

St Germain. But we shall meanwhile hope for the best, without, however, attempting to conceal from ourselves that one cloud more seems to have arisen on the already darkened horizon of the Church of Scotland.—*September 10, 1842.*

THE INFANT PRINCE.

A PRINCE born to the throne of Great Britain! The firing of cannon, the ringing of bells, the crackling of fire-works, the blazing of bonfires, holiday dresses and holiday faces everywhere, all testify to the general joy.

We are reminded of a day which must have mingled with the first recollections of even the most aged of our readers, and which men in the prime of early manhood are quite old enough to remember too,—that happy fourth of June, the birthday of the good George III., on which, for two whole generations, and a little longer, there used to be such waving of flags and flashing of gunpowder, and, notwithstanding all our wars abroad, and all our difficulties and troubles at home, so large an amount of hearty national enjoyment. Is the ninth of November to be just such another day to the generations of the future? Shall flags be flaunting gaily in the sun, to welcome the birthday of the reigning monarch,—the child of our Victoria,—at a time when our tombstones shall be casting their shadows across the withered November sward of silent churchyards? and shall bonfires be blazing on the hills, as the stars twinkle out one by one from amid the deepening blue, to look down upon our graves?

The future belongs to One only,—to that Adorable Being who has made his great goodness so manifest to our country for ages and centuries, and rarely more vividly manifest