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TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF MY SISTER.

BY MISS ELIZABETH L. DYER.

I remember how I loved her,
When a little guiltless child,
I saw her in the cradle—
As she looked on me and smiled;—
My cup of happiness was full—
My joy, words cannot tell;
And I blessed the glorious Giver,
"Who doeth all things well."

Months passed—that bud of promise
Was unfolding every hour,—
I thought that earth had never smiled
Upon a fairer flower;
So beautiful, it well might grace
The bowers where angels dwell,
And waft its fragrance to his throne
"Who doeth all things well."

Years fled—that little sister then,
Was dear as life to me,
And woke in my unconscious heart
A wild idolatry,—
I worshipped at an earthly shrine,
Lured by some magic spell,
Forgetful of the praise of Him
"Who doeth all things well."

She was the lovely star whose light
Around my pathway shone,
Amid the darksome vale of tears,
Through which I journey on;—
Its radiance had obscured the light
Which round His throne doth dwell,
And I wandered far away from Him,
"Who doeth all things well."

That star went down in beauty—
Yet it shineth sweetly now,
In the bright and dazzling coronet,
That decks the Saviour's brow;
She bowed to the Destroyer,—
Whose shafts none may repel,—
But we know,—for God hath told us—
"He doeth all things well."

I remember well my sorrow,
As I stood beside her bed,
And my deep and heartfelt anguish,
When they told me she was dead;
And oh! that cup of bitterness—
Let not my heart rebel,—
God gave—He took—He will restore—
"He doeth all things well."

THE FAMILY ALTAR.

Come to the place of prayer!
Parents and children, come and kneel before
Your God, and with united hearts adore
Him whose alone your life and being are.

Come to the place of prayer!
Ye band of loving hearts, oh come and raise
With one consent, the grateful song of praise
To him who blessed you with a lot so fair.

Come in the morning hour—
Who hath raised you from the dream of night?
Whose hand hath poured around you cheering light?
Come and adore that kind and heavenly power.

Come at the close of day,
Ere wearied nature sinks in gentle rest,
Come, and let your sins be here confessed;
Come, and for His protecting mercy pray.

Has sorrow's withering blight
Your dearest hopes in desolation laid,
And the once cheerful home in gloom arrayed?
Yet pray, for He can turn the gloom to light.

Has sickness entered in
Your peaceful mansion? Let the prayer ascend,
On wings of faith, to that all-gracious Friend,
Who came to heal the bitter pains of sin.

Come to the place of prayer!
At morn, at night, in gladness or in grief,
Surround the throne of grace; there seek relief,
And pay your free and grateful homage there.

So in the world above,
Parents and children all may meet at last,
When this their weary pilgrimage is past,
And mingle there the joyful notes of love.

CHAPTERS FOR CHILDREN, No. I.

THE CONTRARY BOY.

By Jacob Abbott.

Do you know what a contrary boy is? I will tell you. He is one who is never satisfied with what he has, but always wants something different. If I were to say to you, "Come James, and see what a pretty picture I have got here;" and you should say, "No, I don't want a picture, you said you would bring me a pretty book,"—that would be being contrary. If your father should bring you home a little cart to draw about the room, and you should say, "I don't want a cart, I don't like carts, I want a horse and whip, like William's;" that would be being very contrary.

Now I knew a little boy once, who was unhappy a great deal of the time, because he would not be pleased with the playthings he had, but always wanted another kind, or something else. This little boy had a very kind father and mother, who loved him very much, and who tried to make him happy. They bought him good clothes to wear: they gave him good things to eat whenever he was hungry, and they bought him a great many pretty playthings. Nobody liked to give Charles any playthings or sugar-plums or any thing, because they did not make him happy: and they did not make him happy because he would not be pleased, but always thought of something else which he fancied he would rather have.

One day, Charles' mother came into the room where he was playing, and said, "Charles, little brother William is going to walk with Susan; should you like to go too?"

"Yes," said he, "but I shall want to wear my new cap."

"But I told you the other day," said his mother, "that you could not wear it for a whole week, again, because you threw it upon the floor when you came in yesterday, instead of hanging it on its nail."

"Then I don't want to go," said Charles.

"Very well," said his mother, and calling to Susan, she told her she need not wait any longer.