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THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

My rest is in heaven; my rest is not here;
Then why should I tremble when trials appear?
Be hushed, my dark spirit: The worst that can come
But shortens thy journey, and hastens thee home.

It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
Or fixing my hopes in a region like this;
I look for a city which hands have not piled;
I pant for a country by sin undenied.

The thorn and the thistle around me may grow;
I would not lie down upon roses below.
I ask not a portion—I seek not a rest,
Till I find it for aye on Immanuel's breast.

Should sorrow or trial my progress oppose,
They only make heaven more sweet at the close;
Come joy, or come sorrow, whate'er may betel;
One hour with my God will make up for them all.

With a scrip for my way, and a staff in my hand,
I'll march on in haste through the enemy's land:
The way may be rough, but it cannot be long,
And I'll smooth it with hope, and I'll cheer it with song.

WHAT IS HEAVEN?

I asked yon radiant orb among the spheres,
Shining resplendent o'er his bright compeers;
He poured a flood of glory o'er my sight,
And told my wondering spirit, "Heaven is light."

I asked the morn exulting o'er the p'ans,
While hill and dale re-echoed the glad strains;
The morning deigned its language to employ,
And told my thrilling spirit, "Heaven is joy."

I asked the night, when all was calm around,
And nothing earthly broke the still profound;
Night bade the tumult in my bosom cease,
And whispered to my spirit, "Heaven is peace."

I asked the harmony pervading all
The beautiful spheres round this terrestrial ball;
The universal voice, beneath, above,
Told my enraptured spirit, "Heaven is love."

—Englishman's Magazine.

JOHN GASPARD LAVATER AND THE POOR WIDOW.

It was a practice with Lavater to read, every morning, several chapters of the Bible, and select from them one particular passage for frequent and special meditation during the day. One morning, after reading the fifth and sixth chapters of the Gospel of St. Matthew, he exclaimed, "What a treasure of morality! How difficult to make choice of any particular portion of it!" After a few moments' consideration, he threw himself upon his knees, and prayed for Divine guidance. When he joined his wife at dinner, she asked him what passage of Scripture he had chosen for the day.

"Give to him that asketh of thee; and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away," was the reply.

"And how is this to be understood?" said his wife.
"Give to him that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away," are the words of him to whom all and every thing belongs that I possess," rejoined Lavater. "I am the steward, not the proprietor. The proprietor desires me to give to him who asks of me, and not to

refuse him that would borrow of me; or, in other words, if I had two coats, I must give one to him that has none; and if I had food, I must share with him who is an hungered and in want. 'This I must do without being asked. How much more, then, when asked?'

This, continued Lavater in his diary, appeared to be so evidently and incontrovertibly the meaning of the verse in question, that I spoke with more than usual warmth. My wife made no further reply, than that she would take these things to heart. I had scarcely left the dining-room a few minutes, when an aged widow desired to speak with me, and she was shown into my study.

"Forgive me, dear sir," she said: "excuse the liberty I am about to take. I am really ashamed; but my rent is due to-morrow, and I am short six dollars. I have been confined to my bed with sickness, and my poor child is nearly starving. Every penny that I could save, I have laid aside to meet this demand, but six dollars are yet wanting, and to-morrow is to-morrow." Here she opened a parcel, which she held in her hand, and said: "This is a book, with a silver clasp, which my late husband gave me the day we were married. It is all I can spare of the few articles I possess, and sore it is to part with it. I am aware it is not enough, nor do I see how I could ever repay. But, dear sir, if you can, do assist me."

"I am very sorry, my good woman, that I cannot help you," I said, and putting my hand into my pocket, I accidentally felt my purse, which contained about two dollars. These, said I to myself, cannot extricate her from her difficulty—she requires six—besides, even if they could, I have need of this money for some other purpose. Turning to the widow, I said: "Have you no friend, no relative, who could give you this trifle?"

"No; not a soul! I am ashamed to go from house to house; I would rather work day and night. My excuse for being here is, that people speak so much of your goodness; if, however, you cannot assist me, you at least will forgive my intrusion, and God, who has never yet forsaken me, will not surely turn away from me in my sixty-sixth year!"

At this moment, the door of my apartment opened, and my wife entered. I was ashamed and vexed. Gladly would I have sent her away, for conscience whispered, "Give to him that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away." She came up to me and said, with much sweetness—

"This is a good old woman. She has certainly been ill of late. Assist her if you can."

Shame and compassion struggled in my darkened soul. "I have but two dollars," I said, in a whisper, "and she requires six. I'll give her a trifle in her hand, and let her go."

Laying her hand on my arm, and smiling in my face, my wife said aloud, what conscience had whispered before, "Give to him that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away."

I blushed, and replied, with some little vexation, "Would you give your ring for the purpose?"

"With pleasure, answered my wife, pulling off her ring.

The poor widow was either too simple or too modest to notice what was going on, and was preparing to retire, when my wife called her to wait in the lobby. When we were left alone, I asked my wife—

"Are you in earnest about the ring?"

"Certain'y. How can you doubt it?" she said. "Do you think I would trifle with charity? Remember what you said half an hour ago. Oh! my dear friend, let us not make a show of the Gospel. You are in general so kind, so sympathizing, how is it that you now find it so difficult to assist this poor woman? Why did you not, without hesitation, give her what