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THE SOUL'S SEARCH.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

A weary wandering soul am I,
O'erburthened with an earthly weight,
A palmer through the world and sky,
Seeking the celestial gate.

Tell me, ye sweet and sinless flowers,
Who all night gaze upon the skies—
Have ye not in the silent hours
Seen aught of Paradise?

Ye birds, that soar and sing, elate
With joy which makes your voices strong,
Have ye not at the crystal gate
Caught somewhat of your song?

Ye waters, sparkling in the morn,
Ye seas, which hold the starry night,
Have ye not from the imperial bourne
Caught glimpses of its light.

Ye hermit oaks, and sentinel pines,
Ye mountain forests old and gray,
In all your long and winding lines
Have ye not seen the way?

Thou moon, 'mid all thy starry bowers,
Knowest thou the path the angels tread?
Seest thou beyond the azure towers,
The golden gates dispread?

Ye holy spheres, that sang with earth
While earth was yet a sinless star,
Have the immortal's heavenly birth
Within your realms afar?

Thou monarch sun, whose light unfurls
Thy banners through unnumber'd skies,
Seest thou amid thy subject worlds
The flaming portals rise?

All, all are mute! and still am I
O'erburthened with an earthly weight,
A palmer through the world and sky,
Seeking the celestial gate.

No answer wheresoe'er I roam—
From skies afar no guiding ray;
But, hark! the voice of Christ says "Come!
Arise! I am the way!"

A MOTHER'S GRIEF.

To mark the sufferings of the babe
That cannot speak its woe,
To see the infant tears gush forth,
Yet know not why they flow;
To meet the meek, uplifted eye,
That fain would ask relief,
The eye that's full of agony—
This is a mother's grief.

Through dreary days and darker nights,
To trace the march of death,
To hear the faint and frequent sigh,
The quick and shortened breath;
To watch the last death strife draw near,
And pray that struggle brief;

To make her own, each dying pang—
This is a mother's grief.

To see in so few months decayed,
The hope of future years;
To feel how vain a father's prayers,
How vain a mother's tears;
To think the cold grave now must close
O'er what was once the chief
Of all her treasured joys on earth—
This is a mother's grief.

Yet, when the first wild throb is past,
Of anguish and despair,
To lift the eye of faith to heaven,
And think my child is there—
This best can dry the gushing tear,
This yields the heart relief,
Until the Christian's pious hope
O'ercomes a mother's grief.

THE MAN THAT KILLED HIS NEIGHBOURS.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

From the Columbian Magazine for May.

It is curious to observe how a man's spiritual state reflects itself in the people and animals around him—nay, in the very garments, trees, and stones.

Reuben Black was an infestation in the neighbourhood where he resided. The very sight of him produced effects similar to a Hindoo magical tune, called Rang, which is said to bring on clouds, storms, and earthquakes. His wife seemed lean, sharp, and uncomfortable. The heads of his boys had a bristling aspect, as if each hair stood on end with perpetual fear. The cows poked out their horns horizontally, as soon as he opened the barn-yard gates. The dog dropped his tail between his legs, and eyed him askance, to see what humour he was in. The cat looked wild and scraggy, and had been known to rush straight up the chimney when he moved towards her. Fanny Kemble's expressive description of the Pennsylvania stage-horses was exactly suited to Reuben's poor old nag: "His hide resembled an old hair trunk." Continual whipping and kicking had made him such a stoic, that no amount of blows could quicken his pace, no chirruping could change the dejected drooping of his head. All his natural language said, as plain as a horse could say it, that he was a most unhappy beast. Even the trees on Reuben's premises had a gnarled and knotted appearance. The bark wept little sickly tears of gum, and the branches grew awry, as if they felt the continual discord, and made sorry faces at each other behind the owner's back. His fields were red with sorrel or run over with mullen. Everything seemed as hard and arid as his own visage. Every day he cursed the town and the neighbourhood, because they poisoned his dogs, and stoned his hens, and shot his cats. Continual law suits involved him in so much expense, that he had neither time nor money to spend in the improvement of his farm.

Against Joe Smith, a poor labourer in the neighbourhood, he had brought three suits in succession. Joe said he had returned a spade he had borrowed, and Reuben swore he had not. He sued Joe, and recovered damages, for which he ordered the sheriff to seize his pig. Joe, in his wrath, called him an old swindler, and a curse to the neighbourhood. These remarks were soon repeated to Reuben. He brought an action for libel, and recovered twenty-five cents. Provoked at the laugh this occasioned, he watched for Joe to pass by, and set his dog upon him, screaming furiously, "Call me an old