

course of a few hours afterwards, he quietly breathed his last, aged eighty-two years.

The Rev T. Pennington, having visited him in his last affliction, has furnished the following statement—

"I had several conversations with the late John Patrick during his last illness. I found him to be a most intelligent and happy Christian. He was evidently well-instructed in the way of the Lord; and there existed a richness and a glow about his religious experience which showed that he walked closely with God, and there found rest for his soul. During my interviews with him, I saw exemplified a happy union of deep humility and rapturous joy. He said, he felt himself to be the chief of sinners, a sinner and guilty worm. But he had a Saviour, Christ was his, and in Christ he both gloried and shouted for joy. 'O,' he said, 'I like to hear that song which ascribes glory to the Lamb. It is an old song of mine. I sing it yet: I shall sing it for ever.' Some of the observations which he made while I was with him were very striking. On one occasion he alluded to a sermon which he heard while 'seeking the Lord.' He said, 'It was a pretty sermon; it was about heaven. The Preacher told us what a very fine place it was: there was a fine crown, a fine throne, fine angels, fine hymns, fine walls. I thought I should like to get into that place. But he forgot to tell us, that there was a door into heaven. He did not tell us how we were to get in. Here was a fine place, with walls all round, and no road into it. I went away in a dark and disappointed frame.' This old disciple, however, was not in the dark when he came to die. He saw then, that the door was open for him; and after he had referred to the sermon in question, he quoted this passage of holy writ: 'For so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.'

"During my visits to him, he several times adverted with great pleasure and gratitude to those pious persons who, in his early religious life, took him by the hand, and led him to Christ, and with whom he first united in church-fellowship. He seemed to feel that same respect and love which Paul expresses to his 'companions in distress,' and his seniors in the faith, when, in his Epistle to the Romans, he writes, 'Salute Andronicus and Junia, my kinsmen, and my fellow-prisoners, who are of note among the Apostles, who also were in Christ before me.'

"One day, advertent to the divine faithfulness, he said, 'Great is the faithfulness of my God. It is nearly sixty years since I came to him. He gave me then a large bunch of promises, a note on demand. He told me to come to him when I wanted anything. What times I have been since then! Thousands of times! But I never went on vain. I found the bank to be good. It never stopped payment.'

"When I last saw him, I reminded him of the intercession of Christ. He said, 'O, yes; Christ is in heaven. He entered there with his own blood. Yes; he continued his intercession with his own blood: there is no deceit here! You know that the brethren of Joseph took the lad's coat, and dipped it in the blood of a kid: they took it to the old man, and he thought it was the blood of Joseph. But this is the blood of the true Joseph, which still speaketh in heaven; the blood of the real Son of the Father that sprinkles the throne of grace.' Thus did our departed friend enjoy 'perfect peace' in his last sickness. He was manifestly ripe for heaven."

Thus far Mr. Pennington's statement goes. A young lady, nearly related to one of our Ministers, now well known on both sides of the Atlantic, who took great delight in his company, and frequently visited him, has furnished the following reminiscences of this faithful and deeply experienced servant of Christ:—

"When I called to see him, a few weeks before his last illness, he said, 'I have been asking myself, Where is my dependence? What are my expectations beyond a few months of possible continuance here? And, glory be to God, I find that my soul is anchored within the veil. I have not a doubt of it. There is no name given under heaven amongst men, but the name of Jesus; and I want no other. I have come to him, a poor, wretched sinner; and he will not reject me.' I asked, if he needed mercy now, as much as at the beginning. 'Yes,' he instantly replied, 'for every moment. There never was one notion of my

life, that I can now look at it, I see, all is mercy; but what a beauty there is in those words, 'Ye are complete in him!' I am a great sinner; but I take the prayer of the poor thief on the cross, 'Lord, remember me! I have been thinking on that promise, 'Then shall the righteous shine as the sun, in the kingdom of their Father.' I look, and am dazzled; but I cannot see to the end of it, and I shall not, till Christ says, 'Come up higher.' One foggy morning, he exclaimed significantly, 'There are clouds and mists; but it will brighten, it must brighten. The infirmities of age are coming thick upon me: I have not been out for some time; but before long I shall go to my Father's house. You know I am not at home yet, though it is not far off. Only a step, from this poor, broken-down body, to the mansion preparing for me!' In answer to some inquiries respecting his age, he said, 'O, I may say, I am a wonder to many; a monument of mercy; and how sweet to know, that heaven is so near! When we took leave, he said, 'Remember, the night cometh: hold on your way. Watch unto prayer, and the end will be glory. You will find life a warfare to the last.' I said, 'You can say, I have fought the good fight.' He replied, 'I can unhesitatingly say, I know that my Redeemer liveth. Christ has fought for me. It is all of grace; and I shall shout, 'Victory!' through the blood of the Lamb.' The next time we called, he said, 'Yet saw I never the righteous forsaken. I am just waiting till my change come; and I am not alone, the Spirit of God is with me. The Lord himself has stood by me, saying, 'Be of good cheer.' At another time, he said, 'You cannot think what a comfort that promise has been to my mind, 'The God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly.' Yes,' he continued, 'he was bruised at my conversion, and has never since quite overcome me; and now he is to be trodden under foot. What a mercy!' Then, alluding to a conversation he had had with a Deist just before his illness, he said, 'But I know whom I have believed. What a pity, what a pity, that he will not be persuaded even to wish for happiness! O that mine head were waters, and mine eyes fountains of tears; for I could weep day and night for their sins, and for my own too. But nothing that defileth shall enter there,' said he, looking upward: 'there shall be an eternal separation from sinners. Yes, we must part at the end of the journey. Heaven would not be heaven to me, if there were not two places. The blackest night is not so dark as the unconverted heart; but the sun of the redeemed shall no more go down.' The last time we saw him, when he was able to converse, he said, 'I believe I have had an increase of faith.—Every promise seems like a sun to my soul. All is firm as a rock. How beautiful is it to get a near view of the Father, Son, and Spirit, all united for our salvation! Our fellowship is with the adorable Trinity.' I said, 'But a little while, and faith will be lost in sight.' 'O yes,' he exclaimed: 'he has brought me nearly to the gates of the city. My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.' I asked him, if he felt no fear at the thought of the grave; when, after a pause, he said,

Where shall the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head?

And I have the promise that, when the earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved, I have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' I reminded him of the cheering words of St. Peter, 'Knowing that the same afflictions are accomplished in your brethren that are in the world.' He immediately rejoined, 'Ah, it is encouraging to think how many are landed beyond the reach of the accuser of the brethren: they have endured the cross, and they now wear the crown.' He often quoted from the hymn, beginning, 'Jesus, thy blood and righteousness,' &c., and remarked with pleasure upon the circumstance, that it was the last hymn which he was permitted to sing in the temple below. His joy was, that, before long, he should take up the same glorious theme, and continue it eternally in the temple above."

Wesleyan Methodism.

THE WESLEYANS VINDICATED, &c.
A DIALOGUE (CONCLUDED).

Churchman.—I perceive that the quota-

tion from Magellan's voyage is not from the Rev. John Angell James, to prove that the ministrations of the Methodist Preachers are "a heap of dulness."

Methodist.—Yes; and the proof is very curious. Mr. James is a Calvinistic Independent; and he is describing, not the public religious services of any class of Ministers, whatever, but the prayer-meetings of his own community. Now, how the dulness of a Dissenting prayer-meeting proves the incompetency of a Methodist Preacher to conduct the worship of God in an edifying manner, it would require a wiser man than your Clergyman to show. This is a new edition of the old tale concerning 'Ponterden steeple, and the Goodwin sands. A hackney-coachman would laugh at such logic as this.

Churchman.—And very justly, I confess. But what have you to say concerning the next two charges which are preferred against the whole body of your Ministers? They are these:—"No bond of union exists among the Methodists, between Ministers and people. The flock have no shepherd; the shepherd has no stated flock. He itinerates from place to place, knowing nothing of the people amongst whom he goes, either as it regards their spiritual knowledge, or their personal attainments."—"No sick among the Methodists are regularly visited by the Minister. Appalling as the fact is, it will be found, on inquiry, that the sick, even of their own community, are rarely visited by their Ministers."

Methodist.—These are serious allegations. Let us see whether this can be proved. How many Wesleyan Ministers do you think there are in Great Britain?

Churchman.—I am unable to conjecture.

Methodist.—There are eight hundred and sixty-eight, besides one hundred and thirty Supernumerary and Superannuated Ministers. A large proportion of these men are married, and have children. Now, how do you think they and their families are supported?

Churchman.—By the voluntary contributions of the societies, I understand.

Methodist.—Exactly so. Our Ministers have no tithes; no glebelands; no Queen Anne's bounty; and they want none. They and their families are supported by the societies, whose free contributions are presented both weekly and quarterly for this object. The members of society in Great Britain are two hundred and ninety-three thousand and one hundred and thirty-two. Now I would ask any man of ordinary capacity, whether it is probable that nearly three hundred thousand people would unite permanently to support a thousand Ministers, when "no bond of union," either civil or religious, "existed between" the parties? It "twelve or thirteen sermons are a sufficient stock for a Methodist Preacher;" if even these "are very meagre, and have a great sameness;" if the "Methodists, as a body, must necessarily be ill-taught, ill-fed, and never built up on our most holy faith;" and if their Ministers are so indifferent to the spiritual interests of the societies, as to treat them with almost total neglect, both in health and sickness;—all of which things your Clergyman positively declares;—I ask, in the name of common sense, why their people thus support them? The absurdity of all this is increased, when it is recollected that, according to the writer of this pamphlet, the established church is all perfection. Its doctrines are so true, that they were never "controverted;" its ministry and order, "apostolical;" and all its services just what they ought to be. The Methodist societies and congregations support, at a vast expense, a ministry from which they derive no benefit, and for which they can have no respect! and they neglect a ministry which gratuitously offers them the highest religious advantages! The man who can believe all this, had he been in London about the middle of the last century, would certainly have paid his shilling to see a conjuror cork himself up in a quart bottle. Let your Clergyman have written all the wise intelligence; and the "British Magazine" calls upon the Clergy and people of England to unite to give it circulation. Mercy on us! whatever will become of Methodism! It must be shivered to atoms, like the French fleet under the operation of Nelson's cannon, by the force of such argument as this!

Churchman.—If you have no objection, Sir, we will conclude our conversation. The evening is exceedingly advanced; and to confess the truth, I am weary of the subject. Direct falsehood, and palpable absurdity, meet us at every step. O, all

vices, that of lying is, on my account, the most hateful and disgusting; particularly the Antinomianism of lying for God and religion. Never, I trust, shall I forget the impression made upon my mind in early life, by that fine summary of moral duty, contained in the Catechism of our own Church, in which I was taught, while "keep my hands from lying and stealing," to "keep my tongue from evil speaking, lying, and slandering."

Methodist.—I regret to say that I cannot accede to your proposal. I consented to engage in this conversation at your request, and therefore have a right to require that the whole subject shall be reviewed. Besides, it would be unjust to your Clergyman not to hear him out. The pamphlet is an ugly toad; but we may find a jewel in dissecting its head.

Churchman.—I will then read the last charge against you. It is this:—"Many of the practices of the Methodists are opposed to Scripture, foster pride and party-spirit, tend to enslave the people, and promote self-conceit and hypocrisy." You perceive the writer's spirit does not at all soften.—He endeavours to substantiate the several parts of this charge by referring to lay preaching; the preaching of women; and the institution of class and band-meetings. I shall be glad to hear your remarks upon these subjects.

Methodist.—I could say much concerning them; but at present my observations shall be brief. The word, "layman" is one of the most ambiguous terms in theology; and is therefore exactly suited to such writers as this pamphleteer. To decide who is a "layman," it is necessary to ascertain who is a true Minister of the Lord Jesus. The Church of Rome contends that this is the exclusive character of her hierarchy; and there is not a Popish Priest who would not boldly pronounce every Protestant Clergyman in England, from the Archbishop of Canterbury, to the humblest Curate, a mere "layman," unable to administer the true sacraments of the church; a usurper, whose ministrations are "unauthorized" and "irregular." A high Episcopalian, like the writers of the "Oxford Tracts," contends that all are "laymen" who have not received ordination from a Bishop, in what is called the true line of "succession from the Apostles." In this sense I suppose it is, that the writer of the pamphlet before us uses the word, when he calls the Methodist Ministers "laymen." But then, to be consistent with himself, he must for the same reason pronounce all those persons "laymen" who have only received Presbyterian ordination. And this is the case with all the Ministers of the Church of Scotland; with the Ministers of the Reformed Churches of Holland, France, and Switzerland; and with a large proportion of the Lutheran Clergy. To be placed in such company, can be a dishonour to no man, and to no body of men. The Wesleyan Ministers are "separated to the Gospel of God" from all secular employments. After due trial they have received their appointments from men who were in the ministry before them; and that with the full concurrence of the societies over whom they sustain the pastoral office. With this appointment both they and their people are justly satisfied. Your Clergyman says that every Minister in our body is a "layman;" and the same compliment is paid to himself by every Popish Priest that he happens to meet.

Leaving these grave men to settle their dispute, I would observe that there are, I fear, more "irregular and unauthorized teachers" in the world than many people imagine. Jesus Christ knew that they would arise in every age; and he has warned his disciples against them. His words are these: "Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves. Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire. Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them." (Matt. vii. 15—30.) By this test I am willing that the credentials of our Ministers should be tried. If their spirit and conduct are Christian, and their ministry is a means of turning men from the "S" and practice