



### St. Paul's Church.

RECTOR—REV. CANON INNES, M.A.  
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 CHURCHWARDENS—W. J. REID & T. HERBERT MARSH, ESQS.  
 ORGANIST AND CHOIR MASTER—GEORGE B. SIPPI, ESQ.

#### SERVICES AND MEETINGS FOR JUNE.

Each Sunday Service at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.  
 Every Wednesday Evening Service at 7.30.  
 Saturday, 11th—St. Barnabas, Service at 10.30 a.m.  
 Monday, 20th—Queen's Accession, Service at 10.30 a.m.  
 Friday, 24th—Nativity of St. John Baptist, Service at 10.30 a.m.  
 The Synod of the Diocese will assemble on Tuesday, 25th, Service at 10 a.m.  
 The evening of Wednesday, the 29th, is appointed by the Bishop for holding a grand Jubilee Service, when the Very Rev. James Carmichael, Dean of Montreal, will preach. The Offerings made in every church in the diocese on the previous Sunday (28th) will be presented for the Mission Fund. Service at 8 o'clock.  
 Bible Class—Sunday, 3 p.m.; Thursday, 7.30 p.m.  
 Sunday School—3 p.m.  
 The Churchworkers' Association, Mothers' Meeting, Dorcas Society, Sewing Class, and Girls' Friendly Society are closed for the summer months.  
 Administration of the Holy Communion on the First Sunday, 11 o'clock service, and on the Third Sunday, at 8.30 a.m.  
 Sacrament of Holy Baptism, on the last Sunday, at 2.30 p.m.  
 The Communion Offerings for the Poor. Administered through the Churchworkers' Association.  
 Collection on Sunday, the 24th, for the Mission Fund, to be

presented on the evening of the Jubilee Service from St. Paul's congregation.

Mr. L. Finnell attends the Cronyn Hall every day, from 10 to 12 o'clock, to receive enquiries about pews. To him also applications about Woodland Cemetery may be made, or to Mr. Geo. Elliott, Superintendent at the Cemetery. Telephone connection.

I would call your particular attention to the notice given in the opposite column of the Special Jubilee Service, to be held in St. Paul's on the Wednesday evening of the meeting of Synod (29th), when the Very Rev. James Carmichael, Dean of Montreal, has kindly consented to preach. As a mark of gratitude for the blessings which God has so graciously vouchsafed to us as a nation, in granting to our beloved Sovereign, Queen Victoria, a reign extending over no less a period than fifty years, it has been decided that the offerings on Sunday, the 24th, throughout the diocese, shall be presented at the service to be held on the evening of the 29th, as a diocesan thankoffering for Missionary purposes. The collection from each congregation will be placed in an envelope, on which the name of the church will be inscribed, and laid on the alms dish. I need not urge upon you the privilege of liberality on this occasion, every loyal and grateful heart will rejoice that our bishop has been guided to this decision. The members of St. Paul's have never been appealed to in vain. In addition to the offerings of the congregation there will be presented the gifts from the Sunday School and the Sunday Afternoon Bible Class. Let your offerings be a true expression of gratitude for abounding blessings!

We shall call upon the members of the congregation to manifest their usual hospitality in entertaining the clergy who attend the Synod. The lateness of the season renders it likely that many will have left town for the summer holiday, but we trust that those who may be absent from the city will render some pecuniary aid. Please to signify to the Rector or Churchwardens if you are able to receive a guest.

## The Parish Magazine:

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### LESSONS FOR JUNE, 1887.

JUNE 5TH.—TRINITY SUNDAY.

Morning—Isai. vi. to 11; Rev. i. to 9.

Evening—Gen. xviii., or i. & ii. to 4; Eph. iv. to 17, or Matt. iii.

JUNE 12TH.—1ST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Morning—Joshua iii. 7, to iv. 15; John xix. 25.

Evening—Joshua v. 13, to vi. 21 or 24; James iii.

JUNE 19TH.—2ND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Morning—Judges iv.; Acts iii.

Evening—Judges v. or vi. 11; 1 Peter iv. 7.

JUNE 26TH.—3RD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Morning—1 Sam. ii. 27; Acts vii. 35, to viii. 5.

Evening—1 Sam. iii. or iv. to 19; 1 John ii. 15.

## A Memorial of Queen Victoria's Jubilee.

### GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

HER Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, has no more loyal subjects the wide world over than those into whose hands this Magazine is intended to come. As we do not celebrate a Jubilee every day, it has seemed a fitting expression of our loyal feeling to devote this number of the Magazine to Jubilee topics, even though it is difficult to say much that is new about matters so well known and so dear to the national heart.

Anything like an exhaustive review of the Queen's reign must be quite beyond the scope of a monthly Magazine like ours, and yet she has so wonderfully identified herself with the people committed to her charge that there is no great event in the national history of the last fifty years in which the Queen has not been directly interested. The history of the Queen, then, is the history of the nation, our joys and our sorrows, our victories or defeats, have been her joys and sorrows, her pride and her despair. The tokens of material progress which have made her reign so remarkable would occupy many columns to describe.

Ten million more people in England and Wales, a million more in Scotland, and three million less in Ireland, are noted in the census returns since 1841. But these figures are utterly dwarfed, when we take a general view of the Queen's Dominions, for she rules over an area of nine million square miles, and her subjects number about 316 millions, who have a public debt of nearly 1,100 millions sterling, while the yearly value of their exports and imports stands at about the same figure.

When the Queen began to reign, there was no Penny Post and no Income Tax, no Telegraphs, no Atlantic Cable, and no Free Trade. Among the institutions which have developed in this long reign, none are more remarkable than the series of great exhibitions, beginning with that of 1851, when all nations were invited to London. There can be little doubt that such peaceful reunions have contributed more than anything else to break down insular prejudices and hostile feelings between rival nations, while as to their effect in developing trade some of our own citizens could bear testimony. The Prince Consort deserved well of his adopted country for the intelligent and earnest interest he shewed in promoting the first great Exhibition.

What a pleasure it would be if the history of these fifty years contained no record of war and bloodshed; but when we recall the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, the war in the Soudan, and a host of other wars in every quarter of the world, we are reminded that the millennium is still future, and that there will be no cessation from the conflicts of armed hosts until the Prince of Peace returns, whose right it is to reign. No monarch that ever lived has taken a more active interest than Queen Victoria in the foreign affairs of her kingdom. If I may so express it, she has shewn a genius for sympathy, and her affection has gone out in a remarkable manner towards the soldiers who fought her battles and the sailors who manned her fleets.

Take for example the following expression of her sorrow when she heard that the Duke of Wellington was dead:—"One can not think of this country without 'the Duke'—our immortal hero! In him centred almost every earthly honor a subject could possess. His position was the highest a subject ever had—above party—looked up to by all—revered by the whole nation—the friend of the sovereign; and how simply he carried these honors! With what singleness of purpose, what straight-forwardness, what courage, were all the motives of his actions guided. The Crown never possessed—and I fear never will—so devoted, loyal, and faithful a subject, so staunch a supporter! To us (who, alas! have lost now so

many of our valued and experienced friends,) his loss is irreparable, for his readiness to aid and advise, if it could be of use to us, and to overcome any and every difficulty, was unequalled." These are gracious words, my fellow-subjects, but they have been accompanied hundreds of times by equally gracious deeds, proving that out of the abundance of a truly loving and grateful heart, the Queen's mouth has spoken. In Balmoral and at Osborne she has frequently visited the sick and the dying. A clergyman at Osborne had occasion to visit an aged invalid. Upon his arrival at the house, as he entered the door where the sufferer was, he found a lady in deep mourning sitting by the bedside, and reading the Word of God. He was about to retire, when the lady remarked, "Pray remain. I should not wish the invalid to lose the comfort which a clergyman might afford." The lady retired, and the clergyman found lying on the bed a book, with texts of Scripture adapted to the sick, which had been read to the sufferer. That lady was the Queen of England. This incident reminds us that any sketch of the Queen's life would be imperfect which did not contain an allusion to the partner of her joys and sorrows, Albert the Good, and to his early death which has cast a gloom upon all the later years of the royal widow.

Loyalty to the memory of the departed is a virtue so rare and pathetic that it deserves a passing eulogium. The whole nation mourned when the Queen was so sorely stricken, and the cry of all hearts found expression in the touching words of the Poet-laureate:

"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 passed, and leaves  
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."

It can be truly said that the Queen's honor has shone forth untarnished, even amid the fierce light that beats upon the throne, and this is another reason why we should hold her in affectionate regard. There are sufficient indications in the frequent scandals which are allowed to reach the Press of what we might expect under a monarch of less exalted morality. Our "fountain of honor" is, we thank God, immaculate and untainted, and therefore we pray "God save the Queen." A life so entirely unselfish and devoted is a noble pattern to us all, and when we see so many Christian virtues adorning the character of the greatest

Lady in the land, we can only express once more our humble gratitude to Him, who is the Giver of every good and perfect gift, for giving us Victoria, and sparing her so long to reign on the throne of her fathers, and yet more surely in the hearts of us her people. And as we look reluctantly into an unseen but certain future, our prayers ascend once more that "God will grant the Queen a long life; that her years may endure throughout all generations. She shall dwell before God for ever; O prepare thy loving mercy and faithfulness that they may preserve her."

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### QUEEN VICTORIA'S JUBILEE.

BY THE REV. W. SAUMAREZ SMITH, B.D., HON. CANON OF CHESTER.

Fifty years our Queen hath reigned,  
Calling forth a love unfeign'd;  
Nobly hath she honor worn,  
Duty done, and sorrow borne;  
Lift your hearts, then; raise a song,  
Grateful, jubilant and strong;  
Praise the source of all good things,  
Praise the Lord, the King of Kings!

Fifty years have pass'd since she,  
Blending might with modesty,  
Took the royal seat and name  
'Mid her people's loud acclaim;  
Years have pass'd, and she has stood  
Faithful to her people's good;  
Praise the source of all good things,  
Praise the Lord, the King of Kings!

Fifty years of royal state,  
She has kept inviolate  
All the promises of her youth,  
Firmness, purity, and truth;  
So, in God's grace, we have seen  
Good the woman, great the Queen! \*  
Praise the source of all good things,  
Praise the Lord, the King of Kings!

Fifty years of wondrous change  
Widen all her Empire's range,  
Stretch the bounds of human ken,  
Quicken intercourse of men,  
While beneath her fostering rule  
Flourish Realm, and Church, and School;  
Praise the source of all good things,  
Praise the Lord, the King of Kings!

Fifty years have come, and fled;  
Holy memories of the dead,  
Mingling with our festive glee,  
Solemnize her Jubilee,  
Point to hopes beyond the earth,  
Point to life of better worth;  
Praise the source of all good things,  
Praise the Lord, the King of Kings!

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### THE QUEEN AND HER FAMILY.

It was on the 24th of May, 1819, that Victoria Alexandrina, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and Empress of India, was born at Kensington Palace. She is the only child of George the Third's fourth son, the Duke of Kent, and through her father's death in 1820, left her heiress to the English throne, she was not acquainted with the fact until she was thirteen years of age, and she "cried much on hearing it," while presently remarking "there is much splendour, but there is much responsibility." She was brought up in strict retirement, but carefully prepared for the high duties which devolved upon her on the death of William the Fourth. The marriage between the young Queen and Prince Albert, projected by King Leopold and Baron Stockmar, was known to Her Majesty two years before the intention became known to the Prince himself. Writing to her uncle at the close of the Prince's first visit to this country, she begged him "to take care of one now so dear to her." The marriage was celebrated on the 10th of February, 1840, and in the years of married life which intervened before the Prince Consort's death on the 14th December, 1861, five daughters and four sons were born to the happy couple. "They say," wrote the Queen in 1844, "no Sovereign was ever more loved than I, and this because of our happy domestic home, and the good example it presents." Testimony to the felicity of the royal couple is given in "The Early Life of the Prince Consort," "Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands," and "The Life of the Prince Consort." The first ten years of the Queen's widowhood was spent in seclusion, for though grief did not prevent the fulfilment of the necessary duties of the Sovereign, it caused her to avoid publicity as much as possible. Besides the loss of her husband and daughter, the Princess Alice, the Queen suffered a severe trial in the beginning of 1872, when her eldest son, the Prince of Wales, had an almost fatal attack of typhoid fever. At the Thanksgiving Service for his recovery, held in St. Paul's Cathedral on the 27th February, 1872, 13,000 persons attended. For the husband she loved so well, and has mourned for so long, the Queen reared the stately Frogmore Mausoleum, the statues in Liverpool and other towns are popular memorials of the "good Prince."

### QUEEN VICTORIA'S ACCESSION.

At five o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, the 20th June, 1837, the Primate of all England and the Lord Chamberlain reached Kensington Palace, where the Princess Victoria then resided, to inform her that

her uncle William the Fourth had died at Windsor Castle at 2.12 that morning, and to hail her as Queen. The messengers had to knock long at the Palace door before the porter could be roused, and when at length admitted, they were turned into a lower room and apparently forgotten. They had to ring several times, and an attendant declared that "the Princess was in such a sweet sleep that she could not venture to disturb her." "But," said they, "We come on business of state to the Queen, and even her sleep must give way to that." The young Queen shortly entered the room in a loose white nightgown and shawl, her nightcap thrown off, and her hair falling upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected. The first words of the Queen were a request that the Archbishop would pray for her. They knelt together, and, as Miss Wynn states, "Victoria inaugurated her reign, like the young King of Israel in the olden time, by asking from the Most High, who ruleth in the kingdom of men, an understanding heart to judge so great a people."

Her Majesty's first act as Queen was to write a tender letter of condolence to Queen Adelaide, widow of the late King, and she addressed it to "Her Majesty the Queen," remarking, when told this was inaccurate, that she was "quite aware of Her Majesty's altered character, but I will not be the first person to remind her of it." A Privy Council was held at 11 o'clock, and consequent on the short notice some of the members had not time to wait for their robes of state, the Duke of Cumberland, Lord Glenelg, and others, appearing in undress. The Lord Chancellor having administered the usual oaths to the Queen, she received the homage of her uncles with admirable grace. The Cabinet Ministers and other Privy Councillors then knelt before the throne and took the oath of allegiance. At ten o'clock next forenoon Her Majesty was formally proclaimed Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and when she presented herself at one of the windows of St. James's Palace she was greeted with deafening cheers by the multitude assembled outside. The Queen wore a black silk dress, with a crape scarf over her white tippet, and a little black chip bonnet. Deeply moved by the enthusiastic manifestations of popular loyalty, she repeatedly bowed to the people, who even while the proclamation was being read, cried out "God save the Queen."

### THE CORONATION.

The Queen's Coronation took place in Westminster Abbey on Thursday, the 28th June, 1838, with great pomp and ceremony, even the dawn of the day being announced by the guns of the Tower and those of a

temporary battery in St. James's Park. All London turned out, and the line of route from St. James's Palace to the Abbey was crowded from pavement to housetops. The procession was long and imposing, and its several branches were separated by mounted bands and detachments of the Life Guards. There were numerous grand new carriages of foreign representatives and different branches of the British Royal Family. There were twelve of Her Majesty's carriages, each drawn by six horses, attended by four grooms walking, while the State equipage of the Queen was drawn by eight cream-coloured horses, with a yeoman of the guard at each wheel and two footmen at each door. The royal progress was marked with continuous enthusiasm, and the young Queen was much affected. Meanwhile, the Abbey's space was being utilized to the utmost. The grand procession entered the choir shortly after noon, the Queen wearing a royal robe of crimson velvet, furred with ermine and bordered with gold lace, while round her shoulders were the collars of her orders, and on her head was a circlet of gold. She was preceded by the Bishop of Winchester, bearing the Bible. Some of the foreign ambassadors were magnificently dressed, especially Prince Esterhazy, whose dress, down to his boot heels, sparkled with diamonds. The only ambassador who received special attention from the crowd was Marshal Sout, who represented the King of France, and who limped as he walked along the nave.

Immediately on the Queen's entrance the National Anthem was performed by orchestra and choir, while the vaulted roofs of the Abbey resounded with the acclamations of the spectators. At the conclusion of the Anthem, the Primate announced to the east, south, west, and north—"I here present unto you Queen Victoria, the undoubted Queen of this realm; wherefore all you who are come this day to your homage, are you willing to do the same?" Each time the Archbishop made this demand the people loudly exclaimed "God save Queen Victoria!" trumpets sounded and drums were beaten, the Queen meantime remaining upstanding. After Her Majesty had made her first offering of an altar cloth of gold, she handed over an ingot of gold, a pound in weight, to the Archbishop, who put it into the oblation basin. The religious service then proceeded. In taking the oath, with the right hand upon the gospel, and herself kneeling, the Queen said:—"The things which I have heretofore promised, I will perform and keep, So help me God!" Her Majesty kissed the book and signed a transcript of the oath. While anointing the Queen on head and hands in the form of a cross, the Archbishop pronounced these words:—"Be thou anointed with holy oil, as kings, priests, and

prophets were anointed. And as Solomon was anointed King by Zadok, the priest, and Nathan, the prophet, so be you anointed, blessed, and consecrated Queen over this people, whom the Lord your God hath given you to rule and govern, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen!"

After other prayers, the Bishop placed the Crown reverently on the head of the young Queen. Then arose a great shout, "God save the Queen!" with cheers and waving of hats and handkerchiefs, while the grandeur of the spectacle was heightened by the peers and peeresses putting on their coronets, the bishops their caps, and the kings-at-arms their crowns, trumpets meanwhile sounding and drums beating. After this came the enthronement and the homage, with kissing of the Queen's hands. Her Majesty received the two sceptres from the Dukes of Norfolk and Richmond, on which the trumpets and drums once more sounded, and the assembly cried out, "God save Queen Victoria! Long live Queen Victoria! May the Queen live for ever!"

Mr. Greville, in his narrative, tells a characteristic story of the Queen's kindly thought during the Coronation Service. "Lord Rolle, who is between eighty and ninety, fell down as he was getting up the steps of the throne. Her first impulse was to rise; and when afterwards he came again to do homage, she said 'May I not get up and meet him?' and then rose from the throne and advanced down one or two of the steps to prevent his coming up—an act of graciousness and kindness which made a great sensation." However unusual this Royal consideration at a Coronation may be, we can only say, "It was just like the Queen."

The Coronation Service was so prolonged, and the Queen was naturally exhausted. But on her return to the palace, hearing her favourite little spaniel barking with joy in the hall, she exclaimed, "There's Dash!" and was in a hurry to lay aside the sceptre and ball she carried in her hands, and take off the crown and robes, to go and meet little Dash. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

"Lord, Thy best blessings shed  
On our Queen's honoured head;  
Round her abide.  
Teach her Thy holy will,  
Shield her from every ill,  
Guard, guide, and speed her still,  
Safe to Thy side.

Grant her, O Lord, to be  
Wise, just, and good like Thee—  
Blessing and Nest.  
With every virtue crowned,  
Honoured by nations round,

'Midst earthly monarchs found  
Greatest and Best.

Long let her people share  
Here her maternal care ;  
    Long 'neath her smile  
May every good increase,  
May every evil cease,  
And freedom, health, and peace  
    Dance round our isle.

Under Thy mighty wings  
Keep her, O King of Kings !  
    Answer her prayer.  
Till she shall hence remove,  
Up to Thy courts above,  
To dwell in light and love,  
    Evermore there."

### THE HOME AT BALMORAL.

GRACE GREENWOOD tells a Balmoral incident which touchingly showed the womanly tenderness which has endeared the Queen to all our hearts:—

"When I was in England, I heard several pleasant anecdotes of the Queen and her family from a lady who had received them from her friend, the governess of the Royal children. This governess, a very interesting young lady, was the orphan daughter of a Scottish clergyman. During the first year of her residence at Windsor her mother died. When she first received the news of her serious illness, she applied to the Queen to resign her situation, feeling that to her mother she owed even a more sacred duty than to her Sovereign. The Queen, who had been much pleased with her, would not hear of her making this sacrifice, but said, in a tone of the most gentle sympathy, 'Go at once to your mother, child; stay with her as long as she needs you, and then come back to us. I will keep your place for you. Prince Albert and I will hear the children's lessons; so in any event let your mind be at rest in regard to your pupils.'"

"The governess went, and had several weeks of sweet, mournful communion with her dying mother; then, when she had seen that dear form laid to sleep under the daisies in the old kirk-yard, she returned to the palace, where the loneliness of Royal grandeur would have oppressed her sorrowing heart beyond endurance, had it not been for the gracious womanly sympathy of the Queen, who came every day to her school-room, and in considerate kindness of her young pupils.

"A year went by; the first anniversary of her great loss dawned upon her, and she was overwhelmed as never before by the utter loneliness of her grief. She felt that no one in all that great household knew how much goodness and sweetness passed out of mortal

life that day a year ago, or could give her one tear, one thought to that grave under the Scottish daisies.

"Every morning before breakfast, which the elder children took with their father and mother, in the pleasant crimson parlour looking out on the terrace at Windsor, her pupils came to the schoolroom for a brief religious exercise. This morning the voice of the governess trembled in reading the Scripture for the day; some words of Divine tenderness were too much for her poor, lonely, grieving heart—her strength gave way, and laying her head on the desk before her, she burst into tears, murmuring, 'Oh, mother, mother!'

"One after another the children stole out of the room and went to their mother, to tell her how sadly their governess was feeling; and that kind-hearted monarch, exclaiming, 'Oh, poor girl! it is the anniversary of her mother's death,' hurried to the school-room, where she found Miss ——— struggling to regain her composure.

"'My poor child,' she said, 'I am sorry the children disturbed you this morning. I meant to have given orders that you should have this day entirely to yourself. Take it as a sad and sacred holiday—I will hear the lessons of the children.' And then she added, 'To show you that I have not forgotten this mournful anniversary, I bring you this gift,' clasping on her arm a beautiful mourning bracelet with a locket for her mother's hair, marked with the date of her mother's death.

"What wonder that the orphan kissed, with tears, this gift and the more than Royal hand that bestowed it!"

### AN INCIDENT OF THE QUEEN'S EARLY DAYS.

ECONOMY and self-control were early lessons taught her. On one occasion it became known at Tunbridge Wells that the Princess had been unable to buy a box at the bazaar because she had spent her money. At this bazaar she had bought presents for almost all her relations, and had laid out her last shilling, when she remembered one cousin more, and saw a box, for half a crown, which would suit him. The shop people, of course, placed the box with the other purchases, but the little lady's governess admonished them by saying, "No; you see the Princess has not got the money; therefore, of course, she cannot have the box." This being perceived, the next offer was to lay by the box till it could be purchased, and the answer was, "Oh, well, if you will be so good as to do that." On Quarter-day, before seven in the morning, the Princess appeared on her donkey to claim her purchase.

## THE QUEEN.

BY THE REV. RICHARD WILTON, M. A., AUTHOR OF  
"SUNGLEAMS: RONDEAUX AND SONNETS," ETC.

Illustrious Lady, who dost own  
Earth's brightest crown and firmest throne.  
A nobler diadem is thine  
Which loyal hearts for thee entwine,  
And thy most sure dominion rests  
In the stronghold of loving breasts.

A nation's myriad homes in thee  
Thei' sympathizing Pattern see ;  
For thou hast dignified Home-life  
As daughter, mother, friend, and wife ;  
And round the brow of England's Queen  
A fair domestic wreath is seen.

If Windsor's grey historic pile,  
Or sea-breeze of soft southern isle,  
Call thee ; or heathery banks and braes,  
Or the loud city's mighty maze ;  
Where'er thy Roy. footsteps roam  
Castle or palace Home.

And still thy Queenly heart can feel  
For all thy people's woe and weal,  
If grief has bowed some noble head,  
Or fear has filled the miner's shed ;  
Till every home a ray may share  
Reflected from thy loving care.

Let rich and poor their voices blend  
In blessings on their Queen and Friend,  
That God would cheer her lonely way  
And be her Husband, Guide, and Stay,  
Till in yon tearless Home above  
He crowns her with eternal love !

## SORROW IN THE HOME.

A LETTER, written in the year 1862, to the Queen by the Princess Alice from her new home at Darmstadt, while it shows how intensely bereaved the Queen felt herself to be, sweetly displays a daughter's tenderest sympathy and deepest affection.

"Try and gather in the few bright things you have remaining, and cherish them: for though faint, yet they are types of that infinite joy still to come. I am sure, dear mamma, the more you try to appreciate and to find the good in that which God in His love has left you, the more worthy you will daily become of that which is in store. That earthly happiness you had is, indeed, gone for ever, but you must not think that every ray of it has left you. You have the privilege, which dear papa knew so well how to value, in your exalted position, of doing good and living for others, of carrying on his plans, his wishes, into fulfilment; and as you go on doing your duty, this will, this must, I feel sure, bring you peace and comfort. Forgive me, darling mamma, if I speak so openly,

but my love for you is such that I cannot be silent when I long so fervently to give you some slight comfort and hope in your present life.

"I have known and watched your deep sorrow with a sympathising though aching heart. Do not think that absence from you can still that pain. My love for you is strong, is constant; I would like to shelter you in my arms, to protect you from all future anxiety, to still your aching longing! My own sweet mamma, you know I would give my life for you, could I alter what you have to bear.

"Trust in God! ever and constantly. In my life I feel that to be my stay and my strength, and the feeling increases as the days go on."

## THE QUEEN'S JOURNAL IN THE HIGHLANDS.

IN perusing the Queen's Journal, nothing is more characteristic than the manner in which she associates herself with the lives and conditions of her poor neighbors; how she visits them in their cottages, consoles the widows, protects the orphans; how the games and pastimes of the young, the cares and sorrows of the old, partake in her watchful womanly sympathy.

Were we asked to describe in a single word the charm of these "Leaves," we should say it was their perfect *womanliness*. Would that all women, mothers of families and mistresses of households, were equally simple in their tastes and habits, equally conscious of their homely duties, and equally solicitous for the welfare of their neighbors and dependants! As a picture of pure family life, the Journals present an inspiring example; and pure family life, based on religious principle, is surely the foundation of flourishing and contented States. It is not only as the constitutional Sovereign of a free people that the writer of these "Leaves"—betraying, as they do, in every line a true womanly and motherly yearning for the sympathy of her subjects—will be enshrined in the national affection, but as the Queen of hearts and homes.

Necessarily, as we have said, there is a certain sadness of tone attached to the "Later Leaves." They take their colour throughout from the bereavement which has cast its shadow over their writer. Go where she will, she is reminded of the husband who had either been her companion in some former expedition, or would have sympathised in her pleasures had he been still spared to her. And in presence of that grief we are reminded, though not by her, of the efforts which the duties of her high position have imposed; and we can enter into the sacrifices of personal

feelings under which she has struggled to discharge them.

But, beyond this, we recognise with special thankfulness the satisfactory evidence which these pages afford of the Queen's realization of the true comfort which only Christian faith can bring to sorrow-stricken or sin-stricken hearts. There is a fulness and a depth of meaning in the Queen's earnest and simple words when she expresses her appreciation of Dr. Norman Macleod's ministry as pointing so distinctly to "a loving and personal Saviour," which will cause every Christian mind to rejoice that, as with the Prince Consort, so with herself, the simple gospel of the grace of God is dear to her:—

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy riven side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure—  
Save me from its guilt and power."

#### —o—

### THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO CORNWALL.

"**W**E visited here the Restormal Mine, belonging also to the Duchy of Cornwall. It is an iron mine, and you go in on a level. Albert and I got into one of the trucks, and we were dragged in by miners, Mr. Taylor walking behind us. The miners wore a curious woollen dress with a cap, and they generally have a candlestick in front of the cap. This time candlesticks were stuck along the sides of the mine, and those who did not drag or push the trucks, carried lights. Albert and the gentlemen wore miners' hats. There was no room for any one to pass between the trucks and the rock, and only just room enough to hold up one's head, and not always that. It had a most curious effect, and there was something unearthly about this lit-up cavern-like place. We got out and scrambled a little way to see the veins of ore, and Albert knocked off some pieces, but in general it is blown by gunpowder, being so hard. The miners seemed so pleased at seeing us, and are intelligent, good people. It was quite dazzling when we came into daylight again."

#### —o—

### ROYAL ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS.

#### —o—

#### EARLY GLIMPSES.

**S**OME interesting glimpses of the Queen, in her earliest years, are given in a volume of Anecdotes published nearly fifty years ago, which has been placed in the writer's hands. The sources whence the anecdotes were collected are stated to have been "of the highest character."

The Princess Victoria from the first was full of fun. Bishop Fisher, of Salisbury, was exceedingly fond of her, and delighted to play with her, and dance her in his arms. On one occasion, his lordship's dignity and the gravity of the rest of the party were somewhat discomposed by the unceremonious plunge of both the little hands into the midst of the good bishop's wig, which, it may be supposed, was in some degree the worse for the rough attack. The good-humoured bishop and the merry babe joined heartily in the laugh excited by the mischief of the unconscious little one.

The Princess was always disposed to be friendly. She delighted in riding a favorite donkey, given her by the Duke of York, in Kensington Gardens, and would accost passers-by with "How do you do?" or "Good-morning." If playing on the lawn, and she observed, as sometimes happened, many persons collected round the green railing, she would walk close up to it, and curtsy and kiss her hand to the people, speaking to all who addressed her; and when her nurse led her away, she would again and again slip from her hand and return to renew the mutual greetings between herself and her future subjects.

Hay-making time gave the Princess occupation. She would be seen on the grass every afternoon, with her little rake, fork, and cart, industriously employed in collecting the hay, which she would carry to a little distance, and returning, fill her cart again. One day she had quite tired herself, and at length threw down her rake when the cart was but half loaded. Her governess, who took care even in her recreation to turn every little incident to the benefit of her future character, immediately desired her to finish filling the cart. The Princess replied she was too tired. "But, Princess," said the governess, "you should have thought of that before you began the last load, for you know we never leave anything unfinished." And her Royal Highness was most judiciously persuaded to complete the work she had begun.

Once, on going on a special visit to the King, she turned to the Duchess of Kent, and naively asked, "Oh, mamma, shall I go upon my donkey?" Her donkey, be it remembered, was the present of her beloved uncle, the Duke of York, and her greatest treasure. The King had never seen it, and to visit him on her favorite donkey would be the greatest compliment she could pay to him.

When at Ramsgate, running very fast upon the sands, her foot slipped, and she fell. A gentleman who was close at the moment, assisted her to rise. The Princess thanked him most gracefully; and on his expressing a hope that she was not hurt, she gaily exclaimed, "Oh, no, I am not hurt, but mamma will



say the Princess of England should not be so giddy!"

Another day, when visiting Sir William Garrow, at Pegwell Bay, the Princess was looking at a fine marble bath in the house, and losing her balance, fell into it. She was greatly alarmed, but on being extricated, and finding herself once more above ground, her tears and sobs were interrupted by the thoughtful inquiry, "Does mamma know that I am not hurt?"

Of course the Princess, as a high spirited child, had a will of her own; but she tried to keep it in check. Being slightly unwell, the physician in attendance had prescribed some medicine. The Princess, however, refused to take it, and her ladies informed the doctor. Upon hearing it he gravely said:—"As that is the case I must discontinue my visits, as they are altogether useless unless Her Royal Highness will conform to my rules as to her health." The Princess, who was fond of the doctor and partial to his visits, made no reply, but was apparently busied in considering the subject. At length he rose to depart, when in the most earnest manner she petitioned him to return, saying,—“Do pray, doctor, come and see me again: indeed I will take my medicine properly in future.” The request was, of course, readily complied with, and the Royal promise was not forgotten.

The eighteenth birthday of the Princess was an occasion of intense joy to the nation. We are told that, "On every side, in city and suburb, in town and country, in public and private, the notes of hope and joy, and affection, burst in musical concord upon the ear. Innumerable tributes of national affection were openly presented; but infinitely greater in number were the prayers and the wishes poured forth on that day in the privacy of the closet, or in the social family meetings." Her Royal Highness was greeted in the early dawn by a serenade of vocal music, under the window of her room. One of the pieces, which we are enabled to give, was entitled

THE FAIREST FLOWER OF MAY.

"Spring renews its golden dreams,  
Sweet birds carol forth each spray;  
Shed, O sun! thy milder beams  
On the fairest flower of May.

Lightly o'er our early rose,  
Angels pure, your wings display;  
When the storm of sorrow blows,  
Shield the fairest flower of May.

Minstrels of a free born land,  
Let one thrilling note repay  
Her whose fond maternal hand  
Reared the fairest flower of May.

Hers the toil of anxious years,  
Hers the glory of this day;  
Hers the nation's grateful tears  
For the fairest flower of May."

THE DAY OF REST.

A story is told of the early days of the Queen's reign which affords a lesson to all who needlessly deprive others of the Rest Day. Late one Saturday night one of the Ministers arrived at Windsor.

"I have brought down for your Majesty's inspection," said he, "some documents of great importance. But as I shall be obliged to trouble you to examine them in detail, I will not encroach on the time of your Majesty to-night, but will request your attention to-morrow morning."

"To-morrow morning!" repeated the Queen. "To-morrow is Sunday, my lord."

"True, your Majesty, but business of the State will not admit of delay."

"I am aware of that," replied the Queen; "and as your lordship could not have arrived earlier at the Palace to-night, I will, if the papers are of such pressing importance, attend to their contents to-morrow morning."

Next morning the Queen and the Court went to church, and so did the noble lord, and the subject of the sermon was "The Christian Sabbath. its duties and obligations."

After the service the Queen inquired, "How did your lordship like the sermon?"

"Very much, indeed, your Majesty," was the answer of the nobleman.

"Well, then," said the Queen, "I will not conceal from you that last night I sent the clergyman the text from which he preached. I hope we shall all be improved by the sermon."

Not a word was said during the whole of the day about the State papers. but when the Queen wished her Minister good-night, she said, "To-morrow morning, my lord, at any hour you please, as early as seven, if you like, we will look into those papers."

"I could not think of intruding upon your Majesty at so early an hour," was the reply; "nine o'clock will be quite soon enough."

And at nine o'clock the next morning he found the Queen ready to receive him.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

On Easter Monday, 20th April, 1840, the first year of their married life, the Prince Consort met with an accident that might have had serious consequences. He was riding in the Home Park, when his horse became unmanageable, and ran away at full speed. The Prince tried to stop him, and turned him several times; but at last the horse brushed against a tree, and his rider was thrown. The Queen, who was looking on, wrote in her Journal:—"Oh, how thankful I felt that it was no worse! His anxiety was all

for me, not for himself!" The Prince said afterwards that Victoria was the only person present who maintained composure and presence of mind.

"PARDONED."

Some of the Queen's duties were particularly painful to her loving heart. Before Parliament relieved her of the necessity, she had to sign the death-warrant of all prisoners sentenced to suffer capital punishment. It is said that this always caused her great distress; and that frequently she begged that the lives of the offenders might be spared. On one occasion she wrote PARDONED across the fatal scroll, her hand trembling with eagerness and emotion.

#### THE QUEEN AND EXPEDIENCY.

From the first Her Majesty evinced her resolve to give her whole mind to the duties of her high station. She felt the responsibilities which rested upon her. Returning from her first Council, we are told she threw herself into a chair, and was absorbed in thought for some minutes. Then addressing herself to the Duchess of Kent, she said: "I can scarcely believe that I am Queen of England: but I suppose I really am so; and in time I shall become accustomed to the change." And then the youthful Queen asked, as her first Royal request, to be left for two hours alone. Such reasons of retirement were often sought, and the result was seen in the devotion of Her Majesty to her public duties.

Her Prime Minister once said he could not place a single document in the Queen's hand for signature but she first asked an infinite variety of questions respecting it: and not unfrequently declined to sign her name until she had taken time to consider the matter.

On one occasion, having submitted some act of Government for Her Majesty's approval, he was proceeding to urge the expediency of the measure, when he was stopped short by the Queen, who observed with firmness:—"I have been taught, my lord, to judge between what is right and what is wrong: but expediency is a word I neither wish to hear nor to understand."

#### THE QUEEN AND SUNDAY SCHOLARS.

Mr. John Macgregor (Rob Roy) writes:—"Some years ago I went to Manchester to see a meeting of Sunday School Scholars when the Queen had promised to visit the place. On a wide field was an enormous balcony, like a vast dock for ships, with tier over tier of wooden seats. The children marched in 'fours,' and they took three hours to assemble. There were 50,000 of them present, besides 20,000 teachers. Sixteen tall pulpits each had a man with a bugle, and

as Her Majesty drove into our midst, the whole multitude peated forth the National Anthem, and the Queen of England stood up in her carriage and wept in deep emotion. Glad am I to know that our good Sovereign used to have her children, in their younger days, every morning to read the Bible, and then she prayed with them, and for them, and for the nation, 'and this prayer was not from any book.'

#### YOUTHFUL WIT.

Royal personages can make puns as well as others—our own Royal Family being no exception. The Queen, when Princess Victoria, was one day reading Roman history to her preceptress, the Baroness Lehzen. She was at that part where a Roman lady having visited Cornelia, "the mother of the Gracchi," after the custom of the time, displayed her casket of precious jewels, and then called upon the Roman matron to return the compliment, when Cornelia proudly brought forward her children, exclaiming with maternal pride—"Behold my jewels." The Princess Victoria, who was then only a little girl, laid down her book, and, looking archly into the face of the Baroness, said: "Jewels! then I suppose they must have been Cornelians."

#### THE MADAGASCAR CHRISTIANS.

At an anniversary of the London Missionary Society, the Rev. W. Ellis, in giving an account of his visit to Madagascar, said that in the draft sent out from England of a proposed treaty of amity and commerce between England and Madagascar, there occurred in the margin these remarkable words: "*Queen Victoria asks, as a personal favour to herself, that the Queen of Madagascar will allow no persecution of the Christians.*" In the treaty which was signed a month before he came over, there occurred these words: "In accordance with the wish of Queen Victoria, the Queen of Madagascar engages there shall be no persecution of the Christians in Madagascar."

#### WHAT IS "INTILTY"?

During one of the earlier visits of the Royal Family at Balmoral, the late Prince Consort, dressed in a very simple manner, was crossing one of the Scotch lakes in a steamer. He was curious to note everything relating to the management of the vessel, and among other things the cooking. Approaching the "galley," where a braony Highlander was attending to the culinary matters, he was attracted by the savoury odours of a compound known by Scotchmen as "hodge-podge," which the Highlander was preparing.

"What is that?" asked the Prince, who was not known to the cook.

"Hodge-podge, sir," was the reply.

"How is it made?" was the next question.

"Why, there's mutton intil't, and turnips intil't, and carrots intil't, and——"

"Yes, yes," said the Prince,—who had not learnt that "intil't" meant "into it," expressed by the contraction "intil't,"—"but what is intil't?"

"Why, there's mutton intil't, and turnips intil't, and carrots intil't, and——"

"Yes, I see; but what *is* 'intil't'?"

The man looked at him, and seeing that the Prince was serious, he replied,—

"There's mutton intil't, and turnips intil't, and——"

"Yes, certainly, I know," urged the inquirer; "but what is 'intil't—intil't'?"

"Why, yelled the Highlander, brandishing his big spoon, "am I na tellin' ye what's intil't? There's mutton intil't, and——"

Here the interview was brought to a close by one of the Prince's suite, who stepped in to explain matters to the Highlander, who opened his mouth with stupid wonder at the possibility that a wise man like himself should not at once have known that it was the Prince.

#### THE QUEEN IN THE COTTAGE.

The Rev. Dr. Guthrie says, in the *Sunday Magazine*, that, some three years previously, when in the neighbourhood of Balmoral, he was asked to visit a widow, who, but a short time previously, had been bereaved of her husband—a plain, humble, but pious man—who had been an elder in the Free Church congregation there. Her home was a cottage within the Queen's grounds. "Within these walls the Queen had stood, with her kind hands smoothing the thorns of a dying man's pillow. There, left alone with him at her own request, she had sat by the bed of death—a queen ministering to the comfort of a saint—preparing one of her humblest subjects to meet the Sovereign of us all. The scene, as our fancy pictured it, seemed like the breaking of the day when old prophecies shall be fulfilled: kings become nursing fathers, and queens nursing mothers to the Church."

The *Aberdeen Free Press* also tells how she visited a farmer who had been seriously ill for nearly six months; and, lest her visit should have an exciting effect upon him, sent word the previous day that she wished to come to his bedside, and hoped he would not be annoyed, and how afterwards she sent inquiries of kind interest as to his health. The Queen sometimes goes from door to door of the cottages near Balmoral with a large roll of serviceable Scotch "linsey" in her arms, and the fabric grows shorter by a "pattern" as she departs from each lowly dwelling.

#### THE DAHOMEAN SLAVE-GIRL.

In speaking of slavery, I cannot omit to mention the warm interest that our gracious Queen has evinced in a liberated Dahomean slave-girl. Some years since, Commander Forbes, of the Royal Navy, was sent to the savage ruler of that country for the purpose of trying to prevail on him to change his policy of government. The King was greatly impressed by the gentlemanly bearing of the gallant officer, and, as a token of his royal regard for him, made him a present of a young slave-girl. Commander Forbes brought her to England in his ship, the *Bonetta*, and had her baptized by the name of Bonetta Forbes. When the Queen heard the strange and eventful history of the girl, she at once adopted her as a *protege*, and had her educated at Melville Hospital, at her own expense. She always took a deep interest in Miss Bonetta's welfare, even going so far as to have her occasionally at Court. When afterwards the young girl married Mr. Davies, a coloured merchant, residing on the Gold Coast, the Queen took a most lively interest in the event, and made Miss Forbes several handsome wedding presents.

I lately saw by a newspaper that a further mark of favour was conferred on Mrs. Davies, who had given birth to a daughter, to whom the Queen has stood godmother by proxy. At the same time the Queen presented to her godchild a beautiful gold cup, with a salver, knife, fork, and spoon, of the same precious metal, as a baptismal present. The cup and salver bear the following inscription:—"To Victoria Davies, from her godmother, Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, 1863." Does not this incident speak volumes for the goodness of our beloved Queen, who, amongst her multitudinous cares, can still remember an African girl?—*Colburn's United Service Magazine*.

#### THE QUEEN AND THE HIGHLAND CHILD.

One year, when the Court was at Balmoral, Her Majesty made a promise to Jenny —, the daughter of a humble Balmoral neighbour, and who was an especial favourite with Her Majesty: "I'll bring a pretty toy for you, when we come back next year."

The Court went, and the promise was thought little more of, at least on one side. Her Majesty that year visited the Emperor of the French, and many other things happened to drive the peasant child from the thoughts of the Sovereign of Great Britain. Well, next season came, and with it the Court returned to Balmoral. The Queen in making her rounds soon called on her little *protege*, and with a "Now I haven't forgotten you," exhibited the promised present.

While Queen Victoria was in the French capital,

amid all the din and distraction of French state pagantry, she found time to think of her favourite, the little Highland girl on the banks of the Dee, and then and there selected and bought an article to please and gratify the little body. These are the links that bind the people to the Queen.

DR. NORMAN MACLEOD.

There were few of the friends she has lost whom the Queen missed so much or mourned so sincerely as the late Dr. Norman Macleod, her favorite Scotch chaplain. Grateful for the consolations he had given under her great bereavement, she pays an affectionate tribute to his memory when she writes, in March, 1873:—"I am anxious to put on record all my recollections of my dear and valued friend, Dr. Norman Macleod, who has been taken from us, and whose loss is more deeply felt every day. I have, therefore, made the following extracts from my Journal since the year 1861, when my heavy misfortune brought me into very close contact with him." She dwells especially upon sermons which had impressed her as being singularly adapted to her case. Perhaps she found even greater comfort in the quiet conversations in which he gave her encouragement and hope:—

"We talked of dear Albert's illness, his readiness to go hence at all times, with which Dr. Macleod was much struck, and said, what a beautiful state of mind he must always have been in, how unselfish, how ready to do whatever was necessary; and I exemplified this by describing his cheerfulness in giving up all he liked and enjoyed, and being just as cheerful when he changed to other circumstances, looking at the bright and interesting side of them; like, for instance, going from here to Windsor and from Windsor to London, leaving his own dear home, etc., and yet being always cheerful, which was the reverse with me. He spoke of the blessing of living on with those who were gone on before. An old woman whom we knew, he said, had lost her husband and several of her children, and had many sorrows, and he asked her how she had been able to bear them, and she answered, 'Ah! when *he* went away it made a great hole, and all the others went through it.' And so it is, most touchingly and truly expressed, and so it will ever be with me!"

At a later period, when Dr. Macleod was evidently failing in health, the Queen writes:—

"He dwelt, as always, on the love and goodness of God. . . . No one ever felt so convinced, and so anxious as he to convince others, that God was a loving Father, who wished all to come to Him, and to preach of a living personal Saviour, One who loved us as a brother and a friend, to whom all could and should come with trust and confidence. No one ever

raised and strengthened one's faith more than Dr. Macleod. His own faith was so strong, his heart so large, that all—high and low, weak and strong, the erring and the good—could alike find sympathy, help, and consolation from him.

"How I loved to talk to him, to ask his advice, to speak to him of my sorrows, my anxieties!

"But, alas! how impossible I feel it to be to give any adequate idea of the character of this good and distinguished man! So much depended on his personal charm of manner, so warm, genial, and hearty, overflowing with kindness and the love of human nature; and so much depended on himself, on knowing and living with him, that no one who did not do so can truly portray him. And, indeed, how can any one, alas! who has not known or seen a person, ever imagine from description what he is really like?

"He had the greatest admiration for the beauties of nature, and was most enthusiastic about the beautiful wild scenery of his dear country, which he loved intensely and passionately. When I said to him, on his last visit, that I was going to take some mineral waters when I went south, he pointed to the lovely view from the windows, looking up the glen of the Dee, and said: "The fine air in these hills, and the quiet here, will do your Majesty much more good than all the waters."

#### "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

God save our gracious Queen!  
 Long live our noble Queen!  
 God save the Queen!  
 Light on her path descend:  
 Joy and hope sweetly blend:  
 Choicest gifts to her send:  
 God save the Queen!

God bless our native land:  
 Her strength and glory stand  
 Ever in Thee!  
 Her faith and laws be pure;  
 Her throne and hearts secure:  
 And let her name endure—  
 Home of the free.

God smile upon our land,  
 And countless as the sand  
 Her blessings be!  
 Arise, O Lord Most High!  
 And call her children nigh,  
 Till voice and heart reply—  
 Glory to Thee!

God save our native land!  
 Thy sovereign word command  
 Her light to shine:  
 Till earth is lighted all,  
 And nations prostrate fall,  
 On Jesus' Name to call,  
 And praise be Thine!

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