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GOD CARETH FOR THE POOR.

BY MRS. ANDY.

Oh! speak not of their homely toils, their slow corroding cares;
 Say not that dreary joyless days and anxious nights are theirs;
 Peace oft deserts the palace-gate to seek the cottage-door;
 Contentment loves the lowly roof—God careth for the poor.

Is not the wealth of Nature theirs?—the flowers of varied dyes,
 The silver stars, the towering rocks, the blue and sunny skies;
 The twining boughs their canopy, the mossy turf their floor;
 Say need they pine for gilded halls?—God careth for the poor.

They never chide Time's lagging course, nor wish the moments spent;
 Turning from music, flowers, and books, in peevish discontent;
 Viewing past pleasures with disdain, yet covetous of more:
 They know not vexed satiety—God careth for the poor.

They glide not languidly along o'er life's unruffled seas;
 Labour imparts enjoyment to their intervals of ease;
 Their hours of pastime swiftly fly, nor leave them to deplore
 Nameless imaginary ills—God careth for the poor.

And deem not that dull ignorance obscures their simple lot;
 The light of knowledge penetrates the lone sequestered cot:
 None vainly need the tidings of salvation to implore;
 The gospel cheers the humblest hearth—God careth for the poor.

His precepts are before them, and His eye is o'er them still;
 They have earth's blessings to partake, earth's duties to fulfil;
 The heaven that smiles above them may be their's for evermore;
 Faith tells them of the promised land—God careth for the poor.

And never shall we scornfully their homeliness deride,
 And never shall we judge them by the world's false code of pride,
 If rightly we have read and prized that Book of sacred lore,
 Which shows to us how lovingly God careth for the poor.

THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

Pale, weary watcher by Bethesda's pool,
 From dewy morn to silent, glowing eve;
 While round thee play the freshening breezes cool,
 Why wilt thou grieve?

Listen! and thou shalt hear the unearthly tread
 Of Heaven's bright herald passing swiftly by,
 O'er the calm pool his healing wing to spread:
 Why wilt thou die?

At his approach, once more the troubled wave
 Leaps gushing into life, its torpor gone:
 Once more called forth its boasted power to save,
 Which else had none!

Ah! then his spirit feels a deeper grief,
 When o'er the rippling surface healing flows;
 His wasted limbs experience no relief;
 No help he knows!

Healing, and strength, and cure for all his woe,
 May linger round that sacred fountain's brim;
 Yet all unable he one step to go;
 No cure for him!

No friend is watching there, whose anxious love
 For him prompt access to the pool can win!
 Soon as the angels did the waters move,
 Others stepped in!

Oh ye! who idly pass unheeding by,
 Knew ye the sickening pang of hope delayed,
 Your listless steps would eagerly press nigh,
 And give him aid.

Ah! wretched lot, of gnawing want to die,
 While smiling plenty mocks us all around;
 Or, shipwrecked, watch, as we all helpless lie,
 Others home-bound!

Yet sadder far, to him who reads aright
 The story of our being's end and aim,
 The spirit darkened 'mid surrounding light
 By sin and shame!

To see the impervious clouds of prejudice,
 Round which the sunbeams pour their light in vain:
 The dead soul, fettered by the fims of vice,
 Knows not its chain.

Then if thy spirit freedom, knowledge drink,
 Bathed in that living fount which maketh pure,
 Oh! aid thy brother, ere he helpless sink,
 To work his cure!

Hopeless, and helpless, vainly did he turn
 For help or pity to the busy throng;
 Yet found them both in ONE, whose heart did burn
 With love, how strong!

AN ANSWER TO A MOTHER'S PRAYERS.

(From an American Publication.)

The Bible begins the story of the Redeemer's mercy; but it is only a beginning. The whole history of redemption can never be said to be published, till every name on the pages of the book of life has been read, and the leadings of God's mysterious providence, in regard to each one, have been unfolded in eternity.

A few years since, I was called from my study to see a stranger. He brought a letter from a friend in Ohio, which stated that he was "a man of the right stamp." His name was Joseph W. Barr, then a student at the Theological Seminary at Andover. He was out of health; had walked nearly thirty miles; and there was nothing very prepossessing in his first appearance. But a few hours' acquaintance only was necessary to discover that he was a man of a strong, well-balanced mind, of deep piety, and of a breast full of benevolence. One great object of his visit was to restore his health, which had become impaired by study. But instead of lying upon the couch, taking gentle exercise, and "light medicines," he hired himself out, for the vocation, as a carpenter; and a better, or more diligent and faithful workman, seldom entered the shop. He received high wages, and the family in which he resided can hardly speak of him, to this day, without tears. On leaving us, he carried away a good stock of health, and more of the heart and good wishes, and pure substantial tokens of confidence from his Christian friends, than if he had spent his time in any other way. While in my study, one evening, I requested him to relate to me his Christian experience, and the dealings of God in regard to his soul. He began at once, and did it with such simplicity and humility, that I was compelled more than once to turn away my head to conceal my tears. I wrote down the account just as he had related it, as soon as he had left me. It is not merely a true account of his conversion; but, as nearly as possible, in his own words:—

"Among my first recollections is the image of my sainted mother. We lived at the West, in what was then a howling wilderness, but is now the flourishing state of Ohio. My father was a minister and a missionary, and my mother was every way qualified to be his helper. My father was gone much from home in searching for the scattered sheep of Christ's fold, and could not do much towards forming my character. But my Mother, she was an angel to me. We lived in a log house, and had but one large room; of course she had no closet there. But there was