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HOME AND SCHOOL

Do unto others
As ye would
that they
should
do unto
you.

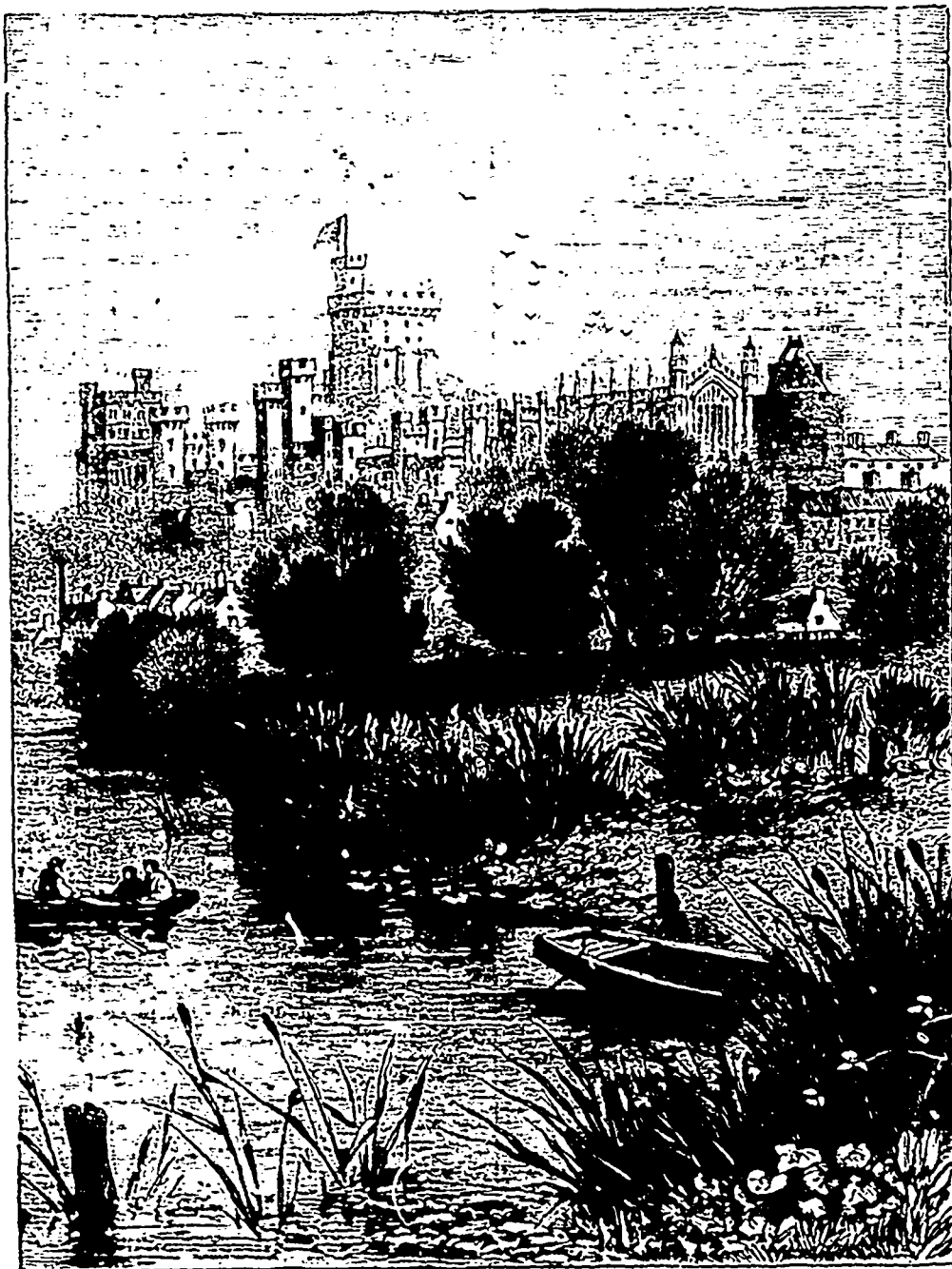
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Windsor Castle.

BY THE EDITOR.

As this is intended to be a very loyal and patriotic number of HOME AND SCHOOL, we devote a part of it to an account of our visit to the castle-home of our beloved Queen—the gentle lady who rules over an empire wider than that of Alexander or a Caesar; and who, better still, sits enthroned in the hearts of her subjects as no monarch ever did before.

The most famous royal residence in England, and one of the most magnificent royal residences in the world, is Windsor Castle. When weary of the rush and the roar, the fog and the smoke of London, a half hour's ride will take one through some of the loveliest pastoral scenery of England to the quiet and ancient royal borough of Windsor, where everything speaks only of the past. Soon the mighty keep and lofty towers of Windsor Castle come in view as we skirt its noble park. The most striking feature is the great round tower, dominating from its height on Castle-hill, like a monarch from his throne, the grand group of lower buildings. Dating back to the days of William the Conqueror, what a story those venerable walls could tell of the tilts and tourneys, and banquets and festivals, marriages and burials of successive generations of English sovereigns! And over it waves in heavy folds on the languid air that red cross



WINDSOR CASTLE.

of England have kept their lordliest state—the mighty castle growing age by age, a symbol of that power which broadens down from century to century, firm as the round tower on its base, when thrones were rocking and falling on every side.

The deathless love of the sorrowing

Queen has made the chapel an exquisite memorial of the virtues and piety of the late Prince Consort. One is shown the room in which His Royal Highness died, a place made sacred by the loving ministrations of the grief-stricken Queen, and of his noble daughter the Princess Alice.

One climbs by a narrow stair in the thickness of the solid wall to the battlements of the ancient keep, long used as a castle palace, then as a prison—here James I. of Scotland was confined. From the leads is obtained one of the finest views in England, extending, it is said, into twelve counties. At the base is the deep moat, now filled with water, now planted with gay beds of flowers. Like a rug beneath us lie the many suites of buildings, the Royal Gardens, the Home Park, the Great Park and the Long Walk and Queen Anne's Ride—two magnificent avenues, nearly three miles long, of majestic elms. Under the bright sunlight it was a grand symphony in green and gold.

One of the things which one must not fail to do at Windsor is to visit the royal "mews" or stables—so called from the "mews" or coops in which the royal falcons were kept, three hundred years ago—such is the persistence of names in this old land.

Grooms in very glossy hats, and with eyes keenly expectant of fees, do the honours of the splendid establishment, but at the cost of £70,000, which is, of course, kept scrupulously neat. Many of Her Majesty's lieges would be only too happy to be as well cared for as Her Majesty's horses and hounds. I was shown the Queen's favorite saddle horse; also the superannuated charger of the late Prince Consort, whose old age is made as reposeful

as the most careful grooming and comfortable quarters can make it. At the "mews" are also kept a number of state carriages, most of them cumbrous, lumbering equipages. The Prince of Wales has also a number of horses here. "Does he ride much?" I asked. "He have to," said the groom; "he's

banner which is the grandest symbol of order and liberty in the wide world. Here to this winding shore—whence, by the antiquarians, the name Windlesore, shortened to Windsor—came, eight hundred years ago, the Norman Conqueror, and during all the intervening centuries here the sovereigns

getting so stout." The basket-carriages for His Royal Highness' children were very common-place affairs, at which many Canadian young folk would turn up their noses.

The favourite town residence of the Queen is Buckingham Palace—the rather dingy old red brick St. James' Palace being little used, notwithstanding its famous historic associations as the chief residence of the British sovereigns from Henry VIII. to George IV. Buckingham Palace is a magnificent structure, in every way worthy of its royal tenant. It forms a large quadrangle, of which the principal façade, towards St. James' Park, is 300 feet in length. Among the magnificent apartments of this palace are the throne-room, 66 feet long, with a splendid marble frieze; the grand saloon, 110 feet long, by 60 feet broad; and the Picture Gallery, 180 feet long.

But even to the Palace sorrow comes, and very, very touching is the following letter from the thrice-bereaved Queen: very beautiful is the Christian faith exhibited in the lines we have italicised.

LETTER FROM THE QUEEN
ON THE DEATH OF PRINCE LEOPOLD.

Windsor Castle, April 14, 1884.

I have on several previous occasions given personal expression to my deep sense of the loving sympathy and loyalty of my subjects in all parts of my Empire. I wish, therefore, in my present grievous bereavement, to thank them most warmly for the very gratifying manner in which they have shown, not only their sympathy with me and my dear, so deeply-afflicted daughter-in-law, and my other children, but also their high appreciation of my beloved son's great qualities of head and heart, and of the loss he is to the country and to me.

The affectionate sympathy of my loyal people, which has never failed me in weal or woe, is very soothing to my heart.

Though much shaken and sorely afflicted by the many sorrows and trials which have fallen upon me during these past years, I will not lose courage, and with the help of Him who has never forsaken me, will strive to labour on for the sake of my children and for the good of the country I love so well, as long as I can.

My dear daughter-in-law, the Duchess of Albany, who bears her terrible misfortune with the most admirable touching, and uncomplaining resignation to the will of God, is also deeply gratified by the universal sympathy and kind feeling evinced towards her.

I would wish, in conclusion, to express my gratitude to all other countries for their sympathy—above all to the neighbouring one where my beloved son breathed his last, and in the great respect and kindness shown on that mournful occasion.

VICTORIA R. and F.

"A MULE wid his ribs on the outside," is Pat's description of the Zulu

The Queen's Gift.

BY ROSA HARTWICK THORPE.

WHERE English daisies blossom,
And English robins sing,
When all the land was fragrant
Beneath the feet of spring,

Two little sisters wandered
Together, hand in hand,
Along the dusty highway,
Their bare feet soiled and tanned.

'Twas not a childish sorrow
That filled their eyes with tears;
Their little hearts were burdened
With grief beyond their years.

The bright-eyed daisies blossomed
In valley and in glen,
The robins sang their sweetest,
Spring smiled—but not for them.

Beneath the trees of Whitehall,
Within their shadow brown,
From out the royal palace
The Queen came walking down.

She saw the children standing
Together, side by side,
And, gazing down with pity,
She asked them why they cried.

"Dear lady," said the eldest,
"My little sister Bess
And I have come together
A hundred miles, I guess.

"Sometimes the roads were dusty,
And sometimes they were green;
We're very tired and hungry—
We want to see the Queen.

"For mother's sick, dear lady,
She cries 'most all the day;
We hear her tolling Jesus,
When she thinks we're at play.

"She tells him all about it,
How when King James was King,
We were so rich and happy
And had 'most everything.

"We had our own dear father,
At home beside the Thames,
But father went to battle
Because he loved King James.

"And then things were so different—
I cannot tell you how.
We haven't any father,
Nor any nice things now.

"Last night, our mother told us
They'd take our home away,
And leave us without any,
Because she couldn't pay.

"So then we came together,
Right through the meadow green,
And prayed for God to help us,
And take us to the Queen;

"Because mamma once told us
That, many years ago,
The Queen was James's little girl,
And, lady, if 'twas so,

"I know she'll let us keep it,—
Our home beside the Thames,—
For we have come to ask her,
And father loved King James."

Her simple story finished,
She gazed up in surprise,
To see the lovely lady
With tear-drops in her eyes.

And when the English robins
Had sought each downy nest,
And when the bright-eyed daisies,
Dew-damp, had gone to rest,

A carriage, such as never
Had passed that way before,
Set down two little children
Beside the widow's door.

They brought the weeping mother
A package from the Queen.
Her royal seal was on it
And, folded in between,

A slip of paper saying:
"The daughter of King James
Gives to those little children
Their home beside the Thames."
—St. Nicholas.

Our Good Queen.

At the earliest dawn of June 20th, 1837, William IV. breathed his last, and the ministers of State hastened away from Windsor to Kensington, to announce the fact to the young girl who must now mount the throne of her ancestors.

The birds were singing under her windows, and she was in a sweet sleep, from which the attendants hesitated to awaken her, until informed that even the Queen's sleep must give way to this business. Presently Victoria stood before her visitors in a loose white night-gown and shawl, her long hair falling about her shoulders, and her feet in slippers.

The announcement of the vacant throne was made to her by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chamberlain, and four other gentlemen from Windsor.

She entreated the Archbishop to pray for her; and so began the untried, difficult path of sovereignty in dependence upon her Father in heaven.

The readiness with which she received and acted upon Lord Melbourne's instructions for every new duty, won the admiration of those most anxious as to the impression she would make on the British public. The young Queen quickly became popular. According to custom, she, as the new monarch, had to present herself at the window of St. James's Palace when her accession was proclaimed by the Garter-King-at-Arms.

The striking up of the band for the National Anthem, the firing of the guns, the acclamations that thundered in the Palace-court and rolled away to the last echo amid the surging crowds beyond, wholly overcame her, and turning to her mother she fell upon her neck and wept.

It was not till the 28th of June, 1838, that the coronation took place. O, what a long day it was! The firing of guns began with the dawn, and the streets of London were all alive soon afterwards. At ten o'clock a salute of twenty-one guns proclaimed that the Queen had just left Buckingham Palace. She was in her grand state-carriage, drawn by eight cream-coloured horses.

The gray old Abbey was rendered resplendent with the purple and crimson and gold cloth that was laid along the aisles, and over the galleries that had been erected.

There were tall Life Guards with their waving plumes, gorgeous ambassadors, be-diamonded princes, peers in robes of state, and peeresses whose jewels flashed when the sun shone on

them, till, as Harriet Martineau said, each peeress shone like a rainbow.

The young Queen walked up the nave escorted by two Bishops, and wearing a royal robe of crimson velvet, trimmed with ermine and bordered with gold lace.

Eight ladies bore her train, and fifty ladies of her household followed her. She had a gold circlet on her head. After she had knelt in prayer, the Archbishop of Canterbury presented her as the Queen of this realm, and was answered by shouts of "God save Queen Victoria!" Then followed divine service, and the administration of the oath to the Queen, who vowed to maintain law, and the Established religion. The anointing next took place, and when the Archbishop placed the crown on the Queen's head, all the peers and peeresses put on their coronets.

"God save the Queen!" was sung and shouted, trumpets pealed, drums beat, cannons boomed, and old London was stirred to the depths of its heart. At the close of the long and impressive ceremony the Queen received the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The old crown of the Georges was too large and heavy for her, so another was made of less than half the weight.

The precious stones of all sizes that adorned the little cap of blue velvet and the hoops of silver numbered 2,166 and were worth nearly £113,000. Above the diamond ball was a Maltese cross of brilliants, with a splendid sapphire in its centre. In front of the crown was another Maltese cross bearing the heart-shaped ruby once worn by Edward the Black Prince.

As a child of twelve, our gracious Queen, when made aware of the brilliant future before her, said thoughtfully: "I will be good," and then she saw why her education was stricter than that of other children.

The vow she made in her childhood she has tried to keep. She has been eminently good, God-honouring and God-fearing.

In the first year of her reign, when a nobleman urged her attention to some State papers on the Sabbath, she gently postponed them, and instructed her chaplain to preach on Sabbath observance in the morning service. She confessed to the nobleman afterwards that she had requested the clergyman to preach, and she hoped they would be benefited by the sermon.

A QUAKER had a quarrelsome neighbour, whose cow, being suffered to go at large, often broke into the Quaker's well-cultivated garden. One morning, having driven the cow from his premises to her owner's house, he said to him, "Friend T., I have driven thy cow home once more, and if I find her in my garden again—" "Suppose you do?" his neighbour angrily exclaimed, "What will you do?" "Why," said the Quaker, "I'll drive her home to thee again, friend T." The cow never again troubled the Quaker.

Canada.

We hold this dear, young land of ours
The fairest in the world to-day;
Though gem'd by no bright tropic flowers
Nor famed in old historic lay:
Our rich corn lands, our forests vast,
We match against the mouldering piles,—
Those time-marks of a hoary past,
Which stud old continents and isles.

To castle-wall and tried towers,
Our reverence and respect is paid,
Though oft they shielded Wrong in power,—
Oft lent their strength to Evil's aid:
Our castles are our free-born hearts,
Our towers are love of kin and home—
The fire which patriot-love imparts,
Are walls no foe can overcome.

The serf and baron made, indeed,
Their mark on many a field of blood,
The serf was but a slave, and greed
Was oft the baron's ruling mood.
But we are free, our hearts are strong
As ever beat in lordly hall;
As brave to smite tyrannic Wrong,
And patriot-love inspires us all.

Our fields stretch to the setting sun,
Our lands beyond the Arctic line—
All rich with treasures yet unwon,
In field and forest, main and mine.
Oh, Canada, my mother! great
The guerdon Time holds out to thee
If patriot hands control thy fate
And shape thy coming destiny.

Build up with patience, stone by stone,
Thy laws in righteousness and truth;
And mould with patriot love alone
The hearts of all thy manful youth.
United, we'll stand strong and free,
While other nations reel and fall;
One empire spread from sea to sea—
One empire's love to sway us all.

Away with each race-hate and name;
Implant not on our stainless strands
The malice and the strifes which shame
The peoples of the older lands.
Let our hearts beat with love alone
To our dear land so young and fair;
Make her broad shores fair Freedom's throne,
Her laws a people's loving care.

—James Wintrop.

The Queen's Jubilee.

On June 20 our gracious Sovereign will complete the fiftieth year of her reign; then will begin, on a scale of unrivalled extent and splendour, the festivities of her Jubilee. In all parts of her dominions, "upon which the sun never sets," preparations are already being made for the celebration of this remarkable and happy event, and millions of her loyal people will pray with unwonted fervour, "God save the Queen."

Her Majesty will then have completed the sixty-eighth year of her life, having been born at Kensington Palace on May 24, 1819. She was left fatherless in less than a year, Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, dying on January 23, 1820. But her illustrious mother, alive to her great responsibility, had the young Princess brought up most carefully, while the nation safe-guarded her with many prayers, and looked forward to her future with bounding hope. When her uncle, King William IV., died at the age of seventy-two, and the Archbishop of Canterbury announced to Princess Victoria her accession to the throne, her first words to him were—"I ask your prayers in

my behalf," and they knelt together, while the Archbishop pleaded with God to give her "an understanding heart to judge so great a people."

It is a touching and solemn thought, amid the grandeur of the national retrospect, that the Queen has outlived all her early friends and faithful servants. All who officiated at her coronation have passed into the land of shadows; and of the distinguished statesmen then living, only one, Mr. Gladstone, remains. How deeply she was loved is proved by the utterance of O'Connell, when, in the early days of Her Majesty's reign, some one talked of deposing "the all but infant Queen" and putting the Duke of Cumberland in her place. "If necessary," said the Irish agitator, "I can get 500,000 brave Irishmen to defend the life, the honour, and the person of the beloved young lady by whom England's throne is now filled."

On February 10, 1840, Her Majesty was married to Prince Albert, of the Protestant line of the Princes of Saxony, and the people rejoiced with her in a union of true affection, which gave promise of a pure Court, and a life of domestic bliss. That early promise was fulfilled, and many years of unbroken felicity followed, closed at length, and shadowed ever since, by the death of the good Prince Consort on December 14, 1861. Since then the Queen has known much sorrow, having lost by death her devoted mother, and two of her best and most cultured children, the Princess Alice, and Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, yet while she has lived in comparative retirement, the Duke of Argyll truly affirms "she has omitted no part of that public duty which concerns her as Sovereign of this country; on no occasion during her grief has she struck work, so to speak, in those public duties which belong to her exalted position; and I am sure that when the Queen reappears again on more public occasions, the people of this country will regard her only with increased affection, from the recollection they will have that during all the time of her care and sorrow, she has devoted herself, without one day's intermission, to those cares of government which belong to her position."

Happily, of late, our beloved Sovereign has been able to appear on some public occasions, to the great joy of her people, and to her own manifest advantage. The writer has seen Her Majesty several times on such occasions. Advancing years, as she goes down the century, have frosted her hair, and multiplied sorrows have furrowed her face; but she keeps the promise made in her maidenhood, "I WILL BE GOOD;" the whole-hearted benevolence of her nature shines through her features; she is a model of womanly simplicity in her dress and deportment; while the purity of her home, and her profound interest in the welfare of all classes of her subjects, often most affectingly shown towards

the humblest of them, will place Her Majesty in the foreground of England's histrionic canvas as a model monarch through all future time. From books, written by her own hand, which reveal much of her daily life, especially in the Highlands, it is most satisfactory to learn that our Queen is a true Christian, realizing in her own experience, and not caring to hide it, the Divine comfort which strong faith brings to a heart stricken by sorrow, and yearning for freedom from sin. "A loving and personal Saviour" is her trust, her boast, and her joy; as he was also the joy and rejoicing of her amiable and gifted Consort, in life and death.

The Queen has lived to see sons and daughters, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, rise up around her, and displaying for her a fondness of affection and a dutiful regard which only real goodness can inspire, and which, we trust, she may long be spared to enjoy. Amidst the coming celebrations of her Jubilee, while the vast increase of her responsibility and the marvellous events of her reign will be referred to in speech and song, all civilized peoples will join in our grateful enthusiasm as we thank the great King of kings for our manifold national mercies, and unite more cheerily than ever in the old anthem:

"God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen;
God save the Queen!
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen!"

The Queen's Childhood.

ONLY three of the monarchs who have preceded our gracious Majesty on the throne of England have reigned for so long a time, and it is natural that the attention of both old and young should just now be directed to the events of the past fifty years.

At the west end of Hyde Park, London, stands an old, red brick structure, known as Kensington Palace. It was formerly used as a royal residence, but in this respect has long since given place to Osborne, Windsor Castle, and Balmoral. Some think that Queen Elizabeth spent her earliest years at Kensington Palace, but this is by no means certain. George II. made it his chief residence, and in the early part of the present century, the Duke and Duchess of Kent dwelt there for some years. They had only one child, a girl, born there on the 24th of May, 1819. That little girl grew up to be the Queen of England. Her first years were spent mostly in Kensington or Claremont, with occasional visits to the seaside. Whilst only a few months old, she had a very narrow escape from being killed. Her parents had taken her to Sidmouth, on the coast of Devonshire, and whilst there, a boy, who was trying to shoot sparrows near the house, managed to send a charge of small shot through the nursery windows. Some of the shot passed quite

close to the head of the little Princess, who was in her nurse's arms at the time.

Before she was a year old, her father died, and we do not wonder that the bereaved mother sought consolation in her loneliness by devoting herself entirely to the careful training of the Princess. We, as a nation, owe an immense debt of gratitude to the noble-minded woman who did so much to mould the character, and to influence the whole life of England's future Queen. The child had another narrow escape when about three years old. She was driving with her mother through Kensington Gardens, when an accident occurred, and they were thrown out. If it had not been for the presence of mind of a soldier, who was passing by, the carriage would have fallen upon the child, but he caught hold of her dress, and snatched her away just in time.

It appears that the daily life which the Princess and her mother led at Kensington, was exceedingly plain and simple. A writer in one of the magazines tells us that he well remembers seeing the child when on one of her visits to the seaside. At that time she was only five years old. He saw her playing merrily on the Ramsgate sands, dressed in a coloured muslin frock, and wearing a plain straw bonnet, with a white ribbon round the crown. He stood a little while, watching the mother and child as they walked along the High Street, and noticed that the little Princess ran back for a moment to put some money into the lap of a poor Irish woman who was sitting on a door-step.

Great regularity was observed both with the lessons and the amusements of the Princess. She was taught always to finish what she was doing before commencing anything else. Nor had she by any means a lavish allowance of pocket money. An amusing story is told of her with regard to this. It is said that when about eight years old, she went on one occasion to a Bazaar at Tunbridge Wells, where she expended all her pocket money in purchasing some presents for various relations and friends. Suddenly she thought of another cousin, and was about to purchase a box, marked half-a-crown, when she remembered that all her money was gone! It was agreed, however, that the box should be put aside for a time, and when quarter-day arrived, the Princess came trotting along to the Bazaar upon her donkey, very early in the morning, and carried the box away with her.

And so the years passed quickly by, during all of which she was being diligently trained for the right discharge of those important duties so soon to devolve upon her. In the year 1837, King William IV. died, leaving the crown to his niece, the Princess of whom we have been speaking, and who, under the title of Queen Victoria, has for nearly fifty years occupied the throne of these realms.

The National Anthem.

(Jubilee Version.)

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

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

May just and prudent laws,
 Uphold the public cause,
 And bless our Isle '
 Home of the brave and free,
 The land of liberty,
 We pray that still on thee
 Kind Heaven may smile !

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



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FOR MISSIONS

FOR THE YEAR 1887.

Jubilee Address to the Queen.

THE following is the Jubilee address of the Methodist Church in Canada to the Queen on the completion of the Jubilee year of her reign :

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY :

The General Conference, the highest representative court of the Methodist Church in the Dominion of Canada, the Island of Newfoundland, and the Bermuda Islands, desires to extend to Your Majesty its loyal congratulations on the auspicious completion of the Jubilee Year of Your Majesty's reign—an eminence of the favour of Heaven

such as is reached by very few of earthly sovereigns. In behalf of a million of Your Majesty's most faithful and devoted subjects, members and adherents of the Methodist Church in these lands, we beg to convey our assurance of unabated attachment to Your Majesty's person and throne, and of our joy and pride in the unity of the great empire under whose care, in the providence of God, we have had so abundant liberty and prosperity. We thank God for the loving-kindness by which, during half a century of the cares of State and duties of royalty, Your Majesty's life has been preserved and your throne established in righteousness and strength.

We rejoice at the spread of power and influence of Your Majesty's empire throughout the world—a power and influence which everywhere make for peace and prosperity and the uplifting of mankind. We magnify the grace of God which has enabled Your Majesty, in the high place to which Divine Providence has called you, to set such a pious and godly example, as has marked your life, of those Christian graces and virtues which alone can dignify and ennoble character in Sovereign or subject.

We pray that in largest measure the blessings of Almighty God may rest upon Your Majesty; that you may long live to reign over a free, loving, and happy people in righteousness and truth; and that when you lay aside an earthly crown it may be to receive a crown of life which shall never fade away.

(SIGNED)

JAMES C. AIRINS,)
 JAMES FERRIER,) Committee.
 W. H. WITHROW,)

This is to be handsomely engrossed and signed by the General Superintendents and forwarded to the Queen.

The Queen and the Governess.

GRACE GREENWOOD is our authority for the following beautiful and touching anecdote of Queen Victoria :

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 mother's serious illness, she applied to the Queen to be allowed 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 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. 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 kirkyard, she returned to the palace, where the loneliness of royal grandeur would have oppressed her sorrowful heart beyond endurance had it not been for the gracious, womanly sympathy of the Queen—who came every day to her school room—and the considerate kindness of her young pupils.

A year went by, the first anniversary of her 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 house-

hold knew how much goodness and sweetness passed out of mortal life that day a year ago, or could give 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 parlor looking out on the terrace at Windsor, her pupils came to the school-room for a brief religious exercise. This morning the voice of the governess trembled in reading the Scriptures of the day. Some words of Divine tenderness were too much for her poor, lonely, grieving heart—her strength gave away, and, laying her head on the desk before her, she burst into tears, murmuring, "O, 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, "O, poor girl! it is the anniversary of her mother's death," hurried to the school-room, where she found Miss — trying 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," placing on her arm a beautiful mourning bracelet, with a locket for her mother's hair, marked with the date of her mother's death.

THE Christian who fails to exercise forbearance when real opportunity comes to him, takes a step backward. But only a true Christian recognizes such an opportunity.



WINDSOR -FROM THE PARK.

A New Patriotic Anthem.

To the old tune of *RULE BRITANNIA.*

WHEN Britain first at Heaven's command
Rose free from error's sinful chain,
The Christian charter of the land
In lovely accents breathed this strain:—
Rise Britannia, and shine upon the waves;
Whom Christ makes free, shall never more
be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee
Prostrate to idol gods still fall;
While those more blessed bend the knee
To God—Creator of them all.
Rise Britannia, and shine upon the waves;
Whom Christ makes free, shall never more
be slaves.

From north to south, from east to west,
Where'er thy banner is unfurl'd,
Be this henceforth thy great behest,
To spread the Gospel through the world.
Rise Britannia, and shine upon the waves;
Whom Christ makes free, shall never more
be slaves.

WHEN you must rebuke wrong-doing
endeavour to do it with as much kind-
ness as a due respect for virtue will
justify.

Every Inch a Queen.

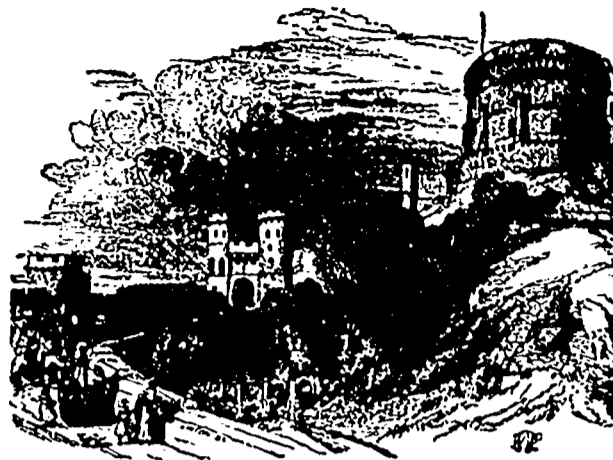
QUEEN VICTORIA'S life at Balmoral is very simple and quiet. Her Majesty is always accompanied to the Highlands by Her Royal Highness the Princess Beatrice, whose devotion to her mother is a splendid example to every English, or, as the Queen would herself say, every "British" daughter. Since the Princess' marriage she is, of course, frequently accompanied by her husband, Prince Henry of Battenberg, whose pleasant frankness of manner and genuine kindness of nature have won a high place in the regard of the Highlanders. Occasionally other members of the Royal Family visit the Queen. The Prince and Princess of Wales often come to Abergeldie, which is quite near Balmoral; and this season the young widowed Duchess of Albany has been staying at Birkhall. Frequently Her Majesty invites some of her friends to reside at Abergeldie Mains, and a visit to them there for an afternoon call or afternoon tea makes a pleasant drive. A lady in

waiting, two young ladies — maids of honour—a cabinet minister, an equerry, one of the Queen's secretaries, and the doctor may be said to make up the suite; and the Queen's able and indefatigable commissioner, Dr. Profeit, is always at hand. Her Majesty here works very hard, and gives much of her time to the business of the nation, the management of her

own estate, and the welfare of the people among whom she lives. She spends as much as possible of her time in the open air, reading and writing outside when the weather permits, and sometimes breakfasting and taking tea in one of the summer-houses; in walking about the lovely grounds, with a single attendant and one or more of her fine collie dogs, and in taking long drives to places of interest and beauty in the neighbourhood, and frequently honouring some of the neighbouring gentry with a visit. The Queen also visits a great deal in the homes of the cotters, in many of which there are tokens in the shape of photographs, pictures, books, and other valuable presents of Her Majesty's affection and regard for her humble subjects and friends. It is most touching to hear them speak of the Queen's kindness, and the interest they take in all the members of the Royal Family is very great and almost intimately personal in its character. She frequently shares in their domestic joys by attending in their homes the "kirstin" (christening) of a baby, and in their sorrows by being present at the short religious services performed by the minister on the occasion of a funeral.

"My wife and I am one," explained the colored gentleman; adding, with a smile that was child-like and bland, "and I am de one."

SOME persons borrow trouble. If they have none to-day, they dread some to-morrow. They scare at their own shadows. They fear a foe where they find a friend; like a man whose heart beat as he saw a monster form approaching him in a fog, which proved to be his brother John. Prepare for the worst; hope for the best.



NORMAN GATE AND ROUND TOWER, WINDSOR.

What Royal Children Do.

THE education of Queen Victoria's grandchildren is conducted on the principle that the Prince Consort introduced into her family. They have to rise early and retire early. During the day they have to keep strictly the time allotted to the various branches of study and recreation. They breakfast at eight with their parents, and the time between ten in the morning and five in the afternoon is devoted to their lessons, with an interruption of one hour for dinner. Their meals consist of simple dishes, of which they have their choice, without being permitted to ask for a substitute, if what is placed before them does not suit. Between meals they are not allowed to eat. Only inexpensive toys are placed in their hands; and the princesses dress themselves without the aid of waiting-maids.

MEN are sometimes accused of pride merely because their accusers would be proud themselves were they in their places.



WINDSOR CASTLE—FROM ETON.



LOCK AT WINDSOR.

The Empress of India.*

AYE, give her Empire! for she sits enthroned
On the firm basis of her people's love;
Our glorious Monarch! with rare virtues
crowned,
Victoria, Queen, anointed from above!

The setting sun casts no departing rays
On her dominions wide, from shore to
shore;
And they will bask in his meridian blaze,
Till the firm fiat,—“Time shall be no
more!”

“Eastward the star of Empire takes its way,”
With pomp and pageantry, to Delhi's gate;
Rulers and Chieftains, subject to her sway,
Gather in regal, Oriental state.

Let the famed jewels bright of India's land
Flash out their smiling welcome on the
scene;
And all the lands, girt by her “coral strand,”
Hail to their Empress! our own gracious
Queen!

And let the trumpet notes sound loud and
long,
And deep reverberate o'er hill and dale;
Let Britain bring her offerings of song,—
Australia's distant lands take up the tale.

See! England's royal standards unfurled,
The “Star of India” lights the gorgeous
scene;
One hundred guns proclaim to all the world
Victoria—Empress! may “God save the
Queen!”

The proclamation's read, the thousands
cheer,
The Empress-crown shines radiant on her
brow;
And all within her Empire, far and near,
In loyal fealty to her sceptre bow.

Another crown awaits Victoria's brow,
When her bright reign is closed in right
cousness;
And with the hosts redeemed, she'll cast it
low,
Before the exalted Jesus, Prince of Peace!

Jubilee.

THE word jubilee is an old one, but there are many older words; it dates from B.C. 1496, and was first used by Moses when he wrote the account of the origin of a jubilee. Although it has been so long known, only few persons know the origin and meaning of the word. Most persons would answer, if asked what jubilee means: it is a festival after fifty years of some important event. The word is of Jewish origin, and has been interpreted to mean a ram, or ram's horn, or the clangor of a trumpet, or a shout before the delivery of the speech, “O, ye people, hear! this is the year of liberty! the year of (1) rest for the ground; (2) of reversion of landed property; (3) the release of slaves or persons in bondage.

The first jubilee was appointed to be held after the children of Israel had been seven times seven years in the possession of the land of Canaan. Although Moses gave minute instructions as to the manner of celebrating the jubilee, yet there is no record in the Bible, either during the times of the Judges or during the reigns of the Kings of Judah or Israel, or during the period after the Jews returned from captivity,

*A copy of these verses was sent to The Queen and Empress of India and graciously accepted by Her Majesty, who sent a letter of thanks to the authors,
LUCY A. DE BRISAY.

of the celebration of a jubilee. This fact is very remarkable. Nor is there any record in history of any jubilee celebration of the kind appointed by Moses as detailed in the Book of Leviticus, chap. xxv.

There have been three royal jubilees held in England since the Norman conquest, and a fourth is to be held or celebrated during the present year. The first and second of these took place during the Dark Ages, so of them we know but few details. The first occurred in October, 1265, when Henry III. had reigned fifty years; the second occurred one hundred and twelve years later, in January, 1337, when Edward III. had reigned fifty years. As there were no newspapers or magazines then in existence, we know but little of the details of either of these celebrations. Five hundred years had nearly elapsed between the reign of Edward III. and that of George III., when the next jubilee celebration was held, and that is the first festivity of the kind of which we have any detailed account for 3,500 years, since Moses first published the law relating to jubilees. Neither in the Bible nor in our natural history have we such information till October, 1809. The first and second English jubilees occurred in two successive centuries, then a long rest of nearly five hundred years, and now we are to have two celebrations of the kind during the present century. All the details of the celebration of the jubilee of George III.'s reign have a special interest at the present time as the only record found in the history of such a festivity.—*Christian Advocate.*

Lord Tennyson's Jubilee Ode.

Fifty times the rose has flower'd and faded,
Fifty times the golden harvest fallen,
Since our Queen assumed the globe, the
sceptre.

She, beloved for a kindliness
Rare in fable or history,
Queen, and Empress of India,
Crown'd so long with a diadem
Never worn by a worthier,
Now with prosperous auguries
Comes at last to the bounteous
Crowning year of her Jubilee.

Nothing of the lawless, or the Despot,
Nothing of the vulgar, or vain-glorious,
All is gracious, gentle, great and Queenly.

You then loyally, all of you,
Deck your houses, illuminate
All your towns for a festival,
And in each let a multitude
Loyal, each to the heart of it
One full voice of allegiance,
Hail the great Ceremonial
Of this year of her Jubilee.

Queen, as true to womanhood as Queenhood
Glorying in the glories of her people,
Sorrowing with the sorrows of the lowest!

You, that wanton in affluence,
Spare not now to be bountiful,
Make their neighbourhood healthfuller,
Give your gold to the Hospital,
Let the weary be comforted,
Let the needy be banqueted,
Let the main'd in his heart rejoice
At this year of her Jubilee.

Henry's fifty years are all in shadow,
Gray with distance Edward's fifty summers
E'en her Grand sire's fifty half forgotten.

You, the Patriot Architect,
Shape a stately memorial,
Make it regally gorgeous,
Some Imperial Institute,
Rich in symbol, in ornament,
Which may speak to the centuries,
All the centuries after us,
Of this year of her Jubilee.

Fifty years of ever-broadening Commerce!
Fifty years of ever-brightening Science!
Fifty years of ever-widening Empire!

You, the Mighty, the Fortunate,
You, the Lord-territorial,
You the Lord-manufacturer,
You, the hardy, laborious,
Patient children of Albion,
You, Canadian, Indian,
Australasian, African,
All your hearts be in harmony,
All your voices in unison,
Singing “Hail to the glorious
Golden year of her Jubilee!”

Are there thunders moaning in the distance?
Are there spectres moving in the darkness?
Trust the Lord of Light to guide her people,
Till the thunders pass, the spectres vanish,
And the Light is Victor and the darkness
Dawns into the Jubilee of the Ages.
—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

The Queen's Travelling Habits.

So far as regards Her Majesty's railway and home journeys. But when she leaves this country the Queen has equally elaborate arrangements made for her. There are some very particular items to attend to. For instance: the Queen will always sleep in a bed of particular pattern: plain maple with green hangings arranged tent fashion, muslin curtains, and a hair mattress.

When travelling abroad Her Majesty usually adopts the *incognita* of the Countess of Kent, but last time she changed this “travelling name” to that of Countess of Balmoral. The Royal yacht, escorted by a flotilla, generally sails from Portsmouth to Cherbourg, where the strictest attention is paid to her.

The Queen generally dines and sleeps on board the Royal yacht on the evening preceding her departure, so that she may not be disturbed. In 1883 she quite dispensed with state, but usually she retains all her surroundings in accordance with her position. The suite abroad consists very much of the same ladies and gentlemen as when the Queen travels at home. For instance, last year Her Majesty was accompanied by Lady Churchill, the Marchioness of Ely, Sir Henry Porsonby, Major Edwards and Doctor Reid.

As at home, despatches and telegrams follow Her Majesty, or await her at the halting-places. Many questions are discussed and many papers perused and signed while the Queen travels. Our gracious Sovereign is a hard worker, and comparatively few persons outside of the Royal circle know what an immense deal of business the Queen gets through, and the close attention and clear mind which she brings to bear on all questions. So, as the Queen travels she works—her kingdom and its interests are never absent from her, although she may be away or in comparative seclusion.

Children Look Out for the “Outlook.”

We have repeatedly recommended to the patronage of our schools the *Missionary Outlook*, published by the Rev. Dr. Sutherland, the indefatigable Missionary Secretary of our Church. We have pleasure in doing so again. In a late number of the *Guardian* the Rev. J. Greene makes the following generous offer:

DEAR EDITOR,—I wonder how many of the readers of the *Guardian* have seen the *Missionary Outlook*, and know that it can be had for twenty-five cents a year. I can testify to excellent results in relation to the cause of missions, and am very desirous to see it more widely circulated. I go for the *Guardian* first, and am doing what I can to get it in all our homes, then I come on with the *Outlook*. I am not a book agent nor an author, but I have a little scheme in my head. Here it is. To the boy or girl, between the ages of 12 and 18, who will send, before the 1st of July next, to Rev. Dr. Sutherland, Methodist Mission Rooms, Toronto, the highest number of subscribers, with the money, for the *Outlook*, I will send a copy (new) of the “Bible Looking Glass,” bound in morocco, for which I paid \$4.50.

2. To the boy or girl, under 12 years, who will send as above, the highest number, I will send a copy of Brother Potter's interesting Temperance work, entitled, “From Wealth to Poverty,” new.

Dr. Sutherland will kindly place the matter before the readers of the *Outlook*, and keep a record of those who compete. It will therefore be necessary for those within the limits mentioned to send him their names and exact ages, and I am sure he will send specimen copies to any who wish them.

J. GREENE.

P.S.—I leave to others to propose something for 2nd, 3rd, and 4th highest.

J.G.

PORT ELGIN.

A PECULIARLY sad occurrence has recently taken place at Montreal. A young man had finished his studies in McGill College. He had passed his examinations with much credit to himself, and was about to receive his professional degree. This graduate was well spoken of by all who knew him. He had joined others in a trip to the country, where they indulged in drinking. The effect produced on the young medico was serious. Under excitement he escaped from his companions, and was traced for a short distance, where he disappeared, and not till after a long interval his lifeless remains were found where he had sunk down, exhausted. The habit of going on a foolish spree after the hard work of college session is over is not yet altogether obsolete, but an event like that which this season happened at Montreal will tend to hasten its discontinuance.—*Canada Presbyterian.*

THE DAYS OF WESLEY.

III.

My wish is accomplished. We are to go to hear Mr. Whitefield speak at Lady Huntingdon's house in Park Street. It came about in this way:—A lady who is reported to have lately become very religious called one morning, and after some general conversation, began to speak of Mr. Whitefield's addresses in Lady Huntingdon's house. She strongly urged my aunt and cousin to go, saying, by way of inducement, that it was quite a select assembly—no people one would not like to meet were invited, or, at all events, if such people came, one was in no way mixed up with them. "And he is such a wonderful orator," she said; "no commonplace fanatic, I assure you, Evelyn. His discourses are quite such as you would admire, quite suited to people of the highest intellectual powers. My Lord Bolingbroke was quite fascinated, and my Lord Chesterfield himself said to Mr. Whitefield (in his elegant way), 'He would not say to him what he would say to every one else, how much he approved him.'"

"I did not know that Lord Chesterfield and Lord Bolingbroke were considered good judges of a sermon," said Evelyn, drily. "Of the doctrine—well, that's another thing," said the religious lady; "but of the oratory and the taste. Garrick, the great actor, says that his tones have such power that he can make his hearers weep and tremble merely by varying his pronunciation of the word Mesopotamia; and many clever men, not at all religious, say they would as soon hear him as the best play."

"I have heard many services which seemed to me like plays," said Evelyn, very mischievously; "and I do not see that it can do anyone's soul any good to be made weep at the word Mesopotamia."

"Oh, if we speak of doing real good to the soul," rejoined the visitor,—"that is what I mean;" and in a tone of real earnest feeling she added, "I never heard anyone speak of the soul, and of Christ, and of salvation like Mr. Whitefield. While he is preaching I can never think of anything but the great things he is speaking of. It is only afterwards one remembers his oratory and his voice."

And it was agreed that we should go to Lady Huntingdon's house the next time Mr. Whitefield was to preach.

"How strange it is," Evelyn said to me when the lady had left, "what things religious people think will influence us who are 'still in the world!' What inducement would it be to me to go and hear a preacher, if Lord Bolingbroke and Lord Chesterfield, or all the clever and skeptical and dissipated noblemen in England liked him, and were no better for it? They try to tempt us to hear what is good, by saying the congregation is fashionable, or that the preacher is a genius, or an orator, or a man of the world, when I do think the most worldly people care more for the religion in a sermon than for anything else, and would be more attracted if they would say, 'We want you to hear that preacher, because he speaks of sins in a way no one else does.' I wonder," she concluded, after a pause, with a little smile, "if I ever

should become really religious, if I shall do the same; if I shall one day be saying to Harry, 'You must hear this or that preacher; for he is a better judge of a horse than any jockey you know.'"

We have heard Mr. Whitefield.

And what can I remember?

Just a man striving with his whole heart and soul to win lost souls out of a perishing, sorrowful world to Christ, and holiness, and joy.

Just the conviction poured in on the heart by an overwhelming torrent of pleading, warning, tender, fervent eloquence, that Christ Jesus the Lord cares more infinitely to win and save lost wandering souls than man himself—that where the preacher weeps and entreats, the Saviour died and saved. Yes, it is done. "It is finished." I never understood that in the same way before.

It is not only that the Lord Jesus loves us, yearns over us, entreats us not to perish. He has saved us. He has actually taken our sins and blotted them out, washed them white, whiter than snow, in his own blood.

It is not only that he pities. He saves. He has died. He has redeemed. The hands stretched out to save are those that paid the terrible ransom. He did not begin to pity us when we began to turn to him. "When we were without strength, he died for us, ungodly."

"God was in Christ reconciling the world to himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them."

"For he hath made him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him."

I never understood it in this way before; and yet there it is, and always has been, as clear as daylight, in page after page of the Bible.

All the way home Evelyn said nothing. Aunt Beauchamp was the only one who spoke; and she said it was very affecting certainly; but she did not see there was anything so very original. It was all in the Prayer-Book and in the Bible.

And then, after a pause, she added, in rather a self-contradictory way, "But if we are to be what Mr. Whitefield would have us, we might as well all go into convents at once. He really speaks as if people were to do nothing but be religious. He forgets that some of us have other duties."

Then she took refuge in her vinaigrette, and said in a very languid voice, "My darling Evelyn, you look quite pale. Much more excitement of this kind would make us both quite ill. The man is so terribly vehement, he makes one feel as if one were in peril of life and death. Such preaching may do for people without nerves, but it would soon kill me. I am only too glad I escaped without an attack of hysterics. And," she continued, "I was told that a few days since Lady Suffolk was there by invitation. I really wonder a person of Lady Huntingdon's character should invite such people to her house. My dear," she concluded my aunt, "I do not think the thing is respectable, and I wonder Lady Mary proposed our attending such an assembly. Indeed, I wonder at myself for consenting to go. It is not at all a kind of place for sound church people to be seen at. I would not have the archdeacon know it on

any account; for I am sure Dr. Humden would think I had been out of my senses."

And soothed with so many restoratives, ecclesiastical, social, and medical, Aunt Beauchamp relapsed into her usual state of languor and self-contentment.

But Evelyn said nothing. Only when I ventured some hours afterwards to knock at her bedroom door, she opened and closed it in silence, and then taking both my hands, said, in a soft, trembling voice, "Cousin Kitty, I am very full of sin! I really think I am worse than anyone, because, being myself so wrong, I have so despised every one around me. I have been a pharisee and a publican all in one."

And then she burst into tears, and buried her face in her hands. But in a few minutes she looked up again with a face beaming with a soft, child-like, lowly peace, and she said, "But Cousin Kitty, I am happier than I ever thought anyone ever could be. For I do believe our Lord Jesus Christ died for my sin, and has really washed them away. And I do feel sure God loves me, even me; and I think he really will by degrees make me good—I mean humble, and loving, and kind. I do feel so at home, Cousin Kitty," she added. "I feel as if I had come back to the very heart of my Father—and oh, he loves me so tenderly, so infinitely, and has been loving me so long. Yes, at home, and at rest," she sobbed; "at home everywhere, and forever."

The next morning Evelyn came to me early, pale, but with a great calm on her frank, expressive face. "Kitty," she said, "I have had a strange night. I could not sleep at all. It seemed as if the sins of all my past life came up before me unbidden, as they say the whole past sometimes comes vividly back to a drowning man. I saw the good I had left undone, the evil I had said and done, and the pride and selfishness at the bottom of all. And almost more than anything, I felt how unkind, and even unjust, I had been to mamma; how ungenerous in not veiling many of her little infirmities; for I know she loves papa and Harry and me really better than all else in the world. I felt I must come with the first light and confess this to you. For one night came back to me, Kitty, years ago, when I was a little child. Harry and I had the scarlet fever, and I saw before me, as if it were yesterday, my mother's pale, tender face, moving from one bed to the other. I remember thinking how beautiful and dear she was as she sat by the nursery fire, and the flickering light fell on her face and her dark hair, and how she started at any movement or moan I or Harry made, and came so softly to the bedside, and bent over me with such anxious love in her eyes, and said tender little soothing words, and smoothed the pillow, or kissed my forehead with the soft kiss which was better than any cooling draught. Since then, indeed, we have been much away from her, and left to governesses and tutors; but Kitty, think what a blessing it is to recall all that early affection now, instead of bye and-bye, when it would be too late to say a loving word or to do a thing to please her in return! Now I can bear to think of this, and of all my coldness and impatience, with the thought of the Cross and of God's forgiving love, and with the hope of the days to come. But

only think what it would have been to have seen it all too late."

It seems as if, in coming back to God, Evelyn had come back to all that is tender and true in natural human love.

I suppose this is conversion. The joy of such a waking must be very great. But it is joy enough to be awake, however little we know when and how we awoke—awake in the light of our Heavenly Father's love to do the day's work he gives us.

To-day Evelyn smiled and said to me, "I think I should not mind now their talking over my case at Lady Betty's tea-parties. I had rather not, but if there was kindness at the bottom of it, I need not mind much. But Kitty," she continued, "I do think still it is not possible to talk truly and much of our deepest feelings of any kind. I think it is a waste of power which we want for action."

"We certainly need not sit down to talk of our own feelings," I said, "There are moments when they will come out. And there is so much in the Bible to speak of without talking about ourselves."

"Yes," she said; "I think setting ourselves to talk religion is weakening. Think of Harry and me having a meeting to discuss which of us loved our parents best, or whether we loved them better yesterday or to-day! Yet there are sacred times when we must speak of those we love."

Aunt Beauchamp is rather puzzled at the change in Evelyn. Evelyn has tried to explain it to her. But she cannot at all understand it. "Everyone believed in Christianity except a few skeptics like Lord Bolingbroke. Of course, the work of our redemption was 'finished.' It was finished more than seventeen hundred years since. Mr. Humden preached about it, always, at least on Good Friday. And why Evelyn should be so particularly anxious about having her sins forgiven, she could not conceive; she had always been charming, if at times a little espiègle. But if she was happy no one could object."

There is nothing striking in this change in Evelyn, but it is pervading—a gentleness in all she says and does; which, with the natural truthfulness and power of her character, are very winning. And this I notice especially with regard to her mother, a deference and tenderness, which, with no peculiar demonstration of affection, evidently touch Aunt Beauchamp more than she knows. She begins even to venture to consult Evelyn about her wardrobe.

Evelyn does not ask to go again to hear Mr. Whitefield. But she has asked to go with me to see my poor old Methodist orange woman, who has disappeared from our door-steps, and now lies contentedly on her poor bed, coughing and suffering, waiting the Lord's time, which, she says, is sure to be exactly right. The dear old soul gets us to read to her chapters from her old Bible, and hymns from Mr. Wesley's new hymn-book; and repeats to us bits from Mr. Wesley's sermons. And perhaps, although sometimes the grammar is very confused and the theology not very clear, the strength of God made perfect in the weakness of a dying bed may help us both as much as the mighty power of Mr. Whitefield's eloquence.

(To be continued.)

A Day in June.

O FIELDS in June's fair verdure drest,
And vocal now with birds and bees!
A toiler from the world's highways
I turn, with willing feet, to thee,
Inhaling here the morning breeze.

The air is moist with last night's rain;
Through opening clouds the sun appears;
The robin, earliest of the train,
The plough-boy at his window hears,
Repeats the song of other years.

I tread with lighter steps anew
The pathways of my boyhood's morn;
The sky o'erhead is just as blue,
And just as green the springing corn,
And sweet the scent of thyme and thorn.

No care then rankled in my breast;
No sorrow on my spirit fell;
The cool green sward my bare feet prest,
The lowing herds they knew me well,
And I, the daisy in the dell.

The squirrel had his hiding place,
And I had mine beside the brook;
He gathered nuts from day to day,
Whilst I a constant lesson took
From him and nature's wondrous book.

O fair green fields and summer skies!
O visions of long time ago!
O well-remembered haunts and chimes
Which from perennial fountains flow!
Glad voices from the vales below.

Here let me bathe my weary brow
In this delicious air of day,
All laden as it cometh now
With fragrance from the new mown hay,
The blackbirds' and the robin's lay.

The busy world will not intrude,
Nor Maumoa his proud altar rear;
Alone, within this breezy wood,
Where the Almighty doth appear,
I'll pay my heart's deep homage here!
—Henry S. Washburn.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

B.C. 1491] LESSON XI. [June 1

THE COMMANDMENTS.

Exod. 20, 1-11. Memory verses, 3-11

GOLDEN TEXT.

Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart. Matt. 22, 37.

OUTLINE.

1. Our God.
2. Our Duty to God.

TIME.—1491 B.C. What an eventful year!
PLACE.—Mount Sinai.

CONNECTING LINKS. The wonders of the wondrous story increase. Another march another camp. At Rephidim hunger gives place to thirst; another murmuring, another miracle. Then comes the sudden attack by the Amalekites. The first victory of the great captain, Joshua. The first judges for the people are appointed. Moses once more meets his wife and sons; and at last, still journeying, they come to Mount Sinai, where, in thunders and lightnings, and great power, God manifested himself. Here they abode for many months, and here was given the greatest code of laws which the world has ever seen.

EXPLANATIONS.—All these words—The commandments which follow—*Lord thy God*—Jehovah, thy God; the self-existent, eternal One. *Honour of bondage*—Condition of slavery. *No other gods before me*—No other objects of worship in his presence. *Graven image*—Really a carved image; but all idols are meant. *A jealous God*—That is, God will have the whole adoration of the heart. It cannot be divided. *Visiting the iniquity of the fathers*—This is a well known physiological fact, and is common in our day. *Not do any work*—No servile or secular work pertaining to nothing more than a mere worldly calling.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Our God.

Where were the Ten Commandments spoken?

Had Moses ever been at this mount of God before?

What promise was fulfilled by this service at Horeb?

How were the Commandments given to Moses?

How does God reveal himself in these Commandments?

What does God mean by the expression "thy God," that they had chosen him, or he them?

How only can a man hope to keep the Commandments?

What claim have we to call God "our God?"

Are these Commandments binding on us?

How would you answer the man who says they are a relic of a past age and are obsolete?

2. Our Duty to God.

On what ground did God rest his claim to Israel's obedience?

On what ground can he rest a claim to our obedience?

What is our duty to God?

How many distinct duties are contained in these first eleven verses of this chapter?

Name them.

What is the very first duty of man?

In order to guard against the division of the heart in worshipping more gods than Jehovah, what other Commandments were necessary?

What is the great thing which men desire to accomplish for God in this world?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

God requires certain things of us to-day

1. Worship:

"O come, let us worship and bow down, let us kneel before the Lord our Maker."

2. Reverence:

O fear the Lord, ye his saints for there is no want to them that fear him."

3. Obedience:

"To obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams."

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Learn all you can of the position of the camp of Israel before Sinai.

2. Carefully compare the account of the commandments as given by Moses in Deut. 6-21, and note differences, if any.

3. Make a list of several ways in which on to-day break the first Commandment.

4. Write out your own ideas of what the fourth Commandment means to-day.

5. Commit all the Commandments to memory, and repeat them all once each day for the whole week.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION—Love to God.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

27. Can they do what they please?
No; God controls their power, and will save from their malice and subtily all who trust in him.

(James v. 7; Luke xxii. 31, 32; Roman. vi. 20; 1 Corinthians x. 13; Ephesians v. 1.)

B.C. 1491] LESSON XII. [June 1

THE COMMANDMENTS.

Exod. 20, 12-21. Memory verses, 12-17

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. Matt. 22, 39.

OUTLINE.

1. Man's Duty to Man.
2. Man's Fear of God.

TIME, PLACE, CIRCUMSTANCES.—Same as last Lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Honour thy father*—Respect, obey, comfort protect, all that a child can do for a parent at any age. *Days may be long*—Not a promise of personal life, but of national life. *Beir talce witness*—Not to be false against one's neighbour in any respect. *God is come to prove you*—The law now given was to be the test for all ages of the people's readiness to serve God. *The thick darkness*—To the people the mountain appeared to be enveloped in thick darkness, caused by the low settling clouds. *Where God was*—Not that God was not everywhere then, as now, but the sounds and the awful phenomena had come from the clouds

upon the mountain, and they thought God to be in the clouds and darkness.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Man's Duty to Man.

How many duties to man are enumerated in these Commandments?

What is the thing demanded in respect to parents?

Why?

What is the demand made in respect to human life?

In whose hand only is the control of life?

Why is purity of morals demanded?

What was the doctrine of "protection" in the days of Moses?

How did the Commandments attempt to shield character?

What was the great and final safeguard for the relations of men to each other?

How did Christ express the sum of this series of Commandments?

2. Man's Fear of God.

By what manifestations were these utterances of God attended?

What was the effect on the people?

What was Moses' word of assurance?

How can you explain the 20th verse: "Fear not; God is come . . . that his fear may be before your faces?"

What want of the race was typified by this request in ver. 19?

What was the nature of the people's fear?

Was it terror or reverence?

What is godly fear?

Why should men fear God?

If man did his whole duty by man, and truly feared God, what would be the condition of the world?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Here is the whole code of laws necessary for a world—

Moses spoke on the side of prohibition, "Thou shalt not."

Christ spoke on the side of positive goodness, "Thou shalt love the Lord," etc.

Moses pointed at sin, which threatened. Jesus pointed to God, who loved.

Moses represented *one great No*. Jesus represented the *eternal Yes*.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY

1. Notice each thing bidden and forbidden in all the Commandments.

2. The Commandment does not say obey by father and thy mother. It says honour. Find out exactly what that means.

3. Examine history to see if the faithful observance of the laws of ancient Rome had anything to do with prolonging her national life.

4. Examine Scripture history in Samuel and Kings to see if the nation prospered when it honoured the teachings of the others, and suffered when it forsook them.

5. Repeat these Ten Commandments each day of the week till Sunday.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Love to man.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

28. What is said concerning the power of Satan?

Our Lord calls him "the prince of this world." (John xii. 31.)

Ephesians ii. 2. The prince of the power of the air, of the spirit that now worketh in the sons of disobedience.

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