

## REPORT OF THE BABIES.

BEING A RECORD OF FACTS.

**O**F the happy workers,  
Youngest ones are we;  
That we're *very* little  
Any one can see.

P'r'aps you think our help, too,  
Must be also small,  
But we're sure it's better  
Far than none at all.

Would you know the many  
Things we've learned to do?  
Listen, and the secret  
We will tell to you.

I made lots of stitches  
In a patchwork square—  
Hardest work I ever  
Did too, I declare.

I can't sew; but grandma  
Holders made for me;  
These I sold to carry  
Light across the sea.

I shelled beans for heathen  
(Papa-said I might;)  
So my little fingers  
Made a shilling bright.

My mamma, to help me  
Bottled up some ink;  
I've sold seventy cents' worth;  
Now, what do you think?

Out of auntie's pansies  
I've picked every weed,  
And she's going to give me  
All I sell of seed.

I can'muse the baby  
When he wants to play;  
Many a shining penny  
I have made this way.

Sometimes I run errands  
Over 'cross the street—  
Earn our mission-money  
Helping older feet.

So you see, though little,  
We've found work to do;  
When we said we helped some,  
Don't you think 'twas true?

## GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

**T**HROUGHOUT the British Empire the 20th of June will be observed with great rejoicing and eclat because it is the jubilee of Queen Victoria's glorious reign. A reign of fifty years is one of unusual length, but few there are throughout the whole of the great empire who do not wish that the good Queen's reign might be continued for fifty years longer; but that of course cannot be. The National Anthem will be sung by "ten thousand times ten thousand" voices in all parts of the world on the day of the glad jubilee.

We would suggest that the verse usually sung as the second verse be left out as scarcely suitable for

the times and particularly in the colonies. It is a verse which to many people has always seemed awkward in its rhythm and expression, and to be somewhat wanting in that gentler spirit of Christian love which we would expect to find in a prayer addressed directly to the Deity:—

"O Lord, our God arise  
Scatter her enemies  
And make them fall!"

In a martial sense this may be all right, but scarcely in a Christian sense. And then what follows seems to be wanting in that dignity which such a direct prayer should always carry with it, especially as the word "confound" is so constantly used in a light manner of denunciation among those who feel that they must have some word, however mild, wherewith to express an anathema. The word "politics" has scarcely the meaning that it seems to have had when the words were written, for if so what answer could we expect to the prayer, "Confound their politics"? Again the expression "Knavish tricks" is scarcely defensible as used in a prayer to the King of Heaven. Is it a well expressed or well judged prayer to say to God, even of enemies,

"Confound their politics,  
Frustrate their knavish tricks"?

And then the sudden change of sentiment to,  
"On Thee our hopes we fix,"

is to say the least awkward.

For these reasons, coupled with the fact that these are days of peace, long it is hoped to remain such, and that the Queen has few enemies, and also that the National Anthem should be sung in Christian churches, we should suggest that this martial if not savage verse be left out, or replaced by something of a kindlier nature. For us in the colonies we would suggest a verse which we remember having heard long ago, but of the author of which we are ignorant. By this arrangement the National Anthem might be made suitable for Canada and especially for singing in our churches, as follows, the new verse to which we refer being placed last:—

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,  
God save the Queen.  
May she defend our laws,  
And ever give us cause  
To sing with heart and voice,  
God save the Queen.

Far from the mother land,  
Nobly we'll fall or stand  
By England's Queen.  
Through towns and forests free,  
Britons undaunted we  
Sing with true loyalty,  
God save the Queen.