

and blessed far above your desert. Continue to trust him, brother, and you shall "not be ashamed," (Psa. xxv, 2,) for he will ever be your shadow at your right hand, the rock of your salvation, and your God.

In patience, then, possess thy soul ;
Stand still ; for while the thunders roll
Thy Saviour sees thee through the gloom
And will to thy assistance come ;
His love and mercy will be shown
To those who trust in him alone.

—*Christian Cabinet.*

FILIAL REVERENCE OF THE TURKS.

A beautiful feature in the character of the Turks, is their reverence and respect for the author of their being. Their wives' advice and reprimand is unheeded: their words are *bosh*—nothing; but their mother is an oracle; she is consulted, confided in, listened to with respect and deference, honoured to her latest hour, and remembered with affection and regret beyond the grave. "My wives die, and I can replace them," says the Osmanli; "my children perish, and others may be born to me," but who shall restore to me the mother who has passed away, and who is seen no more?"

P o e t r y

LIFE'S QUESTIONS.

Drifting away,
Like mote on the stream,
To-day's disappointment
Yesterday's dream ;
Ever resolving—
Never to mend ;
Such is our progress—
Where is the end ?

Whirling away,
Like leaf in the wind,
Points of attachment
Left daily behind,
Fixed to no principle,
Fast to no friend ;
Such our fidelity—
Where is the end ?

Floating away,
Like cloud on the hill,
Pendulous, tremulous,
Migrating still—
Where to repose ourselves ?
Whither to tend ?
Such our consistency—
Where is the end ?

Crystal the pavement,
Seen through the stream ;
Firm the reality
Under the dream ;
We may not feel it.
Still we may mend—
How we have conquered
Not known till the end.

Bright leaves may scatter
Sports of the wind,
But stands to the winter
The great tree behind ;
Frost shall not wither it,
Storms cannot bend,
Roots firmly clasping
The rock at the end.

Calm is the firmament
Over the cloud :
Clearshine the stars through
The rifts of the shroud
There our repose shall be ;
Thither we tend—
Spite of our wanderings
Approved at the end.