

The Provincial Wesleyan.

The Orphan's Dream of Christmas

No one can read these touching and graceful lines, which we take from *Decker's* Christmas number of *How Good Works*, without profound emotion.

It was Christmas Eve—and lonely,
By a garret window high,
Where the city chimneys barely,
Spared a hand-breadth of the sky,
Sat a child, in age—but weeping,
With a face so small and thin,
That it seemed to scant a word,
To have eight years traced therein.

Oh, grief looks most distorted
When his hideous shadow lies
On the clear and sunny life-stream
That doth fill a child's blue eyes!
But her eye was dull and sunken,
And the whitened cheek was gaunt,
And the blue veins on the forehead
Were the pencilling of Want.

And she wept for years like jewels,
Till the last year's bitter gall,
Like the acid of the story,
In itself had melted all.
But the Christmas time returned,
As an old friend, for whose eye
She would take down all the pictures
Sketch'd by a faithful Memory.

Of those brilliant Christmas seasons,
When the joyous laugh went round;
When sweet words of love and kindness
Were no unfamiliar sound;
When it felt the log's red lustre,
She her mother's face could see,
And the rock'd the cradle, sitting
On her own twin-brother's knee.

Of her father's pleasant stories;
Of the riddles and the rhymes,
All the kisses and the presents
That had marked those Christmas times.
'Twas as well that there was no one
(For it was a mocking strain)
To wish her a merry Christmas,
For that could not come again.

How there came a time of struggling,
When, in spite of love and faith,
Grinding Poverty would only
In the end give place to death:
How her mother grew heart-broken,
When her toil-worn father died,
Took her baby in her bosom,
And was buried by his side.

How she clung unto her brother,
As the last star from the wreck,
But stern Death had come between them,
While her arms were round his neck.
There were none to help her
And, if a few hands offered bread,
There were none to rest in blessing
On the little homeless head.

Or, if any gave her shelter,
It was less of joy than fear;
For they welcomed crime more warmly
To the selfsame room with her.
But at length they all grew weary
Of their sick and useless guest;
She must try a workhouse welcome
For the helpless and distressed.

But she prayed; and the Unsleeping
In His ear that whisper caught;
So He sent down Sleep, who gave her
Such a respite as she sought.
Drew the fair head to her bosom,
Pressed the wet eyelids close,
And, with softly-falling kisses,
Laid her gently to repose.

Thus she dreamed the angels, sweeping
With their wings the sky aside,
Raised her swiftly to the air;
Where the blessed ones abide;
To a lower all-faded beauty,
By a shadowy arcade,
Where a mellowness like moonlight
By the Tree of Life was made;

Where the rich fruit sparkled, starlike,
And pure flowers of fadeless dye
Poured their fragrance on the waters
That in crystal beads went by;
Where bright lights of pearl and amber
Closed fair faces round her head,
And, with rainbow light, but lasting,
Where their glittering summits crowd.

Then that distant-burning glory,
"Mid a gorgeousness of light,"
The long vista of Archangels
Could scarce chasten to her sight.
There sat "One" and her heart told her
"Was the same, who for our sin,
Was once born a lowly babe,
"In the stable of an inn."

There was music—oh, such music!
They were trying the old strains
That a certain group of angels
Heard on old Judea's plains;
But, when that divinest chorus
To a softened trembling fell,
Love's true ear discerned the voices
That on earth she loved so well.

At a tiny grove's entrance
A fair child in ivory behold,
With his ivory shoulders hidden
"Nath his curls of living gold;
And he asks thee, "Is she coming?"
But, ere any can speak,
The white arms of her twin-brother
Are once more about her neck.

Then they all come round her greeting:
But she might have well denied
That her beautiful young sister
Is the poor pale child that died;
And the careful look hath vanished
From her father's tearful face,
And she does not know her mother,
Till she feels the old embrace.

Oh, from that ecstatic dreaming
She must ever wake again,
To the cold and cheerless contrast—
To a life of lonely pain!
But her Maker's sternest servant
To her side on tiptoe step'd
To his message in a whisper—
And she stir'd not as she slept!

Now the Christmas morn was breaking,
With a dim uncertain hue,
As the chilling breeze of morning
Came the broken shawl through;
And the hair upon her forehead,
Was it lifted by the blast,
Or the brushing wings of seraphs,
With their burden as they pass'd?

All the festive bells were chiming
To the myriad hearts below;
But that deep sleep still hung heavy
To her quietude of repose;
Had a lingering glory given
But that child herself was keeping
Her Christmas day in Heaven!

REPROOF FROM SLAVES—Five thousand slaves, who are professing Christians in the city of Charleston, S. C., have contributed the last year to benevolent objects, \$15,000, it being on an average \$3 each. Christians of the Free States, what think you of this, when you part with a shilling as with life blood?—*Eng. Jour.*

Temperance.

Mr. Wesley on the Maine Law

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A MEMBER AND MINISTER OF THE METHODIST CHURCH.

Member.—I have called this morning to converse with you on a subject that is now agitating the country, that is, the prohibition of the liquor traffic by Legislative enactment. I know you are favourable to prohibition, and being a member of the Church of which you are a Minister, I am desirous of asking you whether you think that if Mr. Wesley had been living he would have given his sanction to the agitation of the question, and would have signed a petition for the Maine Law.

Minister.—Of course you are aware that Mr. Wesley considered the traffic in spirituous liquors sinful and contrary to the law of love. His writings and sermons contain many passages of eloquent denunciation against the sale and use of liquors.

Member.—I am aware of it, and would infer that he was decidedly averse to the manufacture and sale of liquors, which I believe he was in the habit of calling "poison," but do you think he would have sanctioned the Legislature to prohibit the traffic under penalties?

Min.—I have examined the writings of Mr. Wesley, with a view to ascertain whether he had expressed his mind on that subject, and I find he has done so in a very striking and forcible way. His opinion on all practical subjects has great weight with me, and I confess that my own conduct is governed in this case by a firm persuasion that if Mr. Wesley were now living, he would be an eloquent advocate of legal prohibition.

Member.—I do not possess a copy of Mr. Wesley's works, and should be glad if you point out to me the passages which you think sustain your convictions.

Min.—I will do so. In the eleventh volume of Mr. Wesley's works; the third English edition, between the 50th and 60th pages there is an article from his pen entitled "Thoughts on the present scarcity of provisions." It may be found in the 6th volume of the American edition, page 274. He asks the question "why is food so dear," and he says—"to set aside partial causes, (which will put together, are little more than a fly upon a chariot wheel) the grand cause is, because such immense quantities of corn are continually consumed by distilling." "Little less than half the wheat produced in the kingdom is every year consumed, not so by harmless use as throwing it into the sea, but by converting it into deadly poison, poison that naturally destroys not only the strength and life, but also the morals of our countrymen."

Further on Mr. Wesley supposes the defence to be set up—"However, who can bring in a large revenue to the King," and he asks—"Is this an equivalent for the lives of his subjects? Would His Majesty sell a hundred thousand of his subjects yearly to Algiers for four hundred thousand pounds? Surely no. Will he then sell these for that sum, to be butchered by their own countrymen?" Another defence is suggested, "but otherwise the wine for the navy cannot be fed," and Mr. W. again answers in burning rebuke of the usually practice of making liquor. "Not unless they are fed with human blood! O tell it not in Constantinople, that the English raise the royal revenue by selling the flesh and blood of their countrymen!"

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Min.—It is surprising; but that is not the point on which you asked information. The question was in substance, would Mr. Wesley sustain the Maine Law, and you infer he would from what I have already read to you, but I will still further enlighten you. Mr. W. remembers, in writing on the scarcity of provisions, and he asks "What remedy is there for this sore evil, and how can the price of wheat and barley be reduced?" Will you give attention to his answer. Hear it! "By prohibiting for ever, by making a full end of that base and heinous trade of distilling, and of course, distilling. Perhaps this alone might give a great way toward answering the whole design, &c."

Member.—That answers my enquiry and removes my doubts, and when Mr. W. ventures again to suggest to me that I am not a sound Methodist because I am a strong Maine Law man; I have an answer for him. But have you got any further testimony?

Min.—I have. The paper referred to in this conversation bears date "Lewismass, Jan. 20th, 1773." But more than eleven years afterward, Mr. Wesley wrote a letter to the Right Hon. Wm. Pitt, Prime Minister of England, and on the subject of raising a revenue by excise on distillation, he speaks in his usual plain way. He was informed that the duty raised £20,000 in 1763. But, he asks, "have not spirits distilled this year cost 20,000 lives of His Majesty's liege subjects? Is not the blood of these men vilely bartered for £20,000? to say any thing of the enormous wickedness which has been occasioned hereby; and not to suppose that these poor wretches have any souls. But, (to consider money alone), is the King a gainer or an immense loser? To say nothing of many millions of quarters of corn destroyed, which, if exported, would have added to the £20,000 in the year, and which, considered, "died men pay no taxes," (to that of the death of 20,000 persons yearly,) the revenue loses far more than it gains." You will hence see that Mr. Wesley was opposed to the traffic, both on economical and moral grounds; that he would, if alive, protest against and urge the speedy demolition of the iniquitous system by legislative enactment.

Member.—I am persuaded that, and it would not give me any uneasiness to witness the destruction of all the liquor property in the country.

Min.—A good deal of that kind of work will have to be done. Men will persist in the business. Our work is not done when a suitable law is enacted. It must be sustained, and every man must be willing to be branded as a common informer. In the mouth of the wicked we shall be a reproach and by-word, but God will defend the right, and if Mr. Wesley had been entirely silent on this point it would not have changed the nature of things. It is well enough to be sustained by the opinion of the wise and good, but eternal truth and righteousness must forever condemn a business that is viewed as a vile and profane immorality.—*Canada Temperance Almanac.*

ONE GOOD EFFECT OF THE LIQUOR LAW.—For many years, a great annoyance has been felt in cities and towns in the vicinity of Boston, by reason of a form of desecration of the Sabbath, which at first originated in the habit of drinking liquors through the windows of the Free States, which think you of this, when you part with a shilling as with life blood?—*Eng. Jour.*

of their speed, and often with boisterous exhibition of themselves, at times when the people were going and returning from public worship, to the shops, houses, and in the Liquor Law has been executed, this nuisance has entirely disappeared. The recreatives furnished at their bar-rooms on the way happen to be a very material item in the Sabbath-keeping of these young men. And a pair of new Sabbath entertainments, is now more accessible in the city of Boston, and the suburban towns and villages have been wonderfully relieved. So much is to be put to the credit of this Law.—*Puritan Recorder.*

Miscellaneous.

(FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.)

Quilts.

I am afraid "Quilts," will be my aversion for the remainder of my life. I am not naturally industrious, but very unaccountably averse to my needle; it is not surprising, therefore, that any period of my life, which I was, however, slightly smitten with a mania for sewing, should become an era always to be remembered. My first recollection of quilts I date from a very dreary rainy day, when the "big bed," in the nursery was adorned with a quilt, which was a singular feature of industry. I remember sitting on the floor that afternoon until things in the room began to appear indistinct, tracing out resemblances in each tiny piece of calico to some I knew, and I felt they were not very far from being true. I remember, however, to one which has followed me through life in other things. I pondered over this, to me, astonishing fabric, until I could almost have traced the number of stitches. Nobody noticed me as I sat there, and I was a singular feature of industry. I remember sitting on the floor that afternoon until things in the room began to appear indistinct, tracing out resemblances in each tiny piece of calico to some I knew, and I felt they were not very far from being true. I remember, however, to one which has followed me through life in other things. I pondered over this, to me, astonishing fabric, until I could almost have traced the number of stitches. Nobody noticed me as I sat there, and I was a singular feature of industry.

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of which to be found set out in every Dutchwoman's kitchen and dairy; and you would be surprised at the brevity and directness of the copy, here, as in the case of the hardworking kitchen-maid. Thursday is the washing-day, and a busy day; during which the house smells of soap, and clothes-steam. Friday is devoted to the washing of floors, and on Saturday the scouring of the passage-ways with soap, sand, and water. By the Saturday afternoon, the cleaning has emerged to the door-entrances—to the parlours—and finally to the kitchen, where, about seven o'clock, down with floods of water from top to bottom. It is a rather perilous thing to follow along a narrow Dutch street in the afternoon of Saturday. Then to one there are half a dozen women there and then spouting water along their aprons, and then a shower descending, and skip out of the way to the other side of the street. But let us on that side to the housewife as it works, and the water depends on you are you have time to ponder the life she spends just caught sight of a speck of dirt lodged in the corner of the third floor window! She is determined to invade and defeat the foe, and she piles her hand-pump till the water reaches to the corner of the window, and then she shoves one joint of her finger till the dust has totally disappeared and been washed away into the flood. No spot or speck of dirt, however obstinate or refractory, but must yield to her persevering assault. Her water-gauge, her work activated, she gives a last dash of her broom in triumph, dashes along the flagstones to the last leavings of her pail, and finally disappears with her mops, scouring-cloths, pails, and pump, to dress her hair, and to attend to her household duties about six o'clock and neat as a woman can well be.

This cleanliness has however, its inconveniences. The Dutch housewife is thrown into a fever of anxiety by the approach of winter, and she is very particular in her toilet to tell them to scrape and wipe their feet, &c. As for the members of the household, less ceremony is used with them. Shippers are laid for them near the door, and the Dutch housewife is very particular in her toilet to tell them to scrape and wipe their feet, &c. As for the members of the household, less ceremony is used with them. Shippers are laid for them near the door, and the Dutch housewife is very particular in her toilet to tell them to scrape and wipe their feet, &c. As for the members of the household, less ceremony is used with them.

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situations of the Dutch women belonging to those classes. They carry on the practice in a more abrupt and direct than I have described; on Sundays, when the weather is cold, the ladies, on their way to church, may generally be seen preceded by a maid servant, carrying in her hand one or more of the chafin-dishes, each with live turf in it. The boxes are deposited in the street, and if they are not warmed by devotion, they at least are by the turf heat.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

The Dead Wife.

In comparison with the loss of a wife, all other earthly bereavements are trifling. The wife! she who fills so large a space in the domestic heaven—she who is so beloved, so unweaned in laboring for the precious ones around her—her death, better we regard that falls on her cold clay! You stand beside her coffin and think of the past. It seems an amber-colored pathway, where the sun shone upon beautiful flowers, or the stars hung glittering in the sky. It is a world of grief and sorrow. No tears are remembered above that sweet clay, save those your hand may unwearily have planted. Her noble, tender heart, lies open to your most agonizing thought. You think of her now as all that is left of her—her cold, her cold, her cold! The dear dead that had upon your bosom, rests in the still darkness, upon a pillow of clay. The hands that have ministered so unceasingly, are folded, white and cold, beneath the gloomy portals. The cold, beneath the gloomy portals. The cold, beneath the gloomy portals. The cold, beneath the gloomy portals.

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ness, and keeping the mind in a round of continual excitement by reading trash and novels. Going to balls through all sorts of weather, in the thickest possible dress. Dining in crowded rooms till in a complete perspiration, and then going home through the drenching rain. Sleeping on feather beds in seven by nine bed rooms. Starting on hot and highly stimulating dishes. Beginning in childhood on tea, and going on from one step of dissipation to another through tea, coffee, chewing, smoking, and drinking. Marrying in haste, getting an unequal comparison, and leaving the rest of life in mental dissatisfaction. Lying in bed in dirt, because too lazy to take the bath. Eating without taking time to masticate the food. Allowing the love of gain to absorb our minds, and not to leave us time to attend to our health. Following an unhealthy occupation because money can be made by it. Tempting the appetite with delicacies when the stomach says no. Contriving to keep in a continual worry about something or nothing. Retiring at midnight and rising at noon. Neglecting to take proper care of ourselves when a simple disease first appears.

Seven Fools.

1. The Envious Man—who sends away his mutton, because the person next to him is eating venison.
2. The Jealous Man—who spreads his bed with stinging nettles, and then sleeps in it.
3. The Proud Man—who gets wet through, sooner than ride in the carriage of an inferior.
4. The Litigious Man—who goes to law, in the hope of gaining his opponent, and gets ruined himself.
5. The Extraneous Man—who buys a herring and takes a cab to carry him home.
6. The Ostentatious Man—who illustrates the outside of his house most brilliantly, and sits inside in the dark.
7. The Angry Man—who learns the alphabet because he is annoyed by the playing of his neighbor's piano.

Min.—I will do so. In the eleventh volume of Mr. Wesley's works; the third English edition, between the 50th and 60th pages there is an article from his pen entitled "Thoughts on the present scarcity of provisions." It may be found in the 6th volume of the American edition, page 274. He asks the question "why is food so dear," and he says—"to set aside partial causes, (which will put together, are little more than a fly upon a chariot wheel) the grand cause is, because such immense quantities of corn are continually consumed by distilling." "Little less than half the wheat produced in the kingdom is every year consumed, not so by harmless use as throwing it into the sea, but by converting it into deadly poison, poison that naturally destroys not only the strength and life, but also the morals of our countrymen."

Further on Mr. Wesley supposes the defence to be set up—"However, who can bring in a large revenue to the King," and he asks—"Is this an equivalent for the lives of his subjects? Would His Majesty sell a hundred thousand of his subjects yearly to Algiers for four hundred thousand pounds? Surely no. Will he then sell these for that sum, to be butchered by their own countrymen?" Another defence is suggested, "but otherwise the wine for the navy cannot be fed," and Mr. W. again answers in burning rebuke of the usually practice of making liquor. "Not unless they are fed with human blood! O tell it not in Constantinople, that the English raise the royal revenue by selling the flesh and blood of their countrymen!"

Member.—I have not heard that passage before, but it is surely a strong one, and it surprises me more than ever that any of his followers should ever have engaged in a business to sell it. Mr. Wesley was so decidedly opposed.

Min.—It is surprising; but that is not the point on which you asked information. The question was in substance, would Mr. Wesley sustain the Maine Law, and you infer he would from what I have already read to you, but I will still further enlighten you. Mr. W. remembers, in writing on the scarcity of provisions, and he asks "What remedy is there for this sore evil, and how can the price of wheat and barley be reduced?" Will you give attention to his answer. Hear it! "By prohibiting for ever, by making a full end of that base and heinous trade of distilling, and of course, distilling. Perhaps this alone might give a great way toward answering the whole design, &c."

Member.—That answers my enquiry and removes my doubts, and when Mr. W. ventures again to suggest to me that I am not a sound Methodist because I am a strong Maine Law man; I have an answer for him. But have you got any further testimony?

Min.—I have. The paper referred to in this conversation bears date "Lewismass, Jan. 20th, 1773." But more than eleven years afterward, Mr. Wesley wrote a letter to the Right Hon. Wm. Pitt, Prime Minister of England, and on the subject of raising a revenue by excise on distillation, he speaks in his usual plain way. He was informed that the duty raised £20,000 in 1763. But, he asks, "have not spirits distilled this year cost 20,000 lives of His Majesty's liege subjects? Is not the blood of these men vilely bartered for £20,000? to say any thing of the enormous wickedness which has been occasioned hereby; and not to suppose that these poor wretches have any souls. But, (to consider money alone), is the King a gainer or an immense loser? To say nothing of many millions of quarters of corn destroyed, which, if exported, would have added to the £20,000 in the year, and which, considered, "died men pay no taxes," (to that of the death of 20,000 persons yearly,) the revenue loses far more than it gains." You will hence see that Mr. Wesley was opposed to the traffic, both on economical and moral grounds; that he would, if alive, protest against and urge the speedy demolition of the iniquitous system by legislative enactment.

Member.—I am persuaded that, and it would not give me any uneasiness to witness the destruction of all the liquor property in the country.

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