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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Vol. XII.]

TORONTO, MAY 21, 1892.

[No. 21.]

## OUR GRACIOUS QUEEN.

BY THE EDITOR.

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

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

May you rule us long,  
And leave us rulers of your blood  
As noble till the latest day!  
May children of our children say,  
"She wrought her people lasting good ;

"Her court was pure; her life serene ;  
God gave her peace; her land repose;  
A thousand claims to reverence closed  
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen."

But not the splendours of royal state, not the victories of arms, not even the conspicuous virtues of her life, are the chief claim upon our loving sympathies; but rather the sorrows through which her woman's heart has passed. To these royalty affords no shield, the castle wall no bulwark. As the Roman moralist long since said, "Death knocks alike at royal palace and peasant's hovel."

With the meanest of her subjects the mistress of an empire is exposed to the shafts of bereavement and sorrow. This touch of nature makes us all akin. The undying devotion to the memory of the husband of her youth has touched the nation's heart as nothing else could have done.

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

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

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

Which shone so close beside thee, that ye  
made  
One light together, but has passed and left  
The crown a lonely splendour.

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

goes forth with loving sympathy, her private purse is opened in generous aid. These are truer claims to a nation's love than the maternal 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 find utterance in the words, "God save the Queen."

It is eminently fitting that the nation should rejoice and bring its thank offering unto God for the blessings so bounteously vouchsafed. For our gracious sovereign we can offer no more fitting prayer than that voiced by the sweetest singer of her reign

May all love,  
The love of all thy sons encompass thee,  
The love of all thy daughters cherish thee,  
The love of all thy people comfort thee,  
Till God's love set thee at his side at last.

## UP IN THE COLD REGIONS.

LET us imagine that we have been snowed up for several weeks inside a Kamtchatkan hut, without having seen any light but that from a wood-fire and a small lamp. Round the fire all the family are gathered. The men put in order their implements for fishing and hunting, and the women sew together the skins that are worn for garments.

The dogs lie burrowing in the snow outside, and every six or eight hours they set up a great howling, like wolves. When the family meal is over they will come in and get their share of the remains, and then they will go out and burrow in the snow again.

All this goes on pretty well for a time, but by and by both dogs and men get tired of the snow, and very glad are they when it ceases, and the moon and the stars once more appear. As soon as the dogs see the face of the moon they howl incessantly.

Then the men clear a pathway, and the prisoners inside go out and get a breath of fresh, pure air.

At length it is time to go on a hunting journey, and the sledge has to be got ready. As many as six pairs of dogs are sometimes put to one sledge; but the reins are fastened to the collar of the leader only. The master gets in, will merrily and steadily, until they reach the sea-coast, where the master and the dogs delight in dodging around after the seal, and the prowling bears.

The return journey is more wearisome to the dogs, for now they have a load of skins and blubber and seal and bear-fish flesh. But they have been well fed, and are in good condition, and the journey is soon made in safety.—Useful Animals.



QUEEN VICTORIA.

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

Break not, O woman's heart, but still endure;  
Break not, for thou art Royal, but endure,  
Remembering all the beauty of that star

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

### The Queen's Birthday.

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

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

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

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

#### CHORUS.

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

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. L. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, MAY 21, 1892.

### DO IT NOW.

BY W. C. WILKINSON, D.D.

THIS is for you, boys and girls. It is a bad habit—the habit of putting off. If you have something that you are to do, do it now. Then it will be done. That is one advantage. If you put it off very likely you will forget it, and not do it at all. Or else—what for you is almost as bad—you will not forget, but keeping thinking of it and dreading it, and so, as it were, be doing it all the time. "The valiant never taste death but once;" never but once do the alert and active have their work to do.

I once read of a boy who drooped so in health that his mother thought she must have the doctor to see him. The doctor could find nothing the matter with the boy. But there the fact was, he was pining away, losing his appetite, creeping about languidly, and his mother was distressed. The doctor was nonplussed.

"What does your son do? Has he any work?"

"No; he has only to bring a pail of water every day from the spring. But

that he dreads all the day long, and does not bring it until just before dark."

"Have him bring it the first thing in the morning," was the doctor's prescription.

The mother tried it, and the boy got well. Putting it off made his job prey on the boy's mind. "Doing it now" relieved him.

Boys and girls, do it now.

## SCENES IN THE LIFE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

### THE EARLY TRAINING OF OUR QUEEN.

FROM the days when the infant daughter of Ernest, Duke of Kent, was dandled in her father's arms, with the proud parental cry: "Look at her well; she will yet be Queen of England!" her noble German mother seems to have cherished the idea of forming in her child, by careful training and restraining, under the Divine blessing, such a character as might pass unrebuked before her people, even in the "fierce light that beats upon a throne."

She was kept with jealous care from the evil influences of a corrupt court, and brought up, as only too small a portion of her subjects have been, in habits of simplicity, obedience, frugality and piety.

The following story shows that she was early made to bear the "discipline of consequences": "The Princess had her allowance, and was expected to make it suffice and never to overrun it. Once, at the bazaar at Tunbridge Wells, she had expended all her pocket-money in a number of presents for various relations and friends, when she remembered another cousin, and saw a box marked half-a-crown, which would be just the thing for him. The bazaar people wished to enclose it with the other articles purchased. But the governess said: 'No! You see the Princess has not the money, and so, of course, she cannot buy the box.' The offer was then made to lay it aside till purchased, and the Princess thankfully assented. As soon as quarter-day came, down she came to the bazaar on her donkey, before seven o'clock in the morning, and carried the box away with her."

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

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

### THE MAIDEN QUEEN.

Most of us have read Miss Wynn's pleasant story of the manner in which, after much ringing and knocking at the gates of Kensington Palace, and many remonstrances on the part of the maid, who was reluctant to disturb the sweet sleep of her mistress, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain obtained access to her Majesty in the early dawn of morning; and how, "standing in a loose white night-gown and shawl, her night-cap thrown off and her hair flowing upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified," the young Queen opened her lips for the first time in her new character, saying simply to the Archbishop: "I beg your grace to pray for me." Then all three knelt down together. And thus the reign of Queen Victoria was inaugurated by a prayer-meeting! Surely a fitting beginning for fifty years of blessing!

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

The touching incident of her proclamation, when the young Queen, overcome by

the enthusiasm of her subjects and the novelty of her situation, fell weeping on her mother's neck, has been exquisitely immortalized by Mrs. Browning:

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

Victoria was soon to find a help-meet in the cares of State; but, during the brief period of her life as Maiden Queen, she gave evidence of great decision of character and firmness of principle, coupled with a most earnest desire to understand the duties of her high position.

"It is clear," says Dr. Arnold, "that those matters in which it is our duty to act, it is also our duty to study." Acting on this principle, the young Queen was each morning in consultation with her ministers, and was soon initiated into the details of State affairs.

In these days of lax Sabbath-keeping, it is well to remember the practical lesson taught by the Queen to one of her noble ministers who desired to transact with her on Sunday morning affairs of high importance. The nobleman was somewhat surprised that the subject of the sermon the next day turned out to be duties and obligations of the Christian Sabbath.

"How did your Lordship like the sermon?" asked the Queen.

"Very much indeed, your Majesty," was the reply.

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

The nobleman suggested an early meeting on the morrow, at nine o'clock.

"As early as seven, my Lord," said the Queen, "if you like, we will look into the papers."

### THE ROYAL WIFE AND MOTHER.

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

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

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

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

One specimen must suffice. "I walked out with the two girls," writes her Majesty, in her Highland Journal; "stopped at

the shop, and made some purchases for poor people and others. Really the affection of these poor people, who are so hearty and happy to see you taking an interest in everything, is very touching and gratifying."

### THE WIDOWED QUEEN.

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

In the many sorrows which have fallen upon the Queen since the sunshine of her life was shaded by that first terrible storm-cloud, her Majesty has always responded sensitively to the touch of sympathy, though since that sad event her public appearances have been comparatively rare. She has never been careless of her people's love. When the nation watched with her in trembling hope round the sick-bed of her first-born, and rejoiced with her on his marvellous restoration in answer to prayer, her Majesty was deeply touched: not less so when that fated December day deprived her of the daughter who had been her husband's chosen companion, and hence specially dear to herself—the lamented Princess Alice; nor yet again, when the son, who more than his brothers, seemed to inherit his father's literary tastes, was stricken down.

In all her sorrows—and in all their sorrows—ever the first to send a sympathetic message in any national calamity, our widowed Queen has "dwelt among her people."

No empty exclamations greeted her jubilee, but heartfelt gratitude to God rose from the nation, as with one voice, that he has so long spared to it a Queen whom it can love and reverence without stint. Her name is worthily linked with that of her noble husband, who did so much for his adopted country.

### FAST LIVING.

We live very fast now. Events rush upon us with increasing rapidity. The rapid growth of the country, the increase of business which outruns population, the development of material resources, the building up of great cities, the increasing use of the railway and telegraph, the multiplication of mechanical arts and inventions, crowd our days with activities and anxieties and excitements our fathers knew nothing of. The use of the telegraph alone is revolutionizing our life. Every day we share the life of the whole world. Is there a great fire in London, a battle in Egypt, an inundation of the Rhine or Seine, a famine in Ireland, a conviction of two murderers in Brussels, a defeat of a pretended prophet in Soudan, an epidemic in China, or arrest of peace negotiations between China and the States—if anything happens anywhere on the globe we are made spectators of it, as it were, or participants in it, by the instantaneous communication of intelligence. Every morning we have the history of the globe for the whole day laid on our plate at the breakfast table. We are in the surges of an ocean life, while our fathers sat quietly by the brink of a pool. To live to-day, with all the vast interests of the globe palpitating about us and reporting themselves in our ears, to do business in the tremendous rush of our great cities, to belong to a family whose members are separated by thousands of miles and can communicate in a day, is a vastly more intense and wearing thing than it was a century ago. People complain of being tired. They are weary without knowing why. The wear and tear of modern life on the nerves and sympathies and anxieties, on brain and heart and soul, are incalculable, and thousands break and go down under the strain.

Canada, our Own Fair Land.\*

BY W. J. TOPLBY.

"NEAR western skies—two seas between—  
A beautiful land far-reaching lies;  
Whose sons are bound to Britain's Queen  
By fast-linked fetters, loving ties.  
'Tis Canada, our own fair land,  
The home of freemen strong and brave,  
Each wins his fame with mind and hand,  
A lord by birthright—ne'er a slave.

With honest pride aloft we fling  
Our virgin banner to the breeze;  
In lands where wooing zephyrs sing  
Or borne by winds of northern seas.  
Nor dread we what the future brings;  
A goodly heritage is ours;  
In Nature's bosom hidden springs  
Hold needful blessings, veiled with flowers.

Through hopeful hearts there ebbs and flows  
The gift of sires beyond the sea.  
Here blends the thistle with the rose,  
The shamrock and the fleur-de-lis.  
A loyal race, a noble Queen  
Whose feet are guided from above;  
Her life—in light or shadow seen—  
Reveals the heart her people love.

O then whose wisdom never errs!  
Whose goodness sometimes seems unkind;  
Forgive our thought, that ill in ferns—  
Create in us a constant mind.  
Give strength to honest hearts and true  
Who strive to wisely shape our laws;  
Give strength to daily toilers, too,  
Whose hands help on our country's cause.

Sustain and guard our gracious Queen,  
Bless thou the old lands o'er the sea;  
Thy brooding love, the bond between  
Their hearts and ours, our hearts and thee.  
Guide him whose hand our sceptre sways,  
His Consort keep, nor ill betide;  
Grant them thy grace through happy days,  
To love and serve thee side by side.

Eternal God!—in faith we pray—  
Breathe thy blest spirit o'er our land,  
Throughout our nation's bright'ning way  
Let peace and love lead hand in hand.  
Still may thy truths in hearts sincere  
Our country's bulwark ever prove;  
Our children will thy name revere,  
Till "rolling years shall cease to move."  
Ottawa, 1882.

THE SLAVE CHASE.

BY SYDNEY WATSON.

Author of "Wops the Waif," "Run Down," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

NELLIE HARCOURT'S NEW EXPERIENCE.

WE left Nellie Harcourt, with tearful face and sorrowful heart, in the great city of London, with its lights and shadows, its joys and sorrows, its business rush and whirl of pleasure.

For some days she felt the parting from her lover very keenly; then, as her mind became absorbed in new invitations, new fashions, new acquaintances, and all the sides of what is known as fashionable life, she became reconciled to the separation, and was soon as happy as a bird in her way, though always eagerly looking for the letters which the mail brought.

But somehow, after a time, a great dissatisfaction came into her heart. She got tired of balls and dinners, and croquet and garden parties wearied her. She took to going to church oftener, tried to read good books, but got more and more dissatisfied. She got into a low depressed state; her health suffered, and she was ordered to the Continent.

About this time, the maid who had been with her since she was a child left her to get married, and she advertised for a new one. She had numerous applicants. They tried her patience very much in the various personal interviews that followed, and she almost despaired of getting one to suit her,

when she received a letter written in a beautiful, clear hand, and with a simple freshness of style about it that roused her to new interest. An interview was arranged, which was destined to mean so much more to this weary, heart-sick girl, than ever she could have dreamt.

The new applicant was rather tall for a woman, with a sweet, refined face, a good figure, and a certain indescribable restfulness about her. Her face had in it a light not often seen; her voice, clear and distinct, with a rich Irish brogue so quaint and beautiful, had a strange soothing power with it—a gift given to those who live in much communion with God.

Her references were unexceptional. Nellie Harcourt was pleased with a pleasure she could not exactly have defined; and was conscious that something about this girl, Nora Hutton, rested her, instead of irritating, as many of the others had done.

Very soon a real heart friendship was formed between mistress and maid; and the fashionable Miss Harcourt felt that she had more pleasure in her maid's society than in all the world of pleasure she had so long indulged in.

We need hardly say that Nora Hutton was a real hearty Christian. She was the daughter of an Irish gentleman farmer, who, dying suddenly, and leaving his affairs involved, his children had been scattered, each seeking his or her fortune as doors were opened. They had each received a good education, and among Nora's special gifts was one for music. She could never bear the tedium of practice by note, but she had a correct, quick ear, and that delicacy of touch that over charms while it astonishes the listener.

The instrument she always played was a small, but valuable, exquisite-toned harp, a gift of her father in brighter days; and on her acceptance of place as maid to Miss Harcourt, she had stipulated to be allowed to bring her favourite with her.

She had not been long in her new sphere before she saw how unhappy and unsettled her young mistress was, and, seeking guidance from God, she watched for fitting opportunities to show Jesus to her as her salvation.

After a long and earnest conversation one afternoon with Nellie Harcourt, she had retired to her own room, and taking her harp played and sang to herself, as she often did for refreshment of soul, as well as for ordinary recreation. She had left her mistress in deep thought over the truth that had been the subject of conversation between them for well nigh an hour. Almost directly after Nora had left her, Nellie grew restless, could not settle to anything, so finally determined to seek her maid in her own room, and try and get this great matter of her soul's salvation settled.

As she drew near to Nora's room she heard the music of her harp, as with almost fantastic finger, she was running chord into chord, in a sort of weird accompaniment. Then presently, with bold, firm touch, there came ringing out the stirring notes of a tune all unfamiliar, accompanied by Nora's voice as she sang with deep feeling,—

"Begone, vain world! thou hast no charms for me,  
My captive soul has long been held by thee;  
I listened long to thy vain song,  
And thought thy music sweet,  
And thus my soul lay grovelling at thy feet."

The last three lines were repeated with even more feeling and emphasis, and tune and words arrested Nellie Harcourt, and determined her to seek her maid at once; so, tapping sharply at the door and turning the handle lightly, she cried, "Can I come in, Nora?"

In a moment Nora sprang to the door, surprised, yet pleased, at the visit, as she said, "Did you want me, Miss Harcourt?"

"Yes,—and no,—Nora. The fact is, I feel restless. I want this matter of my soul settled, and I came to ask you to help me when I heard you singing; and those words you repeated are just my experience:—

"I listened long to thy vain song,  
And thought thy music sweet,  
And thus my soul lay grovelling at thy feet."

"And, oh, Nora, I feel I was never made to be a slave to fashion or the world. How can I be free?"

"Ah, miss," responded Nora, "whom the Son makes free is free indeed."

"What are the other words of that beautiful hymn you were singing? Will they touch my case? Will you sing them to me? Sing as if I were not here: sing as you sang the first verse."

With an inward prayer for blessing on it, Nora drew her harp toward her, as she sang, with a power and pathos drawn out by the circumstances:—

"My soul, through grace, on wings of faith shall rise  
Towards that dear place where my possession lies:  
That sacred land at God's right hand,  
My dear Redeemer's throne,  
Where Jesus pleads, and makes my cause his own.

"Amazing grace! does Jesus plead for me?  
Then sure I am the captive must be free;  
For while he does for sinners plead,  
He's anxious to prevail,  
And I believe his blood can never fail."

Then, taking her mistress's hand, as she saw the tears falling rapidly from her eyes, she said, "Oh, Miss Harcourt, cannot you trust what God says about his Son? Cannot you just come and rest on Jesus and his work for you?"

But, overcome with emotion, Nellie Harcourt just laid her head on the lap of her maid, and sobbed as if her heart would break. Nora, bending over her, and in her excitement relapsing into her native speech, said tenderly, "Whist, darlint Miss Harcourt, and just rest ye in Jesus' word as ye are resting in my lap. He says himself to ye, 'Come unto me, and I will give you rest.'"

For a few moments nothing was heard but sobs, till presently there came faintly from the young mistress, "Precious Saviour: Thou wast wounded for my transgressions; by thy stripes I am healed; I do trust thee." And truly, as she looked up in the face of her maid, who was now weeping herself for joy, she showed she had caught the Master's smile, and that the light of his countenance rested upon her.

With the vivacity of her race, Nora, conscious of a reaction, cried gleefully, "Now, then, for one more verse, mistress! the devil will be very ready at you, so let us have this verse to help us." And with ringing voice and skilful finger, she struck off:—

"He signed the deed with his atoning blood,  
And ever lives to make the payment good;  
Should hell, and sin, and law come in  
To urge a second claim,  
They all retire at mention of his name."

CHAPTER VIII.

HOME AGAIN.

Once more we must return to Ralph Vincent, who, with his new-found joy, was thinking how Nellie Harcourt would receive the news, and how he would explain it all. The boat had been duly picked up, with its extra inmate, the freed black, and the vessel was now lying in Seychelles.

It was about half-past four in the afternoon when the French mail-boat was discerned just coming round the rocky point that had hidden her from view till well upon them.

Everyone was on the tiptoe of expectation, and, after due time, the one magic word was shouted all over the ship, "Letters! Letters!" while the ship's corporal, taking a prominent stand forward, commenced to call out the names, the men crowding round full of eagerness for news from home. Our old friend, Jenkins, full of fun as usual, brought a small washtub to put his "Billy-duxes," as he called them, in. Presently the last letter had been handed out. There is disappointment on some faces, joy on others, sorrow on others, where the black-edged envelope has told a tale even before the seal has been broken,

and soon all are busy with their own concerns.

Who can describe the joy and delight of Lieutenant Vincent as he reads sheet after sheet of a closely written letter from his "Darling Nellie," describing all that she had passed through, and urging him to come to that Saviour who is now her joy, and who waits to be his Saviour too! How he lingered over it as he read to the close, and saw it signed,

"Yours dear Ralph for ever, if you will be his,  
"NELLIE HARCOURT."

Nearly two years elapsed, and then a crowd of happy fellows went steaming away in the London train from Plymouth. Ralph Vincent travelled first class, Joe Richards and Sam Harper travelled third, but each knew they were bound to the same heaven, through the same Saviour.

Bermunday, that evening, behold a very happy group, as Joe, the centre of that admiring home circle, holding his mother's hand in his, talked till past midnight, then insisted on all going off to bed, considering he had six weeks' leave to tell them all the news.

And, as Ralph Vincent held his loved one's hand, in that Belgravian mansion, and together, for the first time, knelt in prayer, they blessed God for liberty in Christ. Now no longer the world's poor slaves, they realized that "whom the Son makes free are free indeed!"

THE END.

THOROUGHNESS.

A YOUNG New Englander, whose knowledge was more showy than deep, went, many years ago, to teach a district school in Virginia.

Among his pupils was a small, insignificant looking boy, who annoyed him by his questions. No matter what the subject under discussion, this lad apparently could not get near enough to the bottom of it to be content.

One very warm August morning, the teacher, with no little vanity in a knowledge not universal in those days, began to lecture to the boys on the habits and characteristics of a fish which one of them had caught during recess. He finished and was about to dismiss the school, when his inquisitive pupil asked some question about the gills and their use.

The question answered, others followed, concerning the scales, skin, flesh. The poor teacher struggled to reply with all the information at his command. But that was small and the day grew warmer, and the Saturday afternoon's holiday was rapidly slipping away.

"The school will now be dismissed," he said, at last.

"But the bones? You have told us nothing about the bones," said the anxious boy.

Mr. Dash smothered his annoyance, and gave all the information he could command on the shape, structure, and use of the bones.

"And now the school"—he began.

"What is inside of the bones?" stolidly came from the corner where the quiet boy was sitting.

Mr. Dash never remembered what answer he gave, but the question and his despair fixed themselves in his memory. Thirty-five years after he visited Washington, and entered the room where the Justices of the Supreme Court were sitting.

The Chief Justice, the most learned jurist of his day, was a man like St. Paul, whose bodily presence was contemptible.

The stranger regarded him with awe, then with amazement.

"It is the boy who went inside of the fish's bones," he exclaimed.

If he had not tried to go inside of every "fish's bone," he would never have reached the lofty position which he held.

It is the boy who penetrates to the heart of the matter who is the successful scholar, and afterward lawyer, physician, philosopher or statesman. It is the man whose axe is laid at the root, not the outer branches, whose religion is a solid foundation for his life here and beyond.

\* Copies of these verses were sent the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise, who forwarded a copy to the Queen. Her Majesty kindly sent word that she was much pleased with them.



INNOCENCE AND GUILT.

## INNOCENCE AND GUILT.

Do you think that the innocent babe in her sister's arms could ever become such a looking man as this is? See the old drunkard giving the baby some of the horrid stuff that makes him a sot.

An artist once looked around for the finest face he could find for a picture. He saw a little boy, so beautiful and innocent, that he thought he could not find a prettier face anywhere. He took the boy's picture and painted it. When he had finished it, he thought he would like to have a picture of the worst looking person he ever saw. It was a long time before he could find one to suit him. At last he saw a drunken man lying in a gutter. He looked so wretched that the artist said, "That is the picture I want." He went to work, and when the picture was finished he placed it beside that of the little boy. A gentleman, who had known the little boy and the man, one day said to the artist: "Do you know that the man in the gutter was once that little boy whose picture is so beautiful? I have known him ever since he was a child."

Now, look at the picture again, and resolve never to drink anything that can make you drunk.

## LESSON NOTES.

## SECOND QUARTER.

## STUDIES IN THE PSALMS AND DANIEL.

B.C. 602.] LESSON IX. [May 29.

## NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S DREAM.

Dan. 2. 36-49. Memory verse, 44.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

All things are naked and opened unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do.—Heb. 4. 13.

## CENTRAL TRUTH.

God proves his Word divine by foretelling future events.

## HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

A strange vision was sent to Nebuchadnezzar, which passed from his mind on awakening. He tested the reality of the wisdom of his wise men by commanding them to tell the dream as well as its meaning. When they could not do it he ordered them all to be

slain. Then Daniel offered to do it. He and his four companions prayed, and God revealed the answer. The dream is given in the verses previous to the lesson. *Thou art a king of kings—He ruled over nearly all the then known world. Power . . . and glory—Babylon was the richest and most beautiful city then existing. Few have ever surpassed it. Thou art this head of gold—He represented the world kingdom of Babylonia, which existed but a short time after his death. It lasted from B.C. 606 or 605 to 538—69 years. The second kingdom, of silver, the breast and arms of the image, was the Medo-Persian, beginning with Cyrus, B.C. 538, and lasting about 200 years, till 333. The fourth kingdom—The body and thighs of brass, was the Macedonian empire, begun by Alexander the Great. He reigned ten years, but the kingdom lasted till about B.C. 65. Or it was the Roman empire. Mingle themselves—Ally themselves by marriage. In the days of these kings—Of the fourth kingdom. God . . . set up a kingdom—That brought by Jesus Christ. Never to be destroyed—Its principles are right, and shall never fail. That kingdom has been growing ever since, and already holds away over more than one-quarter of the world, and three quarters of its power and glory. Cut out . . . without hands—Not of human, but of divine and mysterious origin. Sat in the gate—Where the court was held. He remained in the city, the king's chief counsellor.*

Find in this lesson—

- That God knows all things.
- That what he says will always come true.
- That Jesus will be King over all the world.
- That great things grow from small beginnings.

That Christ will destroy everything that is opposed to him.

## REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. What did Nebuchadnezzar see in a dream? "A great image, with its different parts of gold, silver, brass, iron, and clay."
2. Who revealed to him his dream and its meaning? "God, through Daniel and his three friends."
3. What was its meaning? "It was a picture of the history of the ages."
4. What promise in it? "That the kingdom of God should extend over the world."

## CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

23. What is sanctification?  
It is the work of grace which purifies the soul from the defilement of sin, and consecrates it to God.

24. When does sanctification begin?  
When our sins are pardoned, and we are born again, we are at the same time sanctified.

## LITTLE BOB STOOD THE TEST.

THE "blue line" street car stopped at the corner, says a writer in the *Youth's Companion*, and an anxious young woman put a small boy inside.

"Now, Bob," she said, as she hurried out to the platform again, "don't lose that note I gave you, don't take it out of your pocket at all."

"No'm," said the little man, looking wistfully after his mother as the conductor pulled the strap, the driver unscrewed his brake, and the horses, shaking their bells, trotted off with the car.

"What's your name, Bub?" asked a mischievous looking young man sitting beside him.

"Robert Cullen Deems," he answered politely.

"Where are you going?"

"To my grandpa's."

"Let me see that note in your pocket."

The look of innocent surprise in the round face ought to have shamed the boy's tormentor, but he only said again, "Let me see it."

"I tan't," said Robert Cullen Deems.

"See here, if you don't, I'll scare the horses and make them run away."

The little boy cast an apprehensive look at the belled horse, but shook his head.

"Here, Bub, I'll give you this peach if you'll pull that note half way out of your pocket."

The boy did not reply, but some of the older people looked angry.

"I say, chum, I'll give you this whole bag of peaches, if you will just show me the corner of your note," said the temptor.

The child turned away, as if he did not wish to hear any more, but the young man opened the bag and held it out just where he could see and smell the luscious fruit. A look of distress came into the sweet little face; I believe Bob was afraid to trust himself, and when a man left his seat on the other side to get off the car, the little boy slid quickly down, left the temptation behind, and climbed into the vacant place.

A pair of prettily gloved hands began almost unconsciously to clap, and then everybody clapped and applauded until it might have alarmed Bob, if a young lady sitting by had not slipped her arm around him and said, with a sweet glow on her face—

"Tell your mamma that we all congratulate her upon having a little man strong enough to resist temptation and wise enough to run away from it."

I doubt if that long, hard message ever reached Bob's mother; but no matter, the note got to his grandmother without ever coming out of his pocket.—*Presbyterian*.

## THE FOOLISH BOY.

NELLIE came running to me the other day, her eyes big with surprise, and exclaimed: "O, auntie, what do you think? You know Bertie, who lives down the street—that little bit of a boy—well, he smokes cigarettes, and he is awful little."

"Then he will make a little man very likely, if he has begun so early," I replied.

"Yes, that is what Gertie says. He steals off by himself behind the back fence and then smokes."

"Then he must know he is doing wrong, and is ashamed to be seen. What do you suppose he does it for?"

"I guess he thinks it will make him look big. He wants to be a man, and he is always telling us girls what he'll do when he gets big," said Nellie.

He has begun the wrong way, if he wants to grow. Tobacco will hurt his heart and nerves. If he lives to be a man he will be nervous, his heart will be weak, and he will not be the strong man that he might be if he had not begun this bad habit.

A school-boy died in Brooklyn only a little while ago, because he had smoked so many cigarettes. His whole body was sick; the poison in the tobacco had gone all through him. His skin was yellow, his nerves were weak, and he was so sick he had to go to the hospital. But the doctor could not help him. He said just before he died:

"Oh, if all the boys could see me now, and see how I suffer, they would never smoke."

If you would not be a smoker, don't begin.

## STELLA'S VICTORY.

STELLA VINTON had been down town alone the first time in her life to make some purchases for her mother. She had walked down and was riding home. Mrs. Vinton had told her that she might have five cents for herself if there was any change left; but she had been obliged to spend every cent and was naturally just a little disappointed. She sat down in the car with her fare in her hand, waiting for the conductor to come for it. He came along presently, and she held it out toward him, but he did not take it, and went on to the front of the car. Then he stepped off the front platform and, waiting a moment, jumped on the rear again.

"He's forgotten me. He is not coming for my fare. I shall have to give it to him when I get out," she thought.

"No, I wouldn't; it is in his place come for it," the temptor suggested.

"That would be cheating. You have your ride, and ought to pay for it," whispered conscience.

"Of course; but it is not in my place make the conductor take it."

"It is everybody's business to be honest."

"Ma promised me five cents, too."

"But she would not like you to get it this way."

"She need never know. I would not tell her."

"But you would know, and Jesus would know; and you profess to be a Christian."

"So I do; and I will be. I won't cheat."

Just then the conductor called out Baker Street, and Stella Vinton arose to leave the car. As she did so she put five cents in the conductor's hand.

"Thank you," he said, smiling.

Stella went home and told her mother her temptation. Mrs. Vinton opened her purse, and taking out a twenty-five cent piece put it in Stella's hand.

"This is for my honest little girl," said, kissing her.

So Stella had double reason to be glad that she had gained the victory.

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