

"MAY I KISS THAT BABY?"

To a soldier, far away from home, there is no more touching sight than that of a baby in its mother's arms.

While on their way to Gettysburg, our troops were marching by night through a village, over whose gateways hung lighted lanterns, while young girls shed tears as they watched the brothers of other women march on to possible death. A scene of the march is thus described by the author of "Bullet and Shell."

Stopping for a moment at the gate of a dwelling, I noticed a young mother leaning over it with a chubby child in her arms. Above the woman's head swung a couple of stable lanterns, their light falling full upon her face. The child was crouching with delight at the strange pageant as it watched the armed host pass on.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am" said Jim Manners, one of my men, as he dropped the butt of his musket on the ground, and peered wistfully into the faces of the mother and her child.

"I beg pardon, but may I kiss that baby of yours? I've got one just like him at home; at least he was when I last saw him, two years ago."

The mother, a sympathetic tear rolling down her blooming cheek, silently held out the child. Jim pressed his unshaven face to its innocent, smiling lips for a moment, and then walked on, saying:

"God bless you ma'am, for that!"

Poor Jim Manners! He never saw his boy again in life. A bullet laid him low next day, as we made our first charge.

THE VIRTUE OF A CHEERFUL FACE.

In one of the board schools situated in a densely populated district of Glasgow on the morning immediately succeeding the short vacation at the new-year time, the young lady and gentleman teachers at the head of the "infant" section were made the delighted recipients of a present from their young charges. The gifts, which were entirely unlooked for, consisted of two of those highly ornate short cakes with appropriate sentiments in sugar which we were all as children familiar with, and which as "old fogies" we do not entirely taboo. The purchase doubtless had been made at one of the neighbouring confectioners, and the young donors laid their offerings blushing and in childish fashion without a word before their teachers. Both were alike astonish-

ed, but the gentleman managed to stammer out some thanks. The young lady's delight was more lingering and she blushing inquired what she had done to merit such kindness. For a time no response was made, until at last a chubby boy on a back bench chirruped out, "*Cause you're aye smilin', Miss.*" It was a day of smiles after that. Teachers! does this incident convey any lesson to you?

FOR LIE.

Little Carrie was a heathen child about ten years old, with bright black eyes, dark skin, curly brown hair and slight form. A little while after she began to go to school the teacher noticed one day that she looked less happy than usual.

"My dear," she said, "why do you look so sad?"

"Because I am thinking."

"What are you thinking about?"

"O, teacher, I do not know whether Jesus loves me or not."

"Carrie, did Jesus ever invite little children to come to him?"

The little girl repeated the verse "Suffer little children to come unto me," which she learned at school.

"Well, who is that for?"

In an instant Carrie clapped her hands with joy, and said:

"It is not for you teacher, is it? for you are not a child. No, it is for me—for me!"

From that hour Carrie knew that Jesus loved her; and she loved him back again with all her heart.—*Morning Light.*

Dr. Duff said, in 1829, as he was just leaving for India: "There was a time when I had no care or concern for the heathen. That was a time when I had no care or concern for my own soul. When, by the grace of God, I was led to care for my own soul, then it was I began to care for the heathen abroad. In my closet, on bended knees, I then said to God, 'O Lord! thou knowest that silver and gold to give to this cause I have none. What I have I give to Thee. I offer Thee myself. Wilt Thou accept this gift?' Such consecration on the part of all who love the Saviour would inaugurate a religious revolution.

When I endeavor to contemplate the One Eternal Glory, it resolves into Three; when I would gaze upon the Three, they blend into One.—*St. Gregory Nazianzen.*