

THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE, AND WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Vol. I.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, JULY 7, 1847.

No. 40

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

A song of the early times out West,
And our green o'd forest home,
Whose pleasant memories freshly yet
Across the bosom come !
A song for the free and gladsome life
In those early days we led,
With a teeming soul beneath our feet,
And a smiling heaven o'erhead !
Oh, the waves of life danced merrily,
And had a joyous flow,
In the days when we were Pioneers,
Fifty years ago !

The hunt, the shot, the glorious chase,
The captured elk or deer ;
The camp, the big bright fire, and then
The rich and wholesome cheer ;
The sweet, sound sleep at dead of night,
By our camp-fire blazing high—
Unbroken by the wolf's long howl,
And the panther springing by.
Oh, merrily passed the time, despite
Our wily Indian foe,
In the days when we were Pioneers,
Fifty years ago.

We shunn'd not labour when 'twas due,
We wrought with right good will ;
And for the homes we won for them,
Our children bless us still.
We lived not hermit lives, but out
In social converse met ;
And fires of love were kindled then,
That burn on warmly yet.
Oh, pleasantly the stream of life
Pursued its constant flow,
In the days when we were Pioneers,
Fifty years ago !

We felt that we were fellow-men ;
We felt we were a band,
Sustained here in the wilderness
By Heaven's upholding hand.
And when the solemn Sabbath came,
We gathered in the wood,
And lifted up our hearts in prayer
To God tho only good.
Our temples then were earth and sky ;
None others did we know,
In the days when we were Pioneers,
Fifty years ago.

Our forest life was rough and rude,
And dangers closed us round ;
But here, amid the green old trees,
We freedom sought and found.
Oft through our dwellings wintry blasts
Would rush with shriek and moan ;
We cared not though they were but frail.
We felt they were our own !
Oh, free and manly lives we led,
'Mid verdure or 'mid snow,
In the days when we were Pioneers,
Fifty years ago !

But now our course of life is short ;
And as from day to day

We're walking on with halting step,
And fainting by the way,
Another land more bright than this
To our dim sight appears ;
And on our way to it we'll soon
Again be Pioneers ;
Yet, while we hunger, we may all
A backward glance still throw
To the days when we were Pioneers,
Fifty years ago !

MOTHER, HOME, AND HEAVEN.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

"The three sweetest words in the English language are Mother, Home, and Heaven."

Mother—

The first fond word our hearts express,
In childhood's rosy hours ;
When life seems full of happiness,
As nature is of flowers ;
A word that manhood loves to speak,
When time has placed upon his cheek,
And written on his brow,
Stern lessons of the world's untruth,
Unheeded in his thoughtless youth,
But sadly ponder'd now ;
As time brings back, 'mid vanished years,
A mother's fondest hopes and tears.

Home—

The only Eden left untouched,
Free from the tempter's snare ;
A Paradise where kindred hearts
May revel without care ;
A wife's glad smile is imaged here,
And eyes that never knew a tear,
Save those of happiness,
Beam on the hearts that wander back,
From off the long and beaten track
Of sordid worldliness.
To task those purer joys that come
Like Angels round the hearth at Home.

Heaven—

The end of all a Mother's prayers—
The Home of all her dreams ;
The guiding star to light our path,
With hope's encheering beams—
The haven for our storm-toss'd barque,
From out a world where wild and dark
The tempests often rise—
But still in every darksome hour
This hope will rise with holy power,
And point us to the skies,
Where Mother, Home, and Heaven are seen,
Without a cloud to intervene.

LIFE OF SARAH MARTIN—PRISON VISITING.

(Concluded.)

This appears to have been the busiest period of Sarah Martin's life. Her system, if we may so term it, of superintendence over the prisoners, was now complete. For six or seven hours daily she took her station amongst them ; converting that which, with-