

## Children's Corner.

### Baptismal Hymn.

At the baptism of the infant Duke of Albany, the following hymn, written by Prince Albert, was one of those used in the service :

- "Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding,  
With the Shepherd's kindest care,  
All the feeble gently leading,  
While the lambs Thy bosom share :
- "Now this little one receiving,  
Fold him in Thy gracious arm ;  
There, we know, Thy word believing,  
Only there secure from harm.
- "Never, from Thy pasture roving,  
Let him be the lion's prey.  
Let Thy tenderness so loving  
Keep him all life's dangerous way.
- "Then within Thy fold eternal  
Let him find a resting place.  
Feed in pastures ever vernal,  
Drink the rivers of Thy grace."

### How She Found Out.

"DON'T believe in her ! that's all about it," said one tall school girl to the other, as they watched one of the governesses cross the dining hall and enter a study door.

"What do you mean ?" asked her friend.

"O you know well enough, Emily Morton !" was the quick reply. "I don't trust her ; I don't believe she's true to her word or to her friends ; I have not a scrap of confidence in anything she says or does. What's the matter ?" as Emily Morton's face suddenly lightened and a bright flash came into her great brown eyes, and her full lips parted as though to speak.

"I've found it all out. O I am so glad !"

"Found what out !"

But Emily Morton had dashed away, leaving her friend, half perplexed, half offended. Upstairs she ran and peeped into the little room that she shared with Bella Seymour ; but Bella was out, and Emily could lock her door and have a quiet think. Hear what she says to herself : "I know now what believing in Jesus means. It means to trust in Him ; to believe He is true to His promise and His friends ; to put all my confidence in what He has done and said. Why, how simple it is !

and how foolish I have been ! I have been puzzling over it so long—so long." Then Emily buried her face in her hands, and knelt down to tell the Lord Jesus how thankful she was that Minnie Jackson's chance words about the new teacher had gone right home to her heart, clearing away all her doubts and difficulties, and showing her just what "believing" in Him meant.

I wonder if any young reader has been puzzling over Emily Morton's question : "What is it to believe in Jesus ?" You can understand what believing in your mother, your friend, your teacher, means. Now just apply that power of believing in *them* to believing in Jesus. He never breaks a promise, never deserts, nor forsakes any who trust in Him. He is worthy of all your heart's trust, your soul's confidence. He is the most precious and perfect friend any one can have, and all that He has done is perfect, and all that He says is true. Can you not trust him ? Only trust him.

### The Story of Babajee, the Fakir.

IN the "Mela at Tulispur," by Rev. Dr. B. H. Badley, a native preacher of India relates the following :

"About twenty years ago, when I was a boy, I was living with my uncle, whose house was at Gowalpur, in the Budaon district. He was in Government employ, which took him into all parts of the district, and I frequently went with him on these tours. One day we went to a village called Little Calcutta, situated on the banks of the Ganges. As we walked down to the sacred river, we were surprised to see a man who had his home in a box which floated upon the water. The box was about six feet square, and was set in a native boat shaped like a canoe. It was a novel sight, and so we approached the man, whom we recognized as a fakir, and began talking to him.

"He told my uncle that he was living in the box in order to shut out the world, and thus find God. His one desire was to obtain deliverance from sin, and for this reason he had given up the world and become a fakir. He had lived twenty years in a dry well, the people bringing him food and water ; but this had failed to give him peace. He then made this box and took up his abode in it, living thus on the waters of the sacred stream,