

tures it inculcates, or the crimes which it prohibits, can furnish him with motives of action or forbearance. His senses, indeed, may be flattered by unknown enjoyments; his imagination may be awed by the display of unexpected power; his reason may be rendered the thrall of violent injustice or of base cupidity; but to hope for security,—to expect improvement, until other views, other prospects, other relations are set before him, until the veil which hid eternity from his view be lifted up—until the lever is placed on that spot in the ideal world, from which alone it can obtain sufficient purchase to wrench from their holdings habits the most powerful and inveterate, can only lead us up—to this moment it has invariably led—to danger and disappointment. But in countries where civilization though stationary is ancient, and religion though debasing has long prevailed, the process must be reversed. In the latter case there is no void to supply, no craving to allay; the imperious appetites of our moral nature have been satisfied with unwholesome food, no doubt; but for the present they are still. In America, the destruction of the red man and the progress of the white man have advanced by nearly equal steps. Where a barbarous people have been civilized by the intercourse of a foreign nation, it has happened, as in the case of the tribes who overran Europe, after the fall of the Roman empire, or of the Mongols who subjugated China, when the victory of the former over the latter has been acknowledged complete—the conqueror admits the conquered to his councils—the conquered opens his schools to the conqueror. But in a state of things, where one of the two parties unites the advantage of intellectual and physical superiority—the other sinks under the crushing weight of such an irresistible preponderance. If this did not happen in Mexico and Peru, it was because the original inhabitants had already emerged from a nomadic state. But in North America, where the knavery and strength of civilized man have encroached upon the lessening domain of the ruler of the desert, the result has been a blot on the glories of American enterprise and industry, that ages of benevolence and humanity will hardly be sufficient to wash away. The Indians in the thirteen States amount to little more than six thousand souls.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

## POETRY.

## A CRY FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

"The voice of one crying in the wilderness."—Mark 1. 3.  
 Africa, from her remotest strand,  
 Lifts to high Heaven one fettered hand;  
 And to the utmost of her chain,  
 Stretches the other o'er the main;  
 Then, kneeling midst ten thousand slaves,  
 Utters a cry across the waves,  
 Of power to reach to either pole,  
 And pierce, like conscience, through the soul—

Thou, dreary, faint, and low the sound,  
 Like life-blood gurgling from a wound,  
 As if her heart, before it broke,  
 Had found a human tongue and spoke.

"Britain, not now I ask of thee  
 Freedom, the right of bond and free;  
 Let Mammon hold, while Mammon can,  
 The bones and blood of living man;  
 Let tyrants scorn, while tyrants dare,  
 The shrieks and writhings of despair;  
 An end will come,—it will not wait,  
 Bonds, yokes, and scourges have their date;  
 Slavery itself must pass away  
 And be a tale of yesterday."  
 But now I urge a dearer claim,  
 And urge it in a mightier name;  
 Hope of the world! on thee I call,  
 By the great Father of us all,  
 By the Redeemer of our race,  
 And by the Spirit of all grace,  
 Turn not, oh! turn not from my plea,  
 — So help thee God, as thou helpst me!  
 "Mine out-cast children come to light  
 From darkness, and go down in night—  
 A night of more mysterious gloom  
 Than that which wropt them in the womb:  
 —Oh! that the womb had been the grave  
 Of every being born a slave!  
 Oh! that the grave itself might close  
 The slave's unutterable woe!  
 But what beyond that gulph may be,  
 What portion in eternity,  
 For those who live to curse their breath,  
 And die without a hope in death.  
 I know not—and I dare not think;  
 Yet while I shudder o'er the brink  
 Of that unfathomable deep,  
 Where wrath lies chained and judgments sleep,  
 To thee, thou Paradise of Isles!  
 Where mercy, in full glory smiles;  
 Eden of lands! o'er all the rest;  
 By blessing others, doubly blest;  
 To thee I lift my weeping eye,  
 Send me the Gospel or I die;  
 The word of Christ's salvation give,  
 That I may hear his voice and live."

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MONTREAL.

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