenkins. Always combine truthfulness with business when you can."

A Dark Career.

BY OLIVER HERFORD.

CALL it misfortune, crime, or what
You will—his presence was a blot
Where all was bright and fair—
A blot that told its darksome tale
And left its mark, a blighting trail,
Behind him everywhere.

He stood by the Atlantic's shore,
And crossed the azure main,
And even the sea, so blue before,
About his wake grew dark and bore
The semblance of a stain.

On English soil he scarcely more
Than paused his breath to gain;
But on that fair historic shore
There seemed to gather, as before,
A darkness in his train.

Through sunny France, across the line
To Germany, and up the Rhine
To Switzer-land he came;
Then o'er the snowy Alpine height,
To leave a stain as black as night
On Italy's fair name.

From Italy he crossed the blue,
And hurried on as if he knew
His journey's end he neared.
On Darkest Africa he threw
A shade of even darker hue,
Till in the sands of Timbuctoo
His record disappeared.

Only an inkstand's overflow,
O bumblebee! remains to show
The source of your mishap;
But though you've flown my ken beyond
The foot-notes of your *tour de monde*
Still decorate my map.

—St. Nicholas.

bourhood of Mrs. Linnett's shop, to pick up any information he could concerning Euclid or his own son Roger. It was not long before some sailors, coming in from a long voyage, fell into the trap he had laid for them, and talked of the heaps of money left with Mrs. Linnett, and the numerous sea-chests, filled with valuable goods, which she took care of for absent seamen.

Roger was gone to sea again, and Capt. Upjohn had taken Victoria to visit his people at Portsmouth: so no one was left in the house but Bess and the two old people. It was a rare chance if only he could get David to seize it. There would be Euclid's hoards into the bargain; for Blackett had never ceased to believe he was a miser, who had untold money secreted in holes and corners, if they could only make him reveal his hiding-places. But would David do it? There was an irresistible fascination to Blackett in the thought of at last fulfilling his threats, and wreaking his vengeance upon Euclid.

"Old Euclid," he muttered contemptuously, "and Bess and a old woman! I could almost manage 'em myself."

He set craftily to work upon David's imagination, describing the sea-chests in the old woman's room, and their contents, as if he had seen them; and the hoards of the miser, who carried bank-notes stitched into the lining of his waistcoat, over which he wore a ragged old blouse. He dared not tell David the name of the miser, nor mention Bess. There was a soft spot still in David's heart, and Blackett knew it.

It had been a slack time of late, and all their ill-gotten gains were gone. There was no longer money to spend at the tavern, with its many attractions, at the corner of the street; and the garret was a miserable place to spend the whole day in. David was weary of having nothing to do, and there seemed no reason to him why he should not enter into Blackett's schemes.

It was a dark night when Blackett and David, having matured their well-laid plans, entered the quiet street, and surveyed the front of the house they were about to break into. The street-lamps made it clear enough. On one side stood a high warehouse, empty and closed for the night, unless there should be some watchman in it, of whom there was no sign; on the other was an unoccupied dwelling-house, with the bills "To let" grown yellow in the windows. There was no light to be seen in any casement in the short street; for people who work hard go to bed early. To get to the little yard at the back of Mrs. Linnett's house, it was necessary to turn down a narrow passage beyond the unoccupied tenement, and to climb over a wall, in which there was no door. But there was no difficulty in doing this, even for Blackett; and only in doing it in an instant. It was David who was over it in a moment, and the dense darkness of a cloudy night, and the overshadowing gloom of the high walls surrounding them which created the only perplexity.

"It's as dark as the black hole," muttered David; immediately afterwards stumbling over a bucket, the iron handle of which rattled loudly. He stood perfectly still and motionless; whilst Blackett grasped the top of the wall with both hands, ready for instant flight.

But there was not a sound to be heard in the house, or in either of the buildings on each side. All about them there was a dead hush, unbroken by any of the numerous noises of life and toil with which the streets were full throughout the day. As David's eyes grew more accustomed to the obscurity, the dark sky became dimly visible overhead, cut by the black outline of the surrounding roofs. This little, ancient dwelling-place, left standing between two more modern and much loftier buildings, looked as if it was pinched in and hugged between them, with its old half-timber walls, and low yet high-pitched roof, with a single gable, and a dormer window in it. He could make it out in the gloom, as he stood breathless and motionless in the shadow of the wall, listening for any sign of moving within. He was not afraid: there was nothing to be afraid of. In three minutes he and Blackett could be safe away. But he felt something like reluctance to break the stillness and tranquility of the little, quiet house. Besides, there were only an old man and old woman in it. If they made any noise and re- sistance, what would Blackett do,—Blackett, who was always savage when his blood was who was always ready for him when he made his appearance in the garret.

Blackett said nothing to David of the discovery he had made of Euclid's dwelling-place and the fact that he shared it. Carefully disguised, he burst into the tavern in the neigh-

bourhood of Mrs. Linnett's shop, to pick up any information he could concerning Euclid or his own son Roger. It was not long before some sailors, coming in from a long voyage, fell into the trap he had laid for them, and talked of the heaps of money left with Mrs. Linnett, and the numerous sea-chests, filled with valuable goods, which she took care of for absent seamen.

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It was a dark night when Blackett and David, having matured their well-laid plans, entered the quiet street, and surveyed the front of the house they were about to break into. The street-lamps made it clear enough. On one side stood a high warehouse, empty and closed for the night, unless there should be some watchman in it, of whom there was no sign; on the other was an unoccupied dwelling-house, with the bills "To let" grown yellow in the windows. There was no light to be seen in any casement in the short street; for people who work hard go to bed early. To get to the little yard at the back of Mrs. Linnett's house, it was necessary to turn down a narrow passage beyond the unoccupied tenement, and to climb over a wall, in which there was no door. But there was no difficulty in doing this, even for Blackett; and only in doing it in an instant. It was David who was over it in a moment, and the dense darkness of a cloudy night, and the overshadowing gloom of the high walls surrounding them which created the only perplexity.

"It's as dark as the black hole," muttered David; immediately afterwards stumbling over a bucket, the iron handle of which rattled loudly. He stood perfectly still and motionless; whilst Blackett grasped the top of the wall with both hands, ready for instant flight.

But there was not a sound to be heard in the house, or in either of the buildings on each side. All about them there was a dead hush, unbroken by any of the numerous noises of life and toil with which the streets were full throughout the day. As David's eyes grew more accustomed to the obscurity, the dark sky became dimly visible overhead, cut by the black outline of the surrounding roofs. This little, ancient dwelling-place, left standing between two more modern and much loftier buildings, looked as if it was pinched in and hugged between them, with its old half-timber walls, and low yet high-pitched roof, with a single gable, and a dormer window in it. He could make it out in the gloom, as he stood breathless and motionless in the shadow of the wall, listening for any sign of moving within. He was not afraid: there was nothing to be afraid of. In three minutes he and Blackett could be safe away. But he felt something like reluctance to break the stillness and tranquility of the little, quiet house. Besides, there were only an old man and old woman in it. If they made any noise and re- sistance, what would Blackett do,—Blackett, who was always savage when his blood was who was always ready for him when he made his appearance in the garret.

Blackett said nothing to David of the discovery he had made of Euclid's dwelling-place and the fact that he shared it. Carefully disguised, he burst into the tavern in the neigh-

Young people generally think that the children of kings and queens have a very easy time, doing pretty much as they please, and never being obliged to work or study unless they choose, while they feast every day on dainties, and need only to express a desire for it to be granted at once. Now, the very reverse of this is true. The children of royal families are placed under tutors and governesses long before and long after our boys and girls are sent to school; they have to study many things that are not considered necessary for other children; are constantly subjected to the strictest discipline; and in the matter of eating and drinking they live far more simply than the majority of children of well-to-do families in private life.

The little Princess Victoria was trained by her mother with admirable care and prudence. She was taught to seek health by exercise and temperance, and from her childhood to cultivate a brave, self-reliant spirit, even in her amusements of riding, boating, and driving in her own little phaeton that was drawn by goats, and, as she grew older, by a pair of Shetland ponies.

I have often seen Queen Victoria's own children enjoying themselves in the same way, at the Isle of Wight; sometimes picking up stones and shells on the beach, or playing at hide-and-seek about the old castle of Carisbrooke, where the gentle Princess Elizabeth, daughter of King Charles I., died in captivity, and Queen Victoria had erected to her memory in the village church a beautiful marble monument.

The royal children were often accompanied in their rustic sports by the Queen or Prince Albert; and these wise parents early instructed their young family to be unselfish towards each other, considerate towards dependents, and economical in the use of their spending money, that they might enjoy the luxury of being charitable, each from his own private purse.

On these virtues, this exemplary mother was her children's best teacher; and to the personal interest shown her people in times of sorrow or joy is doubtless due the loving loyalty of her subjects during her gracious reign of more than fifty years.

I noticed the many occasions found by even ordinary people to speak well of their Queen, and I heard everywhere little incidents told of her gentle and womanly ministries.

One who is now an accomplished artist, relates of himself that, when an uncultured lad in the Highlands, he one day saw the Queen and several of her children passing on their ponies, and made a sketch of them, without knowing who they were. The Queen, who is herself quite an artist, asked to look at the boy's drawing, and after a glance, said:

"Why, that is my portrait, and very like me too."

"Thanks, madame," replied the blushing lad. "If you like it, will you accept it?"

"With pleasure," was the merry answer; "and since you give me one portrait of myself, I will give you another."

Then handing the lad a sovereign, she cantered away with her little family; and it was only after looking curiously at the golden coin that the boy-artist knew for the first time who his royal customer was.

THE CHURCH VERSUS THE SALOON.

THERE is many a sick woman in this country to-day, with lips parched with fever, to whom the taste of fruit would be delicious, healing medicine, but she can't have it because the money that should be hers has gone to the saloon; but no saloon-keeper's wife needs to go without fruit. Many a pitiful little voice in this country to-night will cry for milk that it cannot have because its father is a drunkard, and a pauper in consequence; but no saloon-keeper's child need be without milk. Down on your knees, you men who love your country—you Christian men—and pray God to save us from ourselves. No; rather up—from your knees. Catch step with the Son of God; plait a scourge of Christian ballots and lash from the temple of liberty the last money-changer, and let us stand up for righteousness, and let the priests lead or leave. John G. Whittier.

(To be continued.)

SOME SMALL PRINCESSES I HAVE KNOWN.

BY FANNIE ROPER FRUDGE.

WHEN I first saw Queen Victoria of England, she was a blooming young wife and mother, surrounded by her charming family of well-trained boys and girls, who looked very much like any other refined, cultured Christian family.

The Queen is the granddaughter of George III., and the only child of the Duke of Kent, who died when the little princess was eight months old. At the time she succeeded to the throne, in 1837, she was a gentle, graceful girl of eighteen, rosy and fair, with blue eyes, and soft, blonde hair.

In Prison and Out.

By the Author of "The Man Trap."

CHAPTER XX.—BLACKETT'S REVENGE.

It was five years since David Fell had first crossed the fatal threshold of the jail. He had graduated in crime; and, being neither a blockhead nor a lout, he had developed skill enough to transgress the laws, and yet evade the penalty. The untrained ability of an English artisan, and the shrewd tact of an London lad, had grown into the cunning and business-like adroitness of a confirmed criminal. The police knew him well by sight or report; but he had kept out of their hands for the last two years, in spite of much suspicion and many hairbreadth escapes from conviction. He was doing credit to the brotherhood which had been forced upon him,—the brotherhood of thieves. There was no disgrace for him now, except the disgrace of being found out.

Blackett had drifted back to his old quarters after Roger's time was up on board the *Clo-patra*, and he was no longer liable to be called upon to pay half-a-crown a week for his maintenance. David had gone with him; for there was a lingering faithfulness in his nature, which attracted him to the only fellow-man who had not turned his back upon him when he came out of jail. They had taken Euclid's old garret, which afforded good facilities for escape from a hot pursuit along the neighboring roofs. For a little while David had felt mournful—or, as Blackett called it, mopish—at finding himself back again in the self-same spot where he had taken care of Bess, and helped his mother in her dire struggle for life. But presently the slight impression wore off. Blackett made much of him. They shared and fared alike, and lived together as though they were father and son.

It was a merry thought to Blackett, that, if the magistrate had filched Roger from him, they had thrust David into his hands who was worth twice as much as Roger. He had spirit and energy and brains. The clear-headed sense of the honest carpenter, his father, muddled neither by drink nor ignorance, had descended to David in a measure that set him far above the poor, idle, terrified Roger, who had always cowered away from Blackett's savagery. He dared not be savage with David, and his respect for him almost amounted to affection. He was uneasy and anxious when David was long absent, and a welcome was always ready for him when he made his appearance in the garret.

Blackett said nothing to David of the discovery he had made of Euclid's dwelling-place and the fact that he shared it. Carefully disguised, he burst into the tavern in the neigh-

hour as it ever could be.
"We're not going to do 'em any hurt, you know," he whispered to Blackett, "for luck's sake. They are old folks, you said. We'll not hurt 'em."
"No, no!" answered Blackett, laughing



MOSES AND AARON BEFORE PHARAOH.

MOSES AND AARON BEFORE PHARAOH.

"And Moses and Aaron went in unto Pharaoh, and they did so as the Lord had commanded: and Aaron cast down his rod before Pharaoh, and before his servants, and it became a serpent.

"Then Pharaoh also called the wise men and the sorcerers; now the magicians of Egypt, they also did in like manner with their enchantments.

"For they cast down every man his rod, and they became serpents; but Aaron's rod swallowed up their rods."

—Exodus 7. 10-12.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

OLD TESTAMENT TEACHINGS.

B.C. 1491.] LESSON IX. [May 27.]

MOSES SENT AS A DELIVERER.

Exod. 3. 10-20. Mem. verses, 10-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Fear thou not; for I am with thee.—
Isa. 41. 10.

OUTLINE.

1. The Message, v. 10-16.
2. The Promise, v. 17-20.

PLACE.—The "mountain of God," that is, Horeb, near which Moses was feeding the flock of Jethro, his father-in-law, when God called to him out of the midst of a burning bush, and gave him the message which is our lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—"Come now"—This is the close of the Lord's command to Moses, who stands awe-struck on the edge of the desert, with bared feet and hidden face, while these astonishing words are spoken by a fire in a bush on a mountain side, to which Moses had led the flock of Jethro, his father-in-law. Carefully read all this chapter. "Bring forth my people"—God had just described the rich land to which he purposed to lead his people. "Who am I"—Moses was neither in favour at the Egyptian court nor with the Israelites. "A token"—An offset to the doubts which beset him during this arduous undertaking. "This mountain"—The bush was evidently on Mount Sinai. "What is his name"—In that simple day all names stood for character. This anticipated question was deeply theological. "I AM THAT I AM"—This name indicates, first, a Being of absolute independence and consequent unchangeableness and eternal activity; and, second, that this Being is identical with the JEHOVAH whom the Hebrews worshipped as the true God. "The elders"—Hereditary

heads of families. "The affliction of Egypt"—The cruelty of slavery which they suffered. "Met with us"—That is, through our representative, Moses.

HOME READINGS.

- M.* Moses sent as a deliverer.—Exod. 3. 10-20.
Tu. The burning bush.—Exod. 3. 1-9.
W. Objections answered.—Exod. 4. 1-9.
Th. God's command enough.—Exod. 4. 10-17.
F. The message delivered.—Exod. 5. 1-9.
S. Promise of deliverance.—Exod. 6. 1-13.
Su. Power from God.—Jer. 1. 6-10.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. That God knows the troubles of his people?
2. That God sympathizes with human sorrow?
3. That God helps his people in time of need.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. For what was Moses sent to Egypt by the Lord? "To deliver the Hebrews from bondage."
2. What did Moses fear? "That the Hebrew elders would not believe him."
3. What did God promise concerning these elders? "They shall hearken to thy voice."
4. What did God promise concerning the Egyptian king after divine wonders had been performed? "After that he will let you go."
5. What did God promise Moses as a sure token that he had sent him? "The Hebrews should worship God at Mount Sinai."
6. What promise does the Golden Text present to all who are sent on errands by God? "Fear thou not; for I am with thee."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The holiness of God.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

What is meant by salvation?

It is the deliverance of the soul from sin and its recovery to spiritual life in God.

What are the chief benefits included in salvation?

They are the forgiveness of sins, regeneration or the new birth, and sanctification.

JUNIOR LEAGUE.

TEMPERANCE EXERCISES.

THE methods of conducting the Temperance Department must be either general or special. Assemble the League, sing several rousing songs, Scripture lesson and prayer, followed by more singing. Introduce some speaker previously secured from the Women's Christian Temperance Union, Independent Order of Good Templars, or other organization. After the address distribute tracts; follow with closing exercises.

At these general exercises it is a good plan to utilize local musical talent. Fife and drum, violin, banjo, and piano playing will add greatly to the interest of the hour.

Temperance Target.—League leaders will

find a great help in "Blackboard Temperance Lessons," by Mrs. W. F. Crafts. Draw the picture in the presence of the League. The interest never lags. Lesson No. 7, "Temperance Target," has been used by the writer on several occasions, and has been spoken of in after months by children and parents.

Temperance Arithmetic.—Try the following method: After the opening exercises distribute lead pencils and a leaf from a pencil tablet (both are inexpensive) to each boy and girl. Take the "Temperance Arithmetic," by Julia McNair Wright, in hand, step to the blackboard and give out an example, stating it at the same time on the board; let the Leaguers work them out and place the result on the board, meanwhile fastening the lesson to be taught by general remarks.

Mental Exercises.—Exercises may be found in the same book which do not require paper and pencil. The dullest boy in the League will wake up under this method of temperance instruction.

Pledge Signing.—Purchase an illuminated Roll of Honour, and at the close of the exercises, whether general or special, while singing a spirited song, call for pledge signers to come forward and sign the pledge. After the Leaguers have all signed frame the roll and give it a place on the wall of the room where you meet.

Tracts.—Always have a tract or paper for the boys and girls to carry away with them; they are inexpensive, always appreciated, and oftentimes most effective in fastening a truth.

Experiments.—Few things are more fascinating than actual experiments performed in the presence of the League. "Drinks from Drugs," by Eli Johnson, will furnish an abundance; also "Lessons for Christian Workers," pages 55-57.

CROWNS.

BY JESSE S. GILBERT.

If Queen Victoria were compelled to wear her crown all the time, she would find it a very heavy burden, and give a literal turn to Shakespeare's declaration, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." It contains more than three thousand precious stones, of which over two thousand seven hundred are diamonds. It is valued at \$1,500,000, and is kept in the tower of London in a great iron cage, which is at all times strongly guarded, as well it may be, as it contains other valuables to the extent of \$15,000,000.

History acquaints us with many other very precious and valuable crowns, as the Iron Crown of Lombardy, the crown of the German Empire, and that of Charlemagne. The Iron Crown of Lombardy is said to contain a nail from the true cross, which is covered with gold. There is no crown, however, that can be compared to the crown that the faithful Christian will re-

ceive when Jesus comes to reign. Paul declared that a "crown of righteousness" was laid up for him, and not for him only, but for all who loved the Lord's appearing. A "crown of life" will be the reward of all who continue faithful unto the end.

All may have the faithful Christian's crown. Is it not worth striving for? Souls that we lead to Jesus are sometimes said to be stars in the Christian's crown. A lady once dreamed that she had left this world and arrived at the gate of heaven. She saw a great number of crowns, and among them some full of shining stars. But the guiding angel took from among the crowns one that had in it no stars and gave it to her, at the same time showing her a very beautiful crown, flashing the light of many bright and beautiful stars, and telling her that this one had been intended for her, but that she failed to receive it because she had brought no souls to Jesus. Of course it was only a dream, but when she awoke, it made such an impression upon her, that she resolved to do more and better work for Jesus in the future. Those who turn "many to righteousness" are to shine "as the stars for ever and ever."

Almost Gone.

BY A. C. G. S. C.

An invalid boy of twelve years.

'Tis almost gone! Oh, boys, how dear
To miss the best time of the year!
Methought before the snow had gone
I'd share some of the winter's fun.

'Twas not to be; for sickness came
And bound me with relentless chain;
And now I am a poor "shut-in,"
Who cannot bear the noise or din.

My sled is gone, I'll not deprive
Another of the coast or slide,
But I'll sit by and see the fun,
Whispering, "Thy will be done."

Perhaps when pain has done her work,
And I am cleansed from gross and mire,
I'll lean upon my crutch once more
And wander by the wave-beat shore.

Then next year, if the Master will,
I'll join the coasters on the hill,
And be the happiest of the throng
Because I am so well and strong.

AT LAST! AT LAST!!

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