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"HOLD FAST THE FORM OF SOUND WORDS."—SCRIPTURE.

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## Original Poetry.

### GABRIEL'S MINISTRATION TO DANIEL.

DAN. ix. 21. to the end.

With Israel's sins and troubles sorely press'd  
Behold the Prophet smites his sorrowing breast  
The mountain of his God, no temple crowns,  
But on its ruin'd walls a God indignant frowns  
The foes of Zion triumph o'er her state,  
And boast their power that made her desolate,  
Plough up the fields, where sacred rites were paid,  
And make her holdest sons of scorn afraid:  
Imbue their mur'd'rous hands with blood of those,  
Whose priestly robes their sacred rank disclose,  
And cause the harps of Zion's sons to lie,  
Unused to sacred song—untrung to melody!  
Such was the theme that Daniel's bosom mov'd—  
The desolate Zion which he long had lov'd  
For her, he now all pleasing thought forgoes,  
And leaves a courtier's joys to think of woes

A thousand pleasures now demand his love—  
A thousand pleasures bid his heart to move—  
The pageantry of Media's courtly state,  
In Daniel's breast no lasting joys create:  
In vain the song of joy melodious sounds,  
And pleasure's voice through marble halls resounds—  
In vain, with sparkling wine, these cups run o'er,  
And Persia's Lords attend the banquet's store—  
A chaste and prophet can such scenes engage,  
To mingle tears with Israel's bitter woe:  
To pour, at midnight's hour, the fervent prayer,  
To him who does the name of mercy bear,  
To him who oft his saving power display'd,  
And Zion's haughty sons in ruin led:  
To him, whose promise, like the mountain stands,  
And cheers the heart, and lifts the weak'd hands,  
And nerves the tongue with supplication strong,  
And fills his peoples' lips with joyous song,  
Before Jehovah, Daniel prostrate falls,  
And in the place of prayerless Israel calls:  
With penitential heart her crimes he owns,  
And, a true patriot, her sad state laments.

When lo! while weeping in his Maker's sight,  
Surrounded by the curtain shades of night,  
A sudden glory bursts upon his eye,  
And in the midst a form he can descry,  
So bright, and so mysteriously fair,  
Not holy Daniel can the glory bear—  
But prostrate falls, with guilt and fear oppress'd,  
And in the angel's ear his sins confess'd!

Touched by his hand, encouraged by his word,  
The faltering Prophet feels his strength restored,  
With joy he hears the messenger declare,  
He does from heav'n good news for mortals bear,  
And calmly to that voice he lends his ear,  
Which brightest seraphs oft rejoice to hear—  
A voice employ'd in highest songs above—  
Fit voice to bear the messages of love,  
To bid the stormy passions know control,  
And still the sorrow of the Prophet's soul—  
To shed, like evening mild, a calm around

And make a mortal stand on holier ground,  
A sacred awe, with admiration join'd,  
Pervades the ardent pious, Daniel's mind,  
While Gabriel's lips unfold the coming state  
Of Zion, lately mourn'd as desolate.

"Fear not," he said, "thy sighs and tears were known,  
When first thy knees were bent at my yoke throne,  
Thy sympathy in Zion's sacred cause,  
In heaven's bright regions, met with strong applause—  
The God that hears the sweetest songs above,  
From hearts and lips attuned to purest love,  
Bent down to hear thy supplicating moan,  
And did thy prayers for Zion's welfare own,  
And soon on me looked, and bade me bear  
The plings of his love,—his constant care,  
For all that praise his ways, and would his favour share.  
He bade me haste and ply an angel's wing,  
These words of joy and condolence to bring  
To thee, beloved by Him, who rules on high,  
Who ever hears his sorrowing children's cry,  
And never will their prayers for Zion's good deny.

He bade me hie my wings, and fly before to meet,  
But destined now to fly to thee in love,  
A special messenger, speedily to bring  
To thee, O honoured secret, from heaven's King  
He couched my wings, which then new vigour knew,  
And from heaven's battlements, with speed I flew—  
One moment,—worlds from heav'n removed as far  
As is from earth her radiant evening star,  
I pass'd,—and onward mov'd through fields of space  
Where Time has never been on his little race.

Onward, by worlds in primal beauty dress'd,  
All with the charms of holiness impress'd,  
For ever ringing with melodious song,  
The praise of Him, to whom their joys belong,  
I pass'd—and lo! warm'd by an angel's ken,  
I saw the world where dwell'd the sons of men,  
To you and them these tidings I disclose—  
Seventy weeks shall Zion's sorrows close,  
Transgressions' punishment shall then be known,  
Messiah be cut off for sins—but not his own,  
Eternal righteousness from heaven descend,  
And to the faithful sins for ever end,  
Know from the period the command came forth,  
To build Jerusalem, to Messiah's birth—  
Prophetic weeks, three score and two, and seven,  
Shall for the good of favour'd Zion be given,  
God's plan to save mankind shall then be known,  
And seraphs praise it near the eternal throne,  
With radiant glory shall the church arise,  
Shed off her dust, and emulate the skies,  
In holy graves shall her children stow,  
And with angels band their praise combine,  
To temples sanctified by song and prayer,  
With zealous haste the nations shall repair,  
The sound of tumult shall for ever cease,  
And every people know the bliss of peace—  
The angels' voices hush'd—from Dan's bright light  
The vision fades—heav'n's pure and glorious sight  
Surrounds the swart-wing'd messenger of love,  
And all the hosts of heaven his task approve,  
While, Deity, looks down on Gabriel from his throne,  
And does, with smiles of love, his faithful service own

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