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PAUL BEFORE THE AREOPAGUS.

Come to the Hill of Mars, for he is there,
That wondrous man, whose eloquence doth touch
The heart like living flame. With brow unblench'd
And eye of fearless ardour, he confronts
That high tribunal, with its pen of flint,
Whose irreversible decree made pale
The Gentile world. All Athens gathers near—
Fickle, and warm of heart, and fond of change,
And full of strangers, and of those who pass
Life in the idle toil, to hear and tell
Of some new thing. See, thither throng the bands,
Of Epicurus, wrapt in gorgeous robe,
Who seem with bright and eager eyes to ask,
'What will this babbler say?' With front austere
Stand a dark group of stoics, sternly proud,
And predetermined to confute, but still
'Neath the deep wrinkles of their settled brow
Lurks some unwonted gathering of their power—
As for no common foe. With angry frown
Stalk the fierce cynics, anxious to condemn,
And prompt to punish; while the patient sons
Of gentle Plato bind the listening soul
To search for wisdom, and with reason's art
Build the fair argument.

Behold the throngs
Press on the speaker—drawing still more close,
In denser circles, as his thrilling tones
Speak of the God who warneth every where
Man to repent, and of that fearful day
When he shall judge the world. Loud tumult wakes,
The tide of strong emotion hoarsely swells,
And that blest voice is silenced. They have mocked
The ambassador of Heaven, and he departs
From their wild circle. But his graceful hand
Points to an altar with its mystic scroll—
'The Unknown God!'

Ah, Athens, is it so?
Thou who didst crown thyself with woven rays
As a divinity, and called the world
Thy pilgrim worshipper, dost thou confess
Such ignorance and shame? *The Unknown God!*
While all thy hillocks and resounding streams
Do boast their deity! and every house,
Yea, every heart that beats within thy walls,
May choose its temple and its priestly train,
Victim, and garland, and appointed rite;
Thou mak'st the gods of every realm thy own,
Fostering with boundless hospitality
All forms of idol-worship. Can it be
That still ye found not him who is so near
To every one of us—in whom we live,
And move, and have a being? He of whom
Thy tuneful poets spake with childish awe?
And thou, Philosophy, whose art refined
Did aim to pierce the labyrinth of Fate,
And compass with thy fine-spun sophist web
The mighty universe, didst thou fall short
Of the Upholding God?

The Unknown God!

Thou who didst smile to find an awe-struck world
Crouch to thee as a pupil; wert thou blind?
Blinder than he who in his humble cot,
With hardened hand, his daily labour done,
Turns to the page of Jesus, and doth read
With toil, perchance, that the trim school-man mocks.
Counting him in his arrogance a fool;
Yet shall this poor, wayfaring man lie down
With such a hope as thou couldst never teach
Thy kinglike saes—yea, a hope that plucks
The sting from death—the victory from the grave.

THE PRINCESS AMELIA.

On the 7th of August, 1783, the Princess Amelia, daughter to his late Majesty George 3, was born; and on the 2d of Nov., 1810, she died at Windsor. Her constitution was delicate, and subject to frequent and severe indisposition. On her death-bed she anxiously desired to present his Majesty with a token of her filial duty and affection; himself was suffering under an infirmity the most appalling and humiliating in our nature, and in that state he approached her death-bed. She placed on his finger a ring containing a small lock of her hair, set beneath a crystal tablet, enclosed by a few sparks of diamonds, and uttered with her dying breath, "Remember me!" The words sunk deep into the paternal heart, and are supposed to have increased a malady in the king, which suspended his exercise of the royal functions, and ended in the extinction of man's noblest faculty.

The Princess Amelia's character has hitherto lain in the oblivion of silent merit. The editor of these sheets is enabled to disclose sentiments emanating from her, under circumstances peculiarly affecting. Dignity of station and absence of stain upon her reputation, commanded towards her the respect and sympathy which accident of birth, and abstinence from evil, always obtain in the public mind: but there are higher claims upon it.

Homage, by rule and precedent prescribed,
To royal daughters from the courtier-ring
Amelia had; and, when she ceased to live,
The herald wrote her death beneath her birth!
And set out arms for scutcheons on her pall;
And saw her buried in official state;
And newspapers and magazines dole'd out
The common praise of common courtesy;
She was "most" good, "most" virtuous, and—so forth:
Thus, ere the Chamberlain's gazetted order
To mourn, so many days, and then half-mourn,
Had half expired, Amelia was forgotten!
Unknown by one distinguish'd act, her fate,
The certain fate of undistinguish'd rank,
Seems only to have been, and died: no more.
Yet shall this little book send down her name,
By her own hand inscribed, as in an album,
With reverence to our posterity.
It will revive her in the minds of those
Who scarce remember that she was; and will