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TO WHOM IS THE ARM OF THE LORD REVEALED.

Not unto thee, proud man ! not unto thee !  
 He knows thy hollow and aspiring heart ;  
 And his veiled face thy soul shall never see,  
 Till like an humble, grateful child thou art.

Not unto thee, thou stained of crime ! oh, no !  
 Thou could'st not see him were his veil withdrawn.  
 A mist is on thy eyes and hides the glow,  
 More radiant than the fairest earthly dawn.

Not unto thee, who yieldest to despair,  
 Nor meekly giv'st the cherished idol up.  
 How should'st thou, 'mid the grief that knows no prayer,  
 Perceive the hand that holds the bitter cup !

Not unto thee whom Fortune hath betrayed,  
 And disappointment whelmed in cureless grief.  
 Thou on the Lord thy burden hast not laid,—  
 And could his searching presence give relief ?

But unto thee, thou pure in heart ! is shown  
 The Mighty Arm on which thou dost repose.  
 His voice is heard in ev'ry soothing tone,  
 His smiles the folded flowers of life unclose.

That hand which led thy sinless feet in peace,  
 On rougher roads will not forsake its trust ;  
 And when thy Father wills, shall give release,  
 Receive thy soul, and render dust to dust.

THE WITNESSES.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

In ocean's wide domains,  
 Half buried in the sands,  
 Like skeletons in chains,  
 With shackled feet and hand —

Beyond the fall of dews,  
 Deeper than plummet lies—  
 Float ships, with all their crews,  
 No more to sink or rise.

There the black slave-ship swims,  
 Freight with human forms,  
 Those fettered, fleshly limbs  
 Are not the sport of storms.

These are the bones of slaves ;  
 They gleam from the abyss ;  
 They cry from yawning waves,  
 " We are the witnesses."

Within earth's wide domains  
 Are markets for men's lives ;  
 Their necks are galled with chains,  
 Their wrists are cramped with gyves.

Dead bodies, that the kite  
 In deserts makes its prey ;  
 Murders, that with affright  
 Scare school-boys from their play !

All evil thoughts and deeds ;  
 Anger, and lust, and pride ;  
 The foulest, rankest weeds,  
 That choke life's groaning tide !

These are the woes of slaves :  
 They glare from the abyss ;  
 They cry, from unknown graves,  
 " We are the witnesses !"

THE SELF-RUINED.

(From the New York Observer.)

"Margaret, my daughter," said Mrs. Barton, "I wish for your company this evening."

"Where are you going, mother?" replied Margaret.

"I am going to Mrs. Osborn's."

"I should like to go there, if I can do any good."

Now this was hardly spoken in sincerity by Margaret, for she had some objects of her own to accomplish that morning, and in consequence was somewhat indisposed to accompany her mother in her visit of mercy. Mrs. Barton noticed this indisposition, but said nothing about it, simply remarking, "Perhaps if you cannot do good, you may get good by going."

Margaret made an effort, and laid aside her unwillingness, and prepared cheerfully to accompany her mother.

It was a cold November morning. The surface of the ground was frozen, and the wind whirled the dry leaves along the path. Margaret wrapped her cloak closely about her, and pressed briskly onwards, with some emotions of thankfulness that she was prepared for the cold of the approaching winter.

They turned down a narrow lane in the outskirts of the village, and knocked at the door of a small and decayed dwelling. No voice was heard bidding them enter. After knocking several times, Mrs. Barton lifted the rude latch and entered, followed by her daughter.

In front of the large fire place, in which a few brands were smoking, sat an aged woman scantily dressed, with her face buried in her hands, and her elbows supported by her knees. Her hair was grey, and as it had escaped from the confinement of the comb, and hung around her neck, it led one to suppose she was a maniac. She did not raise her head, or in any way take notice of the fact that some one had entered the room. Mrs. Barton stopped for a moment, and gazed upon the bent form before her; while a tear gathered in her eye. Margaret drew closely to her side, and gave her a look clearly indicating that she was alarmed.

"How are you this morning?" said Mrs. Barton, seating herself on a rude stool by the side of the woman, while Margaret held back to be near the door, in case anything should happen to render flight expedient.

"I'm as bad as I can be," replied the woman after some time, in a harsh tone of voice. "If it does you any good to know it, you know it."

"I came here to see if I could not be of some service to you," said Mrs. Barton, in a very kind and sympathizing voice. "I have heard of your loss. What can I do for you?"

"You can't do nothing for me, and I don't want nothing done for me. I want to be left to myself."

During this time she had not raised her face from her hands. Margaret made motions to her mother for leave to withdraw, but without effect.

"I should be glad to comfort you if I knew how," said Mrs. Barton.

"It's for folks like you," said she, raising her head and giving Mrs. B. a fierce look, "to talk about comfort who have good houses, and enough of all things, and friends and children around you. What comfort is there for me, starving in this hovel, and all that I had to love in the bottom of the sea? I tell you, I've lost my all. I know he was not what he ought to be, but he was my child, my *only* child, and I loved him as I did my eyes,