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(FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYANS.)

## Lines

ON VISITING THE CEMETERY AT EARLY MORNING.

Why wake ye not, beloved ones,  
The morn is dawning calm and clear—  
And sweetly, on the balmy air,  
Is wafted song of birds.  
Why haste ye not, with hazy feet,  
Gladly the Spring's return to greet?  
What, loitering still, while o'er your beds,  
Your narrow beds, the sunbeams play?  
Will ye not wake, and with me stray  
Through pleasant haunts of old?  
Where Mayflowers with their charms disclose,  
And violets, in perfume, with the rose.  
Come, for the blushing May is here,  
I marked her tripping o'er the glade,  
And Earth, in mantle green arrayed,  
Smiled on her as she passed—  
While, stealing through each quiet nook,  
Its welcome murmured, low the brook.  
Alas, ye heed me not; to you  
In vain the balmy breath of morn,  
In vain the charms the spring adorns,  
They may not rouse ye more—  
Through quiet dell, and shady grove,  
Ye never would with me may rove.  
And thou, dear, gentle child of song,  
Whose sweet and artless notes beguiled  
Full many a weary hour,  
Returning Spring "awaits thy lay,  
But silent is thy harp to-day.  
And yet, methinks, had I the power,  
As standing by your graves, I weep  
To bid ye shake off death's dull sleep,  
And wake to light and life,  
I dare not summon you again  
Life's ills and burden to sustain.  
Yours is the Christian's hallowed rest,  
And angels watch the unconquered clay,  
But, for ever, shall ye stay,  
In the cold silent tomb.  
Your Lord, himself, shall bid you rise,  
And join your spirits in the skies.  
M. E. H.

(FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYANS.)

## On Dancing.

"Is there any harm in dancing?"  
Dancing among the Heathen as among  
believers, was originally a religious service,  
and seems to have consisted in a measured  
step or movement accompanied with songs of  
praises to their Gods. Some ancient Authors  
tell us that Jupiter first taught men to dance.  
Others attribute its origin to Apollo the God  
of Music, for which reason, a Greek Author,  
Athenaeus; says: "dancing was esteemed a  
thing becoming persons of honour and wisdom."  
But without going into the age of fable; it  
is remarkable that the first account we have  
of Hebraic worship had dancing connected  
with it. It was the worship of the "golden  
calf" made by Aaron. Exodus xxxiii. v. 19.  
"And it came to pass, as soon as he came  
nigh unto the camp, that he saw the calf,  
and the dancing; and Moses' anger waxed hot,  
and he cast the tables out of his hands, and  
brake them beneath the mount." It is evident  
that dancing was intended as an act of  
thanksgiving for their deliverance from  
Egypt; and although with inconceivable absurdity  
and wickedness, they attributed that deliv-  
erance to the "molten calf"; for they  
scolded themselves, and said, there be thy  
gods O Israel, which have brought thee up  
out of the land of "Egypt." v. 8.  
The dancing of Miriam and the women of  
Israel had taken place only a short time  
before and it was doubtless in imitation of  
that event, that the same people danced before  
the "molten calf."  
Dancing as practiced in the worship of  
Jehovah appears always to have retained its  
original simplicity, of measured movement  
in circles; while the praises of God were sung;  
accompanied with the sound of instrumental  
Music; but dancing soon degenerated  
amongst the Heathen to purposes of the  
most abominable wickedness.  
An instance of this is found Judges ix. 27.  
And they went out into the fields, and  
gathered their vineyards, and trode the  
grapes, and made wine, and went into the  
houses of their god, and did eat and drink,  
and cursed Abimelech.  
The word "Hallelujah," made merry, sig-  
nifies dancing, revelling, merriments, and  
the various orgies that characterized the reli-  
gious feasts of the heathen.  
In after times, when Grecian mythology  
assumed a systematic form, dancing was  
every other act of dissipation received a  
Patron in Bacchus, who was the god of  
mirth and wine. To this god Bacchus; the  
fabled giver of the vine; festivals were in-  
stituted when every vice was indulged in and  
every passion of the human mind allowed its  
full scope. These Bacchanalian feasts were  
celebrated with great splendour, and with  
monstrous and unblushing indecency. Some-  
times the worshippers would imitate the  
poetical fictions concerning Bacchus; they  
put on fawn-skins, fine lines, and mitered  
they carried the *Thyrus*; or sacred Pine, with  
drums, pipes, flutes, and rattles; some imi-  
tated *Sisyus the god of drinking*, who was  
said to be the precursor of Bacchus; others  
imitated *Pan the god of Shepherds*, and the  
Satyrs, or wild gods of the wilderness; men  
were disguised as women, and women dis-  
guised as men; and sacred rites were per-  
formed, or waters; while both sexes ran  
about the hills, deserts, and other places, rag-  
ging their heads and dancing in ridiculous  
postures and behind the air with vociferous  
cries, crying the feast of Bacchus!  
Upon these occasions wine was plentifully  
distributed; and Plato says, that he had seen  
the whole population of Athens drunk.  
This dancing and other Bacchanalian or-  
gies, was introduced from Greece into Rome;  
where for a time it was carried to an awful  
excess, and where as a certain writer was  
saying, began to spread a pestilential spirit in  
kind of the found here its full satisfaction."  
At length the Senate interdicted and every-  
thing such assemblies. This took place  
186 years before the birth of Christ.  
It is indeed admitted that the modern Ball  
is not so sacred to any thing like the excess of

the Bacchanals of old; still it had its origin  
there; and it is made to differ not from any  
difference in the human heart; but from the  
presence of the Bible; and from both the  
direct, and indirect influences of our holy  
Christianity.

Among the Heathen, dancing at their reli-  
gious festivals in time, led to the practice, for  
amusement at private entertainments. The  
ancient Ball Room was similarly decorated  
with the modern; and the proceedings of the  
company also much alike. I shall here give  
Virgil's description of an ancient entertain-  
ment and the introduction to the dance—  
The translation is by Pitt.  
Soon as the banquet passed, to raise their souls,  
With sparkling wine they crown the noisy bowls;  
The wide hall the rolling eddies bounds,  
The palace rings, the vaulted domes resounds.  
The music swells, and the lamps display,  
From golden rods, and the lamps display,  
Now *Dido* crowns the bowl of state with wine,  
The bowl of *Beltus*, and the regal line;  
Her hands aloft she shivers, and her eyes  
Ponderous with gems, and round her sculptured gold.  
When silence was proclaimed, the royal fair,  
Thus to the gods address her fervent prayer:  
Alas! how I should weep! what the strings cause:  
Great guardian god of hospitable laws!  
Oh grant this day to circle still with joy,  
Through late posterity, to *Tyre* and *Troy*!  
Be thou O *Bacchus*! god of mirth a guest,  
And thou my *Lionis*, *Tyre*, your feast remove,  
And show your guests benevolence and love.  
She said, and on the board in open view,  
The first libation to the gods she threw;  
She stooped the wine, and gave to *Beltus* land:  
He rose, obedient to the Queen's command;  
At once the thirsty *Trojan* swill'd the whole,  
Sunk the full gold, and drained the foaming bowl:  
Then through the peers, with sparkling nodus crown'd,  
The golden circles, and the beams of good renown.

The above would describe a modern  
entertainment except the prayer.—The He-  
then thought amusements were acceptable  
to their Gods, therefore they offered prayer;  
The Bible teaches the professing Christian  
that such employment of his time is sinful,  
therefore his conscience will not let him  
pray.

After these preliminaries, jugglery was  
introduced; also music and dancing. Prob-  
ably because of the religious manner in  
which dancing was performed by the  
ancient Greeks, it was much celebrated and  
musical performances much honoured. It how-  
ever was at entertainments, as at their reli-  
gious feasts; that their once modest dances  
degenerated into wantonness. It is said  
"the Ionians delighted in wanton dances  
more than the rest of the Greeks; hence  
"Ionian motions," became a proverb for  
wanton dancing. It is related that *Cleopatra*,  
Queen of *Argos*, refused his daughter to  
*Hippocides* the Athenian, for his light  
and unbecoming dances and gestures.

In time dancing both in private, and  
at entertainments, became such a monstrous  
and unbecoming custom, that it was  
opposed. It is related that *Cleopatra*,  
Queen of *Argos*, refused his daughter to  
*Hippocides* the Athenian, for his light  
and unbecoming dances and gestures.

With these facts before the mind, how  
can any one professing to believe the Bible,  
ask: Is there any harm in dancing? This  
is in plain English: Is there any harm for  
Christians to imitate the Heathen in their  
night revels and abominable wickedness?  
The words of *Cicero* quoted above ought to  
be an answer to this question. "No man  
dances unless he is drunk or mad." "Danc-  
ing is the very last act of luxury and wanton-  
ness;" and the inspired Apostle says, when  
referring to the same thing: For it is a  
shame even to speak of those things which  
are done of them in secret." Eph. v. 12.

(To be concluded next week.)

## The Lowly and the Loving.

The most precious man can give to man  
is kind and lowly words. Not coarse words  
which wound the heart, but words which  
warm the soul, and give life to the  
world's night: the only error is  
to neglect to do the little good we can.

Love has often far more influence than  
talent. The last appeals to the reason, the  
first to the affections; the last speaks to the  
intellect, but the first goes straight to the  
heart. "It is beautiful," exclaimed a Swed-  
ish author, "to believe ourselves loved, espe-  
cially by those whom we love and value."  
Yes, it is beautiful, certainly; but woe to us  
if we neglect the responsibility attached to  
it. When God permits us to win the re-  
gard of others, he places in our hands a  
sweet and powerful influence, which we  
should be very careful to use in his service.  
Human affection, sanctified by the divine  
instrument of much good; wanting that  
blessing, it is but a shining light without life  
or warmth.

and who would not have placed us there if  
he had not something for us to do. How  
few there are who live up to their own pow-  
er of being useful! Earth is our dwelling  
place, where each has his or her appointed  
sphere of usefulness, their mission of love  
and duty, as they pass homeward to heaven.

A gentleman, travelling through a part of  
Wiltshire, where he had not been before for  
many years, could not help observing the  
peculiar neatness and even beauty of the  
little cottage gardens which he passed, and  
which he did not remember having noticed  
when he was there last.

"No," replied the friend who had ac-  
companied him: "it has only been so within  
the last few years, since *Lucy D.* came to  
reside in the village. It is all owing to her."  
"But how can one person keep all these  
gardens so scrupulously neat?"  
"You must ask her," replied his friend,  
Mr. L.—, with a smile, and pausing as he  
spoke, he handed with a young and deli-  
cate-looking girl, plainly attired, and carry-  
ing in her hand a nosegay of flowers.

"Are they not beautiful?" asked she,  
holding them up. "Widow Green gave  
them to me, and she has plenty more. I was  
sure that they would grow, if she only  
tried. You cannot imagine how pretty they  
make her garden look."

"She had no garden, I think, when first  
you knew her," said Mr. L.—.  
"No, I believe not. I do not know what  
she would do without one now; she was say-  
ing to herself this very morning; and that it  
was her greatest wish."  
"My friend is very anxious to understand  
how you have managed to introduce so many  
gardens into the village, and to keep them  
all in such good order. He thinks that it  
must be a great deal of trouble for one per-  
son."

"It is no trouble to me," replied *Lucy*,  
simply, and with a modest blush. "I have  
nothing to do but to water and weed, and  
speak a word of praise now and then, and  
accept all their little flower-offerings. I  
always was fond of flowers."

"But how did you contrive at first?"  
"I almost forgot," she did not think that  
I did much, but she planted more flowers  
; and by and by they began to notice  
how pretty her garden looked, and to long  
to plant some also, and to come to me for  
seeds and cuttings. I do not think that I  
did much beside telling them the proper season  
for planting, and when they thought they would  
thrive the best. The little school-children  
went, hoping that I shall be pleased to see  
the garden looking neat and nice; and so I  
am. The gardens of the poor are a great  
comfort to them."

"Yes," said Mr. L.—, "it keeps them  
out of mischief. Many poor may never  
be seen working in his little garden,  
with his children around him, and his wife  
sewing peacefully in the cottage porch, who  
used to go to the public house. Many a  
happy home has sprung from the love of  
flowers."

Just then an old man came tottering to-  
wards us, holding a stick in one hand and a  
flower-pot in the other.  
"I have been looking out for you all day,"  
said he to *Lucy*. "If you could spare a mo-  
ment, I have so many things to ask and show  
you."

"Be sure I can," replied the girl, with a  
kind smile; and she led her to the garden.  
"The old man," said Mr. L.—, "is the  
two friends together."  
"Well," said Mr. L.—, after a pause,  
"What do you think of our *Lucy*?"  
"She appears to be very young, and does  
not look strong; but I was thinking of the  
power which one individual may exert for  
good over those around her."

"But *Lucy* not only teaches and encour-  
ages the poor people, but she has influence  
to love flowers," continued Mr. L.—, "but  
tries to win them to Christ, and to make them  
love Him. Many a simple homely wife I  
heard her preach from the lily of the valley,  
or the flower of the field. Her influence is  
not only exerted for good—it is exerted for  
God, and He has designed to bless it in more  
than one instance."

*Lucy D.* is neither gifted nor beauti-  
ful. Few know her even by name. It can  
only be said of her that she loves God, and  
she loves flowers. Contented and cheerful,  
she passes through life, making it seem all  
the brighter and the better for her kind so-  
journing. It has been well said of a kind  
spirit, that "looking to heaven as her rest,  
and to Christ as her Saviour, she seemed  
to have caught something of the calm ser-  
enity of her great Master, something of His  
purity and love. In the world, but not of it,  
she was like one going cheerfully homeward,  
and singing as she went; while she scatter-  
ed around her, in passing, holy counsels and  
instructions—kind words and actions—the  
bright sunshine of a lowly and loving spirit."

There are some who assert that, in their  
isolated position, they have influence on none.  
But there is no such thing as a thoroughly  
detached and isolated individual; we are all  
inextricably tied up and interlaced with  
each other; so that no man can live or act  
without affecting others in some degree or to  
some purpose. If they have no power to do  
good, we would say that it is because they  
seek it not, and would beseech them to arouse  
their dormant energies in that search which  
can alone bring happiness. It is because they  
walk along with their eyes on the ground,  
instead of looking around them, to see  
what they can do for good and for one  
another. It is because they pass through the  
world silent, instead of singing, that others  
might hear them, and be gladdened and com-  
forted. Or it is because they have neglect-  
ed to pray; for we can do nothing without  
prayer. Or it is because they are walking  
in their own strength, and trusting in their  
own righteousness; instead of "coming up  
from the wilderness, leaning on the Beloved,"  
and making Him their all in all.—From  
"Hallelujah," published by the Religious Tract  
Society.

MEMBERS CONSEQUENT ON GUILTY.  
Guilt, though it may attain temporal happi-  
ness, can never confer real happiness. The  
evil consequences of our crimes long sur-  
vive the commission, and like the ghosts of  
the murdered, for ever haunt the steps of  
the malefactor. The paths of virtue, though  
seldom those of worldly greatness, are al-  
ways those of pleasantness and peace.—St.  
Water Scott.

## Ninevah and Babylon.

The first glance over the map assures us  
that a country through which the *Zab*, the  
*Tigris*, and the *Euphrates* pour their abun-  
dant waters might be made to assume a very  
different position from that which it occupies  
at present. At present the tribes which in-  
habit this district are suffering under the ir-  
regular rule and the depressing uncertainty  
which mark the change from one stage of  
civilization to another. The fertile district  
was subject to a permanent chief, who, like a  
feudal baron, inhabited his stronghold, ad-  
ministered the affairs of his own territory,  
protected as well as robbed the weak, and  
was only accountable to his Sovereign for a  
certain contingent of military service, and a  
certain amount of annual tribute. These local  
lords have now been swept away by the  
hand of modern innovation, not without some  
injury to the present condition of the inhabi-  
tants. The reins of government are held  
loosely, and the relations between the subjects and the  
sovereign. Irregular forces are supplied by  
the regular army, and Turkey, in its next  
struggle with an enemy, will have difficulty  
in finding something that will compensate for  
the loss of the wild and hardy volunteers and  
the supply of excellent cavalry which it for-  
merly drew from the south-eastern portion of  
its dominions. For the first time since the  
days of Alexander, European modes of acting  
and thinking are made to affect the dwellers  
in the scenes of the early patriarchal history.  
It is not a strong current of European  
energy and civilization rushing resistlessly  
through the ancient people of Asia, such as  
the English Government of India presents,  
but it is the last and faintest wave of a back-  
driven sea that recedes from the agitated  
islands of the West, and leaves behind it its  
dependent tribes. How far the waters may  
be carried it is impossible to pronounce, and  
vain to speculate. But Mr. *Layard* him-  
self points out that the valley of these great  
streams is eminently calculated to become  
the highway between Europe and the remoter  
East. If anything like security were  
once established, and the rude inhabitants  
were at all familiarized with the presence of  
Western habits and the discoveries of West-  
ern civilization, there could be no difficulty  
in opening a direct passage between the  
Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf.  
The points at which the history of the  
Jews and the history of Assyria are known  
to intersect are so numerous that it is impos-  
sible to enter upon them here. It is not only  
in the excavations at *Nineveh*, but in the  
inscriptions found on the walls and in the  
described in the sculptured memoirs of Assyria,  
but from considering the mode in which  
Assyria was governed, the genius of the peo-  
ple, and the nature and extent of their ex-  
pansions, we gain a much clearer ap-  
preciation than we could otherwise obtain  
of the political condition of Judaea. When we  
see the great Assyrian empire stretching it-  
self over countries which varied so much in  
the degree of subjection in which they were  
placed, that some were almost slaves, and  
others, in the hands of the conqueror, were  
only nominal tribute, we understand the  
place held by Judaea in the days when Solo-  
mon "had dominion over all the region on  
this side the river, over all the kings on this  
side the river." We know also the relation  
in which Judaea stood to Assyria when the  
lowermost stratum of the great Assyrian  
empire was founded, and we understand the  
place held by Judaea in the days when Solo-  
mon "had dominion over all the region on  
this side the river, over all the kings on this  
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mon "had dominion over all the region on  
this side the river, over all the kings on this  
side the river."

## The Martyrs of Madeira.

NO. III.  
Stand fast in the faith—for the Church of the Lord  
Hath inscribed on her banners, the glorious word:  
"Of all her bright cohorts, his glory's displayed,  
And his banner is purple and his shield is black."  
Stand fast in the faith—the mandate roll on,  
Through her glided battalions, till warlike is done  
Till the trumpet of conquest, sounds over the field;  
And the pale warlike possessor of heaven and shield.  
REV. J. W. BROWN.  
On the arrival of Mr. Hewitson in Madeira,  
he forthwith commenced meeting a small  
number of inquirers, daily, at the residence  
of the Rev. J. Julius Wood. Unexamined  
and encouraged, as was his success in this  
way, such incessant labours, were most ex-  
hausting to his physical strength; certainly  
more so, than preaching in the usual  
manner. Day after day, at all hours, his  
room was thronged by groups of attentive  
listeners, who he exhorted, and encouraged,  
in instructing, exhorting, and encouraging  
them. The first communion which he held,  
in the March, 1845; when about forty  
Portuguese converts surrounded the table of  
the Lord.  
Many a dark and ominous cloud, and  
yet to lower in the horizon, and absolute  
termination, appeared to threaten the infant  
flock. Still a wide door for the entrance  
of Christian truth, was evidently opened in  
Madeira; and as his acquaintance with the  
language increased, Mr. Hewitson gradually  
and cautiously commenced preaching in  
Portuguese. "Many of the converts,"  
wrote Mr. Hewitson at this period, to a  
Scottish friend, "have through read-  
ing and prayer, become intelligent and  
enlightened members of society, able to give  
an account of their faith, and to defend  
it in the face of their enemies. The appre-  
hension, which they have generally of the  
value of salvation, is extremely simple,  
and their confidence in Christ very child-  
like. Some of them, seem to be altogether  
free from doubts and fears, and filled with  
joy and peace in believing."  
Mr. Hewitson's delightful labours, pro-  
ceeded though they often were, under the  
sheltering mantle of night, were at last  
suspended, by a more severe and complete  
prostration of strength, from the effects of  
which, it was long before he recovered. In  
this dark hour of trial, the Lord Jesus was  
present with his suffering servant, shielding  
and sustaining, and giving "songs in the  
night." So soon as his strength permitted,  
Mr. Hewitson resumed his labours, but in  
the hope of reclaiming the animosity and vi-  
gils of his enemies, he was materially assist-  
ed in his plan of operations. Committing the  
public ministrations of the word, almost  
exclusively to native assistant ministers, he  
commenced the organization of a class of  
the most promising Portuguese converts, for  
the purpose of giving them such systematic  
theological instruction, as should qualify  
them for discharging the functions of cate-  
chists. Very pleasant would it be to trace  
Mr. H. in his interesting labours, among  
his blessed little group, but our limits  
compel us to hasten to the concluding  
part of our narrative.  
He continued his course of exposition to  
his catechumen class, undisturbed except  
once, when one of the class while paying a  
visit to a friend, who was suffering imperi-  
ously, was forcibly seized, and himself  
imprisoned on the charge of heresy. In  
April, having finished the course of lectures  
to his class of students, Mr. Hewitson pre-  
pared to leave Madeira for some months,  
hoping that on his return, circumstances  
might prove more favourable, for the pro-  
secution of the work to which he had given  
his life. Previous to his departure, after  
careful examination, he proceeded to ordain  
several elders and deacons, to conduct the  
meetings, and regulate the business of the  
little church during his absence. In May  
1846, Mr. Hewitson left Madeira, cherish-  
ing the most pleasing anticipations of soon  
returning, to again labour among his belov-  
ed people. But alas, his way lay in the  
whirlwind, and his path in the great  
waters; he had otherwise ordained, and in  
the councils of the Eternal, and in bitter  
tears, were yet written for Madeira. The  
fearful tempest which had so often dashed  
and glared on the brow of night, was  
now to burst in terrible fury upon the

ago utterly perished, or, at any rate, are now  
in such broken and disconnected fragments  
that it is impossible to trace the plan of a  
single building; nor do the single bricks that  
are found convey any of the information  
which we gather from the stones of *Nineveh*.  
They bear indeed all of them an inscription,  
but all bear the same, and they were used in  
the buildings of *Nebuchadnezzar* son of *Nab-  
ulachuzar*.—*Chronicle*.

## Summer Days.

Oh! the Summer days are coming—  
Sunshine dews on leaf and flower,  
Balm breezes—perfume laden,  
Tell of bursting bud and flower,  
See! the new leafed forest-branches  
Swayed by sweetest breath of morn,  
While beyond them, marching slowly,  
Clouds the horizon adorn.  
Here my foot-path thro' the wild-wood  
Leads to many a fairy dell,  
Where the wind-flower opens its petals,  
Where the streamlets gush and swell—  
Oh! they "mind me of the morning—  
Early morning time of life,  
Where my young heart beat serenely,  
Witing not of future strife.  
Earth to me was then so soothing,  
Radiant with its spotless bloom,  
Dreamed I nought of dark clouds resting  
O'er my pathway to the tomb;  
Now a holy calm pervadeth  
All things—ocean, earth and air—  
For His presence—what created  
All—is resting everywhere!  
While unmindful of the shadows,  
Which on earth my footsteps wait,  
May this calm be but an earnest  
Of a brighter—holier state!  
Whist all nature's voice is blending  
In one grateful voice of praise  
Be my soul this anthem sending  
"Just and true are all Thy ways!"  
—*Baltimore Clipper*. META.

(FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYANS.)

## The Silver Cup—An Illustration of the Resurrection.

A gentleman of the country, upon the oc-  
casion of some signal service this man had  
done him, gave him a curious silver cup—  
David, (for that was the man's name), was  
exceedingly fond of the present, and pre-  
served it with the greatest care. But one  
day by accident, his cup fell into a vessel of  
aquafortis; he taking it up to wash it in  
common water, thought his cup safe enough;  
and, therefore, neglected it until he had dis-  
patched an affair of importance about which  
his master could not restore him, imagining that  
it would be some time enough to take out  
his cup. At length a full servant, cast  
into the same room, when the cup was near  
dissolved, and looking into the aquafortis,  
asked David who had thrown anything into  
that vessel. David said that his cup acci-  
dentally fell into the water. Upon this, his  
master ordered him to take out the cup, and  
common water, but aquafortis, and the  
cup was almost dissolved in it. When  
David heard this, and was satisfied of the  
truth of it with his own eyes, he heartily  
grieved for the loss of his cup; and, at the  
same time, he was astonished to see the li-  
quor as clear as if nothing at all had been  
dissolved in it, or mixed with it. As, after  
a little while, he saw the remains of it vanish,  
and could not now perceive the least particle  
of the silver, he utterly despaired of ever see-  
ing his cup more. Upon this he bitterly  
reproached his loss, with many tears, and re-  
quested to be comforted. His fellow-servant,  
 pitying him in this condition of sorrow, told  
him that his master could restore him the  
very same cup again. David disregarded  
this, as utterly impossible. "What do you  
talk of?" said he to his fellow-servant.  
Do you not know that the cup is entirely  
dissolved, and not the least bit of the silver  
to be seen? Are not all the little invisible  
parts of the cup mingled with the aquafortis,  
and become parts of the same mass? How  
then, can my master, or any man alive, pro-  
duce the silver anew, and restore my cup?  
It can never be; I give it over for lost; I  
am sure I shall never see it again."  
His fellow-servant still insisted that their  
master could restore the same cup; and  
David earnestly insisted that it was ab-  
solutely impossible. While they were dis-  
puting this point, their master came, and  
asked them what they were disputing about.  
David, "What you so positively pronounce  
to be impossible, you shall see me do with  
very little trouble. Fetch me," said he to the  
other servant, "some salt water, and pour  
it into the vessel of aquafortis. Now look,"  
says he; "the silver will presently fall to  
the bottom of the vessel in a white powder."  
When David saw this, he began to have  
good hopes of seeing his cup restored—  
Next, his master ordered the servant to  
drain off the liquor, and to let up pow-  
dered silver and not it. Thus it was re-  
duced into the same solid piece; and then, by  
the silversmith's hammer, formed into a cup  
of the same shape as before. Thus David's  
cup was restored with a very small loss of  
its weight and value.  
It is no uncommon thing for men like  
David in this parable, to imagine that to  
be impossible, what yet persons of greater  
skill and wisdom than themselves can easily  
perform. David was as positive that his  
master could not restore his cup, as believ-  
ers are, that it is incredible God should  
raise the dead; and he had as much appear-  
ance of reason on his side as they. If a  
human body, dead, crumbles into dust, and  
mingled with the earth, or with the waters  
of the sea, so as to be discernible no more,  
so the silver cup was dissolved into parts in-  
visible, and mingled with the mass of aqua-  
fortis. Is it not then easy to be conceived  
that as a man has wisdom and power enough  
to bring these parts of the silver to be visi-  
ble again, and reduce them to a cup as be-  
fore, so God, the Maker of Heaven and  
earth, must have wisdom and power enough  
to bring the parts of a dissolved human body  
together, and to form them into a human  
body again? What thought David could not  
restore his own cup? Was that a reason  
that no man could do it? And when his

defenceless heads, of these smitten and scat-  
tered ones.  
One calm bright Sabbath morning in the  
month of August, as between thirty and  
forty of the converts, were assembled for  
prayer, and reading of the word, a mob  
surrounded the door, and when they were  
about retiring, rudely assailed the elder,  
who had been conducting service. This  
proved the signal for a general attack upon  
the house. The doors were immediately  
closed, and those within, seeking the most  
sequestered room in the building, prepared  
to abide the fury of the storm. Throughout  
the whole day, the infuriate band surround-  
ed the house, threatening to burn it to the  
ground, and demanding instant admission.  
At last as the noon of night was closing in,  
the door yielded to repeated blows, and  
with one exulting yell, the assailants rushed  
into the house. Search was instantly made  
for their trembling victims, who in one  
remote room, were discovered all on their  
knees, in earnest and fervent prayer.  
What a scene! Surely the pure dwellers in  
"the land of everlasting light," must  
have gazed on in wonder—there were the  
savage persecutors, exulting in conscious  
triumph, and by their side, the meek fol-  
lowers of the man of Calvary, breathing out  
like their great Exemplar, a life of agony,  
in the earnest accents of prayer. We draw  
a veil over the details of the heart-rending  
scenes of this period, suffice it to say, that  
many of those rejoicing believers were called  
upon, to seal the truth with their blood,  
and like those of olden time, yield up their  
lives to Him who had purchased them with  
His own blood. They passed through great  
tribulation, and are now doubtless before  
the Eternal throne, "having washed their  
robes, and made them white in the blood of  
the Lamb."

Dr. Kalley was however the especial  
object of pursuit, and had his place of  
retreat discovered, there is little doubt,  
that his life would have fallen a sacrifice to  
lawless violence. But he was in the care of  
Him, who suffereth not the tenants of the  
earth to perish unmolested; and he was enabled  
through almost miraculously, to make his  
escape from the Island, in a steamer which  
was then leaving the harbour. At last,  
hunted and pursued, with unrelenting ardor,  
by their blood-thirsty enemies, the Madeiran  
church of God, sought refuge to the number  
of eight hundred, in the island of Trinidad,  
where the fair banner of England, floating  
on the breeze, tells that slaves cannot live  
where Britain reigns.  
"When their limbs receive our air,  
That moment they are free."  
In Trinidad, this band of noble witnesses  
for the Lord Jesus, were cheered by a visit  
from their former beloved pastor, Mr. Hewit-  
son, who, on hearing of their exile, conce-  
nated to the afflicted ship, and built up  
this desolate, scattered church. Afterwards  
arrangements were made through the  
promptly-extended aid of the American  
churches, for the removal of the church of  
refugees, to the state of Illinois; where  
after some necessary delay they arrived and  
were organized into a regularly-constituted  
church. There, in the enjoyment of that  
liberty and security which should be the  
birthright of every human being, they  
have led them, and as we take our parting  
glance, in view of their sufferings, their  
faith, and their future glorious inheritance,  
exclaim: "They overcame him by the blood  
of the Lamb, and by the word of their testi-  
mony; and they loved not their lives unto  
the death."

There were men with heavy hair,  
Among that pilgrim band;  
Why had they come to wretched there,  
Away from their childhood's land?  
"There was woman's fearless eye,  
That saw her deep love's trust;  
There was manhood's noble high,  
And the fiery heart of youth."  
"What sought they thus afar?  
Bright jewels of the mine?  
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?"  
They sought a fairer, pure shrine."  
"Ay! call it holy ground,  
The place where first they trod;  
They had left unstained what they found,  
Freedom to worship God."  
BESSIE BERANGER.  
May 26th, 1853.

(FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYANS.)

## Heart Treasures.

They are mine, yet not all my own.  
Mine, as year after year each bright bud  
is given to my care, to watch and tend, and  
cherish. Mine then, but when the years  
have fled, and the bud expanded into  
the flower, I miss them all, for their  
lovelessness is mine no longer. The vines  
I love to hear, greet me not, and the faces  
that grew brighter at my coming, are in  
many homes, a sunless still, but not for me.  
I love to recall the day, when first I  
gazed upon a girlish group, theoseforth to  
be my pupils. Their eyes looked timidly in  
mine, while our hearts were questioning  
inwardly each of the other. It was years  
ago, and they are scattered now. The joy-  
ous spirit that gladdened all around, has  
left sweet memories in many hearts. She  
dwells now in the far south, near to mine  
own fair land, with his sunny home. She  
has won new friends there, yet is she  
remembered fondly by her master class.  
Her name has ever power to win a smile,  
for her nature seemed allied to all bright,  
all joyous things of earth. That little band  
is severed. All save one, have passed from  
my care. All, save one; the youngest of  
the group—the little child, whom I sent  
to meet among them. I little thought then  
how I should come to love her, with her  
kindly words, and winning ways. How I  
should miss her fond caress, and daily greet  
my care. Previous to his departure, after  
careful examination, he proceeded to ordain  
several elders and deacons, to conduct the  
meetings, and regulate the business of the  
little church during his absence. In May  
1846, Mr. Hewitson left Madeira, cherish-  
ing the most pleasing anticipations of soon  
returning, to again labour among his belov-  
ed people. But alas, his path in the great  
waters; he had otherwise ordained, and in  
the councils of the Eternal, and in bitter  
tears, were yet written for Madeira. The  
fearful tempest which had so often dashed  
and glared on the brow of night, was  
now to burst in terrible fury upon the

hearts have not been free from sorrow.  
Dr. Kalley, however the Eastern's chastening  
rod. Not murmuringly; for she hath learned  
to put her trust in Him, who calls us His  
children. Quietly, she goes upon her way,  
and those who know her not, little dream of  
the wealth of hidden thought in the mind's  
treasure-house, the depth of sweet affection  
cherished there. I shall not forget her, and  
I will believe, that in coming years, what-  
ever life may bring of sad, or joyous unto  
her, I shall be remembered still.

There is one who bears a treasured name.  
The name of one long since with God. The  
mother whom I never knew, yet whose  
memory, I so dearly love. Emily, it was  
thus that they called her, in her girlhood