

The Baby.

(From the French of M. Victor Hugo.)

BY THE REV. MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.
SILENCE and gloom depart when baby's face
is seen;
Her coming drives away all sorrow and all
spleen,
And fills each eye with light;
The saddest brow unbends, and grief has no
more tears,
And even the sinning soul is pure when she
appears,
So innocent and bright.

Whether June strews her flowers, or cold
November's brawl
Makes our chairs touch around the great fire
in the hall,
And crowds the hours with talk,—
Joy comes when baby comes, 'tis summer in
our hearts;
We laugh and shout; the trembling mother
smiles and starts
When baby tries to walk.

In laboured phrase we speak, and stir the
glowing coal,
Of country and of God, of poets, of the soul
In prayers upraised from earth:
Baby appears, and soon from themes so
grave and high
We turn, and noble bards, and stern philoso-
phy
Are drowned in hearty mirth.

At night when sleep has away, and dreams
possess the soul,
A plaintive yearning voice we hear—a sound
of dole,
Moaning the reeds among;—
Then suddenly the morn shines like a beacon
star,
And wakes in field, and wood, and village,
near and far,
The birds and bells to song.

Dear babe, thou art the dawn, and my heart
the plaining voice,
Which, breathing fragrant air all sweet with
flowers and joys,
Breaks singing through the gloom;
My soul a forest is whose sombre trees are
bright
With rays of love, and filled with music of
delight,
To see the baby come.

For thy soft eyes do beam with infinite
gentleness;
Thy tiny hands have done no wrong, done
naught but bless,
And heaven is in their hold;
Thy young feet never yet have trod our
muddy ways—
Oh! sacred infant head! how fair! around
it plays
An aureole of gold.

Thou art the little dove that fills our ark
with hope;
Thy wings must fly awhile in short and
narrow scope,
Till feet have grown more sure;
With thy wide eyes of surprise the world
all new is seen
Twofold virginity; thy infant flesh all clean,
Thy infant soul all pure.

How beautiful the babe, with her sweet and
ready faith,
Her sunny smile, her voice that everything
essayeth,
Her tears two words dismiss;
Her wondering eyes that rove in ever fresh
delight,
Giving her soul in glee to all things glad
and bright,
Her mouth to every kiss.

Save, kindest heaven, from this, and all I
love defend;
And to my enemies, to them that hate me
send—
No greater grief can come—
The sorrowing summer meads without a
flower to see,
The cage without a bird, the hive without
a bee,
And not a babe at home!

—ALBERTON, Prince Edward Island.

A LITTLE girl, who had been naughty
and was punished by her mother, made
the following prayer when she went to
bed at night: "O God, please make
me good; not real good, but just good
enough so I won't have to be whipped."

England in Sorrow.

DEATH OF DUKE LEOPOLD.

THIS sad visitation has come so
suddenly upon the whole land, like
thunder from a cloudless sky, that the
grief is not only widespread but deep,
and the surrounding nations are moved
by a common sympathy.

The Prince inherited a frail consti-
tution, and from the first was the
object of great solicitude and care.
Nevertheless, he developed intellectu-
ally, and gave the highest promise of
great usefulness and honour to the
nation.

Of the few glimpses which have
been given into the boyhood of the
Prince, that which was afforded in a
recent speech by Prof. Tyndall is in-
teresting.

"It is now more than twenty years
since I was invited, with three or four
very distinguished men, to go down to
Osborne and talk to the children of
the Queen upon matters connected
with science. Taken from my studies,
I did not expect more than familiar
conversation, but I found that I had
to lecture before her Majesty herself;
and, being entirely undisciplined in
the manners of the court, I fear my
behaviour in the presence of the Queen
was not what it ought to have been,
and my uncertainty in this respect
was a cause of intense discomfort to
me. But, on the following morning,
the discomfort melted away like a
cloud in the presence of the cordial,
merry laughter and pleasant conver-
sation of the Prince—(Prince Leopold)
—then a little boy. The Prince took
me over his little garden, showed me
his implements of husbandry, wheel-
barrows, spades, rakes, and hoes allotted
to him, his brothers, and his sisters by
their most noble and wise father. He
showed me their museum, and told me
to whom each of the objects belonged,
and it was a profound comfort to me,
for I felt that I was standing not in
the presence of any hollow artificiality,
but in the presence of royal persons,
who had changed hollowness and arti-
ficiality for the cultivation of those
virtues which lie in the power of every
upright wise man in any grade of
society. I returned cheered and en-
abled to get through the remainder of
my work much more happily than I
should otherwise have done."

Some weeks ago the Duke went to
the south of France, to avoid the
rigors of March in his native clime.
He intended to be absent but a short
time, but so happy was the influence of
the change, that he remained as many
weeks as he had intended days. He
was at times in a serious and reverential
mood, and used to gaze long and
wistfully over the luxurious grounds
before him to the deep blue sea beyond.
Turning at one time to Capt. Perceval,
he said quietly, "I would rather die
here than anywhere else in the world."
He died in that very room.

A few days before his intended re-
turn to England he met with a fall.
"The Duke," said Capt. Perceval, at
whose villa he was entertained, "al-
though suffering acute pain after his
fall on the steps of the Cercle Nautique,
was not rendered unconscious, and
almost his first words to me, when he
saw that he would be unable to meet
those whom he expected, were, 'Please
entertain my guests for me.' I did as
he requested. After being attended
to at the Villa Nevada the Duke
rallied completely. He wrote some

letters, dined, and was in bright spirits.
But I feared the shock, and got Dr.
Royle to lie in the same room with
him. About midnight there was a
sudden collapse. The Duke was then
in great pain, but this subsided under
Dr. Royle's care and attention. He
grew marvellously calm as death ap-
proached, and passed away from earth
lying in my arms peacefully and tran-
quilly. There was but one faint shud-
der at the close, and all was over. A
few moments afterwards and he looked
exactly as though asleep."

The telegraph flashed the sad intelli-
gence in every direction, and sorrow
fills the land. The funeral took place
at Windsor, and his remains will rest
with those of his honored father, at
Frogmore, near by.

On the following Sabbath all the
churches were draped in mourning,
and the ministers in prayers and ser-
mons referred to the public loss.

At St. Margaret's, which stands just
at the side of Westminster Abbey, we
were permitted to hear a sermon from
Archdeacon, better known in America
as Canon Farrar, from the words of
Jesus, spoken to Martha, "I am the
resurrection and the life," highly eulo-
gistic of the late Duke, and in loving
and loyal sympathy with the royal
family in its bereavement. The ser-
vices, which were solemn and impre-
sive, closed with the singing of a hymn,
printed on a separate slip, with special
directions, "Not to be taken away."
But we begged the privilege of carry-
ing a copy with us to America, the last
verse of which will close this article:

"And when the Lord shall summon us
Whom thou hast left behind,
May we, untainted by the world,
As sure a welcome find;
May each, like thee, depart in peace,
To be a glorious guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

Fain Our Een Wad See the River.

(AIR.—"Shall we Gather at the River?")

Fain our een wad see the River,
Whaur God's bairns hae their abode,
Soft and bonny, rowin' ever,
Glintin' in the smile o' God.

Yes, our een shall see the River,
The saftly-flowin', bonny, lown River;
Trystit wi' the Saints at the River
That rows in the smile o' God.

Lang our hearts were at the breakin',
Saut the tears we aften shed;
There nane says "I am forsaken;"
Woes and tears forever fled.
Yes, our een shall see, etc.

Green the trees beside the River;
Bright the gowden fruits they bear;
Peace, and love, and joy, forever
Find their ain leal country there.
Yes, our een shall see, etc.

—William Wye Smith.

Scottish Stories.

THERE is a peculiar charm about
Scottish Stories narrated in the Scottish
dialect. There is a quaintness, a
humour, and a shrewdness in the queer
proverbial sayings that are both amus-
ing and instructive. The following
books, published by the eminent Edin-
burgh house of Oliphant, Anderson &
Ferrer, are among the best of the class,
admirably adapted for Sunday-schools,
with sound religious teaching, and
not too difficult in dialect for even
young folk to understand. They are
all elegantly bound and illustrated.

*Jock Halliday, the Grass-Market
Hero*, by ROBINA F. HARDY, is a tale
of life and character in an old city
parish. It tells how the poor live in

the narrow wynds and closes, and in
the lofty houses of "Auld Reekie."
It vividly portrays the evils of intem-
perance, and the moral transformation
accomplished by means of the house-
hold visitation so largely introduced
and practiced by good Dr. Guthrie. So
pleased was the Book Steward with
this story, that he purchased the plates
for a Canadian edition for our schools.

Tom Taffer's Shadow, is another
story of every-day life in Edinburgh,
by the same author, of similar charac-
ter and merit.

*Trot's Message; or, Whom Have I
in Heaven But Thee?* is another story,
by the same author, written for child-
ren, and showing the influence of child-
life.

The Christian Life Series, contains
two strongly written stories, by ANNIE
S. SWAN, author of "Aldersyde," a tale,
which elicited the hearty commenda-
tion of Mr. Gladstone. *Marion Forsyth;
or, Unspotted From the World*, tells
how a noble Christian girl, for Christ's
sake, gave up life's bright hopes in
obedience to the command, "Be not
unequally yoked with unbelievers."
"Mistaken," illustrates the folly and
wickedness of neglecting home duties
for even philanthropic work.

Elder Logie's Story about the Kirks,
by JOHN STRATHESK. "Bits from
Blinkbonny." Sketches from manse
life, by this author, has been a won-
derful success. In "The Elder's Story,"
he recounts in "Scotch made easy,"
the heroic tale of the Covenanters and
their successors—the historic secessions,
and the happy unions of the Scottish
Churches. It is an instructive story,
even when it reveals the failings of
good men. It reveals also the strong
religious spirit of Scottish character,
which is the chief element of Scottish
success.

Little Blue Bird, the Girl Missionary,
by the same author, is well adapted to
interest children in Mission work.

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WE have before us three volumes
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to the fairy realms of science, and
cultivate the powers of observation
and reasoning. They are about 70
pages each, handsomely illustrated, and
sold in cloth for 50 cents per volume.

The first is *Forms of Land and Water*,
giving an account of the earth, and its
physical economy.

Vegetable Life describes in simple
style, with many pictures, the wonders
of the vegetable world.

The Lowest Forms of Water Animals
describes in similar manner the sponges,
anemones, coral makers, etc. It opens
up a wonder world to the mind, and,
with the other books, will invest all
nature with a new interest and new
charm.

LAST Christmas-eve Mrs. J.— went
upstairs to see if the children had hung
up their stockings for Santa Claus, and
found that little Fred had pinned his
up in a prominent place, with a little
slip of paper attached, containing this
suggestive sentence: "The Lord loveth
a cheerful giver."