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Poetry.

For the Wesleyan.

LYRIC STANZAS.

MAY, DROOP NOT DESPONDINGLY.

Nay, droop not despondingly; bright days are near,

The darkness will vanish, and sunshine appear;
Give not place to repining, for, even now, the
The clouds that so long have overshadowed the
sky,—

And quickly the dawning of heaven's own light,
Shall dispel the deep gloom, and the sadness of
night.

Oh say not, life's thorns have exceeded its flow-
ers,—

Or its seasons of sorrow, its happiest hours;
Look back on the past; doth thy vision not rest
On the green paths, thy wilderness-journey, that
blest?

On the fountain, refreshing that sprang in the
glade?

On the tree, whose broad branches gave shelter
and shade?

Of the days of thy childhood, oh, think for a
while,

When thy tears were all chased by a fond Mo-
ther's smile;

Of the charms of thy home, and its fireside dear,
And the circle that lived in its pleasures to share;
O the glorious and golden enchantments of youth,
When earth seemed the bright habitation of truth.

And oh, if, while turning thy thoughts to the
past,

Thou mourn that its loveliness faded so fast;
Remember the present, what blessings are thine,
Above, and around thee, then, accost to repine:
Still clearest doth the sunshine, all Nature is glad,
The streams sing contentment, thou, only, art sad.

What though Penury's blasts, may have chilled
the warm heart:

Though friends that caressed thee, now haste to
depart:

Though vanished are glances, that blest thee of
yore,

Which time, ever-changing may never restore:
Still, still, let Hope whisper, the future hath
cheer,

Hath scenes of enjoyment, as well as of care.

Then oh, like the willow-tree, bend to the blast,
Nor fear that the tempest forever shall last;—
Forget not whose gracious Hand, gently doth
guide,

Through life's thorny mazes,—then, faithful
abide,—

And soon shall Heaven's sunshine more radiant
appear,

As it chases away all the shadows of care.
M. E. H.

EVENING PRAYER.—Anon.

Not on a prayerless bed, not on a prayerless bed,
Compose thy weary limbs to rest!

For they alone are blest
With balmy sleep, whom Angels keep.

No, not through by care oppress,
Nor thought by many a coil perplex,
Lay not thy head on prayerless bed!

Christian Miscellany.

We need a better acquaintance with the thoughts and
feelings of pure and lofty minds.—*D. S. Sharp.*

For the Wesleyan.

The Honour Belonging to Christ.

"Honour and Majesty hast thou laid upon him."
Ps. xxi. 5.

The honour of illustrating and of harmonizing the Divine perfections, on behalf of mankind, was laid upon Christ; and nobly indeed did he fulfil the task. Those perfections in the Divine Being, which in their very nature closed up to man the well springs of salvation, he made, by his work of Redemption, the proper and ready channels to convey to the sinner the grace, gifts, and glories of Heaven. That Justice of God which frowned on man's crimes, and demanded his death and ruin,

becomes the sinner's friend, through the work of Christ, and will give the rewards of Paradise to every soul that sincerely, faithfully, and forever, depends upon his atoning blood for pardon and eternal life. The Truth and Holiness of God too forbade that unredeemed, polluted sinners should be admitted to participate in the reward, and pleasures proper to obedient and heavenly creatures. But these attributes no longer prevent man's access to the paradise of God; they having received their clearest illustrations in the glorious scheme of redemption; in which Christ, God's only begotten and well beloved Son, became the substitute of sinners, to undertake their cause and endure their sorrows. Jehovah is made known by this plan in a manner perfectly astonishing to angels and men,—and the truth that God is Love is here set forth with a meaning ever to be pondered upon by God's creatures with adoring praise. The honour of accomplishing this great work,—the revealing to creatures the fulness of the Divine perfections,—the glory of God as a Being full of Mercy and Love, belongs to Christ.

The honour of saving man belongs to Christ. The idea of merit is altogether absurd and preposterous applied to any other being than to Christ. What merit is there in the beggar receiving alms? What merit in the sinner receiving mercy as the free gift of God? How can man have merit whom God can condemn at any moment? How can man have merit who cannot give an account to Heaven for one sin among a thousand he has committed? But still there is such a thing as human merit, if we may so speak, but it belongs wholly and forever to Christ. His human actions were meritorious, for they were the actions of one whose Divine Nature shed a glory on all he wrought as man.—His humanity is rendered glorious by his Divinity, and will receive from God its reward of merit, and from redeemed and glorified men, its meed of praise. Christ will ever appear as Man's Saviour in Heaven. John saw there in the midst of the throne as it were a Lamb slain: upon that throne the stamp of Christ's merit in saving sinners will be imperishably affixed. That merit will be the theme of immortal songs. The honour of Christ shall be commensurate with eternity. His work is too great and stupendous to be lost,—or erased from the memory of the universe. It is inscribed on the heart of God, and must abide for ever in its glorious results—*God honoured and man saved.*

The honour of overcoming man's enemies belongs to Christ. Man has an enemy in his own wicked, worldly, impure, rebellious heart, sufficiently inveterate and formidable to keep him from heavenly happiness; but when we view him surrounded by creatures equally depraved with himself, and accessible to fallen angels, whose whole aim is to keep the shackles of sin fast on the human soul, we perceive man to be indeed in a lost and helpless state. Without a Divine remedy he must perish. None but God Almighty could save him in such circumstances. The power of Heaven was put forth, in the person of Christ, to do it. He assumed a weak creaturely nature to endure it with strength and righteousness, with virtue and merit, on man's behalf.—Fallen angels were emboldened to resist a scheme that had in its foundation a creaturely nature,—they hoped to defeat a plan that was founded partly on the doings of a human being: but the wisdom of God, defeated their designs. He made the very weakness,—the sufferings,—the death of Christ, the strong foundation of the sinner's salvation. It was by the death of Christ, which Satan had urged the Jews to accomplish, that he slew the powers of evil, foiled their plans, and sent them discomfited, disappointed to their own place. The honour of the victory belongs to Jesus.

The honour of bringing vast numbers of worshippers to Heaven belongs to Christ.—

The praises of God in Heaven will be much increased through the admission of mankind to glory. The beauty of Heaven will be increased by the appearance of a new order of beings to occupy the seats of the fallen angels, and equal the wisest, most beautiful, and holiest creatures, in their obedience to God and in their resemblance to his own glorious perfections. What an honour will it be to Christ to be the medium of their admittance there,—to have gone down to earth and to the grave, to raise them from it, to sit with him, his Father, the Holy Spirit and blessed Angels for ever and ever in Heavenly places! What bursts of holy affection,—what gushes of extatic melody,—what ardent expressions of sincere praise, shall go to the throne of Christ from all the hosts of redeemed men forever! Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift.
Horton, Nova Scotia. T. H. D.

For the Wesleyan.

Reflections on the Happiness of the Heavenly State.

BY THE LATE MR. WM. JOHNSON.

"Behold, I create new heavens and a new earth." (Isa. 65. 17.)—God has promised that He will prepare mansions for them that love him. What a good and gracious God to condescend to bless man with this promise of Paradise!—these heavens above spangled with stars of gold! How beautiful are the works of nature! The sun, the moon, and all the heavenly bodies, are the works of a powerful Being; but what are these when compared to the "new heavens" and the "new earth"? What a happy country! Neither sin, disease, nor death, shall dwell in that delightful land. There the saints shall receive a recompence for all their trials, and troubles. No tempting devil there to disturb their calm repose; no more fears: no more evils of any kind. There they shall enjoy happiness, such as the world knows nothing of.

O my soul meditate on this heavenly country! What beautiful scenes shall delight thee! What a heavenly place thou shalt shortly dwell in! What music shall delight thy ear! What a glorious company shalt thou have for thy companions! There thou shalt see Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, Moses and David, and all the scripture worthies; and, above all, thou shalt see thy blessed Jesus! Thou shalt see angels and archangels, and all the glorious martyrs.—If thou prove faithful, thou shalt gain a crown of glory, and palms of victory thou shalt bear!

What a Paradise! It is said in Scripture, the lion and the lamb shall lie down together! What a heavenly country!—The ferocious lion is become like unto a lamb. What a glorious city shall God create in this beautiful country, even the "new Jerusalem!" What are all the cities on earth compared to this city? What are all the pomp and vain show of this world compared to that celestial city? All, all, is as nothing. The cities on earth are the work of poor finite mortal man; but the new Jerusalem is the work of an infinite God. The length breadth and height of this beautiful city are equal. It needeth not the light of the sun, moon, or stars, because the Lamb of God is the bright luminary that enlightens it.

The blessed Jesus shall reign in that city, seated on his sublime throne, robed in Majesty and Glory,—his countenance beaming goodness,—love and mercy shining in his seraphic face,—all his perfections pictured there. What glory shall adorn those temples once crowned with thorns! O my soul consider. Is this the man of grief and sorrow, who was once despised by men?—the persecuted Messiah, who was mocked, spit upon, derided, oppressed, even unto death, the ignominious death of the cross? What love! what unbounded love to man!

He now shines in divine splendour, clothed, even his human nature, with immortality and glory. What a crown of dazzling brightness shall adorn his beauteous head!

Saints and Angels shall enjoy the beatific vision of Almighty God throughout eternity. They shall dwell in his temple, and serve him continually. They shall praise and adore their Redeemer forever. What melodious songs of praise! They shall sing the song of Moses and the Lamb for evermore.

O my soul, be thou faithful unto death, and thou shalt receive a crown of life.—Yes, a crown that fadeth not away. Thou shalt drink of those streams of everlasting love, which flow from the pure river of God. O my soul, the period shall arrive when thou shalt be admitted into the presence of thy Lord, to behold his glory: yes, if thou be faithful unto death, God will wipe all tears from thy eyes. Thou wilt no more be exposed to pain or sorrow, to suffering or death. Thou shalt be united to thy glorified body, in those delightful regions, where an enemy shall never enter, and from which a friend shall never depart. There thou shalt have satisfaction without alloy,—day without night, and joy without weeping. There will be a difference in the degree of happiness; yet all will be full of love, without dissimulation:—excellency, without envy; multitudes, without confusion; harmony, without discord; where thy understanding shall be astonishingly enriched, thy will satisfied, and thy affections all transformed. There will be peace, love, concord, joy,—where he who is seated on the throne shall feed thee, and lead thee to living fountains of waters; where God shall be the light and glory of the place for ever and ever! O my soul reflect on these important subjects until thou art ravished with delight, and thou art wholly absorbed in wonder, love, and praise; until thou art filled with unutterable glory, and wholly enraptured with the presence of God. Then thou shalt bathe thy weary soul in seas of heavenly rest, and not a wave of trouble shall cross thy peaceful breast.

Christian Joy.

The joy of the Christian as an emotion, vivid and intense, like every emotion of joy has its source in the mind and is influenced by external circumstances. Joy is also derived from the exercise of the affections.

The exciting external circumstances producing Christian rejoicing differ from the excitements of worldly joy. A peculiar manifestation of the presence of Christ to the believing heart, which is the privilege of those who love God, to whom the Father and the Son will come and abide with them, produces unutterable joy. The conversion of sinners awakens emotions with which worldly joy cannot be compared. The parent who has long prayed for his child, on witnessing his conversion adopts the language of John, I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in truth. A clearer view of heaven to the dying saint produces rapture—he rejoices with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

The emotion of joy is from its nature of limited duration; but as a fruit of the Spirit, derived from sanctified affections, is of a more permanent character. It is then a calm, humble delight in God as reconciled through Christ. It is characterized by humility, confidence in God, gratitude to him, prevailing desire to please him in all things, and resignation to his will.

God is the object of the Christian's joy, and in him he may evermore rejoice. In prosperity, in all the exigencies of life, God is the same object of trust and joy to them that love him. The objects of earthly happiness may be taken from us, friends may leave us, but God forsakes the righteous never. A holy heart will always be the abiding home of Christian joy.