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PLEASANT HOURS

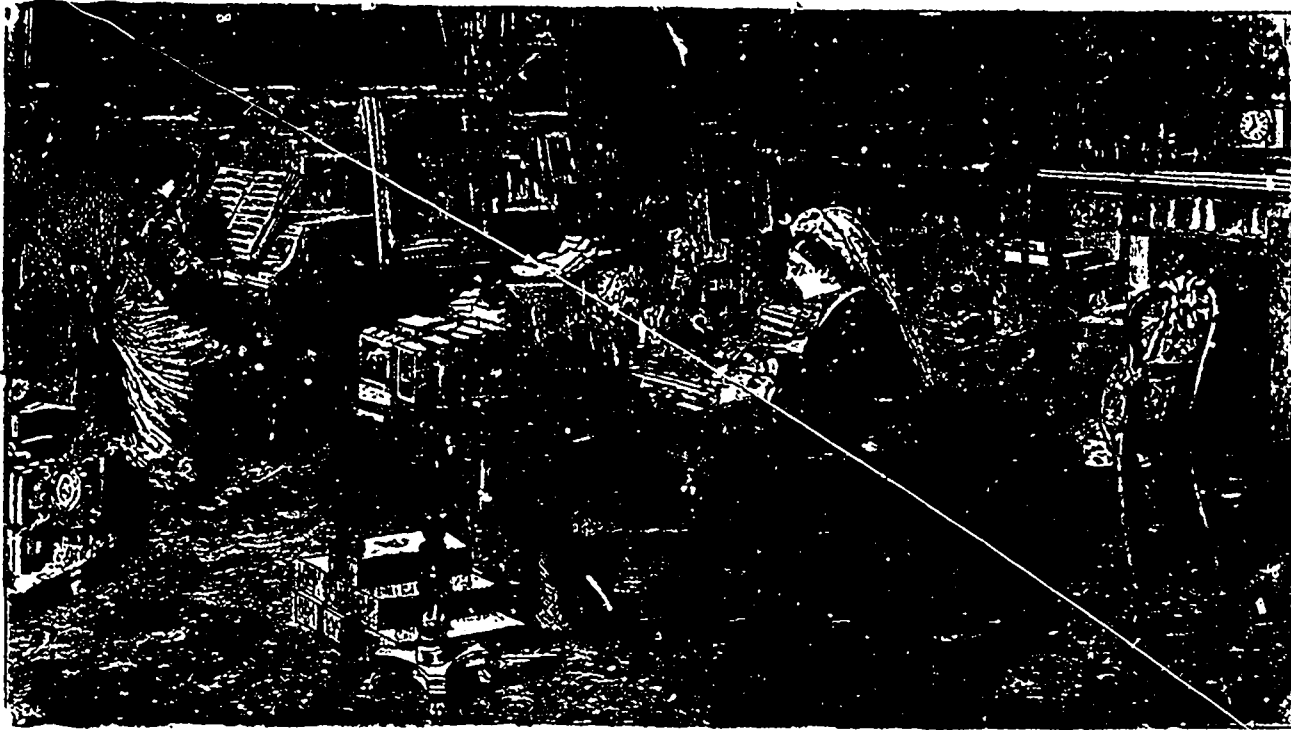
A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

VOL. XIX.

TORONTO, MAY 20, 1899.

No. 20.

QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY NUMBER.



THE QUEEN'S PRIVATE APARTMENTS, OSBORNE HOUSE.

THE ROYAL PALACES OF ENGLAND.

BY REV. WILLIAM A. DICKSON.

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

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

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

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

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

Balmoral Castle is the title of the Queen's northern retreat, in the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood," "the

chosen home of chivalry, the garden of romance." Accompanied by Prince Albert she first visited Scotland in 1841.

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

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

In this quiet mountain retreat the

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

One of her subjects, a Mr. Neild, who had lived most penuriously, bequeathed to her a legacy amounting to \$1,250,000. Whether this had anything to do with

the purchase of a new home or not we are not informed.

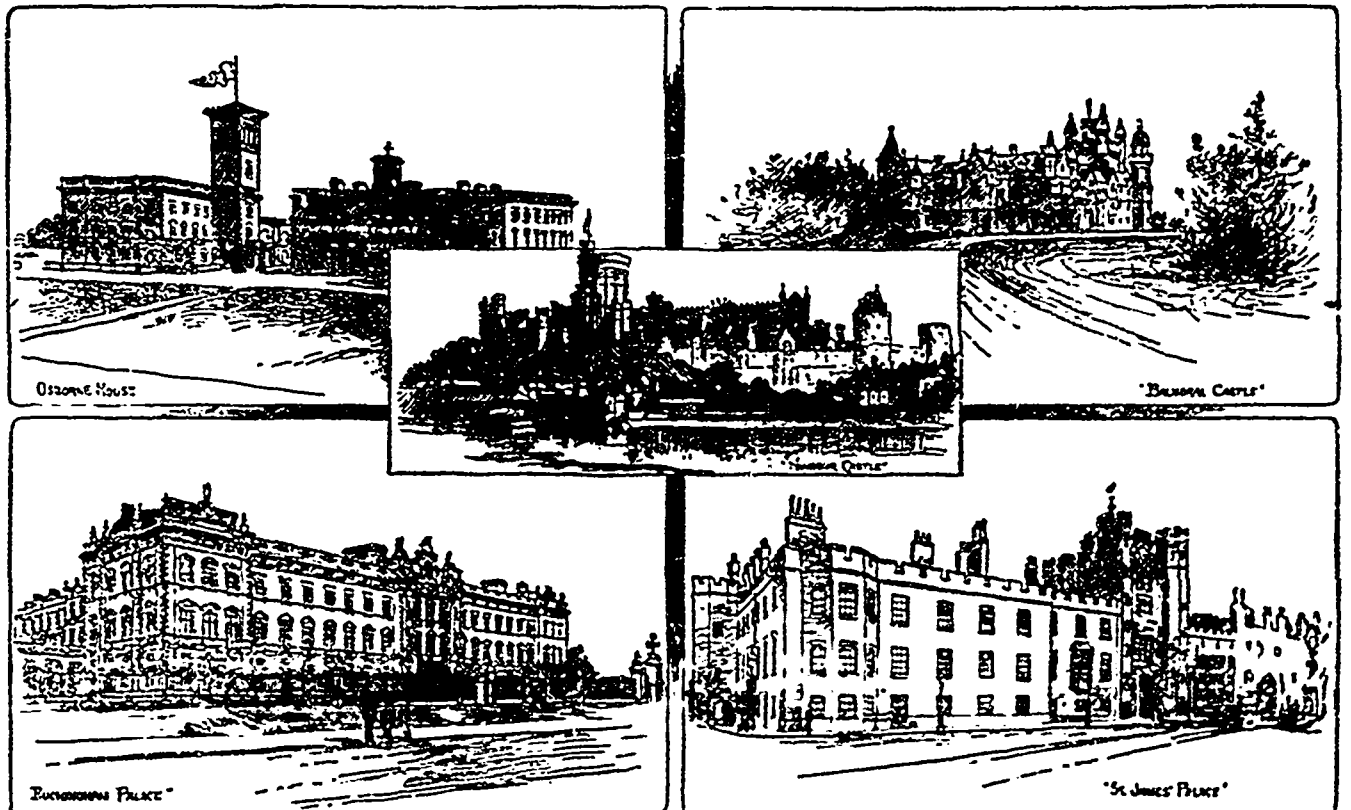
From maiden days she had loved the soft sea breezes of the Isle of Wight. In 1844 she bought a property within its borders, known as Osborne House and grounds, little anticipating its use as her chief domicile through years of sorrowing widowhood. As they entered it for the first time, the Prince reverently repeated a hymn of Luther's, one stanza of which reads:

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

Reviewing her training, her friendships, and possessions, we can see ample materials for happiness. Her cup of earthly bliss was indeed full. Rejoicing in the progress and peace which marked her reign, proud of the achievements and popularity of her august consort, loved by him more tenderly after twenty years than in the first days of her married life, and loving him so as to pray that she "might be spared the pang of surviving him," taking comfort in the dutiful affection and promising careers of sons and daughters, what more could be needed to make life thrill with rapture? But a bright day is sometimes followed by a dark night. With the parting from the Princess Royal the shadows began to gather. A few months later she sped to Frogmore, and held her mother's hand while she crossed to the silent land. The royal sky was growing darker. For some years prior to 1860 the Prince Consort's health had been unobscurely giving way. In November of that year he drove in wet weather to Sandhurst, to inspect the new military academy, and contracted fever. He thought to conquer the ill-omened feelings by force of will. But the combat grew unequal. Bit by bit hope had to be exchanged for fear, and fear gave way to despair. His favourite hymn was "Rock of Ages."

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

(Continued on last column, next page.)



THE ROYAL PALACES OF ENGLAND.

The Queen's Birthday.

The following song by Mr. F. H. Carrington and set to music by Mr. F. H. Carrington of Toronto... Upon our Queen—our country—flag, God's blessing ever rest,

Upon our Queen—our country—flag, God's blessing ever rest, With peace and joy to us everywhere.

Chorus— Victoria 'our Queen beloved, With loyal heart and hand, Thy colonials and fatherland 'ntited by these stand

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Pleasant Hours: A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Her, W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor. TORONTO, MAY 20, 1899.

OUR GRACIOUS QUEEN.

By THE REV. DR. CARMAN, GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT. Queen Victoria was raised up of God for a great life-work, and a great life-work has she accomplished.

be incorrupt and incorruptible, and has done her best to make and keep it so. Her standards have been high, and they have been well enforced. The Queen is a lover of parliamentary government.

Her reign has well shown how much the character of the sovereign has to do with the prosperity and the national power. Britons all around the world are proud to say "Our Queen."

The very sorrows that have pierced her heart, in the way of their bearing, with strong ties of sympathy and love, have made one with her people in all quarters of the globe. Her words are the words of the obedient daughter, the faithful wife, the noble mother, the splendid woman, and we have all these in our most gracious Queen Victoria.

HOW BESSIE SAW THE QUEEN.

"Yes, I've seen the Queen once. I was in the park when she came along with her gentlemen and her ladies, and I was among the drums that were being rung away by the drums at that; I spoke them was the Parliament. I never was so far afore, an' I ain't been since, and I was very tired, but I squeezed in among the folks."

on us would a-od' to bob down as hit we was playin' one-pols when she come by. But there she was a bowin' away to everybody, and so was Prince Halbert, I think she grins an' giv me a look, but I didn't seem 'd' so smart as the gen'l'man that druv the osses.

A QUEEN'S ADVICE TO A GIRL.

A young lady whose father held a high official position, and in honour of a luncheon with Queen Victoria, previous to leaving for the East, where her father was going as an ambassador.

THE BRITISH NATIONAL BANNER.

Britain owes its renowned Union Jack, as probably also its name, to King James the First. The flag of England was, in 1606, the first to be raised on St. George—on a white field, the flag of Scotland, a white diagonal cross—that of St. Andrew—on a blue field.

THE ROYAL PALACES OF ENGLAND.

(Continued from previous page.) On a tall hill overlooking Balmoral is a granite monument with this inscription: "To the beloved memory of Albert, the Great and Good, Prince Consort, Erected by his broken-hearted widow Victoria R. August 22, 1862."

A national monument erected in Hyde Park, at a cost of \$50,000, is one of the sights of London. Singularly enough, the two members of the family who most resembled him in practical and intellectual ability—Alice and Leopold—were the only ones who survived.

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

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

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

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

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

Early in the year 1894 the court hand was summoned for a Sunday rehearsal in view of preparing for an approaching State dinner. Two German Methodists refused to play, on the ground of conscientious scruples, and were expelled from the church.

"I will have no man persecuted in my service for conscience sake and I will have no more Sunday rehearsals. After six weeks of rest she still adhered to the lesson learned in childhood, namely, "Finish the work in hand," and without doubt "looks for a kingdom which cannot be moved."

"As an embodiment of virtue and private life, she has been the most constitutional monarch, she has won fame." Her name will live in history, and her example stimulate dreaming souls to find the way to glory in the path of duty. If so, which is doubtless true, she will have personal experience of the truth contained in these closing lines: "And when the thrones of earth shall be As low as graves brought down, A pierced hand will give to thee The crown which angels shoo to see. 'Thou wilt not weep to wear that crown."

THE METHUSELAHS OF THE FOREST.

The ages attained by some of the conifers are scarcely less extraordinary than those of the colossal oak. The greatest longevity assigned to any tree is perhaps credited to the celebrated taxodium of Chalchitpec, in Mexico, one hundred and seventy years of age.

God Save the Queen.

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

Thy choicest gifts in store
On her be pleased to pour,
Long may she reign.
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the Queen.

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

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

of the Keeper of the Queen's dogs. Before the Kennels lies a splendid open piece of turf, divided by netting into large "runs." Here is a general mingling of dogs, and much gambolling, barking, and racing. When the Queen drives up to the Kennels, most of the animals are turned out on this lovely sward for her inspection. Besides this precarious exercise, all the dogs are taken in parties for a good walk in the Park every morning. It is not to be expected that all this number of dogs are personal favourites of the Queen—although she knows and has named each individual animal—or that they are allowed the free run of her private apartments. One of the pure white collies called "Lily" always travels with the Queen. The other, "Maggie," is not so pretty a creature. A fox-terrier called "Spot," and the perky little tan-coloured German Spitz-dog, "Marco," also are generally with the Queen.

There is no doubt that her Majesty's pet dog for many years was a collie named "Sharp." The Queen was devoted to this animal, who, when with his royal mistress, always behaved delightfully. He had all his meals with her, and but seldom left her side.

"Noble" was another collie of whom the Queen was very fond. He always

in by a fine shrubbery, was built by the Prince Consort for such birds as the Queen might fancy to keep. Looking on to this pleasant scene are eighteen pens full of splendid poultry, all of the best breeds, as the blue label affixed to each indicates. At the back are the perfectly arranged roosting and sitting houses. The eggs served at the Queen's breakfast-table are exclusively those of white Dorkings.

Fancy birds include some seventy lovely pigeons, principally Jacobins, and foreign owls. Some pure white doves belong to Princess Beatrice, whose favourite birds are, however, canaries, of which a careful attendant accompanies her wherever she goes.

Other queer animals owned by the Queen are some long-haired white Canadian pigs, and an inclosure full of wild boars in the forest. These last are most ferocious-looking animals. A few are killed at Christmas time, and their heads, after being suitably decorated by the chefs, are sent by the Queen to certain members of the Royal Family, while one figure on the sideboard at Osborne.

This same kindness she inculcates all her children, and Princess Alice, on one of her birthdays, found her greatest pleasure in a pet lamb, all pink ribbons and bells. She afterwards wept bitterly



LESSON HELPS.

28. "Then led they Jesus from Calaph to Pilate unto the hall of judgment"—Pilate's house is better, that is, the palace of the Roman governor. Literally, the Pretorium. The meaning of the word varies according to the context. It is a word of military origin; its first meaning is the general's tent. "It was early"—Somewhere between three and six o'clock in the morning. "Be defiled"—By entering a house not properly cleansed of leaven. Exod. 12, 15.

29. "Went out unto them"—Religious scruples kept them from entering the palace, but they had no scruples against arresting an innocent man. "What accusation bring ye"—He knew by hearsay, but he wished a formal charge preferred.

30. "A malefactor"—Literally, an evil-doer. The Jews thought their statement would have been enough, but Pilate, like a true Roman, had too much respect for law to condemn one against whom no charge was proven. Their statement was vague.

31. "Said Pilate"—Takes the Jews at their word. "Judge him according to your law"—The Jews might judge an accused person, but could not inflict a death penalty. To inflict that one must be tried before Pilate. Pilate tried in numerous ways to avoid sentencing Jesus to death.

32. The Jews admitted that they had no right to inflict death, but wished to make Pilate the executioner and not the judge. "The saying"—Or, word (John 12, 32). "What death"—Rather, by what manner of death. The Jews would have put Christ to death for alleged blasphemy, but they lacked the power. Crucifixion was a Roman punishment, not a Jewish, and the charge on which Christ was crucified was not blasphemy but "majestas," to use a Latin word, that is, high treason.

34. "Sayest thou this thing of thyself"—The phrase "King of the Jews" was ambiguous. Jesus was not, in the political sense in which Pilate used it, but in a theocratic sense in which a Jew would use that title he certainly was.

35. "Am I a Jew"—Asked in pride and scorn. Pilate was a Roman, and the ruler of the subject-race of Jews. What cared he for nice distinctions in Jewish theology?

36. "My kingdom is not of this world"—My is an emphatic word, to mark the spiritual kingdom from earthly ones. Not a kingdom of this world as to its origin, or as to the weapons to be used.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Christ before Pilate.—John 18, 28-40
- Tu. Mocked by Herod.—Luke 23, 1-12
- W. Rejected of men.—Matt. 7, 15-25
- Th. No fault.—John 19, 1-16
- F. Powerful enemies.—Acts 4, 23-30
- S. Example of suffering.—Heb. 12, 1-6
- Su. Perfect by suffering.—Heb. 5, 1-9.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Accusers, v. 28-32.
To what place was Jesus taken?
Why did his accusers remain outside?
What question did Pilate ask?
What was their reply?
What did Pilate bid them do?
What objection did they make?
What manner of death had Jesus foretold for himself? Matt. 20, 19.
2. The King, v. 33-37.
What question did Pilate ask Jesus?
What did Jesus ask in reply?
Who had made the accusation?
What did Jesus say of his kingdom?
What did Pilate again ask?
What declaration did Jesus make?
What was his mission in the world?
Who belonged to his kingdom?
3. The Robber, v. 38-40.
What was Pilate's last question?
What was his verdict? Golden Text.
What proposition did he make?
Whom did the Jews choose for release?

A Royal Group at Sandringham,



H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. Princess Victoria of Wales. H. R. H. the Duchess of York. Prince Charles of Denmark.
Prince Nicholas of Greece. H. R. H. the Princess of Wales. H. R. H. the Duke of York. Princess Maud of Wales.

Our readers will be keenly interested in the Royal Family group, especially taken at Sandringham, and including their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of York, the Princesses Victoria and Maud, Prince Charles of Denmark, and Prince Nicholas of Greece—the two nephews of the Princess. Nothing could be more charming than this latest portrait of the Princess of Wales, which gains an additional interest from being so essentially the central figure in a purely family group.—Montreal Witness.

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

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

THE QUEEN'S PETS.

The Queen's genuine love for almost all animals is well known, but few people are aware of the deep personal interest her Majesty takes in her dumb creatures, or can realize the thought and money that are expended on their suitable lodging, proper food, and constant care. Each individual animal belonging to the Queen is well lodged and tended, for her Majesty argues that the possession of an animal renders the owner responsible for its well-being. The Kennels are situated on a sunny slope and form a picturesque attachment to the very pretty cottage in Gothic style

guarded her gloves, and was a most faithful friend. From time to time the Queen has shown some of her collies, but she is, as a rule, averse to exhibiting such sensitive creatures.

For many years the Windsor Farms have produced the grandest prize-stock in the world, and the Queen is exceedingly proud of the fact. She takes the liveliest interest in the magnificent animals bred on her estates. All the Queen's cattle are washed over once a week with a mild and sweet disinfectant. The work is done by very experienced men from the time the creatures are young calves, and they grow to enjoy the process. The Queen's Farms are splendidly managed, and more than pay for themselves.

It is a pretty sight on all the Royal Farms to see the superannuated horses from the Queen's Stables quietly feeding in the sheltered paddocks or doing a little easy work. Every one of these good old servants the Queen knows by name, and notices as she takes her morning drives over her great property.

Quite close to Frogmore House, and just past that miracle of cleanliness and white marble, exquisite tile work and tinkling fountains that go to make up the Queen's Dairy, is the Royal Aviary, which, facing a sunny slope and hemmed

because the lamb would not love her so much as she loved it.

On all the Queen's estates are touching tablets to the memory of some faithful dumb friend. The Queen has loved them all, and nothing can hurt her more than cruelty to animals or an unjust depreciation of their many virtues.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY JOHN.

LESSON IX.—MAY 28.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

John 18, 28-40. Memory verses, 38-40.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I find no fault in him.—John 19, 4.

OUTLINE.

1. The Accusers, v. 28-32.
2. The King, v. 33-37.
3. The Robber, v. 38-40.

Time.—Early Friday morning, April 7, A.D. 30.

Place.—The judgment hall of Pilate.

OUR GRACIOUS QUEEN.

BY THE EDITOR.

We have pleasure in presenting herewith a special patriotic number of Pleasant Hours commemorating Queen Victoria's eightieth birthday.

Methodists are everywhere characterized by their conspicuous devotion to the person and crown of their rightful ruler. Without reserve they recognize their duty to fear God and honour the king. This they did in troublous times, when their loyalty was sorely tried by civil and religious disabilities, by petty persecutions and groundless aspersions. This they do with an added zest and a more enthusiastic devotion when all disabilities are removed, and when the Sovereign is one whose private virtues and personal attributes, no less than her official 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 reposed;
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 diffi-
culty, how wisely he walked, what a pro-
tecting 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 re-
cord 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 fierce 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 unstain'd, than
his?

Or how should England dreaming of his
sons

Hope more for these than some inherit-
ance

Of such a life, a better, a mind as thine,
Thou noble Father of her Kings to be;
Dear to thy land and ours, a Prince in-
deed,

Beyond all titles, and a household name,
Hereafter, thro' all times, Albert the
Good."

Can we wonder that his untimely death
left the world forever poorer to the sor-
rowing 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 en-
dure,

Remembering all the beauty of that star
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 re-
monstrances against war has not un-
frequently won the beatitude of the
peace-maker.

Her personal and womanly sympathies
are another conspicuous characteristic.
Her autograph letters to the bereaved



OUR GRACIOUS QUEEN.

widows of President Lincoln and Presi-
dent Garfield smote chords of feeling
that vibrated in the remotest hamlets
of two continents. Nor are her sym-
pathies restricted to the great. They
extend alike to the humblest of her sub-
jects. To the stricken wives of ship-
wrecked mariners or fishermen, of death-
doomed miners and pitmen, to the sick
children in the hospitals and in homes
of want her heart goes forth with lov-
ing sympathy, her private purse is
opened in generous aid. These are
truer claims to a nation's love than the
material splendour of a Semiramis or a
Zenobia. And that love has not been
withheld. Upon no human being have
ever been converged so many prayers
so many blessings and benedictions.
Throughout the vast empire that with
its forty colonies engirdles the world,
wherever prayer is wont to be made, go
up petitions for England's Queen. In
Australian mining camps, in far Cana-
dian lumber shanties, in the remotest
hamlets, and in the fishing villages that
line almost every sea, the patriotic de-
votion of a loyal people finds 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 bless-
ings 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."

DAWSON CITY RELIGIOUS LIFE.

BY AN OFFICER OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

There are now three churches and the
Salvation Army at one end of the city,
and a large Roman Catholic church at
the other end, whilst during the week
there are cottage prayer-meetings held
in cabins at different parts of the town.
The Catholic church has four priests,
with a large hospital in connection. The
Episcopalian (English Church), one min-
ister; the Presbyterian, two ministers,
one stationed at the fork of the El
Dorado and Bonanza creeks; the Meth-
odist, two ministers; and the Salvation
Army, seven officers; four in connection

ing all this sin and wickedness, the
Methodists have been having very suc-
cessful revival services, and the boom
of the old Army drum can be heard
nearly every night on the streets, even
at forty below zero, and the Salvation
Army have the use of one of the notori-
ous dance halls to hold a meeting in
on Sunday evenings, for, thanks to the
Canadian Government, these have to
close every Saturday night at twelve
o'clock. One of the greatest sights dur-
ing the summer was the gigantic open-
air meetings the army conducted, as it
is daylight all night. It would remind
one of a fair or the "Fourth of July"
in the United States, so great were the
crowds. Men from the ends of the
world stood and listened. Besides the
barracks, the Salvation Army has built
a shelter, and in connection with that
is a wood-yard and labour employment
bureau. This latter agency is proving
very satisfactory, in fact is booming.
The wood-yard also is kept running
nicely, as many men are "stranded," and
the social work in Dawson city is likely
to become a big thing. We do not get
the "tough" element as a general rule,
because it costs so much to get here;
but on the other hand, there have been
men sawing in the wood-yard who had
families of their own outside, and prop-
erty. One bright young fellow had
graduated as B.A., from Cambridge,
England. One would be surprised to
find the number of Christians there are
from all parts of the world, but none
too many for the wickedness here.

"Papa," said a boy, "I know what
makes people laugh in their sleeves."
"Well, my son, what makes them?"
"Cause that's where their funny-bones
are."

4 of Our Leaders

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