

A LEGEND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER.

'Carry me across!'

The Syrian heard, rose-up and braced
His huge limbs to the accustomed toil:
'My child, see how the waters boil!
The night-black heavens look angry-faced;
But life is little loss.

I'll carry thee with joy,
If need be, safe as nestling dove;
For o'er this stream I pilgrims bring
In service to one Christ, a King
Whom I have never seen yet love.'
'I thank thee,' said the boy.

Cheerful, Arprobus took
The burden on his shoulders great
And stepped into the waves once more;
When, lo! they leaping rise and roar,
And 'neath the little child's light weight
The tottering giant shook.

'Who art thou?' cried he wild,
Struggling in middle of the ford:
'Boy, as thou look'st, it seems to me
The whole world's load I bear in thee;
Yet'—'For the sake of Christ, thy Lord,
Carry me,' said the child.

No more Arprobus swerved,
But gained the farther bank, and then
A voice cried, 'Hence Christopheros be!
For carrying, thou hast carried Me,
The King of angels and of men,
The Master thou hast served.'

And in the moonlight blue
The saint saw—not the wandering boy
But Him who walked upon the sea
And o'er the plains of Galilee,
Till, filled with mystic, awful joy,
His dear Lord Christ he knew.

O, little is all loss,
And brief the space 'twixt shore and shore.
If Thou, Lord Jesus, on us lay,
Through the deep waters of our way,
The burden that Christopheros bore—
To carry Thee across.

—Miss Muloch.

(From "The Pictou Record.")

THE QUEEN.

She stood before her people,
And bent her young fair head,
As the golden crown was lifted,
The anointing incense shed.
She seemed so young and fragile
To hold the guiding helm,
And sway the ancient sceptre
Of Britain's mighty realm;
So lofty, yet so lonely,
A gentle, timid girl,
Though round her stood, as vanguard,
Proud knight and belted carl.
As the promise of her glory
Shone in her gracious mien,
More prayed "God bless the maiden"
Than "God exalt the Queen."

She knelt before her people
Beside the altar rail,
Pure in her early womanhood
Beneath her bridal veil.
Her voice rang clear and steadfast
Throughout God's house that day,
As she gave her loyal promise
To honour and obey.
Not now as England's sovereign—
Queen of the wise and brave,
A trusting woman only
Her wisely homage gave.
And, as they saw her kneeling,
Her husband by her side,
While thousands cried "God save the Queen,"
More prayed "God bless the bride."

She dwelt among her people,
And joy went through the land
To see her royal children
Hold fast their mother's hand.
Daughters and sons of beauty—
Fair children of the Isles,
A happy home their birthright—
Pure life and parent smiles.
They saw her girt with blessings
As Queens are seldom blessed,
Her noble, loving husband,
At once her strength and rest.
They knew her blest and honoured
In that dear household scene,
A happy wife and mother,
A great and glorious Queen.
With health and wealth replenished,
God gave her long to live,
His hand for many a *lustræ*
Was opened but to give.
She saw her kingdom prosper
In arms—in peace—at Home,
Within her distant Colonies,
And where the white waves foam.
The triumph of the sovereign,
Whose fame the spirit stirs,
The blessings of the woman
In double share were hers.
Her people saw such glory
As England ne'er had seen,
And more as boast than humble prayer
Cried out "God save the Queen."

She weeps among her people,
Her staff is broken now,
The lover of her girlhood—
The husband of her vow—
Is lying cold and silent
In a vaulted chamber dim,
And Victoria sits a widow
So desolate for him!
Her people weep around her
In grief which love redeems,
For dearer in her sorrow
Their Royal Lady seems.
Like her they sit in sackcloth,
Like her they kneel and pray,
And humbly own that He who gave
Can also take away.
From homestead, hearth and altar,
Where angels downward lean,
A nation's bleeding heart implores
God's comfort for our Queen.

M. J. K.

Halifax, 14th Jan., 1862.