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SCENE IN A DESERT.

Over a burning Indian plain,
A Missionary sued;
The noon-ray fell like fervid ram,
Down on his fainting head.

No dwelling cast a kindly gleam,
Athwart the cheerless waste;
But on beneath the melting beam,
The traveller passed in haste.

Till where a giant palm-tree shade,
Made pleasant coolness round,
Awhile his hurrying foot was stayed—
What hath the pilgrim found?

Has a clear fountain sought the day,
With friendly smile and tone?
No: but out-stretched a Hindoo lay,
In the last strife, alone.

Alone! no mother's gentle breast
Pillowed his dying head;
No weeping household circle pressed,
With farewells round his bed!

But far, O far from heath and tower,
Where erst his smile gave light;
How shall he meet the Strong One's power,
In such unequal fight?

Alone! where shall the spot be found
Where mercy is not dealt?
Beside him, on the fervid ground,
The son of England knelt;

And whispered in the sufferer's ear,
With accents kind and low,
"Thou'rt passing brother from our sphere;
What is thy comfort now?"

Quick at the words his glazing eye,
Forth from its dewy brow,
Seemed with the wouted ecstasy
Of health and youth to glow.

And while the life-tide seemed to run
Fresh through each withering vein,
He shouted, "Christ, the Father's Son,
Has washed me from my stain."

No more: nature her strength had riven,
While Faith renewed his tongue;
Swift soared the ransomed soul to heav'n,
To join the blood-washed throng.

And bending o'er the senseless dust,
That cold and stone-like lay;
Did not that man of God gain trust,
To triumph on his way?

—Baptist Magazine.

HOME.—To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labor tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution. It is indeed at home that every man must be known by those who would make a just estimate of his virtue or felicity; for smiles and embroidery are alike occasional, and the mind is often dressed for show in painted honor and fictitious benevolence.—Johnson.



PERSECUTION IN MADAGASCAR.

One of the most interesting fields of modern Missionary labour has been Madagascar, partly on account of the success which attended Missionary efforts, but chiefly on account of the cruel persecutions to which native converts were, for a series of years, subjected, and the constancy and fortitude with which these persecutions were endured. In fact, in Madagascar more than any part of the world, at present, have the scenes been re-enacted which characterised the early progress of the Christian Church; and there, too, has it been made manifest that the Gospel still produces precisely the same faith, zeal, and self-denial, that it did at first. The truth that God has made all nations "of one blood," is also strikingly confirmed in Madagascar, for among its dark-skinned inhabitants we find precisely the same cruel opposition to the Gospel, on the part of the authorities, which was manifested in the palace of the Cæsars, and the same meek suffering on the part of the converts which the educated Jews, Greeks, and Romans, who became obedient to the faith, were enabled to display. We sub-join a representation of the martyrdom of one of the Christian heroes of Madagascar, and will, perhaps, return to the subject at a future time.

THE RANCHEROS OF MEXICO.—The *Rancheros*, part of the *materita* 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 unrivalled 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 leggings, with sandals of the same material, bound together with leathern 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.)