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THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE, AND WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Vol. I.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 7, 1847.

No. 27

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

finish the sentence, but could not. She knew that to-morrow they would be both homeless and starving!

"Be comforted—you shall want no more!"

I kept my word. In a few days she told me all—of days of happiness in a sunny West India isle, her childhood's home. Of the death of her father and mother—of a cruel sister and brother-in-law—how she left that home hoping to find a brother in America—how she sought in vain, but found, instead, a husband; he, too, an Englishman, a gentleman, and scholar, had been thrown upon the world. Sympathy deepened into love—alone in a crowd, all the world to each other, they married—he procured employment in a school, she plain needlework. Too close attention to the duties of his school, long walks and scanty fare, brought ill health, and confined him at length to his bed.

The shop, from which his poor wife obtained work, failed, and their resource was cut off. She had looked long weary days for employment—many had none to give—others "gave no work to strangers." Thus I found them—to comfort them for a little time—then, I trust, they found indeed a comforter in heaven.

The husband died first—died, placing the hand of his poor wife in mine! I needed not the mute, appealing look he gave me; I took her to my own happy home—it was too late!

It is a very little time ago, I went one morning to her room; she had passed a restless night; had dreamed, she said, of her dear George—she called me her kind and only friend—beggared me to sit a little while beside her, and looked up so sadly in my face, that my own heart seemed well-nigh breaking. I left her not again.

In the still deep night I heard her murmur—"Sister Anne, do not speak so harshly to me! Oh, mam—ma, why do you leave me?" Then again she said, "Give me an orange, my sister, I am very faint." Her soul was again in her own sunny home.

"Lay me by my George, and God will bless you," were her last words to me. I led my lushed children to look upon her sweet pale face, as she lay in her coffin. They had never seen sorrow or death, and then I gave them the first knowledge of both; then I told them of the sin, the cruelty, of those who wound the "stranger's" heart.

DR. BAIRD'S LETTERS FROM THE MEDITERRANEAN— ATHENS.

(From the New York Evangelist.)

The weather, which had generally been extremely bad for a fortnight, became delightful as our steamer marched up the Saronic Gulf, and passed round into the little harbour of the Piræus. As soon as we could get ashore, I took a cabriolet and set out for Athens, distant about five miles from the Piræus. The intervening space is flat and low, and from time immemorial has been unhealthy. Of late it is less so, from having been very thoroughly drained. The modern road is good, and is one of the few in all Greece which deserve that epithet. The Piræus is a new town of some three or four thousand inhabitants, and wears wholly a European aspect. It is steadily, and even for this country, rapidly increasing. The houses are quite handsome, and appear to be comfortable abodes. Between the Piræus and Athens there are extensive olive orchards, some of the trees of which are manifestly very old.

Upon my arrival at Athens, I went to a new and excellent hotel, called the *Hotel d'Angleterre*, where I took up my abode, as I supposed, for the brief period which I had purposed to spend here. But soon Dr. King, our beloved and excellent missionary, came and insisted upon my making his house my home during my stay. And here I have been installed in his study for a fortnight. As Dr. King's house stands on or near the site of the ancient Prytaneum, it is directly north of the Acropolis, and quite near to it. Every time I look out of my window, the mountain like form of the Acropolis, with its wall encircled brow, rises up before my eyes, and is an object which never ceases to interest. I am here in the very centre of antiquity. Five minutes' walk takes me to most of the important localities of ancient Athens.

Modern Athens is literally a new city, having arisen out of the ruins to which the Turks reduced the place in the late revolution. Almost every house is new. It has increased rapidly since it became the capital of the kingdom. The population surpasses 25,000. Many of the houses are fine-looking. The central part is too crowded, and has narrow streets which are not well paved, nor are they kept so clean as they ought to

be. But the remoter portions of the city are really handsome. The palace of the king stands on the eastern verge of the town, and from its more elevated position, as well as from its great size, is a commanding object in the scene. Modern Athens stands where was the centre of the ancient Athens—on the north of the Acropolis, and between it and a high hill, or insulated mountain, called *Lycabettus*. It extends down from the line between these points westward, towards the plain. Down in that plain, in the midst of what are now olive-groves, and at the distance of a mile and more to the north-west, was, it is supposed, the famous *Academy* of Plato. To the north-east a little beyond the spot where is now the garden of the palace, was the *Lyceum* of Aristotle, if tradition and the opinions of antiquarians are correct. Whilst *Mars' Hill*, or the *Areopagus*, lies south-west of the Acropolis, and not far from it. The *Temple of Theseus* stands down below the *Areopagus* to the north-west, and near the south-western verge of the modern city. Whilst south and west of the *Areopagus* are several points of great interest to those who are familiar with ancient Athens. The ground is very broken, consisting of rocky hills and deep ravines. And yet the wall of the ancient city included a large space in this direction, and these hills, as well as the intervening ravines, were once covered with houses and temples.

Nor have I confined my attention to Athens and its immediate vicinity. I have visited the *Plain of Marathon*, the *Ruins of Eleusis*, the *Temple of Minerva at Sunium*, and what interested me most of all, the sites of ancient *Cenchrea* and of *Corinth*.

The more I see of Greece, the more I am interested in its present condition and prospects. It is a poor country at present, thinly inhabited, the masses are degraded and ignorant, and many of the higher classes are exceedingly corrupt and immoral.—And yet Greece will certainly be regenerated. Schools are everywhere establishing; four gymnasia already exist (at Athens, Patras, Napoli and Syra); and to crown all, an excellent University has been founded in this city, which has 26 Professors, 250 regular students, and 600 "auditors" or hearers, composed of such persons, young or old, and especially young men, who are disposed to hear any of the Lectures. There are 18 newspapers published in Athens, and 6 in other places, and some of them are ably conducted. The modern Greeks, like them of old, "seek after knowledge." And knowledge is gaining ground among them. Thousands of youth are receiving an education which will raise them up above the degradation which at present prevails. There is a spirit of patriotism among the middle classes, which is encouraging. No people could have behaved better than they did in 1843, when they compelled the government to give them the long promised Constitution. And although things are now in a deplorable state, it is not the fault of the Constitution, nor of the people; but because the government will not give the Constitution fair play. The king acted upon by sinister influences, has detested it from the first, and seems determined that it shall be destroyed or circumvented.

Athens, November 28, 1846.

WORDS OF TRUTH.

"Let the Word of Christ dwell in you richly."

It is not outward circumstances that form, or give interest to a home or a family; it is the living pulse of affection that is beating there. Neither earthly pomp nor earthly poverty can materially alter the real inward character of that little circle of human hearts which man calls a family. Bright skies and sunshine cannot weaken or sever the band; neither can they allure them away from rejoicing in each other's joy and love. Dark days and tempests cannot sunder them; they do but make them gather more closely together, as being all in all to each other then. So with the family of the redeemed. It is not their outward circumstances or prospects that give them the name; it is something far tenderer and deeper than these. It is the pulse of heavenly affection, throbbing through every member, and coming down from the infinite heart above, it is this that makes them what they are. It is under this aspect that God delights to look upon them. It is for this reason, especially, that he has given to them the name they bear. No other earthly circle can be compared with that of a family. It comprises all that a human heart most values and delights in. It is the centre where all human affections meet and entwine, the vessel into which they all pour themselves with such joyous freedom. There is no one word

which contains in it so many endearing associations and precious remembrances, hid in the heart like gold. It appeals at once to the very centre of man's being, his "heart of hearts." All that is sweet, soothing, tender, and true, is wrapt up in that one name. It speaks not of one circle, or one bond; but of many circles and many bonds, all of them near the heart. The family home, the family hearth, the family table, family habits, family voices, family tokens, family salutations, family melodies, family joys and sorrows; what a mine of recollections lies under that one word! Take these away, and earth becomes a mere church yard of crumbling bones; and man as so many grains of loosened sand, or at best, but as the fragments of a torn flower, which the winds are scattering abroad.—*Rev. H. Bonar's Night of Weeping.*

SATAN TURNED BROKER.

Rev. Dr. Nott, in a temperance lecture, relates the following:

A wine dealer's wife, in the commercial capital of the State, whose conscience was ill at ease in relation to the traffic in intoxicating liquors, availing herself of an auspicious moment, said to her husband:

"I do not like your selling, it seems to me to be a bad business; you do not, I suppose, make more than one or two hundred dollars a year by it, and I should be very much rejoiced if you would give it up."

"I know," answered her husband, "as well as you, that it is a bad business, I should be as glad to give it up as you would to have me; if I did not make more than one or two or even five hundred dollars a year by it, I would give it up."

"How much then," inquired his wife, "do you make?"

"Why," replied her husband, "I make from two to three thousand dollars a year, an amount quite too large to be relinquished."

"What you say," she rejoined, "brings to my mind the remarks of a temperance lecturer I once heard, who having repeated what Walpole said in relation to every man having his price in politics, added that it was much the same in religion. Satan, continued he, is a broker—not a wheat or cotton broker, but a soul broker. Some can be procured to labour in his service for a hundred, some for a thousand dollars a year. My dear husband, look you well to it—to me it seems that even three thousand dollars a year is a paltry price for that which is truly priceless."

On the mind of that husband sudden conviction flashed; and liberal as was his portion in those rewards of unrighteousness which Satan proffered, he resolved, and avowed the resolution, to receive it no longer.

ILLUSTRATIONS FOR CHILDREN.

I once saw a preacher trying to teach the children that the soul would live after they were all dead. They listened, but evidently did not understand it. He was too abstract. Snatching his watch from his pocket, he said,

"James, what is this I hold in my hand?"

"A watch, sir."

"A little clock," says another.

"Do you all see it?"

"Yes, sir."

"How do you know it is a watch?"

"It ticks, sir."

"Very well, can any of you hear it tick? All listen now." After a pause—

"Yes, sir, we hear it."

He then took off the case, and held the case in one hand, and the watch in the other.

"Now, children, which is the watch? You see there are two which look like watches."

"The little one in your right hand."

"Very well, again. Now I will lay the case aside—put it away down there in my hat. Now let us see if you can hear the watch ticking?"

"Yes, sir, we hear it," exclaimed several voices.

"Well, the watch can tick, and go, and keep time, you see, when the case is taken off and put in my hat.—The watch goes just as well. So it is with you, children. Your body is nothing but the case, the soul is inside. The case—the body—may be taken off and buried up in the ground, and the soul will live and

think, just as well as this watch will go, as you see, when the case is off."

AN IDOL CHEATED BY THE HORSEWHIP.

A mile below Serampour, there is a large pagoda, held in extreme veneration. The principal idol is brought out once a year, on a car like that of Juggernaut, to visit some of his neighbours. An immense concourse is always collected on these occasions, and here, as at Juggernaut, the poor wretches throw themselves under the wheels of the car to be crushed to death. Mr. Pakenham, Lord William Bentinck's private secretary, happened to be passing through the place on horseback, last year, at the time of the ceremony. He saw a Hindoo throw himself down in the way of the car: the wheels were near upon him, when Mr. Pakenham galloped up and belaboured the martyr with his horsewhip. The poor fellow jumped up, and ran as fast as his legs could carry him into his jungle, shouting murder! He was quite prepared to endure a most horrible death, but a horsewhipping was a thing that had never entered into his calculations. What a capricious principle is courage! Timid and spiritless as these people are, there are forms under which death seems to them a matter perfectly indifferent.—*Voyage dans l'Inde par Victor Jacquemont.*

GREEK LEPERS.

When at day break we put out to sea, we were startled by hearing voices, in a creek not far from that in which we had slept; and on rounding a rocky point of the island, saw the speakers—and a melancholy sight it was. There sat, drenched and shivering on the bare shore of this desolate isle, seven human beings in every stage of virulent leprosy. Three were far gone in the disease,—a woman and two men, apparently old. The men had lost their sight, and one was speechless; and all had lost the use of their extremities, which, indeed, appeared to have been eaten away. Two others had not lost the use of their hands; but their toes were gone, and they could scarcely walk. A fine young man and a well-grown rather handsome girl remained, and at a distance appeared unharmed; but on nearer approach, the bandages on one foot of the female and over one eye of the youth told that the plague-spot was upon them too. Their tale was a short one. They were a family of lepers, Greeks, from the island of Syme, who wandered from port to port in their boat, fishing and collecting alms. In the storm of the day before they had been driven ashore in this little bay, and their boat lay much damaged on the beach. They had no means of lighting a fire, and no provisions. We gave them a light, and as much food as we could spare, which we placed on a rock, to be taken away by the younger and least afflicted of the party; adding, what they seemed to prize even more than food, a quantity of tobacco. Promising to inform their countrymen and others at Rhodes respecting their misfortunes, and to procure for them assistance if possible, we sailed away from this sad interview with the victims of one of the most hideous and incurable afflictions of humanity,—with many blessings from the poor lepers, and thankful for having been the means, through the accident of a storm in which we had nearly perished ourselves, of relieving, and possibly saving from a lingering death, these miserable people. Eventually, we had the pleasure of hearing, in Rhodes, that they were enabled to get their boat once more afloat, and to leave the desert rock on which they had been cast.—*Travels in Lucia in 1842.*

DIFFERENT KINDS OF EARTHQUAKES AND THEIR RESPECTIVE EFFECTS.

Of the movements, the horizontal vibrations are the most frequent; and they cause the least damage to the slightly-built habitations. Vertical shocks are most severe; they rend the walls, and raise the houses out of their foundations. The greatest vertical shock I ever felt was on the 4th of July 1830, at half-past seven in the evening, when I was in the old forests of the Chanchamoyo territory. Before my hut there was an immense stem of a felled tree, which lay with its lower end on the stump of the root. I was leaning against it and reading, when suddenly, by a violent movement, the stem rose about a

foot and a half, and I was thrown backwards over it. By the same shock, the neighbouring river, Anamayo, was dislodged from its bed, and its course thereby changed for a considerable length of way. I have had no experience of the rotatory movements of earthquakes. According to the statements of all who have observed them, they are very destructive, though uncommon. In Lima, I have often felt a kind of concussion, which accords with that term in the strictest sense of the word. This movement had nothing in common with what may be called an oscillation, a shock, or a twirl: it was a passing sensation, similar to that which is felt when a man seizes another unexpectedly by the shoulder, and shakes him; or like the vibration felt on board a ship when the anchor is cast, at the moment it strikes the ground. I believe it is caused by short, rapid, irregular, horizontal oscillations. The irregularity of the vibrations is attended by much danger; for very slight earthquakes of that kind tear away joists from their joinings, and throw down roofs, leaving the walls standing, which, in all other kinds of commotion, usually suffer first, and most severely.—*Tschudi's Travels in Peru.*

GUILT EQUAL TO MISFORTUNE.

The above maxim is growing into favour with many *soi disant* philanthropists.—*Crime* is too harsh and impolite a word to be applied to such little eccentricities as theft and murder. It is blandly assumed that such little diversions—conceded to be somewhat disagreeable and not altogether to be encouraged—are owing mainly to the ill-treatment, lack of “sympathy,” and multifarious slights which they who commit them have received at the hands of the fortunate portion of society. Indeed, it is virtually implied in much of the fine speaking and writing on this topic, that there is, after all, a great mistake prevalent on the subject of crime and its punishment; and that in fact no one, however grievously he may have offended, can have incurred any worse charge than *misfortune*. The robber and the murderer come to be regarded in the same light with the lunatic, and are spoken of with a due mixture of deep interest and romantic sympathy. They are bright, though unhappily, wandering stars, notwithstanding they shake pestilence and death from their gory locks. “Crime,” we are told “is the result of a sort of insanity,” and the inference is natural and necessary that it should not be punished at all.

For surely, to punish insanity would be a barbarity unheard of and incredible. It is stated that “the criminal presents the *strongest possible* claims to our sympathy.” Now sympathy means a “fellow-feeling,” an “agreement of affection or inclinations,” and was wont, in former times, to be reserved for suffering virtue. But times and tastes are changed, and strange doctrines are put forth in the name of philosophy.

For ourselves, we are bold to assert, though with all due deference to the contrary opinion, that virtue and honesty in misfortune, and not guilt, present “the *strongest possible* claims to sympathy.” Kindness, assistance, in all their efforts at reformation, and encouragement to regain his lost estate, are due to the most abandoned from his fellowman. But the criminal has forfeited respect, and has no just claim to be placed on the footing of misfortune. Least of all is he entitled to be held up as a peculiar object of the highest possible sympathy, and spoken of in such terms of honest affection as are seldom accorded to the industrious, the upright, and the unfortunate poor. Guilt is not misfortune. It is sometimes—nay, generally—though not always, attended by misfortune. But it is itself totally different and infinitely worse. There is an everlasting and immutable distinction between RIGHT and WRONG. He who attempts in any way to confound these eternal opposites, does violence to the law of his own moral nature, and is an enemy to the highest well-being of his race.—*American Paper.*

BODILY INFIRMITIES.—Bodily infirmities, like breaks in a wall, have often become avenues through which the light of heaven has entered the soul, and made the imprisoned inmate long for release.—*Dr. Watts.*

THE NEW COMET.—The nucleus or head of the comet is now easily seen by the naked eye. At 8 p. m. it bears about N. W. at an elevation of about thirty degrees. Monday night it was about ten degrees south of the star Sigma Andromedæ. The tail of the comet appears, through a Telescope, to be about five degrees long; it is still invisible to the naked eye, but will probably soon become visible if the comet should continue to increase in brilliancy.—*Hesperian Traveller.*

GOD IS LIGHT.

BY T. BINNEY.

Eternal Light! Eternal Light!

How pure that soul must be,
When placed within thy searching sight—
That shrinks not, but with calm delight
Can live, and look on Thee.

The spirits that surround thy throne,
May bear the burning bliss,
But that is surely theirs alone,
For they have never, never known
A fallen world like this.

Oh! how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark—whose mind is dim—
Before the Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
That uncreated beam?

There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode—
An offering and a sacrifice—
A Holy Spirit's energies—
An Advocate with God.

These, these prepare us for the sight
Of Majesty above;
The sons of ignorance and night
Can stand in the “Eternal Light”
Through the “Eternal Love!”

LABOUR IN MAKING A WATCH.—Mr. Dent, in a lecture delivered before the London Royal Institute, stated that a watch consisted of 902 pieces, and that forty trades, and probably 215 persons, are employed in making one of these little machines. The iron of which the balance-wheel is formed, is valued at something less than a farthing; this produces one ounce of steel, worth 4½ pence, which is drawn into 3250 yards of steel wire, and represents in the market £13 3s.; but still another process of hardening this, originally a farthing's worth of iron, renders it workable into 7650 balance springs, which will realize at the common price of 2s. 6d. each, £958 6s., the effect of labour alone. Thus the mere labour bestowed upon one farthing's worth of iron, gives it 75,680 times its original value.

CONTENTMENT.—A remark of Sali, the Persian poet, was, “I never complained of my condition but once, when my feet were bare, and I had not money to buy shoes; but I met a man without feet, and became contented with my lot.”

APPLES OF GOLD.

The breaker is come up before them: they have broken up, and have passed through the gate; and their King (*as the Author and Finisher of faith*) shall pass before them, and the Lord on the head of them, Micah ii. 13. Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world, John xvi. 33; Hebrews xiii 1, 2.

Sometimes the enemy seems to get an advantage over us; but the battle is not over yet. At last thou shalt have the victory, and carry the day for all that. In hard struggles remember the power of Christ, who, in his resurrection, broke through every thing. With him thou canst also break through, and be more than conqueror. Yea, in every conflict, if thy faith be firm, thou canst be sure of victory beforehand; for faith engages Christ's power, and his power ensureth victory; it is as impossible for thine enemies to keep thee always in bonds, as it was impossible that Christ could be kept in the grave by the stone, seal, and keepers. Nay, the greater their force is, the more glorious will be the victory of Christ over them.

Hosannah to our conquering King!
The prince of darkness flies;
His troops rush headlong down to hell,
Like lightning from the skies.

There, bound in chains, the lions roar,
And fright the rescued sheep:
But heavy bars confine their power
And malice to the deep.

Hosannah to our conquering King!
All hail, Incarnate Love!
Ten thousand songs and glories wait
To crown thy head above.

Thy victories and thy deathless fame
Through the wide world shall run,
And everlasting ages sing
The triumphs thou hast won;

CHAPTERS FOR CHILDREN.—No. V.



OLD SAUL.

Saul was once a little boy, playing at liberty under the high trees of his own native land, Africa, or plunging among the waves of the sea which washed its shores. One day when he was amusing himself with some shells on the sea-beach, the slave dealers caught him, put him into a ship, and carried him to the Cape of Good Hope, where he was sold as a little slave.

A missionary, who heard of the state of the slaves at the Cape, went to tell them of the God who made them, and the Saviour who died to redeem them. Saul took great delight in listening to the missionary, and became a sincere Christian.

After Saul had been working hard for his master for fifty years, he was sent into a lonely part of the country, to take care of the cattle and sheep; for he was now too old for any other kind of work. This was a grief to old Saul, for he was now away from the mission station; but he knew that God was everywhere, and could hear his prayer in all places, and at all times.

As old Saul watched his flock, he often lifted up his heart in prayer. At length, the missionary heard that old Saul was very ill, and went to see him. The first question of the old negro was, "How does your work go on, sir? It is long since I saw you." "My work," said the missionary, "goes on slowly." "Submit yourself to the will of God," replied poor Saul; "it is the same with your work as it is with the weather. It is not always the same weather. God sends the good and the bad weather as it seemeth him good. He will bless your work, too, when the time shall come. I cannot tell you how earnestly I have prayed, when alone with my cattle, that God's word, which you preach, might convert the souls of the poor blacks. I said to him, 'Lord, hast thou not sent thy servant from a distant land, to tell us of thy salvation? and hast thou not brought us too from a distant country, that we might learn about thy Son, who died for us?'" He then repeated the ninth verse of the eighty-sixth Psalm: "All nations whom thou hast made shall come and worship before thee, O Lord; and shall glorify thy name."

Saul then said that he used to pray to God that he would enable his missionary servant to learn the language of the slaves, that he might preach to them in it. "But, sir," said he, "how is it I am so poor in words, when I wish to pray? There are times when I can pray almost all the day, without wanting words; and at other times I do not know what to say. Ah! that makes me sorry. I then look out for a little thicket: there I kneel down, and ask God why he hides himself." The missionary then asked him, if he thought he had deserved heaven by his prayers and good works. "My prayers and good works!" said Saul. "Ah! I count them as nothing, when heaven is in question. No; I do not rest upon them. Jesus is the only foundation on which I rely. I have no other Saviour."

Saul now turned to those who were about him, and said, "Do you wish for great riches; do you wish for gold and silver? Do you wish for that which is much thought of in this world, for crowns and thrones? Go to Jesus. Walk in the narrow way, which leads to life. You will find more than all these things in heaven. I had rather be laid on this bed of pain, with the hope of being soon in heaven, than seated on the throne of the first king in the world."

Happy old Saul! Who would not wish to be as happy as he was, when called to die? If we love God as he did; if we trust in Christ as he did; if we take delight in private prayer

as he did; then, like him, we shall be cheerful and useful in our condition on earth, however lowly; and be ready to die when it shall please God to call us.—*Tract Society's Publication.*

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATION.

"And the vale of Sodom was full of slime-pits; and the kings of Sodom and Gomorrah fled, and fell there; and they that remained fled to the mountain."—*Genesis, xiv. 10.*

"Fled to the mountain."—It is still a common practice in the East for the inhabitants of towns and villages to hasten for safety to the mountains in times of alarm and danger, or at least to send their valuable property away. The moveables of the Asiatics, in camps, villages, and even towns, are astonishingly few compared with those which the refinements of European life render necessary. A few carpets, kettles, and dishes of tinned copper, compose the bulk of their property, which can speedily be packed up, and sent away on the backs of camels or mules, with the women and children mounted on the baggage. In this way a large village or town is in a few hours completely gutted, and the inhabitants, with every stick and rag belonging to them, can place themselves in safety on the mountains. The writer of this note travelled in Koordistan in 1829, following, in one part of the journey, the course which had recently been taken by the Persian troops in their march from Tabreez to Sulimanieh. He came to one large village which had been partially burnt by the Persians, who had also maltreated the inhabitants, who had afterwards fled to the mountains. The news of this transaction having been carried over-night to the next large village, about 20 miles distant, the Persians, on their arrival there the next day, found it completely deserted by the inhabitants, who had, in the short interval, removed with all their live stock and goods to the mountains. He found it in this condition a fortnight later; the inhabitants being afraid to come back till the soldiers should have returned from their expedition. Burckhardt, in his "Notes on the Bedonins and Wahabys," p. 337, mentions that, when the Wahabys menaced Damascus in 1810, the inhabitants sent off all their valuable property to the mountains of Lebanon.—*Pictorial Bible.*

THE SABBATH QUESTION.

Extract of a Speech delivered by the Rev. John M. Naughtan, at a Great Meeting held in the Old High Church of Paisley, on the 24th ultimo.

If Christianity had done no more for man than require a periodic cessation from all toil, marking out one day in seven, when enervating labours should be laid aside, that man might cultivate his intellect, learn how to realise his immortality, and prepare for the duties of this life, and for the judgment of the next, it were well entitled to the gratitude of a blessed world. And regarding that holy day with all its duties and employments as the key-stone in the arch of virtue, and a corner stone in the temple of piety, can it be wondered if we are jealous lest any encroachment should abridge its privileges or disturb its peace? When we look back to the history of the Sabbath, to the commands with which it is associated, to the moral principle it involves, and to the reasons originally assigned for its observance, we find that these are now as valid and as obligatory as ever. I know not what law of God is so frequently commended in the Divine word as this, or endeared and hallowed by so many precious associations. It stands first in the order of Divine enactments;—even before we meet with the injunction which forms the test and trial of man's obedience—"Of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil thou shalt not eat"—we have the statement, "God rested the seventh day from all his works, and God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it. The date of the sabbath is, therefore, from Eden, and its first institution is amid the holiness and bliss of the primeval state. Yes, even then, when the soul of man mirrored back the glories of his Creator, when his heart, untaught to sin, and unstained by pollution, was filled with the love of God, and found its happiness in the joys of his gracious presence, did the Lord intimate the Sabbath rest. Man, though holy, needed to have his very holiness sublimed, and the harmonies of his nature brought more into unison with the perfectness of eternity, and therefore was the day of sacred rest enjoined; and our argument is this—not one of veneration for mere antiquity, not one of respect for the Sabbath, because it is found in the very cradle with time itself, not one of regard, because it is associated with the period when earth was empurpled with the loveliness of an unsullied creation, and man was dignified with the high honour of nearness and likeness to God!—This is our argument: if, in a state of purity and moral excellence, when the creature knew his Maker's will, and delighted in the observance of it, one day in seven was deemed necessary that he might cultivate a higher piety, and be prepared for the exultations of heaven, much

more now that he is fallen, prone to transgression, environed with temptations, ready to forget the Lord altogether, does he require at least all the original appliances by which a love of virtue may be cultivated, a knowledge of truth acquired, and a guilty, empty, ignorant soul taught how its iniquities may be pardoned, and its heart replenished with the love and fear of the Eternal. In process of time, when religion had become altogether corrupted in the earth, God in mercy to the world gave his acts to Israel, and revealed his commandments to the tribes of Jacob. On Sinai, amid blackness, and darkness, and tempest, the Lord came down to proclaim his law, and there amid scenes more awfully sublime and terrifically grand than earth had ever witnessed before, or shall witness again, till the heavens and the earth flee away before the face of the omnipotent Judge, was the Sabbath law announced and enshrined amid the precepts of the decalogue, making it the grand connecting link between the two tables of duties as having a bearing on both, and so placing it amid the ten commands that it could not in its principles be removed, without the arch of the decalogue crumbling into ruins. And what is our argument here?—that every moral principle in the law of God is immutable, and necessarily so; and that whatever of moral principle there is in the law of the fourth commandment must remain in all its force to the end of time. Now what is there that is moral in that statute? 1st, That a certain determinate space of time must be set apart for sacred duties; 2d, That man is not the judge who is to determine what that amount or portion of time shall be; and, 3d, That the supreme Lawgiver, in the exercise of perfect wisdom, hath decreed and determined that one whole day in seven—a day to be measured precisely as the other days of the week are—actually a seventh portion of time—shall be hallowed, consecrated, set apart as His, for Him, for His service—and that decree, that determination He hath never recalled. I know how easy it is to meet this argument by attempted railery, and unmerited ridicule. If you are, say they, for the Sabbath law as given at Sinai, then you must take it as you find it among the Jews: there must be no kindling of fires, you must put the Sabbath-breaker to death, and adopt all the strictness and severity of the ceremonial age. Men who argue thus have need to be taught the distinction, so admirably made by Dr. Symington, between the moral and the positive, or between that which is moral, and, therefore, universally binding, and that which belonged to the political economy or the peculiar ritual of the Jews, and therefore, national or temporary. We contend not for the latter, it has passed away. Of what was written on the tables of stone by the finger of the Almighty, not a jot or tittle is gone. The ceremonial law was buried in the grave with Jesus, and buried there for ever. His cross stood as a gravestone above it—it had served its end—it had fulfilled its period, it was but the shadow of the good things to come, and it passed away, but the law remaineth in all its integrity; Christ came not to destroy that, but to fulfil it. Let but this reasoning be applied to the other commandments, and it will make havoc in the decalogue. Are there no judicial findings regarding idolatry, regarding theft, regarding fraud, regarding murder, &c., are these to be still enforced? Are we to have the worshippers of images stoned?—the eye for the eye, the tooth for the tooth? Or if not, are the commands regarding these evils to be held as antiquated, Jewish, ceremonial? There men easily distinguish between the immutable morality of the precept, and the injunctions adapted to the times, and the same rule of judgment will lead to a right conclusion regarding the law of the Sabbath. Passing down to the days of our Lord, we find the Sabbath kept by the blessed Saviour, and the Lord's-day, as you have heard in the able address of Mr Thomson, observed by the apostles, the disciples, the early church, and generally by Christians to the present time. True, the day is changed, but not without warrant and reason; the change, however, did not in the least affect the principle of the Sabbath law—it was made not by the will of man, but by that authority which alone is competent to order or appoint the alteration. The change of the day, already well argued out, does not come directly within the line of my argument, but I have no difficulty in meeting the questions, by whose authority was that alteration made, and when was it made? I answer, by the authority of Him who is Lord of the Sabbath, and immediately after his death on the cross. If this be denied or disputed, then, either the Jewish Sabbath is still binding and obligatory, or no Sabbath at all, except one sanctioned by human will; or if it is maintained that the Redeemer, by his death, abolished absolutely the whole of the Sabbatic law as previously existing, and that the apostolic church gradually introduced a new ordinance, grafting it on the old stock of the fourth commandment; then there was a period when God's commandments were reduced to nine, and the full complement was made up to ten by ecclesiastical power—and the Sabbath ceases to be the Lord's, so far as authority is concerned. And, verily, if we are to have our business and recreations, our profit and pleasure, followed out on that sacred day, it will be the merest mockery to talk of the obligations of the fourth commandment. I remember to have read in the history of the times when the Book of Sports was received in England, and its precepts inculcated by princes and pastors, that a minister, when catechising a parishioner of shrewd intellect and caustic wit, having asked the question, "How many commandments are there?" was answered, "Eight." "No," said he, "there are ten." "Nay, there are but eight, for the images in the churches have done away with the second, and the Book of Sports has abolished the fourth." Or leaving the history of the day, let us glance at the rea-

sons for its observance. God's right of property in our time, has that been changed? The necessity for providing for man's moral and spiritual culture, has that been diminished? God's blessed example in resting from all his works, has that been invalidated? Jehovah's blessing promised to all who keep his Sabbaths, is that less valuable now than heretofore? No, sir, our motives, our obligations to keep holy the Sabbath, are stronger far under the Gospel than ever they were under the law—and the mighty redemption achieved in the death and resurrection of Emmanuel, demands that it be held in perpetual remembrance, by a Sabbath on earth and a Sabbatism in heaven. Take the simplest reason for the original institution, the commemoration of the power and wisdom of the Creator expressed in his works: His word had gone forth, and the earth in its levelness, and the sky in its glories, started into being. No event so magnificent as creation had hitherto occurred in the universe of God, and the Sabbath which crowned that mighty work, was a monumental pillar Divinely raised up to perpetuate the remembrance of what the Lord had done; and as each week rolled on, it repeated its sacred testimony, of the wisdom, the goodness, the power, the glory, of the Great Architect of all. But, by and by, there was a new, a grander display of the attributes of Jehovah—God was manifest in the flesh—the brightness of the Father's glory became incarnate—Gethsemane, Calvary, the graveyard of Joseph of Arimathea, wrapped up in their glory, that excelleth all the wonders of the original creation. Redemption, embodying far more of God than the making of ten thousand worlds, by its very reticence obscured the brightness of his former work, and the new creation demanded a new memorial to the praise and glory of the God of our salvation. Yes, if the formation of the earth exhibited the workmanship of the Omnipotent, and unfolded a little of the resources of his wisdom, and goodness, and power, the salvation of the soul, through the atoning sacrifice of the Messiah, and its re-creation after the image of infinite purity by the power of the Holy Spirit, displays his compassion, and mercy, and love, and grace. The one allows us to witness the operations of his hands, the other opens up to us his heart of parental love, the meltings of his infinite tenderness, and the treasures of his rich and abounding grace. And to lessen or lower down the monument to his praise, to diminish under the new and better economy, the time for sacred rest and divine contemplations, is in our judgment to rob God, and be guilty of the basest ingratitude.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY.

On Saturday afternoon, about five o'clock, more than two hours before sun-set, Mr. W. Gratton, school-master, of St. Catherine's, was stopped in his sleigh, on his way home, on the steep ascent of the road leading from Sherbrooke Street towards Cote des Neiges, by two men, armed with pistols, who robbed him of fifty dollars. A few moments after the commission of the robbery Mr. Sheriff Coffin and His Honor Judge Day came in sight. Mr. Coffin had overtaken the Hon. and learned Judge, and whilst stopping to exchange a few words with him, the attention of both was directed towards Mr. Gratton's sleigh; and they observed a man coming down the hill, followed by the man who had driven the sleigh, who ran up to Mr. Coffin, exclaiming, "Mr. Sheriff, that man has just robbed my passenger." At this moment Mr. Coffin perceived that the man referred to held a large pistol in each hand, he rode at him, summoning him to stop and surrender, on which he ran down the hill. At this moment Mr. Coffin observed another man hastening down the hill, some twenty yards in advance, clad in a blue jacket and broad-brimmed white hat. Mr. Coffin called upon him in the Queen's name to aid him in arresting the man with the pistols, at the same time telling him that he was the Sheriff. This man turned round to the other, who by this time was close to him, saying, "give them to me," taking the two pistols from him. Mr. Coffin now became aware that he had to deal with two instead of one, but as they were both close together, on the edge of the deep snow, he rode at them, in the hope of knocking them into the snow, and so disarming them. The man with the white hat levelled both pistols at Mr. Coffin, who, seeing his intention, tried to force his horse upon him, and rose in his stirrups to strike him with his whip. At this moment the ruffian fired his left hand pistol, the ball from which perforated the right breast of Mr. Coffin's coat, passing through several letters and papers in his breast pocket, but without wounding him. The robber staggered from the effects of the blow, but Mr. Coffin's whip flew out of his hand, and both the men ran down the hill, pursued by Mr. Coffin and Judge Day.

In the distance from between Mr. McGregor's gates and the new brick house at the top of Sherbrooke street, Mr. Coffin charged at them several times, in the hope of knocking them into the deep snow, and exhausting them. Each time Mr. C. charged, the man with the white hat snapped the other pistol at him, and at length finding it would not go off, attacked him with the butt end, and endeavoured to knock him off his horse. He struck the horse several times, and gave Mr. Coffin a violent blow on the knee, inflicting a severe contusion. By this time they had reached the brick house at the corner of Sherbrooke street; the man in the white hat ran along Sherbrooke street—the other had fallen a short distance behind. At this juncture Mr. Coffin espied an officer, whom he recognised as Mr. Young, son of Col. Plover Young, to whom he shouted for assistance. On this the ruffian ran back, calling to his companion, to whom he gave one of the pistols, to

give him powder and ball. They both then turned down Guy street, By this time Judge Day, with two other persons in his sleigh, had got nearly down to the brick house, and Mr. Coffin charged between the men, hoping to knock one or both into the deep snow. They both struck at him with the butt ends of their pistols, but he headed them, and was reining up to charge them again, when he saw they had eluded Judge Day and Mr. Young, who were in the sleigh, and had turned back towards the brick house before mentioned. By this time four or five plasterers or masons had come out of the back house into the road, and Mr. Coffin called on them, in the Queen's name, to assist him. He was then close upon one of the robbers, and turned sharp upon him. In the attempt to get away, he stumbled in the snow, and Judge Day and Mr. Young threw themselves upon him. The other man, in the white hat, ran up, gesticulating and cocking his pistol, shouting to them to "let him go." Two of the plasterers seized him in their arms, and threw him down. They were then both secured, and brought to the West Station, in Bonaventure street, where they were delivered to the police.

As soon as the affair was known the excitement became intense, and crowds followed the prisoners as they were taken to the gaol by Capt. Wiley. They are both strong, powerfully built men, six feet high. The one who fired at Mr. Coffin gave his name as James Dwyer. He was dressed in a blue round jacket and white hat; the other, who gave his name as Michael Monagh, had on a grey coat and tur cap. The money was not found. It is supposed it was thrown away during the struggle.—*Gazette*.

In addition, we may state, that the plasterers mentioned were, Mr. Moir and two of his men, and the fourth individual was a carpenter, in the employment of Mr. Maxwell. The latter, we understand, fought manfully with the highwayman, notwithstanding having received a stunning blow on the face with the end of the pistol, and but for his determination and daring in securing the robber, much time would have been lost, and more injury done by the merciless miscreant. And but for the timely assistance of the parties we have just mentioned, who rendered every assistance in their power at much personal risk, there is little doubt but at least one of the villains would have escaped.

SELECTIONS.

CASH FOR FIVE HUNDRED NEGROES.—At the old establishment of Slatter's, No. 244 Pratt street, Baltimore, between Sharp and Howard streets, where the highest prices are paid, which is well known. We have large accommodations for Negroes, and always buying. Being regular shippers to New Orleans, persons should bring their property where no commissions are paid, as the owners lose it. All communications attended to promptly by addressing H. F. SLATTER.—*Baltimore Sun*.

NEGROES WANTED.—I have removed from my former residence, West Pratt street, to my new establishment on Camden street, immediately in rear of the Rail-Road Depot, where I am permanently located. Persons bringing Negroes by the cars, will find it very convenient, as it is only a few yards from where the passengers get out. Those having Negroes for sale will find it to their advantage to call and see me, as I am at all times paying the highest prices in cash.—J. S. DONOVAN, Balt. Md.—*Ib*.

EXTRAVAGANT LANGUAGE.—There is an untasteful practice which is a crying sin among young ladies—I mean the use of exaggerated, extravagant forms of speech—saying splendid for pretty, magnificent for handsome, horrid for very, horrible for unpleasant, immense for large, thousands, or myriads, for any number more than two. Were I to write down, for one day, the conversation of some young ladies of my acquaintance, and then to interpret it literally, it would imply that, within the compass of twelve or fourteen hours, they had met with more marvelous adventures and hair-breadth escapes, had passed through more distressing experiences, had seen more imposing spectacles, had endured more fright, and enjoyed more rapture, than would suffice for half a dozen common lives. This habit is attended with many inconveniences. It deprives you of the intelligible use of strong expressions when you need them. If you use them all the time, nobody understands or believes you when you use them in earnest. You are in the same predicament with the boy who cried "wolf" so often when there was no wolf, that nobody would go to his relief when the wolf came. This habit has also a very bad moral bearing. Our words have a reflex influence upon our characters. Exaggerated speech makes one careless of the truth. The habit of using words without regard to their rightful meaning, often leads one to distort facts, to misreport conversations, and to magnify statements, in matters in which the literal truth is important to be told. You can never trust the testimony of one who in common conversation is indifferent to the import, and regardless of the power, of words. I am acquainted with persons, whose representations of facts always need translation and correction, and who have utterly lost their reputation for veracity, solely through this habit of overstrained and extravagant speech. They do not mean to lie; but they have a dialect of their own, in which words bear an entirely different sense from that given them in the daily intercourse of discreet and sober people.—*Peabody*.

OCEANIC NEIGHBOURS.—It is curious to observe, on the Pass of Antanagra, the partition of the waters flowing into the two great oceans, the Atlantic and the Pacific. Scarcely thirty paces distant from each other, there are two small lagunas. That situated most to the

west is one of the sources of the Rio de San Mateo, which under the name of the Rimac, falls into the Pacific. The other laguna, that to the eastward, sends its waters through a succession of small mountain lakes into the Rio de Pachachaca, a small tributary to the mighty Amazon river. It is amusing to take a cup of water from the one laguna and pour it into the other. I could not resist indulging thus whims; and in so doing I thought I might possibly have sent into the Pacific some drops of the water destined for the Atlantic.—*Tshud's Travels in Peru*.

THE SKIPPING ROPE.—The skipping rope, a toy which is discarded by the young girl when entering upon a premature womanhood, but which ought to be looked upon as a necessary article in every boudoir or private room occupied by a woman of civilized life and civilized habits, is one of the best, if not the very best kind of gymnastic exercise that I know. It exercises almost every muscle of the body. There are few women who do not neglect exercise. Men—most of whom have some necessary out of doors occupation—men almost universally walk more than women. Thousands upon thousands of English women never cross the threshold of their houses oftener than once a week, and then it is to attend the public worship of their Maker; and it is seldom that in towns the distance to the church or chapel is such as to occupy more than ten minutes in going thither.—*Dr. Robertson*.

PLANTS.—Plants are frequently blighted during early spring by dry winds; for when branches and leaves are first put forth, they are extremely succulent, and part with water so readily, that during a dry easterly wind this loss by evaporation cannot be rapidly compensated for by the capillary attraction of the roots. The drooping of a plant during a hot day mainly depends upon the extreme evaporation of water that has been extracted from the leaves; and the inadequacy of the terminal fibres of the roots to collect more with sufficient rapidity from the arid earth. If, then, water be artificially added to it, the plant revives, sometimes with extraordinary quickness. It is occasionally observed that when plants cannot remove solid obstacles, they will actually enclose them within their own structures; thus nails and stones have been found imbedded in the trunks of trees; and some Indian nations take advantage of this fact, for the construction of their hammers; they split open the supple stem of a creeping plant, then place an oblong piece of heavy stone in the aperture, and bind it fast with the shoot of another plant of the same kind which is in a growing state; by the end of twelve months the stone is firmly interlaced, the stem which bears it is cut away, and thus a rude hammer is obtained.—*Chemistry of the Four Seasons*.

WONDERFUL PHENOMENON.—It is well known that from Suez to Masuah, the ancient harbour of Abyssinia, and thence even to the Straits of Babelmandeb, a chain of mountains runs nearly parallel to the western coast of the Red Sea. These mountains, on the north of Abyssinia, pass through the country of the Shepherds, and there separate vast districts, which, though exactly of the same latitude, have nevertheless a most remarkable difference in the period of their rains. Both countries are deluged with rain for six months in the year; but the seasons on the two sides of these mountains are diametrically opposite to each other. On the east side, or in the country which lies between these mountains and the Red Sea, it rains during the six months which constitute our winter in Europe; on the opposite side it rains during the whole of our summer months. On account of the violence of these rains, and from the fly that accompanies them, either region becomes, for six months of the year, almost unfit for the habitation of man; while the country on the opposite side of the mountains is teeming with luxuriance and basking under the rays of a prolific sun. The Shepherds, or inhabitants of these adjoining territories, availing themselves of this singular dispensation of Providence, annually migrate, or vibrate, from one side of the mountain to the other. Thus, while one or other of these countries is eternally suffering from the rain and fly, the natives of both manage to enjoy a perpetual summer; and while their cattle are feeding in the cool of the morning, on most luxuriant pasture, and during the burning sunshine of the day, are browsing on exuberant foliage, a mere geographical line divides them from a land, deluged with a pouring rain, deserted by almost every living creature, and condemned to gloomy and cheerless solitude.—*Fam. Lib*.

A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.—It is a common saying with some people, when they are in trouble, "Well, it will be all the same a hundred years hence." They are right so far as relates to the things of this life, but they are wrong as to their never-dying souls. A hundred years hence, and you will either be in happiness or woe, in heaven or in hell. A hundred years, did I say? It may not be a hundred days, or hours, or minutes? Say then, are you pursuing only those things that perish with the using, and the value of which death will destroy? Or are you seeking the salvation of your soul, which will live forever? You would blame the folly of that man, who, for the pleasure of a moment would sacrifice a large estate; but he is wise compared with the man who gives up eternal happiness for all the pleasure of the world. Pray then for the promised gift of the Holy Spirit, to turn you from these perishing joys, to Christ, who has brought life and immortality to light: believe on Him who died for our sins, and rose again for our justification; then a hundred years hence you shall be with Christ, to abide with him forever. Oh! my soul, a hundred years hence, or perhaps in a few days, I shall be either in heaven or in hell!

NEWS.

REWARDS.—The Canada Gazette of Saturday last, contains a proclamation offering a reward of a hundred pounds, for the apprehension of the perpetrators of the robbery of the Mail Stage, on the Lachine road on the 29th ultimo. The same Gazette also contains a proclamation offering a further reward of one hundred pounds, for the apprehension of the parties who committed a highway robbery on the 16th ultimo, on Messrs. Barret & Demarceau, on the ice between Laprairie and Montreal. In both cases a free pardon is offered to any accomplice who will give the requisite information.—*Gazette.*

TIMBER TRADE.—We have received a letter signed "A Sufferer," which animadverts on the Crown Land's Department. The writer states that in consequence of the changes in the Commercial policy of Great Britain the Timber Trade may suffer, "and" in the face of this, "the holders of Timber Limits are compelled, by the Commissioner of Crown Lands, to make a certain quantity of timber, or to give up their limits,"—he then remarks that this "strange system of compulsion" is very injurious to those engaged in the lumber trade.—*Courier.*

It is stated by late advices that in many parts of Newfoundland the people are suffering dreadfully from the want of food, and would starve were it not for the relief administered by the public authorities.

THE STORM.—We learn from the *Quebec Canadian*, that the storm of Friday and Saturday night was very violent in the neighbourhood of Quebec. Several buildings were blown down at Ste. Anne de Beaupré, at Charlebourg, and other parishes on the North bank of the river. The ice bridge at Isle d'Orleans has been carried down to the Sault de Montmorency, and the ice thrown up in large masses on the quays of the city.

ATTEMPT AT MURDER.—We understand that a Mr. M'Ewan, a respectable and wealthy farmer, living in the township of Sheffield, whilst returning home a few days ago, overtook on the road a poor man, who was plodding along with some difficulty. Mr. M. asked him to ride, which he did. He stated that he had been sick, and was getting better; that he was in search of something to do to pay his board until his strength returned sufficiently to allow him to work. Mr. M. took him home, gave him his supper and a bed. In the course of the evening, Mr. M'Ewan had counted some money, which he had just received; this was observed by the stranger, who also, it seems, watched Mr. M. and his wife when they went to bed, and noticed that the husband slept at the front; but the wife having occasion, not long after, to get up to look after the children, got in the husband's place. Some time in the night, this ungrateful villain got hold of the axe, and, stealing into the bedroom where his hospitable friends were sleeping, unconscious of there being a viper in their house, aimed a deadly blow at the front of the bed, supposing it to have been the husband. The axe struck the poor woman, fracturing her skull. This awoke the husband, who, not knowing exactly what the matter was, made some noise, when the bloodthirsty brute struck at him with the axe, but fortunately he reached too far, and struck the wall. Mr. M'Ewan then sprung upon the man before he had time to strike again, and threw him on the floor, when he managed to tie him, and then sent for assistance to some of his neighbours. He was examined by the Magistrate, and committed to jail in this city to await his trial at the next Assizes. We hear that Mrs. M'Ewan is so badly injured that her life is despaired of. The culprit assigns poverty and destitution as the reason of his murderous attempt. A very poor reason indeed.—*Kingston Herald.*

HORRIBLE MURDER.—On the 14th instant, a person of the name of James Milligan, of Fredricksburg, murdered his wife under circumstances of singular brutality. The unfortunate woman was about to be confined, and, in absence of the female attending upon her, she was assaulted by her husband, while under the influence of liquor, and the child taken from her in a manner altogether revolting. She survived about two hours. Milligan was committed to the District Gaol here this morning, to stand his trial at the approaching Assizes. We learn that the mother and child were buried on the 6th—and the husband not apprehended till the 22d inst. It appears also very strange that there was no Coroner's Inquest held over the bodies.—*Kingston Chronicle.*

OPENING OF NAVIGATION ON THE WELLAND CANAL.—The Canal is now in such a state, that should no unforeseen occurrence prevent, the water will be let in, at Dunnville, on Thursday or Friday next the 1st or 2d April, and by the 8th or 9th it is expected to be in perfect working order.—*St. Catharines Journal.*

THE DUEL.—The *Toronto Canadian* says, that the names of the two youths, who lately left Hamilton, and indulged in the criminal folly of a duel, at Buffalo, were Hogan and Burrage; and the names of their friends—after which word the *Canadian* judiciously puts a [?]-were J. Cameron and R. W. Cameron. The press of Upper Canada, says our contemporary, "all agree in spirit, very properly condemning the stupid attempt, on the part of the would-be heroes, to acquire notoriety, by pretending to stand fire."

On the evening of Wednesday se'ennight, the "forms," as they are technically called, of the *Liverpool Weekly News* were taken, as usual, to Messrs. Wilmer and Smith's machine, for the purpose of being "worked off." Mr. Ross, one of the proprietors of the paper, finding that an article respecting himself was about to appear in print, deliberately kicked out two of the columns of one of the pages, and, repeating his assault, "knocked into pie" the remaining four columns. Mr. Ross was immediately taken to the police office, where he stated that he was one of the proprietors, and that he kicked out the page for the purpose of preventing the publication of the paper. He did not wish it to appear again, and he would do all he could to prevent it being again published. Of course, says the *Liverpool Mercury*, the officer on duty declined to book Mr. Ross, believing, as most people in his situation would have done, that the proprietor of a newspaper had a perfect right to kick out one of the pages, if he had any particular fancy for that mode of exercise or amusement.

The Great Britain steamer has now been stuffed according to Mr Brunel's plan, with fagots, brushwood, sand bags, chains and bolts, &c. There will be no danger of her until April, when Mr Bremner expects to commence operations to raise her. She has quarried down six feet of the solid rock, and turned it up like a plough forward. There are four feet of sand above the rock—in all, 10 to 10½ feet. She must be raised 13 feet perpendicular height, and then her bottom patched, launched, and taken probably to Liver-

pool; but, if possible, to Bristol, by two steamers. The sand now in her, which the water is over, will make her fully 300 tons weight.

FATHER MATTHEW AND THE FAMINE.—For the honour of temperance, the total abstinence of Ireland are in a great measure exempt from the scourge. In a speech at Lisgood, Father Matthew said, "Thousands upon thousands now pine in want and woe, because they did not take my advice; to them the horrors of famine and the evils of blight, are aggravated, while tens of thousands of those who listened to me and adopted my advice, are now safe from hunger and privation, because they had the virtue to surrender a filthy, sensual gratification, and the wisdom to store up for the coming of the evil day." He adds, "By a calculation recently made, it is clearly proved, that if all the grain now converted into poison, were devoted to its natural and legitimate use, it would afford a daily meal to every man, woman, and child in the land. The man or woman who drinks, drinks the food of the starving." This is a striking fact, which will bear to be considered. It contains volumes of argument for total abstinence.

A correspondent of the *Weekly Times* says, on the afternoon and evening of Monday 15th, sermons were preached in Elin Chapel, Fetter-lane, by Miss Fuller, a young lady from Margate. Miss Fuller is about five-and-twenty years of age, and belongs to the body called Primitive Methodists; or, at all events, the congregation in Elin Chapel are in connection with that body. The novelty of a young lady discharging the functions of a minister of the gospel, attracted, as might be expected, a crowded congregation. The service was in all respects conducted in the usual way. Miss Fuller commenced by giving out five verses of a hymn, all of which she read, and afterwards gave it out again in two lines at a time, as the congregation proceeded with the singing. Then came an extemporaneous prayer, of considerable length, comprehensive in its matter and beautiful both in the language and delivery. The sermon followed, which lasted nearly an hour. Miss Fuller is rather short in stature. Her countenance wears an expression of mildness mingled with self-possession. She is good-looking, and has altogether an interesting appearance. Her voice is pleasing, and in some of its intonations exceedingly musical. Her delivery, though like sermons, was extemporaneous, easy, fluent, and graceful. She never has occasion to recal a word, nor does she ever hesitate, or stutter. Her theology was sound and practical. Her discourses were altogether indicative of superior talent. Particular parts were characterised by eloquence of an impressive character. Her dress was plain; she wore a cap devoid of ornament, and had on a dark gown, with a light cashmere shawl thrown over her shoulders. The object of her sermons was to promote the cause of religious charity, and a considerable collection was made at the close of both afternoon and evening services.

News have reached this country of the loss at sea, of the Rev. William Niven, one of the Jamaica missionaries of the United Secession Church. He had embarked on the 6th Oct. at the Grand Cayman, for Jamaica, in a schooner called the Wave. The vessel was foundered in a storm, and all on board perished. Mr. N. has been an active and zealous missionary in Jamaica, for eleven years.

In the trials in the Central Criminal Court of the third inst., a letter-carrier, convicted of stealing half a guinea, was sentenced to ten years' transportation; and a savage ruffian, who had killed his wife by a kick, after having deliberately threatened her with violence, was for the manslaughter sentenced to nine months' imprisonment!—the jury having recommended him to mercy on account of his age (fifty-nine). Mark in these instances the difference between taking half a guinea and taking a life! Observe how much the law guards the money-letter, and how little it guards the life. You may work out the question by the rule of three; as ten years' transportation are to nine months' imprisonment, so is stealing half a guinea from a letter to kicking a wife to death.

Gas of the best quality is offered by the Liverpool Guardian Gas Company at 3s. 8d. per 1000 cubic feet.

The Steamship *Great Western* is advertised for sale. It is reported that the British Government is in treaty for her.

In Edinburgh, the rents of houses, shops, &c., for the current year are much higher as compared with the former. But the landlords have made a most serious and ungracious advance on the rents of next year. In some cases sixty per cent. over the rent of the present year has been added to that of next. Houses are scarcely to be had even at these high rates. The railways "have done it all."

PRODUCE PRICES CURRENT—MONTREAL, April 5, 1847.

	s.	d.	s.	d.		s.	d.	s.	d.
ASHES, Pots, per cwt	27	6	a	28	0	BEEF, Primo Mess,			
Pearls,.....	27	0	a	27	6	per brl. 200lbs.	10	0	a
FLOUR, Canada Superfine, per bil.						Prime,.....	50	0	a
196 lbs.	35	0	a	36	0	Prime Mess, per tierce, 304lbs..	00	0	a
Do. Finc,.....	33	0	a	31	0	PORK, Mess, per brl. 200lbs.....	95	0	a
Do. Sour,.....						Prime Mess.....	75	0	a
Do. Middlings, .						Prime,.....	65	0	a
Indian Meal, 168lb.						Cargo,.....	00	0	a
Oatmeal, brl. 224lb.	34	0	a	35	0	BUTTER, per lb. ...	0	7	a
GRAIN, Wheat U.C.						CHEESE, full milk,			
Best, 60lbs. ...	7	0	a	7	3	100 lbs.....	40	0	a
Do. L.C. per min.	6	6	a	6	9	LARD, per lb., best	0	6	a
BARLEY, Minot,...	3	3	a	3	6	TALLOW, per lb.,			
OATS, ".....	2	4	a	2	5	rough.....	0	4½	a
PEASE,.....	5	6	a	5	9				

THOS. M. TAYLOR, Broker.

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