

class you belong to. On the throne—in the palace—in the city—or in the field, you shall know me for the sovereign-commander of the faithful, by day or by night. but in the mosque, or at devotions, you shall know me as I am. Neither shall you know your own master—for before God, the prince and the slave are equal, and must meet judgment according to their several actions, without distinction of rank."

The Mahomedan, in this instance showed greater reverence in worship than many professors of religion in this country discover in the appointed service of the Most High.

### POETRY.

#### WHO LOVES ME BEST ?

(By Miss Brown.)

Who loves me best ?—my mother sweet,  
Whose every look with love's replete ;  
Who held me, an infant, on her knee,—  
Who hath ever watch'd me tenderly ;  
And yet I have heard my mother say,  
That she some time must pass away :  
Who then shall shield me from earthly ill ?—  
Some one must love me better still !

Who loves me best ?—my father dear,  
Who loveth to have me always near :  
He, whom I fly each eye to meet,  
When past away is the noontide heat ;  
Who from the bank where sunbeam lies  
Brings me the wild-wood strawberries.  
Oh ! he is dear as my mother to me,—  
But he will perish even as she.

Who loves me best ?—the gentle dove,  
That I have tamed with my childish love,  
That every one save myself doth fear,  
Whose soft coo soundeth when I come near ;  
Yet perhaps it but loves me because I bring  
To its cage the drops from the clearest spring,  
And hang green branches around the door :  
Something, surely, must love me more !

Who loves me best ?—my sister fair,  
With her laughing eyes and clustering hair ;

Who flowers around my head doth twine,  
Who presseth her rosy lips to mine,  
Who singeth me songs in her artless glee,—  
Can any love me better than she ?  
Yet when asked, that sister confesseth,  
Of all she did not love me the best ?

Who loves me best ?—my brother young,  
With his healthy check and his lipping tongue :  
Who delighteth to lead me in merry play  
Far down the green wood's bushy way,  
Who showed me were the hazel nuts grow,  
And where the fairest field-flowers blow  
Yet perhaps he loves me no more than the  
rest ;—  
How shall I find who loves me the best ?

My mother loves me,—but she may die ;  
My white dove loves me,—but that may fly ;  
My father loves me—he may be changed ;  
I have heard of brothers and sisters estranged ;  
If they should forsake me what should I do ?  
Where should I bear my sad heart to ?  
Some one surely would be my stay—  
Some one must love me better than they.

Yes, fair child ! there is One above,  
Who loves thee with an unchanged love :  
He who form'd those frail dear things,  
To which thy young heart fondly clings—  
Even though all should forsake thee, still,  
He would protect thee through every ill.  
Oh, is not such love worth all the rest ?—  
Child ! it is God who loves thee best.

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