

The Promised Messeyan.

Devoted to Religion, Literature, Science, Education, Temperance, Agriculture, and General Intelligence.

Volume V. No. 13.

HALIFAX, N. S., THURSDAY, MARCH 31, 1853.

Whole No. 194.

The Dream of Rosa Madia.

[FOR THE PROVINCIAL WEEKLY.]
O 'T've been to-day, far, far away
In the shadowy land of dreams—
For childhood's hour had visited me
With a thousand twilight gleams—
And I lay me down with a heart that yearn'd
For earth and all its streams—
And then I saw the starting flowers—
And the soft winds wandering free—
And ocean with its banner'darks,
Like wild swans on the sea—
And the olive trees and the myrtle bowers
Of my own bright Italy.

Oh! my heart had beat within my breast—
For I long'd to gaze once more
On the deep blue sky and the mountains high
With their giant summits hoar,
And the coral wreaths and ocean shells
That strew the glittering shore.

On my ear the hum of summer sounds,
The humming bird and bee,
The earth with all its melodies
Of hidden things and free—
And the glorious sun—O! nevermore
Were things so bright for me!

I had thought of the hour, long, long ago,
When sitting by his side,
My love, from whom I sever'd now—
First named me as his bride,
And I clung like a child on my husband's breast
In the golden eventide.

And now he is barr'd in a mouldy vault,
And his face I may never see—
And his gentle eye! oh! nevermore
May its love be shed on me,
For we never shall see thy sky again,
Italy—Italy!

And sadly on my dungeon floor,
The hard and chilly stone,
With my weary spirit faint and worn,
And my heart so sick and lone—
I lay me down in the murky gloom—
And my prayer was a feeble moan:

"My Father! thou'rt in yon blue heaven,
Thou pierc'st my prison gloom,
For thou mark'st the homeless sparrow's flight,
And thou'rt bid'st the myrtle bloom—
And I know thou can'st make my dungeon light—
For thy voice can rend the tomb.

O! Son of Man, who came to break
The fetters of the slave,
To stanch the wounded hearts that bleed,
The sinner's soul to save—
To win the weary from despair—
The dying from the grave—

Give me to feel thy sovereign power
While pouring forth my prayer,
O! give me strength to keep thy faith,
My heavy cross to bear—
O! Heaven is far—earth pitiless,
With its clouds of human care!

Teach me to love my very foes,
With the thought of going home,
To the mansion where nor rack nor vault
Are found beneath its dome—
And my blood add not to the crimson'd soul
Of the Mitred Man's Press, Rome!

And on the dungeon-land I slept,
And the dream-land bright sweep'd by—
And twice ten thousand dazzling suns,
All lit in the vaulted sky,
Were pale before the vision's light
That cross'd my slumbering eye.

O! there was music on the air,
Such strains earth never knew,
It seem'd to fill the realms of space,
And swell cross'd through—
And the stars afar in the universe
All join'd the chorus too.

Even now that strain thrills every vein:
No creature there was dumb,
And still through heaven's eternal years
This chorus was the hymn—
"Thrice Hail to the Lord of Hosts,
Who sees and is to come!"

Nor eath had word of eye hath seen
In this dim world of pain—
And it never lit the radiant dreams
Of the poet's burning brain,
Of a realm so fair as "the Rest of God," (1)
Where the glorious martyrs reign.

And I saw nor sin nor sorrow there—
Alternate night and day,
The rage of man and the demon's scorn,
And the pang of human clay—
Were things forgotten, like a dream,
With morning's past away.

And then ten thousand glorious saints,
Who were the martyr's crown,
On starry wings, went singing by,
And they cast their sceptres down,
And a longer burst of triumph rose,
Like the peans of renown.

And the song they sang forevermore
Was—"Worthy is the Lamb,
Who has redeemed us with his blood,
From kindred, tribe and name—
While everlasting ages roll,
We glorify I AM."

And one—a white-lair'd man—went by,
He wore a crown of gold,
He held the cooing palm aloft—
Like a victor's wreath unroll'd—
Twas he who wrote the mystic Book
In Patmos' Isle, of old.

And still there came another name,
Of Tarsus erst he was—
Of eighteen hundred years had roll'd
Down Time's tempestuous seas,
Since, thundering on the "Hill of Mars,"
He preach'd salvation free.

And there were those who bore of old,
Through Rome's Imperial day,
The cross of shame through fire and flood,
And gladiatorial fray— (2)
And they wore immortal robes of light
For the garments erst of clay.

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With those religious life and triumph
Death we submit to the following notice.
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Tyone. Her parents name was Stewart.
They were members of the Presbyterian
Church in that place. In the doctrine
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time of her decease, and of which she was
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above alluded to took place, she had joined
the Wesleyan Church.
In 1837 she left her native land, together
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State of New York; not anticipating the
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When the voyage was about half accom-
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Passengers hired a schooner came to Bay
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La Babylon here kill'd. (3)

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Her pomp shall overflow,
And she be hur'd, like a millstone, down
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Church in that place. In the doctrine
and discipline of this denomination—
She was early educated. Before her mar-
riage, she had, however attended the min-
istry of that section of the Church of Christ,
in whose communion she remained to the
time of her decease, and of which she was
so consistent a member. When the event

above alluded to took place, she had joined
the Wesleyan Church.
In 1837 she left her native land, together
with her now sorrowing husband, for the
State of New York; not anticipating the
disastrous providences which were to meet
them in their intended passage thither—
When the voyage was about half accom-
plished the vessel sprung a leak; and of so
serious a nature was it, that no hope of the
salvation of either life or property, for the
time, presented itself. All of this worldly
substance they had taken with them, (and it
was considerable) had to perish with the
Ship, with the exception of some few arti-
cles, which the necessity of the case required
them to retain. The vessel, became a float-
ing wreck, on which, under the endurance
of much suffering and anxiety they reman-
ed for five days and nights. Dark, indeed
to all concerned, must have been this dis-
tress, while day and night succeeded to
each other, and left them thus exposed to a
watery grave. Providence however, with a
"smiling face" was approaching to deliver
them from their perilous situation. At the
end of the time above stated, a vessel bound
to the Bay Chaleur, love in sight, came
promptly to their assistance, and brought
the passengers and crew to land in safety.—
In a few brief hours the wreck disappeared
beneath the blue deep waves of the Atlantic.
Arriving at Bay Chaleur, thirty of the
Passengers hired a schooner came to Bay
DeVert, and from thence, the deceased and
her husband came to this City. And from
that time to the present, though, what they
in the land of their Fathers "appointed
God disappointed," it has been shown by
an unbroken series of events, that the unerr-
ing hand of their "Father who is in heaven"
has marked, directed, and controlled, the
pathway of their life, and brought them to
La Babylon here kill'd. (3)

"My people! come ye forth from her,
Partake not of her woe—
For death, and desolation's night
Her pomp shall overflow,
And she be hur'd, like a millstone, down
To the bottomless Hell below!"

"And the plumb'd and laurel'd kings
Shall wail and weep for her,
When heaven's eternal thunder-bolts
Her seven hills shall stir—
Her seven hills shall stir—
Thou pierc'st my prison gloom,
For thou mark'st the homeless sparrow's flight,
And thou'rt bid'st the myrtle bloom—
And I know thou can'st make my dungeon light—
For thy voice can rend the tomb.

O! Son of Man, who came to break
The fetters of the slave,
To stanch the wounded hearts that bleed,
The sinner's soul to save—
To win the weary from despair—
The dying from the grave—

Give me to feel thy sovereign power
While pouring forth my prayer,
O! give me strength to keep thy faith,
My heavy cross to bear—
O! Heaven is far—earth pitiless,
With its clouds of human care!

Teach me to love my very foes,
With the thought of going home,
To the mansion where nor rack nor vault
Are found beneath its dome—
And my blood add not to the crimson'd soul
Of the Mitred Man's Press, Rome!

And on the dungeon-land I slept,
And the dream-land bright sweep'd by—
And twice ten thousand dazzling suns,
All lit in

California. (FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.) WRITTEN MARCH 1850. Region of Gold! full many a sweeping blast...

possible to warm in winter. When commencing a journey, and at every stopping place along the road, the traveller used intoxicating drinks to keep him warm.

unto the Lord; and whether we die we die unto the Lord; and whether we live we live unto the Lord.

(SELECTED FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.) Alon Ben Adhem (his title increased) Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace.

themselves—dropping close to their feet. There she would remain until the explosion had taken place, and then return to her nest.

NEVER FAILING REMEDY. WESLEYAN BOOK ROOM. WESLEYAN BOOK ROOM. WESLEYAN BOOK ROOM.

The miller's spawl unweild' thy stores to view. And to thy land the hoards of millions drew.

"Things passed on thus for some time, when at last I resolved that I would, by remaining very late and returning much intoxicated, provoke her displeasure.

Great Britain. The following extract is taken from a letter of the Hon. Isaac Mann, written recently to Bro. J. Tabernacle, New York.

AN ELECTRIC LADY.—During the last year a new phenomenon in electricity has come to light, says a German paper in Vienna.

ANOTHER SUFFERING CASE OF DYSENTERY. COPY OF A LETTER FROM MR. J. M. CANNELL, OF NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, DATED SEPTEMBER 20th, 1852.

WESLEYAN BOOK ROOM. WESLEYAN BOOK ROOM. WESLEYAN BOOK ROOM.

But from those fields of gain, some shall return. Who oft for higher seats ambition yearns.

Family Circle. (FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.) Little Eddie. There is at the Sea-wall, on Digby Neck,

It was the Sabbath. We know not what ministering spirit had announced to the little her of salvation, by Divine permission.

AN EXTRAORDINARY LAMP.—Among the list of patents, is one taken out by Mr. E. Kestler, for a candle lamp of a very novel character.

THE PROPHETIC WESLEYAN. THE PROPHETIC WESLEYAN. THE PROPHETIC WESLEYAN.

WESLEYAN BOOK ROOM. WESLEYAN BOOK ROOM. WESLEYAN BOOK ROOM.

Temperance. Wine Drinking Advocates of Temperance. BY ELIUR BERRITT. We need no new evidence to prove that our moderate wine-drinking citizens are the most formidable enemies that retain the field against the progress of intemperance.

It was frequently and carefully read, especially on the Sabbath; that holy day he was taught to remember and sacredly regard.

Miscellaneous. England and America. It need to be said that if Athens and Lacedaemon could make up their minds to be good friends and make a common cause.

Canada Land Company. TO THE INTENDING EMIGRANTS FROM NOVA SCOTIA. THE CANADA LAND COMPANY have the honor to inform you that they have received from the British Government.

Interesting Paragraphs. IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENT IN STEAM-POWER.—The St. Louis News of the 11th says:—We learn that Mr. Samuel Cable, of this city, has lately discovered a most important improvement in the application of steam as a motive power.

WESLEYAN BOOK ROOM. WESLEYAN BOOK ROOM. WESLEYAN BOOK ROOM.

"My Wife is the Cause of It." It is now more than forty years ago, that Mr. L.— called at the house of Dr. B.— on a very cold morning, on his way to H.—

On the first interview, he said—"God has been very good to me. He spared me when I was smiting against me. When I was first taken sick, I was not prepared to die—my sins were not forgiven—O, how I have been blessed!—my sins are now pardoned—I love Jesus!—with my whole heart I love Jesus! For God has given me a new heart!"

THE CUNNING TAVERN.—There is much more intellect in birds than people suppose. At an instance that occurred the other day at a stone quarry belonging to a friend, from whom we have the narrative.

CHURCH BELLS!! CHURCH, FACTORY AND STEAMBOAT BELLS. (CONSTANTLY ON HAND, AND KEPT IN STOCK BY THE BELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY.)

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP AND WHOOPING COUGH. PREPARED FOR CHANGE OF WEATHER.—THE TROPICAL CHANGE OF WEATHER, which is so common in this country, is the cause of many of the most distressing affections of the human system.

WESLEYAN BOOK ROOM. WESLEYAN BOOK ROOM. WESLEYAN BOOK ROOM.

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