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## SONG OF THE SNOW-BIRD.

The ground was all covered with snow one day,  
And two little sisters were busy at play,  
When a snow-bird was sitting close by on a tree,  
And merrily singing his chick-a-de-de.

He had not been singing that tune very long,  
Ere Emily heard him, so loud was his song.  
"O sister, look out of the window," said she;  
"Here's a dear little bird singing chick-a-de-de.

"Poor fellow! he walks in the snow and the sleet,  
And has neither stockings nor shoes on his feet;  
I pity him so! how cold he must be,  
And yet he keeps singing his chick-a-de-de.

"If I were a bare-footed snow-bird, I know  
I would not stay out in the cold and the snow;  
I wonder what makes him so full of his glee,  
He's all the time singing that chick-a-de-de.

"O mother! do get him some stockings and shoes,  
And a nice little frock, and a hat, if he choose;  
I wish he'd come into the parlour and see  
How warm we would make him, poor chick-a-de-de."

The bird had flown down for some pieces of bread,  
And heard every word little Emily said;  
"What a figure I'd make in that dress!" thought he,  
And he laughed as he warbled his chick-a-de-de.

"I'm grateful," he said, "for the wish you express,  
But I have no occasion for such a fine dress;  
I had rather remain with my limbs all free,  
Than to hobble about, singing chick-a-de-de.

"There is ONE, my dear child, though I cannot tell who,  
Has clothed me already, and warm enough too.  
Good morning! O who are so happy as we?"  
And away he went, singing his chick-a-de-de.

## MEMORY.

BY S. S. ENGLAND.

The soul looks back on years gone by  
With mingled thoughts of joy and pain,  
While in the page of memory,  
The path of life is traced again.  
On many a leaf with sorrow viewed,  
Distress, and doubt, and grief appear,  
And memory's page is seen bedewed  
With many a sin embittered tear.

But there are brighter, fairer lines—  
Like sunlight on the ocean wave—  
Broken, or shining, but at times  
Beaming with joy that mercy gave;  
Bright spots in the soul's history,  
Gilding the record of the past,  
Chasing the cloud of mystery  
With which the future is o'ercast.

## P R A Y E R .

Go, when the morning shineth,  
Go, when the moon is bright,  
Go, when the eve declineth,  
Go, in the hush of night;

Go, with pure mind and feeling,  
Fling earthly care away,  
And in thy chamber kneeling,  
Do thou in secret pray.

Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee  
In solitude to pray,  
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee  
When friends are round thy way;  
E'en then the silent breathing  
Of thy spirit raised above,  
Will reach His throne of glory,  
Where is mercy, truth, and love.

Oh! not a joy or blessing  
With this can we compare,  
The power that he has given us  
To pour our souls in prayer;  
When'er thou pin'st in sadness,  
Before His footstool fall,  
And remember, in thy gladness,  
His grace, who gave thee all.

## DO YOU GIVE OUT WORK HERE?

"Do you give out work here?" said a voice, so soft, so low,  
so ladylike, that I involuntarily started and looked up.

"Do you give out work here?"

"Not to strangers," was the rude reply. The stranger turned  
and walked away.

I left the shop and followed the strange lady.

Passing Thompson's she paused—went in—hesitated—then  
turned and came out. I now saw her face—it was very pale—  
her hair, black as night, was parted on her forehead—her eyes,  
too, were very black, and there was a wildness in them that made  
me shudder. She passed on up Broadway to Grand street, where  
she entered a miserable looking dwelling. I paused—should I  
follow further? She was evidently suffering much—I was happy  
—blessed with wealth, and, O, how blessed in husband, children,  
friends! I knocked—the door was opened by a cross-looking  
woman.

"Is there a person living here who does plain sewing?" I in-  
quired.

"I guess not," was the reply. "There is a woman up-stairs,  
who used to work, but she can't get no more to do—and I shall  
turn her out to-morrow."

"Let me go up," said I, as passing the woman with a shudder,  
I ascended the stairs.

"You can keep on up to the garret," she screamed after me;  
and so I did; and there I saw a sight of which I, the child of  
affluence, had never dreamed. The lady had thrown off her hat,  
and was kneeling by the side of a poor low bed. Her hair had  
fallen over her shoulders—she sobbed not, breathed not—but  
seemed motionless, her face buried in the covering of the wretched,  
miserable bed, whereon lay her husband. He was sleeping. I  
looked upon his high, pale forehead, around which clung masses  
of damp, brown hair—it was knit, and the pale hand clenched  
the bedclothes—words broke from his lips—"I cannot pay you  
now," I heard him say. Poor fellow! even in his dreams, his  
poverty haunted him! I could bear it no longer, and knocked  
gently on the door. The lady raised her head, threw back her  
long black hair, and gazed wildly upon me. It was no time for  
ceremony—sickness, sorrow, want, perhaps starvation, were be-  
fore me—"I came to look for a person to do plain work," was  
all I could say.

"Oh, give it to me," she sobbed. "Two days we have not  
tasted food!—and to-morrow—." She gasped, and tried to