

THE
PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,
 AND WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Vol. I.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 11, 1847.

No. 46

THE GREAT FIRST CAUSE.

[John Mason Goode, author of the *Studies of Nature*, and the translation of the Book of Job, has in four stanzas stated the argument in favour of an intelligent first cause; the wise Contriver of all the arrangements of this material world, as strikingly as it could be stated in a whole volume:]

THE DAISY.

Not worlds on worlds, in phalanx deep,
 Need we to tell a God is here:
 The daisy, fresh from winter's sleep,
 Tells of His hand inclines as clear.

What power, but His who arched the skies,
 And poured the day-spring's purple flood,
 Wondrous alike in all it tries,
 Could rear the daisy's curious bud;

Mould its green cup, its wiry stem,
 Its fringed border nicely spin,
 And cut the gold-embossed gem,
 That, set in silver, gleams within;

And fling it with a hand so free,
 O'er hill and dale and desert sod,
 That man, where'er he walks, may see,
 In every step, the stamp of God!

THE LITTLE CANDLE.

BY REV. HENRY BACON.

Cheerful the little work-girl sat,
 And swift her needle flew,
 While the dark shadows of the night
 Their gloom around her threw.

A little light alone was hers,
 As there she sat and wrought,
 And well she knew how well to prize
 What her own toil had bought.

"I must be quick," she musing said,
 "My little candle wanes;
 Ah! swiftly must my task go on,
 While yet its light remains."

And then she plied with wondrous skill
 The little shining steel,
 And every ray of that small light
 Smiled on her patient zeal.

Ere the last glimmer died away,
 Her task was neatly done;
 Sweet was her rest—and joy to her
 Came with the morning sun.

Ah, is not life a little light
 That soon will cease to burn?
 And should not we from that dear girl
 A solemn lesson learn?

While yet that little candle shines,
 Be all our powers employed;
 And while we strive to do our tasks,
 Life shall be best enjoyed.

But let us ne'er in darkened hours
 Forget what Christ hath done,
 But patient, in sweet hope, await
 The glorious rising sun!

STEAM IN THE DESERT.

BY BENJAMIN ELLIOTT.

"God made all nations of one blood,
 And bade the nation-wedding flood
 Bear good for good to man:
 Lo, interchange is happiness!—
 The mindless are the riverless!
 The shipless have no pen.

What deed sublime by them is wrought?
 What type have they of speech or thought?
 What soul-ennobled page?
 No record tells their tale of pain,
 Th' unwritten history of Cain
 Is theirs from age to age.

Steam!—if the nations grow not old
 That see broad ocean's "back of gold,"
 Or hear him in the wind—
 Why dost not thou thy banner shake
 O'er sealess, streamless lands, and make
 One nation of mankind.

If rivers are but seeking rest,
 E'en when they climb from ocean's breast
 To plant on earth the rose—
 If good for good is doubly blest—
 Oh, bid the severed east and west
 In action find repose.

Yes, let the wilderness rejoice,
 The voiceless campaign hear the voice
 Of millions long estranged:
 That waste, and want, and war may cease,
 And all men know that Love and Peace
 Are—good for good exchanged.

SKETCH OF MARYLAND LIFE.

BY CAROLINE W. HEALEY DALL.

Ten years ago, a coloured man, with an honest, straightforward countenance, and long, dark hair, thinly striped with grey, walked irresolutely back and forth before the window of a bookseller's shop in the city of Philadelphia. Now he paused for a moment to gaze wistfully at some richly bound Bibles, just within the glass, now he waited without the half-open door, and finally, as if any certainty were better than suspense, he entered. For several years this faithful Christian had laid aside all he could spare from his scanty earnings, on what is called the "Eastern Shore" of Maryland, in the hope of procuring for himself and his children a copy of the Word of God.

I know not by what strange Providence it happened, but this coloured man knew how to read, and as he stood on that clear, sunny morning, by the bookseller's side, and turned over the leaves of that long desired volume, feeling that it cost more than he could spare, his heart ached, and the tear sprang to his always pensive eye. "Come," said the bookseller, coaxingly, "you shall have it five cents lower, and I will throw in this hymn book." Sherry took the hymn book, and turned over its leaves. He caught the first lines of well remembered hymns, and a glimpse of some short stories that his curly-headed boys would climb his knees to hear. One or two pictures decorated the book, and the innocent man looking on a coarse cut of a slave, holding out his hand for the iron, and another of the overseer, with his cow-skin at his side, little thought that these plain representations of fact, would be termed "libelous and