

I groped in vain among the long, damp grass,
 And then bethought me of a hollow place
 Against the hill, close by the road, and there
 I found a little dripping thing, which sobbed
 And moaned, as I upraised it and returned
 To mount my horse, which waited patiently
 For my approach. I tucked the little one
 Under my coat, and promised I would bring
 The sobbing child to its own home again,
 And so it fell asleep against my breast.

Onward in haste I rode, until I saw
 The windows of my house all lighted up;
 I thought my loving wife had, for my sake,
 Done this to guide me home; but ere I reached
 The door, I heard the voices from within,
 And saw the shadows flitting to and fro,
 And knew by this some dire calamity
 Had come upon us. Almost numb with fear
 I stood, all powerless to upraise the latch;
 And when I mustered courage, I beheld
 The parlor full of strangers; and my wife
 Sobbing in deep distress. She hid her face
 And said, Oh! do not tell him; it will kill
 My husband when he hears the dreadful truth."
 "What is it, neighbors?" I exclaimed, when one
 Old, honest farmer said, "O, nothing now,
 I hope; for what is that within your coat?"
 "A poor, lost child of someone's," I replied,
 "I found it on the road, three miles away,
 Moaning, and nearly dead." But when I gave
 The little sleeping thing to one of them;
 And, in the blazing light, saw that the child
 I saved from death was my own darling pet;
 My darling Annie—who had wandered out
 To meet papa, and whom, for many hours,
 Till heavy rains set in, and all was dark,
 They sought in vain—I sank upon my knees
 In presence of them all, and gratefully
 Gave thanks to God, for rescuing my child.

And, though full many years have passed since
 then,

I often think, how could I bear to live,
 Had I not stopped old Roger when I heard
 That baby cry, scarce louder than the chirp
 Of a young squirrel in the pathless woods.
 And feelings of the deepest gratitude
 Pervade my spirit, as I thank the Lord
 For rescuing my darling little one.

JOHN RYLEY ROBINSON.

SPRING.

(From *The Century Bric-a-Brac.*)

As little children gather round their mother,
 And beg her a familiar tale to tell,—
 One that is dearer far than any other,
 Because so often heard and known so well;

And as they watch her, prompting should she falter,
 And any variation quickly see,
 And cry, "Don't tell it so, don't change and alter,
 We want it just the way it used to be,"—

So do we come to thee, O Nature—Mother,
 And never tire of listening to thy tales.
 Tell us thy spring-time story now, no other,
 That hath a wonderous charm, which never fails.

Tell it with all the old-time strength and glory,
 Fill it with many a happy song and shout;
 Don't miss one bird or blossom in the story,
 Don't leave one daffodil or daisy out.

Tell us each shade in all the tree's soft greening,
 Don't skip one blade of grass, one bee, one wren,—
 Each little thing has grown so full of meaning,
 In the dear story we would hear again.

O Mother Nature! thou art old and hoary,
 And wonderful and strange things thou canst tell;
 But we, like children, love the spring-time story,
 And think it best because we know it well.

BESSIE CHANDLER.

Literary Notices.

THE OLD TESTAMENT STUDENT for May is before us. We briefly notice some of its articles as of special interest. There is a continuation of short articles upon Bible studies in theological seminaries. Evidently the trend of opinion now is in the direction of exegetical rather than of dogmatic theology. Dig out of the Bible its gems, do not first make a crown and then set them in, dig all out first, and then study their relation to each other. Dr. Dexter says: "I think the great lack of our theological instruction is that it does not sufficiently ground men in the Bible, that it takes a predetermined system of doctrine into the scripture to look for support, rather than saturating the mind with scripture and evolving a theology hence." The fame of Dr. Pye Smith, of Homerton Congregational College, was once a household word among students of all names. Geology was then in its infancy, but Genesis was nevertheless a difficulty in the way. Dr. Pye Smith urged that a strict literal interpretation of the Genesis account of creation was not called for unless it be for that "part of the world which God was adapting to the habitation of man and the animals connected with him." As, according to Hugh Miller, this view "virtually removes scripture out of the field of geology," geologists have passed it by. What would they do if Genesis were not there to be either attacked or reconciled? Prof. E. M. Terry, of Illinois, maintains that this position of Dr. Pye Smith has never been successfully proved untenable, and insists upon the absurdity of reading our conceptions of the words "heavens and earth" into records thousands of years old, and urges upon general acceptance the main position of this pioneer in the geological field. We confess to considerable sympathy with Prof. Terry when he writes "that such a theory as that of Smith, which makes no attempt at reconciliation," because it finds no universal star dust in the narrative, conserves the very life of religious doctrines more nobly than any theory "which is bound to find science or variance with science, in words that were never designed to guide men in the ways of geology and astronomy." This monthly "student" is a most valuable help to old Testament study. (The American Publication Society of Hebrew. Morgan Park, Ill.)

THE TORONTO WILLARD TRACT DEPOSITORY of Toronto, advertise for June a new Canadian edition of Father Chiniquy's great work "Fifty years in the church of Rome." This work is the crowning effort of Pere Chiniquy's life. We have also received from the so-