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ILLUMINATION FOR VICTORIES IN MEXICO.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD

Light up thy homes, Columbia,
For those chivalric men
Who bear to scenes of warlike strife
Thy conquering arms again ;
Where glorious victories, flash on flash,
Reveal their stormy way—
Resaca's, Palo Alto's fields,
The heights of Monterey !
They pile with thousands of thy loes
Buena Vista's plain—
With maids and wives, at Vera Cruz,
Swell high the list of slain !
They paint upon the Southern skies
The blaze of burning domes—
Their laurels dew with blood of babes ;
Light up, light up thy homes !
Light up your homes, oh fathers !
For those young hero bands
Whose march is still through vanquished towns,
And over conquered lands !
Whose valour, wild, impetuous,
In all its fiery glow,
Pours onward like a lava tide,
And sweeps away the foe !
For those whose dead brows glory crowns
On crimson couches sleeping ;
And for home-faces wan with grief,
And fond eyes dim with weeping ;
And for the soldier, poor, unknown,
Who battled madly brave,
Beneath a stranger soil to share
A shallow, crowded grave !
The statesman ye have honored long*
Is wrestling with despair—
Thick shadows from the wing of death
Are round him everywhere ;
For the crushing of that mighty heart,
The tears of weary nights,
For the bowing of that lofty head,
Gleam out your mocking lights !
Light up thy home, young mother !
Then gaze in pride and joy
Upon those fair and gentle girls,
That eagle-eyed young boy ;
And clasp thy darling little one
Yet closer to thy breast,
And be thy kisses on its lips
In yearning love impressed.
In yon beleaguered city
Were homes as sweet as thine,
There trembling mothers felt loved arms
In fear around them twine ;
The lad with brow of olive hue,
The babe like lily fair,
The maiden with her midnight eyes
And wealth of raven hair.
The booming shot, the murderous shell,
Crashed through the crumbling walls,
And filled with agony and death
Those sacred household halls !

*Henry Clay, who lost his son in the war.

Then, bleeding, crushed, and blackened, lay
The sister by the brother,
And the torn infant gasped and writhed
On the bosom of the mother !

Oh sisters, if ye have no tears
For fearful tales like these,
If the banners of the victors veil
The victim's agonies,
If ye lose the babe's and mother's cry
In the noisy roll of drums,
If your hearts with martial pride throb high,
Light up, light up your homes !

MEMOIR OF ADELE D., LATE AN INMATE OF THE MONTREAL MAGDELENE ASYLUM.

BY THE MATRON.

Adele D., the subject of this memoir, was born near the city of Montreal ; and, fearful to relate, at the tender age of fourteen years, was seduced by none other than her own uncle ! During the period of pregnancy, she was sent to entire strangers, in a distant village, in order to conceal the inhuman conduct of her destroyer. There her sufferings were extreme. • • • Being now a mother, she gazed on her little one with mingled feelings ; now wrathing it had never been born, and now clinging to it as her all. Thus four months rolled slowly by, when the babe of poor Adele, without any previous intimation, was torn from her tender embrace, never to be seen by her again.

Soon after this painful circumstance, she was sent to the city, for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of dress-making. I believe she was unaccompanied either by friend or relation. Having arrived in town, all was new. Delighted with the surrounding objects, the unthinking child passed from street to street, occasionally inquiring for a dress-maker. Wo to her that is alone when she falleth. She hath none to lift her up. The enemy of all righteousness, ever on the alert, spread his net for the feet of this poor child. Meeting a person, whom she took for a lady, and being encouraged by her apparent kindness, she told her errand to the city. The lady was a dress-maker, and just then in search of an apprentice. The unsuspecting girl followed her, as a sheep to the slaughter ; and knew not where she was, till given by this lady to a favourite friend in the shape of a gentleman ! For a year and a half, she continued the object of his lawless love, when he suddenly disappeared, and was seen by her no more. Another offer, however, was soon made, and accepted ; and another year spent, as the guilty companion of a new associate. Being abandoned by him also, she went another step farther down the valley of degradation, and became a common prostitute. Soon, however, her career was arrested by disease, and she was compelled to take refuge in the hospital, where she lay for some time. Being restored to a measure of health, she was again received to her old lodgings ; only, however, for a short season, for a second attack of her malady caused her re-admission into hospital, where her stay was protracted, and her cure but partial. Again she was discharged from the hospital, and again she sought the road to ruin. But health and strength failed, and her unhappy race was run. Being no longer able to earn the wages of unrighteousness, her cruel mistress had her moved to a back garret, where she lay on a dirty pallet of straw, frequently destitute of every necessary of life, save a jug of cold water. True, occasionally she was compelled to drink wine or brandy, but this was done with a view of not annoying the company by her moans and cough.

During this sad season, both soul and body were dreadfully dis-

tressed. O! that I could but describe her condition to those who were instrumental, in Satan's hand, in placing her there; and not to them only, but also to all who frequent the better apartments of the hospital. Leave that sofa and carpet, and follow me to the garret. Behold that suffering child on her bed of misery. Seventeen summers have scarcely passed over her head; yet she is ruined! body and soul are polluted. She knows her time is short, and yet she has no hope! Her mind is awfully dark; the past is dark; the future is dark; all is dark. Hear that groan. Is it not big with horror? O! where are her murderers? Could they but see and hear for themselves, they might repent. Where are they? you ask. I know not where they are now; but by-and-by they will appear at the bar of God! Reader, take heed to thy steps in such matters.

Such were the feelings, forebodings, and sad condition of poor Adele at this melancholy period of her history. But a brighter day was fast approaching. Yes; that Saviour who laid his glory by; stooped to a poor virgin womb; became a man of sorrows; He is Jesus still; and

"Whom man forsakes. He will not leave;
Ready the outcast to receive."

The good seed which had been sown by those humble, but zealous and devoted followers of their Master, who, from Sabbath to Sabbath, visit these haunts of iniquity, in order to exhort the guilty inmates to flee from the wrath to come, now began to spring up. The Spirit of the Lord used the waters of affliction to soften the fallow ground of the heart, and caused the tender bud of grace to appear. Her language now was, O, that I had been advised by those men who begged of me to give up sin, and go to the asylum. Where are they now? Can they see me no more? Will none who care for my soul be conducted to this wretched room? I must die here. But not so. O, the love of God in Christ Jesus!

That God who extorted the cry for help, also wrought out that deliverance.

Her money being now spent, the mistress of the house approached her in a rage, and ordered her out immediately! This cruel conduct so affected the heart of an old companion in sin, who was present, that she cried out, O, Adele! I will do anything for you! I will dress you; get a cab, and take you to the asylum; but you cannot be admitted if ill; therefore, you must paint, and take some wine. The painting was performed with so much skill, that I had no idea of the imposition till the following morning, when, to my no small astonishment, in place of the clean complexion and ruddy cheek, I discovered a picture of sickness and speedy dissolution! After conversing and praying with Adele, I was much encouraged to believe her a hopeful case. She was really sick of sin, and anxious to escape from the wrath to come. She assured me that she esteemed the hour of her admission into the asylum, the happiest of her life. From that hour she gave herself wholly unto prayer, and the Word of the Lord was sweet unto her taste. Occasionally she would cherish a hope of mercy, but at other times black despair would fill her mind with terror and dismay. On such occasions she would weep bitterly; her whole frame became agitated, even to such a degree as to cause the bed on which she lay to tremble. Thus she continued for some weeks, between hope and despair; but the Spirit of the Lord was at work; salvation was at hand. Whilst an esteemed servant of the Lord bowed before the mercy seat, and uttered strong cries to God on her behalf,

"A ray of heavenly light appeared,
A messenger Divine."

She felt that she could trust in Jesus for a present, future, and everlasting salvation. Her language was, "O Lord, I will praise thee; for, though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou dost comfort me." From that memorable moment, she delighted to speak about heaven and death; her affections being set on things above, and not on things on the earth. At first, I was slow of heart to believe that this great change was real, but the fruits were so apparent—meekness, patience, gentleness, and a love for prayer and praise—that my unbelief was rebuked: and I dared no more doubt than Thomas, after he had seen the print of the nails in his risen Master's hands.

Some eight or ten days after the burthen of guilt had been removed, she was taken suddenly and dangerously ill. Dr. R., the surgeon

of the asylum, was immediately sent for, and attended, accompanied by a pious friend, who often prayed with and for her. Medicine being administered, some time was spent in prayer; and truly it was a season not soon to be forgotten. It pleased the Lord, however, to lengthen out the feeble thread of life for twelve weeks longer; seven of which she was enabled continually to "rejoice in hope of the glory of God." But he who "goeth about as a roaring lion;" he who is "the accuser of the brethren;" not willing to lose his prey, now made a desperate venture to destroy her peace, make shipwreck of her faith, and so rob her of her God. Being requested to visit her, I soon stood by her bed-side; for some moments she could not speak; she held me by the hand, and wept bitterly; then, with such imploring looks as I can never forget, she exclaimed, "Jesus cannot save me; O, he cannot save such a sinner as I am. He cannot be so good." Then, in the most affecting manner, she began to confess and enumerate her sins. Her anguish was truly bitter. My heart yearned for her deliverance. Looking to Him who is the fountain of wisdom, I endeavoured to break this snare of the enemy, by showing her the sufficiency of the atonement, and the willingness of God, by virtue of that atonement, to save to the uttermost all who come to him through Christ.

After this conflict, she not only continued calmly trusting in Jesus, but almost constantly triumphing in the prospect of death, regarding it as the friend appointed to take down the clay tabernacle, and so release her happy spirit from this scene of sorrow.

While suffering severe pain, if any of her companions would sympathize with her, or try to make her suffering less, she was wont to say, "O, it is nothing, Jesus makes my heart glad; and you know he suffered more for me."

Being requested to tell how she felt in the immediate prospect of death, she replied, "I cannot tell you as I wish, but I will try and make you understand. When I was a little girl, I loved very much to go to balls; and when invited to one, longed very much for the time to come, and could think of nothing else. Well, that is just the way I feel now, only more glad."

At another time, she said, "I feel as if I had been a poor beggar all my life, but now I am so rich, every thing is mine."

Being very happy one day, she requested me to inform her if we would recognise our friends in heaven. On being told that it was generally believed we should, she cried out, with uplifted hands, "O how glad I'll be to see you, and all those kind friends who come to see us here. O, how good is God to bring me here, to be shown the way to heaven."

By day and by night, she frequently wept and prayed aloud for her old companions in sin, wishing that they might see the error of their way, and come to the asylum.

As a proof of her abhorrence of sin at this season, I may remark, that, a few days previous to her death, she sent for me, and humbly, but earnestly requested, that no part of her own clothing might be put on or about her corpse. In answer to my inquiry, "What shall I do with your clothes?" she replied, "Anything you like; burn them if you will; they are all the wages of sin." Having promised to comply with her request, she appeared much pleased. Nor did she fail to remind me of that promise a few hours before her departure.

To those who nursed her, she was both kind and grateful, and has been known to creep out of bed whilst they slept, and adjust their bed clothes, and try to make them comfortable.

The night before her death, Saturday, when about retiring to my own room, I said, "Do you think you will stay with us all night?" She replied, "I should like to remain till to-morrow, and go to heaven on Sunday; but I am very weak." On entering her room on Sabbath morning, she said, "I am here, and Jesus has been here all night, making my heart very glad, and saying, 'Be not afraid; in my Father's house are many mansions.'" Then she repeated several times, with much animation, "Glory, glory, God is love; hallelujah, God is love." She now became extremely weak, and lay motionless for several hours. I thought she would speak no more. About six o'clock in the evening, when seventeen or eighteen of the inmates surrounded her dying bed, she broke forth into exhortation, and with a strong and distinct voice besought them, in the name of the Lord, to return to sin no more, but to seek repentance whilst it might be found. She then added, "I knew the Lord would give me strength to tell you how

happy I feel, and he will make every one of you happy if you will repent." Her voice again failed, and she made signs for us to sing and pray. We got on our knees; every heart appeared to be full. Silence prevailed for a season. Again she lifted up her voice, and sung aloud:

"Canaan, it is my happy home;
I am bound for the land of Canaan."

Thus she continued for about ten minutes, and when quite exhausted, her lips ceased not to move, nor her eyes to look upwards. Shortly before her departure, I entered her room; she laid hold of my hand, and placed it upon her breast, saying, "Jesus is here." I asked, "Will you have a drink?" She replied, "A warm one, if you please." When she tasted it, she looked up and said, "This is not vinegar; this is not gall." A'iding in a few moments, "O! Jesus is very dear to my heart. I am happy; I am happy." These were her last words, and soon after she gave utterance to them, her happy spirit left this vale of wo for the paradise of God.

And now, reader, you have seen the fall, misery, repentance, and premature, but, thank God, happy death of this poor child. If you are a believer, extol the riches of redeeming grace. If you now feel the misery consequent on crime, O repent! and be encouraged, by this remarkable instance of God's mercy, to seek pardon. You cannot perish, if you come to God through Christ. But come as you are. Come *just now*; for, "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." If thou art proud and self-righteous, and hast been disposed to crush, rather than to pity, the poor degraded female, O tremble, and hear the word of the Lord, "Verily I say unto you, that the publicans and harlots go into the kingdom of God before you," Matthew xxi. 31.

Come to the living waters, come!
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
And find my grace is free for ALL.

See from the Rock a Fountain rise!
For you in healing streams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye labouring, burdened, sin-sick souls.

Nothing ye in exchange shall give:
Leave all you have, and are, behind;
Frankly the gift of God receive;
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

THE ABBOTSFORD BARONETCY.

From the Edinburgh Witness.

The intimation in our last of the death of Lieutenant Colonel Sir Walter Scott, and the extinction of the Abbotsford Baronetcy, must have set not a few of our readers a-thinking. The lesson of withered hopes and blighted prospects which it reads, is sure enough a common one,—a lesson for every-day perusal in the school of experience, and which the history of every day varies with new instances. But in this special case it reads with more than the usual emphasis. The literary celebrity of the great poet and novelist of Scotland,—the intimate knowledge of his personal history which that celebrity has induced, and which exists co-extensive with the study of letters,—the consequent acquaintance with the prominent foible that stood out in such high relief in his character form the general groundwork of shrewd good sense and right feeling,—have all conspired to set the lesson, as it were, in a sort of illuminated frame-work. Sir Walter says, of Gawin Douglas,—in his picture of the "noble lord of Douglas blood," whose allegorical poem may still be perused with pleasure, notwithstanding the veil of obsolete language which mars its sentiment and obscures its imagery,—that it "pleased him more,"

— "that in a barbarous age
He gave rude Scotland Virgil's page,
'Than that beneath his rule he held
The bishoprick of fair Dunkeld."

Not such, however, was the principle on which Sir Walter estimated his own achievements, or prospects. It pleased him more to contemplate himself in the character of the founder, as seemed likely, of a third-rate border family,—of importance enough, however, to occupy its annual line in the almanac,—than that his name should be known as widely as even Virgil's own. And the ambition was one to which he sacrificed health, and leisure, and peace of mind, with probably a few years of

life itself, and undoubtedly the very wealth which, for this cause alone, he so anxiously strove to realise. Never was there one who valued money less for its own sake; but it flowed in upon him; and, save for his haste to be rich, that he might be a landholder on his family's behalf, Sir Walter would have died a man of large fortune, quite able to purchase three such properties as that of Abbotsford. And in last week's obituary we see the close of all he had toiled and suffered for, in the extinction of the family in which he had so fondly hoped to live for hundreds of years.

Judging from the history of the past, there is no class of men less entitled to indulge in the peculiar hope of Shakspeare and Sir Walter Scott than the greater poets,—men whose blow of faculty, ratiocinative and imaginative, has attained to the fullest development at which, in the human species, it ever arrives. Has the reader ever be-thought him how exceedingly few of the poets of the two last centuries have bequeathed their names to posterity through their descendants? No doubt, by much the greater part of them,—ill-hafted in society, and little careful how they guided their course, were solitary men, who, without even more than their characteristic imprudence, could not have grappled with the inevitable expense of a family. Thus it was that Cowley, Butler, and Otway died childless,—with Prior and Congreve,—Gay, Phillips, and Savage,—Thomson, Collicie, and Shenstone,—Akenside, Goldsmith and Gray, Pope, Swift, Watts, and Cowper, were also unmated solitary men; and Johnson had no child. Even the poets in more favourable circumstances, who could not say in the desponding vein of poor Kirke White—

"I sigh when all my happier friends caress,—
They laugh in health, and future evils brave;
Them shall a wife and smiling children bless,
While I am mould'ring in the silent grave,"—

even of this unfortunate class, how very few were happy in their offspring! The descendants of Dryden, Addison, and Parnell, did not pass into the second generation; those of Shakspeare and Milton became extinct in the second and the third. It would seem as if we had an illustration, in this portion of the literary history of our country, of Doubleday's curious theory of population. The human mind attained in these remarkable men to its full intellectual development, as the rose or the carnation, under a long course of culture, at length suddenly *stocks*, and doubles, and widens, its gorgeous blow of a thousand petals; and then, when in its greatest perfection, transmission ceases, and there is no further reproduction of the variety thus amplified and expanded to the full. Nature does her utmost, and then, stopping short, does no more.

Abbotsford, a supremely melancholy place heretofore, will be henceforth more melancholy still. Those associations of ruined hopes and blighted prospects which cling to its picturesque beauty, will now be more numerous and more striking than ever. The writings of Scott are the true monuments of his genius; while Abbotsford, on which he rested so much, will form for the future a memorial equally significant of his foibles and his misfortunes,—of bright prospects suddenly overcast, and sanguine hopes quenched in the grave for ever.

REMARKABLE DELIVERANCE.

About this period I went to attend the sale of the effects of Mr. M——, a respectable farmer, who had died at one of my out-settlements a few months before. He had left a widow, a very amiable and pious woman, and three children to mourn his loss. The lone widow thought herself unequal to the management of the large farm which her husband had occupied. She therefore took a cottage in the village where I lived, and was now selling everything off except a little furniture.

After the sale was over I went into the house to see her. I congratulated her upon the plan she had adopted, and remarked that she would be much more comfortable, not only in being relieved from the cares of a business she could not be supposed to understand, but in a feeling of security, which in her unprotected state in that lonely house she could hardly enjoy.

"Oh! no," she said, "not unprotected; far from it! You forget," she continued with a mournful smile, "that I am now under the special protection of Him 'v'ho careth for the fatherless and the widow; and I feel quite confident that He will protect us."

And he did protect them, and that very night too, in a most extraordinary and wonderful, and, I may add, miraculous manner.—The farm house was a solitary one; there was not another within half a mile of it.—That night there was a good deal of money in the house, the proceeds of the sale. The mother and her three young children, and a maid-servant, were the sole inmates. They had retired to rest some time. The wind was howling fearfully, and shook the wooden house at every blast.

This kept the poor mother awake, and she thought she heard, in the pauses of the tempest, some strange and unusual noise, seemingly at the back of the house. While eagerly listening to catch the sound again, she was startled by the violent barking of a dog, apparently in the front of the house immediately beneath the bed-chamber. This alarmed her still more, as they had no dog of their own.

She immediately arose, and going to her maid's room awoke her, and they went down together. They first peeped into the room where they had heard the dog. It was moonlight, at least partially so, for the night was cloudy; still it was light enough to distinguish objects, although but faintly. They saw an immense black dog scratching and gnawing furiously at the door leading into the kitchen, whence she thought that the noise she first heard had proceeded.

She requested the servant to open the door which the dog was attacking so violently. The girl was a determined and resolute creature, devoid of fear, and she did so without hesitation; when the dog rushed out, and the widow saw through the open door two men at the kitchen window, which was open.—The men instantly retreated, and the dog leaped through the window after them. A violent scuffle ensued, and it was evident, from the occasional yelping of the noble animal, that he sometimes had the worst of it.

The noise of the contest, however, gradually receded, till Mrs. M—— could hear only now and then a faint and distant bark. The robbers, or perhaps murderers, had taken out a pane of glass, which had enabled them to undo the fastening of the window, when, but for the dog, they would doubtless have accomplished their purpose. The mistress and maid got a light, and secured the window as well as they could.

They then dressed themselves, for to think of sleeping any more that night was out of the question. They had not, however, got down stairs the second time before they heard their protector scratching at the outer door for admittance. They immediately opened it, when he came in wagging his bushy tail, and fawning upon each of them in turn, to be patted and praised for his prowess.

He then stretched his huge bulk, at full length, beside the warm stove, closed his eyes and went to sleep. The next morning they gave him a breakfast any dog might have envied; after which nothing could induce him to prolong his visit. He stood whining impatiently at the door till it was opened, when he galloped off in a great hurry, and they never saw him afterward.

They had never seen the dog before, nor did they ever know to whom he belonged.—It was a very singular circumstance, and they could only suppose that he came with some stranger to the sale. The family moved the following day to their new cottage in the village; and when my wife and I called upon them, Mrs. M—— reminded me that, when I last saw her, she had told me they were not unprotected.—*Missionary in Canada.*

THE SABBATH.

(From the Sabbath Manual, by the Rev. J. Edwards, D. D.)

The reason which God gave on the tables of stone for keeping the Sabbath, was not a Jewish reason. It was one which applies alike to all men. "For in six days the Lord made the heavens and the earth, the sea, and all that in them is." But he did not make them for Jews merely, or for any particular people. He made them for us and for all men. As a memorial of that fact, he set apart the Sabbath, kept it, sanctified and blessed it, for the benefit of all. All are bound, by keeping it, to acknowledge this, and to honour him as the Creator, Preserver, and Benefactor; and, as such, the Owner, Governor, and Disposer of all things. The Sabbath was appointed for that purpose, and, as a consequence, to impress on the minds of men the great truths, that "the earth is the Lord's,

and the fulness thereof, the world, and they that dwell therein;" that "the silver and the gold are his," though acquired by human industry, and "the cattle upon a thousand hills."

The earth is not eternal; it did not create itself; no creature called it into being. Nor is its existence to be ascribed to chance, to idols, or to any of the false gods whom men have worshipped. In the beginning Jehovah created the heavens and the earth. And the things which are seen were not made of things which do appear. They were literally created. "He spake, and it was. He commanded, and it stood fast."

The Sabbath was designed to make all men feel this; and to lead them, by keeping it, publicly to acknowledge, "Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundations of the earth, and the heavens are the work of thy hands. They shall perish but thou remainest." And "Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the victory, and the majesty; for all that is in the heavens and the earth is thine; thine is the kingdom, O Jehovah, and thou art exalted as head above all."

Such are some of the truths, which, by the keeping of the Sabbath, are every week proclaimed to the world; in a manner adapted to the nature of man, and suited to make on him a strong and lasting impression.

When, on the morning of that blessed day, the sun rises and shines as brightly as on other days, the oxen graze as peacefully, the lambs skip as briskly, and the birds sing as sweetly, yet no man goes forth to his labour, no shop-door or window opens, no wheel rattles on the pavement, or vessel leaves the harbour, no stage-coach or canal-boat runs, no whistling or rumbling is heard on the rail-road, or bustle is witnessed in any department of secular business, but universal stillness reigns throughout creation, except as broken by the voice of prayer and praise ascending to its Author—that stillness is the voice of God to the moral nature of man; his still, small, but all-pervading and efficacious voice, proclaiming his existence, his character, and his will; that he is a great God and a great King above all gods; that in his hand are the deep places of the earth, and that the strength of the hills is his also; that the sea is his, for he made it, and his hands formed the dry land; that he is a God that judgeth in the earth, and is not far from every one of us; that on him we are dependent, and to him are accountable; and that he will bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or evil. And it is a voice which each individual who is enlightened, and not scathed by iniquity till he is twice dead, will hear, and in some measure feel.

In proportion as he hearkens to it, and enters into its spirit, he will have a deeper and more operative conviction of the presence of God, and of the nearness, reality, and importance of eternal things. He will feel more solemn, more as if one thing were needful, as if the favour of God were life, and his loving-kindness better than life; and he will be more likely to say, "O, come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord our Maker; for he is our God, and we are the people of his pasture and the sheep of his hand."

APPLES OF GOLD.

"I will hedge up thy way with thorns, and make a wall that she shall not find her paths; and she shall follow after her lovers, but she shall not overtake them: and she shall seek them, but shall not find them; then shall she say, I will go and return to my first husband, for then was it better with me than now." Hosea. ii 6, 7.

As it is only with thee, O my dear Saviour, that I can be happy, I would never leave thee any more; and that I may not slip from thee unawares, even under good pretences, I desire to have my way well hedged up, and be encompassed everywhere with thorns. Let me quickly discover and crucify every thing which would give the least disturbance to the enjoyment of thy love, that I may always closely walk with thee alone, and never take a step out of thy way, for fear of running myself into the thorns, and bringing unnecessary sufferings upon me; though I do not mean to avoid the cross of Christ in other respects, but would willingly submit to any sufferings, which are never without good fruit. Glory be to thee, O my blessed Saviour, that thou hast not given me up yet, and suffered me to run into destruction in my own ways! O be pleased to restrain me evermore; and whenever I am in danger of sliding into the broad way, let me find no rest till I am brought back, though it be through the briars of affliction.

I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,
Though they may seem severe;
The sharpest sufferings I endure
Flow from thy faithful care.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATION.



THE IBIS.

“And the little owl, and the cormorant, and the great owl.” I EZEKIEL, xi. 17. Ibis, (Heb. *yanshuph*; Eng. Trans. owl) an unclean bird, common in Egypt. Strabo describes it as being like a stork; some are black, and others white. The Egyptians worshipped them because they devour the serpents, which otherwise would overrun the country. It was a capital crime to kill an ibis, though inadvertently. Cambyes, king of Persia, being acquainted with this, placed some of his before his army, while he besieged Damietta. The Egyptians, not daring to shoot against them, suffered the town to be taken.—*Ency. of Relig. Knowledge.*

The stork, which is very similar to the ibis, is an inhabitant of the warmer regions, but often migrates to higher latitudes to lay its eggs and hatch its young. It is particularly abundant in Egypt and the western parts of Asia, and is also well known in different parts of Europe; and, wherever found, its amiable and confiding disposition has secured it the protection and esteem of man. No bird is more famous for its attachment to its young, and, which is more rare among birds, for its kindness to the old and feeble of its own race. It has also acquired a sort of sanctity in different countries, not less perhaps from its grave and contemplative appearance than from its predilection for churches, mosques, and temples, on the roofs or towers of which—perhaps because they are in general the loftiest buildings—it usually prefers to establish its large and well compacted nest. It also builds on the roofs of private houses; and, in the East, on the wind-chimney by which apartments are ventilated. This habit brings it into close connection with man in Turkey and Persia; in most parts of which countries people sleep at night on the flat roofs of their houses, and sometimes sit and amuse themselves there in the cool of the evening. The storks, although then full in view, and themselves a servant of all that passes, do not on any occasion exhibit alarm or apprehension. This may as well be a consequence as a cause of the peculiar favour with which they are regarded. But certain it is, that in Turkey, Persia, Egypt, or indeed in any place, even in Europe, to which these birds resort, a man would be universally execrated who should molest a stork, or even disturb its nest during its absence. In some cases the law expressly provides for its protection. It was exactly the same among ancient nations, the laws in some of which made it highly penal to kill a stork. It often appeared to us as if the Orientals in general regarded the stork as a sort of household god, whose presence brought a blessing upon the house on which it established its nest. They also do not overlook the importance of its services in clearing the land of serpents and other noxious reptiles, which form part of its food. Whether the law of Moses prohibited the stork as food, in order to protect its existence, or because the nature of its food rendered it unclean, it is impossible to determine: perhaps both reasons operated.—*Pictorial Bible.*

THE GOVERNOR'S SPEECH—CHEAP POSTAGE—DIFFERENTIAL DUTIES.

From the Montreal Witness.

Several important topics are adverted to in His Excellency's speech at the commencement of the session, to which it behoves the people of Canada to direct their attention.

In the first place, the long and earnestly desired Post Office reform is now within our reach, and British North America may speedily enjoy the inestimable benefit of cheap postage. All that our representatives have to do is to decide upon a wise and liberal measure, pledge the funds necessary to carry it out, and the postage may be reduced to a small uniform rate without loss of time. It is needless to dwell on the advantages of such a change. Immense sums are voted for internal communications, and this is well. Persons and property should be cheaply and easily conveyed from place to place; but a most important part of the benefit to the public will be lost, unless written communications are also transmitted cheaply. To charge as much for the conveyance of a half-ounce letter, as is charged on the same route, and by the same steamboat which takes the mail, for a barrel of flour, is almost an embargo upon communications among the poorer classes; and they are consequently, as it were, cut off from their friends and the rest of the civilized world. Such isolation can have no other effect than to stunt the mind, as was the case in the dark ages; rendered dark mainly by the fact that each locality was effectually separated by the difficulties attending communication from every other locality. The establishment of a cheap and uniform rate of postage, is one of the most important measures which can engage public attention; and we earnestly entreat legislators to see that this be effected, whatever else may be left undone. With equal earnestness we beseech electors, by petition and otherwise, to urge their representatives to the fulfilment of this duty. And we do hope that no penny-wise-and-pound-foolish economy will hinder the fixing of a low rate at the outset, say not exceeding two-pence, and the voting of the sum necessary to support the Post Office department in all its efficiency under the operation of this change for a year or two, until it be fairly tested, whether it will sustain itself or not. We have no fears but that it will.

The differential duties is the second topic touched upon by His Excellency, and certainly ranks in importance next to the preceding. Lord Elgin does not appear to participate in the fears entertained by some of our more timid political economists, that if we avail ourselves of the authority granted by the Imperial Parliament to modify or sweep away differential duties, the Home Government will in return sweep away the remainder of our protection upon timber, &c. That they may do this soon is indeed likely enough at any rate, but it is, we think, rather unlikely that our legislation, invited by themselves, should be made the pretext.

It is probable that the beneficial effects likely to result from the repeal of these duties are not generally appreciated. It is well that the navigation laws should be so modified as to permit foreign vessels to come to our ports, to purchase our grain, timber, ashes, &c. &c. This would give us the range of the markets of the world, and instead of depending wholly upon harvests in Britain for our prices, our grain would be in demand to supply the deficiency occasioned by a bad harvest wherever it occurred; and our white pine and staves would be in demand all over the world. Such a change in the navigation laws, we say, is well—may, it is extremely important; but yet it will be, to a great extent, inoperative without the repeal of the differential duties. If vessels from foreign countries cannot bring the products of those countries for sale here upon terms likely to render such a transaction advantageous, few of them will come for grain, for the obvious reason that a voyage so long requires a freight both ways, in order to diminish the charges upon each cargo. If the whole expense of a voyage out and home, from France or Germany, for instance, has to be borne by the homeward cargo, it would be so great that their vessels could probably, all things considered, obtain their wheat and flour cheaper in some other markets; but if they bring out cargoes of the products or manufactures of these respective countries, the home freight need not be much more than half. Besides, many vessels will come with the outward cargo at any rate, and when here must take something home in return. The repeal of the differential duties would have the additional advantage, that while the competition of all nations would insure us the highest price for our products, the same competition would insure us continual supplies of all kinds of imported goods, from whatever markets can furnish them to the best advantage. It is, therefore, clear, that so far as Canada is concerned, there can be few measures of more importance than this repeal. The effect on

Britain is another matter; but for the prosperity of the Mother Country we entertain no fears, provided her industry be left untrammelled.

The other topics adverted to in the address, and there are several that are highly important, we must leave to be considered as they come before Parliament.

THE CANADA CARRYING TRADE.

From the Montreal Witness.

A calculation has been published, showing that flour can be sent from Cleveland to New York cheaply by way of Montreal than by the Erie Canal; and of course if the destination be Britain, cheaper by way of the St. Lawrence than New York. This is a great fact, and though it is accounted for at the present time by the unprecedentedly high rates of transportation on the Erie Canal, yet even a great reduction of those rates will doubtless be met by a great diminution of ours when the Canadian system of inland navigation is complete. Should we be able to offer permanently a cheaper and cooler route for the transportation of the produce of the great West to Europe than either New York or New Orleans, there cannot be a doubt that sooner or later the greater part of that business will fall to the share of Canada; and this consummation will be greatly accelerated by the recent emigrant law of the United States, and the suspension of the British navigation laws, together with the permission to transmit American produce in bond through Canada. Besides the immigration into Canada, and the export of its own products, vessels from all parts of Europe may come to the St. Lawrence with emigrants for the Western States, and take back the produce of those States in return. Nay, many American vessels will doubtless engage in this trade. Canada has the opportunity just now, by a liberal policy, of making her public works, which consist chiefly of canals, enormously productive.

AMOUNT OF GRAIN IN GREAT BRITAIN.

From the Montreal Witness.

On the 11th ultimo, in the House of Lords, the Earl of Hardwicke asked the Government whether they were aware of the quantity of food in the country, and whether they could say what quantity was expected to be imported. He believed there was not sufficient to sustain the population till next harvest. He called attention to a document in his hand, which, though unofficial, was worthy their Lordships' serious attention. Some individuals had endeavoured to ascertain the amount of food in the country, and the result of their inquiries was, that while one third of the year, before harvest, was still to come, and at least one third of last year's crop ought to be still on hand, it, in reality, did not amount to more than about one-sixth or even less.

The Marquis of Lansdowne, on the part of Government, said, the question related to a perilous subject. On his own part, and that of Government, he would abstain from hazarding an opinion which might have the effect of deceiving any one. There is no means of arriving at an accurate knowledge of the amount of stocks in the country. Any opinion on that amount he should decline giving. He could state, however, that up to that moment there had been an enormous and increasing amount of importation of corn into Great Britain. In January of this year..... 661,000 qrs. had been imported

February,	557,000
March,	928,000
April,	1,015,000

indicating an increase proportioned to the demand, and if the supply were continued during the year at the same ratio, the amount for the year would be 9,000,000. The moment it was known that Government would not interfere in any way to prevent exportation, an increased and increasing activity was kept up, while other countries suffered. The whole exportation of corn from the United States to the whole world was 2,170,000 quarters. Of that amount only about a fourth was sent to other places, leaving to Great Britain four times the amount exported to all the rest of the world. They had no reason to apprehend that the supply from America would diminish.

Lord Ashburton thought the largest portion of wheat from America had been already received. It might become a question whether the exportation of corn should be restricted; it would be with reluctance he could agree to any such proposal.

Lord Brougham thanked his noble friend for bringing the question of insufficiency of food before the house. He felt uneasy with res-

pect to the prospects of the country for the next two or three months. He agreed with Lord Ashburton as to the impolicy of interfering with the export trade in corn. Such interference would prevent a supply coming to England. He hoped their Lordships would give great attention to the subject before they ventured to interfere with the corn trade.

EMIGRANTS AT GROSSE ISLE.

Extracts from a letter received at Quebec from Dr. Douglas, Physician in charge of the Quarantine Station.

GROSSE-ISLE, June 2, 1847.

"Sir,—As I understand most exaggerated reports are prevalent in your town respecting the state of distress and misery among the emigrants now here, I think it my duty to request you would give publicity to the following facts:—1st. *There is no distress from want of food in any vessel now here, every person on board receives daily a pound of biscuit, flour, oatmeal or soft bread, the same being provided by the vessel according to the Imperial Passenger Act.* As a proof of this, I may state that yesterday all the vessels (22 in number) that have been here eight days, were visited by Mr. Symes, with a small steamer loaded with provisions, sent by the Chief Agent of Emigrants—these provisions were distributed gratuitously to the most destitute, and though Mr. Symes found no difficulty in getting them to accept the tea, sugar, pork, and soft bread—yet none of them would have oatmeal or biscuit, though both were fresh and excellent of their kind; these were brought back and remain now on board the steamer—this must be conclusive as to the non-existence of starvation.

Though there is, undoubtedly, much sickness and many deaths, yet the number is much exaggerated. Up to 12 o'clock, on Saturday, the total number of deaths in the hospitals, from the commencement of the season to that hour, was 116. The names, ages, and the vessels in which the persons came, will be ascertained on application to Dr. Parant. It will be seen that the majority are young children. The disease from which the greatest number of deaths take place is dysentery, brought on by long want before embarking. The number of orphans does not exceed twenty, and they are all specially cared for, and receive milk and nourishment from convalescents, who are paid for the duty. I am glad to hear that the Rev. Mr. McMahon is making arrangements for their reception and care in town, and they will be sent up immediately.

In almost every case, the passengers embarked in ill health, and in some few instances recovered their health on the voyage, notwithstanding all their privations.

The number now in the Hospitals, sheds, churches and tents is under 1100. There are six medical men in attendance, and every exertion is being made by the Board of Works to get up fever sheds. An intelligent active superintendent (Mr. Laurencelle) is here with contractors, and no expence is spared by Government to provide for the distressing state of things.

There remain still many sick to land, who receive medicines and assistance daily, and are attended by their own friends.

Difficulty is experienced in getting nurses, as the nearest relatives abandon each other when once on shore."

SELECTIONS.

IS IT FAIR?—Nearly all the public domain is in the Free States.—The present war has cost six thousand lives, besides \$70,000,000. Now it will take most of the lands sold in the free states and territories for years to come, to pay the expenses of this invasion of Mexico. How shall the country be indemnified for the expenses of the present war? By taking territory from Mexico, without doubt. At least by extending the boundaries of Texas to the utmost limit. The extension of the limits of Texas will increase the territory over which the dark spirit of chattel slavery will clank his chain and swing his whip. Is it best that the lands in our free North and West should be purchased by our own free labourers, and this money expended to pay the expenses of acquiring more slave territory. And all this while we cannot by the aid of all parties at the North obtain a dollar of the public funds to increase the facilities of navigation by which the products of free labour may more readily find shipment and conveyance. Labouring brother, is it right?—*Herald of the Prairie.*

CURIOS TITLES.—Some of the titles given by authors to their books in the days of Oliver Cromwell, are as curious and amusing as they are significant of the subject-matter of the words. A friend who has devoted much time to antiquarian researches, has given us the following titles as examples—"Crumbs of Comfort for the Chickens of the Covenant." "High breeded shors! for Dwarfs in Holiness." "Spiritual Crumbs for Hungry Saints." "A pair of bellows to blow off the loose dust of sin." "The Spiritual mustard pot to warm up the soul and make it sneeze with devotion." "A shot aimed at Satan's head-quarters through the cannon of the Covenant." "A sigh of sorrow for the Sinners of Zion, breathed out of a hole in the wall of an earthen vessel, known among men by the name of Samuel Fish." "The pitchfork of Divine Truth, with which Satan is driven back to his dominions, and the souls of men ransomed." "A reaping hook,

well tempered for the stubborn ears of the coming crop: or select passages for the rising generation."

GERRIT SMITH AND THE PRESIDENCY.—Gerrit Smith declines peremptorily a call on him to be a candidate for it at President. He says he has all his life been weighed down by the charge of a great landed property left by his father, which has deprived him of a chance to fit himself for the Chief Magistracy; and, though there would be no prospect of his election if nominated, he does not consider it right to run for an office without the qualifications for worthily filling it. If he were President, however, he would first stop the Mexican war, and ask pardon of God and Mexico for our wholesale murders of the Mexican people, returning the territory we have taken by force. 2. Utterly abolish the Army and Navy. 3. Abolish all Customs or Commercial restrictions whatever. 4. Establish a system of Direct Taxation alone. 5. Urge liberal expenditures for Light-Houses, Harbours, improving Rivers, &c., but none at all for Fortifications, Ships of War, &c. 7. Interpret and apply the Constitution as at deadly war with Slavery. 8. Stop selling Public Lands, allow every man who needs to take a portion of them, without pay, and render the Homestead Inalienable. 9. Discountenance distinctions between Native and Adopted Citizens. 10. Appoint no man to office who bases the Rights of Suffrage on Property or Colour. 11. Give no office to a Slaveholder, any more than to any other pirate. 12. Nor to any man in favour of the traffic in Intoxicating Drinks. 13. Nor to any adhering member of a Secret Society.—*Tribune.*

EMANCIPATED SLAVES.—On Saturday of last week a small colony of emancipated slaves passed through this place on their way to Ohio. There were forty-nine of them, and they stated that they had been emancipated on the Saturday previous, by their owner, Esquire Cochran, in Hampshire county, Virginia, who gave them \$500 to pay their expenses, and started them off for Ohio. There appeared to be three or four families of them, and they were well equipped for travelling—a four-horse wagon carrying the furniture, and another wagon the women and children. They were bound for Fayette County, Ohio. It is not many years since slave drivers took dozens of slaves along this road, on their way to the markets of the South. Now their place is supplied with gangs of free slaves, on their way to become farmers on free soil. If this is not progress, what is it? What were the means used to awaken the conscience of Esquire Cochran, we cannot say; but it is a gratifying sign of the times, that emancipations are becoming more frequent. May the Lord raise up thousands of such men as Esquire Cochran.—*Wash. (Pa.) Patriot.*

GRANT SHIPS.—The Great Britain iron steam-ship is not, as some persons imagine, the largest vessel ever built. She is 320 feet long, and 51 feet broad. But in the reign of Ptolemy Philopator, two centuries before the time of Christ, there were ships 420 feet long, and 57 broad, with 40 banks of oars! The largest oars were 57 feet long, and weighted with lead at the handle, that they might be used more easily. The vessel required 4000 rowers, and 4000 sailors were required to work the sails. The deck afforded standing room for 3000 soldiers. The Egyptian King's pleasure barge was 330 feet long and 45 wide. Hiero, King of Syracuse, made Philopator a present of a magnificent ship, fitted up with library, baths, an observatory, &c. It had eight towers for throwing stones at the enemy, machinery being attached which could throw stones weighing 300 lbs. each. The ancients, by means of sails and oars, could navigate the Mediterranean at the rate of eleven miles an hour.

OCEAN PENNY POSTAGE.—Elihu Burritt the Yankee Blacksmith, thus tells what he is about in England. Success to him:—"If my American friends wish to see me on their side of the Atlantic before the expiration of the present year, they must lend a hand to Ocean Penny Postage; for I have pledged myself, before several public meetings, not to return to America until Uncle John Bull will carry letters across the Ocean for a penny a piece. So, if you want to see my face in the flesh again, at least before my hair is gray with age, you must assist in redeeming my pledge. I am now in London, where I intend to issue a series of "Olive Leafs," for the English press on the subject. About forty papers have already inserted the articles I have prepared in this way, and several editors have commended the measure. I am sure all the Leaguers in America will coincide with their brethren in England in appreciation of Ocean Penny Postage, as a great instrumentality in "fusing the nations into one peaceful brotherhood," and in diffusing the principles of freedom, civilization and Christianity through the world. I am sanguine in the hope of getting this idea before the English Government in the course of a few weeks."

THE DISCOVERIES OF 1846.—There can be no doubt, that the year 1846 will be memorable to the end of time, for the remarkable extensions or new applications, of human knowledge, which will come before future historians, as rendering illustrious its narrow limits. Most evident it is, that we are now living in the days predicted by the Hebrew prophet:—when "many shall run to and fro; and knowledge shall be increased." 1. Foremost among these may be placed, the use of ether, inhaled for the facilitation of surgical operations. Like all our other appliances of this kind, it meets with failures, and even with evil results, in a few cases. But, for one fatal result, and five failures, we have five hundred instances of vast benefit, in many of which, beyond all doubt, lives have been saved which would otherwise have been lost. Without describing it as infallible, or in all cases safe, or to be relied on, there can be no doubt that this discovery has conferred

vast benefits on mankind. 2. The substitution of a new explosive material—the gun-cotton—in place of gun-powder, is another remarkable event. The extent of its utility is not yet ascertained. Whether it will be largely adopted in warfare, is still a point on which no decided opinion has been formed. But of its great utility in blasting and mining operations, not the slightest doubt can exist. It is both cheaper and more powerful than gunpowder; and the absence of smoke gives it a decisive advantage. There can remain no question, that in all works of this description the new agent will rapidly supersede the old one. 3. The third discovery of 1846 is perhaps one of greater importance than either of the former. We allude to the lately patented process for smelting copper by means of electricity. The effect of this change will be quite prodigious. It produces, in less than two days, what the old process required three weeks to effect. And the saving of fuel is so vast, that in Swansea alone, the smelters estimate their annual saving in coals at no less than five hundred thousand pounds! Hence it is clear that the price of copper must be so enormously reduced, as to bring it into use for a variety of purposes, from which its cost at present excludes it. The facility and cheapness of the process, too, will enable the ore to be largely smelted on the spot. The Cornish mine proprietors are anxiously expecting the moment when they can bring the ore which lay in the mine yesterday, into a state to be sent to market to-morrow; and this at the very mouth of the mine. In Australia, also, the operation of this discovery will be of the utmost importance. Ten thousand tons of copper ore were sent from Australia to England last year, to be smelted at Swansea, and the result was only 1600 tons of copper. But Australia in future will smelt her own copper by a 36 hours' process; saving all this useless freight of the 8500 tons of refuse; and saving also the cost of the old and expensive process. In a very few years, Australia will send to market more copper than is now produced by all the rest of the world. So if our future penny pieces are to bear any proportion to the reduced cost and value of the metal, they must be made the size of dinner plates.—*Morning Herald.*

THE GAME LAWS.—A parliamentary paper lately issued discloses, in part, the wide spread demoralization caused by these laws amongst our working population in the rural districts. This consists of the abstract of "a return of the number of persons convicted of any offences against the game laws at any petty sessions, quarter sessions, or assizes; specifying the penalties or punishments inflicted, and in which county, and upon whose property, the offences were committed." This is in continuation of a similar return made in 1844. That from some cause or other this return does not show the whole of crime arising from the game law, we shall presently show. Yet it does show a number and severity of punishments inflicted for the preservation of game which is perfectly astounding. During the years 1844, 1845, and part of 1846—for the return was made before last August—no less than eleven thousand three hundred and ninety-two persons were convicted in England and Wales of offences against the game laws! Of these, 11,006 convictions occurred in England, and 386 in Wales. Of the English convictions, 209 took place at the assizes, and 10,797 at Petty and Quarter Sessions, or before judges deeply, passionately, interested in game preservation. The number of poachers convicted by game-preserving squire, sitting as judges in their own cause, in England, cannot average less than 4000; for the 10,797 of the return were convicted in less than two years and a half, and the return from several of the counties omit altogether the convictions at Petty Sessions. It is impossible to contemplate the conduct of the landowner, as with regard to game and the game laws without wonder and awe. It is sheer fatality. Thousands are dying of famine in Ireland, because food-corn cannot be obtained in sufficient quantities; seed-corn is not to be purchased in Ireland for money. Yet landlords persist in the preservation of game to the destruction of several millions of quarters of grain yearly. Last year, from the extreme dryness of the season, was peculiarly favourable to the increase of game, so that not only was there vast devastation committed by these noxious vermin on the farmers' crops last harvest, but we hear that the injury to the young wheat has received from game throughout the country during the last severe winter, is quite without parallel. A tenant farmer in Wiltshire, for instance, writing to the *Economist*, says that he has had seventy acres of wheat eaten completely bare by rabbits and hares, and that with the most favourable season for its recovery, his loss will certainly be, on the most moderate estimate, twelve bushels per acre. And then, beyond this destruction of produce, we have the dreadful demoralization of our rural population indicated by the returns above referred to, and all this for the protection of the sport of a few persons who require such barbarous means of dissipating *ennui*.—*Daily News.*

THE SLAVE TRADE.—It is a melancholy fact, that negroes have become the only reliable staple of the tobacco-growing sections of Virginia.—the only reliable means of liquidating debts foreign and domestic. They are sold here by hundreds under the hammer of the auctioneer. The domestic cannot compete with the South-western demand for them, for the plain reason, that the tobacco-grower cannot make one half of one per cent per annum upon slave labour, while the cotton and sugar planter can, perhaps, from fifteen to twenty per cent.—*Richmond (Va.) Enquirer.*

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.—Among the names attached to the petition to the Massachusetts Legislature against the abolition of capital punishment, were no less than twenty rope makers.

