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

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Poetry.

"HERE AM I." GEN. XXII. 11.

"HAPPY saint! so often found
Firmly fix'd on duty's ground:
O how full thy short reply,
Faithful Abraham, "Here am I."

O, to call such faith my own,
When the Lord his will makes known:
When he comes my love to try,
Then to answer, "Here am I."

Whatsee'er thou call'st me to,
Lord, to suffer or to do;
Still be this my one reply
"Ready at the call am I."

If thy condescending grace
In thy vineyard find a place,
Humblest service to supply,
Glad I'll answer, "Here am I."

If thro' sorrow's gloomy maze
Jesus bids me seek his face,
Help me strong in faith, to cry,
"Here, beside thy cross, am I."

Must this proud and lofty breast,
Lord, be humbled and deprest?
Leave me not until I say,
Meek and lowly, "Here am I."

Do I build on earth my nest,
Seek in creature-joys my rest?
Make me, if thou bid them die,
Calmly answer, "Here am I."

Closer to thee may I move,
Prize still more thy faithful love,
To thine arms for refuge fly,
Say, rejoicing, "Here am I."

Soon shall Time's most gloomy scene,
Be, as though it had not been;
Stormy clouds may o'er me fly,
Safely shelter'd "Here am I."

When the darkest clouds are gone,
When life's fairer tints are shown,
May I, 'neath my evening sky,
Welcome death with ecstasy,
Calmly whispering, "Here am I."

Biographical.

MEMOIR OF WALTER HUNTINGDON WILLETT, OF AYLESFORD.*

BY T. W. CHESLEY

It is presumed that no apology is necessary, on presenting to the public the following Memoir. Christian

* Immediately on the decease of the subject of this Memoir, the writer, considering that some account of his life and death would be interesting as well as profitable, particularly to the youthful public

Biography forms a most interesting branch of reading which, together with the very beneficial effects resulting from the publication of the happy lives, and triumphant deaths, of the humble and sincere followers of our blessed Saviour, form sufficient inducements to those who are well-wishers to the cause of religion, and desire the spiritual prosperity of their fellow-men, to publish, and materially lighten the labour of publishing,—the life of the pious Christian. But there are additional motives, which impel to the task, the humble writer of this little sketch. Among those are,—the variety of the instances which have come under his notice, of the publication of the lives of pious persons—especially young persons who have lived and died in our Province,—the peculiar brilliancy with which many of the moral, as well as the Christian virtues shone forth,—and the happy effects of religion, so eminently manifested,—in the short career of him, whose life forms the subject of this Memoir. And these circumstances, he trusts, will recommend it the more strongly to the favourable consideration of the public. With these observations I will attempt the task I have undertaken; and in as correct and plain a manner as possible, present to the public—especially the youthful part of it—the life of one, whose conduct was, in an eminent degree, worthy of imitation; and as I proceed, I will use the appropriate language of Young:—

"Some angel guide my pencil while I draw,
What nothing less than angel can exceed,
A man on earth devoted to the skies;
Like ships at sea—while in—above the world."

The subject of this Memoir, was the son of Walter and Mary Willett of Aylesford; and was born March 1818. He was the only son of six children, two of whom were older than himself. As he was their only son, we will readily conclude his parents used all the means their country situation afforded them, of giving him suitable learning,—which consisted only in a common English education,—and of "training him up in the way he should go;" and they no doubt promised themselves much pleasure and satisfaction from him as he grew up and advanced in life, which they happily realized. But alas! how vain are earthly hopes. It was destined too soon to be cut short. It was the will of their heavenly Father that the tender plant should blossom only for a brief

determined to publish it, and accordingly commenced writing it. But on learning that a respected friend was about publishing something of the kind, he relinquished his determination. However, when his friend had published the article alluded to, it being quite brief, and not intended as a memoir, he thought it would not be improper to continue