

THE
PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,
 AND WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Vol. I. MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, MAY 5, 1847. No. 31

THE BIBLE.

BY MONTGOMERY.

What is the world?—A wildering maze,
 Where sin hath tracked ten thousand ways,
 Her victims to ensnare;
 All broad, and winding, and aslope,
 All tempting with perfidious hope,
 All ending in despair.

Millions of pilgrims throng those roads,
 Bearing their baubles, or their loads,
 Down to eternal night;
 —One humble path, that never bends,
 Narrow, and rough, and steep ascends
 From darkness into light.

Is there a Guide to show that path?
 The Bible:—He alone, who hath
 The Bible, need not stray:
 Yet he who hath, and will not give
 That heavenly Guide to all that live,
 Himself shall loss the way.

MRS. HARRIS' SOLILOQUY WHILE THREADING HER NEEDLE.

BY LADY DUFFERIN.

Ah, deary me! what needles! well, really I must say,
 All things are sadly altered (for the worse, too) since my day!
 The pins have neither heads nor points—the needles have no eyes;
 And there's ne'er a pair of scizzors of the good old-fashioned size!
 The very bodkins now are made in fine new-fangled ways;
 And the good old British thimble—is a dream of other days.
 Now, that comes of machinery! I'm given to understand,
 That great folks turn their noses up at all things "done by hand,"
 Although it's easy proving to the most thick-pated durce,
 That things am't done the better for being done at once.
 I'm sure I often ponder with a kind of awful dread,
 On those bold "spinning jennies" that go off their own head!
 Those power-looms and odd machines, those whizzing things with wheels,
 That evermore "keeps moving!"—besides one really feels
 So supernatural like, and laid upon the shelf—
 When one sees a worsted stocking get up and knit itself!

TO A CHILD EMBRACING ITS MOTHER.

BY T. HOOD.

Love thy mother, little one!
 Kiss and chasp her neck again—
 Hereafter she may have a son
 Will kiss and chasp her neck in vain.
 Love thy mother, little one!

Gaze upon her living eyes!
 And mirror back her love for thee—
 Hereafter thou may'st shudder sighs
 To meet them when they cannot see.
 Gaze upon her living eyes.

Press her lips awhile they glow
 With love that they have often told—
 Hereafter thou may'st press, in woe,
 And kiss them till thine own are cold.
 Press her lips awhile they glow!

Oh! revere her raven hair,
 Although it be not silvery grey,

*Too early death, led on by care,
 May snatch, save one dear lock, away.
 Oh! revere her raven hair!*

Pray for her, at eve and morn,
 That heaven may long the stroke defer,
 For thou may'st live the hour forlorn
 When thou wilt ask to die with her.
 Pray for her at eve and morn!

INFLUENCE OF THE MIND IN THE PRODUCTION AND CURE OF DISEASE.

(From Dr. A. Combe's Principles of Physiology.)

The influence of the brain on the digestive organs is so direct, that sickness and vomiting are among the earliest symptoms of many affections of the head, and of wounds and injuries of the brain; while violent emotions, intense grief, or sudden bad news, sometimes arrest at once the process of digestion, and produce squeamishness or loathing of food, although, an instant before, the appetite was keen. Narcotics, the direct action of which is on the brain, have a similar effect on the stomach.

The influence of the mind and brain over the action of the heart and lungs is familiar to every one. The sighing, palpitation, and fainting, so often witnessed as consequences of emotions of the mind, are evidences which nobody can resist. Death itself is not a rare result of such excitement in delicately organized persons.

This law of our constitution, whereby the regulated activity of both intellect and feeling is made essential to sound bodily health, seems to me one of the most beautiful arrangements of an all-wise and beneficent Creator.

If we shun the society of our fellow-creatures, and shrink from taking a share in the active duties of life, mental indolence and physical debility beset our path. But if, by engaging in the business of life, and taking an active interest in the advancement of society, we duly exercise our various powers of perception, thought, and feeling, we promote the health of the whole corporeal system, invigorate the mind itself, and at the same time experience the highest mental gratification of which a human being is susceptible,—that of having fulfilled the end and object of our existence, in the active discharge of our duties to God, to our fellow men, and to ourselves. If we neglect the exercise of our faculties, or deprive them of their objects, we weaken the organization, give rise to distressing diseases, and at the same time experience the bitterest feelings that can afflict human nature—ennui and melancholy. The harmony thus shewn to exist between the moral and physical world, is but another example of the numerous inducements to that right conduct and activity, in pursuing which the Creator has evidently destined us to find terrestrial happiness.

The reader will now understand why the state of the mind is so influential in the production and progress of disease. In the army this principle has often been exemplified in a very striking manner, and on so large a scale as to put its influence beyond a doubt. Sir George Ballingall mentions, in his lectures on Military Surgery, that the proportion of sick in garrison in a healthy country, and under favourable circumstances, is about five per cent.; but that, during a campaign, the usual average is nearer ten per cent. So marked, however, are the preservative effects of cheerfulness and the excitement of success, that, according to Vaidy, the French army cantoned in Bavaria, after the battle of Austerlitz, had only 100 sick in a division of 8000 men, being little more than one in the hundred. When, on the other hand, an army is subjected to privations, or "is discouraged by defeat or want of confidence in its chiefs," the proportion of sick is "often fearfully increased."

The same principle explains why it is so important for the