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The Dying Prodigal Forgiven.

I am dying now,
Death wears his pale pinnac over me—
Palid and dim, with glazing eyes, I see
His salubrious brow.

Now other shapes fit by—
His fading outline I no longer trace—
His fair and bright I see my mother's face,
As when I saw her die.

Thanks! mighty Saviour, thanks!
She does not weep as once, when slumbering
In sinful dreams, her face disturb'd my sleep—
For this, my Saviour! thanks!

Yes! I am dying now!
But death no longer brings despair to me—
The face of my redeeming Lord I see—
And glory lights his brow.

Now darkness veils my sight—
Yet I can fix my inward eye on His
Who sits enthron'd between the cherubim,
And there is no more night.

The visions of the past,
Can haunt me now no more—my soul is free,
From all those mazes of iniquity
Which once throng'd thick and fast.

But brighter forms fit by,
My thoughts remount the river of my years—
Love reigns alone, and there are no more fears,
Since Christ my Lord is nigh!

Once man, and always God—
Thou didst disarm the Strong one of his sting,
I tread secure beneath thy shadowing wing,
The path which thou once trod.

My soul is full of light,
The dreams of early days are growing dim—
Methinks I hear creation's choral hymn,
When fled the primal night.

The burning thirst for home
Is quenched within my breast, I pant no more
For England, my own England's chalk-white
Shore.

Amid the ocean's fountains,
And though I lay me down
In a strange land to sleep, and no one nigh
With friendly hand to clove my dying eye,
Or soothe death's chilling frown.

There is now no thorn
In thoughts that tell me I may never sleep
Beside my Father—earth my dust will keep
Till Resurrection's morn.

The flowers that spring
Amid the meadows of my early days,
The honeysuckle cottage, where the lays
Of summer birds were sung.

The dark, deep eye
The clinging look that burnt upon my cheek,
The eloquent look, so sad, so sweetly meek,
The breath of that last sigh.

The blessing of my sire,
The hand that trembled as my reckless head,
The weaver's hand that his brow o'erspread,
Oh! these can never expire!

My mother's voice,
Her will embrace—these things can never die—
I feel them, and rejoice!

But dreams of home—
Of happiness, of health, of earthly fame,
Oh, never more such thoughts, like lava flames,
To vex my soul shall come!

But that which cannot die—
Bright visions of the unutter'd, unrevolv'd—
Of that from all but dying saints conceal'd,
Are beckoning me on high.

Light dazzles me—I see
My Father's house in heaven—the pilgrim's goal,
Is opened to receive my blood-washed soul—
Saviour! I come to thee!

Spread forth thine arms abroad,
As through the brittle glass ebb life's last sand—
Fearless I give my spirit to thy hand,
My Saviour and my God!

W. McK.
Sydney, C. B., January, 1853.

Perpetuity of Methodism.

BY THE REV. DANIEL WISE, A. M.

The following excellent article, from the pen of the present Editor of *Zion's Herald*, is worthy of the consideration of every Wesleyan Methodist. The reference to the appointing or stationing power, applies more to our brethren in the United States than to the Wesleyans of these Provinces. Methodism was born a child, small but lusty, beautiful and promising. Its infancy was spent amid cold, storm, and poverty; but it grew—grew rapidly; grew, in spite of harsh treatment, to robust childhood. And now, though still youthful, its stately and gigantic form arrests the attention of the world. Its history stands out before the world in peerless grandeur—for never has Christian organization in like circumstances accomplished so much in the same space of time, the vast amount of spiritual good which has been done by Methodism during the last century.

Still there is a class of persons who delight to exhibit their wisdom and foresight by predicting the early decay, if not the utter downfall, of this great system of usefulness. Fixing their eyes on some of its most unique features, and comparing them with popular ideas, they predict a disastrous issue for our beloved church. Has this prediction any justifiable foundation? Are the elements of dissolution to be found in Methodism? The most obvious features of our system to a worldly eye are, I believe, the itinerant habits of our ministry, and the surrender of the right of choice, in respect to a pastor and a sphere of labour, on the part of churches and preachers, to the appointing power. "The people," say our opponents, "will not always submit to these changes. They will not consent to take whoever your Bishops may choose to send them; and the pastors will not always submit their rights and interests to the will of their equals."

Viewing these propositions with a merely human eye, I shall say that they are true. There will be a reaction of the people upon the system, and it will break into a thousand fragments. For it is a severe trial of feeling to be compelled to surrender a pastor in the very moment of his greatest success, and to take another concerning whose qualifications, piety and tastes they know nothing. And to a minister of the Gospel there is no greater sacrifice than that absolute surrender of will in relation to his sphere of labour which is made by a Methodist travelling preacher. To a man whose sense of responsibility to God is strong and keen, I know of nothing in the way of sacrifice so great as this yielding of one's own judgment, choice and will, concerning his field of labour that our system requires; and viewing the system with a worldly eye, I shall candidly predict its final failure.

But no man of sense, no Christian mind will view it thus. Methodism refuses to submit to the test of worldly principles, to be judged of by worldly and selfish feelings. Methodism is a system aiming at just, spiritual ends, actuated by spiritual conceptions, and moved by the force of a spiritual faith. Viewed thus, who can discover signs of its downfall? Who can discover the elements of decay? We challenge the proof of their existence with the utmost fearlessness.—Thank God, they are not yet to be found.

There is only one thing that can destroy Methodism. Its itinerancy, its appointing power properly employed, are its safeguards, its securities; not its weakness. What, then, is the force that can rend it to pieces? I answer, nothing less than the apostasy of its members and ministry from the life of faith! As a system it stands on the admission that its subjects, both clergy and laity, are devoted to God. Methodism takes it for granted that it has to deal with spiritual and renewed persons whose chief aim is to glorify God, and not to please themselves. This is its grand foundation principle. From its class meetings to its Episcopate it presumes the piety of its subjects.

Who, for example, is its class member? A person loving the form and seeking the power of godliness! Who are its class leaders, stewards and exhorters? Men whose hearts are so astir with the love of souls, that they cheerfully give their labours for the good of souls! Who are its travelling ministers? Men moved by the Holy Ghost to seek the salvation of the world in the most efficient sphere of action! Who are the bishops? Men who are supposed to be actuated by a sole purpose to glorify God in the exercise of the tremendous responsibilities placed in their hands! The duties of every preacher and functionary of Methodism pre-supposes the piety of each.

Now with piety in its ministry and membership, Methodism has stood the trials and storms of a century. It roared a monarchy, in its republics, in its colonies, among slaves, amidst the refinement of the Londoner and the brutality of the Hotentot, it has had its trial—it has passed the ordeal of fire, and not an element of the system has lost its force. In defiance of insult, neglect, and opposition, it has won its way from its humble beginnings in Moorfield and Bristol, to the front rank of Protestant Christian sects.

But should the piety of our church decline, her doom would be sealed. Woe to Methodism when the power of godliness departs from her midst. Then will the predictions of her enemies be fulfilled. Like the ancient church, we stand in God. Our very system stands in the faith of its adherents. If we forsake God we die, we crumble to decay.

What, for instance, would become of our itinerancy if our bishops and ministers were to lose the power of faith? What man would submit his rights and interests to an equal, unless he was animated by a purpose to glorify God, unless the principle of selfishness was so far subdued as to shield personal interests to claims of a system of unparalleled usefulness? And could any but a very pious man perform the duties of a bishop? I see nothing that can satisfy either minister or people in yielding the matter of appointment to the will of a Bishop, but that he will aim to promote the interests of Christ and not to please himself. All parties must feel satisfied that he is a good man, or they cannot feel safe. But let the Episcopal chair be filled by worldly Bishops, and the ministers and people see that the selfish feelings, the will—that, in a word, the judgment of an unanimated man is to settle the great question, and they will revolt. Corresponding necessities of the system also require the exercise of piety in the people. And I repeat my statement, that Methodism cannot stand without piety. Her apostasy, either in the ministry or membership, would be her destruction.

Blessed be God, that hitherto our church has stood in the faith of Christ. She does still. Our Bishops are men of tried and unquestionable piety; our ministry, as a body, are God-fearing men, and our people are, as a whole, cleaving to the Lord. Let us then, thank God and take courage. Let us learn that the surest way to perpetuate Methodism is to live wholly unto God. The backslider, the formalist, the lukewarm and the hypocrite, are the elements of our destruction; the only real, dangerous enemies to the perpetuity of Methodism, and from these may the church be delivered.—*Zion's Herald*.

Earthly Care a Heavenly Discipline.

The following article is from the pen of Mrs. HARRIET BECHER STOWE.

Hence, too, comes a coldness and general, and wandering of mind in prayer, the things that are on the heart—that are distracting the mind—that have filled the heart so full that there is no room for anything else, are all considered too small and undignified to come within the pale of a prayer; and so, with a wandering mind, and a distracted heart, the Christian offers up his prayer for things which he thinks he ought not to mention, and makes no mention of those which he does. He prays that God would pour out his Spirit upon the heathen, and convert the world, and build up his kingdom everywhere, when perhaps a whole set of little anxieties, and wants and vexations, are distracting his thoughts; that he hardly knows what he has been saying. A faithful servant is wasting his property—a careless

or blundering workman has spoiled a lot of goods—a child is vexatious or unruly—a friend has made promises, and failed to keep them—an acquaintance has made unjust remarks, and he has been wronged in the household; but all this trouble forms no subject-matter for prayer; though there it is, all the while lying like lead on the heart, and keeping it down so that it has no power to expand and take in anything else. But were God so concerned, and regarded as the soul's familiar friend, every trouble of the heart, as it rises, would be breathed into his bosom; were it felt that there is not one of the smallest of life's troubles that has not been permitted by him, and permitted for specific good purposes to the soul, how much more would these be felt, how constant, how daily might it become—how it might settle and clear the atmosphere of the soul—how it might so dispose and lay away many anxieties which now take up their abode in the heart, that they might give room for the higher thoughts and aspirations of religion.

Many sensitive and fastidious natures are worn away by the constant friction of what are called little troubles. Without any great affliction, they feel that all the flower and sweetness of their life is faded, their eye grows dim, their cheek careworn, and their spirit loses hope and elasticity, and becomes bowed with premature age, and in the midst of tangible and physical comfort they are restless and unhappy. The constant undercurrent of little cares and vexations, which is slowly wearing on the fibres of life, is seen by no one—scarce ever do they speak of these things to their nearest friends. Yet were there a friend of a spirit so discerning as to feel and sympathize in all these things, how much of this repressed electric restlessness would pass off through such a sympathetic mind.

Yet among human friends this is all but impossible for minute as so diverse that what is a trial and a care to one, is a matter of sport and amusement to another; and all the inner world breathed into a human ear, only excites a surprised or contemptuous pity. Who, for example, is its class member? A person loving the form and seeking the power of godliness! Who are its class leaders, stewards and exhorters? Men whose hearts are so astir with the love of souls, that they cheerfully give their labours for the good of souls! Who are its travelling ministers? Men moved by the Holy Ghost to seek the salvation of the world in the most efficient sphere of action! Who are the bishops? Men who are supposed to be actuated by a sole purpose to glorify God in the exercise of the tremendous responsibilities placed in their hands! The duties of every preacher and functionary of Methodism pre-supposes the piety of each.

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Suppose in some bright vision unfolding to our view, in tranquil evening or solemn midnight, the glorified spirit of some departed friend should appear to us with the announcement, "This year is to be to you one of especial probation and discipline, in that you are to perfecting you for the heavenly state. Weigh well and consider every incident of your daily life, for not one shall fall out by accident, but such one is to be a finished and indispensable link in a bright chain that is to draw you upward to the spirit."

With what new earnestness would we now look on our daily life, and if we found in it the same old cares, the same perplexities, the same uninteresting drudgeries still—with what new meaning would every incident be invested, and with what other and sublimer spirit could we meet them? What is announced by one rising from the dead, with the visible glory of a spiritual world, this truth could be asserted no more clearly and distinctly than Jesus Christ has stated it already. Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without our Father—not one of them is forgotten by him—and we are of more value than many sparrows—yea, even the hairs of our head are all numbered. Not till belief in these declarations, in their most literal sense, becomes the calm and settled habit of the soul, is life ever redeemed from drudgery and dreary emotions, and made full of interest, meaning, and divine significance.

Not till then do its greivous vanities, its wearings, its stinging vexations, become to us ministering spirits—each one, by a silent and certain agency, fitting us for a higher and more perfect sphere.

Sincerity.

If there is any quality which exists at the same time our confidence and love, it is sincerity. Other traits may dazzle us for a time, and excite admiration by their brilliancy, but this has something which continues to interest, long after superficial attractions have ceased to fascinate.

"An honest man's the noblest work of God." This truth finds an echo in every breast. Watch such a man in his dealings with the world. See him as he pursues his path, straight onward, in spirit, and many intricate and devious ways which might lead him more speedily to fortune's goal. Other, by some slight deviation from perfect honesty, become suddenly rich, and look with compassionate interest upon their poor neighbour, who sacrifices wealth and honour, rather than obtain them at the expense of his own integrity. In business transactions, the shrewd knave laughs in his sleeve, as he thinks how much better and quicker he can fill the world with his music, furnish us with game, or raise pleasing ideas in us by the delightfulness of their appearance.—*Fountains, lakes and rivers are as refresh-*

ing as the soil through which they pass;" so that in a general or particular survey of creation, each devout mind may with the sacred bard appropriately say,

For the kind Nature wakes her genial power,
Suckles each son, and spreads out every flower
Annual for us the grass, the rose renew:
The Juice nectareous, and the balmy dew
For us the mine a thousand treasures brings,
For us the health-giving from a thousand springs.

Comfort for Mourners.

Child of sorrow, loth forlorn,
Whom the world hath long oppress'd,
Though by misery's storm overtaken,
Calm the tumult of thy breast.

Why this anguish?
Hither come, and sweetly rest!
Child of sorrow, hush thy wailing!
One there is who knows thy grief,
One whose mercy never failing,
Waits to give thy soul relief;

Wait, thy Saviour,
Faithful still—'tis friends the chief!
Child of sorrow, do they leave thee—
Those on whom thy hopes have staid?
Jesus calls, and will receive thee,
With a love can never fade;

Seek the home for sinners made!
Child of sorrow, tempest lowering
Hang around the clouds of care,
But thy Father's smile, o'erpowering,
Breathes the glow, and glads despair:
See thy Father
On the cloud his love prepare;

Child of sorrow, why do you dejected?
Own, approve my righteous will!
I suffer—'twere I proffer'd;
Chasten'd soul, be still: still!
Grace and mercy
Even thus my word fulfil!

Sir Isaac Newton's Mother.

Sir Isaac Newton, the great, the learned, and the good; who followed in the track of his illustrious predecessor, Sir Francis Bacon, styled by Walpole, "the prophetic arts which Newton was afterwards to reveal," was indebted to maternal solitude for the development of that genius which has never been surpassed, nor even equalled.

Unlike Lord Bacon, however, the immortal Newton had no illustrious father to pave the way for his son's celebrity; he had no learned and accomplished mother to direct his infant mind to principles of science, at the time when it was most susceptible of impressing them. He knew not the blessing of a father's encouragement, for it was the fate of this great philosopher to be a posthumous child, and so sickly and diminutive was he at birth, that little hope was entertained of preserving his life.

But Newton, though not blessed with learned parents, was a devoted and a Christian mother, whose sole aim and study was to sow the seeds of piety and virtue in his mind, and whose tender care preserved to us, under God's blessing, one destined to be the glory of his country and his race.

Sir Isaac Newton was born in 1642, and about the time he attained his fourth year his mother married, a clergyman; but she did not suffer this alliance to interfere with her duties to her son. When the watchful attention of maternal love had strengthened his feeble constitution, and her instruction had invigorated the dawning powers of his intellect, she sent him to school to be taught the classics; but having given him such few scholastic advantages as she considered sufficient for the inheritance of a small patrimony, she again withdrew him to his home to be initiated into the management of a farm, that, like his ancestors, he might be devoted to a country life. But, for the retirement thus afforded as a retreat to foster the reflective powers of his expanding mind—Newton perhaps had never been led to those contemplative habits which afterwards produced his immortal theory of universal gravitation; for though, at the instance of his father, he had been previously removed to Cambridge for mathematical instruction, yet the predisposition of the young philosopher for metaphysics was encouraged, if not originally induced, by that previous retirement, which was almost forced upon him by the prudence and affection of his anxious mother.

Great indeed, are the obligations of literature to the mother whose untiring watchfulness in infancy preserved the life of so great a man, and whose gentle way allowed him in childhood perfect freedom of thought and action, and the one point peculiarly appertained to a mother's care, the task of inculcating the truths of our holy religion—a task never more beautifully illustrated than by his mother; for Sir Isaac Newton died in the fullness of his days, and his life was a constant triumph of piety and science.

Then the clouds, besides bearing to us the fruitful showers, and screening us from the fervid rays of a summer's sun, are oft illuminated with the golden rays of a golden lamp in the heavens to pour his genial heat, and effulgent light o'er all the nations of the earth. And then, when the nightly shades prevail, the moon and stars shine in the firmament, and shed their light on the world, and fill our hearts with pleasure and joy.

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tion. In confirmation of these remarks, let the reader now attentively peruse the following paragraphs, containing Mr. Sawyer's remarks upon the passage above cited.

New Testament Incidents.

THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.

LAZARUS is dead. How young to die? Just in the prime of early manhood, with the flush of youth still glowing upon the cheek, and hopes most bright, the pale messenger draws nigh, and numbers another of earth's sons for the tomb. It is hard to die; for two loved ones must be left brotherless and alone; but, strong in hope, the dying saint whispers "They will be done," and the heart-stricken sisters faintly through their tears respond, "Amen!" Martha and Mary bending o'er the lifeless form of the loved one, now wrapped in the rest of the grave, weep as if their hearts would break, but they would not call him back to earth, for their loss is his gain. Ever and anon as the bier is lowered, the sisters are hushed to silence, they listen for the sound of familiar footsteps upon the threshold; but Jesus comes not. Calm, quiet evening, and then dawn bright, sunny morning; but the Saviour comes not.

The burial of Lazarus is at hand. Before the prime of early manhood, with the flush of youth still glowing upon the cheek, and hopes most bright, the pale messenger draws nigh, and numbers another of earth's sons for the tomb. It is hard to die; for two loved ones must be left brotherless and alone; but, strong in hope, the dying saint whispers "They will be done," and the heart-stricken sisters faintly through their tears respond, "Amen!" Martha and Mary bending o'er the lifeless form of the loved one, now wrapped in the rest of the grave, weep as if their hearts would break, but they would not call him back to earth, for their loss is his gain. Ever and anon as the bier is lowered, the sisters are hushed to silence, they listen for the sound of familiar footsteps upon the threshold; but Jesus comes not. Calm, quiet evening, and then dawn bright, sunny morning; but the Saviour comes not.

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tion. In confirmation of these remarks, let the reader now attentively peruse the following paragraphs, containing Mr. Sawyer's remarks upon the passage above cited.

The Course Pursued by Antipedo-Baptist Converters.

THE VISITOR OF THE 17TH DECEMBER HAS afforded me some relief in the midst of the discouragements attendant on the "herculean task" at present on my hands; inasmuch as it shows conclusively that this series of articles has secured a wider circle of readers than ordinary, including the Editor himself, corresponds, particularly in a certain direction; and better than this, by far, the medicine seems to operate. Several who have honoured me in the columns of the periodical, whose Editor "breathes in so eloquent a tongue," including the Editor himself, express themselves as in "pain." I remember, when a boy, hearing an old lady say that it was a sure sign, when her applications to a wound caused pain, that it was "killing the proof flesh." It is of little consequence to me, that the Editor himself, the medicine, and the physician; as if one was the greatest nuisance, and the other the greatest monster in the world. I look on and listen as calmly as the honest Quaker, who when a profane swearer was curing at a great rate, said to him very quietly,—"That's right, friend, put all out, they will never be any better until that nasty stuff is all out of thee."

Perpetuity of Methodism.

BY THE REV. DANIEL WISE, A. M.

The following excellent article, from the pen of the present Editor of *Zion's Herald*, is worthy of the consideration of every Wesleyan Methodist. The reference to the appointing or stationing power, applies more to our brethren in the United States than to the Wesleyans of these Provinces. Methodism was born a child, small but lusty, beautiful and promising. Its infancy was spent amid cold, storm, and poverty; but it grew—grew rapidly; grew, in spite of harsh treatment, to robust childhood. And now, though still youthful, its stately and gigantic form arrests the attention of the world. Its history stands out before the world in peerless grandeur—for never has Christian organization in like circumstances accomplished so much in the same space of time, the vast amount of spiritual good which has been done by Methodism during the last century.

Still there is a class of persons who delight to exhibit their wisdom and foresight by predicting the early decay, if not the utter downfall, of this great system of usefulness. Fixing their eyes on some of its most unique features, and comparing them with popular ideas, they predict a disastrous issue for our beloved church. Has this prediction any justifiable foundation? Are the elements of dissolution to be found in Methodism? The most obvious features of our system to a worldly eye are, I believe, the itinerant habits of our ministry, and the surrender of the right of choice, in respect to a pastor and a sphere of labour, on the part of churches and preachers, to the appointing power. "The people," say our opponents, "will not always submit to these changes. They will not consent to take whoever your Bishops may choose to send them; and the pastors will not always submit their rights and interests to the will of their equals."

Viewing these propositions with a merely human eye, I shall say that they are true. There will be a reaction of the people upon the system, and it will break into a thousand fragments. For it is a severe trial of feeling to be compelled to surrender a pastor in the very moment of his greatest success, and to take another concerning whose qualifications, piety and tastes they know nothing. And to a minister of the Gospel there is no greater sacrifice than that absolute surrender of will in relation to his sphere of labour which is made by a Methodist travelling preacher. To a man whose sense of responsibility to God is strong and keen, I know of nothing in the way of sacrifice so great as this yielding of one's own judgment, choice and will, concerning his field of labour that our system requires; and viewing the system with a worldly eye, I shall candidly predict its final failure.

But no man of sense, no Christian mind will view it thus. Methodism refuses to submit to the test of worldly principles, to be judged of by worldly and selfish feelings. Methodism is a system aiming at just, spiritual ends, actuated by spiritual conceptions, and moved by the force of a spiritual faith. Viewed thus, who can discover signs of its downfall? Who can discover the elements of decay? We challenge the proof of their existence with the utmost fearlessness.—Thank God, they are not yet to be found.

There is only one thing that can destroy Methodism. Its itinerancy, its appointing power properly employed, are its safeguards, its securities; not its weakness. What, then, is the force that can rend it to pieces? I answer, nothing less than the apostasy of its members and ministry from the life of faith! As a system it stands on the admission that its subjects, both clergy and laity, are devoted to God. Methodism takes it for granted that it has to deal with spiritual and renewed persons whose chief aim is to glorify God, and not to please themselves. This is its grand foundation principle. From its class meetings to its Episcopate it presumes the piety of its subjects.

Who, for example, is its class member? A person loving the form and seeking the power of godliness! Who are its class leaders, stewards and exhorters? Men whose hearts are so astir with the love of souls, that they cheerfully give their labours for the good of souls! Who are its travelling ministers? Men moved by the Holy Ghost to seek the salvation of the world in the most