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THE CHILD'S DREAM.

O! I have seen a glorious sight,
While sleeping on my bed, mamma:
A beauteous form all clothed in light,
Who seem'd a heavenly maid, mamma.

To me she came, fresh as the dew
Which gems the flowers in May, mamma;
She smiled so sweet, and to me flew,
And bade me come away, mamma.

I look'd, I loved, and paused a while—
How could I say her "No," mamma:
Her speech so kind, so sweet her smile,
I was obliged to go, mamma.

She took me in her snow-white hand,
And mounted to the air, mamma;
Far higher above sea and land
Than ever eagles were, mamma.

I fe't, I cannot tell you how:
O! had you been with me, mamma;
Such glories open'd to our view
As none but angels see, mamma.

The mountains, stretch'd from shore to shore,
Appear'd like little hills, mamma,
And seas and rivers seem'd no more
Than ponds and putling rills, mamma.

I sought to find papa's estate;
But, ah! 'twas much too small, mamma:
For now the world seem'd not so great
As William's cricket ball, mamma.

We saw the sun's bright fiery car
Grow little to our eye, mamma:
And quite outshot the farthest star,
Which glistens in yon sky, mamma.

But heaven at last, in glorious day,
Dawn'd on our distant view, mamma:
Beyond the sparkling milky way
More glorious still it grew, mamma.

Enwrap't in glory's brightest blaze,
I felt ecstatic bliss, mamma;
But what I heard of angels' praise,
I cannot now express, mamma.

No fear, nor pain, nor sorrow there
E'er clouds their heavenly face, mamma;
For sin, and death, and suff'ring are
All banish'd from the place, mamma.

No darkness there, nor wintry signs
Eclipse the blaze so bright, mamma;
For there the King of Glory shines,
And Jesus is its light, mamma.

I saw my sister Anne so bright,
Now freed from death's alarms, mamma;
With robes of si ver, dapt in light,
She clasp'd me in her arms, mamma.

O'ercome with joy when first she spake,
I utter'd such a scream, mamma,
As made your little Fanny wake,
And, lo! 'twas but a dream, mamma.

FEMALE TRIALS.

My heart always "stirs within me," when I read selections made by editors of newspapers, which are designed for married ladies, setting forth our duty with relation to "making our homes happy to our husbands, that we should *always* welcome them with a cheerful smile when they come in from the cares and fatigue of the day, and do all we can to make married life pleasant to them," etc. Now, this is well, I acknowledge, and I trust I strive daily to reduce so good a theory to practice. But allow me to enquire, if the cares and fatigues of the wife are always—I might say ever—appreciated by the husband.

Shall I give a short sketch of domestic life *as it is*, not, of course, describing a family as it should be, but I wish to give a fair example of every day life at home.

My neighbour, Mr. Benson, is a lawyer by profession, is what the world calls a respectable man. His income is small, but he married a lady who was able to furnish their small house handsomely, and they have some hope of prosperity in reversion. Mrs. B. was educated in modern times, and somewhat fashionably; so that the host of evils, which ignorant young housekeepers "arc heir to," came thick and fast upon her, when she started on the doubtful pilgrimage of matrimonial life.

But she had firm principles, energy of character, and devoted love for her husband, all good stimulants in the path of duty. She braved, like a heroine, all the "tea pot tempests" which often come from the clouds, not so "big as a man's hand," and in due time succeeded in making a cheerful and happy manager of their economical establishment. Mrs. B. has been a wife twelve years, and is a mother of five children, the youngest but a babe, and the family are as happy as a large portion of families.

It is Monday morning, and this speaks "unutterable things" to a New England wife, who has been married a dozen years. Mr. Benson has had his breakfast in season, has kissed the children, and gone to the office, where the boy has a good fire; the books and papers are all in order, and Mr. B. sits down to answer a few agreeable demands upon his time, which will evidently turn into cash. He goes home to his dinner punctually at one o'clock; it is ready for him; he takes it quietly; perhaps, frolics ten minutes with the baby, and then hurries back to the office. At the hour for tea he goes home; every thing is cheerful, and to quote the simple rhyme of an old song,

The hearth was clean, the fire was clear,
The kettle on for tea;
Benson was in his rocking chair,
And blest as man could be.

But how has it been with Mrs. Benson through the day? She has an ill natured girl in the kitchen, who will do *only* half the work at nine shillings per week. Monday morning, 8 o'clock: four children must be ready for school; Mrs. B. must sponge their faces, smooth their hair, see that books, slates, pencils, paper, pocket handkerchiefs (yes, four of them), are all in order, and now the baby is crying; the fire is low; it is time Sally should begin to wash the parlor, the chambers, the breakfast things are all waiting. Well, by a song to the baby, who lies kicking in the cradle, a smile to smooth ruffled Sally, and with all the energy that mind and body can summon, things are "straightened out," and the lofty pile of a week's rearing, begins to grow less; but time shortens with it; it is almost dinner time; by some accident that joint of meat is frozen; company calls; Mr. Benson forgot to get any eggs on Saturday, Mrs. B. must do the next best way; the bell rings twelve; the door opens, and in rush the children from school. John has torn his pantaloons; Mary must have some money then, to get a thimble, she has just lost hers; William has cut his finger with a piece of glass, and is calling loudly for his mother.