



SELF-SACRIFICE.

## SELF-SACRIFICE.

Susie came hurrying home from school one afternoon to prepare for a long walk in the woods which her teacher had promised the class. "We are to carry our lunch-baskets, mother," she cried, "and have a picnic. Won't it be splendid?"

"I hope you'll enjoy it, dear," replied her mother faintly; and then Susie noticed for the first time that her mother was really sick. Little Bessie, too, had a very lonely look as she sat on the floor with her toys.

"You have one of your bad headaches, mother, I am afraid," said Susie, "and I had better stay at home to-day." But Mrs. Parker could not bear her daughter to lose such a treat, and urged her to go. Susie hesitated a little; it was pretty hard to give it up; but presently she smiled, and, kissing her mother, said, "No, I could not be happy to leave you when you are so sick; I must take care of you."

Then she bathed the aching head, and urged her mother to try and sleep, while she kept little Bessie so quiet that presently the child fell asleep in her arms, and

she put her gently in the cradle. Next, she got supper ready, so that when her father came in he found mamma looking better and everything ready and in order.

In answer to his question, Susie heard her mother say, "Oh, I am much better, for I have had the rest I needed. Susie has been so good, and gave up her afternoon's pleasure of her own accord to stay at home and help me. She is such a comfort, I do not know what I should do without her."

And when, added to this praise, Susie received her father's hearty kiss and words of approval, she felt more than repaid for the sacrifice she had made. She was following the dear Saviour, who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister unto (or serve) others.

We rob God whenever we refuse to contribute a just and liberal share of our means to promote his glory and sustain his church.

Obedience to God always brings unnumbered blessings.

## A NATIONAL HYMN.

BY THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

From our Dominion never  
Take thy protecting hand.  
United, Lord, for ever  
Keep thou our fathers' land!  
From where Atlantic terrors  
Our hardy seamen train,  
To where the salt sea mirrors  
The vast Pacific chain.  
Aye, one with her whose thunder  
Keeps world watch with the hours,  
Guard Freedom's home and wonder,  
"This Canada of ours."

Fair days of fortune send her  
Be thou her shield and sun!  
Our land, our flag's Defender,  
Unite our hearts as one!  
One flag, one land, upon her  
May every blessing rest!  
For loyal faith and honour  
Her children's deeds attest.

No stranger's foot, insulting,  
Shall tread our country's soil;  
While stand her sons exulting  
For her to live and toil.  
She hath the victor's guerdon,  
Hers are the conquering powers,  
No foeman's yoke shall burden  
"This Canada of ours."

Our sires, when times were sorest,  
Asked none but aid divine,  
And cleared the tangled forest,  
And wrought the buried mine,  
They tracked the floods and fountains  
And won, with master hand,  
Far more than gold in mountains,  
The glorious prairie land.

O Giver of earth's treasure,  
Make thou our nation strong;  
Pour forth thine hot displeasure  
On all who work our wrong;  
To our remotest border  
Let plenty still increase,  
Let Liberty and Order  
Bid ancient feuds to cease.

May Canada's fair daughters  
Keep house for hearts as bold  
As theirs who o'er the waters  
Came hither first of old,  
The pioneers of nations!  
They showed the world the way;  
'Tis ours to keep their stations,  
And lead the van to-day.

Inheritors of glory  
O countrymen! we swear  
To guard the flag whose story  
Shall onward victory bear,  
Where'er through earth's far regions  
Its triple crosses fly,  
For God, for home, our legions  
Shall win or fighting die.