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REV. ALEX. W. McLEOD,
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Watchman What of the Night?

ISAIAH XXI. 11, 12.

And thine hills shall be desolate,
Proud Edom's scolding son,
And slumbering on Euphrate's flood,
Lay mighty Babylon:
Like giant gorged with blood, at night
His day of vengeance shall be
The glistered Sodom's dreams were bright—
Nor knew her race was run.

From the summit peaks of lofty Seir,
The proud Idumean cries:
As he marked the bitter exile tear
In old Edom's eyes—
"Watchman what of the night?" what ho!
"Watchman what of the night?"
The watchman answered, stern and slow—
"The morning cometh bright."

"I see the first red beam of day
Beyond the mountain blue,
For so the morning cometh, gray,
But midnight comes for you,
I see the morn thou canst not see—
Dawn for the weeping Jew—
But starest—moonless night for thee—
The truth—God's word is true!"

"O! never, nevermore the tone,
Of scorn from thee shall come—
Fallen, fallen is Babylon!
And all her idols dumb!
"Hear thou the loud cheer
That moves the sides of hell!
That stirs the mighty dead to hear
How Baal's city fell?"

"Beh! hear the hissing laugh of scorn,
Wherewith Hell's meddler sneers,
"Ah! ha! thou Babylon!
Thou'rt fallen even as we!"
I see thee point each wayward hand—
"Like Egypt's serpent-roed,
"Is the man who said, 'I'll stand
Upon the earth as God?'"

"Thy pomp is gone! the worm shall eat,
The haste from thee shall fly—
And everlasting smoke uprear
Thy story to the skies!"

Ward what of the night!—what ho!
O! Edom's longing eye,
Think'st thou a sweet, stern and slow,
"I see the morning light!"

The Living Light that erst was born
In Paradise of old—
Herald of that restful dawn
By prophet-bards foretold!
Uprising in the chambers of
Thou Light of God's eternal truth—
Embodied in the world!

W. M. C. K.

The Late Rev. Sampson Busby.

RELIGIOUS biography is entitled to a conspicuous place in the sacred annals of the Church. Memorials of this description form a collection of state documents, calculated to shed a great deal of light upon the divine administration in the kingdom of Providence, and of Grace. Here we see the ways of Christ's vicarious service attested, and the triumphs of the Gospel recorded. This will apply particularly to the lives of ministers; and to none more forcibly than to those of the Wesleyan connexion. Of them it may be said, they are in labours more abundant, and by their original literary and clerical and perpetual. Our Fathers served God in their generation, and when they ceased from their labours they entered into the promised rest. But although they are dead, they live by the influence of their example, and by the original literary and clerical and perpetual. Our Fathers served God in their generation, and when they ceased from their labours they entered into the promised rest. But although they are dead, they live by the influence of their example, and by the original literary and clerical and perpetual.

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ston, in Yorkshire, England, on the 10th day of February, 1790. This is according to an extract from the Parish Register, and hence, he had just entered upon his first year, when it pleased Almighty God, that he should cease from his labours, and repose in Abraham's bosom. His parents, Sampson and Elizabeth Busby, were the descendants of a very respectable stock of English yeomen; they were old members of the Established Church, and in the forms and principles of that communion, they endeavoured to train up all their children.

In the autumn of 1801 when the subject of this notice was only 11 years of age, a fever of a very malignant type prevailed through the parish in which he resided, and among his numerous victims were his grandfather, his mother, and a brother to whom he was greatly attached. This fatal malady also seized upon himself, and brought him to the very gates of death. He was insensible for six weeks—all that time his life trembled in the balance. For a considerable period all hopes of recovery were entirely relinquished, and on two occasions his father was called to see him die. But the Lord was better to them than their fears—he had compassion upon them, and rebuked the disease, so

"That the fever ceased his power and field."

During his tender years, as he grew up to "man's estate," his deceased brother was often the subject of good impressions. These, as is too commonly the case, were as evanescent "as the morning dew" or the "early dew," but although they did not directly issue in his conversion to God, they tempered his naturally cheerful and lively habits, and prepared him for the reception of "The Spirit of Grace and Truth."

In the state of mind induced by these gracious visits from on high, he was accustomed to repair to the Wesleyan Chapel, lately opened in his native town, and there, under a very faithful ministry, he was first awakened to a full sense of his lost condition; and there too, he obtained "Christ Jesus," and was made "a new creature in Christ Jesus." This happy event occurred in the 17th year of his age, and resulted from an awakening and powerful sermon founded upon Matt. xxiii. 12.

Yielding to the promptings of his first love, he ventured to speak to his father, on the necessity of seeking an interest in Christ, but without success. The fallow ground was not yet broken up, and a more potent agency than the exhortation of a child was essential to his accomplishment of that duty. His endeavours to persuade the servant man to escape "from the wrath to come," were equally fruitless—his individual, unable to account for the zeal of the young convert, looked at him with amazement, and in his own prophetic words, "Why young man is this?"

Mr. Busby's conversion was clear and scriptural; but as might be expected at his time of life, the adversary thrust soon at him, and he found it impossible to stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ had made him free. Some Calvinistic views injudiciously put into his hands caused him to stumble, and almost to fall into the snare of *antinomianism*, but the Lord prevented him by his goodness, and the whole subsequent course of his scaling proves that he had been made very sensible of his danger, and was grateful for his escape. In a short time his profiting appeared unto all men, and the grace of life acting powerfully upon a naturally amiable disposition, resulted in a harmony between his profession and practice very apparent.

It appears from some memoranda carefully preserved by his surviving widow that our deceased brother was married on the 5th of March, 1810, to a Miss Alice Pearson, a very excellent young woman, and a highly respected member of the Wesleyan Society. They lived very happily together for about fifteen months when it pleased God to remove her and her only child. This was a severe shock to the bereaved husband and father, and so young a one too; but his heavenly Father sustained him, and as the event proved, the affliction worked out for him a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

This mournful event was rapidly followed by others of a very different character, which formed the inaugural ceremonies of a laborious and faithful ministry of nearly forty years duration. In a very short time comparatively speaking, he passed through the several gradations of PRAYER LEADER, EXHORTER and LOCAL PREACHER, and entered through the consecutive doors of "The Quarterly Meeting," "The District Meeting," and "The Conference" into the regular ministry. Having offered himself for the foreign work, then under the superintendence of the late Rev. Dr. Coke, he had to repair to London, and undergo the requisite examination prior to his entrance into the actual work. He passed through this ordeal with credit, and was duly ordained by the DOCTOR, as set forth in a letter of ordination, of which the following is a copy:

"These are to certify to all whom they may concern, that I, THOMAS COKE, Doctor of Civil Law, and a Bishop in the Church of God, did, on the 28th day of August, 1812, in the fear of God, and with a single eye to glory, by the imposition of my hands and prayer, set apart Sampson Busby, for the office of an Elder in the Church of God, believing him to be duly qualified for that sacred office. And I do accordingly recommend him as a proper person to administer the holy sacraments, and to feed the Church of Christ."

Given under my hand and seal, the day and year above written.

THOMAS COKE.

Mr. Busby was now one of Christ's ambassadors—the little lad of Rainton, whom God had called out of the fire of a raging fever, was now to leave his beloved Yorkshire, turn his back upon the happy home and green fields of "merry England," and traverse the broad Atlantic, and throughout distant lands, point sinners to "The Lamb of God," and—

"But his heart's desire,
In him he did for all."

He was appointed to the Island of Nevis, in the West Indies, and Dr. Coke in order to secure him a favourable reception on his arrival, had kindly furnished him with a letter of recommendation which is here transcribed—

"Hall, Yorkshire,
August 29, 1812.

"To the Preachers, Stewards, Leaders,

and private members of the Methodist Societies in the West Indies."

MY VERY DEAR BRETHREN,—Receive the bearer, Sampson Busby, as an Elder in the Church of God, and our connexion. He is appointed to labour in the Island of Nevis. You will, I am certain, treat him with all kindness and affection.

I am, my very dear brethren,
Your faithful and affectionate friend,
T. COKE."

A war, it will be remembered, was now raging between Great Britain and the United States of America, and as the naval operations of the belligerents were prosecuted with great vigour, Mr. Busby, in common with many others, was detained in London, waiting the sailing of the *Coufroy*; and this detained to his temporary appointment to LUTON, a town situated upon the river Lea, in Bedfordshire. Here he laboured with great acceptance for the space of three months, and it appears from his journal, that while he was a blessing to others, his own soul was abundantly blest. While in Luton, our dear Brother appears under divine guidance to have entered a second time into connubial life. The object of his choice was a Miss Thwaites, a woman of great piety, and of highly cultivated mind. Relinquishing the endearments of a comfortable home, and the society of an aged and widowed mother, this lady gave herself fully to the Lord, and accompanied the youthful Missionary on his first voyage. They sailed a few days after their marriage, not for Nevis, his first destination, but for Newfoundland, and in CARBORNEAR, an important station in that island, did our departed brother commence his missionary life and labours. This was a day of small and feeble things—the Missionaries had but few comforts and many privations—the roads and bridges, if any were very bad—the journeys long, frequent, and perilous. The people to whom they ministered, were generally poor—and hence the fare was often scarce, and there too, he obtained "Christ Jesus," and was made "a new creature in Christ Jesus." This happy event occurred in the 17th year of his age, and resulted from an awakening and powerful sermon founded upon Matt. xxiii. 12.

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Evangelist. His stay in Charlotte Town, it is true, was limited to a few months, but during that time he was indefatigable. He was instant in season, and out of season—preaching the word, "with all boldness,"—breaking up the falling ground—sowing the seed all waters—trying to make the waste places fruitful—and "the wilderness to rejoice and blossom as the rose."

Shortly after his entrance into this new field of labour he was introduced to the late Colonel Bayard, of pious memory, in whom he soon found a faithful and generous friend; and eventually a kind and honoured father-in-law. The house of this truly excellent man was a sort of Pilgrim's Home; to the Methodist Ministers his house and his heart were always open; his delight was to wait upon the servants of God, and although he was a Wesleyan in the fullest sense, he loved all that loved the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth. This indeed, was one of the fruits of his Wesleyan faith and practice. His hospitality was proverbial and catholic, and his munificence towards the support of religion, and the relief of the poor was as unostentatious as it was ample.

Mr. Busby had been a widower now for a considerable period, but although he had been twice bereaved he had not yet attained his 28th year. Annapolis was a married couple, provided with a suitable Mission house, &c., and these circumstances, rendered it advisable, at least, that he should again see the Lord, "an help meet for him."

With these views he courted and obtained the hand of Miss Maria Bayard, to whom he was married on the 18th of November, 1817. This was a happy union and subsisted for more than 33 years, when it pleased the Lord to allow death to rend the bonds of matrimony, which were severed on the 28th of August, 1853, trusting in God, and looking forward with joyful anticipation to a reunion that shall endure for ever. She can say—

"Give love and grief—give ease or pain,
I come to find them all again,
In that eternal day."

He laboured on this Circuit, at intervals, for more than six years, and was a great favourite with the people of Granville, Clements, Bridgetown, and other stations. With these views he courted and obtained the hand of Miss Maria Bayard, to whom he was married on the 18th of November, 1817. This was a happy union and subsisted for more than 33 years, when it pleased the Lord to allow death to rend the bonds of matrimony, which were severed on the 28th of August, 1853, trusting in God, and looking forward with joyful anticipation to a reunion that shall endure for ever. She can say—

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him so much concern as that he had transgressed the law of his priest, by eating meat on Friday.

A few days after this the priest visited the religious book to receive the confessions of the poor deluded followers of the man of sin, the devotee to Popery. When Patrick heard of this he requested his employer to let him go to confession. His employer told him he might go, but he wished him to go first to the other side of the field, and bring him a hand-saw, which he would find standing by the fence. He started off, but soon returned, saying the saw was not there. "Did you go to the fence where I told you?" "Yes," said he, "but it is not there, sir." So he let him go to confession, and went himself for the saw, and found it where he supposed it to be. He inquired of some men at work near by whether Pat came there for the saw, and was informed that he only came over the knoll a few rods, and immediately went back again.

When Patrick returned his employer inquired if he had confessed his sin of eating meat on Friday, and had obtained absolution? "Indeed I have," said Pat, "and I assure you I feel much better for it." "Well," said his employer, "did you confess the care you took to look for the saw?" He replied, "No, indeed, a devil did he care for that!"

Here, then, is a specimen, among thousands constantly occurring every day, of the demoralizing influence of Popery. No matter how strongly the Bible may denounce swearing, drunkenness, and lying; the Papist can coin any or all of these consistent with his religion. But let the priest denounce eating meat on certain days, and he is in great trouble until he obtains absolution—must close as I commenced, by saying, Popery is a disease of virtue, and dangerous to society. Who has not observed its natural tendencies wherever it exists? *Corr. Chr. Adv. & Journal.*

W. M. C. K.

Solitude of Parents.

OF course it is utterly idle to urge the need of such an education for sons and daughters, by limiting its use solely to worldly advantage. We go up to the true basis of life for firm ground to build upon. Take that ground decidedly, and then we view all true culture as part of the training of souls under the Kingdom of God. We are not to live by bread alone, but by every Divine word—by all of God's gifts to us. They are cruel parents who slight the moral and spiritual wants of their children, and train them in worldly wisdom. This is, in the subtlest sense, giving them a stone instead of the bread of life. So we all think and are ready to say. Take care lest our conduct belie our words—whatever its position or professions may be, that is a wretched household whose polity is not based upon a Divine standard—which does not acknowledge a rectitude above the world's ways, and breathe faith in God and things eternal. The very discipline of a true home will be modeled after the heavenly order, and will try to win the spirit of the heavenly Father of all who temper firmness with kindness so wonderfully in the government of his creatures.

Firmness is not enough—kindness is not enough; but the two must go together—firmness without kindness becomes the stony austerity that crushes the will into servile obedience, and instead of training it to filial affection; kindness without firmness readily becomes a feeble expediency, that changes with the hour with a facility serpentine in more senses than one. Firmness with kindness is the immortal quality of the soul, which reverts to the period—and it is yet but rectitude—when we were to assemble ourselves together—a band of young and light-hearted men; careless of the future—ignorant of our responsibility as moral agents—indifferent to the stain of morality—undaunted by the law of children, and fosters in many a dwelling juvenile jacobinism, which needs only time and chance to ripen into utter anarchy. This error does cruel wrong to parent and child; to the child, by fostering an ungovernable temper, a perverse caprice, and a habit of disobedience, which will appear less an arbitrary will—may, authority itself will seem but the sterner aspect of persuasion.

For all this we need an unworshipful faith, and a spiritual mind. They that would nurture their children in the true and wholesome element of their true element. For themselves they must breathe the prayer for daily bread in a true sense of its meaning—a true sense of the dependence on God for moral power as for bodily strength. Nothing short of a temper and purpose truly religious will make the home hold a school of faith and of every wisdom a parent is. We are apt to be too negligent, indeed, of modes of instruction and forms of worship. Too often a parent neglects to tell his children what is deepest in his own heart, and with many not wholly worldly persons the years pass away without any regular habits of Christian teaching and worship in the family.—The remedy cannot come from more formalism, but it must spring from a truer heart—more of the right spirit showing itself in the right way—in all wisdom and prudence, charity and devotion.

Speaking thus, who of us does not see a startling thought starting up in the soul—the thought that our own personal character is the measure of our influence, and that we cannot expect to teach or impress what we have not taken to our hearts. We are apt to think of our children in the past. It is owing to the inclination of the poles of our planet, that we experience the vicissitudes of the seasons. In reference to this and the language of Scripture which we have quoted, the astronomer Hind, who has discovered so many of the asteroids, says: "The inclination of the poles of our earth amounts to present 23° 17', but is subject to a very slow diminution not exceeding 48" in 100 years. It will not however, be always on the decrease, for before it can have altered 130", or any quantity, the inclination of the poles will have increased in the contrary direction, and thus tend to increase the obliquity.—But this change of obliquity can never become sufficiently great to produce any sensible variation of climate on the earth's surface. This perturbation of climate is really a

Left Behind.

The caravan was within but a few days' journey of the Syrian limit, and its desert journey more than three-fourths had been performed. The tents had been pitched in the first blush of the morning, and the company, before the sun was an hour in the sky, were all under the shelter of their awnings, where they had hadled. It was a little dell, which the shelter of a high rock had produced. A fountain of sweet water welled up through the matted soil, which the water of the long tropical rains produced, and the double shade of the date and also tree. There still rested a young man in sleep. No wonder that the coolness of the shade and the softness of his bed should have lulled him, but still he was *left behind*. He was not a member of the caravan, and his company, every moment the danger increased. In a while while it would be insupportable. If he had taken that moment for thought he might have understood how time neglected becomes eternity.

Does you my reader, have you behind? Has the caravan of God's Church passed out of your sight? Hurry on, for soon you will find that the distance is insupportable.—Left behind! And by what? The lovely and holy of all ages—the general assembly and church of the first-born, which were first conceived, and his company, every moment the danger increased. In a while while it would be insupportable. If he had taken that moment for thought he might have understood how time neglected becomes eternity.

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