

O Memory! cruel now thy power,
 Embittering life's every hour
 With sight or sound of something dear
 That Jenny loved to see or hear.
 How much she loved her girlhood's home,
 In woodland and in vale to roam!
 With merry laugh, and glad some song,
 And footstep light, she'd skip along.
 And now the rock, the wood, the hill,
 The gentle murmur of the rill,
 The lambkin frisking on the lawn,
 Seem all to say, "She's gone! she's gone!"
 Yet turn the tearful eye above:
 On high she sings redeeming love.
 Nor would we call her back again
 To earth-life, with its toil and pain.

Death's desolating step must tread
 All homes, and bury with our dead
 Our hopes, our loves, our joys; their chain
 Unlinked; and Faith alone remain
 To whisper of that better home,
 Where pain and sickness never come;
 While through the darkness we discern
 This lesson, always hard to learn:—
 These treasures, which we think are given,
 Are LENT, to be returned to Heaven.

The Quiver.

THE PATERNAL HAND.—When we see God's hand in any passing trouble, the pain is not gone but the bitterness is; for there is positively something allied to pleasure in feeling His hand near us, even though it hold a rod.

Sabbath Readings.

THE PALM TREE.*

Ps. 32 : 12. The righteous shall flourish like the Palm Tree.

The Palm, as seen by travellers in the lands of the Bible, arrests attention in the distance by its tall, straight, column-like trunk, and its surmounting crown of luxuriant and graceful foliage. Its clean, feathery branches, beautiful as the plumes of the bird of Paradise, never trail in the dust, never interlace with the branches of other trees, never become entangled with creeping vines, are never defaced with moss or mildew, never mingle with the rank and noxious vegetation of the marsh or stagnant pool, though it basks in the same sunshine, and derives support from the same soil. Apart from all the trees of the wood, the Palm stands alone, tall, pure, ever stretching heaven-ward with its yearly growth, ever welcoming the sun, yet not weeping like the willow in darkness; flexible and bending before the storm, yet again when the storm is past, rearing aloft its graceful form as bright and beautiful as ever in the blaze of the broad noon, and the fading light of the golden eve. So stands the Palm as seen by the pilgrim who follows the track of the wandering tribes, or surveys the land where they found their promised rest.

And the righteous man, the servant of God, lives apart in a pure and divine separation from the world. Faithful found among the faithless, he keeps his loyalty and his love, while the passions and the pollutions of the multitude swell and roar around him, outrageous as a sea. If he

bends before the storm, it is only to rise with new strength and beauty to his wonted stature when the tempest has expended its fury, and the darkness of the night of sorrow has broken into new day. He stands as a beacon to mariners on a rocky coast, a fountain to pilgrims in the desert, a shout of victory amid the roar of battle. His presence is the promise of success, his life a continual victory, his death the greatest triumph. Let sceptics scoff at the power of faith and the purity of religion; let sophists, with perverse ingenuity, set reason at variance with revelation; let the selfish and the gain-seeking barter their souls for gold; still so long as there is a good man in the world to live for God, the truth of the divine word shall be demonstrated with power, and unbelief shall be put to shame. By his silent separation from the evil of the world he shall testify against it, and by the serene and sustained superiority of his faith he shall overcome its power. Animated by the spirit of his Master, he can mingle with men in all the walks of life, and go through all the haunts of wickedness upon errands of mercy and love, and yet keep his garments clean. Under his cultivation, the moral waste in the city and the wilderness, brings forth immortal fruit, and the dark homes of the vile and wretched are cheered with the joys of paradise restored. However the wicked may rail on him in the day of their prosperity, the worst of men welcome his coming in the dark hour of affliction, and eyes dimmed with the shadows of death look on his face as if it were the face of an angel. Life is precious to him, and the self-denying work of beneficence is full of joy, because love attracts him to every duty, and faith gives

* By Rev. Daniel March.