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## Poetry.

### GLORY TO GOD.

BY J. B. SYME.

Glory, Father, be to Thee, for the sunshine and the showers!  
Glory for the herb and tree,—glory for the birds and flowers!  
All of music that we hear, pealing from the hedge-rows green,  
All the insect life we see, mirrored in the water's sheen,  
All the smiling beauty beaming from the azure vault of sky,  
All the floral stars that glitter in the garland's galaxy,—  
From Thy treasury they fall,  
And to Thee we owe them all.

When I turn my eyes to earth, in the tiny ant I see  
Food material feeding working—speaking of Thy love to me;  
When I look into the chambers of the heaven's cerulean dome,  
Thoughts of peace and placid beauty o'er my trembling heartstrings come;  
As I thoughtful gaze at Nature, or her whispering voices hear,  
Grateful, peaceful, awful feelings, thrill my love and stir my fear:  
For, my God, I hear and see  
Something in them all of Thee!

See the green anemone nodding to the moss-rose on the lawn;  
See the zephyr kissing Flora's daughter, every one;  
See the white and blushing Cocksfoot trembling at Jasmine's side,  
As she wears her white corolla, like the favour of a bride;  
See the sunbeams on the water, dancing, smiling, sportive free,  
And the shade and sunshine dressing every modest willow tree;  
Hallelujah! Thou art, Father, author of this lovely scene,  
And in grateful homage upward gushes all my heart, I ween.

Winter o'er the lawn shall scatter Autumn's cold and icy snow,  
And December hoarsely murmur all his triumph, stern and slow,  
Time will dot his eye of blackness on our home and garden fair,  
All its flowers shall fade and wither,—every song be silent here;  
Sadness, with its silence, chasteens all the raptures now so glad,  
With their sympathetic beauty, and their plenitude of glad.

Then, my God, will beauty be  
A way away from this to Thee.

Teach us, then, "Our Father!" ever to remember that  
Thou art high  
Lives the beautiful,—immortal in thy immortality;  
And that all the glories lighting up the face of earth  
And heaven  
Are the gifts of Thy rich bounty, in Thy loving-kindness given.

Teach us, Father! upward looking, to remember, as we sigh,  
That the beautiful of beauties cannot, may not, will not die;  
Teach us, fill us with the feeling, in the heart and in the soul,  
That of goodness, love and beauty, Thou, our God, art  
ALL IN ALL.

## Christian Miscellany.

"We need a better acquaintance with the thoughts and reasonings of pure and lofty nature."—D. S. S. S.

### The Clouds of Heaven.

What goodly and glowing scenes has it pleased God to present to our eyes in the clouds of heaven! To a lover of nature they are a source of great and ever-varied delight. Whether still or in motion—peaceful or threatening—snowy white or lily black—cool gray or burning red—glittering with golden beams, they come, a white-out interest, attracting the eye, and the heart upward.

It is certain, however, to be expressed too plainly, that the clouds are a source of blessing to us, and not a curse. They are the clouds that are the clouds of heaven.

that says, "Great is the Lord!" there is nothing that says, "This God is our God;" and still less that sets forth his grace and pardoning mercy. When God's revelation has been best to us, his creation may be a means of helping us in holy things; but without this we may greatly admire the clouds of heaven, and still be earthly idolaters. We see not aright,

Unless we see in Nature's varied plan,  
Unnumbered marks of love to fallen man.

To regard the glories of earth and heaven without connecting them with His wisdom, power and goodness "who rolled the stars along," and "wrote the promises," would be to rob them of their highest interest.

How impressive is the sight, when the clouds above us are irradiated with a rainbow well-defined. Hardly is it possible to look on the glowing arch spanning the heavens, without a thrill of admiration; but how much is added to it of solemnity and joy when we connect with it the words of holy writ: "The bow shall be seen in the cloud; and I will remember my covenant, which is between me and you and every living creature of all flesh; and the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh," Gen. ix. 14, 15.

Here there is something beyond a love of natural beauty:

A sense of goodness to the scene is given,  
And love and mercy gild the arch of heaven.

I have seen a small cloud alone, travelling slowly across the sky, as though it had been parted by accident from other clouds, and lost its way in wandering through the heavens. It has reminded me of "the little cloud like a man's hand," seen by the servant of Elijah; and thus a train of thought has been awakened in my mind of the Almighty's faithfulness to those who trust in Him, which has afforded me much of consolation and joy.

I have gazed, and you have, no doubt, gazed also, on the clouds when they have been so dark and black that they have altogether obscured the beams of the bright sun behind them. This, regarded in the light of a natural scene alone, was very effective; but looked upon as an act of the Almighty, it had a tenfold interest. What if in his righteous judgments, our heavenly Father were to realize towards us the fearful denunciation, "I will cover the sun with a cloud, and the moon shall not give her light. All the bright lights of heaven will I make dark over thee, and set darkness upon thy land," Ezek. xxxii. 7, 8. A conviction of Almighty power, and a consciousness of the complete dependence of his creatures on his mercy, was the natural consequence of such a suggestion.

In Him we live, and move, and draw our breath,  
And His we ever are in life and death.

How often have I pondered on the sky when covered with innumerable clouds, wondering at the infinity spread out before me, till the drops of rain have descended, and then has come upon me the inquiry: "Who can number the clouds in wisdom? or who can stay the bottles of heaven?" Job xxxviii. 37. Inscrutable, indeed, are the works of our heavenly Father; his ways "are not as our ways." "He doeth great things past finding out; and wonders without number," Job ix. 10.

You have, I dare say, often witnessed a partial shower, when a single cloud has poured down from its dark and hardened bosom innumerable drops of rain, while the rest of the sky has been lit up with sunshine. Such a scene has before now suggested to my mind the great "cloud of witnesses," spoken of by the apostle Paul; for the witnesses to the faithfulness of God were supposed to be as innumerable as the drops of water in a cloud. "Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was set before him endured the

cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God," Heb. xii. 1, 2.

Happy for us, whether teachers or learners, if we are looking through all things to him who gave his Son to die for us on the cross, and are able to say,

Let clouds be dark, or skies be bright,  
His heavenly hand I see;  
And every morn and every night  
His mercies comfort me.

I once saw a glorious scene, which for a season bewildered me with its beauty and brightness. "A change came over it, and dark, gilt-edged clouds in broken masses assumed the appearance of rocks, through which floods of light found their way. Another change. The rocks became darker, and the glowing light brighter. It was a transition of loveliness to excessive beauty; from grandeur to magnificence unutterable. I could only give a rapid glance at the overpowering scene, but in that glance what glory was visible! The floods of light were as cascades of silvery streams, cataracts of molten gold, and tumbling torrents of liquid diamonds." Then came the thought of the coming of the Redeemer. "Behold, he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him," as described in Revelation, and also as it has been otherwise rendered,—

Lo! He comes in clouds descending,  
Once for favoured sinners slain!  
Thousand thousand saints attending,  
Swell the triumph of his train.

Yes, Amen! let all adore thee,  
High on thine eternal throne;  
No longer, take the power and glory,  
Claim the kingdom for thine own!

The sky, with its attendant clouds, is a pictured book, which the youthful and the aged Christian may peruse with equal advantage. You will do well to regard it with attention; but when you do so connect as much as you can the creation with revelation. They proceed from the same Almighty source. To be a means of awakening you to nature's loveliness, and of putting the word of God in your heads and your hearts, your memories and your affections, so that you might believe it, love it, reverence it, and obey it more gladly than ever, would delight my heart. A bible reader and a bible lover should ever see, whether pondering the wonders

Of heaven's high arch, or this terrestrial ball,  
A great and gracious God attend them all.  
—Bible Class Magazine.

### Providential Adaptations.

There have been many eloquent treatises written upon the admirable adaptations of the natural world, showing consummate skill and design, as well as almighty power on the part of the Creator. Among the most prominent dissertations of those kind are the celebrated Bridgewater treatises, which should be in every library in Canada. But the adaptations of God's works are not confined to the natural world; they are equally conspicuous in Providence; and we have sometimes thought that a second and even more interesting series of Bridgewater treatises might be written to point out this latter class. We cannot of course attempt any task of this kind, yet some recent occurrences appear so strikingly adapted to produce certain desirable results, that it is difficult to pass them over in this connection without notice.

For instance, it has long been a matter of conviction with well-informed persons that Romanism was very weak where it were an honest and beneficial system, it ought to be strongest, viz. in Rome. This, however, was most strenuously denied by the never overly scrupulous advocates of Popery, until the Italian revolutions in 1848, when the Pope deemed it prudent to fly in disguise from the vaunted affections of his subjects, revealed the true state of the case. This was a singularly adapted and most notorious proof of the utter absence of respect for Popery at its own head quarters.

This parcel, striking as it was, however, still found gain-ayers, and the very improbable story was set up that the great mass of the Roman people were in favour of the

Pope, but they were constrained by a handful of banditti, under Mazzini and Garibaldi, to take the other side. Well, the French nation, ever chivalrous, sent out its legions to set free this cruelly oppressed people, and enable them to welcome back their Holy Father the Pope, with all honour, alacrity, and affection. The French appeared near Rome in overwhelming force, published their proclamations in favour of the Pope, and against the above mentioned banditti, and invited the people to hail their deliverers. What was the result? So far as we remember, not one single individual in the whole Roman States—certainly no appreciable proportion—welcomed the French; but on the contrary, the energies of the people were turned with no ordinary vigour and determination to repel the invaders, and maintain the Republic. Nor, even after the French had waded into Rome through the most patriotic and best blood of her citizens, did the Pope dare for a long time to go back; and to this day, both he and the French are treated with sullen and ill-concealed hatred by the great mass of the people. But had the French not invaded and conquered Rome, the stale falsehood might still have been believed by a certain class of minds that the Roman people were coerced by Mazzini into opposition to the Pope. This adaptation of circumstances, apparently disastrous to the cause of freedom, to prove a great truth indubitably before the nations, is very striking.

Again, popery was making stealthily and silent, but most rapid and formidable, advances in England, and a few years more of the sapping and mining system might have accomplished wonders, but the gross ambition of Nicholas Wiseman, Dr. Hendren, &c., must be gratified, and to this end a Hierarchy with territorial titles is instituted, the canon law is introduced, a real Cardinal Archbishop trends the soil of England, a pompous and insulting bull issues from the Vatican, and a still more pompous and insulting manifesto from the Flaminian gate, and instantly the whole scene is changed. The nation, instead of continuing to open its arms to popery, presents a more serried and sharper opposition than the quills upon the fretful porcupine; and it would probably take Rome a hundred years of soft deceptions and fawning blandishments to regain the ground there she possessed a year ago. Investigation into her doctrines and practices is what Rome cannot stand, and yet her own imprudence has set probably every mind in England upon that investigation. For many years previous to the avatar of Nicholas Wiseman, no one would scarcely listen to anything about popery. Sermons might be preached and books published against it, but no one cared. The system had changed according to the popular opinion, and there was nothing to be apprehended from it; earnestness in opposition to it, was therefore, considered antiquated nonsense. Nor do we see how this state of apathy could have been broken up, but by the Pope himself. He has done it effectually, and men now, not in England alone, but throughout the world, listen to anything and everything about popery with as intense interest as at the time of the Reformation. Nor can this great change fail to produce corresponding results. Is not this a singular adaptation of means to an end? The Lord still causes the wrath of man to praise him.—*Montreal Witness.*

### Spare Moments.

Spare moments are the gold dust of time; and Young was writing a true and striking line, when he taught that "sands make the mountains, and moments make the year." Of all the portions of our life, the spare minutes are the most fruitful in good or evil. They are the gaps through which temptations find the easiest access to the garden of the soul.

Confidence may not be reciprocal; but kindness should be.