trying.' For she prayed, she watched, she strove against her sins, and was able, by God's grace, to lead the life of a lovely young Christian.

We met with a very pleasing anecdote the other day relative to the childhood of the Princess Royal, with which our young friends will be gratified.

During one of the cold and stormy nights of January, 1843, the little Princess was awakened by the loud and frequent coughing of some one without, and starting up in alarm inquired of her sleeping attendant what it was. On being informed that it was the sentinel on duty on the terrace beneath the tower, (at Windsor), the Princess observed, 'Oh, poor soldier, he has got a very bad cough;' and after repeated expressions of sorrow for the 'poor soldier out in the cold,' she again fell asleep.

'The weather continued for several days unfavourable, but one morning preparations were made for Her Royal Highness and her little brother to take their usual airing; and when the party had reached the terrace from the postern door, the Princess was again startled by the well-remembered sound which had disturbed her slumber a few nights before. Breaking from her attendants, she ran up to the sentinel on duty, an old grenadier, and addressed him, 'How is your cough to-day, soldier? I hope it is better.'

'The surprise and pleasure of the soldier was great when told, by the attendants, that it was the Princess Royal who had made this kind inquiry. The Queen, hearing of the sympathy expressed by her little first-born, sent a present of two guineas, as a cure for the 'poor soldier's cough.'

"AS IF SHE DIDN'T KNOW!"

The Christmas log blazed on the hearth
Some twenty years ago,
And I sat in theingle-nook
Beside sweet Letty Lorn;
But though the touch of her soft hand
Set all my heart a-slow,
She look'd up archly in my face—
As if she didn't know!

Each word of hers I treasured up,
I watch'd each wistful look,
I studied every wayward whim
As though it were a book;
But though I strove by act and word
My ardent love to show,
She ever treat'd me the same—
As if she didn't know!

I read her out soft tales of love
From many an olden book,
Of swains who woo'd their ladies fair
Beside some babbling brook;
And all the while I felt my face
Flush up from lip to brow;
But still she listen'd on unmoved—
As if she didn't know!

At last, worn out by hopes and fears,
I told my love outright
Told how her fair face haunt'd me
By day and eke by night;
As passion lent me eloquence,
I vow'd by Cupid's bow
I priz'd her more than life itself—
As if she didn't know!

Sylvester Clarence.

OH TELL ME YE BREEZES.

Oh tell me ye breezes that spring from the west,
Oh tell me cre passing away,
If Lieberhrtz's bold spirit has fled to its rest? Where moulders the traveller's clay?

Perchance as ye fluttered on heedlessly by
The longlost was yielding his breath;
Perchance ye have borne on your wings the last sigh
That 'scap'd from the lone one in death.

Then tell me ye breezes, ye've traversed the wild, And pass'd o'er the desolate spot
Where repose in silence, sweet Nature's own child Were slumberers one nearly forgot?

Ye answer me not but are passing away
Ye breezes that spring from the west,
Unshaken'st still moulders the traveller's clay
For unknown is the place of his rest.

H. K.