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FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.

Elisha's Death.

Upon the bed of death Elisha lay,
The man of God had long his country served;
Prophecy and prayer for more than sixty years;
Ungodly princes he had oft reproved,
And won for Israel triumph o'er their foes.

Now like an infant on his mother's breast
He lay upon his couch, weakly by age,
But strong in hope and full of thoughts divine;
Wrapt up in meditation how he should die,
His eye with brightness shone, for it had caught
A glance, at least, of that fair world of joy,
Upon whose borders now he stood—'he look'd
As if he saw his old companion,
So sudden from his side remov'd'—Elisha
Was faint.

Was it because Elisha's form was near, pointing
To the bright seraph-worm, their future home?
Yes—visions of Heaven then the Prophet had,
That made his lowly couch and ill-forgotten room
A place more favoured than the monarch's throne—
A more than monarch on that couch was seated,
A more than prince was soon in peace to die.
A more than victor there the prize should win,
'Gainst death and hell and sin by Faith's strong shield.

Monarchs might well his lowly cottage choose,
To pour keen sorrows o'er his time-worn form,
And catch the accents of his latest speech,
To arise from that throne, and be as he,
Affliction's rod, and make their latest hours
Like the good Prophet's—heavenly, calm and pure.

Even a stranger's eye could tell at once
There lay upon that couch a man of God—
A man superior to the vulgar crowd—
A man to whom even royalty might bow
With no dishonour to his high estate,
For all the Prophet in his visage shone;
And even his aged limbs were venerable,
For they had been employed, ardent for years,
In God's own service, and his country's too.

The King of Israel in the chamber stood,
And bent him o'er the man of God and wept—
"O my Father! my Father!" Joash cried,
"Israh's chariot, and her horsemen too,
Are now departing from us in thy death!
Who shall for us, when thou art dead and gone,
Stand in the breach, and by a Prophet's might
Bring down from Heaven succour on our foes?"
"Restrain thy sorrow, King," the Prophet said,
"And take the bow and arrows in thy hand."
Joash took them, and Elisha stretch'd his arms
And put his hands upon the monarch's shoulders.

And made them open the window wide, then laid
Him out an arrow towards the east—
And said: "Is this a sign that God shall give
Thine victory o'er thy boasting Syrian foes?"

Elisha then bade the monarch quickly strike
The ground—'He struck it thrice, then laid
The arrow on the Prophet's couch,
With an ardour all his heart he threw,
The King, and said: "Thou shalt not have
Brought an evidence to my heart that old
Things had passed away, and that all had become
New. I felt that I had entered upon a
New existence, and so, indeed, I had. All of
my former pleasures and associations were
hated to me, none more so than dancing.
I considered that the most alluring and the
most evil of all my worldly amusements. At
the sacred ordinance of baptism I promised
to renounce 'the vain pomp and glory of the
world,' and God forbid that I should ever
say there is no harm in dancing; for I
simply giving favour to it when others are
engaged in it, I am most surely breaking the
solemn vows I made to God in the presence
of a cloud of witnesses.

In order to keep myself in the love of
Christ, I must condemn sin and Satan in
whatever form they may appear, even if by
so doing I have the disapprobation of many
professors of religion. The disapprobation
of the world I expect. 'The servant is not
above his Lord,' and Christ is hated be-
fore me. There is a long list of so-called
'amused amusements,' with dancing at its
head, which I must and will condemn, even
though the worlding and many professing
Christians deem them harmless. If a man
may take fire in his bosom and not be burnt,
then these may be engaged in and recom-
mended with safety. A time for all
things—'a time to dance,' &c., say some;
but the argument is weak, and has ever failed
of success, when church members, espe-
cially the members of the Methodist Church
have made use of it. There is a strongly
opposing argument in, 'wherefore come ye
out among them, and by speaking and
I will receive you, and you shall be my sons
and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty.'
The open word of God in my hand, I hold;
I say there is great great harm in dan-
cing; and Christian parents, who deem it an
essential part of their daughters' educa-
tion, are placing themselves under a respon-
sibility I fear will cause them to be 'speech-
less at the bar of God; for it is voluntarily
placing them in the hands of the evil one,
and the consequence will be eternal death.
O that parents and instructors of the young
felt the importance of religious training as
deeply as the Bible requires.—*Corr. C. A.*
Advocate & Journal.

of spiritual life, that the highest form of
intellectual and social culture, is perfectly
consistent with the highest and the holiest
development of ardent zeal, and the deepest
fervour of religious emotion?

I cannot doubt that that Methodist will
be true to himself, and to the mission God has
given unto it. What mean these colleges
and seminaries of learning, springing into
existence in every part of the land, where
your youth go up to drink the pure and liquid
waters gushing up from the fountains of
learning? What mean these vehicles of in-
telligence and truth that are sent forth in
almost countless numbers, as on the wing of
the wind? They are the evidence that the
day of imparting solid intelligence to
the understanding has already been compre-
hended by the Church. The pulpit, too,
must speak with the voice of intelligence,
and purity, as it would attain to influence
and usefulness. The strength of profound
reason, and the charms of finished litera-
ture, sanctified by the highest attainments of
personal piety, should combine in the pulpit.
The temple of God should ever be a place
of instruction and enlargement to the in-
tellect, as well as of holy influence to the heart.
It should lay heaven and earth under contribu-
tion to its resources. It should return
from the profoundest and widest researches,
from the latest science and literature, to
lay its trophies at the foot of the Cross.
Such attainment, and such a spirit, will
never remove their possessor from the sphere
of sympathy and influence with the great
mass. Ever rising himself, he will bear
them also upward, in all that is elevated,
pure and good. This is the true end-
of science. And, viewed in this light, we may
say with the venerable Hooker: "No less
can be acknowledged than that her seat
is the bosom of God; he works the harmony
of the world."—*Dr. W. H. Clark.*

Children.

BY MISS HARRIET DECKER STOWE.

"A little child shall lead them."
One cold morning I looked into a milliner's
shop, and there I saw a hale, hearty, well-
brought young fellow from the country, with
his long coat whip, and a lion's head, hold-
ing up some little matter, and turning it about
in his great hands. And what do you suppose
he was doing? A baby's bonnet! A little, soft
satin hood, with a swan's down border, white
as the frill of rich blonde around the edge.
By his side stood a very pretty woman,
holding with no small pride, the baby, for
evidently it was the baby. Any one could
read the fact in every glance, as they sat
at each other, and at the little hood, and then
at the large, bald, unbecoming eye, and fat-
dimpled cheeks of the little one. It was evi-
dent that neither of them had ever seen a
baby like that before. "A little child shall
lead them," said the young man,
"it is not three dollars very high."
"Mary's prudently said nothing, but
taking the hood, tied it on the little head,
and held up the baby. The man looked
and grinned, and said another word
down went the five dollars, (all the last
week's butter came to), and as they walked
out of the shop, it is hard to say which
looked the most delighted with the bargain.
"Ah!" thought I, "A little child shall
lead them." As I passed the carriage
factory, I saw a young mechanic at work on
a wheel. The rough body of a carriage
stood beside him, and there, wrapped up
snuggly, all hooded and cloaked, sat a dark
eyed girl, about a year old, playing with a
sluggish dog. As I stopped, the man looked
from his work and turned admiringly towards
the little companion, as much as to say,
"See what I have here?"
"Yes," thought I, "and if the little lady
ever gets a glance from admiring swains
as sincere as this, she will be lucky."
"Ah, these little children, these little things!"
—pretty even in all their thoughts and ab-
surdities!—winning even in their sins and
iniquities! See, for example, yonder little
fellow in a naughty suit; he has shaken his
long curls over his deep blue eyes, the fair
frown is lent in a frown, the rosy-lip is
pushed up in infinite defiance, and the white
shoulder thrust naughtily forward. Can any
child look so pretty even in its naughtiness?
Then comes the instant change; flash-
ing smiles and tears—as the good comes back
all at once, and you are overwhelmed with
protestations, promises, and kisses. They are
irresistible, those little ones. They pull
away the scholar's pen; tumbled over his
papers; make somersets over his books; and
what can he do? They tear up newspapers;
litter the carpets; break, pull, and upset, and
then jabber their unintelligible English in
self-defence; and what can you do for
yourself?
"If I had a child," says the precise man,
you should see!"
He does have a child; and his child tears
up his papers, tumbles over his things, and
pulls his nose like all children, and what
has the precise man to say for himself?
Nothing. He is like everybody else: "A
little child shall lead him."
Poor little children, they bring and teach
us human beings more good than they get
in return. How often does the infant, with
his soft cheek and helpless hand, awaken a
mother from worldliness and egotism to a
whole world of new and higher feeling.
How often does the mother repay this by
doing her best to wipe off, even before the
time, the dew and fresh simplicity of child-
hood; and make her daughter too soon a
woman of the world, as she has been.

modest, the shameless and abandoned—and
this is what the world does for the little, and
there was a time when the Divine One
stood upon the earth, and a little child
sought to draw near him. But harsh human
beings stood between him and them, forbid-
ding their approach. Ah, has it always been
so? Do not even we, with our hard and
unsubdued feeling, our worldly and unscrup-
ulous habits and maxims, stand like a dark
screen between our child and his Saviour,
and keep, even from the choice ball of our
heart, the radiance which might unfold it
for paradise? "Suffer little children to
come unto me, and forbid them not," is still
the voice of the Son of God; but the cold
world still closes around and forbids. When
of old, disciples would question their Lord
of the higher mysteries of his Kingdom, he
took a child and set him in the midst as a
sign of him who would be greatest in the
kingdom of heaven. That gentle teacher
still acts the little child in the midst of us!
Wouldst thou know, O parent, what is
that faith which unlocks heaven? Go not
to wrangling polemics or creeds or forms of
theory, but draw to thy bosom thy little
one, read in that clear and trusting eye the
lesson of eternal life. Be only thy God
as thy child is to thee, and all is done.
Blessed shall thou be indeed!—A little child
shall lead thee."

Evening Prayer.

Father! thou hast sent the darkness
Shading our earthly way,
Let them angels round us gather,
Till we hail the light of day.

We would bless thee, for the mercies,
Though unworthy, we have won,
We would thank thee for the watch-care,
Guarding thus our earthly home.

Fervently look down upon us
Who are lingering after thee,
Let thy grace, and loving kindness,
Still our richest treasure be.

We are thine, oh! ever keep us
Close dear Saviour to thy side,
Close to thy heart, and in thy hand,
Be our only trust, and guide.

Remember those, thy love has given
To make glad our earthly home,
To the dear ones who have ended,
And whose souls are now at home.

Bless the friendly, soothe the weary,
Let the friends feel thy nearness,
Teach the sailor, and the soldier,
Nothing but thy favour bring.

Thou, who knowest all things, give us
Every blessing which we need,
Guide us safely through our wandering,
Till thy will shall be freed.

Then among the just made perfect,
Numbered Lord with that bright band,
Call us blessed of Thy Father,
Welcome us to Thy right hand.
Baltimore, February, 1853. ORIA.

"I Lost It."

"I lost it," sighs the mother, "the first
and finest flower of my garden, my sweet
baby," clasping nearer to her breast those
which are left. "It was a lovely child, quiet
as a lamb, meek and gentle; it was endeared
to my very soul, but I lost it." And the
mother returns to be comforted because it
has been restored.

In one of those dens which are the curse
of our large cities is a youth. It is past
midnight, but no sleep has come to his eyes
nor slumber to his eyelids. Pale and agitated,
excited with wine, he gazes with wild
intensity on a table which sits at
company. There are others in the room,
but he sees them not; the table now claims
his entire attention. All of his own money
and five thousand dollars belonging to his
employer lie on it. The cards are dealt; he
suddenly rushes from the room, exclaiming,
"I lost it." Aye, he lost it. Not only money
but character, social position—aye, every-
thing which makes the man. But a few
years at least, and he may be found in prison
or the grave.

Less than half a century ago, an enthu-
siastic army of 70,000 men crossed the
French boundaries shouting to the returned
exile commander, "Live the Emperor!" In
a few days, that Emperor and that army
stood face to face against the allied armies
of Europe. It was a terrible moment—
Either Napoleon should march over that
field as Emperor of the whole world orering
an outlaw, in danger of life. The deadly
clash of arms kept the termination in doubt.
Soon he was seen flying from the field; the
game of the world had been played, and he
had lost it.

Ah! this losing it is a sad, sometimes an
awful thing. Look at that old man, tot-
tering along; his form is bent, his step un-
steady, his speech not clear. Let us talk
to him—may he be old, let us hear him talk.
He tells a sad story. "Once I was as young
and sunny as you, my friends. I had my
wealth, a loving, happy family, a pleasant
home. Misfortune came; my wealth was
lost—lost it. I strove hard; I laboured
incessantly to retrieve my broken fortunes;
but when I lost my money I lost my influ-
ence, and my business facilities. A few
years, and the curved wine cup, the gam-
bler's den, were my only friends. My re-
putation—that priceless jewel. Oh! God,
I lost it. Lost it, never to be regained; for
the broken way may indeed be mended, but
it still leaves marks of its fracture which
tell observers the story of its breaking."
That loving family were lost not to them-
selves, but to me. My no longer claim me
as theirs. My mind, my health, my ener-
gies, my very soul is lost, irrevocably lost!
And soon I, too, will be lost, not mis-
sented, but forgotten. I saw, when the
death seal was upon her brow, but the sweet
face was unaltered, and seemed all too
lovely for the grave.

How the shadows lengthen as the years
pass on! With each added day, methinks
the link is broken, and an earthly light goes
out.

For many weeks the shadow of death
has hovered o'er a home, whose dwellers
seem as kindred dead. The youngest one,
who is their joy and ours, bearing a name
dearer than the life of a king, has been
dropped almost to earth. We thought the
little lamb of the flock would soon be folded
in the arms of the Good Shepherd. I trust
she may be spared, and yet we know not
what we do for evermore, and the angel light
upon the brow, that the many sorrows earth
has garnered, and the shade its griefs may
cast there.

FROM GRANVILLE.

The many gratifying testimonials, which
you have recently received, in your edito-
rial labours, are proofs abundant, of the ver-
acity among our people, of such a period-
ical as *The Provincial Wesleyan*. Its hallow-
ed influence is sensibly felt in this locality,
and it is fast winning its way to public
favor. Its weekly visits are anxiously
looked for; it is come to us as the harbinger
of "good tidings," and among its conten-
tories, it occupies the advanced post.
Perhaps there never was a time, when its
visits were more needed. I never saw
wider-mindedness and cold indifference,
occupying a more prominent position in our
society, than they do at the present time.—
Yet amidst all these discouragements, we have
much to be thankful for, and with the pro-
phet, we will rejoice in the God of our Sal-
vation. The year which has just passed
away, has been one of many mercies. A
bountiful Providence, has been lavish in its
gifts to the husbandman; and all branches
of industry, seems emerging from the
depression of former years. Amidst so
much worldly prosperity, the cause of God
languishes: it is indifferently supported; and
by many of our people, I fear, as a matter
of expediency, and not as a matter of belief.
Every Wesleyan Methodist should bear in
mind, that the Wesleyan Missionary, aban-
doning all other means of support, he provides
neither gold, nor silver, nor brass in his
pocket; derives the whole of his time to the
duties of his vocation; and goes forth in the
name of the Lord. It is well known, that,
in some of our circuits, we had but con-
siderable financial difficulties to grapple with;
but since the District Meeting has enjoined
the payment of our class and ticket con-
tributions, we consider that the dawn of a
brighter day is at hand. The *Provincial
Wesleyan*, is one of the channels, by the
blessing of God through which, the Church
is to be renovated; and the influence of
John Wesley's Methodism, extended and per-
petuated; and while we bid you God speed
in your labour of love, we consider the day
not distant, when the infant shoots of Meth-
odism, will emerge from the chilling in-
differences and depression of former years, and
become a mighty tree, whose spreading
branches, shall afford peaceful shelter to
tens of thousands of happy worshippers,
even in British North America.
Yours, &c. J. M.
Granville, Feb'y. 14th, 1853.

"Our Neighbours."

Sitting by the window I look out on a
cluster of dwellings, which in themselves
form a little world. Homes, which are ever
changing, but remembering them from early
childhood, how many pleasant memories
link them all together. Many a night, and
shade the interstices of former years, and
become a mighty tree, whose spreading
branches, shall afford peaceful shelter to
tens of thousands of happy worshippers,
even in British North America.
Yours, &c. J. M.
Granville, Feb'y. 14th, 1853.

We try to say "God's will be done," and
if it be to take her home, a dearer she shall
link us to the heaven of love.

Changed, and changing daily, may we
when the last great change shall come, be
found, not one missing, numbered with the
just, who shall continue in glory.
Baltimore, February, 1853. ORIA.

Home Thoughts.

There is a spot of earth's surface, bright,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Oh! thou shalt find, however thy footsteps roam,
That spot thy country, and that spot thy home.

In this land of shadows, amid all the
dreams of life, how many precious traces and
forebodings of our immortality cling
around the earthly, veiling for a moment all
the cold and mocking pagantry of a heart-
less world, and giving to the trembling spirit
one glimpse of the pure glory of heaven—
Such are all the fond and sacred memories
that bind us to our homes—stamped upon the
notes of the war-clan floated on the waves,
around the deep hidden affections of our nature,
and amid the fulfil and wrought spirit
of after life, flash back upon the worn scene
of all the vividness of early youth, pointing
after that "home that never changes."

How we pleasantly come back in picture of
an olden home away. It stood near a picture
of the blue waters made glad music, half-bidden
in embowering green, and in the glorious
summer-time the woodbine flung its tendrils
over all its walls. It was very beautiful to
look on, and there gathered in the evening
low, my dearest friends and sisters, whose
voices gladdened board and hearth. Lovingly
they journeyed on life's pilgrimage together,
till

"Fare, with streams in her bow,
Away and woe the cruel waves,
I'll break those bonds no more."

Then one, with the dew of the morning on
his brow, cast a wistful glance to the sunny
plains of the South, where the thriving
notes of the war-clan floated on the waves,
and casting far away the silken cords that
lettered him to home, "he rushed to glory of
the grave." Months passed on, he, for
whom the prayer went up through midnight's
breathless gloom, "came not, but at last a long
low wailing cry came from the waters, that
told the son and brother was not. The
mother raised her meek, tearful eyes to
heaven, and the white-haired father bowed
his head in silence, and the young hearts
that yearned so fondly for his coming mourn-
ed long and bitterly. Thus, one by one,
the young bloods fled since then, and the
centre. Years have fled since then, and
now where are they? Some are yet dwell-
ers on the shores of time, while others have
crossed the swiftings of Jordan, and "shak-
ing the water-drops from their pinions, have
entered the bright home of many mansions."
Some sleep peacefully in the old church-
yard, some are tottering on the burning plains
of India, one slumbers in a far off rock of the
deep, and one

"The way, the blue line on her path,
He was the fairest flower of all, yet none
He for the best man we know."
"Ami paritid this thy rest, thy prayer
When the same grave tree,
Whose shadow breeds the sleep, they played
Around our parent knee."

But there is a home that shall never, never
change. Centuries have rolled away with-
out a shadow on its brightness, and though
"earth hath not heard" its deep songs of joy,
still the music of those songs echoes now
solemnly, as joyously, as it did eight hun-
dred years ago, when the hermit of Patmos
caught their rapturous tones, and the chorus
was—"Alleluia, the Lord God Omnipotent
reigneth."
February 10th, 1853.

FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.

A Passing Notice.

In a late *Visitor* there appears a communi-
cation from the pen of Mr. Demill, which in
accordance with my convictions of duty, and
inasmuch some notice—not so much on account
of its weight against Infant Baptism, as on
account of the spirit in which it is evidently
written.

He begins by stating as his reason for
entering the field of controversy, that some-
body had imputed improper motives to him,
as the reason of his leaving the Episcopal
Church. Now this may or may not be true.
It true it is not equal in tergite or in-
justice to the course pursued by his Brethren,
who have been more than justly censured
from "the Immersed Church," as "adding
unto God's words," teaching for doctrine
the commandments of men," "shrinking from
the cross," and as governed by pride, into
which I am sorry to perceive Mr. Demill has
himself fallen. I shall not, however, quarrel
with him. Besides there has not been an in-
stance of a member of the Church to which
the Immersed belongs, or of a child of
parents who hold to immersion, joining
another Church, that has not been grossly
accused of false motives, and ambition.
At least within my own knowledge—I can
point to instances where parents have been
desire to hinder their children from being
baptized according to the Wesleyan mode,
and to others where the sincerity and piety
of such, have been questioned and disavow-
ed for some years by their unhappy parents,
under the blinding influence of bigotry. But
Mr. Demill thinks that such treatment
wards him is so hard and injurious, as to
demand his ostracism, on the readers of the
Visitor, of an article against the conscienti-
ous practice of believers, equally pious, and
equally worthy of respect with himself, and
the article in question then goes on to
state, that he abandoned the Episcopal
Church, because he could not bring "a single
proof" (from scripture in favour of Infant
Baptism, when asked for one by his son—
Surely this was hastily written, for several
things are implied in the statement which
I have in the Immersed in an awkward position.
First, he must appear to many readers as
very little acquainted with the word of God,
or as incapable of weighing scriptural evi-
dence. Secondly, it implies that it was not
a conversion in his heart that led him to
leave the Episcopal Church, but a change in
sentiment. Thirdly, it intimates that Mr. Demill holds
that a want of what to him may appear
scriptural proof for a religious practice, is a
sufficient reason for his leaving one, and
seeking admission into another Church, and
first officer states that his end was peaceful

of his son should ask me to morrow for
a passage of scripture, sanctioning such com-
munion against all Christians who are not
immersed, and proving the validity of the
demand for the relation of an experience in
order to Church fellowship, and he fails to
do it, and he is found to join the open com-
munion "Baptized Church."

The most unexceptionable part of Mr.
Demill's letter is that which contains the
passages of scripture on Baptism, from
which it is easy to perceive some which
assert the baptism of infants, and he fails to
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FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.

The Home of the Soul.

"Religion is the home of the soul."
—*Am. The Meeting of the Waters.*

The Home of the Soul. In the struggle of life,
Where, where shall the spirit find lasting
rest, peace, and the bliss that allures,
From the cars that perplex, and the grief that
destroys,
From the vain and the worldly, how blest
That calm haven to seek that religion bestows,
From the cars that perplex, and the grief that
destroys,
From the vain and the worldly, how blest
That calm haven to seek that religion bestows,

Education and Methodism.

Is light inconsistent with heat? Do they
not originate from the same source? We
know that science lacks the element of moral
spiritual power. But that that would
render it at least harmless. But how can that,
that knowing more of the works and
ways of God, be diminished of reverence,
or of love, for him and his cause? Was
Paul any less devoted, any less ardent—nay,
most enthusiastic because he had been
educated at the feet of Gamaliel? Was
Wesley less pious, because he was more
learned? Was a Fisk—whose name has
left a precious fragrance behind him, and
whose memory is like ointment poured forth
—was he less heavenly-minded, less ardent,
because his soul had drunk deep and im-
bibed draughts from the welling fountains of
human learning? Was Adam Clarke less
zealous in religion, because, "having separat-
ed himself, he sought to intermeddle with
all wisdom?" May not the history of
Methodism yet embrace the solution of these
two great problems: First, demonstrating
the world that there is no antagonism—not
merely between science and the general
aspects of Christianity—but none between
science and the highest form of religious
faith and experience; and also, that our
problem, lying still farther back in the region

Education and Methodism.

of spiritual life, that the highest form of
intellectual and social culture, is perfectly
consistent with the highest and the holiest
development of ardent zeal, and the deepest
fervour of religious emotion?

I cannot doubt that that Methodist will
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Education and Methodism.

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This question has been asked me repeat-
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