

Childrens' Department.

A HYMM FOR THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

COMPOSED BY THE LORD BISHOP OF OSSORY
Tune—"Wordsworth" H. A. M. 36.
or "Aurelia" " 215

I.
O GOD, the King of nations,
On whose support we lean,
Hear Thou our supplications—
"God save our gracious Queen."
Through fifty years of blessing
Thou hast upheld her throne,
Accept us now confessing
The praise is Thine alone.

II.
Still may her reign be glorious,
Both peace and honor give,
And grant her long victorious,
In health and wealth to live;
Thy word her sure reliance,
Thy strength her safety be;
O Lord, her sole affiance
Be evermore in Thee.

III.
Grant her Thy strong protection
In ev'ry hour of need,
And seeking Thy direction
In thought, in word, in deed,
May she exalt the nation
Committed to her charge,
And speed Thy great Salvation
Throughout the world at large.

IV.
Give her the heart right royal
Inclined to keep Thy way,
Give us the spirit loyal
To serve her and obey,
"In Thee, and for Thee," knowing,
"Whose minister she is,"
Our firm allegiance shewing
We own her rule as His.

V.
Her life has had its sadness,
It's noon of dark'ning grief;
Lord, let it's evening gladness
Bring sunshine and relief—
Her children's love possessing,
Her people's grateful praise,
And all Thy choicest blessing,
To cheer her closing days.

VI.
And when this life is ended,
Her diadem laid down,
To her be then extended
The everlasting crown;
And having served Thee, lowly,
In faith, and fear, and love,
Vouchsafe, O Lord, most Holy,
Her Jubilee above.

HOW TO GO TO SCHOOL.

The school-bell! how like work it sounds! All over this great country the daily tramp to and from school has begun, and more and more join the army each day, until by the middle of October we shall be in danger of forgetting that there are such things as summer holidays. Are you not afraid, boys, that your fingers will grow so used to guiding your pens that fishing-rods and base-ball bats will seem awkward and out of place in your hands next summer? And the brains of all you dear girls will be so alive with dates, and so intensely in the Stamp Act and the Wars of the roses, that you scarcely can expect to enjoy again a good story book, such as you used to read down on the beach, or off in the pine-wood, this summer; can you?

Seriously, boys and girls, I would be sorry to think that school-work should have such a direful effect as to make your play the least bit less

hearty when holidays reappear. But, honest work only makes us love honest play the better. God teaches us in play-time as well as in school.

Come, let us sit in this window, with our backs turned upon the good summer which is past, and our faces fixed upon the school-room where our work lies now. What a big group you dear soldiers make! and how many different kinds you are! How I would like to say some little word to help each one to make this next school year a year of honest, faithful, happy work! Let me divide you into two classes, and try to say a few helpful words to each.

You are all, then, either glad to return to school, or sorry. Now don't let the first class imagine themselves very superior beings to the second! You like to go to school? Well, then you do not deserve any credit for going cheerfully. You do not like to go? Well, you cannot make yourself like it; but you have no excuse for a long, cross face, remember.

Many a girl, I know, is praised because she "loves to go to school;" but, girls, before you accept such praise, ask yourselves why you love to go. If it is because you like the merry meetings with your schoolmates, find it easy to stand high in your class, and enjoy being praised, and perhaps even being envied, do you honestly think you deserve credit for all this? To some of you, I can well believe, it would be a bitter trial to have to leave school; but ask yourselves why. If it is because you are thirsty for knowledge, you would work as hard—perhaps harder—at home, simply to know, as ever you did at school for the honor of standing at the head of your class.

To be without ambition is to be in a very lazy, unmanly and unwomanly state of mind. To be satisfied to be just as ignorant next year as this, not to feel any shame at the thought of being behind others of your age, is to be in danger of growing into such a stupid, useless man or woman as it is a woeful shame for any child of God to become. If any of you dear, merry, thoughtless boys or girls "hate school," "can't bear to study," "wish the whole thing was over and you'd never have to look at a book again," won't you take the trouble to think about it a few minutes, and ask God to "stir up" your "wills" to work, and to save you from the terrible fate of being a drone all your life? It is hard work for some of you, I know; but who are you? what name do I call you by? Soldiers! don't you know that our duty is, to "endure hardness, as good soldiers of Jesus Christ?" You do not wish to forfeit the name by running away from the "hardness," do you?

Are you discouraged because you are always so near the foot of the class that it seems no use trying? Don't try for a place in the class—God does not care about that. He loves that foot boy as well as the head, and approves him just as heartily if only he has tried with might and main.

And here is a wonderful bright fact for you, to hide away in your hearts, and take a look at now and then to give you hope. Some of the greatest men have been called dunces at school. Try with might and main, then, but not in your own might; God's strength is yours whenever you might ask it.

But there are just as great dangers for you boys and girls at the other end

of the class—perhaps greater. It is pleasant to stand there a few inches higher than the rest of your classmates, on that little mound you have built out of the hundred per. cents you have been so eagerly heaping up. What do you see up there? Why, it has not raised you so high after all, has it? You stand just high enough to see yourself in that mirror! It is pleasant to look upon yourself while others are singing your praises, and you feel well satisfied with what you have done. Take care! don't look too long, or you will be apt to stand there all your life, admiring yourself, while your classmates are climbing up some high hill, which makes your little mound look like an ant-hill. Don't, don't, be ambitious in the poor way of striving to excel your fellows. Strive to excel, indeed, but always to excel your own doings, not your neighbor's. Don't work for a per. cent—work for knowledge. Do your work so that it will last your life-time. Don't work to finish—work to be ready for work. Perhaps God will not show you what work until you are a man or a woman. Never mind; be ready.

One more word. School-boys and school-girls are so apt to be selfish (as yes, indeed, we all are). Fight and pray against that. If arithmetic is easy for you, try to make it easy for some one else. Wouldn't it be worth while to be excelled by some one whom you had helped on the road? Helped honestly, of course—at the right time, in the right way.

For a few of you older ones, this warning may not be useless: do not let your eagerness in your studies make you selfish in your home-life. Don't be so wrapped up in lessons that you forget father and mother, brothers and sisters. Keep some part of the day always clear to give to them. In a word, dear soldiers, little and big, go to school, as you think Jesus Christ would go to school, if He were a Boy among you now.

MABEL H. DESPARD.

THE SCOTCH THISTLE.

Little Minnie, in her eagerness after flowers, had wounded her hand on the sharp, prickly thistle.

"I do wish there was no such thing in the world," she said, pettishly.

"And yet the Scottish nation think so much of it, that they engrave it on the national arms," said her mother.

"It is the last flower I should pick out," said Minnie. "I am sure they could have found a great many nicer ones, even among the weeds."

"But this thistle did them such good service once," said her mother, "that they learned to esteem it very highly. One time the Danes invaded Scotland, and they prepared to make an attack on a sleeping garrison. So they crept along barefooted as still as possible, until they were almost on the spot. Just at that moment a barefooted soldier stepped on a great thistle, and the hurt made him utter a sharp, shrill cry of pain. The sound awoke the sleepers, and each man sprang to his arms. They fought with great bravery, and the invaders were driven back with much loss. So, you see, this thistle saved Scotland, and ever since it has been placed on their seals as their national flower."

"Well, I never could suspect that so small a thing could save a nation."

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King Street East.

A Quarter of a Million Dollars Worth of First-Class New Goods to be sold at less than the cost of manufacture. This is a Genuine Sale, and goods will be sold

FOR CASH ONLY.

Persons living at a distance of fifty to one hundred miles from the City will save their railway fare both ways on a purchase of \$25.00 to \$50.00.

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NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Coal, Public Buildings," will be received until Monday, 11th July next, for Coal Supply, for all or for any of the Dominion Public Buildings.

Specification, form of tender and all necessary information can be obtained at this Department on and after Monday the 30th instant.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

A. GOBBIL,

Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 16th June, 1887.

"Mother," asked a child, "since nothing is ever lost, where do all our thoughts go?"

"To God," answered the mother, gravely, "who remembers them forever."

"Forever!" said the child; he bent his head, and drawing closer to his mother, murmured: "I am frightened!"

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.—As a matter of economy it will pay every household to keep a bottle of Yellow Oil on hand for accidents or emergencies, in case of pain as a handy relief, and for wounds, burns, bruises and injuries. Rheumatism, neuralgia, quinsy and many painful diseases treated internally and externally by it often save large medical bills.