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Poetry.

PRAYER.

For the Wesleyan.

Lift up your hearts in prayer!
Give, O ye happy! Earth's unsorrowing ones,
Whose being's tide, o'er golden sands, still runs,
Thanks for your portion fair.

Lift up your hearts in prayer,
Children of sorrow! ye, whose darken'd skies,
Give forth no beams to cheer your mournful eyes,
Cast on the Lord your care.

Lift up your hearts in prayer,
O ye, the young! strangers as yet to grief;
Now while you hold that blessed exemption brief,
To serve your Maker dare.

Lift up your hearts in prayer!
Pray ye, whose sun low in the firmament
Frolics your weary life-day nearly spent,
For "love that casts out fear."

Lift up your hearts in prayer,
Ye roamers of Earth's dreary solitudes—
Where forests frown and pour the mountain floods,
God in his might is near.

Lift up your hearts in prayer,
Ye travellers on the vast and trackless deep,
Where mighty winds their boisterous revel keep,
God's shielding power is there.

Lift up your hearts in prayer
To God, ye, tossing on the couch of pain,
Who, weary, long for Morning's light again,
Turn from you will he ne'er.

Lift up your hearts in prayer,
Earth's children all—the lofty and the low—
God, to your prayers, in happiness or woe,
Still lends a listening ear.

Sheburne.

A. B.

OUR FAMILY.

For the Wesleyan.

I have a little sister,
She's a mischief loving witch,
And though she sometimes studies,
She is never known to stitch.
I often want to chide her,
She's so thoughtless and so gay,
But it ends in laughing with her,
As she dances out to play.

Yet though I call her little,
She is now almost fifteen,
And ne'er was any childhood,
More bliss than hers, I ween.
For neither care nor sorrow,
Has ever dimmed her brow,
Life's joys have clustered round her,
And affection shields her now.

She is pure and simple hearted,
And as guileless, too, I ween,
As ever was a maiden
That was quite as neat fifteen;
And I often look upon her,
With a tear drop in my eye,
As I can her unknown future,
Which must yet in shadow lie.

She is my only sister,
And a brother dear have we,
As kind and good a brother,
As you ever chanced to see.
Thus we form a happy trio,
With a Father at our side,
To counsel and to shield us,
And with loving words to guide.

But one there is, now wanting
In our firm, united band,
She has gone to lay up treasures,
In that far-off—better land!
And may God direct and guide us,
That when earthly bonds are riven,
We may form an undivided—
Happy family in Heaven.

Acronostis, Ohio.

MOLLY BAWN.

Christian Miscellany.

"We need a better acquaintance with the thoughts
and reasonings of pure and lofty minds.—Dr. SHARP.

For the Wesleyan.

The Garden of Eden—Adam's Expulsion, &c.

BY THE REV. R. COONEY, M. A.

The account of the creation—the brief, but sad history of the primal disobedience—the consequences resulting from this first transgression, and the sovereign remedy which the Almighty graciously provided—these form the earliest, and most important records, and constitute the only reliable data

for the annalist, or the historian. For centuries they lay deposited in archives of the divine mind; and were at length delivered to Moses, that he might, under the direction of "the Lord the Spirit," edit them, and publish them to the world.

Every thing being arranged for the comfort and happiness of the favoured creature whom God designed to be his viceroy on earth, the beneficent Creator developed a new feature of his power—"He spake and it was done"—"He formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul." And that his residence might accord with his illustrious pedigree, he prepared a suitable place, and bestowed it upon him, in fee simple, for himself and his descendants—"And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden, and there he put the man whom he had formed."—Gen. ii. 7, 8.

A scene fair and lovely beyond any thing we can imagine or describe, now spreads itself out before us. It abounds in all the pastoral beauties, and picturesque varieties of a perfect landscape. Fiction never imagined anything so beautiful; the most exquisite efforts of delineation are but mere sketches, and suggest but vague conceptions of "Eden in its bloom." Suppose a broad and delightful valley, exhibiting a surface of graceful undulations, clothed with rich green sward, soft as velvet, diapered with the rarest flowers, blushing under the weight of their own comeliness, reflecting their gorgeous tints and hues upon this magnificent carpet, and rendering it a place where angels might delight to tread. The whole is bounded by distant mountains, whose lofty summits dyed in the azure of the sky, and gilded by the glowing beams of the sun, seem as if they were covered with a canopy of purple and gold.

A magnificent river, "clear as crystal," flows through the delightful vale, and reflects as in a polished mirror, all the charms by which it is surrounded. It glides on with a steady even course, "fair type of serenity and peace," now gliding through arbors and grottoes, and anon in the midst of groves and plantations, thence through glades, and meadows, gardens, and orchards, into the deep, deep ocean.

"Here," in the words of a very gifted author, "the spreading arms of the banian, the baobab, and the terebinth cover the ground with a refreshing shadow; the massive forms of the oak, and the cotton tree contrast with the tapering elegance of the poplar and the pine. The graceful banana and plantain wave their broad leaves in the breeze; huge clumps of bamboos, nod like gigantic ostrich plumes on the hillocks; and above all, tower up into the sky, the light and lofty palms, waving their feathery green coronets against the sparkling blue of heaven."

The air of this blessed abode is perfumed by groves of spice, and by the odours of innumerable plants and flowers, while, on every hand, are fruit-bearing trees of all kinds, loaded with their delicious productions, and intimating that the luxuries of Paradise were intended to be our daily repast. This happy place is never visited by clouds, or storms, or earthquakes, nor has any trace of winter ever been discovered.—The vitality of spring—the glory of summer—and the wealth of autumn are all united in one.

This was the primitive abode of our race; a garden which the hand of the Lord laid out, and planted. His infinite skill arranged every part of it; and His divine omniscience stocked every part of it in the most liberal manner, in order to make man happy.—"And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food." Nor was this all—that his jurisdiction and lineage might agree, dominion was granted unto him "over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moved upon the earth."

But the privileges of our federal ancestor

were not confined to these. His union with the Almighty conferred upon him advantages of a pure nature, and of an higher order. The spirit of the holy and blessed God lived in his being—the image of God was reflected in his soul—the love of God was shed abroad in his heart—and before him lay a vista marking the way to "glory everlasting." Oh happy condition! Oh blest estate! Oh glorious prospect!—And that all these advantages might be the preliminaries of a felicitous consummation, he was furnished out of the divine plenitude with every thing necessary for his final perseverance, and triumphal entry into the Paradise above. But THE TEMPTER came, and suggested—Adam listened—He attacked him; and THEN, he yielded—HE FELL; and was driven from Eden to till the ground from which he was taken. Gen. iii. 24.

The first court of criminal jurisprudence was held in Eden; and the Judge; the parties arraigned; the nature of their offence; the sentence pronounced upon them; the circumstances attending the execution of that sentence; and the tremendous consequences that execution involves—all these conspire to render it the greatest, and most solemn trial, that ever was, or ever will be conducted, until the "Son of Man" shall come—

"To judge the human race,
With all his Father's dazzling train,
With all his glorious grace."

According to the apostle Jude, the inexorable justice of God was displayed in the expulsion of the seditious angels; and now, another signal instance of it was manifested in the eviction and banishment of our first parents. But in their case justice is tempered with mercy—here "Righteousness and Peace kiss each other;" and severity is softened by goodness. They were driven out of the garden, but not out of the world; they were sent not to the dungeon, but to the workhouse. They were cast out of Paradise, but not "down to hell"—they were sent, not to endure the worm that never dieth; but to toil and labour among "thorns and thistles"; and as they went forth degraded and dishonoured, they were sustained by the precious promise that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head. "O the depth of the riches" both of the mercy and the grace of God. WHILE he was pronouncing sentence he was devising the means of pardon; and before the sentence was executed the absolution was recorded. WHILE he was publishing the act of attainder he was arranging for its repeal. WHILE he vindicated the claims of justice, he hearkened to the pleadings of mercy; and while he upheld the supremacy of his law, he rendered its administration a preamble and fore-runner of the gospel.

Sin brought armed cherubim into the garden, and made them the sentinels of "the tree of life." It blocked up the way to this "plant of renown," and surrounded it with the ceaseless and terrific revolution of "a flaming sword." But thanks be to God, this celestial detachment no longer keeps "watch and ward." Jesus has disarmed "the cherubim"; and the blazing scimitar no longer encircles the interdicted emblem. Jesus has quenched its fire. Jesus has opened into heaven itself, "a new and living way," through the veil, that is to say his flesh. In Adam, all were expelled from Paradise, and excluded from Heaven; but in Jesus, all who "unfeignedly repent, and believe his holy gospel," shall be restored to this forfeited inheritance, and be admitted into "the city of the living God," by an abundant entrance.

Through Jesus of Nazareth, where sin abounded, grace doth much more abound; and where sin reigned unto death, grace reigns through His righteousness unto eternal life.

"Jesus removes the flaming sword,
Calls us back from Eden driven,
To his image here restored,
Soon he takes us up to Heaven."

Luther at Worms.

At last the doors . . . were thrown open. Luther entered, and with him many persons, who formed no part of the Diet. Never did man appear before a more august assembly. The emperor Charles V., whose kingdoms had the ascendancy both in the old and in the new world; the archduke Ferdinand his brother, six electors of the empire, whose descendants at the present day almost all wear kingly crowns; eighty dukes, the greater number of whom ruled over more or less extensive territories, and among whom there were some whose names were afterwards to become formidable to the Reformation,—the duke of Alva, and two of his sons; eight margraves, thirty archbishops, bishops, or prelates; seven ambassadors, among whom were those of the kings of France and England; the deputies from ten free cities; a great many princes, counts, and barons, exercising sovereign jurisdiction on their estates; the Pope's nuncios—altogether amounting to two hundred and four persons—such was the imposing court before which Martin Luther appeared.

John Eck, Chancellor of the archbishop of Treves, rose and said in a loud and distinct voice, first in Latin, and then in German, "Martin Luther! first, dost thou acknowledge that these books were composed by thee?" The speaker at the same time pointed with his finger to about seventy publications that had been laid upon a table in the middle of the hall, and before which Luther stood. "Secondly," continued the Chancellor, "dost thou wish to retract these books and their contents, or dost thou now persist in the things thou hast therein advanced?" Luther was about to reply, when his counsel, Jerome Schurf, promptly interposing, called aloud, "Let the titles of the books be read." The Chancellor then went up to the table and read the titles.

Luther then answered the first question in the affirmative, and craved time to consider of the second. One day was granted him; and he was re-conducted to the hotel by the imperial usher. In the mean time Luther set himself to compose his thoughts. He possessed that peace of soul without which man is incapable of doing anything great. He prayed; he read the word of God; he ran through his own writings, and endeavoured to throw his answer into a proper shape. The very thought that he was about to bear testimony to Jesus Christ and to His word in presence of the emperor and of the empire, filled his heart with joy. The moment when he was to appear being not far off, he went up to the holy Scriptures with deep emotion, as they lay open on his table, placed his left hand on them, and raising his right hand to God, he swore that he would remain faithful to the gospel, and make a free confession of his faith, even though he might have to seal that confession with his blood. After this he felt his mind still more at peace. On the 8th he was again summoned before the Diet. Night dawning on, torches were lighted in the hall: the doctor was introduced. After replying in an unsatisfactory manner, he was indignantly commanded by the Chancellor to give a clear and precise answer. "Do you, or do you not, choose to retract?" Upon this Luther answered, without flinching, "I cannot submit my faith either to Pope or councils, inasmuch as it is clear as daylight that these have often fallen into error, and even into gross contradiction with themselves. If, then, I be not convinced by testimonies from Scripture, or by evident reasons, if people cannot persuade me by the very passages that I have quoted, and if they fail thus to render my conscience a captive of the word of God, I neither can nor will retract anything, for it is unsafe for a man to say anything against his conscience." Then, steadily contemplating the assembly before which he stood, and which held his life in their hands, "Here I stand," said he, "I can do no otherwise; God help me! Amen."—*D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation.*