

# SATURDAY EVENING MAGAZINE.

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Vol. I.]

MONTREAL, DECEMBER 14, 1833.

[No. 4.

THE SATURDAY EVENING MAGAZINE again commits itself to the current of popular opinion, under an improved form—which the Editor has thought himself bound to adopt, in order to manifest his sense of the favourable disposition of his patrons, so unequivocally proved by the rapidity with which the subscription list was filled. The object and nature of the design have previously been explained; and the plan already approved will be pursued in the future progress of the work.

The gentle public must not be offended, if we candidly inform it why the undertaking was temporarily discontinued at its third number. The cause may be guessed when we mention, that we have in our possession a bag filled with the detestable copper coin which every body sneers at, and of which an uncourteous portion of the public thought it an excellent opportunity to rid itself at our expense.

#### TO THE EDITOR OF THE SATURDAY EVENING MAGAZINE.

Sir,—At the moment when your agent called, I was about to write you a note, requesting you to add my name to the list of subscribers to the Saturday Evening Magazine—a work which, if well conducted, is admirably calculated to diffuse knowledge, at a cheap rate. I trust you will allow me, at the same time, to point out, with all due respect, an important historical error in your last number. You mention the accession of the House of York in the person of Henry the Sixth, 1422—whereas, that accession took place in the person of Edward IV., A. D. 1461.

Henry the Sixth was a *Lancasterian*, or red Rose, being the son of Henry V., grandson of Henry IV., and great grandson of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster.—I leave to your own superior judgment to suggest the best mode of correcting this error in your next number.

I trust the motive and manner of this communication will prevent the possibility of offence.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

B. B. STEVENS.

#### THE VOICE OF PRAYER.

I.

I hear it in the summer wind,  
I feel it in the lightning's gleam;  
A tongue in every leaf I find,  
A voice in every running stream.  
It speaks in the enamell'd flower,  
With grateful incense borne on high;  
It echoes in the dripping shower,  
And breathes in midnight's breathless sky;  
Through all her scenes of foul and fair,  
Nature presents a fervent prayer—  
In all her myriad shapes of lore,  
Nature transmits a prayer above.

II.

Day unto day, and night to night,  
The eloquent appeal convey;  
Flasheth the cheerful orb of light,  
To bid creation bend and pray:  
The shadowy clouds of darkness steal  
Along the horizon's azure cope,  
Bidding distracted nations kneel  
To Him, the Lord of quenchless hope—  
To Him, who died that hope might live,  
And lived, eternal life to give—  
Who bore the pangs of death, to save  
The dead from an eternal grave!

III.

Oh! tread you tangled coppice now,  
Where the sweet briar and woodbine strive—  
Where music drops from every bough,  
Like honey from the forest-hive—  
Where warbling birds and humming bees,  
And wild-flowers round a gushing spring,  
And blossoms sprinkled o'er the trees,  
And gorgeous insects on the wing,  
Unite to load the gladden'd air  
With melody of grateful prayer—  
Unite their Maker's name to bless,  
In that brief space of happiness!

IV.

And can it be that MAN alone  
Forbids the tide of prayer to flow,  
For whom his God forsook a throne,  
To weep, to bleed—a man of woe?  
Ah! 'tis *alone* the immortal soul  
An endless bliss ordain'd to win,  
The heaven of heavens its destined goal,  
That thus is sunk in shameless sin!  
Scantly permitting to intrude  
The faintest gleam of gratitude;  
And but in hours of dire despair,  
Responding in the voice of prayer!

The God of mercy walks his round  
From day to day, from year to year,  
And warns us each with awful sound,  
"No longer stand ye idle here."

Ye whose young cheeks are rosy bright,  
Whose hands are strong, whose hearts are clear,  
Waste not of youth the morning light,  
Oh fools why stand ye idle here?

And ye whose scanty locks of gray,  
Foretell your latest travail year,  
How fast declines your useless day,  
And stand ye yet so idle here?

One hour remains, there is but one,  
But many a grief, and many a tear,  
Through endless ages, must atone  
For moments lost and wasted here.

HENRY