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## THE REFORMER.

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All grim and soiled and brown with tan,  
I saw a strong one in his wrath,  
Smiting the godless shrines of man  
Along his path.

The Church beneath her trembling dome  
Essayed in vain her ghostly charm;  
Wealth shook within his gilded home  
With pale alarm.

Fraud from his secret chambers fled  
Before the sunlight bursting in;  
Sloth drew her pillow o'er her head  
To drown the din.

"Spare," Art implored, "yon holy pile;  
That grand, old time-worn turret spare;"  
Meek Reverence, kneeling in the aisle,  
Cried out, "Forbear!"

Grey-bearded Use, who, deaf and blind,  
Groped for his old accustomed stone,  
Leaned on his staff, and wept to find  
His seat o'erthrown.

Young Romance raised his dreamy eyes,  
O'erhaung with palmy locks of gold.  
"Why smite," he asked, in sad surpris,  
"The fair, the old?"

Yet louder rang the Strong One's stroke,  
Yet nearer flashed his axe's gleam;  
Shuddering and sick of heart I woke,  
As from a dream.

I looked; aside the dust cloud rolled—  
The Waster seemed the Builder too;  
Upspringing from the ruined Old  
I saw the New.

'Twas but the ruin of the bad—  
The wasting of the wrong and ill;  
Whate'er of good the old time had  
Was living still.

Calm grew the brow of him I feared;  
The frown which awed me passed away,  
And left behind a smile that cheered  
Like breaking Day.

Green grew the grain on battle plains,  
O'er swarded war-mounds grazed the cow;  
The slave stood forging from his chains,  
The spade and plough.

Where frowned the fort, pavilions gay,  
And cottage windows, lower-entwined,  
Looked out upon the peaceful bay  
And hills behind.

Through vine-wreath'd cups with wine once red,  
The light on brimming crystal fell,  
Drawn, sparkling, from the rivulet head  
And mossy well.

Through prison-wall, like Heaven-sent hope,  
Fresh breezes blow, and sunbeams strayed,  
And with the idle gallows-rope  
The young child played.

Where the doomed victim in his cell  
Had counted o'er the weary hours,  
Glad school-girls, answering to the bell,  
Came crowned with flowers.

Grown wiser for the lesson given,  
I fear no longer, for I know  
That, where the share is deepest driven,  
The best fruit grow.

## TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

"Dad, I'm going to turn over a new leaf next week," said Sam Dana, junior, to his maternal protector, Sam Dana, senior—they were hoeing corn together near the Dana family domicile, in the town of Bow.

The two Sam Danas looked as much alike as two peas, especially Sam, junior; he looked a shade younger, otherwise he might have been taken for a chip of the old block, block and all. At the sound of the other's voice, the elder Dana rested his chin on the end of his hoe-handle, and peered at his sturdy offspring, as if doubtful of the meaning and intent of the familiar words. Sam, junior, immediately fixed himself in a similar position, fixed his sharp hazel eyes on his "dad," and went on.

"Yes, dad, I'm going to turn over a new leaf. You've often told me to do it. Next week, you know, I'm one and twenty, out of my time, and I'm off. You see, dad, I've worked on this patch of land ever since I was born, and I calculate I've been a smart boy—haven't I?"

Sam, senior, nodded his head.

"Well, if I always stay here, I shall always be a smart boy, and nothing else. I want to go round; I want to see the fashions; I want to speculate; I want to see somebody; I want to put the dollars in my pocket. I've made up my mind, no use to say nothing, can't alter me. I'm going, going, g-o-i-n-g, gone! the day my time is out, I'm g-o-n-e, gone! What do you say to that?"

"Sam—I say you're a jackass!"

"Dad, I calculate you're mistaken."

"Well, perhaps you'll be sure to make one of yourself, if you ain't."

"I tell you Sam, now, that you'll be sorry; I did just so when I was out of my time; I cleared out from home, and before I had been gone three weeks, I was glad to get back again, and you'll be in the same predicament in less than a week, or I'm no judge of horse-flesh."

"Dad, I've heard you say a thousand times that every generation grows wiser! now I calculate that I am one generation wiser than you were of my age. I'm going—no kind of use to talk agin it."

The dialogue closed; they eyed each other sharply for a moment; the senior Dana raised his chin from the end of his hoe-handle, grasped it firmly, and renewed his labour with the strength of two men. Sam, junior, followed suit with none the less of energy in his manner, and side by side they continued at work for an hour without a word spoken by either, digging as if for dear life. The elder Dana was evidently working himself into a fever of passion; at last he came to a stand still, at the same moment ejaculating a stentorian "Sam!"

Sam came to a full stop, and straightened up with a no less emphatic "Dad!"

"What in thunder are you working so fast for?" demanded the senior, and at it he went again still harder than before, and after him went Sam, the younger, as hard as he could dig, and if the dinner-horn had not sounded a moment after, they would have worked themselves out of their boots. The moment they