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The Dying Prodigal Forgiven.

I am dying now,
Death waves his black pinion over me—
Pallid and dim, with glazing eyes, I see
His slanting 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 chorus 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 close 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 mother—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 kiss 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 woe unutter'd 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-wash'd 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 Christianity 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 itinerancy, the appointment of a pastor, and the sphere of labour, in respect to a pastor 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 exhortors? 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 presupposes the piety of each.

Now with piety in its ministry and membership, Methodism has stood the trials and storms of a century. It rode a monarchy, it repulsed a colony, 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 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 uncommitted 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 BECKER STOWE. Speaking of the effects of earthly care, she says:—
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 to neglect, 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 demands, and regarded as the least of his 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 to remove and regard 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 be 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 sympathizing mind.

Yet among human friends this is all but impossible for minute care 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 can sympathize with the minutiae of another's life, and before we are aware we shall have deviated from the strict sincerity which should be the object of every man who would respect himself and be respected by others. Be sure that nothing will ensure more lasting esteem, and send his ray of light into the world than the constant practice of sincerity in word and deed.—*Olive Branch*.

Pleasure and Profit.

Thousands in the world seek for profit—simple, sordid gain—without a moment looking about them for pure and refreshing pleasures, which God in his goodness has scattered everywhere. But others again seek for pleasure, and are content with it, without once so much as desiring that which can really profit them; so that between misguided pleasure and sordid profit many, very many, waste their precious lives. Now the man who is the creator is, that all men should be happy, and at the same time profitably share the blessings common to all. Pleasure and profit seem mutually united by the same Divine Hand, and man is miserable by so much as he deserves or destroys them, and does not cause his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and send his rain on the just and on the unjust. This is to the end that all may not only profit by the sunshine and the shower—the common, yet wondrous blessings of his providence; but that they may also take pleasure in these works of his hand, and be glad to say that all things of God's ordaining contribute both to our profit and our pleasure.

Let us look at this proposition a little more minutely. God hath assigned the earth for the dwelling of man. And to him it may become not only a paradise of pleasure, but a school for 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 master, 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, save in the one point peculiarly appertaining 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, as a child, was not only a philosopher, but a Christian, and spent much of his time in elucidating the sacred Scriptures; nor could anything decompose his mind so much as light and irrelevant expressions on the subject of religion. The illustrious son and the pious mother were equally worthy of each other.—*Mothers of the Wise and Good*.

Change of Sabbath directly Predicted in the Old Testament.

"Seven days shall they purge the altar and purify it, and they shall consecrate themselves. And when these days are expired, it shall be that upon the eighth day, and so forward, the priests shall make your burnt offerings upon the altar, and your peace-offerings; and I will accept you, saith the Lord your God."—*Ezek. xliii. 26, 27.*

The following passage, from Sawyer's Moral Philosophy, pertaining to the passage above cited, deserves special attention.—"The prophet, under the figure of a mystical temple, is shadowing forth the glories of the new dispensation. The offerings of sacrifice constituted one of the main features of the worship under the old dispensation." When, therefore, the prophet affirms, that from the time of the purification of the altar, and so forward, sacrifices should be offered the eighth instead of the seventh day of the week, he designates the former instead of the latter, as the day for public worship under the present dispensation. We can conceive of no other meaning which can legitimately be attached to the prophecy under considera-

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Though by misery's storm overtaken,
Calm the tumult of thy breast.

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Faithful still—'till friends the chief!
Child of sorrow, do you 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 peace, and glads despair:
See thy Father

On the cloud his love prepare;
Child of sorrow, why do you deject?
Own, approve my righteous will!
I submit, I am still;
Chastened soul, be still; still!
Grace and mercy
Even thus my word fulfil!

Sir Isaac Newton's Mother.

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But Newton, though not blessed with learned parents, was a devout 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 career, 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, save in the one point peculiarly appertaining 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, as a child, was not only a philosopher, but a Christian, and spent much of his time in elucidating the sacred Scriptures; nor could anything decompose his mind so much as light and irrelevant expressions on the subject of religion. The illustrious son and the pious mother were equally worthy of each other.—*Mothers of the Wise and Good*.

Change of Sabbath directly Predicted in the Old Testament.

"Seven days shall they purge the altar and purify it, and they shall consecrate themselves. And when these days are expired, it shall be that upon the eighth day, and so forward, the priests shall make your burnt offerings upon the altar, and your peace-offerings; and I will accept you, saith the Lord your God."—*Ezek. xliii. 26, 27.*

The following passage, from Sawyer's Moral Philosophy, pertaining to the passage above cited, deserves special attention.—"The prophet, under the figure of a mystical temple, is shadowing forth the glories of the new dispensation. The offerings of sacrifice constituted one of the main features of the worship under the old dispensation." When, therefore, the prophet affirms, that from the time of the purification of the altar, and so forward, sacrifices should be offered the eighth instead of the seventh day of the week, he designates the former instead of the latter, as the day for public worship under the present dispensation. We can conceive of no other meaning which can legitimately be attached to the prophecy under considera-

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.

"This passage relates to the service of the mystical temple seen by Ezekiel. The purging of the altar denotes the expiation made for the sins of men by the death of Christ. Christian worship is described by imagery taken from the worship of the former dispensation. Its description as consisting in the offering of sacrifices and peace-offerings is figurative, and terms are applied to denote Christian worship, because the services to which they refer were the principal parts of Divine worship in the times when the prophecy was written. The performance of Christian worship on the eighth day, and so on, clearly implies that a change was to take place in respect to the Sabbath, by which it would be transferred to the next day, and so on; and that under the Christian dispensation the Sabbath would be first observed on the first day of the week, the first Christian Sabbath being considered as the eighth day of the week, to which it was subjoined."

This prediction of the change of the Sabbath to the first day of the week is expressed in figurative terms, but is in the highest degree explicit. It admits clearly of the interpretation which has now been given it, and does not admit of any other.

Comfort for Mourners.

Child of sorrow, loth forsaken,
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, my Saviour,
Faithful still—'till friends the chief!
Child of sorrow, do you 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

