

Move to music's entrancing strain,
 White hands folded o'er marble hearts—
 Each under the mantling snow-drifts rests,
 And the wind their requiem sounds o'er and o'er,
 In the oft-repeated "No more, no more!"

"No more, no more!" I shall ever hear
 That funeral dirge in its moanings drear;
 But I may not linger with faltering head,
 Anear my treasures—anear my dead;
 On through many a thorny maze,
 Up slippery rocks, through tangled ways,
 Lieth my cloud-mantled path, afar
 From that buried vale where my treasures are.

But there bursts a light through the heavy gloom,
 From the sun-bright towers of my distant home;
 Fainter the wail of the sad "no more,"
 Is heard as I slowly near that shore,
 And sweet home voices come sad and low,
 Half-drowning that requiem's dirge-like flow.

I know it is sorrow's baptism stern,
 That has given me this for my home to yearn—
 That has quickened my ear to the tender call
 Which down from the jasper heights doth fall—
 And lifted my soul from the songs of earth,
 To music of higher and holier birth,
 Turning the tide of a yearning love
 To the beautiful things that are found above;
 And I bless my Father through blinding tears,
 For the chastening love of departed years,
 For hiding my idols so low—so low—
 Over the mountains, under the snow.

—MRS. J. C. YULE, (P. S. VIXING.)

GOOD HUMOURED BABIES.—A person writing from Amsterdam thus tells about the good-natured babies to be seen in the streets of that town: "The great number of infants carried about in the arms of servant maids is surprising. Where they all come from, and whither they are going, is difficult to tell. They are the most phlegmatic, contented, independent-looking little creatures on the face of the globe. I believe they never-cry. With a view to test their composure, and as a physiological experiment, I pinched several of them as I passed them in the crowd; but I might as well have pinched one of the countless windmills that are eternally moving their long arms in every direction. One of them slightly yawned, the others merely gazed placidly at me, but made no sign. One reason of the good temper displayed by Young Holland is that he spends so much of his time in the open air. From the time an infant is a month old, it is taken out every fine day, with as much regularity as the nursery clock permits. Blessed is the open air."