

The Wesleyan

Published under the direction of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference of Eastern British America.

Volume VII. No. 49.

HALIFAX, N. S., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1855.

Whole No. 384.

The Blessing After Service.

'Twas within the house of prayer,
And many a wounded heart was there;
And many an aching head was bowed
Humbly amidst the kneeling crowd.
Nor marvel where earth's children press
There must be thoughts of bitterness.

O! in the change of human life—
The anxious wish, the toil, the strife—
How much we know of grief and pain
Ere our short week comes round again.
'Tis not our knee that lies in prayer,
We need God's blessing ere we part.

Then sweetly through the hallowed ground
We seek the calm voice of solemn sound;
And gladly many a kneeling ear
Watched, the pure tone of love to hear;
And on each humble heart and true,
God's holy blessing fell like dew.

Like dew on summer's thirsty flowers;
On tender grass like soft showers;
On the parched earth like blessed rain,
That calls the spring-bloom back again;
O! to how many a weary sigh
Did that sweet benison reply.

"The peace that God bestows,
Through him who died and rose
The peace the Father giveth through the Son,
Be known in every mind
The broken heart to bind;
And bless ye, travellers, as ye journey on!

"Ye who have known to weep
When your beloved sleep;
Ye, who have poured the deep, bitter cry,
God's blessing be as balam
The fever'd soul to calm,
And wondrous peace each troubled mind supply.

"Young men whose cheek is bright
With nature's warmest light;
Whit youth and health thy veins with pure
Blood swell;
Let the remembrance be
Of thy God led to thee,
Peace, passing understanding, guard thee well.

"Parents, whose thoughts arise,
Turn where your children are
In their still graves, or beneath foreign skies;
This hour God's blessing come,
O'er the deserted home,
And peace with dove-like wings around you rise.

"Ere this week's strife begins,
The war without, within,
The trine God, with spirit and with power,
His wondrous blessings shed,
And keep us all through every troubled hour."

And then within the holy place,
Was silence for a minute's space;
Such silence, that you seemed to hear
The holy Dove's wing hovering near;
And still blessing far and wide,
Fell like the dew at evening tide.

And ere we left the house of prayer,
We knew that peace descended here;
And through the week of strife and din,
We rose his wondrous seal within.

Whitefield.

The following is from J. C. Ryle's excellent work, "The Priest, the Parian, and the Preacher":—

Whitefield was born in 1714. Like many other great men, he was of very humble origin. His father and mother kept the Bell Inn, in the city of Gloucester. Whether there is such an inn now, I do not know. But, judging from Whitefield's account of his circumstances, it must formerly have been a very small concern.

Whitefield's early life seems to have been anything but religious. He had occasional fits of devout feeling. He speaks of himself as having been addicted to lying, filthy talking, and foolish jesting. He confesses that he was a Sabbath-breaker, a theatre-goer, a card-player, and a romance reader. All this went on till he was twelve or fifteen years old.

At the age of twelve he was placed at a grammar-school in Gloucester. Little is known of his progress there, excepting the curious fact, that even then he was remarkable for his good education and morality, and was selected to make speeches before the corporation at their usual vestries.

At the age of fifteen he appears to have become tired of Latin and Greek, and to have given up all hopes of ever becoming more than a tradesman. He ceased to take lessons in anything but writing. He began to assist his mother in the public house that she kept.

"At length," he says, "I put on my blue apron, washed my face, cleaned my shoes, and, in one word, became a professed common drawer for nigh a year and a half."

But God who ordered all things in heaven and earth, called David from keeping sheep to be a king, had provided some better thing for Whitefield than the office of a pot-boy. Family disagreements interfered with his prospects at the Bell Inn. An old school-fellow stirred again within him the desire of going to the University. And at length, after several providential circumstances had smoothed the way, he was launched, at the age of eighteen, at Oxford, in a position at that time much more humbling than it is now—as a servant at Pembroke College.

Whitefield's Oxford career seems to have been the turning point in his life. According to his own journal, he had not been without religious convictions for two or three years before he went to Oxford. From the time of his entering Pembroke College, these convictions rapidly ripened into decided Christianity. He became marked for his attendance on all means of grace within his reach. He spent his leisure time in visiting the city prison and doing good. He formed an acquaintance with the famous John Wesley and his brother Charles, which gave a color to the whole of his subsequent life. At one time he seems to have had a narrow escape from becoming a semi-papist, an ascetic, or a mystic. From this he seems to have been delivered, partly by the advice of wiser and more experienced Christians, and partly by reading such books as Noongall's "Life of God in the Soul of Man," Law's "Serious Call," Baxter's "Call to the Unconverted," Alleine's "Alarm to Unconverted Sinners,"

At length, in 1736, at the early age of

twenty-two, he was ordained deacon by Bishop Benson, of Gloucester, and began to run that ministerial race in which he never drew breath till he was laid in the grave.

His first sermon was preached in St. Mary-le-Crypt, Gloucester. It was said to have driven fifteen persons mad. Bishop Benson remarked, that he only hoped the madness might continue. He next accepted temporary duty at the Tower Chapel, London. While engaged there, he preached continually in many of the London churches, and among others, in the parish churches of Blington, Bishopsgate, St. Dunstan's, St. Margaret, Westminster, and Bow, Chesham-side. From the very beginning he obtained a degree of popularity such as no preacher, probably before or since, has ever reached.

To say that the churches were crowded when he preached, would be saying little. They were literally crammed to suffocation. An eye witness said, "You might have walked on the people's heads."

From London he removed for a few months to Dummer, a little rural parish in Hampshire, near Haslemere. From Dummer he sailed for the colony of Georgia, in North America, after visiting Gloucester and Bristol, and preaching in crowded churches in each place. The object of his voyage was to assist the Wesleyans in the care of an Orphan House which they had established in Georgia for the children of colonists who died there. The management of this Orphan House ultimately devolved entirely on him, a world of responsibility and anxiety all his life long. Though well meant, it seems to have been a design of very questionable wisdom.

Whitefield returned from Georgia after about two years' absence, partly to obtain priest's orders, which were conferred on him by Bishop Benson, and partly on business connected with the Orphan House. And now we reach the era in his life when he was judged, by circumstances, to take up a line of conduct as a minister which he probably at one time never contemplated, but which was made absolutely necessary by the treatment he received.

It appears that on arriving at London, after his first visit to Georgia, he found the contentment of many of the clergy no longer toward him as they were before. They had taken fright at some expressions in his published letters, and reports of his conduct in America. They were scandalized at his preaching the doctrine of regeneration in the way that he did, as a thing which many of them regarded as a novelty. He refused to them. Churchwardens, who had no eyes for heresy and drunkenness, were filled with virtuous indignation about what they called breaches of order. Bishops who could tolerate Arianism and Socinianism, got into a state of excitement, and put forth warnings against fanaticism and enthusiasm. In short, Whitefield's field of usefulness within the church was rapidly narrowed on every side.

The step which seems to have decided Whitefield's course of action at this period of his life, was his adoption of open-air preaching. He had gone to Islington, on a Sunday in April, 1739, to preach for the vicar, his friend, Mr. Stonehouse. In the midst of the prayers, the churchwarden came to him and demanded his license for preaching in the London diocese. This Whitefield of course had not got, any more than any clergyman not regularly officiating in the diocese has at this day. The upshot of the matter was, that being forbidden to preach in the pulpit, he went outside, after the service, and preached in the church-yard. From that day he regularly took up the practice of open-air preaching. Wherever there were large open fields around London; wherever there were large bands of idle, church-despising, Sabbath-breaking people gathered together, there went Whitefield and lifted up his voice. The gospel proclaimed was listened to, and greedily received by hundreds who had never dreamed of visiting a place of worship. In Moorfields, in Hackney Fields, Mary-le-bone Fields, in May Fair, in Smithfield, on Kennington Common, on Blackheath, Sunday after Sunday, Whitefield preached to admiring masses. Ten thousand, fifteen thousand, twenty thousand, thirty thousand, were invited sometimes to have heard at once. The cause of pure religion, beyond doubt, was advanced. Souls were plucked from the hands of Satan as heads from the necks of the church. He was going much too fast for the church of those days. The clergy, with very few exceptions, would have nothing to do with this strange preacher. In short, the ministrations of Whitefield in the pulpits of the Establishment, with an occasional exception, from this time ceased. He was hardly a considerable town in England, Scotland and Wales, that he did not visit. When churches were opened to him, he preached in them. When churches were closed, he was ready and willing to preach in the open air. For thirty-four years he laboured in this way, always proclaiming the same glorious gospel, and with tremendous effect. In one single Whitson-week, after he had been preaching at Moorfields, he received one thousand letters from people under spiritual concern, and admitted to the Lord's table three hundred and fifty persons.

His journeys were prodigious, when the roads and conveyances are considered. Fourteen times did he visit Scotland. Seven times did he cross the Atlantic, and ward and forward. Twice he went over to Ireland. As to England and Wales, he traversed every county in them, from the Isle of Wight to Berwick-on-Tweed, and from the Land's end to the North Foreland.

His regular ministerial work in London, when he was not journeying, was prodigious. His weekly engagement at the Tabernacle in Tottenham-court Road, which was built for him when the pulpits of the Established Church were closed, were as follows:—Every Sunday morning he administered the Lord's Supper to several hundred communicants, at half-past six. After this he prayed and preached, both morning and afternoon; preached again in the evening at half-past five; and concluded, by addressing a large society of widows, married people, young men and spinners, sitting separately in the areas of the Tabernacle, with exhortations suitable to their respective stations. On Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings, he delivered lectures. This, you will observe, made thirteen sermons a week. At this time he was carrying on a correspondence with people in almost every part of the world.

That any human frame could so long endure the labour he went through, does indeed seem wonderful. That his life was not ended by violence, is no less wonderful. Once he was nearly strangled, when he was shot in Dublin. Once he was nearly murdered in bed by an angry lieutenant of the navy at Plymouth. Once he narrowly escaped being stabbed by the sword of a rakish young gentleman in Moorfields; but he was immortal till his work was done. He died at last at Newburyport, in North America, from a fit of asthma, at the age of fifty-six. His last sermon was preached only twenty-four hours before his death. It was an open air discourse, two hours long. Like Bishop Jewell, he almost died preaching. He left six children. He was once married, and the marriage does not seem to have contributed much to his happiness. But he left a name far better than that of sons and daughters. Never, I believe, was there a man of whom it could be so truly said, that he spent and was spent for God.

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The Irish Apple Woman.

The effect of our institutions, and of the Protestant atmosphere of the United States, upon the minds of the papal immigrants from Ireland is scarcely any longer a question. Their liberalizing and demoralizing effect has been roundly denied; but it is denied no longer. The witnesses to it are multiplied by the ten thousand; and the priests have become so alarmed, that in order to stop the process they have set themselves to work to stop the emigration from that down-trodden island which they have made a by-word in all the earth. A priest, distressed beyond measure at the change which so rapidly passes on the immigrants, in a letter to Ireland, in which he would discuss all good papists from coming here, says: "It is better to live and die at home, faithful Catholics, than come here with a change of being better, and in danger of becoming lax in faith and morals. Better it is that the Irish should leave their sons and daughters behind them with the precious gift of faith, than come here and leave them exposed to the evils of indifference and infidelity. . . . The greater number of children born of Irish parents in this country have more of antipathy to the Irish, and more irreligion, than the Americans." This is the confession of a priest who says he knows as to what he affirms. So that the thing is confessed; and the controversy is ended. The Irish in this country become liberal and enlightened, and under the genial influence of our institutions become "Protestant"; or, as the howling priest above quoted puts it; "they become so degenerate as to chime in with that republicanism run mad which makes them lack reverence for the man of God." And all this from a priest!

The process is a very simple one. As soon as they reach our shores it commences. They exchange their brogues for dresses; their rags for decent clothing—their potatoes and cabbage for nutritious food. This change brings its reward. They become industrious, frugal, independent; and they rise from the state of tenants and slaves, to be the owners of their own houses, to be freemen. And as the stagnation produced by ignorance and terrorism is the element in which popery obtains its most luxuriant growth, all this has an evident tendency to Protestantism.

"They neglect the sacraments," as the priest says; "they lose their respect for the clergy; they scorn the making of God out of water; the idea of priestly pardon for sin—they will not submit to be lampooned in the chapel, nor to be robbed of their money, nor to be flogged in the streets. Emigration does not increase the titles of the priests; it does not destroy the power of those who grove to create a soul under the Atlantic will, ere long, unite in their efforts to keep the Irish in Ireland. The priests measure the rapid progress of 'infidelity' among their people, by the lightness of their sign; they scorn the making of God out of water; the idea of priestly pardon for sin—they will not submit to be lampooned in the chapel, nor to be robbed of their money, nor to be flogged in the streets. 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the light division. During the long and dreary winter...



Latest Intelligence.

From R. M. S. AMERICA. From William & Smith's European Times of November 24th, we extract as follows...

According to the best reliable authorities, General Canrobert has succeeded admirably at Stockholm. In Sweden the popular feeling is decidedly in favour of an alliance with the Western Powers...

From the Crimea we learn that, although the winter will put a stop to field operations there, it is the intention of the allied generals to subject the northern part of Sebastopol to a bombardment...

The Duke of Argyll, still retaining for awhile his office of Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal, is to succeed Viscount Cranston as Postmaster General.

Before making over the seals of the Colonial Department to Mr. LAPOUCHEK, the Hon. Lord Palmerston has sounded one adieu to another to the parties of his opponents.

THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, under the direction of the Hon. Mr. Stansfeld, has been re-organised.

THE NORTH SIDE OF SEBASTOPOL TO BE BOMBARDED.—The Hon. Mr. Stansfeld writes that, as it is stated in quarters where information has often proved correct...

THE PEACE REMOVALS.—The Pacific rumors in Paris, on Thursday, were of the most confident character. It is stated that M. de Moustier, the military envoy of Prussia at St. Petersburg...

THE GALE OF WIND AT SYDNEY C.—The Cape Breton News of 23rd ult., says that Friday the 16th inst., which continued until the following day, it commenced suddenly at about 4 p.m. from the westward.

THE KING OF SARDEGNA.—A telegraph report from Marsaglia, dated Thursday, 23rd ult., says that the King of Sardinia has just disembarked. He has been conducted to the Prefecture by the public authorities and an immense multitude.

example of Sweden, and accept for herself the same engagement. I learn also that Prussia acting on her own spontaneous movement, has made propositions of peace to Russia...

THE CAMPAIGN OF THE PRUTH.—A rumour has been current at Constantinople in the Galata suburbs, where most of the emigrants reside, that the English, French, and Turkish military authorities now at the Thermopylae have drawn up and settled their plan of campaign for 1856.

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ACCIDENTS.—Dr. Jennings was summoned to attend no less than four cases of severe personal injury, on the Railroad, yesterday forenoon.

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New Advertisements.

HEAD DISORDERS.

Removal! Removal!! Jost & Knight. No. 53, Granville Street.

The "Sebastopol" OF DISEASE.

Removal! Removal!! Jost & Knight. No. 53, Granville Street.

Removal! Removal!!

Removal! Removal!! Jost & Knight. No. 53, Granville Street.

Staple and Fancy Goods.

Removal! Removal!! Jost & Knight. No. 53, Granville Street.

Webster's Quarto Dictionary.

Removal! Removal!! Jost & Knight. No. 53, Granville Street.

Shipping News.

Removal! Removal!! Jost & Knight. No. 53, Granville Street.

Port of Halifax.

Removal! Removal!! Jost & Knight. No. 53, Granville Street.

Halifax Markets.

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Doctry.

Our Captive Bird.

There is a bird that has fallen with slight wings... We would make a cage of gilded wire... We would make a perch for her to mount...

Miscellaneous.

The Countries of Soudan, Africa.

Until within a recent period but little has been known of the geography and topography of the eastern portion of Central Africa... The Niger, in fact, has been for them a more interesting problem than the Nile.

from the wilderness. The native inhabitants are infinitely more stupid and degraded than the Fellahs of Egypt... The great kingdom of Dar-Fur offers a rich field for some future explorer.

The London Post Office.

The following interesting particulars, gathered from an article in the last number of Patnam's Magazine, entitled 'The London Post Office,' will give some idea of the machinery by which the immense establishment is kept in motion.

War on Christian Principles.

The following were the rounds of the newspapers pretty extensively four or five years since, but is decidedly apropos just now.

50,000 Cures without Medicine.

Dr. H. BARRY'S DELICIOUS REVALENTA ARAUCARIA is the natural remedy which has obtained 50,000 testimonials of cures from the Right Hon. Lord...

THE INFALLIBLE REMEDY! HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT. BRISBANE OF FIFTY YEARS DURATION.

LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, CHIEF OFFICE. 43, Moorgate Street, London.

A BAD BREAST CURED WITH DR. HENRY MALDEN'S OINTMENT.

Another Scientific Wonder! GREAT CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA. DR. J. S. HOUGHTON'S PEPSIN.

THE TRIE DIGESTIVE FLUID, OR, GASTRIC JUICE. NELSON'S GELATINE LOZENGES.

Vegetable Pulmonary Balm. THE GREAT STANDARD REMEDY FOR ALL PULMONARY DISEASES.

ENTIRELY VEGETABLE. LIGHTFOOT'S Pulmonary Pastilles.

MORTON'S MEDICAL WAREHOUSE. ESTABLISHED 1842—RENOVATED 1854.

DRUGS, Medicines, Spices, &c. THE Subscribers have received per Hammer, from London, a large and well selected Stock...

The Colonial Life Assurance COMPANY! Incorporated by Special Act of Parliament.

WESLEYAN BOOK-ROOM! NEW BOOKS. All the works contained in the following Catalogue...

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