

(From the London Watchman.)

To the Infant Princess Royal.

Welcome, bud beside the rose,
On whose stem our safety grows;
Welcome, little Saxon Guelph;
Welcome for thine own small self;
Welcome for thy father, mother;
Proud the one, and safe the other;
Welcome to three kingdoms; nay,
Such is thy potential day,
Welcome, little, mighty birth,
To our human star—the earth.

Some have wished thee boy: and some
Gladly wait till boy shall come,
Counting it a genial sign
When a lady leads the line.
What imports it, girl or boy?
England's old historic joy
Well might be content to see
Queens alone come after thee;
Twenty visions of thy mother
Following sceptered, each the other,
Linking with their roses white
Ages of unborn delight.
What imports it who shall lead,
So that the good line succeed?
So that love and peace fell sure
Of old hate's discomfiture?
Thee appearing by the rose,
Safety comes, and peril goes:
Thee appearing, earth's new spring
Fears no winter's "grievous king";
Hope anew leaps up, and dances
In the hearts of human chances.
France, the brave but too quick-blooded,
Wisely has her threat re-studied;
England now is safe as she,
From the strifes that need not be;
And the realms thus hushed and still,
Earth with fragrant thought may fill,
Growing harvests of all good,
Day by day as planet should,
Till it clasp its hands, and cry,
Hail, matur'd humanity!
Earth has outgrown want and war!
Earth is now no childish star.

But, behold, where thou dost lie,
Heeding nought, remote or nigh!
Nought of all the news we sing
Dost thou know sweet ignorant thing:
Nought of planet's love, nor people's;
Nor dost hear the giddy steeples
Carolling of thee and thine,
As if heav'n had rais'd them wine;
Nor dost care for all the pains
Of ushers and of chamberlains,
Nor the doctors' learned looks,
Nor the very bishop's books,
Nor the lace that wraps thy chin,
No, nor for thy rank, a peer.
E'en thy father's loving hand
No ways dost thou understand,
When he makes thee feebly grasp
His finger with a tiny clasp;
Nor dost know thy very mother's
Balm bosom from another's,
Though thy small blind lips pursue it;
Nor the arms that draw thee to it;
Nor the eyes, that while they fold thee,
Never can enough behold thee.

Mother true and good has she,
Little strong one, been to thee,
Nor with listless in-door ways
Weaken'd thee for future days,
But has done her strenuous duty
To thy brain and to thy beauty,
Till thou can'st a blossom bright,
Worth the kiss of air and light;
To thyself a healthy pleasure;
To the world, a balm and treasure.

A WIFE.—When a man of sense comes to marry, it is a companion that he wants, not an artist. It is not merely a creature who can paint or play, and sing and dance; it is a being who can comfort and judge, discourse and discriminate: one who can assist him in his affairs, lighten his sorrows, purify his joys, strengthen his principles, and educate his children. Such is the woman who is fit for a mother and the mistress of a family. A woman of the former description occasionally figures in the drawing room, and attracts the admiration of company, but she is entirely unfit for a helpmate to a man, and to "train up a child in the way he should go."

THERE is no learned man but will confess he hath much profited by reading controversies, his senses awakened, his judgment sharpened, and the truth which he holds more firmly established. If then it be profitable for him to read, why should it not at least be tolerable and free for his adversary to write? In logic, they teach that contraries laid together more evidently appear. It follows then, that all controversy being permitted, falsehood will appear more false, and truth the more true, which must needs conduce much to the general confirmation of an implicit truth.—*Milton.*

CHILDHOOD is like a mirror, catching and reflecting images from all around it. Remember that an impious or profane thought, uttered by a parent's lip, may operate on the young heart like a careless spray of water thrown upon polished steel, staining it with rust which no after scouring can efface.