

# THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.

MONTREAL, AUGUST 1, 1846.

No. 9.

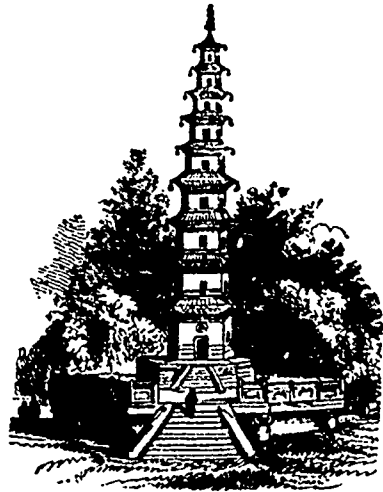
## THE PULPIT.

BY COWPER.

The pulpit, therefore, (and I name it fill'd  
 With solemn awe, that bids me well beware  
 With what intent I touch that holy thing,)—  
 I say the pulpit (in the sober use  
 Of its legitimate, peculiar powers)  
 Must stand acknowledged, while the world shall stand,  
 The most important and effectual guard,  
 Support and ornament of virtue's cause.  
 There stands the messenger of truth: there stands  
 The legate of the skies! His theme divine,  
 His office sacred, his credentials clear.  
 By him the violated law speaks out  
 Its thunders; and by him, in strains as sweet  
 As angels use, the Gospel whispers peace.  
 He establishes the strong, restores the weak,  
 Reclaims the wanderer, binds the broken heart,  
 And, arm'd himself in panoply complete  
 Of heavenly temper, furnishes with arms  
 Bright as his own, and trains, by every rule  
 Of b'ly discipline, to glorious war,  
 The sacramental host of God's elect!  
 Would I describe a preacher, such as Paul,  
 Were he on earth, would ear, approve, and own,  
 Paul should himself direct me. I would trace  
 His master-strokes, and draw from his design.  
 I would express him simple, grave, sincere,  
 In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain,  
 And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,  
 And natural in gesture; much impress'd  
 Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,  
 And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds  
 May feel it too; affectionate in look,  
 And tender in address, as well becomes  
 A messenger of grace to guilty men.  
 Behold the picture! Is it like?—Like whom?  
 The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,  
 And then skip down again; pronounce a text;  
 Cry—hem; and reading what they never wrote,  
 Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,  
 And with a well-bred whisper close the scene!  
 In man or woman, but far most in man,  
 And most of all in man that ministers  
 And serves the altar, in my soul I loathe  
 All affectation. 'Tis my perfect scorn,  
 Object of my implacable disgust.  
 What! will a man play tricks, will he indulge  
 A silly fond conceit of his fair form  
 And just proportion, fashionable mien  
 And pretty face, in presence of his God?  
 Or will he seek to dazzle me with tropes,  
 As with the diamond on his lily hand,  
 And play his brilliant parts before my eyes,  
 When I am hungry for the bread of life?  
 He mock's his Maker, prostitutes and shames  
 His noble office, and, instead of truth,  
 Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock.

A GEM.—In an account of a lost child in Missouri, going the news-paper rounds, we find a sentiment, that, for simple expression of that confiding reliance on the Divine care which should characterize a believer in a Providence, we have never seen surpassed. The little boy, narrating the incidents of his wanderings, when night came on, says—"It grew very dark, and I asked God to take care of little Johnny, and went to sleep."

## CHINESE PORCELAIN.



THE PORCELAIN TOWER, NANKING.

China has long been famous for the manufacture of the finest porcelain in the world, although latterly almost rivalled by the potteries of Severs, in France, and Staffordshire, in England. At one time, Chinese jars were so much in fashion, that, if sufficiently aged, they would command almost any price, but this absurd vanity has, to a great extent, passed away, and the manufacture of porcelain in China has much diminished. The following particulars are related in a publication of the Tract Society:—

The falling off arises chiefly from the emperors not encouraging the manufacture of it as they formerly did. Long ago, a present of £5000 used to be given to the person who produced the most elegant specimen. There are still, however, a great many manufactories of it. About a million of people are employed in them; for one tea cup passes through nearly fifty different hands before it is finished. A place called King-tith-chin, near the Poyang Lake, is where it is principally made; and at night, I am told, so many furnaces are lighted, that you would think the whole city was in a blaze.

It would take up too much time to describe the whole process of making china, from the time the clay is dug, to the moment when the ware is finished, and packed ready for the market. A very important matter it is with the Chinese, however. When the packing is completed, they offer a sacrifice to their gods. It is said, that, on one of these occasions, a lad offered himself as a sacrifice to the flames, from which great blessings, they believe, were procured. With all their skill, the poor Chinese know not the true God. There is a celebrated pagoda, or temple, near Nanking, built entirely of porcelain, although recent travellers say that it is only faced with it. I may mention, also, that it is said, that among the sorts of China once made, there was a white kind, the art of making which is now lost. The Chinese used to manufacture drinking vessels out of it. When these were empty, the color seemed plain white; when filled with any liquid, how ever, figures of fishes appeared upon the sides, as if swimming in the water.

THE BEST EPITAPH.—A man's best monument is his virtuous actions. Foolish is the hope of immortality and future praise, by the cost of senseless stone, when the passenger shall only say, "Here lies a fair stone and filthy carcase," that can only report the rich; but for other praise, thyself while living must build thy monument, and write thine own epitaph in honest and honourable actions. Those are as much more noble than the other, as living men are better than dead tones.