

THE WESLEYAN.

For the Provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, &c.

"HOLD FAST THE FORM OF SOUND WORDS."—Scripture.

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Poetry.

MARINERS' HYMN.

LAUNCH thy bark, mariner !
Christian ! God speed thee,
Let loose the rudder band,
Good angels lead thee ;
Set thy sails warily,
Tempests will come ;
Steer thy course steadily,
Christian ! steer home !

Look to the weather bow,
Breakers are round thee ;
Let fall the plummet now,
Shallows may ground thee.
Keel in the forecast there !
Hold the helm fast !
So—let the vessel wear,—
There swept the blast.

What of the night, watchman ?
What of the night ?
Cloudy—all quiet—
No land yet—all's right,
Be watchful—be vigilant—
Danger may be
At an hour when all doest
Sweetest to thee.

How gains the leak on fast ?
Clear out the hold—
Hot up the mackerel—
Heave out thy gull.
These ! let the ingots go—
Now the ship rights—
Huzza ! the harbour's near,
Lo ! the red lights.

Slacken not sail yet
At inlet or island ;
Straight for the beacon steer,
Straight for the highland,
Crowd all thy canvas on,
Out through the foam ;
Christian ! cast anchor now—
Heaven is thy home.

Biographical.

LIFE OF THE REV. GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

(Continued from page 95.)

Mr. WHITEFIELD sailed on his third voyage for America in August, 1744, and after a tedious passage of seventy-seven days, arrived in New York. His health, which was poor when he left England, was little improved by this voyage. Soon after his arrival he was severely attacked by sickness, and for a season his life was despaired of. His physician, a man of eminence in the profession, had been consulted, but was awakened by the Whitefield's last visit to New England.

Of his illness at this time he writes,—“In three weeks I was enabled to preach ; but I caught cold, immediately relapsed, and was taken, as every one thought, with death. What gave me most concern was, that notice had been given for me to preach. While the doctor was preparing a medicine, feeling my pains abate on a sudden, I cried out, ‘Doctor, my pains are suspended ; by the help of God I will go and preach, and then come home and die.’ In my own apprehension, and in all appearance to others, I was a dying man. I preached, and the people heard me as such. The invisible things of another world lay open to my view. Expecting to stretch into eternity, and be with my master before morning, I spoke with peculiar energy. Such effects followed the word, I thought it was worth dying for a thousand times. Though wonderfully comforted within, at my return home I thought I was dying indeed, and I heard my friends say, ‘He is gone.’ But God was pleased to order it otherwise, and I gradually recovered.

He now visited New England, and found the work of God in a prosperous state. Although he travelled largely through many of the provinces, yet as his health continued but indifferent, he took the advice of his friends, and made a voyage to Bermuda for its benefit. Here he was received with the greatest hospitality and kindness ; and traversed the island with his habitual activity, and preached with great acceptance and considerable success.

Leaving the island, he arrived in England in July, 1746, having been absent nearly four years. During the next three years of his useful life, Mr. Whitefield travelled through various parts of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, and preached to hundreds of thousands, many of whom were savingly benefitted by his evangelical labours.

He made a fourth voyage to America, and landed in Georgia in October, 1751, and fearing the effects of the climate, from which he had formerly suffered, he returned to England in the following spring.

On learning that his friend, the Rev. John Wesley had, by his diligence and zeal, brought himself near to the grave, Mr. Whitefield wrote to him the following letter, dated December, 1753 :

“REV. AND VERY DEAR SIR,—

“In seeing you so weak when in London distressed me, the news and prospect of your approaching dissolution hath quite weighed me down. I pity myself and the Church, but not you. A radiant crown awaits you, and ere long you will enter into your Master's joy. Yonder he stands with a multitude of