

THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

With this number concludes the term for which subscriptions were at first received, viz., six months, and subscribers who paid for that period only, are respectfully reminded that the continuation of the *People's Magazine*, as advertised in last number, will commence on the first Wednesday of October, thereafter to issue weekly, at Five Shillings per annum, payable strictly in advance; and all are requested to forward that amount by the 1st October. Subscribers who paid for an additional half year of the semi-monthly issue, will receive a quarter of the weekly issue, which, it is hoped, will prove satisfactory.

THE OWL.



The above cut represents the species of Owl, to which, in all probability, allusion is made by the Psalmist, when referring to its solitary and apparently dreary life, he says, in Psalm cii., "I am like an owl of the desert;" Job also, as the strongest picture of his miserable and deserted state, says, "I am a companion to owls; a brother to dragons." We are not hence to infer, however, that the Owl is less happy than other creatures of God, all of which, are admirably adapted for their peculiar modes of life. The pyramid in the distance, is one of the structures reared probably more than twenty centuries ago, with incalculable toil and expense, to serve no good purpose that has yet been discovered. Probably they were monuments of human vanity, to perpetuate the names of the kings who reared them, but if so, they have signally failed, as the names of their builders are lost, or at best, only matter of uncertain conjecture. In modern times, the same toil and perseverance are bestowed upon great works, but they are railroads, aqueducts, and other objects, as remarkable for their utility; as the pyramids are for the reverse.

TOUCHING EXPRESSION.—A certain lady had two children, girls, both young, and nearly of the same age. But the elder one by some whim or accident possessed all the mother's affections—there was none for the younger—nothing but harshness. Very lately the mother fell sick and was confined to her bed. While lying there she heard gentle steps approaching her. "Is it you, my child?" said the sick woman. "No, mamma," naively and softly said the resigned one, "It is me?" Most parents, and all mothers will understand this simple answer.

THE AFRICAN MOTHER AT HER DAUGHTER'S GRAVE.

Some of the Pagan Africans visit the burial places of their departed relatives, bearing food and drink; and mothers have been known for a long course of years, to bring, in an agony of grief, their annual oblations to the tombs of their children. The following piece from Mrs. Sigourney will at the same time inspire gratitude, and lead to prayerful efforts for the unsolaced heathen:

Daughter!—I bring thee food,
The rice-cake pure and white,
The cocoa, with its milky blood,
Dates and pomegranates bright;
The Orange in its gold,
Fresh from thy favorite tree,
Nuts in their ripe and husky fold,
Dearest! I spread for thee.

Year after year I tread
Thus to thy low retreat,
But now the snow-hairs mark my head,
And age enchains my feet;
Oh! many a change of wo
Hath dimmed thy spot of birth,
Since first my gushing tears did flow
O'er this thy bed of earth.

But thou art slumbering deep,
And to my wildest cry,
When pierced with agony I weep,
Dost tender no reply.
Daughter! my youthful pride,
The idol of my eye,
Why did'st thou leave thy mother's side,
Beneath these sands to lie!

Long o'er the hopeless grave,
Where her lost darling slept,
Invoking gods that could not save,
That pagan mourner wept
Oh! for some voice of power
To soothe her bursting sighs,
"There is a resurrection hour!
Thy daughter's dust shall rise!"

Christians!—ye hear the cry
From heathen Afric's strand,
Haste! lift salvation's banner high
O'er that benighted land;
With faith that claims the skies
Her misery control,
And plant the hope that never dies,
Deep in her tear-wet soul!

THE FLOWER OF OUR VILLAGE.

Ellen Gray was pretty; there is no doubt of it; and to say that I loved her would be saying no more than every one might say on whom the light of her bright eye shone. Up there in the country where we lived, there was none of that stiff formality, and no rules of conventional etiquette that govern society here in the city, and the heart had full play in childhood and youth. Our young people acted as they felt; and as they were usually happy, they seemed to enjoy themselves when they came together for an evening visit, or set off on a winter's sleigh-ride. But if there was one more buoyant and joyous than the rest, it was Ellen. Her heart was always in her face; light, ardent, pure, and blessed herself, a stream of love and blessedness flowed over from her warm soul, as from a perennial fountain.