

THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE, AND WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Vol. I.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 14, 1847.

No. 28

THE MESSENGER OF PEACE.

(Written on reading the labours of the German missionary, Zeisberger, among the North American Indians.)

See the Christian hero kneeling,
Melting at a throne of grace;
Mercy's dewy impulse stealing
O'er his heaven-reflected face.

Lo, for captive heathen bending,
Bursts the sympathetic tear;
While faith, and hope, and love ascending,
Bring salvation's promise near.

To other lands his step directing,
O'er the ocean's stormy wave:
His toils and dangers unsuspecting,
He issues forth to seek and save.

Where the wily Indian roameth
Through the forest's gloomy shades;
Where the boiling torrent foameth
Down unknown, untrodden glades;

Where the thunder's deep voice rendeth
Evening's cloud-embattled air;
Where the lightning's red bolt sendeth
Bursts of awful brightness there;

Where the murd'rous war-cry breaketh
Wildly on the ear of night;
And burning foe, on foeman wreaketh
Bloody vengeance in the fight.

The good man came with words of glory,
Sounding o'er those wilds afar;
Truth told her great and wond'rous story,
And hope hung out her beacon star.

The keen-eyed warrior dropp'd his blade
Before the God of heaven;
And stung with deep repentance prayed
His sins might be forgiven.

The haughty chief, whom many years
Had silvered o'er with grey,
Then bowed, oppressed with boding fears
Of judgment's awful day.

The still small voice of mercy bade
The pang of sorrow cease;
Hope beamed above its darkest shade,
The morning star of peace.

And now the house of God was seen,
With meek and modest air,
Presiding o'er the blissful scene,
In hallowed stillness there.

Where, as each Sabbath morning broke,
Enrobed in mildest rays,
The voice of new-born strains awoke
In simple songs of praise.

And peace through Jesus' mercy given,
Was still the gentle theme;
In notes that flowed from earth to heaven,
An ever grateful stream.

The following admirable lines were written by Mrs Judson on her voyage, after leaving America, and are published in the Christian Reflector:

A REPLY.

BY MRS. EMILY C. JUDSON.

"Does she deem that stern duty calls her to resign the home and friends of her heart—the same which she has so gloriously won—nay, perhaps even life itself, for the far-off heathen? Methinks 'the orphans of the heart' are gathered in crowds about our very doors"—*National Press.*

'Stern duty!' Came death to thy door, a prey-seeker,
Didst thou mark the eye glazing, the pulse growing weaker,
And in thy hand clasped, were a life-brimming beaker,
In duty, 'stern duty,' the draught wouldst thou bring?
Sawest thou a rich crown to thy brother's brow bending,
At his feet a dark pit, its death-vapours up-sending,
As thou sprangest to his side, thy voice, eye, and hand lending,
Would only 'stern duty' thy fleet footsteps wing?

There's a dearer than mother, whose breast is my pillow,
A truer than brother's foot guides o'er the billow;
There's a voice I shall hear at the grave-guarding willow,
When they leave me to sleep in my turf-covered bed.
There's a lip with soft love-words forever o'erflowing,
An eye in which love-thoughts forever are glowing,
A hand never weary of guarding, bestowing,
A heart, that for me, has in agony bled.

'Stern duty!' No, Love is my ready foot winging,
On Duty's straight path, Love sweet roses is flinging;
In love to the 'FRIEND of my heart, I'm still clinging;
My 'home' is his smile, my 'far-off' is his frown.
He shaped the frail goblet that death waits to shiver,
He cast every sun-ray on life's gloomy river;
Both are safest when guarded by Maker and Giver;
My laurels and life at his feet I lay down.

Away to my brother, the orphaned of Heaven!
Away with the life-draught my Saviour has given!
Away, till the web Time is weaving be riven!

Then my wings, and my harp, and my crown evermore!
I go, but one prayer my full heart is back throting,
By these warm gushing tears that I leave thee in going,
By all that thou lovest, by thy topos ever-glowing,
Cheer thou 'the heart-orphans' that throng round thy door!

VISIT TO AN EGYPTIAN MOSQUE.

From Mrs. Romer's Pilgrimage to the Temples and Tombs of Egypt, &c.

Yesterday I achieved a rash undertaking, no less a one than going into the mosques of El Azhar and Hhassaneyn, both of them so sacred to the Moslems that Christians are forbidden to enter them under pain of death; and until within the last few years, were not suffered even to pass before them without incurring the same penalty. There was only one way of obtaining admission, and that was by putting on the Mahometan dress, and passing myself off for an Egyptian woman, with the risk staring me in the face, that, should the fraud be discovered, Mohammed, who was to accompany me, would be the first victim sacrificed to the popular fury and prejudice. * * * Arrived at the gate of El Hhassaneyn, I dismounted, and leaving my slippers at the outer door, entered boldly with my female attendant; Mohammed following at a distance, so as to appear not to belong to me, as it is not customary in Mahometan countries for men to accompany women when they go to a place of worship, but keeping me in sight, so as to be able to come to my assistance should any thing unpleasant have occurred. The mosque was quite full; Tuesday being the day on which the howling dervishes perform their strange rites in it. We first directed our steps towards the