

THE WESLEYAN.

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

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

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Poetry.

HYMN FOR THE CENTENARY OF WESLEYAN METHODISM.

"A hundred years ago."

ONE song of praise, one song of prayer,
Around, above, below;
Ye winds and waves, the burthen bear,
"A hundred years ago!"

"A hundred years ago!"—What then?
—There rose, the world to bless,
A little band of faithful men,
A cloud of witnesses.

It look'd but like a human hand;
Few welcom'd it, none fear'd;
Yet, as it open'd o'er the land,
The hand of God appear'd.

The Lord made bare his holy arm,
In sight of earth and hell;
Fiends fled before it with alarm,
And alien armies fell.

God gave the word, and great hath been
The preachers' company;
What wonders have our fathers seen:
What signs their children see!

One song of praise for mercies past,
Through all our courts resound;
One voice of prayer, that to the last,
Grace may much more abound.

All hail "a hundred years ago!"
—And when our lips are dumb,
Be millions heard rejoicing so,
A hundred years to come!

The Mount, Jan. 26, 1839.

J. MONTGOMERY.

Biographical.

LIFE OF THE REV. GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

(Continued from page 51.)

TOWARD the close of December, 1737, Mr. Whitefield embarked for Georgia. His situation on board the vessel was new to him, and at first, to all appearance, very uncomfortable and unpromising. The ship was full of soldiers, among whom were some very abandoned characters. The captain of the ship, the military officers, with the surgeon and a young cadet, soon gave him to understand that they considered him an impostor, and for a while they treated him as such. The first Sabbath after he came on board, one played on a hautboy, while others spent the day at cards with the usual accompaniments, intermingling a profusion of oaths and blasphemies. Mr. Whitefield was greatly afflicted by this conduct, but demeaned himself with

great prudence, and, as we shall see, was eventually instrumental in effecting a very great improvement.

He began with the officers in the cabin, using mild and gentle reproof, with, however, but little effect. He next attempted among the soldiers between decks, and although the place was not commodious, he attended public worship with them twice a-day.—At first he saw no fruit of his labour, yet was encouraged in being kindly received by his new red-coat parishioners, as he termed them.

In this situation things continued for some time. But during this period Mr. Whitefield experienced much inconvenience from the want of a place for retirement: and as yet there was no religious service in the great cabin, both of which he greatly desired. At length, however, he obtained his wish; for finding the captain of the vessel inclined to favour him, he asked and obtained the use of his cabin as a place of occasional retirement. And soon afterward the captain of the soldiers, having invited him to a dish of coffee, he took the liberty to say to him, "that though he was a volunteer on board, he looked upon himself as his chaplain, and as such he thought it a little odd to pray and preach to the servants and not to the masters; and added that, if he "thought proper, he would make use of a short collect now and then in the great cabin." After pausing awhile and shaking his head he answered, "I think we may when we have nothing else to do." This awkward hint was all he got for the present, yet he was encouraged thereby to hope the desired point would soon be gained.

On arriving at Gibraltar, where the vessel was bound to take in more soldiers, Mr. Whitefield was received and entertained with hospitality and respect: and during his stay preached with his usual eloquence and success.

Before the embarkation of the soldiers, among whom were a number of religious men, by the consent of the General he gave them a parting discourse in the church; and from time to time, during the voyage, as the weather permitted, he preached to them on board of their respective ships, three of which sailed in company.—Colonel Cochran, who commanded the troops, was extremely civil, and soon after they sailed there was such a change in Captain Mackay, that he desired Mr. Whitefield would not give himself the trouble of praying and expounding between decks, for he would order a drum to beat morning and evening, and himself would attend with the soldiers on deck. This produced a very agreeable alteration; the congregation now became as regular and orderly as in a church. Mr. Whitefield preached with a captain on each side of