

Grover Cleveland, President of the United States of America, to Her Majesty Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and Empress of India:—

Great and Good Friend,—In the name and on behalf of the people of the United States, I present their sincere felicitations upon the arrival of the fiftieth anniversary of Your Majesty's accession to the Crown of Great Britain. I but utter the general voice of my fellow-countrymen in wishing for your people the prolongation of a reign so marked with advance in popular well-being, physical, moral and intellectual. It is justice and not adulation to acknowledge the debt of gratitude and respect due to your personal virtues for their important influence in producing and causing this prosperous and well-ordered condition of affairs now generally prevailing throughout your dominions. May your life be prolonged, and peace, honour and prosperity bless the people over whom you have been called to rule. May liberty flourish throughout your Empire under just and equal laws, and your Government be strong in the affections of all who live under it. And I pray God to have Your Majesty in his holy keeping.

Done at Washington this 27th day of May, A. D. 1887.

GROVER CLEVELAND, President.

T. F. BAYARD, Secretary of State.

THE CHILDREN'S FETE.

THIRTY thousand children marched to Hyde Park, London, to attend the young people's fete held there in honour of the Queen's Jubilee. The day was bright and sunny and a refreshing breeze was blowing. The children were arrayed on a great lawn and made a pretty picture. The Prince and Princess of Wales and their sons and daughters, accompanied by a number of royal guests, visited the park during the fete. The children at once freed themselves from restraint, broke the rope barriers and rushed pell-mell toward the visitors and packed themselves in solid groups around them. All etiquette vanished and the Prince and Princess, who seemed delighted at their position, mixed among the children with perfect freedom and pleasure. All at once the children began to sing "God Bless the Prince of Wales." They sang in every key, but their earnestness and enthusiasm made up for the lack of harmony. The visitors then made their way to the platform erected for their accommodation. The Queen soon arrived. When it was announced that she was coming, the children massed themselves in an orderly manner along both sides of the road over which Her Majesty's carriage passed and moved with it toward the stand, assembled bands playing the National Anthem, which the children all sang with grand effect. The Queen reached and ascended the platform while the music was proceeding. At its conclusion she presented a memorial cup to a little girl who had been selected to represent all the children assembled. When the Queen departed the whole assemblage sang "Rule Britannia." Mrs. Gladstone and Lord Spencer were present.

NOTHING is good enough that can be made better.

The Children's Song-Tribute.

Oh, listen, Queen of England! thy mother-heart is strong,
And mother hearts remember though the backward years be long.
Thou hast heard children's voices rise in music at thy knee,
And royal sons and daughters tell their childish love of thee.
Canst thou the memory hold without a thrill of mother-pride?
Oh, gracious Queen! thy realm is vast, thy rule of hearts world-wide;
From north, south, east and west there comes—from near and far away—
The sound of children's voices singing songs of loyalty.
Princes and mighty rulers have homage paid to thee;
The great men of the earth have come to sound thy Jubilee.
Upon the altar of its love—chain-grit by fifty years—
There showers a nation's trusting smiles, a nation's grateful tears.
From palace-homes ascends thy praise in many a swelling pean,
And humble lips breathed the prayer, "Long live our noble Queen."
But let the children strike the note—the children British-born.
They keep the world-pulse beating fast, they keep the world-heart warm—
And thou shalt hear the anthem sung as though the loyal words
Had waked the tenderest music of the heart's vibrating chords.
The music that bespeaks thy realm a glorious future day—
The sound of children's voices singing songs of loyalty.

EFFIE F. IRISH.

Toronto, June, 1887.

THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONVENTION.

IN the August number of the *Sunday-School Banner* will be given a condensed report of the proceedings of this great gathering at Chicago. We give below an outline of the addresses of welcome to the city, and of the response on behalf of Canada by the Editor of this paper.

THE REV. DR. GOODWIN delivered the following address of welcome for the clergy of Chicago: "Mr. President, and Fellow-workers in the blessed gospel service,—You are come as representatives of the great Sunday-school army, seventeen million strong. I greet you with great delight, my brethren, because of what I conceive to be great interests and great perils that gather about us in this city and country. The great lack to-day is conscience, truth, and duty. These old words of loyalty to God and loyalty to the law are to be cherished.

THE IMPORTANT QUESTIONS which are now engaging the public attention, and which are of such vital importance to truth, to home, to civilization, and to humanity, would be definitely settled if we could have them settled by truth in the simple word of God, and if there be any one thing in my judgment that needs now to be brought home to the hearts of the people, it is that this book, which we love to teach, which we love to honour, is from Genesis to Revelations, not in part, not in some considerable portion, but in anity, from

first to last, supremely, and authoritatively, and infallibly the book of God, and until the consciences of the people in the pew and the consciences of not a few men in the pulpit are brought to accept that truth, there is no hope for us in our homes, nor in our cities, nor in our land, and therefore I believe that to you, as leaders in this grand army—an army not with a bloody banner, but with the white banner of peace and hope of the world aloft—to you pre-eminently, and your brothers and sisters, superintendents and teachers, fellow-workers in this blessed service, is the high calling of God.

MR. E. NELSON BLAKE,

who represented the laymen of the city, spoke as follows: Of all the branches of religious work now carried on by Christians everywhere your work for the saving of children and youth has the unqualified approval of the world at large, and for this reason I stand as the representative of this city in welcoming you here to-day to hold your convention. For our city, more truly than almost any other in the land, verifies the prediction of the prophet Zachariah, "And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof," for the statistics show that there are nearly 300,000 youths and children within our limits. And we, of all people, should be intensely alive to the imperative necessity of your work.

Welcome, then, brethren from the Sierras and from the Alleghenies, from Tampa and from Saco, from the Rio del Norte and from the Rio Grande, from Ontario and Quebec, from Atlanta and Mobile, from the Aztecs' home and from Osceolas' land, from the Bay of Fundy and from Puget's Sound, from Great Britain and the Pacific coast.

When the fierce, rushing flames licked up and wiped out our city of the past, you all turned to us with cheering words and noble acts. Burning to-day with a holy fire, consuming with a heavenly zeal, we would again solicit your words and acts that shall strengthen the ties that bind us, and the loving cords that unite us together in the work of the children.

When we consider the ultimate objects aimed at, and the results to be reached in this work, we can say that this is the most important gathering that was ever held in this city. For the children, for whom you are working, own this world. If you doubt it, look into your wills, and your life-insurance policies, and your title deeds, and try to dispose of your property without any reckoning of these heirs.

We welcome you as a noble band of voluntary workers, expending much, but receiving no money for invaluable services. We welcome you with an earnest desire that a new interest may be kindled in all our hearts in this most important work.

We welcome you because we realize that in nearly all cases the careers of

men and women are settled during the years when they are under your charge as scholars. Therefore we welcome you and bid you

GOD-SPEED IN YOUR WORK.

When Hamilcar, the Carthaginian, took his son Hannibal, at 9 years of age, to the altar, and made him swear eternal hatred to Rome, he kindled the fire that burned into his young heart and made him all his life Rome's bitterest foe. We welcome you to our city. We welcome you because we believe that the work done with the young is the most effective work for Christ and for the world. Workmen in God's vineyard training his trees for fruit-bearing, budding the young stocks with scions from the tree of life, we welcome you.

BRETHREN OF THE SOUTH,

in coming here you have crossed battlefields made historic by fierce contention and strife. You have passed cities of the dead with crowded streets, where, dust to dust, the ashes of the warriors are mingling together. You have looked upon deserted and slowly fading earth-works, once hot with flame and black with smoke. You have gazed up at heights made renowned by fierce struggles for possession.

You have beheld streams from whose banks and fords the horrid stains of human blood have been swept to the sea. But gathered here, we welcome you, where we are all one in Christ. There is neither bond nor free, poor nor rich, North nor South, and his banner of love is over us. His eye guides us. His Spirit animates us. His desire thrills us. Our strivings shall be to enter into his work. Our battlings shall be with wrong, our seekings shall be to save the little ones, that these children may be brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

With our religious denominations there is still a "Border Line." There is still a "church North," and a "church South," but this is a National and International Association.

Let the shadow of the cross fall on that border line. Let Gethsemane's tears drop on that border line. Let the "feet of him who bringeth good tidings, who publisheth peace," tread out that border line. Let garments and branches of palm cast in the way of the coming King cover that border line forever from view.

The President said they would now turn from words of welcome to words of response. He called upon

THE REV. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., of Ontario, to speak.

Dr. Withrow said: Mr. President, and Fellow Sunday-school Workers—I am happy to have the privilege this morning to respond for my native Province of Ontario, and for the Dominion of Canada, for the kind, the more than kind and cordial words of welcome to the hospitable homes and hearts of the city of Chicago. I am reminded of the friendly invasion of