

### JUBILEE VERSION OF GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

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

Through fifty years now past,  
'Mid changing scenes, thou hast  
Watched ever near;  
When dangers dark did lower,  
Proved her defence and tower,  
And in grief's trying hour  
Whispered sweet cheer.

Still be thy blessings shed  
On her fast-aging head,  
And at life's close,  
Lighted by faith's bright ray,  
May death's mysterious way  
Lead up to cloudless day,  
Heaven's calm repose.

E. S. CASWELL.

### MAKING BABY GOOD.

BERTIE, Tom, and baby were playing together—not in the pleasantest way, though, for baby could not always understand when his turn came and when it didn't, or why it couldn't be his turn all the time. So he took turns when he ought not to, and became cross if anyone tried to prevent him.

Bert was not the most patient boy in the world, and, boy-like, he began to think baby a little tyrant—which he was, without meaning to be—and to rebel against his frequent interferences.

"Mamma!" shouted he, come and make baby play fair." And then, when mamma arrived on the scene, he added more thoughtfully. "I don't see why God couldn't have made a good baby instead of a cross one."

Mamma looked amused rather than shocked. Indeed, it was Master Bert who looked quite shocked when she quietly replied. "Judging from your work since you began to make him, baby would not be much improved if you had made him just to your liking."

"Me make baby?" And Bert looked very much mystified.

"Yes; you have been helping to make

him ever since God gave him to us. God only made him a baby. It is you and Tom who, more than anyone else, make him either a good or a bad baby. Look at him now."

As directed, Bert, who was standing with his hands behind his back, wondering what his mother meant, cast his eyes upon his little brother, and saw him standing in exactly the same position, his hands behind him, trying to look as much like him as possible.

"Push your hat on one side of your head," said mamma.

Bert did so, and the baby immediately did the same with his hat.

"Whistle a little," suggested mamma.

In an instant, as soon as he heard the sound, baby, too, was puckering his little lips, doing all he could toward producing a whistle. This irritated Bert, who turned and said, "Stop mocking me!" and gave baby a push. The reply was a scream of remonstrance and an angry push from baby. "See, you are making him still after your own pattern. He is just a small copy of yourself. Now try making him another way. Put your arms around his neck and kiss him."

Bert obeyed, though rather unwillingly; and baby's face at once cleared, and Bert got a loving hug and kiss from him.

"I told you he wouldn't be cross if you were not," said Tom, who had been an interested listener.

"He will be just what you boys make him. He is only acting now by imitating you boys and others; and, as he is most with you, you are really making him."

"Well, Tom," said Bert, after a moment's thought, "let's not make any more cross into baby." And Tom agreed.—*Morning London Guide.*

### A LITTLE CHILD'S PRAYER.

A LITTLE girl, four years of age, had been out doors all day, and being over tired, when she went to bed was very restless and could not sleep.

Her father, noticing her restlessness, went to see what was the matter, when she pleaded to be taken to her mother's room. Her father kindly placed her cot beside her mother's bed, made her comfortable as he thought, and prepared to go to rest himself. But he was still troubled about his little child, for he could hear that she was not yet asleep. After lying still for some time, he heard her quietly crying, so he softly said:

"Are you still awake, darling?"

"Yes, dada," was the answer.

"What is the matter, my pet?"

"Oh, dada, me dare not go to sleep."

"Why not, dear? father and mother are here."

"Yes, dada, dear; but me did not see you say your prayers—and how can you 'speak' to be tept safe all night?" And she burst into tears, saying, "Dada, dada, do pray, do pray."

While trying to quiet her, the little brother, two years older, was awakened, and came trotting to the door to know what was the matter. The little girl cried out, "Oh, Charlie, me is afraid to go to sleep. Dada hasn't asked God to keep him safe—he did not pray."

The little boy then began also to cry, but he soon said, "Don't mind, Det, dear you and me will ask God to keep our dear dada safely."

So the two little ones knelt down to ask God and the father felt obliged to do the same. It was the first time he had been on his knees in prayer for years, and the mother watched it all with tearful eyes and thankful heart.

The little girl's father said, only the other day—and it is now two years since it happened—"I shall never forget it—I cannot get away from it; had it not been for the child's grief and importunity, I should have been by this time an openly avowed unbeliever, sceptical doubts being constantly in my mind."

Still every night the little girl says to him, when bidding him good night, "Dada, dear, you won't forget to pray, will you?"

### LITTLE SWEEP'S PRAYER.

ONE Sabbath a little boy of ten years of age came into a Sunday-school class. He led a very uncomfortable life as a chimney sweep in the service of a hard master. The teacher was talking about prayer, and turning to this little fellow, asked him:

"And you, my friend, do you ever pray?" "Oh, yes, sir." "And when do you do it?" "You go out very early in the morning, do you not?" "Yes, sir, and we are only half awake when we leave the house. I think about God, but cannot say what I pray then." "When then?" "You see, sir, our master orders us to mount the chimney quick, but does not forbid us to rest a little when we are at the top. Then I sit on the top of the chimney and pray." "And what do you say?" "Ah, sir, very little I know no grand words with which to speak to God. Most frequently I only repeat short verse." "What is that?" "God be merciful to me a sinner."