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THE STRANGER AND HIS FRIEND.

Matthew xxv. 35.

A poor wayfaring man of grief
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer nay.
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went or whence he came;
Yet there was something in his eye,
Which won my love, I knew not why.

Once when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered—not a word he spake—
Just perishing for want of bread,
I gave him all; he blessed it, brake,
And ate, but gave me part again;
Mine was an angel's portion then,
For while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock; his strength was gone;
The heedless water mocked his thirst;
He heard it, saw it hurrying on—
I ran and raised the sufferer up,
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
Dipped, and returned it running o'er;
I drank and never thirsted more.

'Twas night. The floods were out, it blew
A winter hurricane aloof;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof;
I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest,
I laid him on my couch to rest;
Then made the ground my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

Stripped, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found him by the highway side;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment—he was healed.
I had myself a wound concealed,
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

I saw him bleeding in his chains,
And tortured 'neath the driver's lash,
His sweat fell fast along the plains,
Deep dyed from many a frightful gash,
But I in bonds remembered him,
And strove to free each fettered limb,
As with my tears I washed his blood,
Me he baptized with mercy's flood.

In prison I saw him next condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honoured him midst shame and scorn.
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for him would die;
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will."

Then in a moment to my view,
The stranger started from disguise:

The tokens in his hands I knew,
My Saviour stood before my eyes!
He spoke, and my poor name he named—
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed,
These deeds shall thy memorial be;
not, thou didst them unto me."

—Mon'gomery.



HEATHEN DRUID SACRIFICES.

There are many heathens now who offer human sacrifices to their idols, but the race represented in the above cut is extinct—they were called Druids, and were, about eighteen hundred years ago, the heathen inhabitants of England. That was of course before England became a Christian country, for Augustine, with forty other Missionaries were the first who brought Christianity into England, and that was in the year 597, A. D. The Druids had no temples in which to worship, but instead they had sacred groves, where they performed these horrid sacrifices. Within these groves they sometimes had one or two circles of immense stones, and on these stones they often sacrificed their victims. It was sometimes their custom also to enclose the sacrifice in a large wicker case, made like the figure of a man, and when shut in there to suspend him between some of their immense stones, and burn him to death. This, they thought doing their gods service, and had it not been for God's mercy, Britain might be now as then, a heathen land. There are many places in Britain, where to this day may be seen those circles of large stones, where those cruel rites were performed. Near the officiating priest, in the picture you see some other Druids on their knees—and behind are a body of Roman Soldiers, armed with spear and shield, after the manner of those times. The tree to which the young man is tied, seems to be an oak, which was a tree held sacred by the Druids. We could give many more interesting facts about the Druids, but the present statement will be sufficient to prove that the "tender mercies of the heathen are cruel."—*Childrens' Missionary Record.*

WATER RUNNING UP HILL.—Dr. Smith, in a lecture on Geology, at New York, mentioned a curious circumstance connected with the Mississippi river. It runs from north to south, and its mouth is actually four miles higher than its source, a result due to the centrifugal motion of the earth. Thirteen miles is the difference between the equatorial and polar radius; and the river, in two thousand miles, has to rise one-third of this distance—it being the height of the equator above the pole. If this centrifugal force was not continued, the river would flow back, and the ocean would overflow the land.