

GEORGE WHITEFIELD (d. 1770)

1. At five in the morning, be on your knees with your Bible, your *Greek New Testament*, and Matthew Henry's *Commentary*. Pray over every line and word. Lay up a store of knowledge on which you will be able to draw amidst the haste of ministry.¹
2. Resolve to lead a strict life, giving yourself to prayer and the study of Scripture.² Sometimes spend whole nights in prayer.³ Live in the spirit of prayer throughout the day. Make prayer your native air, the atmosphere of your life.⁴
3. Preach "five times a week."⁵ Be continually engaged in preaching and in talking privately with very many souls.⁶ Be busy making the gospel known. Urge others to preach every day of the week.⁷ Hold services at six or seven in the morning.⁸ Be characterized by constant zeal.⁹ Don't allow the church rules and tradition keep you from preaching to the lost. Don't marry if ministry will prevent you from spending quality time with your wife. If you are called out to act in a public manner, give yourself wholly to the work. Don't turn from to the right hand or to the left.¹⁰ Be active by four. Preach at five for an hour. By seven set out on an evangelistic journey, write letters, or meet with those seeking spiritual advice.¹¹
 - a. "I have no thought of settling till I settle in glory."¹²
 - b. "His Integrity, Disinterestedness and indefatigable Zeal in prosecuting every good Work, I have never seen equalled, I shall never see excelled."¹³
 - c. "Weary in Thy work but not of Thy work."¹⁴
 - d. "[H]is whole life may be said to have been consumed in the delivery of one continuous, or scarcely interrupted sermon."¹⁵

¹ A. Dallimore, 23.

² A. Dallimore, 25.

³ A. Dallimore, 45, 114.

⁴ A. Dallimore, 221.

⁵ A. Dallimore, 30.

⁶ A. Dallimore, 148.

⁷ A. Dallimore, 154, 181.

⁸ A. Dallimore, 155.

⁹ A. Dallimore, 157.

¹⁰ A. Dallimore, 188.

¹¹ A. Dallimore, 217.

¹² A. Dallimore, 161.

¹³ B. Franklin, quoted in A. Dallimore, 198.

¹⁴ G. Whitefield, quoted in A. Dallimore, 207.

¹⁵ Sir J. Stephens, quoted in A. Dallimore, 219.

4. See the vanity of all commendations but God's.¹⁶ Pray God will give you a deep humility, a well-guided zeal, a burning love, and a single eye.¹⁷
 - a. "Unless your hearts are free from worldly hopes and worldly fears you will never speak boldly as you ought to speak."¹⁸
 - b. Be careful not to give offense, and yet never court the favor of any.¹⁹
5. Preach to all people in the open air²⁰ with boldness, clarity, and passion. Speak with "Gospel authority."²¹ Preach wherever lost souls are found.²²
 - a. "Church or no church, we must attend to the saving of souls."²³
 - b. "The whole world is now my parish. Wheresoever my Master calls me I am ready to go and preach the everlasting Gospel."²⁴
 - c. Like Whitefield's colleague John Cennick, rent an unused church and preach twice daily.²⁵ Hold meetings in barns, houses, and fields.
6. Dare to confront the wildest and most brutal of men.²⁶ Remain completely calm.²⁷ Preach with aggressive zeal and undaunted courage.²⁸
 - a. "With a superb courage, rarely equalled on the battlefield, the Methodist preachers went again and again to the places from which they had been driven by violence, until their persistence wore down the antagonism fo their assailants."²⁹
7. See the nature of sin more and more deeply.³⁰
8. Visit the sick.³¹

¹⁶ A. Dallimore, 32.

¹⁷ A. Dallimore, 33.

¹⁸ G. Whitefield, quoted in A. Dallimore, 71.

¹⁹ A. Dallimore, 116.

²⁰ A. Dallimore, 181.

²¹ A. Dallimore, 26.

²² A. Dallimore, 181.

²³ Plaque at Hanham Mount.

²⁴ G. Whitefield, quoted in Dallimore, 71.

²⁵ A. Dallimore, 190.

²⁶ J. Simon, *The Revival of Religion in England in the Eighteenth Century*, quoted in A. Dallimore, 141.

²⁷ A. Dallimore, 144.

²⁸ A. Dallimore, 221.

²⁹ J. Simon, *The Revival of Religion in England in the Eighteenth Century*, quoted in A. Dallimore, 141.

³⁰ A. Dallimore, 73.

³¹ A. Dallimore, 39.

9. Organize disciples and disciple-makers into local, regional, and national societies for a more impactful ministry. Draw up rules and regulations for associations and hold monthly conferences on the local level, quarterly conference taking in a wider area, and an annual conference that includes the entire movement. Meet monthly in little bodies, communicate successes, and send an abstract across the nation.³² Govern your life by order and planning.³³

10. Go on being a “servant of all” year after year.³⁴ Don’t bind people to any allegiance to yourself.³⁵

³² A. Dallimore, 138-39

³³ A. Dallimore, 140.

³⁴ A. Dallimore, 156.

³⁵ A. Dallimore, 188.

Poem to Whitefield (1755) | Charles Wesley

Come on, my Whitefield (since the strife is past, and friends at first are friends again at last.)
Our hands, and hearts, and counsels let us join, in mutual league, t'advance the work Divine.
Our one contention now, our single aim, to pluck poor souls as brands out of the flame;
To spread the victory of that bloody cross, and gasp our latest breath in the Redeemer's cause.

Too long, alas! We gave to Satan place when party-zeal put on an angel's face,
Too long we listened to the coz'ning fiend, whose trumpet sounded, "For the faith contend!"
With hasty blind-fold rage, in error's night, how did we with our fellow-soldiers fight!
We could not then our Father's children know, but each mistook his brother for his foe.

Foes to the truth, can you in conscience spare? "Tear them, (the tempter cried) in pieces tear!"
So thick the darkness, so confused the noise, we took the stranger's for the Shepherd's voice;
Rash nature waved the controversial sword, on fire to fight the battles of the Lord,
Fraternal love from every breast was driven, and bleeding Charity returned to heaven.

The Saviour saw our strife with pitying eye, and cast a look that made the shadows fly;
Soon as the day-spring in His presence shone, we found the two fierce armies were but one;
Common our hope and family and name, our arms, our Captain and our crown the same;
Enlisted all beneath Immanuel's sign and purchased every soul with precious blood divine.

Then let us cordially again embrace, nor e'er infringe the league of gospel-grace;
Let us in Jesus' name to battle go, and turn our arms against the common foe;
Fight side by side beneath our Captain's eye, chase the Philistines, on their shoulder fly,
And, more than conquerors, in the harness die.

For whether I am born to "blush above", on earth suspicious of electing love,
Or you, o'erwhelmed with honourable shame, to shout the universal Saviour's Name,
It matters not; if all our conflicts past, before the great white throne we meet at last.
Our only care, while sojourning below, our real Faith by real Love to show:
To blast the alien's hope, and let them see how friends of jarring sentiments agree:
Not in a party's narrow banks confined, not by the sameness of opinions joined,
But cemented with the Redeemer's blood, and bound together in the heart of God.

Can we forget from whence our union came, when first we simply met in Jesus' name?
The name mysterious of the God Unknown, whose secret love allured and drew us on
Thro' a long, lonely, legal wilderness to find the promised land of gospel peace.
True yoke-fellows, we then agreed to draw the intolerable burden of the Law.
And jointly labouring on with zealous strife strengthened each other's hands to work for life
To turn against the world our steady face, and, valiant for the truth, enjoy disgrace.

Then, when we served our God through fear alone our views, our studies and our hearts were one:
No smallest difference damped the social flame in Moses' school we thought and spake the same:
And must we, now in Christ, with shame confess, our love was greater when our light was less?
When darkly through a glass with servile awe we first the spiritual commandment saw,
Could we not then, our mutual love to show, through fire and water for each other go?
We could – we did – In a strange land I stood, and beckoned thee to cross the Atlantic flood:
With true affection winged, thy ready mind, left country, fame and ease and friends behind,
And, eager all heaven's counsels to explore, flew through the watery world and grasped the shore.

Nor did I linger, at my friend's desire, to tempt the furnace, and abide the fire:
When suddenly sent forth, from the highways I called poor outcasts to the feast of grace.
Urged to pursue the work by thee begun through ill and good report I still rushed on,
Nor felt the fire of popular applause, nor feared the torturing flame in such a glorious cause.

Ah, wherefore did we ever seem to part, or clash in sentiment, while one in heart?
What dire device did the old Serpent find, To put asunder those whom God had joined?
From folly and self-love Opinion rose, to sever friends who never yet were foes;
To baffle and divert our noblest aim, confound our pride, and cover us with shame:
To make us blush beneath her short-lived power, and glad the world with one triumphant hour.

But lo! The snare is broke, the captive's freed by Faith on all the hostile powers we tread,
And crush through Jesus' strength the Serpent's head.
Jesus hath cast the cursed Accuser down, hath rooted up the tares by Satan sown:
Kindled anew the never-dying flame, and re-baptised our souls into His Name.

Soon as the virtue of His Name we feel, the storm of life subsides, the sea is still,
All nature bows to His benign command, and two are one in his Almighty hand.
One in His hand, O may we still remain, fast bound with love's indissoluble chain;
(That adamant which time and death defies, that golden chain which draws us to the skies!)

His love the tie that binds us to His throne,
His love (let all the ground of friendship see)
His only love constrains our hearts to agree
And gives the rivet of eternity!

Elegy on the Death of George Whitefield (1770) | Charles Wesley

And is my Whitefield entered into rest,
With sudden death, with sudden glory blest?
Left for a few sad moments here behind,
I bear his image on my faithful mind;
To future times the fair example tell
Of one who lived, of one who died, so well,
Pay the last office of fraternal love,
And then embrace my happier friend above.
O thou who didst, in our degenerate days,
This chosen vessel for thy glory raise,
My heart with my companion's zeal inspire,
And touch my lips with the celestial fire,
That while thy servant's labours I record,
Sinners may see, and magnify his Lord,
Bow to the saving name, and thankful own
The good on earth performed is wrought by God alone.
His sovereign grace vouchsafed a worm to choose,
The vessel fitting for the Master's use:
God from the womb set for himself apart
A pastor fashioned after his own heart;
Infused the infant-wish, the warm desire,
To minister like that angelic choir,
And bade his simple soul to heaven aspire.
Awed, and delighted with a God unknown,
By glimpses of his face led gently on,
The powerful, sweet attraction he pursued,
And feared the crowd, and sighed for solitude;
His sins and wants in secret to declare,
Or wait for blessings in the house of prayer,
Devotion by the altar-fire to raise,
And join the first-born church in solemn songs of praise.
But now the Lord, who sends by whom he will,
Ready his own great purpose to fulfil,
Inclined the creature's heart as passive clay,
And pointed out his providential way
To learning's seats, for piety designed,
For knowledge sound, with pure religion joined,
Schools of the prophets' sons, and well employed,
When training servants for the courts of God.
'Twas there he dared his father's God pursue,
Associating with the derided few,
(Who, newly started in the Christian race,
Were blindly following after righteousness,

Outcasts of men, and fools for Jesus' sake!)
He longed their glorious scandal to partake,
Courageously took up the shameful cross,
And suffering all things in the Saviour's cause,
Vowed to renounce the world, himself deny,
And following on with them, with them to live and die.
Can I the memorable day forget,
When first we by divine appointment met?
Where undisturbed the thoughtful student roves,
In search of truth, through academic groves,
A modest, pensive youth, who mused alone,
Industrious the frequented path to shun,
An Israelite without disguise or art
I saw, I loved, and clasped him to my heart,
A stranger as my bosom-friend caressed,
And unawares received an angel-guest.
Marked for an angel of the church below,
Must he not first severe temptation know,
Fly from the flaming mount with guilty awe,
And quake to hear the thunders of the law,
Th' accuser's cruel buffetings sustain,
Still of unconquerable sin complain,
With cries, and tears that seemed to flow in vain?
Long in the fire, long in the desert tried,
He daily languished, and he daily died,
Long by the spirit of fear in prison bound,
Groaned for relief, yet no deliverance found;
Till quite forsaken both of man and God,
And fainting underneath corruption's load,
His fastings, prayers, and struggles he gave o'er,
Sunk in despair, and gasped for help no more.
Then in the last extreme of hopeless grief,
Jesus appeared! And helped his unbelief,
Infused the faith which did his sins remove,
Assured his heart of God's forgiving love,
And filled with glorious joy, the joy of saints above.
Who but the souls that savingly believe,
The raptures of a faithful soul conceive?
The joy unspeakable, the love unknown,
The peace he felt is understood by none,
By none but those who know their sins forgiven
Through God the Holy Ghost come down from heaven.
Born of the Spirit now, divinely led,
He hastes in his dear Saviour's steps to tread,

Eager his faith's sincerity to prove
By all the works of piety and love;
Fruits of repentance first, and legal fear,
They now the genuine marks of grace appear,
Their own superior principle maintain,
And justify his faith to God and man;
While list'ning to forlorn affliction's cries,
Swift to assist on wings of love he flies,
Help to the sick, and needy prisoners gives,
And more than their external wants relieves;
Alarms the souls that sleep secure in sin,
Till urged the one great business they begin,
Instructs them how to 'scape the judgment nigh,
"Ye must be born again, or dead forever die!"
Nor let the scrup'lous sons of Levi fear
He thus invades the sacred character:
Thus every candidate should first be tried,
In doing good, in Jesus' steps abide,
Then exercise aright the deacon's powers,
Son to his church, as Whitefield was to ours.
Moved by the Holy Ghost to minister,
And serve his altar, in the house of prayer,
Though long resolved for God alone to live,
The outward call he trembled to receive,
Shrunk from the awful charge, so well prepared,
The gift by apostolic hands conferred,
And cried, with deep unfeigned humility,
"Send, Lord, by whom thou wilt, but send not me."
He takes the eagle's with the morning's wings,
To other worlds the great salvation brings,
As sent, with joyful news of sins forgiven,
To every ransomed soul on this side heaven!
With ready mind th' Americans receive
Their angel-friend, and his report believe,
So soon the servant's heavenly call they find,
So soon they hear the Master's feet behind:
He comes—to wound, and heal! At his descent
The mountains flow, the rocky hearts are rent;
Numbers acknowledging their gracious day
Turn to the Lord, and cast their sins away,
And faint and sink, beneath their guilty load,
Into the arms of a forgiving God.
His Son revealed, they now exult to know,
And after a despised Redeemer go,
In all the works prepared their faith to prove,
In patient hope, and fervency of love.

How blest the messenger whom Jesus owns,
How swift with the commissioned word he runs!
The sacred fire shut up within his breast
Breaks out again, the weary cannot rest,
Cannot consent his feeble flesh to spare,
But rushes on, Jehovah's harbinger:
His one delightful work, and steadfast aim
To pluck poor souls as brands out of the flame,
To scatter the good seed on every side,
To spread the knowledge of the crucified,
From a small spark a mighty fire to raise,
And fill the continent with Jesus' praise.
What recompense for all his endless toil?
The Master pays him with a constant smile,
With peace, and power, and comforts from above,
Grace upon grace, and floods of rapt'rous love.
When often spent and spiritless he lies,
Jesus beholds him with propitious eyes,
And looks him back his strength, and bids arise,
Sends him again to run the lengthened race,
Prosper his work, and shines on all his ways.
The man of God, whom God delights t' approve
In his great labours of parental love,
Love of the little ones—for these he cares,
The lambs, the orphans, in his bosom bears;
Knowing in whom he trusts, provides a place,
And spreads a table in the wilderness,
A father of the fatherless, supplies
Their daily wants—with manna from the skies,
In answer to his prayer so strangely given,
His fervent prayer of faith that opens heaven.
What mighty works the prayer of faith can do!
The good of souls, and Jesus in his view,
He sees the basis sure, which cannot fail,
Laid by the true divine Zerubbabel;
The rising house built up by swift degrees,
The crowning-stone brought forth with shouts he sees:
The Lord hath finished what his hands begun,
Ascribe the gracious work to grace alone.
The house is built; and shall not God provide?
Plentiful help pours in on every side,
From hearts inclined the hungry lambs to feed
By him, who satisfies the poor with bread;
Whose blessing makes the earth her riches yield,

The wilderness become a fruitful field,
Bids golden harvests round his house arise,
And turns a waste into a paradise.
With heart enlarged, with confidence increased,
In all his purposes and labours bless'd,
The steward wise, and faithful to his trust,
Gives God the praise, and sinks into the dust,
And cries, o'erwhelmed his Master's smile to see,
"O when shall I begin to live for thee!"
More grace is on the humble man bestowed,
More work on him that loves to work for God;
By whose supreme decree, and kind command
He now returns, to bless his native land,
(Nor dreads the threat'nings of the wat'ry deep,
Or all its storms, with Jesus in the ship)
To see how the belov'd disciples fare,
Fruits of his toil, and children of his prayer,
A second gospel-benefit t' impart,
And comfort, and confirm the faithful heart.
So the first missionaries in Jesus' name,
Went forth, the world's Redeemer to proclaim,
The crucified, supreme, eternal God,
The general peace and pardon in his blood;
From clime to clime the restless heralds run,
To make their Saviour through the nations known,
Planted in every place, to serve their Lord,
A living church, and watered by the word,
While heaven was pleased their ministry to bless,
And God bestowed the thousand-fold increase.
He ran, nor e'er looked back, or slacked his pace;
Starting afresh, on this alone intent,
And straining up the steep of excellent,
Forgetting still the things already done,
And reaching forth to those not yet begun,
Eager he pressed to his high calling's prize,
By violent faith resolved to scale the skies,
And apprehend his Lord in paradise.
Through his abundant toils, with fixed amaze
We see revived the work of ancient days;
In his unspotted life with joy we see
The fervors of primeval piety:
A pattern to the flock by Jesus bought,
A living witness of the truths he taught,
Meek, lowly, patient, wise above his years,
Redeemed from earth, with all their hopes and fears,

Not to the vain desires of men he lived,
Not with delight their high applause received,
But praised the Lord for what his grace had done,
And simply lived to serve his will alone.
The heavenly principle of faith within,
The strong divine antipathy to sin,
The Spirit's law, the meek ingrafted word,
The vital knowledge of an heart-felt Lord,
The nature new, th' incorruptible seed,
Its power throughout his life and actions spread,
And showed the man regenerate from above,
By fraudless innocence, and childlike love.
For friendship formed by nature and by grace,
(His heart made up of truth and tenderness)
Stranger to guile, unknowing to deceive,
In anger, malice, or revenge to live,
He lived, himself on others to bestow,
A ministerial spirit, while here below,
Belov'd by all the lovers of his Lord,
By none but Satan's synagogue abhorred.
Nor did their fierce abhorrence always last:
When on the right the gospel-net he cast,
The powerful charms of soft persuasion tried,
And showed them their Redeemer's hands and side,
Love irresistible they could not bear,
Or stand against the torrent of his prayer,
By bleeding love their hatred he o'ercame,
And seized the lawful spoils, in Jesus' name.

The Preacher (1859) | John Greenleaf Whittier

Its windows flashing to the sky,
Beneath a thousand roofs of brown,
Far down the vale, my friend and I
Beheld the old and quiet town;
The ghostly sails that out at sea
Flapped their white wings of mystery;
The beaches glimmering in the sun,
And the low wooded capes that run
Into the sea-mist north and south;
The sand-bluffs at the river's mouth;
The swinging chain-bridge, and, afar,
The foam-line of the harbor-bar.

Over the woods and meadow-lands
A crimson-tinted shadow lay,
Of clouds through which the setting day
Flung a slant glory far away.
It glittered on the wet sea-sands,
It flamed upon the city's panes,
Smote the white sails of ships that wore
Outward or in, and glided o'er
The steeples with their veering vanes!

Awhile my friend with rapid search
O'erran the landscape. "Yonder spire
Over gray roofs, a shaft of fire;
What is it, pray?"—"The Whitefield Church!
Walled about by its basement stones,
There rest the marvellous prophet's bones."
Then as our homeward way we walked,
Of the great preacher's life we talked;
And through the mystery of our theme
The outward glory seemed to stream,
And Nature's self interpreted
The doubtful record of the dead;
And every level beam that smote
The sails upon the dark afloat
A symbol of the light became,
Which touched the shadows of our blame,
With tongues of Pentecostal flame.

Over the roofs of the pioneers
Gathers the moss of a hundred years;
On man and his works has passed the change

Which needs must be in a century's range.
The land lies open and warm in the sun,
Anvils clamor and mill-wheels run,—
Flocks on the hillsides, herds on the plain,
The wilderness gladdened with fruit and grain!
But the living faith of the settlers old
A dead profession their children hold;
To the lust of office and greed of trade
A stepping-stone is the altar made.
The Church, to place and power the door,
Rebukes the sin of the world no more,
Nor sees its Lord in the homeless poor.
Everywhere is the grasping hand,
And eager adding of land to land;
And earth, which seemed to the fathers meant
But as a pilgrim's wayside tent,—
A nightly shelter to fold away
When the Lord should call at the break of day,—
Solid and steadfast seems to be,
And Time has forgotten Eternity!

But fresh and green from the rotting roots
Of primal forests the young growth shoots;
From the death of the old the new proceeds,
And the life of truth from the rot of creeds:
On the ladder of God, which upward leads,
The steps of progress are human needs.
For His judgments still are a mighty deep,
And the eyes of His providence never sleep:
When the night is darkest He gives the morn;
When the famine is sorest, the wine and corn!

In the church of the wilderness Edwards wrought,
Shaping his creed at the forge of thought;
And with Thor's own hammer welded and bent
The iron links of his argument,
Which strove to grasp in its mighty span
The purpose of God and the fate of man!
Yet faithful still, in his daily round
To the weak, and the poor, and sin-sick found,
The schoolman's lore and the casuist's art
Drew warmth and life from his fervent heart.
Had he not seen in the solitudes
Of his deep and dark Northampton woods
A vision of love about him fall?
Not the blinding splendor which fell on Saul,

But the tenderer glory that rests on them
Who walk in the New Jerusalem,
Where never the sun nor moon are known,
But the Lord and His love are the light alone!
And watching the sweet, still countenance
Of the wife of his bosom rapt in trance,
Had he not treasured each broken word
Of the mystical wonder seen and heard;
And loved the beautiful dreamer more
That thus to the desert of earth she bore
Clusters of Eshcol from Canaan's shore?

As the barley-winnower, holding with pain
Aloft in waiting his chaff and grain,
Joyfully welcomes the far-off breeze
Sounding the pine-tree's slender keys,
So he who had waited long to hear
The sound of the Spirit drawing near,
Like that which the son of Iddo heard
When the feet of angels the myrtles stirred,
Felt the answer of prayer, at last,
As over his church the afflatus passed,
Breaking its sleep as breezes break
To sun-bright ripples a stagnant lake.

At first a tremor of silent fear,
The creep of the flesh at danger near,
A vague foreboding and discontent,
Over the hearts of the people went.
All nature warned in sounds and signs:
The wind in the tops of the forest pines
In the name of the Highest called to prayer,
As the muezzin calls from the minaret stair.
Through ceiléd chambers of secret sin
Sudden and strong the light shone in;

A guilty sense of his neighbor's needs
Startled the man of title-deeds;
The trembling hand of the worldling shook
The dust of years from the Holy Book;
And the psalms of David, forgotten long,
Took the place of the scoffer's song.

The impulse spread like the outward course

Of waters moved by a central force;
The tide of spiritual life rolled down
From inland mountains to seaboard town.

Prepared and ready the altar stands
Waiting the prophet's outstretched hands
And prayer availing, to downward call
The fiery answer in view of all.
Hearts are like wax in the furnace; who
Shall mould, and shape, and cast them anew?
Lo! by the Merrimac Whitefield stands
In the temple that never was made by hands,—
Curtains of azure, and crystal wall,
And dome of the sunshine over all—
A homeless pilgrim, with dubious name
Blown about on the winds of fame;
Now as an angel of blessing classed,
And now as a mad enthusiast.
Called in his youth to sound and gauge
The moral lapse of his race and age,
And, sharp as truth, the contrast draw
Of human frailty and perfect law;
Possessed by the one dread thought that lent
Its goad to his fiery temperament,
Up and down the world he went,
A John the Baptist crying, Repent!

No perfect whole can our nature make;
Here or there the circle will break;
The orb of life as it takes the light
On one side leaves the other in night.
Never was saint so good and great
As to give no chance at St. Peter's gate
For the plea of the Devil's advocate.
So, incomplete by his being's law,
The marvellous preacher had his flaw;
With step unequal, and lame with faults,
His shade on the path of History halts.

Wisely and well said the Eastern bard:
Fear is easy, but love is hard,—
Easy to glow with the Santon's rage,
And walk on the Meccan pilgrimage;
But he is greatest and best who can
Worship Allah by loving man.

Thus he,—to whom, in the painful stress
Of zeal on fire from its own excess,
Heaven seemed so vast and earth so small
That man was nothing, since God was all,—
Forgot, as the best at times have done,
That the love of the Lord and of man are one.
Little to him whose feet unshed
The thorny path of the desert trod,
Careless of pain, so it led to God,
Seemed the hunger-pang and the poor man's wrong,
The weak ones trodden beneath the strong.
Should the worm be chooser?—the clay withstand
The shaping will of the potter's hand?

In the Indian fable Arjoon hears
The scorn of a god rebuke his fears:
“Spare thy pity!” Krishna saith;
“Not in thy sword is the power of death!
All is illusion,—loss but seems;
Pleasure and pain are only dreams;
Who deems he slayeth doth not kill;
Who counts as slain is living still.
Strike, nor fear thy blow is crime;
Nothing dies but the cheats of time;
Slain or slayer, small the odds
To each, immortal as Indra's gods!”

So by Savannah's banks of shade,
The stones of his mission the preacher laid
On the heart of the negro crushed and rent,
And made of his blood the wall's cement;
Bade the slave-ship speed from coast to coast,
Fanned by the wings of the Holy Ghost;
And begged, for the love of Christ, the gold
Coined from the hearts in its groaning hold.
What could it matter, more or less
Of stripes, and hunger, and weariness?
Living or dying, bond or free,
What was time to eternity?

Alas for the preacher's cherished schemes!
Mission and church are now but dreams;
Nor prayer nor fasting availed the plan
To honor God through the wrong of man.
Of all his labors no trace remains
Save the bondman lifting his hands in chains.

The woof he wove in the righteous warp
Of freedom-loving Oglethorpe,
Clothes with curses the goodly land,
Changes its greenness and bloom to sand;
And a century's lapse reveals once more
The slave-ship stealing to Georgia's shore.
Father of Light! how blind is he
Who sprinkles the altar he rears to Thee
With the blood and tears of humanity!

He erred: shall we count His gifts as naught?
Was the work of God in him unwrought?
The servant may through his deafness err,
And blind may be God's messenger;
But the errand is sure they go upon,—
The word is spoken, the deed is done.
Was the Hebrew temple less fair and good
That Solomon bowed to gods of wood?
For his tempted heart and wandering feet,
Were the songs of David less pure and sweet?
So in light and shadow the preacher went,
God's erring and human instrument;
And the hearts of the people where he passed
Swayed as the reeds sway in the blast,
Under the spell of a voice which took
In its compass the flow of Siloa's brook,
And the mystical chime of the bells of gold
On the ephod's hem of the priest of old,—
Now the roll of thunder, and now the awe
Of the trumpet heard in the Mount of Law.

A solemn fear on the listening crowd
Fell like the shadow of a cloud.
The sailor reeling from out the ships
Whose masts stood thick in the river-slips
Felt the jest and the curse die on his lips.
Listened the fisherman rude and hard,
The calker rough from the builder's yard;
The man of the market left his load,
The teamster leaned on his bending goad,
The maiden, and youth beside her, felt
Their hearts in a closer union melt,
And saw the flowers of their love in bloom
Down the endless vistas of life to come.
Old age sat feebly brushing away
From his ears the scanty locks of gray;

And careless boyhood, living the free
Unconscious life of bird and tree,
Suddenly wakened to a sense
Of sin and its guilty consequence.
It was as if an angel's voice
Called the listeners up for their final choice;
As if a strong hand rent apart
The veils of sense from soul and heart,
Showing in light ineffable
The joys of heaven and woes of hell!
All about in the misty air
The hills seemed kneeling in silent prayer;
The rustle of leaves, the moaning sedge,
The water's lap on its gravelled edge,
The wailing pines, and, far and faint,
The wood-dove's note of sad complaint,—
To the solemn voice of the preacher lent
An undertone as of low lament;
And the rote of the sea from its sandy coast,
On the easterly wind, now heard, now lost,
Seemed the murmurous sound of the judgment host.

Yet wise men doubted, and good men wept,
As that storm of passion above them swept,
And, comet-like, adding flame to flame,
The priests of the new Evangel came,—
Davenport, flashing upon the crowd,
Charged like summer's electric cloud,
Now holding the listener still as death
With terrible warnings under breath,
Now shouting for joy, as if he viewed
The vision of Heaven's beatitude!
And Celtic Tennant, his long coat bound
Like a monk's with leathern girdle round,
Wild with the toss of unshorn hair,
And wringing of hands, and eyes aglare,
Groaning under the world's despair!
Grave pastors, grieving their flocks to lose,
Prophesied to the empty pews
That gourds would wither, and mushrooms die,
And noisiest fountains run soonest dry,
Like the spring that gushed in Newbury Street,
Under the tramp of the earthquake's feet,
A silver shaft in the air and light,
For a single day, then lost in night,
Leaving only, its place to tell,

Sandy fissure and sulphurous smell.
With zeal wing-clipped and white-heat cool,
Moved by the spirit in grooves of rule,
No longer harried, and cropped, and fleeced,
Flogged by sheriff and cursed by priest,
But by wiser counsels left at ease
To settle quietly on his lees,
And, self-concentred, to count as done
The work which his fathers well begun,
In silent protest of letting alone,
The Quaker kept the way of his own,—
A non-conductor among the wires,
With coat of asbestos proof to fires.
And quite unable to mend his pace
To catch the falling manna of grace,
He hugged the closer his little store
Of faith, and silently prayed for more.
And vague of creed and barren of rite,
But holding, as in his Master's sight,
Act and thought to the inner light,
The round of his simple duties walked,
And strove to live what the others talked.

And who shall marvel if evil went
Step by step with the good intent,
And with love and meekness, side by side,
Lust of the flesh and spiritual pride?—
That passionate longings and fancies vain
Set the heart on fire and crazed the brain?
That over the holy oracles
Folly sported with cap and bells?
That goodly women and learned men
Marvelling told with tongue and pen
How unweaned children chirped like birds
Texts of Scripture and solemn words,
Like the infant seers of the rocky glens
In the Puy de Dome of wild Cevennes:
Or baby Lamas who pray and preach
From Tartar cradles in Buddha's speech?
In the war which Truth or Freedom wages
With impious fraud and the wrong of ages,
Hate and malice and self-love mar
The notes of triumph with painful jar,
And the helping angels turn aside
Their sorrowing faces the shame to hide.

Never on custom's oil'd grooves
The world to a higher level moves,
But grates and grinds with friction hard
On granite boulder and flinty shard.
The heart must bleed before it feels,
The pool be troubled before it heals;
Ever by losses the right must gain,
Every good have its birth of pain;
The active Virtues blush to find
The Vices wearing their badge behind,
And Graces and Charities feel the fire
Wherein the sins of the age expire;
The fiend still rends as of old he rent
The tortured body from which he went.

But Time tests all. In the over-drift
And flow of the Nile, with its annual gift,
Who cares for the Hadji's relics sunk?
Who thinks of the drowned-out Coptic monk?
The tide that loosens the temple's stones,
And scatters the sacred ibis-bones,
Drives away from the valley-land
That Arab robber, the wandering sand,
Moistens the fields that know no rain,
Fringes the desert with belts of grain,
And bread to the sower brings again.
So the flood of emotion deep and strong
Troubled the land as it swept along,
But left a result of holier lives,
Tenderer mothers and worthier wives.
The husband and father whose children fled
And sad wife wept when his drunken tread
Frightened peace from his roof-tree's shade,
And a rock of offence his hearthstone made,
In a strength that was not his own began
To rise from the brute's to the plane of man.
Old friends embraced, long held apart
By evil counsel and pride of heart;
And penitence saw through misty tears,
In the bow of hope on its cloud of fears,
The promise of Heaven's eternal years,—
The peace of God for the world's annoy,—
Beauty for ashes, and oil of joy!

Under the church of Federal Street,
Under the tread of its Sabbath feet,

Walled about by its basement stones,
Lie the marvellous preacher's bones.
No saintly honors to them are shown,
No sign nor miracle have they known;
But he who passes the ancient church
Stops in the shade of its belfry-porch,
And ponders the wonderful life of him
Who lies at rest in that charnel dim.
Long shall the traveller strain his eye
From the railroad car, as it plunges by,
And the vanishing town behind him search
For the slender spire of the Whitefield Church;
And feel for one moment the ghosts of trade,
And fashion, and folly, and pleasure laid,
By the thought of that life of pure intent,
That voice of warning yet eloquent,
Of one on the errands of angels sent.
And if where he labored the flood of sin
Like a tide from the harbor-bar sets in,
And over a life of time and sense
The church-spires lift their vain defence,
As if to scatter the bolts of God
With the points of Calvin's thunder-rod,—
Still, as the gem of its civic crown,
Precious beyond the world's renown,
His memory hallows the ancient town!

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Notes