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PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE, AND WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Vol. I.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 17, 1847.

No. 24

B A B Y L O N .

I climbed the cliff—I crossed the rock—
I trod the deserts old—
I passed the wild Arabian tents,
The Syrian shepherd's fold;
Behind me far are haunts of men
Stretched into distant gray,
When spread before me, lone and wide,
The plain of Shinar lay;
The boundless plain of far Linjar,
Where long, long ages back,
Abdallah read the silent stars,
And wrote their mystic track.

Where art thou, gem of the rich earth,
City of far renown!
The glory of the proud Chaldee,
The green earth's ancient crown!
Where lies the lake that, gleaming wide,
Gave back thy hundred towers!
Where are thy gardens of delight?
Thy cedar shaded bowers?
Where, where—O, where rolls rapidly
Thine ever-flashing river,
Past marble gates and columned tower,
Guarding thy walls for ever?

There is no voice of gladness here,
No breath of song floats by;
I hearken—but the moaning wind
Is all that makes reply.
Solemn and lone the silent marsh
Spreads endlessly around,
And shapeless are the ruined heaps
That strew the broken ground.
Sadly, above huge outlines dim,
Sighs the lone willow bough—
The last, last voice of Babylon,
Its only music now.

O, glorious were her palaces,
And shrines of fretted gold!
Then rose the fame of Merodach,
The house of Belus old;
And busy life was in her streets,
Where countless nations thronged,
Light footsteps glided through her homes,
And mirth to her belonged.
But prophet-voices murmured,
Even in her festal halls!
And angel-fingers wrote her doom
Upon the palace walls.

At midnight came the Persian,
Mingling amid the crowd:
He heeded not the beautiful,
He stayed not for the proud;
False was her fated river,
Heedless her gods of stone;
He entered at the open gates,
He passed—and she was gone!
Her place of earth abideth not—
Memorial she hath none;
Darkness and ruin thou mayst find,
But never Babylon.

SABBATH PEACE.

For our Sabbath peace we bless Thee—
For the quiet hour of prayer—
For the holy stillness resting
On nature everywhere—
For the soft bells gently chiming
Upon the quiet air—
For our Sabbath peace we bless Thee—
For the quiet time of prayer.

For the calm and deep communion
Our wearied spirits feel,
With Jesus the Redeemer,
As in Thy courts we kneel.
There is water for the thirsty—
Rest for the weary there;
For our Sabbath peace we bless Thee—
For the quiet time of prayer.

We fear not the oppressor,
Nor the stern avenger's rod;
We bless Thee, that, in boldness,
We may kneel before our God:
No chains, nor prison darkness,
Our trembling souls to scare;
For our Sabbath peace we bless Thee,
For the quiet time of prayer.

For the banner of thy love,
That floats above our path,
When sorrow's angry billows
Rise in tempestuous wrath—
For Thy sustaining presence
Through six days' toil and care—
For our Sabbath peace we bless Thee—
For the quiet time of prayer.

For the star of joyful tidings
That cheered the shepherd's sight—
The beacon of salvation—
The Gospel's glorious light—
Through sin and sorrow beaming—
Through darkness and despair;
For our Sabbath peace we bless Thee—
For the quiet time of prayer.

INFANTS SAVED BY CHRIST.—(From a Tombstone.)

Bold infidelity turn pale and die!
Beneath this stone two infants' ashes lie;
Say—are they lost or saved?

It death's by sin—they sinned, because they're here;
If heaven's by works, in heaven they can't appear;
Ah! Reason, how depraved!
Revere the sacred page, the knot's untied;
They died, for Adam sinned; they live, for Jesus died.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

The love of flowers is one of the earliest of our tastes, and certainly one of the most innocent. The cultivation of flowers, while it forms an elegant amusement, is a most healthy and invigorating pursuit. Unlike hunting, fishing, shooting, or similar rural amusements, it inflicts no suffering on any of the animal creation; and merely aids nature in her efforts to make the world beautiful to the eye, as the fruits are pleasant to the taste. The flower garden, while it agreeably occupies the time, does