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## Birth-day Stanzas.

**Age!** 'tis a fatal day, and holy thought,  
In her own countless, hidden cells awaiting,  
From the young spirit's fresh and fragrant treat-  
ment,  
And bright and gushing fountains, the seal is  
breaking;  
An hour of sacred promise, fair and true,  
Whose tones shall echo through Eternity,  
Youth's brilliant flash is on thy brow, and Hope  
With changeful glowing light, hath lit thine  
eye;  
Lies's spirit-stirring dreams, are all before thee,  
Unfading, glorious hopes that live on high;  
Thine is a stainless banner—spread it free,  
Till the red cross shall wave o'er land and sea!  
Oh! we are sadly parted, yet to-day,  
As the full solemn Sabbath chimes sound,  
I would not win thee to thy home; for life  
The sunlight with the shade doth ever blend;  
And life were bitterness without the smile  
Of Him, who can the wanderer's hours beguile.  
Gird, then, thine armor on, and may the joy  
Which heaven alone doth give, be ever  
thine;  
The joy to toil for gems of priceless worth,  
Around the everlasting throne to shine;  
Earth hath no purer, holier gift for thee;  
Heaven hath no higher boon than victory.  
April 17th, 1853.  
BESSIE BERANGER.

## The Martyrs of Madeira.

Avenge Oh Lord thy slaughtered saints, whose bones  
lie scattered on the Alpine mountains, cold—Milton  
Nearly two hundred years have rolled  
away, since among the peaceful valleys and  
hills of Piedmont, the fires of persecution  
ragged fiercely, in the relentless endeavor,  
to exterminate the faithful band of chosen ones  
who, in the midst of surrounding darkness  
and defiance, had preserved their garments  
white and unspotted from the world. Hunted  
from mountain to mountain, the tale of  
their wrongs and sufferings, and the record of  
their unflinching constancy, and the sublime  
consolations which sustained them, alike in  
life and death, echoed through the length  
and breadth of Europe, and enshrined their  
memory in the hearts of all, who receive  
"the truth as it is in Jesus." Their spirit  
has not passed with them into the skies,—it  
has outlived the wreck of successive genera-  
tions,—and amid the surges of the great  
ocean of Time, we see it rising, undimmed  
and unquenched, from the billows of perse-  
cution, and with clear and steady ray,  
pouring its lustre over the wild waste of  
waters. And thus shall it ever be,—while the hosts  
of darkness wage their deadly warfare,  
against the Lion and against the lamb, and  
the redeemed and purified nation of man  
shall, by the aid of the Omnipotent, rise  
phenix-like from the ashes of the fires, where  
intolerance sought to destroy the undying  
principle, with the tragic instrument which  
struck it, and triumphantly and gloriously  
over every foe. "The blood of saints and  
martyrs, with the legs of Antichrist, was on  
the plains of Tuscany, where the struggle waxed  
yet more fearful. Of many of those, who  
have so nobly suffered for righteousness' sake,  
we have but slight and imperfect knowl-  
edge. The names of some are irreversibly  
lost to Earth, while over the history of  
others, a veil of necessary secrecy has  
been drawn, shrouding the details from public  
view."  
Such, among others, was the case, until  
very lately, with the deeply thrilling memo-  
irs of the Madeirenses, natives of the  
Island of Madeira; and as there can be no  
apprehension, in unfolding the scenes of  
peril, through which their martyrs passed,  
of increasing that peril and suffering, it may  
not be unpleasing for us to linger for a  
moment, over the records of unwavering  
trust and confidence in God, which the mis-  
sion of Madeira presents. As a Portuguese  
Colon and a Papal missionary station, thick  
moral and spiritual darkness had long  
shrouded that beautiful island, where the  
very air breathed song and fragrance.—  
Bright and gorgeous, as are all the aspects  
of nature in that dimly lit, the eye of the  
Christian might not rest on it with pleasure,  
nor with feelings, unalloyed to those expressed  
by the Gentile apostle, when standing upon  
Mars' Hill, and viewing ancient Athens.  
The heretofore, his spirit was stirred within  
him, as he saw the city, "wholly given  
to idolatry." Such was Madeira, when  
about the year 1838 or 1839, the atten-  
tion of Dr. Kallej, a Scotch physician of  
celebrity, then resident in Madeira, was  
directed to the spiritual condition of the  
island, and with the view of exciting their  
attention, he commenced holding meetings,  
for the purpose of reading and explaining  
the Scriptures. In the summer of 1842, an  
observer might have seen groups of people,  
wending their way over the soft slopes and  
rising hills, in the long quiet summer after-  
noon, to the rugged, wooded, steep valleys  
on the east and west, and lofty cloud-girted  
mountains on the south. The surrounding  
country was rich in the full glorious beauty  
of summer, and there, day after day, beneath  
the shade of the dark-spreading vine,  
gathered one, two, three, and four thousand  
of the native Madeirenses, to listen to the  
reading of the word of God. Deeply and  
solemnly interesting, as must have been the  
sight of so many immortal beings, many of  
whom had walked ten or twelve miles, and  
crossed mountains three thousand feet high,  
for the purpose of joining this devoted group,  
lingering in breathless quietness upon the  
lips of the Scripture-reader, such proceed-  
ings could not fail to excite the bitterest  
hostility, of both the civil and ecclesiastical  
authorities; and a pastoral letter was accord-  
ingly issued, threatening the penalty of  
excommunication, against all who should  
read the Bible.

In January 1843, an order was given to  
Dr. Kallej from the civil governor, to desist  
entirely from speaking to Portuguese sub-  
jects, on religious topics, either in his house  
or out of it. This mandate produced no  
other effect than causing the meetings to be  
adjourned to Dr. Kallej's own residence, it  
being found, upon examination, that by the  
Portuguese law, no subject could be pre-  
vented from entering any dwelling, if he  
had the consent of the owner. The people,  
therefore, continued to attend the meetings,  
in large numbers, and also the evening

schools for adults. At these schools, up-  
wards of one thousand persons, were estimat-  
ed to have learned to read and search the  
word of God for themselves. Great and  
increasing interest was evinced, in the truths  
of the gospel, and many, from time to time,  
as guided by the teachings of the Spirit of  
Truth, renounced the delusions of Roman-  
ism, for the surer and unflinching hope of sal-  
vation, through the atonement of the Lord  
Jesus Christ. At this time, the meetings  
were held at nine o'clock A. M. on the Sab-  
bath, and the police were stationed by the  
door to repulse and drive away the people  
as they came, frequently resorting to blows  
for that purpose. To avoid this, the people  
came at seven, then at six, and last at four  
o'clock in the morning, the police following  
them, as they came earlier and earlier.—  
Finally, undaunted by opposition, many of  
them assembled at the doors on Saturday  
night, determined there to remain, rather  
than lose the blessed privileges of the Sab-  
bath. Legal proceedings were then institu-  
ted against Dr. Kallej, but after examining  
witnesses to the number of forty, the case  
was dismissed, as it could not be proved, that  
any existing law of Portugal had been  
violated.

During a temporary absence of the judge  
from the island, the opportunity was embraced  
of reversing the sentence, and warrants  
being issued, Dr. Kallej was accordingly  
imprisoned in July 1843. During the six  
months of his imprisonment, his cell was  
crowded daily, by those who came in de-  
fiance of all opposition, as anxious inquirers  
after truth. Having succeeded in partially  
silencing Dr. Kallej, at least for a time, a  
pastoral letter was read to all the pulpits,  
condemning an unfaithful and adulterous  
version of the Scriptures circulated by this  
faithful missionary, and excommunicating all  
who should continue to read it. Having  
obtained a copy of the Portuguese bible,  
Dr. K. undertook a diligent examination and  
collation of the two, in which he discovered  
that in 5000 verses, there were only seven  
verses, in which the versions at all differed,  
and these differences did not in the least  
affect the sense. A notice to the Madeiren-  
ses, stating this was then published, and  
placed by the side of the shop's letter on  
church doors. This notice was widely cir-  
culated, and its effect upon the people, and  
many copies of the London edition, were sold  
throughout the island. In the gloom  
of the Funchal prison, we shall for the pre-  
sent take our leave of Dr. Kallej, cheered  
and sustained as he was, through his trying  
imprisonment, by the consolations of reli-  
gion, and the smile of the Most High, so  
evidently resting upon his labors. Mean-  
while, let us count dearer than ever, those  
precious civil and religious privileges, which  
are prominently the birth-right of every  
British subject; praying, that should the  
light of persecution ever visit our shores,  
our faith and hope may be as firm, and our  
constancy as unshaken, as those of the  
dear and persecuted Christian of Ma-  
deira.  
BESSIE BERANGER.

## Appeal to an Unbeliever.

NEAR the close of the admirable work en-  
titled "The Eclipse of Faith," the author  
introduces himself in the following eloquent  
and touching appeal to his skeptical nephew  
—Harrington—who had been placed upon  
his knees by a dying sister:  
"The light has been talking on till long past  
midnight, and the lamp suddenly warned us  
that its light was just expiring. Harrington  
took off the shade, and was about to light  
a candle by the dying flame, when it went  
out. 'It matters not,' he said, 'I have  
the light of kindling a light close at hand.'  
'Let it alone,' said I, rising, and gently  
laying my hand on his arm, and speaking  
in a low voice, but with much earnestness,  
'this darkness is an emblem of our present  
life. You can not see me, but you hear  
my voice, and feel the touch of my hand.  
For any thing you know, I may be seized  
with a sudden fit of insanity; I may be  
about to stab you in this darkness; such  
things have been. You have lost with the  
light, more than half the indications of affec-  
tion which that would disclose. But you  
trust to the probable; your pulse does not  
beat any the quicker, nor do your nerves  
tremble. You may have similar, nay, how  
much stronger proofs—if you will—of the  
confidence with which you may trust God,  
and him, the compassionate one, 'whom he  
hath sent,' in spite of all the gloom in which  
this life is involved. That certainty for which  
you have just now asked, will only be granted  
when the darkness has passed away; and  
then will you 'rejoice in the light of his  
countenance.'—And further," I continued,  
'there is yet one thing which I wish to say  
to you; and I feel as if I could say it better  
in this darkness; for I will not venture to  
say that I should not manifest more feeling  
than is consistent in a hard-hearted metaphy-  
sician. Yes! it is on the side of feeling that  
I would address you. You will say,  
feeling is not argument. No; but is man  
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