

THE
PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,
AND WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Vol. I.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1847.

No. 21

THE DOOMED ONE.

"Woe unto that man when my Spirit shall depart from him, saith the Lord." "My Spirit shall not always strive."

There is a time, we know not when,
A point, we know not where,
That marks the destiny of men,
To glory or despair.

There is a time, by us unseen,
That crosses every path;
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and His wrath.

To pass that limit is to die,
To die as if by stealth;
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Nor pale the glow of health.

The conscience may be still at ease,
The spirit light and gay;
That which is pleasing still may please,
And care be thrust away.

But on that forehead God has set
Indelibly a mark,
Unseen by man, for man as yet
Is blind and in the dark.

And yet the doomed one's path below,
Like Eden may have bloom:
He did not, does not, will not know
Or feel that he is doomed.

He knows, he feels that all is well,
And every fear is calmed;
He lives, he dies, and wakes in hell,
Not only "doomed," but "damned."

O where is this mysterious bourne,
By which our path is crossed;
Beyond which God Himself hath sworn
That he who goes is lost?

How long may we go on in sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end, and where begin
The confines of despair?

An answer from the skies is sent;
Ye that from God depart—
While it is called to-day, repent,
And harden not your heart!

A ROSY CHILD WENT FORTH TO PLAY.

BY REV. JAMES G. LYONS, L.L.D.

A rosy child went forth to play,
In the first flush of hope and pride,
Where sands in silver beauty lay,
Made smooth by the retreating tide;
And kneeling on the trackless waste,
Whence ebb'd the waters many a mile,
He raised, in hot and trembling haste,
Arch, wall, and tower;—a goodly pile.

But when the shades of evening fell,
Veiling the blue and peaceful deep,
The tolling of the vesper bell
Called the boy-builder home to sleep:—

He paced a long and restless night,
Dreaming of structures tall and fair:—
He came with the returning light,
And lo! the faithless sands were bare.
Less wise than that unthinking child,
Are all that breathe of mortal birth,
Who grasp with strivings warm and wild,
The false and fading toys of earth.
Gold, learning, glory;—What are they
Without the faith that looks on high?
The sand-forts of a child at play,
Which are not when the wave goes by.

THE RUINED SON.

A TALE OF TRUTH FOR PARENTS.

About five years since, a young man in the neighbouring State was detected in the act of committing a high crime, and committed to the county jail. He was universally known in that vicinity as a licentious and abandoned character. Such was the nature of the evidence against him, that there remained no doubt of his guilt. Being in that place at the time, I, in company with one of the clergymen of the village, made him a visit. As we entered his cell, I was forcibly struck with his appearance. He was scarcely twenty-five years of age, and though within the gloomy walls of a prison, his dress was arranged with a studious neatness. He bore evident marks of dissipation and crime—and yet there was something in his dark piercing eye, and full intellectual forehead, indicative of ability to do right. He was standing at his grated window, apparently contemplating some objects without; but as we entered, he turned and received us with an easy politeness, which would have graced a drawing-room. As he readily engaged in conversation, we succeeded in drawing from him a portion of his history.

"You see in me," said he, "a degraded guilty being; but I was not always so. Had I, in early youth, been blessed with the pious parental example, counsel and restraint, with which many are blessed, I should never have been reduced to the wretched condition in which you now see me."

"Are your parents living?" inquired my companion.

"My father died when I was a child. I have no recollection of him. My mother I have not seen for nearly six years, and do not know whether she is living or not."

"Is it not your wish that your mother, if living, should know where you now are?" I enquired.

"It is not. No; rather let me perish, than that she should know that I am imprisoned, though it is chiefly owing to her neglect of my moral culture, that I am here. I have already said that I was not always as you see me now. My father was a graduate of one of the first institutions of learning in New England, and, as a member of the bar, was fast outstripping his associates, and reaching an eminent career, when he was arrested in the midst of his career by death. I was left an infant of six months. Having been thus early deprived of her husband, I became the idol of my mother. I was petted and indulged, and through excess of maternal fondness, ruined. My mother always loved me, wild and wicked as I was; and so deep was her love, that it blinded her to my faults, and led her to forget the obligations she was under, to train me up to virtue and piety. My every wish was gratified. My passions, naturally strong, were never curbed by wholesome restraint. Religious instruction was never communicated to me at my fireside home. My mother, apparently forgetting that I was immortal, sought rather to gratify my present wishes than to mould my character for time and eternity. My Sabbaths were spent, not in the House of God, but in dissipation and vice.