

THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE, AND WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Vol. I.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 28, 1847.

No. 30

THE UNANSWERED PRAYER.

BY WILLIAM R. TAPPAN.

"Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me!"

No moon or planets ruled the hour
When Jesus, wrapped in deeper shade,
And pressed by an infernal power,
At midnight, in the garden prayed.
He asked, who never asked in vain—
And sighs embalmed the heavy air—
That hence might pass the cup of pain,
Yet His was an unanswered prayer.

I go in vision where He lies,
Forsaken in His utmost need;
I see His terrors, hear His cries,
For whom there's none to intercede.
The night dews wet His burning brow,
The moaning breezes lift His hair,
Why crowd these horrors on Him now?
And wherefore this unanswered prayer?

It may not pass—that tearful cup—
Though mortal flesh and spirit shrink;
Insulted Law has filled it up,
The world is lost, and He must drink.
No pity for His doom is shown
Who comes unmeasured wrath to bear;
The quick cross lightning guards the throne,
And wards off that unanswered prayer.

O had that cup but passed from Him,
And Calvary borne a stainless tree,
In Heaven might range the Cherubim,
But *where*, my spirit, wouldst thou be?
To break the cruel yoke of Sin,
To raise from rags Creation's heir,
The rebel to repentance win,
Must this remain unanswered prayer.

Unanswered—that forevermore
Should contrite cries the boon obtain;
That he who knocks at Mercy's door
In truth, might never knock in vain.
Then strengthened be thy bo'd intent,
In all thy need to Him repair,
And He will teach thee to present
What shall not be Unanswered Prayer.

ACTIVITY.

Open the casement, and rise with the Sun:
His gallant journey is just begun:
Over the hills his chariot is roll'd,
Banner'd with glory, and burnished with gold.—
Over the hills he comes sublime,
Bridegroom of Earth, and brother of Time!

Day hath broken, joyous and fair:
Fragrant and fresh is the morning air.—
Beauteous and bright those orient hues,
Balmy and sweet these early dews;
O, there is health, and wealth, and bliss,
In dawning Nature's motherly kiss!

Lo, the wonderful world awakes,
With its rosy-tipped mountains and gleaming lakes,

With its fields and cities, deserts and trees,
Its calm old cliffs, and its sounding seas,
In all their gratitude blessing him
Who dwelleth between the Cherubim!

Break away boldly from Sleep's leaden chain;
Seek not to forge that fetter again;
Rather, with vigour and resolute nerve,
Up, up, to bless man, and thy Master to serve,
Thankful, and hopeful, and happy to raise
The offering of prayer, and the incense of praise.

Gird thee, and do thy watching well,
The duty of Christian sentinel!
Sloth and Slumber never had part
In the warrior's will, or the patriot's heart;
Soldier of God on an enemy's shore!
Let Slumber and Sloth enthrall thee no more.

THE LAST CHARGE OF THE OLD GUARD.

From Headley's *Napoleon and his Marshals*.

At length a dark object was seen to emerge from the distant wood, and soon an army of 30,000 men deployed in the field of Waterloo, and began to march straight for the scene of conflict. Blucher and his Prussians had come, but no Grouchy, who had been left to hold them in check, followed after. In a moment Napoleon saw that he could not sustain the attack of so many fresh troops, if once allowed to form a junction with the allied forces, and so he determined to stake his fate on one bold cast, and endeavour to pierce the allied centre with a grand charge of the old guard, and thus throwing himself between the two armies, fight them separately. For this purpose the imperial guard were called up, which had remained inactive during the whole day, and divided into two immense columns, which were to meet at the British centre. That under Reille no sooner entered the fire than it disappeared like mist. The other was placed under Ney, the "bravest of the brave," and the order to advance given. Napoleon accompanied them part way down the slope, and halting for a moment in a hollow, addressed them in his fiery impetuous manner. He told them the battle rested with them, and that he relied on their valor. "*Vive l'Empereur!*" answered him with a shout that was heard all over the field of battle.

He then left them to Ney, who ordered the charge. Bonaparte has been blamed for not heading this charge himself; but he knew he could not carry that guard so far or hold them so long before the artillery, as Ney. The moral power the latter carried with him, from the reputation he had gained of being the "bravest of the brave," was worth a whole division. Whenever a column saw him at their head, they knew that it was to be victory or annihilation. With the exception of Macdonald, I do not know a general in the two armies who could hold his soldiers so long in the very face of destruction as he.

The whole continental struggle exhibited no sublimer spectacle than this last effort of Napoleon to save his sinking empire. Europe had been put upon the plains of Waterloo to be battled for. The greatest military energy and skill the world possessed had been tasked to the utmost during the day. Thrones were tottering on the ensanguined field, and the shadows of fugitive kings flitted through the smoke of battle. Bonaparte's star trembled in the zenith—now blazing out in its ancient splendor, now suddenly paling before his anxious eye. At length, when the Prussians appeared on the field, he resolved to stake Europe on one bold throw. He committed himself and his charge to Ney, and saw his empire rest on a single charge. The intense anxiety with which he watched