

# The Provincial Wesleyan

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HALIFAX, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1862.

WHOLE No. 655.

## Religious Miscellany.

**Death of H. R. H. Prince Albert.**  
Then the knell from St. Paul's, far heard at midnight, tolled the saddest dirge of the great city, told to woful ears.

Toll, toll, toll,  
Thou sad funeral bell,  
Ring out in deep and solemn notes  
Old England's last farewell.

Toll for the noble Prince,  
Come down in manhood's bloom,  
Down to the shades of death,  
The darkness of the tomb!

Toll for our stricken grief—  
For England's stricken heart,  
A giant nation's giant woe,  
In which the world hath part.

Toll for the vacant hall,  
In palace, court and hall,  
The royal emblem now o'erspread  
With death's funeral pall.

Toll for our widowed Queen,  
So desolate and lone,  
Unbecking now the regal pomp  
Of Great Britannia's throne:

Whose crown and sceptre shine,  
Mute mockery of woe,  
When Death has triumphed o'er the heart,  
And hope lies cold and low.

Toll for our future king,  
In early manhood's pride,  
Whose royal path will sadly miss  
His counsellor and guide.

Toll for the household band,  
Now wrapt in folds of gloom,  
Whose sunshine hath been rudely swept  
By shadows of the tomb.

Toll, toll, toll,  
On England's sea-girt shore,  
Toll for the brave and noble Prince  
Who trends our earth no more.

Toll for the breath of fame,  
For human love and trust,  
And tell how all Earth's mightiest sons  
Shall mingle with the dust!

*Milton, St. Stephen.*

**1862.**  
Welcome New Year,  
We greet thee with a hearty cheer,  
With joyful hearts and three times three  
We welcome thee!

The dear old year  
With his vast record has been here,  
To bid our sorrowing hearts adieu,  
Then pass away to us.

With tearful eyes  
We saw him mount the upper skies,  
Then vanish to the world unknown,  
The Great White Throne.

His scroll was bright  
With noble longings for the right,  
With long and weary race well run,  
And victory won.

The page was dark  
With shadowy scenes we dare not mark,  
With deeds of sin and fearful crime,  
Untied by time.

Welcome New Year!  
We greet thee with a starting tear,  
What shall the chequer'd volume be  
Inscribed by thee?

*Milton, St. Stephen.*

**Adam Clarke.**  
PREACHING.

He also was a "revivalist," and preached for immediate results. Alluding to one of his sermons at Oldham Chapel, Manchester, he says: "The congregation was really awful. Perhaps I never preached as I did this morning. I had the kingdom of God opened to me, and the glory of the Lord filled the whole place. Toward the close of the service was great. It was with great difficulty that I could get the people persuaded to leave the chapel. Though the press was immense, yet scarcely one seemed willing to go away, and those who were in distress were unable to go. Some of the preachers went and prayed with them, nor rested till they were healed. God has done a mighty work." Again he says, of a sermon in Bristol: "I saw this instant returned from King Street. The chapel crowded, crowded! And God, in a most special manner, enabled me to deliver such a testimony, from 1 Thess. i. 3, as I think I never before delivered. I did feel as if in the eternal world, having all things beneath me, with such expansions of mind as the power of God alone could give. I was about an hour and a half, and am torn up for the day."

"I would not," he said on another occasion, "have missed coming to this place for five hundred pounds. I got my soul blessed, and God blessed the people. I felt (stretching out his arms and folding them to his breast), I felt that I was drawing the whole congregation to me closer and closer, and pulling them away from the world to God." He is known to the Methodist world mostly by his writings, but his real greatness was in the pulpit. One of his hearers wrote: "In respect to the unawakened it may indeed be said that he obeyed that promise, 'Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet. His words flow spontaneously from the heart; his views enlarge as he proceeds, and he brings to the mind a torrent of things, new and old. While he is preaching one can seldom cast an eye on the audience without perceiving a melting union resting upon them."

He felt much by his pastoral labors, and was faithful in the lowliest of them, visiting especially the poor. "I always," he said, "sat with people, either breaking a piece from off his biscuit, or cutting a crust from a loaf, to show them that I am disposed to feel at home amongst them; for even if they are very poor, there are many ways of returning the kindness without wounding the feelings of the party by whom the hospitable disposition is manifested." "So he has been known," adds his biographer, "to eat two or three potatoes in a cottage, and give a blessing for each one of them."

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colliers of Kingswood, where Whitefield and Wesley had proved their apostleship. At one of these visits he wrote: "I took that glorious subject, 'How excellent is thy loving kindness, O God!' etc. My own soul was greatly watered, and the Lord sent a plentiful rain on his inheritance. Though the place was thinned, there was not a sound in it save that of my own voice, describing how God gave to those who turn to him to drink of the river of his pleasure, to be filled with the very thing which made God himself happy. I raised my voice and inquired, in the name of the living God, 'Who was miserable? Who was willing to be saved—to be made happy? Who was a sinner?' A wretched being, who had long hardened his heart by a course of uncommon wickedness, roared out, 'I am, Lord! I am, I am!' In a moment there was a general commotion. I aided the instant, and told them to compose themselves and listen for I had something more to tell them, something for every soul, a great, an eternal good. 'I am just going to open to you another stream of the river of his pleasure.' They were immediately composed, and in a few moments such a flood of tears streamed down all cheeks as you have, perhaps, never seen; and all was silence but the sighings which escaped, and the noise made by the poor man who was still crying to God for mercy. In about half an hour we ended one of the most solemn and blessed meetings I ever administered in. You will wish to know what became of the poor man. When he left the chapel he set off for the first prayer-meeting he could find, thinking God would never forgive his sins till he made confession unreservedly of all his iniquities. He began in the simplicity of his soul, and, with an agonized heart and streaming eyes, made known the evils of his life. They wept with him, and God gradually brought him into the liberty of his children."

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In 1826 he completed the great task of his life—his Commentary on the Holy Scriptures. The termination of his forty years of labour on this work was an era in his old age. The history of his life is a record of his labors, and the history of his mind is a record of his thoughts. He was a man of a noble and useful life. His Commentary afforded him the pecuniary means of a comfortable livelihood and of liberal charities. Though superseded, to some extent, by the progress of biblical learning, it is still the work for its time. It procured him the consideration of the learned world, and incalculably promoted the critical knowledge of the Holy Scriptures in the Methodist ministry, and among Methodists generally. Its superabundant excellence, though a fault, is the excess of an excellence. Its occasional criticisms of opinions are mostly without serious liability, and indeed had they been designed to procure its attention, it would have been a fault. It is a monument of his scholarship, if not of his intellect, of astonishingly various and equally accurate, if not equally profound learning; and readers who, like his own ministerial brethren, had few opportunities for varied studies, it is a real find. It is a monument of his scholarship, if not of his intellect, of astonishingly various and equally accurate, if not equally profound learning; and readers who, like his own ministerial brethren, had few opportunities for varied studies, it is a real find. It is a monument of his scholarship, if not of his intellect, of astonishingly various and equally accurate, if not equally profound learning; and readers who, like his own ministerial brethren, had few opportunities for varied studies, it is a real find.

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In 1826 he completed the great task of his life—his Commentary on the Holy Scriptures. The termination of his forty years of labour on this work was an era in his old age. The history of his life is a record of his labors, and the history of his mind is a record of his thoughts. He was a man of a noble and useful life. His Commentary afforded him the pecuniary means of a comfortable livelihood and of liberal charities. Though superseded, to some extent, by the progress of biblical learning, it is still the work for its time. It procured him the consideration of the learned world, and incalculably promoted the critical knowledge of the Holy Scriptures in the Methodist ministry, and among Methodists generally. Its superabundant excellence, though a fault, is the excess of an excellence. Its occasional criticisms of opinions are mostly without serious liability, and indeed had they been designed to procure its attention, it would have been a fault. It is a monument of his scholarship, if not of his intellect, of astonishingly various and equally accurate, if not equally profound learning; and readers who, like his own ministerial brethren, had few opportunities for varied studies, it is a real find. It is a monument of his scholarship, if not of his intellect, of astonishingly various and equally accurate, if not equally profound learning; and readers who, like his own ministerial brethren, had few opportunities for varied studies, it is a real find.

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colliers of Kingswood, where Whitefield and Wesley had proved their apostleship. At one of these visits he wrote: "I took that glorious subject, 'How excellent is thy loving kindness, O God!' etc. My own soul was greatly watered, and the Lord sent a plentiful rain on his inheritance. Though the place was thinned, there was not a sound in it save that of my own voice, describing how God gave to those who turn to him to drink of the river of his pleasure, to be filled with the very thing which made God himself happy. I raised my voice and inquired, in the name of the living God, 'Who was miserable? Who was willing to be saved—to be made happy? Who was a sinner?' A wretched being, who had long hardened his heart by a course of uncommon wickedness, roared out, 'I am, Lord! I am, I am!' In a moment there was a general commotion. I aided the instant, and told them to compose themselves and listen for I had something more to tell them, something for every soul, a great, an eternal good. 'I am just going to open to you another stream of the river of his pleasure.' They were immediately composed, and in a few moments such a flood of tears streamed down all cheeks as you have, perhaps, never seen; and all was silence but the sighings which escaped, and the noise made by the poor man who was still crying to God for mercy. In about half an hour we ended one of the most solemn and blessed meetings I ever administered in. You will wish to know what became of the poor man. When he left the chapel he set off for the first prayer-meeting he could find, thinking God would never forgive his sins till he made confession unreservedly of all his iniquities. He began in the simplicity of his soul, and, with an agonized heart and streaming eyes, made known the evils of his life. They wept with him, and God gradually brought him into the liberty of his children."

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