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Children's Bepartment.

A QUEER ORPHANS' HOME

By Hilda Richmond

Silly old Speckle came proudly to the house one morning in late September with twelve downy little balls, and the children were delighted.

"Mama! mama! look at these beautiful little chicks!" they screamed. "Speckle's got a whole lot of new chicks!"

But mama did not look very happy when she saw them.

"You foolish old Speckle!" she "Don't you know that very soon cold weather will come, and your babies' toes will be pinched by the frost. I'm astonished at you.

But Speckle said, "Cluck, cluck!" in a way that sounded just like, "Look! Look!" to the children, and proudly scratched out a tiny worm from the neglected flower-bed. "Look! Look!" she said again, showing them a few seeds left on the straggling vines, and then led her babies out into the sunshine, for the air was very cool.

"Will they all freeze?" asked the children sadly.

"I am afraid they will," said Mrs. Owen. "The coop is not warm enough for such tiny little things, Speckle can't keep them warm all the time."

And that night a very terrible thing happened. Some thief stole Speckle right out of her coop, leaving the twelve babies to peep and shiver till daylight, when the children discovered the loss. The back gate was open, and two other hens were gone, so there was no doubt that a thief had been there. The orphans were consoled with an old feather-duster, and the nicest, fattest worms the children could find, together with bread-crumbs soaked in milk that mama prepared for their breakfast; but still they were very forlorn. A feather-duster doesn't say a word, nor can it cuddle the



"I tell you, Boss, need le are so par-ticular about the Shor Polish they use that they ask me each night to be sure and use "2 im 1."

It's easier for me, too, and you should see the smile I get in the morning."



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HYMN 27

'The Lord's Name is praised from the rising up of the sun unto the going down of the same.' Ps cxiii. 3.

I THE day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended, The darkness falls at Thy behest; To Thee our morning hymns ascended, Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

2 We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping, While earth rolls onward into light, Through all the world her watch is keeping, And rests not now by day or night.

3 As o'er each continent and island The dawn leads on another day, The voice of prayer is never silent, Nor dies the strain of praise away.

4 The sun that bids us rest is waking Our brethren 'neath the western sky, And hour by hour fresh lips are making Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

5 So be it, LORD; Thy throne shall never. Like earth's proud empires, pass away; Thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever, Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway. Amen.

REV. JOHN ELLERTON, 1870

Revised for Ch. Hys., 1871. He wrote also Saviour, again to Thy dear Name we raise; This is the day of light; Our day of praise is done; Now the labourer's task is o'er; When the day of toil is done, and eighteen others which appear in the B.C.P. His annotated edition of 2 C. H. is a very valuable work. The above is author's last revision. i. 4. 'hallow now our rest;' v. 3. But stand, and rule and grow for ever,' are readings in 1871. It was written as an Empire hymn, first meant for use at missionary meetings. It was chosen by the late Queen Victoria for one of the hymns at the Diamond Jubilee service held on the same day in thousands of churches throughout the Empire. The last verse was singularly appropriate.

Tunes. St. Clement and Radford, the latter by Samuel Sebastian Wesley, grandson of Rev. Charles Wesley, and organist of Gloucester Cathedral, the composer of Aurelia (The Church's one foundation.)

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OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.

OXFORD: PRINTED AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS TOR ONTO: HENRY FROMIE, 25:27 KICEMONI STELLIN WIST

chicks and keep order and keep them from running away, so the poor little things missed Speckle very much.

"What are you going to do with those chicks?" asked the man who came to buy some apples. "They'll freeze here. I'll tell what I''ll do. I'll take them home and put them in my greenhouse to catch the bugs and eat up the insects. It's nice and warm there, and when they get big enough, you can get them again. Your papa has done many things for me, and I'll be glad to help raise the orphans."

me, and I'll be glad to help raise the warm house, where they could bask in the sunshine and find their own bugs on the pretty plants. At night they huddled near the hot-water pipe under the old duster, and soon grew so large that they could sleep by themselves anywhere.

"Isn't this a queer orphans' home?" said Fanny one day as she and Ned went to the greenhouse to see how the chicks were getting along. "It has no beds and no tables for the children, but they are all doing very well."

Ned and Fanny never heard what became of poor Speckle, but her children grew to be so big and saucy that they had to leave the orphan's home because they ate the tomatoes and

picked holes in the cucumbers instead of sticking to the bugs and worms. They are fat and lusty, and really look better than the children brought up at home with the fussy old hens; so you see it was a good home for them, even if Fanny did think it queer.—The Sunday School

MRS. MURAL'S HIRED MAN.

"Please, Mrs. Mural, have you found a man to do your work yet?" asked Ben in what he thought was a very grown-up tone.

"No sonny," said the old lady, pleasantly, "men seem to be very scarce just now. Do you know of anyone wanting such a place?"

"Yes, Johnny Hilt and me," said

When you jump out of bed, jump for

SOLD EVERYWHERE.