

and grip of man relaxed, the woman looked down at both, laughed again, and glided from the court.

"Poor devil, too much drink," said his brother officers sadly, next morn-

ing, when they saw him, but the native servants whispered together and said, "He interfered with the Brown Woman and her snake-lover."

GOD'S FOOT ON THE CRADLE.

BY (REV.) J. H. CHANT.

The air is chill with the frost of doubt,
 And men's hearts are sadly failing;
 They do not hear the great Victor's shout,
 But indulge in bitter wailing.
 "The old gives place to the new," they say,
 "And fond hopes are daily buried,
 "Our cherished views are oft borne away,
 "As if by the tempest hurried.
 "The world is stirred to its very heart,
 "And the church shares the commotion;
 "With systems old we are loathe to part,
 "To sail on an unknown ocean.
 "The world now heaves like the great sea's breast,
 "And rocks like an infant's cradle,
 "And looking up, by sore grief oppressed,
 "We find the sky draped in sable."

I will not fear though the earth should rock,
 If God's foot be on the cradle;
 But rest in peace 'midst the tempest's shock
 Rejoicing that God is able
 To still the world with his mighty hand,
 If His timid child should waken,
 Or if it rock, He will by me stand,
 And my heart shall not be shaken.

VIENNA, ONT.