

THE EVERGREEN.

'Of plants, that verdant still throughout the changing year are seen,
Come tell me which I most may prize, as Halley's evergreen.
The laurel? No; it twines around the blood-stain'd victor's brow
And binds the poet's fever'd head in fancy's wildest glow;
But milder triumphs—o'er myself—are all that I desire;
And calmer joys, whose kindling spark is drawn from holier fire.
The pine? It seeks the mountain top and glories in the gale;
Be't mine, with meek humility to haunt the peaceful vale.
The myrtle? No; 'twas Venus' flower—the type of earthly love;
But perish all that does not own the smile of One above.
The ivy leaf? Ah no! it speaks of ruin and decline;
Destructive is its best embrace; it clasps to undermine.
The cypress? 'Twould but teach the heart to dwell in needless gloom;
Dark guardian of death's victories! stern watcher o'er the tomb!
The palm? Oh yes! 'tis this I love—type of the single eye;
Which, bend it as you may, still shoots right upward to the sky.
'Twas borne, to swell the harvest joy, at that glad festival,
By which the prophet has foretold the distant Gentiles' call;
And when the Son of David once in lowly triumph rode,
Its graceful wavings welcomed him to Salem's loved abode.
It marks, in sacred song, the growth of holy souls, while here,—
And shadows forth their ecstasies, beyond this mortal sphere.
When myrtles cease to speak of love, and ivy of decay;
When pines no longer clime the hills, nor warriors snatch the bay;
When cypress needs no more around the narrow house to wave.
Because the voice of Christ hath called the slumbers from the grave;
Still, still remains the rest above, the deep celestial calm,
The joy of harvest in the heavens—the bright unfading palm.

* Lev. xxiii. 40; Zec. xiv. 16.20; John xii. 13; Psa. xcii. 12; Rev. vii. 9."
—James Halley.

THE CHILD'S DESIRE.

I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

I wish that his hands had been laid on my head,
That his arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said
Let little ones come unto me.

Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above.

In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare,
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there;
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

—Methodist Protestant.

THE RANCHEROS OF MEXICO.—The *Rancheros*, part of the *materla* of the Mexican army, are half Indian and half Spanish in their extraction: gaunt, shrivelled, though muscular in their frames, and dark and swarthy visaged as they are, these men are the Arabs of the American continent. Living half the time in the saddle, for they are univalled horsemen, with lasso in hand they traverse the vast plains in search of buffalo and wild horse. The killing of these animals, or the preparation and sale of their hides are their sole means of livelihood. Their costume generally consists of a pair of tough hide leggins, with sandals of the same material, bound together with leather thongs, over which is a blanket, with a hole, in the centre large enough to allow the head to be thrust out and which falls not ungracefully over their shoulders, leaving ample room to the play of their arms. Add to this a broad straw *sombrero*, and the lasso hanging ready for use in his girdle, and you have the *Ranchero* as he appears in the time of peace. Join to this a long lance with a sharp spear head, and his belt plentifully supplied with pistols and knives, and you have the *Ranchero* as a member of a troop of banditti, or as a soldier in a body of cavalry. Their power of enduring fatigue is almost inexhaustible, and a scanty meal per diem of jerked beef and plantain suffices them during months. These are the men who comprise the great body of the Mexican cavalry, and they are to the armies of that nation what the Cossacks are to the Russians—ever on the alert, never to be surprised, and untiring in the pursuit of the foe, when plunder, no matter how trifling, is to be obtained.—(*Philadelphia Ledger*.)

INTERIOR RIVERS AND LAKES OF THE NEW WORLD.—Differing so much from the Atlantic side of our continent, in coast, mountain, and rivers, the Pacific side differs from it in another most rare and singular feature, that of the Great Interior Basin, of which I have so often spoken, and the whole form and character of which I was so anxious to ascertain. Its existence is vouched for by such of the American traders and hunters as have some knowledge of that region. The structure of the Sierra Nevada range of mountains requires it to be there, and my own observations confirm it. Mr. Joseph Walker, who is so well acquainted in those parts, informed me that, from the Great Salt Lake west, there was a succession of lakes and rivers which have no outlet to the sea, nor any connexion with the Columbia, or with the Colorado of the Gulf of California. He described some of these lakes as being large, with numerous streams, and even considerable rivers falling into them. In fact, all concur in the general report of these interior rivers and lakes; and, for want of understanding the force and power of evaporation, which so soon establishes an equilibrium between the loss and supply of waters, the fable of whirlpools and subterraneous outlets has gained belief, as the only imaginable way of carrying off the waters which have no visible discharge. The structure of the country would require this formation of interior lakes, for the water which would collect between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada, not being able to cross this formidable barrier, nor to get to the Columbia or the Colorado, must naturally collect into reservoirs, each of which would have its little system of streams and rivers to supply it. This would be the natural effect, and what I saw went to confirm it. The Great Salt Lake is a formation of this kind, and quite a large one, and having many streams and one considerable river four hundred or five hundred miles long, falling into it. This lake and river I saw and examined myself, and also saw the Wasatch and Bear River Mountains which inclosed the waters of the lake on the east, and constitute, in that quarter, the rim of the Great Basin. Afterwards, along the eastern base of the Sierra Nevada, where we travelled for forty-two days, I saw the line of the lakes and rivers which lie at the foot of that Sierra, and which Sierra is the rim of the Basin.—*Fremont's Exploring Expedition to the Rocky Mountains*

NEWS.

RAPID INCREASE OF MANCHESTER.—From a report prepared by the Chief Constable, and read by Alderman Kay, at a recent meeting of the Town Council, it appears that since the census was taken in 1841, there has been a clear addition of 59,770 souls to the population of the borough, being more than the increase from 1831 to 1841, which was 53,373. The entire population is now reckoned at 295,277.

WESLEYAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—From a summary of the report we extract the following particulars;—The income of the society, for the year ending December 31, 1845, has reached £112,823 9s. 6d., being an advance upon that for 1844 of £7,136 3s. 11d. Of this total, the sum of £92,115 17s. 2d has been raised at home. This home receipt includes £4,486 9s. 8d. contributed as juvenile Christmas offerings: the whole juvenile effort for the year is believed to have raised nearly £5,500. In this total there is also included £11,674 4s. 7d. received from various foreign stations; being an increase in that item of £1,897 0s. 5d. The society's expenditure in 1845 amounted to £104,366 19s. Here there is a decrease of £4,821 7s. 3d. as compared with 1844, which is mainly to be ascribed to the good and kindly feeling and spirit of willing sacrifice evinced by the missionaries themselves, and by the people to whom they minister; and also to the economising operation of certain financial arrangements adopted and directed by the committee, in reference to their annual grants to the dependent stations. Twenty-three missionaries, and six wives of missionaries, have been sent out by the society during the year.—Seven missionaries have been removed by death.

The following passage occurs in the Rev. John Wesley's journal, bearing date July 27, 1787:—"I was invited to breakfast, at Bury, by Mr Peel, a calico printer, who, a few years ago, began with £500, and is now supposed to have £50,000." He was the father of the Prime Minister of England.

WHAT WE ARE.—This country has a frontier line of more than 10,000 miles. We have a line of sea coast of nearly 4,000 miles; a lake coast of 1,200 miles. One of our immense rivers is twice the size of the Danube, the largest river in Europe. The Ohio is 600 miles longer than the Rhine, and the Hudson has a navigation of 120 miles longer than the Thames. The single State of Virginia is a third larger than England. Ohio contains 5,120,000 acres more than Scotland—from Maine to Ohio is farther than from London to Constantinople, and so we might go on and fill pages, enumerating distances, rivers, lakes, capes, and bays, with comparative estimates of size, power, and population.

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