

**The Life
of the
Reverend
George
Whitefield
Luke Tyerman**

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LUKE TYERMAN

Quinta Press

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THE LIFE
OF THE
REV. GEORGE WHITEFIELD,
B.A., OF PEMBROKE COLLEGE, OXFORD.
BY

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“THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE REV. SAMUEL WESLEY, M.A.,
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“THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE REV. JOHN WESLEY, M.A.,”
AND “THE OXFORD METHODISTS.”
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GENERAL CONTENTS.

VOL. II.

SECOND VISIT TO SCOTLAND.

JUNE TO OCTOBER, 1742.

	PAGE
Marvellous Work of God—Revivals at Cambuslang, Kilsyth, etc.	
—Letter to Lord Rae—Erection in the Hospital Park, Edinburgh—	
Great Commotions—Opposition of the “Associate Presbytery”	

—Mr. Robe's Answer—Letter to Ebenezer Erskine—Public Fast—Anti-Whitefieldian Declaration—Letter from Gentleman in Boston—Hostile Pamphlets—Pamphlet by Whitefield on New England Revival—Whitefield's Financial Report of Orphan House—Letter to Rev. Mr. Willison—Young Truants—Invasion of Georgia—Whitefield's Chaplain and Surgeon Imprisoned—Letter to Trustees of Georgia—Whitefield's Vindication of himself—Methodism in Wales—Whitefield's Letter to his Mother—Second Visit to Cambuslang—The Moravians—Letter to Habersham—Revivals in Scotland—Letter to Colonel Gardiner—Whitefield and Wesley Reconciled—Collections in Scotland 1-35

IN ENGLAND AND WALES.

NOVEMBER, 1742, TO AUGUST, 1744.

Letter to Habersham—Aristocratic Hearers—Letter to Lady Frances Gardiner—Rev. John Meriton—Persecution in Wales—John Cennick in Trouble—Letter to Bishop Sherlock—Orphan House—Letter to Ingham—Letter to Colonel Gardiner—Letter to Hervey—Methodism in Wales—Whitefield in Gloucestershire—Second Conference of Calvinistic Methodists—Rev. Howell Davies—Whitefield elected Moderator—Tour in Wales—David Taylor—In West of England—Association at Trevecca—Rev. Richard Thomas Bateman—Thomas Adams—Persecution at Minchin Hampton—John Syms—Proposed Conference—Separation from Church—Narrow Escape—Dissenters Alarmed—Birth of Son—In Devonshire and Cornwall—Letter to Howell Harris—Wiltshire

iv

PAGE

Societies—In Staffordshire, etc.—Association at Watford—Whitefield's Poverty—Death of his Child—Trial at Gloucester Assizes—Fly-Sheets of Bishop of London—Whitefield's Answers—A Furious Pamphleteer—Rev. Thomas Church—Fine Picture of Enthusiasm—Bishop Smalbroke's Charge—Whitefield's Answer—Brutal Treatment at Plymouth—Labours at Plymouth—Rev. Henry Tanner—Rev. David Crossly—Thomas Beard—Methodist Soldiers—The *Christian History*—Whitefield's Preachers—Outrages at Exeter 36-119

THIRD VISIT TO AMERICA.

AUGUST, 1744, TO JUNE, 1748.

Dangerous Voyage—Whitefield Ill—Prince's *Christian History*—Sir William Pepperell—Letter by Whitefield's Wife—Dr. Timothy Cutler—Rev. Charles Chauncy, D.D.—Rev. Zachary Grey, D.D. Whitefield's Answer to Chauncy—Hostile Publications—Friendly Publications—Summary—Whitefield in Boston—A Convert—Rev. Thomas Prince—Paper Warfare—Cennick's Secession—Cape Breton Expedition—Sermon in a Thunderstorm—Brainerd—Receipts and Disbursements for Orphan House—Bickerings—Associations of Calvinistic Methodists—Whitefield's Preachers—Outrage at Plymouth—Whitefield's Loyalty—In Maryland—In Virginia—Rev. Samuel Davies—Rev. Samuel Finley, D.D.—Countess of Huntingdon—Whitefield a Slave-Owner—Loss of Health—Letter to Cennick—Again Itinerating—Letter to John and Charles Wesley—Rev. Samuel Moody—Hunting after Sinners—Visit to Bermudas—Voyage Home—The Revival in America 120-185

THREE YEARS IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

JULY 1, 1748, TO AUGUST 29, 1751.

Popularity in London—Lady Huntingdon and the Calvinistic Methodists—Whitefield as Moderator—Resolves not to found Societies—Ceases to be Moderator—Howell Harris his Successor—New Scheme—Whitefield becomes Lady Huntingdon's Chaplain—Earl of Bath—Earl of Chesterfield—Lord Bolingbroke—Dr. Stonehouse—Whitefield in Scotland—Synod of Glasgow—Proceedings of other Synods, and of the Associate Presbytery—Bishop Lavington Enraged—Persecution in Wales—Whitefield Visits Dr. Watts—Thomas Olivers Converted—Whitefield wishes to have Slaves—Letter to Dr. Doddridge—Aristocratic Hearers—Dr. Stonehouse afraid to become a Methodist—Whitefield in the West of England—Rev. Andrew Kinsman—Mr. Robert Cruttenden—A Reverend Slanderer—John Sladdin's Pamphlet—Whitefield and Bishop Lavington—"The Devil's Castaways"—Whitefield at

iv

PAGE

Portsmouth—In Wales—An Indigent Minister—New Jersey College—College of Philadelphia—Franklin on Reformatations—

Rev. Robert Robinson—Letter to a Bishop—Bishop Lavington's "Enthusiasm of Methodists and Papists Compared"—Rev. George Thompson—At Exeter—Letter to Hervey—Tour to the North of England—Wesley and Grace Murray—Another Tour—Colonel Galatin—Methodism in Dublin—Persecution at Cork—New Year's Sermon—Rev. William Baddiley—Dr. Andrew Gifford—Persecution in Ireland—Whitefield helping Wesley—Government of Georgia—At Gloucester, etc.—Letter to Franklin—In Cornwall—New Jersey College—At Northampton—Persecution at Rotherham—Rev. John Thorpe—"Ingham's Circuit"—In Scotland—James Nimmo, Esq.—Old Friends Meet again—Rev. Martin Madan—Rev. Moses Browne—Memorable Visit—Methodism in Canterbury—Letter on Marriage—Original Letter by Gilbert Tennent—Moses Browne Embarrassed—"A House of Mourning"—Hostile Publications—Whitefield on Slavery—In Ireland—Original Letter by Whitefield's Wife—Leaving England 186–277

FOURTH VISIT TO AMERICA, AND RETURN TO ENGLAND.

SEPTEMBER, 1751, TO MARCH, 1754.

In America—Letter on Wesley—Sudden Return to England—Original Letter to Blackwell—Tour to West of England and Wales—Letter to Franklin—Success in Scotland—In Yorkshire, etc.—John Edwards and Dublin Methodists—The Orphan House—John and Charles Wesley—The New Tabernacle—The Moravians—Whitefield's Hymn Book—Specimens of Preaching—Foundation Laid of New Tabernacle—Methodism in Norwich—Whitefield's "Expostulatory Letter" to Zinzendorf—Letters by James Hutton, Peter Bohler, and Count Zinzendorf—Andrew Fray's Pamphlet—Letter to John Syms—New Tabernacle Opened—Tour to Scotland—Glasgow Playhouse—Glorious Seasons in Yorkshire—Another Tour—Norwich Tabernacle—Bristol Tabernacle—Wesley dangerously ill—Letters concerning—Visit to England of Gilbert Tennent and Samuel Davies—New Tabernacle paid for 278–324

FIFTH VISIT TO AMERICA.

MARCH, 1754, TO MAY, 1755.

Popery in Lisbon—Learning Lessons—Arrival in America—Itinerating—New Jersey College—Government of Georgia—Scenes at

Boston, etc.—Revival in Virginia—Visit to Orphan House—Return
to England

325-340

vi

EIGHT YEARS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

1755 TO 1763.

	PAGE
Evangelical Clergymen—Trying to Serve a Friend—Whitefield's "Communion Morning's Companion"—Death of Lady Anne Hastings—Cornelius Winter—Methodists at Norwich—Wesley and Hervey—Charles Wesley's Poem on Whitefield—Commence- ment of the "Seven Years' War"—Tour to Newcastle—Long Acre Chapel—Bishop Pearce—Letters to—Long Acre Riots—Arch- bishop Herring on Whitefield and Wesley—Threatening Letters —Advertisement in <i>London Gazette</i> —Whitefield's "Address to Persons of All Denominations"—National Alarm—Collection on Fast-Day—Tottenham Court Road Chapel—Rev. Dr. Thomas Haweis—Wesley's Letter to William Law—Franklin's Novel Scheme—Visit to a Murderer—Tour to Scotland—Rev. John Fawcett, D.D.—Samuel Whitaker—Labours in Scotland—Helping Charles Wesley—Rev. Henry Venn—Congregations in London— Faithful Preaching—Balaam-like Pamphlets—Shuter, the Comedian —Memorable Visit to Scotland—Thomas Rankin—Visit to Ireland —Nearly Murdered—Methodist Clergymen—"Mission Week" at Cheltenham—Death of Belcher and Burr—Whitefield's Health Failing—Almshouses at Tottenham Court Road Chapel—Letter to Professor Francke—Journey in One-Horse Chaise—"Spiritual Routs"—Rev. Robert Robinson—Visit to Berridge—In Scotland— Thanksgiving Sermons—Return to London—Death of Hervey —Dr. Free—Remarkable Meetings—Lady Huntingdon and Methodism in Brighton—Whitefield Publishes a Sermon by John Foxye, the Martyrologist—Seven Weeks in Scotland—The Orphan House—Rev. Samuel Clarke's "Annotations"—Three Thank- sgiving Sermons—Sermon Against Theatres—Enlargement of Tottenham Court Road Chapel—Whitefield Publishes a Pamphlet on "Russian Cruelty"—Collections on Fast-Day—Riot at Kingston-on-Thames—Earl Ferrers—Burial of an Executed Felon —Preaching Journeys—Samuel Foote—"The Minor"—Large Number of Disgraceful Pamphlets Published—Madan's Letter to	

Garrick—Painful Year—Foote after Whitefield's Death—Sermons and Collections on Fast-Day—Berridge Helping Whitefield—Whitefield seriously Ill—Scurrillous Publications—Jonas Hanway—Bishop of Lincoln—At Bristol—Trip to Holland—Wesley's Conference at Leeds—In Scotland—In the West of England—Relieving the Poor—Trying to Settle his Affairs—Whitefield's Trustees—A Farewell Sermon—Extracts from other Sermons—Volume of Sermons, Published by Gurney—Answer to Bishop Warburton's "Observations"—Tour to Scotland—Embarks for America 341-466

vii

SIXTH VISIT TO AMERICA.

JUNE 4, 1763, TO JULY 8, 1765.

PAGE

At Sea—Pastoral Letter—At Philadelphia—Prevented Going to his Orphan House—At New York—Letter to Charles Wesley—At Boston—Harvard College—Dr. Wheelock's School—The Orphan House—Again at New York—At Philadelphia—Letter to Wesley—The "New Lights"—Arrival at Savannah—Proposal to Convert the Orphan House into a College—Memorials—Orphan House Accounts—At Bethesda—Tour to Philadelphia—Embarks for England—John Harman—*Lloyd's Evening Post* 467-486

WHITEFIELD'S LAST FOUR YEARS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

JULY 7, 1765, TO SEPTEMBER 5, 1769.

Health not Improved—Supplies for his Chapels—Important Letter—Lady Huntingdon—Chapel at Bath—Memorial to George III.—Whitefield a Peacemaker—Methodists at Sheerness—"Brilliant Audiences"—Samson Occum—Thomas Powys, Esq.—"Quadruple Alliance"—John Fawcett begins to Preach—Letter to Gustavus Gidley—Whitefield's Loyalty—A Royal Marriage—Fletcher of Madeley helps Whitefield—At Bath and Bristol—Captain Torial Joss—Captain Scott—Rowland Hill—"Lecture upon Heads"—*The Methodist and Mimic*—*The Methodist*—Letter to Thomas Powys, Esq.—"Preface" to Bunyan's Works—Cornelius Winter—Winter's Delineation of Whitefield—Re-opening of Brighton Chapel—Rev. Richard de Courcy—Another Preaching Tour—Services at Haverfordwest—Letter by Fletcher of Madeley—

Letter to Rowland Hill—Chandler's Proposal respecting Colonial Bishops—Whitefield's Correspondence with the Archbishop of Canterbury respecting Orphan House—Proposal to make Orphan House a Public Academy—Letters to Rowland Hill—Whitefield Attends Wesley's Conference—His Kindness to Wesley's Preachers—Tour to Newcastle-on-Tyne—A Burglary—Visit to Venn at Huddersfield—Wesley's Northern Societies—A Remarkable Service—Troubles of Methodist Students at Cambridge—Death of Earl of Buchan—The Young Earl of Buchan—Correspondence with Benjamin Franklin—Trevecca College—Expulsion of Oxford Students—Whitefield's Letter to Dr. Durell—Hostile Publications—Curious Engraving—A Felon Executed—Visit to Tunbridge Wells—Letter by Rowland Hill—Death of Whitefield's Wife—Opening of Trevecca College—Whitefield Ruptures a Blood-vessel—His Portrait—Remarkable Meetings at Lady Huntingdon's—Orphan House Enlargements—Opening of Chapel at Tunbridge Wells—Extracts from Last Sermons in England—Rev. George Burder—Gurney's Volume of Whitefield's Sermons 487-568

viii

SEVENTH VISIT TO AMERICA.

SEPTEMBER, 1769, TO SEPTEMBER, 1770.

PAGE

Embarks for America—Letter to Wesley—Detention in the Downs—Ordination Service at Deal—Last Sermons at Ramsgate—Arrival at Charleston—At Bethesda—Letter to Charles Wesley—Memorable Day at the Orphan House—Whitefield's Memorable Sermon there—Orphan House Accounts—Rules for Orphan House Academy—Subsequent History of Orphan House—Wesley's Letter respecting Orphan House—Happy—Another Gospel Tour—Meets Wesley's Missionaries—Rev. Dr. Kirkland—Preaching on a Felon's Coffin—A Rebuke—Whitefield's Popularity—Whitefield's Preaching Places during Last Two Months of his Life—His Last Letters—Riots at Boston—His Last Sermon—Rev. Jonathan Parsons—Whitefield's Death—His Funeral—Benjamin Randall—Mourning at Savannah—Whitefield's Corpse—His Centotaph—Proposed Monument—Visits to Whitefield's Sepulchre—One of his Bones Stolen—His Will—Elegies, Charles Wesley's, Cowper's—Funeral Sermon by Wesley—Funeral Sermons *Preached*—Funeral Sermons *Published*

—Rev. Jonathan Parsons on Whitefield—Dr. Pemberton on Ditto
 —Rev. Henry Venn on Ditto—Toplady on Ditto—Rev. John
 Newton on Ditto—The *Scots' Magazine* on Ditto—The *Pennsyl-
 vania Journal* on Ditto—Dr. Gillies on Ditto—Concluding
 Remarks 569—635

THE LIFE

OF

THE REV. GEORGE WHITEFIELD, B.A.

SECOND VISIT TO SCOTLAND.

June to October, 1742.

WHEN Whitefield arrived in Edinburgh, a minister told him, that, though seven months had elapsed since his departure, scarcely one of his converts had “fallen back, either among old or young.”¹ This was a remarkable fact; but there was also another, equally deserving notice. As already shewn, up to the time of Whitefield’s first visit to Scotland, the churches of that country, like those of England, were in the most deplorable condition. In many instances, ministers were unfaithful; in most instances, congregations were dead; and, as it respects the outside populace, it is not an extravagance to say, that, speaking generally, they were almost entirely regardless of religion, and were steeped in worldliness, frivolity, and vice. In the interval, however, between Whitefield’s first and second visits, a most marvellous work of God had taken place. How far Whitefield’s labours and influence, in 1741, had contributed to this, it, perhaps, would be presumptuous to say. So far as it concerns the cause of Christ, this is of little consequence. Every reader of the unvarnished facts will form his own opinion on

¹ Whitefield’s Works, vol. i., p. 399.

2

the subject. Many of these facts have been already given; and others must now be mentioned. Cambuslang was then a small parish, about four miles from Glasgow; and here Whitefield had preached with amazing power and success only a few months before. The minister of Cambuslang—the Rev. William McCulloch—was a man of “genuine piety, and of considerable capacity; but had nothing particularly striking either in the manner or substance of his preaching.”¹ During most of the year 1741, he had strongly pressed on his congregation the nature and necessity of the new birth. In the third week of February, 1742, three days were specially employed in prayer. On the fourth day, Thursday, February 18, “about fifty persons came to Mr. McCulloch’s house, under convictions and alarming apprehensions respecting the state of their souls, and desiring to speak with him.” After this, numbers of others daily resorted to him, and he soon found it necessary to preach a sermon every day, and, after the sermon, to spend some time with the penitents, “in exhortations, prayers, and singing of psalms.” In less than three months, more than three hundred were converted. Though the parish was of small extent, and most of the people lived within a mile of Mr. McCulloch’s church, not fewer than twelve “societies for prayer” were begun by the converts. In the month of April, the Rev. Mr. Willison, one of Whitefield’s correspondents, visited the place, and wrote: “The work at Cambuslang is a most singular and marvellous outpouring of the Holy Spirit. I pray it may be a happy forerunner of a general revival of the work of God, and a blessed means of union among all the lovers of Jesus.”

Kilsyth, a small town, about twelve miles from Glasgow, was another place graciously visited by God’s good Spirit. Its minister, the Rev. James Robe, began a series of sermons on the new birth, as early as the year 1740; but nothing remarkable occurred until May, 1742, the month when Whitefield set out on his second visit to Scotland. At the beginning of the month, “societies for prayer were erected in the parish;” and, almost immediately, great numbers began to cry aloud for mercy. On May 16, after dismissing

¹ "Life of John Erskine, D.D.," p. 107.

3

his congregation, Mr. Robe invited the penitents into his barn; but the numbers were so great, that the barn could not contain them: and, *nolens volens*, he was obliged to convene them in his kirk. He says, "I sung a psalm, and prayed with them; but, when I essayed to speak to them, I could not be heard, such were their bitter cries and groans. After this, I ordered that they should be brought to me in my closet, one by one; and, in the meantime, I appointed psalms to be sung with those in the kirk, and that the precentor and two or three of the elders should pray with the distressed." Before the month ended,—that is, before Whitefield had arrived in Scotland,—the penitents at Kilsyth numbered nearly a hundred; and a similar work was begun, and was spreading in several neighbouring parishes, as Kirkintilloch, Auchinloch, Campsie, and Cumbernauld.¹ Such was the state of things, in this part of Scotland, when Whitefield and his wife reached Edinburgh, on Thursday, June 3, 1742.

One of his first letters, at Edinburgh, was addressed to Lord Rae, the death of whose wife had recently occurred. An extract from it will help to shew the spirit in which Whitefield began his work in Scotland.

"EDINBURGH, *June 4*, 1742.

"MY LORD,—Your lordship's kind letter was put into my hands yesterday. I heartily sympathise with you; but could not help rejoicing on your honoured lady's account, knowing she is now entered into her blessed Master's joy. Among Christians, death has not only lost its sting, but its name. I never was so joyful as I am now at the death of those who die in the Lord; and never was so reconciled to living myself. Lately, in London, we had a sister in Christ, whose last words were, 'Holy, holy, holy.' She could say no more here; but our Saviour sent for her to finish her song in heaven. I preached over her corpse; our Society attended; and surely never did any triumph over death more than we did that night. But your lordship may ask, 'Why are you reconciled to life?' Because I can do that for Jesus on earth, which I cannot do in heaven: I mean, be made instrumental in bringing weary, heavy-laden sinners to find rest in His blood and righteousness. If our Saviour were to offer either to

take me now, or to let me stay only to take one sinner more, I would desire to stay to take the sinner with me.

“I hear of wonderful things in Scotland. I can only fall down and worship. I have seen greater things than ever in England. I expect to

¹ Gillies’ “Historical Collections,” vol. ii., pp. 339–398.

4

see far greater in Scotland. Our Lord will not let His people be disappointed of their hopes.”

Whitefield was in Edinburgh, but where was he to preach? The question was soon solved. The following minute was passed at a meeting of the managers of Heriot’s Hospital, held on June 17, 1742: “The managers agree to erect seats in the Hospital Park for about two thousand people, part of which are to be covered with shades, and let out to the best advantage. It is further agreed, that, out of the profits arising from these seats, after paying all charges anent the same, a sum not exceeding £60 sterling shall be given to the Rev. Mr. George Whitefield, for defraying his charges during his continuance in this country.”¹ The seats, thus erected, were semicircular in form; those with shades were let at three shillings each for the season; and those without shades might be used by paying a halfpenny each for them, every time they were occupied. A few seats outside the railing were free; and the back seats within were permitted to be used by soldiers gratuitously. The money thus raised seems to have amounted to £260 3s., which was distributed as follows: For erecting seats, £80 4s.; for repairing the “park dikes,” £28 5s.; payment to the *tacksman* of the park for damage done to the grass, £4 10s.; gift to Whitefield, £60; balance paid to the treasurer of the hospital, £87 4s.² Such was Whitefield’s cathedral in the metropolis of Scotland.

From the day of his arrival, he preached twice daily, expounded almost every night, and regularly visited the three hospitals.³ On the 12th of June, in -writing to his helper, John Cennick, he remarked: “Our Saviour deals most lovingly with me. I never enjoyed so much happiness in Him as now. Day and night, He is pleased to shine upon my soul. My success here is great. I am enabled to ‘be

instant in season, and out of season,' and to 'reprove, rebuke, and exhort, with all longsuffering and doctrine.'⁴

Of course, a little time was requisite to erect Whitefield's open-air church; and hence, after spending twelve days in

¹ *Scots' Magazine*, 1742, p. 580.

² *Ibid.*, pp. 437, 580.

³ *Weekly History*, June 26, 1742.

⁴ *Christian's Magazine*, 1792, p. 20.

5

Edinburgh, he set out, on June 15, to Kilsyth, Cambuslang, and other places, in the west of Scotland. Previous to starting, he wrote, as follows, to the Rev. William McCulloch, minister at Cambuslang:—

“EDINBURGH, *June 8, 1742.*

“REVEREND AND VERY DEAR BROTHER,—I heartily rejoice at the awakening at Cambuslang and elsewhere. I believe you will both see and hear far greater things than these. I trust, that, not one corner of poor Scotland will be left unwatered by the dew of God's heavenly blessing. The cloud is now only rising as big as a man's hand: in a little while, we shall hear a sound of an abundance of gospel rain. God willing, I hope to be with you at the beginning of next week.”

Whitefield spent more than a fortnight in this revival excursion to the west,—one of the most remarkable fortnights in his eventful life. Hence the following letters to his friends. The first and second were addressed to John Cennick.

“GLASGOW, *June 16, 1742.*

“Last Lord's-day, I preached, in the morning, in the park at Edinburgh, to a great multitude. Afterwards, I attended, and partook of the holy sacrament, and served four tables. In the afternoon, I preached in the churchyard, to a far greater number. Such a passover, I never saw before. On Monday, I preached again in Edinburgh. On Tuesday, twice at Kilsyth, to ten thousand; but such a commotion, I believe, you never saw. O what agonies and cries were there! Last night, God brought me hither. A friend met me without the town, and welcomed me in the name of twenty thousand. The streets were all alarmed. By three o'clock this morning, people were coming to hear the word of God. At seven, I preached to many, many thousands; and again this evening. Our Lord wounded them by scores. It is impossible to tell you

what I see. The work flies from parish to parish. O what distressed souls have I beheld this day! *Publish this on the housetops and exhort all to give thanks.*"

In this letter, Whitefield's wife added a postscript:—

"My husband *publicly declared here*, that, he was a *member of the Church of England*, and a curate thereof; and, yet, was permitted to *receive, and assist at the Lord's supper* in the churches at Edinburgh."¹

"June 19, 1742.

"Yesterday morning, I preached at Glasgow, to a large congregation. At mid-day, I came to Cambuslang, and preached, at two, to a vast body of people; again at six, and again at nine at night. Such commo-

¹ *Weekly History*, July 3, 1742.

6

tions, surely, were never heard of, especially at eleven o'clock at night. For an hour and a half, there was such weeping, and so many falling into such deep distress, expressed in various ways, as cannot be described. The people seemed to be slain in scores. Their agonies and cries were exceedingly affecting. Mr. M'Culloch preached, after I had done, till past one in the morning; and then could not persuade the people to depart. In the fields, all night, might be heard the voice of prayer and praise. The Lord is indeed much with me. I have, to-day, preached twice already, and am to preach twice more, perhaps thrice. The commotions increase."¹

On his return to Edinburgh, Whitefield wrote to a friend in London, as follows:—

"EDINBURGH, July 7, 1742.

"I arrived here, last Saturday evening, from the west, where I preached all last week—twice on Monday, at Paisley; three times each day, on Tuesday and Wednesday, at Irvine; twice on Thursday, at Mearns; three times on Friday, at Cambarnauld; and twice on Saturday, at Falkirk, in my way to Edinburgh. In everyplace, there was the greatest commotion among the people. The auditories were very large, and the work of God seems to be spreading more and more.

"Last Sabbath, I preached twice in the park at Edinburgh, and once in the church, and I have preached twice every day since. A number of seats and shades, in the form of an amphitheatre, have been erected in the park, where the auditory sit in beautiful order.

“I purpose going to Cambuslang to-morrow, to assist at the communion; and shall preach at various places westward before I return here.”

To John Cennick, he sent the following:—

“NEW KILPATRICK, *July 15, 1742.*”

“Last Friday night, I came to Cambuslang, to assist at the blessed sacrament. On Saturday, I preached to above twenty thousand people. On the Sabbath, scarce ever was such a sight seen in Scotland. Two tents were set up, and the holy sacrament was administered in the fields. When I began to serve a table, the people crowded so upon me, that I was obliged to desist, and go to preach in one of the tents, whilst the ministers served the rest of the tables. There was preaching all day, by one or another; and, in the evening, when the sacrament was over, at the request of the ministers, I preached to the whole congregation of upwards of twenty thousand persons. I preached about an hour and a half. It was a time much to be remembered. On Monday morning, I preached again to near as many. I never before saw such a universal stir. The motion fled, as swift as lightning, from one end of the auditory to the other. Thousands were bathed in tears—some wringing their hands, others almost swooning, and others crying out and mourning over

¹ *Weekly History*, July 3, 1742.

7

a pierced Saviour. In the afternoon, the concern was again very great. Much prayer had been previously put up to the Lord. All night, in different companies, persons were praying to God, and praising Him. The children of God came from all quarters. It was like the passover in Josiah’s time. We are to have another in two or three months, if the Lord will.¹

“On Tuesday morning, I preached at Glasgow—it was a glorious time—and, in the afternoon, twice at Inchannon. Yesterday morning, I preached there again; and here twice. Every time there was a great stir, especially at this place. A great company of awakened souls is within the compass of twenty miles; and the work seems to be spreading apace. I am exceedingly strengthened, both in soul and body, and cannot now do well without preaching three times a day.”

These were strange scenes. Much might be written respecting this remarkable work of God in Scotland; but want of space prevents enlargement. Those who wish for a full account, will do well to get, (if they can,) and read, “A Faithful Narrative of the Extraordinary Work of the Spirit

of God, at Kilsyth, and other Congregations in the Neighbourhood. Written by James Robe, A.M., Minister of the Gospel at Kilsyth,² 1742.” (12mo. 224 pp.) The “*commotions*,” however, which Whitefield mentions, may be briefly noticed. They were severely criticised at the time; and even now deserve attention. What were they? Mr. Robe shall answer.

Besides the intense excitement among the penitents in general, about one in five of them “*came under*,” what Mr. Robe calls, “faintings, tremblings, or other bodily distresses.”³ He writes: “The bodies of some of the awakened were seized with trembling, and fainting; in some of the women there were hysterics, and convulsive motions in others, arising from an apprehension and fear of the wrath of God.” Among

¹ In one of his last sermons in London, in 1769, Whitefield exclaimed: “Once, when I was preaching in Scotland, I saw ten thousand people affected in a moment, some with joy, others crying, ‘I cannot believe,’ others, ‘God has given me faith,’ and some fainting in the arms of their friends. Seeing two hardened creatures upon a tombstone, I cried out, ‘You rebels, come down,’ and down they fell directly, and exclaimed, before they went away, ‘What shall we do to be saved?’” (Whitefield’s Eighteen Sermons, published by Gurney, 1771, p. 290.)

² Mr. Robe had been the pastor of the Kilsyth church for twenty-nine years.

³ Robe’s Narrative, p. 87.

those who were not physically affected, there were loud outcries for the mercy of God; and, among those who found peace with God, there were some who experienced great, though joyous, agitation. Mr. Robe remarks:—

“Some, who had been under deep apprehensions of Divine wrath, and had sunk under a sense of their guilt, when the Lord opened their hearts to receive Him as offered to them in the gospel, were surprised with joy and admiration. Some cried out with a loud voice, shewing forth the praises of the Lord. Others broke forth into loud weeping, from a sense of their vileness and unworthiness. Some had, for a time, their bodies quite overcome, and were ready to faint, through the feeling of such unexpected happiness. The countenances of others quite changed. There was an observable serenity, a brightness, an openness, so that it was the observation of some concerning them, that they had got new faces.”¹

This is not the place to enter into any elaborate defence or condemnation of such religious phenomena. They were not novel. Similar scenes had been witnessed, in Bristol, under Wesley's ministry, only three years before; and, at this very time, and on a large scale, similar scenes were being witnessed, among the Presbyterians of New England. Of course, they were denounced, especially by the Erskines and their friends; but Mr. Robe, while not enamoured of them, endeavoured to explain them, shewing that they were the natural results of deep convictions and strong emotions; that exactly the same sort of thing had often happened in the history of the Christian Church; and that the Bible itself contained similar examples. One or two extracts, from Mr. Robe's "*Preface*," must suffice:—

"I seriously beg those who are prejudiced against this dispensation of God's extraordinary grace, and look upon it as a delusion, to direct me and other ministers what we shall answer the distressed persons of all ages, who come to us crying bitterly that they are lost and undone, because of their sins. Shall we tell them, that, their fears of the wrath of God are all delusion? Shall we tell persons, lamenting their cursing, swearing, Sabbath-breaking, and other immoralities, that, it is the devil who makes them see these evils to be offensive to God, and destructive to their souls? Shall we pray, and recommend them to pray to be delivered from such delusions? It would be worse than *devilish*, to treat the Lord's sighing and groaning prisoners at this rate. And, yet, such treatment is

¹ Robe's Narrative, p. 159.

9

a natural consequence of reckoning this the work of the devil, and a delusion."

In reply to "The Associate Presbytery"—the Church-reformers of the age—who bitterly denounced the work, and compared the converts to the Camisards,¹ Mr. Robe remarks:—

"My dear brethren, whatever bitter names you and your party give us—whatever bitter reproaches you. cast upon us—we take all patiently. There are thousands of witnesses, that we return, you blessing for cursing, and that we pray for you, who despitefully use us. We would lay our bodies on the ground, for you to go over, if it could, in the least, contribute to remove your prejudices, and advance the kingdom of our dear Redeemer;

but we cannot look upon the guilt you have brought upon yourselves, without the deepest grief; and upon the opposition you give to us in our endeavours to recover sinners out of the snare of the devil, without the most zealous concern. You declare the work of God to be the work of the grand deceiver. My dear brethren, for whom I tremble, have you been at due pains to know the nature and circumstances of this work? Have you taken the trouble to go to any of these places, where the Lord has appeared in His glory and majesty? Have you ever so much as written to any of the ministers, to receive information from them? It is not consistent with common justice to condemn them as deceivers; and it is amazing rashness, to pronounce, without enquiry, that to be the work of the devil, which, for anything you know, may be the work of the infinitely good and holy Spirit. Is not this to be like the scribes and Pharisees, who ascribed the miraculous work of our Lord to Beelzebub? Are you not afraid lest you come too near this sin?"

There is something profoundly mournful in all this. The Erskines were sincere, but sour. Their zeal, to reform the Church of Scotland might be commendable; their opposition to the work of God cannot be too severely censured. They had been the friends of Whitefield. At their invitation, he, eleven months before, had come to Scotland; but, instead of co-operating with him, they almost immediately disowned him. Only a week after this, his second arrival in Scotland, he wrote a most friendly letter to Ebenezer Erskine; but, as will soon be seen, without good effect. The letter was as follows:—

¹ An appellation given, by the French, to the Calvinists of the Cevennes, who formed a league, in 1688; and who, in their boldness, crimes, and enthusiasm, resembled the Circumcelliones of Africa.

“Edinburgh, *June 10, 1742.*

“REVEREND AND VERY DEAR SIR,—The love which I bear you, for my Master’s sake, constrains me to send you a line. It is some concern to me, that our difference as to outward things should cut off our sweet fellowship with each other. God knows, I highly value and honour you. Reverend and dear sir, I do assure you, I love you and your brethren more than ever. I applaud your zeal for God; and, though, in some respects, I think it not according to knowledge, and to be levelled frequently against me, yet I feel no resentment, and should joyfully hear you and your brethren preach. I salute them all; and pray our common

Lord to give us all a right judgment in all things. I hope the glorious Emmanuel will be present at the sacrament, and will make Himself known to you in breaking of bread. When I shall come to Stirling, I know not. O when shall the time come, when the watchmen will see eye to eye? Hasten that time, our Lord and our God! But, perhaps, I am troublesome. Forgive me, reverend and dear sir, being, without dissimulation, your younger brother and servant in the gospel of Christ,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”

What was the response to this loving letter? Exactly five weeks afterwards, on the 15th of July, “The Associate Presbytery” issued a document announcing a “Public Fast,” and the reasons for observing it. One reason was, that the “bitter outcryings, faintings, severe bodily pains, convulsions, voices, visions, and revelations,” connected with the revivals at Cambuslang and other places, were a proof that the work there was a delusion, and of the devil; and another was, “the fond reception given to Mr. George Whitefield, notwithstanding it is notoriously known, that he is a *priest of the Church of England*, who has sworn the *oath of supremacy*, and abjured the *Solemn League and Covenant*, and endeavours, by his *lax toleration principles*, to pull down the hedges of government and discipline, which the Lord has planted about His vineyard in this land.”¹

This was bad enough to come from Christian men; but worse followed. A month later, there was published a pamphlet of thirty-two pages, of minute type, and closely printed, with the title, “The Declaration of the true Presby-

¹ In reply to this monstrous edict, a pamphlet was published, with the title, “A Friendly Caution to Seceders,” in which they were persuaded not to make Whitefield’s success, and the word of God at Cambuslang and elsewhere, the reasons of their fast. The author treats “The Associate Presbytery,” and especially Adam Gibb, with great, but deserved, severity, for their behaviour to Whitefield.

terians within the Kingdom of Scotland, concerning Mr. George Whitefield, and the Work at Cambuslang.”

This pretentiously religious, but extremely malignant production begins as follows:—“The Declaration, Protestation, and Testimony of the suffering Remnant of the anti-Popish, anti-Lutheran, anti-Prelatic, anti-Whitefieldian, anti-

Erastian, anti-Sectarian, true Presbyterian Church of Christ in Scotland.” Very sonorous, but very rancorous! Whitefield is branded as “an abjured, prelatic hireling, of as lax toleration principles as any ever set up for the advancing of the kingdom of Satan.” He is “a wandering star, who steers his course according to the compass of gain and advantage.” He is “a base English impostor, whom the enemies of Christ’s kingdom have chosen as their commander-in-chief, to lead the covenanted kingdom of Scotland back to Egypt and Babylon, to the bondage and slavery of Popery, Prelacy, and Sectarianism.” He is “the most latitudinarian, prelatic priest that ever essayed to confound, and unite into one, almost all sorts and sizes of sects and heresies with orthodox Christians.” His “foul, prelatic, sectarian hands” had administered the sacrament to Presbyterians. He “is not of a blameless conversation, as the Word of God requires all the ministers of the gospel to be, but is a scandalous idolater, being a member of the idolatrous Church of England, which resembles the idolatrous Church of Rome, in many of her idolatries.” He “is a poor, vain-glorious, self-seeking, puffed-up creature.” He “is a limb of Antichrist; a boar, and a wild beast, from the anti-Christian field of England, come to waste and devour the poor erring people of Scotland.” “In collecting such vast sums of money in Scotland, his insatiable covetousness is shewn; and. it is evident, that, his design in coming is to pervert the truth, subvert the people, and make gain to himself, by making merchandise of his pretended ministry.” The pamphlet finishes by “protesting, testifying, and declaring against Whitefield, and all, of every rank, station, and degree, within the kingdom of Scotland, who, in any manner of way, have aided, assisted, countenanced, and encouraged him.” The last paragraph in this pious production is as follows:—

“And that this our Declaration, Protestation, and Testimony may come to the world’s view, we do appoint and ordain our emissaries, in our name, to pass upon the — day of August, 1742, to the market-cross of —, and other public places necessary, and there publish, and leave

copies of the same, that none may pretend ignorance thereof.
 “Given in Scotland, upon the — day of August, 1742.

“Let King Jesus reign,
 And let all His enemies be scattered.”

Worse and worse; and yet there is more to follow. About the same time, there was published, in Edinburgh, “A Letter from a Gentleman in Boston, to Mr. George Wishart, one of the Ministers of Edinburgh, concerning the state of Religion in New England.” (12mo. 24 pp.) Three extracts from this production must suffice.

“The minds of the people, in this part of the world, had been greatly prepossessed in favour of Mr. Whitefield, from the accounts transmitted of him, as a *wonder of piety*, and a *man of God*. Accordingly, when he came to Boston, about two years ago, he was received as though he had been an *angel of God*, yea, a *god come down in the likeness of man*. He was strangely flocked after by all sorts of persons, and much admired by the *vulgar*, both *great and small*. The ministers had him in veneration, and, as much as the people, encouraged his preaching, attending it themselves every day in the week, and mostly twice a day. The grand subject of conversation was Mr. Whitefield, and the whole business of the town was to run from place to place to hear him preach. His reception, as he passed through this and the neighbouring governments of Connecticut and New York, was after much the same manner, save only, that he met with no admirers among the clergy, unless here and there one, anywhere but in Boston. You ask, What was the *great good* this gentleman was the instrument of? I answer, Wherever he went, he generally moved the passions, especially of the younger people, and females; the effect whereof was a great talk about religion, together with a disposition to be perpetually hearing sermons, to the neglect of all other business. In these things *chiefly* consisted the goodness so much spoken of. I could not but discern, that there were the same pride and vanity, the same luxury and intemperance; the same lying and tricking and cheating, in the town, as there were before this gentleman came among us. There was also raised such a spirit of bitter, censorious, uncharitable judging, as was not known before; and the greatest friends of Mr. Whitefield were as much puffed up with conceit and pride as any of their neighbours.”

The writer then proceeds to say, that a number of imitators of Whitefield sprung up after his departure, and that one of the most famous of them was Gilbert Tennent,

“A man of no great parts or learning, and whose preaching was in the

extemporaneous way, with much noise, and little connection. Under his preaching, scores cried out, fell down, swooned away, and were like persons in fits. Visions became common, and trances also. *Laughing, loud, hearty laughing*, was one of the ways in which the *new converts* almost everywhere expressed their joy at the conversion of others. Houses of worship were scarce emptied night or day for a week together, and unheard-of instances of supposed religion were carried on in them. In the same house, and at the same time, some would *be praying*, some *exhorting*, some *singing*, some *clapping their hands*, some *laughing*, some *crying*, some *shrieking*, and some *roaring out*.”

The gentleman in Boston concludes thus:—

“I am among those who are clearly of opinion, that, there never was such a spirit of *superstition* and *enthusiasm* reigning in the land before; never such *gross disorders*, and *bare-faced affronts to common decency*; never *such scandalous reproaches* on the blessed Spirit, making Him the author of the *greatest irregularities and confusions*. Yet, I am of opinion also, that the appearances among us have been the means of awakening the attention of many; and a good number, I hope, have settled into a truly Christian temper.”

The “Letter” was written with seeming candour, but there can be little doubt that its publication in Edinburgh added to the difficulties which Whitefield had to encounter among the precise Presbyterians of the kingdom of Scotland. Almost contemporaneously with this, there was published in Glasgow, a small 12mo. book, of 130 pages, entitled, “The State of Religion in New England, since the Rev. Mr. George Whitefield’s arrival there, in a Letter, from a Gentleman in New England, to his Friend in Glasgow: with an Appendix containing Proofs of the principal Facts, and further Accounts of the Disorders in matters of Religion lately introduced into various parts of New England and Carolina.” The gentleman’s letter is dated “May 24, 1742.”

The preface to this publication contains the following:—

“Mr. Whitefield asks nothing, indeed, for his preaching, but he has a brother Syms to suggest, wherever he goes, what it is decent to give so great a man; and, by these means, he has, these four months past, made as much gain as several of the bishops in England, or any six ministers in Scotland, for the same time; and that partly by getting from some

poor parishes, for a day's *holding forth*, nearly as much as they collect for their own poor in a whole year."

This was a baseless slander; but let it pass. The "Gentleman in New England" asks:—

14

"In what does Mr. Whitefield's fervour turn? Is it not upon getting money and popular applause, by perpetually roaring out *hell-flames, fire and brimstone, incarnate devils, and damnation*? Some are frightened out of their senses; others fall into convulsions and epileptic fits; and others scream and roar with hideous voices. These are, according to him, the *fruits of the Spirit, and gales from the Holy Ghost.*"

Gilbert Tennent, the friend of Whitefield, is similarly abused.

"In the pulpit, Gilbert Tennent is an awkward and ridiculous ape of Whitefield, for his appearance is very clownish. His great business, in his sermons, is either to puzzle or to frighten his hearers, but especially the latter, which he does by roaring and bellowing *damnation, devils*, and all the *dreadful words* he can think of. He is followed by all sorts of people, as much as Whitefield was, and, by many, is preferred to him."

Of the Presbyterian helpers, employed by Whitefield and Tennent in New England, the "Gentleman" remarks:—

"There is a creature here whom, perhaps, you never heard of before. It is called an *Exhorter*. It is of both sexes, but generally of the male, and young. Its distinguishing qualities are *ignorance, impudence, zeal*. Numbers of these exhorters are among the people here. They go from town to town; creep into houses; lead captive silly women; and then the men. Such of them as have good voices do *great execution*. They move their hearers, and make them cry, faint, swoon, and fall into convulsions."

The *converts* of Whitefield and Tennent are thus described:—

"The converts are all made in this manner. First, they become concerned for their souls, and greatly distressed, and not rarely distracted. They continue in this condition for some days, and then, all at once, without any visible means, they come out of their dark and disconsolate state all light, joy, and ecstasy. This they express by their talk to their neighbours, which they call telling their experiences; and, in many places, by immoderate laughter and singing hymns. Their joy is sometimes so great, that, their eyes sparkle, and their faces shine. These are certain signs of the Spirit of God being in them. One of a hundred excepted, they all make religion to consist in the feeling of inward impulses and

impressions, in an inexplicable faith, joys, ecstasies, and such-like things. They are bigoted to certain opinions, which they do not understand; and have not the least degree of charity for those who are of another way of thinking. All of them are vain, self-conceited, superstitious, enthusiastic, censorious slanderers. Reason, learning, and morality, they professedly disregard. If they hear a minister preach, in the most evangelical manner, upon any moral duty, or if they hear him recommend the exercise of reason and understanding, they call him a dry, husky, Arminian preacher, and conclude for certain that he is not converted.”

15

The reader may easily imagine the effects likely to be produced, at this juncture, among the Presbyterians of Scotland, by such infamous statements respecting Presbyterian converts and congregations in New England.

The subject is a loathsome one; but, perhaps, it is best, once for all, to exhaust it. To say nothing of objectionable passages in Ralph Erskinc's pamphlet, entitled, "Fraud and Falsehood Detected," and in the sermons he preached at different places in the year 1742, particularly those on Luke xxii. 31, 32; Heb. xiii. 8; and Rev. v. 9;¹ the following publications must have annoyed Whitefield, and, also, injured him in the estimation of the Scottish people.

1. "Some Observations upon the Conduct of the Famous Mr. W—field. By a true Lover of the Church and Country. Edinburgh: printed in the year 1742." (12mo. 12 pp.) The author of these "Observations" told his readers, that, Whitefield had taken upon himself "the office of a thirteenth apostle;" and that he began his work in Scotland "with a notorious lie, for he said he was £600 out of pocket about his Hospital in Georgia, whereas it can be proved that he advanced about £1000 to a captain of a man of war, who gave him bills for it upon the Admiralty, who paid this sum to him a little before he came to Scotland." The writer adds, "Instead of going to Georgia, this thirteenth Apostle was moved to take to him a fellow-mate; so that now, I am afraid, these" (Scotch) "collections will be applied towards the maintenance of him, her, and their issue." The anxious author, in conclusion, benevolently remarks: "Let all good people beware of this stroller; for he will yet find a way to

wheedle you out of your money. He is as artful a mountebank as any I know.”

2. “A Letter to a Gentleman in Edinburgh, containing Remarks upon a late Apology for the Presbyterians in

¹ “Fraud and Falsehood Detected” was not published in Erskine’s collected works. For the sermons here mentioned, see “The Sermons and other Practical Works of the Rev. Ralph Erskine.” 8vo. 1777, vol. vii., p. 373, etc., p. 423, etc., and p. 441, etc. The first of these sermons was preached at Stirling, June 13, the second at Dunfermline, June 11th, and the third at Abbotshall, August 9th, 1742. Further attacks on the great revival may be found in vol. viii., pp. 47, 104, 190, etc.

16

Scotland, who keep Communion, in the Ordinances of the Gospel, with Mr. George Whitefield, a Priest of the Church of England: shewing that such a Practice is not justifiable by the Principles and Practice of the Church of Scotland, from the Reformation to this day; nor by the Westminster Confession of Faith, Solemn League and Covenant. In which Mr. Whitefield’s Religion, Orthodoxy, and Moral Character are set in a proper light, by Collections from his own printed Performances. Glasgow, 1742.” (pp. 112.) The letter is signed, “John Bisset, Minister of the Gospel in Aberdeen;” and is dated, “October 26, 1742.” Upon the whole, the pamphlet is well written, and less verbose than many of the Scotch productions of that period. Half of it is an elaborate criticism of the “late Apology;” and the remainder a venomous attack on Whitefield, who is branded as being “enthusiastically, daringly presumptuous, and popishly superstitious,”—“a strolling impostor, whose cheats, in due time, will be discovered.” In conclusion, Mr. Bisset writes: “Mr. Whitefield has done more to promote effectually the cause of Episopacy, and a liking to it in Scotland, than all the means, fair and foul, that have been used since our reformation from Popery to this day.”

Besides the above, two other antagonistic pamphlets must be noticed, which, though not printed in Scotland, were doubtless circulated there, and helped to increase the difficulties with which Whitefield had to struggle.

1. “A Brief History of the Principles of Methodism, wherein the Rise and Progress, together with the Causes of

the several Variations, Divisions, and present Inconsistencies of this Sect are attempted to be traced out, and accounted for. By Josiah Tucker, M.A., Vicar of All Saints, and one of the Minor Canons of the College of Bristol. Oxford, 1742." (8vo. 51 pp.) Mr. Tucker, in obsequious terms, dedicated his anti-Methodistic publication to Dr. Boulter, Archbishop of Armagh, who had treated Whitefield with great courtesy on his return from America in 1738. Mr. Tucker tells the Archbishop, that Whitefield left the University of Oxford "with a *crude* and *undigested* notion of the system of William Law;" and, that "it happened through a *blunder* on his side, and a *mistake* of the question on all

17

sides, that he fell in with the Calvinistical party, and looked upon them as his patrons and advocates." "It was some time, however, before he understood his *new credenda*, or so much as knew the nature of the *five points*, and how they hang in a *chain* one upon another."

2. "Genuine and Secret Memoirs relating to the Adventures of that Arch-Methodist, Mr. G. W—fi—d: Likewise, Critical and Explanatory Remarks upon that inimitable piece, entitled 'God's Dealings with the Rev. Mr. Whitefield;' wherein is likewise proved (by his own words), that he has had pretty large dealings also with Satan: the whole interspersed with observations instructive and humorous. Collected and published, by a Gentleman of Oxford, for general information; and necessary to be had in all families as a preservative against Enthusiasm and Methodism. Oxford, 1742." (8vo. 85 pp.)

This was a most disgraceful and disgusting pamphlet. To quote its obscenity would be criminal. It finishes with eight verses, entitled "The Field-Preacher. To the Tune of the Queen's Old Courtier." The first of these verses is as follows:—

"With face and fashion to be known,
 With eyes all white, and many a groan,
 With arms *outstretched*, and snivelling tone,,
 And handkerchief from nose new-blown,
 And loving cant to sister *Joan*.

(*Chorus?*) 'Tis a new teacher about the town,

Oh! the town's new teacher!"

Abuse like this was not pleasant. It is true, that Whitefield had long been used to it; but the repetition of the thing did not abate its hardship. Most of it was utterly untrue, the remainder, to a great extent, was ill-tempered banter, and the whole was provokingly disagreeable. Whitefield was quite as sensitive as are popular men in general; and there can hardly be a doubt that such injustice caused him many a bitter pang. In the midst of all, however, he rarely, if ever, lost his equanimity; and he generally avoided "rendering railing for railing." He doubtless prized his reputation, as every good man does; but his own fame was to him of less importance than the prosperity of the work

18

of God. Whatever interfered with that created profound distress; and, hence, it is not surprising, that he replied to one of the slanderous publications just mentioned. If what the "Gentleman in New England" had said was true, the Presbyterians in Scotland might justly look upon Whitefield's ministry with suspicion and alarm. To prevent this, Whitefield wrote and published the following: "Some Remarks on a late Pamphlet, entitled, 'The State of Religion in New England, since the Rev. Mr. George Whitefield's arrival there.' Glasgow: printed by William Duncan, and sold by the booksellers in Edinburgh and Glasgow, 1742." (16mo. 32 pp.) The "Remarks" are dated "Cambuslang, August 31, 1742."

Want of space renders it impossible to give a lengthened outline of Whitefield's pamphlet. Speaking of the publication to which he was now replying, he truly says: "The design of it is base and wicked. It is intended, if possible, to eclipse the late great and glorious work in New England; to invalidate the testimonies that have been given of it; and, thereby, to bring a reproach upon, and to hinder the spreading of, a like glorious work, which God, of His infinite mercy, has, for some time, been carrying on in Scotland." He proceeds to shew that the gentlemen, who had testified concerning the scriptural character of the New England revival, were men of "sound understanding, integrity,

sobriety of manners, and piety." Among others, he mentions the Honourable Mr. Willard, secretary of the province; also the Rev. Messrs. Colman, Cooper, and Prince, who held degrees conferred by the University of Glasgow. He gives numerous testimonies, by persons living on the spot, flatly contradicting the sweeping accusations of the "Gentleman in New England;" and shews that some of his quotations were so garbled as to be practically false. Stoutly defending his friend Tennent, he writes: "I have the happiness of being intimately acquainted with Mr. Gilbert Tennent. I scarcely know a man of a more catholic spirit. Indeed, to the honour of the grace of God be it spoken, he is a son of thunder, especially in his applications, and when he is preaching the law. At such times, people cannot easily sleep. He is a workman that Reeds not be ashamed, and is taught of God rightly to divide the word of truth. His book,

19

entitled 'The Presumptuous Sinner Detected,' and his many printed sermons, shew him to be a man of great learning, solidity, and piety." Whitefield, however, admits that there had been some chaff among the wheat. "The sum of the matter," he says, "seems to be this—there has been a great and marvellous work in New England; but, by the imprudences of some, and the overboiling zeal of others,, irregularities, in several places, have been committed. This is nothing but what is common. It was so in *Old* England a few years ago. Many young persons there ran out before they were called. Others were guilty of great indiscretion. I checked them in the strictest manner myself; and found, as they grew acquainted with the Lord Jesus and their own hearts, the intemperance of their zeal abated, and they became truly humble walkers with God. After a gathering, there will always be a sifting time. The Church is generally shaken before it is settled." Finally, to shew that he was neither vanquished nor disheartened, Whitefield concludes with two verses from the Scotch Psalter:—

"Why rage the heathen? and vain things

Why do the people mind?

Kings of the earth do set themselves,

And princes are combin'd
 To plot against the Lord, and His
 Anointed, saying thus,
 'Let us asunder break their bands,
 And cast their cords from us.'

He, that in heaven sits, shall laugh;
 The Lord shall scorn them all.
 Then shall He speak to them in wrath,
 In rage, He vex them shall.
 Yet, notwithstanding, I have Him,
 To be my King appointed:
 And over Sion, my holy hill,
 I have Him. King anointed."

It ought to be added that, immediately after the publication of Whitefield's pamphlet, the Rev. Jonathan Edwards issued a very able and exhaustive treatise on the same subject, with the title, "Some Thoughts concerning the present Revival of Religion in New England, and the way in which it ought to be acknowledged and promoted. By

20

Jonathan Edwards, A.M., Pastor of the Church of Christ at Northampton." This was first published in Boston, New England; and, in 1743, was reprinted in Edinburgh. (12mo. 221 pp.)

In some of the hostile publications already mentioned, Whitefield had been attacked respecting his Orphan-house collections; and probably this, and other reasons, led him to publish the following: "A Continuation of the Account of the Orphan House in Georgia, from January, 1741, to June, 1742; to which are subjoined some Extracts from an Account of a Work of a like Nature, carried on by the late Professor Francke, in Glaucha, near Halle, in Saxony. By George Whitefield, A.B., late of Pembroke College, Oxford. Edinburgh: printed by T. Lumisden and J. Robertson; and sold by J. Traill, Bookseller, in the Parliament Close. 1742." (18mo. 86 pp.)

Whitefield's Preface, dated "September 22, 1742," contains the following curious paragraph—a paragraph which,

of course, will shock both teetotallers and the members of the Anti-Slavery Society:—

“Once I am clear of all arrears, the Orphan House will be supported at a very easy expense. The last Parliament have altered the constitution of the colony of Georgia, in two material points: they have allowed the importation of rum, and free titles to the land. If they should see good hereafter to grant a limited use of negroes, Georgia must, in all outward appearances, be as flourishing a colony as South Carolina.”

Since his arrival in England, in March, 1741, Whitefield had collected, for his Orphan House, £1158 6s. 0½d.; and had expended £1302 17s. 2½d.

Before proceeding further, two more of his publications, in Scotland, must be mentioned; both of them *reprints*, but suited to the circumstances in which he now found himself. 1. “A Letter, from the Rev. Mr. George Whitefield to the Religious Societies of England, written during his voyage to Philadelphia, in 1739; and now particularly recommended to 1 those who have lately formed themselves into Religious Societies in Scotland; to which is added an extract from a late Author, shewing that a Catholic Spirit is the only thing that can unite and make Christians happy one amongst another in this divided state of things. Edinburgh: 1742.”

21

(18mo. 27 pp.) 2. “Nine Sermons, upon the following subjects, namely: 1. The Lord our Righteousness,”¹ etc. “By George Whitefield, A.B. Edinburgh, 1742.” (12mo. 199 pp.)

We now return to Whitefield’s correspondence, which, practically, is a journal of his proceedings. We left him at Edinburgh on July 7, 1742.

The ministers of “The Associate Presbytery” were, without doubt, the most violent of Whitefield’s opposers in Scotland; but there were also others who gave him trouble. The Rev. Mr. Willison, of Dundee, was one of the best of the Scottish clergy. Between him and Whitefield there had been considerable correspondence. Under his auspices Whitefield had preached in Dundee. Mr. Willison, also, sympathised with the present revival movement; but even

he occasioned Whitefield some disquietude. Hence the following letter:—

“EDINBURGH, *July 7, 1742.*

“REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—Your letter gave me some concern. I thought it breathed a sectarian spirit, to which I hoped dear Mr. Willison was quite averse. You seem not satisfied, unless I declare myself a Presbyterian, and openly renounce the Church of England. God knows that I have been faithful in bearing a testimony against what I think is corrupt in that Church, I have also shewn my freedom in communicating with the Church of Scotland, and in baptizing children in their own way. I can go no further.

“Dear sir, be not offended at my plain speaking. I find but few of a truly catholic spirit. Most are catholics till they bring persons over to their own party, and there they would fetter them. I have not so learned Christ. I shall approve and join all who are good, in every sect; and cast a mantle of love over all who are bad, so far as is consistent with a good conscience.

“Morning and evening retirement is certainly good; but if, through weakness of body, or frequency of preaching, I cannot go to God at my usual set times, I think my spirit is not in bondage. It is not for me to tell how often I use secret prayer. If I did not use it—nay, if, in one sense, I did not pray without ceasing—it would be difficult for me to keep up that frame of mind, which, by the Divine blessing, I daily enjoy. If the work of God prospers, and your hands become more full, you will then know better what I mean.

“But enough of this. God knows I would do everything I possibly

¹ The nine sermons were selected from Whitefield’s sermons already published.

could to satisfy all men, and give a reason of the hope that is in me with meekness and fear; but I cannot satisfy all who are waiting for an occasion to find fault. Our Lord could not; I, therefore, despair of doing it. However, dear sir, I take what you have said in good part; only I think you are too solicitous to clear up my character to captious and prejudiced men. Let my Master speak for me. Blessed be God! He will, so long as I simply throw myself into His almighty arms.

“I am glad the work goes on with you. Glory be to God! we have seen glorious things in the west.

“Yours, etc.,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”

In the following letters, Whitefield refers to the opposition which he had to encounter in Scotland. The first was addressed to a minister in London:—

“INCHANNON, *July 21, 1742.*

“REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—I heartily rejoice that the Lord is blessing and owning you. Go on, dear sir, go on, and you will certainly find the glorious Emmanuel “will be with you more and more. It is observable that there is but one thing in Scripture, which we are commanded to do out of season—*preaching*. Be instant, therefore, in season and out of season. The Lord will stand by you and strengthen you, and deliver you from wicked and unreasonable men. You will find the blessedness of the cross; and the Spirit of Christ and of glory will rest upon your soul.

“The Messrs. Erskine and their adherents have appointed a public fast, to humble themselves, among other things, for my being received in Scotland, and for the delusion, as they term it, at Cambuslang and other places; and all this because I would not consent to preach only for them, till I had light into, and could take the Solemn League and Covenant. To what lengths may prejudice carry even good men! From giving way to the first risings of bigotry and a party spirit, good Lord, deliver us ‘.”

The next letter seems to have been addressed to the Rev. John McLaurin, of Glasgow, and was accompanied by a number of young people who appear to have come all the way from Glasgow to Edinburgh, to hear Whitefield preach.

“EDINBURGH, *July 28, 1742.*

“Reverend and dear Sir,—With this, I suppose, you will receive several young ones, who, I think, have acted wrong in leaving their respective employments, under parents and masters, to go after me. Be pleased to examine them, and send them home.

“The Lord was with me at Falkirk, and is pleased to work by me here. O free grace! I am persuaded I shall have more power, since dear Mr. Gibb has printed such a bitter pamphlet. Now I begin to be a disciple of Jesus Christ. I rejoice and am exceeding glad. The archers shot sore at me that I might fall, but the Lord is, and the Lord will be, my helper.”

To a friend in London, Whitefield wrote:—

“EDINBURGH, *July 31, 1742.*

“One of ‘The Associate Presbytery’ has published the most virulent pamphlet I ever saw, ascribing all that has been done here, and even in New England, to the influence of the devil. O how prejudice will blind the eyes of even good men!”

Whitefield had other troubles besides the bitter pamphlets that were published against him. The Spaniards had invaded Georgia. With forty sail of small galleys, and other craft, they had come into Cumberland Sound. With another fleet of thirty-six ships, they had entered Jekyl Sound. They had landed four thousand five hundred men, and marched, through the woods, to Frederica. Half of their galleys also approached the same town, and twenty-eight sail attacked Fort William. Oglethorpe’s military force was small, but proved victorious; and July 25, 1742, was appointed, by the General, “as a day of public thanksgiving to Almighty God for His great deliverance in having put an end to the Spanish invasion.”¹ Whitefield had heard of the invasion; but, as yet, he had not heard of the defeat. In a series of letters, written in July, his superintendent, Mr. Habersham, had informed him, that, finding the Orphan House in great danger of attack, they had removed all its inmates, eighty-five in number, to Mr. Jonathan Bryan’s plantation, in South Carolina. They arrived at midnight on July 10; and, within six weeks afterwards, were safely back to Bethesda.² Hence the following letter to Whitefield:—

“BETHESDA, *August 19, 1742.*

“My dearest Friend and Brother,—I hope, before this reaches you, you will have received mine of the 4th, 14th, and 27th of July; and that you see your way clear to come to us. Blessed be God! we have reason to conclude the Spaniards have entirely left the colony; and we are now again very comfortably settled. The deliverance the Lord has wrought for us, by General Oglethorpe, I think, is the most remarkable I ever heard or read of, except some instances recorded in the Old Testament. I cannot now mention particulars. At Savannah, the poor people are almost all sick; at Frederica likewise, and at Mr. Bryan’s, and at other neighbours’, they are in the same condition. We also have many down. We have a good crop on the ground; but, except a few boys,

¹ General Oglethorpe’s Proclamation.

² Whitefield’s Works, vol. iii., pp. 453–459.

have none to gather it. Brother Hunter” (the surgeon belonging to the Orphan House) “has his hands full, and is chiefly at Savannah. It is but little we buy abroad. We hunt, and kill our own stock; and have potatoes and corn enough of our own. I hope you are now on your passage to us. We cannot but expect you.”

Besides the Spanish invasion, Whitefield had another trouble in Georgia. Mr. Jonathan Barber, his lay-chaplain at the Orphan House, and Mr. Hunter, the house surgeon, had been arrested at Savannah, and imprisoned above a week, for privately insulting the Savannah clergyman. These and other matters are mentioned in the following letters. At the time when they were written, Whitefield was in the midst of the marvellous revival scenes at Cambuslang. The first was addressed to Mr. Barber, his recently imprisoned chaplain.

“CAMBUSLANG, *August 17, 1742.*

“And has my dear brother Barber got the start of me? What, put into priso before me? I wish you joy, my dear brother, with all my heart. Had I been at Savannah, I would have come, and, if there had been need, would gladly have washed your feet. I doubt not but your imprisonment was for Christ’s sake. I wish you had told me who stood by at Savannah, and brought you refreshment. Greet them, and give them particular thanks in my name. I must write to the Trustees, and to others. I heard nothing of the affair, till I received your letter last week. A word or two of yours, to Mr. O—,” (the Savannah clergyman,) “ I think a little too harsh; but Paul spoke once a little too harsh to the high priest. Our Jesus will overlook this, and will reward you for your imprisonment by-and-by.

“I cannot help believing that Georgia will yet be a glorious colony. The counsel of God shall stand. He surely put it into my heart to build the Orphan House. He certainly brought you to Georgia to superintend it. He will bless you and yours. I join in blessing God with you, and in admiring how He has spread a table for my dear family in that wilderness. I am kept from the least doubting. I am just now about to publish a further account of the Orphan House, and hope shortly to collect some more money towards its support.

“I am blessed with far greater success than ever; and Satan roars louder. You will see, by what I here send, how the archers, of different classes, shoot at me; but the Lord causes my bow to abide in strength,

and enables me to triumph in every place. Last Lord's-day, I believe, there were here thirty thousand people, and above two thousand five hundred communicants. The work spreads, and, I believe, will yet spread."

Whitefield was young, but plucky. He was not disposed

25

to submit silently to the high-handed acts of the small officials at Savannah. Hence the following, addressed to their superiors, the Honourable Trustees for Georgia:—

"CAMBUSLANG, *August 17, 1742.*

"HONOURED GENTLEMEN,—Letters, which I received last week from Georgia, occasion my troubling you with this. I find that Mr. Hunter and Mr. Barber have been taken up by a warrant, and were imprisoned above a week, for a thing which, I believe, none of you will judge cognisable by the civil magistrates. It seems that Mr. Barber, in a private conversation with Mr. O—, (who I suppose is the present minister of Savannah,) told him, 'he was no Christian; that he wondered at the impudence of young men in subscribing articles they did not believe; and that he should think it his duty to warn his friends not to hear him.'

"I acknowledge, that such language was too harsh; but Mr. Hunter, who did not say near so much, was linked in the same prosecution, and imprisoned with him. Mr. Jones, who was then at Frederica, being informed of it, declared such a procedure to be illegal; and his Excellency General Oglethorpe desired my friends to lay the matter before the Board of the Honourable Trustees. They have sent to me a particular account of what has passed, which I will transmit to you, or, when I come to London, I will wait upon you in person. I find, also, that my friends were denied a copy of the proceedings in court; in which, I am persuaded, you will think they have been wronged. My friends require no satisfaction, but only desire that such a proceeding may be animadverted upon; knowing that otherwise it will be a great discouragement to people's settling in Georgia.

"I am sorry, also, to inform you, honoured gentlemen, that five very small children, (Swiss or Dutch,) whose parents lately died in their passage from England, have had their goods sold at Vendue, and are bound out till the age of twenty-one years. This I think directly contrary to the grant given me by you; for, thereby, I was empowered to take as many orphans into the house as my fund would admit of.

“I understand, also, that the magistrates have been at the Orphan House, and claim a power to take away the children when they please, whether the children choose it, or complain of ill-treatment, or not. This grieves some of the children, and makes others of them insolent, who are, hereby, taught, that they have a power to go away when they will. This must be discouraging to those who are entrusted with their education; and who aim at nothing but the glory of God, the welfare of the colony, and the salvation of the children’s souls. I suppose the magistrates have taken such a liberty from the instructions which were sent from you some time ago; but Mr. Jones has told them, that, they have misunderstood you; and his Excellency General Oglethorpe, I find, has written to you about it.

“Our plantation thrives well; and Mr. Habersham hopes we shall do

26

with white servants alone. I will do all I can to promote the good of Georgia: only I beg that the management of the Orphan House and the orphans may be secured to me and my successors for ever; and that the magistrates be not suffered to disturb us, when there is no ground of complaint. They acknowledged, when at the Orphan House last, that the children were taken good care of, both as to their bodies and souls: will it not then tend much to the welfare of the colony, that the Orphan House should meet with all possible encouragement?

“His Excellency General Oglethorpe has informed my friend Mr. Habersham, that, if I desired it, he thought you would grant me a greater tract of land, which I should be obliged to give away in a certain term of years; and that we might have our own magistrates, as the people of Ebenezer have. I know not whether I shall desire such a favour; but, if I should, I desire to know what you, honoured gentlemen, would say to it. Many have applied to me respecting their settling in Georgia; but, hitherto, I could give them no encouragement. I wish I may be enabled to give them a great deal in the future.

“Honoured gentlemen, I do not desire to find fault. I doubt not but you have been prejudiced both against me and my friends. The event will shew what friends we are to Georgia. The Orphan House will certainly be of great utility to the colony; and the children educated therein will, I trust, be the glory of the society to which they belong. They are bred up to industry, as well as to other things; and are taught to fear God and honour the king. I heartily pray God to bless all who are concerned in the management of Georgian affairs.

“I hope to be in London in about two months. In the meanwhile, I would beg the favour of a line by your secretary, and I also entreat you, honoured gentlemen, to write to the magistrates of Savannah, to let the Orphan House managers alone. If I, or my friends, should happen to say or do anything amiss, I assure you, you shall have all possible satisfaction given you by them, and also by, honoured gentlemen, your very humble servant,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”

Such was Whitefield’s letter to the Trustees of Georgia, written in the midst of the great revival at Cambuslang.

On the same day, he wrote a long letter to his good friend, the Rev. Mr. Willison, of Dundee, who seems to have been far more anxious about Whitefield’s reputation than Whitefield was himself. The letter is historical, and extracts from it must be given.

“CAMBUSLANG, August 17, 1742.

“REV. AND VERY DEAR SIR,—I heartily thank you for your concern about unworthy *me*. Though I am not very solicitous respecting what the world says of me, yet I would not refuse to give to any one, much less a

27

minister of Jesus Christ, all reasonable satisfaction about my doctrine or conduct.

“I am sorry that ‘The Associate Presbytery’ have done me much wrong. As to what they say about the *supremacy*, my sentiments agree with what is said in the Westminster Confession of Faith (chapter xxiii.). I do own the Lord Jesus to be the blessed Head and King of His Church. I never abjured the Solemn League and Covenant; neither was it ever proposed to me to be abjured.

“As for my *missives*, if ‘The Associate Presbytery’ will be pleased to print them, the world will see that they had no reason to expect I would act in any other manner than I have done.

“What that part of *ray experience* is that savours of the grossest *enthusiasm*, I know not. It is not specified; but this one thing I know, when I conversed with them, they were satisfied with the account I then gave of my experience, and also of the validity of my mission. Only, when they found I would preach the gospel promiscuously to *all, and/or every minister* that would invite me, and not adhere only to them, one of them said, ‘That they were satisfied with all the other accounts which I gave of

myself, except of my call to Scotland at that time.’ They would have been glad of my help, and would have received me as a minister of Jesus Christ, had I consented to preach only at the invitation of them and their people. I thought their foundation was too narrow for any high house to be built upon. When I was last in Scotland, I declared freely, (and I am more and more convinced of it since,) that they were building—a Babel.

“At the same time, they knew very well, I was far from being against all church government. How can any church subsist without it? I only urged, as I do now, that, since holy men differ so much about the form, we should bear with one another, though, in this respect, we are not of one mind. I have often declared, in the most public manner, that I believe the Church of Scotland to be the best constituted National Church in the world; but, then, I would bear and converse with all others, who do not err in fundamentals, and who give evidence that they are true lovers of the Lord Jesus. This is what I mean by a *catholic spirit*.

“You know how strongly I assert all the doctrines of grace as contained in the Westminster Confession of Faith, and in the doctrinal Articles of the Church of England. I trust, I shall adhere to these as long as I live; because I verily believe they are the truths of God, and because I have felt the power of them in my heart.

“I am only concerned that good men should be guilty of such misrepresentations; but this teaches me, more and more, to exercise compassion towards all the children of God, and to be more jealous over my own heart, knowing what a fallible creature I am. I acknowledge that I am a poor blind sinner, liable to err; and I would be obliged to an enemy, much more to so dear a friend as you are, to point out to me my mistakes, as to my practice, or as to unguarded expressions in my preaching or writing.

“I am just about to print a further account of the Orphan House in

28

Georgia; and, having many other affairs of importance before me, can only now entreat the continuance of your prayers, and beg to subscribe myself,

“Yours, etc.,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”

Unfortunately, Whitefield’s troubles were not confined to Scotland and Georgia. Methodist affairs in Wales were far

from being in a satisfactory state. Hence the following letter to Howell Harris:—

“CAMBUSLANG, *August 26, 1742.*

“MY VERY DEAR BROTHER,—I was glad, last night, to receive your letter. I love your simple, honest heart.

“The account, sent with this, will shew you how often I have been enabled to preach; but with what efficacy and success, pen cannot describe. The glorious Redeemer seems to-be advancing from congregation to congregation, carrying all before Him.

“I am opposed on every side. The Messrs. Erskines’ people have kept a fast for me, and given out that all the work now in Scotland is only delusion, and by the agency of the devil.

“What you said about poor Wales affected me. I lay upon my face this day, and, for some time, pleaded, with groans unutterable, for direction in that and several other matters of great consequence. I fear my dear brother thinks too highly of me; but, if Christ is pleased to honour me so far, I shall be glad to help the brethren in Wales. I am sorry to hear there have been such divisions; but dividing times generally precede settling times.”

In the midst of all these altercations, it is refreshing to be able to introduce one of Whitefield’s filial outpourings to his mother, who was now an inmate of Whitefield’s house in Bristol.

“CAMBUSLANG, *August 26, 1742.*

“HONOURED MOTHER,—I rejoice to hear that you have been so long under my roof. Blessed be God that I have a house for my honoured mother to come to! You are heartily welcome to anything it affords, as long as you please. I am of the same mind now, as formerly. If need were, these hands should administer to your necessities. I had rather want myself, than, you should. I shall be highly pleased when I come to Bristol, and find you sitting in your youngest son’s house. O that I may sit with you in the house not made with hands, eternal, in the heavens!

“My honoured mother, I am happier and happier every day. If any at Bristol enquire after me, please to tell them, I am well both in body and soul, and desire them to help me to praise free and sovereign grace. O that my dear mother may be made an everlasting monument of it!

¹ The *Christian's Magazine*, vol. i., 1790, p. 160.

29

How does my heart burn with love and duty to you! Gladly would wash your aged feet, and lean upon your neck, and weep and pray until I could pray no more. With this, I send you a thousand dutiful salutations, and ten thousand hearty and most humble thanks, for all the pains you underwent in conceiving, bringing forth, nursing, and bringing up your most unworthy, though most dutiful son, till death.

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”

Whitefield's second visit to Cambuslang was on Friday, August 13, 1742; and here, and in the surrounding neighbourhood, he spent the next three weeks. A glimpse of his enormous labours may be obtained from the following, which was written to a friend in London:—

“CAMBUSLANG, *August 27, 1742.*

“A fortnight ago, I came to this place, to assist at the sacramental occasion, with several worthy ministers of the Church of Scotland. Such a passover has not been heard of. I preached once on the Saturday. On the Lord's-day, I preached in the morning; served five tables; and preached again, about ten o'clock at night, to a great number in the church-yard. Though it rained very much, there was a great awakening. The voice of prayer and praise was heard all night. It was supposed, that, between thirty and forty thousand people were assembled; and that three thousand communicated. There were three tents. The ministers were enlarged, and great grace was among the people.

“On Monday, August 16th, at seven in the morning, the Rev. Mr. Webster preached, and there was a great commotion; and also in the third sermon of the day, when I preached.

“On Thursday, August 19th,¹ I preached twice at Greenock; on Friday, three times at Kilbride; on Saturday, once at Kilbride, and twice at Stevenson. On Sunday, August 22nd, four times at Irvine; on Monday, once at Irvine, and three times at Kilmarnock; on Tuesday, once at Kilmarnock, and four times, at Stewarton; on Wednesday, once at Stewarton, and twice at Mearnes; and yesterday, twice at this place. I never preached with so much apparent success before. The work seems to spread more and more. Oh, my friend, pray and give praise on behalf of the most unworthy wretch that was ever employed in the dear Redeemer's service!”

This is a mere outline of a fortnight's stupendous labours in the west of Scotland. The sacrament at Cambuslang was an event never to be forgotten. Thirteen ministers were present on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday; and, on Monday, twenty-four. "All of them," wrote the Rev. Mr.

¹ The two intervening days were spent in writing letters respecting his Orphan House, and other matters.

30

McCulloch, the pastor of Cambuslang, "appeared to be very much assisted in their work. Four of them preached on the fast-day; four on Saturday; on the Sabbath I cannot tell how many; and five on Monday. Mr. Whitefield's sermons, on Saturday and the two following days, were attended with much power, particularly on Sunday night, and on Monday; several crying out, and a great weeping being observable throughout his auditories. While he was serving some of the tables, he appeared to be so filled with the love of God, as to be in a kind of ecstasy, and he communicated with much of that blessed frame. The number present, on the Lord's-day, was so great, that, so far as I can hear, none ever saw the like since the revolution, in Scotland, or even anywhere else, at any sacrament occasion. This vast concourse of people came, not only from the city of Glasgow, but, from many places at a considerable distance. It was reckoned, that, there were two hundred communicants from, Edinburgh, two hundred from Kilmarnock, a hundred from Irvine, and a hundred from Stewarton. Some, also, were from England and Ireland. A considerable number of Quakers were hearers. The tables were all served in the open air, beside the tent below the brae. Some estimated the number of persons present at fifty thousand; some at forty thousand; and the lowest estimate was upwards of thirty thousand. Not a few were awakened to a sense of sin; others had their bands loosed, and were brought into the liberty of the sons of God; and many of God's children were filled with joy and peace in believing."¹

Whitefield came back to Edinburgh early in September, and here he *chiefly* remained and laboured until his return to England at the end of October. His letters, during this interval of two months, are full of interest, and extracts from them must be given.

Already a scheme was contemplated to unite the Methodists in Wales into a separate connexion; and the following, addressed “to Howell Harris, in Hoxton, near London,” refers to this:—

¹ *Glasgow Weekly History*, No. 39.

31

“September 3, 1742.

“My very dear Brother,—Wales is upon my heart. I think to meet all the Brethren there together. As the awakening seems, in some measure, to be over, and there are so many living stones, it may be time to think of putting them together. May the great Builder of the Church guide and direct us! I am glad to hear that matters at Bristol are better than I expected. We have had most blessed days here. I and the people have been in the suburbs of heaven. Blessed be God! I live in heaven daily. O free grace! I feel myself viler, and yet happier, every day.”¹

Whitefield’s friend, Gilbert Tennent, had been brought into contact with the Moravians, and had not liked them. Hence the following, which Whitefield wrote to a gentleman in America:—

“EDINBURGH, September 13, 1742.

“I have just been writing to our dear brother, Gilbert Tennent. He speaks many things, which, I know, are too true of the Moravian Brethren; but his spirit seems to be too much heated, and, I fear, some of his own wild-fire is mixed with that sacred zeal, which comes from Ged. I want to be more like Jesus, who sees all the quarrels and heart-risings of His children, and yet bears with, and loves them still. I confess, I am jealous over many, who talk and write of the Lamb, and who mimic some particular person in their outward way, but yet are not truly poor in spirit. They act too much like me, who, at my first setting out, imitated the outward show of humility in Monsieur Dezenly, before I got true simplicity of heart. At the same time, I would love all who love Jesus, though they differ from me in some points. The angels love all the true worshippers

of Jesus everywhere, and why should not we? If our brethren will quarrel with us, let us not quarrel with them.”

In the same catholic spirit, Whitefield wrote as follows, to a friend in Pennsylvania;—

“EDINBURGH, *September, 22, 1742.*”

“You cannot have a scene of greater confusion among you, than there has been in England. But, blessed be God! matters are brought to a better issue, and, though we cannot agree in principles, yet we agree in love. I have not given way to the Moravian Brethren, or to Mr. Wesley, or to any whom I thought in an error, no, not for an hour. But I think it best not to dispute, when there is no probability of convincing. Disputing embitters the spirit, ruffles the soul, and hinders it from hearing the still small voice of the Holy Ghost.”

To Mr. Habersham, the superintendent of his Orphan House, he wrote:—

¹ *Weekly History*, October 16, 1742,

“EDINBURGH, *September 24, 1742.*”

“MY MOST ENDEARED FRIEND AND BROTHER,—With this, I send you a ‘Continuation of the Orphan House Account,’ which I have printed to satisfy the public, and to promote future collections. I yet owe upwards of £250 in England, upon the Orphan House account, and have nothing towards it. How is the world mistaken about my circumstances! worth nothing myself, embarrassed for others, and yet looked upon to abound in riches! Our extremity is God’s opportunity. O faith, thou hast an all-conquering power! I put my trust in God, and, through His mercy, I shall not miscarry. I pray for you. I think and dream of you almost continually. I long, I long to be with you, and, methinks, could willingly be found at the head of you, though a Spaniard’s sword should be put to my throat.

“Some of my friends in Philadelphia are suspicious that I am joined with the Moravian Brethren; but, indeed, I am not. My principles are still the same; only, as I believe many of them love the Lord Jesus, I would be friendly to them, as I would be to all others who bear the image of our common Master, notwithstanding some of my principles are as far distant from theirs as the east is from the west.”

The next extract, from a letter to a minister in Wales, affords a glimpse of Whitefield’s labours in Scotland, and

announces his purpose to return to England. Perhaps, it ought to be premised, that, on Sunday, the 3rd of October, a sacrament was held at Kilsyth, in which a dozen ministers took part. The solemnities of the day began at half-past eight in the morning, and continued, without intermission, till half-past eight at night. During the day, twenty-two different services were held; and the number of communicants were nearly fifteen hundred. At Muthel, also, a gracious revival had been vouchsafed. After public worship in the kirk, crowds of people were wont to flock to the manse of the Rev. William Hally, the minister, who wrote, “Their mourning cries frequently drown my voice, so that I am often obliged to stop till they compose themselves.”¹

“EDINBURGH, *October 6, 1742.*

“The Lord has dealt bountifully with me. He gives me to rejoice in all His dispensations towards me. I am taught more and more, every day, to live by faith in the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me. God keeps me, and brings me where I would desire to be—at His feet, waiting His will, and watching the motions of His blessed Spirit, word, and providence. Here I find safety and refuge amidst the various storms of opposition and reproach with which T daily meet. God is on

¹ “Robe’s Narrative, 1742,” pp. 99–107.

my side: I will not fear what men or devils can say of or do unto me. The dear Messrs. Erskine have dressed me in very black colours. Dear men, I pity them. Surely they must grieve the Holy Spirit much. O for a mind divested of all sects and names and parties! I think, it is my one single aim to promote the kingdom of Jesus, without partiality and without hypocrisy, indefinitely amongst all. I care not if the name of George Whitefield be banished out of the world, so that Jesus be exalted in it.

“Glory be to His great name! we have seen much of His power in Scotland. The work in the west goes on and increases. Last Sabbath and Monday, things greater than ever were seen at Kilsyth. There is a great awakening also at Muthel. I preach twice every day with great power, and walk in liberty and love. In about three weeks, I purpose to leave Scotland; and hope, before long, to spend a month in Wales. I intend to travel through Newcastle and Yorkshire.’

“I have been much strengthened since the Spaniards invaded Georgia. I am, like the ark, surrounded with waves; but, through free grace, I am enabled to swim above all. Ere long, I shall rest on Mount Zion, in the arms of my beloved Jesus.”

Among the distinguished persons with whom Whitefield became acquainted in Scotland, was Lady Frances Gardiner, daughter of the Earl of Buchan, and wife of the celebrated Colonel Gardiner, who fell, in the service of his country, at the battle of Prestonpans, in 1745. The Colonel was now with his soldiers at Ghent; and to him Whitefield addressed the following characteristic letter:—

“EDINBURGH, *October 17, 1742.*

“HONOURED SIR,—Though I never had the pleasure of seeing you, I have often prayed for you. I hope you will not be offended with me for troubling you with this. Your honoured lady tells me you will not.

“Dear sir, I rejoice to hear that you are a good soldier of Jesus Christ, and that you delight to fight the Redeemer’s battles. May you be covered with all His armour, and be filled with all His fulness!

“I have the pleasure often to go without the camp, and to bear a little of His sacred reproach; and I prefer it to all the treasures in the world. Weak as I am, my Jesus makes me more than conqueror, through His ove. He has brought mighty things to pass here, and gotten Himself the victory in many hearts. I trust not a day passes without some poor creature being plucked as a brand from the burning.

“I wish I could hear that God was more in the camp. Blessed be His name! for raising you up, to lift a standard for Him. May you be endued

¹ Methodism had recently been introduced into Newcastle by Wesley, and Moravianism into Yorkshire by Ingham.

with the *mekness* of Moses, the *courage* of Joshua, the *zeal* of Paul, and a large portion of the blessed spirit of Christ!

“I hope, honoured sir, you will, now and then, remember me, a poor sinner, and speak a word for me to the King of kings and Lord of lords, that I may not turn my head in the day of battle, but rather die for Him, than, in any wise, deny Him. Neither you nor yours are forgotten by me. I am a poor creature, but happy, very happy, in the once crucified,

but now exalted Jesus. For His sake, and in His great name, I beg leave to subscribe myself, honoured sir, your affectionate, humble servant,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”

Colonel Gardiner was as distinguished a Christian as he was a soldier. Nine days after the date of Whitefield’s letter, the Colonel wrote, as follows, to his friend Dr. Doddridge, of Northampton:—

“GHENT, *October 16, 1742.*

“I have received a letter from Mr. Whitefield. The accounts I have had of that man, both when in England and since I came here, have ravished my soul. If my heart deceives me not, I would rather be the persecuted, despised Whitefield, to be an instrument in the hand of the Spirit, for converting so many souls, and building up others in their most holy faith, than be the emperor of the whole world.”¹

Towards the close of his visit to Scotland, Whitefield reopened his correspondence with Wesley, the result of which was a perfect reconciliation. From this time, their mutual regard and friendly intercourse suffered no interruption, until Whitefield’s death, twenty-eight years afterwards. The following is one of the letters which, at this important period, passed between them:—

“EDINBURGH, *October 11, 1742.*

“REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—About ten days ago, I sent you a packet, by my dear wife, which I hope you will have received ere this comes to hand. Yesterday morning, I had your kind letter, dated October 5.

“In answer to the first part of it, I say, ‘Let old things pass away, and all things become new.’ I can heartily say ‘Amen’ to the latter part of it. ‘Let the king live for ever, and controversy die.’ It has died with me long ago.

“I shall not leave Scotland in less than three weeks. Before yours came, I had engaged to go through Newcastle,² in my way to London. I rejoice to hear the Lord has blessed your dear brother’s labours.

¹ Doddridge’s *Correspondence*, vol. iv., p. 113; and Doddridge’s “Life of Gardiner.”

² Charles Wesley was now at Newcastle, preaching with amazing power and success. (See John Nelson’s *Journal*.)

35

“I am enabled to preach twice daily, and find I walk in light and liberty continually. I thank you, dear sir, for praying for me, and thank our common Lord for putting it into your heart so to do. I have been upon my knees praying for you and yours. O that nothing but love, lowliness, and simplicity may be among us! The work is still increasing in Scotland. Dear friend, my soul is on fire. O let us not fall out in the way! Let us bear with one another in love. God be praised! for giving you such a mind. My kind love to all who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity. In much haste, and with great thanks for your last letter, I subscribe myself, reverend and very dear sir, your most affectionate, though younger, brother in the gospel of our glorious Emmanuel,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”

Before leaving Scotland, Whitefield made three collections for his Orphan House. In the park, at Edinburgh, on October 6, his congregation gave him the noble sum of £128 10s. 7d.;¹ and, on another occasion, they contributed £44. At Glasgow, also, the public collection and private donations amounted to the same sum as the first collection in Edinburgh, making £300 in all. Even the liberality of his friends excited the anger of his enemies. The *Scots' Magazine* sneeringly remarked (pp. 459, 464):—

“By his affecting comments on the widow’s throwing her two mites into the treasury, many, who live on charity, have literally given him the whole of their living, and been obliged to beg their next meal. At his diets for collecting, when he has raised the passions of his audience by a suitable sermon, his next care is to ply them while in a right frame. For this purpose, he makes his last prayer very short; thereafter pronounces the blessing without singing psalms; and then immediately falls a collecting, in which he shews great dexterity.”

¹ *Scots' Magazine*, 1742.

36

IN ENGLAND AND WALES.

NOVEMBER 1742 TO AUGUST 1744-

WHITEFIELD left Scotland on November 1st, 1742; and arrived in London five days afterwards. He

now resumed his ministry in his wooden Tabernacle, where, for some time past, Howell Harris had been officiating as his substitute. One of his first letters, in London, was addressed to his friend Habersham.

“LONDON, *November 12, 1742.*”

“MY DEAREST FRIEND AND BROTHER IN A CRUCIFIED JESUS,—How do I long to come over to see you, and the rest of my dear family! The cloud seems now to be moving towards America. I trust I shall be with you in a few months.

“The Lord did wonderful things for me and His people in Scotland. The concern expressed at my departure was unspeakable. I rode post from Edinburgh, and came here, in rather less than five days, on Saturday last.

“There seems to be a new awakening in London. We have been obliged to enlarge the Tabernacle. Dear Brother Harris has been sent with a sweet, searching commission. Brother Cennick is much blessed in Wiltshire. The word runs and is glorified in Wales. God is raising some fresh witnesses of the power of His dear Son’s blood in Gloucestershire. Blessed are the eyes which see the things that we see.

“The collections in Scotland were large. In Edinburgh, I collected £128 at one time, and £44 at another; and in Glasgow, about £128, with private donations. Blessed be God! I owe nothing now in England on the Orphan-house account; what is due is abroad. I think, since I have been in England, we have got near £1500. The Lord will provide what we want further. Glory be to His name!

“My wife lies now very weak. She was tossed for ten days in her voyage from Scotland. The ship was in imminent danger, but the Lord gave her much of His presence. I trust she will be ready shortly for another voyage.”

Whitefield spent nearly four months in London. His congregations, of course, were very large, and, in another respect, were remarkable. His friend Wesley was pre-

37

eminently and almost exclusively the poor man’s preacher. It was otherwise with Whitefield. During the winter of 1742, the Earl and Countess of Huntingdon were constant in their attendance upon his ministry, and were often accompanied by his lordship’s sisters, the Ladies Hastings.

Occasionally, Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, and Catherine, Duchess of Buckingham, two of the most celebrated and remarkable women of their day, were among his hearers; so also was Lord Lonsdale, who had been one of the lords of the bedchamber, and constable of the tower. Charles, third Duke of Bolton; Lord Hervey, who had distinguished himself as an orator in both houses of Parliament, and who had held the offices of vice-chamberlain, and keeper of the privy-seal; and Lord Sidney Beauclerk, fifth son of the Duke of St. Albans, were likewise numbered among the young preacher's auditors. Yea, even royalty itself, in the persons of William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, youngest son of George II., and his brother Frederick, Prince of Wales, helped to swell some of Whitefield's congregations.¹

This is a remarkable fact, and, perhaps, may be partly accounted for by the favour with which Whitefield had been honoured by some of the aristocracy of Scotland. Between him and them a warm, friendship had been created; and there can hardly be a doubt that this helped to secure him the attention of not a few of the nobility of England. As shewing his Christian intimacy with persons of distinguished rank in Scotland, the following letters, written within a fortnight after his arrival in London, will be useful. The first was addressed to Lady Frances Gardiner, the wife of the celebrated colonel.

“LONDON, *November 13, 1742.*

“HONOURED MADAM,—Mindful of my promise, which I made before I left Edinburgh, I now steal a few moments to send your ladyship a letter of thanks. I trust it will find you sitting under the Redeemer's shadow with great delight. It rejoiced me when I heard that God had blessed my unworthy ministry, to recover your ladyship from a state of darkness and spiritual desertion. Glory, glory be to rich, free, and sovereign grace! I trust you will now be kept in the love of God, and that no idol will interpose between you and the Redeemer. I hope the

¹ “Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon,” vol. i., p. 199.

dear Colonel is now in his proper place, and that you can think of him without anxiety or distracting care. This is that freedom wherewith Jesus

Christ makes us free: to love all things in Him, and for Him, and to love Him above all. Thus we have peace and joy. Whenever we deviate from it, we fall into darkness and distress of soul.

“We have blessed seasons in London. O who can express the loving-kindness of the Lord, or shew forth all His praise? We beg your prayers; and wishing you and your honoured Colonel all manner of prosperity, I am, etc.,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”

The following also was addressed to a titled lady in Edinburgh:—

“LONDON, *November 13, 1742.*

“I hope this will find you a very poor sinner, sitting at the feet of Jesus. If I mistake not, your soul is athirst for God, yea, to be filled with all the fulness of God. Go on, dear madam. God will satisfy all your desires. He has promised, and He will perform. There is no end of His goodness.

“I believe your ladyship will hear shortly from Mr. Harris. He is a dear soul, and left London on Thursday last, full of simplicity and love. The work goes on bravely in Wales, and elsewhere. Surely it is the midnight cry. Surely the Bridegroom is coming. Methinks I hear your ladyship say, ‘Then I will make ready to go forth to meet Him.’ That you may be always ready to obey the most sudden call, is the hearty prayer of, etc.,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”

The next was written to one of the Scottish nobles:—

“LONDON, *November 15, 1742.*

“MY LORD,—My departure from Edinburgh was very sudden, and it was but a few days before I left, that I heard of your lordship’s illness I have not been unmindful of you, and I trust, that, in answer to prayer, our Lord has rebuked your fever, and that this will find you risen and ministering unto Him. How apt are we, when in health, to follow Jesus afar off, and to fall into a Laodicean spirit. May this sickness be a means of drawing you nearer to God!

“I am now in my winter quarters, preparing for a fresh campaign. Happy they who fight under the Redeemer’s banner!”

Whitefield’s “fresh campaign” included more than preaching. He lived in troublous times, and needed both “the

sword and trowel.” Affairs in New England made him anxious. Hence the following to the Rev. Dr. Colman, of Boston:—

39

“LONDON, *November 18, 1742.*

“REV. AND DEAR SIR,—The confusion in New England has given me concern; but our Lord will over-rule all for good. When I shall come to Boston, the Lord Jesus only knows. I believe it will not be long. I find I shall come in perilous times; but the all-gracious Saviour, who has helped me hitherto, will guide me by His counsel, and give me a true scriptural zeal. How hard it is to keep in the true narrow path, when speaking for the Lord Jesus! God preserve me, and all His ministers, from defending His truths and cause in our own, or under the influence of a false spirit! It destroys the cause we would defend. In Scotland, there have been, as yet, but few of the disorders complained of amongst you; but, as the work increases, I suppose, the stratagems of the enemy will increase also. This is my comfort—Jesus reigns.”

The Rev. John Meriton was encountering bitter opposition in the Isle of Man, and wished for Whitefield’s advice respecting his going to Georgia. Whitefield’s answer was as follows:—

“LONDON, *November 10, 1742.*

“REV. AND DEAR SIR,—If the Lord has given you more zeal, I wonder not that you meet with more opposition. However, I would not have you rash or over-hasty in leaving the Isle of Man. Wait; continue instant in prayer; and you shall see the salvation of God. I have not heard from my family abroad for some time, and cannot give you any determinate answer about your going to Georgia, because I know not how their affairs stand. God will yet shew you what He would have you to do. Even so, Lord Jesus. Amen and amen!”

From New England and the Isle of Man, the reader must follow Whitefield to the principality of Wales. One of the Methodist Exhorters there had been indicted for holding a conventicle. Whitefield’s services were solicited on behalf of this luckless brother. He, at once, opened a correspondence with the Bishop of Bangor, on the subject; and the following is one of the letters that passed between them:—

“LONDON, *November 19, 1742.*

“MY LORD,—I received your lordship’s letter this evening. It confirmed me in the character given me of your lordship’s spirit. I verily believe you abhor everything that has a tendency to persecution; and yet, in my humble opinion, if Mr. C— is not somewhat redressed, he is persecuted.

“My Lord, the whole of the matter seems to be this: In Wales, they have fellowship meetings, where some well-meaning people meet together, simply to tell what God has done for their souls. In some of these meetings, I believe, Mr. C— used to tell his experience, and to invite his

40

companions to come and be happy in Jesus Christ. He is, therefore, indicted as holding a conventicle; and I find this is the case of one, it not two, more.

“Now, my Lord, as far as I can judge, these persons, thus indicted, are loyal subjects of his Majesty, and true friends of the Church of England service, and attendants upon it. You will see, by the enclosed letters, how unwilling they are to leave the Church; and yet, if the Acts, made against persons meeting together to plot against Church and State, be put in execution against them, what must they do? They must be obliged to declare themselves Dissenters. I assure your lordship, it is a critical time in Wales. Hundreds, if not thousands, will go in a body from the Church, if such proceedings are countenanced. I lately wrote them a letter, dissuading them from separating from the Church; and I write thus to your lordship, because of the excellent spirit of moderation discernible in your lordship, and because I would not have (to use your lordship’s own expression) ‘such a fire kindled in or from your diocese.’”

Whitefield found it necessary to appeal to another bishop of the English Church. John Cennick was one of Whitefield’s preachers in as full a sense as Thomas Maxfield was one of Wesley’s, and had as great a claim upon Whitefield’s sympathy and support, as the itinerants of Wesley had upon him. John Cennick was now in trouble. Though he had occasionally preached in London, Bristol, Kingswood, and elsewhere, his labours had been principally devoted to the county of Wilts. His first sermon, in the county, was preached in the street of Castlecombe, on July 16, 1740; and, before long, he formed himself a preaching circuit, consisting of Lyneham, Chippenham, Avon, Langley, Hullavington, Malmsbury, Littleton-Drew, Foxham, Brinkworth,

Stratton, Somerford, Tytherton, Swindon, and other places. He had many adventures, and some of them serious ones. In the month of June, 1741, accompanied by Howell Harris and twenty-four other friends, all on horseback, he went to Swindon, and began to sing and pray; but, before he could begin to preach, the mob, he writes, "fired guns over our heads, holding the muzzles so near our faces, that Howell Harris and myself were both made as black as tinkers with the powder. We were not affrighted, but opened our breasts, telling them we were ready to lay down our lives for our doctrine. They then got dust out of the highway, and covered us all over; and then played an engine upon us, which they filled out of the stinking ditches."

41

While they played upon brother Harris, I preached; and, when they turned the engine upon me, he preached. This continued till they spoiled the engine; and then they threw whole buckets of water and mud over us. Mr. Goddard, a leading gentleman of the town, lent the mob his guns, halberd, and engine, and bade them use us as badly as they could, only not to kill us; and he himself sat on horseback the whole time, laughing to see us thus treated. After we left the town, they dressed up two images, and called one Cennick, and the other Harris, and then burnt them. The next day, they gathered about the house of Mr. Lawrence, who had received us, and broke all his windows with stones, cut and wounded four of his family, and knocked down one of his daughters."

Within three months after this, Cennick was again in peril. While preaching at Stratton, the Swindon mob arrived, with "swords, staves, and poles." Cennick writes:—"Without respect to age or sex, they knocked down all who stood in their way, so that some had' blood streaming down their faces, and others were taken up almost beaten and trampled to death. Many of our dear friends were cut and bruised sadly; and I got many severe blows myself."

Notwithstanding, however, this brutal opposition, Cennick's labours were successful. He formed several Societies. At Brinkworth, in the month of August, 1741, he began to build

his first meeting-house. "On Monday, October 25, 1742," he writes, "I bought the house and land at Tytherton, where now our chapel is built; and, on Sunday, November 14, I preached the first time there, after we had taken down several lofts at one end of the house, in order to make room."¹

Cennick continues, "Two days after this, we were sadly misused at Langley-Burrell. The rude people, besides making a noise, cut the clothes of the congregation, threw aquafortis on them, and pelted them with cow-dung."

In the midst of all this, Cennick wrote to Whitefield, as follows:—

"Last Tuesday, at Langley, several persons came, casting great stones at the windows of the house where we worshipped, and hallooed to each

¹ These particulars are gleaned from a part of Cennick's diary, for the first time published in the *Primitive Methodist Magazine* for 1865.

42

other to disturb us with their noise. They then blamed each other for not dragging me out of the pulpit, and pulling the house to pieces. At last, they laboured very hard in gathering dirt and filth, which they continued to throw at us till we finished. Not content with this, they laid wait for us in the fields and lanes, and pelted us as we passed on our way. They cut the clothes of some of the Society with scissors, and pushed them into brooks and ditches.

"The persecutions in these villages seem to increase in proportion as the work goes on. The ministers and parish officers threaten to famish the poor 'Cennickers.' Their threats have prevailed with some, while others tell them, 'If you starve us, we will go' to the meetings; 'and rather than we will forbear, we will eat grass like the kine.'"¹

Such was poor Cennick's plight. First of all, Whitefield wrote to him a letter of consolation:—

"LONDON, November 20, 1742.

"MY VERY DEAR BROTHER,—Your letter did not surprise me at all, though it made me look up to the Lord for you. I believed you would be down in the valley of humiliation soon; but, fear not; it is only that you may be the more exalted. I trust this will find you mounting on wings like an eagle; walking, yet not weary; running, yet not faint. God does and will remarkably appear for you. Doubtless you are His servant and minister. He, therefore, that touches you, touches the apple of God's

eye. Poor Wiltshire people! I pity them. If I knew their bishop, I would apply to him. I wrote to the Bishop of Bangor for our brethren in Wales, and have received a very favourable answer. The wrath of man shall turn to God's praise, and the remainder of it He will restrain."

Dr. Sherlock was the bishop in whose diocese Cennick's "Wiltshire circuit" was situated. Sherlock, as every one knows, was eminent for his learning, and yet more eminent for his piety. The prelate had no power to punish the mob for their riotous proceedings; but he had power to rebuke his persecuting clergy; and, hence, Whitefield wrote to him as follows:—

"LONDON, *November 30, 1742.*

"MY LORD,—I beg your lordship's pardon for troubling you with this. I believe you will not be offended when you know the cause.

"There is one Mr. Cennick, a true lover of Jesus Christ, who has been much honoured in bringing many poor sinners in Wiltshire to the knowledge of themselves and of God. He is a member of the Church of England; but is sadly opposed by the clergy in Wiltshire, as well as by many who will come to hear him preach.

"In a letter, dated November 16, from Foxham, he writes thus: 'The

¹ *Primitive Methodist Magazine*, 1865, p. 595.

ministers of Bremhill, Seagry, Langley, and many others, have strictly 1742 forbidden the churchwardens and overseers to let any of the *Cennickers*. have anything out of the parish; and they obey them, and tell the poor, if they cannot stop them from following me, they will famish them. Several of the poor, who have great families, have already been denied any help. Some of the people, out of fear, have denied they ever came; and others have been made to promise they will come no more; whilst the most part come at the loss of friends and all they have. When the officers threatened some of them to take away their pay, they answered, "If you starve us, we will go; and rather than we will forbear, we will live upon grass like the kine."

"In another letter, I received from Mr. Cennick last night, he writes thus: 'I should be glad if you could mention the cruelty of the ministers of Bremhill and Seagry to the Bishop of Sarum. Indeed, their doings are inhuman. The cry of the people, because of their oppression, is very great.'

“In compliance with my dear friend’s request, I presume to lay the matter, as he represents it, before your lordship; being persuaded that you will not favour persecuting practices, or approve of such proceedings to keep people to the Church of England. Should this young man leave the Church, hundreds would leave it with him. But I know, that, at present, he has no such design. If your lordship pleases to give me leave, I would wait upon you, upon the least notice. Or, if your lordship is pleased to send a line into Wiltshire, to know the truth of the matter, and judge accordingly, it will satisfy your lordship’s most obedient son and servant,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”

The effect of Whitefield’s letter is not known; but, twelve days after it was written, Cennick says, in his diary: “On Sunday, December 12th, a servant of farmer Rogers, of Tytherton, daubed the gates and stiles our people had to pass over with dung and tar; and, by this means, many had their clothes entirely spoiled.”

At present, nothing need be added respecting Cennick’s circuit. Whitefield visited it a few months afterwards, and met with some memorable adventures.

Of course, wherever he was, the Orphan House in Georgia occupied Whitefield’s attention and time. The clergyman at Savannah, on account of whom the chaplain and the surgeon of the Orphan House had been imprisoned, was now dead; and, further, a fatal disease was prevalant among the colonists. Addressing the secretary of the Trustees of Georgia, Whitefield writes:—

“LONDON, *November 20, 1742.*

“Another distress is come upon poor Georgia. A violent sickness

44

rages, and has taken off many. My letters say, the Orphan-house surgeon had fifty patients under his care. This, I trust, will more and more convince the Honourable Trustees, of what benefit the Orphan House is, and will be, to the colony.

“I hear that Mr. O—, the minister of Savannah, is dead. I know one Mr. Meriton, a clergyman in the Isle of Man, who would go and supply his place, if he were applied to. I believe, the Bishop of Sodor and Man will give him a recommendation. You may acquaint the Honourable Trustees with this, and let me know their answer.”

“I hope, in about two months, to embark for Georgia. I find, God has given my family a good crop; but the hands are sick, so they cannot speedily carry it in.”

Of course, the greatest orphanage of the time was the one founded by Augustus Hermann Francke, at Halle, in Germany, in which he made provision for two thousand children. Besides providing for their sustenance, he established, on their behalf, a large library, and a museum of natural curiosities; and also commenced a printing office, and furnished it with the means of printing books in numerous languages. Fifteen years ago, Professor Francke had died,, at the age of sixty-five, regretted by all classes in Germany, and extolled for the noble services which he had rendered to his country, and to the world. His son was his successor, and to him Whitefield addressed the following letter:—

“LONDON, *November 24, 1742.*

“REV. SIR,—I have long designed writing to you,, but have always been prevented. I can now defer no longer; for, though I never saw you in the flesh, I highly esteem you, and wish you much prosperity in the work of the Lord.

“Your honoured father’s memory is very precious to me. His account of the Orphan House has been a great support and encouragement to me in a like undertaking. The account, sent with this, will inform you how it prospers. Hitherto, it has answered its motto, and has been like the burning bush, on fire, but not consumed. About January next, God willing, I intend to embark. In the meanwhile, I should be glad to know how it is with your Orphan House; and whether you have any commands for Georgia.”

Whitefield’s work was multifarious in its character; but his great employment was testifying the gospel of the grace

¹ Whitefield’s suggestion was not adopted. Mr. Meriton, soon after this, became one of Wesley’s clerical helpers in England.

of God. He had no idle moments; but his highest ambition was to save the souls of his fellow-men. Hence the following:—

“LONDON, *December 4, 1742.*

“Vile and unfaithful as I am, my Master lets me have my hands full of work. From morning till midnight, I am employed; and I am carried through the duties of each day with almost uninterrupted tranquillity. Our Society¹ is large, but in good order, and we make improvements daily.”

“LONDON, *December 9, 1742.*

“I am never so much in my element as when I preach free grace to the chief of sinners. I am much blessed here. We have many gracious souls. Ere long, I must leave them.”

“LONDON, *December 18, 1742.*

“The 16th of this month was my birthday. It made me blush to think how much sin I have committed against God, and how little good I have done for Him. I am now in my winter quarters, preparing for a fresh campaign. Our Society goes on well. Though I richly deserve it, our infinitely condescending Jesus will not lay me aside, until He has performed all His good pleasure by me.”

It is a fact of great importance, and which must always be borne in mind, that, notwithstanding the excitement in which he lived, Whitefield habitually cultivated his own personal religion. The following extracts from letters, written at this period, beautifully illustrate this momentous matter.

His old friend, the Rev. Benjamin Ingham, by his powerful preaching, had formed fifty Religious Societies in Yorkshire and Lancashire, and had recently placed them under the care of Moravian ministers. Whitefield now wrote to him as follows:—

“LONDON, *December 21, 1742.*

“To-day, I dined with old Mr. “F—, and was kindly entertained by him and his wife. I remembered what sweet counsel you and I had taken there together; and I rejoiced in the happy prospect of our being, before long, with our blessed and glorious Lord. My brother, what has our Saviour done for us since that time? What is He doing now? What did He do before time began? What will He do when time shall be no

¹ The Society consisted of widows, married people, young men, and spinsters. At the Society meetings, these different classes of persons occupied separate places in the Tabernacle, each class receiving from Whitefield, in the colloquial style, various exhortations suitable to their different stations. (See Dr. Campbell’s “Services at the Centenary Cele-

bration of Whitefield's Apostolic Labours, held in the Tabernacle, Moorfields, May 21, 1839," p. 26.)

46

more? O how sweet it is to be melted down with a sense of redeeming love! O to be always kept low at the feet of Jesus! It is right, my brother, to insist on poverty of spirit. I know what a dreadful thing it is to carry much sail without proper ballast. Joy, floating upon the surface of an unmortified heart, is but of short continuance. It puffs up, but does not edify. I thank our Saviour, that He is shewing us here more of our hearts and more of His love. I doubt not but He deals so with you. I heartily greet your dear household,¹ and your Societies. If our Saviour gave me leave, I would gladly come to Yorkshire; but the cloud points towards Georgia."

Colonel Gardiner was still with his regiment in Flanders, and to him Whitefield wrote the following:—

"LONDON, *December 21, 1742.*

"HONOURED SIR,—Your kind letter put me in mind of righteous Lot, whose soul was grieved, day by day, at the ungodly conversation of the wicked. It was the same with holy David. His eyes, like yours, gushed out with water, because men kept not God's law. Your situation and employment cannot be very agreeable to a disciple of the Prince of Peace. I cannot say, I would change posts. Indeed, honoured sir, I think mine is a glorious employ. I am not ashamed of my Master, though my Master may well be ashamed of me. I know no other reason why Jesus has put me into the ministry, than because I am the chief of sinners, and, therefore, fittest to preach free grace to a world lying in the wicked one. Blessed be God! He gives much success. I am often ashamed that I can do no more for that Jesus who has redeemed me by His own most precious blood. O that I could lie lower! Then should I rise higher. Could I take deeper root downwards, I should bear more fruit upwards. I want to be poor in spirit. I want to be meek and lowly in heart. I want to have the whole mind that was in Christ. O that my heart were Christ's library! I would not have one thief to lodge in my Redeemer's temple."

To a titled lady in Scotland, he wrote:—

"LONDON, *December 23, 1742.*

"The Lord empties before He fills; humbles before He exalts. At least, He is pleased to deal thus with me. I thank Him for it, from my inmost soul; for were it not so, His mercies would destroy us. When I discover a new corruption, I am as thankful as a sentinel, keeping watch in a garrison, would be at spying a straggling enemy come near him. I

stand not fighting with it in my own strength, but run immediately and tell the Captain of my salvation. By the sword of the Spirit, He soon destroys it. This is what I call a simple looking to Christ. I know of no other effectual way of keeping the old man down. Look up then, dear madam, to a wounded Saviour. Tell Him your whole heart. Go to Him as a little child. He will hear your lisping, and set your soul at liberty.”

¹ Ingham had recently married Lady Margaret Hastings, one of the daughters of the Earl of Huntingdon.

47

The Rev. James Hervey had told Whitefield, that his “Journals and Sermons, especially the sweet sermon upon ‘What think ye of Christ?’” had been “a means of bringing him to a knowledge of the truth.”¹ In reply, Whitefield wrote to him as follows:—

“LONDON, *December 23, 1742.*

“MY DEAR BROTHER HERVEY,—I thank you for your kind and very agreeable letter. It was refreshing to my soul, and stirred me to give thanks on your behalf. O my dear brother, I hope nothing will deter you from preaching the glad tidings of salvation to a world lying in the wicked one. I would not but be a poor despised minister of Jesus Christ for ten thousand worlds. Go on, thou man of God; and may the Lord cause thy bow to abide in strength! I should be glad to come, and shoot some gospel arrows in Devonshire;² but the cloud seems now to point towards America. Blessed be God! for making any of my poor writings of use to you. If I did not proclaim free grace, the stones would cry out against me. Whilst I am writing, the fire kindles. This fire has been, of late, kindled in many hearts. Our large Society goes on well. We have many who walk in the comforts of the Holy Ghost. I hear of glorious things from various parts. I hope, ere long, we shall hear of persons going from post to post, and crying, ‘Babylon is fallen! Babylon is fallen!’ I trust you, my dear sir, will be made a happy instrument, in the Mediator’s kingdom, of pulling down Satan’s strongholds. Pray write me word, how the war is going on between Michael and the Dragon. For the present, adieu!”

Methodism was prospering in Wales; but it needed organization. In a letter, sent to Whitefield shortly before his departure from Scotland, Howell Harris wrote: “The people are wounded by scores, and flock under the word by thousands.” Though the movement was pre-eminently, if

not exclusively, a Church of England one, yet, Dissenters in Wales were already somewhat numerous. In Carnarvonshire, there was one congregation; in Denbighshire, there were three; in Flintshire, one; in Merionethshire, one; in Montgomeryshire, five; in Radnorshire, eight; in Cardigan-shire, ten; in Pembrokeshire, nine; in Carmarthenshire, about twenty; in Brecknockshire, ten; in Glamorganshire, twenty-three; and in Monmouthshire, thirteen. Some of the ministers of these congregations were men of mark. John Thomas, in Carnarvonshire, was “an humble, meek, and

¹ “The Oxford Methodists,” p. 223.

² Hervey was now a curate at Bideford, in Devonshire.

48

serious man,” and a good preacher. Lewis Rees, in Merionethshire, was “a very godly man, exceedingly well gifted in prayer, and also frequent in it.” Philip Pugh, in Cardigan-shire, was “noted for his uncommon piety, diligence, and success.” Henry Palmer, in Carmarthenshire, was “an Apollos in the Scriptures, and very pious.” James Davies, in Glamorganshire, was remarkable “for his industry, and for his gifts in preaching and prayer, especially the latter;” Lewis Jones, “for his seriousness, popularity, and excellent utterance;” and Henry Davies, “for devoutness and affectionate piety.”¹

There were, at least, ten Methodist clergymen in Wales, including Daniel Rowlands, Rector of Llangeitho; Howell Davies,² Rector of Pregarst; Thomas Lewis, a curate near Brecon; William Williams, curate of Lanwithid; John Hodges, Rector of Wenvoe; and his curate, Thomas Sweetly.³ There were also a large number of lay-preachers, including Howell Harris, Herbert Jenkins, J. Beaumont, J. Lewis, J. Jones, R. Tibbut, John Richards, to say nothing of John Cennick and Joseph Humphreys, who were occasional visitors.

¹ *Glasgow Weekly History*, No. 48.

² Howell Davies was a remarkable man. Having spent some time at a country school, he was put under the care of the Rev. Griffith Jones, the founder of the “moveable free schools.” With the assistance of Mr. Jones, he made great proficiency in the Latin and Greek languages, and

in other branches of learning. In due time, he was ordained a minister of the Church of England. The first church in which he was called to officiate was Lys-y-fran, in Pembrokeshire; but he was soon dismissed, on account of his zeal for Christ and the salvation of sinners. For some time, the largest churches throughout Wales were open to him; and thousands upon thousands flocked to hear him. The attendance at the monthly sacraments in his church at Haverfordwest was seldom less than two thousand, and sometimes was more than twice that number; the church being frequently emptied to make room for remaining communicants. He *statedly* preached in four different places, besides his daily labours in houses, barns, fields, commons, and mountains. He became the chief leader of Calvinistic Methodism in Pembrokeshire; and was an intimate friend of Whitefield, whom he often accompanied in his journeys. To the day of his death, he was one of the regular supplies at the Tabernacle and at Tottenham Court Chapel, London. He also was a frequent preacher in the Tabernacles at Bristol and Kingswood, and in the Countess of Huntingdon's chapels at Bath, Brighton, Tunbridge Wells, and other places. He died in the same year as Whitefield, and was buried in Prengast Church, Haverfordwest.—*Evangelical Magazine*, 1814.

³ *Glasgow Weekly History*, No. 44.

49

For want of rules and order, there had been occasional collisions among these godly and earnest men. To prevent this, in the future, the first Calvinistic Methodist Conference was held at Waterford, in South Wales, on January 5, 1743. The conference consisted of four clergymen—George Whitefield, Daniel Rowlands, J. Powell, and William Williams; and of three lay-preachers—Howell Harris, Joseph Humphreys, and John Cennick. Whitefield was elected moderator. The decisions were: 1. That the lay-preachers should be divided into two classes—Superintendents and Exhorters; and that Howell Harris should be their general overseer. 2. That each superintendent should have a certain district in which to labour. 3. That the ordained clergymen should visit the “districts,” or circuits, as far as they were able. 4. That the Exhorters should be arranged in two divisions,—public and private. 5. That Messrs. Jenkins, Beaumont, James, J. Lewis, B. Thomas, and J. Jones should be the Public Exhorters; and that certain brethren, whose names were mentioned, should be the Private Exhorters. 6. That the Private Exhorters should “inspect only one or two Societies each, and should follow their ordinary calling.” 7. That none should be received into the Association, as Exhorters, but such as were “tried and

approved of." And, 8. That no one should "go beyond his present limits without previous advice and consultation."

At a monthly meeting, held soon afterwards, the boundaries of each circuit were fixed; and it was further agreed: 1. That all *public* exhorters should have about twelve or fourteen Societies to overlook, with the *assistance* of the *private* exhorters, twice a month. 2. That T. Williams should be the superintendent of the Societies in the vale of Glamorgan and in part of Monmouthshire. 3. That J. Lewis should be the superintendent of part of Monmouthshire and part of Breconshire. 4. T. Jones, of "parts of Monmouthshire and the other side of the Passage." 5. T. James, of parts of Breconshire and Radnorshire. 6. And J. Jones, of Herefordshire and a part of Radnorshire. 7. That J. Beaumont and H. Jenkins should assist Howell Harris in visiting all the Societies in Wales and England. And, 8. That the associations or conferences of "ministers and

50

exhorters in England and Wales should be held every half-year."¹

Thus was founded Calvinistic Methodism. For a brief period, Whitefield was its chief; and the Tabernacle, London, was its principal seat of government.

It is a notable fact, that the first Calvinistic Methodist Association was held eighteen months before Wesley held his first Methodist Conference in London. How far the one gave birth to the other, it is impossible to determine; but, at the beginning, the two organizations strongly resembled each other. Howell Harris was the general overseer in Wales, as Wesley was in England. The Welsh "superintendents" corresponded to Wesley's "assistants;" the "public exhorters" occupied the same position as Wesley's itinerants; and the "private exhorters" exactly answered to Wesley's local preachers.

This is not the place for a history of the Calvinistic Methodist Connexion; but, it may be added, that, in 1870, the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists had 1,126 chapels and preaching places; 1,031 societies; 92,735 communicants; 419 ministers; 354 local preachers; 3,321 deacons; 18,579

Sunday-schoolteachers; and 143,946 Sunday-school scholars. The cost of their chapel property was estimated, at the census of 1851, at nearly a million sterling.

After finishing the business of the first conference of the Calvinistic Methodists in Wales, Whitefield returned to London, and, for some unstated reason, abandoned his intention of immediately setting sail for Georgia. Perhaps this change of purpose was occasioned by the duties imposed upon him as moderator of the newly organised body, or perhaps, the cause was a domestic one; for Whitefield, a few months later, became a father.

Meanwhile, his fellow-labourers in Wales kept him well informed of their proceedings. Hence the following:—

“February 2, 1743.

“MY DEAREST, DEAREST BROTHER WHITEFIELD,—We met to-day, according to appointment, and had a most heavenly Association. I trust the work goes on sweetly everywhere. In most places, there is a general,

¹ “Life and Times of Howell Harris,” p. 98.

51

fresh, and uncommon stirring. Many come anew under convictions, and old worldly professors and backsliders return. Never before did I feel such power given me in preaching, and in administering the Lord’s supper. The Lord comes down among us in such a manner as words cannot describe. To prevent nature mixing with the work, I have openly discountenanced all crying out; but God gives such light and power in the ordinance, that many cannot help praising and adoring Jesus. Thus I was obliged to leave my whole congregation, consisting of many hundreds, in a flame—the one catching it from the other. This is our condition generally every Sabbath. I trust the exhorters move, for the most part, very properly, and that every one is owned in his place.

“I am, etc.,

“DANIEL ROWLANDS.”¹

Ten days later, Howell Harris wrote to Whitefield, as follows:—

“February 12, 1743.

“With us, the work everywhere goes on more and more sweetly. I trust we shall have good order. The exhorters shew a very tractable

spirit; each observes his place; and we have sweet harmony and love. Great power attends the ministers and exhorters in their several places. The Lord greatly blesses brother Herbert Jenkins. He is universally liked, and called for; and, unless his call be exceeding clear to Wiltshire, I do not think he ought to go, except it were occasionally. Perhaps, my brethren Beaumont, T. James, Jenkins, and myself, may alternately visit our English brethren, if we are called for, and see that our Saviour blesses us there.

“Since I left you, I have been able to visit the Societies in every place where I have been. My dear Lord favours me with continual employment every day, and gives me strength of body. In some places, He blesses us with His presence in a wonderful manner. He sometimes gives great freedom to pray for the bishops and clergy. Brother T. Lewis, the young clergyman near Brecon, comes on gloriously and powerfully, and has sweet union with us. He will be a shining light. The work in Cardiganshire is uncommon. I hope to be there in about a fortnight. I am now going towards Montgomery and Radnorshire. On the 1st of March, we are to have another Association at Llandovery, Carmarthenshire; from whence I hope to go to Pembrokeshire, and so to settle all the Societies against our next meeting at Waterford, where I trust our Lord will send you.

“February 14. Since I wrote the above, I have seen brother W. Williams, on his return from brother Rowlands. He informed me of the enemy being let loose on them, while they were discoursing near the seaside in Cardiganshire. A company of ruffians came upon them, armed with guns and staves, and beat them unmercifully; but they escaped

¹ “Life and Times of Howell Harris,” p. 130.

52

without much hurt. The ruffians were set on by a gentleman of the neighbourhood. No wonder the enemy rages, when he sees his kingdom so attacked.

“I am, etc.,

“HOWELL HARRIS.”¹

A fortnight afterwards, Harris wrote again to Whitefield:

“*March 1, 1743.*

“MY DEAREST BROTHER WHITEFIELD,—Last Sunday, I was with brother Rowlands at the ordinance, where I saw, heard, and felt such things as I cannot communicate on paper. I never before witnessed

such crying, heart-breaking groans, silent weeping, holy mourning, and shouts of joy and rejoicing. Their ‘Amens,’ and crying of ‘Glory to God in the highest!’ would have inflamed your soul, had you been there. It is very common, when Mr. Rowlands preaches, for scores to fall down by the power of the word. Some lie there for hours; some praising and admiring Jesus Christ and free grace; others wanting words to express their feelings. Some fall down on their knees, praying and interceding for a long time together; others lie wounded under a sense of their having pierced Jesus, so that they can hardly bear it; others triumph over all their enemies; and others rejoice in hope of a clearer manifestation of God’s glory.

“Mr. Rowlands’ congregations consist of above two thousand people, the greater part of whom are brought into glorious liberty. Many of them are scattered up and down the country, and, being exceedingly poor, they cannot come to that exact order and plan which you have in London. I see daily that what is right and much to edification in one place and among some people, is impracticable among others. We have left it to brother Rowlands to settle and unite the people in private bands, and we find the good effect of doing so. He provides some glorious souls to exhort and watch over them.

“O my brother, my heart is full. I am sure God is about to do a great work in Wales. There is a revival everywhere. I believe you will be detained here by Jesus Christ a longer time than you think. There are eight counties open for you, and thirsting to hear you. Opposition ceases, and, I believe, you will have many churches opened to you, besides chapels. Some new houses for worship are being built. Beaumont is much owned in Radnorshire and Herefordshire.

“I am, etc.,

“HOWELL HARRIS.”²

No wonder that Whitefield went to Wales as soon as possible. On his way, he spent a fortnight in Gloucester and the immediate neighbourhood. The following letters, apparently to his friend Syms, are full of interest:—

¹ “Life and Times of Howell Harris,” p. 107. ² *Ibid.*, p. 126.

“GLOUCESTER, *March 24, 1743.*

“MY DEAR MAN,—An effectual door is opened in these parts. On Saturday night (March 19th), I preached here. The Lord was with mc.

On Sunday morning, I preached again in the barn. It was a sweet time to me and to the people. At noon, I preached at Mr. F—r's, on the hill, to a glorious auditory. Here Jesus Christ displayed His power. At four, I preached in a field near Stroud, to a congregation consisting of many, many thousands. Afterwards, I went to the new house at Hampton, and the glory of the Lord filled it. It is reported to be haunted; but the landlord spoke truly, when he said, we should pray the devil out of it. It is exceedingly commodious for our purpose.

“On Monday, at noon, I preached in the courtyard to a large auditory. I also settled, in the name of Jesus of Nazareth, an orphan house. Particulars of that you shall have hereafter. It will be but of little expense. In the evening, the Lord gave me a sweet time at Pitchcomb.

“On Tuesday, a man was hanged in chains on Hampton Common. A more miserable spectacle I have not seen. I preached, in the morning, to a great auditory, about a mile from the place of execution. I intended doing the same after the criminal was turned off, but the weather was very violent. Thousands and thousands came to hear me, but, through misinformation, stayed at the top of the hill, while I preached it' the bottom. In the evening, I preached at Gloucester, in the barn.

“On Wednesday, I preached at Gloucester-Ham, near the gallows, after another malefactor was turned off. God gave me to speak with power; but, the weather being violent, I was shorter than usual. In the evening, I preached again in the barn. It was a night much to be remembered.

“This morning, I preached again, and am just now going to my evening lecture. To-morrow, I leave Gloucester for a few days. The Association is put off for a week, so I shall have more time in Gloucestershire. Never did I see people more hungry and simple. Many come telling me what the Lord did when I was here last. Let Him have all the glory! I am sure God called me here.

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”¹

“GLOUCESTER, *March 29, 1743.*

“MY DEAR MAN,—Last Thursday evening, I preached at Gloucester, with as sweet, convincing, soul-edifying power as ever I felt in my life. The barn, though made more commodious, was quite crowded.

“On Friday morning, I preached again; and, afterwards, went to Hampton, the snow falling and freezing on us all the way. In the evening, I preached at Chalford, upon walking with God.

“On Saturday, I preached at Ruscom in the morning, and at King-Stanley in the afternoon. In the evening, I visited brother C—’s sweet Society; and, afterwards, rode to Hampton. The congregations, on account of the weather, were not so great; but our Saviour most richly fed us. At Stanley, I thought I was on the very suburbs of heaven.

¹ *The Gospel Magazine*, 1771, p. 33.

54

“On Sunday morning, I preached at Dursley, where our dear brother Adams’ had been taken down the Sunday before. No one was permitted to touch or affront me. The congregation consisted of some thousands, and the word came with a most gloriously convincing power. In the afternoon, I preached to about twelve thousand on Hampton Common, at what the people now call ‘Whitefield’s Tump,’ because I preached there first. They hung on me to hear the word. It ran and was glorified. In the evening, we had a most precious meeting with the two united Societies in the new house at Hampton.

“On Monday, I preached at Painswick. It was a precious opportunity. From a little after one until near seven in the evening, I met the different classes of the Society here, and was much pleased with many of them. They grow, and will, I believe, be brought into good order.

“Last night and this morning, I preached again with sweet power. Preaching here is now like preaching at the Tabernacle. This evening I am to preach again; and, after that, to hold our first lovefeast.

“And now, my dear man, help me to be thankful, and to bless the Lord for all His mercies conferred on

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”²

For four days longer, Whitefield continued to preach twice a day; and then, on the evening of Saturday, April 2, set out for Wales. The following letter, also addressed to Mr. Symms, describes his journey:—

“WATERFORD (SOUTH WALES), *April 7, 1743.*

“MY DEAR MAN,—Ipreached and took my leave of the Gloucester people on Saturday evening last. It was past one in the morning before I could lay down my weary body. I rose again at five; got on horseback, and rode to Mr. F—’s; where, at seven, I preached to a sweet congregation, come [on Easter Sunday] to meet their risen Saviour. At ten, I read prayers, and preached from these words, ‘I am the resurrection and

the life.' I afterwards helped to administer the sacrament in Stonehouse church. Then I rode to Stroud, where I preached to about twelve thousand, in Mrs. G—'s field. Much of the Divine presence was there. About six in the evening, I preached to a like number on Hampton Common; and, after this, I went to Hampton, and held a general lovefeast with the united Societies there. I went to bed about midnight, very cheerful and very happy.

“On Monday morning, I preached near Dursley, to some thousands, with great convictions accompanying the word. About seven in the evening, I reached Bristol, and preached, with wonderful power, to a full congregation, at Smith's Hall; and afterwards spent the evening very agreeably with dear Mr. Chapman, of Bath, and some other friends.

¹ Thomas Adams was one of Whitefield's lay-preachers. We shall hear of him again.

² *The Gospel Magazine*, 1771, p. 68.

55

“On Tuesday morning, I preached again to a full congregation; and then set out for this place, where we arrived at about eight in the evening.

“On Wednesday, at noon, I opened the Association, with a close and solemn discourse upon walking with God. The brethren and people felt much of the Divine presence. Afterwards, we betook ourselves to business. Several matters of great importance were dispatched. We broke up about seven, and met again at ten, and continued settling the affairs of the Societies till two in the morning.

“On Thursday, we sat again till four in the afternoon. Then, after taking refreshment, I preached upon ‘The Believer's Rest,’ after which we went on with our business, and finished our Association about midnight.

“I am chosen, if in England, to be always moderator. I trust our Saviour gives me a spirit for it. I find, more and more, the Lord will lead me in a way by Himself, and will perform in me and by me all the good pleasure of His will. Dear Brother Harris, in my absence, is to be moderator.

“The Brethren have put the Societies in Wales upon my heart. O pray that I may put them, and all my other concerns, upon the Mediator's shoulders: those alone can bear them. Perhaps, in a month, I may come to London. It seems the will of the Lord, that I should stay in Wales about a fortnight, and take a tour into Pembrokeshire. Great doors are open there. Our Saviour keeps me very happy; and is, I believe, preparing me for greater blessings.

“I am, etc.,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”¹

Such is Whitefield’s own account of the second conference of the Calvinistic Methodists,—a godly council, sitting till midnight one day, and till two o’clock in the morning on another, and refreshing themselves, in the midst of their business, with two warm-hearted sermons, by the young man whom they had elected to be their moderator as long as he lived. Whitefield’s sermon, preached at the opening of the conference, has been published; but lack of space prevents the insertion of even a mere outline of it. It is one of his best, and, of course, has a slight Calvinistic tinge.

“The in-being of sin,” said the preacher, “will never be totally removed, till we bow down our heads and give up the ghost. The apostle Paul, no doubt, speaks of himself, and that, too, not when he was a Pharisee, but a real Christian, when he complains, that, when he would do good, evil was present with him, not having dominion over him, but opposing and resisting his good intentions and actions, so that he could not do the things which he would, in that perfection which the new man desired. This is what he calls sin dwelling in him. But as for its prevailing power,

¹ *The Gospel Magazine*, 1771, p. 69.

56

it is destroyed in every soul that is truly born of God, and is gradually weakened as the believer grows in grace, and the Spirit of God gains a greater ascendancy in the heart.”

“O prayer,” cried the impassioned preacher, in another part of his Conference sermon, “O prayer, prayer! it brings and keeps God and man together; it raises man up to God, and brings God down to man. If you would keep up your walk with God, pray, pray without ceasing. Be much in secret, set prayer. When you are about the common business of life, be much in ejaculatory prayer. Send, from time to time, short letters post to heaven, upon the wings of faith. They will reach the very heart of God, and will return to you loaded with blessings.”

With respect to that with which he was often charged, he justly observed:—

“Though it is the quintessence of enthusiasm, to pretend to be guided by the Spirit without the written Word, yet it is every Christian’s duty to be guided by the Spirit in conjunction with the written Word. Watch,

therefore, I pray you, O believers, the motions of God's blessed Spirit in your souls; and always try your suggestions or impressions by the unerring rule of God's most holy Word. By observing this caution, you will steer a middle course between two dangerous extremes; I mean, *enthusiasm* on the one hand, and *Deism* and *downright infidelity* on the other."

On the subject of Christian fellowship, two sentences fell from his lips, which Methodists of the present day will do well to ponder.

"If we look into Church history, or make a just observation of our own times, I believe, we shall find, that, as the power of God prevails, Christian Societies and fellowship meetings prevail proportionately. And as one decays, the other insensibly decays and dwindles away at the same time."

"One word," cried the preacher, "one word to my brethren in the ministry, and I have done. You see, my brethren, my heart is full; I could almost say it is too big to speak, and yet too big to be silent, without dropping a word to you. I observed at the beginning of this discourse, that, in all probability, Enoch was a public person, and a flaming preacher. Though he be dead, does he not speak to us, to quicken our zeal, and to make us more active in the service of our glorious and ever-blessed Master? How did Enoch preach? How did he walk with God? Let us follow him, as he followed Christ. The judge is before the door. He that cometh will come, and will not tarry. His reward is with Him; and, if we are zealous for the Lord of hosts, ere long, we shall shine as stars in the firmament, in the kingdom of our Father, for ever and ever."

Whitefield himself has left no information respecting the business of the Conference, except that he was chosen to

57

be perpetual moderator, and that, in his absence, Howell Harris was to be his substitute. Fortunately, a manuscript book, containing the minutes of the proceedings, has been preserved, and, from it, the following facts are gleaned.

The clergymen present were Whitefield, W. Williams, T. Lewis, and Howell Davies. The lay-preachers were Howell Harris, Herbert Jenkins, T. James, J. Beaumont, T. Williams, J. Lewis, T. Adams, and Mr. Hughes. Besides these, there was also present a Dissenting minister, whose name is not recorded.

After going through the list of superintendents, exhorters, and stewards, and making appointments for the several circuits, it was further agreed, 1. That the superintendents should have liberty to preach, not only in their own circuits, but, when journeying, elsewhere. 2. That “Howell Harris should be superintendent over Wales, and go to England when called.” 3. That all persons, who thought they had a call to be exhorters, should make application to one of “the monthly Associations,” by whom “their gifts, graces, and call” should be “closely examined.” If approved of, they were to be appointed, by the “Association” examining them, to a suitable circuit; with the proviso, that the “General Association” should be informed of the action that had been taken. 4. That the superintendents should send an account of what God had done, in their respective circuits, to London every month, directed to Mr. J. Syms, Charles Square, Hoxton, for the minister of the Tabernacle. 5. That each superintendent should keep a book, in which he should write the names of his private exhorters, and also the names of the members of his Societies; and that he should report the state of each Society to the General Association. 6. That the next Quarterly Association should be held at Trevecca, on the first Wednesday after Midsummer-day. 7. That there should be a Monthly Association in each of the counties of South Wales. 8. That the Monthly Associations should consist of an ordained minister as a moderator, the superintendent of the circuit, his assistants and private exhorters. 9. That a secretary should be chosen, for each monthly meeting, to enter in a book minutes of the proceedings. 10. That each meeting should

58

begin and end with prayer and exhortation. 11. That private exhorters should not send notices of preaching to any place; but should speak in any private house, to the family and neighbours, if desired.¹

Such was the primitive platform of the Calvinistic Methodists, laid down, at Waterford, in Wales, on April 6th and 7th, 1743. As soon as the Conference was ended, their moderator again set out on his gospel-ramblings. The

following jottings are taken from the letters which he wrote to his friend and secretary Syms:—

Saturday, April 9. Preached at Cardiff, and at Fonmon.² At Cardiff, the congregation large; and the greatest scoffers quiet.

Sunday, April 10. Preached twice at Lantrissaint, where Howe'l Harris also preached in Welsh.³

Monday, April 11. Preached from a balcony, in the street, at Neatli, to about three thousand people.⁴

Tuesday, April 12. Preached once at Harbrook, and twice at Swansea, the congregations at the latter place consisting of four thousand persons. In all these visits, he was accompanied by Howell Harris, who generally preached in Welsh, after Whitefield's sermon was concluded.

Wednesday, April 13. Preached twice at Llanelly, and once at Abergwilly.

Thursday, April 14. Preached twice at Carmarthen, "one of the greatest and most polite places in Wales; in the morning, from the top of the cross; in the evening, from a table near it. It was the great sessions. The justices desired I would stay till they rose, and they would come. Accordingly they did, and many thousands more, and several people of quality."⁵

Friday, April 15. Preached at "Narberth, to some thousands, with great power."

Saturday, April 16. Preached at Newton, and at Jeffreston, to "several thousands, very like the Kingswood colliers."

Sunday, April 17. "Preached at Llys-y-fran, and had, as it were, a Moorfields congregation;"⁶ also "to about the same number near Haverfordwest."

¹ "Life and Times of Howell Harris," p. 99.

² In a contemporary letter, Howell Harris says, "Whitefield preached at Aberdaw, and *stopped* at Fonmon Castle." ("Life and Times of Howell Harris.")

³ Harris says that, on this day, Whitefield also preached at Penmark. (Ibid.)

⁴ Harris says, he also preached at Margam.

⁵ Howell Harris says, "Several gentlemen attended, and were much affected and pleased." ("Life and Times of Howell Harris," p. 127.)

⁶ Harris says, the sermon was preached near one of Howell Davies' churches, and that twelve thousand were present. (Ibid., p. 127.)

Wednesday, April 20. “Preached, at eight in the morning, to about eight thousand people, at Carmarthen; and, in the afternoon, to several thousands, at Narberth.”

Thursday, April 21. “Preached this morning at Larn;¹ and, coming over the ferry, had the unexpected compliment paid me, of one ship firing several guns, and of some others hoisting their flags. This afternoon, I preached at Kidwelly, to a large congregation. One of the ministers preached against me last Sunday, and mentioned me by name; but, like my other opposers, srd like the viper biting the fie, he only hurt himself.”

Friday, April 22. “Preached twice at Carmarthen, to about ten thousand people. We had another blessed Associat’on, and have now settled all the counties in Wales.”

Saturday, April 23. “Preached at Llangathan, in the church, to a great congregation; and at Llandovery in the evening.”

Sunday, April 24. “Preached at Llandovery in the monvng; and, in the evening, to a large and polite auditory at Brecon.”

Monday, April 25. Preached at Trevecca, and at Guenfithen. “My body is weak, but I am at the Redeemer’s feet, and He reigns King in my heart, and causes me to rejoice and triumph over all.”

Tuesday, April 26. Preached at Builth, and Gore. “Between eight and nine at night, we set out from Gore for Leominster, and reached there between two and three in the monvng.”

Wednesday, April 27. Preached twice at Leominster. “The Lord broke up the fallow ground, and gave me a blessed entrance into Herefordshire.”

Thursday, April 28. “Found some of our Lord’s disciples at Hereford, and also at Ross, and might have preached at both places, if time would have permitted; but I was hastening to Gloucester, where we arrived at eight in the evening; after having, in about three weeks, travelled four hundred English miles, spent three days in attending two Associations, preached about forty times, visited about thirteen towns, and passed through seven counties. Here, then, will I set up my Ebenezer; thank the adorable Jesus for all His mercies; and, from the bottom of my heart, give Him all the glory.”

After preaching three or four times in “the barn” at Gloucester, (which, during his absence, had been turned into

a commodious chapel,) Whitefield returned direct to London. Arriving there, he wrote the following letter to one of the servants of the Earl of Huntingdon—David Taylor—who had been converted under the ministry of Benjamin Ingham, and was now preaching in Yorkshire. Notwithstanding the enormous toil indicated by the above jottings, Whitefield

¹ I believe several of these proper names are wrongly spelt, but I give many of them as I find them. I despair of being able to correct them all—L. T.

60

was willing and wishful to undertake fresh labours quite as arduous.

“LONDON, *May 6, 1743.*

“MY DEAR BROTHER,—A day or two ago, I had the pleasure of receiving a letter from you. Accept my thanks for it.

“I am glad that our Saviour is getting Himself the victory in your parts, and that fresh doors are opened for our dear brother Ingham to preach the everlasting gospel.

“Blessed be our glorious Emmanuel! I also can tell you of new and glorious conquests made of late. I am but just returned from a circuit of four hundred miles in Gloucestershire and Wales. Dagon has everywhere fallen before the ark. The fields are white unto the harvest. The congregations were very large; and I was never enabled to preach with greater power.

“I purpose staying here about a month, and intend once more to attack the prince of darkness in Moorfields, when the holidays come. Many precious souls have been captivated with Christ’s love in that wicked place. Jerusalem sinners bring most glory to the Redeemer.

“Where I shall go next, I cannot yet tell. If my Master should point out the way, a visit to Yorkshire would be very agreeable. Perhaps Exeter and Cornwall may be the next places. I love to range in such places.

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”

The Whitsuntide holidays occurred in the fourth week of May; but no record exists of Whitefield’s intended “attack on the prince of darkness,” except that he preached in the morning of Whit-Sunday in Moorfields, and made a collection

for his Orphan House, amounting to £23. The following are extracts from letters addressed, at this time, to his two superintendents—the first to Mr. Habersham, the second to Mr. Barber.

“LONDON, *May 21, 1743.*

“MY VERY DEAR FAITHFUL FRIEND AND BROTHER,—After watching and praying and striving some days for direction, I now sit down to write you a letter, though I know not well what to say or do. The concern I have felt for you and my dear family has had an effect on my body, and has increased the weakness, which the season of the year, my constant labours, and continual cares have brought upon me. I fear I have been sinfully impatient to come to you. I think I could be sold as a slave to serve at the galleys, rather than you and my dear orphan family should want. You may well expect me; but I must not mention it, lest my impatient heart should say, ‘Lord, why wilt Thou not let me go?’

“After I have fought the Lord’s battles in Moorfields, these holidays, I think to take a tour into Cornwall and Wales, and, perhaps, to Ireland.”

61

Whitefield here laments that he has not, before now, returned to Georgia; and yet, strangely-enough, he assigns no *definite* reason why his intentions and promises to return were not fulfilled. There is the same obscurity in the letter addressed to his Orphan-house chaplain:—

“LONDON, *May 21, 1743.*

“MY VERY DEAR BROTHER BARBER,—Little did I think, when I parted from you at Bethesda, that I should be writing to you at this time in London. But God’s ways are in the great waters, and His footsteps are not known. I have essayed to come to you more than once, or twice; but, I believe I can say, ‘The Spirit suffered me not.’ In thought, I am with you daily; when I shall come, in person, our Saviour only knows. I long to be with you, to open our hearts freely, and to tell one another what God has done for our souls.”

All this sounds well enough; but it does not assign the reason or reasons why he was not in Georgia. Was he kept in England by his new relationship to the Calvinistic Methodists? Or did his wife, for a sufficient cause, object to his return to America? Because Whitefield himself is silent on

the subject, these are questions which it is impossible to answer. All the debts due in England, on account of his Orphan House, were now defrayed; and, with the foregoing letters, he sent £25 towards the expenses in America; but the debts there required a considerably larger sum than this.¹

Whitefield remained in London until June 13, when he again set out on another of his evangelistic tours. Preaching all the way, he arrived at Gloucester, “shouting, Grace! Grace!” He preached at Gloucester, Fairford, Burford, Bengeworth, Stroud, Hampton, Bristol, and Kingswood. On Saturday, June 25, he rode to John Cennick’s circuit, Wiltshire. He writes:—

“Sunday, June 26, I preached at Brinkworth, on these words, ‘Thy Maker is thy husband.’² It was a day of espousals, I believe, to many. God was with us of a truth. After sermon, I rode to Langley, in company with many dear children of God, who attended me both on horseback and on foot. We sung, and looked like persons who had been at a spiritual

¹ Whitefield’s Works, vol. ii., p. 24.

² This sermon is included in Whitefield’s collected works. It is very long, but contains nothing demanding observation.

wedding. The Lord helped me in preaching there also. All was quiet. In the evening, I preached at Tytherton, and a blessed time it was. Afterwards, we set out for Hampton, and reached there about midnight. We rode, as the children of Israel, passing through the enemies’ country.”

On Wednesday, June 29, Whitefield reached Trevecca, “where,” says he, “I met a whole troop of Jesus’ witnesses. At five in the evening, I preached. After I had done, Howell Davies preached and prayed. About eight, we opened the Association with great solemnity. Our Saviour was much with me, teaching and helping me to fill my place in a particular manner. About midnight, we adjourned; but several of the Brethren sat up all night, and ushered in the morning with prayer and praise. About eight, we met again, and were greatly delighted at the simple accounts the superintendents brought in of their respective Societies. We continued doing business till two in the afternoon, and broke up with much solemnity and

holy joy. We had great union with one another.¹ Indeed, Jesus has done great things for Wales. The work is much upon the advance. I was surprised to find so much order. Brother Howell Davies has been blessed to the conversion of a young clergyman, rector of St. Bartholomew's, London."

The "young clergyman," just mentioned, was the Rev. Richard Thomas Bateman, "a man of high birth and great natural endowments."² About the year 1740, he left his rectory in London, and retired to a small living in Pembrokeshire. He was wholly unconverted, and was the clergyman who preached against Whitefield only two months before Whitefield's present visit to Trevecca. His text was 1 John iv. 1, and his sermon was full of railing against the Methodists, charging them with hypocrisy, enthusiasm, and kindred crimes. He continued in Wales about four years after his conversion, preaching with great power and success; and, then, in 1747, returned to his rectory in London;³ opened his church to the Wesleys and White-

¹ There was, however, a little discordance. A letter was read, from J. Richards, one of the public exhorters, "in which he objected to the division of the members of the Society into *married, single, and widows.*" ("Life and Times of Howell Harris," p. 101.)

² "Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon," vol. i., p. 62.

³ *Evangelical Magazine*, 1814, p. 418.

63

field; and was present at Wesley's yearly Conference in 1748.¹ Among others with whom he formed a friendship was the celebrated Joseph Williams, of Kidderminster, who wrote to him as follows:—

"KIDDERMINSTER, June 10, 1747.

"It did me good to hear you pour out your soul in prayer before your sermon, and to feel you bearing mine along with you to the mercy-seat. I have great expectations from your coming to London, and am solicitous about the good fruits thereof. Many a fervent prayer have I put up for you on that account. I want to know whether God has touched any hearts by your ministry. God has not wrought this great change in you, at so ripe an age, merely for your own sake, but for the sake of many. He has much people in the great city yet to be called; and, having called many by Mr. Whitefield, and the Messrs. Wesley, and their fellow-helpers, He has now appointed to call many more by Mr. Bateman,—many who

perhaps would not come within hearing of any of the others. I want to know if you have gathered the firstfruits, as a pledge of a glorious harvest. I want, also, to know how your parishioners and others, particularly clergymen, behave towards you. Will you not favour me with a letter? I trust you will. Let it be a long one. I love long letters from my fathers and brethren in Christ.”²

Like the other Methodist clergymen, Mr. Bateman had to encounter considerable opposition; but this is not the place to pursue his history.

To return to Whitefield. When preaching his *first* sermon on Hampton Common, Gloucestershire, a young man, Thomas Adams, prompted by curiosity, came to hear him. Adams was converted, and, being converted himself, he endeavoured to convert his brethren. For some time past, he had been one of Whitefield’s preachers, and had been eminently successful “in Hampton,³ and the adjacent country, in calling sinners to the knowledge of Jesus Christ.” Having formed a society at Hampton, Adams, on Saturday, July 9th, was quietly singing and praying with its members, when, all at once, the house was surrounded with a mob, which, for weeks past, had “breathed out threatenings and slaughter against” Adams and his friends. Adams, in a letter to Whitefield, shall tell his own story.

¹ Journals of J. and C. Wesley, and Minutes of Conferences, 1744–1798, p. 39.

² *Christian History*, 1747.

³ Whitefield writes “Hampton,” but the full name of the place was Minchin-Hampton.

“The mob, which consisted of near a hundred persons, were now about the house, making a terrible noise, and swearing prodigiously. I went down to them, and opened the door, and asked them what they wanted. I told them, if they wanted my life, I was willing to deliver it up for Jesus’ sake; but withal I desired to know why they either disturbed me or sought my life; for I was not aware that I had given them any just cause for either. Some of them said I had, by bringing in false doctrine, and impoverishing the poor. I told them, that they could prove neither, and that their accusation was really false. They seemed somewhat at a stand; when about five of them began to be more exasperated, and took me, in order to throw me into a lime pit. I told them, they need not force

me, for I was willing to suffer for Jesus' sake. But while they were pushing me along, some neighbours took me in their arms, and carried me into one of their houses.

“On Sunday morning, about twenty of the Society met again. We spent the morning in prayer. In the evening I preached; when in came the mob, demanding me to come down. I asked, by what authority they did so? They swore they would have me. Then said I, So you shall. So they took me to the lime pit, and threw me in. I told them, I should meet them at the judgment. They let me out, and I came home, and kneeled down with the people there, and prayed to God, and praised Him. After that, I exhorted them from I John iii. 1–3. When I was concluding, in came the mob again, and took me to a brook to throw me in there. I told them the law was against them, but I was willing to suffer anything for Christ. They said, if I would forbear preaching for a month, they would let me go. I told them, I would make no such promise. So forward I went. One of them threw me in, and I went to the bottom; but I came up again, with my hands clasped together. One or two of them jumped in, and took me out. Then another pushed me in again, and much bruised and cut one of my legs against a stone. I came home talking to them. Many advise us to prosecute them; but, if they are quiet, I am content, and can say from my heart, ‘Father, forgive them.’ I should be glad if you would be here on Sunday next.”

It so happened, that Whitefield could not be there “on Sunday next,” for he had to preach four times at Bristol fair; but he set out on Wednesday, July 20th, and five days afterwards wrote as follows:—

“HAMPTON, *July 25, 1743.*

“On Thursday last, I came here, and expected to be attacked, because the mob had threatened, that, if I ever came again, they would have my black gown to make aprons with. No sooner had I entered the town, than I heard the signals, such as blowing of horns and ringing of bells, for gathering the mob. My soul was kept quite easy. I preached on a large grass plot, from these words, ‘And seeing the grace of God, he exhorted them with full purpose of heart to cleave unto the Lord.’ As it happened, I finished my sermon and pronounced the blessing, just as the ringleader

of the mob broke in upon us. One of them, as I was coming down from the table, called me a coward; but I told him they should hear from me in another way. I then went into the house, and preached upon the staircase to a large number of serious souls; but the troublers of Israel soon

came in to mock and mob us. As you know, I have very little natural courage; but I leaped downstairs, and all ran before me. However, they continued making a noise about the house till midnight, abusing the poor people as they went home, and broke one young lady's arm in two places. They threw brother Adams a second time into the pool, by which operation he received a deep wound in his leg. They wheeled young W—H— in a barrow to the pool's side, lamed his brother, and grievously hurt several others. Hearing that two or three clergymen were in the town, one of whom was a justice of the peace, I went to them; but, instead of redressing, they laid the cause of all the grievances at my door. By the help of God, I shall persist in preaching myself, and in encouraging those who, I believe, are truly moved by the Holy Ghost. I know of no law of God or man against it. As I came out from the clergymen, two of the unhappy mobbers were particularly insolent, and huzzaed us out of the town."

To avoid a recurrence to these disgraceful proceedings, it may be added, that Whitefield and his friends commenced an action against five of the ringleaders of the mob; that they were tried at the Gloucester Assizes on March 3, 1744; and that they were found guilty. Whitefield, immediately, wrote a full account *of the whole affair, and, from that account, the following extracts are taken:—*

"Several of our brethren, both in England and Wales, have received much damage, and have been frequently in great hazard of their lives. Wiltshire has been remarkable for mobbing and abusing the Methodists; and, for about ten months past, it has also prevailed very much in Gloucestershire, especially at Hampton. About the beginning of July, 1743, for several days, the mob at Hampton assembled in great bodies, broke the windows of Mr. Adams's house, and assaulted the people to such a degree that many expected to be murdered, and hid themselves in holes and corners, to avoid the rage of their adversaries. Once, when I was there, they continued from four in the afternoon till midnight, rioting, giving loud huzzas, casting dirt upon the hearers, and making proclamations, 'that

¹ The title of Whitefield's pamphlet was, "A Brief Account of the Occasion, Process, and Issue of a late Trial at the Assize held at Gloucester, March 3rd, 1743, between some of the People called Methodists, Plaintiffs, and certain Persons of the Town of Minchin-Hampton, in the said County, Defendants. In a Letter to a Friend. By George Whitefield, A.B., late of Pembroke College, Oxford. London: printed for J. Robinson, at the Golden Lyon, in Ludgate Street; and sold at the Tabernacle, and by Mr. John Syms, in Pitfield Street, Hoxton, 1744." (8vo. pp. 15.)

no Anabaptists, Presbyterians, etc., should preach there, upon pain of being first put into a skin-pit, and afterwards into a brook.' At another time, they pulled one or two women down the stairs by the hair of their heads. On the ioth of July, they took Mr. Adams out of his house, and threw him into a skin-pit full of noisome things and stagnated water. They also put one of our friends, named Williams, into the same pit twice, and afterwards beat him, and dragged him along the kennel. They likewise led Mr. Adams a mile and a half to Bourn brook, and threw him in, and so injured his leg, that he went lame for near a fortnight.

"Both the constables and justices were applied to, but refused to act; and seemed rather to countenance the mobbing, hoping, thereby, that Methodism would be put a stop to, at least, at Hampton. For a season, they gained their end. There was no preaching for some time, the people fearing to assemble on account of the violence of the mob.

"Upon my return to town, I advised with my friends what to do. For several reasons, we thought it our duty to move for an information in the King's Bench against five of the ringleaders, and fixed upon the riot which they made on Sunday, July 10, when they put Messrs. Adams and Williams into the skin-pit and brook. But, before this was done, I wrote a letter to one whom they called captain, desiring him to inform his associates, that, if they would acknowledge their fault, and would pay for curing a boy's arm, which was broken the night I was there, and would mend the windows of Mr. Adams's house, we would readily pass all by. The rioters sent me an insolent answer, and said, 'There should be no more preaching in Hampton.' Finding them irreclaimable, we moved for a rule of court in the King's Bench to lodge an information against five of the ringleaders. The rioters were apprised of this, appeared by their counsel, and prayed the rule might be enlarged till the next term. This was granted.

"Meanwhile, they continued mobbing. One Saturday night, at eleven o'clock, they broke into Mr. Adams's house, when there was no preaching, made those who were in bed get up, and searched the oven, cellar, and every corner of the house, to see whether they could find any Methodists. Some time after, they threw another young man into a mud-pit three times successively, and abused the people in a dreadful manner.

"The next term came on. We proved our accusation by twenty-six affidavits; the rule was made absolute, and an information was filed against them. To this they pleaded 'Not guilty;' and the cause was referred to the assize held at Gloucester, March 3, 1744. Being aware of

the great consequence of the trial, we kept a day of fasting and prayer through all the Societies both in England and Wales. Our Scotch friends also joined us. We had about thirty witnesses to prove the riot and facts laid down in the information.

“Our counsel opened the cause with much solidity and sound reason. They shewed, That rioters were not to be reformers, and that His Majesty had nowhere put the reins of government into the hands of mobbers, or made them judge or jury.’ Our witnesses were then called.

“The counsel for the defendants then rose, and, I think, said all that

67

could be said, to make the best of a bad matter. One urged that we were enthusiasts, and that our principles and practices had such a tendency to infect and hurt the people, that it was right for any private person to put a stop to us, and whoever did so was a friend to his country. The other counsel was pleased to mention me by name, and acquainted the court, that, Mr. Whitefield had been travelling from common to common, making the people cry, and then picking their pockets, under pretence of collecting money for the colony of Georgia; that he had now several curates, of which Mr. Adams was one, who, in his preaching, had found fault with the proceedings of the clergy, and said, if the people went to hear them, they would be damned.”

Whitefield then proceeds to give an outline of the evidence in favour of the defendants, and the substance of the judge’s charge; and continues:—

“Upon this, the jury were desired to consider their verdict. There seemed to be some little demur amongst them. His lordship perceiving it, informed them, ‘they had nothing to do with the damages; that was to be referred to the King’s Bench; they were only to consider whether the defendants were guilty or not.’ Whereupon, in a few minutes, they brought in all the defendants ‘guilty of the whole information lodged against them.’

“I then retired to my lodgings, kneeled down, and gave thanks, with some friends. Afterwards, I went to the inn, prayed and returned thanks, with the witnesses; exhorted them to behave with meekness and humility to their adversaries; and sent them home rejoicing. In the evening, I preached on these words, ‘By this I know that Thou favourest me, since Thou hast not suffered mine enemy to triumph over me.’ Next morning, I set out for London.”

We must return to Whitefield's travels. When he left the rioters at Minchin-Hampton, on Saturday, July 23, 1743, he returned direct to Bristol; and, on the following day, "preached four times in the fields, to congregations as large as those at the beginning" of his career.

On Saturday next ensuing, he came to Exeter, where he spent three days. He writes:—

"EXETER, *August 2, 1743.*

"I preached, last Saturday night, to a great body of people. Several of the clergy attended, with whom Exeter abounds. Some went off; others stayed till I had done. All was quiet; and our Lord soon made way for Himself into the people's hearts.

"Yesterday evening, I preached, on Southernay Green, to upwards of ten thousand. It was just like a Moorfields congregation. God was with us of a truth.

"The people were very desirous of my longer continuance here; but sc

68

many things concur to call me to London, that I leave Exeter to-morrow morning, and preach in my way to town. I am in my element when evangelizing."

One of the things which brought Whitefield, in such haste, to London, was the necessity of consulting his friends concerning the steps which ought to be taken in reference to the Hampton rioters; but there were also other matters scarcely of less importance.

In the beginning of this year, 1743, Count Zinzendorf had declared war against Whitefield. He had heard him preach, and, in the plenitude of his power, had said to the young evangelist,—“You must first formally recant the *abominable doctrine* of reprobation, so contrary to sound reason; and then preach openly *free grace* in the blood of the Lamb, and an *election of grace* as taught in the-Scriptures, which is quite different from the doctrine of predestination which you teach; and if not, our Church must necessarily be opposed to you.”¹

Probably, Whitefield cared but little for Zinzendorf's imperious censure; but, in the month of August, another incident occurred, which touched him more deeply.

John Syms, for years past, had been Whitefield's travelling companion. He seems also to have acted as Whitefield's secretary. He was his confidential friend. During the last two months, Whitefield had written Syms, at least, eight letters, giving an account of his every-day proceedings, and all of which are published in Whitefield's collected works. Strangely enough, all at once, the faithful Syms wished to leave Whitefield and to join the Moravians. Whitefield was extremely reluctant to part with him; and told James Hutton, that, "he could not discharge John Syms, his agent, believing it to be the Saviour's will that he should stay with him, and do the work with which he had entrusted him. Whitefield wished Hutton to advise Syms to continue with him; but this could not be done, inasmuch as Syms had said he was called by the Holy Ghost to leave him; and the Brethren could not advise him against his own convictions."²

The result was, Whitefield lost his secretary, travelling companion, and major-domo. John Syms was received into

¹ "Memoirs of James Hutton," p. 112. ² *Ibid.*, p. 121.

69

the Moravian fellowship, and continued one of the *Unitas Fratrum* until his death, in 1756. He was buried in Camberwell churchyard, where there used to be a memorial of him and of his sister, Mrs. Sarah Osborn.¹

Another matter demanded Whitefield's attention, even more important than the retention or otherwise of Secretary Syms.

John Wesley was now in the north of England; Charles Wesley was in Cornwall; Whitefield was in Devonshire; Spangenberg was in London; John Nelson was in Yorkshire. The Moravians were an organized body of Christians. The Calvinistic Methodists were formed into a connexion. And Wesley had large and flourishing societies in London, Bristol, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and other places. Somehow, Wesley formed a project for bringing the three communities into closer union with each other; and, for that purpose, proposed that a conference should be held in London.² He himself travelled from Newcastle; his brother Charles hur-

ried from Cornwall; Whitefield came from Exeter; John Nelson trudged from Birstal. What was the result? Charles Wesley writes:—

“Gwennap, Sunday, August 7. My brother summoned me to London, to confer with the heads of the Moravians and Predestinarians. We had near three hundred miles to ride in five days. I was willing to undertake this labour for peace, though the journey was too great for us and our weary beasts, which we have used almost every day for these three months.

“Friday, August 12. By nine at night, I reached the Foundery. Here I heard the Moravians would not be present at the conference. Spangenberg, indeed, *said* he would, but immediately left England. My brother was come from Newcastle, John Nelson from Yorkshire, and I from the Land’s End to good purpose!”³

What did John Wesley say? To a Moravian, who, in 1746, taunted him with having opposed reconciliation and union, he wrote:—

“Alas, my brother! what an assertion is this! Did not I come, three, years ago, in all haste, from Newcastle-upon-Tyne; and my brother, in five days, from the Land’s End, to a supposed conference in London?

¹ “Memoirs of James Hutton,” p. 128.

² Jackson’s “Life of C. Wesley,” vol. i., p. 350.
C. Wesley’s Journal.

Was this standing out? But with what effect? Why, Mr. Spangenberg had just left London. None besides had any power to confer with us. And, to cut us off from any such expectation, James Hutton said they had orders not to confer at all, unless the Archbishop of Canterbury, or the Bishop of London, were present. There cannot be under heaven a greater mistake than this, that I ever did stand out, or that I do so now. There has not been one day, for these seven years last past, wherein my soul has not longed for union.”¹

It is impossible to determine, with certainty, whether Wesley’s wish was for the Moravians, the Calvinistic Methodists, and the Arminian Methodists to be amalgamated into one connexion; or whether he merely wished that, by mutual explanations and concessions, they might cultivate a better understanding with each other, and so avoid all unnecessary collision, and unite, as far as practicable, in

advancing the work of God; but one thing is certain, through no fault of his, the attempt was a failure. Ten months later, Wesley instituted a conference of his own.

No authentic information exists as to the part which Whitefield took in these proceedings; but, a few days after the proposed conference should have met, Wesley, “to cut off all needless dispute,” wrote down his sentiments, as plainly as he could, on the “three points in debate” between him and Whitefield, namely, “Unconditional Election, Irresistible Grace, and Final Perseverance.” The paper² doubtless was put into Whitefield’s hands, and must have satisfied him of the sincerity of Wesley’s friendship; though Arminian Methodists, as Mr. Jackson says, will think “it leans too rauch towards Calvinism.”

In one thing, Whitefield and Wesley were agreed; namely, that their Societies should not separate themselves from the Established Church. Hence the following letter, written, by Whitefield, soon after the date of the intended conference:—

“LONDON, *August 20, 1743.*

“How wonderfully does our all-wise Redeemer order things for the trial of His children! Alas! alas! how apt are they to judge, censure, and be needlessly prejudiced against each other!

“In our last Association, we agreed not to separate from the Established Church, but to go on in our usual way. The motion to separate was made

¹ Wesley’s Works, vol. ii., p. 28.

² See it in Wesley’s Works, vol. i., p. 401.

only by a very few, of more contracted principles. By far the greater part most strenuously opposed it, and with good reason; for, as we enjoy such great liberty under the mild and gentle government of his present majesty, King George, we think we can do him, our country, and the cause of God, more service in ranging up and down, preaching repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus, to the multitudes who will neither come into church or meeting, but who are led, by curiosity, to follow us into the fields. However disorderly this may seem to bigots of every denomination, yet, it is a way to which God has affixed His seal for many years past; and, therefore, we have no reason to turn to the right hand or to

the left, but to press forwards, and to do our utmost towards enlarging the kingdom of our Lord Jesus.”

Whitefield’s wife was near her confinement; and, at the beginning of September, had a narrow escape from an untimely death. Whitefield himself shall tell the story.

“LONDON, *September 2, 1743.*

“My wife has been in trying circumstances, partly through the unskilfulness of a chaise-driver—I mean myself. Being advised to take her out into the air, I drove her, as well as myself, through inadvertence, into a ditch. The ditch might be about fourteen feet deep. All, who saw us, cried out, ‘They are killed!’ but, through infinite mercy, we received no great hurt. The place was very narrow near the bottom, and yet the horse went down, as though lowered by a pulley. A bystander ran, and caught hold of its head, to prevent its going forwards. I got upon its back, and was drawn out; whilst my wife, still hanging between the chaise and the bank, was pulled up by two or three kind assistants. The chaise and horse being taken up, and our bruises being washed with vinegar in a neighbouring house, we went on our intended way, and came home rejoicing in God our Saviour.

“Not expecting my wife’s delivery for some time, I intend making a short excursion, and then you may expect further news from yours, etc.,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”

Northampton, among other places, was visited by Whitefield, in the “short excursion” just mentioned. His friend Hervey had recently become curate at Weston-Favel; and, perhaps, it was this circumstance which brought Whitefield into this particular locality. Be that as it may, the visit became a memorable one, from the angry feelings it excited among some of the leading Dissenters of the day.

Others, besides clergymen and Presbyterian ministers, were unpleasantly perplexed by Whitefield and the Methodists. Dr. Doddridge, though one of the most liberal-minded of the Dissenters, found it difficult to look with favour

72

upon the proceedings of *some* of the Methodist evangelists. Hence the following extract from a letter, addressed to the Rev. Mr. Witton, son-in-law of the celebrated Philip Henry:—

“NORTHAMPTON, *June 8, 1743.*

“I am much concerned at the anxiety and disturbance which Mr. Wesley’s coming into your neighbourhood has occasioned. You are pleased to ask my advice, and therefore I give it.

“I think the gentlest methods will be the most effectual. Opposition will but give strength to the faction, if it be attended with violence and heat. Should Mr. Wesley come hither, as perhaps he may, and excite such a flame among the weaker part of my hearers, I would appoint some stated season for meeting once a week, with a few steady and experienced brethren of the church, that an hour or two might be spent in prayer and consultation, as new incidents might arise within the sphere of our personal observation. I would endeavour to renew my zeal in preaching the great truths of the gospel, and in visiting and exhorting my hearers. I would, with great meekness and compassion, and yet with great solemnity, admonish the persons attacked with the contagion, and lay open before them the absurd nature and tendency of the views they had rashly entertained; and I would, as God enabled me, pray earnestly for them.”¹

Among others, who wrote to Doddridge, respecting Whitefield, was the Rev. Robert Blair, D.D., author of the well-known poem, “The Grave.” In a letter, dated July 28, 1743, he says:—

“I wish you would give me your opinion of Mr. Whitefield, a man who has made abundance of noise in the world. I never in my life knew any person so much idolized by some, and railed at by others.”²

Soon after this, during a visit to London, Doddridge seems to have attended Whitefield’s Tabernacle, and to have taken part in one or more of its services. Perhaps the influence of Colonel Gardiner, one of his correspondents, had induced him to do this. Whatever the inducement, however, the act itself created alarm among the London Dissenters. Hence the following, addressed to Doddridge, from Dr. Isaac Watts:—

“STOKE NEWINGTON, *September 20, 1743.*

“I am sorry that, since your departure, I have had many questions asked me about your preaching or praying at the Tabernacle, and of sinking the character of a minister, and especially of a tutor, among the Dissenters, so low thereby. I find many of your friends entertain this

¹ Doddridge’s Correspondence, vol. iv., p. 254. ² Ibid, p. 265.

idea; but I can give no answer, not knowing how much you have been engaged there. I pray God to guard us from every temptation.”¹

This is mightily amusing. Dr. Doddridge, the theological tutor of the Dissenters’ College, daring to preach or pray in Whitefield’s Tabernacle! What a sin against all ecclesiastical and ministerial propriety! The poor Doctor, however, went further than even this. He allowed Whitefield to preach in his own pulpit at Northampton! This seemed to perfect the enormity. Among others who took the Northampton professor to task for his eccentric conduct, was the Rev. John Barker, an influential minister,² in London, who wrote as follows:—

“November 4, 1743.

“It is an honour to our interest that you stand so well with the sober and moderate clergy. For this reason, I was troubled to hear of the late intercourse between you and Mr. Whitefield, the consequence of which, with respect to the Church, it is easy to foresee. I was willing to think well of the Methodists; but, after a candid attention to them, their proceedings appear not to me to be wise and good. Their devotion is unseasonable, irregular, and injudicious. Their sermons are low and loose. Their spirit appears to me turbulent, unruly, and censorious. They practise upon weak people and poor people. They call them to pray and sing when they should be in their business or their beds. They disturb the peace and order of families, and give great uneasiness in them. What they pretend to above their neighbours appears to be mere enthusiasm. Their people are slothful, or mopish, or dejected, or pragmatistical, rather than sober, discreet, judicious, exemplary, regular Christians; and I have no expectation but that Methodism, like any other enthusiasm, will promote infidelity, and turn out to the hurt and damage of religion, and the souls of men. Though I judge not their hearts, views, and motives, but admit those are secret things which belong to God, yet I thought it needful, very lately, to warn my hearers of these people’s errors, and advise them to avoid them.”³

¹ Doddridge’s Correspondence, vol. iv., p. 270.

² The Rev. John Barker was now in the sixty-first year of his rje. He began his ministry in 1709, and for four years acted as assistant to the Rev. Benjamin Grosvenor, D.D. On the death of the celebrated Matthew Henry, in 1714, Mr. Barker became his successor, in Mare Street, Hackney. In 1738, for unknown reasons, he resigned his pastorate at

Hackney; and, after three years of rest, became, in 1741, minister of the congregation at Salters' Hall, where he continued until a short time before his death, in 1762. He numbered among his *intimate* friends Doddridge, Watts, Gilbert West, Lord Lyttleton, etc. (Wilson's "Dissenting Churches' in London.")

³ Doddridge's Correspondence, vol. iv., p. 284.

74

Doddridge's chief castigator, however, was Nathaniel Neal, Esq., son of the Rev. Daniel Neal, the historian of the Puritans. Nathaniel was an eminent attorney, secretary to the Million Bank, and author of "A Free and Serious Remonstrance to Protestant Dissenting Ministers, on occasion of the Decay of Religion."¹ He wrote not fewer than three long letters to Doddridge, filling nine printed octavo pages, and dated respectively, Million Bank, October 11, October 15, and December 10, 1743. He addresses Doddridge with great deference and respect; but, evidently, in great alarm, lest Doddridge should irretrievably injure his position and character, as the chief of the Dissenters' tutors, by countenancing the proceedings of the eccentric Methodist.

In the first of his letters, he writes:—

"It was with the utmost concern that I received the information of Mr. Whitefield's having preached last week in your pulpit. I attended the meeting of the trustees of Mr. Coward's benefaction this day, when the matter was canvassed, and I now find myself obliged to apprise you of the very great uneasiness which your conduct herein has occasioned them."

Mr. Neal proceeds to tell the Doctor that his "regard to the Methodists" was injuring him in the opinion of his friends, and was giving an advantage against him to his "secret and avowed enemies." He adds:—

"In the case of such a public character, and so extensive a province for the service of religion as yours, it seems to me a point well worth considering, whether it is a right thing to risk such a prospect as Providence has opened before you, of eminent and distinguished usefulness, for the sake of any good you are likely to do amongst these people. Your countenancing the Methodists has been the subject of conversation much oftener than I could have wished. The trustees are particularly in pain for it, with regard to your academy; as they know it is an objection made to it, by some persons seriously, and by others craftily."²

In his third letter, Mr. Neal expresses a holy dread lest Doddridge should be “engaged amongst men of weak heads, and narrow, gloomy sentiments, who may and ought to be pitied and prayed for, but whom no rules of piety or pru-

¹ Wilson’s “Dissenting Churches,” vol. iii., p. 101.

² Doddridge’s Correspondence, vol. iv., p. 275.

75

dence will oblige us to make our confidants and friends.” He continues:—

“There are letters shewn about town, from several ministers in the west, which make heavy complaints of the disorders occasioned by Whitefield and Wesley in those parts. One of them, speaking of Mr. Whitefield, calls him ‘*honest, crazy, confident* Whitefield.’ These letters, likewise, mention that some ministers there, who were your pupils, have given them countenance; and you can hardly conceive the disrespect this has occasioned several ministers and other persons in town to speak of you with.”¹

Poor Doddridge, with the best intentions, had stirred up a nest of ecclesiastical hornets. He had to make the best of the affair; and part of his answer to Mr. Neal was as follows:—

“December 12, 1743.

“I am truly sorry that the manner in which I spoke of Mr. Whitefield, in my last, should have given you uneasiness. What I said proceeded from a principle which I am sure you will not despise: I mean a certain frankness of heart, which would not allow me to seem to think more meanly of a man to whom I had once professed some friendship than I really did.

“I must, indeed, look upon it as an unhappy circumstance that he came to Northampton just when he did, as I perceive that, in concurrence with other circumstances, it has filled town and country with astonishment and indignation.

“I had great expectations from the Methodists and Moravians; and I am grieved that so many things have occurred among them which have been quite unjustifiable. I suppose they have also produced the same sentiments in the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, to my certain knowledge, received Count Zinzendorf with open arms, and wrote of his being chosen the Moravian Bishop, as what was done ‘*plaudente toto cœlesti choro.*’

I shall always be ready to weigh whatever can be said against Mr. Whitefield; and, though I must have actual demonstration before I can admit him to be a dishonest man, and though I shall never be able to think all he has written, and all I have heard from him to be nonsense; yet, I am not so zealously attached to him as to be disposed to celebrate him as one of the greatest men of the age, or to think that he is the pillar which bears up the whole interest of religion among us.

“I had heard before of the offence which had been taken at two of my pupils in the west, for the respect they shewed to Mr Whitefield: and yet they are both persons of eminent piety. He whose name is chiefly in question, I mean Mr. Darracott, is one of the most devout and extraordinary men I ever sent out, and a person who has, within these few years, been highly useful to numbers of his hearers. Mr. Fawcett labours at

¹ Doddridge’s Correspondence, vol. iv., p. 289.

76

Taunton; and his zeal, so far as I can judge, is inspired both with love and prudence. Yet, I hear those men are reproached because they have treated Mr. Whitefield respectfully; and that one of them, after having had a correspondence with him for many years, admitted him into his pulpit.

“I own, I am very thoughtful where these things will end. In the meantime, I am as silent as I can be. I commit the matter to God in prayer. I am sure I see no danger that any of my pupils will prove Methodists. I wish many of them may not run. into the contrary extreme.”¹

These are long, almost tedious, extracts; but they are of great importance as plainly shewing that, at the beginning of his career, the Independents looked upon Whitefield with as much suspicion as many of the clergy of the Church of England and many of the Presbyterian ministers of Scotland did. It was a heinous sin against all the proprieties of their Church, that Doddridge and two of his ordained pupils had countenanced the preaching of this young, popular, powerful, and successful evangelist.

We again return to Whitefield’s wanderings. In the *Scots Magazine*, for 1743, under the heading of “Marriages and Births,” the following announcement was made: “October, 1743. At his house in Hoxton, the wife of Mr. George

Whitefield, of a son.” This event seems to have occurred during Whitefield’s “short excursion” to Northampton and its neighbourhood. Hence, under date of October 5th, he writes: “The last evening of my short excursion, I preached from a balcony, to many thousands, who stood in the street as comfortable as at noonday. Upon retiring to my lodgings, news was brought me, that God had given me a son. This hastened me up to London, where I now am, and from whence, after I have baptized my little one, I purpose to set out again on my Master’s public business.” Ten days after writing this, the untiring Whitefield was at Avon, in Wiltshire, and did not return to his wife and infant son until seven weeks afterwards. Perhaps, this was not an example of either connubial or paternal behaviour to be commended; but let it pass. The following extracts from his letters will furnish an idea of his labours, in the west of England, during the next *two* months:—

¹ Doddridge’s Correspondence, vol. iv., p. 293.

“COLLUMPTON, *October 11, 1743.*

“I wrote to you on the 15th instant at Avon. In the morning, I walked to Tytherton, and preached. After sermon, I baptized four boys, each about three months old. The ordinance was so solemn and awful, that Mrs. Gotley¹ (who is a Quaker) had a mind immediately to partake of it. When I go to Wiltshire, I believe I shall baptize her and her children, with some adult persons who have tasted of redeeming love. About one o’clock I preached at Clack, in the street. I then rode to Brinkworth and preached there, and, afterwards, administered the “holy sacrament to about two hundred and fifty communicants. Some strangers, from Bath, went home filled with our Redeemer’s presence. I have also preached at Chippenham. We had a wonderful time in Wiltshire.

“I hope I managed all things right about the affair of the Hampton rioters. They have compelled us to appeal unto Caesar. Evidences shall be examined in the country, in time enough to send the examinations to town.

“On Saturday last (October 22nd), when I came to Wellington, the Rev. Mr. Darracott² persuaded me to stay there, because the country people had come from all quarters several times to hear me, and had been

disappointed. I consented, and preached in his meeting-house, in the evening, to a large auditory. The Rev. Mr. Fawcett,³ formerly pupil to Dr. Doddridge, came there, and stayed all night. The blessed Jesus gave us much freedom in conversation. I hope both will be instruments, under God, in promoting a good work in these parts.

“Sunday morning, I preached again in the meeting-house; and, in the evening, to seven thousand in the field.⁴

“On Monday, at ten in the morning, and at two in the afternoon, I preached, at Collumpton, with much freedom and power; was kindly received, met some reputable Dissenters, and am now setting out for Exeter.”

Whitefield seems to have made Exeter his head-quarters for nearly a fortnight. Hence the following letters:—

“EXETER, *October 28, 1743.*

“I have a strong conviction that our Lord intends doing something in the west. Since my arrival here, letters of invitation have come from many parts. The common people begin to feel. I preached this afternoon on Southernay Green. Even some of the polite were much affected. I believe I shall think it my duty to stay in these parts for some time.”

¹ See *Primitive Methodist Magazine*, 1865, p. 602.

² The Rev. Risdon Darracott, one of Doddridge’s pupils, mentioned in the foregoing letter, dated, December 12, 1743. He was an eminently devout and useful Dissenting minister, at Wellington, Somersetshire, where he died, at the early age of forty-two, in the year 1759.

³ A young Dissenting minister at Taunton. Also mentioned in Doddridge’s letter.

⁴ The reader has already seen the fluttering which these services created among the London Dissenters.

“EXETER, *November 6, 1743.*

“On Monday last” (October 31st), “I went to Axminster, and preached to about two thousand without; and afterwards exhorted within the house where I lay. The next day, I preached to a greater number of people; and, at night, gave an exhortation, and met the Society. Our Lord vouchsafed us a gracious blessing.

“On Wednesday, I went to Ottery; but, just as I named my text, the bells rang. Upon this, I adjourned to a field, whither the people ran in droves. As I stepped into the inn, before I went to the field, a clergyman came, who asked me by what authority I preached, and said it was a riot, and that the meeting was illegal. I answered him, as I thought,

pertinently, and afterwards went and shewed him my authority, by preaching on these words, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.' In the evening, I returned to Exeter, where some hundreds were waiting to hear me expound. The Lord makes this place very comfortable to me. Prejudices fall off daily, and people begin not only to discern, but to feel, the doctrines of the gospel.

"Postscript.—Ten at night. It would have pleased you to be here this evening. I question whether near a third part of Exeter were not attending on the word preached. All was solemn and awful, and the Lord gave me much assistance from His Holy Spirit. Help me to praise Him."

From Exeter, Whitefield proceeded to Bideford, where he wrote as follows:—

"BIDEFORD, *November 11, 1743.*

"The Rev. Mr. Thompson, Rector of St. Gennys, Cornwall, is here. God willing, I will go with him to-morrow. There is also another clergyman about eighty years of age, but not above one year old in the school of Christ.¹ He lately preached three times and rode forty miles the same day. The Dissenting minister and his wife were very hearty; and, perhaps, here is one of the most settled female Christian Societies in the kingdom. I cannot well describe with what power the word was attended. Yesterday, in the afternoon and evening, it was just like as at Edinburgh. The old clergyman was much broken. A young Oxonian, who came with him, and many others, were most deeply affected. I suppose, there were upwards of two thousand, in the evening, in the meeting-house. Dear Mr. Hervey,² one of our first Methodists at Oxford, and who was lately a curate here, had laid the blessed foundation.

"So far from thinking of nestling at London, I am more and more convinced that I should go from place to place; and I therefore question if I shall see London for some time.

¹ Doubtless, the Rev. Mr. Bennet, perpetual curate of Tresmere. (See C. Wesley's Journal, vol. i., pp. 369, 376; and J. Wesley's Journal, vol. ii., p. 197).

² The Rev. James Hervey, author of "Meditations among the Tombs," etc., had been curate at Bideford for the last three years, and had left the town only four months before this visit by his friend Whitefield.

"Postscript.—Seven at night. To-day has been as yesterday, and much more abundant. I am here, as in Scotland and New England. Here is work enough for three months. The weather is very favourable; range, therefore, I must and will."

On Saturday, November 12, Whitefield accompanied Mr. Thompson to his rectory at St. Gennys, Cornwall, where he seems to have remained a fortnight. Hence the following:—

“ST. GENNYS, *November 25, 1743.*”

“I am glad that the Lord inclined my heart to come hither. He has been with us of a truth. How did His stately steps appear in the sanctuary last Lord’s-day! Many, many prayers were put up, by the worthy rector and others, for an outpouring of God’s blessed Spirit. They were answered. Arrows of conviction fled so thick and so fast, and such a universal weeping prevailed from one end of the congregation to the other, that good Mr. Thompson could not help going from seat to seat, to encourage and comfort the wounded souls. The Oxonian’s father was almost struck dumb; and the young Oxonian’s crest was so lowered, that I believe he will never venture to preach an unknown Christ, or to deal in the false commerce of unfelt truths.

“I could enlarge, but I must away to Bideford, just to give Satan another stroke, and bid my Christian friends farewell; and then return the way I came, namely, through Exeter, Wellington, and Bristol, to the great metropolis.”

Whitefield arrived in London at the beginning of December, and wrote the following hitherto unpublished letter to “Mr. Howell Harris, at Trevecca, near the Hay, South Wales, Breconshire.”

“LONDON, *December 6, 1743.*”

“MY VERY DEAR BROTHER,—I thank you for your kind letters and kind present. Our Saviour will plentifully reward you for all favours conferred on me and mine.

“I rejoice exceedingly that the word runs and is glorified in Wales. I hope to rejoice together with you at the next Association. Great things have been doing in the west. I believe Mr. Thompson, of Cornwall, will come with me into Wales. I have thoughts of removing my little family to Abergavenny in a short time; and to leave that house for you and yours to live in, till I come from abroad again, if you will be pleased to accept of it.

“I can easily forgive our dear brother Beaumont;’ but, I think, he and his wife have dealt very unsimply in respect to their marriage. I pray our Lord Jesus Christ to bless them exceedingly, and to prevent all ill consequences that may arise, to the people of God, from such a procedure.

¹ One of the “public exhorters” or itinerant preachers in Wales.

80

“I intend being here but a few days; and I have many things to say to you when we see each other face to face. Oh, my brother, my dear, very dear brother Harris, Jesus is better and better to me every day. I have had close attacks, but strong consolations. I would write much, would time and business permit; but I must bid you adieu. My tender, tender love to all. My dear wife and Mr. Grace send their most cordial respects. The Lord Jesus be with your dear soul, and give you to pray for, my dear, dear, dear brother,

“Yours most affectionately in Christ Jesus,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”

“P.S.—Mr. Mason, the bookseller, is dead; also Mr. Dubert’s wife. About seven of our friends have lately died in the Lord. Courage, my dear man,—courage; we shall go ere long. Yet a little while, and He that cometh will come, and will not tarry.”

In less than a fortnight, Whitefield was again on the wing. On Friday, December 16, he rode to a place “five miles beyond Reading.” The next day, he got to Clack. “It rained and snowed much for about seven miles,” says he, “and the way was dangerous; but the blessed Jesus kept us in safety.” On Sunday morning, he preached, and administered the sacrament to the Wiltshire Societies, at Tytherton;’ and, in the evening, he preached at Brinkworth. He writes: “They were good times. I have a cold, but our Lord warms my heart. To-morrow (December 19) I must away to Gloucester. Oh, follow, follow with your prayers.”

Whitefield was now on his way to a new sphere of labour. All readers of Methodist history are well acquainted with the disgraceful and terrible riots which took place at Walsal, Wednesbury, Darlaston, and West Bromwich, in 1743. In the former part of the year, both the Wesleys had preached here, at the peril of their lives. As recently as October 20, John Wesley had been all but murdered by the godless ruffians of the neighbourhood; and now, at the end of December, Whitefield came.² The following extract is taken

¹ *Primitive Methodist Magazine*, 1865, p. 661.

² At the very time when Whitefield was on his way to brave the murderous rioters in Staffordshire, he was being sanctimoniously attacked by "The Associate Presbytery" in Stirling. On December 23, the members of that body met, to renew "The Solemn League and Covenant, in a way and manner agreeable to" their "*present situation and circumstances.*"

81

from a pamphlet, entitled, "Some Papers, giving an Account of the Rise and Progress of Methodism at Wednesbury, in Staffordshire, and in other Parishes adjacent; as likewise of the late Riot in those parts." Printed by J. Roberts, London. 1744. (8vo. 30 pp.)

"Mr. Whitefield was at Birmingham, where there is a Society, about Christmas last; and you may suppose great numbers would, out of curiosity, flock to hear a man who had been so much talked of. He was also invited to Wednesbury, where he preached in the streets for several days. He was invited to Birmingham by a Dissenter. His stay was not above a week or ten days, and, towards the last, his auditors were not so numerous, and the behaviour of some of them not over civil. I do not find the number of the Methodist converts to be near so numerous as was at first apprehended; and those few of them, who were of the communion of the Church of England, are, in general, very regular in their behaviour, and in their attendance at church. The Dissenters constitute the greater number, and are their greatest admirers, particularly of Mr. Whitefield. About Wednesbury, some of their converts have been raised into strange and unaccountable ecstasies; but I cannot find there have been any of the like instances at Birmingham."

Such was the testimony of an unfriendly writer. Whitefield's own account is as follows:—

"December 31, 1743.

"What do you think? Since my last, I have stolen a whole day to dispatch some private business; however, in the evening, I expounded, at Birmingham, to a great room full of people, who would rush into my lodgings, whether I would or not.

"On Sunday morning (Christmas Day), at eight, I preached, in the

A full account of their proceedings was published in 1744; and, among the many sins of which they accuse themselves, the following was one:—

"We desire to be humbled before the Lord, that some of us were not timeously enough aware of Mr. George Whitefield, a priest of the Church of England, and the danger of his way, nor timeously enough employed

in warning the Lord's people against the same; and that all of us have been too remiss, in our endeavours to prevent the sad effects, which have attended and followed upon his ministrations, particularly in this land; that we have been too little humbled for the entertainment which hath been given him; that we have been too little affected before the Lord, with the bold attack made upon the order and institutions of the Lord's house, by the *latitudinarian* principles which he hath propagated, and with the awful delusion wherein he has been an instrument of the Lord's wrath unto this generation; that we have not been duly exercised in searching into the grounds of the Lord's controversy this way; and in crying unto Him, that He would pity His heritage, and rebuke the devourer, casting the false prophet and the unclean spirit out of the land." (Act of the Associate Presbytery, etc., 1744.)

82

street, to about a thousand, with much freedom. I then went to church and received the sacrament, and afterwards preached to several thousands in the street. As no minister would preach in a house at Wednesbury,¹ where a weekly lecture used to be kept up, I was earnestly entreated to go; and, after my afternoon's preaching at Birmingham, I went and preached there, at six in the evening, to many hundreds in the street. The word came with power, and only one or two made a noise. We afterwards had a precious meeting in private.

"On Monday morning, about eight, I preached to a large company in a field. By eleven, I returned to Birmingham, and preached to many thousands, on a common near the town. The soldiers were exercising; but the officers, hearing that I was come to preach, dismissed them, and promised that no disturbance should be made. All was quiet, and a blessed time we had. In the afternoon, at three, I preached again to about the same company, with the same success. Then I rode to Wednesbury, and preached there, and afterwards exhorted. About one, I went to bed exceeding happy.

"In the morning, I broke up some fallow-ground at a place called Mare Green, about two miles from Wednesbury. Much mobbing had been there against Mr. Wesley's friends. A few began to insult me. Several clods were thrown, one of which fell on my head, and another struck my fingers, while I was in prayer. A sweet gospel spirit was given to me. I preached again at Birmingham, to larger auditories than before, about eleven in the morning and three in the afternoon. In the evening, I expounded twice in a large room; once to the rich, and once to the poor; and went to rest happier than the night before.²

"In the morning (Wednesday, Dec. 28), I took my leave of the Birmingham people, who wept much, and shewed great concern at my departure. I then went to Kidderminster, where I was kindly received

by Mr. Williams, with whom I have corresponded for near two years. Many friends were at his house. I was greatly refreshed to find what a sweet savour of good remained to this day, from Mr. Baxter's doctrine, works, and discipline. I preached, about three in the afternoon, to a large auditory, near the church. Some unkind men, though they promised not to do so, rang the bells; but our Saviour enabled me to preach with power. In the evening and next morning, I preached in the meeting-house.

"I then (Thursday) went with Mr. Williams to Bromsgrove, and was kindly received by one Mr. K—y, a good man, and several others, among whom were two or three Baptist ministers, and one Independent.

¹ Whitefield, probably guided by the pronunciation of the word, writes "*Wedgbury*."

² In another letter, Whitefield says: "It is near eleven at night, and nature calls for rest. I have preached five times this day (Tuesday, December 27), and, through Christ strengthening me, I could preach five times more. I was scarce ever so happy before. It is surprising how the Lord Jesus has made way for me in these parts. I lose nothing by being quiet, and leaving all to Him. The weather is like spring."

In the afternoon, I preached in a field. Some rude people kicked a football, and sounded a horn; but the Lord enabled me to preach with boldness. About six, I preached in the Baptist meeting-house; left Kidderminster at eight, and reached Worcester at ten. Mr. Williams and another friend accompanied us.

"The next day, I reached Gloucester, very thankful, and rejoicing greatly in Christ for giving me such a delightful and happy Christmas."

This is a notable letter. Whitefield was now on the ground where Wesley and his friends had been nearly-murdered; but all the inconvenience suffered by Whitefield was a little noise at Wednesbury, the throwing of a few clods at Mare Green, the ringing of the church bells at Kidderminster, and a game at football and the sounding of a horn at Bromsgrove. Compared with Wesley, the lines fell to Whitefield in pleasant places.

The observant reader will also notice Whitefield's enormous labours. In four days, in mid-winter, he held nineteen services, twelve of his sermons being preached in the open air, and three in Dissenting chapels. The opportunity of thus serving his great Master was Whitefield's idea of spend-

ing “a delightful and happy Christmas!” No wonder that his Master blessed him, and filled him so full of joy at midnight hours.

But little more remains to be said respecting Whitefield’s career in 1743. In common with his friend Wesley, he was again and again fiercely assailed by the public press. He was pilloried in the famous *Dunciad* of Alexander Pope, as follows:—

“So swells each windpipe; ass intones to ass,
 Harmonic twang! of leather, horn, and brass;
 Such as from lab’ring lungs th’ Enthusiast blows,
 High Sound, attemper’d to the vocal nose!
 Or such as bellow from the deep Divine;
 There, Webster! peal’d thy voice, and, Whitefield! thine.”

Pope was a poet; another assailant, the author of “*The Progress of Methodism in Bristol, or, the Methodists Unmasked, 1743*” (18mo. 72 pp.), was a *poetaster*, and unworthy of being further noticed; but, possibly, his ribald verses, in which he malignantly attacked Whitefield, as well as Wesley, were quite as goading as Pope’s more polished lines.

84

Whitefield began the year 1744 in his native city, Gloucester. He then went to Watford in Wales, and, as moderator of the Calvinistic Methodists, presided, on January 3rd, at one of their associations, or conferences. Among the subjects considered at this meeting, the Hampton riot seems to have been the principal. Whitefield writes:—

“After mature deliberation, we determined to prosecute the affair to the utmost, and to set apart January 24 (the first day of the term) for a day of fasting and prayer, and to make collections for that purpose. The cause is the Lord’s, and much depends on our getting the victory. I believe we shall.”

The work in Wales was in great prosperity. In a letter, written soon after the assembling of this conference, Howell Harris says:—

“The labours of all our associates are more or less blessed. The Lord countenances the lay-preachers much; but He is more abundantly with the ordained ministers. The believers are generally strong and full of

spiritual warmth and life. They do, indeed, adorn the gospel. The congregations are exceedingly large wherever we preach. Some of the greatest opposers are not only silenced, but constrained to own that the Lord is among us of a truth. In many places, the people meet at five o'clock in the morning to adore and worship the Lord together; and, in some places, meetings are resumed in the evenings, and kept up all night in prayer and praise."¹

It is a strange fact, that, notwithstanding the falsely reputed wealth of Whitefield's wife, and his own enormous popularity, his income was insufficient for the maintenance of his family in London. Hence, during his visit to Wales, he made arrangements for the removal of his wife and child to Abergavenny;² and, on his return to London, wrote, as follows, to a friend at Gloucester:—

“LONDON, *January* 18, 1744.

“This afternoon, I received your kind letter; and I thank you a thousand times for your great generosity in lending me some furniture, having little of my own. I know who will repay you. Next week, God willing, my dear wife and little one will come to Gloucester, for I find it beyond my circumstances to maintain them here. I leave London this day sennight. My brother will receive a letter about my wife's coming. She and the little one are brave and well. But why talk I of wife and little

¹ *Life and Times of Howell Harris*, p. 134.

² *Whitefield's Works*, vol. ii., p. 49.

one? Let all be absorbed in the thoughts of the love, sufferings, free and full salvation, of the infinitely great and glorious Emmanuel.”

Three weeks after this, Whitefield's “little one” was dead. The letter containing an account of his bereavement is so characteristic, and so unfolds Whitefield's weaknesses as well as virtues, that it must be inserted without abridgment.

“GLOUCESTER, *February* 9, 1744.

“Who knows what a day may bring forth? Last night, I was called to sacrifice my Isaac; I mean, to bury my only child and son, about four months old.

“Many things had occurred to make me believe he was, not only to be continued to me, but, to be a preacher of the everlasting gospel. Pleased with the thought, and being ambitious of having a son of my own so divinely employed, Satan was permitted to give me some wrong impressions, whereby, as I now find, I misapplied several texts of Scripture. Upon these grounds, I made no scruple of declaring ‘that I should have a son, and that his name was to be John.’ I mentioned the very time of his birth, and fondly hoped that he was to be great in the sight of the Lord.

“Everything happened according to the predictions, and my wife having had several narrow escapes while pregnant, especially by her falling from a high horse, and my driving her into a deep ditch in a one-horse chaise a little before the time of her lying-in, and from which we received little or no hurt, confirmed me in my expectation, that God would grant me my heart’s desire.

“I would observe to you, that the child was even born in a room which the master of the house had prepared as a prison for his wife, on account of her coming to hear me. With joy would she often look upon the bars and staples and chains, which were fixed in order to keep her in. About a week after his birth, I publicly baptized him in the Tabernacle, and, in the company of thousands, solemnly gave him up to that God, who gave him to me. A hymn, too fondly composed by an aged widow, as suitable to the occasion, was sung, and all went away big with hopes of the child’s being hereafter to be employed in the work of God; but how soon have all their fond, and, as the event has proved, their ill-grounded expectations been blasted, as well as mine!

“House-keeping being expensive in London, I thought it best to send both parent and child to Abergavenny, where my wife had a little house, the furniture of which, as I thought of soon embarking for Georgia, I had partly sold, and partly given away. In their journey thither, they stopped at Gloucester, at the Bell Inn, which my brother now keeps, and in which I was born. There, my beloved was cut off with a stroke. Upon my coming here, without knowing what had happened, I enquired concerning the welfare of parent and child; and, by the answer, found that the flower was cut down.

“I immediately called all to join in prayer, in which I blessed the Father of mercies for giving me a son, continuing it to me so long, and taking it from me so soon. All joined in desiring that I would decline preaching till the child was buried; but I remembered a saying of good

Mr. Henry, 'that weeping must not hinder sowing;' and, therefore, I preached twice the next day, and also the day following; on the evening of which, just as I was closing my sermon, the bell struck out for the funeral. At first, I must acknowledge, it gave nature a little shake; but, looking up, I recovered strength, and then concluded with saying, that this text, on which I had been preaching, namely, 'All things work together for good to them that love God,' made me as willing to go out to my son's funeral, as to hear of his birth. Our parting from him was solemn. We kneeled down, prayed, and shed many tears, but, I hope, tears of resignation; and then, as he died in the house wherein I was born, he was taken and laid in the church where I was baptized, first communicated, and first preached.

"All this, you may easily guess, threw me into very solemn and deep reflection, and, I hope, deep humiliation; but I was comforted from that passage in the book of Kings, where is recorded the death of the Shunammite's child, which the prophet said, 'the Lord had hid from him,' and the woman's answer to the prophet when he asked, 'Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with thy child?' And she answered, 'It is well.' This gave me no small satisfaction. I preached upon the text, the day following, at Gloucester; and then hastened up to London, and preached upon the same there.

"Though disappointed of a living preacher, by the death of my son, yet, I hope, what happened before his birth, and since at his death, has taught me such lessons, as, if duly improved, may render his mistaken parent more cautious, more sober-minded, more experienced in Satan's devices, and, consequently, more useful in his future labours to the Church of God. Thus, 'out of the eater comes forth meat, and out of the strong comes forth sweetness.' Not doubting but our future life will be one continued explanation of this blessed riddle, I commend myself and you to the unerring guidance of God's word and Spirit, and am,

"Yours, etc.,

"GEORGE WHITEFIELD."

Whilst Whitefield was burying his child at Gloucester, his friend, Charles Wesley, was preaching, at the peril of his life, in Staffordshire. At Wednesbury, the mob "assaulted, one after another, all the houses of those who were called Methodists." All the windows were broken, and furniture of every kind was dashed in pieces. At Aldridge and several other villages, many of the houses were plundered, and the rioters "loaded themselves with clothes and goods of

87

all sorts, as much as they could carry.”¹ Whitefield heard of this execrable rioting, and wrote:—

“There has been dreadful work near Birmingham; but Satan will be overthrown. We had a glorious fast on Monday (February 20th), and collected above £60 for our poor suffering brethren.”

A week after this, Whitefield set out on a visit to his wife at Abergavenny, and took her “a second-hand suit of curtains,” which he had bought for her humble dwelling.

At the beginning of the month of March, he returned to Gloucester, to be present at the assizes, at which the Hampton rioters, already mentioned, were tried, and found guilty, the amount of damages to be paid being referred to the King’s Bench, London. Whitefield writes:—

“I hear the rioters are hugely alarmed; but they know not that we intend to let them see what we could do, and then to forgive them. This troublesome affair being over, I must now prepare for my intended voyage to America.”

Nearly seven months, however, elapsed before Whitefield’s voyage was begun,—an interval which was partly occupied with what, to Whitefield, was extremely uncongenial, a literary war.

To understand the controversy, it is needful to remark, that, of late, several publications had been issued, and industriously circulated, attacking the loyalty of Whitefield and his friends. Among others, there was a quarto-sized sheet, of four pages, entitled, “The Case of the Methodists briefly stated, more particularly in the point of Field-Preaching.” The writer tries to prove that field-preaching is contrary to the Act of Toleration; and then he proceeds to shew, that, because of the largeness of his congregations, Whitefield’s preaching in the open air was eminently calculated to promote sedition, and to be a serious danger to the state.

The principal publication, however, was “Observations upon the Conduct and Behaviour of a certain Sect, usually distinguished by the name of Methodists. London: printed by E. Owen, in Amen Corner. 1744.” (4to. 24 pp.) Rightly or wrongly, Dr. Gibson, Bishop of London, was

¹ Wesley's Works, vol. i., p. 427.

88

supposed to be the author. The pamphlet consisted of three parts. In the first, it was alleged, 1. That the Methodists generally set the government at defiance, by appointing public places of religious worship, and by preaching in the fields, without taking the prescribed oaths, and subscribing the declaration against popery. 2. That they broke the rules of the Church, of which they professed themselves members, by going to other than their own parish churches to receive the sacrament. 3. It was also stated that really there was no need for Methodist meetings, because, for many years past, many of the Religious Societies, in London and Westminster, had spent their Sunday evenings (after attending church) in serious conversation and reading good books; and the bishops and clergy had encouraged these Societies, though some of them had been misled into Methodist extravagances.

In the second part, which is principally levelled against Whitefield, thirteen questions are asked, of which the following are specimens:—Question 4. Whether a due and regular attendance in the public offices of religion does not better answer the true ends of devotion, and is not better evidence of the co-operation of the Holy Spirit, than those sudden agonies, roarings, and screamings, tremblings, droppings-down, ravings, and madness into which the hearers of the Methodists had been cast? Question 9. Whether it does not savour of self-sufficiency and presumption, when a few young heads, without any colour of a Divine commission, set up their own schemes as the great standard of Christianity?

The third part is a severe critique on the *Christian History*, of which Whitefield was the chief promoter. Here, again, sundry questions were asked, as, for instance, “Whether the zealous endeavours to form Band-Societies, according to the Moravian way, and putting them under the instruction and ordering of particular *superintendents*, and *exhorters*; and the holding of *associations* and *meetings*, at set times

and places, with select moderators; together with the fixing of *visitations* and their boundaries and limits,—whether these proceedings, not warranted by any law, are not a presumptuous attempt to erect a new church constitution, upon

89

a foreign plan, in contempt of those wise rules of government, discipline, and worship, which were judged by our pious ancestors to be the best means for preserving and maintaining religion, together with public peace and order in Church and State?" Again, "Whether these itinerant preachers, and the setting up of separate places of public worship *at pleasure*, and those pretences to more immediate communications with God, and the visible endeavours to bring the parochial pastors and the public worship under a disesteem among the people,—whether these and the like practices are not of the same kind with those of the last century, that had so great a share in bringing on those religious confusions, which brought a reproach upon Christianity in general, and which, by degrees, worked the body of the people into a national madness and frenzy in matters of religion?"

To see the full force of these accusations, it must be borne in mind, that, they were published at a time when, (1) The nation was in a state of great excitement from an expected invasion by Prince Charles, the young Pretender; (2) The Methodists in Wiltshire, Gloucestershire, and Staffordshire, were being subjected to the most brutal treatment by clerically encouraged mobs; and (3) The general belief was that these "Observations upon the Conduct and Behaviour of the Methodists" were not of ignoble origin, but were written by the bishop of the metropolitan diocese, and with the approval of a considerable number of his prelatial brethren.

On January 26, 1744, Whitefield published the following advertisement:—

"Whereas some anonymous papers, against the people called Methodists in general, and myself and friends in particular, have been, for some weeks, printed in a large edition, and handed about and read in the Religious Societies of the cities of London and Westminster, and given into the hands of many private persons, with strict injunctions to lend them to no one,

nor let them go out of their hands to any; and whereas, after having accidentally had the hasty perusal of them, I find many queries, of great importance, concerning me and my conduct, contained therein; and as it appears, that, one paper has little or no connection with another, and a copy, when applied for, was refused me, and I know not how soon I may embark for Georgia—I am, therefore, obliged hereby to desire a speedy

90

open publication of the aforesaid papers, in order that a candid impartial answer may be made thereto by me,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”

Six days after the date of this advertisement, Whitefield wrote as follows to the Bishop of London:—

“LONDON, *February 1, 1744.*

“MY LORD,—Simplicity becomes the followers of Jesus Christ; and, therefore, I think it my duty to trouble your lordship with these few lines.

“I suppose your lordship has seen the advertisement published by me, about four days ago, concerning certain anonymous papers, which have been handed about the Societies for some considerable time. As I think it my duty to answer them, I should be glad to be informed whether the report be true, that your lordship composed them, that I may the better know to whom I may direct my answer. A sight also of one of the copies, if in your lordship’s keeping, would oblige, my lord, your lordship’s most obliged, dutiful son and servant,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”

“P.S. The bearer will bring your lordship’s answer; or, if your lordship favour me with a line, be pleased to direct for me, to be left with Mr. J. Syms, in Pitfield Street, near Hoxton.”

Instead of writing, the Bishop sent, by the bearer of Whitefield’s letter, a verbal message, to the effect that Whitefield should hear from him; but the only further communication which came to hand was the following, written, two days after the date of Whitefield’s letter to the Bishop, by the printer of the “anonymous papers.”

“*February 3, 1744.*

“SIR,—My name is Owen. I am a printer in Amen Corner, and I waited upon you to let you know that I have had orders from several of

the Bishops, to print, for their use, such numbers of the ‘Observations upon the Conduct and Behaviour of the Methodists,’ with some few additions, as they have respectively bespoken; and I will not fail to wait upon you with one copy, as soon as the impression is finished.

“I am, sir, your most obedient servant,

“E. OWEN.”

There can hardly be a doubt that the “Observations” were the productions of Bishop Gibson’s pen. Others, besides Whitefield and his friends, fully believed this. Zinzendorf, on receiving a copy of the anonymous pamphlet, wrote a long letter, in Latin, to the Bishop, expressing his surprise that any one belonging to the Church of England

91

should have evinced such ignorance by the remarks made ’744 respecting the Moravians. A Moravian deputation also Age 29 waited upon Gibson, on the same subject; and a further correspondence ensued between the Bishop, Zinzendorf, and James Hutton;’ in which Zinzendorf almost indignantly repudiated any present connection with the Methodists, telling his lordship, that, it was “very difficult to decide whether the Moravians have a greater dislike to the Methodists’ plan of salvation, or the Methodists to that of the Moravians.”

But leaving this, all candid readers will acknowledge that the “conduct and behaviour” of the Bishop of London and his brethren were disingenuous. To be the circulators of anonymous “fly-sheets,” full of the most serious accusations, was an act dishonourable to a bishop’s dignity, and savoured more of the assassin than of a pastor of the flock of Christ.

Whitefield lost no time in replying to the Bishops’ pamphlet. On the 10th of March, he finished, and committed to the press, “An Answer to the first part of an anonymous Pamphlet, entitled, ‘Observations upon the Conduct and Behaviour of a certain Sect usually distinguished by the name of Methodists.’ In a Letter to the Right Reverend the Bishop of London, and the other the Right Reverend the Bishops concerned in the publication thereof.”

(8vo. 26 pp.) Before the year was ended, Whitefield's "Letter" passed, at least, through three editions in England, besides being printed and published at Boston in America. The motto on his title-page was Psalm xxxv. 11, "False witnesses did rise up; they laid to my charge things that I knew not."

It is difficult to furnish an outline of Whitefield's pamphlet; but the following extracts will give the reader an idea of its style and spirit:—

"Young as I am, I know too much of the devices of Satan, and the desperate wickedness and deceitfulness of my own heart, not to be sensible, that I am a man of like passions with others.; and that I, consequently, may have sometimes mistaken nature for grace, imagination for

¹ Hutton's Memoirs, pp. 157-167.

revelation, and the fire of my own temper for the pure and sacred flame of holy zeal. If, therefore, upon perusing the pamphlet, I find that I have been blameable in any respect, I. will not only confess it, but return hearty thanks both to the compiler and. your lordships, *though unknown*. Indeed, it is but of little consequence to the merits of the cause to know who the author is, Only this much may be said, your lordships yourselves being judges, it is not quite fair to *give stabs in the dark*."

Whitefield proceeds to say, that the title of the Bishops' pamphlet ought to have run thus: "Misrepresentations of the Conduct and *Principles* of many Orthodox, well-meaning Ministers and Members of the Church of England, and loyal Subjects to his Majesty, King George, *falsely termed a Sect*, and usually distinguished, *out of contempt*, by the name of Methodists." He adds:—

"The *principles*, as well as conduct, of the Methodists are greatly misrepresented in this pamphlet. Its design is to exhibit their proceedings as dangerous to the Church and State, in order to procure an Act of Parliament against them, or to oblige them to secure themselves by turning Dissenters. But is not such a motion, at such a season as this, both uncharitable and unseasonable? Is not the Administration engaged enough already in other affairs, without troubling themselves with the Methodists? Or, who would now advise them to bring further guilt upon the nation, by persecuting some of the present government's *most hearty friends*? I say, my lords, *the present government's most hearty friends*;

for, though the Methodists (as the world calls them) disagree in some particulars, yet I venture to affirm that, to a *man*, they all agree in this: namely, to love and honour the king. For my own part, I profess myself a zealous friend to his present majesty King George, and the present Administration. Wherever I go, I think it my duty to pray for him and to preach up obedience to him, and all that are set in authority under him. I have now been a preacher above seven years, and for six years past have been called to act in a very public way. Your lordships must have heard of the great numbers who have attended: sometimes several of the nobility, and, now and then, even some of the clergy have been present. Did they ever hear me speak a disloyal word? Are there not thousands, who can testify how fervently and frequently I pray for his majesty King George, his royal offspring, and the present government? Yes, my lords, they can; and, I trust; I should be enabled to do so, though surrounded with popish enemies, and in danger of dying for it as soon as my prayer was ended.”

So much for Whitefield’s loyalty. What about his ecclesiastical misbehaviour? He writes:—

“If your lordships apprehend that we are liable to ecclesiastical censures, we are ready to make a proper defence, whenever called to it by our

93

ecclesiastical superiors. As for myself, your lordships very well know that I am a Bachelor of Arts, have taken the oaths, have subscribed to the Articles, and have been twice regularly ordained. In this character, I have acted, both at home and abroad; and I know of no law of our government which prohibits my preaching in any field, barn, street, or outhouse whatever.”

Whitefield proceeds to say, he has perused “all the Acts of King Charles II., wherein the word *field* is mentioned,” and that he finds “they are intended to suppress *sedition* *conventicles*,” and then continues:—

“These are the only *field-meetings* that are prohibited; and how, my lords, can such Acts be applied to the Methodists? Are they ‘seditious sectaries, disloyal persons, who, under pretence of tender consciences, contrive insurrections?’ No, my lords. How then can your lordships, with a safe conscience, encourage such a pamphlet, or bespeak any number of Mr. Owen, in order, as may be supposed, that they may be dispersed among your lordships’ clergy? Well might the author conceal his name. A more notorious libel has not been published. The pamphlet

comes into public like a child dropped, that nobody cares to own. And, indeed, who can be blamed for disowning such a libel?"

This, addressed to bishops, by a young clergyman, was bold language; but their lordships deserved it; for, whatever faults belonged to Whitefield and the first Methodists, they certainly were as free from sedition as the Episcopal Bench itself.

Whitefield's "Second Letter," to the bishops, was written during his voyage to America, and was first "printed and sold by Rogers and Fowle, in Queen Street, near the Prison, Boston, 1744." (4to. 24 pp.) It is dated August 25, 1744; but, to prevent a recurrence to the subject, it is noticed here. First of all, Whitefield replies to the censures pronounced upon "itinerant preaching," and concludes thus:—

"May I not take the freedom of acquainting your lordships, that, if all the Right Reverend the Bishops did their duty, (especially my Lord of London, whose diocese is of such vast extent,) they would all of them long since have become itinerant preachers."

He next defended the doctrines, preached by himself and the Methodists,—justification by faith, sudden and instantaneous conversion, and other cognate truths. He attacked Archbishop Tillotson, because, "contrary to the laws of Church and State, he makes good works a *condition* of our

94

acceptance with God;" and he declared concerning the author of "The Whole Duty of Man," that, because he entirely omits to teach the doctrine of justification by faith, his famous book might "more properly be termed, *Half the Duty of Man*." He belaboured the clergy for playing at *dice*, and *cards*, and other *unlawful games*, contrary to the seventy-fifth canon of the Church; and complained, that, by "frequenting taverns and alehouses," they injured the laity by a vile "example." He rebutted the charge against himself of being an enthusiast; and, as for the "sudden agonies, roarings, and screamings" of some of his converts, he said, "The itinerant preachers look upon these as extraordinary things, proceeding *generally* from soul-distress, and *sometimes*, it may be, from the agency of the evil spirit, who labours to drive poor souls into despair."

What was the result of all this plain-speaking? First of all, another anonymous author, merely using the initials, "J. B.," published a furious pamphlet of fifty-four pages, entitled, "A Letter to the Reverend Mr. Whitefield, occasioned by his *pretended* Answer to the first part of the Observations on the Conduct and Behaviour of the Methodists. By a Gentleman of Pembroke College, Oxon. London, 1744." (8vo.)

How far the author of this letter was a *gentleman* will appear from the following extracts from his rancorous production:—

"Do you think my Lord of London would choose to let you know whether he was the author of the papers, or would be fond of entering into a *personal* dispute with you? with you, I say, sir, or your followers; who, I may venture to affirm, can curse, rail, and berogue your antagonists, (though in Scripture language all the while,) so as hardly to be exceeded by any Pope, or *spiritual bully*, that ever yet appeared in Christendom."

"You are one who has been travelling over all countries, to establish *new-fangled societies; heads and spiritual directors, hot-brained cobblers,* and the meanest class of men; *fellows that have nothing to lose,* all big with venom against the clergy of the *present Establishment,* and *despising the laws* of the State, and *the peaceful constitution* of the realm. You are perpetually sowing divisions, and urging on the bigotry of your disciples, and their implacable malice, by your belying, railing, and scandalising the ministers of the Church, as well as by treating as heathens and reprobates of the infinitely good Being, all others, who dare despise your hellish doctrines and practices. You exactly copy after Cromwell, the *Whitefield*

95

of the last century, in *artfully compounding* Churchmen and Dissenters, people of all sorts and denominations, to bring about your design of ruining the present constitution. When I see a man, of your *vast importance,* railing, hectoring, and bullying your superiors, I cannot help thinking of a *pert liquor* amongst us, which foams, and bounces, and sputters, and makes a mighty ado; and yet all the while is but *bottled small-beer.*

"Your *favourite method* of wounding characters in a scrip of prayer, to shew the world how kindly you can forgive, after you have been publicly railing at them for *nothing,* puts me in mind of Jack in the *Tale of a Tub;* who was mighty fond of falling down on his knees, and turning up his eyes in the midst of a kennel, as if at his devotions; but who, when curi-

osity attracted men to laugh or to listen, would, of a sudden, bespatter them with mud.”

Much more of the same kind of scurrility, and of even worse, might be given; but the last paragraph in the “Gentleman’s” ill-mannered pamphlet must suffice.

“Thus ends your railing; and, like a woman that has *fought herself out of breath*, when you can *spit no more of your malice*, you tell us, you would ‘not bring a railing accusation against any.’ What a monstrous fib is that! ‘Neither would I,’ you add, ‘when giving a reason of the hope that is in me, do it any otherwise than with meekness and fear.’ There you fib again most desperately! Why, *my dear meek soul, of a sudden*, you have certainly forgot yourself; and your darling *spirit of bitterness, that has possessed you through the whole Letter*, at length, seems to be *jaded*. However, it cannot help *fibbing still*; and there is not a more remarkable instance of this, than in your *last Judas’ kiss*, where you would have their lordships believe, you are ‘*their most dutiful son and servant*.’”

These are fair specimens of the scolding of this zealous defender of the Bishop of London and his brethren, and of Church and State. Whitefield never noticed the defence, though written by a *Gentleman of Pembroke College, Oxford*. Another pamphlet, however, written by a Church dignitary of some importance, received more attention. This was “A Serious and Expostulatory Letter to the Reverend Mr. George Whitefield, on occasion of his late Letter to the Bishop of London and other Bishops; and in Vindication of the ‘Observations upon the Conduct and Behaviour of a certain Sect usually distinguished by the Name of Methodists,’ not long since published. By Thomas Church, A.M., Vicar of Battersea, and Prebendary of St. Paul’s, London.”¹

¹ Besides the pamphlets already noticed, another may be mentioned:

96

1744.” (8vo. 60 pp.) Want of space prevents the insertion of lengthy extracts from Mr. Church’s letter, but its scope may be guessed by the following sentences:—

“Field-preaching is forbidden by the statute, as having a tendency to sedition and tumults.” “Your extravagances have been the scorn of the profane, and have strengthened the prejudices of some against our religion itself.” “I never knew nor heard of any one instance of a parish in Eng-

land so carelessly attended as the charge committed to you in Georgia, the only place, I think, to which you have had any regular appointment. How unfit are you, of all men, to upbraid the clergy with non-residence, with being shepherds who leave their flocks, and let them perish for lack of knowledge."

Whitefield immediately replied to this, in an 8vo. pamphlet of 20 pages, bearing the following title:—"A Letter to the Rev. Mr. Thomas Church, M.A., Vicar of Battersea, and Prebendary of St. Paul's; in Answer to his Serious and Expostulatory Letter to the Rev. Mr. George Whitefield, on occasion of his late Letter to the Bishop of London, and other Bishops. By George Whitefield, A.B., late of Pembroke College, Oxford. London: printed by W. Strahan, for J. Robinson, at the Golden Lion, in Ludgate Street, and sold at the Tabernacle, near Moor-Fields, 1744." The letter is dated, "London, May 22, 1744," and its biographical sections must be briefly noticed.

Whitefield had often been taunted and even threatened for not using the Liturgy in many of his public services. In reference to this, he writes:—

"A Fine Picture of Enthusiasm, chiefly drawn by Dr. John Scott, formerly Rector of St. Giles's in the Fields. To which is added, An Application of the Subject to the Modern Methodists, exposing the Principles and Practices of all such. Dedicated to the Bishop of London. 1744." (8vo. 40 pp.) The writer says, "Thousands are flocking after those *enthusiasts*, Whitefield and Wesley, and are being deluded into a *passionate, mechanical* religion. Wesley attempted, for some time, at the opening of his mission, to exorcise the devil out of a parcel of *weak*, if not *worse*, women; whom he had taught to go into *agitations* and *screamings* in the public assemblies of his people." The author acknowledges that the Methodists "have got some of the *most melodious* tunes that ever were composed for church-music; there is *great harmony* in their singing, and it is very *enchanting*; but the hymns they sing are immediate addresses to the *Son of God*, as the supreme object of worship, and represent Him as much *more friendly* and *compassionate* to the human world than God the Father ever was. And, lest men should not be enough affected with the *name* and the *sufferings* of Jesus, one of those *artful teachers* has ordered the *tickets* for his people to be impressed with the *crucifix*."

"As for my irregularities in curtailing the Liturgy, or not using the Common Prayer in the fields, I think it needless to make any apology till I am called thereto in a judicial way by my ecclesiastical superiors. They have laws and courts. In and by those, ecclesiastics are to be judged;

and I am ready to make a proper defence, whenever it shall be required at my hands.”

Mr. Church and many others had retorted Whitefield's attacks on non-resident clergy, by telling him he had been guilty of non-residence himself. To this Whitefield replied as follows:—

“I wish every non-resident minister in England could give as good an account of his non-residence as I can give of my absence from Savannah. To satisfy you, reverend sir, I will acquaint you with the whole affair. When I first went abroad, I was appointed to be minister of Frederica; but, upon my arrival in Georgia, finding there was no minister at Savannah, and no place of worship at Frederica, by the advice of the magistrates and people, I continued at Savannah, teaching publicly, and from house to house, and catechizing the children day by day, during the whole time of my first continuance in Georgia; except about a fortnight, in which I went to Frederica, to visit the people, and to see about building a church, for which I had given £50 out of some money I had collected, and of which I have given a public account. In about four months, I came back to England to receive priest's orders, and to collect money for building an Orphan House. At the request of many, the honourable trustees presented me to the living of Savannah. I accepted it, but refused the stipend of £50 per annum, which they generously offered me. Neither did I put them to any expense during my stay in England, where I thought it my duty to abide till I had collected a sufficient sum wherewith I might begin the Orphan House, though I should have left England sooner, had I not been prevented by the embargo. However, I was more easy, because I knew the honourable trustees had sent over another minister, who arrived soon after I left the colony.

“Upon my second arrival at Georgia, finding the care of the Orphan House and the care of the parish too great a task for me, I immediately wrote to the honourable trustees to provide another minister. In the meanwhile, as most of my parishioners were in debt, or ready to leave the colony for want of being employed, and, as I believed erecting an Orphan House would be the best thing I could do for them and their posterity, I thought it my duty, from time to time, to answer the invitations that were sent me to preach Christ Jesus in several parts of America, and to raise further collections towards carrying on the Orphan House. The Lord stirred up many to be ready to distribute and willing to communicate on these occasions. I always came home furnished with provisions and money, most of which was expended among the people'; and, by this means, the northern part of the colony almost entirely subsisted for a

considerable time. This was asserted, not very long ago, before the House of Commons.

98

“And now, sir, judge you whether my non-residence was anything like the non-residence of most of the English clergy. When I was absent from my parishioners, I was not loitering or living at ease, but preaching Christ Jesus, and begging for them and theirs; and when I returned, it was not to fleece my flock, and then go and spend it upon my lusts, or lay it up for a fortune for myself and my relations. No: freely as I had received, freely I gave. I choose a voluntary poverty. The love of God and the good of souls is my only aim.”

All candid readers will admit that Whitefield’s simple statement is a sufficient refutation of the plausible charge, so often brought against him, concerning his non-residence in the only parish he ever had.

Before proceeding with Whitefield’s itinerary, it may be well to complete the list of his publications during the year 1744. This shall be done as briefly as possible.

1. “A Short Account of God’s Dealings with the Reverend Mr. George Whitefield, A.B., from his Infancy to the Time of his entering into Holy Orders. The Second Edition.” (12mo. 46 pp.) This was an exact reprint of the edition published in 1740.

2. “A Brief Account of the Occasion, Process, and Issue of a late Trial at the Assize held at Gloucester, March 3, 1744.” (8vo. 15 pp.) This has been already noticed.

3. “The Experience of Mr. R. Cruttenden, as delivered to a Congregation of Christ in Lime Street, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Mr. Richardson. Prefaced and recommended by George Whitefield, A.B.” (8vo. 32 pp.) Cruttenden, after losing his fortune, by the bursting of the South Sea bubble, had recently been converted, at the Tabernacle, under the preaching of John Cennick.¹ Nothing in the pamphlet requires notice, except, perhaps, the following well-deserved rap, which Whitefield, in his preface, gives to Dissenting ministers, some of whom were as bitterly opposed to the great preacher as were his clerical brethren of the Church of England.

¹ Cruttenden was, first of all, a Dissenting minister; but, as he did not believe the truths he preached, he relinquished the pulpit, and betook himself to business. This he pursued with considerable success, and, in process of time, was chosen the Lord Mayor's Common Hunt. After the loss of his property, he principally subsisted upon the profits of a place in the post office. He became a member of the Miles Lane congregation, and died, happy in God, in 1763. We shall hear of him again.

99

“Those serious, godly ministers among the Dissenters, who, through prejudice or misinformation, oppose, or are shy of us, as though some dangerous sect was sprung up, may, from this and such-like instances, begin to reason with themselves, whether we are not sent of God? and whether it is not high time to acknowledge and adore God in His late sovereign way of working? Here is an account of a learned and rational man, brought to Jesus, and built up in Him, by what the world would call illiterate preachers. This is not the first instance by hundreds. No set of men could do such things, or meet with such success, unless God was with them. It is not the first time that our Saviour has perfected praise out of the mouths of babes, and chosen the weak things of this world to confound the strong.”

4. There is only another publication to be noticed. Three years before, Dr. Smalbroke, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, had delivered a charge, to his clergy, against the Methodists; and now, in the year 1744, and when a part of his diocese was disgraced by the riots at Wednesbury and other places, he published it. Smalbroke was a somewhat distinguished man; but withal whimsical, as, for instance, when, in his “Vindication of the Miracles of Christ,” he made elaborate calculations concerning the number of devils in the herd of swine at Gadarene. He was also fond of strife, more than twenty of his publications being of a controversial character. The pith of his anti-Methodistic charge was, that, “the indwelling and inward witnessing of the Spirit in believers’ hearts, (if there were ever such things at all,) as also praying and preaching by the Spirit, are all the *extraordinary* gifts and operations of the Holy Ghost, belonging only to the apostolical and primitive times; and, that, consequently, all pretensions to such favours, in these last days, are vain and *enthusiastical*.” Whitefield’s reply was written on shipboard, during his voyage to America, and was first printed at Boston, in New England. Its long title was as follows: “Some

Remarks upon a late Charge against Enthusiasm, delivered by the Right Reverend Father in God, Richard, Lord Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, to the Rev. the Clergy in the several parts of the Diocese of Lichfield and Coventry, in a Triennial Visitation of the same in 1741; and published, at their request, in the present year 1744. In a Letter to the Rev. the Clergy of that Diocese. By George Whitefield, A.B., late of Pembroke College, Oxon." (8vo. 35 pp.)
 Passing over the theological part of Whitefield's pamphlet,

100

one extract from his concluding observations must suffice. In a foot-note he states, "The Methodists in Staffordshire were mobbed last Shrove-Tuesday, and plundered of their substance to the amount of £700." To these persecuted inhabitants of the diocese of Lichfield, Whitefield says:—

"You have lately been enabled joyfully to bear the spoiling of your goods. Think it not strange, if you should hereafter be called to resist unto blood. Fear not the faces of men, neither be afraid of their revilings. The more you are afflicted, the more you shall multiply and grow. Persecution is your privilege; it is a badge of your discipleship; it is every Christian's lot, in some degree or other. Only be careful to give no just cause of offence. Be studious to bring forth the fruits of the Spirit in your lives. Call no man master, but Christ. Follow others only as they are followers of Him. Be fond of no name but that of *Christian*. Beware of making parties, and of calling down fire from heaven to consume your adversaries. Labour to shine in common life, by a conscientious discharge of all relative duties; and study to adorn the gospel of our Lord in all things. If you are good Christians, you will fear God, and, for His sake, honour the king. Be thankful for the many blessings you enjoy under the government of his present majesty, King George; and continue to pray to Him, by whom kings reign, and princes decree justice, to keep a popish pretender from ever sitting on the English throne."

We now return to Whitefield's itinerancy. There is but little evidence to shew how he spent the interval between March 15th and June 26th. John Cennick, in his diary, says: "On the 3rd of April, at my special desire, the first association of our ministers and preachers, which had been kept in Wilts, took place in my house at Tytherton. There were present the following preachers: Mr. Whitefield, Howell Harris, John Cennick, Joseph Humphreys, and Thomas

Adams; and the following exhorters: William Humphreys, Isaac Cottle, Thomas Lewis, and Thomas Beswick.”¹

Part of the fifteen weeks was spent in London, part in Bristol, and part in Wilts. He was also awaiting an opportunity to embark for Georgia; and, with Mr. Smith, a merchant, actually took a passage in a ship about to sail from Portsmouth. At the last moment, however, the captain refused to take him; upon which he set out for Plymouth, preaching at Wellington, Exeter, Bideford, and Kingsbridge on the way.² At Plymouth, he was made the subject of a

¹ *Primitive Methodist Magazine*, 1865, p. 662.

² Seymour’s “Memoirs of Whitefield,” p. 66.

101

brutal attack, which might have ended seriously. Hence the following letters:—

“PLYMOUTH, *June 26, 1744.*

“My dear Friend,—You see by this where I am. Doubtless, you will wonder at the quick transition from Portsmouth to Plymouth. When I wrote last, I intended going to the former; but, just before I took leave of the dear Tabernacle people, a message was sent to me, that the captain, in whose ship I was to sail from thence, would not take me, for fear of my spoiling his sailors. Upon this, hearing of a ship that was going under convoy from Plymouth, I hastened hither, and have taken a passage in the *Wilmington*, Captain Dalby, bound to Piscataway, in New England.

“My first reception here was a little unpromising. A report being spread that I was come, a great number of people assembled upon the *Hoe* (a large green for walks and diversions), and somebody brought out a bear and a drum; but I did not come till the following evening, when, under pretence of a hue-and-cry, several broke into the room where I lodged at the inn, and disturbed me very much.

“I then betook myself to private lodgings, and being gone to rest, after preaching to a large congregation, and visiting the French prisoners, the good woman of the house came and told me, that a well-dressed gentleman desired to speak with me. Imagining that he was some Nicodemite, I desired he might be brought up. He came and sat down by my bedside, told me he was a lieutenant of a man of war, congratulated me on the success of my ministry, and expressed himself much concerned for being detained from hearing me. He then asked me if I knew him? I

answered, No. He replied, his name was Cadogan. I rejoined, that I had seen one Mr. Cadogan, who was formerly an officer in Georgia, about a fortnight ago, at Bristol. Upon this, he immediately rose up, uttering the most abusive language, calling me *dog, rogue, villain*, etc., and beat me most unmercifully with his gold-headed cane. As you know, I have not much natural courage; and, being apprehensive that he intended to shoot or stab me, I underwent all the fears of a sudden violent death. My hostess and her daughter, hearing me cry ‘Murder,’ rushed into the room, and seized him by the collar; but he immediately disengaged himself from them, and repeated his blows upon me. The cry of murder was repeated, and he made towards the chamber door, from whence the good woman pushed him downstairs. A second man now cried out, ‘Take courage, I am ready to help you;’ and, accordingly, whilst the other was escaping, he rushed upstairs, and finding one of the women coming down, took her by the heels, and threw her upon the floor, by which her back was almost broken. By this time the neighbourhood was alarmed; but, being unwilling to add to the commotion, I desired the doors might be shut, and so betook myself to rest.”

This strange adventure is explained in another letter, written to the same friend, a few days afterwards.

102

“PLYMOUTH, *July 4, 1744.*

“Since my last, I have had some information about the late odd adventure. It seems that four gentlemen came to the house of one of my particular friends, and desired to know where I lodged, that they might pay their respects to me. My friend directed them; and, soon afterwards, I received a letter, informing me that the writer of it was a nephew of Mr. S—, an eminent attorney at New York; that he had had the pleasure of supping with me at his uncle’s house; and that he desired my company to sup with him and a few more friends at a tavern. I sent him word that it was not customary for me to sup out at taverns, but I should be glad of his company, out of respect to his uncle, to eat a morsel with him at my lodgings. He came; we supped. I observed that he frequently looked around him, and seemed very absent; but, having no suspicion, I continued in conversation with him and my other friends till we parted. I now find that this man was to have been the assassin; and that, being interrogated by his companions as to what he had done, he answered, that being used so civilly, he had not the heart to touch me.

“Upon this, as I am informed, the person who assaulted me, laid a wager of ten guineas that he would do my business for me. Some say,

that they took his sword from him, which I suppose they did, for I only saw and felt the weight of his cane.

“The next morning, I was to expound at a private house, and then to set out for Bideford. Some urged me to stay and prosecute; but, being better employed, I went on my intended journey; was greatly blessed in preaching the everlasting gospel; and, upon my return, was well paid for what I had suffered; for curiosity led perhaps two thousand more than ordinary to see and hear a man who had like to have been murdered in his bed. Thus all things tend to the furtherance of the gospel.

“Thus Satan thwarts, and men object,
And yet the thing they thwart effect.’

“Leaving you to add a hallelujah, I subscribe myself,

“Ever, ever yours,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”

Whitefield seriously believed that this atrocious outrage was a deliberate attempt to murder him; the probability is, that it was a cruel freak, similar to many others for which naval stations have frequently been infamous.

Whitefield spent more than six weeks at Plymouth, and in the immediate neighbourhood. His detention, occasioned by waiting for the convoy, was not without good results. Hence the following extracts from letters written during this interval. To John Syms, Whitefield wrote as follows:—

103

“PLYMOUTH, *July 21, 1744.*

“MY DEAR MAN,—I expected a line from you to-day; but, I suppose, you think we are gone. This day came in a privateer, who saw the Brest squadron, which has pursued two of our men of war; so that, had we sailed, we should in all probability have been carried into France. We are now to go under the convoy of the grand fleet.

“I have been greatly refreshed this evening in preaching the blood of Jesus. The congregations grow every day. Last night, many from the dock guarded me home, being apprehensive there was a design against me. Without my knowledge, they insulted a man who intended to hurt me. I am sorry for it. My health is better. Whether we sail or not, expect to hear again from, dear, dear Johnny, ever, ever yours whilst

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”¹

“PLYMOUTH, *July 26, 1744.*

“Could you think it? I have been preaching a confirmation sermon. Do you ask me where? In a Quaker’s field. As I saw thousands flocked to the church to have the bishop’s hands imposed upon them, I thought it not improper to let them have a word of exhortation suitable to the occasion. I have also made an elopement to Kingsbridge, where, a few days ago, I preached to many thousands. It was a most solemn occasion. The hearts of the auditory seemed to be bowed as the heart of one man.”

In other letters to his “dear man,” John Syms, he writes:—

PLYMOUTH, *July 27, 1744.*

“Matters go on better and better here. I begin to think myself in London. We have our regular morning meetings. We are looking out for a place proper for a Society, and to expound in. People come daily to me, especially from the dock, under convictions. Some, I believe, have really closed with Christ; and here are several aged persons perfectly made young again. We are just now entered upon our singing hours.

“Fresh news from Kingsbridge of souls being awakened; but I am kept close prisoner on account of the convoy. Brother Cennick must come into these parts soon.”

“PLYMOUTH, *July 29, 1744.*

“Our Lord has been giving us blessings in drops; but now He is sending them in showers. We have had a most precious meeting this morning. Perhaps more good has been done by this one sermon, than by all I have preached before. The wind is yet against us. Our Lord detains me here for wise reasons. Some persons, formerly prejudiced against me, have offered to give me a piece of ground for a Society room. I believe one will be built soon. Brother Cennick must stay in the west some time.”

¹ *Christian History, 1744.*

“PLYMOUTH, *August 3, 1744.*

“Our convoy is come, and perhaps we may sail to-morrow. It is delightful to be here. We come from the dock, in the evenings, singing

and praising God. Our parting there has been more awful than words can express.

“I must tell you one thing more. There is a ferry over to Plymouth; and the ferrymen are now so much my friends, that they will take nothing of the multitude that come to hear me preach, saying, ‘God forbid that we should sell the word of God!’”

Thus, at Plymouth, as in other places, did Whitefield triumph in Christ Jesus. One of the conversions, which took place under his marvellous ministry, is too notable to pass unnoticed. Henry Tanner, born at Exeter, was now in the twenty-sixth year of his age, and was working, at Plymouth, as a shipwright. One day, while at work, he heard, from a considerable distance, the voice of Whitefield, who was preaching in the open air; and, concluding that the man was mad, he and half a dozen of his companions filled their pockets with stones, and set off to knock the preacher down. Whitefield’s text was Acts xvii. 19, 20. Tanner listened with astonishment; and, without using his stones, went home, determined to hear him again next evening. The text, on this occasion, was Luke xxiv. 47; and Tanner was in such an agony of soul, that he was forced to cry, “God be merciful to me a sinner!” The next night, while Whitefield was preaching on “Jacob’s Ladder,” Tanner found peace with God. He, at once, joined the Society at Plymouth, which had been formed by Whitefield, and suffered violent persecution from his unconverted wife. To secure time for prayer and Christian usefulness, he seldom allowed himself more than six hours in bed, and frequently but four. Ten years after his conversion, he removed to Exeter, and began to preach with great success. In 1769, the Tabernacle at Exeter was built, mainly through his exertions, and he became its minister. His labours, however, were not confined to Exeter. At the request of Toplady, he used to preach at Broad Hembury; whilst Moreton, Hampstead, Crediton, Topsham, and various other places, were favoured with his services. On Sunday morning, March 24, 1805, when he had completed the eighty-sixth year of his age, he was carried, in a chair, to his pulpit, and tried to preach, but

105

was so ill that he was obliged to relinquish the attempt. A week afterwards he peacefully expired.¹

While, however, God was raising up new labourers, by means of Whitefield's ministry, He was taking others to Himself. One of these was the Rev. David Crossly, of Manchester, who, within a week of the time when Whitefield embarked at Plymouth for America, wrote as follows to Whitefield's friend, Mr. Syms:—

“MANCHESTER, *August 3, 1744.*

“How glad I am to hear of Mr. Whitefield's success in the service of his God. O happy Mr. Whitefield! His unparalleled labours, with answerable success, make his life a continued miracle. For a month past, I have been nigh unto death. My life is generally despaired of; and the Lord seems to be preparing the way for it, *first*, by a flow of converts, above twenty having been added to us during the last two months; and, *secondly*, by raising up several with very useful gifts; so that I am ready to say, ‘Lord, now let Thy servant depart in peace! Let me, O Lord, come above to the palm-bearing company! Fifty-five years have I been in the work, a poor weakling, yet crowned, by Thy blessing, with success.’

“As to Mr. Whitefield's Preface to my Sermon,² I give a thousand thanks to him. It is his goodness, not my deserts, that has placed his valuable name before any performance of mine.”³

A month after the date of this letter, good old David Crossly was gone. “I am ready for the Bridegroom,” he cried; “I know my Redeemer liveth;” with the utterance of which he triumphantly expired.⁴

Another brave-hearted man must be mentioned. Thomas Beard was one of Wesley's preachers, but he was also warmly attached to Whitefield, and wrote to him the following sweet and simple letter:—

“BERWICK-UPON-TWEED, *September 17, 1744.*

“Sir,—It has been often upon my mind to write to you since I have been in this state of life, which is not agreeable at all to my inclinations. I have but little acquaintance with you, but I hope you will not be offended at

¹ *Evangelical Magazine*, 1805.

² A Sermon on Samson, a type of Christ. To which is added an

Exposition of Ephesians v. 22–33; prefaced and recommended by the Rev. Mr. Whitefield. Sold by Mr. John Syms, in Ironmonger Row, near St. Luke's Church, Old Street; John Lewis, printer, in Bartholomew Close, near West Smithfield; or Mr. Wharton, at the Tabernacle.

³ *Christian History*, 1744.

⁴ *Ibid.*

106

my writing to you. The children of God, while on this side of the grave, always stand in need of one another's prayers, especially such of them as are under persecutions, or temptations, for the truth's sake. I find I stand in need of the prayers of all the children of God.

"I was pressed, in Yorkshire, for preaching, and so sent for a soldier. I earnestly pray for them who were the occasion of it. All my trust is reposed in Jesus, my sweet Saviour. I know He will not leave nor forsake me. His blood has atoned for my sin, and appeased His Father's wrath, and procured His favour for such a sinful worm as myself. Herein is my comfort, though men raged at me, my dear Saviour did not leave nor forsake me.

"I have lately been on a command in Scotland, and met with many who enquired concerning you. I preached at Cowdingham. Some of your friends came to see me from Coppersmith. Many thought it strange to see a man in a red coat preach.

"I beg you would write to me in General Blakeney's regiment of foot, in Captain Dunlop's company.

"I am your unworthy brother,

"THOMAS BEARD."¹

Before Whitefield had an opportunity to answer, poor Beard, as one of the first of Methodism's martyrs, had been called to inherit a martyr's crown. Wesley, in 1744, wrote thus concerning him:—

"Thomas Beard, a quiet and peaceable man, who had lately been torn from his trade, and wife and children, and sent away as a soldier; that is, banished from all that was near and dear to him, and constrained to dwell among lions, for no other crime, either committed or pretended, than that of calling sinners to repentance. But his soul was in nothing terrified by his adversaries. Yet the body, after a while, sunk under its burden. He was then lodged in the hospital at Newcastle, where he still praised God continually. His arm festered, mortified, and was cut off: two or three days after which, God signed his discharge, and called him up to his eternal home."

The case of Thomas Beard was far from being a solitary one. Magistrates, as well as mobs, hated the Methodists, and were always ready to approve of the violent proceedings of the press-gangs of the period. Not a few of both Wesley's and Whitefield's preachers and people were driven from their homes, and dragged into the army. Two purposes were thought to be served by these high-handed acts; first, the army obtained the recruits it greatly needed; and, secondly, as both mobs and magistrates imagined, the voices

¹ *Christian History*, vol. vi., p. 40, 1744.

107

of Methodists and Methodist preachers were likely to be silenced. The last was a huge mistake. It may fairly be questioned whether the Methodists, who were forced into the army and navy, did not, in such positions, render greater service to the cause of Christ and of Methodism, than they could have rendered had they remained at home unmolested. Passing men like John Nelson, Thomas Beard, and many others, pressed into regiments at home, there were a considerable number with the English army in Flanders, whose heroism and Christianity will always shed a lustre on Methodism's early annals. Wesley mentions some of these with the highest approbation, as, for instance, John Haime, John Greenwood, William Clements, John Evans, and others. Whitefield also, in his periodical, the *Christian History*, published a number of letters, written by soldiers belonging to his own community, as well as by some who were Wesley's followers. One man, at Ghent, under the date of December 24, 1744, tells of being recently converted under the preaching of a "dragoon," belonging to "the first regiment of guards," in which regiment there were now "about a hundred members of that branch of the Society, that is, the *United Society*." He continues: "The Lord adds to our number daily, and works very powerfully amongst us." Another, at the same place, blesses God that he ever heard John Cennick preach. Anthony Conjuet, "a drummer in the English camp in Flanders," relates that he and the regiment of English

Guards had lately been “seven hours under the firing of the French cannons,” and then adds:—

“There are many of the members of the Societies killed and wounded. Most of them were taken notice of for their valour. Ebenezer Wells and

¹ Though “printed and sold by J. Lewis, in Bartholomew Close,” the *Christian History* was really under the control of Whitefield. In an advertisement appended to No. 3, vol. vi., 1744, it is stated, that the publication “contains a general account of the progress of the gospel, under the ministry of the Rev. Mr. Whitefield, his fellow-labourers, and assistants;” that, though originally published in the folio size, “*Mr. Whitefield* had ordered it to be printed in a pocket volume, as judging it less cumbersome;” and that it was “the Rev. Mr. Whitefield’s desire to have the volumes made as public as possible.”

It may be added, that, on Whitefield’s return from America, in July, 1748, the *Christian History* was discontinued. The last letter in it is dated “June 23, 1748;” and on the last page is the following:—“N.B. This is the last number of the *Christian History* that will be printed.”

108

Thomas Burford, and our brothers Cook and Forrest, are all wounded, and Prisoners with the French. William Clements, teacher of a Society, is wounded in both arms, but is in a fair way to do well. John Evans, teacher of another Society, (who is a gunner of the train,) and Brother Hymms (Haime?) the dragoon, are well. Brother Hymms is also teacher of another Society. There are three other teachers alive and well.

“There is a great awakening in our camp, and the work of grace goes on with great success. Many blaspheming tongues are now singing praises to God, and to the Lamb.”

William Clements, mentioned in the foregoing letter, gives an account of “an engagement with the French, which lasted from five o’clock in the morning until three in the afternoon;” and of his being “now under the surgeon’s hands in Brussels.” He adds, that he has “received letters from the Brethren at the Camp,” telling him, that, since the battle, “the work of the Lord had gone on with great power.” And then, after sending his salutations to his “friend in Suffolk,” he concludes thus:—

“Grant, I beseech Thee, O Lord Jesus Christ, that we may be of that happy number who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb; and that we may stand upon Mount Zion, amongst

the multitude which no man can number, to sing praises and hallelujahs for ever and ever. Amen.

“Which is all at present from your poor unworthy brother,

“W. CLEMENTS.”

These were bravely loyal, though deeply injured, Methodists; and displayed equal valour in fighting for their country, and for the kingdom of their God and Saviour.

Before following Whitefield to America, a few facts respecting the Societies over which he and his assistants presided may be useful. For want of materials, a full account of these is impossible; but the following scraps of information, taken, from the *Christian History*, will, perhaps, be interesting:—

Wales.—*Herbert Jenkins*, in a letter dated “October 3, 1744,” tells of attending an “Association,” in Wales, at which “above twenty brethren” were present.

“The Lord,” says he, “made us of one heart and mind. We consulted about the best measures to carry on the cause of our Redeemer. We sung and prayed heartily together. When we parted, we went east, west, north, and south. The waters were out, and I was to the middle of my

109

leg on horseback. One of the brethren had his horse carried away by the floods, and he himself narrowly escaped being drowned.”

In another letter, dated “February 23, 1745,” *Jenkins* writes:—

“I went to the Association in Wales, where about sixty of us met together, four of whom were clergymen. The Lord was amongst us. Many of the hearers were greatly comforted. We were two days together, and had sweet harmony. We had good accounts of the progress of the work of our Lord in six or seven counties.”

Bristol, Bath, etc.—In October, 1744, *E. Godwin* writes:—

“I have changed the tickets of about a hundred and twenty at Bristol, and have received fourteen new members. After I changed the tickets, I held a lovefeast, when, with a hymn, we publicly admitted our new members. On the first Monday in this month, we had a letter-day. We were about three hours together, and had a collection for defraying the charge of the place, which was the largest that had been made since Mr. Whitefield solemnized a feast-day here.”

Under the date of November 16, 1744, *Herbert Jenkins* says:—

“The hall in Bristol is commonly full. I generally preach, morning and evening, with freedom and delight. The people are devout and serious. Last Sunday, I preached four times; but, though I had walked to Connam and Kingswood, I was stronger in body, and happier in my soul at last than I was at first. The Society at Bath goes on sweetly, and grows in grace, and in number, daily. We had a choice lovefeast there last Thursday night. It was the first in that place, and was very solemn and orderly.”

Ludlow, Leominster, etc.—In a letter, dated December 12, 1744, *James Ingram* says:—

“I went to Ludlow, it being fair-day there; and soon had a pressing invitation to preach at an honest Dissenter’s house. I complied, though a young man told my sister I should be put into the stocks if I offered to *cant* there. I preached to a serious auditory, and the poor loving people would not willingly part with me. Only one of them had ever heard such things before. I promised to visit them again. The Society at Leominster seems pretty sweet. We met at four in the morning. I have now almost finished my round, and a happy one it has been. The people in Monmouthshire are more lively than usual. I was accompanied by eight or nine horse-people, and some on foot, from Caldicot to Redwick.”

A letter from *James Beaumont* must be quoted at greater length. It is dated June 10, 1745. He writes:—

“On Thursday, the 7th inst., I was at Leominster. During the time of

my preaching, the people behaved tolerably well; but, soon after I had done, a man came to press me. He took me to the justice’s house, and there left me. The justice being absent, I knew not what to do; but, seeing myself surrounded by a large and turbulent mob, I got upon the justice’s steps, and spake of their illegal proceedings, and then returned, without any hurt, to Brother K—’s, and sang a hymn of praise to our great Deliverer. Soon after this, I was pressed again, by another constable, who took me before the commissioners in a public-house. By this time the town was in an uproar. The commissioners ordered the constable to take me to a private room. I was confined about four hours; and was then called before the commissioners, who asked me if I was exempted from the present Act. I told them I was. Justice H— said, ‘By what?’ I answered, ‘I have £2 a year freehold in the parish of Old Radnor.’ ‘Where are your writings?’ said they. I said, ‘At home.’ They then

asked me if I had any friend, in Leominster, who would satisfy them of the account I had given of myself. 'I have,' said I; and, soon after, the man came in, and confirmed what I had said. Then the gentlemen were pleased to condescend to do me justice, and I was discharged immediately. They ordered an officer to guard me to my friends, to whom I was safely brought; and we joined in praises to God for His mercies to me His sinful child."

Wiltshire.—On November 15, 1744, *E. Godwin* writes:—

"Wiltshire is surely a garden of the Lord. Last week I was chiefly about Longley and Brinkworth. Last Monday I went to Blunsdon. It was their revel; so I preached out of doors, and a great power seemed to attend the word, some crying, who had hardly ever wept since they were children."

The preacher, at this time appointed to the Wiltshire circuit, was *George Cook*, of whom *E. Godwin* had said, only a few weeks before, "Brother Cook's preaching is much blessed in Wiltshire, though his gifts are not enlarged enough for a city." On December 8, *Cook* wrote to *Cennick*:—

"On the 22nd day of last month I went to Wickwar. As soon as I began preaching, the mob came with sheep-bells tied to a stick, and so they did ring them. They had also frying-pans, horse-rugles, a salt-box, and a post-horn. Some of the mob did put their mouths to the window, and made a noise like that of dogs; and they called me false prophet, and all manner of names they could think of; but Satan can go no farther than his chain. The Lord gave me an uncommon power to speak of His blood; and many of the people were greatly refreshed in their souls. Pray for me, dear sir.

"I am your little, weak, sinful, simple brother, in the wounds of the Lamb,

"GEORGE COOK."

III

Within a month afterwards, this "weak and simple brother" was dead. *John Cennick* writes:—

"January 7, 1745. I rode round by Avebury, where brother Cook sickened of the small-pox. The minister of Avebury behaved very ill while he was sick, and threatened he would remove him, bad as he was, out of the place, and would treat him as a vagabond. He was not willing that brother Cook should be buried at Avebury; and, therefore, in the dead of the night, the friends brought him to Twtherton upon a horse;

and, about two o'clock on Sunday morning last, they laid him by the side of three other bodies of the saints."

Eight months after this strange interment, *John Edwards* came to Avebury, where George Cook had died. Edwards shall tell his own story.

"I went to Avebury, where we had a blessed season; but, in the midst of my discourse, came the minister's servant-maid, from her master, with a partridge for my supper; and to tell me, that he would have me come to drink a bottle with him. I met him the next day, and thanked him for his present and invitation. He called me *ignorant, unlearned, fool*, etc. I told him I was wise unto salvation; but as for being a fool, I acknowledged that, and was determined to be more and more a fool for Christ's sake. He hooted and hallooed me, like a schoolboy, till I left him. The same night, when in the midst of my discourse, a company came, and began to throw stones at me, and struck me once on the breast. The people shut the door, and then those outside began their music with bells and horns. They broke the windows with clubs, and some of the people's faces were cut with glass. They threw in dirt and mud; and, at length, I broke off preaching, and went to prayer for our enemies."

Gloucestershire.—*Isaac Cottell*, in a letter dated October 10, 1744, gives an account of his labours in the Gloucestershire circuit. The following is an extract:—

"On October 7, I came to Wickwar about five o'clock in the evening. The house, where I was to preach, was surrounded with a mob, making a great noise. When I had been there about a quarter of an hour, in came the curate of the town, three gentlemen, and the constable with his long black staff. One of the gentlemen ordered the people to make way for the parson to come up to me. I was then singing a hymn; and the gentleman snatched the book out of my hand, tore it, and threw it up into the window. I then gave out a verse *extempore*; and he put his elbow up to stop my mouth. Then the curate came up to me, and began to read the Act of Parliament, and commanded us to depart in half an hour. At the same time, the gentleman asked me why I ran about the country, to pick people's pockets? I told him I came to preach the Lord Jesus Christ, the King of kings. He said I came to make a riot. I told him, if he did not take care, he would make a riot himself. With that the gentlemen began to withdraw; and I got upon a stool, sang a hymn, and

went to prayer. Dear sir, though the devil roars, the Lord Jesus Christ will have the victory."

This kind of persecution, in Whitefield's native country, was continued. Ten months afterwards, *George Cross* wrote to John Cennick:—

“I met with much opposition in Gloucestershire; for T. B. had declared to the congregations at Thornbury and Rangeworthy, that, I preach damnable doctrine; and that you, brother Godwin, brother Thorne, brother Pugh, and I worship the body of Jesus, which, he said, is idolatry.”

Essex.—In a letter dated July 30, 1744, *F. Pugh* gives an interesting narrative of his preaching at Braintree, Bocking, and in “a Quaker's mill-yard, about a mile from Chelmsford.” In another letter, written at Braintree, twelve months afterwards, he says:—

“I have met with a deal of persecution since I came here. There were many stones, and much dust thrown at me last Wednesday night. There is a mountebank in town, who is the cause of all the persecution. There was a drummer, who drew his hanger at me, and damned me, saying it was fit for me to die; but a soldier ran to him, and took it from him. Last Sunday, I preached at Tiptree-heath, to some thousands. There were two chariots; and gentlemen in gold lace came to hear. One of the gentlemen, in a chariot, sent for me, and desired me to preach in the town where he lived; but I could not, for my rounds were already settled and published.”

Northamptonshire, etc.—*Thomas Lewis*, in a long letter, written at Olney, October 13, 1744, tells of his preaching “in the Tabernacle” there, for an entire week, and of the conversions which took place during the services. At Northampton, “the people seemed to be all in a flame, and stretched after God.” Other places in the counties of Buckingham and Northampton were also visited.

Staffordshire, etc.—*W. Allt* writes:—

“February 6, 1745. Several at Whittington are under convictions. One, who had spent all his youth in indefatigable industry to gather together this world's wealth, was for selling what he had, and said he could travel the world over with me; but I advised him to keep at home, telling him that Jesus would be found there. Many at Wolverhampton seem very desirous to meet, but dare not, the mob is so desperate. They arose, after I was gone on Sunday last, and broke brother D—'s windows, and beat a young man shamefully, and tore his coat all to pieces. At Brewood, the friends are very zealous, in going from house to house, to

tell what the Lord has done for them; and people come several miles to converse, and sing, and pray with them. I am persuaded, if a minister was there, several hundreds would come to hear him every Sunday. The people are very simple and free from prejudice. They say the parishioners are half papists; and the Church and Dissenting ministers are exceeding bitter. I have exhorted twice at Birmingham with much freedom."

Herbert Jenkins, in a letter, dated February 23, 1745, says:—

"The first night I was at Birmingham, the people received the word with great affection, and with many tears. The place where we met on Sunday night was so thronged that the candles went out; but the Lord made the place a Bethel to our souls. I stayed there four days, declaring to all who came the glad tidings of salvation. From thence, I went to Wednesbury, where, for a week, morning and evening, I shunned not to declare the whole counsel of God. Many heard with tears, longing and panting for a discovery of the Lord Jesus; while others rejoiced in the Lord, their portion and everlasting friend. There is much Christian simplicity among them. I preached once at Wolverhampton (a large populous place), to a little company of sincere seeking souls. The next day I went to Brewood, where there was scarcely a dry eye among all the people. From thence, I went to Bewdley, where I was invited by a minister of the Established Church, who received me very courteously, and procured the Presbyterian meeting-house for me to preach in. The minister came to hear me, and behaved very civilly. The people flocked to hear the word. There is a little Society formed."

Devonshire.—After attending "The Association" of Calvinistic Methodists in Bristol, *John Cennick*, on September 5, 1744, set out for Devonshire. He preached in Mr. Darra-cott's chapel at Wellington, to a "congregation made up of Church people, and several sorts of Dissenters." He had, what he calls, "blessed times," at Exeter. At Kingsbridge, he preached in the Baptist and Presbyterian chapels. At Plymouth, "the room" was always crowded; and, on Tuesday, September 11, he "laid the first stone of the New Tabernacle with prayer and singing." On his return to London (to officiate as Whitefield's successor at the Tabernacle), he spent ten days at Exeter, where the Dissenting ministers circulated "fly-sheets," asserting that Whitefield and his assistants were "false prophets, unlearned, and Antinomians."

Cennick was a puzzle to the people. Some said he was "a patten-maker;" others said he had been "a footman." Numerous other trades were mentioned, when, at last, a man declared he "was certainly a coachman." "Yes," replied

114

another, who happened to be one of Cennick's hearers. "Yes, he is a coachman, and drives the chariot of the Lord, and wishes you all to be his passengers."

On his arrival in London, Cennick seems to have received a large number of letters from the Plymouth converts. One correspondent told him, that, the Presbyterian minister had warned his people against Whitefield and his preachers, whom he called "Bold Intruders, Usurpers, and Novices." The same writer said:—

"I have removed our singing meeting to the Baptist Chapel. There are about fifty who meet to learn the tunes. My house is, every night like a little church; and, last Sunday evening, I began to read Mr. Whitefield's sermons to the people. Several gentlemen have desired to draw off our masons, so that the building of the Tabernacle has been neglected. I have had much trouble to keep the work going forward."

Cennick was succeeded in Devonshire by *Thomas Adams*. At Exeter, Adams preached in "the Society room," at five in the mornings; and in the house of Mr. Kennedy, his host, at seven in the evenings. He writes: "It would have delighted you to have seen the multitudes who flocked to hear. Mr. Kennedy's three rooms and large passage would not near contain the people: many, very many stood in the court." At Kingsbridge, Adams met a lawyer who had been converted by Whitefield's preaching. At Plymouth, he found "the partition-wall of bigotry tumbling down daily." This was in the month of November, 1744. Shortly afterwards, so far as Exeter was concerned, the scene had changed.

In 1745, a pamphlet of forty-two pages was published at Exeter, entitled, "A brief Account of the late Persecution and Barbarous Usage of the Methodists at Exeter.¹ By an Impartial Hand." The author assures his readers, that he is not a Methodist himself; and that "it would never have entered his head to have taken up his pen in defence of the

Methodists, had they not been daily, and openly, treated in Exeter with such rudeness, violence, and abuse, as would have made even *Indians*, or Pagans, to have blushed." He relates that,—

¹ At this time, the only Methodists in Exeter were the followers of Whitefield.

115

"The rioters violently entered the Methodist meeting-house, interrupted the minister with opprobrious and obscene language, and fell upon him in a most furious manner with blows and kicks. They treated every man they could lay their hands upon with such abuse and indignity as is not to be expressed. But what is more than all, was their abominable rudeness to the poor women. Some were stripped quite naked. Others notwithstanding their most piercing cries for mercy and deliverance, were forcibly held by some of the wicked ruffians, while others turned their petticoats over their heads, and forced them to remain, in that condition, as a spectacle to their infamous banter and ridicule; the poor creatures being afterwards dragged through the kennel, which had been filled with mud and dirt. Others of the women had their clothes, yea, their very shifts, torn from their backs. Towards the close of the evening, one of the mob forced a woman up into the gallery, and attempted other outrages, three different times. After many struggles, she freed herself, leaped over the gallery, and so made her escape. Many, to avoid falling into the hands of this wicked crew, leaped out of the windows, and got over the garden walls, to the endangering of their lives. This outrage was committed in the centre of the city, and in the presence of many thousands. The riot continued for several hours. The mob had their full swing. No magistrates came to the relief or assistance of the poor people, notwithstanding they were applied to, and greatly importuned to read the Riot Act. It is true, no one was actually murdered; but the whole Society were put into great danger and fear of their lives, and expected nothing but death. Many of the women are now in very critical circumstances, under the care of surgeons and apothecaries; and their lives are even yet (two days after the riot) in danger.

"Before I dismiss this Exeter riot, I must remark, that the Methodists, not only on the day of the grand riot, but, many times since, have been treated by this lawless rabble with the utmost fury and violence. They have been mobbed and insulted, at noontide, in the open streets, and furiously pelted with dirt, stones, sticks, and cabbage-stumps.

“After the strictest enquiry, I cannot find that any one *Dissenter*, of any denomination, was at all concerned in this riot. They were all of the *old stamp*, that have ever been known by the name of *church rabble*; though I cannot omit to notice, that the Methodists complain much against the Presbyterian clergy, who (they say), in their sermons and conversations, frequently represent them in a *false* and *injurious* light; and, thereby, lessen the affection, and raise the antipathy, of the people towards them.”

The author concludes by saying, that his pamphlet was written “for his *own private amusement*, and without any design to *publish* it;” and that its *publication* was the result of what he saw and heard after the pamphlet was finished.

“On a certain evening, he saw, with his own eyes, the wicked rioters collected and assembled together, by beat of drum, in the open streets,

116

with sticks and bats, in order to disturb and abuse the poor Methodists, who were at their meeting-house, worshipping and serving God, in a manner perfectly innocent and inoffensive, without the least disturbance to the public peace. He saw the Methodists flee with great fear and trembling, and the rabble persecuting with rage and violence. And he heard, that, the very night before, this same riotous crew, to the number of many hundreds, attacked Mr. Adams, one of the Methodist ministers, with sticks, dirt, and mud; and that, in all probability, they would have murdered him in the open street, had not a good Samaritan, in Southgate Street, taken him into his house, and there rescued him from their violent and wicked hands.”

At the risk of being prolix, Mr. Adams’s own account must be added to these statements of the “impartial” observer at Exeter. The *Christian History* No. 3, vol. vii., 174S, contains two letters on the subject, one by “a gentleman in Exeter,”¹ dated June 16, 1745, and the other by Thomas Adams himself, dated Hampton, June 20, 1745. The latter writes:—

“On my way to the west, I heard of a cruel persecution at Exeter; but I had no freedom to omit going thither, though I expected much opposition. Our Saviour brought me there on Saturday evening, and I was kindly received by Mr. Kennedy and his wife. Many told me, we should be mobbed, if I preached in the play-house; but we thought it was right to try. Accordingly, I preached there, at six o’clock on Sunday morning,

and we were not much disturbed. I preached again in the afternoon, and, though many of the mob came in, they did not disturb us.

“The next morning, (Monday) we were much interrupted, by the mob beating a drum and a pan, at a window of the play-house; and they hallooed us, and beat the drum quite to Mr. Kennedy’s house. We did not, however, receive much personal abuse until eight days after, when I came back from Plymouth.” [Adams here interjects an account of his preaching at Plymouth, Kingsbridge, Wonhil, and Tavistock, at which last-mentioned place, the mob brought out the water-engine, and endeavoured to play it upon him and his congregation. He then proceeds with his narrative of the persecution at Exeter.]

“The evening I returned to Exeter, I preached in Mr. Kennedy’s house. The next morning, (Thursday) I preached at the play-house; and so continued morning and evening till Saturday; but not without interruption of a drum, besides being hallooed after, and pushed about, as we went along the street.

“On Saturday morning, as soon as I had done preaching, some of the brethren told me there were several constables waiting at the *Dove* to impress me. Accordingly, when I came to the *Dove*, one of the constables laid hold on me, and said, I was a fit person to serve the king. I told

¹ Mr. Kennedy, Adams’s host.

him, if he had sufficient authority for his proceedings, I would go with him. They then took hold of Brother S—, who had come with me from Plymouth, and told him he must go with me. We knew not whither we were going, till we got to Southgate prison. When we came to the prison door, they stopped us, and said, we must go in there. Having entered, one of the constables asked me what countryman I was. I modestly answered, ‘My country is Canaan, and thither I am journeying.’ They said we must stay in prison till Monday, and then be brought before the justices at their quarter sessions.

“We had not, however, been there above five or six hours, when-two of the constables came again, and desired to know our circumstances and manner of living; and particularly if I had taken the-oaths, and qualified myself for preaching. I said, ‘You ought to have enquired into this before you brought us hither. Do we look like vagrants? Mr. S. is a tradesman, and keeps an open shop in Plymouth, and came hither about business. He is also a constable, so that you have impressed one of the king’s officers. As to myself, I am of the Church of England, and have

no need to take the oaths to qualify myself for a preacher; and, besides, I am a freeholder.’ When they heard this, they said, ‘Gentlemen, we have no more to say. You are welcome to go as soon as you please.’ So they called the keeper of the prison, and desired him to release us. At first, he refused, and said he durst not without an order from the magistrates. They said, as they brought us thither without being committed by the justices, they had power to release us. The keeper said, they must give security to bear him blameless. Whether they did or not, I cannot tell; but they let us go; and I believe the poor constables were as glad to bring us out as they were to put us in. I gave- the turnkey sixpence, because he used us kindly, and asked us to go on the leads of the house to air ourselves.

“In the evening, I again preached in the play-house, but was much disturbed. Some beat a drum; some hallooed; some stamped-up and down the galleries; and some spat on the people, and slapped them on their faces. Mr. S. and another¹ went to a justice of the peace, and desired the Proclamation might be read, to disperse the mob. The justice said he would come; and bid them go directly to the town clerk’s, and he would meet them there. Thither they went, and from thence to the mayor’s, who made many objections against going. After great delay, he went with reluctance; but, before they came, we were gone, being apprehensive that the mob would abuse the women as they had done before, which was cruel and inhuman.

“The passage, from the playhouse to the street, was filled with fellows of the baser sort. One poor wretch gnashed his teeth, and swore he would be revenged on me. We were pushed about most grievously. The women were thrown into the dirt, and one had her eye much hurt. Two of the brethren were cuffed prodigiously. I received only some scratches on my hand, but was besmeared all over with mud and dirt, the mob

¹ Mr. Kennedy went with Mr. S. (Kennedy’s Letter.)

pelting us with all the nastiness the kennels afforded, till we got to the house of Mr. Kennedy.

“The next day being Sunday, and the last of my being there, many of our friends thought it would be best to preach in Mr. Kennedy’s house, which I did both morning and evening. It was well we did not go to the play-house, for the mob were there, and seemed more desperate than ever. One of our friends found a paper stuck up against the play-house door, with these words: *‘For the benefit of the mob. This evening will be*

acted at the theatre, Hell in an Uproar; or, the Furies let loose. The part of Beelzebub, by Mr. P—ns: Queen of Hell, by Mrs. L—w, etc.’

“After I had done preaching on Sunday evening, and was going to Rocks Lane, to take my leave of the Society, I was stopped by the same two constables who imprisoned and released us. They told me, the mayor had sent them to acquaint me, that I must meet him and the justices at their quarter sessions on the morrow, at eleven o’clock. I answered, ‘I cannot, for I am obliged to go out of town early in the morning.’ They said, if I would not promise them to be there, they must keep me in custody. I said, I would wait upon the mayor in half an hour, if they would appoint a place where I should meet them; which they did. So I gave a short exhortation to the Society; and then Brother S— and I went with one of the constables to the mayor.

“His worship asked me if my name was Adams. I said, ‘Yes.’ He asked if I was the preacher. I said, ‘Yes.’ ‘Have you qualified yourself?’ I answered, ‘My qualification and sufficiency are of the Lord.’ He bid me not tell him of the *Lord*, but to say whether I had qualified myself according to the Act of Toleration. I answered, ‘I am not a Dissenter, and therefore have nothing to do with that Act, being a son of the Church of England.’ He furiously cried, ‘You are not of the Church,’ and called me several ridiculous names. I said, ‘Sir, you may call me what you please, but I say I am of the Church; and, considering myself so, do not know that my proceedings are illegal.’ He called me several names again, and said I made collections among the poor people, and got their money from them. ‘Sir,’ said I, ‘I never made a collection amongst them in my life.’ He persisted in saying that I did; and asked, ‘How else do you live?’ ‘Sir,’ I said, ‘I have nothing from you; and I know not why I came here to receive such ill-treatment;’ to which I added, that, ‘I did not apprehend I was under any obligation at all to come there; for,’ said I, ‘by the same rule that you stop me on my journey, you may stop any gentleman who comes on business.’ He answered, ‘Sure you have not the d——wd impudence to call yourself a gentleman!’ I said, ‘Sir, whether I be gentle or simple, I am sure you do not use me well; therefore, I don’t think to stay any longer with you.’ ‘But,’ said he, ‘I desire you will be at the quarter sessions to-morrow.’ ‘I cannot,’ said I, ‘for I am obliged to go out of town very early in the morning.’ The constable standing by said, ‘Sir, if you please, I will keep him in custody till the time.’ ‘Will you?’ said I; ‘you had best know by what authority you touch me. If you act contrary to law, I shall let

119

you hear of it. Besides,' I added, 'you know I have not reckoned with you yet for yesterday's five hours' false imprisonment.' And so, without offering to stop us any longer, they let us go.

"When we came out of the mayor's house into the street, we found a mob of some hundreds gathered together, who pelted us with cabbage-stumps, and whatever they could find, until we came almost to Southgate, which was near a furlong; when one opened a door, and desired us to come in, which we did. By this time, I was ready to fall down, by reason of the violent blows I received on my head, and other parts of my body. O good God, forgive these cruel men!

"I am to return to the west in a few days. I am filled with comfort, and not in the least troubled or terrified, though I expect much opposition, and am persuaded afflictions await me. O pray for me, my dear, dear friends, that I may be kept near the Saviour, and may be made bold as a lion, wise as a serpent, meek as a lamb, and harmless as a dove."

This is a long account; but it is useful as illustrating the state of some of the first towns in the kingdom a hundred and thirty years ago; and as shewing the cruel persecutions to which Whitefield's preachers, and the Societies they had gathered, were at that time subjected.

It would be easy to furnish other extracts from the *Christian History*—a book now nearly non-existent; but enough has been written to afford the reader a glimpse—though an imperfect one—of the extent and quality of Whitefield's brotherhood, when, for the third time, he set sail for America.

118

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119

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120

THIRD VISIT TO AMERICA.

AUGUST 1744 TO JUNE 1748.

WHITEFIELD and his wife embarked at Plymouth about August 10, and landed at York, in New England, on October 26. The voyage was long, rough, and dangerous. Six days before his arrival, he wrote:—

"In a week or two after we sailed, we began to have a church in our ship. Two serious New England friends, finding how I was served at

Portsmouth, came from thence to Plymouth, to bear me company. We had regular public prayer morning and evening, frequent communion, and days of humiliation and fasting. Being time of war, and sailing out with near a hundred and fifty ships, we had several convoys. Their taking leave of each other, at their several appointed places, was striking. We have often been alarmed; once with the sight of a Dutch fleet, which we took for an enemy; and again at the sight of Admiral Balchen, who rode by us, receiving the obeisance of the surrounding ships as though he were lord of the whole ocean. On another occasion, one of the ships struck her mainsail into our bowsprit. A little after we came up with the convoy, and our captain informed them of what had happened. The answer was, 'This is your praying, and be damned to you!' This shocked me more than the striking of the ships. At another time, we were alarmed with the sight of two ships, which our captain took to be enemies. The preparations for an engagement were formidable: guns were mounted, chains put round the masts, everything taken out of the great cabin, and hammocks placed about the sides of the ships. All, except myself, seemed ready for fire and smoke. My wife, after having dressed herself to prepare for all events, set about making cartridges, whilst I wanted to go into the holes of the ship, hearing that was the chaplain's usual place. I went; but not liking my situation, I crept upon deck, and, for the first time in my life, beat up to arms, by a warm exhortation. The apprehended enemy approached; but, upon a nearer view, we found them to be two ships going under the same convoy as ourselves."

Perhaps it will be thought that Whitefield and his fellow-

121

voyagers were more alarmed than hurt. But the narrative is not ended. When near the port of York, a small fishing smack approached them. Being told that the smack would be in port several hours before the ship, Whitefield and others went on board. It soon grew dark. The pilots missed the inlet, and the smack was tossed about all night. Whitefield's hunger was such, that, to use his own expression, he "could have gnawed the very boards." The fishermen had nothing eatable, except a few potatoes. Whitefield eagerly devoured them. About half an hour after his arrival at York, he "was put to bed, racked with a nervous colic, and convulsed from his waist down to his toes." For four days, his life was in danger. Word was sent to Boston, that he was dying. A friend and a physician came, says he, "either to take care of me, or to attend my funeral; but, to

their great surprise, they found me in the pulpit." The truth is, as soon as Whitefield's pain abated, the minister at York asked him to preach, and, of course, the temptation was too powerful to be resisted.

Not content with this imprudence, he crossed the ferry to Portsmouth, caught cold, had a return of illness, and was taken to the house of Mr. Sherburne.¹ Three physicians attended him, and Colonel Pepperell,² with many others, came

¹ In Prince's *Christian History*, vol. ii., pi. 320, there is a letter, written by "William Shurtleff," minister at Portsmouth,, stating that Whitefield came to Portsmouth on November 6. Shurtleff and the Rev. Jabez Fitch, another Portsmouth minister, met him. Fitch asked him to preach that evening in his meeting-house. Whitefield did so; and was to have preached again next morning, but was taken ill.

Respecting Prince's *Christian History*, it may be stated here, once for all, that it was a periodical, in two octavo volumes, of 416 pages each, entitled, "The Christian History, containing Accounts of the Revival and Propagation of Religion in Great Britain and America, for the years 1743 and 1744. Boston: printed by S. Kneeland and T. Green, for T. Prince." No. 1 was issued on March 5, 1743; and No. 103, the last, on February 16, 1745. Many of the correspondents seem to trace to Whitefield the beginning of the revivals both in Scotland and New England.

"Sir William Pepperell, the son of a Cornish fisherman, but bred a merchant. In 1727, he was chosen one of His Majesty's Council, and was annually re-elected until his death in 1759. In 1745, he had the command of the troops which invested and conquered Louisbourg. The king, in reward of his services, conferred upon him the dignity of a baronet of Great Britain, an honour never before, and never since, conferred on a native of New England. Just before his death, he was appointed lieutenant-general.

122

to condole with him. It so happened, however, that he was announced to preach at Portsmouth the day after his arrival. A substitute was provided: but, when the time for holding the service came, Whitefield suddenly exclaimed, "Doctor, my pains are suspended; by the help of God, I will go and preach, and then come home and die." He wrote:—

"With some difficulty, I reached the pulpit. All looked quite surprised.

I was as pale as death, and told them they must look upon me as a dying man; and that I came to bear my dying testimony to the truths I had formerly preached amongst them, and to the invisible realities of another world. I continued an hour in my discourse, and nature was almost exhausted; but, O what life, what power, spread all around! All seemed to be melted, and were in tears. Upon my coming home, I was laid on a bed, upon the ground, near the fire; and I heard them say,

‘He is gone!’ but God was pleased to order it otherwise. I gradually recovered; and, soon after, a poor negro woman came, sat down upon the ground, looked earnestly in my face, and said, ‘Master, you just go to heaven’s gate; but Jesus Christ said, Get you down, get you down; you must not come here yet. Go first, and call more poor negroes.’¹ You will find by this, I am still alive; and, if spared to be made instrumental in making any poor dead soul alive to God, I shall rejoice that the all-wise Redeemer has kept me out of heaven a little longer.”

Whitefield was now thoroughly disabled. Hence the following letter from his wife to a friend in England:—

“PORTSMOUTH, New England, *November 14, 1744.*

“My dear and honoured master has ordered me to send you an account of our sorrowful, yet joyful, voyage.

“Our captain and others say, they never saw such a voyage; for all nature seemed to be turned upside down. We had nothing but storms, calms, and contrary winds. We frequently expected to go into eternity. Our own provision was spent; and Mr. Whitefield was so ill, that he could not take the ship’s provision. The winds were such that we expected to be driven off the coast, after we had seen land a week. We prayed to the Lord to send a boat to take us on shore; and, accordingly, a fishing schooner came, that had not been out for a long time before. Into it we went, hoping to get on shore in three or four hours: but the wind arose, and we were out all night.

“On the morrow, being the 26th of October, we landed, about nine in the morning, at York; where the Lord was pleased to visit my dear and honoured master with a nervous colic, which almost took his life. As soon as he was able to go about, he went out and preached twice a day, which was too much for him. We came from York here; and, in the

¹ Gillies’ “Memoirs of Whitefield.”

way, he preached in the rain. On reaching Portsmouth, he preached at candle-light. This laid him up again, and the next day he was judged to be dangerously ill; but, when the time he had proposed to preach arrived, finding himself free from pain, he went out and preached. This had like to have cost him his life, for he became as cold as a clod. But the Lord was pleased to hear prayer from him, and he is now in a fair way.

“The Lord is doing great things here. The fields are indeed ready to the harvest, though there is some opposition. Mr. Whitefield has written

several things, which will be sent as soon as printed here. We received your letter by Captain Adams, but Mr. Whitefield has not strength to answer it. He desires you will send the contents of this to all friends, and tell them they may expect letters the first opportunity.

“The Lord is with my dear Mr. Whitefield, and has been through his illness. He says, he was frequently in hopes of entering his eternal rest; but, since he is longer detained, he is fully persuaded it will be for the Mediator’s glory. I would enlarge, but my dear master’s illness, and many other things, oblige me to subscribe myself your sincere friend and affectionate servant,

“ELIZABETH WHITEFIELD.”¹

Mrs. Whitefield speaks of “*some opposition.*” What was it? Considerable space will have to be occupied in answering this question. The reader will already have observed that some of the Presbyterian and Congregational ministers of America were as bitterly opposed to Whitefield as were any of the clergy of the Church of England. This will become increasingly manifest by the following details. First of all, however, must be given a rampant letter by a quondam Congregationalist, who was now an Episcopalian of the most fervid type.

Timothy Cutler, after graduating at Harvard College, was ordained in 1709, minister of Stratford, Connecticut, and soon became the most celebrated preacher in the colony. In 1719, he was chosen president of Yale College. Three years afterwards, he renounced his connection with the Congregational churches; and, in consequence, was dismissed from his presidential chair. Embarking for England, he was, in 1723, ordained, first a deacon and then a priest of the Established Church; and, at the same time, was created a doctor of divinity, by the Oxford University. Soon after, he became rector of Christ Church, Boston, where he continued till his death in 1765. Though haughty

¹ *Christian History*, No. 3, vol. vi.

and overbearing in his manners, he was a man of great ability, and, in addition to his general learning, was one of the best oriental scholars of the age. In the following

letter to the Rev. Dr. Zachary Grey, of Houghton Conquest, Bedfordshire, Dr. Cutler, doubtless, represented the Episcopalian animosity too generally cherished by the clergy of New England.

“BOSTON, New England, *September 24, 1743.*

“Whitefield has plagued us with a witness. It would be an endless attempt to describe the scene of confusion and disturbance occasioned by him: the divisions of families, neighbourhoods, and towns; the contrariety of husbands and wives; the undutifulness of children and servants; the quarrels-among the teachers; the disorders of the night; the intermission of labour and business; the neglect of husbandry and the gathering of the harvest.

“Our presses are for ever teeming with books, and our women with bastards. Many of the teachers have left their particular cures, and are strolling about the country. Some have been ordained by them *evangelizers*. They all have their *armour-bearers* and *exhorters*. In many conventicles and places of rendezvous, there has been chequered work—several preaching, and several exhorting, or praying, at the same time,—the rest crying, or laughing, yelping, sprawling, or fainting. This revel, in some places, has been maintained many days and nights together, with intermission, and then there were the ‘blessed outpourings of the Spirit!’

“Some of the *New Lights*¹ have overdone themselves by ranting and blaspheming, and are quite demolished; others have extremely weakened their interest, and others are terrified from going the lengths they are inclined to. On the other hand, many of the *Old Lights* (thus are they distinguished) have been forced to trim, and some have lost their congregations; but they will soon raise up a new congregation in any new town where they are opposed. I do not know, but we have fifty, in one place or other, and some of them large and much frequented.

“When Mr. Whitefield first arrived here, the whole town was alarmed. He made his first visit to church on a Friday, and conversed with many of our clergy together, and belied them, me especially, when he had gone. Being not invited into our pulpits, the Dissenters were highly pleased, and engrossed him; and immediately the bells rang, and all hands went to lecture. This show kept on all the while he was here. The town was ever alarmed; the streets were filled with people, with coaches, and chaises—all for the benefit of that holy man. The conventicles, were crowded; but he rather chose the common, where multitudes might see him in all his awful postures: besides, in one crowded conventicle, six were killed in a fight before he came in. The fellow treated the most venerable with an

¹ A nick-name given to Whitefield's converts and admirers in America, and analogous to that of "Methodists" in England.,

125

air of superiority; but he for ever lashed and anathematized the Church of England, and that was enough.

"After him came one Tennent—a monster! impudent and noisy—and told them they were all *darned! damned! damned!* This charmed them; and, in the most dreadful winter I ever saw, people wallowed in snow, night and day, for the benefit of his beastly brayings; and many ended their days under these fatigues. Both of them carried more money out of these parts than the poor could be thankful for."¹

Another notable opponent must be introduced. The Rev. Charles Chauncy, D.D., was born in Boston, in the year 1705. He entered Harvard College at the age of twelve, and four years afterwards received his first degree. In 1727, he was ordained pastor of the first church in Boston, as colleague of the Rev. Thomas Foxcroft. He died in 1787, in the eighty-third year of his age, and the sixtieth of his ministry. Chauncy was eminent for his learning, was ardently attached to the civil and religious liberties of his country, and strongly objected to State Church establishments. His publications were too numerous to be specified in a work like this. His last days were almost entirely occupied in devotional exercises.

One of his publications, issued in 1742, was entitled, "Enthusiasm described and cautioned against. A Sermon preached at the Old Brick Meeting-house in Boston, in

¹ Nichols' "Illustrations of Literature," vol. iv., p. 303.

No wonder that, soon after the receipt of this letter, the Rev. Zachary Grey, D.D., wrote and published a pamphlet, with the following title:—"A serious Address to Lay Methodists, to beware of the false Pretences of their Teachers. With an Appendix containing an Account of the fatal and bloody effects of Enthusiasm in the case of the Family of the Dutartres, in South Carolina. 1745." (8vo. 29 pp.) Dr. Grey tells his readers, as Dr. Cutler, his correspondent, would have done, that "the Methodist preachers are wandering lights, gadding about with canting assurances, and leading people into bogs of delusion." In justice to Whitefield, it must be added that he had no connection whatever with the family of the Dutartres. The family consisted of father, mother, four sons, and four daughters. In the highest degree, they were all fanatics. They withdrew from all society, believing that they alone had the true knowledge of God, and were taught by Him by signs and im-

pulses. They refused to perform militia and highway duty, and threw off all obedience to the civil magistrates. These facts, coupled with adultery on the part of one member of the family, led Justice Simmons to issue a writ for Judith Dutartre. In executing the writ, Simmons was killed by a shot which the Dutartres fired at him and his men. Six of the fanatics were carried prisoners to Charleston, and five of them were sentenced to be hanged for murder. Three were executed, and two, on confessing their error, were pardoned. ("The Great Awakening," by Tracy, p. 79.)

126

1742. With a Letter to the Rev. Mr. James Davenport." (8vo. 35 pp.) Mr. Davenport was the minister of Southhold, Long Island; and, during Whitefield's previous visit to America, became extremely popular in the great revival. Among other places, he visited New Haven, and encouraged the agitations and outcries, which at that time attracted so much attention. In 1742, the Assembly of Connecticut, deeming him under the influence of enthusiastic impulses, directed the governor to transport him out of the colony to the place whence he came. Two years afterwards, he published a confession and retractation. Whitefield is not mentioned in Dr. Chauncy's sermon; but there can be little doubt, that it was levelled against him as well as against James Davenport.

Twelve months after this, Whitefield was made one of the most prominent figures in another of Chauncy's works: "Seasonable Thoughts on the State of Religion in New England. By Charles Chauncy, D.D. Boston, 1743." (8vo. 454 pp.) It is impossible to give here any general outline of Chauncy's book, but a few facts and extracts may be useful.

Dr. Chauncy declares that he "could never see upon what warrant, either from *Scripture* or *reason*, Mr. Whitefield went about preaching from one province and parish to another, where the gospel was already preached, and by persons as well qualified for the work as he could pretend to be." He inclines to think, however, that Whitefield was moved by conceit and a love of popular applause. "The inconveniences, which had arisen from this method of acting, had been so great, that the Assembly of Connecticut had passed an Act, restraining both *ordained ministers*, and *licensed candidates*, from preaching in *other men's parishes*,

without *their* and their *church's* consent; and wholly prohibiting the *exhortations of illiterate laymen.*" "Most, if not all, of the present *itinerants* are swollen and ready to burst with *spiritual pride.* As to their *mission,* they have none, except from their own fond imagination." "Mr. Whitefield seldom preached, but he had something or other in his sermon, against *unconverted ministers;* and what he delivered had an evident tendency to fill the minds of the

127

people with evil surmisings against the ministers, as though they were, for the most part, *carnal, unregenerate* wretches. He often spake of them, in the lump, as *Pharisees, enemies of Christ Jesus,* and the *worst enemies* he had." "There never was a time, since the settlement of New England, wherein there was so much *bitter and rash judging*—parents condemning their children, and children their parents; husbands their wives, and wives their husbands; masters their servants, and servants their masters; ministers their people, and people their ministers. *Censoriousness,* to a *high degree,* is the *constant appendage* of this *religious commotion.*" "I have all along encouraged a hope of Mr. Whitefield as a *real Christian.* And he has certainly been *zealous and active* beyond most of his *brethren.* But has he not, through the *inexperience of youth,* and an *intemperature of zeal,* been betrayed into such things as cannot but be condemned? In particular, I was always afraid, lest people, from him, should learn to give heed to *impulses* and *impressions,* and, by degrees, come to *revelations,* and other *extraordinaries* of this kind."

"Another *bad* thing is the *confusion* that has been so common, of late, in some of our houses of worship. Says a friend, in giving an account of things, he was himself a witness to, 'The meeting was carried on with great confusion; some *screaming* out in distress and anguish; some *praying;* others *singing;* some *jumping up and down* the house, while others were *exhorting;* some *lying along* on the floor, and others *walking* and *talking:* the whole with a very great noise, to be heard at a mile's distance, and continued almost the whole night."¹

Dr. Chauncy proceeds to mention the *dangerous errors* now prevalent among the people; namely: 1. "That which supposes ministers, if not *converted*, incapable of being *instruments of spiritual good* to men's souls. Mr. Whitefield

¹ It was unfair to attribute this to Whitefield. In "An Account of the Revival of Religion in Boston, in 1740-1-2-3. By Thomas Prince, one of the Pastors of the Old South Church," the following testimony is given by the Rev. Dr. Colman:—"I do not remember any crying out, or falling down, or fainting, either under Mr. Whitefield's or Mr. Tennent's ministry, all the while they were at Boston, though many were in great concern of soul." (p. 13.)

128

very freely vented this error!"¹ 2. "A *presumptuous dependence on the blessed Spirit*; appearing in the following particulars: so depending on the help of the Spirit as to *despise learning*;" also, so as to "oppose a diligent use of *appointed means*;" and so as to "reflect *dishonour upon the written revelations of God*." 3. "The making *assurance essential to conversion*." 4. "The connecting a knowledge of the *time of conversion* with the *thing itself*, as though there could not be the one without the other." 5. "The *vilifying of good works*." 6. "Decrying *sanctification* as an *evidence of justification*."

Dr. Chauncy inserts a "proclamation for a day of public fasting and prayer," issued, on the 9th of February, 1743, by the Honourable Jonathan Law, Esq., Governor of Connecticut, in which the ministers and people of the colony are exhorted to "confess and bewail" all their sins; "particularly, the great neglect and contempt of the gospel and the ministry thereof, and the prevailing of a spirit of error, disorder, unpeaceableness, pride, bitterness, uncharitableness, censoriousness, disobedience, calumniating and reviling of authority; also divisions, contentions, separations, and confusions in churches; and injustice, idleness, evil-speaking, lasciviousness, and all other vices and impieties which abound among us."

The fifth and last part of Dr. Chauncy's book contains "the best expedients to promote the interest of religion at this day." He quotes, with approval, some of Jonathan Edwards's recommendations, such as "confessing of faults

on both sides;" "the exercise of extraordinary meekness and forbearance;" "prayer with fasting;" "care taken that the colleges be so regulated as to be nurseries of piety;" and "taking heed that, while fulfilling the external duties of devotion—as praying, hearing, singing, and attending reli-

¹ "A large majority in the Presbyterian Church, and many, if not most, of the Congregationalists, in New England, held that the ministrations of unconverted men, if neither heretical in doctrine nor scandalous for immorality, were valid, and their labours useful." (The Great Awakening, by Tracy, p. 66.) Gilbert Tennent was one of the first to publicly attack this monstrous error, in his famous Nottingham sermon, on "The Danger of an Unconverted Ministry." For years afterwards, the error was furiously maintained.

129

gious meetings—there must be proportionable care to abound in *moral duties*, as acts of righteousness, truth, meekness, forgiveness, and love towards our neighbour." To these recommendations, Dr. Chauncy adds some of his own, namely: 1. "The putting a stop to *itinerant preaching*." 2. "So to guard church pulpits, that no raw, unqualified persons might be suffered, upon any terms, to go into them." 3. To guard "against a wrong use of the passions." 4. The exercise of a "*strict discipline* in our churches." 5. "A due care to prove all things, that we may hold fast that which is good."

These are lengthy, though imperfect, extracts; but, if an apology be needed, it may be found in the facts that Dr. Chauncy was one of the most influential men in New England, and that the effects produced by his book were greater than can be well imagined. He prefixes to his work a list of nearly eight hundred subscribers, including four governors of colonies, twenty-seven "honourables," and a hundred and forty-seven "reverends."

Whitefield published a reply to Chauncy's book; but, strangely enough, the reply is not in his collected works, and seems to have been unknown to all his biographers. The following was its title: "A Letter to the Rev. Dr. Chauncy, on account of some passages relating to the Rev. Mr. Whitefield, in his book entitled, 'Seasonable Thoughts on the State of Religion in New England.' By George

Whitefield, A.B., late of Pembroke College, Oxon. Boston, 1745." (410. 14 pp.) The letter is dated, "Portsmouth, Piscataqua, November 19, 1744;" and the preface to it, "Boston, January 18, 1745."

The spirit breathing in Whitefield's pamphlet is beautifully Christian; and, wherever he defends himself, he does it most successfully. He confesses, however, that he was wrong, when he said, "*Many*, nay, *most* of the New England preachers did not experimentally know Christ;" and, in reference to Tillotson, he says, "I acknowledge that I spake of his *person* in too strong terms, and too rashly condemned his *state*, when I ought only to have censured his *doctrine*." The following is Whitefield's concluding paragraph:—

I write this under the immediate views of a happy eternity; and

130

rejoice in the prospect of that day, wherein I shall appear before a compassionate Judge, who will cover all my infirmities with the mantle of His everlasting righteousness, and graciously accept my poor and weak efforts to promote His kingdom. I beg, reverend sir, an interest in your prayers, that I may glorify God, whether by life or death; and, praying that you may be taught of God to preach the truth as it is in Jesus, turn many to righteousness, and shine in the kingdom of heaven, as the stars in the firmament, for ever and ever, I subscribe myself, reverend and dear sir, your most affectionate, humble servant,

"GEORGE WHITEFIELD."

Other hostile publications must be mentioned. The Congregational ministers of Massachusetts were accustomed to meet at Boston on the day of the opening of the colonial legislature, to converse on matters of general interest, and to hear a sermon from one of their number previously appointed. The convention of 1743 had for its moderator the Rev. Nathaniel Eells, and by its authority the following was published: "The Testimony of the Pastors of the Churches in the Province of Massachusetts Bay, in New England, at their Annual Convention in Boston, May 25, 1743, against several Errors in Doctrine and Disorders in Practice, which have of late obtained in various parts of the Land." The doctrinal errors were attaching importance to secret impulses

of the mind, without due regard to the written word; that none are converted, but such as know they are converted, and the time when; that assurance is of the essence of saving faith; and that sanctification is no evidence of justification. The disorders in practice were: Ordained ministers and young candidates going from place to place, and preaching without the knowledge, or contrary to the leave, of the stated pastors in such places; private persons of no education and but low attainments, without any regular call, taking upon themselves to be preachers of the word; ordaining or separating persons to the work of the evangelical ministry at large, without any relation to a particular charge; separation from the particular flocks to which persons belong, to join themselves with, and support lay exhorters and itinerants; and assuming the prerogatives of God, to look into the hearts of their neighbours, and to censure their brethren, especially their ministers, as Pharisees and Arminians. As an antidote to the decisions of this convention, another

131

publication was issued. On the 7th of July, 1743, ninety ministers met at Boston, chose Dr. Sewall as their moderator, and Thomas Prince as their secretary, and published "The Testimony and Advice of an Assembly of Pastors of Churches in New England, at a meeting in Boston, July 7, 1743, occasioned by the late happy Revival of Religion in many parts of the Land." The "Testimony" was signed by sixty-eight of the ministers present, and was agreed to by forty-five who were absent.

After this there was a convention of laymen, who issued the following: "The Testimony and Advice of a Number of Laymen, respecting Religion and the Teachers of it. Addressed to the Pastors of New England." The "Testimony" "is dated "Boston, September 12, 1743." Speaking of Whitefield, it says:—

"He came here in September, 1740, and, with indefatigable industry, travelled through this province, preaching, begging, and collecting from town to town. Though he was a man of a weak mind, little learning, and no argument, yet, by means of a somewhat crafty improvement of the advantageous circumstances and character under which he arrived,

and by his being somewhat of an orator, and assuming an over-sanctified behaviour, by great diligence, and by preaching frequently *memoriter* and with a vehemence unusual to the people of this province, he gained upon their passions, and thereby wheedled himself into their affections.”

After sneering at Whitefield as “the grand itinerant,” “the reverend bachelor of arts,” “the reverend youth,” and “the reverend stripling,” the “Testimony” finishes by exhorting the “pastors of New England,” to study the Scriptures, to acquire knowledge, to preach the gospel in its simplicity, to throw aside the use of technical terms, which neither they nor their hearers understand, and not to be “apish imitators of foreigners.”

All these were issued previous to Whitefield’s arrival in 1744; the following were published soon after:—

1. “A Letter from two neighbouring Associations of Ministers in the Country, to the Associated Ministers of Boston and Charlestown, relating to the admission of Mr. Whitefield into their pulpits.” The “letter” was dated December 26, 1744, and had the approbation of nineteen ministers. The following is an extract. Having assumed, as an undisputed truth, that great and grievous disorders

132

had prevailed among the churches, through the influence of itinerants, they ask:—

“Brethren, are you satisfied that Mr. Whitefield approves not of these disorders? Is he against separations? Is he an enemy to enthusiasm? Do you find in him a disposition to the most plain Christian duty, of humbly confessing and publicly retracting his wicked and slanderous suggestions concerning the ministry, and concerning our colleges, so much our glory? Do you find him inclined to heal the unhappy divisions occasioned by his former visit? Have you not, by opening your pulpit doors to this gentleman, encouraged the weaker sort of people to expect the like of their ministers?” etc., etc.

2. The next publication must be prefaced. The Rev. Edward Wigglesworth, D.D., was a man of distinguished talents, and, for the last two and twenty years, had been professor of divinity in Harvard College. The Rev. Edward Holyoke was president of the same college, and, as a scholar and a preacher, had gained a high reputation. During his

former visit to America, Whitefield had preached before the professors and students of Harvard College with great power and acceptance; but, in his journal, subsequently published, there was the following paragraph:—

“The ministers and people of Connecticut seem to be more simple and serious than those who live near Boston, especially in those parts where I went. But I think the ministers preaching almost universally by notes, is a certain mark they have in a great measure lost the old spirit of preaching. For, though all are not to be condemned who use notes, yet it is a sad symptom of the decay of vital religion, when reading sermons becomes fashionable where extempore preaching did once almost universally prevail. When the spirit of prayer began to be lost, then forms of prayer were invented; and I believe the same observation will hold good as to preaching. As for the universities, I believe it may be said their light is now become darkness—darkness that may be felt—and is complained of by the most godly ministers. I pray God these fountains may be purified, and send forth pure streams to water the city of our God. The Church of England is at a very low ebb; and, as far as I can find, had people kept their primitive purity, it would scarce have got a footing in New England. I have many evidences to prove that most of the churches have been first set up by immoral men, and such as would not submit to the discipline of their congregations, or were corrupt in the faith. But I will say no more about the poor Church of England. Most of her sons, whether ministers or people, I fear, hate to be reformed.”

This evoked “A Testimony from the President and Professors, Tutors, and Hebrew Instructor of Harvard

133

College, against the Rev. Mr. George Whitefield and his Conduct.” The “Testimony” is dated “December 28, 1744.” The faculty of Harvard College say, “We look upon Mr. Whitefield’s going about in an itinerant way, especially as he has so much of an enthusiastical turn of mind, as being utterly inconsistent with the peace and order, if not the very being, of the Churches of Christ.” Whitefield was charged with “enthusiasm,” and with being “an uncharitable, censorious, and slanderous man.” The faculty refer to his “reproachful reflections” on their college, and denounce his “rashness and his arrogance; his rashness,” say they, “in publishing such a disadvantageous character of us, because somebody had so informed him; and his arrogance, that

such a young man as he should take upon him to tell what books we should allow our pupils to read." They pronounce Whitefield's assertion that "the-light of the universities had become darkness," a "most wicked and libellous falsehood;" and, in reference to his statement that many of the ministers of the country were unconverted, they say he is "guilty of gross breaches of the ninth commandment of the moral law." They bear "testimony" against him as "a deluder of the people," in the affair of contributions for the Orphan House; for he had led the people to believe that the orphans would be under his own immediate instruction, and yet "he had scarce been at the Orphan House for these four years." And, in conclusion, they condemn his extempore preaching, and his itinerating, as "by no means proper."

Whitefield replied to the "Testimony," in a letter, dated "Boston, January 23, 1745." He answers the accusation of the college faculty, that "he *conducted himself by dreams;*" and "usually governed himself by *sudden impulses and impressions* on his mind." As to his having slandered Harvard College, he says, he meant no more than President Holyoke did, when, speaking of the degeneracy of the times, in his sermon at the annual convention of ministers, May 28, 1741, he remarked: "Alas! how is the gold become dim, and the most fine gold changed! We have lost our first love; and, though religion is still in fashion with us, it is evident that the power of it is greatly decayed." He further replies to the charges that he was "a deluder of the people," and had

134

"extorted money" from them for his Orphan House. He explains in what sense he was an "extempore preacher;" denies the charge that he was an "Antinomian;" and justifies his itinerancy. He concludes thus:—

"I am come to New England with no intention to meddle with, much less to destroy, the order of the New England churches; or to turn out the generality of their ministers, and re-settle them with ministers from England, Scotland, and Ireland, as hath been hinted in a late letter written by the Rev. Mr. Clap, rector of Yale College. Such a thought never entered my heart. I have no intention of setting up a party for myself, or to stir up people against their pastors. Had not illness pre-

vented, I had some weeks ago departed from these coasts. But, as it is not a season of the year for me to undertake a very long journey, and as I have reason to think the great God daily blesses my poor labours, I think it my duty to comply with the invitations that are sent to me, and, as I am enabled, to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. This indeed, I delight in. It is my meat and my drink. I esteem it more than my necessary food. This, I think, I may do, as a minister of the King of kings, and a subject of his present majesty King George, upon whose royal head I pray God the crown may long flourish. And, as I have a right to preach, so, I humbly apprehend, the people have a right to hear. If the pulpits should be shut, blessed be God! the fields are open. I can go without the camp, bearing the Redeemer's sacred reproach. I am used to this, and glory in it. At the same time, I ask public pardon for any rash word I have dropped, or anything I have written or done amiss. This leads me also to ask forgiveness, gentlemen, if I have done you or your society, in my Journal, any wrong. Be pleased to accept unfeigned thanks for all tokens of respect you shewed me when here last. And, if you have injured me in the "Testimony" you have published against me and my conduct (as I think you have), it is already forgiven, without asking, by, gentlemen, your affectionate, humble servant,

"GEORGE WHITEFIELD."

The whole of Whitefield's letter is in his best style of writing. For *him*, it is terse and pointed; and, of course, it is respectful and Christian. Certainly it contains one retort, which, though perfectly fair, must have been especially stinging. The faculty of Harvard College published their "Testimony" to prove that Whitefield was "an enthusiast, a censorious, uncharitable person, and a deluder of the people;" and here Whitefield quietly reminds them that, on May 28, 1741, Mr. Holyoke, their president, preached a sermon, which was afterwards published, in which the following

135

paragraph occurs, respecting himself and his friend Gilbert Tennent:—

"Those *two pious and valuable men of God*, who have been lately labouring more abundantly among us, have been greatly instrumental in the hands of God, in reviving His blessed work; and many, no doubt, have been savingly converted from the error of their ways, many more

have been convicted, and all have been in some measure roused from their lethargy."

Whitefield's reply to the "Testimony" of Harvard College was complete; but Harvard College, unfortunately, was not silenced. Hence the publication of the following unworthy production:—

3. "A Letter to the Rev. Mr. George Whitefield, by way of Reply to his Answer to the College Testimony against him and his Conduct. By Edward Wigglesworth, D.D., Professor of Divinity in said College. To which is added the Reverend President's Answer to the things charged upon him, by the said Mr. Whitefield, as Inconsistencies. Boston, New England, 1745." (4to. 68 pp.) The president's Answer is dated "February 20, 1745," and Dr. Wigglesworth's Letter, "April 22, 1745." The former contains nothing that need be noticed; but the letter, written "in the name, and at the desire of the Reverend President and others of Harvard College," must not be passed in silence.

Dr. Wigglesworth reiterates the charge of enthusiasm; he censures Whitefield for censuring Tillotson; and is angry because Whitefield had said, Harvard College, "in piety and true godliness," was not much superior to the English Universities. He accuses Whitefield of uttering and writing "pernicious reflections upon the Ministers of the Churches of New England," and says, "What you have done, and others who have followed your example, has had an effect more extensive and pernicious than any man could have imagined six years ago. Who could have believed, that, in such a country as this, such a spirit of jealousy and evil-surmising could have been raised, by the influence and example of a *young stranger*? Perhaps there is not now a single town in this province, and, probably, not in Connecticut, in which there are not numbers of people whose minds are under strong prejudices against their ministers; such

136

prejudices as almost cut off all hope of their profiting by their sacred ministrations."

Wigglesworth next attacks Whitefield respecting his Orphan House management and accounts; censures him

for leaving the children; and tells him that his superintendents, Habersham and Barber, are “gentlemen of no name or character in these parts of New England, nor so much as known by name among multitudes of his contributors.” Itinerant preaching and its results are condemned; and then the divinity professor says: “You have in all parts of England and Wales, as far as your interest reached, formed your followers into bands and associations, after the *Moravian* manner; and have set over them exhorters, superintendents, and visitors; and are yourself *Grand Moderator* over all, when in England, and your dear brother Harris in your absence. So we may very reasonably conclude, that, whenever you think the good people of this country enough under your influence to bear it, you will throw off the mask here too, and endeavour to reduce us to the same model.”

Dr. Wigglesworth benignly concludes, by saying, “As you have been permitted to fall into repeated, deliberate, most public, comprehensive, and pernicious violations of the holy laws of God, I cannot persuade myself that any good could come of *private conferences*, but think you ought to give *satisfaction* in as *public* a manner as you have given *offence*.”

Whitefield lived long enough to requite this offensive imperiousness. Twenty-nine years afterwards, when the library of Harvard College was destroyed by fire, and while Wigglesworth was still divinity professor, Whitefield, forgetful of the past, did his utmost in begging books for the new library; and, four years later still, while Holyoke was yet president, had the noble revenge of being thanked, in the following minute, entered in the college records:—

“At a meeting of the President and Fellows of Harvard College, August 22, 1768, the Rev. G. Whitefield having, in addition to his former kindness to Harvard College, lately presented to the library a new edition of his Journals, and having also procured large benefactions from several benevolent and respectable gentlemen, it was voted that the thanks of this

corporation be given to the Rev. Mr. Whitefield, for these instances of candour and generosity.”¹

Unfortunately the list of controversial pamphlets is not exhausted. To those already noticed, the following must be added:—

4. "A Letter from the Rev. Nathaniel Henchman, Pastor of the First Church in Lynn, to the Rev. Stephen Chase, of Lynn End, giving his reasons for declining to admit the Rev. George Whitefield into his pulpit." Mr. Henchman's letter is dated "January 3, 1745." The reverend writer was too angry to be polite. He speaks of "strolling itinerants, and swarms of mean animals called exhorters." He resents Whitefield's "slandrous treatment of our colleges," and "the insufferable pride and vanity of the man." "Who," he asks, "ever equalled him in vain-glorious boasting?" and adds: "In one country, he is a true son of the Church of England; in a second, a staunch Presbyterian; and in a third, a strong Congregationalist." He suspects Whitefield of coming to America "to make a purse for himself, by begging, with great solemnity, for his poor little ones at the Orphan House in Georgia,—the most ill-projected scheme since darkness was on the face of the deep, to found an Orphan House in an infant and expiring colony, and in the heart of the enemy's country, though it answered well his mendicant intention." Henchman also accuses Whitefield of a design "to raze the foundation of our churches, and change the religion of New England."

5. "The Sentiments and Resolution of an Association of Ministers, convened at Weymouth, January 15, 1745, concerning the Rev. Mr. George Whitefield." In addition to accusations already mentioned, the "Association" find fault with Whitefield, because, though he had condemned persons who "cried out in the public assemblies," yet, when preaching in country towns, if such an incident occurred, he would at once raise his voice as if he were trying to vie with the people in screaming; the result of which was, the cries waxed louder and louder, till the whole assembly was thrown into confusion. The Association were "surprised

¹ Gillies' "Life of Whitefield."

138

and grieved," that he, a priest of the Church of England, should administer the Lord's supper in Congregational churches. They condemned his practice of singing hymns in the public roads, when riding from town to town, and lamented, that, in almost every town where he had preached, there had been more or less alienation between the minister and people. They came to the "resolution," that, they would not "directly or indirectly encourage Mr. Whitefield to preach, either publicly or privately, in their respective parishes." This was signed by fifteen ministers.

6. Another pamphlet contained "The Testimony of an Association of Ministers, convened at Marlborough, January 22nd, 1745;" and also the Testimony of another "Association of Ministers in the county of Bristol." The two Testimonies unitedly were signed by nineteen ministers, who came to the general conclusion, that "the devil himself, with all his cunning, could not take a more direct step to overthrow the churches of New England, hurt religion, and destroy the souls of men, than Whitefield had taken."

7. "The Declaration of the Faculty of Yale College," dated "February 25, 1745." The "Faculty" endorse "The Testimony" of their brethren of Harvard College. They also especially insist upon two things: 1. "That Whitefield and other itinerants had laid a scheme to turn the generality of ministers out of their places, and to introduce a new set, attached to Whitefield; because Whitefield had stated, that, the generality of ministers were unconverted, and that all unconverted ministers were half beasts and half devils, and could no more be the means of any man's conversion than a dead man could beget living children." 2. That Whitefield had "publicly told the people in New England, that they might expect, in a little time, a supply of ministers from his Orphan House; and that he had told Edwards, of Northampton, that he intended to bring over a number of young men from England to be ordained by the Tennents."

8. This publication was followed by "A Letter from the Rev. Mr. Clap, Rector of Yale College, in New-Haven, to

the Rev. Mr. Edwards, of Northampton, expostulating with him for his injurious reflections in a late Letter to a Friend,

139

and shewing that Mr. Edwards, in contradicting the Rector, plainly contradicts himself."

Mr. Clap was a strong-minded man, and, in the higher branches of mathematics, had no equal in America, except Professor Winthorpe. He constructed the first orrery made in that country. The pith of his present pamphlet was a dispute between him and Edwards, as to what Whitefield had said respecting his design "to turn the generality of the ministers of New England out of their pulpits, and to bring ministers from England, Scotland, and Ireland," to supply their places. Besides displaying considerable bitterness between the two disputants, the publication of Rector Clap exhibited Whitefield in an obnoxious light.

9. "Mr. Pickering's Letter to Mr. Whitefield, touching his Relation to the Church of England, his Impulses, or Impressions, and the present unhappy state of things." The letter of the Rev. Theophilus Pickering, minister at Ipswich, is dated "February 12, 1745," and the writer objects to Whitefield, 1. Because he is a clergyman of the Church of England; 2. Because of his "dreams and impressions;" 3. Because Whitefield's "travelling services will be more *hurtful* than *beneficial*."

10. "A Letter to the Second Church and Congregation in Scituate; written by their Reverend Pastor, shewing some Reasons why he doth not invite the Rev. Mr. George Whitefield into his Pulpit." The Letter is signed "N. Eells," and is dated "April 15, 1745." Mr. Eells had been the pastor of the Church at Scituate forty years and ten months; and his "Reasons" were—1. Whitefield "did not stand right in the gospel of Christ; for, by his episcopal ordination, he received no authority to itinerate, as he had done for years past; and the authority he had received from the bishop who ordained him, he had forfeited, and was now suspended from the ministry of the Church of England, and from communion at the Lord's table," 2. "The manner of his itinerancy was not according to Scripture, but was rather

a blemish, reproach, and scandal to the ministry; for he had no authority from Christ, either *mediately or immediately*; and he spent his time in places where the people did not want him." 3. "He had made it manifest that he was no

140

real friend to the ministers and churches of this land; for he had represented the pastors of these churches to be men of no grace, without the knowledge of Christ, and so unqualified for the ministry; he had preached in places at the invitation of factious persons, contrary to the mind of their pious and orthodox pastors; he had favoured disorders in the public worship of God, such as screaming, etc.; and he had encouraged separation and separatists from our churches."

Such are specimens of the publications against Whitefield. We have met with three only in his favour.

1. "An Apology on behalf of the Rev. Mr. Whitefield, offering a fair Solution of certain Difficulties, objected against some parts of his Public Conduct, in point of Moral Honesty and Uniformity with his own Subscriptions and Ordination Vows: as the said exceptions are set forth in a late Pamphlet, entitled, 'A Letter to the Rev. Mr. George Whitefield, publicly calling upon him to vindicate his Conduct, or confess his Faith,' signed L. K. By Thomas Foxcroft, A.M., one of the Pastors of the first Church in Boston. Being several Letters,, written for the satisfaction of a Friend, and published by Desire. Boston, 1745." (4to. 38 pp.)

For twenty-eight years, Mr. Foxcroft had been the minister of the Church just mentioned, and, strangely enough, Dr. Chauncy was his colleague. Mr. Foxcroft's first letter is dated "December 31, 1744," and his second and third were written during the fortnight next ensuing. He shews, that, "Bishops of the Church of England have power to grant licenses of wider extent than the narrow district of a single parish, to any ordained minister they think proper, who, in virtue of such license, may travel from place to place as they think fit." "The sending forth of itinerant preachers was a practice of the Church of England at the

beginning of the Reformation; and has been remarkably revived of late years, particularly with relation to foreign parts." "Mr. Whitefield is not the only episcopal itinerant in America. In the Abstract of the Proceedings of the Society for Propagating the Gospel, for 1743, Mr. Morris is expressly named '*Itinerant Missionary*,' in Connecticut;

141

Mr. Punderson, '*Itinerant Missionary*,' New England; and Mr. Lindsay, '*Itinerant Missionary*,' in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. It is no violation, therefore, of the original commission from the Bishop, to act beyond the limits of a particular cure or charge, or even in the character of an itinerant. And, with regard to special license," continues Mr. Foxcroft, "I question whether the itinerant missionaries above-mentioned have had this any more than Mr. Whitefield."

2. "An Inquiry into the Itinerancy and the Conduct of the Rev. Mr. George Whitefield, an Itinerant Preacher: vindicating the former against the charge of *unlawfulness* and *inexpediency*, and the latter against some aspersions, which have been frequently cast upon him. By William Hobby, A.M., Pastor of the first Church in Reading. Boston, 1745." (8vo. 28 pp.)

Mr. Hobby was a graduate of Harvard College, and was a fluent and fervid preacher. He died in 1765, aged fifty-seven. Passing over that part of his pamphlet which refers to the *lawfulness* of itinerancy, it may be stated, that he successfully replies to the attacks on Whitefield respecting his Orphan House accounts, his being an enthusiast and ecclesiastical chameleon,¹ and his aspersion of ministers. With regard to the accusation that he was a *perjurer*, because he had sworn to prosecute his appeal against Commissary Garden's censure, and had not done so, Mr. Hobby says, "Whitefield exerted himself to the utmost to get a hearing in the court at home (which he now proves by an affidavit, taken before the Lord Mayor of London by himself and his solicitor), but all in vain."

Mr. Hobby comes to the following conclusion respecting Whitefield: "In most things he is highly commendable;

in more justifiable; and in almost all very excusable. I say in *almost all*, for I am willing to allow Mr. Whitefield has his foibles and imperfections. He is a man of like passions with others. What then—shall I condemn him

¹ “Some,” says Mr. Hobby, “object to Mr. Whitefield, because in England he is a *Churchman*, in Scotland a *Kirkman*—here he is a *Dis-senter*, and there an *Anabaptist*—that is, he has communion with *all* these churches, and therefore ought to have communion with *none*.”

142

because he is not perfect? Alas! what shall I then do with myself and others? The sun itself has its spots: shall we therefore try to *put out* the sun? Vain attempt! Or shall I *shut my eyes* against its light? Ridiculous and absurd! Neither would I shut my eyes against Mr. Whitefield’s excellences, and only open them to behold his weaknesses.”

3. “Invitations to the Rev. Mr. Whitefield from the Eastern Consociation of the County of Fairfield. With a Letter from the Rev. Mr. Samuel Cooke,¹ of Stratfield, in Connecticut, to a Minister in Boston, concerning the former success of Mr. Whitefield’s Ministry there. Boston, 1745.” (8vo. & pp.) There is nothing in this publication that deserves special notice, except that Mr. Cooke, on behalf of himself and nine other ministers, whose names and residences are given, earnestly entreats Whitefield to visit the churches of the “Eastern Consociation;” and forwards to Whitefield a minute passed at a meeting held in 1740, inviting him to visit the same churches, but stipulating that he should not make “personal reflections to wound the characters of others, who have been generally well accepted among Christians for piety;” and that he should “not expect them to make collections for his Orphan House in Georgia.”

Such was the literary storm through which Whitefield had to pass when he visited America in 1744. There is much in the publications, so briefly noticed, which invites remark; but want of space precludes comment. It is certainly amusing that liberty-loving Connecticut should pass and enforce the despotic Act it did. Puritanism was becoming as intolerant as prelacy. As to Whitefield’s

aspersions of New England ministers, the accusation was scarcely true. He rarely, if ever, mentioned names; but rather denounced, in general terms, the employment of an *unconverted* ministry. No doubt, in many instances, the pulpits of America were occupied by sincere, earnest, able, godly men; but it is equally certain, that, in many other instances, the ministers were culpably defective. Even

¹ The Rev. Samuel Cooke was ordained in 1739, and died in 1783, aged seventy-four.

143

President Holyoke seems to admit this; and Dr. Chauncy becomes its apologist. It is also true, that, during Whitefield's residence in England, the American revival had been disgraced by many scenes of fanatical confusion, and by a bitterness of spirit indulged by some of its converts; but it is difficult to see how absent Whitefield deserved blame for this. It is absolutely false, that Whitefield had been suspended from the ministry, and excluded from the communion of the Church of England. The taunts, likewise, in reference to his Orphan House accounts, were unmerited, inasmuch as he had printed and published a balance-sheet, which his enemies in New England might have read if they had wished. The power and the practice of bishops to license ordained ministers to become itinerant preachers is a point which must be left to Church lawyers. There is, however, one other subject too important to pass unnoticed. In England and in Wales, he and others associated with him had formed a considerable number of Societies, and had employed an earnest band of itinerant preachers and exhorters, and had instituted quarterly and other associations, or conferences. In short, almost without intending it, he had formed a *party*, he himself being its "moderator," the Tabernacle, Moorfields, its head-quarters, and the *Christian-History* its literary magazine.¹ Whitefield, however, refrained from the formation of a sect across the Atlantic. He honestly told the faculty of Harvard College, that he had "no intention of setting up a party for" himself; and he faithfully adhered to this declaration. In America, at least,

he was not the founder of a sect. It is true, that, in New England and elsewhere, separate congregations were formed in several places, by illiterate, but pious, preachers; but this was not done by the authority and immediate help of Whitefield. These "Separatists" and "New Lights," as they were called, might have been converted, or benefited by Whitefield's preaching; but their organizations were their own. In many instances, their former pastors failed to feed

¹ In a pamphlet, published in 1745, and entitled, "The Question whether it be right to turn Methodist considered," the Methodists are divided into four sections; namely, "Moravians, Inghamites, Westleyites, and Whitefieldians."

144

them with the bread of life, and, naturally enough, they sought it somewhere else. Many of these "separate" churches existed long after Whitefield's death; and some of them warmly welcomed Wesley's preachers. A member of the Irish conference was induced to become the pastor of one of them, over which he presided for nearly half a century. It is now known as "The Benevolent Congregationalist Church," and is one of the largest and most wealthy churches in New England.¹

We must now return to Whitefield's itinerancy. He was left at Portsmouth, New England, ill and disabled. As soon as possible, he removed to Boston. The following is from Prince's *Christian History*, No. xciv.:—

"Saturday, November 24, 1744. The Rev. Mr. Whitefield was so far revived, as to be able to set out from Portsmouth to Boston, whither he came, in a very feeble state, the Monday evening after. Since then, he has been able to preach in several of our largest houses of public worship, particularly the Rev. Dr. Colman's, Dr. Sewall's, Mr. Webb's, and Mr. Gee's. At Dr. Colman's request, and the consent of the Church, on the Lord's-day after his arrival, he administered to them the holy communion. And, last Lord's-day, he preached for Mr. Cheever, of Chelsea, and administered the holy supper there. The next day, he preached for the Rev. Mr. Emerson, of Maiden. Yesterday, he set out to preach at some towns to the northward. On his return, he proposes to comply with the earnest invitation of several ministers, to go and preach to their congregations in the southern parts of the province. He comes with the same extraordinary spirit of meekness, sweetness, and universal benevolence, as

before. In opposition to the spirit of *bigotry*, he is still for holding communion with all Protestant churches. In opposition to *enthusiasm*, he preaches a close adherence to the Scriptures, the necessity of trying all impressions by them, and of rejecting whatever is not agreeable to them, as delusions. In opposition to *antinomianism*, he preaches up all kinds of relative, and religious duties; and, in short, the doctrines of the Church of England, and of the first fathers of this country. As before, he first applies himself to the understandings of his hearers, and then to the affections; and the more he preaches, the more he convinces people of their mistakes about him, and increases their satisfaction.

To this testimony must now be added extracts from Whitefield's letters.

“BOSTON, *January* 18, 1745.

“You see I am now at Boston, whither I was brought from Piscataqua²

¹ *Methodist Magazine*, 1855, p. 1111.

² A river, near Portsmouth.

in a coach and four. The joy with which I was received by the common people, cannot be described; but many of the ministers,—how shy! how different from what they once were! When last in Boston, Governor Belcher was in the chair. He honoured me with great honour, and the clergy paid the nod, and obeyed. In many, I then perceived, it was quite forced; and, I think, when at his table, I whispered to some one, and said, ‘If ever I come again, many of those, who now seem extremely civil, will turn out my open enemies.’ The event has proved, that, in this respect, I have been no false prophet. You know where it is written, ‘There arose a king, who knew not Joseph.’ Freed, therefore, from their former restraint, many have appeared *in sturis naturalibus*. Some occasions of offence had undoubtedly been given whilst I was here, and preached up and down the country. Nothing, however, appeared but a pure, divine power, converting, and transforming people's hearts, of all ranks, without any extraordinary phenomena attending it. Good Mr. Tennent succeeded me; numbers succeeded him. Lectures were set up in various places. One minister called to another, to help to drag the gospel net; and one would have imagined the millennium was coming. At last, wild-fire broke out and spread itself; and, it must be confessed, that, many good souls, both among clergy and laity, for a while, mistook fancy for faith, and imagination for revelation; and were guilty of great imprudences. What these were, I have not time now to particularize; I can only inform you, that all is laid to me as being the *primum mobile*,

though there was not so much as the appearance of anything of this nature when I left New England last. But, maugre all, my poor labours are yet attended with the usual blessings.”

Whitefield seems to have spent about three months in Boston and its neighbourhood, partly in preaching, and partly in writing pamphlets and sermons for the press.

Hence the following:—

“BOSTON, *February 6, 1745.*

“I remember you once told me, one of the good old Puritans wrote, that he went from *Old England* to avoid the lord bishops, and came to *New England* to get under the Lord Brethren. Well is it at present that there are ‘Lord Brethren;’ for, finding some of their pastors, without cause, shy of me, they have passed votes of invitation for me to preach in the pulpits; and some time ago prevailed upon me to set up a lecture at six o’clock in the morning. Not expecting a very great auditory, I opened a lecture in one of the smallest meeting-houses, upon these words, ‘And they came early in the morning to hear him.’ How was I disappointed! Such great numbers flocked to hear, that I was obliged to make use of two of their largest places of worship, where, I believe, seldom less than two or three thousand hearers assembled. I began with the first of Genesis, and have lectured, in order, till I am almost come to the story of Abraham sending his servant to fetch a wife for Isaac. It is impossible to describe the eagerness and punctuality of these early visitants. To see so many

146

hundreds, of both sexes, neatly dressed, walking or riding so early along the streets to get food for their souls, has feasted my own heart. The pharaohs, who used to say, ‘Ye are idle, ye are idle,’ now are struck dumb; for lecture, and family prayer, and breakfast, are over in many houses before the sun is suffered to come into the windows of others; and it is become almost a common proverb, ‘Between tar-water and early rising, the physicians will have no business.’ One morning, the crowd was so great, that I was obliged to go in at the window. The high-sheriff, who was most forward in persecuting good Mr. Davenport, accompanied me; and when he put his head into the window after me, the people were ready to cry out, ‘Is Saul also among the prophets?’”

These were remarkable scenes, on cold, dark, wintry-mornings, in the city of Boston, where ministers had joined in denouncing Whitefield, and where the “*Lord Brethren,*” by their voting powers, had defeated the ministers, and had opened to Whitefield their pulpit-doors. Under

the circumstances, his success was marvellous. The following extract describes one of his converts:—

BOSTON, *February 17, 1745.*

“Good Mr. P—” told me I should be very shortly favoured with the company of a very pensive and uncommon person;—a man of good parts, ready wit, and lively imagination, who, in order to furnish matter for preaching over a bottle, had made it his business to come and hear, and then carry away scraps of my sermons to serve as texts for his tavern harangues. A few nights ago, he came, for this purpose, to Dr. Sewall’s meeting. Upon my coming in, he crowded after me amongst the people, and, having got sufficient matter to work upon, attempted to go out; but, being pent in on every side, his endeavours were fruitless. Obligated thus to stay, waiting for fresh matter for ridicule, he was pricked to the heart. He came to Mr. P—, full of horror, confessed his crimes, and longed to ask my pardon, but was afraid to see me. Mr. P— encouraged him to venture. This morning, hearing some one knock at my parlour door, I arose, and, upon opening the door, by the paleness, pensiveness, and horror of his countenance, guessed who he was. He cried, ‘Sir, can you forgive me?’ I smiled, and said, ‘Yes, sir, very readily.’ He replied, ‘Indeed, sir, you cannot when I tell you all.’ I then asked him to sit down; and, judging that he had sufficiently felt the lashes of the law, I preached to him the gospel.”

¹ Probably, the Rev. Thomas Prince, co-pastor with the Rev. Dr. Sewall, of the Old South Church, Boston. He died in 1758, leaving behind him a large collection of public and private papers relating to the civil and religious history of New England. During the siege of Boston, the Old South Meeting House was used for a riding school, nearly all the timber of the pews and galleries being used for warming it, and a large portion of Prince’s manuscripts, and invaluable pamphlets employed in jinding the fires.

147

The following refers to the paper warfare at that time raging, and which has been already noticed:—

“BOSTON, *February 19, 1745.*

“*Tempora mutantur.* A confederacy, a confederacy! The clergy, amongst whom are a few mistaken, misinformed good old men, are publishing halfpenny testimonials against me. Even the president, professors, and tutors, of Harvard College, where, some few years ago, I was received with such uncommon respect, have joined the confederacy. The testimonials have done me real service. I certainly did drop some unguarded expressions in the heat of less experienced youth; and was too precipitate

in hearkening to, and publishing private information. Some good friends are publishing testimonials in my favour. Thus you see what a militant state we are in at present. Amidst all, the word runs, and is glorified. Many are so enraged at the treatment I meet with, that they came to me lately, assuring me that, if I will consent, they will erect, in a few weeks' time, the outside of the largest place of worship in America; but, you know, ceiled houses were never my aim. I, therefore, thanked them for their kind offer; but begged leave to refuse accepting it. How or when the present storm will subside is uncertain. I can only, at present, beg the continuance of your prayers, that, I may be kept in good temper towards those, who, I believe, really think they do God's service by opposing me."

Whitefield was busy writing for the press; and, as soon as he had finished three of his pamphlets, he seems to have returned to Piscataqua. Why he deferred going to his Orphan House, it is impossible to determine; but he was happy, and hard at work. Hence the following:—

"PISCATAQUA, *March 6, 1745.*

"I have sent a letter to Dr. C—, with my Answer to Harvard College, and my Answer to the Second Part of the Observations, and also my Remarks upon the Charge of the Bishop of Lichfield. May Jesus give them His blessing! I would have them printed so as to be sold cheap. You may collect, or print them severally, as you will. I cannot yet get time to prepare my sermons, or the other part of my life, for the press. I am writing another New England journal, which I will send, when I leave the country. When that will be, I know not.

"America, I am afraid, begins to be too dear to me. The Lord smiles upon me and mine, and makes us very happy in Himself, and happy in one another. Here is a very large field of action. My bodily strength is recovered; and my soul is more than ever in love with a crucified Jesus."

On the same day, Whitefield wrote to John Cennick, a. follows:—

"Our Saviour wonderfully smiles on us here. The Lord helps me to preach with the demonstration of the Spirit, and with power. My wife

148

and I go on like two happy pilgrims, leaning upon our Beloved. O help us to adore and praise free grace! We salute all the conference and trustees, and every particular choir, and the Societies in every place."

For a season, Cennick succeeded Whitefield in the Tabernacle, Moorfields; and he and others introduced into some

of the Societies “choirs,” or classes for singing “psalms and hymns and spiritual songs,” after the manner of the Moravians. Indeed, Cennick already was more of a Moravian than a Whitefieldian; and, in December 1745, openly avowed his predilection. Thomas Adams, his colleague at the Tabernacle, as openly opposed the sentiments which Cennick had advanced. The result was, Cennick seceded, and joined the *Unitas Fratrum*. A large number of the people, both in London and the provinces, followed his example; and even those who remained behind wept at his departure, for he was greatly beloved by all. Cennick’s secession was a severe shock to the Connexion; but Whitefield and Cennick retained their friendship for each other, and kept up an affectionate correspondence until Cennick’s death, in 1755.^{1 2}

Whitefield had been nearly five months in America, but had not visited his Orphanage in Georgia. He had arranged, however, for Mr. Habersham, the orphans’ chaplain, to visit him. Hence the following to a friend, in London:—

“PISCATAQUA (sixty miles from Boston),

“*March 12, 1745.*

“This comes by a young gentleman, who expects to return to South Carolina in August next. By him, I send you one of each of the pamphlets I have published here. I would have them sent to Scotland as soon as may be. America is pleasanter and pleasanter every day. The door

¹ *Primitive Methodist Magazine*, 1865, p. 715–16.

² The Rev. Edward Morgan, in his “*Life and Times of Howell Harris*,” gives several extracts from a manuscript volume, called “*A Conference Book,—including a general account of the affairs of the Tabernacle, before and after the separation of John Cennick; and an account of the Preachers, Labourers, and Trustees, in connexion with Mr. Whitefield, from December 1743 to 1749.*” One of these extracts relates, that, an association was held in London, in 1745, at which Cennick, Harris, Hamond, Adams, Pugh, Godwin, Heatly, Thorn, Simms, and Salmon, were present. Cennick stated, that, he thought himself called to join the Moravians. He delivered up the care of the Tabernacle to Harris. The Societies in Wiltshire were given to Cennick, because they chose him as their leader. Two or three of the preachers went with him. It was agreed that Harris should remain at the Tabernacle till the commencement of 1746; and that he should then be succeeded by Herbert Jenkins.

for preaching opens wider and wider. I am preparing my sermons for the press,¹ and am also writing another journal. You shall have them the first opportunity. I wrote to you last week, and sent about fifty letters, by Captain Darling. I expect Mr. Habersham hourly.”

The editor of the *Christian History* adds: “Mr. Habersham arrived soon after the writing of the above letter; and wrote, from the same place, on March 18, and stated, that Mr. Whitefield had been as far eastward as was settled by the English (which is about a hundred and fifty miles), and had preached with much success. Mr. Whitefield was to go with him to Boston the next day, to consult friends there about the affairs of the Orphan House in Georgia, which was what Mr. Habersham came there about.”

Soon after this, Whitefield was in a new position. Up to the present, Cape Breton had been in the possession of the French. Besides being the key to Canada, the island was of great importance in a mercantile point of view. The soil was poor, but, in 1743, fish was exported to the amount of a million sterling. In return for this, the people received sugar and coffee, rum and molasses; part of which they used themselves, and the remainder of which they conveyed to Canada and New England, where they obtained, in exchange, fruits, vegetables, bricks, wood, and cattle. Cape Breton, also, was a formidable seminary of seamen, the French—employing, in their enormous fishery, twenty thousand men, and at least a thousand sail of from two to four hundred tons each. English ships were terribly exposed to privateers and men of war issuing from the island. Possession of the place would not only cut off all communication between France and Quebec, but the harbour would likewise be a safer retreat for British vessels, than any other harbour in North America. In 1745, a plan for the invasion of Cape Breton was laid at Boston, and New England bore the expense of it. Colonel Pepperell, who has been already introduced to the reader’s notice, was entrusted with the command of an army of six thousand men, levied for

¹ These were probably the following: “Twenty-three Sermons on

various Subjects: to which are added several Prayers. By George Whitefield, A.B., late of Pembroke College, Oxford. A new edition, revised and corrected by the author. London: printed by W. Strahan. 1745." (12mo. 388 pp.)

150

the expedition; and these forces, convoyed by a squadron from Jamaica, brought the first news to Cape Breton of the danger that threatened it. The invaders had to encounter but six hundred regular troops, and eight hundred inhabitants armed in haste. Still, the success of the undertaking would have been precarious, if the soldiers on the island had fought with their accustomed spirit. It so happened, however, that, for the last six months, they had, in fact, been in open rebellion. The construction and repairs of the fortifications of Louisbourg, sometimes called "the Gibraltar of America," had always been left to the care of the garrison; but the troops had been so defrauded of the profit of their labours, that they had determined to assert their rights; and their indignation had risen to such a pitch, that they now despised all authority. The soldiers, indeed, made advances against the invaders; but, after a siege of seven weeks, the Governor of Cape Breton was obliged, on the 16th of June, to sign a capitulation, whereby the island, and its harbour of Louisbourg, became the possession of his Britannic Majesty. On the news reaching London, the conquest was celebrated by the firing of cannons, the illumination of the public offices, the ringing of bells, the lighting of bonfires, and all the other usual demonstrations of national thankfulness and joy.ⁱ These remarks will help to explain the following letter:—

"BOSTON, *July 29, 1745.*

"You will be surprised that a messenger of the Prince of peace should beat up to arms. No doubt, you have judged me, as well you may; but Providence seemed to force me into it.

"The Cape Breton expedition was begun and finished before it could be scarcely known to you at home. Worthy Colonel Pepperell was fixed upon to command. The day before he accepted the commission, he purposed to dine with me, to ask my advice. I told him, I hoped, if he did undertake it, he would beg of the Lord God of armies to give him a single eye; that the means proposed to take Louisbourg, in the eye of human

reason, were no more adequate to the end, than the sounding of rams' horns to blow down Jericho; but that, if Providence really called him, he would return more than conqueror. He thanked me; and, his lady having given her free consent, he commenced general.

¹ *London Magazine*, 1745.

151

“The sound now was, ‘To arms! to arms!’ New recruits were eagerly sought after, and my worthy friend Mr. Sherburne was appointed one of the commissaries. Being at his house one evening, he told me that he was preparing the flag, and that I must give him a motto, and that the people must know I had given it. I absolutely refused, urging that it would be out of character. He replied, he believed the expedition was of God, and that if I did not encourage it, many of the serious people would not enlist. I still refused. He desired me to consider, and to sleep upon it, and to give him my answer in the morning. I retired, I prayed, I slept; and, upon his renewing his request in the morning, I told him he might take this motto, ‘*Nil desperandum Chris to duce.*’

“Upon this, great numbers enlisted; and, before their embarkation, their officers desired me to preach them a sermon. I preached from these words: ‘As many as were distressed, as many as were discontented, as many as were in debt, came to David, and he became a captain over them.’ Officers, soldiers, and others attended. I spiritualized the subject, and told them how distressed sinners came to Jesus Christ, the Son of David; and, in my application, exhorted the soldiers to behave like the soldiers of David, and the officers to act like David’s worthies; then, I made no manner of doubt but we should receive good news from Cape Breton. After this, I preached to the general himself, who asked me if I would not be one of his chaplains. I told him, I should think it an honour; but believed, as I generally preached three times a day, in various places, to large congregations, I could do my king, my country, and my God more service, by stirring up the people to pray, and, thereby, strengthening his and his soldiers’ hands.

“Through Divine grace, I was enabled to persist in this practice for some weeks; but, at last, news arrived that the case was desperate. Letter upon letter came from the officers to those who planned the expedition, and did not know the strength of the fortress. I smiled, and told my friends, that I believed now we should have Louisbourg; for all having confessed their helplessness, God would now reveal His arm, and make our extremity His opportunity. I was not disappointed of my hope; for one day, having taken a weeping leave of dear Boston, and being

about to preach a few miles out of town, news was brought that Louisbourg was taken. Numbers flocked with great joy from all quarters, and I immediately preached to them a thanksgiving sermon from these words, 'By this I know that Thou favourest me, since Thou hast not permitted mine enemies to triumph over me.'

"Here ends, dear madam, my beating to arms. It is left to you to judge as you please of yours, etc.,

"GEORGE WHITEFIELD."

To say the least, this is a curious episode in English history,—Whitefield, the despised Methodist preacher, associated with one of England's conquests,—a conquest so important, that King George II. raised Colonel Pepperell to

152

the dignity of a baronet of Great Britain; and London and other places went mad with joy.¹

It is impossible, through want of materials, to trace the course of Whitefield during the next twelve months. Dr. Gillies says, "As his bodily strength increased, he began to move farther southward; and, after preaching eastward as far as Casco Bay and North Yarmouth, he went through Connecticut, Plymouth, and Rhode Island, preaching to thousands, generally twice a day." Whitefield himself writes:—

"Though there was much smoke, yet every day I had convincing proof that a blessed gospel fire had been kindled in the hearts both of ministers and people. At New York, I found that the seed sown had sprung up abundantly; and also at the east end of Long Island. In my way to Philadelphia, I had the pleasure of preaching, by an interpreter, to some converted Indians, and of seeing near fifty young ones in a school near Freehold, learning the Assembly's catechism. A blessed awakening had been begun among the Delaware Indians, by the instrumentality of Mr. David Brainerd.² Mr. William Tennent seemed to encourage his endea-

¹ Whitefield's influence at Boston was enormous. Among the anecdotes, extant, of his power as a preacher, the following is a specimen. When preaching in Boston, on one occasion, a violent storm of thunder and lightning came on; and, in the midst of his sermon, the congregation sat in almost breathless awe. Whitefield, observing the consternation of the people, fell on his knees, and, with characteristic pathos, repeated—

"Hark, *the Eternal* rends the sky!

A mighty voice before Him goes,—
 A voice of music to His friends,
 But threat'ning thunder to His foes:
 'Come, children, to your Father's arms;
 Hide in the chambers of my grace,
 Until the storm be overblown,
 And my revenging fury cease.'"

The great preacher then rose up, and, addressing his awed auditors, exclaimed, "Let us now devoutly sing the 'Old Hundred.'" The congregation started to their feet, and burst into a song of praise too memorable to be forgotten. (Belcher's "Biography of Whitefield," p. 469.)

² Brainerd was a native of Connecticut, and was now about twenty-eight years of age. In 1739, he was admitted a member of Yale College; but was expelled in 1742, because he expressed his belief that one of the tutors had no religion, and because he had been guilty of attending a religious meeting prohibited by the collegiate authorities. In 1743, he began his Christian labours among the Indians. He lived in a wigwam, slept upon a bundle of straw, and fed on boiled corn, hasty pudding, and samp. His success was great. He died in the house of Jonathan Edwards, October 9, 1747, aged twenty-nine.

153

vours with all his heart. I found Mr. Gilbert Tennent, in Philadelphia, settled in the place" (building) "erected at the beginning of the awakening. The gentlemen offered me £800 per annum, only to preach among them six months in the year, leaving me at liberty to travel the other six months where I would."

The offer here mentioned was made in the month of September, 1745.¹ Where and how he spent the remainder of the year cannot be ascertained.

On the 1st of January, 1746, he was at Bethesda, in Georgia, where he remained during the next three months.² It is a strange fact, that the most adverse rumours had been circulated respecting the Orphan House, and that, in New England, affidavits had been made that the institution did not exist.³ To silence such calumnies, Whitefield and Habersham appeared before Henry Parker and William Spencer, bailiffs of Savannah, to whom they submitted the Orphan House ledger, and swore that the book contained "a just and true account of all the moneys collected by or given to them, or any other, for the use and benefit of the said House; and that the disbursements had been faithfully applied to and for the use of the same." Whitefield further swore that "he had not converted or applied any part thereof to his own private use and property, neither had he charged

the said House with any of his travelling, or any other private expenses whatever.”

Besides this, William Woodroofe, William Ewen, and William Russel, of Savannah, appeared before the same bailiffs, and swore that they had “carefully and strictly examined all and singular the accounts relating to the Orphan House, contained in forty-one pages, in a book entitled ‘Receipts and Disbursements for the Orphan House in Georgia;’ and had also carefully and strictly examined the original bills, receipts, and other vouchers, from the 15th of December, 1738, to the 1st of January, 1746;” and found “that the moneys received on account of the said Orphan House amounted to the sum of £4,982 12s. 8d. sterling, and that it did not appear that the Reverend Mr. Whitefield had

¹ “Life of Howell Harris,” 1791, p. 176.

² “Further Account of God’s Dealings with Rev. G. Whitefield,” 1747, pp. 29 and 37.

³ *London Magazine*, 1745, p. 603.

154

converted any part thereof to his own private use and property, or charged the said House with any of his travelling or other private expenses; but, on the contrary, had contributed to the said House many valuable benefactions.” The three auditors further swore, “that the moneys disbursed on account of the said House amounted to the sum of £5,511 17s. 9¼d. sterling, all of which appeared to have been faithfully and justly applied to and for the use and benefit of the said House only.”

To the two affidavits, the substance of which is here given, the bailiffs appended the following:—

“Sworn this 16th day of April, 1746, before us bailiffs of Savannah; in justification whereof we have hereunto fixed our hands, and the common seal.

“HENRY PARKER.

“WILLIAM SPENCER.”

Whitefield acted wisely in thus submitting his accounts to official auditors. It was the only way to silence the falsehoods

of his enemies. His friends, also, were entitled to such an audit, and to such a magisterial declaration.

After all his efforts, Whitefield was still in debt to the amount of £529 5s. 1¼d.; and he now, with a confessedly honest front, appealed to his friends, in America and England, to defray the debt, and told them that any one wishing to contribute might send their gifts “to Mr. Branson, iron merchant, in Philadelphia; the Rev. Mr. Smith, in Charleston; Mr. John Smith, merchant, in Boston; the Rev. Mr. Shutliff, in Portsmouth, New Hampshire; the Rev. Mr. Pemberton, in New York; Mr. James Habersham,¹ merchant, in Savannah; Gabriel Harris, Esq., in Gloucester; Mr. James Smith, at St. Philip’s Plain, in Bristol; Mr. John Kennedy, at Exon; Mr. Jonathan Houlliere, in Queen Street, Upper Moorfields; and Mr. William Strahan, printer, in Wine Office Court, Fleet Street.”

After all this, no one could reasonably dispute the existence of the Orphan House, or Whitefield’s honesty; but it might be asked, had the £5,511 17s. 9¼d. been well expended? An answer to this question will be found in the following

¹ Habersham had now left the Orphan House.

155

testimony, given by one of Whitefield’s enemies,—a gentleman who had made a tour through most of America, and, in his travels, visited the Orphan House, in 1743. After describing a magnificent vista, of nearly three miles’ length, cut through the pine groves between Wormsloe and Bethesda, the gentleman observes:—

“It gave me much satisfaction to have an opportunity to see Mr. Whitefield’s Orphan House, as the design had made such a noise in Europe, and the very being of it was so much doubted everywhere, that, even no farther from it than New England, affidavits were made to the contrary.

“It is a square building of very large dimensions, the foundations of which are brick, with chimneys of the same; the rest of the superstructure is of wood. The whole is laid out in a neat and elegant manner. A kind of piazza surrounds it, which is a very pleasing retreat in the summer. The hall and all the apartments are very commodious, and prettily furnished.

The garden, which is very extensive, and well kept, is one of the best I ever saw in America; and you may discover in it plants and fruits of almost every climate and kind. The outhouses are convenient; and the plantation will soon surpass almost anything in the country.

“We were received by Mr. Barber, a Dissenting minister, in a genteel and friendly manner. They were at dinner when we arrived, the whole family at one table; and never was there a more orderly, pretty sight. If I recollect aright, besides Mr. Barber, the schoolmaster, and some women, there were near forty young persons of both sexes, dressed very neatly and decently. After dinner, they retired, the boys to school, the girls to their spinning and knitting. I was told, their vacant hours were employed in the garden, and in plantation work.

“Prepossessed with a bad opinion of the institution, I made all the enquiries I could, and, in short, became a convert to the design, which seems very conducive to the good of the infant colony. Whatever opinion I may have of the absurdity of some of their religious notions, tenets, and practices, yet, so far as they conduce to inculcate sobriety, industry, and frugality, they deserve encouragement from all well-wishers of the country. I could not here perceive anything of that spirit of uncharitableness and enthusiastic bigotry, for which their leader is so famed, and of which I heard shocking instances all over America.”

The writer then proceeds to speak of the road which Whitefield made from the Orphan House to Savannah,—a “road cut through the woods, and which had a hundred curiosities to delight the attentive traveller.” He describes Savannah; speaks of the air as “pure and serene;” and concludes by deploring the ingratitude, ignorance, opposition

156

to government, and the “cursed spirit of dissension amongst” the people, which had nearly ruined the colony.¹

So much from an unfriendly visitor. What says the founder? In the “Further Account of God’s Dealings” with him, published in 1747, there is a long letter, written only five days after the date of the affidavits just mentioned. The following is an extract from it:—

“BETHESDA, IN GEORGIA, *March 21st, 1746.*

“MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—It is now some months since I arrived here. Blessed be God! Bethesda has proved to be a house of mercy to many. Several of our labourers, as well as visitors, have been born of God

here, and have given proofs of it, by bringing forth the fruits of the Spirit. Many boys have been put out to trades; and many girls put out to service. One boy, whom I brought from New England, is handsomely settled in Carolina; and another, from Philadelphia, is married, and lives very comfortably at Savannah. How so large a family has been supported, in such a colony, without any visible fund, is wonderful. I am surprised, when I look back, and see how, for these six years last past,—God has spread a table in the wilderness for so many persons.

“I cannot yet say, that I have surmounted the first year’s expense, which indeed was very great; but, by the blessing of God, I doubt not, in a short time, to pay off my arrears; and then the family will be maintained at a small expense.

“My standing annual charges are now but trifling to what they have been; and my friends have raised an annual subscription sufficient for discharging them, till the family may be able to provide for itself. This, I hope, will be, in a good measure, speedily effected. We have lately begun to use the plough; and next year I hope to have many acres of good oats and barley. We have near twenty sheep and lambs, fifty head of cattle, and seven horses. We hope to kill a thousandweight of pork this season. Our garden, which is very beautiful, furnishes us with all sorts of greens. We have plenty of milk, eggs, and poultry; and make a good deal of butter weekly. A good quantity of wool and cotton has been given me, and we hope to have sufficient spun and woven for the next winter’s clothing. If the vines hit, we may expect two or three hogsheads of wine out of the vineyard.

“The family now consists of twenty-six persons. Two of the orphan boys are blind; one is little better than an idiot. But, notwithstanding, they are useful in the family; the one in the field, and the other in the kitchen. I have two women to take care of the household work, and three men and two boys employed about the plantation and cattle. A set of Dutch servants has lately been sent to Georgia; the magistrates were pleased to give me two of them. I took in a poor old widow, aged nearly seventy, whom nobody else cared to have. A valuable young

¹ London Magazine, 1745, p. 603.

man, from New England, is my schoolmaster; and, in my absence, performs duty in the family. On Sabbaths, the grown people attend on public worship at Savannah, or at Whitebluff, a village near Bethesda, where a Dutch minister officiates. My dear friends, who have hitherto

been my assistants, being married and having each one or two children, thought it best to remove, and are now comfortably settled—some at Savannah, and some elsewhere.

“Many have applied to me to erect a public school, and to take their children as boarders; but I have not yet determined. If there should be peace, it is certain that such a school would be exceedingly useful, not only for these northern parts of the colony, but also for the more southern parts of Carolina, and for Parisburgh and Frederica, where are many fine youths. I have been prevailed on to take one from Frederica, and another from Purisburg, and it may be shall admit more. For the present, considering the situation of affairs,¹ I think it most prudent to go on in making what improvements I can on the plantation, and to bring a tutor with me, from the north, in the fall, to teach a few youths the languages, and enlarge the family when affairs are more settled. The house is a noble, commodious building, and everything is sweetly adapted for bringing up youth. Here is land to employ them and exercise their bodies, and keep them from idleness out of school hours. Here are none of the temptations, to debauch their tender minds, which are common to more populous countries, or in places where children must necessarily be brought up with negroes.

“What God intends to do with the colony is not for me to enquire; but it has hitherto been wonderfully preserved; and the Orphan House, like the burning bush, has flourished unconsumed. No doubt the government has its welfare much at heart; and I intend to carry on my design till I see the colony sink or swim. The money that has been expended on the Orphan House, and Orphan House family, has been of vast service to this part of the country.

“I have had a very comfortable winter. The people of Savannah, having no minister till lately, gladly accepted my labours; and, at Frederica, the gentlemen and soldiers of General Oglethorpe’s regiment, as well as the inhabitants of the town, received me very gladly. Major Horton² seems to behave well. He has a fine growing plantation. I saw barley in the ear on the 1st of March. Georgia is very healthy. Only a little child has died out of our family since it removed to Bethesda. If the inhabitants were sufficiently numerous, I think the colony is capable of as much improvement as any on the continent.”

Such then were the bold and benevolent schemes of the indigent young clergyman, who, for the last eight years, had been abused and lampooned by thousands of professing

¹ The war.

² Oglethorpe was now in England, and Major Horton was his military deputy in Georgia.

158

Christians, of all descriptions. While they reviled, Whitefield worked.

In England, Howell Harris faithfully did his utmost, as Whitefield's *locum tenens*. He writes:—

“LONDON, *February 18, 1746.*

“Since I came here, the Lord has been very kind to us. He is returning apace to the despised Tabernacle. All disputing has quite ceased, and we go on harmoniously together. We are now settling the Society in classes; and re-settling all the scattered bands. I have been through every class. Many propose to join the bands and Society. We have had a letter from Mrs. Whitefield, giving an account of the progress of the gospel in America. The Indians and negroes are baptized, twelve or fourteen in a day; and many of them are filled with the grace of the Holy Spirit.”¹

Harris was full of hope; but his hope was not realized. Whitefield's presence among the Calvinistic Methodists was sorely needed. Cennick's secession had been a peril and a disaster. Both people and preachers suffered loss. James Hutton, with more sourness than sanctity, observed: “Of all the crowds of the Tabernacle people that offered to come amongst us” (the Moravians), “we have found scarce two or three that are good for anything.”²

When Cennick seceded in 1745, the Association at the Tabernacle “gave up” to him and the Moravians the Societies in Wiltshire; but some of the Societies objected to this arrangement, and, since then, had requested Whitefield's preachers to revisit them. At the Association held in Bristol, March 7, 1746, the matter was discussed; and Howell Harris wrote a letter “to the Brethren at Fetter Lane,” endeavouring to promote a common understanding with respect to the fields of labour to be occupied by the two Societies, and with respect to transferring members from one Society to the other. James Hutton's answer to the Association, written on behalf of “the Brethren in Fetter Lane,” was as arrogant and scolding as Harris's letter was

meeK and loving. The imperious printer and publisher wrote:—

“We cannot at all consent to any one going into Wiltshire that belongs

¹ “Life of Howell Harris,” 1791, p. 175.

² Hutton’s Memoirs, p. 189.

159

to your Association. Your business would chiefly be to confound poor souls, by preaching strange doctrine, and spreading scandalous lies. Should any of you go thither, after receiving this, you will act contrary to all honesty. It is for the sake of Mr. Howell Harris that we answer you at all. For him we have regard; but with the rest of you we cannot have any kind of fellowship at all. You are vainly puffed up,—the enemies of Christ, and of His blood and atonement, which some of you blaspheme. To say that we believed *you* to be *fellow-labourers* in the vineyard of Christ, would be dissimulation in us. We look upon you as the destroyers of that vineyard; and we are much grieved to see Mr. Whitefield’s labours and blessings so spoiled and ruined by such evil-labourers. We are, however, sincerely, your well-wishers,

“THE BRETHREN IN FETTER LANE.”¹

Was there *any* reason for the use of this strong and offensive language? It is to be feared there was. Howell Harris, in his autobiography, written in 1749, remarks:—

“About the year 1746, I saw a spirit creeping into the work different from that which had been before; namely, the spirit of levity, pride, foolish jesting, unwatchfulness, and carnal rejoicing. This took place immediately after extensive frames and transports, which many seemed to enjoy at the hearing of the word, and singing, etc.; but the real and serious spirit that began the work was at length almost extinguished. The spirit of awakening sinners in the ministry was also, in a great measure, lost; together with its real and solid fruits in the hearts of men. I beheld a tendency in the ministry to please men, and to appear wise and popular in the world; and the spirits of many of my nearest friends grew great and proud, and would not take the word of reproof or exhortation.”²

The work, however, was still prosecuted. At an Association, held in London, June 18, 1746, it was determined to retain the “room” at Lambeth; and an offer of “the playhouse, in the Haymarket, Westminster,” was prayerfully considered. It was also resolved that, “henceforth, the

tickets should be delivered to every band and class by their visitors; who, after consulting the minister, should take care of the money” collected. The preachers, likewise, were stationed; some to Deptford and Lambeth; some to Essex, Wiltshire, and Gloucestershire; one to Portsmouth, and another to Bristol; and others to Chinnor, Tewkesbury, Hereford, Ludlow, Shrewsbury, and Wales.

¹ James Hutton's Memoirs, p. 191.

² “Life of Howell Harris,” 1791, p. 63.

160

At another Association, held in Bristol, January 22, 1747, Wesley and four of his assistants were present. It was enquired: “1. How we may remove any hindrances of brotherly love which have occurred? 2. How we may prevent any arising hereafter?” It was agreed that Wesley's and Whitefield's preachers should “endeavour to strengthen each other's hands, and prevent separations in the several Societies.” Harris, also, was requested to go to Plymouth and the west, “to heal the breach there made, and to insist on a spirit of love and its fruits among the people.”

On July 1, 1747, at the Association, held in London, the Rev. Mr. Bateman, rector of St. Bartholomew, was present. Preaching arrangements were made for London, Portsmouth, Olney, Chatham, Bristol, Birmingham, Gloucestershire, Wiltshire, Staffordshire, Salop, Essex, and Wales. It was also determined that Syms, Whitefield's agent, at Hoxton, should give up “his office of keeping the books and accounts into the hands of Harris.”²

In public labours, Harris was indefatigable, and generally joyous. On October 13, 1746, he writes:—

“Since I came home, I have discoursed in three counties; and the spirit of praise and thanksgiving has been so poured down upon us, in several places, that we could not cease praising, rejoicing, and crying, ‘Hallelujah!’”²

Again, on October 16, 1747:—

“Things in Wales have a lovely aspect. Fresh doors are opening; many are awakened and added to us; and a spirit of love, discipline, and subordination runs through the whole. We have settled Friday, November

6, as a day of prayer and humiliation, for our own, the churches', and the nation's sins; and if the Society in London joins us, we shall be glad. In two days, I begin a round through North Wales, where, if my work be done, I expect to be sent home, or, at least, imprisoned. For ten days, my life will be in continual danger."²

Again, February 4, 1748:—

“This day, our Welsh Association broke up. Scores have been added since our last Association. Fresh doors have been opened, and several new Societies settled. At Builth, last Sunday, the new house we have built there was crowded, and a great number stood without. I am now

¹ “Life and Times of Howell Harris,” pp. 111–114.

² *Christian History*, 1747, p. 9.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 99.

going on my rounds to Pembrokeshire, Carmarthenshire, Glamorganshire, and Monmouthshire; and have to-night begun collecting for the Orphan House; but, as we have built a house in Builth, and are building two houses in Carmarthenshire, and as last year we raised £40 towards the law suit, I cannot expect such encouragement as I should otherwise have had.”

Whitefield's other assistants were labouring with equal bravery and success. Thomas Adams tells of preaching in a barn at Gosport; and of a soldier gathering a society at a place seven miles from Portsmouth.¹ Another preacher writes: “We cannot get a peaceable meeting at Gosport. The rude men of the King's Dock, Portsmouth, come into the barn, and make great disturbances, sometimes pelting us with eggs, and, at other times, with dirt and stones.”²

James Relly writes: “June, 1747. I examine the whole Society in Bristol once a week, the brethren on Sunday evening, and the sisters on Wednesday evening; and our Saviour has blessed it to the quickening of many. There seems also to be a good prospect at Bath.”³ Again, “December 21, 1747. I formed twenty or more into a Society at Birmingham; and, on examining them, was quite satisfied of the spirit of grace working in all their hearts. Yesterday, many assembled to hear the word at Tewkesbury, but we were assaulted by such a furious mob, that all was turned into confusion. They flapped the tables, stamped on the

floor, pushed the people, swore, cursed, laughed, pricked with pins, threw handfuls of snuff, and brickbats, and dirt. I discoursed about an hour; but the noise still increasing, I left off.”⁴

Herbert Jenkins relates, “August 9, 1747,” that he had been, “almost a month at Edinburgh, continually exercised in preaching, and visiting Societies with vast pleasure and delight.”⁵

John Edwards says: “July 21, 1747. Yesterday, I met the young children at Shrewsbury; and discoursed, sung, and prayed with them about two hours. The Saviour of little children was there: the Lamb smiling upon His lambs.”⁶

These extracts might easily be multiplied; but one more

¹ *Christian History*, 1747, p. 16. ⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 142.

² *Ibid.*, p. 174. ⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 78.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 54. ⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 60.

must suffice. It refers to a disgraceful scene at the Tabernacle in Plymouth, on Sunday, November 29, 1747.

“At five o’clock in the evening, when we were met together to worship the Lord God of our fathers, being in number about a thousand, after I had sung and prayed, and gone over the first head of my discourse, a strong party of sailors, belonging to the *Windsor* man of war, came in amongst us. They entered, and continued, with their hats on. Four of them came up and stood just under the pulpit, and betrayed, by their looks and sneers, that they had a mind to put me out of countenance; but I went on preaching the word of truth with boldness. In about fifteen minutes, those near the door began to stamp, and to swear most bitterly. Some of our friends very mildly entreated them, either to be still, or else to go out peaceably; but, so far from taking their advice, they laid the weight of their heavy bludgeons, with unspeakable fury, upon the poor people’s heads. The cries and groans of the poor women and children were fearful. There was but one door, and that was guarded by a company of resolute persons, who swore that the first who attempted to escape should have his brains blown out by a pistol. The sailors then beat down the candlesticks, and blew out the candles, to darken the place; but one of our friends had presence of mind to push up one of the chandeliers, suspended by a pulley, so that we had a little light preserved. The fury of our foes increased. Many of the people were knocked down, and had their heads broken. The windows were dashed to pieces; and the

benches taken up as weapons of warfare. I entreated our friends to march from every corner of the place, and arrest some of the rioters. This was done, and three of them being secured, the rest fled as fast as they could. We concluded the Sabbath with prayers and thanksgivings.”¹

In these jottings, the reader has glimpses of the sunshine and shadows of the Calvinistic Methodists in England and Wales, during Whitefield’s absence in America. It is now time to turn again to their youthful moderator across the Atlantic.

For five months, from March to August in 1746, hardly anything is known of Whitefield’s wanderings. He seems, however, to have visited New York, and to have found favour among the people. The following is an extract from the *New York Post-Boy*, of April, 1746:—

“Mr. Whitefield’s excellent parts, fine elocution, and masterly address; his admirable talent of opening the Scriptures, and enforcing the most weighty subjects upon the conscience; his polite and serious behaviour; his unaffected and superior piety; his prudence, humility, and catholic spirit, are things which must silence and disarm prejudice itself. By these

¹ *Christian History*, 1747, p. 156.

163

qualifications of the orator, the divine, and the Christian, he has not only fixed himself deeper in the affections of his former friends, but greatly increased the number wherever he has preached; and has made his way into the hearts of several, who, till this visit, had said all the severe things against him that enmity itself seemed capable of.”¹

Soon after this, on his way to Philadelphia, Whitefield wrote to Howell Harris, as follows:—

“May 2, 1746.

“My very dear, dear Brother Harris,—I am glad to hear the Welsh Brethren continue steady; and that, amongst our English friends, Antinomianism seems only to be speculative. This is a great evil, but not so great as when it affects the practice, and leads the people of God unwarily into licentiousness. The late outward troubles, I hope, will do good, and put a stop to the many disputes, and various sects, which always spring up when the Lord suffers false principles to abound. I expect to hear that Jesus has made thee immoveable like a wall of brass, as bold as a lion, but as meek as a lamb. Blessed be His name! He

continues to be very kind to us. The Orphan House is in a promising way. My temporal affairs begin to be settled; and I am blessed to many souls. Jesus causes many of my professed and embittered enemies to be at peace with me. I know you will help me to praise Him, and beg Him to continue to stand by a poor unworthy creature, who simply desires to spend and be spent for the good of precious and immortal souls. You will remember me to your dear wife, and all our Welsh brethren, in the most endearing manner. We frequently pray for them, and do not despair of seeing them once more. My dear wife loves them exceedingly, and often warms her heart by reflecting on past times.

“Ever, ever thine in Jesus,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”²

After this, nothing more is known of Whitefield until the month of August next ensuing. On the 16th of April, at the battle of Culloden, the Jacobites were utterly defeated, and the cause of the Pretender entirely ruined. When the news reached Pennsylvania, Whitefield’s loyalty gushed forth in a sermon, which was immediately printed, with the title, “Britain’s Mercies, and Britain’s Duty. Represented in a Sermon preached at Philadelphia, on Sunday, August 24, 1746; and occasioned by the Suppression of the late unnatural Rebellion. By George Whitefield, A.B., late of

¹ Belcher’s “Biography of Whitefield,” p. 286.

² *Christian History*, 1747, p. 11.

164

Pembroke College, Oxon. Printed at Philadelphia, 1746.”¹ The sermon was almost altogether political, and need not be further noticed. It was a sufficient answer, however, to those who doubted Whitefield’s loyalty.

Two days after preaching his thanksgiving sermon, Whitefield wrote to his mother, as follows:—

“God is exceeding good to me and mine. We have all things pertaining to life and godliness. Many offers are made me; but the Lord Jesus keeps me from catching at the golden bait. Favour is given to me in the sight of the rich and great, and the door for my usefulness opens wider and wider. I love to range in the American woods, and sometimes think I shall never return to England. I was never better in health. My dear wife would send you a few lines, but she is weak by reason of a miscarriage four days ago.”

Immediately after this, Whitefield went to Maryland, where he spent, at least, a month in preaching to large congregations, in seven different counties. Excepting its slavery, Maryland had great attractions. Its soil was rich, and its hospitality unique. The young traveller, who visited Whitefield's Orphan House in 1743, writes concerning the province:—

“Mush,² milk, and molasses, homine,³ wild fowl, and fish, are the principal diet of the meaner inhabitants, whilst the water presented to you, by one of the barefooted family, in a copious calabash,⁴ with an innocent strain of good breeding and heartiness,—the cake baking upon the hearth, and the cleanliness of everything around you,—put you in mind of the golden age, the times of ancient frugality and purity. All over the colony, there are full tables and open doors; and the kind salute, and generous detention remind one of the roast-beef ages of our forefathers. Their breakfast-tables have generally the cold remains of the former day, hashed or fricasseed, together with coffee, tea, chocolate, venison, pastry, punch, rum, and cider. The dinner consists of good beef, veal, mutton, venison,

¹ In the same year, a second edition was printed in Boston (8vo 22 pp.), and a third in London (8vo, 24 pp.).

It may be added, that, about the same time, a volume of sermons was printed at Philadelphia, and entitled “Five Sermons, on the following subjects, namely: 1. Christ the Believer's Husband. 2. The Gospel Supper. 3. Blind Bartimeus. 4. Walking with God. 5. The Resurrection of Lazarus. By George Whitefield. With a Preface by the Rev. Mr. Gilbert Tennent.” Tennent's Preface, of twelve pages, is dated, “Philadelphia, May 30, 1746;” and is laudatory, but honest and earnest.

² Pounded rice, or Indian corn.

³ Indian corn ground with the husks, and fried.

⁴ The shell of a fruit so called.

turkeys and geese, wild and tame, fowls boiled and roasted, pies, and puddings. Suppers are the same as dinners, with small additions, and a good hearty cup to precede a bed of down. This is the constant life the planters lead, and to this fare every comer is welcome.”

More than one half of the population of Maryland were slaves, and to these oppressed and cruelly treated fellow-creatures the planters owed their riches and their luxuries. Details of Whitefield's labours in the colony do not exist. He simply states: “Everywhere almost, the door is opened for preaching; great numbers flock to hear; and the power

of an ascended Saviour attends the word. I have preached with abundant success.”¹

And, again, in a letter to Wesley, dated, “Queen Ann’s County, Maryland, October 14, 1746,” full of buoyancy, he writes:—

“If you ask, how it is with me? I answer, ‘Happy in Jesus, the Lord my righteousness.’ If you ask, what I am doing? I answer, ‘Ranging and hunting in the American woods after poor sinners.’ If you ask, with what success? I would answer, ‘My labours were never more acceptable; and the door, for fifteen hundred miles together, is quite open for preaching the everlasting gospel.’ Congregations are large, and the work is going on, just as it began and went on in England.

“Notwithstanding the declining state of Georgia, the Orphan House is in a better situation than ever; and, in a year or two, I trust, it will support itself. I am going there to spend some part of the winter, and to begin a foundation for literature.”²

Soon after this, Whitefield sent off his wife and a young lady through “the woods,” to Georgia; and, on November 8, he himself started for Virginia.

The first settlers in Virginia were almost all members of the Church of England. Episcopacy was established by law.³ A small number of Presbyterians from Scotland, and a smaller number of Dissenters from England, were scattered through the colony; but until about the time of Whitefield’s

¹ Whitefield’s Works, vol. ii., pp. 83, 84.

² *Arminian Magazine*, 1778, p. 418.

³ In 1618, a law was passed in Virginia, which enacted, that, “Every person should go to the Established Church on Sundays and holidays, or lie neck and heels that night, and be a slave to the colony the following week! For the second offence, he was to be a slave for a month; and, for the third, a year and a day!” (*History of Virginia*. By Rev. William Stith, President of William and Mary College, Virginia, 1747. 8vo.)

first visit, in 1740, there was no ecclesiastical organization different from the Established Church of the mother-country. The state of religion in the province was deplorable. The Rev. Samuel Davies,¹ so justly famed for his sermons and pulpit oratory, wrote, in 1751:—

“Religion, in most parts of the colony of Virginia, has been, and still is, in a very low state: a surprising negligence in attending public wor-

ship, and an equally surprising unconcernedness in those that attend; vices of various kinds triumphant, and even a form of godliness not common.”

Such a state of things was the natural result of an unfaithful ministry. Shortly before the year 1740, Samuel Morris began to read, to his neighbours, Luther on the Galatians, and several pieces of honest Bunyan, but the effects produced were not great. In 1743, a young Scotchman brought to Virginia a volume of Whitefield’s sermons, which Morris read to his cottage congregations on weekdays, as well as Sundays. He writes:—

“The concern of some of the people now was so passionate and violent, that they could not avoid crying out and weeping bitterly. My dwelling-house became too small to contain the congregation, and we determined to build a meeting-house, merely for reading; for having never been used to extempore prayer, none of us durst attempt it. When the report was spread abroad, I was invited to read the sermons at several distant places; and, by this means, the concern was propagated. About this time, our absenting ourselves from the Established Church, contrary to the laws of the province, was taken notice of, and the court called upon us to assign our reasons, and to declare to what denomination we belonged. As we knew but little of any denomination of Dissenters, except Quakers, we were at a loss what name to assume. At length, recollecting that Luther was a noted Reformer, and that his books had been of special service to us, we called ourselves Lutherans.”²

The result of this movement was the introduction of Presbyterianism. Morris and his converts were visited in

¹ Mr. Davies was born in November, 1724. In his twenty-third year, he was sent, by the Presbytery of Newcastle, Pennsylvania, to Hanover, Virginia. He encountered many obstacles, from the prejudice, bigotry, profaneness, and immorality of the people; but his earnest and able ministry triumphed over opposition, and produced great results. In 1753, by the request of the trustees of New Jersey College, he accompanied Gilbert Tennent to Great Britain. He died February 4, 1761, at the early age of thirty-six. His sermons, in three volumes, used to be exceedingly popular.

² Gillies’ “Historical Collections,” vol. ii., p. 331.

succession by the Rev. Messrs. Robinson, Blair, Roan, Tennent, Finley,¹ and other ministers, until, in the year 1747, Mr. Davies became their settled pastor. These were

the people Whitefield visited in November, 1746; but, unlike himself, he has left no record of what he saw and did. All that is known is contained in the following sentence, written by Morris, the lay-revivalist: "Mr. Whitefield came and preached four or five days, which was the happy means of giving us further encouragement, and of engaging others to the Lord, especially among the Church people, who received the gospel more readily from him than from ministers of the Presbyterian denomination."²

From Virginia, Whitefield wended his way to Georgia, where, having received an account of the backsliding and disturbances in London and elsewhere, which have been already mentioned, he wrote as follows, to Howell Harris:—

"HANOVER, VIRGINIA, *November 16, 1746.*

"About a week ago, I had the pleasure of receiving a long letter from you. I was glad to find, that, the Tabernacle was given up to your care. Whether its breaches are yet repaired, or whether it be entirely fallen down, I know not. I suppose, when I come to England, I shall have all to begin again."³

In another letter, written at Bethesda, December 14th, he says:—

"The account you gave me made me mourn. You and all who attended on my preaching, and had opportunities to converse with me privately, know how many hints I gave of what has happened. It might be fore-

¹ The Rev. Samuel Finley, D.D., was an exceedingly devout and able man. Ordained in 1740, the first years of his ministry were spent in itinerating with Whitefield, Gilbert Tennent, and others, and in promoting the remarkable revival of that period. For preaching to a Presbyterian congregation in New Haven, he was arrested by the civil authority, and carried out of the colony as a vagrant. In 1744, he became minister at Nottingham, Maryland, where he also opened an academy. On the death of the Rev. Samuel Davies, he became his successor as president of Princetown College, in New Jersey. In his last illness, on being asked how he felt, he answered, "I am full of triumph; I triumph through Christ." Being asked again what he saw in eternity that made him wish to die, he exclaimed, "I see the eternal goodness of God; I see the fulness of the Mediator; I see the love of Jesus. Oh to be dissolved, and to be with Him!" Dr. Finley died in 1765, at the age of fifty, and was buried by the side of his friend Gilbert Tennent.

² Gillies' "Historical Collections," vol. ii., p. 333.

³ *Christian History*, 1747, p. 26.

168

seen; and, consequently, it did not so much surprise me when I found it had come to pass. But I trust the storm is now blown over, and that the little flock will enjoy a calm. Oh that your eyes may be looking towards the blessed Jesus! From Him alone can come your salvation. He will be better to you than a thousand Whitefields. I am afraid you are too desirous of having me with you. Indeed, I long to see you all; but, for some time, America seems to be my place of action. The harvest is great in many places, and the labourers are very few.”¹

In another letter to Howell Harris, dated “Bethesda, December, 1746,” he writes:—

“Blessed be God for the good effected by your ministry at the Tabernacle; of which I have been informed by letters from Herbert Jenkins and Thomas Adams. The good Countess of Huntingdon has been there frequently, and has been much pleased, I am told. She shines brighter and brighter every day; and will yet, I trust, be spared for a nursing mother to our Israel.² This revives me after the miserable divisions that have taken place among my English friends. I trust the storm is now blown over. Her ladyship’s example and conduct, in this trying affair, will be productive of much good. My poor prayers will be daily offered up to the God of all grace to keep her steadfast in the faith, and to make her a burning and shining light in our British Israel.”³

It is a curious fact that, though the Countess of Huntingdon became acquainted with Whitefield as early as the year 1739, and took a deep interest in his ordination,⁴ there is no evidence of her becoming a frequent attendant at his Tabernacle, except in the winter of 1742, until nearly eight years afterwards. Just at the time when the Society there, and, indeed, when the Societies in general, with which Whitefield was connected, were in danger of being broken up, her ladyship allied herself with him, and, to the end of life, became his chief assistant. There is no proof of her being invited to this position. It would be uncharitable to suppose she was prompted by ambition. The incident was one of those providential interpositions, which so strikingly marked Methodism’s early history.

Whitefield remained at Bethesda till towards the end of January, 1747; and then, leaving his wife with the orphans,

¹ *Christian History*, 1747, p. 29.

² Two months before this letter was written, the Countess of Huntingdon, at the age of thirty-nine, became a widow. Her husband, the Earl of Huntingdon, died on October 13th, 1746.

³ “Life and Times of Countess of Huntingdon,” vol. i., p. 88.
⁴ See p. 158, vol. i.

169

he again set out on a preaching tour. He wrote to Herbert Jenkins as follows:—

“CHARLESTON, *January 23, 1747.*

“I lately came from Bethesda, where I found my family well—happy in Jesus, and happy in one another. Our Lord bowed the heavens several times, and came down among us, in the power of His eternal Spirit. In the beginning of March, I purpose to set out northward. I am sorry to hear the leaven of Antinomianism is not yet purged, and that animosities are not yet ceased among you. I can say nothing at this distance; but I pray that the God of peace may direct and rule all your hearts.”¹

The Orphan House was still a cause of great anxiety. Whitefield had there a family of twenty-six children. He had also opened a sort of boarding school, or, to use his own language, had begun “a foundation for literature.” He was, likewise, more than £500 in debt. To provide for such necessities, he now took one of the strangest steps in his chequered life. The people at Charleston gave him £300, which he expended in buying land and *negroes!* and thus the great preacher became a slave-owner and a planter! He shall tell his own story.

“CHARLESTON, *March 15, 1747.*

“Blessed be God! I hope I can say, that, Bethesda was never in better order than it is now. On my arrival there, this winter, I opened a *Latin* school, and have now several children of promising abilities who have begun to learn. One little orphan, who a year ago could not read his letters, has made considerable proficiency in his accidence. The blessed Spirit has been striving with several of the children, and I hope, ere long, to see some ministers sent forth from Georgia.

“The constitution of that colony is very bad, and it is impossible for the inhabitants to subsist without the use of slaves. But God has put it into the hearts of my South Carolina friends, to contribute liberally towards purchasing, in this province, a plantation and slaves, which I purpose to devote to the support of Bethesda. Blessed be God! the purchase is made. Last week, I bought, at a very cheap rate, a plantation of six hundred and forty acres of excellent land, with a good house, barn, and out-houses, and sixty acres of ground ready cleared, fenced, and fit for

rice, corn, and everything that will be necessary for provisions. One negro has been given me. Some more I purpose to purchase this week. An overseer is put upon the plantation, and, I trust, a sufficient quantity of provisions will be raised this year. The family at Bethesda consists of twenty-six. When my arrears are discharged, I intend to increase the number. I hope that God will still stir up the friends of Zion to help

¹ *Christian History*, 1747, p. 30.

170

me, not only to discharge the arrears, but also to bring the plantation, lately purchased, to such perfection, that, if I should die shortly, Bethesda may yet be provided for.

“As you have been such a benefactor, I thought it proper to give you this particular account.

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”¹

In all respects, this is a hateful letter. No doubt, it is injurious to Whitefield’s character and fame; but it could not be honestly withheld. Some people, perhaps, may be able to invent excuses for Whitefield’s odious act; but I am not disposed to help them. His motives might be good, but the transaction itself was bad. Let it pass, as one of the blots of a distinguished life.

A week after the letter was written, Whitefield and his wife set out for Maryland, and occupied about five weeks in reaching Bohemia. Here he spent a month, and wrote:—

“Glad would I be to come and offer myself once more to do New England service; but I am afraid many of the ministers and the heads of the people would not bear it. However, were this my only reason, it would soon be answered; but here are thousands in these southern parts who scarce ever heard of redeeming grace. Is it not my duty, as an itinerant, to go where the gospel has not been named? Those who think I want to make a party, or to disturb churches, do not know me. I am willing to hunt in the woods after sinners; and could be content that the name of George Whitefield shall die, if thereby the name of my dear Redeemer could be exalted.”

Here, as elsewhere, his labours were incessant. Under the date of “May 21, 1747,” he writes:—

“I have now been upon the stretch, preaching constantly, for almost three weeks. My body is often extremely weak, but the joy of the Lord

is my strength; and, by the help of God, I intend going on till I drop. These southern colonies lie in darkness, and yet, as far as I find, are as willing to receive the gospel as others. I have been a three hundred mile circuit in Maryland; and everywhere the people have a hearing ear, and, I trust, some have an obedient heart.”

From Maryland, Whitefield proceeded to Pennsylvania. “We travelled,” says he, “very pleasantly through the woods; and purpose returning to South Carolina and Georgia in the fall. We lead a moving life; but I trust we move heavenward.”

¹ *Christian History*, 1747, p. 34.

171

On arriving at Philadelphia, Whitefield was in a fever; and no wonder, considering his outdoor preachings amid the burning sunshine of South America. The following is from a letter to Howell Harris:—

“PHILADELPHIA, *May 30, 1747.*

“MY DEAREST BROTHER,—Had I strength equal to my will, you should now receive from me a very long letter; but, at present, I have such a fever upon me that I can scarce send you a few lines.

“You are very dear to me,—all of you are very dear to me. I thank you ten thousand times for all expressions of your tender love, and your steadiness in the truths and cause of Christ. Sometimes I hope your prayers will draw me to England more speedily than I imagine. But what shall I say? Here are thousands and thousands, in these parts of America, who, as to spiritual things, know not their right hand from their left; and yet are ready to hear the gospel from my mouth. Within these four weeks, I have been a circuit of four hundred miles, and everywhere found the fields white already unto harvest. No one goes out scarcely but myself.

“I trust the power of religion will be kept up in England and Wales. Though my coming may be delayed, I hope, when I am sent, it will be with a greater blessing— I am daily finishing my outward affairs, and shall think my call to England clearer, when I have provided for the support of the Orphan House.

“My dear man, I could write all night, but I am so giddy by hard riding, and preaching daily in the heat, that I must defer being more particular till another opportunity. I hope my dear wife will supply my

deficiencies. Remember me in the tenderest manner to all. Bid them pray me to England. Have you seen my last volume of five sermons? I hope the gates of hell will never prevail against the Tabernacle. Amen and amen!"¹

The next is an extract from Mrs. Whitefield's letter, also addressed to Harris, and written at the same date:—

"PHILADELPHIA, *May 30, 1747.*

"MY VERY DEAR FATHER AND FRIEND,—What shall I say to him I so much love and honour? My dear friends, in England, at the Tabernacle, and in Wales, can never be forgotten by me.

"The Lord has done great things for and by my dear master. Since last October, great numbers of precious souls have been brought from darkness to light, in the six provinces. Last night, my dear came here from a four hundred miles journey, during which he preached about thirty times. We left Charleston on March 21st, and came to Bohemia, in

¹ *Christian History*, 1747, p. 117.

172

Maryland, on April 27th. He preached all the way, which has very much fatigued him, and now he has a great fever upon him.

"Yours in the best of bonds,

"ELIZABETH WHITEFIELD.

"P.S.—Since writing the above, the Lord has enabled my very dear master to preach, in the *new building*,¹ *a most moving discourse upon growing in grace. I thought it would have been impossible for his strength to have held out.*"²

A few days afterwards; Whitefield wrote as follows:—

"PHILADELPHIA, *June 4, 1747.*

"At present, my whole frame of nature seems to be shocked. I have had several returns of my convulsions, and have almost a continual burning fever. To oblige my friends, and with great regret, I have omitted preaching one night, and purpose to do so once more, that they may not charge me with murdering myself; but I hope yet to die in the pulpit, or soon after I come out of it. Dying is exceeding pleasant to me; for though my body is so weak, the Lord causes my soul to rejoice exceedingly. Letters from England have refreshed me. All of them call me home loudly. Congregations here are as large as ever. Next Monday-week, I purpose to set out for New York."

Whitefield's journey to New York had to be postponed. Hence the following:—

“PHILADELPHIA, *June 23, 1747.*

“I have been several times on the verge of eternity. To-morrow, God willing, I set out for New York, to see if I can gain strength. At present, I am so weak, that I cannot preach. It is hard work to be silent; but I must be tried every way. Friends are exceeding kind; but the best of all is, the Friend of sinners looks in upon me, and comforts my heart.”

On reaching New York, Whitefield wrote to Howell Harris:—

“NEW YORK, *June 27, 1747.*

“MY VERY DEAR, DEAR BROTHER,—It is with much pleasure I now sit down to answer your kind and welcome letters. They have had such an effect upon me, that, God willing, I am determined to embark for England, or Scotland, early next spring. Till Christmas, I am already under indissoluble engagements. I am making a strong effort to get free from my outward embarrassments; and hope, before the year is ended, to stock my new plantation in South Carolina, as a *visible* fund for the Orphan House.

“For some weeks past, I have been exceedingly indisposed. God has

¹ The large building erected in 1740. See page 377, vol. i.

² *Christian History*, 1747, p. 119.

been pleased to bring me to the very brink of the grave, by convulsions, gravel, nervous colic, and a violent fever; but as afflictions abounded, consolations much more abounded, and my soul longed to take its flight to Jesus. I have not preached for a week past; but since my leaving Philadelphia, three days ago, I seem to have gathered strength, and hope once more, to-morrow, to proclaim amongst poor sinners the unsearchable riches of Christ. From hence, I purpose to go to Boston, and return by land, so as to reach Charleston in November.

“You will return my most humble and dutiful respects to good Lady Huntingdon, the Marquis, and Mrs. Edwin.¹ If possible, I will write to them. I leave my affairs to you, and depend on you, under God, to transact them all. The trouble is great, but Jesus will reward thee. Near £40 yearly were subscribed in England to the Orphan House; but I have received, I think, not above £5.”²

With the slightest improvement in his health, Whitefield resumed preaching. The following was addressed to Thomas Adams, one of his preachers in England:—

“NEW YORK, July 4, 1747.

“MY VERY DEAR BROTHER ADAMS,—Your kind letter has affected me much. It and the other letters have constrained me to set my face towards England. I hope to discharge what is due in America, for the Orphan House, this year. I am of your mind respecting the work in England; and, therefore, am willing so to settle my affairs, that, when I come, I may stay with you for a long season.

“At present, I am very weakly, and scarce able to preach above once or twice a week; but if our Saviour has further work forme to do, He can make me young and’lusty as the eagle. If not, I shall go to Him whom my soul loveth, and whom I long to see.”³

In another letter, of the same date, Whitefield wrote:—

“I have recovered a little strength, and find my appetite restored. I have been here eight days; and, to-morrow, intend posting away to Boston; and then I shall take a long, if not a final, farewell of all my northward friends. I have preached twice with great freedom. People flock rather more than ever, and the Lord vouchsafes us solemn meetings. I have left my dear yoke-fellow at Philadelphia, and expect to meet her again, in New York, in six weeks. In these three northward provinces, I trust something considerable will be done towards paying off the Orphan-

¹ The wife of John Edwin, Esq., M.P., the grandson of Sir Humphrey Edwin, Lord Mayor of London. The only daughter and heir of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin became a Methodist, was a particular friend of the eccentric Lady Townshend, and married Charles Dalrymple, Esq. (“Life and Times of Countess of Huntingdon,” vol. i., p. 87.)

² *Christian History*, 1747, p. 121.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 83.

house arrears. When that is effected, I care not how soon I sing my *Nunc dimittis*.”

Another letter, written at New York, must be added. It was addressed to John Cennick, who had seceded from Whitefield’s connexion, and joined the Moravians:—

“NEW YORK, July 5, 1747.

“MY DEAR JOHN,—Though sick and weak in body, the love I owe thee, for Jesus’ sake, constrains me to answer thy last kind letter, dated February 5. The other, mentioned therein, never came to hand.

“I am sorry to hear there are yet disputings amongst us about brick walls. After our contests of that kind about seven years ago,¹ I hoped such a scene would never appear again; but I find fresh offences must come, to discover to us fresh corruptions, to try our faith, to teach us to cease from man, and to lean more upon God.

“It has been thy meat and drink to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. Mayest thou continue in this plan! I wish thee much success, and shall always pray that the work of the Lord may prosper in thy hands. Whether thou hast changed thy principles with thy situation, I know not. I would only caution thee against taking anything for gospel upon the mere authority of man. Go where thou wilt, though thou shouldst be in the purest society under heaven, thou wilt find that the best of men are but men at best, and wilt meet with stumbling-blocks enough, to teach thee the necessity of a continual dependence on the Lord Jesus, who alone is infallible, and will not give that glory to another.

“My dear man, thou wilt excuse me, as my heart, at present, is affected with the divisions that subsist between the servants and churches of Jesus Christ. May Jesus heal them, and hasten the blessed time, when we shall all see eye to eye, and there shall be no disputings about houses, doctrine, or discipline, in all God’s holy mountain! “

On July 20, Whitefield arrived at Boston, and next day wrote to Herbert Jenkins:—²

“I hear the glorious Emmanuel has prospered the work of your hands at Plymouth, and elsewhere. May He bless and prosper you, and the rest of my dear brethren, yet more and more! I hope you will live in unity, and let Satan get no advantage over you. ‘*Divide and destroy,*’ is the devil’s motto. ‘*Force united,*’ is the Christian’s. Oh that when I come to see you, I may see yon walking in love! “³

¹ The disputes respecting Kingswood School.

² Three months after this, Herbert Jenkins was preaching in Scotland with such success, that, “at Glasgow, he was complimented with the freedom of the city, and was entertained by the magistrates, and likewise by the Presbytery.” (*Scots’ Magazine*, 1747, p. 403.)

³ *Christian History*, 1747, p. 128.

On August 9th, he wrote as follows to Howell Harris:—

“I have been in New England nearly three weeks. The Lord is with me. Congregations are as great as ever. I could gladly stay in New England, but I must return to the southern provinces. Though faint, I am still pursuing, and, in the strength of Jesus, hope to die fighting.”¹

Whitefield’s labours in the north were not confined to Boston. The following is taken from the *New England-Gazette*:—

“Mr. Whitefield came, on Tuesday evening, July 21, to the seat of his friend, Isaac Royal, Esq., at Charlestown; where, on the next day, several gentlemen of note from Boston paid him a friendly visit. On Thursday, the 23rd, he set out for Portsmouth, where he arrived on Friday, and, that evening, preached there, to a crowded audience, with as great acceptance as ever. Thence, he was invited to dine with Sir William Pepperell and his lady at Kittery, who entertained him with their usual great politeness and generosity. Thence, he went and preached at York; the Rev. Mr. Moody and his people received him with the most hearty welcome. Thence, he returned to Portsmouth, where he preached again, all the people treating him with gentleman-like civility. On July 29, he preached at Newbury, and would have come on to Boston, but was so earnestly solicited to go back and preach at Exeter and Durham, that he could not resist the importunity.”

Returning southwards, Whitefield reached New York on August 27, where he wrote half a dozen letters, from which the following sentences are culled:—

“We were detained three or four days upon the water; but it was over-ruled for good. I recovered my appetite, and eat like a sailor. My health is considerably recruited. My obligations to my glorious Jesus are increased by my late excursion to Charlestown, Portsmouth, Boston, and other places in New England. I am of the same mind as when at Boston, —resolved to preach and work for Jesus, till I can preach and work no more. He is a good Master, and is worthy of all our time, and of everything that we possess. Is not one heart too little for Him? And, yet, He requires no more. Amazing love! I am lost when I think of it. I can only say, ‘Lord, I adore and worship!’”

On August 31, Whitefield set out for Philadelphia. At the risk of being tedious, further extracts from his letters must be given. To Howell Harris, he addressed the following:—

¹ *Christian History*, 1747, p. 128.

“PHILADELPHIA, *September 11, 1747.*

“MY VERY DEAR, DEAR BROTHER,—I have good news from Georgia, and from my new plantation in South Carolina. Many negroes are brought under conviction. We saw great things in New England. The flocking, and the power that attended the word, were like what we witnessed seven years ago. Weak as I was, I travelled eleven hundred miles, and preached daily. I am now going to Georgia, to settle all my affairs, and get ready to embark for England. My dear yoke-fellow is gone forwards. I find no inclination to settle. I am determined to die fighting. I am here travelling through a wilderness, but, I trust, leaning on my Beloved. Jesus is my rock, my stay, my God, my all. Various are the scenes I pass through; and various are the comforts and supports with which I meet. Sometimes, the Lord feeds me as it were by the ravens; and He daily teaches me that man’s extremity is His opportunity, to help and succour.”¹

On the same day, Whitefield wrote letters to John and Charles Wesley. To the former, he says:—

“Dear and Reverend Sir,—Not long ago, I received your- kind letter, dated in February last. Your others, I believe, came to hand, and I hope ere now you have received my answer. My heart is really for an outward, as well as inward union. Nothing shall be wanting on my part to bring it about; but I cannot see how it can be effected, till we all think and speak the same things. I rejoice to hear, that you and your brother are more moderate with respect to *sinless perfection*. As for *universal redemption*, if we omit on each side the talking for or against *reprobation*, which we may do fairly, and agree, as we already do, in giving a universal offer to all poor sinners that will come and taste the water of life, I think we may manage very well. But it is difficult to manage such matters at a distance. Some time next year, I hope to see you face to face.”

So much concerning the amalgamation of their respective Societies. In reference to the battle of Culloden, and Whitefield’s Thanksgiving Sermon, on “Britain’s Mercies and Britain’s Duty,” he proceeds to say:—

“I rejoice to find that the Rebellion has been over-ruled for the awakening of many souls. Our Lord generally builds His temple in troublesome times. I cannot, upon the maturest deliberation, charge myself with a design to flatter in my sermon upon that occasion.² You know my attachment to the present Establishment. Out of the fulness of my heart, my pen wrote.”

¹ *Christian History*, 1747, p. 146; and *Whitefield's Works*, vol. ii. p. 126.

² Whether designedly or not, Whitefield, in his political sermon, pronounced eulogies on George the Second and his Government, which they hardly merited.

177

Passing to his Orphan-house affairs, Whitefield continues:—

“I have news of the awakening of several negroes at my new plantation, lately purchased in South Carolina. I hope ere long to be delivered from my outward embarrassments. I long to owe no man anything but love. This is a debt, reverend sir, I shall never be able to discharge to you, or your brother. Jesus will pay you all. I love and honour you very much, and rejoice in your success as much as in my own. O for heaven! where we shall mistake, judge, and grieve one another no more. Lately, I thought myself sailing into the blessed harbour; but it seems I must put out to sea again. Forgive, reverend sir, the prolixity of this. Love indites. I salute you for my dear fellow-pilgrim, who is gone forwards. Continue to pray for us, and assure yourself that you are always remembered by,

“Reverend and very dear sir, yours, etc.,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”

Whitefield's letter to Charles Wesley was equally affectionate. He writes:—

“PHILADELPHIA, *September 11, 1747.*

“VERY DEAR SIR,—Both your letters and your prayers, I trust, have reached me. May mine reach you also, and then it will not be long ere we shall be one fold under one Shepherd. However, if this be not on earth, it will certainly be in heaven. Thither, I trust, we are hastening apace. Blessed be God! that your spiritual children are increasing. May they increase more and more! Jesus can maintain them all. He wills that His house should be full. Some have written me things to your disadvantage. I do not believe them. Love thinks no evil of a friend. Such are you to me. I love you most dearly. You will see my letter to your dear brother. That you may be guided into all truth, turn thousands and tens of thousands more unto righteousness, and shine as stars for ever and ever, is the hearty prayer of,

“Very dear sir, yours most affectionately,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”

In the foregoing extract from the *New England Gazette*, the Rev. Mr. Moody is mentioned. Samuel Moody was a memorable man. Having graduated in Harvard College, he was ordained in 1700, and, for forty-seven years, had been minister of York. He was eccentric, but eminent for piety and usefulness. In his younger years, he himself had been an itinerant, and had often preached beyond the limits of his own parish. Wherever he went, he was welcomed. Even the irreligious were impressed with the sanctity of his character, and were inspired with awe. He refused to have

178

a fixed salary, as was usual, and elected to depend entirely on the free contributions of the people. He was frequently in straits, and almost dinnerless; but always felt confident that, in his extremity, a meal would be furnished by the providence of God. One day, he had no provisions and no money, but insisted upon having the cloth laid, saying to his wife, "The Lord will provide." No sooner were the words uttered, than there was a rap at the door, and a person presented him with a dinner. He was now in the seventy-first year of his age; and, within four months after the date of Whitefield's visit, peacefully expired. The following touching letter was addressed to this venerable man only eight weeks before his death:—

"BOHEMIA, MARYLAND, *September 17, 1747.*

"HONOURED SIR,—Will you permit a young soldier of Jesus Christ to write to an experienced veteran, before he goes hence and is no more seen? I am sorry that my visit to York was short, yet glad that our Lord gave me to see you once more ready to sing your 'Nunc dimittis,' with steadiness and composure, if not with joy unspeakable. Happy, thrice happy, reverend sir! You have gone through that wilderness, which, if hoary hairs should be my lot, awaits me, your younger son and servant. Well! this is my comfort: I have the same Beloved to lean upon, as you have had. The way, though narrow, is not long; the gate, though strait, opens into life eternal. O that I might pass through it when young! But, Father, not my will, but Thine be done!

"Honoured sir, be pleased to pray for me. I remember you and your dear flock. May He, who kissed away the soul of His beloved Moses, appoint a Joshua to succeed you, when He bids you come up to the mount

and die! I hope my cordial respects will find acceptance with your dear yoke-fellow; and I beg leave to subscribe myself, honoured sir, your most affectionate, though unworthy, younger son and willing servant in Him who liveth for ever,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”

Little more remains to be recorded respecting the year 1747. After spending a few days in Maryland, Whitefield passed into Virginia, where he “preached once, and would have preached oftener, but the small-pox was spreading.” He then “posted” to Bath-Town, North Carolina. Writing to a friend, he says:—

“I am hunting after poor lost sinners in these ungodly wilds. People are willing to hear, and I am willing to preach. My body is weak, and a little riding fatigues me. I long to be dissolved, and to be with Jesus, but cannot die. I would have you still pray for me as a *dying* man;

179

but O pray that I may not go off as a snuff. I would fain die blazing, not with human glory, but, with the love of Jesus.”

After riding “on horseback through the woods a hundred and sixty miles,” and preaching as he went, Whitefield, on October 18, arrived at Wilmington, Cape Fear. He then proceeded to Charleston; and, on October 26, set out for Georgia.¹ He closed the year, however, at Charleston. Hence the following, addressed to John Edwards, one of his preachers:—

“CHARLESTON, *December 28, 1747.*

“My very dear Brother Edwards,—I have but just time to inform you that I wait for answers, to my last letters, from dear brother Harris and you, in order to be determined about my coming to England. My affairs here are brought under foot. If friends at home exert themselves, I may be freed from all outward embarrassments. The Lord is yet with me. All is well at Bethesda, and at my new plantation. My dear yoke-fellow is at the Orphan House. We are always praying for you *all*. The Lord be with you! That we may keep an eternal new year in the New Jerusalem, is the hearty prayer of, my very dear man,
“Ever yours, whilst

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”²

Early in the year 1748, Whitefield, instead of embarking for England, set sail for Bermudas. The following letters, to Howell Harris, will explain the reason:—

“CHARLESTON, *February 28, 1748.*

“By this time, I hoped to have been on my way to England; but, having received no answers to the letters I sent you from New York and elsewhere, and in consequence of other concurring providences, I have been induced to believe it my duty to go to Bermudas. My dear yoke-fellow will stay behind, in these parts; and I purpose to return to her early in the fall. Meanwhile, I expect to hear from you; and, if my way seems clear, I do not despair of seeing you before Christmas next. Think not hard of me, my dear man, for thus deferring to come to you.

“I hope I have now got very near a sufficiency for the future support of Bethesda. If my friends in England will help me, I hope my arrears will be paid, and my heart be freed from a load which has lain on me for years. If not, the Friend of all will help me. On Him, my eyes wait; and, in obedience to Him, I go once more upon the mighty waters. My dear wife will have a trial in my being absent so long.

“Yours most affectionately and eternally in Christ Jesus,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”³

¹ Whitefield's Works, vol. ii., p. 141.

² *Christian History*, 1747, p. 178.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 209.

“ON BOARD THE ‘ANN,’ (Captain Tucker,) *bound from*

Charleston to Bermudas, March 6, 1748.

“MY VERY DEAR, DEAR BROTHER,—Just as I was coming on board, yours, dated October 16, was put into my hands. I have read it, and now believe I shall see you sooner than I expected. I have a great mind to come to you from New England. But what will *Sarah* say? I have left her behind me in the tent; and, should I bring her to England, my two families, in America, must be left without a head. Should I go without her, I fear, the trial will be too hard for her; but, if the Lord calls, I can put both her and myself into His all-bountiful hands.

“I am now going, on a fresh embassy, to Bermudas, after having had a profitable winter in these southern parts. Congregations in Charleston have been greater than ever; and Jesus has helped me to deliver my

soul. Had I ten thousand lives, He should have them all. Excuse this scribble; I am just come on board.

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”¹

As every one knows, the Bermudas are a cluster of small islands, in the Atlantic Ocean, nearly four hundred in number, but, for the greater part, diminutive and barren. They were discovered by Juan Bermudas, a Spaniard, about the year 1522; but were not inhabited till 1609, when Sir George Somers was cast away upon them, and established a small settlement. The length of the colony is less than thirty miles, and the population, even at the present day, is not more than ten thousand, one half of whom are black and coloured persons. The soil of the inhabited islands (about five in number) is exceedingly fertile; vegetation is rapid; spring may be said to be perpetual; and fields and forests are clad with unfading verdure. In these clustered islets, Whitefield landed on March 15; and here he spent eleven weeks, generally preaching once, and often twice, a day. In England, it was reported that he was dead. The *Gentleman's Magazine*, for the month of May, in its “List of Deaths,” had the following:—

“April.—Rev. Mr. Whitefield, the famous itinerant preacher, and founder of the Methodists in Georgia.”

Fortunately, the rumcur had afterwards to be corrected.

Whitefield met with the greatest courtesy and kindness in Bermudas. The Rev. Mr. Holiday, clergyman of Spanish-Point, received him in the most affectionate manner, and

¹ *Christian History*, p. 211

begged him to become his guest. The governor and the council invited him to dine with them. The Rev. Mr. Paul, an aged Presbyterian minister, offered him his pulpit. Colonels Butterfield, Corbusiers, and Gilbert, Captain Dorrel, and Judge Bascombe, gave him hospitable entertainments. He preached in the churches, in the Presbyterian meeting-house, in mansions, in cottages, and in the open air. Colonel Gilbert lent him his horse during his stay; and the gentle-

men of the islands subscribed more than £100 sterling for his Orphan House. Some of the negroes were offended at him, because he reproved “their cursing, thieving, and lying,” and said, “their hearts were as black as their faces;” but, as a rule, they flocked to hear him, and were powerfully affected by his discourses.

Gillies gives extracts from the Journal which Whitefield wrote in Bermudas,—extracts filling fifteen printed pages; but the substance of the whole is contained in the following letter, addressed to a minister at Boston:—

“BERMUDAS, *May 17, 1748.*

“REV. AND DEAR SIR,—Nine weeks ago, I arrived here from Charleston. We had a safe and pleasant passage. We were nine days on board; and I do not remember hearing one single oath, from land to land.

“Mr. Holiday, a clergyman of the Church of England, received me with open heart and arms. The first Lord’s-day, after my arrival, I read prayers and preached in two of his parish churches; and the longer I stayed, the more kindly he behaved to me. The two other Church clergy chose to keep at a distance; but Mr. Paul, an aged Presbyterian minister, was very free to let me have the use of his meeting-house, and, as it was pretty large and in a central part of the island, I preached in it for eight Lord’s-days successively.

“His excellency, the governor, was pleased to come and hear me, when I preached in town, with most of the council and the principal gentlemen in the island. He treated me with great respect, and invited me more than once to dine with him. I have preached nearly seventy times; on the week-days chiefly in private houses, but sometimes in the open air, to larger assemblies, they tell me, than were ever seen upon the island before. The word has frequently been attended with Divine power, and many have been brought under convictions. I have spent nine happy weeks among them, and was never so little opposed, during so long a stay in any place. In a few days, I hope to embark, in the brig *Betsy*, (Captain Eastern,) for England.”¹

¹ *Christian History*, p. 225.

“After the service, many came weeping bitterly around me. Abundance of prayers were put up for my safe passage to England, and speedy return to Bermudas. Thanks be to the Lord for sending me hither! I have been received in a manner I dared not expect, and have met with little, very little, opposition. The inhabitants seem to be plain and open-hearted. They have also been open-handed; for they have loaded me with provisions for my voyage, and, by a private voluntary contribution, have raised me upwards of £100 sterling. This will pay a little of Bethesda’s debt, and enable me to make such a remittance to my dear yoke-fellow, as may keep her from being embarrassed in my absence.”¹

This was Whitefield’s only visit to Bermudas. He wrote: “An entrance is now made into the islands. The Lord, who has begun, can and will carry on His own work.” It was long before Whitefield’s hope was realized. Fifty-one years afterwards, Wesley’s Methodist Conference sent to the islands the Rev. John Stephenson. The white population hated the missionary, because he was the friend of the enslaved blacks; and, before long, he was apprehended, tried, condemned, and sentenced to six months’ imprisonment, besides having to pay a fine of £50, and all the expenses of his trial. At the end of his imprisonment, Mr. Stephenson was expelled the colony, and the Methodist mission was abandoned. Eight years afterwards, it was resumed by the Rev. Joshua Marsden; in due time, it had the honour of giving to Methodism the well-known Rev. Edward Frazer; and, in this year, 1876, it has three missionaries, and between four and five hundred church members.

On the 2nd of June, Whitefield embarked for England, the wife of the governor of Bermudas being one of his fellow passengers. When approaching the end of his voyage, he wrote, as follows, to a friend:—

“ON BOARD THE ‘BETSY,’ *June 24, 1748.*

“REV. AND VERY DEAR SIR,—Though we are about two hundred leagues from land, yet, lest hurry of business should prevent me when we get ashore, I think proper to write you a few lines whilst I am on board.

“We sailed from Bermudas twenty-one days ago, and have lived, as to the conveniences of eating and drinking, like people from the continent, rather than from one of the islands; so bountiful were our friends, whom

¹ Gillies' "Memoirs of Whitefield."

183

we left behind us. Hitherto, we have met with no storms or contrary winds. The first day we came out, we were chased; and, yesterday, a large French vessel shot thrice at us, and bore down upon us. We gave up all for lost; and I was dressing to receive our expected visitors; when our captain cried, 'The danger is over;' and the Frenchman turned about and left us. He was quite near, and we were almost defenceless. Now we are so near the Channel, we expect such alarms daily.

"The captain is exceedingly civil, and I have my passage free; but all I have been able to do, in respect to religious duties, is to read the Church prayers once every evening, and twice on Sundays. I have not preached yet. This may spare my lungs, but it grieves my heart. I long to be ashore, if it were for no other reason.

"Besides, I can do little in respect to writing. You may guess how it is, when I tell you we have four gentlewomen in the cabin. However, they have been very civil, and I believe my being on board has been serviceable. I have finished my abridgment of Mr. Law's 'Serious Call,' which I have endeavoured to *gospelize*. Yesterday, I made an end of revising all my Journals. I purpose to have a new edition before I see America.

"Alas, alas! In how many things have I judged and acted wrong! I have been too rash and hasty in giving characters, both of places and persons. Being fond of Scripture language, I have often used a style too apostolical; and, at the same time, I have been too bitter in my zeal. Wild-fire has been mixed with it: and I frequently wrote and spoke in my own spirit, when I thought I was writing and speaking by the assistance of the Spirit of God. I have, likewise, too much made impressions my rule of acting; and have published too soon, and too explicitly, what had been better told after my death. By these things, I have hurt the blessed cause I would defend, and have stirred up needless opposition. This has much humbled me, since I have been on board, and has made me think of a saying of Mr. Henry's, 'Joseph had more *honesty* than he had *policy*, or he would never have told his dreams.'

"At the same time, I cannot but bless and praise that good and gracious God, who filled me with so much of His holy fire, and carried me, a poor weak youth, through such a torrent both of popularity and contempt, and set so many seals to my unworthy ministrations. I bless Him for ripening my judgment a little more, and for giving me to see and confess, and, I hope, in some degree, to correct and amend, some of my mistakes. If I have time before we land, I think to write a short account of what has

happened for these seven years last past; and, when I get on shore, I purpose to revise and correct the first part of my Life.”

All must admire this ingenuous confession. Never was the Latin proverb better illustrated than in the case of Whitefield: “*Fas est ab hoste doceri.*” In both mild and savage language, Whitefield had often been accused of such faults and errors; and now, when he has time to think, he honestly confesses them.

184

Whitefield landed at Deal on June 30th, and six days afterwards arrived in London.¹ One of his first acts, when he stepped ashore, was to write the following hearty and loving letter “to the Rev. Mr. John or Charles Wesley.”

DEAL, *July*, 1748.

“Will you not be glad to hear that the God of the seas and of the dry land has brought me to my native country once more? I came last from the Bermudas, where the Friend of sinners was pleased to own my poor labours abundantly. I hope, I come in the spirit of love, desiring to study and pursue those things which make for peace. This is the language of my heart:—

‘O let us find the ancient way,
Our wondering foes to move;
And force the heathen world to say,
See how these Christians love.’

“I purpose to be in London in a few days. Meanwhile, I salute you and all the followers of the blessed Lamb of God most heartily. Be pleased to pray for, and give thanks in behalf of, reverend and dear brother, yours most affectionately in Christ,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”

Apart from his first visit to America, Whitefield had now spent about four years and a half in itinerant preaching throughout England’s transatlantic colonies. Except the religious movement, which began at Northampton in 1734, and declined in 1736, the time spent in Whitefield’s second and third visits to America covered the entire period of what has been termed “the great awakening.” What were the results of that remarkable work of God? In reference to the churches of New England only, it has been care-

fully estimated that from thirty to forty thousand persons were permanently added to their membership. With these also must be joined a large number who, after a time, “fell away;” and likewise the multitudes who were “melted” and made to weep by Whitefield’s eloquence, but were not converted. Further, it must be kept in mind, that, up to this period, the practice of admitting to the communion all persons, though unconverted, who were neither heretical nor scandalous, was general in the Presbyterian Church, and prevailed extensively among the Congregational churches;

¹ *Gentleman’s Magazine*, 1748, p. 329.

185

the result being, that a large proportion of the members of these churches, though orthodox and moral, were unregenerated. Multitudes of these were now, for the first time, made the subjects of a saving change. Indeed, in some cases, the revival seems to have been almost wholly within the Church, and to have resulted in the conversion of nearly all the members. These, at the best, had been dead weights to their respective communities; but now they became active and valuable workers.

Again: it is useless to deny that there were a large number of unconverted ministers, especially in New England. Young men, without even the appearance of piety, were received into the colleges to prepare for the ministry. Graduates, if found to possess competent knowledge, were ordained as a matter of course, quite irrespective of their being born again. The result was, that in New England and in all the colonies, an unconverted ministry, to a lamentable extent, was the bane of the churches. “The great awakening,” however, reached not only the pews, but the pulpits and the colleges of the Christian community. In the vicinity of Boston only, there were not fewer than twenty ministers who acknowledged Whitefield as the means of their conversion; and in other parts of the country, there were proportionate numbers. This was an incalculable gain. The great curse of the Church was turned into an equally great blessing. Yea, more than this, the revival fully and finally

killed the doctrine that an unconverted ministry might be tolerated; and, henceforth, parents felt that they were not doing a worthy deed by consecrating their unregenerated sons to the office of the Christian ministry, and sending them to colleges to be prepared for it.¹

Other immediate results of “the great awakening” might be mentioned, but these are sufficient to evoke the grateful exclamation, “*What hath God wrought!*”

¹ See Tracy’s “Great Awakening,” pp. 388–433.

*THREE YEARS IN GREAT BRITAIN AND
IRELAND.*

JULY 1, 1748, TO AUGUST 29, 1751.

TWO days after his arrival in London, Whitefield wrote to his much-loved friend, the gentle James Hervey, who was now completing his “Meditations”:—

“I am very pleased that you appear in print, and that such encouragement is given to you to print again. My bodily health is much impaired; but, through Divine assistance, I will go. on working for Jesus, till I can work no more.”

And again, eight days later:—

“Blessed be God, for causing you to write so as to suit the taste of the polite world! O that they may be won over to admire Him who is altogether lovely! But what shall I say to your kind intended present? It is like my dear old friend. My health somewhat improves. Oh, when shall we get within the veil? Thanks be to God! it cannot be long. We are both sickly. Lord, give us patience to wait till our blessed change comes! Our Lord makes it exceedingly pleasant to me to preach His unsearchable riches. Multitudes flock to hear; and many seem to be quickened.”

The welcome given to Whitefield in the metropolis was marvellous. It is true that the only church in which he was allowed to preach was that of the Rev. Richard Thomas Bateman, who, only five years before, had been one of Whitefield’s enemies; but there was the wooden tabernacle,

and, above all, his grand old open-air cathedral adjoining it. On Tuesday, July 12, he wrote:—

“I have preached twice in St. Bartholomew’s Church, and helped to administer the sacrament once. I believe, on Sunday last, we had a thousand communicants. Moorfields are as white as ever unto harvest,

187

and multitudes flock to hear the word. The old spirit of love and power seems to be revived amongst us.”

In another letter, written eight days later, he says:—

“It is too much for one man to be received as I have been by thousands. The thoughts of it lay me low, but I cannot get low enough. I would willingly sink into nothing before the blessed Jesus, my All in all.”

Whitefield, however, was not exempt from anxieties. His Bethesda debt was still a burden. Besides this, he wrote:—

“Satan has been sifting all our poor Societies. This is no more than I expected. Antinomianism has made havoc here; but, I trust, the worst is over. Our scattered troops begin to unite again, and the shout of a king is amongst us.”

There can be no question, that Whitefield’s presence was greatly needed by the Societies, of which he was moderator. Howell Harris was one of the most devoted and laborious preachers that ever lived; but his influence was not equal to that of Whitefield. In a letter, dated March 3, 1748, he speaks of having travelled about a thousand miles, in the depth of winter, since he left London on December 20th and of having preached two, three, or four times every day.¹ Still the people were clamorous to have Whitefield back.

The Countess of Huntingdon, also, had lately been associated with the Societies with which Whitefield was connected; and, within the last two months, had been present at a series of memorable services in Wales. In the month of May, her ladyship and her daughters, accompanied by Lady Anne and Lady Frances Hastings, were met, in Bristol, by Howell Harris, and the Revs. Griffith Jones, Daniel Rowlands, and Howell Davies, three Methodist clergymen of the Church of England; and, as a sort of evangelistic cavalcade, the whole set out for the neighbouring principality. For fifteen days successively, two of the ministers, who ac-

accompanied the Countess, preached in the Welsh towns and villages, through which they passed. On their arrival at Trevecca, they were joined by five other clergymen, also by several pious and laborious Dissenting ministers, and a number of Whitefield's preachers. Here they had

¹ *Christian History*, p. 192.

188

preaching four or five times every day, immense crowds flocking together from all the adjacent country. The scenes witnessed by the Countess and the ladies attending her, were, to them, new and startling. Numbers of the people, convinced of their guilt and misery, gave utterance to loud and bitter cries; whilst others, filled with "joy unspeakable," magnified the Lord, and rejoiced in God their Saviour. No wonder, that, after this, the Countess of Huntingdon deeply sympathised with these earnest clergymen and powerful preachers.

"On a review," she writes, "of all I have seen and heard, during the last few weeks, I am constrained to exclaim, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless His holy name!' The sermons were, in general, lively and awakening, containing the most solemn and awful truths, such as the utter ruin of man by the fall, and his redemption and recovery by the Lord Jesus Christ, the energetic declaration of which produced great and visible effects in many. I enquired the meaning of the outcry which sometimes spread through the congregation; and, when informed that it arose from a deep conviction of sin, working powerfully on the awakened conscience, I could not but acknowledge, 'This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.' Many, on these solemn occasions, there is reason to believe, were brought out of nature's deepest darkness into the marvellous light of the all-glorious gospel of Christ. My earnest prayer to God for them is, that they may continue in His grace and love."¹

Accompanied by Howell Harris and Howell Davies, the Countess of Huntingdon arrived in London on the 15th of June,² exactly three weeks before Whitefield's arrival there. Her ladyship, through Howell Harris, invited Whitefield to her house at Chelsea, where he, at once, began to preach to crowded and fashionable congregations.³ This, to Whitefield, was the beginning of a new career. Henceforth,

Hervey by his writings, and Whitefield by his preaching, began to mould the character of not a few of the highest nobility in the land.

Howell Harris was a glorious evangelist; but, somehow, he hardly succeeded in keeping Whitefield's preachers in proper order. The Countess of Huntingdon was a remarkable woman; but she could scarcely preside, as a female prelate,

¹ "Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon," vol. i., p. 86.

² *Ibid.*

³ *Ibid.*, vol. ii., p. 375; and "Life and Times of Howell Harris," p. 117. *The Calvinistic Methodists.*

189

in the "Associations," or conferences of the Calvinistic Methodists. Five years ago, the preachers had elected Whitefield to be their moderator at all times when he was resident in England, and had decided that, in his absence, Howell Harris should be his substitute. For nearly four years past, Whitefield had been in America, and Harris had done his best, in governing as well as preaching. Affairs, however, had got into confusion; and, hence, a fortnight after Whitefield's arrival in London, he resumed his place as moderator. The following is taken from the "Life and Times of Howell Harris," and is an abridgment of the minutes entered in the "Conference Book," already mentioned:—

"Association held in London, July 20, 1748. Present, Whitefield, (moderator), Bateman, Harris, and others. Whitefield, after prayer and singing, opened his mind on several points." He told the exhorters and preachers present, that, "he had seen so much confusion occasioned by young men going out rashly beyond their line, that, he was resolved not to labour with any who did not shew a teachable mind and a willingness to submit." He admonished them "to use all means for improving their talents and abilities." And added, that, "though he hated to affect headship, yet he must see every one acquainted with his own place, and that they must consider themselves as candidates on approbation." The result of this faithful dealing was, "the Brethren viewed him as a father; and declared their willingness to use all possible means for their personal improvement."

Thus began Whitefield's ecclesiastical administration on his return from America. Like a wise man, he, first of all,

tried to put the preachers right. Without this, it would have been useless to attempt to amend the people.

The effort was a temporary one. Having spent nearly a month in London, Whitefield set out to attend a quarterly "Association," at Waterford, in Wales. A month later, he wrote a surprising letter to his friend Wesley.

"LONDON, *September 1*, 1748.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,—My not meeting you in London has been a disappointment to me. What have you thought about a union? I am afraid an external one is impracticable. I find, by your sermons, that we differ in principles more than I thought; and I believe we are upon two different plans. My attachment to America will not permit me to abide very long in England; consequently, I should weave but a Penelope's web, if I formed Societies; and, if I should form them, I have not proper assistants to take care of them. I intend, therefore, to go about

190

preaching the gospel to every creature. You, I suppose, are for settling Societies everywhere; but more of this when we meet."

This, on the part of Whitefield, was not an inconsiderate utterance. The present was really a turning-point in his eventful life. Strictly speaking, with perhaps a few exceptions, he had not "*formed*" Societies, as Wesley had; but, for five years past, he had been the "moderator" of all the Societies founded by Howell Harris, and by the preachers, who, in the title-page of the *Christian History*, were constantly designated Whitefield's "fellow-labourers and assistants." Many of Wesley's Societies were "*formed*," not by Wesley himself, but by his "assistants;" and the same must be said respecting Whitefield and the Societies of which he was president. If Whitefield had not *actually* "settled" Societies, he had consented to this being done by his "fellow-labourers and assistants;" and, by accepting the office of moderator, he had encouraged the proceeding. Now, however, he declared his intention to take a new position; and, by degrees, his intention was carried out. At an Association, held in London, April 27, 1749, at which Whitefield, Harris, and others were present, it was agreed, that "Harris should take the oversight of the Tabernacle in London, and of the

other *English* Societies and preachers; and that Whitefield should do all he could to strengthen the hands of Harris and others, consistent with his going out to preach the gospel at home and abroad.”¹ By this resolution, the office of moderator was practically transferred from Whitefield to Harris. Whitefield was no longer the head of the Calvinistic Methodists, but his friend Harris, who first founded them.

For the present, Whitefield did not abandon them. He simply ceased to be their chief officer. During the first week of September, 1749, he spent not fewer than five days in conference with them, at the Tabernacle, London; when, besides settling the “rounds” of the preachers, it was determined, not only “to preach the Lord Jesus in a catholic spirit to all the churches,” but “to continue in communion” with the Church of England.²

¹ “Life and Times of Howell Harris,” p. 115.

² *Ibid.*

191

Harris, however, in his new office, was far from being happy. “In Wales,” he writes, “great jars and disputes arose amongst us.”¹ He became dissatisfied with some of the preachers and with many of the people; and, at an Association held at Llanidloes in 1751, there was a rupture, and Harris seceded from them. In the year following, Harris founded his remarkable and well-known settlement at Trevecca; and here, in comparative seclusion, he continued to reside until his death, in 1773. For twenty years, he had a small community of his own; but, though separated from the Calvinistic Methodists, whom he had founded, he was not an opponent and an enemy. His heart was too warm and large to be vindictive. To the last, he was a sincere friend of Whitefield, and of his old companions in toil, tribulation, and success.

The incidents just enumerated deserve attention. It is impossible to conceive what would have been the result, if Whitefield and Harris had continued active chiefs of the Calvinistic Methodists; as it is equally impossible to conceive the probable consequences of Whitefield entering into an

open union with Wesley; and of the Societies, “assistants, and fellow-labourers” of the two being amalgamated into one common body. Speculations on such matters would be fruitless. The plain facts are these: within two months after his return from America, in 1748, Whitefield determined to put an end to his official relationship to the Calvinistic Methodists; this determination was gradually carried out; and, during the last twenty years of his life, he occupied a new position, which must now be noticed.

The question naturally occurs, Why this change of situation? Was it because of the wild-fire of some of the preachers, and the consequent confusion of some of the Societies, with which Whitefield was officially connected? This is improbable; for, whatever might be Whitefield’s failings, shirking difficulties was not one of them. The only way to solve the propounded problem is to remember the close relationship which was now, unexpectedly, created between the Countess of Huntingdon and the great preacher.

¹ “Life and Times of Howell Harris, 1791,” p. 63.

192

The Countess had recently been an eye-witness of some of the Societies in Wales, and had been filled with gratitude and praise for what she had seen and heard; but, now she seems to have entertained the idea, that both she and Whitefield might be more usefully employed, than by directly associating themselves with the Calvinistic Methodists, and by using their time, talents, and influence in the multiplication of such Societies. Instead of creating new sects out of the Church of England, was it not possible to reform and amend the Church of England itself? And was not the raising up of evangelical and converted ministers the most likely way to bring about such a reformation? Put the pulpits right, and the pews would certainly improve.

Though direct evidence may be wanting, there can be little doubt, that, this was the grand scheme now revolving in the mind of the illustrious Countess; and that this scheme, in less or greater detail, was revealed to Whitefield,

and led to his separation from the Calvinistic Methodists. At all events, as will be seen hereafter, this was one of the chief objects to which Whitefield and her ladyship devoted their time and energies. Whitefield tried to raise up converted clergymen; and the Countess procured them ordination, and built them chapels. The idea was grand,—perhaps inspired,—and the working it out was unquestionably the principal means of effecting the marvellous change which has taken place, since then, in the Established Church. Wesley created a great Church outside the Church of England. Whitefield and the Countess of Huntingdon were pre-eminently employed in improving the Church of England itself. Where was evangelistic effort previous to the days of Wesley? And where were the converted clergymen of the Established Church previous to the year 1748? A few—a very few—might be mentioned; but even these were nicknamed Methodists. No one can estimate the service rendered to the cause of Christ, outside the Church, by Wesley and his “assistants;” and it is also equally impossible to estimate the service rendered *to* the Church by the despised Whitefield and his female prelate, the grand, stately, strong-minded, godly, and self-sacrificing Countess of

193

Huntingdon. All this will be amply illustrated by the further details of Whitefield’s history.

To return. The following fragments, taken from letters written to Lady Huntingdon, during the month of August, 1748, will serve to shew the friendship that now existed between her ladyship and the great preacher:—

“August 21. I received your ladyship’s letter late last night. I am quite willing to comply with your invitation. As I am to preach at St. Bartholomew’s on Wednesday evening, I will wait upon your ladyship the next morning, and spend the whole day at Chelsea. Blessed be God, that the rich and great begin to have a hearing ear. Surely your ladyship and Madam Edwin are only the firstfruits. A word in the lesson, when I was last at your ladyship’s, struck me,—‘Paul preached privately to those who were of reputation.’ This must be the way, I presume, of dealing with the nobility who yet know not the Lord. O that I may be enabled so to preach as to win their souls to the blessed Jesus!

“August 22. As there seems to be a door opening for the nobility to hear the gospel, I will preach at your ladyship’s on Tuesday. Meanwhile, I will wait upon or send to the Count, the Danish Ambassador’s brother, who favours me with his company to dine on Monday. As I am to preach four times to-morrow, I thought it my duty to send these few lines to your ladyship to-night.”

The Countess made him her domestic chaplain,—the only ecclesiastical preferment, except the living at Savannah, he ever had; and, in acknowledgment of the honour, he wrote to her as follows:—

“LONDON, *September 1, 1748.*

“Honoured Madam,—Although it is time for me to be setting out” (for Scotland), “I dare not leave town without dropping a few lines, gratefully to acknowledge the many favours I have received from your ladyship, especially the honour you have done me in making me one of your ladyship’s chaplains. A sense of it humbles me, and makes me pray more intensely for grace to walk worthy of that God who has called me to His kingdom and glory. As your ladyship has been pleased to confer this honour upon me, I shall think it my duty to send you weekly accounts of what the Lord Jesus is pleased to do for me and by me.

“Glory be to His great name, the prospect is promising. My Lord Bath¹ received me yesterday morning very cordially, and would give me

¹ William Pulteney, Earl of Bath, a statesman of great ability, who was born in 1682, and died in 1764. For some years, he regularly attended Tottenham Court Road chapel. In a letter to the Countess, written in 1749, he says: “Mocked and reviled as Mr. Whitefield is by all ranks of society, still I contend that the day will come when England will be just, and own

five guineas for the orphans. God’s peculiar providence has placed your ladyship at Chelsea. Upon the road, I propose writing you my thoughts of what scheme seems to be most practicable, in order to carry on the work of God, both here and in America.”

To a friend, on the same day, Whitefield wrote:—

“LONDON, *September 1, 1748.*

“I have been a mile or two upon the road to Scotland, but turned back because my chaise was not registered.

“My hands have been full of work, and I have been among great company. A privy counsellor of the King of Denmark, and others, with one

of the Prince of Wales's favourites, dined and drank tea with me on Monday. On Tuesday, I preached twice at Lady Huntingdon's, to several of the nobility. In the morning, the Earl of Chesterfield¹ was present. In the evening, Lord Bolingbroke.² All behaved quite well, and were in some degree affected. Lord Chesterfield thanked me, and said, 'Sir, I will not tell you what I shall tell others, how I approve of you,' or words to this purpose. He conversed with me freely afterwards. Lord Bolingbroke was much moved, and desired I would come and see him next

his greatness as a reformer, and his goodness as a minister of the Most High God. I earnestly beg your ladyship's intercession on my behalf; that, amidst the bustle, the cares and anxieties of public life, I may have my mind roused only by the great concerns of an eternal world, and fixed on those scenes of immortality to which we are all quickly hastening." ("Life and Times of Countess of Huntingdon.")

¹ The celebrated nobleman, of whom Dr. Johnson once remarked, that, he was "a wit among lords, and a lord among wits." Born in 1694, and died in 1773. At the time referred to in Whitefield's letter, his lordship had recently resigned the office of Chief Secretary of State; and, in a letter to Lady Huntingdon, written nine months afterwards, he said, "Mr. Whitefield's eloquence is unrivalled—his zeal inexhaustible; and not to admire both would argue a total absence of taste, and an insensibility not to be covered by anybody. Your ladyship is a powerful auxiliary to the Methodist Cabinet; and I confess, notwithstanding my own private feelings and sentiments, I am infinitely pleased at your zeal in so good a cause." (Ibid.)

² In a letter to the Countess of Huntingdon, Lord Bolingbroke said, "Mr. Whitefield is the most extraordinary man in our times. He has the most commanding eloquence I ever heard in any person; his abilities are very considerable; his zeal unquenchable; and his piety and excellence genuine—unquestionable. The bishops and inferior orders of the clergy are very angry with him, and endeavour to represent him as a hypocrite, an enthusiast; but this is not astonishing—there is so little real goodness or honesty among, them. Your ladyship will be somewhat amused at hearing that the King has represented to his Grace of Canterbury, that Mr. Whitefield should be advanced to the Bench, as the only means of putting an end to his preaching. What a keen, what a biting remark! but how just, and how well earned by those mitred lords!" ("Sketches of the Life and Labours of Whitefield," published by "the Committee of the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, for the publication of the works of Scottish Reformers and Divines," p. 271.)

195

morning. I did; and his lordship behaved with great candour and frankness. All accepted of my sermons. Thus, my dear brother, the world turns round. 'In all time of my wealth, good Lord, deliver me!'"—

Before following Whitefield to Scotland, further extracts from his letters must be given.

The friendship between Whitefield and the celebrated Dr. Doddridge has been already noticed. He now commenced an important correspondence with one of the doctor's converts. James Stonehouse was a year or two younger than Whitefield, and was practising as a physician at Northampton. For seven years, he had been an infidel; and had written a pamphlet against revealed religion, which reached three editions. The death of his young wife, at the age of twenty-five, caused reflection. He read Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion," and was converted. He was now a sincere and ardent Christian; and Whitefield began to urge him to become a minister. After much hesitancy, he entered into holy orders, and obtained the lectureship of All Saints', Bristol. In 1791, he succeeded to the title of baronet. He was a man of great ability, was no mean poet, published several religious pamphlets, and died, in 1795, full of years and honour. He was now living in terms of great intimacy with Doddridge and Hervey, and had written to Whitefield, giving him advice about his health. At present, Whitefield had no leisure to place himself in the hands of a physician. He was soon to start for Scotland; and he wished to publish a new and revised edition of his journals, and of some of his sermons. Hence the following, addressed to Dr. Stonehouse:—

"LONDON, *August 22, 1748.*

"VERY DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your concern about my health. If it should please God to bring me back from Scotland, to winter in town, I have thoughts of submitting to some regimen or other. At present, I think it impracticable.

"I heartily wish that you and Dr. Doddridge' and Mr. Hervey would be pleased to revise my journals and last five sermons. I intend publishing a new edition soon. I always do as you desire in respect to Mr. Wesley's sermons. My prayer for him, for myself, and for my friends, is this,—'Lord, give us clear heads and clean hearts!'

¹ Subsequent letters will shew that Dr. Doddridge complied with Whitefield's wish.

“I would recommend Bishop Beveridge’s sermons more, but they are too voluminous for the common people, and I have not read them all. I expect you will do this yourself, by-and-by, from the pulpit, and recommend his and your Master to the choice of poor sinners. By your excellent letter, you have publicly confessed Him. The eyes of all will be now upon you, to see whether the truths you have delivered to others are transcribed in your own heart, and copied in your life. Now indeed may you cry—

“O for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what the Almighty saith!”

“Dear sir, let me entreat you to keep from trimming, or so much as attempting to reconcile two irreconcilable differences,—God and the world, Christ and Belial. You know me too well to suppose I want you to turn cynic. No, live a social life; but beg of the Lord Jesus to free you from love of the world. Thence arises that fear of man, which now shackles and disturbs your soul. Dare, dear sir, to be singularly good. If Christ be your Saviour, make Him a present of your pretty character. Honour Him, and He will honour you. Never rest till you can give up children, name, life, and all into His hands, who gave His precious blood for you. I make you no apology for this: you say you are my friend.”

Whitefield left London on September 3, and, halting at Olney, wrote, as follows, to a friend in New England:—

“OLNEY, *September 4, 1748.*

“It is always darkest before daybreak. It has been so in England. Matters, as to religion, were come almost to an extremity. The enemy had broken in upon us like a flood. The Spirit of the Lord is now lifting up a standard. The prospect of the success of the gospel, I think, was never more promising. In the church, tabernacle, and fields, congregations have been great; and, perhaps, as great power as ever hath accompanied the word. A door is also opening for the mighty and noble. I have preached four times to several of the nobility at good Lady Huntingdon’s. All behaved exceeding well; and, I suppose, in the winter, opportunities of preaching to them will be frequent.

“As for returning to America, if I live, I believe there is no doubt of it. I intend keeping myself free from Societies, and hope to see you again next year.”

Whitefield arrived in Edinburgh on Wednesday, September 14, and continued in Scotland until October 27.¹ During

¹ The following jottings, respecting Whitefield's visit, appeared in the *General Advertiser*:—

"Edinburgh, September 15. Yesterday, arrived here from London the Rev. Mr. George Whitefield, who has lately returned from the West

197

his stay in London, he had preached regularly, at least once a week, in the Church of St. Bartholomew, of which his quondam enemy, but now ardent friend, the Rev. Richard T. Bateman, was rector. Though now patronized by the Countess of Huntingdon and several of the nobles of the land, Whitefield was not permitted to preach in any metropolitan church except this; and even for granting this permission, Mr. Bateman was likely to be involved in trouble. Dr. Gibson, Bishop of London, died three days after Whitefield set out for Scotland; and it was hoped that Bateman's troubles would be buried in the bishop's grave. Two days subsequent to his arrival at Edinburgh, Whitefield wrote to Mr. Bateman as follows:—

"EDINBURGH, *September 16, 1748.*

"REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—I have met with a hearty welcome. Last night, I preached to a Moorfields congregation, for numbers; and the Lord, I believe, was pleased to give His blessing. I hope all is well in London. The bishop's death, I suppose, will prevent any further stir about Bartholomew's. I shall be glad to hear how you go on. Pray, dear sir, how are your circumstances? You will not be offended, if I say that more than one have informed me of your being in debt. I thought it my duty to apprise you of this, because I know what a burden it is to be in debt; not indeed for myself, but for others."

Except about a dozen days spent at Glasgow and Cambuslang, Whitefield's labours in Scotland seem to have been confined to Edinburgh. In various letters to the Countess of Huntingdon, he relates, that, at his first coming, he was rather discouraged; for "some of the ministers were shy," many of his friends were dead, others were backsliders,

Indies. He is to preach this afternoon in the Orphan Hospital Park, where a tent was erected this morning for that purpose."

"Edinburgh, September 26. Mr. Whitefield has preached every day,

since his arrival, in the Orphan Park, to numerous auditories; and yesterday afternoon, in the Tolbooth Kirk. He set out this morning for Glasgow.”

The *Scots' Magazine* supplies further information; namely, that Whitefield made collections for the Orphan Hospital; that, on his arrival at Glasgow, he preached every day at the Gorbals, the magistrates having refused him the use of the high-church yard; that he also preached in several churches in and about Glasgow, and at Falkirk; that, after his return to Edinburgh, he preached at Fife; that his farewell sermon was delivered in the Orphan Hospital Park on October 26; and that the next day he set out for London.

198

the weather was boisterous, and he himself was hoarse. “I have met,” said he, on September 29, “with some unexpected rubs, but not one more than was necessary to humble my proud heart.” A fortnight later, he tells her ladyship that, in the Synod of Glasgow, there had been a long debate about him; and that the Presbytery of Perth had “made an act against employing” him. He adds:—

“Ill-nature shews itself in Edinburgh, but I feel the benefit of it. Congregations are large, and I am enabled to preach with greater power. My hoarseness is quite gone, and my bodily health much improved. If my enemies shew themselves, I am persuaded the blessed Jesus will bless me to His people more and more. Some give out that I am employed by the Government to preach against the Pretender; and the seceders are angry with me for not preaching up the Scotch Covenant. Blessed be God! I preach up the covenant of grace, and I trust many souls are taught to profit.”

When at Topcliff, on his way back to London, he wrote to the Countess:—

“Thanks be to the Lord of all lords for directing my way to Scotland! I have reason to believe some have been awakened, and many, many quickened and comforted. My old friends are more solidly so than ever; and, I trust, a foundation has been laid for doing much good, if the Lord should call me thither again. Two Synods and one Presbytery brought me upon the carpet; but all has worked for good. The more I was blackened, the more the Redeemer comforted me.”

This was the first time that Whitefield had been discussed in the Ecclesiastical Courts of Scotland. Though many of the clergy had been dissatisfied with the countenance given to Whitefield's preaching, several circumstances had hitherto prevented them from uniting in any public measure to

restrain it. The proceedings of "The Associate Presbytery" had been so intemperate, that the clergy of the Establishment naturally felt a reluctance to countenance their calumnies. The great body of the people, also, were so extremely attached to him, that a direct attack upon his ministry could scarcely have been made, without incurring public odium. Further, some of the most distinguished families in Scotland were his constant hearers, and were in the habit of admitting him to their private society. Among these, in particular, was his Majesty's representative, as Lord High Commissioner, in the General Assembly, who not only attended his ministrations,

199

and invited him to his house, but introduced him to his public table, during the session of the assembly. When these circumstances are added to the long-established practice of the Presbyterian Church, with regard to occasional communion with other churches, it is not surprising that the ministers of the Establishment were not forward to agitate a question on which unanimity was not to be expected, and in which principle and prudence were both involved.

It is difficult to conceive why the subject of Whitefield's character and preaching were debated now. Perhaps the members of the Glasgow Synod were afraid of a repetition of the marvellous scenes which had been witnessed at Cambuslang and other places, in 1742. Or, perhaps, they were deeply offended, because, during his present visit, Whitefield had been employed to preach for Dr. Gillies in the College Church of Glasgow, and for Dr. Erskine in the Church of Kirkintilloch. Be that as it may, the Synod of Glasgow deemed it right to discuss the matter. The topics introduced were numerous, but stale. He was a priest of the Church of England; he had not subscribed the formula; he had been imprudent; his Orphan-house scheme was chimerical; there was want of evidence that the money he collected was rightly applied; he asserted that assurance was essential to faith; he encouraged a dependence on impulses and immediate revelations; he declared, on slender evidence, some people converted, and others carnal and unregenerated; he often pretended to repent of his blunders, but as often

relapsed into them; and, finally, he was under a sentence of suspension by Commissary Garden.¹ These were the accusations. Keen debates occurred; and, at length, the following, almost neutral, proposition was submitted: "That no minister within the bounds of the Synod should employ ministers or preachers, not licensed or ordained in Scotland, till he had had sufficient evidence of their license and good character, and should be in readiness to give an account of his conduct to his own presbytery, when required." Thirteen voted against the proposition, and twenty-seven for it.²

¹ Gillies' "Memoirs of Whitefield."

² "Life of John Erskine, D.D.," p. 134.

200

Similar resolutions were adopted by the Synod of Lothian and Tweedale, the Synod of Perth and Stirling, and by the Presbytery of Edinburgh; and, to complete the whole, six hundred of the followers of the Erskines, by whom Whitefield was first invited to visit Scotland, assembled in Edinburgh on November 16, and swore to observe the League and Covenant; and "solemnly engaged to strengthen one another's hands, in the use of lawful means, to extirpate Popery, Prelacy, Arminianism, Arianism, Tritheism, Sabelianism, and *George Whitefieldism*." The service "was conducted by the Rev. Adam Gibb and his helpers, with great solemnity, and the generality of the people evidenced an uncommon seriousness and concern."¹

Of course, all this created great commotion; but limited space will only permit the insertion of the following letter, which was printed in the *Edinburgh Courant*:—

"SIR,—On the 27th of October, the Rev. Mr. George Whitefield set out from this place" (Edinburgh) "to London. During the time of his stay here, he preached about twenty times in the Orphan Hospital Park, three times in the Tolbooth Church, and twice in that of the Cannongate, to very large congregations; and was much approven of, by the generality of serious Christians, as a well-accomplished gospel preacher. As his conversation in private, as well as public, gave entire satisfaction to those who were most intimate with him, it is not a little surprising to them to find him represented and asserted to be a person of suspicious character. He declared, upon his arrival here, that he was to make no public col-

lections; and he did not. Neither did he ask money or anything else from any person.² As it is reported he will pay us a visit next summer, it is not doubted but it will be very acceptable to all who rejoice that Christ is preached, and sinners are saved through Him.”

Dr. Stonehouse, of Northampton, has been mentioned. Whitefield wished him to become a minister; but Stonehouse was timorous, and afraid of being called a Methodist. Whitefield desired to have an interview with him, on his return from Scotland, and hence the following letter:—

“GLASGOW, *September 28, 1748.*

“MY VERY DEAR SIR,—I purpose to preach at Oundle, in my way to London. Glad shall I be to see two such friends as you and Mr. Hervey,

¹ *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1748, p. 523; and *General Advertiser*, Nov. 24, 1748.

² The meaning is, Whitefield did not make collections for his Orphan House.

though *incog*. I will endeavour to send you timely notice. I would have neither of you expose yourselves to needless contempt on my account. I think I can say that I am willing to be forgotten, even by my friends, if Jesus Christ may thereby be exalted. But then, I would not have my friends act an inconsistent part towards that Friend of all—that Friend of sinners, the glorious Emmanuel. Whilst you are afraid of men, you will expose yourself to a thousand inconveniences. Your polite company (unless you converse with them more as their physician than as their companion) will prevail on you to such compliances as will make you smart, when you retire into your closet and reflect on the part you have acted. Before I shook off the world, I often came out of company shorn of all my strength, like poor Samson when he had lost his locks. But this is a tender point.

“Go on, dear sir, and prove the strength of Jesus to be yours. Continue instant in prayer, and you shall see and feel infinitely greater things than you have yet seen or felt. I am of your opinion, that there is seed sown in England, which will grow up into a great tree. God's giving some of the mighty and noble a hearing ear forebodes future good. I do not despair of seeing you a proclaimer of the unsearchable riches of Christ. God be praised! that Mr. Hervey is so bold an advocate for his blessed Lord.”

Whitefield was always in trouble, from one quarter or another. While the ecclesiastical courts of Scotland were interdicting his preaching, without mentioning his name, Lavington, the Bishop of Exeter, was lashed into an unchristian rage against him. His Lordship of Exeter had recently delivered a charge to the clergy of his diocese. Some unknown wag circulated what pretended to be a manuscript copy of the charge, but containing declarations of doctrine and Christian experience worthy of Whitefield and Wesley themselves. Without authority, the *pretended* charge was printed, and occasioned the publication of several pamphlets in reply and congratulation. Meanwhile, however, Lavington, the inveterate hater of Methodists and Moravians, was dubbed a Methodist. This, to his lordship, was intolerable, and drew forth from him an angry "declaration," in which he charged the Methodist chiefs with being the authors of the fraud. The charge was utterly unfounded; the Countess of Huntingdon interfered; with great difficulty she obtained a recantation from the infuriated prelate; and this was published in the leading journals of the day. The following letter refers to this disreputable *fracas*.

202

"GLASGOW, *October 5, 1748.*

"VERY DEAR SIR,—I received yours this morning, and think it my duty to send you an immediate answer.

"You might well inform my Lord of Exeter that I knew nothing of the printing of his lordship's pretended charge, or of the pamphlets occasioned by it. When the former was sent to me in manuscript, from London to Bristol, as his lordship's production, I immediately said, it could not be his. When I found it printed, I spoke to the officious printer, who did it out of his own head, and blamed him very much. When I saw the pamphlet, I was still more offended. Repeatedly, in several companies, I urged the injustice as well as imprudence thereof, and said it would produce what it did,—I mean a delaration from his lordship, that he was no Methodist. I am sorry his lordship had such an occasion given him to declare his aversion to what is called Methodism; and, though I think his lordship, in his declaration, has been somewhat severe concerning some of the Methodist leaders, I cannot blame him

for saying, that he thought ‘some of them were worse than ignorant and misguided,’ supposing that his lordship had sufficient proof that they caused to be printed a charge which he had never owned nor published.

“If you think proper, you may let his lordship see the contents of this. I will only add, that, I wish a way could be found, whereby his lordship and other of the right reverend the bishops might converse with some of us. Many mistakes might thereby be rectified, and perhaps his lordship’s sentiments, in some degree, might be altered. If this cannot be effected, (I speak only for myself,) I am content to wait till we all appear before the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls. Meanwhile, I heartily pray, that their lordships may be blessed with all spiritual blessings, and wishing you the like mercies, I subscribe myself, very dear sir, your affectionate, obliged, humble servant,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”

Whitefield reached London at the beginning of November, and immediately resumed preaching, twice a week, in the house of the Countess of Huntingdon, “to the great and noble.”¹ Here he had to encounter another trouble. In a letter, dated October 20th, 1748, Howell Harris gives an account of his labours, in South and North Wales, during the last nine weeks. He had visited thirteen counties, had travelled a hundred and fifty miles every week, and had preached two sermons every day, and sometimes three or four. During the last week of his tour, he had never taken off his clothes; and, in one instance, had travelled above a hundred miles, from morning to the evening of the ensuing day, without any rest, preaching on the

¹ Whitefield’s Works, vol. ii., p. 198.

mountains at midnight, in order to avoid the persecution of Sir Watkin William Wynn. Such was the malevolence of the Welsh baronet towards the poor Methodists, that, only a few days before, for simply meeting together to worship God, a number of them had had to pay fines, varying from five shillings to twenty pounds. Encouraged by those who ought to have known better, the mobs, in many places, were almost murderously violent; and, near to Bala, Harris received a blow on the head nearly sufficient to “split his

skull in two.”¹ Whitefield was informed of these outrageous proceedings; he reported them to the Countess of Huntingdon; her ladyship laid the particulars before the Government; and, to the no small mortification of Sir Watkin Wynn, the fines he had exacted from the Methodists were ordered to be returned.²

Five years ago, Whitefield had formed an acquaintance with Dr. Doddridge, the great Dissenting tutor; he now visited the equally celebrated Dr. Watts, whom the Dissenters of the day might properly have regarded as their *patriarch*. Watts had looked upon Whitefield with disfavour, and had chidden Doddridge for lowering the dignity of the Dissenting minister and tutor, by preaching in Whitefield’s wooden meeting-house. For more than thirty years, Watts had been a beloved and honoured guest in the mansion of Sir Thomas Abney, Stoke Newington. He was now dying, and, on November 25th, away Whitefield went to see him. Being introduced, Whitefield tenderly enquired, “how he found himself?” “I am one of Christ’s waiting servants,” replied the dying Doctor. Whitefield assisted in raising him up in bed, that he might with more convenience take his medicine. Watts apologised for the trouble he occasioned. Whitefield answered, “Surely, I am not too good to wait on a waiting servant of Christ.” Whitefield took his leave; and half an hour afterwards Dr. Watts was dead.³ Thus met and parted the great hymnist and the

¹ “Life of Howell Harris,” 1791, p. 196.

² “Life and Times of Countess of Huntingdon,” vol. i., p. 109; and Whitefield’s Works, vol. ii., p. 225.

³ *Gospel Magazine*, 1776, p. 40.

great preacher, until they met again in “the palace of angels and God.”¹

A week after Watts’s death, Whitefield set out for Gloucester and Bristol. In the latter city, his preaching was the means of converting a Welsh shoemaker, who subsequently became one of Wesley’s best itinerant preachers, and who, in his wide wanderings, composed a few of the finest hymns ever sung in the Christian Church,—hymns not

surpassed by the best of Dr. Watts's, and which, after a century's use, are as much in favour among the Methodists as ever.

Thomas Olivers was now twenty-three years of age. His life had been rambling and wicked. Getting into debt had been a regular practice, and profane swearing had become his habitual sin. The first night that he spent in Bristol he was literally penniless. Having obtained work, he went to lodge in the house of a man who had been a Methodist, but was now "a slave to drunkenness." In the same house, there was "a lukewarm Moravian." Olivers and the Moravian disputed "about election," till they quarrelled. The Moravian, a tall, lusty fellow, struck the Welshman. Olivers says, "I knew I should have no chance in fighting him, and therefore, for a whole hour, I cursed and swore, with all the rage of a fiends, in such a manner as is seldom equalled on earth, or exceeded even in hell itself." Soon after this, Olivers met a multitude of people in the streets of Bristol, and asked where they had been. One answered, "To hear Mr. Whitefield," Olivers thought, "I have often heard of Mr. Whitefield, and have sung songs about him: I'll go and hear him myself." Accordingly, he went. Whitefield's text was, "Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" Olivers was there and then convinced of sin, and resolved to give his heart to God. The next Sunday, he went to the cathedral at six in the morning; and, as the

¹ The Rev. E. Paxton Hood, in his recently published "Life of Dr. Watts," says, on the authority of Dr. Gibbons, the story just related "is entirely fictitious." Dr. Gibbons published his "Memoirs of Watts," in 1780, thirty-two years after Watts's death. The reader must decide whether the doctor or the *Gospel Magazine* of 1776 is the better authority.

205

Te Deum was read, "felt as if he had done with earth, and was praising God before His throne." At eight, he went to hear Whitefield preach; at ten, he went to Christchurch; at two in the afternoon, he again attended church; at five, he heard Whitefield, and concluded the day at a Baptist meeting. He writes: "The love I had for Mr. Whitefield was inexpressible. I used to follow him as he walked the

streets, and could scarce refrain from kissing the very prints of his feet.”

Five years after this, Thomas Olivers had paid all his debts, and was one of Wesley’s itinerant preachers. His subsequent history was too remarkable to be condensed in a work like this.

Whitefield’s Orphan House was again causing him anxiety. He wrote to a friend in America: “I want to make it a seminary of learning. If some such thing be not done, I cannot see how the *southern* parts will be provided with ministers. All here are afraid to come over.”^x He had also heard that his wife had lessened the Orphan-house family, and was about to return to England.² And, further, he had been informed that the trustees were about to allow the employment of slaves in Georgia.³ These circumstances led him to write a long and remarkable letter to the trustees. The following is an extract:—

“GLOUCESTER, *December 6, 1748.*

“HONOURED GENTLEMEN,—Not want of respect, but a suspicion that my letters would not be acceptable, has been the occasion of my not writing to you these four years last past. I am sensible, that in some of my former letters, I expressed myself in too strong and sometimes in unbecoming terms. For this I desire to be humbled before God and man. I can assure you, however, that, to the best of my knowledge, I have acted a disinterested part. I have simply aimed at God’s glory, and the good of mankind. This principle drew me first to Georgia; this, and this alone, induced me to begin and carry on the Orphan House; and this, honoured gentlemen, excites me to trouble you with the present lines.

“I need not inform you, how the colony of Georgia has been declining, and at what great disadvantages I have maintained a large family in that wilderness. Upwards of £5000 have been expended in that undertaking;

¹ Whitefield’s Works, vol. ii., p. 201.

² *Ibid.*, p. 207.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 201.

and yet, very little proficiency has been made in the cultivation of my tract of land; and that entirely owing to the necessity I lay under of making use of white hands. Had negroes been allowed, I should now have had a sufficiency to support a great many orphans, without expend-

ing above half the sum that has been laid out. An unwillingness to let so good a design drop induced me, two years ago, to purchase a plantation in South Carolina, where negroes are allowed. This plantation has succeeded; and, though I have only eight working hands, in all probability, there will be more raised in one year, and with a quarter of the expense, than has been produced at Bethesda for several years past. This confirms me in the opinion, I have long entertained, that, Georgia never can be a flourishing province, unless negroes are employed.

“But, notwithstanding my private judgment, I am determined, that, not one of mine shall ever be allowed to work at the Orphan House till it can be done in a legal manner, and with the approbation of the Honourable Trustees. My chief end in writing this, is to inform you, that, I am as willing as ever to do all I can for Georgia and the Orphan House, if either a limited use of negroes is approved of, or some more indentured servants be sent from England. If not, I cannot promise to keep any large family, or cultivate the plantation in any considerable manner.

“I would also further recommend to your consideration, whether, as the Orphan House is intended for a charitable purpose, it ought not to be exempted from all quit-rents and public taxes? And, as most of the land on which the Orphan House is built is good for little, I would humbly enquire, whether I may not have a grant of five hundred more acres, not taken up, somewhere near the Orphan House?

“If you, Honourable Gentlemen, are pleased to put the colony upon another footing,—I mean in respect to the permission of a limited use of negroes,—my intention is to make the Orphan House, not only a receptacle for fatherless children, but also a place of literature and academical studies. Such a place is much wanted in the southern parts of America, and, if conducted in a proper manner, must necessarily be of great service to any colony. I can easily procure proper persons to embark in such a cause.”

From such a pen, this is a strange production. Whitefield, with his large heart, urging the introduction of slavery into the province of Georgia, and almost threatening to abandon his Orphan House unless his proposal be granted! Whitefield's honour is best cared for by saying as little about the incident as possible.

Having spent five days at Gloucester, during which he preached five times, and received the sacrament at the cathedral; and having similarly employed himself for a

week at Bristol, Whitefield, at the request of the Countess of Huntingdon, returned to London on December 17th, and

207

resumed his ministry in the Tabernacle, and in the mansion of her ladyship.

“I am now,” he wrote, “thirty-four years of age; and, alas! how little have I done and suffered for Him, who has done and suffered so much for me! Thanks be to His great name for countenancing my poor ministrations so much.”¹

A letter to Dr. Doddridge, to whom Whitefield had submitted his Journals for revision,² may properly close the year 1748,—a year, which, like all previous ones of his career, had been thronged with adventures and striking incidents.

“LONDON, *December 21, 1748.*

“Reverend and very dear Sir,—I was glad, very glad, to receive your letter, dated November 7th, though it did not reach me till last night. I thank you for it a thousand times. It has led me to the throne of grace, where I have been crying, ‘Lord, counsel my counsellors, and shew them what Thou wouldest have me to do!’ Alas! alas! how can I be too severe against myself, who, Peter-like, have cut off so many ears, and, by imprudences, mixed with my zeal, have dishonoured the cause of Jesus! I can only look up to Him, who healed the high-priest’s servant’s ear, and say, ‘Lord, heal all the wounds my misguided zeal has given!’ Assure yourself, dear sir, everything I print shall be revised. I always have submitted my poor performances to my friends’ corrections. Time and experience ripen men’s judgments, and make them more solid, rational, and consistent. O that this may be my case!

“I thank you, dear sir, for your solemn charge in respect to my health. Blessed be God! it is much improved since my return from Scotland, and I trust, by observing the rules you prescribe, I shall be enabled to declare the works of the Lord.

“But what shall I say concerning your present trial?³ I most earnestly sympathise with you, having had the same trial from the same quarter long ago. The Moravians first divided my family; then my parish, in Georgia; and, after that, the Societies which I was an instrument of gathering. I suppose not less than four hundred, through their prac-

¹ Whitefield's Works, vol. ii., p. 212.

² "Life and Times of Countess of Huntingdon," vol. i., p. 107.

³ The following extract from one of Doddridge's letters will cast light on this. "Northampton, October 2, 1748. The spread of Moravianism has infected several weak, but affectionate people of my flock, and now appears, in spite of long dissembling, to have effected rank Antinomianism in principle, joined with a contempt of almost all external ordinances, and an entire alienation of affection from me, though among persons who have always had great reason to love me." (Doddridge's Diary and Correspondence, vol. v., p. 78.)

208

tices, have left the Tabernacle. But I have been forsaken in other ways. I have not had above a hundred to hear me, where I had twenty thousand; and hundreds now assemble within a quarter of a mile of me, who never come to see or speak to me, though they must own, at the great day, that I was their spiritual father. All this I find but little enough to teach me to cease from man, and to wean me from that too great fondness, which spiritual fathers are apt to have for their spiritual children. But I have generally observed, that, when one door of usefulness is shut, another opens. Our Lord blesses you, dear sir, in your writings; nay, your people's treating you as they are now permitted to do, perhaps, is one of the greatest blessings you ever received from heaven. I know no other way of dealing with the Moravians, than to go on preaching the truth as it is in Jesus, and resting upon the promise, 'Every plant which my heavenly Father hath not planted shall be plucked up.' Seven years will make a great alteration. I believe their grand design is to extend their economy as far as possible. This is now kept up by dint of money, and, I am apt to think, the very thing, by which they think to establish, will destroy their scheme. God is a gracious Father, and will not always let His children proceed in a wrong way. Doubtless, there are many of His dear little ones in the Moravian flock; but many of their principles and practices are exceeding wrong, for which, I doubt not, our Lord will rebuke them in His own time.

"But I fear that I weary you. Love makes my pen to move too fast, and too long. Last Sunday evening, I preached at the other end of the town, to a most brilliant assembly. They expressed great approbation; and some, I think, begin to feel. Good Lady Huntingdon is a mother in Israel. She is all in a flame for Jesus."

Whitefield's remarks concerning the Moravians may, perhaps, seem somewhat harsh; but they were not untrue, and will prepare the reader for other critiques hereafter.

Whitefield mentions his "brilliant assembly" in the mansion of the Countess of Huntingdon. In a letter to the

Countess of Bath, he wrote, "It would please you to see the assemblies at her ladyship's house. They are brilliant ones indeed. The prospect of catching some of the rich, in the gospel net, is very promising. I know you will wish prosperity in the name of the Lord."²

No wonder that, after one of his first services at Lady Huntingdon's, Whitefield said, "I went home, never more surprised at any incident in my life."³ Such congregations were unique. Nothing like them had heretofore been

¹ Doddridge was now completing his "Family Expositor."

² Whitefield's Works, vol. ii., p. 220.

³ Gillies' "Memoirs of Whitefield."

209

witnessed. There were gatherings of England's proud nobility, assembled to listen to a young preacher, whose boyhood had been spent in a public-house; whose youth, at the university, had been employed partly in study, and partly in attending to the wants of fellow-students, who declined to treat him as an equal; and whose manhood life, for the last thirteen years, had been a commingling of marvellous popularity and violent contempt,—a scene of infirmities and errors, and yet of unreserved and unceasing devotion to the cause of Christ and the welfare of his fellow-men. Such was the youthful preacher,—a man of slender learning, of mean origin, without Church preferment, hated by the clergy, and maligned by the public press. Who were his aristocratic hearers? The following list is supplied by the well-informed author of "The Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon":—

Lady Fanny Shirley, who had long been one of the reigning beauties of the court of George the First; the Duchess of Argyll; Lady Betty Campbell; Lady Ferrers; Lady Sophia Thomas; the Duchess of Montagu, daughter of the great Duke of Marlborough; Lady Cardigan; Lady Lincoln; Mrs. Boscawen; Mrs. Pitt; Miss Rich; Lady Fitzwalter; Lady Caroline Petersham; the Duchess of Queensbury, daughter of the Earl of Clarendon, and celebrated for extraordinary beauty, wit, and sprightliness, by Pope, Swift, and Prior; the Duchess of Manchester; Lady Thanet,

daughter of the Marquis of Halifax, and wife of Sackville, Earl of Thanet; Lady St. John, niece of Lady Huntingdon; Lady Luxborough, the friend and correspondent of Shenstone, the poet; Lady Monson, whose husband, in 1760, was created Baron Sondes; Lady Rockingham, the wife of the great statesman, a woman of immense wit and pleasant temper, often at court, and possessed of considerable influence in the higher circles of society; Lady Betty Germain, daughter of the Earl of Berkeley, and through her husband, Sir John Germain, the possessor of enormous wealth; Lady Eleanor Bertie, a member of the noble family of Abingdon; the Dowager-Duchess of Ancaster; the Dowager-Lady Hyndford; the Duchess of Somerset; the Countess Delitz, one of the daughters of the Duchess of Kendal, and the

210

sister of Lady Chesterfield; Lady Hinchinbroke, granddaughter of the Duke of Montagu; and Lady Schaub.

Besides these "honourable women not a few," there were also the Earl of Burlington, so famed for his admiration of the works of Inigo Jones, and for his architectural expenditure; George Bubb Dodington, afterwards Lord Melcombe, a friend and favourite of the Prince of Wales, and whose costly mansion was often crowded with literary men; George Augustus Selwyn, an eccentric wit, to whom nearly all the current *bon-mots* of the day were attributed; the Earl of Holderness; Lord (afterwards Marquess) Townshend, named George, after his godfather, George the First, a distinguished general in the army, member of Parliament for Norfolk, and ultimately a field-marshal. Charles Townshend, now a young man of twenty-three, whom Burke described as "the delight and ornament of the House of Commons, and the charm of every private society he honoured with his presence; Lord St. John, half-brother to Lord Bolingbroke; the Earl of Aberdeen; the Earl of Lauderdale; the Earl of Hyndford, Envoy Extraordinary to the King of Prussia; the Marquis of Tweeddale, Secretary of State for Scotland; George, afterwards, Lord Lyttelton, at one time member for Okehampton, and secretary of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and who had recently published his well-

known book, "Observations on the Conversion of St. Paul;" William Pitt, the distinguished first Earl of Chatham; Lord North, in his twenty-first year, afterwards First Lord of the Treasury, and ultimately Earl of Guildford; Evelyn, Duke of Kingston; Viscount Trentham (a title borne by the Duke of Sutherland); the Earl of March (one of the titles of the Duke of Richmond); the Earl of Haddington; Edward Hussey, who married a daughter of the Duke of Montagu, and was created Earl of Beaulieu; Hume Campbell, afterwards created Baron Hume; the Earl of Sandwich, subsequently ambassador to the court of Spain, First Lord of the Admiralty, and Secretary of State for the Home Department; and Lord Bolingbroke, the friend of the Pretender, a man of great ability,—a statesman, a philosopher, and an infidel.

Gillies adds to this long list the name of David Hume,

211

who had recently returned from Italy in great chagrin, because the people of England "entirely overlooked and neglected" his "Inquiry concerning Human Understanding." It is said that Hume considered Whitefield the most ingenious preacher he ever listened to, and that twenty miles were not too far to go to hear him. "Once," said the great infidel, "Whitefield addressed his audience thus: 'The attendant angel is about to leave us, and ascend to heaven. Shall he ascend and not bear with him the news of one sinner reclaimed from the error of his way?' And, then, stamping with his foot, and lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, he cried aloud, 'Stop, Gabriel, stop, ere you enter the sacred portals, and yet carry with you the tidings of one sinner being saved.' This address surpassed anything I ever saw or heard in any other preacher."

The Earl of Chesterfield and the Earl of Bath have been previously noticed as being among Whitefield's hearers. One more name must be mentioned. Lady Townshend was one of Whitefield's earliest admirers. Her wit and eccentricities were notorious. Of course she was a member of the Church of England; but Horace Walpole tells a story of George Selwyn detecting her crossing herself and praying before

the altar of a popish chapel. Alternately, she liked and disliked Whitefield. "She certainly means," said Walpole, "to go armed with every viaticum—the Church of England in one hand, Methodism in the other, and the Host in her mouth."¹ Whitefield had the moral courage to tackle even this eccentric lady; and, towards the close of 1748, wrote to her as follows:—

"Yesterday, good Lady Huntingdon informed me that your ladyship was ill. Had I judged it proper, I would have waited upon your ladyship this morning; but I was cautious of intrusion. My heart's desire and prayer to God is, that this sickness be not unto death, but to His glory, and the present and eternal good of your precious and immortal soul. O that from a spiritual abiding sense of the vanity of all created good, you may cry out,—

'Begone, vain world, my heart resign,
For I must be no longer thine:
A nobler, a diviner guest
Now claims possession of my breast.'

¹ "Life and Times of Countess of Huntingdon," vol. i., p. 105.

Then, and not till then, will your ladyship with cheerfulness wait for the approach of death. It is a true and living faith in the Son of God that can alone bring present peace, and lay a solid foundation for future and eternal comfort. I cannot wish your ladyship anything greater, anything more noble, than a large share of this precious faith. When, like Noah's dove, we have been wandering about in a fruitless search after happiness, and have found no rest for the sole of our feet, the glorious Redeemer is ready to reach out His hand and receive us into His ark. This hand, honoured madam, He is reaching out to you. May you be constrained to give your heart entirely to Him, and thereby enter into that rest which remains for the happy, though despised, people of God."

The foregoing were *some*, not all, of Whitefield's aristocratic hearers. Others will be mentioned hereafter. The gatherings, in Chelsea and in North Audley Street, were profoundly interesting spectacles; and never, till the day of judgment, when all secrets will be unfolded, will it be ascertained to what extent the preaching of the youthful Whitefield affected the policy of some of England's greatest statesmen, and moulded the character of some of its highest

aristocratic families. Who will venture to deny that, in some of these families, the effects of Whitefield's ministry is felt to the present day? Let us pursue his history.

Whitefield continued his correspondence with Hervey and Stonehouse. On January 13, 1749, he wrote to the former as follows:—

“The prospect of doing good to the rich, who attend the house of good Lady Huntingdon, is very encouraging. I preach there twice a week, and yesterday Lord Bolingbroke was one of my auditors. His lordship was pleased to express very great satisfaction. Who knows what God may do? He can never work by a meaner instrument. I want humility, I want thankfulness, I want a heart continually flaming with the love of God.

“I thank you for your kind invitation to your house and pulpit. I would not bring you or any of my friends into difficulties, for owning poor, unworthy, hell-deserving me; but, if Providence should give me a clear call, I shall be glad to come your way. I rejoice in the prospect of having some ministers in our church pulpits who dare own a crucified Redeemer. I hope the time will come when many of the priests will be obedient to the word.”

It is a humiliating fact, that Whitefield, an ordained clergyman, and under no official censure, was not able to avail himself of Hervey's invitation without the probability of involving his gentle friend in trouble; and it is a beautiful

213

trait in Whitefield's character, that, however great the gratification of preaching in a church might be, he was unwilling to indulge himself in such a pleasure at the expense of any of his friends.

Dr. Stonehouse occasioned Whitefield sorrow and anxiety. The Doctor was a sincere, earnest, and devout Christian, but he was afraid of being branded as a Methodist; and, for the same reason, he was afraid of being known as one of Whitefield's friends. Hence the following, written four days after the date of the letter just quoted:—

“The way of duty is the way of safety. Our Lord requires of us to confess Him in His gospel members and ministers. To be afraid of publicly owning, associating with, and strengthening the hearts and hands of the latter, especially when they are set for the defence of the gospel, is,

in my opinion, very offensive in His sight, and can only proceed from a want of more love to Him and His people. You say, 'We are most of us too warm;' but I hope you do not think that being ashamed of any of your Lord's ministers is an instance of it. Thanks be to God! that. Mr. Hervey seems, as you express it, 'to court the enmity of mankind.' It is an error on the right side. Better so than to be afraid of it. The Lord never threatened to spew any church out of His mouth for being too hot; but, for being neither hot nor cold, He has. It is too true, my dear sir, 'we have but few faithful ministers;' but is keeping at a distance from one another the way to strengthen their interest? By no means. To tell you my whole mind, I do not believe God will bless either you or your friends, to any considerable degree, till you are more delivered from the fear of man. Alas! how were you bowed down with it, when I saw you last! And your letter bespeaks you yet a slave to it. O my brother, deal faithfully with yourself, and you will find a love of the world, and a fear of not providing for your children, have gotten too much hold of your heart. Do not mistake me. I would not have you throw yourself into flames. I would only have you act a consistent part, and not, for fear of a little contempt, be ashamed of owning the ministers of Christ. After all, think not, my dear sir, that I am pleading my own cause. You are not in danger of seeing me at Northampton. I only take this occasion of saying a word or two to your heart. You will not be offended, as it proceeds from love. I salute Mr. Hervey, and dear Doctor Doddrige, most cordially."

Towards the end of January, Whitefield set out, from London, to the west of England, where he spent the next five weeks. By appointment, he and Howell Harris held an "Association" at Gloucester,¹ where, he says, "affairs turned

¹ Whitefield's Works, vol. ii., pp. 220, 224.

214

out better than expectation." From Gloucester, he proceeded to Bristol, where he employed the next ten days.

Whitefield was singularly devoid of envy. On leaving London, his place at Lady Huntingdon's was occupied by his friend Wesley, whose preaching secured her ladyship's approval. Robert Cruttenden also introduced the Rev. Thomas Gibbons, D.D.,² a young man of twenty-eight, who, at this time, was the officiating minister of the Independent Church at Haberdashers' Hall. Cruttenden, in a letter to Whitefield, told him that their two hours' interview with the

Countess had been exceedingly pleasant.³ With his large heart, Whitefield was delighted by such intelligence as this, and wrote to her ladyship as follows:—

“BRISTOL, *February 1, 1749.*

“I am glad your ladyship approves of Mr. Wesley’s conduct, and that he has preached at your ladyship’s. The language of my heart is, ‘Lord, send by whom Thou wilt send, only convert some of the mighty and noble, for Thy mercy’s sake!’ Then I care not if I am heard of no more. I am, also, glad your ladyship approves of Mr. Gibbons. He is, I think, a worthy man. By taking this method, you will have an opportunity of conversing with the best of all parties, without being a bigot, and too strenuously attached to any. Surely, in this, your ladyship is directed from above. The blessed Jesus cares for His people of all denominations. He is gathering His elect out of all. Happy they who, with a disinterested view, take in the whole church militant, and, in spite of narrow-hearted bigots, breathe an undissembled catholic spirit towards all.”

In the same month, Lady Huntingdon wrote to Whitefield a cheering account of the death of one of his noble converts:—

“My last,” says she, “mentioned the sudden illness of my Lord St. John. A few days after, her ladyship wrote to me in great alarm, and begged me to send some pious clergyman to her lord. Mr. Bateman went. His lordship enquired for you, to whom he said he was deeply indebted. His last words to Mr. Bateman were: ‘To God I commit myself. I feel how unworthy I am; but Jesus Christ died to save sinners;

¹ It is somewhat strange that this is not mentioned in Wesley’s Journal.

² Dr. Gibbons was a very learned and able man. His degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred by the University of Aberdeen, in 1764, when he was one of the tutors of the Dissenting Academy at Mile-End. He was a voluminous author, his different publications being forty-six in number. He died in 1785, and was buried in Bunhill Fields. (Wilson’s “History of Dissenting Churches.”)

³ “Life and Times of Countess of Huntingdon,” vol. i., p. 112.

and the prayer of my heart now is, God be merciful to me a sinner!’ His lordship breathed his last about an hour after Mr. Bateman left. This, my good friend, is the firstfruits of that plenteous harvest, which, I trust, the great Husbandman will yet reap amongst the nobility of our land. Thus the great Lord of the harvest has put honour on your ministry. My Lord Bolingbroke was much struck with his brother’s language in his last moments. O that the obdurate heart of this desperate infidel may yet be

shaken to its very centre! May his eyes be opened by the illuminating influence of Divine truth! May the Lord Jesus be revealed to his heart as the hope of glory and immortal bliss hereafter! I tremble for his destiny. He is a singularly awful character.”¹

Whitefield’s preaching in Bristol was again successful.

“The power of the Lord,” he writes, “attended the word, as in days of old, and several persons, who never heard me before, were brought under great awakenings.”²

On February 8th, he proceeded to Exeter, where he found the Society affairs in great confusion; but, winter though it was, and though his health was far from being vigorous, he began to preach in the open air. Large crowds assembled; and, he says, “I trust real good was done.”³ He also preached at Bovey-Tracey, where he “found several poor simple souls;” and at Marychurch, where there were about a score of converted people who had been greatly persecuted. At Kingsbridge, at eight o’clock at night, he found a thousand people assembled in the street, and at once commenced preaching, from the words, “I must work the works of Him that sent me while it is day; the night cometh, when no man can work.” He writes:—

“I preached in the street. The moon shone. All were quiet; and, I hope, some began to think of working out their salvation with fear and trembling. The next morning, I preached again. Four ministers attended. Our Lord was pleased to make it a fine season. I had the pleasure of hearing, that, by two or three discourses preached at this place about five years ago, many souls were awakened. One young man, then called, has become a preacher. He was in a tree, partly to ridicule me. I spoke to him to imitate Zaccheus, and come down and receive the Lord Jesus. The word was backed with power. He heard, came down, believed, and now adorns the gospel.”⁴

¹ “Life and Times of Countess of Huntingdon,” vol. i., p. 98.

² Whitefield’s Works, vol. ii., p. 229.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 230.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 231.

On February 15, Whitefield arrived at Plymouth,¹ being escorted, the last ten miles of his journey, by a cavalcade of his “spiritual children,” who had gone out to meet him. He

found “many hundreds, in the tabernacle, waiting to hear the word;” and, though the hour was late, he immediately commenced preaching. Here he remained a week. The following was addressed to Lady Huntingdon:—

“About two thousand attend every night. Last Sunday evening, in the field, there were above five thousand hearers. Affairs bear a promising aspect. I hear much good has been done at Bristol. Everywhere, fresh doors are opening, and people flock from all quarters. Prejudices subside, and strong impressions are made on many souls. I have not been so well, for so long a season, for many years, as I have been since I left London: a proof, I think, that the Lord calls me into the fields.”

Whilst at Plymouth, Whitefield wrote several letters, full of interest, but too long for insertion here. To Lady Betty Germain, he said:—

“Of the honourable women, ere long, I trust there will be not a few who will dare to be singularly good, and will confess the blessed Jesus before men. O with what a holy contempt may the poor despised believer look down on those who are yet immersed in the pleasures of sense, and, amidst all the refinements of their unassisted, unenlightened reason, continue slaves to their own lusts and passions! Happy, thrice happy, they who begin to experience what it is to be redeemed from this present evil world! You, honoured madam, I trust, are one of this happy number.”

To the Countess of Delitz, he wrote:—

“Your ladyship’s answering my poor scrawl was an honour I did not expect. Welcome, thrice welcome, honoured madam, into the world of

¹ Whitefield’s home, at Plymouth, during this and every subsequent visit, was the house of Andrew Kinsman. Mr. Kinsman was now in the twenty-fifth year of his age. Seven years ago, he had been converted by reading Whitefield’s sermons. In 1745, he was married to Miss Tiley, another of Whitefield’s converts. He and his wife gave the piece of ground, at Plymouth, on which the Tabernacle was built, and also contributed generously towards the erection of that edifice. In 1750, Kinsman began to preach out of doors, at Plymouth Dock, and was subjected to the most violent persecutions. Sometimes, he was surrounded by eight or nine military drums, to drown his voice; and often he had to flee for his life. After this, he became an *itinerant*, and preached with great acceptance in Bristol, London, and elsewhere. At the Tabernacle, London, Shuter, the celebrated comedian, was one of his hearers, and was deeply affected by his ministry. In 1763, he was ordained as the pastor of the Society at Plymouth Dock, to which he henceforth chiefly confined his labours, with the exception of visits to London and Bristol. He died, in 1793, aged sixty-eight. (*Evangelical Magazine*, 1793, pp. 45–60.)

new creatures! O what a scene of happiness lies before you! Your frames, my lady, like the moon, will wax and wane; but the Lord Jesus will remain your faithful friend. You seem to have the right point in view, to get the constant witness and indwelling of the Spirit of God in your heart. This the Redeemer has purchased for you. Of this, He has given your ladyship a taste. O that your honoured sister may go hand in hand with you! Wherefore doth she doubt?"

It has been previously stated that, on Whitefield's arrival at Bermudas, he was warmly welcomed by the Church clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Holiday. Unfortunately, Mr. Holiday's friendship was shortlived. Hence the following:—

“PLYMOUTH, *February 20, 1749.*

“I did not think Mr. Holiday's friendship would hold long. It will be time enough for me to speak to him, when I see Bermudas again, which I propose doing as soon as possible. Meanwhile, I would observe that, if I am a Roman Catholic, the pope must have given me a very large dispensation. Surely, Mr. Holiday has acted like one, to pretend so much friendship, and yet have nothing of it in his heart. But thus it must be. We must be tried in every way. As for any secrets that I told him, he is very welcome to reveal them. You know me too well to judge I have many secrets. May the secret of the Lord be with «ie! and then I care not if there was a window in my heart for all mankind to see the uprightness of my intentions.

“I am now in the west, and have begun to take the field. Great multitudes flock to hear. I find it is a trial, to be thus divided between the work on this and the other side of the water. I am convinced I have done right in coming over now; but I keep myself quite disengaged, that I may be free to leave England the latter end of the summer, if the Lord is pleased to make my way clear. I long to have Bethesda a foundation for the Lord Jesus. If I can procure a proper person, of good literature, who will be content to stay two or three years, something may be done.”

Before his departure from Plymouth, Whitefield preached at Tavistock; where, he says, “I was rudely treated; for, whilst I was praying, some of the baser sort brought a bull and dogs, and disturbed us much; but I hope good was done.”

On reaching Exeter, he wrote to his friend Robert Cruttenden, once a minister of Christ, then an infidel, and now re-converted:—

“EXETER, *February 25, 1749.*

“I suppose you will be pleased that I am thus far in my return to London. O my friend, my friend, I come with fear and trembling. To speak to the rich and great, so as to win thero to the blessed Jesus, is

218

indeed a task. But, wherefore do we fear? We can do all things through Christ strengthening us. But why does Mr. Cruttenden think it strange that no one can be found to help me in the country? Is it not more strange that you should lie supine, burying your talents in a napkin, complaining you have nothing to do, and yet souls everywhere are perishing about you for lack of knowledge? Why do you not preach or print? At least, why do you not help me, or somebody or another, in a more public way? You are in the decline of life, and if you do not soon re-assume the place, you are now qualified for, you may lose the opportunity for ever. I write this in great seriousness. May the Lord give you no rest, till you lift up your voice like a trumpet! Up, and be doing; and the Lord will be with you.”

Whitefield arrived in London at the beginning of the month of March. On his way, at Bristol, he and Charles Wesley met. Charles was to be married to Miss Gwynne a month afterwards, and wrote: “March 3. I met George Whitefield, and made him quite happy by acquainting him with my design.”¹ Whitefield spent a month in London, and was fully occupied, not only with preaching in the Tabernacle, and in the house of Lady Huntingdon, but with work that was not at all congenial to him.

At the end of the year 1748, the Rev. George White, the notorious clergyman of Colne, in Lancashire, had published his infamous “Sermon against the Methodists.” In a footnote, the fuming author, speaking of Whitefield and Wesley, said:—

“These officious haranguers cozen a handsome subsistence out of their irregular expeditions. No satisfactory account has been given us of Mr. Whitefield’s disbursements in Georgia; and, I am afraid, by his late modest insinuations, in or about the Highlands of Scotland, of the want of £500 more, he thinks the nation is become more and more foolish, and

within the reach of his further impositions. It appears, from many probable accounts, that Mr. Wesley has, in reality, a better income than most of our bishops, though, now and then, (no great wonder,) it costs him some little pains to escape certain rough compliments."²

This was a false, libellous attack on Whitefield's honesty; and Grimshaw, of Haworth, and Benjamin Ingham wished him to answer it. His reply to Grimshaw was as follows:—

¹ C. Wesley's Journal, vol. ii., p. 53.

² Just about the time when this was written, Wesley, Grimshaw, and Thomas Colbeck were in the utmost danger of being murdered, at Roughlee, by a drunken mob, raised and encouraged by this same clerical Mr. White. (See Wesley's Journal.)

"LONDON, *March* 17, 1749.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—What a blessed thing it is that we can write to, when we cannot see one another! By this means we increase our joys, and lessen our sorrows, and, as it were, exchange hearts.

"Thanks be to the Lord Jesus, that the work flourishes with you! I am glad your children grow so fast; they become fathers too soon; I wish some may not prove dwarfs at last. A word to the wise is sufficient. I have always found awakening times like spring times; many blossoms, but not always so much fruit. But go on, my dear man, and, in the strength of the Lord, you shall do valiantly. I long to be your way; but I suppose it will be two months first.

"Pray tell my dear Mr. Ingham that I cannot now answer the Preston' letter, being engaged in answering a virulent pamphlet, entitled, 'The Enthusiasm of the Methodists and Papists compared,' supposed to be done by the Bishop of Exeter. Thus it must be. If we will be temple builders, we must have the temple builders' lot; I mean, hold a sword in one hand, and a trowel in the other. The Lord make us faithful Nehemiahs, for we have many Sanballats to deal with! But, wherefore should we fear? If Christ be for us, who can be against us? '*Nil desperandum, Christo duce,*' is the Christian's motto. Remember me, in the kindest manner, to honest-hearted Mr. Ingham, and tell him that, in a post or two, I hope he will hear from me."

What Whitefield, for want of time, could not undertake was accomplished by the redoubtable Grimshaw, who, in an 8vo. pamphlet of 98 pages, cudgelled White almost unmercifully.²

¹ White's sermon, with its dedicatory letter, addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury, was printed at Preston.

² Just at this time, another hostile pamphlet was published, not far from Colne: "A brief description of the Methodists; and a confutation of their dangerous principles. By John Sladdin, of Ovenden, near Halifax, a Layman. York: printed by Cassar Ward; and sold by all the distributors of the *York Courant*. 1749." (12mo. 16 pp.) The following is a brief specimen of Mr. Sladdin's style and sentiments; "Though, before they fancied themselves to have been converted, the Methodists were openly lewd and profane, would swear and be drunk, and wallow in sensuality and voluptuousness, yet they might have a few amiable qualities; perhaps they were courteous, affable, kind, obliging, and faithful in their promises. But now, alas! by passing through those dismal stages of conversion, they have contracted such a mass of melancholy humours as hath quite soured their formerly sweet and engaging tempers into pride and envy, peevishness and faction, insolence and censoriousness. Nothing now will satisfy them but heats of fancy and transports of passion. Whilst they should be attending to the sober dictates of Scripture and right reason, they are looking for *incomes, impulses, and secret manifestations*; and are apt to interpret every odd whimsey for an innate whisper from heaven, and every brisk emotion of their spirits for a smile of God's countenance. Go, ye proud wretches, you that have swelled yourselves with conceit—you who, like a company of bladders, are blown up with your own breath,

220

Whitefield was answering Lavington. Notwithstanding the recantation extorted from him by the Countess of Huntingdon, only six months before, the irritable prelate could neither forget nor forgive the publication of the fictitious charge that has been already mentioned; and now he vented his anger by issuing anonymously the first part of "The Enthusiasm of Methodists and Papists compared." (8vo. 82 pp.) No good end would be served by lengthened quotations from this scolding pamphlet. The Bishop of Exeter was too angry to be polite. Suffice it to say, that, so far as Whitefield is concerned, Lavington's attacks are founded upon incautious and improper expressions in Whitefield's publications—expressions most of which Whitefield himself had publicly lamented and withdrawn, or modified. The pith of the bishop's pamphlet is contained in his last paragraph but one. The *italics* in the following quotations are his lordship's own:—

"This *new dispensation* is a *composition* of *enthusiasm, superstition, and imposture*. When the blood and spirits run *high*, inflaming the brain and imagination, it is most properly *enthusiasm*, which is *religion run mad*; when *low and dejected*, causing groundless terrors, or the

placing of the *great duty of man* in little observances, it is *superstition*, which is *religion scared out of its senses*; when any fraudulent dealings are made use of, and any wrong projects carried on under the mask of piety, it is *imposture*, and may be termed religion turned *hypocrite*.”

The title of Whitefield's answer was as follows: “Some Remarks on a Pamphlet, entitled, ‘The Enthusiasm of Methodists and Papists compared; wherein several mistakes in some parts of his past writings and conduct are acknowledged, and his present sentiments concerning the Methodists explained. In a letter to the Author. By George Whitefield, late of Pembroke College, Chaplain to the Right Honourable the Countess of Huntingdon. ‘Out of the eater came forth meat’ (Judges xiv. 4). London: printed by W. Strahan, 1749.” (8vo. 48 pp.)

The title-page indicates the contents of Whitefield's pamphlet. He honestly acknowledges his errors by insert-

and swell and look big, and yet have nothing but wind within you; go, bring forth fruits meet for repentance, and let people see you grow more humble and lowly in your opinions,”

221

ing the letter already given, under the date of “June 24, 1748,” and which, with very little alteration, had been published in Scotland, before Lavington's malignant ridicule had been committed to the press. Three brief extracts, from Whitefield's “Remarks,” will be enough. In reply to the accusation of claiming to be inspired and infallible, Whitefield says:—

“No, sir, my mistakes have been too many, and my blunders too frequent, to make me set up for *infallibility*. I came soon into the world; I have carried high sail, whilst running through a whole torrent of popularity and contempt; and, by this means, I have sometimes been in danger of oversetting; but many and frequent as my mistakes have been, or may be, as soon as I am *made sensible of them*, they shall be *publicly acknowledged and retracted*.”

Again, having stated what are the doctrines of the Methodists, Whitefield writes:—

“These are doctrines as diametrically opposite to the Church of Rome, as light to darkness. They are the very doctrines for which Ridley, Latimer, Cranmer, and so many of our first reformers burnt at the stake.

And, I will venture to say, they are doctrines which, when attended with a divine energy, always have made, and, maugre all opposition, always will make, their way through the world, however weak the instruments, who deliver them, may be.”

Then, again, the object at which Whitefield and his friends were aiming is thus described:—

“To awaken a *drowsy* world; to rouse them out of their *formality*, as well as profaneness, and put them upon seeking after a *present and great salvation*; to point out to them a *glorious rest*, which not only remains for the people of God *hereafter*, but which, by a *living faith*, the very chief of sinners may enter into even here, and without which the most blazing profession is nothing worth—is, as far as I know, the one thing—the grand and common point, in which all the *Methodists*’ endeavours centre. This is what some of all denominations want to be reminded of; and to stir them up to seek after the life and power of godliness, that they may be Christians, not only in *word and profession*, but in *spirit* and in *truth*, is, and, *through Jesus Christ strengthening me*, shall be the one *sole* business of my life.”

Answers to Bishop Lavington were also written by Wesley, and by the Rev. Vincent Perronet. On the bishop’s side there was published, “A Letter to the Rev. Mr. George Whitefield, occasioned by his ‘Remarks on a Pamphlet, entitled, The Enthusiasm of the Methodists and Papists

222

compared.” (8vo. 59 pp.) Among other railing accusations, the author charges the poor Methodists with making their followers mad; and broadly asserts that some of them have committed murders in Wales, and are now hanging in chains for their crimes. Whitefield was represented as having “a windmill in his head,” and going “up and down the world in search of somebody to beat out his brains.” It is a curious fact, however, that the pamphleteer attacked the Rev. Griffith Jones, who had recently published his Welsh Catechism, more virulently than he attacked Whitefield. The same gentleman (he calls himself a “Layman”) published a second pamphlet, with the title, “A Second Letter to the Rev. Mr. George Whitefield, occasioned by his Remarks upon a Pamphlet, entitled, The Enthusiasm of Methodists and Papists compared. In this, Mr. Whitefield’s

claim to the doctrine of the 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th Articles of the Church of England is examined; as also that of his great Mr. Griffith Jones, of Landowror, to the doctrine of the 17th Article; together with some further account of the fire kindled by them both in North and South Wales.” (8vo. 111 pp.) The writer was a man of learning, and, though a layman, was well acquainted with theology. The fault of his productions is their bitterness, and their publication of false and even obscene stories. He charges the Welsh Methodists with the practice of adultery, and with holding the doctrine that fornication among themselves was not a sin. He asserts that “Most of the Methodist teachers in Wales are become Father Confessors;” and that one of them, Will Richard, a cobbler, “when he forgives the sins of any person, delivers the party a paper, which, upon its being produced, will procure him or her admittance into heaven.” There are other stories too impure to be reproduced.

It may be added, that such was the public importance attached to the production of Lavington and the reply of Whitefield, that the *Monthly Review*, for 1749, devoted not fewer than twenty-eight of its pages to an examination of them.

Whitefield’s “Remarks” being finished, he wrote to his friend Hervey, as follows:—

223

LONDON, *April 5*, 1749.

“REV. AND DEAR SIR,—I suppose you have seen my pamphlet advertised. I want to publicly confess my public mistakes. O how many, how great they have been! How much obliged I am to my enemies for telling me of them! I wish you could see my pamphlet before it comes out. O that it may be blessed to promote God’s glory and the good of souls!

“You will be glad to hear that our Lord has given us a good passover” (Easter), “and that the prospect is still encouraging among the rich. I intend to leave town in about a week, and to begin ranging after precious souls.

“You judge right when you say I do not want to make a sect, or set myself at the head of a party. No; let the name of Whitefield die, so that the cause of Jesus Christ may live. I have seen enough of popularity to be sick of it, and, did not the interest of my blessed Master require my appearing in public, the world should hear but little of me henceforward. But who can desert such a cause? Who, for fear of a little contempt and suffering, would decline the service of such a Master?”

Whitefield here mentions “the prospect among the rich,” but says nothing of the poor. It must not be inferred, however, that his labours and success among the latter were at all abated. The author of “The Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon” gives an instance, belonging to this period, which is worth relating. While the rich assembled in her ladyship’s drawing-room, the poor filled her kitchen. Certain ladies having called to pay a visit to the Countess, she asked them if they had heard Mr. Whitefield preach; and, upon being answered in the negative, she expressed a wish that they should attend his preaching on the day following. The ladies did so; and the Countess, when they next met, enquired how they liked him. “O my lady,” they answered, “of all the preachers we ever heard, he is the most strange and unaccountable. Among other preposterous things, he declared that Jesus Christ is so willing to receive sinners, that He does not object to receive even the devil’s *castaways*! My lady, did you ever hear of such a thing since you were born? “Her ladyship acknowledged that the language was a little singular, but, as Mr. Whitefield was in the house, she would send for him, and he should answer for himself. Whitefield came; the previous conversation was repeated; and he said: “My lady, I must plead guilty to the charge; whether I did right or otherwise, your ladyship shall judge from the following circumstance.

224

Half an hour ago, a poor, miserable-looking, aged female requested to speak with me. I desired her to be shewn into your parlour. She said, ‘Oh, sir, I was accidentally passing the door of the chapel where you were preaching last night, and I went in, and one of the first things I heard you say was, that Jesus Christ was so willing to receive

sinner, that He did not object to receiving the devil's castaways. Now, sir, I have been on the town many years, and *am so worn out in his service*, that, I think, I may with truth be called one of the devil's castaways. Do you think, sir, that Jesus Christ would receive me?" "I," said Whitefield, "assured her there was not a doubt of it, if she was but willing to go to Him." The sequel of the story was, the poor creature was converted, and died testifying that the blood of Christ can cleanse from all unrighteousness.

On leaving London, Whitefield proceeded to Gloucester and Bristol. Early in the month of May, he went to Portsmouth, where he spent near a fortnight, preaching with a success which was marvellous even to himself. Writing to Lady Huntingdon, on May 8th, he says:—

"The night after I came here" (Portsmouth), "I preached to many thousands, a great part of whom were attentive, but some of the baser sort made a little disturbance. On the Friday evening" (May 5th), "I preached at Gosport, where the mob has generally been very turbulent; but all was hushed and quiet. Every time I have preached, the word has seemed to sink deeper and deeper into the people's hearts."

On May 11th, he wrote to the Rev. Mr. M'Culloch, Presbyterian minister, at Cambuslang:—

"I have been preaching at Portsmouth every day, for a week past, to very large and attentive auditories. I hear of many who are brought under convictions; prejudices seem to be universally removed; and a people who, but a week ago, were speaking all manner of evil against me, are now very desirous of my staying longer among them. What cannot God do?"

"At London, real good has been done among the rich, and the poor receive the gospel with as much gladness as ever. Mr. Harris and some

¹ Methodist preaching was begun, in this neighbourhood, in the year 1746, by John Cennick, Thomas Adams, and other "assistants" of Whitefield. A Society was formed, chiefly consisting of members of the Rev. Mr. Williams's church at Gosport, and of the Rev. Mr. Norman's at Portsmouth. In 1754, they erected Portsmouth "Tabernacle." (Seymour's "Memoirs of Whitefield.")

others have agreed to continue preaching at the Tabernacle, and elsewhere, as formerly. I should be glad to hear of a revival at Cambuslang;

but you have already seen such things as are seldom seen above once in a century.”

On the day following, in a letter to the Countess Delitz, he says:—

“A wilderness is the best name this world deserves. Ceiled houses, gaudy attire, and rich furniture, do not make it appear less so to a mind enlightened to see the beauties of Jesus of Nazareth. The preaching of the cross has been much blessed here. Multitudes daily attend, and many are much affected. It would please your ladyship to see the alteration that has been made in a week.”

On the same day, he wrote to Lady Fanny Shirley:—

“What a glorious opportunity is now afforded you, to shew, even before kings, that we are made kings indeed, and priests unto God, and that it is our privilege, as Christians, to reign over sin, hell, the world, and ourselves. O the happiness of a life wholly devoted to the ever-blessed God, and spent in communion with Him! It is indeed heaven begun on earth. I trust, some in these parts, who a few days ago had never heard of this kingdom of God, now begin to look after it. I have not seen a more visible alteration made in a people for some time. Thousands have attended, in the greatest order; and numbers are affected.”

On Monday, May 15, Whitefield set out for Wales, taking Salisbury and Bristol on his way. In ten days, he reached his wife’s house at Abergavenny, where he spent forty-eight hours of “sweet, very sweet retirement,—so sweet,” says he, “that I should be glad never to be heard of again. But this must not be. A necessity is laid upon me; and woe is me, if I preach not the gospel of Christ.”

Whitefield’s was a warm heart. Distress in others always moved him. His sympathy was not restrained by bigotry. In the fullest sense, it made him a good Samaritan. While at Abergavenny, he wrote to a friend in London, who had charge of “the poor widows, and the other Tabernacle petitioners,” and laid before him a case of need, which he wished to be relieved out of the Tabernacle funds. “On Thursday,” says he, “I saw Mr. E— I—, the Dissenting minister, and found him very meanly apparelled. He is a most worthy man. Some time ago, he sold £15 worth of his books, to finish a small meeting-house, in which he

226

preaches. He has but £3 per annum from the fund, and about as much from his people. He lives very low, but enjoys much of God; and has as great understanding of the figurative parts of Scripture as any one I know. He is a Zacharias, and his wife an Elizabeth. Four or five guineas might be bestowed on them. What a scene will open at the great day! How many *rich priests* will stand confounded, whilst the poor despised *faithful ministers* of Christ shall enter, after all their tribulation, into the joy of their Lord!”

Whitefield spent a glorious month among the Welsh mountains. In a letter, dated “Carmarthen, June 5, 1749,” he writes: “I am still in suspense about my wife;’ but, what is best, (glory be to God!) the gospel runs, and is glorified. I have preached fourteen times within the past eight days, and the word has everywhere fallen with weight and power. Yesterday was a great day here.”

From Carmarthen, Whitefield proceeded to Haverfordwest, where, on June 8th, he wrote to Lady Huntingdon:—

“Congregations grow larger and larger. All the towns hereabout are quite open for the word of God. Yesterday, I preached near Pembroke; to-day and next Lord’s-day, I am to preach here;’ and to-morrow, at St. David’s. Not a dog stirs a tongue. The mayor and gentlemen at Pembroke were very civil; and the young men bred up at Carmarthen Academy were much taken. The congregations consist of many thousands, and their behaviour is very affecting. Indeed, we have blessed seasons. O free grace!”

Whitefield got back to Bristol on June 23. Hence the following, addressed to the Rev. James Hervey:—

“BRISTOL, June 24, 1749.

“Yesterday, God brought me here, after having carried me a circuit of about eight hundred miles, and enabled me to preach, I suppose, to upwards of a hundred thousand souls. I have been in eight Welsh counties; and, I think, we have not had one dry meeting. The work in Wales is much upon the advance, and is likely to increase daily. Had my dear Mr. Hervey been there to have seen the simplicity of the people, I am persuaded, he would have said, ‘*Sit anima mea cum Methodistis!*’ But every one to his post. On Monday or Tuesday

¹ He was expecting her arrival from America.

² Whitefield's Sunday congregation at Haverfordwest was estimated at nearly twenty thousand. (Whitefield's Works, vol. ii., p. 264.)

226

next, I set out for London. Good Lady Huntingdon is here,¹ and goes on, in her usual way, doing good."

The Honourable Jonathan Belcher has been mentioned as one of the early friends of Whitefield. For eleven years, from 1730 to 1741, this gentleman was the governor of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, and performed his official duties with great ability. It so happened, however, that, just about the time when he shewed Whitefield so much honour, in 1740, an unprincipled cabal, by falsehood, forgery, and injustice, succeeded in depriving him of his office. Upon this, he repaired to the court of George II., where he vindicated his character and conduct, and exposed the baseness of his enemies. He was restored to the royal favour; and, in 1747, was appointed governor of New Jersey. In 1748, he obtained, from King George II., a charter for the founding of New Jersey College.² This was an institution in which Whitefield was greatly interested. As early as November 21, 1748, he wrote to the Rev. Ebenezer Pemberton: "I have been endeavouring, in Scotland, to do all the service I could to the New Jersey Collage; but I believe nothing will be done to purpose, unless you or some other popular minister come over, and make an application in person. In all probability, a collection might then be recommended by the General Assembly, and large contributions be raised among private persons who wish well to Zion." And now again, in another letter to Mr. Pemberton, dated "London, July 10, 1749," Whitefield writes: "Is there no prospect of your coming over? Your Mr. T— might do much for New Jersey College; but I have told you my mind in a former letter. May God direct for the best! I have a great mind to return to my beloved America this autumn, but am not yet determined. My wife arrived about a fortnight ago."

It will be seen hereafter, in 1754, that Whitefield's sug-

¹ Her ladyship was at Bristol for the benefit of her health, and had apartments in the house of Whitefield's brother. She was also begging money towards the erection of Bristol Tabernacle. ("Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon," vol. ii., pp. 378-380; and Whitefield's Works, vol. ii., p. 258.)

² Hodge's "History of the Presbyterian Church in America," part ii., p. 241.

228

gestion was adopted, and a deputation came to England for the purpose he had mentioned.

It is a curious coincidence, that, just at the time when Governor Belcher was obtaining a charter for the New Jersey College, Benjamin Franklin, then a member of the General Assembly of Pennsylvania, was publishing his "Proposals relating to the Education of Youth in Pennsylvania;" in other words, he was proposing to found an academy or college in Philadelphia. Franklin begged about £5000; the subscribers requested him and Mr. Francis, the Attorney-General, "to draw up constitutions for the government of the academy;" twenty-four trustees were chosen; a house was hired; masters engaged; and the schools opened. The scholars increasing fast, a larger building was found to be indispensable. The meeting-house, which had been built for Whitefield, in 1740, was burdened with an inconvenient debt; Franklin negotiated with the trustees to transfer it to the academy, on condition that the debt was paid, that the large hall should be kept open for occasional preachers, and that a free school should be maintained for the instruction of poor children. In due time, the trustees of the academy were incorporated by a royal charter; the funds were increased by contributions in Great Britain; and thus was established, in Whitefield's meeting-house, by the celebrated Benjamin Franklin, the College of Philadelphia.¹

The following letter, addressed to Whitefield, refers to these transactions; and, in other respects, is interesting:—

"PHILADELPHIA, July 6, 1749.

"DEAR SIR,—Since your being in England, I have received two of your favours, and a box of books to be disposed of. It gives me great pleasure to hear of your welfare, and that you purpose soon to return to America.

“We have no kind of news here worth writing to you. The affair of the building remains in *statu quo*, there having been no new application to the Assembly about it, or anything done, in consequence of the former.

“I have received no money on your account from Mr. Thanklin, or from Boston, Mrs. Read,² and your other friends here, in general, are well, and will rejoice to see you again.

“I am glad to hear that you have frequent opportunities of preaching

¹ “Memoirs of Franklin,” vol. i., p. 185.

² Franklin’s wife was a Miss Read, before he married her.

229

among the great. If you can gain them to a good and exemplary life, wonderful changes will follow in the manners of the lower ranks; for *ad exemplum regis*, etc. On this principle, Confucius, the famous eastern reformer, proceeded. When he saw his country sunk in vice, and wickedness of all kinds triumphant, he applied himself first to the grandees; and, having, by his doctrine, won them to the cause of virtue, the commons followed in multitudes. The mode has a wonderful influence on mankind; and there are numbers, who, perhaps, fear less the being in hell, than out of the fashion. Our more western reformations began with the ignorant mob; and, when numbers of them were gained, interest and party-views drew in the wise and great. Where both methods can be used, reformations are likely to be more speedy. O that some method could be found to make them lasting! He who discovers that, will, in my opinion, deserve more, ten thousand times, than the inventor of the longitude.

“My wife and family join in the most cordial salutations to you and good Mrs. Whitefield.

“I am, dear sir, your very affectionate friend, and most obliged humble servant,

“BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.”¹

Such was the moralizing of the famous Franklin concerning the marvellous movement of his friend Whitefield.

It was about this time that Whitefield’s ministry was blessed to the conversion of a youth, who, afterwards, rose to great eminence. Robert Robinson had recently been apprenticed to a hair-dresser, in Crutched Friars, London. The apprentice was attracted to hear Whitefield at the Tabernacle, and, ever after, called him his spiritual father.²

In 1761, at the age of twenty-six, Robert Robinson became the pastor of a small Dissenting congregation, at Cambridge, whose members could scarcely afford him £20 a year. His ministry, however, was so successful, that, in the course of a few years, his church included above two hundred highly respectable families. Upon Robinson's subsequent popularity as a preacher; his ability as an author; and his embracing, a few years before his death, the Unitarian creed, there is no necessity to dwell. These are well-known facts.

Having spent a few days in London, Whitefield returned, towards the end of July, to Lady Huntingdon, at Bristol,³

¹ *Evangelical Magazine*, 1803, p. 28.

² "Life of Rev. Robert Robinson," p. 18.

³ Both the Wesleys were now in Bristol, and they, Whitefield, and Howell Harris had a conference. Hence, the following, from Charles

230

where "many in high life" attended his ministry.¹ Here he had another battle with a bishop. Whitefield was told that the Bishop of W— had accused him of perjury; and wrote to his lordship to be informed upon what fact or facts his charge was founded. The bishop's answer is not published, but its nature and substance may be inferred from the reply of Whitefield.

"Bristol, August 7, 1749.

"MY LORD,—I suppose the mistake has lain here; your lordship might have insinuated, that, by my present way of acting, I have broken the solemn engagement I entered into at my ordination; and that might have been interpreted to imply a charge of *perjury*.

"The relation in which I stand to the Countess of Huntingdon, made me desirous to clear myself from such an imputation, and to give your lordship an opportunity of vindicating yourself in the manner you have done.

"Were I not afraid of intruding too much upon your lordship's time, I would endeavour to answer the other part of your letter, and give you a satisfactory account of whatever may seem irregular and exceptionable in my present conduct. This I would gladly do, not only before your lordship, but, before all the right reverend the bishops; for I highly honour them on account of the sacred character they sustain; and wish to make it my daily endeavour to obey all their godly admonitions. This, I presume,

my lord, is the utmost extent of the promise I made at my ordination. If I deviate from this, in any respect, it is through ignorance and want of better information, and not out of obstinacy, or contempt of lawful authority."

In the second week of August, Whitefield set out for Plymouth; and, on the way, preached twice at Wellington, once at Exeter, and twice at Kingsbridge.² At Plymouth, he wrote, to a friend, as follows:—

PLYMOUTH, *August, 19, 1749.*

"MY VERY DEAR BROTHER,—Last night, I heard that the bishop" (of Exeter) "has published a second pamphlet, with a preface addressed to me. Have you seen it? Or, do you think it worth answering? He told a clergyman, some time ago, that he might expect a second part. He said, my answer was honest, and that I recanted many things; but that I still went on in my usual way. God forbid I should do otherwise! I am

Wesley's Journal:—"1749, August 3. Our conference this week with Mr. Whitefield and Mr. Harris came to nought; I think through their fleeing off." Was this another attempt to amalgamate Wesley's and Whitefield's Societies?

¹ Whitefield's Works, vol. ii., p. 269.

² *Ibid.*, p. 272.

informed, that, upon threatening to pull Mr. Thompson's gown off, Mr. Thompson threw it off himself, and said, he could preach the gospel without a gown; and so withdrew. Upon which, the bishop sent for him, and soothed him. I hope to see Mr. Thompson, at Bideford, on Tuesday, and expect to hear particulars."¹

The second part of Bishop Lavington's "Enthusiasm of Methodists and Papists compared," was an 8vo. volume of two hundred pages, and quite as discreditable to his lordship's character and position as that already published. In about equal parts, it was levelled against Whitefield and Wesley, with an occasional fling at the Moravians. It is somewhat difficult to reconcile its levity and buffoonery with Christian piety. At all events, its spirit, tone, and language, are not in harmony with St. Paul's injunction, "A bishop must not soon be angry, but be sober, just, holy, temperate." It is needless to give an outline of this episcopal production; but, from the preface of forty-four pages, wholly addressed to

Whitefield, the following choice epithets and phrases are taken. "You are a most deceitful worker, grievously seducing your precious lambs." "Your infallible instructions are so many mistakes, blunders, or lies." "You have climbed up, and stolen the sacred fire from heaven; have even deified yourself, and put your own spirit in the seat of the Holy Ghost." "You have owned yourself a cheat and impostor." "You say, '*After-experience and riper judgment* have taught you to *correct* and *amend* all your *performances*; and for the future you are to come out in a more *unexceptionable dress*.' What a desirable and delightful *spectacle*! I almost *long* to have a peep at you in your *unexceptionable dress*. I begin to be in an *ecstasy*. Now methinks I see you, like a *player* after he hath *acted his part*, stripping off the *dazzling tinsel* in

¹ The Rev. Mr. Thompson was rector of St. Gennys, near Camelford, in Cornwall. After being educated at Exeter College, Oxford, he became chaplain to the *Tiger* man-of-war, in which he went to America. On his return to England, he succeeded to a family estate of about £500 a year, and settled at St. Gennys. Though not an "Oxford Methodist," he preached the doctrines of the Methodists, and was ardently attached to their leaders. He was an intimate friend of Hervey, who dedicated to Mr. Thompson's eldest daughter the first volume of his "Meditations." Mr. Thompson was a man of considerable genius, and is said to have been the author of a volume of religious poems, which were published anonymously. He died in 1781. ("Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon.")

232

which he *strutted upon the stage*. Now, like *Presbyter John*, tearing away *points, tags, ribbands, fringe, lace, and embroidery*. Now, again, (*Paulo majora canamus*,) methinks I see you divesting yourself of your celestial garments and ornaments; plucking off your *appropriated blossoms* of Aaron's *rod*, slipping off the *child* Samuel's *linen ephod*, throwing *Elijah's mantle* from your shoulders; and modestly standing forth in the ordinary attire of a plain *gown and cassock*."

It was as impossible as it was undesirable, for Whitefield to write an answer in a scurrilous and bantering style like this; and, therefore, he wisely determined not to write at all. Hence the following to Lady Huntingdon:—

"BIDEFORD, August 24, 1749.

“I have seen the bishop’s second pamphlet, in which he has served the Methodists, as the Bishop of Constance served John Huss, when he ordered some painted devils to be put round his head before he burned him. His preface to me is most virulent. Everything I wrote, in my answer, is turned into the vilest ridicule, and nothing will satisfy but giving up the glorious work of the ever-blessed God, as entirely cheat and imposture. I cannot see that it calls for any further answer from me. Mr. Wesley, I think, had best attack him now, as he is largely concerned in this second part. I think of leaving this place to-morrow, and of preaching at Exeter next Lord’s-day.”

Whitefield would not reply to the bishop’s pamphlet, but he would preach in his episcopal city. It was rather a bold step to take; and the following is Whitefield’s own account of it. This, like the former letter, was addressed to Lady Huntingdon:—

“LONDON, *September 4, 1749.*

“HONOURED MADAM,—I came to town on Thursday, the 31st ultimo, after having had a pleasant circuit in the west.

“The day after I wrote to your ladyship, I preached twice at Exeter, and, in the evening, I believe I had near ten thousand hearers. The bishop and several of his clergy stood very near me, as I am informed. A good season it was. All was quiet, and there was a great solemnity in the congregation; but a drunken man threw at me three great stones. One of them cut my head deeply, and was likely to knock me off the table; but, blessed be God! I was not at all discomposed. One of the other stones struck a poor man quite down.

“As I came from Exeter, I visited one John Haime, the soldier, who, under God, began the great awakening in Flanders. He is in Dorchester

233

gaol for preaching at Shaftesbury, where there has been, and is now, a great awakening.¹

“Everywhere the work is spreading; and, since I have been here, we have had some of the most awful, solemn, powerful meetings, I ever saw at the Tabernacle. Congregations have been very large, and I have had several meetings with the preachers.”²

Whitefield’s stay in London was of short duration. In a few days, he set out for Yorkshire and the North of England.

On his way, in Hertfordshire, he wrote as follows to his friend Hervey:—

“BENNINGTON, *September 17, 1749.*

“REV. AND VERY DEAR SIR,—Perhaps I have heard from what corner your cross comes. It is a very near one indeed. A saying of Mr. B— has often comforted me: ‘I would often have nestled, but God always put a thorn in my nest.’ Is not this suffered, my dear brother, to prick you out, and to compel you to appear for the Lord Jesus Christ? Preaching is my grand *catholicon*, under all domestic, as well as other trials. I fear Dr. Stonehouse has done you hurt, and kept you in shackles too long. For Christ’s sake, my dear Mr. Hervey, exhort him, now that he has taken the gown, to play the man, and let the world see, that, not worldly motives, but God’s glory and a love for souls, have sent him into the ministry. I hope he will turn out a flamer at last. O when shall this once be! Who would lose a moment? Amazing! that the followers of a crucified Redeemer should be afraid of contempt! Rise, Hervey, rise, and see thy Jesus reaching out a crown with this motto, ‘*Vincenti dabo.*’ Excuse this freedom. I write out of the fulness of my heart, not to draw you over to me, or to a party, but to excite you to appear openly for God.

“A letter may be directed (if you write immediately) to be left at the Rev. Mr. Ingham’s, Yorkshire. Thither I am bound now, and, if the season of the year should permit, I would stretch to Scotland. We have had most delightful seasons in London. The glory of the Redeemer filled the Tabernacle. If any doubt whether the cause we are embarked in be the cause of God, I say, ‘Come and see.’ Are you free that I should call upon you in my return to town? I think to come by way of Northampton. You shall hear what is done in Yorkshire. God has blessed my preaching at Oundle.”

It is evident that Whitefield wished Hervey to itinerate like himself; but this was a work for which the gentle rector of Weston-Favell was physically and mentally unfit.

¹ For Haime’s own account of his success at Shaftesbury, and his unjust imprisonment, see the *Arminian Magazine* for 1780, p. 308. He was one of the best of Wesley’s martial preachers.

² Whitefield, Howell Harris, and others held an “Association” in London, on September 1, 2, 3, 6, and 7. (See “Life and Times of Howell Harris,” p. 115.)

No good end would have been answered by his attempting it. Besides, by his pen, he was doing a great work, which

Whitefield, had he tried, could not have done; and which itinerancy would have set aside. The fact is, though Whitefield and Hervey were both Oxford Methodists, Whitefield had not seen his old acquaintance for many years, and seems to have had no idea of the extreme delicacy of his health.

Whitefield's progress to Ingham's, at Aberford; to Grimshaw's, at Haworth; and to other places, will be seen in the following extracts from his letters:—

“NEWCASTLE, *September 29, 1749.*”

“I have had many proofs that God's providence directed my way into Yorkshire. I preached four times at Aberford, four times at Leeds, and thrice at Haworth, where lives one Mr. Grimshaw. At his church, I believe, we had above a thousand communicants, and, in the churchyard, about six thousand hearers. It was a great day of the Son of man. About Leeds are Mr. Wesley's Societies. I was invited thither by them and one of their preachers; and Mr. Charles Wesley, coming thither, published me himself. I have preached here once, and am to preach again this evening. On Monday next, October 2nd, I propose to return to Yorkshire, and, from thence, to London. I have given over the immediate care of all my Societies to Mr. Harris; so that now I am a preacher at large. Everything is turning round strangely. O for simplicity and honesty to the end!”

To Lady Huntingdon, Whitefield wrote as follows:—

“NEWCASTLE, *October 1, 1749.*”

“Never did I see more of the hand of God, in any of my journeys, than in this. At Mr. Grimshaw's, I believe, there were above six thousand hearers. The sacramental occasion was most awful. At Leeds, the congregation consisted of above ten thousand. In the morning, at five, I was obliged to preach out of doors. In my way hither, I met Mr. Charles Wesley, who returned, and introduced me to the pulpit in Newcastle. As I am a debtor to all, and intend to be at the head of no party, I thought it my duty to comply. I have preached in their room four times, and, this morning, I preached to many thousands in a large close. This evening, I am to do the same. The power of God has attended His word, and there seems to be a quickening of souls. To-morrow, God willing, we set out for Leeds. As it is so late in the year, my Scotch friends advise me to defer my going thither. Had I known that, I should have embarked for America this autumn.”

In these and other letters, written while in the north of England, Whitefield makes no mention of an event too important to be entirely omitted. It was now that Charles

235

Wesley succeeded in preventing his brother marrying Grace Murray, by getting her married to John Bennet. This unpleasant, almost romantic, incident occupies so large a space in "The Life and Times of Wesley," that I here purposely refrain from entering into details. The account there introduced has been severely criticised and censured by some of Wesley's admirers, who seem to be unwilling to admit that he shared any of the infirmities common to human beings. I can only say, that while I could add to the details I have already given, I know of nothing that I ought either to retract or to modify. There can be no doubt that Whitefield was cognisant of the intentions of Charles Wesley; for the marriage with Bennet took place in Newcastle, the very day Whitefield left that town for Leeds; and, further, on the night previous to the marriage, Wesley, at Whitehaven, received a letter from Whitefield, requesting that he would meet him and Charles Wesley, at Leeds, two days afterwards. Nothing more shall be added, except to give Wesley's own account of the distressing interview. He writes:—

"October 4, 1749. At Leeds, I found, not my brother, but Mr. Whitefield. I lay down by him on the bed. He told me my brother would not come till John Bennet and Grace Murray were married. I was troubled; he perceived it; he wept and prayed over me, but I could not shed a tear. He said all that was in his power to comfort me; but it was in vain. He told me it was his judgment that she was *my* wife,¹ and that he had said so to John Bennet, that he would fain have persuaded them to wait, and not to marry till they had seen me; but that my brother's impetuosity prevailed and bore down all before it. On Thursday, October 5, about eight, one came in from Newcastle, and told us 'They were married on Tuesday.' My brother came an hour after. I felt no anger, yet I did not desire to see him; but Mr. Whitefield constrained me. After a few words had passed, he accosted me with, 'I renounce all intercourse with you, but what I would have with a heathen man or a publican.' I felt little emotion; it was only adding a drop of water to a drowning man; yet I calmly accepted his renunciation, and acquiesced therein. Poor Mr. Whitefield and John Nelson burst into tears. They prayed, cried, and

entreated, till the storm passed away. We could not speak, but only fell on each other's neck."

¹ At Dublin, they had made a contract *de præsenti*, to which Wesley attached great importance, and not without reason. "Any contract made, *per verba de præsenti*, was, before the time of George II., so far a valid marriage, that the parties might be *compelled*, in the spiritual courts, to celebrate it *in facie ecclesie*." ("The Student's Blackstone," by Robert Malcolm Kerr, LL.D., p. 103.)

236

Thus did Whitefield help to prevent a breach of the life-long and ardent friendship of the Wesley brothers. Three days afterwards, Charles Wesley wrote to Mr. Ebenezer Blackwell, the London banker, as follows:—

"SHEFFIELD, *Sunday Morning, October 8, 1749.*

"George Whitefield, and my brother, and I, are one,—a threefold cord which shall no more be broken. The week before last, I waited on our friend George to our house in Newcastle, and gave him full possession of our pulpit and people's hearts, as full as was in my power to give. The Lord united all our hearts. I attended his successful ministry for some days. He was never more blessed or better satisfied. Whole troops of the Dissenters he mowed down. They also are so reconciled to us, as you cannot conceive. The world is confounded. The hearts of those who seek the Lord rejoice. At Leeds, we met my brother, who gave honest George the right hand of fellowship, and attended him everywhere to our Societies. Some in London will be alarmed at the news; but it is the Lord's doing, as they, I doubt not, will by-and-by acknowledge."¹

It is a fact worth noting, that, on the memorable day, when Whitefield, the two Wesleys, John Bennet and his newly wedded wife met at Leeds, Whitefield preached in that town at five in the morning, and at Birstal, at five in the evening.² On both occasions, stricken-hearted Wesley was present, and says, "God gave Mr. Whitefield both strong and persuasive words."³ Five days afterwards, Wesley was in Newcastle, and, in soberer language than that used by his brother, pronounced the following judgment on Whitefield's visit there: "I was now satisfied that God had sent Mr. Whitefield to Newcastle in an acceptable time; many of those who had little thought of God before, still retain the impressions they received from him."⁴

On leaving Leeds, Whitefield, accompanied by Ingham, set out on another evangelizing tour through Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Cheshire.⁵ “Go on,” wrote Howell Harris, in a letter to Whitefield, dated “October 15, 1749,”—“Go

¹ C. Wesley’s Journal, vol. ii., p. 178.

² Tradition says, that when Whitefield preached at Birstal, his voice was heard on Staincliffe Hill, a mile and a half from where he stood, crying, “O earth, earth, earth, hear the word of the Lord!” (Gledstone’s “Life and Travels of George Whitefield.”)

³ John Wesley’s Journal.

⁴ Ibid.

⁵ “Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon,” vol. i., p. 264.

237

on, and blaze abroad the fame of Jesus, till you take your flight, to bow, among the innumerable company, before His unalterable glory!”¹ And “go on” Whitefield did. The following was written to Lady Fanny Shirley, at Ewood, (or Estwood, as Whitefield calls it,) a place whence Grimshaw had married his first wife, and where he occasionally resided.

“ESTWOOD, IN LANCASHIRE, *October 25, 1749.*

“HONOURED MADAM,—Since I wrote to your ladyship from Newcastle, I have preached about thirty times in Yorkshire, and above ten times in Cheshire and Lancashire. Congregations have been very large, and a convincing and comforting influence has everywhere attended the word. In one or two places, I have had a little rough treatment; but elsewhere all has been quiet. At the importunity of many, I am now returning from Manchester to Leeds; from thence I purpose going to Sheffield; next week I hope to see good Lady Huntingdon at Ashby; and the week following I hope to be in London. Thus do I lead a pilgrim life. God give me a pilgrim heart, and enable me to speak of redeeming love to a lost world, till I can speak no more. Mrs. Galatin, at Manchester, goes on well, and is not ashamed to confess Him, who, I trust, has called her out of darkness into marvellous light.”

Colonel and Mrs. Galatin were sincere and warm-hearted friends both of Whitefield and the Wesleys. Whitefield met them in Manchester, where the colonel² was then stationed, and made the best use of his opportunity to benefit him and his subordinate officers. Hence the following to the Countess of Huntingdon:—

“LEEDS, *October 30, 1749.*

“I forwarded your letter to Mrs. Galatin, at Manchester. She seems to be quite in earnest. I conversed for about two hours with the captain and some other officers, upon the nature and necessity of the new birth. He was affected; and, I hope, the conversation was blessed. Since I left them, I have preached to many thousands in Rosendale, Aywood” (Ewood?) “and Halifax; also at Birstal, Pudsey, and Armley; and I have had three precious seasons here. Congregations are exceeding large, and both the Established and Dissenting Clergy are very angry. I hear that yesterday they thundered heartily. Rut truth is great, and will prevail, though preached in the fields and streets.

“I thought to have been at Ashby next Lord’s-day, but a door seems to be opened at Nottingham, and I have thoughts of trying what can be

¹ “Life of Howell Harris,” p. 200.

² Whitefield calls him “captain;” but, if not now, he soon afterwards was colonel.

done there. This morning I shall set out for Sheffield. This day week, your ladyship may depend on seeing me at Ashby.”

On November 13th, Whitefield left the country residence of Lady Huntingdon for London. On arriving there, he found letters, which turned his attention to Ireland.

After John Cennick seceded from Whitefield, he, in June 1746, went to Dublin, and commenced preaching in Skinner’s Alley. Soon after this, Cennick had to attend a Moravian Synod in Germany; and, during his absence, Thomas Williams, one of Wesley’s itinerants, visited Dublin, began to preach, and formed a Society. In August, 1747, Wesley himself went to Dublin, and became the guest of Mr. William Lunell, a banker, a man of wealth and great respectability, who had been converted under the preaching of Cennick and Williams. A year afterwards, Charles Wesley found him mourning the loss of his wife and child, and did all he could to comfort him. Mr. Lunell became one of Wesley’s most liberal supporters. He gave £400 towards the erection of Dublin chapel; and, more than twenty years subsequent to this, Wesley declared that Mr. Lunell, of Dublin,

and Mr. Thomas Janes, of Cork, were the most munificent benefactors that Methodism had ever had.¹

From the first, Methodism in Ire'and had to encounter persecution. In Dublin, the pulpit and benches of Marlborough Street chapel had been burnt in the open street, and several of the Methodists beaten with shillalaha. At Athlone, Jonathan Healey, one of Wesley's itinerants, had been almost murdered. In the present year, 1749, the Methodists at Cork, with the connivance of the mayor and magistrates, had been subjected to the most cruel treatment. Both men and women were attacked with clubs and swords, and many were stabbed, gashed, slashed, stoned, and seriously wounded. Their houses were demolished, and their furniture and goods destroyed. As in Dublin, the pews, benches, and even flooring of the chapel, were dragged into the streets, and were set on fire. These horrible outrages were continued during the whole of the months of May and June.² Mr. Lunell wrote to Whitefield on the

¹ Wesley's Works, vol. iii., p. 406.

² For further details, see "Life and Times of Wesley," vol. ii., pp. 37-39.

239

subject, and wished him to visit Ireland. Whitefield was quite willing to accede to this request; but, for the present, was unable to comply with it. Meanwhile, however, he deeply sympathised with the sufferers at Cork, and, as will be seen hereafter, took active steps, in conjunction with the Countess of Huntingdon, to obtain for them the protection of Government. The following letter, to Mr. Lunell, refers to the matters just mentioned:—

"LONDON, *November 22, 1749.*

"VERY DEAR SIR,—I received your kind letter on Monday last, and take the first opportunity of answering it.

"I believe my particular province is to go about and preach the gospel to all. My being obliged to keep up a large correspondence in America, and the necessity I am under of going thither myself, entirely prevent my taking care of any Societies. Whether it will ever be my lot to come to Ireland, I cannot say. I have some thought of being there next spring; but I would not intrude on any one's labours. The world is large, and

there is sufficient work for all. I profess to be of a catholic spirit: I am a debtor to all. I have no party to be the head of, and I will have none; but, as much as in me lies, will strengthen the hands of all, of every denomination, who preach Jesus Christ in sincerity.

“Pray how are the poor people at Cork? Lady Huntingdon writes concerning them,—‘I hope the poor persecuted people in Cork will be helped. I should be glad, if you could write in my name to any of them, and inform them that I would have written myself, but I know not how to direct. You may give them my assurance of serving them upon any occasion, and a hint that I believe they will meet with no more of the like rough usage.’ Thus far my good lady. I am persuaded you will, in a prudent manner, communicate this to all concerned.”

Whitefield’s health was generally best when he was on his gospel rambles. In London, it almost invariably suffered. Well or ill, however, when he could, Whitefield must be allowed to work. Writing to Lady Huntingdon, he says:—

“LONDON, *November 30, 1749.*

“London already begins to disagree with my outward man, but the Lord’s smiling upon my poor labours sweetens all. I have begun to preach at six in the morning. We have large congregations even then. I trust we shall have a warm winter. I have not been at the other end of the town this week; but I find all hold on. However, a leader is wanting. This honour has been put on your ladyship by the great Head of the Church an honour conferred on few. That you may every day add to the splendour of your future crown, by always abounding in the work of the Lord, is the fervent prayer of your unworthy servant,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”

240

Nine days later, he wrote again to Mr. Lunell, of Dublin:—

“LONDON, *December 9, 1749.*

“MY DEAR MR. LUNELL,—I find by your last kind letter that the king’s business requires haste. I, therefore, immediately dispatched it to good Lady Huntingdon, who, I am persuaded, will think it her highest privilege to serve the dear people of Cork. Whether your account of their sufferings has reached her ladyship, I cannot tell, but you will soon know. However, this we know, they have reached the ears of the blessed Jesus, who sits in heaven, and laughs all His enemies to scorn. He will take care that the bush, though burning, shall not be consumed: nay, He will

take care that it shall flourish, even in the midst of fire. It will be melancholy to have any preachers transported; but the thoughts of this do not affect me so much, because I know what a field of action there is for them abroad. It has been my settled opinion for a long time, that Christ's labourers (at least, some of them) love home too much, and do not care enough for those thousands of precious souls, that are ready to perish for lack of knowledge, in yonder wilderness. We propose having an academy, or college, at the Orphan House in Georgia. Supposing the worst to happen, hundreds may find a sweet retreat there. The house is large; it will hold a hundred. I trust my heart is larger, and will hold ten thousand. Be they who they may, if they belong to Jesus, the language of my heart shall be, 'Come in, ye blessed of the Lord.' But, perhaps, this may not be the issue. The threatening storm may blow over. It is always darkest before break of day."

Whitefield's heart was large and warm. His life was a wandering one, and he saw but little of his relatives; but his affection for them never failed. In anticipation of his birthday, he wrote to his mother the following:—

"LONDON, *December 15, 1749.*

"My dear and honoured Mother,—To-morrow it will be thirty-five years since you brought unworthy me into the world. Alas! how little have I done for you, and how much less for Him who formed me. This is my comfort; I hope you want for nothing. Thanks be to God for His goodness to you in your old age! I hope you comfort yourself in Him, who, I trust, will be your portion for ever. After Christmas, I hope to see you. My wife sends you her most dutiful respects. If you would have anything brought more than you have mentioned, pray write to, honoured mother, your ever dutiful, though unworthy son,

"GEORGE WHITEFIELD."

Whitefield and his Tabernacle friends began the New Year, 1750, by reading letters respecting the work of God, in different places; and by singing devout and enthusiastic

241

doggerel. To one of his distant correspondents, he wrote thus:—

"LONDON, *January 2, 1750.*

"Yesterday was a blessed letter-day. These verses were sung for you, etc.:—

‘Thy work in the north,
 O Saviour, increase;
 And kindly send forth
 The preachers of peace:
 Till throughout the nation
 Thy gospel shall ring,
 And peace and salvation
 Each village shall sing.’

“Thousands said, ‘Amen, and amen!’ Let me know when you set out for Newcastle, and whether the books shall be sent by land or water. I get very little by them. I do not desire it should be otherwise. I believe, as many are given away as answer to the profits of what are sold. If souls are profited, I desire no more.”

The reading of letters, at stated times, respecting revivals of the work of God, was an established practice, both in Whitefield’s Tabernacle and Wesley’s Foundery. The chief difference between the two places was—in the Tabernacle, each letter was followed by the singing of hymns, of which the lines just given are too good a specimen; in the Foundery, the hymns sung were some of the finest that Charles Wesley ever wrote.

The poor Methodists at Cork were again in the furnace of affliction. Butler, the ballad singer, was as violent as ever; and, until the Lent assizes, pursued his murderous career with increasing zest. Accompanied by his mob, he several times assaulted the house of William Jewell, a clothier; and, at last, took forcible possession of it, swore he would blow out the brains of the first who resisted him, beat Jewell’s wife, and then smashed all the windows. He abused Mary Philips in the grossest terms, and struck her on the head. Elizabeth Gardelet was literally almost murdered by him and his ruffians; and others were similarly abused. On January 3, 1750, Whitefield wrote:—

“Mr. Lunell sends me dreadful news from Cork. Butler is there again, making havoc of the people. Mr. Haughton, some time ago, expected

¹ John Haughton, one of Wesley’s brave itinerants, who afterwards became an ordained clergyman of the Church of England. (Myles’s “Chronological History of the Methodists.”)

242

to be murdered every minute. I have been with some who will go to the Speaker of the House of Commons and represent the case. I hope I have but one common interest to serve; I mean that of the blessed Jesus."

On January 5, at the Tabernacle, Whitefield preached a sermon from Ephes. iv. 24. The sermon was taken down in shorthand, and, after his death, was published, with the title, "The putting on of the New Man a certain mark of the real Christian." (8vo. 30 pp.) The sermon is not in Whitefield's collected works, but furnishes a good idea of the popular style he adopted. It is full of brief illustrations, and is intensely earnest; the style plain, familiar, and pointed. Three sentences may interest the reader. "Let me tell you, no matter whether you are Presbyterian or Independent, Churchman or Dissenter, Methodist or no Methodist, unless you are new creatures, you are in a state of damnation" (p. 17). "I like orthodoxy very well; but what signifies an orthodox head with a heterodox heart?" (p. 19.) "I tell thee, O man; I tell thee, O woman, whoever thou art, thou art a dead man, thou art a dead woman, nay, a damned man, a damned woman, without a new heart" (p. 27).

Whitefield, about this time, became acquainted with another clergyman, who was a man after his own heart. The Rev. William Baddiley had been made one of Lady Huntingdon's domestic chaplains. He soon became a sort of second Grimshaw, formed a number of Societies, and employed laymen to assist him.² To him, Whitefield wrote as follows:—

"LONDON, *January* 12, 1750.

"MY VERY DEAR SIR,—I now sit down to answer your kind letter. O that I may be helped to write something that may do you service in the cause in which you are embarked!

"I see you are like to have hot work, for I find you have begun to batter Satan's strongest hold—I mean the self-righteousness of man. Here, sir, you must expect the strongest opposition. It is the *Diana* of every age. It is the golden image, which man continually sets up; and the not falling down to worship it, much more to speak, write, or preach

against it, exposes one to the fury of its blind votaries, and we are thrown directly into a den of lions. But fear not, Mr. Baddiley; the God whom

¹ “Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon,” vol. i., p. 120.

² *Arminian Magazine*, 1779, p. 375.

243

we serve is able to deliver us. If any one need give way, it must be the poor creature who is writing to you; for, I believe, there is not a person living more timorous by nature than I am. But, in a degree, Jesus has delivered me from worldly hopes and worldly fears, and often makes me as bold as a lion. But, my dear sir, at first, I did not care to part with this pretty character of mine. It was death to be despised, and worse than death to think of being laughed at. Blessed be God! now contempt and I are pretty intimate, and have been so for above twice seven years. The love of Jesus makes it an agreeable companion, and I no longer wonder that Moses made such a blessed choice. There is no doing good without enduring the scourge of the tongue; ‘and take this for a certain rule—‘The more successful you are, the more you will be hated by Satan, and despised by those who know not God.’ What has the honoured lady suffered under whose roof you dwell! Above all, what did your blessed Master suffer! O let us follow Him, though it be through a sea of blood.”

On the same day that Whitefield wrote to her domestic chaplain, he wrote to the Countess herself. Perhaps it ought to be premised that, at this time, Wesley had, besides the “Old Foundery,” two other London chapels—one in West Street, Seven Dials, built by the French Protestants; the other in Snowfields, Bermondsey, built by a Unitarian. The “Mr. Gifford,” whom Whitefield mentions, was a man of some importance. Besides being the respected minister of the Baptist Church, in Eagle Street, London, he was chaplain to Sir Richard Ellys, the learned author of “*Fortuita Sacra*.” He had a private collection of coins, said to have been one of the most curious in Great Britain, and which George II. purchased as an addition to his own. Through Sir Richard Ellys, he became a personal friend of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, Archbishop Herring, Sir Arthur Onslow, the Speaker of the House of Commons, and other persons of high social rank. He was also ultimately appointed librarian

of the British Museum, and was made a doctor by the University of Aberdeen.

“LONDON, *January 12, 1750.*

“HONOURED MADAM,—Every day we have new hearers, and persons are almost continually brought under convictions, or are edified, at the Tabernacle.

“I have offered Mr. Wesley to assist occasionally at his chapel, and I don’t know but it may be accepted. O that I may learn to think it my highest privilege to be an assistant to all, but the head of none! I find a love of power sometimes intoxicates even God’s own dear children, and

244

makes them to mistake passion for zeal, and an overbearing spirit for an authority given them from above. For my own part, I find it much easier to obey than to govern, and that it is much safer to be trodden under foot than to have the power to serve others so. This makes me flee from that which, at our first setting out, we are too apt to court. Thanks be to God for taking any pains with me! I cannot well buy humility at too dear a rate.

“His Majesty seems to have been acquainted with some things about us, by what passed in his discourse with Lady Chesterfield.¹ The particulars are these. Her ladyship wore a suit of clothes, with a brown ground and silver flowers. His Majesty, coming round to her, first smiled, and then laughed quite out. Her ladyship could not imagine what was the cause of this. At length, His Majesty said, ‘I know who chose that gown for you—Mr. Whitefield. I hear that you have attended on him this year and a half.’ Her ladyship answered, ‘Yes, I have, and like him very well.’

“I have been with the Speaker about the poor people in Ireland. Mr. Gifford introduced me, and opened the matter well. His honour expressed a great regard for your ladyship, and great resentment at the indignities of the poor sufferers; but said, Lord Harrington and the Secretary of State were the most proper persons to apply to; and he did not doubt that your ladyship’s application would get the people’s grievances redressed. I wished for a memorial to acquaint him with particulars. He treated me with great candour, and assured me no hurt was designed us by the State.”

Six days after this, Whitefield wrote to Mr. Lunell, as follows:—

“LONDON, *January 18, 1750.*

“VERY DEAR SIR,—Last Monday, I waited upon the Speaker of the House of Commons, with one Mr. Gifford, a Dissenting minister, who opened the case of our poor suffering brethren in a proper manner. The Speaker said that, though it did not properly belong to him, he would make a thorough search into the affair. He wondered that application had not been made to Lord Harrington, the king’s representative in Ireland; and wanted to be informed of more particulars. For want of a memorial, I could only shew him the contents of your letter. Two things, therefore, seem necessary. Be pleased to send a well-attested narrative of the whole affair; and wait upon Lord Harrington yourself. A friend of mine intends writing to Baron B—. Is he in Dublin? As soon as I hear from you, more may be done. Meanwhile, the dear souls have my constant prayers, and shall have my utmost endeavours to serve them. I count their sufferings my own. Hearty *Aniens* are given, when our friends are mentioned in prayer at the Tabernacle.

¹ Lady Chesterfield was a natural daughter of King George the First, and therefore half-sister to his present Majesty George the Second. Her mother was Melosina de Schulenberg, Duchess of Kendal. (“Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon,” vol. i., p. 462.)

245

“To-morrow, I am to preach at Mr. Wesley’s chapel. O that it may be for the Redeemer’s glory and His people’s good!”

To avoid a recurrence to the rioting at Cork, the following letter, to Mr. Lunell, is added:—

“LONDON, *January* 28, 1750.

“VERY DEAR SIR,—I am glad to find the storm is a little abated at Cork. I always thought it was too hot to last long. I see, by Mr. Haughton, that suffering grace is always given for suffering times. If they have honoured him so far as to give him some lashes, for preaching” the everlasting gospel, I shall rejoice. I am persuaded, the persecution will stir up the resentment of persons in power on this side the water. I beg, for the dear people’s sake, you will continue your accounts. They direct me in my prayers, and also excite the prayers of others. On Monday, your letter shall be read, and we will besiege the throne of grace once more, on our dear brethren’s behalf. Surely, we shall prevail. I will use all endeavours to extricate our friends out of their troubles. Enclosed, you have a letter to the judge. You may send or deliver it, as you think proper. I hope you will wait on Lord Harrington, and let me hear what he says. The Duke” (of Newcastle) “was spoken to; and, last post, I wrote to Lady Huntingdon for the memorial, which, if sent, shall be put

into the hands of some who are very near His Majesty. Some honourable women are much your friends. Jesus makes them so; and, when His people are distressed, if needful, a thousand *Esthers* shall be raised up.

“I have now preached three times in Mr. Wesley’s chapel; and, each time, the Lord was with us of a truth.”

The result of all this correspondence was: 1. A well-attested narrative of the persecution of the Methodists at Cork was presented to Lord Harrington, the king’s representative in Ireland. 2. A memorial was presented to His Majesty King George II., by the Countess of Chesterfield.

3. The Duke of Newcastle, then Secretary of State, was spoken to on the subject, and expressed great resentment at the proceedings of the magistrates and clergymen of Cork.

4. At the Lent assizes, 1750, the depositions of the persecuted Methodists were laid before the grand jury, but were all rejected; a true bill, however, was found against Daniel Sullivan, one of Wesley’s hearers, for discharging a pistol, without a ball, over the heads of Butler and his mob, while they were pelting him with stones; and, finally, several of the preachers, who, together with Charles Wesley, had been in August, 1749, presented, by the grand jury of the Cork assizes, as “persons of ill-fame, vagabonds, and common

246

disturbers of the public peace,” were ordered into the dock as common criminals; but were all “acquitted,” says John Wesley, “with honour to themselves, and shame to their persecutors.” It is somewhat remarkable, that, though the Methodists of Cork were all followers of Wesley, the applications to Government officials on their behalf were all made by Whitefield and his friends. This was not for want of sympathy on the part of Wesley, but because Whitefield, by the aristocratic acquaintances he had formed, was in a better position to render help.

Another incident must be noticed. In the foregoing letters, Whitefield mentions, with seeming emphasis, his preaching in Wesley’s chapels. This, in fact, was a notable occurrence. Except for a few months, the friendship between Whitefield and Wesley had been unbroken; but, up to the present, Whitefield had but rarely preached to Wesley’s

congregations. Indeed, of the ten or eleven years that had elapsed since the first formation of Wesley's Societies, Whitefield had spent more than six in America and Scotland, where Wesley had no Societies or congregations at all; and, during the remaining four or five, his relationship to the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists was such as to prevent his rendering fraternal services like those referred to in his letters to Mr. Lunell. Now, however, he was in a new position. After considerable correspondence between Wesley and himself, it had been found that the amalgamation of their respective Societies was impracticable. For this and for other reasons, Whitefield resigned his office of moderator; and openly and repeatedly declared that he would neither found a sect, nor be at the head of one founded by others. His work for life was to be an evangelist at large,—the friend and helper of all Christian denominations, and the enemy of none. Hence, during his recent visit to the north of England, Charles Wesley introduced him to the Methodists of Newcastle; and Wesley himself to the Methodists of Leeds; and, for the next twenty years, as opportunity permitted, Whitefield rendered to Wesley's Societies and congregations, throughout the kingdom, an amount of valuable service, the results of which cannot now be rightly estimated. The fraternal co-operation, begun at Newcastle and Leeds in 1749, was now

247

continued in London in 1750, greatly to the delight of Whitefield and Wesley, and of their friends. Wesley's memoranda of these memorable London services are as follows:—

“1750. Friday, January 19. In the evening, I read prayers at the chapel in West Street, and Mr. Whitefield preached a plain, affectionate discourse. Sunday, 21st. He read prayers, and I preached: so, by the blessing of God, one more stumbling-block is removed. Sunday, 28th. I read prayers, and Mr. Whitefield preached. How wise is God in giving different talents to different preachers! Even the little improprieties both of his language and manner were a means of profiting many, who would not have been touched by a more correct discourse, or a more calm and regular manner of speaking.”¹

This was a new fact in Methodist history. Partisans, on both sides, had done their utmost to keep Whitefield and Wesley apart from each other; but now their machinations were utterly and finally frustrated. The Methodist chieftains were united, though it had been found impossible to unite their Societies. The event afforded satisfaction to others, as well as to themselves. Hence the following, addressed to Mrs. Jones, widow of R. Jones, Esq., of Fonmon Castle, a personal friend of the Wesleys, on the occasion of whose death, Charles Wesley composed a well-known "Elegy." The writer of the letter, William Holland, had been a "painter, in a large way of business, in Basinghall Street." He was a member of the first Moravian "congregation" in London, and was one of its "elders." He became a preacher, and removed to Yorkshire, where he succeeded Viney in the stewardship; but, in 1746, he returned to London, resumed his trade, left the Brethren, and died in 1761.

"Rolls Buildings, Fetter Lane,

"London, *January 27, 1750.*

"Dear Mrs. Jones,—I arrived safe and well last Saturday, and found my wife and family well. The evening before, Mr. Whitefield preached in Mr. Wesley's chapel, and Mr. J. Wesley read prayers. On Sunday, Mr. Whitefield read prayers, and Mr. J. Wesley preached; and, afterwards, they and two more clergymen administered the sacrament to Mr. Howell Harris and several of Mr. Whitefield's Society, and to many hundreds of Mr. Wesley's. Monday morning, Mr. H. Harris preached in the Foundery;

¹ Wesley's Journal. ² James Hutton's "Memoirs."

a duke and another nobleman were there to hear Mr. J. Wesley. On Wednesday, Thursday, and yesterday, Mr. Whitefield preached again at the chapel; as also he is to do to-morrow morning, and Mr. J. Wesley in the afternoon.

"You will please to let the enclosed be delivered as directed. They and you will excuse brevity by reason of the frank.¹

"My wife joins me in respects to you and your children. I am, your friend and servant,

“WILLIAM HOLLAND.”²

To return to Whitefield. In the midst of his benevolent endeavours to assist the poor Methodists at Cork, Whitefield, with his characteristic kindness, was caring for the welfare of persons of another class. The following was written to Mr. Habersham, formerly his manager at Bethesda, and who still took a profound interest in his Orphan House.

To understand the letter, it must be added, that, though, from the first settlement of Georgia, the province had been under a *military* government, the trustees, about this period, established a kind of *civil* government, and committed the charge to a president and four councillors. Mr. Stephens was now the president. In 1751, the province was divided into eleven districts; a colonial assembly of sixteen members was inaugurated at Savannah; Henry Parker was made president; and James Habersham provincial secretary. As yet, slavery was not formally introduced, but it practically existed. The term for which European servants had been engaged being now generally expired, the difficulty of procuring labour was met by permitting the colonists to hire negroes from their owners in South Carolina.³

“LONDON, *January* 18, 1750.

“MY VERY DEAR MR. HABERSHAM,—Blessed be God, for dealing so favourably with my dear families, and for giving the prospect of such a plentiful crop! I take it as an earnest, that the Lord Jesus will be the Lord God of Bethesda, and will let the world see that designs founded on Him shall prosper.

“I shall not wonder to hear, by-and-by, that you are president. O that you and I may be clothed with humility, and that the more we are exalted by others, the more we may be abased in our own eyes! O that something may now be done for the poor negroes! A good beginning is of

¹ The letter was *franked* by Martin Madan.

² *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*, 1875, p. 643.

³ “Memoirs of Oglethorpe,” pp. 370, 371.

vast consequence. Pray stir in it, and let us exert our utmost efforts in striving to bring some of them to the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. This night, I have agreed to take little Joseph and his sister.

All their relations are desirous that I should have them, as they will be but poorly provided for here. I think they have a kind of natural right to be maintained at Bethesda. I suppose, in your next, you will acquaint me with particulars concerning their father, and how he has left his affairs. I hear there is a little infant, besides the other two. I would willingly have that likewise, if it could be kept till it is about three years old. I hope to be rich in heaven, by taking care of orphans on earth. Any other riches, blessed be God! are out of my view. If the crop answers expectation, I would have the poor of Savannah reap the benefit. Pray let one barrel of rice be reserved for them.

“We have had a blessed winter here. I am pretty well in health, but my wife is ill.”

On Friday, February 2nd, Whitefield arrived at Gloucester, where he spent the next ten days. Daily, he preached either in the city or in its vicinity. “Some young fellows,” says he, “behaved rudely; but that is no wonder; the carnal mind is enmity against God.” To Colonel Gumley, who had been converted under his preaching at Lady Huntingdon’s, and who was the father of the Countess of Bath, he wrote, on February 8th:—

“Contrary to my intentions, I have been prevailed on to stay all this week in Gloucester; so that I do not expect to be at Bristol till the 12th instant. I am sorry to hear you are ill of an ague. Everything we meet with here, is only to fit us more and more for a blessed hereafter. Christ is the believer’s *hollow square*; and if we keep close in that, we are impregnable. Here only I find my refuge. Garrisoned in this, I can bid defiance to men and devils. O, my dear sir, what did I experience on the road this day! How did I rejoice at the prospect of a judgment to come, and in the settled conviction that I have no designs but to spend and be spent for the good of precious and immortal souls. True hand of the Lord Jesus, without adding our carnal policy to it, will support His own cause. When human cunning is made use of, what is it, but, like Uzzah, to give a wrong touch to the ark of God, and to provoke God to smite us? A bigoted, sectarian, party spirit cometh not from above, but is sensual, earthly, devilish. Many of God’s children are infected with it. They are sick of a bad distemper. May the Spirit of God convince and cure them!”

On arriving at Bristol, Whitefield wrote to the Countess of Huntingdon, as follows:—

“BRISTOL, *February 12, 1750.*

“HONOURED MADAM,—Since I wrote last, we have been favoured both

250

in Gloucester city, and in the country, with very pleasant and delightful seasons. I have preached about twenty times within these eight or nine days; and, though frequently exposed to rain and hail, am much better than when I left London. Everything I meet with seems to carry this voice with it,—‘Go thou and preach the gospel. Be a pilgrim on earth. Have no party, or certain dwelling-place; but be continually preparing for, and labouring to prepare others for, a house not made with hands, eternal, in the heavens.’ My heart echoes back,—‘Lord Jesus, help me to do or suffer Thy will! And, when Thou seest me in danger of nesting, in pity, put a thorn in my nest, to preserve me from it!’”

On his way to Plymouth, Whitefield held sweet intercourse with two eminently pious Dissenting ministers,—the well-known Rev. Richard Pearsall, of Taunton, and the Rev. Risdon Darracott, of Wellington. Writing to Lady Huntingdon, he said:—

“PLYMOUTH, *February 25, 1750.*

“The day after I wrote my last letter to your ladyship, I preached three times, once at Kingswood, and twice at Bristol. It was a blessed day. The next morning, I came on my way rejoicing. At Taunton, I met with Mr. Pearsall, a Dissenting minister, a preacher of righteousness before I was born.’ At Wellington, I lay at the house of one Mr. Darracott, a flaming successful preacher of the gospel, and who may justly be styled, ‘the star in the West.’² He has suffered much reproach; and, in the space of three months, has lost three lovely children. Two of them died the Saturday evening before the sacrament was to be administered; but weeping did not hinder sowing. He preached next day, and administered as usual; and, for his three natural, the Lord has given him above thirty spiritual children. He has ventured his little all for Christ; and last week a saint died, who left him £200 in land. At his place, I began to take the field for this spring. At a very short warning, a multitude assembled. The following evening, I preached at Exeter; and last night and this morning I have preached here. This afternoon, God willing, I am to take the field again.”

Mention has been already made of Benjamin Franklin issuing his “Proposals relating to the Education of Youth in Pennsylvania,” a step which led to the founding of the present university of Philadelphia. This was a subject in which Whitefield took a profound interest, not only because

¹ Three years after this, Mr. Pearsall published his "Contemplations on the Ocean, Harvest, Sickness, and the Last Judgment" (nmo. 220 pp.),—a work written in the same style as Hervey's "Meditations."

² Sixty-three years after this, the life of Darracott was published, with the title, "The Star of the West; being Memoirs of the Life of Risdon Darracott. By James Bennett." (2mo. 172 pp.)

251

the meeting-house which had been built for himself was likely to be occupied for this purpose; but, also, because, knowing the principles of his friend Franklin, he was afraid that, in the proposed academy, religion might not occupy the position which it ought to have. Franklin had written him on the subject; and the following is the substance of his answer:—

"PLYMOUTH, *February 26, 1750.*

"MY DEAR MR. FRANKLIN,—I am glad that the gentlemen of Philadelphia are exerting their efforts to erect an academy. I have often thought such an institution was exceedingly wanted; and I am persuaded, if well conducted, it will be of public service. I have read your plan, and do not wonder at its meeting with general approbation. It is certainly well calculated to promote polite literature; but, I think, there wants *aliquid Christi* in it, to make it as useful as I would desire it might be.

"It is true you say, 'The youth are to be taught some public religion, and the excellency of the Christian religion in particular;' but methinks this is mentioned too late, and too soon passed over. As we are all creatures of a day, as our whole life is but one small point between two eternities, it is reasonable to suppose that the grand end of every Christian institution for forming tender minds should be to convince them of their natural depravity, of the means of recovering out of it, and of the necessity of preparing for the enjoyment of the Supreme Being in a future state. These are the grand points in which Christianity centres. Arts and sciences may be built on this, and serve to embellish the superstructure, but without this there cannot be any good foundation.

"I should be glad to contribute, though it were but the least mite, and to promote so laudable an undertaking; but the gentlemen concerned are so superior to me, in respect to knowledge of both books and men, that anything I could offer would be, I fear, of little service. The main thing will be to get proper masters, who are acquainted with the world, with themselves, and with God, and who will consequently care for the welfare of the youth that shall be committed to them. I think, also, that, in such

an institution, there should be a well-approved Christian orator, who should not be content with giving a public lecture upon oratory in general, but who should visit and take pains with every class, and teach them early how to speak, and read, and pronounce well. An hour or two in a day, I think, ought to be set apart for this. It would serve as an agreeable amusement, and would be of great service, whether the youth be intended for the pulpit, the bar, or any other profession whatsoever. I should also like the youth to board in the academy, and, by that means, to be always under the master's eye. If a fund could be raised, for the free education of those of the poorer sort who appear to have promising abilities, I think it would greatly answer the design proposed. It has often been found, that some of our brightest men, in Church and State, have arisen from an obscure condition.

252

“When I heard of the academy, I told Mr. B— that I thought the new building¹ would admirably suit such a proposal; and I then determined to mention, in my next, some terms that might be offered to the consideration of the trustees; but I now find— that you have done this already, and that matters are adjusted agreeable to the minds of the majority of them. I hope your agreement meets with the approbation of the inhabitants, and that it will be serviceable to the cause— of vital piety and good education. If these ends are answered, a free school erected, the debts paid, and a place preserved for public preaching, I do not see what reason there is for any one to complain. But all this depends on the integrity, disinterestedness, and piety of the gentlemen concerned. An institution, founded on such a basis, God will bless and succeed; but, without these, the most promising schemes will prove abortive, and the most flourishing structures turn out Babels. I wish you and the gentlemen concerned much prosperity; and pray the Lord of all lords to direct you to the best means to promote the best end; I mean the glory of God and the welfare of your fellow-creatures. Be pleased to remember me to them and to all friends as they come in your way, and believe me, dear sir,

“Yours, etc.,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”

This long letter is interesting, as revealing Whitefield's views of youthful education, and his connection with the founding of one of the oldest and most important colleges in America. It is difficult to determine whether his interest in England or in America was greater. He was a

devoted lover of his native land; but he was also profoundly attached to those transatlantic colonies, which, since his day, have been developed into one of the greatest nations upon earth. On the same day that he wrote his letter to Franklin, respecting the college at Philadelphia, he also wrote to his old friend, the Honourable Jonathan Belcher, Governor of the Province of New Jersey:—

“I purpose ranging this summer, and then to embark for my beloved America. Whether I shall see your Excellency is uncertain. You are upon the decline of life; but, I trust, I shall meet you in heaven, where the wicked heart, the wicked world, and the wicked devil, will cease from troubling, and every soul enjoy an uninterrupted and eternal rest. This I am waiting for every day. O that death may find me either praying or preaching!”

Having preached twelve times, in six days, at Plymouth,

¹ The meeting-house built for Whitefield in 1740.

253

Whitefield set out for Cornwall, accompanied by two clergymen, the Rev. G. Thompson, of St. Gennys, and the Rev. Mr. Grigg, who had come to Plymouth purposely to be his escort. On Sunday, the 4th of March, the church at St. Gennys presented a scene such as was not often witnessed. Whitefield writes: “Four of Mr. Wesley’s preachers were present, and also four clergymen in their gowns and cassocks—Mr. Bennet¹ (aged fourscore), Mr. Thompson, Mr. Grigg, and myself. It was a glorious day of the Son of man.”

Six days later, he wrote the following to the Countess of Huntingdon:—

“REDRUTH, *March 10, 1750.*

“Every day, since I left St. Gennys, I have been travelling and preaching. At Port Isaac, the Redeemer’s stately steps were seen indeed. At Camelford, I preached with great quietness in the street. At St. Andrew’s, we had a very powerful season. Yesterday, at Redruth, several thousands attended. Invitations are sent to me from Falmouth and several other places. I want more tongues, more bodies, more souls, for the Lord Jesus. Had I ten thousand, He should have them all. After preaching, about noon I am to go to St. Ives; and, in about nine days, I hope to be

at Exeter. Mr. Thompson is mighty hearty, and is gone to his parish in a gospel flame.”

The account of Whitefield’s Cornish labours is continued in another letter to her ladyship, dated “Exeter, March 21, 1750,” and in which he says:—

“Immediately after writing my last, I preached to many thousands at Gwennap. In the evening, I went to St. Ives. The next day, Sunday, March nth, I went to church in the morning, and heard a virulent sermon from these words, ‘Beware of false prophets.’ The preacher had said, on the day before, ‘Now Whitefield is coming, I must put on my old armour.’² I preached twice to large auditories, and then rode back to

¹ Mr. Bennet, of Tresmere, a warm-hearted friend of the Methodists, and who had been an acquaintance of Wesley’s father, the Rector of Epworth. (Charles Wesley’s Journal, vol. i., p. 369.)

² The preacher here resuming his “old armour” was probably one of the two mentioned in the following extract from Charles Wesley’s Journal:—

“1743. Sunday, July 17. At St. Ives, I heard the rector preach from Matt. v. 20. His application was downright railing at the new sect—those enemies to the Church, seducers, troublers, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, etc. At Wednock, Mr. Hoblin, the curate, entertained us with a curious discourse on ‘Beware of false prophets.’ I stood up over against him, within two yards of the pulpit, and heard such a hodge podge of railing, foolish lies, as Satan himself might have been ashamed of.”

Gwennap rejoicing. On Monday, I preached again at Redruth, at ten in the morning, to near ten thousand. Arrows of conviction seemed to fly fast. In the evening, I preached to above five hundred, at a place twelve miles distant, and then rode about sixteen miles to one Mr. B—’s, a wealthy man, convinced about two years ago. In riding, my horse threw me violently on the ground, but I got up without receiving much hurt. The next day,” (Tuesday, March 13,) “we had a most delightful season at St. Mewan; and the day following, a like time at Port Isaac. In the evening, I met my dear Mr. Thompson, at Mr. Bennet’s, a friendly minister aged fourscore; and, on Thursday, preached in both his churches. Blessed seasons both! On Friday, we went to Bideford, where there is perhaps one of the best little flocks in all England.¹ The power of God so came down, while I was expounding to them, that Mr. Thompson could scarce stand under it. I preached twice. On Monday evening” (March 19), “I came to Exeter, and, with great regret, shall stay till Friday; for I think every day lost that is not spent in field-preaching. An unexpectedly wide door is opened in Cornwall, so that I have sometimes almost determined to go back again.”

Thus did Whitefield requite his abusive foe, the Bishop of Exeter. Lavington, in the most scurrilous language, black-guarded Whitefield and the Methodists in the notorious pamphlets which he was now writing and publishing, without having the manliness to acknowledge them as his own; and Whitefield, in return, quietly invaded the bishop's diocese, and, from Land's End to Exeter, tried to revive religion, where it was almost, if not entirely, dead. No wonder that the bishop raved!

After spending about a month in London, Whitefield made, what he calls, "a short elopement to Portsmouth." His supreme work was preaching, and saving souls; but he was always ready to throw his influence and energies into any scheme that would be subsidiary to the great object of his life. For this purpose, he had erected his Orphan House in Georgia, and, as the reader has already seen, wished to have, in connection with it, an academy or college for the training of ministers. At this very time, he was taking an active interest in founding what afterwards became the university of Philadelphia. Added to all this, he now

For an account of the horrible persecutions at St. Ives, see the "Life and Times of Wesley." In those days, it required a bold heart for a Methodist to attempt to preach in this part of the peaceful fold of Bishop Lavington.

¹ James Hervey, the Oxford Methodist, had been curate here.

255

cheerily devoted himself to the establishment of a kindred '75° institution in New Jersey. Three years ago, his friend, Age 3; Jonathan Belcher, had been appointed the governor of that province. The governor was an aged man, in his seventieth year; but, before he died, he wished to found a Presbyterian college for the benefit of the people whom he ruled. In 1748, he had obtained a royal charter from George II., but, to carry out his purpose, he needed money. To collect this, Mr. Allen and Colonel Williams had come to England, bringing letters of introduction from Governor Belcher and the Rev. Aaron Burr, who had been elected president of the New College. Whitefield presented these gentlemen to the

Countess of Huntingdon. A statement of Belcher's scheme, with a recommendation of it, was printed, and signed by her ladyship, Whitefield, Dr. Doddridge, and others. Whitefield preached sermons for the college; and, in the course of a few months, considerable sums were collected, and transmitted to America.¹ To illustrate Whitefield's interest in this important matter, two extracts from his letters may be useful, while at Portsmouth, he wrote to Governor Belcher, as follows:—

“PORTSMOUTH, *April 27, 1750.*

“I am glad your Excellency has been honoured, by Providence, to put New Jersey College on such a footing, that it may be a nursery for future labourers. I have had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Allen and Colonel Williams, and have introduced them to such of my friends as I believe may serve the interest in which they are engaged. By the Divine blessing, I hope that something considerable will be done in England and Scotland.”

A few days afterwards, he wrote to the Rev. Mr. McCulloch, Presbyterian minister of Cambuslang:—

“Mr. Allen, a friend of Governor Belcher, is come over with a commission to negotiate the matter concerning the Presbyterian College in New Jersey. He has brought with him a copy of the letter which Mr. Pemberton sent you some time ago. This letter has been shewn to Dr. Doddridge and several of the London ministers, who all approve of the thing, and promise their assistance. Last week, I conversed with Dr. Doddridge concerning it; and the scheme that was then judged most practicable was this—‘That Mr. Pemberton's letter should be printed,

¹ “Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon,” vol. i., p. 140.

and that a recommendation of the affair, subscribed by Dr. Doddridge and others, should be annexed; and, further, that a subscription and collections should be set on foot in England, and that afterwards Mr. Allen should go to Scotland.’ I think it is an affair that requires despatch. Governor Belcher is old, but a most hearty man for promoting God's glory, and the good of mankind. He looks upon the College as his own daughter, and will do all he can to endow her with proper privileges. The present president, Mr. Burr,¹ and most of the trustees, I am well acquainted with. They are friends to vital piety; and, I trust, this work of the Lord will

prosper in their hands. The spreading of the gospel in Maryland and Virginia, in a great measure, depends on it.”

Thus, in more respects than one, was America greatly indebted to the English Whitefield. The effects of his services on behalf of that country cannot be estimated.

After a few days spent at Portsmouth, Whitefield returned to London, and then, early in the month of May, set out on his northern tour. On Sunday, May 6th, he preached twice, to great multitudes, at Olney. On the day following, he rode to Northampton, and “had a private interview” with Dr. Stonehouse, Dr. Doddridge, the Rev. James Hervey, and the Rev. Thomas Hartley.² On Tuesday, the 8th, he preached, in the morning, “to Dr. Doddridge’s family;” and, in the afternoon, to above two thousand in a field, his friends, with whom he had held “a private interview,” to his great gratification, walking with him along the street. After preaching twice, “to several thousands,” at Kettering, he made his way to Ashby, the country residence of the Countess of Huntingdon. Here he remained for above a week, preaching daily in the house of her ladyship, and also in four neighbouring churches. Resuming his journey, on May 20, he preached four times at Nottingham, where, says he, “several came to me, enquiring what they should do to be saved. One evening, Lord S— and several gentlemen

¹ The Rev. Aaron Burr was now thirty-six years of age. He had graduated at Yale College, and had been the pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Newark, in New Jersey. He died in 1757, aged forty-three. He married a daughter of the celebrated Jonathan Edwards; and his son, Aaron Burr, became vice-president of the United States. The College at Princeton was greatly indebted to its first president.

² Thomas Hartley, M. A., was rector of Winwick, in Northamptonshire. He was a man of great ability, an earnest Christian, a millenarian, and a mystic. His “Paradise Restored” is one of the ablest books, respecting the millennium, in the English language, and deserves attention.

257

were present, and behaved with great decency. Many thousands attended.” He also preached at Sutton; thrice at Mansfield; and, on May 25, arrived at Rotherham, where he met with an adventure worth relating. In a letter to Lady Huntingdon, dated “Leeds, May 30, 1750,” he writes:—

“Satan rallied his forces at Rotherham;¹ but I preached twice, on the Friday evening and Saturday morning. The crier was employed to give notice of a bear-baiting. Your ladyship may guess who was the *bear*. About seven in the morning, the drum was heard, and several watermen attended it with great staves. The constable was struck, and two of the mobbers were apprehended, but were rescued afterwards. I preached on these words, ‘Fear not, little flock.’ They were both fed and feasted. After a short stay, I left Rotherham, when I knew it was become more pacific.²

“In the evening, I preached at Sheffield, where the people received the word gladly. A great alteration was discernible in their looks, since I was there last.³ On Sunday, great multitudes attended, and, in the evening,

¹ It was about this period that John Thorpe was converted. Thorpe was a young man of twenty, and a most virulent opposer of the Methodists. In a public-house, he and his convivial companions, for a wager, agreed to mimic the preaching of Whitefield, the Wesleys, and others. Each performer was to open the Bible, and hold forth from the first text that met his eye. After three, in their turn, had mounted the table, and exhausted their stock of buffoonery, it devolved on Thorpe to close the irreverent scene. “I shall beat you all,” he said, as he ascended the table. He opened the Bible, and the text his eye fell upon was, “Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.” Conviction of sin at once seized him, and he proceeded to preach a sermon, not in banter, but with the most serious earnestness. When he left the table, not a syllable was uttered concerning the wager. Profound silence pervaded the company. Thorpe immediately went home. This was his last bacchanalian revel. He soon joined Wesley’s Society, at Rotherham. In 1752, he became one of Wesley’s itinerant preachers, and continued to act as such for twelve years afterwards. He then turned Calvinist. The Rotherham Society was rent in twain. The seceders formed themselves into a Dissenting Church. Thorpe became their minister; and, in 1776, died, “the pastor of the Independent Church at Masborough. (*Evangelical Magazine*, 1794, pp. 45–50.)

² William Green, a schoolmaster, was the principal Methodist at Rotherham. His house was the preachers’ home. On one occasion, the mob caught William by the hair of his head, and dragged him through the streets. On another, he was hunted by hounds, and escaped by climbing a tree, and hiding himself among its foliage. (Everett’s “Methodism in Sheffield,” pp. 84–86.)

³ Charles Wesley, under the date of “July 16, 1751,” writes: “The door at Sheffield has continued open ever since Mr. Whitefield preached here, and quite removed the prejudices of our first opposers. Some of them were convinced by him, some converted, and added to the Church.” (*C. Wesley’s Journal*.)

many went away, who could not get near enough to hear. On Monday, we had a parting blessing; and, in the evening, the Lord Jesus fed us

plentifully, with the bread that cometh down from heaven, at Barley Hall.

“Last night, I preached in Leeds, to many, many thousands; and this morning also, at five o’clock. Methinks, I am now got into another climate. It must be a warm one, where there are so many of God’s people. Our Pentecost is to be kept at Mr. Grimshaw’s. I have seen him and Mr. Ingham.”

Concerning the “Pentecost” kept at Haworth, on Sunday, June 3rd, no record has been preserved, except a mere notice, which will be found in a subsequent letter. The reader must imagine the great preacher, standing on his temporary scaffold, by the side of Grimshaw’s church, with thousands upon thousands listening to his impassioned eloquence, and the surrounding hills and dales echoing with his unequalled voice.

Leaving Haworth, Whitefield proceeded to Manchester, where he wrote, as follows, to Lady Gertrude Hotham, daughter of the Earl of Chesterfield, and wife of Sir Charles Hotham, Bart:—

“MANCHESTER, *June 8, 1750.*

“HONOURED MADAM,—Thousands and thousands, for some time past, have flocked to hear the word twice every day, and the power of God has attended it in a glorious manner. I left good Lady-Huntingdon, some time ago, weak in body, but strong in the grace which is in Christ Jesus. The good people of Ashby were so kind as to mob round her ladyship’s door, whilst the gospel was being preached. Alas! how great and irreconcilable is the enmity of the serpent! This is my comfort—the seed of the woman shall be more than conqueror over all. I hope your ladyship, every day, experiences more and more of this conquest in your heart. This is the Christian’s daily employ and daily triumph—to die to self and sin, and to rise more and more into the image of the blessed Jesus. As it is our duty, so it is our unspeakable privilege.”

From Manchester, Whitefield set out on a tour through what was called “Ingham’s Circuit,” a large mountainous tract of country where Ingham had preached with great success, and had founded Societies. The following, addressed to the Countess of Huntingdon, will give the reader an idea of Whitefield’s labours:—

“NEWBY-COTE, *June 16, 1750.*

“HONOURED MADAM,—Blessed be God! I have still good news to

259

send your ladyship. All was quiet at Manchester; and, I humbly hope, the Redeemer will gather to Himself a people there.¹ Kind Captain Galatin and his lady will acquaint you with particulars. I hope he will prove a good soldier of Jesus Christ. We had sweet seasons at places adjacent to Manchester. Only, at Bolton, a drunkard stood up to preach behind me; and a woman attempted twice to stab the person who was putting up a stand, for me to preach on, in her husband's field. Since that, we have had very large and powerful meetings, where formerly were the most violent outrages.² Perhaps, within these three weeks, sixty thousand souls have heard the gospel. I am now in Mr. Ingham's circuit, and purpose being at Kendal next Thursday.”

To this Whitefield appends the following postscript:—

“June 17th, seven in the morning. Last night Satan shewed his teeth. Some persons got into the barn and stable, and cut my chaise, and one of the horse's tails. What would men do, if they could?”

Whitefield arrived at Kendal four days after this, where he wrote the following to his friend Hervey:—

“KENDAL, *June 21, 1750.*

“REV. AND VERY DEAR SIR,—I arrived at Kendal this morning, where I shall preach this evening. An entrance is now made into Westmoreland. Pen cannot well describe the glorious scenes that have opened in Yorkshire, etc. Perhaps, since I saw you, seventy or eighty thousand have attended the word preached, in divers places. At Haworth, on Whit-Sunday, the church was almost thicke filled with communicants; and, at Kirby-Stephen, the people behaved exceedingly well

“In my way, I have read Mr. Law's second part of ‘The Spirit of Prayer.’ His scheme about the fall is quite chimerical; but he says many noble things. The sun has its spots, and so have the best of men. I want to see my own faults more, and those of others less. It will be so, when I am more humble. If mercies would make a creature humble, I should be a mirror of humility. But I am far from the mind that was in Jesus. You must pray, while I go on fighting. Next week, I hope to reach Edinburgh. You shall have notice of my return. Glad shall I be to meet such a friend upon the road.”

On the same day, he wrote to the Rev. William Baddiley, domestic chaplain to the Countess of Huntingdon. Mr.

¹ Methodism in Manchester was begun in 1747, when a few young men formed themselves into a Society, and hired a garret in which to hold their services. Christopher Hopper speaks of preaching in this attic meeting-house, in 1749, when his "congregation consisted of not more than from twenty to thirty persons."

² Wesley and his preachers had encountered violent persecutions at Bolton. (See "Life and Times of Wesley.")

260

Baddiley was now in London, and his place at Ashby was supplied by the Rev. Charles Caspar Graves and the Rev. Mr. Simpson, the former a brave-hearted Oxford Methodist, who, in 1742, had accompanied Charles Wesley to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and helped him in forming the Methodist Society in that important town, and who, in the year following, preached, for months, among the almost incarnate fiends in Wednesbury, and in other parishes adjacent, but who now had a church not far from Lady Huntingdon's country residence. Mr. Simpson, also, was one of the Oxford Methodists, and had been ordained, and presented to a living of considerable value in Leicestershire. This, however; he resigned, and, having left the Church of England, was now a Moravian minister at Ockbrodk.

"KENDAL, June 21, 1750.

"REV. AND VERY DEAR SIR,—I am glad you have sounded the silver trumpet in London. '*Crescit eundo*' must be your motto and mine. There is nothing like keeping the wheels oiled by action. The more we do, the more we may do; every act strengthens the habit; and the best preparation for preaching on Sundays, is to preach every day in the week.

"I am glad there is peace at Ashby. What a fool is Satan always to overshoot his mark! I hope Mr. Graves, as well as Mr. Simpson, will hold on. They will be glorious monuments of free grace. I am like-minded with you in respect to Dr. Doddridge's Commentary. He is a glorious writer. May the Lord Jesus strengthen him to finish the work!

"My dear Mr. Baddiley, what blessed opportunities do you enjoy for meditation, study, and prayer! Now is your time to get rich in grace. Such an example, and such advantages, no one in England is favoured with but yourself. I do not envy you. I am called forth to battle. O remember a poor cowardly soldier, and pray that I may have the honour to die fighting. I would have all my scars in my breast. I would not be

wounded running away, or skulking into a hiding-place. It is not for ministers of Christ to flee, or be afraid.”

Five days afterwards, Whitefield wrote to the Countess of Huntingdon:—

“KENDAL, *June 26, 1750.*

“HONOURED MADAM,—Still the Lord vouchsafes to prosper the gospel plough. Such an entrance has been made into Kendal, as could not have been expected. I preached twice, to several thousands, last week; and

¹ “Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon.”

261

the people were so importunate, that I was prevailed on to return last night. The congregation was greatly increased, and the power of the Lord was displayed in the midst of them.

Last Saturday evening, and on the Lord’s-day, I preached at Ulverstone. There Satan made some resistance. A clergyman, who looked more like a butcher than a minister, came with two others, and charged a constable with me; but I never saw a poor creature sent off in such disgrace. I believe good was done in the town. How I am to succeed at Whitehaven, your ladyship shall know hereafter. I hear Mr. Wesley has been much abused in Ireland, but that the mayor of Cork has quite overshot himself. I have some thoughts of seeing Ireland before my return.”¹

Whitefield reached Edinburgh on Friday, July 6th, having preached, since he left London, two months before, above ninety times, and, as he estimated, to a hundred and forty thousand people. He, at once, commenced preaching in his open-air cathedral, the Orphan Hospital Park;² and, on July 12th, wrote, as follows, to the Countess of Huntingdon:—

“Though I am burning with a fever, and have a violent cold, I must send your ladyship a few lines. They bring good news. People flock rather more than ever, and earnestly entreat me not to leave them soon. I preach generally twice a day,—early in the morning, and at six in the evening. Great multitudes attend. Praise the Lord, O my soul! Mr. Nimmo and his family are in the number of those who are left in Sardis, and have not denied their garments. Your ladyship’s health is drunk every day.”

James Nimmo, Esq., Receiver-General of the Excise, was connected with some of the first families in Scotland.

His mother was a daughter of Henry, Lord Cardross. His wife, Lady Jane Hume, was third daughter of the Earl of Marchmont, and sister of Hugh, fourth Earl of Marchmont, one of the executors of Pope the poet, and also of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. Mr. Nimmo's house was Whitefield's Edinburgh home; and, during his visit, Lady

¹ Wesley had been in Ireland since April 7th. At Cork, the mayor, the town drummers, and his Serjeants, followed by an innumerable mob, had marched to Wesley's meeting-house. The rabble pelted Wesley with whatever came to hand. Many of the congregation were roughly handled. All the seats and benches of the chapel, the floor, the door, and the frames of the windows, were burnt. The mob patrolled the streets, abusing all who were called Methodists. The windows of Mr. Stockdale's house were smashed to atoms. At length, the soldiers appeared, and the mayor and his myrmidons turned cowards.

² *Scots' Magazine*, 1750, p. 302.

262

Jane Nimmo, in a letter to the Countess of Huntingdon, remarked:—

“Greater crowds than ever flock to hear Mr. Whitefield. Dear Lady Frances Gardiner is very active in bringing people to hear him, to some of whom, there is reason to believe, the word has been blessed. There is a great awakening among all classes. Truth is great, and will prevail, though all manner of evil is spoken against it. The fields are more than white, and ready unto harvest, in Scotland.”¹

Having preached twenty times in Edinburgh, Whitefield, on the 19th of July, set out for Glasgow,² where, on the 23rd, he wrote:—

“Friends here received me most kindly, and the congregations, I think, are larger than ever. Yesterday” (Sunday), “besides preaching twice in the field, I preached in the College Kirk, being forced by Mr. Gillies. It was a blessed season. I have met and shaken hands with Mr. Ralph Erskine. Oh, when shall God's people learn war no more?”

On July 27, he returned to Edinburgh;³ and, two days later, wrote to Lady Huntingdon:—

“No one can well describe the order, attention, and earnestness of the Scotch congregations. They are unwearied in hearing the gospel. I left thousands sorrowful at Glasgow; and here I was again most gladly received last night. By preaching always twice, and once thrice, and once four times in a day, I am quite weakened; but I hope to recruit again, and get fresh strength to work for Jesus.”

On August 3rd, Whitefield set out for London,⁴ and, at Berwick, wrote again to the Countess:—

“BERWICK, *August 4, 1750.*

“I have taken a very sorrowful leave of Scotland. The longer I continued there, the more the congregations, and the power that attended the word, increased. I have reason to think that many are under convictions, and am assured that hundreds have received great benefit and consolation. I shall have reason to bless God to all eternity for this last visit to Scotland. Not a dog moved his tongue all the while I was there, and many enemies were glad to be at peace with me. Preaching so frequently, and paying so many religious visits, weakened me very much; but I am already better for my riding thus far. One of the ministers here has sent me an offer of his pulpit, and I hear of about ten more round the town who would do the same. I came here this evening “ (Friday), “ and purpose to set out for Newcastle on Monday morning.”

¹ “Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon,” vol. i., p. 186.

² *Scots' Magazine*, 1750, p. 348. ³ *Ibid.* ⁴ *Ibid.*

263

Such extracts as these are fragments; but, put together, they form a sort of diary, and exhibit Whitefield's enormous labours, and his marvellous popularity and success.

When Whitefield arrived in London, Hervey had become an inmate of his house, and wrote: “Great care is taken of me. The house is very open and airy, and has no bugs, a sort of city gentry for which I have no fondness.”¹ The two friends visited Lady Gertrude Hotham, one of whose daughters was dying; and, by their joint instrumentality, the sufferer was led to the Saviour. Hervey attended Whitefield's ministry at the Tabernacle, and speaks of him as being “in labours more abundant,” “a pattern of zeal and ministerial fidelity.”²

Though Whitefield had been four months from home, the time had not come for him to settle in his “*winter quarters.*” First of all, he ran off to Portsmouth, and was there when Miss Hotham died. At his return to London, he wrote:—

“September 14. I was received with great joy, and our Lord has manifested His glory in the great congregation. I have preached in Mr. Wesley's chapel several times. Mr. Wesley breakfasted and prayed with me this morning; and Mr. Hervey was so kind as to come up and

be with me in my house. He is a dear man; and, I trust, will yet be spared to write much for the Redeemer's glory."

On the same day, Charles Wesley wrote, in his Journal: "I met James Hervey at the Tabernacle, and in the fellowship of the spirit of love."

Never since they had left Oxford had the four old friends met together till now. Fifteen years had elapsed since then,—years full of strange and unforeseen adventures.

Two other clergymen were now introduced into the circle of Whitefield's friends.

Martin Madan,—tall in stature, robust in constitution, his countenance open and majestic, his voice musical and strong, his delivery graceful, and his language plain and nervous,—was the eldest son of Colonel Madan, and bred to the study of the law. While in a coffee-house, with some of his gay companions, he was requested to go and hear Wesley preach. He went, and, on his return to the coffee-room, was asked,

¹ "The Oxford Methodists," p. 260. ² Hervey's Letters.

264

"if he had taken off the old Methodist?" "No," said the young barrister, "No, gentlemen, but he has taken me off." From that time, he abandoned his old companions, formed an acquaintance with the Countess of Huntingdon, and embraced the truth as it is in Jesus. Possessed of a private fortune of £1800 a year, he renounced his legal profession, and was now an ordained clergyman of the Church of England. He soon became immensely popular; but ultimately died, in 1790, beneath the dark cloud of his chimerical and mischievous "Thelyphthora."

Moses Browne, afterwards well known as vicar of Olney, and chaplain of Morden College, Blackheath, had never been at either of the universities, had a large family, and a slender purse. For twenty years, he had been a constant contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and had obtained some of the prizes offered by Mr. Cave for the best poems sent to that periodical. He had enjoyed the friendship of Dr. Watts, by whose kindness he was introduced to Lady Huntingdon; and, at her house, met many of the poets and *literati* of the day.

Moses was passionately fond of dancing and of theatrical amusements; but, under the preaching of the Methodists, he had been converted, and now wanted to be a clergyman. Testimonials were signed by Hervey, Hartley, and Baddiley. Lady Huntingdon asked Hoadley, Bishop of Winchester, to ordain him; but his lordship politely refused the application. She requested the same favour of the Bishop of Worcester; and ultimately, through the interest of the Hon. Welbore Ellis, then one of the Lords of the Admiralty, ordination was obtained, and the poor poet became a successful parish priest.¹

Both of these gentlemen are mentioned in the following letter to the Countess of Huntingdon:—

“LONDON, *September 17, 1750.*

“Ever-honoured Madam,—Yesterday afternoon, I returned from Chatham, where, I think, there is as promising a work begun as almost in any part of England. Last night, the Redeemer’s glory was seen in the Tabernacle; and your ladyship’s letter revived my heart, and gave me fresh hopes for ungrateful Ashby.

“I am glad Mr. Madan is ordained; and hope Mr. Browne will be

¹ “Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon,” vol. i., p. 164.

265

soon. I find your ladyship has acted in the affair like yourself. Mr. Browne is much for embarking in the cause of Christ, and, if the D— would help him at this juncture, he might be a useful and happy man. Both he and Mr. Hervey have a grateful sense of your ladyship’s great kindness. The latter, I believe, intends to winter with me in London. If possible, I will prevail on Mr. Hartley to come and pay him a visit. To-morrow morning, I set out for Gloucester, and intend coming to Birmingham, and so to your ladyship’s.”

Whitefield reached the Countess’s residence on October 4th, and remained there the next eleven days. His past and his present proceedings may be learnt by the following extracts from his letters:—

“Ashby, October 9, 1750. I am now at the house of her ladyship, with four other clergymen, who, I believe, love and preach Christ in sincerity; but Ashby people reject the kingdom of God against themselves. At

Portsmouth, Chatham, Gloucestershire, Birmingham, Wednesbury, Evesham, Nottingham, etc., our infinite High Priest has given us pleasant seasons. I am now waiting every day for my wife's being delivered of her present burden, and hope, ere long, to rejoice that a child is born into the world. O that it may be born again, and be made an heir of the Redeemer's kingdom!"

"ASHBY, October 11." (To the Countess Delitz.) "Good Lady Huntingdon goes on acting the part of a mother in Israel more and more. For a day or two, she has had five clergymen under her roof, which makes her ladyship look like a good archbishop with his chaplains around him. Her house is indeed a Bethel. To us in the ministry, it looks like a college. We have the sacrament every morning, heavenly consolation all day, and preaching at night. This is to *live at court* indeed. Your ladyship, and the other elect ladies, are never forgotten by us."

In reference to this memorable visit, the Countess of Huntingdon wrote to Lady Fanny Shirley, as follows:—

"It was a time of refreshing from the presence of our God. Several of our little circle have been wonderfully filled with the love of God, and have had joy unspeakable and full of glory. Lady Frances" (Hastings) "is rejoicing in hope of the glory of God. It is impossible to conceive a more real happiness than she enjoys. Dear Mr. Whitefield's sermons and exhortations were close, searching, experimental, awful, and awakening. Surely God was with him. He appeared to speak of spiritual and divine things as awful realities. Many of us could witness to the truth of what he uttered. His discourses in the neighbouring churches were attended with power from on high, and the kingdom of darkness trembled before the gospel of Christ."¹

¹ "Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon," vol. i., p. 163.

On Monday, October 15, Whitefield set out for what he called his "winter quarters," in London; but, a month afterwards, he was at Canterbury, preaching with his characteristic zest and power. Despite great opposition, one of Wesley's Societies had been formed in this venerable city, and here Wesley himself had spent three days at the beginning of the year. Now Whitefield came, and wrote: "The work increases at Canterbury. I find several souls are awakened."

The visit of two of the Methodist chieftains to this archiepiscopal city, in the same year, was too serious an effrontery to be allowed to pass unnoticed. The Rev. John Kirkby was rector of Blackmanstone, but a rector almost without a flock, Blackmanstone, in 1831, containing only five parishioners! Mr. Kirkby's parochial work was—what? He had ample leisure to chastise the Methodists. Accordingly, he published an 8vo. pamphlet of fifty-five pages, with the elaborate title, "The Impostor Detected; or, the Counterfeit Saint turned inside out. Containing a full discovery of the horrid blasphemies and impieties taught by those diabolical seducers called Methodists, under colour of the only *real Christianity*. Particularly intended for the use of the city of Canterbury, where that ministry of iniquity has lately begun to work. By John Kirkby, Rector of Blackmanstone, in Kent. 'By their fruits ye shall know them' (Matt. vii. 20). London, 1750."

Mr. Kirkby's pamphlet was even more rancorous than its title. He could hardly have been more vulgarly abusive if, instead of Blackmanstone, he had been rector of Billingsgate.

While at Canterbury, Whitefield wrote a letter to Mr. S—, in Ireland, which is too characteristic to be omitted.¹

"CANTERBURY, November 20, 1750.

"MY DEAR MR. S—, As far as I can judge of the circumstances you related to me, settling, as you propose, would not hinder, but rather

¹ The letter was probably addressed to Robert Swindells, against whom the notorious grand jury at Cork, in 1749, made a presentment, and prayed for his transportation. For more than forty years, Robert Swindells was one of Wesley's itinerant preachers. "He died," says Atmore, in his "Methodist Memorial," "in 1783, full of days, riches, and honour." Wesley writes: "In all those years, I never knew him to speak a word which he did not mean; and he always spoke the truth in love. One thing he had almost peculiar to himself,—he had no enemy."

further, you in your present work. Only beware of nestling. If you do, and God loves you, you shall have thorns enough put into your nest. O that I may be enabled, even to the end, to evidence that nothing but a pure disinterested love to Christ and souls caused me to begin, go on, and hold out, in pursuing the present work of God! I have seen so many who once bid exceedingly fair, and afterwards, Demas-like, preferred the

world to Christ, that I cannot be too jealous over myself, or others whom I profess to love. This is my motive in writing to you. O let no one take away your crown. If you marry, let it be in the Lord, and for the Lord, and then the Lord will give it His blessing. Only remember this, marry when or whom you will, expect trouble in the flesh. But I spare you. Seven years hence, if we should live and meet, we can talk better of these things. Meanwhile, let us go on leaning on our Beloved. He, and He alone, can keep us unspotted from the world."

Shortly after this, Whitefield had a serious illness, which he called a "violent fever," and which kept him confined to his room nearly a fortnight. As soon as he was able, he resumed his preaching, and also his correspondence. To one of his friends, he wrote: "December 17th. Yesterday, I entered upon my seven-and-thirtieth year. I am ashamed to think I have lived so long, and done so little." To another: "December 21. I have been near the gates of death, which has hindered my answering your kind letter as soon as I proposed. I shall be glad to know your friend's answer about Georgia. If the Lord raises up a solid, heavenly-minded, learned young man for a tutor, I shall be glad. Nothing, I believe, but sickness or death, will prevent my going over next year. Methinks the winter is long. I want to take the field again."

Whitefield longed to be in America; and, notwithstanding past revivals, America was in need of him. Hence the following extract from a hitherto unpublished letter, kindly lent by Mr. Stampe, of Grimsby:—

"PHILADELPHIA, *December 15, 1750.*

"REVEREND AND DEAR BROTHER,—Religion, at present, is very low in general in this country. A great deadness prevails, and few appear to be converted; but the Church of Christ, I trust, is, in some measure, edified by the word of God. We wish and hope for better times. I am glad that you are able to continue your itinerancy, and that with such encouragement and success. May your life and labours be long continued, and be blessed to the great increase of Christ's kingdom on earth, and the brightening of your own crown in heaven!

"I am much obliged to you, dear sir, for the hope you gave me, in a

letter I received from you, of doing something among your friends to assist us in completing the new house of public worship, which we are erecting. Some time ago, I told you of the difficult and necessitous state of our case; and I may now add, that we are likely to lose many hundreds of pounds that were promised. This is very discouraging. However, we have got the house covered, and hope to have the pleasure of hearing you preach in it next fall. Dear sir, as I know your hearty good-will towards the interests of religion in general, and towards us in particular, I cannot but believe that you will compassionate us, and will use your best endeavours for us. I forbear incitements to a mind that needs them not. I salute yourself and your consort with cordial respect; and remain yours as formerly,

“GILBERT TENNENT.”

Whitefield was always ready to assist his friends, both at home and abroad. Just at this juncture, Moses Browne, with his large family, was in pecuniary embarrassment. Lady Fanny Shirley took great interest in his case, and applied to the Duchess of Somerset¹ and others to afford him help.² Whitefield refers to this in the following letter to Lady Fanny:—

“LONDON, *December 25, 1750.*

“HONOURED MADAM,—Poor Mr. Browne is much obliged to your ladyship for speaking in his behalf. He happened to be with me when your ladyship’s letter came. The reception your kind motion met with, convinces me more and more that, ‘Be ye warmed, and be ye filled,’ without giving anything to be warmed and filled with, is the farthest that most professors go. Words are cheap, and cost nothing. I often told the poor man that his dependence was too strong, and that I was afraid help would not come from the quarter where he most expected. He sends ten thousand thanks for what your ladyship has done already. Surely he is worthy. He is a lover of Christ, and his outward circumstances are very pitiable. Your ladyship will not be offended at the liberty I take. You love to help the distressed to the utmost of your power; and your ladyship shall find that good measure, pressed down and running over, shall be returned into your bosom.”

To Whitefield, the year 1751 opened sadly. It is true, he speaks of having had “blessed seasons” in London, and of

many being awakened to a consciousness of their sins and danger; but his own health was shaken, his wife was

¹ The Duke of Somerset, who died in 1748, entertained a high opinion of Mr. Browne. When his grace was not able to lead the prayers of his family himself, he was accustomed to employ the poet as his chaplain. ("Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon," vol. i., p. 127.)

² "Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon," vol i., p. 167.

269

"expecting an hour of travail," and death was entering the mansion of the Countess of Huntingdon. During the whole of December, the Countess had been dangerously ill; and, at the beginning of 1751, her health declined so rapidly, that Whitefield was requested to hasten to Ashby with all the speed he could. He obeyed the summons; but, before his arrival, death had claimed a victim,—not, however, Whitefield's honoured patroness; she was spared to the Church and the world forty years longer; but Lady Frances Hastings, sister of her late husband, was taken to the rest of the righteous; and Lady Selina, the Countess's daughter, was extremely ill, though slowly recovering from a fever. Extracts from two of Whitefield's letters will tell all that it is needful to relate:—

"ASHBY, January 29, 1751. I rode post to Ashby, not knowing whether I should see good Lady Huntingdon alive. Blessed be God! she is somewhat better. Entreat all our friends to pray for her. Her sister-in-law, Lady Frances Hastings, lies dead in the house. She was a retired Christian, lived silently, and died suddenly, without a groan. May my exit be like hers! Whether right or not, I cannot help wishing that I may go off in the same manner. To me it is worse than death, to live to be nursed, and see friends weeping about one. Sudden death is sudden glory. But all this must be left to our heavenly Father."

Strangely enough, Whitefield's wish, so often uttered, was literally fulfilled. To Lady Mary Hamilton, Whitefield wrote:—

"ASHBY, January 30, 1751. I found good Lady Huntingdon very sick, though, I trust, not unto death. The death of Lady Frances was a translation. Almost all the family have been sick. Lady Selina has had a fever, but is better. Lady Betty is more affected than ever I saw her. Lady Ann bears up pretty well, but Miss Wheeler is inconsolable. It is a house of mourning; that is better than a house of feasting. The corpse is to be

interred on Friday" (February 1) "evening. May all who follow it, look and learn! I mean learn to live, and learn to die."

Whitefield remained some days after the funeral, and then returned to London, where, to use his own expression, his wife was "exceeding bad." Three weeks afterwards, he wrote the following to Lady Huntingdon; but makes no mention, in any of his letters, of the accouchement of his wife. It is probable, that, like her last, the present child was dead:—

270

"LONDON, *February 26, 1751.*

"EVER-HONOURED MADAM,—It would rejoice your ladyship to see what has been doing here. I have not known a more considerable awakening for a long time. The Lord comes down as in the days of old, and the shout of a king is amongst us. Praise the Lord, O my soul! To-morrow, I purpose to leave London; but whether the rain and wind will permit me is uncertain. At present, I am feverish, by my late hurry and fatigue. "Underneath your ladyship are the everlasting arms. You cannot sink with such a prop. He is faithful, who has promised, that we shall not be tempted above what we are able to bear. This is my daily support. To explain God's providence by His promise, and not His promise by His providence, I find is the only way both to get and to keep our comforts."

Whitefield was detained in London a few days longer; but, early in the month of March, set out for Bristol, where the Countess of Huntingdon was then staying for the benefit of her health.

Hervey's health was such that he was unable to accompany his friend; and, hence, Whitefield applied to the Rev. Thomas Hartley, and, as a persuasion to come, told him that the Countess would be benefited by his visit, he would have access to some of the Bristol pulpits, and, perhaps, would "catch some great fish in the gospel net."¹

After about a fortnight's stay in Bristol, he started for Plymouth, preaching at Taunton and Wellington on his way. On his return, he wrote to Hervey, dating his letter, "Exeter, April 11, 1751." He tells the amiable invalid that he would count it "a great honour and privilege" to have him as his guest for the remainder of his life. During the last month, he had had "some trying exercises;" but he

had “preached about forty times,” and, in several instances, had ridden forty miles a day. He had been among Hervey’s old friends at Bideford; and had been blessed with “sweet seasons at Plymouth.”

It is impossible to determine what were the “trying exercises,” which Whitefield mentions. One was the affliction of his wife. Perhaps, another was occasioned by the insertion of a letter in the *Gentleman’s Magazine*, proposing that, because “Whitefield preached that man, the chief work of God in this lower world, *by nature is half brute and half*

¹ Whitefield’s Works, vol. ii., p. 406.

271

devil,” the following lines should be inscribed on the door of Whitefield’s house, and should not be removed until he “recanted his shocking account of human nature, and declared that man is the *offspring of God*, and formed *by nature* to approve and love what is *just and good*”:—

“Here lives one by nature half brute and half devil.
 Avoid him, ye wise, though he speak kind and civil.
 The devil can seem like an *angel of light*,
 And *dogs* look *demure*, the better to bite.”

It is rather surprising that a squib so paltry was admitted into Mr. Cave’s respectable magazine; and yet it gave birth to a controversy, in that periodical, which lasted until the month of October next ensuing, not fewer than six different articles, for and against, being published on the subject.

Probably, another cause of Whitefield’s “trying exercises” was the publication, about this period, of the third part of Lavington’s “Enthusiasm of Methodists and Papists compared,” an 8vo. volume of four hundred and twenty pages. This was the bishop’s big gun, pointed at Wesley almost altogether, but discharging a few stray shots at Whitefield. It was not pleasant, for instance, to find the author perverting Whitefield’s honest acknowledgment of the errors into which he had unwittingly fallen, by declaring, “Whitefield has *confessed* that he has *imposed* upon the world by many *untruths*” (p. 263). Whitefield never confessed anything of the sort; and Dr. Lavington, Bishop of Exeter,

knew, when he wrote these words, that he himself was writing an *untruth*.

Lampoons, and episcopal mendacity like this, were, without doubt, annoying. It was also a matter of profound grief, that, in the bulky volume just mentioned, his friend Wesley should be made the butt of all the sneering sarcasm which Lavington could bring to bear against him. There were likewise other annoyances, as may be gathered from the title of a pamphlet of sixteen pages, which was at this time published: "A Vindication of the Methodists and Moravians from an Assertion in a Sermon lately printed. Also some Thoughts on the Latter Times." The "Assertion" was, that, at least, some of the Methodists and Moravians were endeavouring "to encourage and increase the Romish religion;" that

272

it was certain that Methodism and Moravianism would "at last issue in Popery;" and that some of the present preachers would be employed in spreading it "both here, and in all our colonies and plantations abroad." The author of the pamphlet did his best to vindicate Whitefield and his friends; but he was so full of millenarianism, that his defence was worthless, and, instead of serving the Methodists, was likely to injure them.

In the midst of all this worry and vexation, Whitefield found comfort and cause of exultation in a fact which ought to have augmented the severity of his "trying exercises:" slavery was authorised in Georgia! Read in the light of the last hundred years, the following letter, addressed to a minister in America, is, to say the least, a curious production:—

"BRISTOL, *March 22, 1751.*

"Reverend and very dear Sir,—My wife has been in pitiable circumstances for some time. The Lord only knows what will be the issue of them. This is my comfort, 'All things work together for good to those that love God.' He is the Father of mercies, and the God of all consolation. He can bring light out of darkness, and cause the barren wilderness to smile.

"This will be verified in Georgia. Thanks be to God! that the time for favouring that colony seems to be come. Now is the season for us to

exert ourselves to the utmost for the good of the poor Ethiopians. We are told, that, even they are soon to stretch out their hands unto God. And who knows but that their being settled in Georgia may be over-ruled for this great end?

“As to the lawfulness of keeping slaves, I have no doubt, since I hear of some that were bought with Abraham’s money, and some that were born in his house. I, also, cannot help thinking, that some of those servants mentioned by the apostles, in their epistles, were or had been slaves. It is plain that the Gibeonites were doomed to perpetual slavery; and, though liberty is a sweet thing to such as are born free, yet to those who never knew the sweets of it, slavery perhaps may not be so irksome.

“However this be, it is plain to a demonstration, that hot countries cannot be cultivated without negroes. What a flourishing country might Georgia have been, had the use of them been permitted years ago! How many white people have been destroyed for want of them, and how many thousands of pounds spent to no purpose at all! Had Mr. Henry been in America, I believe he would have seen the lawfulness and necessity of having negroes there. And, though it is true that they are brought in a wrong way from their native country, and it is a trade not to be approved of, yet, as it will be carried on whether we will or not, I should think myself highly favoured if I could purchase a good number of them, to make

273

their lives comfortable, and lay a foundation for breeding up their posterity in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

“You know, dear sir, that I had no hand in bringing them into Georgia. Though my judgment was for it, and so much money was yearly spent to no purpose, and I was strongly importuned thereto, yet I would have no negro upon my plantation, till the use of them was publicly allowed in the colony. Now this is done, let us reason no more about it, but diligently improve the present opportunity for their instruction. The Trustees favour it, and we may never have a like prospect. It rejoiced my soul, to hear that one of my poor negroes in Carolina was made a brother in Christ. How know we but we may have many such instances in Georgia before long? By mixing with your people, I trust many of them will be brought to Jesus; and this consideration, as to us, swallows up all temporal inconveniences whatsoever.”

Whitefield’s letter is a distracting compound of good and evil principles. Probably it will lower his character in the estimation of not a few who read it. Be it so. The letter exists, and it would not be honest to withhold it.

From April nth, to May 24th, when he arrived in Dublin, nothing is known of Whitefield's work, except that, on leaving Exeter, he passed through Wales, and that, "in about three weeks," he "rode above five hundred miles, and generally preached twice a day, and that his congregations were as large as usual."¹ At Dublin, he became the guest of Mr. Lunell, the banker. The following extracts from his letters will furnish an idea of his work in Ireland:—

"DUBLIN, *June 1*, 1751.

"After being about five days on the water, I arrived here on the 24th ult. I have now preached fourteen times. Congregations are large, and hear as for eternity. Last Lord's-day, upwards of ten thousand attended. It much resembled a Moorfields auditory. I lodge at a banker's, a follower of Christ."

On Monday, June 4th, Whitefield set out for Athlone, and thence proceeded to Limerick and Cork. To Lady Huntingdon he wrote as follows:—

"ATHLONE, June 10. As the weather grows warmer, my body grows weaker, and my vomitings follow me continually. For this week past, I have been preaching twice almost every day in country towns; and yesterday, I sounded the gospel-trumpet here. Everywhere there seems

¹ Whitefield's Works, vol. ii., p. 410.

to be a stirring among the dry bones. Through the many offences that have been lately given, matters were brought to a low ebb; but the cry now is, 'Methodism is revived again.'"¹

A week later he says:—

"LIMERICK, June 14. At Athlone, I preached four times, and last night was gladly received here at Limerick. Everywhere, our Lord has vouchsafed us His blessed presence. This supports me under the heat of the weather, the weakness of my body, and the various trials which exercise my mind."

In other letters to Lady Huntingdon, he wrote:—

"CORK, June 19. Since my last from Athlone, I have been at Limerick, where I preached seven times to large and affected auditories. Yesterday, I came to Cork, the seat of the late persecution. I have preached twice, to a great body of people, with all quietness. Both the

mayor and sheriff have forbidden all mobbing. Now have the people of God rest. Next week, I shall return to Dublin.

“DUBLIN, June 28. My last, from Cork, informed your ladyship of my having preached twice in that city. From thence, I went to Bandon and Kinsale, where a like blessing attended the word. At my return to Cork, I preached five or six times more, and, every time, the power of the word and the number of hearers increased. On Sunday evening, there might be more than three thousand people present. Hundreds prayed for me when I took my leave; and many of the papists said, if I would stay, they would leave their priests. After preaching twice in the way, I came here on Wednesday evening, where I have again published the everlasting gospel. Next Monday, I set out for Belfast.

“BELFAST, July 7, Sunday. On Wednesday evening, I came hither, and intended immediately to embark for Scotland, but the people prevailed on me to stay. In about an hour’s time, thousands were gathered to hear the word. I preached morning and evening; and, since then, have preached at Lisburn, Lurgan, the Maize, and Lambeg, towns and places adjacent. So many attend, and the prospect of doing good is so promising, that I am grieved I did not come to the north sooner. The country round about is like Yorkshire in England, and quite different from the most southern parts of Ireland. I am now waiting for a passage to Scotland. From thence your ladyship shall hear from me again.”

¹ The reference here is not to anything done by Wesley, as Southey and Philip imagined, but to the fact that, during the previous year, an immense amount of mischief had been effected by an infamous man, named Roger Ball, who had gained access to the pulpits of the Methodists, and had even been domiciled as a member of Wesley’s Dublin family. The man was an Antinomian of the worst description, a crafty debauchee, full of deceit, and teaching the most dangerous errors. (See “Life and Times of Wesley.”)

275

This was enormous labour for a man in feeble health; but Whitefield loved his work, and that helped to make hard things easy.

It is only fair to add, that, except at Belfast and the adjacent towns, Whitefield was treading in the steps of his old friend Wesley. At Dublin, Wesley had had a Society since 1747. He had preached at Athlone with great success as early as 1748. He had a Society in Limerick in 1749. Methodism in Cork has been already noticed. At Bandon, Wesley speaks of having had “by far the largest

congregations he had seen in Ireland.” And, at Kinsale, he had preached in the Exchange, “to a few gentry, many poor people, and abundance of soldiers.”¹

The following hitherto unpublished letter,² by Whitefield’s wife, belongs to this period. It was addressed to the Countess of Huntingdon.

“LONDON, *July 13, 1751.*

“HONOURED MADAM,—I am almost ashamed to write to your ladyship now; but have not been able to write sooner. I have been so ill since I came home, that Dr. Lobb and Dr. Nisbett have attended me, more or less, ever since. I was in bed when I received your ladyship’s letter, and was not able to read it. I had a pleuritic fever, and was so low that the doctor durst not bleed me. I am glad to hear, by Mr. Smith, that your ladyship is so well. God be praised! O may the good Lord give your ladyship a prosperous soul in a healthy body, to His own glorv, and the good of very many poor souls!

“Your ladyship has heard of God’s goodness to my dear honoured master in Ireland. A gentleman writes me thus: ‘Dear Mr. Whitefield has left Dublin very sorrowful. His going away is lamented by many of all denominations,’ etc., etc. My master left Dublin on the 2nd inst.; but I have not heard from him since the 22nd of June. Here are letters from Georgia, bringing good and bad news; the good, they are all well; the bad, they run him behind very much. But all is well. The Lord has been and is exceedingly good to us at the poor Tabernacle, and lets it often be filled with His glory. O, dear madam, what am I, and what my father’s house, that I am so highly favoured to be called a child of God! Oh, to be a *child!* Dear, dear madam, I am almost lost in thought. What! to have the great Jehovah, the God of heaven and earth, to be my Father; to make my bed in my sickness; to be afflicted in all my affliction; to support me in and under all my trials and temptations, and to make His abode with me! Thinking of this has sometimes been too much

¹ Wesley’s Journals.

² Kindly supplied by Mr. Stampe, of Grimsby.

for my weak nature to bear. Oh for the time when we shall be dissolved, and be for ever with the Lord!

“I hope your ladyship will excuse the length of this; but I could not help it. I have not been able to write to or see the Countess Delitz, or any friend; but hope to get strength. I beg a share in your ladyship’s

prayers; and hope this will find your ladyship, Lady Betty, and Lady Selina in health of body and soul, rejoicing in the Lord. This is and shall be the prayer of, honoured madam, your ladyship's most obliged and dutiful servant, in our dear Lord Jesus,

“E. WHITEFIELD.”

A beautiful letter, and worthy of the woman who had the honour to be the wife of Whitefield. Her husband arrived at Glasgow on Wednesday, July 10th;¹ and, two days afterwards, wrote as follows, to the Countess of Huntingdon:—

“GLASGOW, *July 12, 1751.*

“EVER-HONOURED MADAM,—My last was from Belfast, where I preached twice on yesterday sevensnight, and immediately after took shipping, and arrived the next evening at Irvine. At the desire of the magistrates, I preached to a great congregation. Since then, I have been preaching twice a day in this city. Thousands attend every morning and evening. Though I preached near eighty times in Ireland, and God was pleased to bless His word, yet Scotland seems to be a new world to me. To see the people bring so many Bibles, and turn to every passage, when I am expounding, is very encouraging. My body is kept pretty healthy, and my voice greatly strengthened.”

Having reached Edinburgh on Thursday, July 18th, he wrote again to Lady Huntingdon:—

“EDINBURGH, *July 18, 1751.*

“EVER-HONOURED MADAM,—I think it a long time since I last wrote your ladyship. Continual preaching twice a day, and paying and receiving visits, quite prevented me putting pen to paper as I would have done. The parting at Glasgow was very sorrowful. Numbers set out from the country, to hear the word, by three or four o'clock in the morning. Congregations here increase greatly. I now preach twice daily to many thousands. Many of the best rank attend. My body is almost worn out. I have been to Musselburgh, to see Captain Galatin and his lady. They hold on. Mr. W'esley has been there, and intends setting up Societies, which I think imprudent.”

¹ The *Scots' Magazine* for 1751 (p. 356) says: “Mr. George Whitefield arrived at Glasgow, from Ireland, July 10th; preached there some days, and came to Edinburgh on the 18th, where he preached generally twice a day in the Orphan Hospital Park. He set out for England on the 6th of August.”

277

Whitefield left Edinburgh on August 6th, and at Kendal, on his way to London, wrote to her ladyship again:—

“KENDAL, *August 10, 1751.*

“EVER-HONOURED MADAM,—The longer I stayed at Edinburgh, the more eagerly both rich and poor attended on the word preached. For near twenty-eight days, in Glasgow and Edinburgh, I preached to near ten thousand souls every day. Ninety-four pounds were collected for the Edinburgh orphans, and I heard of seven or eight students, awakened about ten years ago, who are likely to turn out excellent preachers. To the Lord of all lords be all the glory! I am now on my way to London, in order to embark for America. I threw up much blood in Edinburgh, but riding recruits me.”

For the present, Whitefield’s work in England was nearly ended. On August 29, he went on board the *Antelope*, bound for Georgia with Germans, and took several destitute children with him. “Parting seasons,” said he, “have been to me dying seasons. They have broken my very heart; but it is for Jesus, and, therefore, all is well.”

It was fortunate that he got away. Without this, he probably would have died. The man was fast becoming a sort of religious suicide. Humanly speaking, his voyage to America saved, or rather prolonged, his life. On August 30th, his intimate friend, Robert Cruttenden, in a letter to the wife of Dr. Doddridge, wrote: “Yesterday I took leave of Mr. Whitefield, who is embarked for America, with little prospect of my ever seeing him again. His constitution is quite worn out with labour.”¹

¹ Doddridge’s *Diary and Correspondence*, vol. v., p. 217.

278

FOURTH VISIT TO AMERICA, AND RETURN TO
ENGLAND.

SEPTEMBER 1751 TO MARCH 1754.

WHITEFIELD’S sojourn in America was of short duration. He landed in October, 1751, and seven

months afterwards was again in England. His time on land seems to have been spent chiefly in Georgia and South Carolina. Very little, however, is known of his proceedings. There was urgent need to recruit his health. His business affairs, also, required attention. Still, he preached, at least, occasionally. With him, preaching was almost an element of life. His departure from England was abrupt; and his return was unexpected. All that is known of his brief visit is contained in half a dozen letters.

On October 6th, when within a few hundred miles of America, he wrote, almost impatiently:—

“O that I could do something to promote the glory of God! Alas! alas! how little have I done! My sluggish soul, stir up, and exert thyself for Jesus!”

In a letter, dated “Bethesda, in Georgia, November 20th, 1751,” he says:—

“Blessed be God! I found the children at the Orphan House much improved in learning; and I hope a foundation is now laid for a useful seminary.”

In another, dated “Charleston, December 26th,” he writes:—

279

“What mercies, signal mercies, has the Lord Jesus conferred on you 1752 and me! What shall we render unto the Lord? Shall we not give Him our whole hearts? O let His love constrain us to a holy, universal, cheerful obedience to all His commands. I am now returning to the Orphan House, which I trust will be like the burning bush. My poor labours are accepted here. In the spring, I purpose going to the Bermudas. Jesus is very good to me. Help me to praise Him.”

To Mr. Lunell, of Dublin, he wrote:—

“BETHESDA, *January, 25, 1752.*

“Very dear Sir,—Man appoints, but God disappoints. Though we missed seeing each other on earth, yet, if Jesus Christ be our life, we shall meet in the kingdom of heaven. Your kind letter found me employed for the fatherless in this wilderness. I am now almost ready to enter upon my spring campaign. The news from Ireland does not at all surprise me. Weak minds soon grow giddy with power; and then they become pests instead of helps, to the Church of God.”

To his friend Hervey, Whitefield addressed the following:—

“CHARLESTON, *February*, 1, 1752.

“The Orphan House is in a flourishing way; and, I hope, will yet become a useful seminary. My poor labours, in this place, meet with acceptance. After one more trip to Georgia, I purpose setting out upon my spring campaign. I wish Lisbon may be blessed to Dr. Doddridge. O, how I wish that dear Dr. Stonehouse was fully employed in preaching the everlasting gospel! I hope you both see our good Lady Huntingdon frequently. I was rejoiced to hear, from my dear yoke-fellow, that her ladyship was bravely.”

Dr. Doddridge had embarked, for Lisbon, a month after Whitefield embarked for America. For three months past, he had been in heaven. Immediately after writing the foregoing letter, Whitefield became acquainted with the fact. Hence the following:—

“CHARLESTON, *February* 5, 1752.

“Part of your first letter—I mean that respecting the Tabernacle House—gave me uneasiness; but your last removed it, and made me thankful to our Redeemer, who, in spite of all opposition, will cause His word to run and be glorified. Poor Mr. Wesley is striving against the stream.¹ Strong assertions will not go for proofs, with those who are sealed by the Holy Spirit even to the day of redemption. They know that the covenant

¹ Wesley had just published his “*Serious Thoughts upon the Perseverance of the Saints.*” (12mo. 24 pp.)

of grace is not built upon the faithfulness of a poor fallible, changeable creature, but upon the never-failing faithfulness of an unchangeable God. This is the foundation whereon I build. ‘Lord Jesus, I believe, help my unbelief! Having once loved me, Thou wilt love me to the end. Thou wilt keep that safe, which I have committed unto Thee. Establish Thy people more and more in this glorious truth; and grant that it may have this blessed effect upon us all, that we may love Thee more, and serve Thee better!’ All truths, unless productive of holiness and love, are of no avail. They may float upon the surface of the understanding; but this is to no purpose, unless they transform the heart. I trust, the dear Tabernacle preachers will always have this deeply impressed upon their minds. Let us not dispute, but love. Truth is great, and will prevail. I am quite willing that all our hearers shall hear for themselves. The spirit of Christ is a spirit of liberty. Let us look above names and

parties. Let Jesus, the ever-loving, the ever-lovely Jesus, be our all in all. So that He be preached, and His Divine image stamped more and more upon people's souls, I care not who is uppermost. I know my place, (Lord Jesus, enable me to keep it!) even to be the servant of all. I want not to have a people called after my name, and, therefore, I act as I do. The cause is Christ's, and He will take care of it. I rejoice that you go on so well at the Tabernacle. May the shout of a king be always in the midst of you! I am apt to believe you will pray me over. But future things belong to Him, whose I am, and whom I endeavour to serve. After one more trip to the Orphan House, I purpose going northward.

"Thanks be to God! all is well at Bethesda. A most excellent tract of land is granted to me, very near the house, which, in a few years, I hope, will make a sufficient provision for it. Dr. Doddridge, I find, is gone. Lord Jesus, prepare me to follow after!"

Whitefield did not go to "the Bermudas," nor yet "northward," as he intended.¹ About two months after the date of the foregoing letter, he suddenly set sail for England. Why was this? Nothing has yet been published to explain it. The following letter, now for the first time printed, solves the difficulty. It was addressed, "To Mr. Blackwell, banker, in Lombard Street, London":—

"PORTSMOUTH, *May* 21, 1752.

"MY DEAR MR. BLACKWELL,—I fully purposed to have written to you when I was at Charleston, in South Carolina; but my sudden resolution to embark for England prevented me. God has vouchsafed to bless me, in respect to the Orphan House, in a very unexpected manner. To put it upon a proper footing, and to apply for some privileges, before the time of the Trustees' Charter be expired, is what has called me home so

¹ See Whitefield's Works, vol. ii., p. 462.

speedily. Home, did I say? I trust heaven is my home; and it is my comfort that it is not far off. Surely this body will not hold out always. Yet a little while, and our Lord will come, and take us to Himself, that where He is, there we may be also.

‘There pain and sin and sorrow cease,
And all is calm and joy and peace.’

“I wish you and yours much of this heaven upon earth. Looking unto Jesus is the only way of drawing it down into our souls. Out of His fulness, we all receive grace for grace. We have an open-handed, an open-hearted Redeemer. He giveth liberally, and upbraideth not. O for power from on high to set forth the riches of redeeming love! In a few days I hope to attempt a little of this in London. I beg your prayers. I thank you heartily for all favours; and, with cordial salutations to your *whole self*, subscribe myself, dear sir, yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

“G. WHITEFIELD.”

During his absence, Whitefield’s beloved mother had exchanged mortality for life; but this was not the reason of his sudden return to England. The affairs of his Orphan House brought him back—affairs which will often be introduced to the reader’s notice in succeeding letters.

On reaching London, one of his first efforts was to procure a minister for a Dissenting church at Charleston. On May 26th, he wrote:—

“People have received me with great affection; and I never saw the work of God go on in a more promising way. Thousands and thousands hear the word gladly.

“I wish I could send you good news about your minister; but, alas! I now almost despair of procuring one. I waited upon Dr. G— immediately after my arrival; but he gave me no hopes. Several of the large congregations in London, besides many more in the country, are without pastors; and are obliged to make use of our preachers. O that the Lord of the harvest may thrust out more labourers! Who can tell but some ministers may be raised up at Bethesda?

“At midsummer, the king takes Georgia into his own hands. Blessed be God! for sending me over at such a juncture. I am come to a determination, if I can dispose of Providence plantation, (in South Carolina,) to carry all my strength to the Orphan House.”

Besides endeavouring to provide a minister for Charleston, Whitefield was requested to render another service, for which he had no adaptation. His friend Hervey, who was writing “Theron and Aspasio,” sent him some of the manu-

scripts for his revision, at the same time promising him £30 for the purchase of a negro slave! Whitefield replied:—

“June 9, 1752.

“I have read your manuscripts; but for me to play the critic on them, would be like holding up a candle to the sun. I think to call your intended purchase *Weston*, and shall take care to remind him by whose means he was brought under the everlasting gospel.”

Having employed about a month in London, Whitefield, in the third week of June, set out for Portsmouth; and thence to Bath, where he spent about three weeks with the Countess of Huntingdon, and preached every evening to great numbers of the nobility. Here also he became acquainted with Mrs. Grinfield, a lady of high position, who attended on Queen Caroline. “The Court,” says Whitefield, “rings of her; and, if she stands, I trust she will make a glorious martyr for her blessed Lord.”¹

Four days were employed at Bristol, where he preached nine times. He writes:—

“Very near as many as attended at Moorfields came out every evening to hear the word. I have reason to believe much good was done. Old times seemed to be revived again. The last evening, it rained a little, but few moved. I was wet, and contracted a cold and hoarseness; but I trust preaching will cure me. This is my grand catholicon.”

On July 17, Whitefield went to Wales, where he spent a fortnight, preached twenty times, and travelled about three hundred miles.

Though Whitefield had resigned his office of moderator of the Calvinistic Methodists, and though he had often declared his determination not to form a sect, he still, occasionally, attended “Associations.” Howell Harris had recently seceded from his old friends, and, in the month of April of this selfsame year, had laid the foundation of his unique establishment at Trevecca. The schism had thrown affairs into great confusion; and, perhaps, this was the reason why Whitefield attended conferences, of which, strictly speaking, he was not a member. In a letter, dated “Bristol, August 1, 1752,” he writes:—

“In my way hither, we held an Association. There were present about

¹ “Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon,” vol. i., p. 453.

nine clergy, and near forty other labourers. I trust all of them are born of God, and desirous to promote His glory, and His people's good. All was harmony and love."

On his way back to London, he held another Association, in Gloucestershire.¹ After so many declarations that he would not attach himself to any party, Methodist or Moravian, there is considerable inconsistency in these proceedings, and the only way to explain the difficulty is to suppose, that, in the largeness of his heart, he was acting the part of a peacemaker among his old associates, and endeavouring to put an end to their hurtful strifes.

Benjamin Franklin was now acquiring a European reputation. He had satisfactorily explained the phenomena of the Leyden jar, and, in this year of 1752, had established the identity between lightning and the electric fluid. Up to the present, electricity was a science which could hardly be said to consist of more than a collection of unsystematized and ill-understood facts. Franklin's discoveries led to remarkable results, and his fame was established. The long-continued friendship, existing between Whitefield and Franklin, was an odd incident in the great preacher's life. In addressing Franklin, Whitefield never fawned; he was always faithful. Franklin disbelieved the chief doctrines Whitefield preached; but he respected the good intentions, the zeal, the benevolence, the honesty of the man. On his return from Wales, to London, Whitefield wrote to Franklin the following characteristic letter:—

"LONDON, *August 17, 1752.*

"DEAR MR. FRANKLIN,—I find that you grow more and more famous in the learned world. As you have made a pretty considerable progress in the mysteries of electricity, I would now humbly recommend to your diligent unprejudiced pursuit and study the mystery of the new birth. It is a most important, interesting study, and, when mastered, will richly repay you for all your pains. One, at whose bar we are shortly to appear, hath solemnly declared, that, without it 'we cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven.' You will excuse this freedom. I must have *aliquid Christi* in all my letters.

“I am yet a willing pilgrim for His great name’s sake, and I trust a blessing attends my poor feeble labours. To the giver of every good gift be all the glory! My respects await yourself and all enquiring friends;

¹ Whitefield’s Works, vol. ii., p. 438..

284

and hoping to see you once more in the land of the living, I subscribe myself, dear sir, your very affectionate friend, and obliged servant,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”

Two or three days after writing this, Whitefield set out for Scotland. On Sunday, August 23rd, he preached twice at Lutterworth, “the famous John Wycliffe’s parish.” Next day, he “began, in the name of the Almighty Husbandman, to break up fallow ground at Leicester.” Several thousands attended. Turnips were thrown at Whitefield during the first sermon; but at the second all was hushed. The next Sunday was spent at Newcastle-on-Tyne, where he preached four times, “and a shower of Divine blessing descended on the great congregations.” Early in September, he arrived at Edinburgh, where, for a fortnight, he “preached twice every day” to great multitudes of “polite as well as of common people.” He wrote, “Many young ministers and students were close attendants, and I trust good was done.” A week, also, was spent at Glasgow, where his home, for many years, was at the house of “Mr. James Niven, merchant, above the Cross.”¹ Five more days were employed in Edinburgh; and then, on October 10th,² he began his journey back to London. In a letter to the Countess of Huntingdon, he wrote: “For about twenty-eight days, I suppose, I did not preach, in Scotland, to less than ten thousand every day. This has weakened my body; but the Redeemer knows how to renew my strength. I am as well as a pilgrim can expect to be. About £70 were collected for the Edinburgh Orphans; and I heard of near a dozen young men, who were awakened about ten years ago, and have since entered the ministry, and are likely to prove very useful. Praise the Lord, O my soul!”

The Rev. John Gillies, one of his constant hearers, remarks:—

“Though, after the years 1741 and 1742, there were no such extensive awakenings, Mr. Whitefield’s coming to Scotland was always refreshing

¹ Gillies’ “Memoirs of Whitefield.”

² The *Scots’ Magazine* for 1752 (pp. 414 and 462), says: “Mr. George Whitefield arrived at Edinburgh on September 2nd, and preached, morning and evening, every day, in the Orphan Hospital Park. He made a tour to the west on September 27th; returned to Edinburgh, October 5th; and, on the loth, set out for England.”

285

to serious persons, and seemed to put new life into them, and also to be a means of increasing their number. In various respects, his preaching was still eminently useful. It had an excellent tendency to destroy bigotry, and to’ turn men’s attention, from smaller matters, to the great and substantial things of religion. It drew several persons to hear the gospel, who seldom went to hear it from other ministers. Young people were much benefited by his ministry, and particularly young students, who became afterwards serious evangelical preachers. His morning discourses, which were mostly intended for sincere, but disconsolate, souls, were peculiarly fitted to direct and encourage all such in the Christian life. His addresses in the evening were of a very alarming character. There was something exceedingly striking in the solemnity of his evening congregations, in the Orphan Hospital Park at Edinburgh, and in the High-Churchyard at Glasgow, especially towards the conclusion of his sermons, (which were commonly very long, though they seemed short to the hearers,) when the whole multitude stood fixed, and hung upon his lips, many of them under deep impressions of the great objects of religion. These things will not soon be forgotten. His conversation was no less reviving than his sermons. Many in Edinburgh and Glasgow are witnesses of this, especially at Glasgow, where, in company with his good friends Mr. McLaurin, Mr. Robert Scott, and others, one might challenge the sons of pleasure, with all their wit, good humour, and gaiety, to furnish entertainment so agreeable. At the same time, every part of it was not more agreeable than it was useful and edifying.”

Such a testimony, from a minister living at the time, and one of Whitefield’s faithful friends, is possessed of more than ordinary value.

On leaving Edinburgh, Whitefield preached at Berwick, Alnwich, and Morpeth. The people of Newcastle were again favoured with his ministry; and also those of Sun-

derland. At length, on reaching Sheffield, he wrote as follows:—

“SHEFFIELD, *November 1, 1752.*

“MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—Since I left Newcastle, I have sometimes scarce known whether I was in heaven or on earth. At Leeds, Birstal, Haworth, Halifax, etc., thousands and thousands have knocked twice and thrice a day to hear the word of life. A gale of Divine influence has everywhere attended it. I am now come from Bolton, Manchester, Stockport, and Chinley. Yesterday, I preached in a church, where I believe execution was done. Four ordained ministers, friends to the work of God, have been with me. The word has run so swiftly at Leeds, that friends are come to fetch me back; and I am now going to Rotherham, Wakefield, Leeds, York, and Epworth, and purpose returning to this place next Lord’s-day. God favours us with weather, and I would fain make hay while the sun shines. Fain would I spend and be spent for the good of souls. This is my meat and drink.”

286

In another letter, written two days afterwards, and dated “Wakefield, November 3, 1752,” he wrote:—

“I have been upwards of three weeks from Scotland, and scarce ever had more encouragement in preaching the everlasting gospel. At Newcastle, Sunderland, and several places in Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Cheshire, thousands and thousands have daily attended on the word preached. I hear that arrows have stuck fast in many hearts. I am returning to Leeds; and, from thence, I shall go to York, and to several places in Lincolnshire, and am to preach at Sheffield next next Lord’s-day. My return to London must be determined by the weather. It has been uncommonly favourable; and it is a pity to go into winter quarters, so long as work can be done in the fields. O that I had as many tongues as there are hairs upon my head! Jesus should have them all.”

On November 10th, Whitefield arrived in London, where he wrote:—

“My Sunday’s work” (at Sheffield), “sickness, the change of weather, and parting from friends, so enfeebled me, that I was in hopes, on the road, my imprisoned soul would have been set at liberty, and fled to the blissful regions.

“I found my poor wife an invalid. Our Lord can restore her, for He came to heal our sicknesses, and to bear our infirmities.”

Whitefield was resolved not to be the founder of a sect, and yet he had some difficulty in fulfilling his resolve. His hearers in Dublin had procured a meeting-house in Skinner Street, and had formed themselves into a public Society. John Edwards, in former years one of Whitefield's assistants, had become their preacher; and his ministry was highly acceptable. A sort of circuit had been formed, and many were the perils which Edwards encountered. On one occasion, when returning from a village, where he had been preaching, the *Ormond Boys* seized him, and threatened to throw him into the Liffey. The *Liberty Boys*, residing on the other side of the river, being political opponents of the *Ormond Boys*, rushed to his assistance, rescued him, and carried him home in triumph. At another time, the *White Boys* beset a house into which he had entered, and threatened to burn it, if he were permitted to continue in it. He escaped by a window, being let down, like the apostle Paul, in a basket.¹ The Dublin Society informed Whitefield of

¹ "Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon," vol. ii., p. 152.

287

their position and prospects; and Whitefield wrote to Edwards, their preacher, as follows:—

"LONDON, *November 11, 1752.*

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Last night, the glorious Emmanuel brought me hither; and, this morning, I have been talking with Mr. Adams, and cannot help thinking, that you have run before the Lord, in forming yourselves into a public Society. Mr. Adams's visit was designed to be transient, and I cannot promise you any settled help from hence. I am sincere, when I profess that I do not choose to set myself at the head of any party. When I came last to Ireland, my intention was to preach the gospel to all; and, if it should please the Lord to send me there again, I purpose to pursue the same plan. For I am a debtor to all, of all denominations, and have no design but to promote the common salvation of mankind. The love of Christ constrains me to this. Accept it as written from that principle."

When "ranging for souls," Whitefield had little time to attend to business; when he got into his winter quarters, he

was obliged to recognise its claims. The following was addressed to one of the residents in his Orphan House:—

“LONDON, *November 21, 1752.*

“MY DEAR NAT,—Your letters have all been brought safe to hand, and have given me satisfaction. I know not of a more profitable situation that you could be in, than that you occupy at present. Next year, God willing, you will have a fellow-student. I have agreed with him, as I wrote you from Edinburgh, for three years at least. I am of your mind in respect to boarders. As affairs stand, I think that, at present, the less the family is, the better. Nothing seems to be wanted but a good overseer, to instruct the negroes in sowing and planting. Let me know whether the lumber trade is begun. Pray make George and the children to write often. He should not have written to me, *Honoured Master*, but *Sir*. I am glad to hear that some of the children promise well. Surely some good will, in the end, come out of that institution. I am only afraid of its growing too great in a worldly way. O that I maybe directed to such managers as will act with a single eye to God’s glory and His people’s good! I have great confidence in you. I shall be glad to live to see you a preacher. It is a delightful employment, when done out of love to Jesus: that sweetens all. O that Georgia’s wilderness may blossom like a rose! It will, when God’s set time is come. Never mind a few evil reports. No one need be ashamed of Bethesda children.”

Whitefield, in his “winter quarters,” was as jubilant as ever. In a letter, dated December 9, he writes: “The shout of a king is amongst us. Every day, we hear of persons brought under fresh awakenings, and of God’s people

288

being comforted. We have had two most awful sacramental occasions.”

To Wesley, the year 1752 was one of trial. Several of his itinerants began to give him trouble. At the beginning of the year, he, his brother, and eleven of their principal assistants, signed a document, which shewed that suspicion had taken the place of confidence.¹ During the year, some of the preachers informed Wesley, that his brother Charles did not enforce discipline so strictly as himself, and that Charles agreed with Whitefield, “touching perseverance, at least, if not predestination too.” The latter accusation was utterly untrue; but, as Charles, at this period, was living on terms of the most intimate friendship with the Countess of

Huntingdon, and was frequently preaching and administering the sacrament in her house, it is not surprising that his brother deemed it his duty to write to him concerning it. The result was the creation of a temporary distrust and shyness between the two loving brothers. Charles took counsel with Whitefield; and Whitefield's answer must be given.

“LONDON, *December 22, 1752.*”

“MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have read and pondered your kind letter, and now sit down to answer it. What shall I say? Really, I can scarce tell. The connection between you and your brother has been so close and continued, and your attachment to him so necessary to keep up his interest, that I would not willingly, for the world, do or say anything that may separate such friends. I cannot help thinking, that he is jealous of me and my proceedings; but, I thank God, I am quite easy about it. Having the testimony of a good conscience, that I have a disinterested view to promote the common salvation only, I can leave all to Him, who, I am assured, will, in the end, speak for me, and make my righteousness clear as the light, and my just dealing as the noonday. I more and more find, that he who believeth doth not make haste; and that, if we will have patience, we shall find that every plant which our heavenly Father hath not planted, shall be plucked up. As I wrote to good Lady Huntingdon, so I write to you. I bless God for my stripping seasons. I have seen an end of all perfection, and expect it only in Him, in whom I am sure to find it, the ever-loving, ever-lovely Jesus. He knows how I love and honour you and your brother, and how often I have preferred your interest to my own. This, by the grace of God, I shall continue to do. My reward is with the Lord. If He approves, it is enough. More might be said, were we face to face. When this will be, I cannot tell. Several

¹ “Life and Times of Wesley,” vol. ii., p. 138.

things, especially our design of building a new Tabernacle, which I hope will succeed, detain me in town this winter. God only knows what course I am to steer in the spring. I would be a blank: let my heavenly Father fill it up as seemeth Him good.

“I am glad you are with our elect lady. O how amiable is a truly catholic spirit! Lord, make us all partakers of it more and more! I beg the continuance of your prayers. I need them much. You shall have

mine in return. That you and yours may increase with all the increase of God, is the earnest request of, my dear friend,

“Yours, etc.,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”

On the same day, Whitefield wrote as follows to the Countess of Huntingdon, with whom Charles Wesley was staying:—

“I shall observe your ladyship’s hints about Mr. Wesley. I believe our visits will not be very frequent.¹ But I am easy, having no scheme, no design of supplanting or resenting, but, I trust, a single eye to promote the common salvation, without so much as attempting to set up a party for myself. This is what my soul abhors. Being thus minded, I have peace; peace which the world knows nothing of, and which all must necessarily be strangers to, who are fond either of power or numbers. God be praised for the many strippings I have met with! It is good for me that I have been supplanted, despised, censured, maligned, and separated from my nearest, dearest friends. By this, I have found the faithfulness of Him, who is the Friend of friends. By this, I have been taught to wrap myself in the glorious Emmanuel’s everlasting righteousness, and to be content that He, to whom all hearts are open, now sees, and will let all see hereafter, the uprightness of my intentions towards all mankind.”

It is unpleasant to end the year with a note of discord; but it cannot honestly be avoided.

For the present, Whitefield had one enjoyment, which was almost new to him. He was no longer harassed with literary persecution, The only exception was an 8vo. pamphlet of fifty-one pages, entitled “Candid Remarks on some particular passages in the fifth edition of the Rev. Mr. Whitefield’s Volume of Sermons, printed in the year 1750. In a Letter to a Gentleman. Reading, 1752.” The author, in a gentlemanly way, criticizes some of Whitefield’s doctrines, especially that of “imputed righteousness;” and concludes by saying, though “a zeal for God appears throughout the whole of Whitefield’s performance,” yet “his method of treating his subject, and his manner of dictating to his

¹ Both were now in London.

290

audience, have something in them that may probably work upon the passions, but can never improve the understanding; that may occasion them to affect a superficial appearance of piety, but can hardly incite in them the power; and may induce them to acquiesce so much in the *imputative righteousness of Christ*, as to forget that they themselves are to be righteous, and *ready to every good work*, which is an indispensable part of the covenant of grace.”

One of Whitefield’s first anxieties, in 1753, was to sell his plantation in South Carolina. Writing to a friend there, on January 7, he says: “By this conveyance, I send you a power of attorney to dispose of Providence plantation. I leave it to your discretion to sell at what price you please. I would only observe, that I had rather it should be sold for less than its real value, than to keep it any longer in my hands. I do not choose to keep two families longer than is necessary. The money you receive from Providence will be immediately wanted to buy more land, and to pay for opening Bethesda’s new plantation.”

Another was the erection of a new Tabernacle. The wooden meeting-house, in Moorfields, had now stood the storms of a dozen winters. At the best, it was but a huge, ugly shed; and, of course, signs of decay were becoming visible. Still, the uncouth fabric was a sacred one. Many were the mighty sermons preached by Whitefield beneath its roof; and countless were the blessings which had fallen upon its crowds of worshippers. A more durable edifice, however, was greatly needed; and, in the summer of 1751, while at Lady Huntingdon’s residence at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, the project had been discussed, in the presence of her ladyship, Doddridge, Hervey, Hartley, and Stonehouse, all of whom were “most cordial in their approval and promise of support.” Towards the end of 1752, the subject was renewed at the house of Lady Frances Shirley, in South Audley Street; and, in compliance with the urgent entreaties of her ladyship and of the Countess of Huntingdon, Whitefield now began to exert himself in collecting money. He resolved not to begin building till he had £1000 in hand.¹ That amount

¹ Whitefield's Works, vol. ii., p. 477.

291

he soon obtained; the first brick was laid on the 1st of March, 1753; and, within fifteen weeks afterwards, the structure was opened for public worship; the congregations, during that interval, still continuing to assemble in the wooden tabernacle, which was left standing within the shell of the building in course of erection.¹ The new Tabernacle needs no description; for, though a third has within the last few years been built upon its site, there are thousands still living who have often gazed with reverence at the low, unpretentious edifice where Whitefield so often mounted his pulpit throne, and not a few who found salvation within its walls. It will frequently be mentioned in ensuing extracts from Whitefield's letters.²

There was a third affair, in which Whitefield, at this period, took, perhaps, a more active interest than was necessary. Within the last four years, the Moravians had made themselves more prominent than was consistent with Christian modesty. It was not until the year 1737, that the first Moravian services were held in England. Since then, several of their Societies had been torn by faction. In many instances, they had been the subjects of bitter persecution. Many of their religious rites were silly and objectionable. Their hymns and their literature were, to a great extent, jargon, luscious and irreverent. But, despite all, they had increased in numbers; and, above all, they had at their head an ambitious German count, who had considerable influence in the court of the German who then sat on the British throne. Count Zinzendorf, in 1749, had succeeded in getting the English parliament to pass a bill to the following effect: 1. That the Moravians were an ancient Protestant Episcopal Church. 2. That those of them who scrupled to take an oath, should be exempted doing so, on making a declaration in the presence of Almighty God, as witness of the truth. 3. That they should not be liable to serve upon juries. 4. That, in the colonies, they

¹ "Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon," vol. i., p. 203.

² The Rev. W. Grigsby, the present minister of the *third* Tabernacle, writes: "June 13, 1876. The only thing, besides the name and remembrance of Whitefield, at the Tabernacle, is the pulpit in which he preached; which, when the old place was taken down, was transferred to the new one, unaltered in form or size, but not in outward appearance."

292

should be exempted from military service, under reasonable conditions. 5. That the *verbal declaration* of the individual, together with the certificate of a bishop or minister of the Brethren, should be regarded as sufficient proof of membership in the Moravian community. Besides this, the Count was no longer satisfied with "hired lodgings," in Bloomsbury Square, for "*the Congregation House*," but, in 1751, removed to James Hutton's house and two adjoining ones, in Westminster. The premises were large and pleasant, overlooking the Abbey Gardens; but even they were not good enough to serve as the offices a body, on whose behalf the whole machinery of parliamentary legislation had been set in motion. Accordingly, the Count bought, of Sir Hans Sloane, a large mansion, in Chelsea, formerly the property of the ducal family of Ancaster, with beautiful grounds bordering on the Thames. In connection with this imposing "*Congregation House*," a chapel was fitted up, and a burial ground laid out. These were costly proceedings; and the result of parliamentary negotiations, the purchase of Lindsey House, Chelsea, and other expenditures, was, Count Zinzendorf and the Moravians in England were in debt to the amount of nearly £140,000, and knew not how to pay it.

As will soon be seen, these facts, put in the briefest form possible, and others, which might be mentioned, induced Whitefield, both privately and publicly, to censure the proceedings of his old friends, the *Unitas Fratrum*.

Whitefield's plantation at Bethesda, in Georgia, and his slave-cultivated plantation in Carolina, made him anxious. The latter he wished to sell, because, despite all his expectations, it had failed to afford him help in his benevolent designs. Hence the following:—

"LONDON, February 1, 1753.

“I am glad to hear that Ephratah plantation¹ is in some degree opened, and, thereby, a preparation made for future progress. Mr. Fox’s not coming, and going upon lumber, has been a great loss to my poor family; but I hope, ere now, all is settled, and the sowing carried on with vigour. That seems to be the thing which Providence points out at present. As so many negroes are ready, it will be a pity if Bethesda does not do something, as well as the neighbouring planters. If I we’re not erecting a large

¹ The new plantation at Bethesda.

place for public worship, eighty feet square, I would come over immediately myself; but, perhaps, it will be best to stay till the new governor embarks, or to come a little before him.

“With this, I send your brother a power to dispose of Providence plantation. I hope to hear shortly that you have purchased more negroes. My dear friend, do exert yourself a little for me in this time of my absence. I trust the Orphan-house affairs will soon be so ordered, that no one will be troubled respecting them, but my own domestics. As Nathaniel P— has behaved so faithfully, I have sent him a full power, in conjunction with Mrs. W—, to act under you. The man and woman who bring this, are, with their son, indentured to me; and I have an excellent schoolmistress, and a young student, engaged to come over shortly. Before long, I suppose, we shall have a large family. Lord, grant it may be a religious one! I would have nothing done to the buildings, besides repairing the piazza, and what else is absolutely necessary, till I come. Perhaps I may bring a carpenter with me, who will stay some years.

“I cannot tell what induces me to take care of a place, where the gospel is so little regarded, unless it be a principle of faith. What a difference is there between Georgia and several parts of England! Here, thousands and tens of thousands run, and ride miles upon miles, to hear the gospel. There—but I do not love to think of it. I see there is no happiness but in keeping near to Jesus Christ.”

The next, addressed to Lady Huntingdon, refers to the Moravians at Lindsey House, Chelsea, and to the collections for Whitefield’s new Tabernacle.

“LONDON, *February* 9, 1753.

“I am apt to believe that the Moravians’ scheme will soon be disconcerted. Strange! Why do God’s children build Babels? Why do they flatter themselves that God owns and approves of them, because He suffers

them to build high? In mercy to them, such buildings, of whatever kind, must come down.

“I hope our intended Tabernacle is not of this nature. It would have pleased your ladyship to have seen how willingly the people gave last Lord’s-day. At seven in the morning, we collected £50; in the evening, £126. We have now near £900 in hand. Our Lord still continues to work in our old despoiled place. I trust it has been a Bethel to many, many souls. This, your ladyship knows, may be anywhere. Clifton is a Bethel when God is there.”

The following seems to have been written to Grimshaw, of Haworth, and refers to Gillies’ preparation of his “Historical Collections,” respecting revivals. Grimshaw complied with Whitefield’s suggestion; but his long letter, being too late to be inserted in Gillies’ bulky volumes, was not published till 1761, when it found a place in the “Appendix to the His-

294

torical Collections,” a 12mo. book of 250 pages, and now extremely rare.

“LONDON, *February* 19, 1753.

“REVEREND AND VERY DEAR SIR,—At present, I have a cold and fever upon me; but I preach on, hoping one day or another to die in my work. We have had a blessed winter. Many have been added to our flock. Next week, I intend to lay the first brick of our new Tabernacle. I am looking up for direction about my removal. Which are the best seasons for the north? I should be glad to know speedily.

“Have you the first account you wrote of your conversion? Or have you leisure to draw up a short narrative of the rise and progress of the work of God in your parts? A dear Christian minister, in Scotland, is about to publish two volumes, relative to the late awakenings in various places. Such things should be transmitted to posterity; in heaven, all will be known. Thanks be to God, that there is such a rest remaining for His people! I am too impatient to get at it; but who can help longing to see Jesus? I wish you much, yea, very much prosperity. I am glad you have received the books. I am now publishing two more sermons, and a small collection of hymns for public worship.”

Whitefield’s hymn-book was entitled “Hymns for Social Worship, collected from various Authors, and more particularly designed for the use of the Tabernacle congregation in London. By George Whitefield, A.B., late of Pembroke

College, Oxford, and Chaplain to the Right Hon. the Countess of Huntingdon. London: printed by William Strahan, and to be sold at the Tabernacle, near Moorfields. 1753." (16mo. 144 pp.)

The hymns are a hundred and seventy in number, besides several short doxologies. At least twenty-one of them are hymns by John and Charles Wesley. The largest number are by Watts. Most of the others were written by Cennick, Seagrave, Hammond, and Humphreys. Mr. Daniel Sedgwick, a high authority on such a subject, says, between the years 1753 and 1796, Whitefield's hymn-book passed through thirty-six editions, a good number of them containing additions to the hymns published in 1753. Want of space renders it impossible to give a minute description of Whitefield's collection; but the following preface is too characteristic to be omitted:—

"COURTEOUS READER,—If thou art acquainted with the divine life, I need not inform thee that, although all the acts and exercises of devotion are sweet and delightful, yet we never resemble the blessed worshippers

295

above more than when we are joining together in public devotions, and, with hearts and lips unfeigned, singing praises to Him who sitteth upon the throne for ever. Consequently, hymns, composed for such a purpose, ought to abound much in thanksgiving, and to be of such a nature, that all who attend may join in them, without being obliged to sing lies, or not sing at all.

"Upon this plan, the following collection of hymns is founded. They are intended purely for social worship, and so altered, in some particulars, that I think all may safely concur in using them. They are short, because I think three or four stanzas, with a doxology, are sufficient to be sung at one time. I am no great friend to long sermons, long prayers, or long hymns. They generally weary, instead of edifying, and, therefore, I think, should be avoided by those who preside in any public worshipping assembly. Besides, as the generality of those who receive the gospel are commonly the poor of the flock, I have studied cheapness, as well as conciseness. Much in a little is what God gives us in His word; and the more we imitate such a method, in our public performances and devotions, the nearer we come up to the pattern given us in the Mount.

“I think myself justified in publishing some hymns, by way of dialogue, for the use of the Society, because something like it is practised in our cathedral churches, but much more so because the celestial choir is represented, in the Book of the Revelation, as answering one another in their heavenly anthems.

“That we all may be inspired and warmed with a like divine fire, whilst singing below, and be translated, after death, to join with them in singing the song of Moses and the Lamb above, is the earnest prayer of, courteous reader,

“Thy ready servant, for Christ’s sake,

“G. W.”

The publication of Whitefield’s hymn-book was, doubtless, owing to the erection of his new Tabernacle; but it is somewhat singular, that, in the same year, Wesley published his “Hymns and Spiritual Songs, intended for the use of real Christians of all Denominations;” and that, in the year following, the Moravians published two volumes, of 380 and 399 pages respectively, with the title, “A Collection of Hymns for the Children of God of all Ages, from the beginning till now. Designed chiefly for the use of the Congregations in union with the Brethren’s Church.” The curious reader may speculate how far Whitefield’s little book led to the publication of the other two.

The “sermons,” mentioned in Whitefield’s foregoing letter, were entitled, “The true nature of beholding the Lamb of God, and Peter’s Denial of his Lord, opened and explained, in

296

two Sermons, by George Whitefield, late of Pembroke College, Oxford, and Chaplain to the Right Hon. the Countess of Huntingdon. London, 1753.” (12mo. 48 pp.) In the former of these sermons, there seems to be an unworthy fling at his friend Wesley. Whitefield ought to have known that Wesley never taught the possibility of any one attaining to a sinlessness equal to that of Christ; and yet he indulged in the following remarks:—

“There was no corruption in the heart of this immaculate Lamb of God for Satan’s temptations to lay hold on; but this property belongeth only to Him. For any of His followers, though arrived at the highest

pitch of Christian perfection, much less for young converts, mere novices in the things of God, to presume that they either have arrived, or ever shall, while on this side of eternity, arrive at such a sinless state, argues such an ignorance of the spiritual extent of the moral law, of the true interpretation of God's word, of the universal experience of God's people in all ages, as well as of the remaining unmortified corruptions of their own desperately wicked and deceitful hearts, that I venture to tell the preachers and abettors of any such doctrine, however knowing they may be in other respects, they know not the true nature of gospel holiness, nor the completeness of a believer's standing in the unspotted imputed righteousness of Jesus Christ, as they ought to know, or as I trust they themselves, through Divine grace, will be made to know before they die. Surely, it is high time to awake out of this delusive dream! Pardon this short (would to God there was no occasion for adding), though too necessary, a digression."

Whitefield, most assuredly, was in a "delusive dream," if he thought such remarks applicable to Wesley.

It was now seventeen years since Whitefield preached his first sermon, and he lived to preach seventeen years after this. He was in the middle of his marvellous ministry. Numerous specimens of his early discourses have been already given; and it may be useful to furnish two extracts from the sermons now in question, to assist the reader in forming an idea of the great preacher's style of address, at the present period of his life. The first is from the sermon on "Beholding the Lamb of God."

"If you can bear to be spectators of such an awful tragedy, I must now entreat you to enter the garden of Gethsemane. But, stop! What is that we see? Behold the Lamb of God undergoing the most direful tortures of vindictive wrath! Of the people, even of His disciples, there is none with Him. Alas! was ever sorrow like unto that sorrow, wherewith His innocent soul was afflicted in this day of His Father's fierce anger? Before

He entered into this bitter passion, out of the fulness of His heart, He said, '*Now is my soul troubled.*' But how is it troubled now? His agony bespeaks it to be '*exceeding sorrowful, even unto death.*' It extorts sweat, yea, a bloody sweat. His face, His hands, His garments, are all stained with blood. It extorts strong cryings, and many tears. See how the incarnate Deity lies prostrate before His Father, who now laid on Him the iniquities of us all! See how He agonizes in prayer! Hark! Again and

again He addresses His Father with an *‘if it be possible, let this cup pass from me!’* Tell me, ye blessed angels, tell me, Gabriel (or whatsoever thou art called), who wast sent from heaven in this important hour, to strengthen our agonizing Lord,—tell me, if ye can, what Christ endured in this dark and doleful night! And tell me, tell me what you yourselves felt, when you heard this same God-man, whilst expiring on the accursed tree, breaking forth into that dolorous, unheard-of expostulation, ‘My God, my God, why, or how hast Thou forsaken me?’ Were you not all struck dumb? And did not an awful silence fill heaven itself, when God the Father said unto His sword, ‘Sword, smite thy fellow!’ Well might nature put on its sable weeds. Well might the rocks rend, to shew their sympathy with a suffering Saviour. And well might the sun withdraw its light, as though shocked and confounded to see its Maker die.”

The next extract is from the sermon on “Peter’s Denial of his Lord,” and describes Peter repenting.

“Methinks I see him wringing his hands, rending his garments, stamping on the ground, and, with the self-condemned publican, smiting upon his breast. See how it heaves! O what piteous sighs and groans are those which come from the very bottom of his heart. Alas! it is too big to speak; but his tears, his briny, bitter, repenting tears, plainly bespeak this to be the language of his awakened soul. ‘Alas! where have I been? On the devil’s ground. With whom have I been conversing? The devil’s children. What is this that I have done? Denied the Lord of glory;—with oaths and curses, denied that I ever knew Him. And now whither shall I go? or where shall I hide my guilty head? I have sinned against light. I have sinned against repeated tokens of His dear, distinguishing, and heavenly love. I have sinned against repeated warnings, resolutions, promises, and vows. I have sinned openly in the face of the sun, and in the presence of my Master’s enemies; and, thereby, have caused His name to be blasphemed. How can I think of being suffered to behold the face of, much less to be employed by, the ever-blessed Jesus any more? O Peter! thou hast undone thyself. Justly mayest thou be thrown aside like a broken vessel. God be merciful to me a sinner!”

Even if he had wished, John Wesley would have found it difficult to preach in a style like this. Let the taste be good or bad, there cannot be a doubt that, with Whitefield’s dramatic action and unequalled voice, the effect of such

One of the London ministers, who had been benefited by Whitefield's ministry, was the Rev. Mr. Steward. He had been invited to the house of the Countess of Huntingdon to hear Whitefield preach, and had been one of the first converts there. His own preaching had become popular and successful, not only at her ladyship's, but on Garlick Hill, where, among others saved by his instrumentality, was Mrs. Kent, at the age of a hundred and four. Mr. Steward's career was suddenly ended,—an event which greatly affected Whitefield.¹ In the following letter to Charles Wesley, he refers to this and other matters:—

“LONDON, *March 3, 1753.*

“MY DEAR FRIEND,—I thank you and your brother most heartily for the loan of the chapel. Blessed be God! the work goes on well. On Thursday morning” (March 1st), “the first brick of our new Tabernacle was laid with awful solemnity. I preached from Exodus xx. 24: ‘In all places where I record my name, I will come unto thee and bless thee.’ Afterwards, we sung, and prayed for God's blessing in all places, where His glorious name is recorded. The wall is now about a yard high. The building is to be eighty feet square. It is upon the old spot. We have purchased the house; and, if we finish what we have begun, we shall be rent-free for forty-six years. We have £1100 in hand. This, I think, is the best way to build.

“Mr. Steward's death so affected me, that, when I met the workmen that night to contract about the building, I could scarce bear to think of building tabernacles. Strange! that so many should be so soon discharged, and we continued. Eighteen years have I been waiting for the coming of the Son of God; but I find we are immortal till our work is done. Oh that we may never live to be ministered unto, but to minister. Mr. Steward spoke for his Lord as long as he could speak at all. He had no clouds nor darkness. I was with him, till a few minutes before he slept in Jesus.

“I have good news from several parts. A door is opening at Winchester. Surely the little leaven will ferment till the whole kingdom be leavened. Even so, Lord Jesus, Amen!

“My poor wife has had another plunge. We thought she was taken with palsy; but, blessed be God, she is now recovering.”²

The next deserves insertion for its Christian admonition.

¹ “Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon,” vol. i., p. 194.

² “Life of Charles Wesley,” vol. ii., p. 19.

299

“LONDON, *March 10, 1753.* 1753

“MY DEAR MR. M—, I have preached at Spitalfields chapel twice.¹ Both the Mr. Wesleys are agreed, as the younger brother writes me word, in answer to my letter. Let brotherly love continue. I do not like writing against anybody; but, I think, that wisdom which dwells with prudence should direct you not to fill Mr. Wesley’s people (who expect you will serve them) with needless jealousies. I hope to see the time when you will talk less of persons and things, and more of Jesus Christ. This, and this alone, can make and keep you steady in yourself, and extensively useful to others. I am glad you know when persons are justified. It is a lesson I have not yet learnt. There are so many stony-ground hearers, that I have determined to suspend my judgment, till I know the tree by its fruits.”

The following needs no explanation:—

“LONDON, *March 21, 1753.*

“What is happening to the Moravians is no more than I have long expected, and spoken of to many friends. Their scheme is so *antichristian*, in almost every respect, that I am amazed the eyes of the English Brethren have not long since been opened, and the Babel stopped. But the glorious God generally suffers such buildings to go high, that their fall may be more conspicuous. May the builders rise (I mean as to spirituals) by their falls, and gain by their losses! This is all the harm I wish them. What a blessed thing it is to live and walk in the simplicity of the gospel! How happy is that man, who, being neither fond of money, numbers, nor power, goes on day by day without any other scheme than a general intention to promote the common salvation among people of all denominations! Will you pray that I may be thus minded?”

The erection of the new Tabernacle detained Whitefield in London longer than it was his custom to stay; but, in the month of April, he made a hurried visit to the city of Norwich, where, two years before, there had been the most disgraceful riots. James Wheatley, whom the Wesleys had expelled from their connexion, for infamous behaviour, had come to Norwich, begun to preach out of doors, and formed a mongrel society of nearly two thousand persons. A temporary Tabernacle was erected for him on Timber Hill, in imitation of the one erected for Whitefield in Moorfields.

Then followed the riots. Wheatley braved the storm; and, in April, 1752, steps were taken to build for him one of the largest chapels in the city.² The history of the entire

¹ The French Church, in Grey Eagle Street, Spitalfields, of which Wesley had taken possession in 1750. It stood where the brewery of Truman, Buxton, and Hanbury stands now.

² "Life and Times of Wesley," vol. ii., pp. 121-126.

300

movement is curious, but not edifying. Why Whitefield went to Norwich, it is difficult to tell. An account of his visit is contained in the following short extracts from his letters:—

"Norwich, April 17, 1753. Were it not sinful, I could wish for a thousand hands, a thousand tongues, and a thousand lives: all should be employed, night and day, without ceasing, in promoting the glory of Jesus. Thanks be to His great name, for reviving His work in the midst of the years. I trust that His people everywhere will be made to sing, 'The winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land.' For these three days past, I have been preaching here twice a day. In the mornings, we have been quiet; but, in the evenings, the sons of Belial have been somewhat rude. The place built here for public worship is much larger than yours at Newcastle; and, I believe, hundreds of truly awakened souls attend. What cannot God do? What will the end of this be? The destruction of Jericho. The rams' horns must go round, till its towering walls fall down. Who would not be one of these rams' horns? My dear sir, let us not be ashamed of the cross of Christ: it is lined with love, and will ere long be exchanged for a crown. Jesus Himself will put it on our heads."

"Norwich, April 18, 1753. How does God delight to exceed the hopes, and to disappoint the fears, of His weak, though honest-hearted people! In spite of all opposition, He has caused us to triumph even in Norwich. Thousands attend twice every day, and hear with the greatest eagerness. I hope it will appear yet more and more that God has much people here."

Whitefield returned to London on April 21st; and, for the next three weeks, was employed, not only in preaching, but in writing. The following letter deserves attention. It was addressed to David Taylor—said to have been originally footman to Lady Ingham—a good man, but unsettled, part Moravian, part Methodist, and part Inghamite

—who, by his preaching, had converted large numbers of the people in Derbyshire, Leicestershire, Lancashire, and Yorkshire, and had formed Societies in the several counties.

“LONDON, *May 1, 1753.*”

“MY DEAR DAVID,—Do you enquire where I am? I answer, in London, longing to come to Leeds, and yet withheld by Him, whose providence ordereth all things well. Let us have a little more patience, and then, in a few weeks, I hope to have a blessed range in the north. The word ran and was glorified at Norwich. Preaching so frequently, and riding hard, almost killed me; but what is my body in comparison of precious and immortal souls?

301

“At present, I am engaged in a very ungrateful work; I mean, in writing against the leading Moravian Brethren. When you see it, you will know whether there was not a cause.”

Whitefield’s pamphlet was published without delay, and was entitled, “An Expostulatory Letter, addressed to Nicholas Lewis, Count Zinzendorf, and Lord Advocate of the *Unitas Fratrum*. By George Whitefield, A.B., late of Pembroke College, Oxford, and Chaplain to the Right Honourable the Countess of Huntingdon. London, 1753. (8vo. 19 pp.) The letter is dated, “London, April 24, 1753;” and bears on the title-page the text, “O foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you?”

Perhaps it ought to be premised that a great sensation had been already created in the country, by the publication of an octavo pamphlet of 177 pages, dedicated to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and entitled, “A candid Narrative of the Rise and Progress of the *Hernhuthers*, commonly called *Moravians*, or *Unitas Fratrum*. By Henry Rimius, Aulic Counsellor to his late Majesty the King of Prussia.” Rimius’s book was a terrible attack on Zinzendorf; and now Whitefield, wisely or unwisely, rushed into the affray. His letter begins thus:—

“MY LORD,—Although I am persuaded that nothing has a greater tendency to strengthen the hands of infidels than the too frequent altercations between the professors of Christianity, yet there are certain occasions wherein the necessary defence of the principles of our holy

religion, as well as the practice of it, renders public remonstrance of the greatest use and importance.

“For many years past, I have been a silent and an impartial observer of the progress and effects of Moravianism, both in England and America; but such shocking things have been lately brought to our ears, and offences have swollen to such an enormous bulk, that a real regard for my king and my country, and a disinterested love for the ever-blessed Jesus, will not suffer me to be silent any longer. Pardon me, therefore, my lord, if I am constrained to inform your lordship that you, together with some of your *leading* brethren, have been unhappily instrumental in misguiding many simple, honest-hearted Christians; of distressing, if not totally ruining, numerous families; and of introducing a whole *farrago* of superstitious, not to say idolatrous, fopperies into the English nation.”

Having asserted that, whatever might be “the principles and usages of the ancient Moravian Church,” he can find no trace of the present practices of the Moravians in the primitive churches, Whitefield continues:—

302

“Will your lordship give me leave to descend to a few particulars? Pray, my lord, what instances have we of the first Christians walking round the graves of their deceased friends on Easter Day, attended with hautboys, trumpets, French horns, violins, and other kinds of musical instruments? Or where have we the least mention made of pictures of particular persons being brought into the first Christian assemblies, and of candles being placed behind them, in order to give a transparent view of the figures? Where was it ever known that the picture of the apostle Paul, representing him handing a gentleman and lady up to the side of Jesus Christ, was ever introduced into the primitive lovefeasts? Or do we ever hear of incense, or something like it, being burnt for him in order to perfume the room before he made his entrance among the brethren? And yet your lordship knows this has been done for you and suffered by you, without your having shewn, as far as I can hear, the least dislike of it at all.

“Again, my lord, I beg leave to enquire whether we hear anything in Scripture of elders or deaconesses seating themselves before a table covered with artificial flowers, and against that a little altar surrounded with wax tapers, on which stood a cross, composed either of mock or real diamonds, or other glittering stones? And yet your lordship must be sensible, this was done in Fetter Lane chapel, for Mrs. Hannah Nitschmann, the present general eldress of your congregation, with this addition,

that all the sisters were seated in German caps, and clothed in white, and the organ also illuminated with three pyramids of wax tapers, each of which was tied with a red ribbon, and over the head of the general eldress was placed her own picture, and over that (*horresco referens*) the picture of the Son of God. A goodly sight this, my lord, for a company of English Protestants to behold! Alas! to what a long series of childish and superstitious devotions, and unscriptural impositions must they have been habituated, before they could sit as silent spectators of such an anti-Christian scene!”

Besides this general onslaught on Moravian *ritualism*, Whitefield, in foot-notes, ridicules the absurdity of the “married women” of the Moravian community “being ordered to wear blue knots; the single women, pink; those who are just marriageable, pink and white; widows past child-bearing, white; and those who were not so, blue and white.” He also describes a ludicrous, or rather theatrical and repulsive scene, in Hatton Garden, at the celebration of the birthday of Hannah Nitschmann; and then proceeds to the subject of Moravian fraud and bankruptcy. He writes:—

“I have another question to propose to your lordship. Pray, my lord did any of the apostles or *leaders* of the primitive churches ever usurp an authority, not only over people’s consciences, but properties, or draw in

303

the members of their respective congregations to dispose of whole patrimonies at once, or to be bound for thousands more than they knew they were worth? And yet your lordship knows this has been done again and again, in order to serve the purposes of the Brethren; and that, too, at or very near the time, when, in order to procure an Act in their favour, they boasted to an English Parliament how immensely rich they were.”

Whitefield then specifies some of the Moravian debts; and concludes by speaking of the “horrid equivocations, untruths, and low artifices,” made use of to obtain such enormous loans:—

“At present,” says he, “I shall add no more, but earnestly say *Amen* to that part of the Brethren’s litany, ‘From untimely projects, and from unhappily becoming great, keep us, our good Lord and God!’ And as heartily praying, that the glorious Jesus may prosper all that is right, and

give grace to correct and amend all that is wrong, among all His people of all denominations, I subscribe myself, my lord, your lordship's most obedient humble servant,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”

This was plain speaking. Perhaps some will think that Whitefield's interference was offensively officious; but it must be borne in mind, that, besides being bound to take a general interest in everything pertaining to the religion of the land, Whitefield was closely associated with the Moravians at the beginning of his ministry; and that, in his extensive itinerancy, he still came into frequent contact with them. And, further, though it may be still contended that Whitefield might have been more usefully employed, there cannot be a doubt that he now rendered a great and lasting service to the Moravian community; for his letter to Zinzendorf helped to check and to correct the extravagance and the absurdly ritualistic practices, into which the *Unitas Fratrum* had fallen.

Whitefield's "letter" created almost as great a sensation as Rimius's "Narrative"; and, in whole or in part, was reprinted in the magazines and newspapers of the day. The Moravians were angry. Peter Bohler declared publicly, in the pulpit, that Whitefield's letter "was all a lie." James Hutton spoke of "many bulls of Bashan roaring madly against the Count; and describing him as a Mahomet, a Caesar, an impostor, a Don Quixote, a devil, the beast, the

304

man of sin, the Antichrist."¹ He also sent the following threatening letter "to the publisher of the *Public Advertiser*":—

“SATURDAY, June 2, 1752.

“You, sir, have published such an extract of Mr. Whitefield's libel in your paper, as is punishable by law; which example of yours the country newspapers and the London magazines have followed.

“I would have you immediately consider well, whether you are liable or no; and, if you find yourself so, to let me know what steps you think to take to avoid a prosecution.

“A submission in the *Public Advertiser*, next Monday, expressing your sorrow for having published that extract (without at all entering into the merits of the cause, whether true or false), and asking pardon of the persons reflected on therein, seems to me the best and only way of preventing that prosecution, which else, in all probability, will very soon begin.

“I am, sir, yours,

“JAMES HUTTON.”

A similar letter was sent to the publisher of the *Daily Gazetteer*. The Archbishop of Canterbury, likewise, received an anonymous epistle, not written, but made up of words, taken out of printed books, of different types, and pasted upon a sheet of paper:—

“MY LORD,—Our Moravian Church having subsisted above 1700 years, and you being the chief of a Church, which is her puny sister, your Grace ought not to suffer that villain Rimius publicly to vilify our right reverend and valuable patron and us. The man is quite stupid, else he would have known that he, being but a single person, and deeply in debt, can do us no hurt. We are a multitude, a parliamentary constitution, a church that stands upon a rock, and have treasures inexhaustible, and can hold out against him, and all the rest of our enemies. But we shall soon make him flee his country; or he shall meet with a fate which he scarce expects.”²

Bohler and Zinzendorf both wrote to Whitefield; and, as their letters are of historical importance, they are here given *in extenso*:—

“May 8, 1753.

“SIR,—I pity you very much that you suffer yourself to be so much imposed on, and to print your impositions so inconsiderately.

“You have now attempted a second time to ruin my character. You represent me as the inventor of an *artificial mount*,³ etc. You build upon

¹ Hutton's Memoirs, pp. 579, 580.

² Rimius's "Supplement to the Candid Narrative," etc., pp. 93–96.

³ The story was, that Mr. William Bell was one of the Moravian

that, two assertions: 1. That I invented it as a means to encourage a certain gentleman in his undertakings. 2. That I did it to make up a quarrel with him, by these means. Now I can attest, with a good conscience, before God, that I had no hand in inventing, or contriving, or

executing, etc., such an *artificial mound and picture*, etc.; and both your conclusions, that you build on it, drop of course.

“You also assert, that, I and others paid our devotions in a certain room, of which you please to give a description; but you really are in this point also grossly imposed upon. By whom? By an apostate!

“The person against whom you chiefly level your letter, is so maliciously misrepresented therein, that really you yourself will be ashamed of it one day before God and man. It would have been ingenuous in you to have asked some of your old friends, whether the charges you lay against us be true. But that, you have not done. You will perhaps say to me, ‘You can clear yourself in print.’ But this sounds, in my ears, as if a drunken man would pelt one with dirt, and then say, ‘Now I will shew you water where you can wash yourself again.’ I, for my part, have always abhorred paper war; for I think the result of such a war, for a child of God, is no other than *vinco seu vincor, semper ego maculor* (conquering or conquered, I am dishonoured). And, besides that, I think it incumbent upon an honest man, when he rashly and heedlessly has cast an aspersion upon his fellow-creatures—fathered actions upon an innocent person of whom he was altogether ignorant—and, with the most prejudicial assertions, charged a body of people with faults of which they, neither in whole nor in part, are guilty—to do all in his power to remove such aspersions of which he is the author or propagator.

“Dear Mr. Whitefield, when the secret intentions of man, together with all his unjust deeds and actions, will be judged, how glad would you be then, not to have treated our Society, in general; and, in particular, that venerable person against whom your letter is chiefly levelled; and poor me, in so injurious, yea, I may say, impudent and wicked a manner.

“But, perhaps, my dear and merciful Saviour may give you grace, that I may, a second time, be asked pardon by you; which I, for your sake, heartily desire; but, for my sake, am entirely unconcerned about; who, as an unworthy servant of my dear Lord Jesus Christ, who was slain for His enemies, shall continue to love and pray for you.

“PETER BOHLER.”

financial agents, and that, in order to revive his “drooping spirits,” in reference to the Moravian debts, Bohler requested him to come to his house in “Nevil’s Alley, Fetter Lane.” After much persuasion, Bell came, and “was introduced into a hall, where was placed an artificial mountain, which, upon singing a particular verse, was made to fall down; and then, behind it, was discovered an illumination, representing Jesus Christ and Mr. Bell, sitting near each other, while, out of the clouds, was represented plenty of money falling round about them.” It is notable

that Bohler, in his letter, does not deny the actual occurrence of the artificial mountain scene.”

306

To say the least, this is an odd, evasive letter, unworthy of the man who had taught the Wesleys the way of salvation by faith in Jesus Christ. Zinzendorf's is no better:—

“May 8, 1753.

“REV. SIR,—As I read no newspapers, I knew nothing of your ‘Expostulatory Letter,’ till a worthy clergyman of the Church of England communicated to me his copy but yesterday.

“You are a preacher, I suppose, of Christ; therefore, though you are, it seems, an utter stranger to me, you may guess why you see no reply to your letter.

“In private, I tell you so much, that you are mistaken in the chief point you urge with more zeal than knowledge.

“As yet, I owe not a farthing of the £40,000 you are pleased to tell me of; and, if your precipitate officiousness should save me and those foreigners, you forewarn so compassionately, from that debt, your zeal would prove very fatal to the English friends you pity, it seems, no less than the German.

“As for the distinction in the dress of our women, pray consider that St. Paul has thought it worth his while to make certain regulations about the head-dress; and you may remain more quiet, as you have no notion what our ordinances are.

“If some brethren, in their Easter Liturgy, make use of French-horns, (which they are to answer for, not I, for my chapel has none,) let the synod consider of it.

“I have not seen the pamphlet you tell us of. It is dedicated to the Archbishop, you say. If the author got the permission of his Grace fairly, then the thing is serious indeed; yet, I shall have nothing to say to Mr. Rimius.

“I make but one observation for your good, sir. Are you sure that all the quotations out of the Bible are true? If so, is it possible that the interpretations, which some eighty different sects of Christians give to the passages in which they oppose each other, can be the true meaning of the author? Are all those which are made out of your own books to be depended upon? For my own part, I find that the single passage you borrow from Mr. Rimius is an imposition upon the public, as gross as if

St. Paul, when he says, 'We have but one God the Father,' etc., should be charged with denying the divinity of Jesus. As thousands of our people are satisfied, that I oppose that meaning of the said quotation, with all my credit in the Church; and have supported my opposition, with all my substance and that of my family, above these thirty years; and will continue so long as I have a shirt left; what must they think when they see my book quoted in that manner?' I add no more.

¹ Rimius's quotation from Zinzendorf's book was, "The *Economists* of the Society may say to a rich young man, 'Either give us all thou hast, or get thee gone.'"

307

"As your heart is not prepared to love me, nor your understanding to listen to my reasons, I wish you well, sir, and am your loving friend,

"LOUIS."¹

These were unsatisfactory and discreditable letters, and not at all an answer to Whitefield's charges. The truth is, a satisfactory answer was impossible. There can be no question, that the Moravians had begun to practise a *ritualism* the most silly; and that their expenditure had brought them to the very verge of bankruptcy and disgraceful ruin.²

It would be wearisome and unprofitable to pursue the subject. Suffice it to say, that, in the month of November, 1753, a pamphlet, of forty-three pages, was published with the following uncouth title: "He who is a Minister of the Gospel, and highly esteems the Sufferings of the Lamb, his Introduction to the Method or Way of the Evangelical Church of the Brethren in dealing with Souls. To which is prefixed, A short Answer to Mr. Rimius's long uncandid Narrative. And a Lesson for Mr. Whitefield to read before his Congregation." The bulk of the pamphlet was a translation of Zinzendorf's German treatise, entitled, "Method with Souls," etc., and requires no attention; but that section of it which relates to Whitefield may be quoted:—

"If Mr. Whitefield had been more acquainted with the customs of the primitive Christians, he need not have asked, 'Did the primitive Christians visit the graves of the deceased?'

"As to the illuminations, they are no part of the worship, and cannot concern him.

“As to their debts, he has no business to trouble himself about them.

¹ Hutton's Memoirs, pp. 304–306.

² In 1755, Zinzendorf and James Hutton, his editor, published in two parts, making together more than 200 octavo pages, an amusing, but extremely foolish, answer to the accusations brought against the Moravians by Whitefield and others. The following was the confused title, punctuation and italics not excepted:—“An Exposition, or True State, of the Matters objected to in *England* to the People known by the name of *Unitas Fratrum*: In which, *Facts* are related as they are; the true *Readings* and sense of *Books*, said to be his, (which have been laid to his Charge sometimes without sufficient Proof that they were so, and been moreover perverted and curtailed) are restored; *Principles* are laid down as they ought, fairly; the *Practice*, as it has been, is at present, and is intended for the future, is owned. By the *Ordinary* of the Brethren. The *Notes* and *Additions*, by the *Editor*. London: printed for J. Robinson, in Ludgate Street. 1755.” This was an odd production; but no good end would be answered by quotations from it.

308

He will never be asked to pay them; for he, among the Brethren, to whom the Lord has been most bountiful, has taken upon himself to discharge them.

“As his intelligence has been from such as St. Paul distinguishes by the name of false brethren, any man, possessed of common sense, may know what regard it deserves.

“One fault among the Brethren is, that they do not abound with charity sermons, and look sharp after the plate, as is done he knows where and by whom.

“By this time, I doubt not, Mr. Whitefield is able to answer his own queries; and, I hope, wishes he had taken Paul's advice to Timothy: ‘Foolish and unlearned *questions* avoid, knowing that they do gender strifes.’”

On the other side, there was published a pamphlet, whose title will convey an idea of its contents:—“A true and authentic Account of Andrew Frey; containing the occasion of his coming among the Hernhuters, or Moravians; his Observations on their Conferences, Casting Lots, Marriages, Festivals, Merriments, Celebrations of Birth-days, Impious Doctrines, and Fantastic Practices, Abuse of Charitable Contributions, Linen Images, Ostentatious Profuseness, and Rancour against any who in the least differ from them; and the Reasons for which he left them; together with the

Motives for publishing this Account. Faithfully translated from the German.”¹

All this disreputable contention prepared the way for Bishop Lavington to publish, two years afterwards, his “Moravians Compared and Detected.” (8vo. 180 pp.)

It is time to return to Whitefield’s gospel wanderings, and correspondence.

About the middle of the month of May, he left London for a tour in Wales, and made “a circuit of about seven hundred miles.”² He preached above twenty times, at Narberth, Pembroke, Haverfordwest, and other places; and was again in London on the 7th of June. The Moravian controversy filled his mind and crushed his heart. To his old secretary, John Syms, who had joined the Moravians,

¹ Under the date of “November 3, 1753,” Wesley wrote: “I read Andrew Frey’s Reasons for leaving the Brethren. Most of what he says, I knew before; yet I cannot speak of them in the manner in which he does: I pity them too much to be bitter against them.”

² Whitefield’s Works, vol. iii., p. 16.

309

and who had basely threatened a revelation of some of Whitefield’s secret affairs, he wrote:—

“HAVERFORDWEST, *May 27, 1753.*

“MY DEAR MAN,—Though my wife has not forwarded the letter, she says you have sent me a threatening one. I thank you for it, though unseen, and say unto thee, if thou art thus minded, ‘What thou doest, do quickly.’ Blessed be God, I am ready to receive the most traitorous blow, and to confess, before God and man, all my weaknesses and failings, whether in public or private life. I laid my account of such treatment, before I published my ‘Expostulatory Letter.’ Your writing in such a manner convinces me more and more, that Moravianism leads men to break through the most sacred ties of nature, friendship, and disinterested love.

“My wife says, you write, that, ‘*I am drunk with power and approbation.*’ Wast thou with me so long, my dear man, and hast thou not known me better? What power didst thou know me ever to grasp at? or, what power am I now invested with? None, that I know of, except that of being a poor pilgrim. As for approbation, God knows, I have had little else besides the cross to glory in, since my first setting out. May that be my glory still!

“My wife says, you write, that: I promised not to print.’ I remember no such thing. I know you advised me not to do so, but I know of no promise made. If I rightly remember, I had not then read Rimius; but, after that, I both heard and saw so many things, that I could not, with a safe conscience, be silent.

“My wife says, you write, ‘the bulk of my letter is not truth.’ So says Mr. Peter Bohler; nay, he says, ‘it is all a lie;’ and, I hear, he declares so in the pulpit; so that, whether I will or not, he obliges me to clear myself in print. If he goes on in this manner, he will not only constrain me to print a third edition, but also to publish a dreadful heap that remains behind. My answers to him, the Count, and my old friend Hutton, are almost ready. I cannot send them this post, but may have time before long.

“O, my dear man, let me tell thee, that the God of truth and love hates lies. That cause can never be good, that needs equivocations and falsehoods to support it. You shall have none from me. I have naked truth. I write out of pure love. The Lord Jesus only knows what unspeakable grief I feel, when I think how many of my friends have so involved themselves. If anything stops my pen, it will be concern for them, not myself. I value neither name nor life itself, when the cause of God calls me to venture both. Thanks be to His great name, I can truly say, that, for many years past, no sin has had dominion over me; neither have I slept with the guilt of any known, unrepented sin lying upon my heart.

“I wish thee well in body and soul, and subscribe myself, my dear John, your very affectionate, though injured, friend for Christ’s sake,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”

310

To another friend, Whitefield wrote as follows:—

“LONDON, *June 8, 1753.*

“Mr. S— can tell you what concern the Brethren’s awful conduct has given me. Surely, if the Redeemer had not supported me, I should, within these two months, have died of grief. But I will say no more; Jesus knows all things. He will not long bear with guile. I and the Messrs. Wesley are very friendly. I like them, because they let the world see what they are at once. I suspect something wrong, when so much Secresy is required.”

Two days after writing this, Whitefield opened his new Tabernacle, on which occasion he preached, in the morning, from Solomon’s prayer at the dedication of the temple; and,

in the evening, from 1 Chron. xxix. 9: "Then the people rejoiced, for that they offered willingly, because with perfect heart they offered willingly to the Lord: and David the king also rejoiced with great joy." It is needless to add, that the building "was crowded almost to suffocation in every part."¹

The Tabernacle being built and opened, Whitefield felt himself at liberty to "take the field." Accordingly, on June 20, he started off to Portsmouth, where he spent about a week. Having fulfilled his mission there, he set out for the north of England. He had "two good meetings" at Olney. At Northampton, "several thousands attended." Leicester was "a cold place; but the people stood very attentive, and some were affected." At Nottingham, "a great multitude came to hear, but a son of Belial endeavoured to disturb them." At Sheffield, he had "two good meetings," and a congregation "consisting of several thousands." At Rotherham, "after preaching, a young man was set at liberty, who had been groaning under the spirit of bondage for four years." At Leeds, thousands attended daily; and, on the Lord's-day, it was computed that near twenty thousand were present." At Birstal² and Bradford, "many thousands flocked together."

¹ "Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon," vol. i., p. 203.

² Benjamin Rhodes, now a boy of eleven years of age, but afterwards one of the best of Wesley's itinerant preachers, was present at Birstal. He writes: "I went with my father to Birstal to hear Mr. Whitefield. I found my soul deeply affected under the word. At first, I had a kind of

311

"At York," he says, "I preached four times; twice we were disturbed, and twice we had sweet seasons." Thus did he preach all the way from London to Newcastle where he arrived on Saturday, July 14. Three days afterwards, he wrote to the Countess of Huntingdon:—

"NEWCASTLE, *July 17, 1753.*

"I wrote to your ladyship just before I set out for Portsmouth, and thought to have written again at my return, but was hindered by staying only one night in London. Ever since, I have been on the range for lost sinners; and, blessed be God! I have been much owned

by Him who delights to work by the meanest instruments. Sometimes I have scarce known whether I have been in heaven or on earth. I came hither on Saturday, and have preached seven times, and once at Sunderland, where a great multitude attended, and were deeply impressed. At five in the morning, the great room¹ is filled; and, on the Lord's-day, the congregation out of doors was great indeed. Surely the shout of a King has been amongst us. All is harmony and love. I am now going to a place called Sheep-hill, and shall return to preach here again in the evening. To-morrow I set forward to Scotland. This maybe communicated to Mr. Charles Wesley, to whom I would write if I had time."

The *Scots' Magazine* for 1753 (p. 361) says:—

"Mr. George Whitefield arrived at Edinburgh July 20th; went thence to Glasgow on the 27th; returned to Edinburgh August 3rd; and set out for London on the 7th. He preached daily, morning and evening, when at Edinburgh, in the Orphan Hospital Park; and, when at Glasgow, in the Castle-yard, to numerous audiences. In his sermons at Glasgow, he declaimed warmly against a play-house, lately erected within the enclosure in which he preached. The consequence was, that, before his departure, workmen were employed to take it down, to prevent its being done by ruder hands."

Whitefield went to Scotland, not with his usual buoyancy. Under date of "Edinburgh, July 21," he wrote:—

"The inward discouragements I have felt against coming to Scotland have been many. I have left a people full of fire. Thousands and thousands flocked to hear the glorious gospel. I have heard of awakenings in every place. Saints have been revived, and heaven, as it were, has come down on earth. We have enjoyed perpetual Cambuslang seasons. My heart is quite broken to think poor Scotland is so dead.

terror; but, before the sermon was ended, my heart was melted into tenderness, and sweetly drawn after God." (*Arminian Magazine*, 1779, p. 358.)

¹ No doubt Wesley's old chapel, the Orphan House.

312

He, however, plunged into his work, and not without Age 38 success. In another letter, dated "Glasgow, July 25, 1753," he says:—

"Yesterday, I was enabled to preach five times, and, I suppose, the last time to near twenty thousand. At Edinburgh, I preached twice every day to many thousands, among whom were many of the noble and polite.

Attention sits on the faces of all; and friends come round me, like so many bees, to importune me for one week's longer stay in Scotland."

As already stated, Whitefield started, from Edinburgh to London, on Tuesday, August 7th. On Wednesday, he preached at Berwick, and again on Thursday morning. On Thursday night, he arrived at Alnwick, and "it being the time of the races," he preached on the words, "So run that ye may obtain." He writes:—

"Whilst I was discoursing, the gentlemen came down from the race, and surrounded the congregation, and heard very attentively. The next morning, at five, I preached again; and, about noon, at a place called Placey; and, in the evening, about nine, at Newcastle, where a great number expected me, and my text was, 'At midnight, a cry was made, Behold, the Bridegroom cometh.'

On the Sunday following, he wrote to Mr. Gillies, of Glasgow:—

"I am to preach three times every day this week. This promise supports me—'As thy day is, so shall thy strength be.' By the enclosed, you will see the devil owes me a grudge for what was done at Glasgow. Would it not be proper to insert a paragraph to contradict it?"

Next day, August 13th, he wrote to another friend:—

"My route is now fixed. After preaching here" (Newcastle) "and hereabouts three times each day, I am to leave this place on Thursday; to be at Stockton on Sunday; at Osmotherley on Monday noon; lie at Top-cliff, and reach York, by way of Boroughbridge, on Tuesday next; and then come forwards to Leeds.

"I could not finish this letter last night. It is now Tuesday morning. Surely heaven came down amongst us, under the last evening's preaching. It was almost too much for my body. I must away to Horsley to preach, from whence I am to return here to preach again this evening. Thrice a day tries me, but in the Lord have I righteousness and strength. If you hear of a mob being raised, by my preaching, at Glasgow, assure your friends there was none; but Satan owes me a grudge for speaking against the play-house."

It is important to bear in mind, that, at nearly all, if not actually all, the places in the north of England, where Whitefield preached, there were meeting-houses and Societies belonging to his friend Wesley. In truth, whatever might

be the case in London, Whitefield, in the country, was Wesley's fellow-labourer. There was no formal and avowed union between the two, and, on some important doctrines, they differed; but wherever Whitefield went, Wesley's people were prepared to welcome him; and he was equally prepared to do them all the good he could.¹ Osmotherley² is mentioned in the foregoing extract. This was a small moorland village, quite out of Whitefield's way to London, and difficult of access; but one of Wesley's Societies had been formed even here, and they were about to erect a chapel. On no other ground, except that Whitefield, without professing it, was acting as Wesley's lieutenant, is it possible to account for Whitefield's visits to places like Osmotherley, Placey, Horsley, Sheephill, Stockton, and others which might be mentioned.

The mob at Glasgow has been named. The explanation is, the proprietor of a play-house was supposed to be so affected by Whitefield's preaching, that he, at once, began to take down the roof of his edifice. Either through malice or misinformation, several of the newspapers of the day represented this as being done by a mob, under the exciting influence of Whitefield's ministry.³ Whitefield had

¹ When he had a chance, Wesley reciprocated this. Under the date of "August 14th, 1753," the very time when Whitefield was preaching in the "Orphan House" at Newcastle, Wesley wrote: "I willingly accepted the offer of preaching in the house lately built for Mr. Whitefield, at Plymouth Dock. Thus it behoveth us to trample on bigotry and party zeal. Ought not all who love God to love one another?" (Wesley's Works, vol. ii., p. 287.)

² The original Society Book of the Osmotherley Methodists still exists, and contains the following entry: "1753. August 21st. Mr. George Whitefield preached here in the evening." From a manuscript "History of Methodism in Barnardcastle, it appears that, at this time, Whitefield a so paid a visit there. On arriving, he enquired if there were any religious persons in the town. "Yes," was the prompt reply, "There are the *Lilty Pattens*"—a nickname given to the Barnardcastle Methodists, from the circumstance that they went to their meeting-house in *pattens*. He preached in a yard, out of the Horse Market, from Ezekiel xxxiii. 11.

³ The *Newcastle Journal*, of August 11, 1753, contained a paragraph to this effect.

been so often mobbed himself, that he had no wish to be announced as allied to mobs. Hence, before he left New-

castle, he wrote the following letter, which was printed, by the publishers, in the *Newcastle Journal*:—

“NEWCASTLE, August 17, 1753.

“GENTLEMEN,—By your last Saturday’s paper, I find that some Edinburgh correspondent has informed you, that, when I was preaching at Glasgow on the 2nd inst., to a numerous audience, near the play-house lately built, I inflamed the mob so much against it, that they ran directly from before me, and pulled it down to the ground; and that several of the rioters, since then, have been taken up, and committed to jail. But, I assure you, this is mere slander and misinformation. It is true, indeed, that I was preaching at Glasgow, to a numerous auditory, at the beginning of this month; and that I thought it my duty to shew the evil of having a play-house erected in a trading city—almost, too, before the very door of the university. And this, by the help of God, if called to it, I should do again. But that I inflamed the mob, or that they ran directly from me, and pulled the play-house down, or that the rioters were taken up and put into prison, is entirely false.

“I suppose all this took its rise from the builder taking down the roof of the house himself. You must know that the walls of this play-house were part of the old palace of the Bishop of Glasgow, and only had a board covering put upon them during the time of the players being there. They being gone, the owner (whether convinced by anything that was said, I cannot tell) began to take off the roof several days before I left that place; so that, if there had been any riot, doubtless I should have seen it.

“No, gentlemen, your correspondent may assure himself that I am too much a friend to my God, my king, and my country, to encourage any such thing. I know of no such means of reformation, either in church or state. The weapons of a Christian’s warfare are not carnal. And therefore, if you please to inform the public and your Edinburgh correspondent of the mistake, in to-morrow’s paper, you will oblige, Gentlemen,

“Your very humble servant,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”

On leaving Newcastle, Whitefield continued to visit towns and villages, where Wesley had formed Societies, and everywhere his gigantic labours were attended with marvellous success. The following extracts from two letters to the Countess of Huntingdon will convey an idea of the scenes he witnessed:—

“YORK, *September 11, 1753.*

“Last Saturday, I returned to Leeds, whence I had been absent a fortnight. What the glorious Emmanuel gave us to see and feel, is inex-

315

pressible. What a sacrament at Haworth! We used thirty-five bottles of wine on the occasion. I have been as far as Bolton, Manchester, and Stockport. At the last place, so much of the Divine presence came amongst us, that it was almost too much for our frail natures to bear. Everywhere the congregations looked like swarms of bees; and the more I preached, the more eager they seemed to be. At Birstal, last Lord’s-day, there were near twenty thousand; and, on Monday morning, the parting at Leeds was the most affecting I ever saw. Last night, I came hither, and preached with quietness. This morning, I am setting out for Lincolnshire. Besides travelling, I have been enabled to preach thrice a day frequently. I hear of scores of souls who have been awakened. They tell me that a hundred have been added to the Sunderland Society.¹ Never did I see the work more promising. God be merciful to me a sinner, and give me an humble, thankful heart!”

“LONDON, *September 26, 1753.*

“Yesterday, the good and never-failing Redeemer brought me and mine to London, where I expect to stay only a few days. During the last three months, I have been enabled to travel about twelve hundred miles, and to preach about one hundred and eighty sermons, to many, very many, thousands of souls. More glorious seasons I never saw. My last excursion has been to York, Lincolnshire, Rotherham, Sheffield, Nottingham, and Northampton, where, I believe, near ten thousand came to hear last Lord’s-day.”

Though Whitefield had built and opened his new Tabernacle, he was not inclined to “*nestle*” in it. Within ten days after his arrival in London, he resumed his itinerancy. On Saturday, October 6th, he had “a blessed season at Olney;” and, next day, “two glorious opportunities” at Northampton. On Monday, October 8th, he preached at Oxenden and Bosworth; on Tuesday, at Kettering and Bedford; and on Wednesday, at Bedford and Olney. He then set out for Staffordshire, and preached “at Birmingham and several adjacent places.” Three weeks after his departure from London, he wrote as follows:—

“WOLVERHAMPTON, *October 27, 1753.*

“My last, I think, was from Nantwich. Since then, I have been breaking up new ground.² I have preached four times at Alraham, in

¹ This was one of Wesley’s Societies. In fact, Whitefield’s former friends, the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists, had no Societies in the north of England; nor had Whitefield himself.

² This is only true in the sense that Whitefield had not been in this part of the kingdom until now. John Bennet and others had already formed Methodist Societies in all the places mentioned, except, perhaps, Wrexham.

316

Cheshire, where the Lord was with us of a truth; and where He had prepared my way, by blessing several of my poor writings. At Chester, I preached four times; a great concourse attended; all was quiet;¹ several of the clergy were present; and the word came with power. I have since heard that the most noted rebel in the town was brought under deep conviction, and could not sleep night or day. At Liverpool, the way was equally prepared. A person, who had been wrought on by some of my printed sermons, met me at landing, and took me to his house.² A great number, at a short notice, were convened; all were quiet; and some came under immediate conviction. Wrexham has been a rude place; and, upon my coming there, the town was alarmed, and several thousands came to hear. Some of the baser sort made a great noise, and threw stones, but none touched me, and, I trust, our Lord got Himself the victory. The next day, near Alraham, we had another heaven upon earth. The morning after, I intended to preach near Nantwich, where a Methodist meeting-house has lately been pulled down. Here Satan roared. The mob pelted Mr. D—³ and others much, but I got off pretty free, and had opportunity of preaching quietly a little out of town. Last night, I preached here, in the dark, to a great number of hearers. I am now bound for Wednesbury, Dudley, and Kidderminster.”

Eleven days after writing this, Whitefield had returned to London; but, two days afterwards, he was off to Gloucester, and the west of England. The following was addressed to the Rev. Mr. Gillies, of Glasgow, who had requested him to point out those parts of his Journals which it might be desirable to insert in the “Historical Collections,” then in course of preparation for the press:—

“GLOUCESTER, *November 16, 1753.*

“REVEREND AND VERY DEAR SIR,—I received your kind letter, and would have sent the Journals immediately, but knew not how. My wife promised to embrace the first opportunity that offered; and I hope, ere

long, they will come safe to hand. As for my pointing out particular passages, it is impracticable. I have neither leisure nor inclination so to do. My doings and writings appear to me in so mean a light, that I think they deserve no other treatment than to be buried in eternal oblivion.

“Great things were done in and about Newcastle; but far greater did we see afterwards in Yorkshire, Lancashire, etc. Since then, I have been another tour, and have preached at Liverpool, Chester, Coventry, Birmingham, Dudley, Wednesbury, Kidderminster, Northampton, Bedford, etc.

¹ Twelve months before, when Wesley was at Chester, there was great disturbance; and, a few days after his departure, the mob destroyed his meeting-house.

² Probably this was John Newton, then a tidewaiter at Liverpool, but afterwards curate of Olney, and rector of St. Mary, Woolnoth, London.

³ Probably William Darney, one of Wesley’s itinerants.

317

At present, I am in my native county, where the Lord has given us several precious meetings. After a few days’ sojourning here, I am bound for Bristol and Plymouth; and, in about three weeks, I purpose to betake myself to my winter quarters.”

Whitefield arrived at Bristol on November 19th, and wrote, as follows, to Thomas Adams:—

“BRISTOL, *November 21, 1753.*

“Never before had I such freedom in Gloucestershire. Showers of blessings descended from above. I came here on Monday evening, and to my great disappointment, found that the new Tabernacle is not finished, so that I know not well what to do. However, we had a good time last night at the Hall.

“Your motion to go to Norwich, I much approve of. Whatever others design, that is nothing to us. Simplicity and godly sincerity will carry all before them in the end. O that the sons of Zeruiah could be persuaded to let us alone! But how then should we be able to approve ourselves sons of David? By thorns and briars, the old man must be scratched to death. O this crucifixion work! Lord Jesus, help us to go through with it! He will, He will. I commend thee and thine to His almighty protection and never-failing mercy; and remain, my very dear man,

“Yours most affectionately,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”

A word of explanation. After the termination of James Wheatley's ministry at Norwich, it became a serious question who was to occupy his Tabernacle there. The Society he had gathered was composed of persons far from perfect. Considerable wrangling ensued; but, until 1758, the Norwich Tabernacle was chiefly supplied by the preachers connected with Whitefield's Tabernacle in Moorfields. It then passed into the hands of Wesley; who, in 1763, gave it up as a hopeless undertaking. For twelve years after that, it was occupied by the Rev. John Hook, grandfather of the Rev. Dr. Hook, Dean of Worcester, and of Theodore Hook, the celebrated novelist. In 1775, James Wheatley let it to Lady Huntingdon, at an annual rent of £40. It is not necessary to pursue its history further.¹

Then, in reference to the Bristol Tabernacle. Almost from the commencement of their career, the followers of Whitefield and of Wesley had held separate services at Bristol. Wesley had had a chapel there ever since the year

¹ "Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon," vol. ii., p. 343.

318

1739. Up to the present, Whitefield had none. Considering the peculiar position held by Whitefield, as belonging to no party and yet the friend of all, it is difficult to imagine why he now sanctioned the erection of a chapel for himself, except that he and his special adherents were well aware, that many, belonging to the upper classes of society, who were in the habit of visiting the Hotwells, would not attend Wesley's meeting-house, but would be likely to sit under the more popular ministry of his friend Whitefield. Be that as it may, the Countess of Huntingdon exerted her influence to obtain the necessary funds for a new erection. Lord Chesterfield sent her £20;¹ but added, "I must beg *my name* not to appear *in any way*. Lady Chesterfield is active among her friends, and, I doubt not, you will reap the benefit of her solicitations." The Earl of Bath sent £50, and said, "It gives me unfeigned pleasure to hear of the good effects of Mr. Whitefield's preaching at Bristol, and amongst the colliers." The result of Lady Huntingdon's efforts was,

the new Tabernacle was now nearly completed, and Whitefield had come to open it.² The dedication services were held on Sunday, November 25th.³ Hence the following letter to a friend:—

“BRISTOL. *December 1, 1753.*

“We have enjoyed much of God at Bristol. Twice I preached in my brother’s great house to the quality, amongst whom was one of Caesar’s household.⁴ On Sunday last, I opened the new Tabernacle. It is large, but not half large enough. Would the place contain them, I believe near as many would attend as do in London.”

¹ It is a curious fact that this remarkable man was sometimes almost fascinated by Whitefield’s preaching. On one occasion, when the great preacher was representing the sinner under the figure of a blind beggar, whose dog had broken from him, and who was groping on the brink of a precipice, over which he stepped, and was lost, Chesterfield was so excited by the graphic description, that he bounded from his seat, and exclaimed, “By heavens, the beggar’s gone.” It is also related, that when it was proposed in the Privy Council that some method should be used to stop Whitefield’s preaching, Chesterfield, who was present, turned upon his heels, and said, “Make him a bishop, and you will silence him at once.”

² “Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon,” vol. ii., pp. 378–380.

³ The centenary services of this venerable edifice were held on November 25th, 1853, when a sermon was preached by the Rev. John Angel James, and addresses were delivered by the Revs. G. Smith, Henry Quick, J. Glanville, and Dr. Joseph Beaumont; the whole of which were published, in a 12mo. volume of 159 pages.

⁴ Mrs. Grinfield, one of the ladies who attended on Queen Caroline.

319

This is all that Whitefield has recorded concerning the consecration of the Bristol Tabernacle. The day after its opening, he set out on a preaching tour in Somersetshire; but says:—

“The weather was so violent, and my call to London likely to be so speedy, that I turned back. On Tuesday, at seven in the evening, I preached in the open air to a great multitude. All was hushed and exceeding solemn. The stars shone very bright, and my hands and body were pierced with cold; but what are outward things, when the soul within is warmed with the love of God?”

While Whitefield was opening the Bristol Tabernacle, Wesley was seized with an illness, which all his friends expected to prove fatal. Just at the same time, the wife of Charles Wesley caught the small-pox at Bristol, and was in

the greatest danger. Between this excellent lady and the Countess of Huntingdon there existed a close intimacy and friendship; and, whenever the Countess was in Bristol, Charles Wesley and his wife always received a warm welcome to her house. Charles was now in London, visiting his apparently dying brother; but was greatly needed by his wife in Bristol. In this emergency, Lady Huntingdon hurried Whitefield to the metropolis, to enable Charles Wesley to pay a visit to his seemingly dying wife.¹ This brief statement will help to explain the following beautifully pathetic letters, written by Whitefield, at this afflictive period. The first was probably addressed to the noted Methodist at Leeds, William Shent:—

“BRISTOL, *December 3, 1753.*

“I have been preaching the last week in Somersetshire. The fire there warmed and inflamed me, though I preached in the open air on Tuesday evening at seven o’clock, as well as on Wednesday and Thursday. I purposed to go as far as Plymouth, but Providence has brought me back, and I am now hastening to London, to pay my last respects to my dying friend. It may be, that shortly Mr. John Wesley will be no more. The physicians think his disease a galloping consumption. I pity the Church; I pity myself; but not him. We must stay behind in this cold climate, whilst he takes his flight to a radiant throne. Poor Mr. Charles will now have double work.”

On the same day, Whitefield wrote to both the Wesleys.

¹ “Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon,” vol. ii., p. 381.

320

The first of the ensuing letters was addressed to Charles; the second to John.

“BRISTOL, *December 3, 1753.*

“Being unexpectedly brought back from Somersetshire, and hearing you are gone on such a mournful errand, I cannot help sending after you a few sympathising lines. The Lord help and support you! May a double spirit of the ascending Elijah descend and rest on the surviving Elisha! Now is the time to prove the strength of Jesus yours. A wife, a friend, and brother, ill together! Well, this is our comfort, all things shall work together for good to those that love God.

“If you think proper, be pleased to deliver the enclosed. It is written out of the fulness of my heart. To-morrow, I leave Bristol, and purpose reaching London on Saturday. Glad shall I be to reach heaven first; but faith and patience hold out a little longer. Yet a little while, and we shall be all together with our common Lord. I commend you to His everlasting love, and am, my dear friend, with much sympathy, yours, etc.,

“G. WHITEFIELD.”

“BRISTOL, *December 3, 1753.*

“REVEREND AND VERY DEAR SIR,—If seeing you so very weak, when leaving London, distressed me, the news and prospect of your approaching dissolution have quite weighed me down. I pity myself and the Church, but not you. A radiant throne awaits you, and, ere long, you will enter into your Master’s joy. Yonder He stands with a massy crown, ready to put it on your head, amidst an admiring throng of saints and angels; but I, poor I, who have been waiting for my dissolution these nineteen years, must be left behind, to grovel here below! Well, this is my comfort, it cannot be long ere the chariots will be sent even for worthless me. If prayers can detain them, even you, reverend and very dear sir, shall not leave us yet; but, if the decree is gone forth, that you must now fall asleep in Jesus, may He kiss your soul away, and give you to die in the embraces of triumphant love! If in the land of the dying, I hope to pay my last respects to you next week. If not, reverend and very dear sir, F-a-r-e-w-e-ll! *Ipse sequar, etsi non passibus aequis.* My heart is too big; fears trickle down too fast; and you, I fear, are too weak for me to enlarge. Underneath you may there be Christ’s everlasting arms! I commend you to His never-failing mercy, and am, reverend and very dear sir, your most affectionate, sympathising, and afflicted younger brother, in the gospel of our common Lord,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”¹

Ten days later, Whitefield wrote again to Charles Wesley, as follows:—

“LONDON, *December 13, 1753.*

“MY DEAR FRIEND,—The Searcher of hearts alone knows the sympathy

¹ *Arminian Magazine*, 1779, p. 318.

I have felt for you and yours; and in what suspense my mind has been concerning the event of your present circumstances. I pray and enquire,

and enquire and pray again; always expecting to hear the worst. Ere this can reach you, I expect the lot will be cast, either for life or death. I long to hear, that I may partake, like a friend, either of your joy or sorrow. Blessed be God for the promise, whereby we are assured that all things work together for good to those who love Him! This may make us, at least, resigned, when called to part with our Isaacs. But who knows the pain of parting, when the wife and the friend are conjoined? To have the desire of one's eyes cut off with a stroke, what but grace, omnipotent grace, can enable us to bear it? But who knows? perhaps the threatened stroke may be recalled; and my dear friend enjoy his dear yoke-fellow's company a little longer. Surely the Lord of all lords is preparing you for further usefulness by these complex trials. We must be purged, if we would bring forth more fruit.

“Your brother, I hear, is better. To-day I intended to have seen him; but Mr. Blackwell sent me word, he thought he would be out for the air. I hope Mr. Hutchinson¹ is better. But I can scarce mention anybody now, but dear Mrs. Wesley. Pray let me know how it goes with you. My wife truly joins in sympathy and love. Night and day indeed you are remembered by, my dear friend, yours, etc.,

“G. WHITEFIELD.”²

A week afterwards, Whitefield wrote another letter to his beloved friend, full of jubilant thankfulness that the health of the afflicted ones was improving.

“LONDON, *December 20, 1753.*

“MY DEAR FRIEND,—I most sincerely rejoice, and have given private and public thanks, for the recovery of your dear yoke-fellow. My pleasure is increased by seeing your brother so well, as I found him on Tuesday at Lewisham. O that you may both spring afresh, and your latter end increase more and more! Talk not of having no more work to do in the vineyard! I hope all our work is but just beginning. I am sure it is high time for me to do something for Him who has done and suffered so much for me. Near forty years old, and such a dwarf! The winter come already, and so little done in the summer! I am ashamed, I blush,

¹ A Methodist from Leeds,—one of Charles Wesley's most devoted friends. When Charles was summoned to London, on account of his brother's illness, Mr. Hutchinson, who was staying at Bristol, for the benefit of his health, resolutely determined to bear him company. He died, at Leeds, seven months after this, on which occasion Charles Wesley composed two beautiful hymns. In a letter to his wife, dated “Leeds,” Charles exclaims, with his characteristic ardour, “I have been crying in the chamber whence my John Hutchinson ascended. My heart is full of

him, and I miss him every moment; but he is at rest." (C. Wesley's Journal.)

² "Life of C. Wesley," vol. ii., p. 33; and Whitefield's Works, vol. iii., p. 45.

322

and am confounded. And yet, God blesseth us here. Truly, His out-goings are seen in the Tabernacle. The top-stone is brought forth: we will now cry, 'Grace! grace!' I must away. Our joint respects attend you all. I hope Mr. Hutchinson mends. I hear his brother is dead. My most dutiful respects await our elect lady."¹

These touching letters not only exhibit the warm friendship existing between Whitefield and the two Wesleys, but also unfold the tenderness of Whitefield's feelings, and his profound sympathy with distress. Many others might have been inserted, as illustrative of the same moral excellencies; but, for want of space, they have been excluded.

Mrs. Grinfield, one of the ladies at the court of King George II., has been mentioned, as having been greatly blessed by Whitefield's ministry. On his return to London, Whitefield visited her; and wrote as follows to the Countess of Huntingdon:—

"LONDON, *December 15, 1753.*

"Yesterday morning, I obeyed your ladyship's commands, and carried the enclosed to Mrs. Grinfield, at St. James's Palace. I was much satisfied with my visit, and am much rejoiced to find that she seems resolved to shew out at once. The court, I believe, rings of her, and, if she stands, I trust she will make a glorious martyr for her blessed Lord. Oh that your ladyship could see your way clear to come up! Now seems to be the time for a fresh stir. Few have either courage or conduct to head a Christian party amongst persons of high life. That honour seems to be put upon your ladyship,—and a glorious honour it is.

"On Tuesday, I am to dine with Mr. John Wesley, who was yesterday, for a few minutes, at the Foundery; but, I hear, his lungs are touched. I cannot wish him to survive his usefulness. It is poor living to be nursed; but our Lord knows what is best for His children. I wish I might have the use of West Street Chapel once or twice a week. Many want to hear at that end of the town. The Messrs. Wesley are quite welcome to all the help I can give them."

At Christmas, Whitefield's old friend, the Rev. Gilbert Tennent, and the great Virginian preacher, the Rev. Samuel

Davies, came to England, as a deputation, to solicit subscriptions for the new college, founded by Governor Belcher, at Princeton. Their mission was an important one. The Presbyterian churches in the six colonies of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and Carolina were

¹ "Life of C. Wesley," vol. ii., p. 33.

323

looking to this college for their future supply of ministers.¹ Under such circumstances, and quite apart from the respect which Whitefield felt for Governor Belcher, the errand of the two American ministers was sure to have his sympathy and help. He wrote a recommendatory letter to the Marquis of Lothian, and, through him, introduced the strangers to the Presbyterians of Scotland. The result of their visit was, they obtained contributions from England and Scotland, which "amply enabled the trustees to erect a convenient edifice for the accommodation of the students, and to lay a foundation for a fund for the support of necessary instructors."²

Whitefield refers to this in the following letter to the Rev. Mr. Gillies, of Glasgow:—

"LONDON, *December 27, 1753.*

"Reverend and very dear Sir,—I am surprised to find, by your last kind letter, that my poor Journals are not come to hand. My wife informs me that they were sent to one Mr. E—, who was to send off goods the very next day.

"Perhaps it will please you to hear that Messrs. Tennent and Davies supped with me last night. May the good Lord prosper the work of their hands! I hope they will be introduced soon to the Marquis of Lothian, and, by him, to Lord Leven. I shall help them all I can. At the great day, all things will be laid open.³

"Would you think it, I am this day thirty-nine years of age.⁴ Did not

¹ Hodge's "Presbyterian Church in the United States," part ii., p. 243.

² *Ibid.*

³ Mr. Davies kept a diary, from which the following extract is made:—"Wednesday, Dec. 26, 1753. Mr. Whitefield having sent us an invitation to make his house our home during our stay here, we were perplexed what to do, lest we should blast the success of our mission among the Dissenters, who are generally disaffected to him. W^fe at length concluded, with the advice of our friends and his, that a public intercourse with him would be

imprudent in our present situation; and we visited him privately this evening. The kind reception he gave us revived dear Mr. Tennent. He spoke in the most encouraging manner of the success of our mission, and, in all his conversations, discovered so much zeal and candour, that I could not but admire the man as the wonder of the age. When we returned, Mr. Tennent's heart was all on fire, and, after we had gone to bed, he suggested that we should watch and pray; and we arose and prayed together till about three in the morning." (Wakeley's "Anecdotes of Whitefield," p. 258.)

⁴ According to the "*old style*," Whitefield was born on December 16th In 1751, an Act of Parliament was passed for the adoption of the "*new style*" in all public and legal transactions; and ordered that the day following the 2nd of September of the year 1752 should be accounted the 14th of that month. This explains the seeming discrepancy in Whitefield's letter.

324

business require my attendance, I could lock myself up, and lie prostrate all the day long in deep humiliation before God. My dear sir, let none of my friends cry to such a sluggish, unprofitable worm, 'Spare thyself.' Rather, spur me on, I pray you, with an 'Awake, sleeper, and begin to do something for thy God!' The Lord being my helper, I will. Do Thou strengthen me, my Lord and my God! and I will go for Thee, at Thy command, to the uttermost parts of the earth. O break, break my heart; Look to Him, whom thou hast pierced! Look and love; look and mourn; look and praise! Thy God is yet thy God!

"Every day, sir, we hear of fresh work. Scores of notes are put up by persons brought under conviction; and God's people are abundantly refreshed. Last night, the glory of the Lord filled the Tabernacle. I cannot tell you half. I am lost in wonder. For the present, my dear sir, adieu!"

In such a spirit Whitefield ended the year 1753. On Tuesday, January 1, 1754, he preached, in the Tabernacle, to a densely crowded congregation, from the parable of the barren fig-tree. His American friends, Tennent and Davies, were present, and the latter wrote: "Though the discourse was incoherent, it seemed to me better calculated to do good to mankind than all the accurate, languid discourses I had ever heard. After the sermon, I enjoyed his pleasing conversation at his house."

Whitefield spent the first two months of 1754 in London, and was fully occupied, partly in preaching, and partly in preparing for his intended voyage to America. He wrote: "I meet with my share of trials. Every sermon preached this

winter has been fetched out of the furnace. But what are we to expect, as Christians and ministers, but afflictions? Our new Tabernacle is completed, and the workmen all paid. What is best of all, the Redeemer manifests His glory in it. Every day, souls come crying, ‘What shall we do to be saved?’ I expect, in a fortnight, once more to launch into the great deep, with about ten or twelve destitute orphans under my care.”¹ He embarked at Gravesend, on the 7th of March; and, in another chapter, we must follow him.

¹ Gillies says, Whitefield took twenty-two destitute children with him.

FIFTH VISIT TO AMERICA.

MARCH 1754 TO MAY 1755.

NINE days after leaving England, the ship, in which Whitefield sailed, anchored in Lisbon harbour, where it remained about a month. This was a long detention for Whitefield and his “destitute orphans;” but he usefully employed the time in making himself acquainted with the full-blown Popery of the metropolis of Portugal. His letters on this subject fill twenty-four closely printed pages, in his collected works. At his return to England, in 1755, four of these letters were printed, with the title, “A brief Account of some Lent and other Extraordinary Processions and Ecclesiastical Entertainments, seen last Year at Lisbon. In four Letters to an English Friend. By George Whitefield.” (8vo. 29 pp.) Whitefield’s letters were extensively quoted by the newspapers and magazines of the day; and even the *Montly Review*—no great friend to Whitefield—said, “Our celebrated itinerant preacher expresses a just and manly resentment of the miserable bigotry of the Portuguese, and the priestly delusion with which they are led into even more ridiculous fopperies than ever disgraced the pagan theology.”¹ What did Whitefield see? Extracts from the letters—as brief as possible—shall supply an answer.

“LISBON HARBOUR, *March* 17, 1754.

“Yesterday we anchored in this port. We are now lying before a large place, where we see hundreds going to worship in their way. We have just been at ours. Though sent without a friend, yet I am not left alone. ‘O my God, Thy presence on earth, Thy presence in heaven, will make

¹ Vol. xii., p. 479.

326

amends for all!’ Indeed, Jesus Christ is a good master. He has given me the affections of all on board, and as kind a captain as we could desire.”

“LISBON HARBOUR, *March 19, 1754.*

“As yet, I have not been on shore, but expect to go to-morrow. To an eye fixed on Jesus, how unspeakably little do all sublunary things appear! My dear sir, let us be laudably ambitious to get as rich as we can towards God. The bank of heaven is a sure bank. I have drawn thousands of bills upon it, and never had one sent back protested. God helping me, I purpose lodging my little earthly all there. I hope my present poor but valuable cargo will make some additions to my heavenly inheritance.”

“LISBON, *March 21, 1754.*

“This leaves me an old inhabitant of Lisbon. A very reputable merchant has received me into his house, and every day shews me the ecclesiastical curiosities of the country. All is well on board; and Lisbon air agrees with me extremely. I hope what I see will help to qualify me better for preaching the everlasting gospel. O pray for me; and add to my obligations by frequently visiting my poor wife. Kindnesses shewn to her, during my absence, will be double kindnesses.”

“LISBON, *March 26, 1754.*

“I have been here above a week. I have seen strange and incredible things,—not more strange than instructive. Never did civil and religious liberty appear to me in such a light as now. What a spirit must Martin Luther and the first Reformers have been endued with, who dared to appear as they did for God! Lord, hasten the happy time, when others, excited by the same spirit, shall perform like wonders! O happy England! O happy Methodists, who are Methodists indeed! And all I account such, who, being dead to sects and parties, aim at nothing else but a holy method of living to and dying in the blessed Jesus.”

“LISBON, *March 29, 1754.*

“O my dear Tabernacle friends, what a goodly heritage has the Lord vouchsafed you! Bless Him, O bless Him, from your inmost souls, that you have been taught the way to Him, without the help of fictitious saints! Thank Him, night and day, that to you are committed the lively oracles of God! Adore Him continually for giving you to hear the Word preached with power; and pity and pray for those who are led blindfold by crafty and designing men!”

“LISBON, *April* 1, 1754.

“On my arrival here, what engaged my attention most was the number of crucifixes and little images of the Virgin Mary, and of other real or reputed saints, which were placed in almost every street, or fixed against the walls of the houses almost at every turning. Lamps hung before them; the people bowed to them as they passed along; and near some of them stood little companies, singing with great earnestness.

327

“Soon after my arrival, I saw a company of priests and friars bearing lighted wax tapers, and attended by various sorts of people, some of whom had bags and baskets of victuals in their hands. After these, followed a mixed multitude, singing, and addressing the Virgin Mary. In this manner, they proceeded to the prison, where all was deposited for the use of the poor persons confined therein.

“At another time, I saw a procession of Carmelite friars, parish priests, and brothers of the order, walking two by two, in divers habits, holding a long lighted wax taper in their right hands. Among them, was carried, upon eight or ten men’s shoulders, a tall image of the Virgin Mary, in a kind of man’s attire, with a fine white wig on her head, and much adorned with jewels and glittering stones. At some distance from the Lady, under a large canopy supported by six or eight persons, came a priest, holding in his hand a noted relic. After him, followed thousands of people, singing all the way. These processions, from one convent to another, were made daily, for the purpose of obtaining rain.

“In a large cathedral church, I saw a wooden image of our blessed Lord, clothed with purple robes, and crowned with thorns, and surrounded with wax tapers of prodigious size. He was attended by many noblemen, and thousands of spectators of all ranks and stations, who crowded from every quarter, and, in their turns, were admitted to perform their devotions. This they did by kneeling, and kissing the *Seigneur’s* heel, by putting their left and right eye to it, and then touching it with their beads.”

“LISBON, *April 3, 1754.*

“On Friday, I saw a procession chiefly made up of waxen or wooden images, carried on men’s shoulders through the streets, and intended to represent the life and death of St. Francis, the founder of one of their religious orders. They were brought from the Franciscan convent, and were preceded by three persons in scarlet habits, with baskets in their hands, in which they received the alms of the spectators, for the benefit of the poor prisoners. After these, came two little boys, in party-coloured clothes, with wings fixed on their shoulders, in imitation of little angels. Then appeared the figure of St. Francis, very gay and beau-like, as he used to be before his conversion. In the next, he was introduced under conviction, and consequently stripped of his finery. Then was exhibited an image of our blessed Lord, in a purple gown, with long black hair, and St. Francis lying before Him, to receive His orders. Then came the Virgin Mother, with Christ her son on her left hand, and St. Francis making obeisance to them both. Here, if I remember aright, he made his first appearance in his friar’s habit, with his hair cut short, but not yet shaved in the crown of his head. After a little space, followed a mitred cardinal gaudily attired, and St. Francis almost prostrate before him, to be confirmed in his office. Soon after this, he was metamorphosed into a monk, his crown shorn, his habit black, and his loins girt with a knotted cord. Here he prayed to our Saviour, hanging on a cross, that the marks of the wounds in His hands, feet, and side, might be impressed on him; and the prayer was granted, by a representation of red waxen strings, reaching

328

from those parts of the image to the corresponding parts of St. Francis’s body. In a little while, St. Francis was carried along, as holding up a house which was falling. Then he was brought forth lying in his grave, the briars and nettles under which he lay being turned into fine and fragrant flowers. After this, he was borne along upon a bier covered with a silver pall, and attended by four friars lamenting over him. He then appeared, for the last time, drawing tormented people out of purgatory with his knotted cord, which the poor souls caught and held most eagerly. Then came a gorgeous friar, under a splendid canopy, bearing in his hand a piece of the holy cross. After him, followed two more little winged boys; and then a long train of fat and well-favoured Franciscans, with their *calceis fenestratis*, as Erasmus calls them; and so the procession ended.

“One night, about ten o’clock, I saw a train of near two hundred penitents, making a halt, and kneeling in the street, whilst a friar, from a high cross, with a crucifix in his hand, was preaching to them and the

populace with great vehemence. Sermon being ended, the penitents went forwards, and several companies followed after, with their respective preaching friars at their head, bearing crucifixes. These they pointed to and brandished frequently, and the hearers as frequently beat their breasts and clapped their cheeks. At proper pauses, they stopped and prayed, and one of them, before the king's palace, sounded the word *penitentia* through a speaking trumpet. The penitents themselves were clothed and covered all over with white linen vestments, only holes were made for their eyes to peep out at. All were bare-footed, and all had long heavy chains fastened to their ancles, which, when dragged along the street, made a dismal rattling. Some carried great stones on their backs. Others had in their hands dead men's bones and skulls. Some bore large crosses upon their shoulders; whilst others had their arms extended, or carried swords with their points downwards. Most of them whipped and lashed themselves, some with cords, and others with flat bits of iron. Had my dear friend been there, he would have joined me in saying, that the whole scene was horrible; so horrible it was, that, being informed it was to be continued till morning, I was glad to return whence I came about midnight."

"LISBON, *April* 12, 1754.

"I have now seen the solemnities of a *Holy Thursday*, which is a very high day in Lisbon, and particularly remarkable for the grand illuminations of the churches, and the king's washing twelve poor men's feet. I got admittance into the gallery where the ceremony was performed. It was large, and hung with tapestry, one piece of which represented the humble Jesus washing the feet of His disciples. Before this, upon a small eminence, sat twelve men in black. At the upper end, and in several other parts of the gallery, were sideboards with large gold and silver basins and ewers most curiously wrought; and near these a large table covered with a variety of dishes, set off and garnished after the Portuguese fashion. Public high mass being over, his majesty came in attended with his nobles. The washing of feet being ended, several of the young noblemen

329

served up dishes to the king's brother and uncles. These again handed them to his majesty, who gave, I think, twelve of them to each poor man. The whole entertainment took up near two hours.

"After dinner, we went to see the churches. Many of them were hung with purple damask trimmed with gold. In one of them was a solid silver altar of several yards' circumference, and near twelve steps high; and in another a gold one, still more magnificent, of about the same dimensions. Its basis was studded with many precious stones, and near the top were placed silver images, in representation of angels. Each step was filled

with large silver candlesticks, with lighted wax tapers in them. The great altars of other churches were illuminated most profusely. Go which way you would, nothing was to be seen but illuminations within, and hurry without; for all persons, princes and crowned heads themselves not excepted, are obliged on this day to visit seven churches or altars, in imitation of our Lord's being hurried from one tribunal to another, before He was condemned to be hung upon the cross."

"LISBON, *April* 13, 1754.

"On Good Friday, I witnessed, in a large church belonging to the convent of St. De Beato, the crucifixion of the Son of God. Upon a high scaffold, hung in the front with black bays, and behind with purple silk damask laced with gold, was exhibited an image of the Lord Jesus at full length, crowned with thorns, and nailed on a cross between two figures of like dimensions, representing the two thieves. At a little distance, on the right hand, was placed an image of the Virgin Mary, in plain long ruffles, and a kind of widow's weeds, her veil of purple silk, and a wire glory round her head. At the foot of the cross, lay, in a mournful, pensive posture, a living man, dressed in woman's clothes, who personated Mary Magdalen. Not far off, stood a young man, in imitation of the beloved disciple. He was dressed in a loose green silk vesture and bob-wig. Near the front of the stage, stood two sentinels in buff, with formidable caps and long beards. Directly in the front, stood another, yet more formidable, with a large target in his hand. From behind the purple hangings, came out about twenty little purple-vested winged boys, each bearing a lighted wax taper, and wearing a crimson and gold cap. At their entrance upon the stage, they bowed to the spectators, and then kneeled, first to the image on the cross, and then to that of the Virgin Mary. At a few yards' distance, stood a black friar, in a pulpit hung with mourning. When he had preached about a quarter of an hour, a confused noise was heard near the great front door. Four long-bearded men entered, two carrying a ladder on their shoulders, and two bearing large gilt dishes, full of linen, spices, etc. Upon their attempting to mount the scaffold, the sentinels presented the points of their javelins to their breasts. Upon this, a letter from Pilate was produced; and the sentinels withdrew their javelins. The four men then ascended the stage, and retired to the back of it. All the while, the black friar continued declaiming; Magdalen wrung her hands; and John stood gazing on the crucified. The ladders were erected and ascended. The superscription and crown of thorns

330

were taken off. White rollers were put round the arms of the image. The nails, which fastened the hands and feet, were knocked out. The

orator lifted up his voice, and almost all the hearers beat their breasts and smote their cheeks. The body was gently let down; Magdalen received the feet into her wide-spread handkerchief; and John seized the upper part of it in his clasping arms, and, with his fellow-mourners, helped to bear it away. Great preparations were made for its interment. It was wrapped in linen and spices; and, being laid upon a bier richly hung, was carried round the churchyard in grand procession. The image of the Virgin Mary was chief mourner, and John and Magdalen, with a whole troop of friars bearing wax tapers, followed after. In about fifteen minutes, the corpse was brought back, and deposited in an open sepulchre. John and Magdalen attended the obsequies; but the image of the Virgin Mary was placed upon the front of the stage, in order to be kissed, adored, and worshipped by the people. Thus ended this Good Friday's tragic-comical, superstitious, idolatrous farce. I cannot stay to see what they call their *Hallelujah* and grand devotions on Easter-day. That scene is denied me. The wind is fair, and I must away."

Thus terminated Whitefield's visit to the city of Lisbon, a city containing 36,000 houses, 350,000 inhabitants, a cathedral, forty parish churches, as many monasteries, and a royal palace; and yet a city which, a year and a half afterwards, by an earthquake, which shook almost the whole of Europe, was reduced to a heap of ruins, and in which, in six minutes, not fewer than 60,000 persons met with an untimely death. The terrific judgment was not unmerited. No act of the Supreme Ruler is capricious. Some of the sights which Whitefield witnessed were hateful, hideous caricatures of the greatest and most solemn truths and facts ever made known to human beings. They were theatrical idolatries, which no system, except Paganism and Popery, would dare to practise. Popery in Lisbon was unchecked, and, therefore, undisguised. In England and America, it chiefly existed in lurking-places. The thing, as it really is, Whitefield had never seen till he went to the Portuguese metropolis. Favourable circumstances are always needful for its full development. The system is essentially *semper idem*; and if the sights seen by Whitefield are not *at present* seen in England, the reason is, not because the Popish hierarchy deem them wrong, but, because such profanities are impracticable.

Whitefield was about a month in Lisbon, without preach-

331

ing a single sermon. Why? To have attempted preaching would have ensured his immediate expulsion or imprisonment. His heart yearned over the deluded inhabitants, but he was powerless to afford them help. On hearing of the just judgment of 1755, he wrote, "O that all who were lately destroyed in Portugal had known the Divine Redeemer! Then the earthquake would have been only a rumbling chariot to carry them to God. Poor Lisbon! How soon are all thy riches and superstitious pageantry swallowed up!"

Whitefield, for once in his life, was gagged and silent; but his time was not unprofitably spent. He was learning lessons which could not be learned in England or America, and which, he hoped, would make him a better man and a better preacher, to the end of life. He became a stauncher Protestant, and felt more than ever how invaluable were the privileges enjoyed by the inhabitants of Great Britain. "Every day," said he, "I have seen or heard something that has a tendency to make me thankful for the glorious Reformation. O that our people were equally reformed in their lives, as they are in their doctrines and manner of worship! But alas! alas! O for another Luther! O for that wished-for season, when everything that is antichristian shall be totally destroyed by the breath of the Redeemer's mouth, and the brightness of His appearing!" "O with what a power from on high must those glorious reformers have been endued, who dared first openly to oppose and to stem such a torrent of superstition and spiritual tyranny! And what gratitude we owe to those who, under God, were instrumental in saving England from a return of such spiritual slavery, and such blind obedience to the papal power! To have had a papist for our king; a papist, if not born, yet, from his infancy, nursed up at Rome; a papist, one of whose sons is advanced to the ecclesiastical dignity of a cardinal, and both of whom are under the strongest obligations to support the interests of that Church, whose superstitions and political principles they have imbibed from their earliest days! Blessed be God, the snare is broken, and we are

delivered. O for Protestant practices to be added to Protestant principles! O for an acknowledgment to the ever-

332

blessed God for our repeated deliverances!” “The present is a silent, but, I hope, an instructive period of my life. Surely England, and English privileges, civil and religious, will be dearer to me than ever. The preachers here have also taught me something; their action is graceful. *Vividi oculi—vividae mantis,—omnia vivida*. Surely our English preachers would do well to be a little more fervent in their address. They have truth on their side. Why should superstition and falsehood run away with all that is pathetic and affecting?”

Whitefield set sail, for America, on Saturday, April 13th, and, after a pleasant passage of six weeks' duration, landed, in South Carolina, on May 26th. With his “orphan-charge,” he, at once, proceeded to Bethesda, in Georgia. After a short stay at his Orphanage, he returned to Charleston, where, on July 12, he wrote, “The Bethesda family now consists of above a hundred. He, who fed the multitude in the wilderness, can and will feed the orphans in Georgia.” Eight days afterwards, when “on board the *Deborah*,” bound for New York, he wrote:—

“I found and left my orphan family comfortably settled in Georgia. The colony, as well as Bethesda, is now in a thriving state. I have now a hundred and six black and white persons to provide for. The God whom I desire to serve will enable me to do it. I stayed about six weeks in Carolina and Georgia. My poor labours have met with the usual acceptance; and I have reason to hope a clergyman has been brought under very serious impressions. My health has been wonderfully preserved. My wonted vomitings have left me; and though I ride whole nights, and have been frequently exposed to great thunders, violent lightnings, and heavy rains, yet I am rather better than usual.”

On July 26th, Whitefield landed at New York, where he continued about a week. He wrote:—

“NEW YORK, *July 28, 1754.*

“Here our Lord brought me two days ago; and, last night, I had an opportunity of preaching on His dying, living, ascending, and interceding love, to a large and attentive auditory. Next week, I purpose going to

Philadelphia, and then shall come here again, in my way to Boston. Whether I shall then return to Bethesda, or embark for England, is uncertain. I fear matters will not be settled at the Orphan House, unless I go once more. I have put some upon their trial, and shall want to see how they behave. I owe for three of the negroes, who were lately bought.

333

but hope to be enabled to pay for them at my return from the north. My God can and will supply all wants. His presence keeps me company, and I find it sweet to run about for Him. I find the door all along the continent as open as ever, and the way seems clearing up for the neighbouring islands. Had I a good private hand, I could send you the account of my family; but perhaps I may deliver it to you myself."

Further brief extracts from his letters will enable the reader to track Whitefield in his wanderings.

"New York, July 30. To-morrow, God willing, I preach at Newark; on Wednesday, at New Brunswick; and hope to reach Trent Town that night. Could you not meet me there? You must bring, a chair: I have no horse. O that the Lord Jesus may smile on my feeble labours! I trust He has given us a blessing here. Yesterday, I preached thrice: this morning I feel it. Welcome weariness for Jesus!"

"Philadelphia, August 7th. Yesterday, I was taken with a violent cholera morbus, and hoped, ere now, to have been where the inhabitants shall no more say, 'I am sick.' But I am brought back again. May it be to bring more precious souls to the ever-blessed Jesus! This is all my desire. My poor labours seem to be crowned here, as well as at New York. I received the sacrament at church on Sunday; and have preached in the Academy; but I find Mr. Tennent's meeting-house abundantly more commodious."

"Philadelphia, August 15. My late sickness, though violent, has not been unto death. With some difficulty, I can preach once a day. Congregations increase rather than decrease. The time of my departure is fixed for next Tuesday; and all the following days, till Sunday, are to be employed between this and New Brunswick. Whilst I live, Lord Jesus, grant I may not live in vain!"

"Philadelphia, August 17. Were you on this side the water, you would find work enough. There is a glorious range in the American woods. It is pleasant hunting for sinners. Thousands flock daily to hear the word preached."

“New York, September 2. Blessed be God, we have had good seasons between Philadelphia and New York. In the New Jerusalem, yet more rforious seasons await us. Some time this week, I expect to sail for Rhode Island.”

It is impossible to determine where the next three weeks were spent; but, after that, his journeys may be traced. The first of the following extracts is taken from a letter addressed to the Countess of Huntingdon. Whitefield appears to have visited New Jersey for the purpose of being present at the opening of a new session of Governor Belcher’s New Jersey College, the president and trustees of which, with almost unseemly haste, began to exercise the powers

334

conferred upon them by the royal charter obtained from George the Second only six years before. They created Whitefield an M.A.!—a dubious honour, which the B.A. of Pembroke College, Oxford, for ten or twelve years afterwards, had good taste enough not to use.¹

“Elizabeth Town (New Jersey), September 30. I am now at Governor Belcher’s, who sends your ladyship the most cordial respects. His outward man decays, but his inward man seems to be renewed day by day. I think he ripens for heaven apace. Last week was the New Jersey commencement, at which the president and trustees were pleased to present me with the degree of A.M. The synod succeeded. Such a number of simple-hearted, united ministers, I never saw before. I preached to them several times, and the great Master of assemblies was in the midst of us. To-morrow, I shall set out, with the worthy president,² for New England; and expect to return back to the Orphan House through Virginia. This will be about a two thousand mile circuit.”

In another letter, written on the same day, Whitefield says:—

“Just two months ago, I arrived at New York, from South Carolina; and, ever since, have been endeavouring to labour for the ever-loving, ever-lovely Jesus. Sinners have been awakened, saints quickened, and enemies made to be at peace with me. In general, I have been enabled to travel and preach twice a day. Everywhere, the door has been opened wider than ever.”

It has been already stated, that, about the year 1750, Georgia was placed under a kind of civil government, in lieu

of the military one, which had been exercised from the time when the colony was founded; and that James Habersham, Whitefield's first manager at Bethesda, and now a merchant at Savannah, was appointed provincial secretary. A change had become imperative. There was a general discontent among the inhabitants. They quarrelled with one another and with their magistrates. They complained; they remonstrated; and, finding no satisfaction, many of them removed to other colonies. Of the two thousand emigrants

¹ No doubt, New Jersey College had legal authority to confer the degree; but, under the circumstances then existing, the degree was worthless. The first time that M.A. was attached to Whitefield's name in England was in 1763. This was done in his "Observations" on the Bishop of Gloucester's book; but it is right to add that the pamphlet was printed by Whitefield's friends, *after* he had embarked for America.

² The Rev. Aaron Burr, President of New Jersey College.

335

who had come from Europe, not above six or seven hundred were left. The mischief grew worse and worse every day; until, at length, the Government revoked the grant to the trustees, took the province into their own hands, and placed it on the same footing as Carolina.¹ On August 6, 1754, his Majesty King George II., in council, appointed John Reynolds, Esq.," to be Captain General and Governor-in-Chief of Georgia; and James Habersham, "to be Secretary and Registrar."² The following letter, addressed to Habersham, refers to these events:—

"BOSTON, *October* 13, 1754.

"My very dear Friend—It has given me concern, that I have not been able to write one letter to Georgia, since my arrival at New York. Sickness, travelling, and preaching prevented me.

"This letter leaves me at Boston, where, as well as in other places, the word has run and been glorified. People are rather more eager to hear than ever. After staying a short time here, I purpose to go through Connecticut to New York, and thence, by land, to Georgia.

"Blessed be God, that a governor is at length nominated. I wish you joy of your new honour. May the King of kings enable you to discharge your trust, as becomes a good patriot, subject, and Christian! I wish I

knew when the governor intends being in Georgia. I would willingly be there to pay my respects to him.

“O my dear old friend, and first fellow-traveller, my heart is engaged for your temporal and eternal welfare. You have now, I think, a call to retire from business, and to give up your time to the public. I have much to say when we meet. God deals most bountifully with me. Enemies are made to be at peace, and friends everywhere are hearty.”

Glimpses will be obtained of Whitefield’s labours, at Boston and other places, in the following extracts from his letters:—

“Boston, October 14. Surely my coming here was of God. At Rhode Island, I preached five times. People convened immediately, and flocked to hear more eagerly than ever. The same scene opens at Boston. Thousands waited for, and thousands attended on, the word preached. At the Old North (church), at seven in the morning, we generally have three thousand hearers, and many cannot come in. Convictions fasten; and many souls are comforted. Dr. Sewall has engaged me once to preach his lecture. The polite are taken, and opposition falls. I preach at the *Old* and the *New North* (churches). Mr. Pemberton and Dr. Sewall continue to pray for me. A governor for Georgia being nominated,

¹ “Account of European Settlements in America, 177S,” vol. ii., p. 270. *Lonaon Magazine*, 1754, p. 381.

determines my way thither. The door opens wider and wider. Pray tell Mr. H—, that I left his horse a little lame, at Long Island, with one wh in contempt, is called *Saint Dick*. All hail such reproach!”

“Portsmouth, New Hampshire, October 24. About a month ago, I wrote you a few lines from New Jersey. Since then, I have advanced about three hundred miles further northward. But what have I seen? Dagon falling everywhere before the ark; enemies silenced, or made to own the finger of God; and the friends of Jesus triumphing in His glorious conquest. At Boston, though the four meeting-houses, in which I preached, will hold about four thousand, yet, at seven o’clock in the morning, many were obliged to go away, and I was helped in through the window. In the country, a like scene opens. I am enabled to preach always twice, and sometimes thrice a day. Thousands flock to hear, and Jesus manifests His glory. I am now come to the end of my *northward* line, and, in a day or two, purpose to turn back, and to preach all the way to Georgia. It is about a sixteen hundred miles journey. Jesus is able to carry me

through. Into His almighty and all-gracious hands I commend my spirit. Gladly would I embark for England, but I should leave my American business but half done, if I were to come over now.”

“Portsmouth, October 25. At Salem, we were favoured with a sweet Divine influence. Sunday (October 20) was a high day at Ipswich, where I preached thrice. Hundreds were without the doors. On Monday, at Newbury, the like scene opened twice. On Tuesday morning, also, we had a blessed season. Too many came to meet and bring me into Portsmouth, where I preached on Tuesday evening; also twice the next day. Yesterday, I preached at York and Kittery. In the evening, I waited on General Pepperell,¹ who, with his lady, was very glad to see me. I am now going to Greenland; and, to-morrow, shall preach at Exeter. The Sabbath (October 27) is to be kept at Newbury. Monday, I am to preach thrice,—at Rowley, Byfield, and Ipswich; Tuesday, at Cape Ann; and Wednesday night, or Thursday morning, at Boston.”

“Rhode Island, November 22. With great difficulty, I am got to this place, where people are athirst to hear the word of God. I shall, therefore, stay, God willing, till Monday, and then set out to Connecticut, in my way to New York, which I hope to reach in about a fortnight. O that you may see me humbled under a sense of the amazing mercies which I have received during this expedition! It seems to me to be the most important one I was ever employed in. Very much have I to tell you when we meet.”

The next is an extract from a letter addressed to the Rev. John Gillies, of Glasgow:—

“RHODE ISLAND, *November 25.*

“Is it true that your father-in-law and your dear yoke-fellow are dead? I sympathise with you from my inmost soul. Surely your time and mine

¹ Sir William Pepperell, the Cape Breton hero.

will come ere long. Meanwhile, may I be doing something for my God! I am now going towards Georgia, from Boston, where my reception has been far superior to that of fourteen years ago. There, and at other places in New England, I have preached near a hundred times since the beginning of October; and, thanks be to God! we scarce had so much as one dry meeting. Not a hundredth part can be told you. In Philadelphia, New Jersey, and New York, the great Redeemer caused His word to run and be glorified. In Georgia, I expect to see our new governor. Blessed be God! Bethesda is in growing circumstances; and

I trust it will more and more answer the end of its institution. I was exceedingly delighted at New Jersey commencement. Surely that college is of God. The worthy president, Mr. Burr, intends to correspond with you. O that I could do it oftener! but it is impracticable. Travelling, and preaching, always twice and frequently thrice a day, engross almost all my time. However, neither you nor any of my dear Glasgow friends are forgotten by me. No, no; you are all engraven upon my heart. O that God may give you hearts to remember poor sinful and hell-deserving me! Fain would I continue a pilgrim for life.

‘Christ’s presence doth my pains beguile,
And makes each wilderness to smile.’

“I have a fourteen hundred miles ride before me; but *nil desperandum*,
Christo duce, aspice Christo.”

More than a month intervenes between the date of this letter to Mr. Gillies, and the next preserved letter of Whitefield. The reader must try to imagine the great preacher gradually pursuing his immense horseback-ride, making the primeval forests ring with his songs of praise, and preaching the gospel of his Master, twice or thrice every day. His Christmas was spent in Maryland. Hence the following:—

“BOHEMIA, MARYLAND, *December 27.*

“I have been travelling and preaching in the northern provinces for nearly five months. I suppose I have ridden near two thousand miles, and preached about two hundred and thirty times; but to how many thousands of people cannot well be told. O what days of the Son of man have I seen! God be merciful to me an ungrateful sinner!

“I am now forty years of age, and would gladly spend the day in retirement and deep humiliation before that Jesus, for whom I have done so little, though He has done and suffered so much for me.

“About February, I hope to reach Georgia; and, at spring, to embark for England. There, dear madam, I expect to see you once more in this land of the dying. If not, ere long, I shall meet you in the land of the living, and thank you, before men and angels, for all favours conferred on

me. To-morrow, God willing, I move again. Before long, my last remove will come; a remove into endless bliss.”

Thus rejoicing in the hope of a blissful immortality did Whitefield enter upon the year 1755. Early in the month

of January, he made his way to Virginia, a province which he had visited in 1746. For nearly eight years, the Rev. Samuel Davies had been labouring here with self-consuming earnestness. His eloquent, faithful, and powerful preaching had been bitterly opposed; but it had been attended with great success. His home was at Hanover, about twelve miles from Richmond; and, as early as 1748, he had collected seven congregations, which assembled in seven meeting-houses duly licensed, some of them, however, being forty miles distant from each other. In three years, he had obtained three hundred communicants, and had baptized forty slaves. He had had a long controversy with the Episcopalians, who denied that the English Act of Toleration extended to Virginia; and, with great learning and eloquence, he had contended the point in the Virginian court, with the famous Peyton Randolph, first President of the American Congress. During his visit to England, in 1754, he had obtained, from the English Attorney-General, a declaration that the Toleration Act did extend to Virginia, which, of course, gave him greater confidence in the legality of his proceedings. Besides this, in 1751, a new governor of the province had been appointed, whom Whitefield and his friends expected to be more favourable to evangelistic efforts than his predecessor had been. Robert Dinwiddie was brother-in-law of Whitefield's old friend, the Rev. Mr. McCulloch, of Cambuslang. He had been clerk to a collector of customs, in the West Indies, whose enormous frauds he detected, and exposed to the Government; and, for this disclosure, was rewarded by the appointment to Virginia. In a letter to Mr. McCulloch, dated "July 19, 1751," Whitefield wrote:—

"Mr. Davies's one congregation is multiplied to seven. He desires liberty to license more houses, and to preach occasionally to all, as there is no minister but himself. This, though allowed in England, is denied in Virginia, which grieves the people very much. The commissary is one of the council, and, with the rest of his brethren, no friend to the Dissenters. The late governor was like-minded. I, therefore, think Mr.

Dinwiddie is raised up to succeed him, in order to befriend the Church of God, and the interest of Christ's people. They desire no other privileges

than what dissenting Protestants enjoy in our native country. This, I am persuaded, your brother-in-law will be glad to secure to them.”¹

Under these altered circumstances, Whitefield met with a most favourable reception. Hence the following extracts from his letters. The first is taken from a letter to Charles Wesley:—

“January 14, 1755. I suppose my circuit already has been two thousand miles; and, before I reach Bethesda, a journey of six hundred more lies before me. Scenes of wonder have opened all the way. A thousandth part cannot be told. In Virginia, the prospect is very promising. I have preached in two churches, and, this morning, am to preach in a third. Rich and poor seem quite ready to hear. Many have been truly awakened.”²

“Virginia, January 13. I have not been here a week, and have had the comfort of seeing many impressed under the word every day. Two churches have been opened, and a third (Richmond) I am to preach in to-morrow. I find prejudices subside, and some of the rich and great begin to think favourably of the work of God. Several of the lower class have been with me, acknowledging what the Lord did for them when I was here before.”

“Virginia, January 17. I am now on the borders of North Carolina, and, after preaching to-morrow in a neighbouring church, I purpose to take my leave of Virginia. Had I not been detained so long northward, what a wide and effectual door might have been opened. Here, as well as elsewhere, rich and poor flock to hear the everlasting gospel. Many have come forty or fifty miles; and a spirit of conviction and consolation seemed to go through all the assemblies. Colonel R—, a person of distinction, opened one church for me, invited me to his house, and introduced me himself to the reading desk. Blessed be God, I see a vast alteration for the better. O for more time, and for more souls and bodies! Lord Jesus, twenty times ten thousand are too few for Thee!”

Of Whitefield’s ride from Virginia to Georgia, no record now exists; neither is there any information respecting his work at Bethesda. As usual, his sojourn at the Orphan House was brief; for, on February 26th, he had returned to Charleston, whence, towards the end of March, he embarked for England. The following are extracts from two letters addressed to his housekeeper at Bethesda:—

¹ Whitefield’s Works, vol. ii., p. 419.

² “Life of Charles Wesley,” vol. ii., p. 67.

340

“Charleston, March 3, 1755. Through Divine goodness, we arrived here last Wednesday afternoon. On Thursday, Mr. E— was solemnly ordained. The trials I have met with have brought my old vomitings upon me. My soul has been pierced with many sorrows. But, I believe, all is intended for my good. Amidst all, I am comforted at the present situation of Bethesda. I hope you will walk in love, and that the children will grow in years and grace. I pray for you all, night and day.”

“Charleston, March 17, 1755. Had I wings like a dove, how often would I have fled to Bethesda, since my departure from it! I could almost say, that the last few hours I was there were superior in satisfaction to any hours I ever enjoyed. But I must go about my heavenly Father’s business. For this, I am a poor, but willing pilgrim, and give up all that is near and dear to me on this side of eternity. This week, I expect to embark in the *Friendship*, Captain Ball; but am glad of the letters from Bethesda before I start. They made we weep, and caused me to throw myself prostrate before the prayer-hearing and promise-keeping God. He will give strength, He will give power. Fear not. You are now, I believe, where the Lord would have you be, and all will be well. I repose the utmost confidence in you, and believe I shall not be disappointed of my hope. I should have been glad if the apples had been sent in the boat; they would have been useful in the voyage. But Jesus can stay me with better apples. May you and all my dear family have plenty of these! I imagine it will not be long before I return from England.”

Whitefield set sail about March 27th; and, after a six weeks’ voyage, landed at Newhaven, on the 8th of May. More than eight years elapsed before his next visit to America.

341

EIGHT YEARS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

1755 TO 1763.

WHITEFIELD and the Wesleys were now not the only evangelical clergymen in London. Not to mention others, there was the Rev. Thomas Jones, of St. Saviour’s, Southwark,—a young man of feeble health, but whose preaching was characterised by great eloquence and power.

There was the Rev. Martin Madan, founder and first chaplain of the Lock Hospital, near Hyde Park Corner. And there was the Rev. William Romaine, who had been at Oxford at the same time Whitefield and the Wesleys were, but without becoming an Oxford Methodist,—one of the most popular preachers in the metropolis, and now curate of St. Olave's, Southwark. The ministry of such men occasioned Whitefield unmingled joy. One of his first letters, after his arrival in England, was addressed to the Countess of Huntingdon, in which, with a full heart, he wrote: "Glad am I to hear that so many have lately been stirred up to preach the crucified Saviour. Surely that Scripture must be fulfilled, 'And many of the priests also were obedient to the word.' The work is of God, and therefore must prosper."

In a letter to Governor Belcher, on the same subject, he remarked:—

"London, May 14, 1755. The word has still free course in this metropolis. The poor, despised Methodists are as lively as ever; and, in several churches, the gospel is now preached with power. Many in Oxford are awakened to a knowledge of the truth; and, almost every week, I have heard of some fresh minister, who seems determined to know nothing but Jesus Christ and Him crucified."

This was a most important movement,—the commencement of that great change which gradually came over the

342

Church of England, until hundreds of its pulpits were filled with converted men, weekly preaching the doctrines which Whitefield and the Wesleys preached. For sixteen years, the three Methodist itinerants had been scattering seed, which, in many thousands of instances, had sprung up, and was bearing fruit; but now a new fact occurred,—the seed-sowers were being multiplied. In a letter to a lady, in 1752, stating the case of a poor divinity student, who needed help, Whitefield wrote: "Every student's name is Legion. Helping one of these, is helping thousands." No wonder that he now exulted in the increase of gospel ministers.

During his recent visit to America, the Rev. Aaron Burr and the trustees of New Jersey College conferred on Whitefield an M.A. degree. Within a week after his return to

England, Whitefield commenced an endeavour to return the compliment. He had formed a high opinion of Mr. Burr, and wished him to be honoured; but, apart from this, he doubtless thought that the college would be helped if its president were made a doctor of divinity. The Marquis of Lothian had been a generous benefactor of the college, and, through him, Whitefield hoped to procure the coveted distinction. In a letter to the Marquis, he spoke of the college as “the purest seminary” he had known, and added, “If the degree of doctor of divinity could be procured for Mr. Burr, the present president, it would make an addition to its honours.” The Marquis replied, “The University of Edinburgh desire me to obtain some account of Mr. Burr’s literature, or performances. This I hope you will send; and a diploma will be immediately transmitted.” Whitefield’s answer, which deserves insertion, was as follows:—

“Mr. Burr was educated at Yale College, in Connecticut, New England; and, for his pregnant abilities and well-approved piety, was unanimously chosen to succeed the Rev. Mr. Dickinson,¹ in the care of New Jersey

¹ A charter to found a college was granted by the Governor of New Jersey on October 22, 1746, and Mr. Dickinson was appointed president. Dickinson, however, died a year afterwards, and before the charter was carried into operation. Besides this, the provisions of the charter were not liked; and hence, in 1748, Governor Belcher obtained a new one from George II., Burr was chosen president, a commencement was made, six students graduated, five of whom became ministers. (Hodge’s Presbyterian Church in the United States.)

College. It would have delighted your lordship to have seen how gloriously he filled the chair last year, at the New Jersey commencement. His Latin oration was beautifully elegant, and was delivered with unaffected, yet striking energy and pathos. As a preacher, disputant, and head of a college, he shines in North America; and the present prosperity of New Jersey College is greatly owing to his learning, piety, and conduct. The students revere and love him. Your lordship might have testimonials enough from good Governor Belcher, Mr. Jonathan Edwards,¹ *cum multis aliis*. I believe they would all concur in saying that, of his age, now upwards of forty, there is not a more accomplished deserving president in the world. As for anything of his in print, that can be referred to, I can say nothing, except a little pamphlet lately published,² in which he has animated the people against the common enemy, and discovered a

close attachment to the interest of our rightful sovereign, King George. This piece of Mr. Burr's I have in London, and hope it is in Scotland. I wish the diploma may be transmitted against the next commencement. It will endear your lordship more and more to the good people of America."³

To say the least, there was a great amount of large-heartedness in this attempt to distinguish the college of a church with which Whitefield was not officially connected.

After his arrival in England, Whitefield spent about six weeks in London, where his preaching was as popular as ever. Writing to the Countess of Huntingdon, on May 27th, he said:—

“What a blessed week have we had! Sinners have come like a cloud, and fled like doves to the windows. What a happiness is it to be absorbed and swallowed up in God! To have no schemes, no views, but to promote the common salvation! This be my happy lot!”

In another letter, dated “London, June 7th,” he wrote:—

“It will rejoice you to hear that the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ gets ground apace. Several of the clergy, both in town and country, have been lately stirred up to preach Christ crucified, in the demonstration of the Spirit, and with power. This excites the enmity of the old Serpent. The greatest venom is spit against Mr. Romaine, who, having been reputed a great scholar, is now looked upon and treated as a great fool, because he himself is made wise unto salvation, and is earnestly desirous that others should be. Methinks I hear you say, ‘O happy folly!’ May this blessed leaven diffuse itself through the whole nation! The prospect

¹ Burr had married one of Edwards's daughters.

² A fast-day sermon, on the encroachments of the French, published 1755.

³ Mr. Burr died three years after this. One of his two children became vice-president of the United States.

is promising. Many students at Oxford are earnestly learning Christ. Dear Mr. Hervey has learnt and preached Him some years. As for myself, I can only say, ‘Less than the least of all,’ must be my motto still. I labour but feebly, and yet Jesus owns my labours. People still flock to the gospel, like doves to the windows. Will you be pleased to accept of my *Lisbon* letters?’ My little Communion book is not yet out. God be praised! there is a time coming when we shall need books and

ordinances no more, but shall be admitted into uninterrupted communion and fellowship with the blessed Trinity for ever.”

The “little Communion book” here mentioned was a 12mo. volume, of 140 pages, with the following title: “A Communion Morning’s Companion. By George Whitefield, A.B., late of Pembroke College, Oxford, and Chaplain to the Right Honourable the Countess of Huntingdon. London, 1755.” The book consists of: 1. Meditations on the five last Questions and Answers of the Catechism of the Church of England. Extracted from Bishop Ken. 2. The Order for Administration of the Lord’s Supper. After the pattern of Bishop Wilson. 3. Fifty-nine Sacramental Hymns, and seventeen Doxologies, extracted from several authors. Except a few written by the Wesleys, most of the hymns are pious doggerel. The extracts from Ken and Wilson are intensely religious, and, to a devout mind, must be useful. The book had an extensive sale. As early as 1758, it had passed through a third edition: The following is taken from Whitefield’s preface:—

“There is but little in this ‘Communion Morning’s Companion’ of my own; and, as it is intended purely for the assistance of the professed members of the Church of England, I thought it most advisable to extract the meditations and practical remarks on the public form of administration from our own bishops. I particularly fixed on Bishop Ken, not only because his sweet meditations on the Redeemer’s passion were some of the first things that made a religious impression on my own soul, but because he was one of those seven bishops who were sent to the Tower for making a noble stand against popish tyranny and arbitrary power in the latter end of the reign of King James the Second. Imagining that the words ‘*real presence*,’ though evidently meant by the good bishop only of the Redeemer’s *spiritual presence* (which is all the presence I know of), might stumble some, I erased them, and also made a few alterations in some other passages, which, by some, might be judged objectionable.

¹ The publication of these letters has been already noticed.

“As for those who are against any offices or set forms at all, I shall only say, ‘Let not him who useth a form judge him who useth it not; and let not him who useth it not despise him who doth use it.’ Though

I profess myself a minister of the Established Church, and never yet renounced her articles, homilies, or liturgy, I can and, if God's providence direct my course thither again, shall join in occasional communion with the churches of New England and Scotland, being persuaded there are as many faithful ministers among them as in any parts of the known world."

About the middle of the month of June, Whitefield set out on a three weeks' tour to Gloucester, Bristol, and the west of England. "Thousands and thousands," says he, "flocked in Gloucestershire; and here, in Bristol, the congregations fall little short of those in London." At Bath, he preached several times in the house of Lady Gertrude Hotham; Lord Chesterfield, Mrs. Grinfield, Mrs. Bevan,¹ and other members of the aristocracy being among his hearers.

On the 1st of July, Lady Anne Hastings, after a short illness, was removed to her eternal rest, in the sixty-fifth year of her age.² Whitefield heard of this event at Bristol, and, on his return to London, wrote as follows to the Countess of Huntingdon:—

"LONDON, *July 11, 1755.*

"EVER-HONOURED MADAM,—Yesterday, about noon, after being worn down with travelling, and preaching twice and thrice a day in Gloucestershire, at Bath, and Bristol, a gracious Providence brought me to town. At Bristol, I heard of the death of good Lady Anne. Alas! how many has your ladyship lived to see go before you! An earnest this, I hope, that you are to live to a good old age, and be more and more a mother in Israel. A short, but sweet character. God knows how long I am to drag this crazy load, my body, along. Blessed be His holy name! I have not one attachment to earth. I am sick of myself, sick of the world, sick of the Church, and am panting daily after the full enjoyment of my God. John Cennick is now added to the happy number of those

¹ Mrs. Bevan was the widow of Arthur Bevan, Esq., who, for fourteen years, represented Carmarthen in Parliament. She was converted under the ministry of the famous Griffith Jones. For twenty years after his death, she supported his schools in Wales, and in her will left £10,000 to perpetuate their good effects. She was an elegant and accomplished woman; and, at every visit, Whitefield was wont to preach in her house at Bath. ("Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon," vol. i., p. 454.)

² *Ibid.*, p. 195.

who are called to see Him as He is.¹ I do not envy, but I want to follow after him.

“The fields at Bristol and Kingswood were whiter and more ready to harvest than for many years past. If the new Tabernacle at Bristol were as large as that in London, it would be filled. Thrice last Sunday, and twice the Sunday before, I preached in the fields to many, many thousands. At Bath, we had good seasons. Good Lady Gertrude, Mrs. Bevan, and Mrs. Grinfield, were very hearty. God was with us of a truth. O for an humble, thankful heart! I am now looking up for direction what course to steer next. I suppose it will be northward.”

Whitefield spent about another month in London. It was at this period that Cornelius Winter, then a boy in the thirteenth year of his age, was induced to hear Whitefield preach. Cornelius was an orphan, whose father had been a shoemaker, and his mother a laundress. At the age of eight, he was admitted into the Charity School of St. Andrew's, Holborn. He then became the inmate of a workhouse. When his “schooling closed,” he “had merely learned to write, without being set to put three figures together, or to learn one line in any of the tables.” The half-hungred child next became errand boy, and a sort of general drudge in the kitchen and the workshop of a distant relative, Mr. Winter, watergilder, in Bunhill Row. His master was bad-tempered, and a drunkard, and often beat young Cornelius so unmercifully that the lad sometimes wished to die. The boy regularly attended the Church of St. Luke, in Old Street, but says, he had “strong prejudices against the Methodists and Dissenters.” “However,” he writes, “when my clothes were disgracefully bad, which was sometimes the case, I absconded from my own church, and occasionally wandered into a meeting-house. At last, I got to hear Mr. Whitefield, and was particularly struck with the largeness of the congregation, the solemnity that sat upon it, the melody of the singing, and Mr. Whitefield's striking appearance, and his earnestness in preaching. From this time, I embraced all opportunities to hear him.”²

Whitefield remained in London till the commencement of the month of August, when, unexpectedly, he was requested, by Colonel and Mrs. Galatin, and the Countess of Hunting-

¹ Cennick died exactly a week before this letter was written.

² "Memoirs of Rev. Cornelius Winter." By William Jay.

347

don, to go to Norwich, and re-open the Tabernacle built for Wheatley, Wesley's expelled itinerant preacher. Wesley already had a mongrel Society in Norwich, and disapproved of Whitefield's preaching in an apparently opposition chapel.¹ He complained to Whitefield, who replied as follows:—

"NORWICH, *August 9, 1755.*

"REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—Till Tuesday evening" (August 5th) "I knew no more of coming to Norwich than a child unborn. Had I been well enough, and my private business permitted, I should have been some miles on my way towards Donington Park. This I told Mr. Hartley, and acquainted him with every step. He should have written himself, and not retailed our conversation. As I expect to be in town some time next week, I choose to defer writing more till we have a personal interview. My time is too precious to be employed in hearkening to, or vindicating myself against, the false and invidious insinuations of narrow and low-life informers. Never was I more satisfied of my call to any place than of my present call to Norwich. The Redeemer knows the way that I take. I came hither purely for His glory, without the least design to make a party for myself, or to please or displease any other party whatsoever. In this way, and in this spirit, through His divine assistance, I hope to go on. Blessed be His name! I trust my feeble labours have not been in vain. Sin, I hope, has been prevented, errors detected, sinners convicted, saints edified, and my own soul sweetly refreshed. But I must add no more. That Jesus may give us all a right judgment in all things, and keep all parties from giving a wrong touch to the ark, is and shall be the constant prayer of, reverend and dear sir, yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

"GEORGE WHITEFIELD."

The Society at Norwich were the most refractory set of Methodists in the United Kingdom. It would be a bootless task to write their history. Suffice it to say, that Whitefield was satisfied with his visit. "Here," says he, "there has undoubtedly been a glorious work of God. Twice a day,

both gentle and simple flock to hear the word; and, I think, it comes with power.”² “Notwithstanding offences have come, I scarce ever preached a week together with greater freedom,”³ After he left, the Rev. William Cudworth took his place, and, henceforth, became Wesley’s enemy, and the dangerous friend of the gentle Hervey. Cudworth was assisted by Wheatley and Robert Robinson, the latter a youth

¹ “Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon,” vol. ii., pp. 336, 337.

² Whitefield’s Works, vol. iii., p. 132.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 136.

348

of twenty, but afterwards the famous Baptist minister at Cambridge. They established preaching, stations in the surrounding villages; and, at Fornsett, about twelve miles from Norwich, a Tabernacle was erected. About five years after this, from 1758 to 1763, the Norwich Tabernacle seems to have been occupied by Wesley and the preachers in connection with him. He then abandoned it, utterly despairing to keep in order James Wheatley’s “lambs.” Indeed, he designates them “*bullocks unaccustomed to the yoke*, who had never had any rule or order among them, but every man did what was right in his own eyes.” Lady Huntingdon next bought the Tabernacle for £900, and vested it in seven trustees, who were to manage its secular concerns, and appoint or dismiss its ministers at their pleasure.¹

Notwithstanding the foregoing letter addressed to Wesley, there continued to be misgiving. It also seems that, at first, Cudworth and Wheatley found it difficult to co-operate. When Whitefield got back to London, he wrote, as follows, to the turbulent Norwich Methodists:—

“LONDON, *August 26, 1755.*

“MY DEAR FRIENDS,—I received your kind letters, and likewise one from Mr. Wheatley; and, last night, a long one from Mr. Cudworth; but, alas! I have no time for controversy. To their own Master they must both either stand or fall. All I can say, in your present circumstances, is, that you had best make a trial, and let matters, for a while, stand as they are. I have sent letters, if possible, to prevent the spreading, at least the *publishing*, of any further tales. Meanwhile, do you strengthen yourselves in the Lord your God. The cause is His. I

believe you honestly embarked in it, for His great name's sake, and He will help you out of all. To-morrow, I must away to the north. Follow me with your prayers; and assure yourselves that you and yours, and the dear people of Norwich, will not be forgotten by me. If ever the Redeemer should bring me thither again, I can then converse with Mr. Wheatley and Mr. Cudworth face to face; but I beg to be excused from writing, when I think, by so doing, I can do no service. The Lord clothe us all with humility, and give us all true simplicity and godly sincerity!"

On August 27, Whitefield left London for the north of England. On his way, he spent two or three days with his friend Hervey, at the rectory of Weston-Favell. Hervey

¹ "Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon," vol. ii., p. 344.

349

had just published, in three octavo volumes, his "Theron and Aspasio," part of which work had been submitted to Wesley in manuscript, for his revision. Wesley and Hervey had already become alienated, for Wesley had made more corrections in the manuscript than Hervey liked. At all events, on January 9, 1755, Hervey wrote to Lady Frances Shirley: "Mr. John Wesley takes me roundly to task on the score of predestination; at which I am much surprised, because this doctrine (be it true or false) makes no part of my scheme. I cannot but fear he has some sinister design. I do not charge such an artifice, but sometimes I cannot help forming a suspicion."¹ In the interval, Wesley had written to Hervey a long letter, freely animadverting on "Theron and Aspasio," and begging him to lay aside the phrase, "the imputed righteousness of Christ," adding, "It is not scriptural, it is not necessary, it has done immense hurt." Hervey, for once in his lovely life, neglected to exercise his natural gentleness. Wesley's letter offended him, and he declined to acknowledge it; but, whilst Whitefield was his guest, he wrote to his Baptist friend, the Rev. John Ryland: "I find, by private intelligence, that Mr. Wesley has shewn his letter in London, and has thought proper to animadvert upon me, by name, from his pulpit."

There can be little doubt that Whitefield was Hervey's informant. Affairs among these old Oxford Methodists

were in a ticklish state. It is a mournful fact, that, chiefly through the machinations of William Cudworth, the friendship between Hervey and Wesley was not renewed; but it was otherwise with the large-hearted Whitefield. In his Journal, under the date, November 5th, 1755, Wesley wrote: "Mr. Whitefield called upon me; disputings are now no more; we love one another, and join hand in hand to promote the cause of our common Master." Charles Wesley, also, wrote to his old friend a poetical epistle,² breathing with Christian love, from which the following lines are taken:—

¹ "The Oxford Methodists," p. 290.
This was afterwards published, with the following title: "An Epistle to the Rev. Mr. George Whitefield: written in the year 1755. By Charles Wesley, A.M., late student of Christ Church, Oxford. London, 1771." (8vo. 8 pp.)

350

"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.

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"In a strange land I stood,
And beckon'd thee to cross th' Atlantic flood:
With true affection wing'd, 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 grasp'd 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 call'd poor outcasts to the feast of grace;
Urg'd to pursue the work, by thee begun,
Through good and ill report, I still rush'd on,
Nor felt the fire of popular applause,
Nor fear'd the torturing flame in such a glorious cause.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

“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 the bond that perfects us in one;
His love, (let all the ground of friendship see,)
His only love constrains our hearts t’ agree,
And gives the rivet of eternity!”

Just at the time when Whitefield left America, the ministers of George the Second announced to Parliament that a war with France was inevitable. The Committee of Supply eagerly voted a million of money for the defence of their American possessions; and Admiral Boscawen was sent with a fleet towards the Gulf of St. Lawrence, to intercept a French fleet which had been prepared in the forts of Rochefort and Brest, and which was carrying reinforcements to the French Canadians. America was now in martial confusion. Among others, Whitefield’s old friend Sir William Pepperell had gone to the field of action; and Whitefield,

351

while a guest at Hervey’s, wrote to Lady Pepperell and her daughter, to cheer them in the colonel’s absence, as follows:—

“WESTON-FAVELL, *August 30, 1755.*

“DEAR MISS,—A few days past, as I was going into the Tabernacle to read letters, yours came to hand. Immediately, I read it among the rest, and you and my other New England friends had the prayers of thousands. How did I wish to be transported to America! How did I long to stir up all against the common enemy, and to be made instrumental of doing my dear country some little service! Dear New England,—dear Boston lies upon my heart! Surely the Lord will not give it over into the hands of the enemy. He has too many praying ministers and praying people there, for such a dreadful catastrophe.”

“Weston-Favell, *August 30, 1755.*

“DEAR MADAM,—I find you are once more called to give up your honoured husband for his country’s good. The God whom you serve will

richly reward you for such a sacrifice, and be better to you than seven husbands. I long to hear that he is returned victorious. He is gone upon a good cause, and under the conduct of the best general, even the Captain of our salvation. To Him I am praying, night and day, for the temporal and spiritual welfare of dear, never-to-be-forgotten New England. Courage, dear madam, courage! A few more partings, a few more changes, a few more heart-breakings, heart-purifying trials, and we shall be safely landed.”

Such were Whitefield’s feelings at the commencement of the Seven Years’ War, which was ended by the Peace of Paris, February 10, 1763. The terrific strife kept Whitefield from his beloved America for the space of eight long years, and, during this lengthened period, many and great were his anxieties concerning his Orphan House, and his transatlantic friends; but more of this anon. An extract from another letter, written at Hervey’s, and addressed to a rich, but miserly American, is too characteristic to be omitted.

“WESTON-FAVELL, *August 30, 1755.*

“Your friends everywhere take notice, that the sin which doth most easily beset you is a too great love of money; and this, in many cases, makes you act an unfriendly part. If God should suffer our enemies to prevail, you will wish you had laid up more treasure in heaven. Blessed be God, mine is out of the reach of men or devils. Strange that five per cent, from man should be preferred to a hundredfold from Christ! A word to the wise is sufficient. I am looking out for more news from dear America. May the late defeat be sanctified! Adieu, my dear Mr. V—!

352

Non magna loquimur, non magna scribimus, sed vivimus, is the Christian’s motto. Mr. D— can English it.”

On Sunday, August 31st, Whitefield preached twice, not in his friend Hervey’s church, but at Northampton. He then proceeded to Lady Huntingdon’s, at Donington Park. At Liverpool, on September 12th, “some fallow ground was broken up;” at Bolton, “the cup of many ran over;” at Manchester, “people heard most gladly;” at Leeds and Bradford, “what many felt was unutterable;” and at York, “a smart gentleman was touched.” On reaching

Newcastle-on-Tyne, Whitefield wrote to the Countess of Huntingdon, as follows:—

“Newcastle, *September 24, 1755.*”

“EVER-HONOURED MADAM,—I know not how long it is since I left your ladyship; but this I know, a sense of the satisfaction I felt when at Donington still lies upon my heart. Were I not called to public work, waiting upon, and administering to your ladyship in holy offices would be my choice and highest privilege.

“The only new ground that has been broken up is Liverpool. There the prospect is promising. I preached in a great square on the Lord’s-day, and the alarm, I hear, went through the town. At Bolton, the cup of God’s people ran over; and at Manchester we had large auditories and blessed seasons. At Leeds, we felt what is unutterable; and at Bradford, last Sunday, the congregation consisted of at least ten thousand.¹ But, oh, how has my pleasure been alloyed at Leeds! I rejoiced there with trembling; for, unknown to me, they had almost finished a large house, in order to form a separate congregation.² If this scheme succeeds, an awful separation, I fear, will take place amongst the Societies.³ I have written to Mr, Wesley, and have done all I could to prevent it. O this self-love, this self-will! It is the devil of devils!

“I write this from Newcastle, where the people, twice a day, hear the gospel gladly. What to do now, I know not. Calls on all sides are very loud, and it is too late to go either to Ireland or Scotland. O my God! winter is at hand, and, in the summer, how little has been done for Thee! I cannot bear to live at this poor dying rate.”

¹ The place at Bradford where Whitefield preached was “in an open part of the town, near the water-side. His texts were, John iii. 14, and 1 John iii. 8.” (“Memoirs of John Fawcett, D.D.,” pp. 15–17.)

² There had been a schism among the Leeds Methodists. A considerable number had seceded; John Edwards had formed them into a separate Society; and, probably, the meeting-house Whitefield mentions was intended for Edwards and his congregation. Wesley’s first chapel in Leeds was built two years afterwards, in St. Peter’s Street.

³ Wesley’s Societies. Except the Societies formed by Ingham and his friends in the West Riding of Yorkshire, Lancashire, Westmoreland, and Cumberland, none others existed in the north of England.

Whitefield spent ten or a dozen days in the neighbourhood of Newcastle, and then set out for London, where he arrived on October 30th. The following are extracts from his letters:—

“LONDON, *October 31, 1755.*

“Last night, a never-failing God brought me from the north of England, where I have been enabled to preach twice and thrice a day to many, many thousands, for two months past. And yet I cannot die. Nay, they tell me I grow fat. Never did I see the word more blessed, or so many thousands run after it with greater greediness. Next to inviting them to Christ, I have always taken care to exhort them to pray for King George, and our dear friends in America.”

“LONDON, *November 1, 1755.*

“On Thursday evening, I came to town, after having preached about a hundred times, and travelled about eight hundred miles. For more than ten days together, I preached thrice a day. O that I could preach three hundred times! All would be infinitely too little to testify my love to Jesus. After about a week’s stay here, I hope to move westward. O winter! winter! Haste and fly, that I may again set out! Yesterday, I waited upon the Countess Delitz, and, on Thursday, I am to dine with her ladyship.”

“LONDON, *November 8, 1755.*

“I hear you have been sitting night and day in council. All we can do on this side the water is to pray. This, I trust, thousands are doing every day. I seldom preach without mentioning dear New England. Blessed be God! the prospect is promising here. In the north of England, the word runs and is glorified more than ever. In London, people flock like doves to the windows.”

To Lady Huntingdon, who had gone to Clifton Hotwells, Bristol, Whitefield wrote:—

“LONDON, *November 10, 1755.*

“EVER-HONOURED MADAM,—Your ladyship’s kind and condescending letter found me just returned from Chatham. The court, in the best sense of the word, is now removed to Clifton. For there only is the real court kept, where Jesus reigns, and where He has erected a spiritual kingdom in the heart. All besides this is only tinsel and glitter. Here alone is real and abiding happiness to be found. O for further searches into the heights and depths of God! O for further leadings into the chambers of that selfish, sensual, and devilish imagery, that yet lie latent in my partly renewed heart! This self-love, what a *Proteus!* This self-will, what a *Hydra!* This remaining body of sin and death, what an *Antichrist!* what a scarlet whore! what a hell! what a red dragon! what a cursed

354

monster is it! How hard, how slow, he dies! O what gratitude do I owe to the Bruiser of this serpent's head! O for a heart gladly to embrace every cross, every trying dispensation, that may have a tendency to poison, or starve the old man, and cherish, promote, or cause to bloom and blossom the graces and tempers of the new! Ordinances, providences, doctrines are of no service to believers, except as they are attended with this mortifying and life-giving power. Happy family, who have this one thing in view! Happy retirement, that is improved to this blessed purpose! Happy, therefore, good Lady Huntingdon, and the other elect ladies, who are determined thus to go hand in hand to heaven! All hail, ye new-born, heaven-born souls! Ye know, by happy experience, that Jesus is an inward as well as outward Saviour. Were even annihilation to follow death, who would not but have this redemption whilst they live? But glory, glory be to God! it is only the dawning of an eternal day, the beginning of a life that is ere long to be absorbed in never-ceasing, uninterrupted fruition of the ever-blessed Triune Deity. O the depth, the height of this love of God! It passeth human and angelic knowledge. My paper only permits me to add, that I am, ever-honoured madam,

"Your ladyship's most dutiful and ready servant,

"GEORGE WHITEFIELD."

Soon after this, Whitefield joined her ladyship at Bristol, where he spent about a month, but, to a great extent, was prevented preaching. Hence the following:—

"BRISTOL, *November 30.*

"For near ten days past, I have preached in pain, occasioned by a sore throat, which I find now is the beginning of a quinsy. The doctor tells me silence and warmth may cure me; but (if I had my will) heaven is my choice, especially if I can speak no longer for my God on earth. However, painful as the medicine of silence is, I have promised to be very obedient, and, therefore, I have not preached this morning."

Whitefield returned to London towards the end of December, and closed the year by writing to the Countess of Huntingdon:—

"LONDON, *December 31, 1755.*

"EVER-HONOURED MADAM,—Your ladyship's kind and condescending letter should not have been so long unanswered, had not bodily weakness, and my Christmas labours, prevented my writing. It has been a joyful-mourning season. Saturday last being my birthday, my soul was deeply

exercised, from morning till evening, in thinking how much, in one-and-forty years, I had sinned against God, and how little I have done for Him. This impression yet lies deep upon my heart, and, therefore, I purpose to end the old year by preaching on these words, 'I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes.' O that all things belonging to the old man may die in me, and all things belonging to the new man may live and grow in me!

355

But, alas! this is a work of time. Every day and every hour must we be passing from death to life. Mortification and vivification make up the whole of the Divine work in the new-born soul.

"But shall I conceal the goodness of my long-suffering Master? No, I dare not; for, in spite of my unworthiness, He still continues to smile upon my poor ministrations. A noble chapel is now opened in Long Acre, where I am to read prayers and preach twice a week. Hundreds went away last night, who could not come in; but those who could, I trust, met with Jesus."

Long Acre has just been mentioned,—Long Acre, with the London theatres on the left, and Wesley's West Street chapel on the right,—then a fashionable street; now, to a great extent, consisting of workshops for making and exhibiting all kinds of carriages. In the theatres, John Rich, the harlequin, with a kind of dumb eloquence, was electrifying his audiences by the mere gesticulations of his body. Catherine Clive was cleverly acting the characters of chambermaids, fashionable ladies, country girls, romps, hoydens, dowdies, superannuated beauties, viragoes, and humorists. David Garrick, who once said "I would give a hundred guineas if I could only say 'Oh!' like Mr. Whitefield," was the celebrated manager of the theatre in Drury Lane. Margaret Woffington was an admired favourite at Covent Garden. And Samuel Foote was at the height of his popularity.

The chapel in Long Acre¹ was rented by the Rev. John Barnard, one of Whitefield's early converts, who was now an Independent minister, but afterwards became a Sandemanian, and was ultimately expelled by that Society for entertaining too exalted notions of his preaching powers.²

The Dean of Westminster, who, in some capacity, claimed some sort of clerical jurisdiction in Long Acre, was Zachary Pearce, D.D., the son of a distiller in Holborn; from 1748 to 1756, was Bishop of Bangor; and, afterwards, Bishop of Rochester;—an accomplished scholar, a perspicuous writer,

¹ The Long Acre chapel does not now exist. In Charles Street, a few yards from Long Acre, there is a building called "Whitefield's Presbyterian Church;" but its minister, the Rev. C. J. Whitmore, tells me it is not the chapel in which Whitefield preached.

² Wilson's "Dissenting Churches in London," vol. iii., p. 365.

356

a feeble orator, an active prelate, and a hearty hater of the Methodists.

Whitefield had long wished to have a West-end chapel, which might serve as the meeting-house, not only of the rich in general, but especially of the distinguished persons who were accustomed to assemble in the mansions of the Countess of Huntingdon, Lady Frances Shirley, and Lady Gertrude Hotham.

These brief memoranda will help to explain the allusions in the following extracts from Whitefield's letters.

The first is taken from a letter addressed to the Rev. John Gillies, of Glasgow:—

"London, January 22, 1756. Ever since I came from the north, I have had a violent cold and sore throat, which threatened an inflammatory quinsy. One physician prescribed a *perpetual blister*, but I have found *perpetual preaching* to be a better remedy. When this grand catholicon fails, it is over with nie. You will pray that, if I must put out to sea again, it may be to take fresh prizes for my God. Every day brings us fresh news of newly awakened souls. Both at this and the other end of the town (where I now preach in a chapel twice a week), there is a glorious stirring among the dry bones."

The next is from a letter written to the Countess of Huntingdon:—

"London, January 29, 1756. I know not how soon I may be called before my superiors. The sons of *Jubal* and *Cain* continue to serenade me at Long Acre chapel. They have been called before a justice; and, yesterday, the Bishop of Bangor sent for them, and enquired where I lived. My house is pretty public, and the 'Bishop of souls' shall answer for me. One, who subscribes to hire men to make the noise, has been pricked to

the heart, and can have no rest till he speaks with me. Thus Jesus gets Himself the victory. One of the enclosed extracts comes from a person who, a few weeks ago, was a confirmed Deist; now, I trust, he is a little child. The Redeemer speaks, and it is done; He commands, and new creatures instantaneously arise before Him.”

Did these “sons of Jubal and Cain” belong to the adjoining theatres? Perhaps they did. Still, it is curious that Wesley, in West Street chapel, had never been disturbed by their unwelcome serenading; and it is equally remarkable, that though Bishop Pearce did his utmost to silence Whitefield in Long Acre, he seems not at all to have interfered with Wesley in a neighbouring street. The annoy-

357

ance, to Whitefield and his *West-end* congregation, was great; but he was more wishful to convert the serenaders than to punish them. Hence the following, addressed to the gentleman who had brought some of the disturbers before a magistrate:—

“January 30. Gratitude constrains me to send you a few lines of thanks for the care and zeal you have exercised in suppressing the late disorders at Long Acre chapel. I hear that some unhappy man has incurred the penalty inflicted by our salutary laws. As peace, not revenge, is the thing aimed at, I should rejoice if this could be procured without the delinquents suffering any further punishment. Perhaps what has been done already may be sufficient to deter others from any further illegal proceedings; and that will be satisfaction enough for me.”

But for the meddling of Bishop Pearce, it is possible, perhaps probable, that these disreputable disturbances might have ceased; but, two days after writing thus to the gentleman who had commenced a prosecution of the noisy-musicians, Whitefield received a letter from the Bishop, in which he prohibited Whitefield’s further preaching in the Long Acre chapel. This led to an important correspondence between the prelate and the preacher. Whether his lordship had a legal right to issue such a prohibition, ecclesiastical lawyers must determine; but, to say the least, his action had the appearance of episcopal persecution. The Bishop’s letters to Whitefield have not been published; for, with contemptible cowardice, Pearce informed Whitefield

that, if he dared to publish them, he must be prepared to undergo the penalty due to the infringement of “the privilege of a peer!” Still, the substance of his letters may be gathered from Whitefield’s answers; and, as these answers contain an explanation and a defence of the course of conduct which Whitefield had pursued for nearly the last twenty years, they are inserted here at greater length, than, under other circumstances, they would have been.

“TABERNACLE HOUSE, *February 2, 1756.*

“MY LORD,—A few weeks ago, several serious persons, chosen to be a committee for one Mr. Barnard, applied to me, in the name of Jesus Christ, and a multitude of souls desirous of hearing the gospel, to preach at a place commonly called Long Acre chapel. At the same time, they acquainted me, that the place was licensed; that Mr. Barnard either

358

had taken or was to take it for a certain term of years; that he had preached in it for a considerable time, as a Protestant Dissenting minister; but that, notwithstanding this, I might use the Liturgy if I thought proper, so that I would but come and preach once or twice a week.

“Looking upon this as a providential call from Him, who, in the days of His flesh, taught all who were willing to hear, *on a mount, in a ship, or by the sea-side*, I readily complied; and I humbly hope that my feeble labours have not been altogether in vain.

“This being the case, I was somewhat surprised at the prohibition I received from your lordship this evening. For, I looked upon the place as a particular person’s property; and being, as I was informed, not only unconsecrated, but also licensed according to law, I thought I might innocently preach the love of the crucified Redeemer, and loyalty to the best of princes, our dread sovereign King George, without giving any just offence to Jew or Gentile, much less to any bishop or overseer of the Church of God. As I have, therefore, given notice of preaching to-morrow evening, and every Tuesday and Thursday whilst I am in town, I hope your lordship will not look upon it as *contumacy*, if I persist in prosecuting my design, till I am more particularly apprized wherein I have erred.

“Controversy, my lord, is what I abhor; and, as raising popular clamours and ecclesiastical dissensions must be quite unseasonable, especially at this juncture, when *France and Rome*, and *hell* ought to be the common butt of our resentment, I hope your lordship will be so good

as to inform yourself and me more particularly about this matter; and, upon due consideration, as I have no design but to do good to precious souls, I promise to submit. But, if your lordship should judge it best to decline this method, and I should be called to answer for my conduct, either before a spiritual court, or from the press, I trust the irregularity I am charged with will appear justifiable to every true lover of English liberty, and (what is *all* to me) will be approved of at the awful and impartial tribunal of the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls, in obedience to whom I beg leave to subscribe myself, your lordship's most dutiful son and servant,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”

The Bishop of Bangor replied to this straightforward letter; but, of course, his threat, as a peer of the realm, suppressed his communication. Whitefield's next letter was as follows:—

“TABERNACLE HOUSE, *February 16, 1756.*

“MY LORD,—I this evening received your lordship's kind letter; and, though it is late, and nature calls for rest, I now sit down to give your lordship an explicit answer.

“God can witness, that I entered into holy orders, according to the form of ordination of the Church of England, with a disinterested view to promote His glory, and the welfare of precious and immortal souls. For

359

near twenty years, as thousands can testify, I have conscientiously defended her Homilies and Articles, and, upon all occasions, have spoken well of her Liturgy. So far from renouncing these, together with her discipline, I earnestly pray for the due restoration of the one, and daily lament the departure of too many from the other. But, my lord, what can I do?

“When I acted in the most regular manner, and when I was bringing multitudes, even of Dissenters, to crowd the churches, without any other reason being given than that too many followed after me, I was denied the use of the churches. Being thus excluded, and many thousands of ignorant souls, that perhaps would neither go to church nor meeting-houses, being very hungry after the gospel, I thought myself bound in duty to deal out to them the bread of life.

“Being further ambitious to serve my God, my king, and my country, I sacrificed my affections, and left my native soil, in order to begin and

carry on an Orphan House in the infant colony of Georgia, which is now put upon a good foundation. This served as an introduction, though without design, to my visiting the other parts of his Majesty's dominions in North America; and I humbly hope that many in that foreign clime will be my joy and crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus.

“Nay, my lord, if I were not assured that the blessed Redeemer has owned me for the real conversion and turning of many from darkness to light, the weakness of my decaying body, the temptations that have beset my soul, and the violent opposition with which I have met, would long since have led me to accept some of those offers that have been made me to nestle, and by accepting which I might have screened myself from the obloquy and contempt which, in some degree or other, I meet with every day. But, hitherto, without eating a morsel of the Church of England's bread, I still continue to use her Liturgy, wherever a church or chapel is allowed me, and preach up her Articles, and enforce her Homilies. Your lordship, therefore, judgeth me exceeding right, when you say, ‘I presume you do not mean to declare any dissent from the Church of England.’ Far be it from me. No, my lord, unless thrust out, I shall never leave her; and even then I shall still adhere to her doctrines, and pray for the restoration of her discipline, to my dying day.

“Fond of displaying her truly protestant and orthodox principles, especially when Church and State are in danger from a cruel and popish enemy, I am glad of an opportunity of preaching, though it should be in a meeting-house; and I think it discovers a good and moderate spirit in the Dissenters, who quietly attend on the Church service, as many have done, and continue to do at Long Acre chapel, while many, who style themselves the faithful sons of the Church, have endeavoured to disturb and molest us.

“If the lessor of this chapel has no power to let it, or if it be not legally licensed, I have been deceived; and if, upon enquiry, I find this to be the case, I shall soon declare, in the most public manner, how I have been imposed upon. But if it appears that the lessor has a right to dispose of his own property, and that the place is licensed, and as some good, I

trust, has been done by this foolishness of preaching, surely your lordship's candour will overlook a little irregularity, since, I fear, that, in these dregs of time wherein we live, we must be obliged to be irregular, or we must do no good at all.

“My lord, I remember well (and O that I may more than ever obey your lordship's admonition!) that awful day, wherein I was ordained

priest, and when authority was given me, by my honoured friend and father, good Bishop Benson, to preach the word of God; but never did I so much as dream that this was only a local commission, or that the condition annexed, 'Where you shall be lawfully appointed thereunto,' was to confine me to any particular place, and that it would be unlawful for me to preach out of it. It is plain my Lord Bishop of Gloucester did not think so; for when his secretary brought a license for me, his lordship said, it would cost me thirty shillings, and therefore I should not have it. And when, after being presented to the late Bishop of London, I applied to him for a license, his lordship was pleased to say I was going to Georgia, and needed none. Accordingly, I preached in most of the London churches, under his lordship's immediate inspection; and why any other license than my letters of orders should now be required, I believe no substantial, I am positive no scriptural, reason can be assigned.

"It is true, as your lordship observes, there is one canon that says, 'No curate or minister shall be permitted to serve in any place, without examination and admission of the Bishop of the Diocese.' And there is another, as quoted by your lordship, which tells us, 'Neither minister, churchwarden, nor any other officers of the Church shall suffer any man to preach within their chapels, but such as, by shewing their license to preach, shall appear unto them to be sufficiently authorised thereunto.' But, my lord, what curacy or parsonage have I desired, or do I desire to be admitted to serve in? or, into what church or chapel do I attempt to intrude myself, without leave from the churchwardens or other officers? Being, as I think, without cause, denied admission into the churches, I am content to take the field, and, when the weather will permit, with a table for my pulpit, and the heavens for my sounding-board, I desire to proclaim to all the unsearchable riches of Jesus Christ. Besides, my lord, if this canon should be always put into full execution, I humbly presume, no bishop or presbyter can legally preach at any time out of the diocese in which he is appointed to serve; and, consequently, no city incumbent can even occasionally be lawfully assisted by any country clergyman; or even can a bishop himself be lawfully permitted to preach a charity sermon out of his own diocese, without a special license for so doing.

"As for the other canon which your lordship mentions, and which runs thus, 'Neither shall any minister, not licensed as is aforesaid, presume to appoint or hold any meetings for sermons, commonly termed, by some, prophecies or exercises, in market towns or other places, under the said pains,'—I need not inform your lordship, that it was originally levelled against those who would not conform to the Church of England, and that, too, in such high-flying times as not one of the present moderate bench of bishops would wish to see restored. If this be so, how, my lord, does

361

this canon belong to me, who am episcopally ordained, and have very lately published a small tract recommending the communion office of the Church of England?

“But, my lord, to come nearer to the point in hand. And, for Christ’s sake, let not your lordship be offended with my using such plainness of speech. As in the presence of the living God, I would put it to your lordship’s conscience, whether there is one bishop or presbyter, in England, Wales, or Ireland, who looks upon our canons as his rule of action? If this opinion be true, we are all perjured with a witness, and, in a very bad sense of the word, *irregular indeed*. If the canons of our Church are to be implicitly obeyed, may I not say, ‘He, who is without the sin of acting illegally, let him cast the first stone at me, and welcome.’ Your lordship knows full well, that canons and other Church laws are good and obligatory, when conformable to the laws of Christ, and agreeable to the liberties of a free people; but, when invented and compiled by men of little hearts and bigotted principles, to hinder persons of more enlarged souls from doing good, or being more extensively useful, they become mere *bruta fulmina*; and, when made use of as cords to bind the hands of a zealous few, who honestly appear for their king, their country, and their God, they may, in my opinion, like the withes with which the Philistines bound Samson, very legally be broken. As I have not the canons at present before me, I cannot tell what pains and penalties are to be incurred for such offence; but, if any penalty is incurred, or any pain to be inflicted on me, for preaching against sin, the Pope, and the devil, and for recommending the strictest loyalty to the best of princes, his Majesty King George, in this metropolis, or in any other part of his Majesty’s dominions,

I trust, through grace, I shall be enabled to say,—

‘All hail reproach, and welcome pain!’

“There now remains but one more particular in your lordship’s letter to be answered,—your lordship’s truly apostolical canon, taken out of 2 Cor. x. 16,—upon reading of which, I could not help thinking of a passage in good Mr. Philip Henry’s life. It was this. Being ejected out of the Church, and yet thinking it his duty to preach, Mr. Henry used, now and then, to give the people of Broad-Oaks, where he lived, a gospel sermon; and one day, as he was coming from his exercise, he met with the incumbent, and thus addressed him: ‘Sir, I have been taking the liberty of throwing a handful of seed into your field.’ ‘Have you?’ said the good man. ‘May God give it His blessing! There is work enough for us both.’ This, my lord, I humbly conceive, is the case, not only of your

lordship, but of every minister's parish in London, and of every bishop's diocese in England; and, therefore, as good is done, and souls are benefited, I hope your lordship will not regard a little irregularity, since, at the worst, it is only the irregularity of doing well. But, supposing this should not be admitted as an excuse at other seasons, I hope it will have its weight at this critical juncture, wherein, if there were ten thousand sound preachers, and each preacher had a thousand tongues, they could not be too frequently employed in calling upon the inhabitants of Great

362

Britain to be upon their guard against the cruel and malicious designs of *France*, of *Rome*, and of *hell*.

“After all, my lord, if your lordship will be pleased to apply to Mr. Barnard himself, who, I suppose, knows where the place is registered; or if, upon enquiry, I shall find that the lessor has no power to let it, as I abhor every dishonourable action, after my setting out for Bristol, which I expect to do in a few days, I shall decline preaching in the chapel any more. But, if the case should appear to be otherwise, I hope your lordship will not be angry, if I persist in this, I trust, not unpardonable irregularity; for, if I decline preaching in every place, merely because the incumbent may be unwilling I should come into his parish, I fear I should seldom or never preach at all. This, my lord, especially at the present juncture, when all our civil and religious liberties are at stake, would to me be worse than death itself.

“I humbly ask pardon for detaining your lordship so long; but, being willing to give your lordship all the satisfaction I could, I have chosen rather to sit up and deny myself proper repose, than to let your lordship's candid letter lie by me one moment longer than was absolutely necessary.

“I return your lordship a thousand thanks for your favourable opinion of me, and for your good wishes; and, begging the continuance of your lordship's blessing, and earnestly praying that, whenever your lordship shall be called hence, you may give up your account with joy, I beg leave to subscribe myself, jny lord, your lordship's most dutiful son and servant,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”

Such was Whitefield's midnight letter to Bishop Pearce. Its length is gigantic, but, throughout, it is pointed, manly, and respectful; and, because of its historical facts, and its statement of the principles which regulated Whitefield's life, it is of great importance. A summary of it could not have done it justice.

A week later, Whitefield wrote a third letter to the bishop, informing him he had ascertained that the chapel was duly licensed, and that Mr. Barnard's committee were resolved to retain possession of it. He added, "As your lordship would undoubtedly choose that the Church liturgy should be read in it sometimes, rather than it should be entirely made use of in a Nonconformist way, I hope your lordship will not be offended, if I go on as usual after my return from Bristol. I am sorry to inform your lordship, that, notwithstanding the admonitions which, I hear, your lordship has given them, some unhappy persons have still endeavoured to disturb us, by making an odd kind of noise in a neighbouring house. I hear that some of them belong

363

to your lordship's vestry, and, therefore, wish you would so far interpose, as to order them once more to stop their proceedings.

Whitefield went to Bristol; and, on Sunday, March 14, opened his "spring campaign, by preaching thrice in the fields, to many thousands, in Gloucestershire."¹ Immediately after this he returned to London, and found it necessary to write again to Bishop Pearce.

"TABERNACLE HOUSE, *March 20, 1756,*

"MY LORD,—Upon my coming up to town, I found, to my great surprise, that the disturbances near Long Acre chapel had been continued. On Thursday evening last, when I preached there myself, they were rather increased. Some of the windows were stopped up, to prevent, in some degree, the congregation being disturbed by the unhallowed noise; but large stones were thrown in at another window, and one young person was sadly wounded.

"This constrains me to beg your lordship to desire the persons, belonging to your lordship's vestry, to desist from such irregular proceedings. For my own irregularity in preaching, I am ready at any time to answer; and were I myself the only sufferer, I should be entirely unconcerned at any personal ill-treatment I might meet with in the way of duty. But to have the lives of his Majesty's loyal subjects endangered, when they come peaceably to worship God, is an irregularity which, I am persuaded, your lordship will look upon as unjustifiable in the sight of God, and of every good man.

“Your lordship will allow that, as a subject of King George, and a minister of Jesus Christ, I have a right to do myself justice; and, therefore, I hope, if the disturbances be continued, that your lordship will not be offended, if I lay a plain narration of the whole affair, together with what has passed between your lordship and myself, before the world. I beg you not to look upon this as a threatening. I scorn any such mean procedure. But, as Providence seems to point out such a method, I hope your lordship will have no just reason to censure me if I do it.”

The bishop replied, and Whitefield wrote to him again, as follows:—

“LONDON, *March 25, 1756.*

“Your lordship needed not to inform me of the privilege of a peer, to deter me from publishing your lordship’s letters, without first asking leave. Nothing shall be done in that way, which is the least inconsistent with the strictest honour, justice, and simplicity. But, if a public account of the repeated disturbances at Long Acre chapel be rendered necessary,

¹ Whitefield’s Works, vol. iii., p. 166.

I hope your lordship will not esteem it unreasonable in me, to inform the world what previous steps were taken to prevent and stop them.

“Such a scene, at such a juncture, and under such a government, as has been transacted in your lordship’s parish, in the house or yard of Mr. Cope, who, I hear, is your lordship’s overseer, ever since last *Twelfth-day*, I believe is not to be met with in English history. It is more than noise. It is *premeditated rioting*. Drummers, soldiers, and many of the baser sort, have been hired by subscription. A copper furnace, bells, drums, clappers, marrow-bones, and cleavers, and such-like instruments of reformation, have been provided for them, and repeatedly have been used by them, from the moment I have begun preaching, to the end of my sermon. By these horrid noises, many women have been almost frightened to death; and mobbers have, thereby, been encouraged to come and riot at the chapel door during the time of divine service; and, after it has been over, have insulted and abused me and the congregation. Not content with this, the chapel windows, while I have been preaching, have repeatedly been broken by large stones of almost a pound weight, which, though levelled at me, missed me, but sadly wounded some of my hearers. If your lordship will only ride to Mr. Cope’s house, you will see the scaffold, and the costly preparations for such a noise upon it, as must make the ears of all who shall hear it to tingle.

“I am informed that Mr. C— and Mr. M— are parties greatly concerned. I know them not, and I pray God never to lay this ill and unmerited treatment to their charge. If no more noise is made, I assure your lordship no further resentment shall be made. But if they persist, I have the authority of an apostle, on a like occasion, to appeal unto Caesar. I have only one favour to beg of your lordship. As the above-named gentlemen are your lordship’s parishioners, I request that you desire them, henceforward, to desist from such unchristian, such riotous, and dangerous proceedings. Whether, as a chaplain to a most worthy peeress, a presbyter of the Church of England, and a steady disinterested friend to our present happy constitution, I have not a right to ask such a favour, I leave to your lordship’s mature deliberation. Henceforward, I hope to trouble your lordship no more.”

Certainly, it was high time to bring matters to a crisis. The Rev. Zachary Pearce, D.D., though himself the son of a rich distiller in Holborn, and though the husband of a wife, who, as the daughter of another Holborn distiller, brought him a large fortune, was a pluralist. Twenty-three years ago, by the exertions of the Earl of Macclesfield, he had been presented with the fat living of St. Martin’s-in-the-Fields, even after it had been promised to another man. For seventeen years, he had been dean of Winchester; and, in 1748, had exchanged the deanery for the bishopric of Bangor. And now, in this memorable year of 1756, the

365

Duke of Newcastle conferred upon him the see of Rochester and the deanery of Westminster. No doubt, it was in his capacity of vicar of St. Martin’s, that this wealthy pluralist prohibited Whitefield’s preaching in Long Acre, and, if he did not actually employ, yet connived at the noisy ruffians who disturbed Whitefield’s services. Whitefield’s language to the Bishop of Bangor was too respectful. Such a man deserved rebuke, quite as strong as the liquors, by which his own father and the father of his wife had made their fortunes.

Notwithstanding all the efforts of Whitefield to obtain peace, the disturbances at Long Acre were continued. Besides this, early in the month of April, Whitefield received three anonymous letters, threatening him with “a certain, sudden, and unavoidable stroke,” unless he desisted from

preaching, and refrained from prosecuting the rioters of Long Acre. It is impossible to suspect Bishop Pearce of being implicated in the sending of these disgraceful threats; but there can be little doubt that the known animosity of himself and others gave encouragement to the masked assassins. For years past, the bishops and clergy of the Established Church, comparatively speaking, had ceased from their open and violent persecution of the poor itinerant preacher; but their rancorous feelings towards him, perhaps, were not at all abated. Even free-thinking Dr. Herring, Archbishop of Canterbury, who was now within twelve months of his decease, wrote, in the very midst of the Long Acre riots, to William Duncombe, Esq., as follows:—

“CROYDON HOUSE, *January 25, 1756.*

“Your judgment is right. Whitefield is Daniel Burgess¹ *redivivus*; and, to be sure, he finds his account in his joco-serious addresses. Wesley, with good parts and learning, is a most dark and saturnine creature. His pictures may frighten weak people, who, at the same time, are wicked; but, I fear, he will make few converts, except for a day. I have read his ‘Serious Thoughts’;² but, for my own part, I think the

¹ A popular, and also persecuted preacher, who had died forty-three years before. He was the son of a clergyman, ejected for nonconformity in 1662. In 1709, Dr. Sacheverel’s mob attacked Daniel’s meeting-house, in New Court, Lincoln’s-Inn-Fields, broke all the windows, and burnt the pulpit and all the pews. His sermons, like Whitefield’s, contained many pertinent and useful stories.

² On the earthquake at Lisbon.

rising and setting of the sun is a more durable argument for religion than all the extraordinary convulsions of nature put together. Let a man be good on right principles, and then *impavidum ferient ruinae*. So far, Horace was as good a preacher as any of us. I have no constitution for these frights and fervours; and, if I can but keep up to the regular practice of a Christian life, upon Christian reasons, I shall be in no pain for futurity; nor do I think it an essential part of religion, to be pointed at for any foolish singularities. The subjects of the Methodist preaching, you mention, are excellent in the hands of wise men, not enthusiasts. As to their notion that men are by nature devils, I can call it by no other name than wicked and blasphemous, and the highest reproach that man can throw upon his wise and good Creator.

“I am, etc.,

“THOMAS CANTUAR.”¹

Under the circumstances of the time, Whitefield was almost driven to seek redress. First of all, he consulted the Honourable Hume Campbell, brother of Lady Jane Nimmo, and solicitor to the Princess of Wales, Lord Clerk Registrar of Scotland, and one of Whitefield's occasional hearers. In a letter to the Countess of Huntingdon, dated “Canterbury, April 10, 1756,” Whitefield wrote:—

“The noise at Long Acre has been infernal. I have reason to think there was a secret design for my life. Some of my friends were sadly used; they applied for warrants; and that occasioned the sending of a threatening letter. I have written to Sir Hume Campbell for advice. Here all is peaceable. It is most delightful to see the soldiers flock to hear the word; officers likewise attend very orderly.”

On his return to London, Whitefield was introduced to the Earl of Holderness, one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State. Hence the following to Lady Huntingdon:—

“LONDON, *April* 18, 1756.

“EVER-HONOURED MADAM,—Since my last, from Canterbury, I have received two more threatening letters. My greatest distress is, how to act so as to avoid rashness on the one hand, and timidity on the other. I have been introduced to the Earl of Holderness, who received me very courteously, and seemed to make no objection against issuing a reward for the discovery of the letter-writer. Whether I had best accept the plan, I know not. Sir Hume Campbell says the offence is not felony; and he advises me to put all concerned into the Court of King's Bench. Lord Jesus, direct me, for Thy mercy's sake! A man came up to me in the pulpit, at the Tabernacle; God knows what was his design. I see

¹ “Letters from Dr. Thomas Herring,” (12mo. pp. 355.)

no way for me to act, than, either resolutely to persist in preaching and prosecuting, or entirely to desist from preaching, which would bring intolerable guilt upon my soul, and give the adversary cause to blaspheme. Blessed be God! I am quite clear as to the occasion of my suffering. It is for preaching Christ Jesus, and loyalty to King George. Alas! alas! what a condition would this land be in, were the Protestant interest not

to prevail! If Popery is to get a footing here, I should be glad to die by the hands of an assassin. I should then be taken away from the evil to come.”

The result of all this battling with the vestry mobs of Bishop Pearce, and of the apprehension created by these anonymous popish menaces, was the publication of the following announcement in the *London Gazette* of May 1, 1756, and in the two next succeeding numbers of that official journal. The italics and spelling are as they appear in the original:—

“WHITEHALL, *April 30, 1756.*

“Whereas it has been humbly represented to the King that an anonymous letter, without date, directed, *To Doctor Whitefield, at his Tabernacle, by the Foundery in Moorfields*, was, on the 6th of this instant April, received by the Reverend Mr. George Whitefield, by the penny post; and that two other letters, viz., one of them dated the 7th of the present month of April, subscribed, *Your Friendly Adversary*, and directed, *To Mr. Whitefield, at his Tabernacle, near Hogston, beyond the Upper Moorfields*; and the other, anonymous, without date, and directed, *To the Rev. Mr. Whitefield, at the Tabernacle, near Moorfields*, were also received by the said Reverend Mr. George Whitefield, by the penny post, on the 8th of this instant April; and that the said letters, written in very abusive terms, contained threats of injury and destruction to the said Reverend Mr. George Whitefield; His Majesty, for the better discovering, and bringing to justice the persons concerned in writing and sending the said three letters, as above-mentioned, or any one, or more, of them, is pleased to promise his most gracious pardon to any one of them, who shall discover his, or her, accomplice, or accomplices therein, so that he, she, or they, may be apprehended and convicted thereof.

“HOLDERNESSE.

“And as a further encouragement, James Cox, jeweller, in Racquet Court, Fleet Street, does hereby promise a reward of twenty pounds, to be paid by him, to the person or persons making such discovery as aforesaid, upon the conviction of one or more of the offenders.

“JAMES COX.”

So ended one of the toughest battles that Whiteneld ever fought, but its issue was of great importance; for, before the appearance of the third advertisement in the

368

London Gazette, Whitefield had taken successful steps for the erection of his own Tottenham Court Road chapel, where, for awhile, at least, he and his people were permitted to worship God in peace. But more of this anon.

Remembering that Wesley and his Society were permitted, throughout the whole of these disgraceful proceedings, to conduct their services, in their neighbouring West Street chapel, in perfect quietude, it is difficult to account for the disturbances Whitefield had to encounter in Long Acre. Were the “infernal” noises, in the first instance, promoted by the adjoining theatres? Probably they were. Wesley’s preaching in West Street was regarded, by dramatical actors, with less alarm than Whitefield’s in Long Acre. They, probably, felt that, with the great dramatical preacher so near to them, they might soon have to utter a wailing cry, analogous to that of the old Ephesians, under circumstances somewhat similar: “Not only is this our craft in danger to be set at nought; but also that the temple of the great goddess Diana should be despised, and her magnificence destroyed.” But, even admitting that the theatres began the noises, there cannot be a doubt that the vestries of the Church continued them. Bishop Pearce undeniably prohibited Whitefield’s preaching; and, considering his hatred of the Methodists, perhaps, it is not ungenerous to suppose that he secretly did more than this. As it respects the three threatening letters, it is probable that they emanated, neither from the theatre nor Church, but from popish politicians, who, during the “seven years’ war,” which was now in terrific progress, were full of angry excitement, and far more active than they often seemed to be. Whitefield had bitterly offended them by the publication of a “Short Address,” a copy of which he sent to Bishop Pearce on February 23;¹ and, as there can be little doubt that this small publication had to do with the riots and the threatening letters, a brief description of it may be useful.

The title was, “A Short Address to Persons of all Denominations, occasioned by the Alarm of an intended Invasion. By George Whitefield, Chaplain to the Right

¹ Whitefield's Works, vol. iii., p. 16.

369

Honourable the Countess of Huntingdon. London, 1756." (8vo. pp. 20.) The pamphlet had a large sale, not only in Great Britain, but in America. Even during this selfsame year of 1756, as many as six editions were issued at Boston in New England. Its publication was opportune. A Royal Proclamation had recently been published in the *London Gazette*, setting forth that the king commanded all officers and ministers, civil and military, within their respective counties, to cause the coasts of England to be carefully watched, and, in case of any hostile attempt to land upon them, to immediately order all horses, oxen, and cattle, which might be fit for draught or burden, and not actually employed in his Majesty's service, and also, as far as practicable, all other cattle and provisions, to be removed at least twenty miles from the place where such a hostile attempt was made, so as to prevent them falling into the hands of the enemy. Besides this, "on the 6th of February, a public fast was observed, by all ranks of the people. The churches and meeting-houses were thronged; and there was, in appearance, an entire cessation from business throughout London and the suburbs, and all over the kingdom."¹ From such facts the reader may imagine the state of the country, when Whitefield wrote his "Short Address." The following are extracts from it:—

"An insulting, enraged, and perfidious enemy is now advancing nearer and nearer to the British borders. Not content with invading and ravaging our rightful sovereign King George's dominions in America, our prpish adversaries have now the ambition to attempt, at least to threaten, an invasion of England itself; hoping, no doubt, thereby, not only to throw us into confusion at home, but also to divert us from more effectually defeating their malicious designs abroad. That such a design is now actually on foot, the late Royal Proclamation renders indisputable."

Having referred to the recent public fast, Whitefield proceeds to say:—

"Artful insinuations have been industriously published, in order to lay all the blame of this war upon us. But bold assertions and solid proofs

are two different things; for it is plain, beyond all contradiction, that the French, fond of rivalling us both at home and abroad, have unjustly invaded his Majesty's dominions in America; and have also, by the most

¹ London Magazine, 1756, p. 89.

370

vile artifices and lies, been endeavouring to draw the six nations of Indians from our interest. In short, almost all their proceedings, since the late treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, have been little else than a tacit declaration of war. But He that sitteth in heaven, we may humbly hope, laughs them to scorn; and, as He once came down to confound the language of those aspiring projectors, who would fain have built a tower, the top of which should reach to heaven, so, we trust, He will frustrate the devices of our adversary's most subtle politicians, and speak confusion to all their projects; who, by aiming at universal monarchy, are attempting to erect a more than second Babel."

Whitefield goes on to shew that good Christians may be soldiers, and writes:—

"The British arms were never more formidable, than when our soldiers went forth in the strength of the Lord; and, with a Bible in one hand, and a sword in the other, cheerfully fought under His banner, who has condescended to style Himself 'a man of war.' What Bishop Saunderson says of study may be said of fighting: 'Fighting without prayer is atheism, and prayer without fighting is presumption.' I would be the more particular on this point, because, through a *fatal scrupulosity* against bearing arms, even in a defensive war, his Majesty has been in danger of losing the large province of Pennsylvania, the very centre and garden of all North America. Such very scrupulous persons, grasping at every degree of worldly power, and, by all the arts of worldly policy, labouring to monopolize and retain in their own hands all parts both of the legislative and executive branches of civil government, certainly act a most inconsistent part. Say what we will to the contrary, civil magistracy and defensive war must stand or fall together. Both are built upon the same basis; and there cannot be a single argument urged to establish the one, which does not corroborate and confirm the other."

Whitefield then adverts to the recent earthquakes, at Lisbon and elsewhere, and proceeds to say:—

"Were even the like judgments to befall us, they would be but small, in comparison of our hearing that a French army, accompanied with a popish pretender, and thousands of Romish priests, was suffered to invade England, and to blind, deceive, and tyrannize over the souls and

consciences of the people belonging to this happy isle. How can any serious and judicious person be so stupid to all principles of self-interest, and so dead to all maxims of common sense, as to prefer a French to an English government; or a popish pretender, born, and bred up in all the arbitrary and destructive principles of the court and Church of Rome, to the present *Protestant succession*, settled in the illustrious line of Hanover?"

Whitefield next refers to popish persecutions of Protestants, and remarks:—

371

“After perusing this,” (a late declaration of ‘his Most Christian Majesty’ Louis XV.) “read, also, I beseech you, the shocking accounts of the horrid butcheries and cruel murders committed on the bodies of many of our fellow-subjects in America, by the hands of *savage Indians*, instigated thereto by more than *savage popish priests*.¹ And if this be the beginning, what may we suppose the end will be, should a *French* power, or popish pretender, be permitted to subdue either us or them? Speak, *Smithfield*, speak, and, by thy dumb but persuasive oratory, declare to all who pass by and over thee, how many *English* Protestant martyrs thou hast seen burnt to death in the reign of the cruel popish queen, to whom the present pretender to the *British* throne claims a distant kindred! Speak, *Ireland*, speak, and tell how many thousands and tens of thousands of innocent, unprovoking Protestants were massacred, in cold blood, by the hands of cruel Papists, within thy borders, about a century ago! Speak, *Paris*, speak, and say, how many thousands of Protestants were once slaughtered, to serve as a bloody dessert, to grace the solemnity of a marriage feast! Speak, *Languedoc*, speak, and tell how many Protestant ministers have been lately executed; how many more of their hearers have been dragooned and sent to the galleys; and how many hundreds are now lying in prisons, fast bound in misery and iron, for no other crime than that unpardonable one in the *Romish* Church, hearing and preaching the pure gospel of the meek and lowly Jesus!

“And think you, my countrymen, that *Rome*, glutted with Protestant blood, will now rest satisfied, and say, ‘I have enough’? No, on the contrary, having through the good hand of God upon us, been kept so long fasting, we may reasonably suppose, that, the popish priests are only grown more voracious, and, like so many hungry and ravenous wolves pursuing harmless and innocent flocks of sheep, will with double eagerness, pursue after, seize upon, and devour their wished-for Protestant prey; and, attended with their bloody red coats, these Gallic instruments of reformation, who know they must either fight or die, will necessarily

breathe out nothing but threatening and slaughter, and carry along with them desolation and destruction, go where they will.”

This was strong language, but, under the circumstances, not too strong.² No wonder, however, that infuriated Papists sent the writer threatening letters. Whitefield expresses his confidence in God’s interposition, and in England’s

¹ See a pamphlet, entitled “A Brief View of the Conduct of Pennsylvania for the Year 1755.”

² Even the *Monthly Review*—no friend to Whitefield—in its number for March, 1756, wrote concerning Whitefield’s “Short Address”: “Mr. Whitefield here makes good use of the influence he has acquired over the common people, by endeavouring to animate them, at this critical juncture, with a lively sense of the duty they owe to their God, their king, and their country. It is with sincere pleasure we find that this seasonable exhortation has had so considerable a spread as to occasion a demand for three editions; the first of which did not appear till after the late general fast.”

372

“glorious fleet,” and “well-disciplined army;” and then finishes with the following peroration:—

“If we can but make God our friend, we need not fear what *France* and *Rome* and *hell* can do against us. All the malicious efforts and designs of men and devils shall, so far from obstructing, be made to subservise the enlargement of His interests, who, in spite of all the strivings of the potsherds of the earth, will hold the balance of *universal monarchy* in His own hands, and, at last, bring about the full establishment of that blessed kingdom, whose law is truth, whose King is love, and whose duration is eternity. *Fiat! fiat! Amen and amen!*”

These are long quotations, but they help to shew the excited state of public feeling in 1756; and, perhaps, they may help the reader to understand the secrets of the disgraceful clangours, riots, and threatening letters already mentioned.

In his pamphlet, Whitefield refers to the persecution of Protestants in France. Much might be said respecting this; but suffice it to remark, that, on the general fast day, February 6th, Whitefield made a collection in his Tabernacle, eighty pounds’ of which he devoted to a fund which was being raised for the assistance of these poor persecuted people.¹ Remembering that, in 1756, money was probably of four times greater worth than it is at present, this collection of the poor Methodists was a noble one; but even this

fell far short of the sum, which Whitefield, three months afterwards, obtained, within a week, towards the erection of his Tottenham Court Road chapel. Hence the following, addressed to the Countess of Huntingdon:—

“LONDON, *May 2, 1756.*

“EVER-HONOURED MADAM,—Various have been my exercises since I wrote you last; but, I find, all things happen for the furtherance of the gospel. I suppose your ladyship has seen his Majesty’s promise of pardon to any who will discover the letter-writer; and this brings you the further news of my having taking a piece of ground, very commodious to build on, not far from the Foundling Hospital. On Sunday, I opened the subscription, and, through God’s blessing, it has already amounted to near £600. If He is pleased to continue to smile upon my poor endeavours, and to open the hearts of more of His dear children to contribute, I hope, in a few months, to have what has long been wanted,—a place for the

¹ Whitefield’s Works, vol. iii., p. 158.

gospel at the other end of the town. This evening, God willing, I venture once more to preach at Long Acre. The enemy boasts that I am frightened away; but the triumph of the wicked is short. On Tuesday next, I hope to set out for Wales.”

The site of Whitefield’s new chapel was surrounded by fields and gardens. On the north side of it, there were but two houses. The next after them, half a mile further, was the “Adam and Eve” public-house; and thence, to Hampstead, there were only the inns of “Mother Red Cap” and “Black Cap.”¹ The chapel, when first erected, was seventy feet square within the walls. Two years after it was opened, twelve almshouses and a minister’s house² were added. About a year after that, the chapel was found to be too small, and it was enlarged to its present dimensions of a hundred and twenty-seven feet long, and seventy feet broad, with a dome a hundred and fourteen feet in height. Beneath it were vaults for the burial of the dead; and in which Whitefield intended that himself and his friends, John and Charles Wesley, should be interred. “I have prepared a vault in this chapel, Whitefield used to say to his somewhat bigotted congregation,” where I intend to be buried, and Messrs. John and

Charles Wesley shall also be buried there. We will all lie together. You will not let them enter your chapel while they are alive. They can do you no harm when they are dead.”³ The lease of the ground was granted, to Whitefield, by General George Fitzroy, and, on its expiration in 1828, the freehold was purchased for £14,000. The foundation-stone of the chapel was laid in the beginning of June, 1756, when Whitefield preached from the words, “They sang together by course in praising and giving thanks unto the Lord; because He is good, for His mercy endureth for ever toward Israel. And all the people shouted with a great shout, when they praised the Lord, because the foundation of the

¹ *Gospel Magazine*, 1831, p. 563.

² The almshouses and the minister’s house do not now exist. In “Whitefield Street,” and annexed to the chapel, a commodious Day and Sunday school has been built. In one of the chapel vestries there is a large original portrait of Whitefield, without, however, the painter’s name. The likeness is not a pleasing one. On each side of the chapel is a burial ground, now closed.

³ MS. Letter by John Pawson.

374

house of the Lord was laid.” (Ezra iii. 11.)¹ Among others present on the occasion, were the Rev. Thomas Gibbons, one of the Tutors of the Dissenting Academy at Mile End; Dr. Andrew Giffard Assistant Librarian of the British Museum; and the celebrated Rev. Benjamin Grosvenor, D.D., for many years the pastor of the Presbyterian congregation in Crosby Square, and who, after preaching in London for half a century, had recently retired into private life. The chapel was opened for divine worship on November, 7, 1756, when Whitefield selected, as his text, the words, “Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ” (1 Cor. iii. 11).²

Tottenham Court Road chapel has a history well worthy of being written. From this venerable sanctuary sprang separate congregations in Shepherd’s Market, Kentish Town, Paddington, Tonbridge chapel, Robert Street, Crown Street, and Craven chapel.³ Much also might be said of the distinguished preachers who, in olden days, occupied its pulpit: Dr. Peckwell, De Courcy, Berridge, Walter Shirley, Piercy,

chaplain to General Washington, Rowland Hill, Torial Joss. West, Kinsman, Beck, Medley, Edward Parsons, Matthew Wilks, Joel Knight, John Hyatt, and many others; but want of space prevents the insertion of further details. Whitefield's Tabernacle in Moorfields has been demolished, and a Gothic church erected on its site.⁴ Whitefield's Tottenham Court Road chapel is now his only erection in the great metropolis; and long may it stand as a grand old monument, in memory of the man who founded it! Thousands have been converted within its walls, and never was it more greatly needed than at the present day.

No sooner had Whitefield raised £600 towards the erection of his intended chapel, than away he went to the west of England, where he spent about a month. He preached at Bristol, Bath, Westbury, Gloucester, Bradford,

¹ "Centenary Commemoration of the Opening of Tottenham Court Chapel," p. 5.

² *New Spiritual Magazine*, 1783, p. 20.

³ *Home Missionary Magazine*, 1827, p. 35.

⁴ Its name is "Whitefield Tabernacle," and connected with it are "Whitefield Tabernacle Schools," for boys, girls, and infants.

375

Frome, Warminster, Portsmouth, and other places. One letter, written during this preaching tour, must be inserted.

The Rev. Thomas Haweis, D.D., was now a student at Christ Church College, Oxford. He had been educated at the Grammar School, Truro, and had been converted under the preaching of the Rev. Samuel Walker, whose ministry, in that town, during the last few years, had been the means of turning a large number of people "from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God." Young Haweis had formed a Society at Oxford,¹ analogous to the "Holy Club" of the Wesleys and their friends, more than a quarter of a century previous to this. He and a few of his fellow-collegians, all animated by the same views and feelings, met together, in his room, at stated times, for the purpose of reading the Greek Testament, and of conversing on religious subjects. Mr. Walker, the Methodist clergyman of Truro, in a letter, dated "April, 1757," wrote, "Tom Haweis is at Christ Church, and doing service among a few of the

young gentlemen there. He tells me, he is remarked as a dangerous fellow; and adds, that Romaine has been again in the university pulpit, where he preached imputed righteousness, but, it is said, will be allowed to preach no more there.”² In another letter, written a few months afterwards, Walker remarked, “Tom Haweis has good speed at Oxford. There are pretty many already coming to him in private, and he hopes very well of a few of them.”³ Haweis, in fact, had founded a second Society of “Oxford Methodists,” a Society which grew into such importance, and became so obnoxious to the heads of houses, as to lead, in 1768, to the expulsion of six students, belonging to Edmund Hall, “for holding Methodistical tenets, and taking upon them to pray, read, and expound the Scriptures in private houses.”⁴

As yet, Whitefield had never met with Haweis, but he had heard of him, and, while at Bristol, he addressed to him the following letter:—

¹ Wilson’s “Dissenting Churches,” vol. iii., p. 118.

² Sydney’s “Life of Rev. Samuel Walker,” p. 329.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 436.

⁴ *St. James’s Chronicle*, March 16, 1768.

“BRISTOL, May 20, 1756.

“MY VERY DEAR SIR,—For so I must address you, having had you in a peculiar manner upon my heart, ever since I read a letter that came from you some months ago. It bespoke the language of a heart devoted to Jesus. Glory be to God! that there are some young champions coming forth. Methinks, I could now sing my *nunc dimittis* with triumphant joy. Though I decrease, may you increase! O that you may be kept from conferring with flesh and blood! O that you may be owned and blessed of God! I believe you will, and never more so than when you are reviled and despised by man. It is a fatal mistake to think we must keep our characters in order to do good. This is called *prudence*; in most, I fear, it is *trimming*. Honesty I find always to be the best policy. Them who honour Jesus, He will honour. Even in this world, if we confess Him, His truth, and His people, we shall receive a hundredfold. But whither am I going? Excuse the overflowings of a heart that loves you dearly for the glorious Redeemer’s sake. I am here preaching His cross. Next week, I have thoughts of being at Bath and Westbury. I lead a pilgrim life. Ere long, I hope my heavenly Father will take me home. I am

ambitious; I want to sit upon a throne. Jesus has purchased a throne and heaven for me. That you may have an exalted place at His right hand, is the prayer of, etc.,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”

On his return to London, Whitefield took advice respecting the trust deed to be drawn up for his new chapel, and wrote to the Countess of Huntingdon as follows:—

“LONDON, *June 4, 1756.*

“EVER-HONOURED MADAM,—At Bristol, the Redeemer caused us to triumph, and likewise in Gloucestershire, and at Bradford, Frome, Warminster, and Portsmouth, where I have been the last three weeks. I am now come to London, for about ten days, to keep Pentecost. I trust it will be a Pentecost to many souls at Long Acre.

“Blessed be God! a new building is now in progress at Tottenham Court Road. We have consulted the Commons about putting it under your ladyship’s protection. This is the answer: ‘No nobleman can license a chapel; a chapel cannot be built and used as such, without the consent of the parson of the parish; and, when it is done with his consent, no minister can preach therein without license of the Bishop of the diocese.’ There seems then to be but one way,—to license it as our other houses are: and thanks be to Jesus for that liberty, which we have.”

From this it is evident that Whitefield wished his new erection to be a chapel in connection with the Established Church; and, that, because of the difficulties mentioned, he was driven to avail himself of the Act of Toleration, and license it as a Dissenting meeting-house.

377

Whitefield had another trouble of a different kind. William Law, one of the oracles of the Oxford Methodists, had become a Behmenite; and Wesley had recently published a large pamphlet, with the title, “A Letter to the Rev. Mr. Law, occasioned by some of his late writings.” (8vo. 102 pp.) This production has never been entirely reprinted, an extract only being given in Wesley’s collected works. Its language in some places was unusually, perhaps undeservedly, severe. At all events, Law was deeply offended; and, what was more amusing, Whitefield was implicated, by its being

rumoured that he was a party to the publication of Wesley's letter. The following, to Lady Huntingdon, refers to this:—

“LONDON, *June 10, 1756.*”

“EVER-HONOURED MADAM,—I have just come from bed, where I have been sweating for a cold and colic. From your ladyship's kind and condescending letter, I see your ladyship is touched in a very tender point. Generous minds are always thus affected, when a friend is abused. I find more and more, that our own mother's children will be permitted to be angry with us. The contradiction of saints is more trying than that of sinners. I do not deny that I might say, ‘Some of Mr. Law's principles, in my opinion, are wrong;’ but that I ever put Mr. Wesley upon writing, or had any active hand in his pamphlet, is utterly false. I think it is a most ungentlemanlike, injudicious, unchristian piece. However, Mr. Law knows too much of the Divine life, not to see some call even in this cross; and I hope your ladyship will not suffer it to burden your mind any longer.

“My present work in London seems to be over, and, on Monday or Tuesday next, I hope to set out for Bristol, and then come, through Leicestershire, on my way to Scotland. This, I hope, will be a three months' circuit. The prospect in London is very promising. Every day we hear of fresh conquests.”

Whitefield did not set out to Bristol until June 22; and, instead of proceeding thence to Scotland, he returned to London on July 9. The following letters belong to this period.

Whitefield had a large family in America; but, because of the war, he could not visit it. He wrote to his house-keeper there as follows:—

“LONDON, *June 21, 1756.*”

Nothing in your last letter concerns me, except your having the least suspicion that I was not pleased with your conduct, or was not satisfied with your being at Bethesda. I know of no person in the world that I

would prefer to you. I think myself happy in having such a mother for the poor children, and am persuaded God will bless you more and more. I care not how much the family is lessened. As it is a time of war, this may be done with great propriety; and the plantation will have time to grow. Never fear; Jesus will stand by a disinterested cause. I have aimed at nothing, in founding Bethesda, but His glory and the good of

my country. Let Lots choose the plain; God will be Abraham's shield and exceeding great reward. All is well that ends well. To-morrow, I set out upon a long range."

The next letter is curious and full of interest. Benjamin Franklin, who, in later years, through unhappy embroilments, became an enemy of England, and took an active part in bringing about the American revolution, was, at present, one of the most loyal subjects of King George the Second. Only a year before, when the expedition of General Braddock, to dispossess the French of some of their encroachments, was in preparation, a difficulty arose for want of waggons, and Franklin, at the risk of ruining his own fortunes, supplied not fewer than a hundred and fifty. After this, he was instrumental in passing a militia bill, and was appointed colonel of the Philadelphia regiment of twelve hundred men, which command he held until the troops were disbanded by order of the English government. In the midst of these exciting occurrences, Franklin wrote to Whitefield, as follows:—

"NEW YORK, *July 2, 1756.*

"DEAR SIR,—I received your favour of the 24th of February with great pleasure, as it informed me of your welfare, and expressed your continued regard for me. I thank you for the pamphlet you enclosed to me.¹ As we had just observed a provincial fast on the same occasion, I thought it very seasonable to be published in Pennsylvania; and accordingly reprinted it immediately.

"You mention your frequent wish that you were a chaplain to the American army. I sometimes wish that you and I were jointly employed by the Crown to settle a colony on the Ohio. I imagine that we could do it effectually, and without putting the nation to much expense; but, I fear,— we shall never be called upon for such a service. What a glorious thing it would be to settle in that fine country a large, strong body of religious and industrious people! What a security to the other colonies, and advantage to Britain, by increasing her people, territory, strength, and commerce! Might it not greatly facilitate the introduction of pure

¹ Doubtless, Whitefield's "Short Address to Persons of all Denominations."

379

religion among the heathen, if we could, by such a colony, shew them a better sample of Christians than they commonly see in our Indian traders?—the most vicious and abandoned wretches of our nation! Life, like a dramatic piece, should not only be conducted with regularity, but, methinks, it should finish handsomely. Being now in the last act, I begin to cast about for something fit to end with. Or, if mine be more properly compared to an epigram, as some of its lines are but barely tolerable, I am very desirous of concluding with a bright point. In such an enterprise, I could spend the remainder of life with pleasure: and I firmly believe God would bless us with success, if we undertook it with a sincere regard to His honour, the service of our gracious king, and (which is the same thing) the public good.

“I thank you cordially for your generous benefactions to the German schools. They go on pretty well; and will do better, when Mr. Smith, who has at present the principal charge of them, shall learn to mind party-writing and party-politics less, and his proper business more; which, I hope, time will bring about.

“I thank you for your good wishes and prayers; and am, with the greatest esteem and affection, dear sir, your most obedient humble servant,

“BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

“My best respects to Mrs. Whitefield.”¹

As is well known, this remarkable man wound up the drama of his eventful life, not by founding a new English colony on the Ohio, but by assisting to wrest the colonies which England already had, from English government, and by becoming the plenipotentiary of the rebellious provinces to the court of France!

After his return from Bristol, on July 9, Whitefield, with the exception of a run to Kent, employed nearly the next three weeks in London. Hence the following letters, the first to the Countess of Huntingdon, the second to his house-keeper at Bethesda:—

“LONDON, *July 17, 1756.*

“EVER-HONOURED MADAM,—Your kind letter found me just returned from Bristol, and just setting out for Maidstone and Chatham, where I

have been to preach the gospel, and to visit a poor murderer.² I hope my labours were not altogether vain in the Lord. I am now preparing for

¹ *Evangelical Magazine*, 1803, p. 51.

² The following is taken from the *London Magazine* for 1756, p. 402:— August. At Maidstone late assizes, Mr. John Lauder, an officer in a regiment of foot, was tried for killing, with his sword, in the heat of passion and liquor, William Forster, a post-boy. Mr. Lauder behaved very decently at his execution.”

380

my northern expedition. My motions must be very quick, because I would hasten to Scotland as fast as possible, to have more time at my return. Eternity! Eternity! O how I do long for thee! But, alas, how often must we be like pelicans in the wilderness, before we arrive there! Solitariness prepares for the social life, and the social life for solitariness again. Jesus alone is the centre of peace and comfort in either situation. Springs fail; the Fountain never can, nor will.”

“ISLINGTON, *July 27, 1756.*

“Pray lessen the family as much as possible. I wish I had none in the house but proper *orphans*. The plantation would then suffice for its support, and debts be paid; but we must buy our experience. Troubles seem to beset us here; but we are all secure in God. His gospel flourishes in London. I am just returned from preaching it at Sheerness, Chatham, and in the camp. This afternoon or to-morrow I set off for Scotland.”

Whitefield arrived at Leeds on Sunday evening, August 1. The account of his labours during the next fortnight is contained in the following letter:—

“SUNDERLAND, *August 14, 1756.*

“It is now a fortnight since I came to Leeds. On the Sunday evening, a few hours after my arrival, many thousands were gathered in the fields, to whom Jesus enabled me to speak with some degree of power. The following week, I preached, in and about Leeds, thrice almost every day, to thronged and affected auditories. On Sunday last, at seven in the morning, the congregation consisted of about ten thousand; at noon and in the evening, at Birstal, of near double the number. Though hoarse, the Redeemer helped me to speak, so that all heard. It was a high day. In the evening, several hundred of us rode about eight miles, singing and praising God. The next morning, I took a sorrowful leave of Leeds, preached at Tadcaster¹ at noon, and at York in the evening. God was with us. On Tuesday, I preached twice at York. Delightful seasons. On Wednesday, at Warstall, about fifty miles off; on Thursday, twice at Yarm; and last

night and this morning here. After spending my Sabbath here, and visiting Shields,² Newcastle, and some adjacent places, I purpose to go on to Scotland.”

¹ Whitefield's old friend, Benjamin Ingham, was now resident at Aberford, about five miles from Tadcaster. (“The Oxford Methodists,” p. 139)

² One of Whitefield's texts was, “Wherefore, glorify ye the Lord in the fires” (Isa. xxv. 14), in illustrating which he was wont to say: “When I was, some years ago, at Shields, I went into a glass-house, and saw a workman take a piece of glass, and put it into three furnaces in succession. I asked, ‘Why do you put it into so many fires?’ He answered, ‘Oh, sir, the first was not hot enough, nor the second, and therefore we put it into the third; that will make it transparent.’ ‘Oh,’ thought I, ‘does this man put this glass into one furnace after another, that it may be made perfect? Then, O my God! put me into one furnace after another,

381

The Sunday spent at Bradford and Birstal was a day never to be forgotten; and the singing cavalcade, at the end of it, has hardly ever been equalled. Among the thousands then assembled, was a boy, sixteen years of age, upon whom Whitefield's sermons had a powerful and permanent effect. They led to his conversion; and the youth, then an apprentice, became the well-known Rev. John Fawcett, D.D., for fifty-four years, one of the most faithful preachers among the West Yorkshire mountains. After hearing Whitefield at Bradford, early in the morning, young Fawcett trudged ten or a dozen miles to Birstal, where Whitefield stood on a platform, at the foot of a hill near the town, and, on the slopes of the hill, had twenty thousand people grouped before him, “thousands of whom, during the delivery of his two sermons, vented their emotions by tears and groans. Fools who came to mock, began to pray.”¹

One of the places “about Leeds,” at which Whitefield preached, was Haworth, where a scaffold was erected in the churchyard, and he took for his text, “Turn you to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope” (Zech. ix. 12). Here, again, there was a young Yorkshireman who never forgot that memorable season. Samuel Whitaker wrote: “I got among the crowd nearly under the scaffold, and it was the most affecting time I ever experienced. Mr. Whitefield spoke as

if he had been privy to all my thoughts, words, and actions, from the tenth year of my age. The day following, I heard him at Leeds; and the day after that, at Bradford.” Twelve months subsequent to this, Samuel Whitaker became a member of Wesley’s Society; for many years was a class-leader and local-preacher at Keighley; and, exactly sixty years after first hearing Whitefield at Haworth, tranquilly expired, in the eighty-second year of his age.²

Whitefield has left no account of his labours in Scotland; but the following particulars, taken from the *Scots’ Magazine* for 1756, will partly fill up the gap.

that my soul maybe transparent!” (Belcher’s “Biography of Whitefield,” p. 370.)

¹ “Memoirs of John Fawcett, D.D.,” p. 19.

² *Methodist Magazine*, 1819, p. 56.

382

He arrived at Edinburgh, on Friday, August 20, where he remained for the next three weeks, and “preached every day, morning and evening, in the Orphan Hospital Park, to very numerous audiences” (p. 414).

On Friday, September 10, he went to Glasgow, where he preached the same evening, twice on Saturday, and four times on Sunday, September 12, to large congregations.

Six days afterwards, he returned to Edinburgh; and, as the new governor of Georgia desired to converse with him, before embarking for the colony, Whitefield started for England, on Wednesday, September 22.¹

The *Scots’ Magazine* proceeds to say: “Before Mr. Whitefield set out for Glasgow, the managers of the Orphan Hospital made him a present of fifty guineas to defray his travelling charges; but he returned ten guineas, saying that forty guineas were sufficient to defray the charges, and likewise to pay upwards of £14, which he had laid out here for coarse linen to be sent to his Orphan House in Georgia. For accommodating the audience, when he preached, the managers had erected seats in the park; and, though only a halfpenny each was asked from the hearers for their seats, the money thence arising, and the collections at the park gates, amounted to upwards of £188 sterling; so that the hospital

has about £120 clear gain, over and above the expense of the seats, and the present made to Mr. Whitefield.”

The magazine relates further, that “scarcity at home” had induced a greater number of Highlanders than usual to come to Edinburgh for “harvest work.” The harvest, however, was not ready. They had nothing to live upon. “Contributions were set on foot, to give them two meals a day at the poorhouse; and, on the evening of September 21, after a sermon suitable to the occasion by Mr. Whitefield, a collection was made for them, in the Orphan Hospital Park, which amounted to £60 11s. 4d. sterling, of which half a guinea was given by Mr. Whitefield himself” (p. 465).

To these items of intelligence may be added the following from the *Edinburgh Courant*: “During his stay, Mr. Whitefield preached, morning and evening, in the Orphan Hospital

¹ Whitefield's Works, vol. iii., p. 190.

383

Park, not excepting the evening of the day on which he arrived, or the morning of that on which he departed. As he was frequently very explicit in opening the miseries of popish tyranny and arbitrary power, and very warm in exhorting his hearers to loyalty and courage at home, and in stirring them up to pray for the success of his Majesty's forces, we have reason to believe that his visit, at this juncture, has been particularly useful.”

In 1756, a considerable number of Wesley's preachers and Societies were strongly inclined to declare themselves Dissenters. Charles Wesley was excessively annoyed; and, as soon as his brother's annual conference was ended, he set out to entreat the Methodists “to continue steadfast in the communion of the Church of England.” Throughout life, Whitefield was a peace-maker, and, on his return from Scotland, he rendered service for which Charles Wesley was profoundly thankful. Under the date of Friday, October 8, Charles wrote:—

“Returning to Leeds, I met my brother Whitefield, and was much refreshed by the account of his abundant labours. I waited on him in our Room, and gladly sat under his word.”

Again: “Sunday, October 10. At Birstal, my congregation was less by a thousand or two, through George Whitefield preaching to-day at Haworth.”

“Monday, October 11. Hearing Mr. Whitefield and Mr. Grimshaw were returning to our watch-night, I waited for them at their lodgings, with zealous, humble, loving Mr. Crook. It rained so hard, that Mr. Whitefield was agreeably surprised, at eight, to find our House as full as it could cram. They forced me to preach first; which I did from Zech. xiii.: ‘The third part I will bring through the fire.’ My brother George seconded me in the words of our Lord: ‘I say unto all, Watch.’ The prayers and hymns were all attended with a solemn power. Few, if any, went unawakened away.”

“Manchester, Monday, October 25. Here I rejoiced to hear of the great good Mr. Whitefield has done in our Societies. He preached as universally as my brother. He warned them everywhere against apostasy; and strongly insisted on the necessity of holiness *after* justification, illustrating it with this comparison: ‘What good will the king’s pardon do a poor malefactor dying of a fever? So, notwithstanding you have received forgiveness, unless the disease of your nature be healed by holiness, ye can never be saved.’ He beat down the separating spirit, highly commended the prayers and services of our Church, charged our people to meet their bands and classes constantly, and never to leave the Methodists, or God would leave them. In a word, he did his utmost to

384

strengthen our hands, and deserves the thanks of all the churches, for his abundant labour of love.”¹

The author of “The Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon” states, that, in his itinerancy through Lancashire, Whitefield was accompanied by the Revs. Messrs. Grimshaw, Ingham, and Milner, and that, among other places, they visited Manchester, Stockport, and Chinley.² From an old manuscript ‘History of Methodism in Leigh,’ it appears, that Whitefield also visited Shackerley, where, at that time, a large number of Unitarians were located, the disciples of Dr. Taylor, the divinity tutor of the Unitarian Academy at Warrington. The writer relates, that, Whitefield preached on Shackerley Common, and that a man, a mile distant, leaning upon a gate, distinctly heard many of his sentences, was convinced of sin, and soon converted.

Whitefield's own account of his labours in Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Cheshire, is extremely meagre. On his return to London, from what he calls his "thousand miles' northern circuit,"³ he wrote to the Countess of Huntingdon, as follows:—

"LONDON, *October 27, 1756.*

"I wrote you a few lines, not long ago, from Leeds. Since then, I have been in honest Mr. Grimshaw's and Mr. Ingham's rounds, preaching upon the mountains to many thousands. One, who was awakened three years ago, is gone to heaven, and desired to be buried in the spot where she was converted. The sacrament at Mr. Grimshaw's was awful; and the watch-night at Leeds exceeding solemn. I would have continued my circuit, but I found that preaching so frequently in those cold districts was bringing on my last year's disorder. Being, therefore, grown very prudent, I am come to open our new chapel in Tottenham Court Road. Lord, what am I, that Thou shouldest suffer me to put a pin in Thy tabernacle! Never did I know the fields more ready unto harvest, than I have seen them in the north."

Builders, in former days, were more expeditious than at present. Whitefield's chapel was neither a small nor a flimsy structure, and yet, only half a year after its commencement, it was ready for being opened!

Whitefield was now in his "winter quarters," where he remained for the next six months;—an unusually long period

¹ C. Wesley's Journal. ² Vol. i., p. 266.

³ Whitefield's Works, vol. iii., p. 191.

385

for him to spend in London. The following extracts from his letters will, it is hoped, interest the reader:—

"London, November 17, 1756. At Tottenham Court chapel, we have had some glorious earnest of future blessings. My constant work now is preaching about fifteen times a week. This, with a weak appetite, want of rest, and much care lying upon my mind, enfeebles me. But the joy of the Lord is my strength; and my greatest grief is, that I can do no more for Him, who has done and suffered so much for me."

The Rev. Henry Venn was now one of the most active clergymen of the Church of England. Besides being curate of Clapham, he held three lectureships in the city. His *regular* duties consisted of a full service at Clapham on the

Sunday morning; a sermon, in the afternoon, at St. Alban's, Wood Street; and another, in the evening, at St. Swithin's, London-stone. On Tuesday morning, a sermon at St. Swithin's; on Wednesday morning, at seven o'clock, at St. Antholin's; and, on Thursday evening, at Clapham.¹ Whitefield had become acquainted with him, and wrote to Hervey, at Weston-Favel, as follows:—

“London, December 9, 1756. I hope that my dear friend prospers both in soul and body. Conviction and conversion work goes on here. Lord, keep us from tares! All is well at Clapham. I have expounded there twice. God has met with us in our new building.”

To the Rev. Aaron Burr, the President of New Jersey College, for whom he had done his best to obtain a D.D. degree from the Edinburgh University, Whitefield wrote:—

“London, December 9, 1756. Night and day, our hands are lifted up for dear America; but, I fear, we are to be brought into far greater extremity, both at home and abroad, ere deliverance comes. I am sorry you have not your degree. It is ready, if testimonials were sent from those who know you. This not being done, it looks as though the character given you on this side the water was not justly founded. I wish you would write oftener. How glad would I be to see America, but my way is hedged up. The awakening both in town and country continues. More ministers are coming out to preach the gospel. I am strengthened to preach fourteen times a week, and I trust it is not in vain.”

“London, December 15, 1756. Last Sunday, in the new chapel, there was a wonderful stirring among the dry bones. Some great people came, and begged they might have a constant seat: an earnest this, I believe, of more good things to come.”

¹ “Life of Rev. Henry Venn,” p. 24.

“London, December 30, 1756. God is doing wonders in the new chapel. Hundreds went away last Sunday morning, who could not come in. On Christmas Day, and last Tuesday night (the first time of burning candles), the power of the Lord was present, both to wound and to heal. A neighbouring doctor has baptized the place, calling it ‘Whitefield’s Soul-Trap.’ I pray that it may be a *soul-trap* indeed, to many wandering sinners. Abundance of people round about, I hear, are much struck. O for humility! O for gratitude! O for faith! Wherefore should I doubt? Surely Jesus will carry me through, and help me to pay the workmen.”

In such a spirit, Whitefield ended another year of his eventful life. He was now attracting to his meeting-house some of the “*great people*” of the western parts of the metropolis; and, yet, his preaching was as faithful as ever. Let the following serve as a specimen:—

“Woe unto you, who are at ease in Zion, and, instead of staying to be tempted by the devil, by idleness, self-indulgence, and making continual provision for the flesh even tempt the devil to tempt you! Woe unto you, who, not content with sinning yourselves, turn factors for hell, and make a trade of tempting others to sin! Woe unto you, who either deny Divine revelation, or never use it, but to serve a bad turn! Woe unto you, who sell your consciences, and pawn your souls, for a little worldly wealth or honour! Woe unto you, who climb up to high places, in Church or State, by corruption, bribery, extortion, cringing, flattery, or bowing down to, and soothing the vices of those by whom you expect to rise! Woe unto you! for, whether you will own the relation or not, you are of your father the devil; for the works of your father you do. I tremble for you. How can you escape the damnation of hell?”¹

Such preaching was needed in the days of Whitefield, and it is equally needed now. For lack of it, thousands, even in churches and chapels, are dreaming elysian dreams, while in the utmost danger of perishing.

In more respects than one, the year 1756 was a year of turmoil; but the Methodists were not without their friends. One pamphlet, published during the year, undesignedly in Whitefield’s favour, had the following inordinately long title: “The Great Secret Disclosed; or an Infallible Salve for Opening the Eyes of all such as the God of this World has Blinded; by once applying which, the Person will be able to see the true cause why Religion decays amongst us, and why Methodism started up, and daily increases; and, with it, all

¹ Whitefield’s Works, vol. v., p. 275.

that train of Vice and Immorality so common to be met with in every corner of the Nation; with an effectual method for bringing about a Reformation by destroying Methodism.” (8vo. 52 pp.)

The title shews that the pamphlet was not *intended* to promote the interests of Methodism. Like Balaam, the

writer purposed to curse his enemies, and, yet, he blessed them. Two extracts must suffice.

“It is generally reported that Mr. Whitefield has a hundred thousand followers, most of whom, before his preaching, were the vilest of mankind, but are now sober and religious persons, good members of society, and good subjects of the king. It is also said that Mr. Wesley’s preaching h is had as good an effect on the like numbers; most of whom have been brought to be members of the Church of England; namely, to baptize their children, and to receive the sacrament there: for, as he and his brother preach only betimes in a morning and in the evening, and order their followers to go, the other parts of the day, to their respective places of worship; and, as most of them went to no place of worship before, and as such always looked upon themselves as Church people, they go, forenoon and afternoon, to its services. Thus, instead of weakening the Church, by taking members from it, the Methodists have strengthened it, by adding thousands of members to it; for the Methodists, properly speaking, are no Church, having no ordinances administered among them.¹

“Mr. Whitefield seems to have been the first whom the clergy of a whole nation agreed to prevent preaching, without ever proving that he had broken either the ecclesiastical, moral, or national law. His chief crime was that he appeared to be in earnest both in reading prayers and preaching.”

The author’s “effectual method” to destroy Methodism was: 1. That the clergy should “treat the Methodists as Church members, and not molest them in performing the duties of religion;” and, 2. They should “out-pray and preach them.”

Another pamphlet, of the same Balaam-like character, was published in 1756, with the title, “Methodism Displayed, and Enthusiasm Detected; intended as an Antidote against, and a Preservative from, the delusive Principles and unscriptural Doctrines of a Modern *Sett* of seducing Preachers; and

¹ This is hardly correct. Whitefield and the Wesleys administered the sacraments, in London, Bristol, and other places. Their unordained Keachers, however, were not allowed to do this until many a long year afterwards.

This was an enigmatical production. After giving to the "*Modem Sett of seducing Preachers*" a number of hard names, the author writes as follows:—

"If for a steady adherence and firm attachment to the doctrines of the Church of England I am accounted a *Methodist*, I am content. May I live and die a Church of England *Methodist! A Methodist!* Why, really it is a simple and inoffensive name, and I do not see much reason to be ashamed of it. The world does not usually fix this appellation upon persons of an openly wicked and scandalously sinful life. A gaming, pleasure-taking, playhouse-frequenting person, who lives in debauchery and excess of drinking, is sure to escape the name of *Methodist*. Nor has a minister that name given him, who, notwithstanding his solemn declarations, subscriptions, and oaths to assent to and to abide by the Articles of our Church, preaches contrary to them,—denies the *fall of man*,—*original sin*,—contends for justification by works, instead of by faith,—is an enemy to the doctrine of imputed righteousness,—from whose sermons you seldom hear the name of Jesus, or the agency and influence of the Holy Spirit, unless utterly to deny, inveigh against, and explode all spiritual *inspiration* and inward feelings: these and such-like preachers escape from the imputation of *Methodism*. So, again, that decent, regular person, who, freed from the *irksome care of souls*, comfortably lolls in his chariot, thinks it is time for him to have done with praying and preaching, and, therefore, has *left off trade*, and is content with a bare £\000 per annum Church preferment; he, who loves the Church, rails at your popular, mob-driving preachers, and is sure they would not take half the pains they do, if views of money-getting were not at the bottom,—this sort of gentleman stands very clear of being deemed a *Methodist*."

Another extract must be given. The picture it draws was not a caricature.

"Take knowledge of that *thing*. He is parson of St—'s church. Lest the people should be seduced and deceived by hearing the doctrines of the Church of England preached, he denies these true ministers' the pulpit, and says they are *Enthusiasts*; and the people, as ignorant as himself, join the cry. An enthusiast! What is that? Oh, 'tis the cant word of the day for the many-headed monster, the bugbear of the times. 'Ah,' says a constant church-goer, 'I heard one of those preachers at our church. He preached such a sermon! It was almost an hour long, and he said downright, that all unconverted people were in a state of damnation, and would go to hell, if they did not believe on the Lord Jesus! Truly, he set the parish in an uproar, for we are not used to such sort of preaching. Thank God for a good parson, say I; for the Sunday after our

¹ Meaning the Methodist clergymen.

389

parson (God bless him!) preached a sermon against such doctrine; and, though he was no longer than a quarter of an hour, he made us all easy again. He told us we were in no danger of going to hell, and that there was no fear of our being damned, for we were all good *Christians*, if we paid every one their own, and did as we would be done by.”

Whitefield began the year 1757 with mingled feelings. He rejoiced because of the prosperity of the work of God; he was distressed by political and Church contentions; and he was full of care respecting his distant Orphan House. Hence the following selections from his letters:—

“LONDON, *January 12, 1757.*

“A wide door seems to be opening at Tottenham Court chapel. The word flies like lightning in it. O that it may prove a Bethel—a house of God—a gate of heaven! I believe it will. As the awakening continues, I have some hopes that we are not to be given up. Alas! alas! we are *testing* and *contesting*, while the nation is bleeding to death. We are condemning this and that; but sin, the great mischief-maker, lies unmolested, or rather encouraged by every party.”

To his housekeeper at Bethesda, Whitefield wrote:—

“LONDON, *February 5, 1757.*

“Tottenham Court chapel is made a Bethel, and the awakening increases every day. O that it were so in Georgia! Surely the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls will bless you, for taking care of the lambs in that distant wilderness. Mr. P.’s leaving Bethesda sadly distresses me. I desire that all, who are capable, may be put out, and the family reduced as low as possible, till the war is over, and the institution out of debt. Lord, remember me and all my various concerns! God bless and direct you in every step! He will, He will. What is to become of us here, God only knows. A year perhaps may determine. The best sign is, that the awakening continues.”

Four years ago, Whitefield had published his pamphlet against Zinzendorf and the Moravians. Things since then had altered for the better. Hence the following:—

“LONDON, *February 17, 1757.*

“O to be an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile! Simplicity and godly sincerity are all in all. A want of this, I fear, has led the Count into all his mistakes. With great regret, I speak or write of any people’s weaknesses; but I thought Divine Providence called me to publish what you mention. The Redeemer gave it His blessing. I do not find that their fopperies are continued, and I hear also that they have discharged many debts.”

At this period, one of the most popular of the metro-

390

politan actors was a young man of twenty-seven—Edward Shuter, born in a cellar adjoining Covent Garden—“the offspring of a chairman on the one side, and of an oyster-woman on the other.” He had been a marker at a billiard table, and a tapster at a public-house. He had joined a company of strolling players, among whom, by his drolleries and good nature, he soon acquired the appellation of *Comical Ned*. At length, Garrick engaged him at Drury Lane. “He was so thoroughly acquainted,” says a critical authority, “with the *vis comica*, that he seldom called in those common auxiliaries, grimace and buffoonery, but rested entirely on genuine humour. He had strong features, and a peculiar turn of face, which, without any natural deformity, he threw into the most ridiculous shapes.” His facetiousness was irresistible. Being in disgrace, on one occasion, for some irregularity in his performance, the audience demanded an apology, and vehemently called for him, after he had made his exit. At the time they were vociferating “Shuter! Shuter!” an actress happened to be the only person on the stage, when Shuter, poking out his comical face, from behind one of the scenes, called out, “Don’t *shoot her!*” which restored the good temper of the spectators for the rest of the evening.

It is a strange fact, that, this remarkable man—“the greatest comic genius I ever saw,” said Garrick¹—was now one of Whitefield’s constant hearers. Hence the following to the Countess of Huntingdon:—

“LONDON, *March* 2, 1757.

“Not many mighty, not many noble, are called; but some come to hear at Tottenham Court. Shuter, the player, always makes one of the auditory, and, as I hear, is much impressed, and brings others with him.”

The good Countess, from this, was led to take an interest in Shuter’s welfare. In a letter, to Lady Fanny Shirley, she says:—

“I have had a visit from Shuter, the comedian, whom I saw in the street, and asked to call on me. He was wonderfully astonished when I announced my name. We had much conversation; but he cannot give up his profession for another more reputable. He spoke of Mr. Whitefield

¹ “Life of Garrick,” by Fitzgerald.

391

with great affection, and with admiration of his talents. He promised to come some other time, when he had more leisure for conversation. Poor—fellow! I think he is not far from the kingdom.”¹

It is related that on one occasion, when Shuter was in the height of his reputation, as the representative of “Ramble,” and while he was seated in a pew exactly in front of the pulpit of Tottenham Court chapel, Whitefield was inviting sinners to the Saviour, with his accustomed earnestness, and, at the moment, caught Shuter’s eye, and exclaimed, “And thou, poor *Ramble*, who hast long *rambled* from Him, come thou also. Oh, end thy *ramblings* by coming to Jesus!”² This, certainly, was more personal than polite; but poor Shuter bore it. Long after, when his friends used to rate him as a Methodist, he would say, “A precious *method* is mine! No, I wish I were; for if any be right, the Methodists are.”³

On Monday, April 25, Whitefield set out for Scotland. Sixteen days afterwards, he arrived in Edinburgh, where he at once commenced preaching in his old open-air cathedral, the Orphan Hospital Park, and, for nearly a month, preached twice a day, morning and evening, “to very numerous audiences.”⁴

In all respects, this was a memorable visit. A week after Whitefield’s arrival, the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland met at Edinburgh, Charles, the ninth Baron of Cathcart, being his Majesty’s commissioner,—“a nobleman

no less distinguished for the virtues which adorn private life, than he was eminent for all those which exalt a public character. In the capacity of father, husband, and friend, his lordship had few equals, and was exceeded by none in discharging, with dignity and ability, the duties of the high stations in which he had been placed by his sovereign.”⁵ The Rev. William Leechman, D.D., Professor of Divinity in the University of Glasgow, was chosen moderator. Leech-

¹ “Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon,” vol. i., p. 208.

² “Memoirs of Cornelius Winter,” p. 26.

³ “Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon,” vol. i., pp. 207, 208.

⁴ *Scots’ Magazine*, 1757, p. 260.

⁵ “Annals of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, from 1739 to 1766,” vol. ii., p. 373.

392

man was a celebrated preacher, a popular lecturer, “a man,” says Sir Henry Moncreiff, “of primitive and apostolic manners, equally distinguished by his love of literature and his liberal opinions.”¹ The sessions of the Assembly were continued from the 19th to the 30th of May, and Whitefield attended every one of them. “On Saturday, the 28th, he dined, by invitation, with the commissioner, (though not at the same table,) and said grace after dinner.”² Much important business was transacted. A committee was appointed “to consider the laws relating to the *election and qualifications of members of Assembly*.” An act of the Synod of Argyle, “that the use of sermons on the Saturday before, and Monday after, dispensing the sacrament of the Lord’s supper, be discontinued in all time coming,” occasioned a long debate, but was ultimately approved. A minister was arraigned for attending a theatre. A second minister, accused of the same offence, pleaded “that he had gone to the playhouse only once, and *endeavoured to conceal himself in a corner*.” Lengthened discussions followed, and a resolution was passed, “earnestly recommending the several Presbyteries to take care that none of their ministers do, upon any account, attend the theatre.” Another resolution was approved, forbidding “*simoniacal practices*.” Several cases of “*double presentation*” to livings had to be decided. A scandal respecting the Rev. William Brown occupied con-

siderable time; but the result was, the Assembly “assoilzied Mr. Brown.” Appeals and petitions from ministers were heard, and resolutions were passed respecting the fund for ministers’ widows, and “anent ministers making *agreements with their heritors* concerning the extent of their stipends.”

Listening to learned and long debates on these and kindred subjects was Whitefield’s daily recreation between his morning and evening preachings.

On June 6, he set out for Glasgow, where he continued several days.³ An extract from the *Scots’ Magazine* for 1757, page 322, may be welcome:—

¹ “Annals of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, from 1739 to 1766,” vol. ii., p. 394.

² *Ibid.*, p. 102.

³ *Scots’ Magazine*, 1757, p. 260.

“In a letter from Glasgow, of June 19, we have the following account: ‘On Monday last, the Rev. Mr. Whitefield, at the desire of several of our magistrates, preached a sermon for the benefit of the poor of this city, from Mark vi. 34. At the conclusion of his discourse, he pressed the charity with many solid arguments. A number of the magistrates and elders stood up to collect at the outside of the congregation; who went away with regularity, and gave their contributions very cheerfully. The whole amounted to £58 sterling, which is all to be applied to the relief of our poor. After the sermon, the magistrates waited on Mr. Whitefield, and thanked him for this good office, which has given great and general satisfaction.’”

At Whitefield’s farewell sermon in the Orphan Hospital Park, Edinburgh, there was a young Scotchman present, who afterwards became one of Wesley’s most faithful and sturdy itinerants. Thomas Rankin, born at Dunbar, was now resident at Leith, and came to Edinburgh to hear the great preacher. He writes:—

“I had often before had thoughts of hearing Mr. Whitefield; but so many things had been said to me of him, that I was afraid I should be deceived. He preached in the field adjoining the Orphan House yard. His text was Isaiah xxxiii. 13–17. The sermon exceeded all the sermons I ever heard. About the middle of it, I ventured to look up, and saw all the crowds around Mr. Whitefield bathed in tears. I listened with wonder and surprise, and had such a discovery of the plan of salvation as I had

never known before. I was astonished at myself that I had listened to the idle tales concerning him, and thereby have been kept from hearing a burning and shining light, who had been instrumental in the hand of God for the good of so many thousands of souls. When I understood he was about to leave Edinburgh, I was distressed. I remembered more of that sermon than of all the sermons I had ever heard. I had a discovery of the unsearchable riches of the grace of God in Christ Jesus; as also of how a lost sinner was to come to God, and obtain mercy through the Redeemer. From this time, I was truly convinced of the necessity of a change of heart.”¹

As already stated, Thomas Rankin became one of Welsey’s most valuable preachers. His labours, both in England and in America, were of great importance; and, if no other end had been accomplished by Whitefield’s present visit to the Scotch metropolis, the conversion of Rankin was an ample compensation for all his toil and travelling.

Whitefield’s account of his visit is brief and imperfect.

¹ Thomas Rankin’s MS. Journal.

394

He writes on May 31st: “Attendance upon the Assembly, and preaching, have engrossed all my time.” In another letter, dated Glasgow, June 9, 1757, he remarks:—

“At Edinburgh, I was so taken up all day, and kept up so late at night, that writing was almost impracticable. Surely, my going thither was of God. I came there on the 12th of May, and left the 6th of June, and preached just fifty times. To what purpose, the great day will discover. I have reason to believe to very good purpose. Being the time of the General Assembly, (at which I was much pleased,) many ministers attended, perhaps a hundred at a time. Thereby prejudices were removed, and many of their hearts were deeply impressed. About thirty of them, as a token of respect, invited me to a public entertainment. The Lord High Commissioner also invited me to his table; and many persons of credit and religion did the same in a public manner. Thousands and thousands, among whom were a great many of the best rank, daily attended on the word preached; and the longer I stayed, the more the congregations and Divine influence increased. Twice I preached in my way to Glasgow; and, last night, opened my campaign here. The cloud seems to move towards Ireland. How the Redeemer vouchsafes to deal with me there, you shall know hereafter.”

Whitefield's previous visit to Ireland had been greatly blessed. The people longed to give him another welcome. One section of his converts had laid the foundation of a prosperous Moravian church. Another had formed a Baptist congregation. A number of others were scattered, and needed encouragement.¹ He went to help them, and his visit was memorable. To the day of his death, a deep scar in his head was a memento of it.² He shall tell his own story.

“DUBLIN, *June 30, 1757.*”

“The door is open, and indeed the poor Methodists want help. Here, in Dublin, the congregations are very large, and very much impressed. The Redeemer vouchsafes to me great freedom in preaching, and arrows of conviction fly and fasten. One of the bishops told a nobleman, he was glad I was come to rouse the people. The nobleman himself told me this yesterday. Alas! that so few have the ambition of coming out to the help of the Lord against the mighty. Not one clergyman, in all Ireland, is as yet stirred up to come out *singularly* for God. Pity, Lord, for Thy mercy's sake! I think God will yet appear for the Protestant interest. My route now is to Athlone, Limerick, and Cork; and to return here about July 21st.”

¹ “Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon,” vol. ii., p. 154.

² *Ibid.*, p. 158.

“DUBLIN, *July 3, 1757.*”

“The infinitely condescending Jesus still vouchsafes to follow the chief—of sinners with His unmerited blessing. In Scotland, His almighty arm was most powerfully revealed; and here, in Dublin, many have begun to say, ‘What shall we do to be saved?’ Congregations are large, and very much impressed. All sorts attend, and all sorts seem to be affected. I should be glad to come to London, but cannot in conscience as yet. Not one minister, either in the Church or among the Dissenters, in this kingdom, as far as I can hear, appears boldly for God. To-morrow, therefore, I purpose to set out for Athlone, Limerick, and Cork. God only knows where, after that, will be the next remove. Perhaps to London; perhaps to the north of Ireland, which, I hear, lies open for the gospel. Winter must be the London harvest. O for more labourers, who will account the work itself the best wages!

“July 5. Since writing the above, I have been in the wars; but, blessed be God, am pretty well recovered, and going on my way rejoicing. Pray hard.”

“July 9, 1757.”

“You have heard of my being in Ireland, and of my preaching to large and affected auditories in Mr. Wesley’s spacious room. When here last, I preached in a more confined place on the week-days, and once or twice ventured out to Oxmantown Green, a large place like Moorfields, situated very near the barracks, where the *Ormond*¹ and *Liberty* (that is, *high and low party*) *Boys* generally assemble every Sunday, to fight with each other. The congregations then were very numerous, the word seemed to come with power, and no noise or disturbance ensued. This encouraged me to give notice, that I would preach there again last Sunday afternoon. “I went through the barracks, the door of which opens into the Green, and pitched my tent near the barrack walls, not doubting of the protection, or at least interposition, of the officers and soldiery, if there should be occasion. But how vain is the help of man! Vast was the multitude that attended. We sang, prayed, and preached, without much molestation; only, now and then, a few stones and clods of dirt were thrown at me. It being war time, I exhorted my hearers, as is my usual practice, not only to fear God, but to honour the best of kings; and, after the sermon, I prayed for success to the Prussian arms.”²

¹ The “Ormond Boys” were in favour of the popish pretender, and were so designated after the arch-traitor, the Duke of Ormond. The “Liberty Boys,” of course, were their opponents.

² Frederick, King of Prussia, was rendering England important service; for while the English were fighting the French in America, he was fighting and conquering them in Europe. “The wonderful battle of Rossbach,” says Voltaire, “was the most inconceivable and complete rout mentioned in history. Thirty thousand French and twenty thousand Imperial troops there made a disgraceful precipitate flight before five Prussian battalions and a few squadrons.” In England, Frederick was styled the “Protestant hero;” his birthday was kept as a holiday; public subscriptions were proposed for him; and Parliament granted him a subsidy of £670,000 per annum to enable him to prosecute the war.

“All being over, I thought to return home the way I came; but, to my great surprise, access to the barracks was denied, so that I had to go near half a mile, from one end of the Green to the other, through hundreds and hundreds of papists, etc. Finding me unattended, (for a soldier and four Methodist preachers, who came with me, had forsook me and fled,) I was left to their mercy. Their mercy, as you may easily guess, was perfect cruelty. Volleys of hard stones came from all quarters, and every

step I took, a fresh stone struck, and made me reel backwards and forwards, till I was almost breathless, and was covered all over with blood. My strong beaver hat served me, as it were, for a skullcap for a while; but, at last, that was knocked off, and my head left quite defenceless. I received many blows and wounds; one was particularly large near my temples. Providentially, a minister's house stood next door to the Green. With great difficulty I staggered to the door, which was kindly opened to, and shut upon me. Some of the mob, in the meantime, broke part of the boards of the pulpit into splinters, and beat and wounded my servant grievously in his head and arms, and then came and drove him from the door of the house where I had found a refuge.

“For a while, I continued speechless, expecting every breath to be my last. Two or three of my friends, by some means, got admission, and kindly washed my wounds. I gradually revived, but soon found the lady of the house desired my absence, for fear the house should be pulled down. What to do, I knew not, being near two miles from Mr. Wesley's place. Some advised one thing, and some another. At length, a carpenter, one of the friends who came in, offered me his wig and coat, that might go off in disguise. I accepted of them, and put them on, but was soon ashamed of not trusting my Master to secure me in my proper habit, and threw them off in disdain. Immediately, deliverance came. A Methodist preacher, with two friends, brought a coach; I leaped into it, and rode, in gospel triumph, through the oaths, curses, and imprecations of whole streets of papists, unhurt.

“None but those who were spectators of the scene can form an idea of the affection with which I was received by the weeping, mourning, but now joyful Methodists. A Christian surgeon was ready to dress my wounds, which being done, I went into the preaching place, and, after giving a word of exhortation, joined in a hymn of praise and thanksgiving to Him, who makes our extremity His opportunity, and who stills the noise of the waves, and the madness of the most malignant people.

“The next morning, I set out for Port Arlington, and left my persecutors to His mercy, who out of persecutors has often made preachers.”²

¹ Christopher Hopper was now one of Wesley's preachers in Dublin. In his autobiography, Christopher is silent respecting Whitefield's perilous adventure.

² Most of Whitefield's biographers, and some writers of the History of Methodism, say John Edwards, of Leeds, was converted under Whitefield's sermon on Oxmantown Green. This is an egregious blunder. John Edwards was converted, and was himself a Methodist preacher, many a long year before this. As a rule, I refrain from noticing the errors of previous biographers.—L. T.

397

The hard knocks Whitefield received from the Dublin papists did not prevent the carrying out of his plan to visit the towns already mentioned. Hence the following:—

“CORK, *July 15, 1757.*

“Everywhere the glorious Emmanuel so smiles upon my feeble labours, that it is hard to get away from Ireland. At Port-Arlington, Athlone, Limerick, and this place, the word has run and been glorified. Arrows of conviction seem to fly; and the cup of many has been made to run over. I have met with some hard blows from the Dublin rabble; but, blessed be God! they have not destroyed me.”

In another letter, addressed to the Rev. John Gillies, of Glasgow, and dated, “Wednesbury, Staffordshire, August 7, 1757,” he wrote:—

“Though Mr. Hopper promised to write you an historical letter, from Dublin, I cannot help dropping you a few lines from this place. At Athlone, Limerick, Cork, and especially at Dublin, where I preached near fifty times, we had Cambuslang seasons. With the utmost difficulty, I came away. The blows I received were like to send me where all partings would have been over. But, I find, we are immortal till our work is done.”

Whitefield found it difficult to get away; but it is a notable fact that he never went again. This was his last visit to Ireland! He went but twice, and both of his visits put together were not of three months' continuance. Wesley made twenty visits, most of them of long duration. Ireland's debt to Whitefield is but small; but to Wesley great.

After an absence of about four months, Whitefield got back to London. One of the first things that claimed his attention was the business of his Orphan House, which had recently been visited by the governor of Georgia. The following was addressed to his housekeeper:—

“LONDON, *August 26, 1757.*

“I think myself happy, in finding you are satisfied in your present situation. I would rather have you to preside over the orphan family than any woman I know. I do not love changes. Sometimes I wish for wings to fly over; but Providence detains me here.¹ I fear a dreadful

¹ Whitefield was strongly urged to visit America. In an hitherto unpublished letter, by the Rev. James Davenport, dated, "Hopewell, January 17, 1757," the writer says: "Pray come to see our dear America once more, as soon as you can. You cannot tell what God might do at this juncture. Many, no doubt, would rejoice greatly. Oh, my dear brother, that there were a heart in our land, under our present dangers

398

storm is at hand. Lord Jesus, be Thou our refuge! At Dublin, I was like to be sent beyond the reach of storms. A most blessed influence attended the word in various parts of Ireland; and here, in London, the prospect is more and more promising. As to outward things, all is gloomy. I hope Bethesda will be kept in peace. I am glad the governor has been to visit the house. May God make him a blessing to the colony! I wish you would let me know how the English children are disposed of. I would fain have a list of black and white, from time to time. Blessed be God for the increase of the negroes! I entirely approve of reducing the number of orphans as low as possible; and I am determined to take in no more than the plantation will maintain, till I can buy more negroes. Never was I so well satisfied with my assistants as now."

Whitefield's stay in London was short. Accompanied by the Revs. Martin Madan and Henry Venn, he soon set out, on a six weeks' journey, to the west of England. Extracts from two of his letters will furnish an idea of his spirit and his work.

"EXETER, *September 28, 1757.*

"Blessed be God! I can send you good news concerning Plymouth. The scene was like that of Bristol, only more extraordinary. Officers, soldiers, sailors, and the dockmen attended, with the utmost solemnity, upon the word preached. Arrows of conviction flew and fastened; and I left all God's people upon the wing for heaven. Blessed be the Lord Jesus for ordering me the lot of a *cast-out!* I am glad that Mr. Madan and Mr. Venn returned safe. May an effectual door be opened for both! If so, they will have many adversaries. If the weather should alter, I may be in town before long; if not, I may range farther. This spiritual hunting is delightful sport, when the heart is in the work."

The next is taken from a letter to the Rev. John Gillies. The "Counsellor" mentioned was Mr. Madan, who, before his ordination, practised at the bar.

"LONDON, *October 16, 1757.*

“REVEREND AND VERY DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your sympathising letter sent to Ireland. The Friend of sinners stood by me, or I had been stoned to death. Stones were thrown at me, not for speaking against the papists in particular, but, for exciting all ranks to be faithful to King

and distresses, to turn to God! Then we might, in the Lord’s strength, soon drive out our temporal enemies, and come off more than conquerors over our spiritual ones. I hope you remember our agreement to pray for each other, in secret, every Sabbath morning. Oh, how sweet are the thoughts of heaven, where we may converse, and rejoice, and praise, and enjoy and glorify God, our Father, Redeemer, and Sanctifier, without any stop, world without end. My soul joins with yours in saying, ‘Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly! Amen!’”

399

Jesus, and to our dear sovereign King George, for His great name’s sake.

“Seven gospel ministers were together at Bristol, when the Counsellor preached. We have had blessed seasons, for these six weeks last past, at Plymouth, Exeter, Bristol, Gloucester, and Gloucestershire. This comes from my winter quarters.”

Whitefield was again in London, where he continued for seven months.

The “Counsellor,” the Rev. Martin Madan, was now a red-hot evangelist. He had preached through Hertfordshire, Bedfordshire, Buckinghamshire, Warwickshire, Worcestershire, and Gloucestershire.¹ The number of Methodist clergymen was rather rapidly increasing. Besides Whitefield, the Wesleys, Hervey, Grimshaw, Romaine, Madan, Venn, Walker, and others already mentioned in this biography, there were now the Rev. James Stillingfleet, ultimately rector of Hotham, in Yorkshire; the Rev. Mr. Downing, chaplain to the Earl of Dartmouth; and the Rev. William Talbot, LL.D., vicar of Kineton, in Warwickshire, a man of aristocratic family.² In this year, 1757, not fewer than five of these earnest clergymen, Messrs. Walker, Talbot, Downing, Stillingfleet, and Madan, at the request of Lord Dartmouth,⁸

¹ “Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon,” vol. i., p. 428.

² Dr. Talbot, in 1767, became vicar of St. Giles’s, Reading. He was an able preacher, and remarkable for the gift of prayer. When Seeker, Archbishop of Canterbury, was dying, Talbot visited him. “You will pray with me, Talbot,” said Seeker. Talbot rose and went to look for a Prayer-Book. “That is not what I want now,” remarked the Archbishop: “kneel down by me, and pray for me in the way I know you are used to

do." Dr. Talbot died, on the and of March, 1774, in the 57th year of his age, in the house of his friend, the great philanthropist, William Wilberforce. (*Evangelical Magazine*, 1815, pp. 393-400.)

³ Lord Dartmouth succeeded to the earldom in 1750, being then about twenty-five years of age. In 1755, he married the only daughter and heiress of Sir Charles Gunter Nicholl. Shortly after his marriage, he became the intimate friend of Lady Huntingdon, to whom he was introduced by the Countess of Guildford. It was in Lady Huntingdon's house, that he first became acquainted with Whitefield, the Wesleys, Romaine, Jones, Madan, etc. George the Third appointed him principal Secretary of State for the American department, which office his lordship afterwards exchanged for that of Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal. Some years later, he was made Lord Steward of His Majesty's Household. He contributed largely towards Whitefield's Orphan House. He was the early patron of the Rev. Moses Browne; obtained ordination for the Rev. John Newton; and was celebrated by Cowper, in his poem on Truth:—

"We boast some rich ones whom the gospel sways,
And one who wears a coronet and prays."

400

had preached at Cheltenham.¹ On three or four occasions, Mr. Downing obtained the pulpit of the parish church; but the rector and the churchwardens interposed, and the zealous Methodist was excluded. Lord Dartmouth then opened his own house for preaching, twice a week; and, sometimes, the seminary of Mr. Samuel Wells was used for the same purpose.² In a letter to the Countess of Huntingdon, his lordship wrote:—

"I wish your ladyship would use your influence with Mr. Whitfield and Mr. Romaine to pay us a visit. Mr. Stillingfleet has been obliged to return to Oxford, and I know not where to direct to Mr. Madan or Mr. Venn. Mr. Talbot has promised to come as soon as possible; and, next month, I expect good Mr. Walker, of Truro. The rector was so displeased with Mr. Downing preaching, and the great crowds who flocked to hear him, that he excluded him from the pulpit after three or four sermons, and refused to admit Mr. Stillingfleet, though I said everything I could to induce him to do so. Since then, I have opened my house, but find it too small for the numbers who solicit permission to attend. I have no hopes of again obtaining the use of the parish church."

Just at this time, Madan came to Cheltenham, and was soon after joined by Venn, and by Maddock, the latter the curate of Hervey, of Weston-Favel. Contrary to the expectations of Lord Dartmouth, both Madan and Venn were several times admitted to the parish pulpit. Then came Whitefield, and an immense crowd collected, expecting that

he also would preach in the church. Attended by Lord and Lady Dartmouth, and by Messrs. Madan, Venn, Talbot, and Downing, the renowned preacher proceeded to the church door. They found it closed against them. Whitefield, never at a loss for pulpits, mounted a neighbouring tombstone, and preached. The Rev. Henry Venn shall tell the remainder of the story. In a letter to Lady Huntingdon, he wrote:—

“Under Mr, Whitefield’s sermon, many, among the immense crowd that filled every part of the burial ground, were overcome with fainting. Some sobbed deeply; others wept silently; and a solemn concern appeared on the countenance of almost the whole assembly. When he came to impress the injunction in the text (Isaiah li. 1) his words seemed to cut like a sword, and several in the congregation burst out into the most piercing bitter cries. Mr. Whitefield, at this juncture, made a pause, and then burst into a flood of tears. During this short interval, Mr.

¹ *Evangelical Magazine*, 1815, p. 394. ² *Ibid.*, p. 395.

Madan and myself stood up, and requested the people to restrain themselves, as much as possible, from making any noise. Twice afterwards, we had to repeat the same counsel. O with what eloquence, energy, and melting tenderness, did Mr. Whitefield beseech sinners to be reconciled to God! When the sermon was ended, the people seemed chained to the ground. Mr. Madan, Mr. Talbot, Mr. Downing, and myself found ample employment in endeavouring to comfort those broken down under a sense of guilt. We separated in different directions among the crowd, and each was quickly surrounded by an attentive audience, still eager to hear all the words of this life.

“The next day, a like scene was witnessed, when dear Mr. Whitefield preached to a prodigious congregation from Isaiah lv. 6. In the evening, Mr. Talbot preached at Lord Dartmouth’s, to as many as the rooms would hold. Hundreds crowded round his lordship’s residence, anxiously expecting Mr. Whitefield to preach. Exhausted as he was from his exertions in the morning, when he heard that there were multitudes without, he stood upon a table near the front of the house, and proclaims the efficacy of the Saviour’s blood to cleanse the vilest of the vile.

“Intelligence of the extraordinary power attending the word soon spread, and the next day we had Mr. Charles Wesley and many friends from Bristol, Gloucester, Tewkesbury, Rodborough, and the villages in the neighbourhood; but all loud weeping and piercing cries had subsided,

and the work of conversion went on in a more silent manner. For several days, we have had public preaching, which has been well attended, and much solid good has been done.

“Mr. Whitefield and myself purpose leaving this for London the day after to-morrow; and Mr. Madan and Mr. Talbot go in a few days to Northamptonshire.”¹

This was a glorious “mission week,” in Cheltenham churchyard, a hundred and twenty-nine years ago. It is rather remarkable that Whitefield himself has left no account of it; but, shortly after, he wrote, as follows, to Mr. Madan, pursuing his “mission” work in Northamptonshire.

“LONDON, *November 3, 1757.*”

“Your kind letter was very acceptable. Ere now, I trust, the Redeemer has given you the prospect of the barren wilderness being turned into a fruitful field. Never fear. Jesus will delight to honour you. Every clergyman’s name is Legion. Two more are lately ordained.² The kingdom of God suffereth violence, and, if we would take it by force, we must do violence to our softest passions, and be content to be esteemed unkind by those whose idols we once were. This is hard work; but, Abba, Father, all things are possible with Thee!

“Blessed be God! for putting it into your heart to ask my pulpit for a

¹ “Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon,” vol. i., p. 431.

² Fletcher, of Madeley, was ordained in 1757.

week-day sermon. Are we not commanded to be instant in season and out of season? If dear Mrs. Madan will take my word for it, I will be answerable for your health. The joy resulting from doing good will be a continual feast. God knows how long our time of working may last. This order undoes us. As affairs now stand, we must be disorderly, or useless. O for more labourers!

“I am told thousands went away last Sunday evening from Tottenham Court, for want of room. Every day produces fresh accounts of good being done. At this end of the town, the word runs, and is glorified more and more. Last Friday, we had a most solemn fast. I preached thrice. Thousands attended; and, I humbly hope, our prayers entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. More bad news from America about our fleet. God humble and reform us! Go on, my dear sir, and tell a sinful nation, that sin and unbelief are the accursed things which prevent suc-

cess. Thus, at last, we shall deliver our souls, and be free from the blood of all men.

“That you may return to London in all the fulness of the blessings of the gospel of Christ, is and shall be the prayer of, dear sir,

“Yours, etc.,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”

While Whitefield was acquiring new friends, he was losing old ones. Jonathan Belcher, governor of the province of New Jersey, died on August 31, 1757; and Aaron Burr, President of New Jersey College, within a month afterwards. “The deaths of Governor Belcher, and President Burr,” wrote Whitefield, “are dark providences; but Jesus lives and reigns. Lord, raise up Elishas in the room of ascended Elijahs!”¹

Whitefield’s correspondence was enormous. As a rule, no letters have been introduced in the present work, except such as contained facts and statements illustrative of his work and history. Mere *friendly* letters, though existing in great numbers, have been excluded. As a specimen of hundreds of others, which might have been inserted, the following, hitherto unpublished, may be welcome. They relate to the marriage of the grandfather and grandmother of James Rooker, Esq., solicitor, at Bideford, by whom they have been courteously lent:—

“LONDON, *November 15, 1757.*

“DEAR MISS MOLLY,—Though weak in body, yet, as perhaps it may be the last time I may write to you in your present position, be pleased to accept a few valedictory lines.

¹ Whitefield’s Works, vol. iii., pp. 220, 221.

“I think you may cheerfully say, ‘I will go with the man.’ Providence seems to have directed you to one who, I trust, will love you as Christ loves the Church. My poor prayers will always follow you. That you may be a mother in Israel, and, in every respect, be enabled to walk as becometh the wife of a true minister of Jesus Christ, is, and shall be, the ardent desire of, dear Miss Molly, your affectionate friend and ready servant for Christ’s sake,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

“To Miss Molly Shepherd.”

“LONDON, *January 17, 1758.*

“*Seven in the morning.*

“REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—I wish you joy, from my inmost soul, of being married to one of the best women, and of being admitted into one of the best families in England. I never had the least doubt of your affair being of God. You have called Jesus and His disciples to the marriage; and your letter sent me to my knees with tears of joy and strong cryings that the God and Father of our Lord Jesus may bless you both. You need not ask, my dear sir, the continuance of my friendship. I value you as a dear minister of Christ, and as the husband of one who was presented by her honoured father at the table of the Lord. I doubt not of her being a help-meet for you,—a mother in Israel. May you, like Zachary and Elizabeth, be enabled to walk in all the ordinances and commandments of the Lord blameless! I am glad the dear little female flock at Bideford will have such an agreeable addition to their society. That grace, mercy, and peace may be multiplied on them and you, is, and shall be, the hearty prayer of, reverend and dear sir, your affectionate friend and ready servant in our common Lord,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

“My wife joins in cordial respects.

“To the Rev, Mr. Lavington.”

Scores of such letters might be introduced,—the spontaneous effusions of a warm-hearted Christian friendship.

Whitefield’s incessant and arduous labours began to affect his health. Hence the following extracts from his correspondence:—

“London, November 26, 1757. Last week, my poor feeble labours almost brought me to the grave; but preaching three times, yesterday, on account of the late success of the Prussians, has somewhat recovered me. It was a high day: thousands and thousands attended.”

“London, December 14, 1757. By New Year’s Day, I hope, we shall be able to discharge our Tottenham Court chapel debts. Every day proves more and more that it was built for the glory of Christ, and the welfare of many precious and immortal souls. But my attendance on that, and the Tabernacle too, with a weak body, outward cares, and inward trials, has, of late, frequently brought me near to my wished-for port. I

404

am brought to the short allowance of preaching but once a day, and thrice on a Sunday.

“Round the Tottenham Court chapel there is a most beautiful piece of ground, and some good folks have purposed erecting almshouses on each side, for godly widows. I have a plan for twelve. The whole expense will be £400. We have got £100. The widows are to have half a crown a week. The sacrament money, which will be more than enough, is to be devoted to this purpose. Thus will many widows be provided for, and a standing monument be left, that the Methodists were not against good works.”

Thus did Whitefield end the year 1757 in caring for widows, as, for the last twenty years, he had cared for orphans.

He began the new year, 1758, with a devout outburst of patriotic gratitude. As already stated, Frederick, King of Prussia, had recently won a most important battle; and Whitefield wished to recognize the hand of God in the defeat of his country's enemies. “Monday, January 2,” says the *Gentlemaḡs Magazine* for 1758, p. 41, “was observed as a day of thanksgiving, at the chapel in Tottenham Court Road, by Mr. Whitefield's people, for the signal victories gained by the King of Prussia over his enemies.”

It was a trial to Whitefield to be obliged to preach but once a day on week-days, and thrice on Sundays; but, as usual, he was thankful and jubilant. The debt on the chapel in Tottenham Court Road was paid; his friend Martin Madan had become a son of thunder; numbers of sinners were being saved; and the political horizon was growing brighter. The following are extracts from his letters:—

“London, January 12, 1758. A more effectual door than ever seems to be opening in this metropolis. A counsellor, lately ordained, turns out a Boanerges. Thousands and thousands flock to hear the everlasting gospel. Let us wrestle in prayer for each other.”

“London, January 17, 1758. What can reconcile us to stay longer on earth, but the prospect of seeing the kingdom of the Lord Jesus advanced? It is very promising in London. Mr. Madan is a Boanerges. The chapel is made a Bethel. Blessed be God! all the debt is paid.”

The godly and benevolent John Thornton, Esq., was now a young man rising rapidly into notice. In his house, at Clapham, Whitefield frequently expounded to large assem-

405

blies.¹ To Miss Gideon,² the friend and correspondent of Venn, Whitefield wrote as follows:—

“London, February 3, 1758. I am reduced to the short allowance of preaching once a day, except thrice on a Sunday. At both ends of the town, the word runs and is glorified. The champions in the Church go on like sons of thunder. I am to be at Clapham this evening. Mr. Venn will gladly embrace the first opportunity. Bristol, in all probability, will be my first spring excursion.”

In another letter, of the same date, he wrote:—

“The plan concerted some time ago is likely to be put into execution. The trenches for the wall are begun; and, by the 1st of May, the almshouses are to be finished. If possible, I would furnish them, that the poor might be sure of goods, as well as a house. The thing has scarce, as yet, taken wind. By thoughtfulness, frequent preaching, and a crazy tabernacle, my nightly rests are continually broken; but the joy of the Lord is my strength. I hope ere long to be where I shall keep awake for ever.”

The next letter, addressed to Professor Francke, of Germany, though containing but little additional information, is too interesting to be omitted.

“LONDON, *March 5*, 1758.

“MOST REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—Through grace, the fields are as ready to harvest as ever. In the summer, I range; and, with a table for my pulpit, and the heavens for my soinding-board, I am enabled, generally thrice a day, to call to many thousands to come to Jesus that they may have life. In the winter, I am confined to London; but, to my great mortification, through continual vomitings, want of rest, and of appetite, I have been reduced, for some time, to the short allowance of preaching only once a day, except Sundays, when I generally preach thrice. Thousands attend every evening, at both ends of the town; and, on Sundays, many, many go away for want of room. The Divine presence is amongst us, and every week produces fresh instances of the power of converting grace.

“Blessed be God! we meet with no disturbances in town, and very seldom in the country; but last year, while I was preaching in the fields in Ireland, a popish mob was so incensed at my proclaiming the Lord our

Righteousness, and at my praying for our good old King, and the King of Prussia, that they surrounded, stoned, and almost killed me. But we are immortal till our work is done. Glad should I have been to have died in such a cause.

¹ "Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon," vol. i., p. 219.

² Miss Gideon was the daughter of Sampson Gideon, Esq., of Belvidere House, Kent, and sister of the first Lord Eardley. She was converted in the drawing-room of Lady Huntingdon. ("Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon, vol. ii., p. 3.")

406

"Mr. Wesley has Societies in Ireland and elsewhere; and, though we differ a little in some principles, yet brotherly love continues. When itinerating, I generally preach among his people, as freely as among those who are called our own.

"In London, several new naming preachers are come forth; and we hear of others, in various parts of the kingdom, who seem determined to know and preach nothing but Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.

"Thousands and thousands are now praying daily for success to the Prussian and Hanoverian arms. Your fast-days were kept here with great solemnity; and will be so again, God willing, when I know the day. Our Joshuas are in the field. Many a Moses is gone up into the mount to pray. '*Nil desperandum Christo duce, auspice Christo.*' He who wrought such wonders for the Prussian monarch last year, can repeat them this. The distresses of German Protestants, we look upon as our own. We have also endeavoured to give thanks for the great mercy vouchsafed your Orphan House, and the Protestant cause."

In the third week of the month of May, Whitefield left his "*winter* quarters," and set out for the west of England, and for Wales. He began his journey in a one-horse chaise; but driving prevented his reading, and the vehicle nearly shook him to pieces.¹ His servant, also, "who rode the fore-horse, was often exceedingly splashed with dirt, when the roads were bad." For such reasons, Whitefield wished to exchange his humble conveyance for a more convenient one. He arrived at Gloucester, on Saturday, May 20; and, on the following day, preached thrice and administered the holy sacrament. On Tuesday, May 23, he came to Bristol, and, for the next five days, preached twice daily, either at Bristol, Bath, or Kingswood. His chaise still

troubled him, and he longed for “a good four-wheel carriage for £30 or £40.” “I would not,” says he, “lay out a single farthing, but for my blessed Master.” On Monday, May 29, in the best way he could, he started for Wales. On his return to Bristol, he wrote a series of letters to a number of his aristocratic friends. The following are extracts:—

To the Countess Delitz:—

“Bristol, June 16, 1758. Never was I brought so low as on my late circuit in Wales; but, as far as I can hear, it was one of the most prosperous I ever took. Twice every day, thousands and thousands attended, in various towns in South Wales; and, on the Sundays, the numbers were incredible. Welcome, thrice welcome, death in such a cause!”

¹ Whitefield's Works, vol. iii., p. 232.

407

To Captain H—y:—

“Bristol, June 16, 1758. The Welsh roads have almost demolished my open one-horse chaise, as well as me. I am almost ashamed of your being put to so much trouble, in procuring a close chaise for me; but I like the purchase exceeding well. The legacy is wonderful. I can give it away with a good grace. At present, I think the Orphan House shall have the whole. It is much wanted there.”

To Lady Huntingdon:—

“Bristol, June 17, 1758. This leaves me returned from Wales. It proved a most delightful trying circuit. I suppose your ladyship has heard how low I have been in body,—scarce ever lower,—not able to sit up in company all the time, yet strengthened to travel without food, and to preach to thousands every day. The great congregation at Haverfordwest consisted of near fifteen thousand. O for some disinterested soul to help at the chapel during the summer season! Spiritual, divine ambition, whither art thou fled? But I see such honours are reserved for few. I rejoice in the increase of your ladyship's spiritual routs; and can guess at the consolations such uncommon scenes must afford you.”

The “spiritual routs,” here mentioned, were meetings held twice a week, in the house of the Countess of Huntingdon, and at which Romaine, Madan, and Venn officiated. They were remarkable gatherings, and included, among others, the Duchess of Bedford, the Duchess of Grafton, Lady Jane Scott, Lord and Lady Dacre, Mr. and Lady Anne Connolly,

Lady Elizabeth Keppell, Lady Betty Waldegrave, Lady Coventry, Lord Weymouth, Lord Tavistock, the Duchess of Hamilton, the Duchess of Richmond, Lady Ailesbury, Lord and Lady Hertford, Lady Townsend, Lord Trafford, Lord Northampton, Lady Hervey, Lady Pembroke, Lady Northumberland, Lady Rebecca Paulet, Lord Edgumbe, Lord Lyttleton, Lady Essex, etc., etc.¹ It is impossible to estimate the far-reaching results of meetings like these. A current of Christian influence was created, which affected a large portion of the aristocracy of the land, and, through them, a countless number of other people.

Whitefield bewails the want of men to preach in his Tottenham Court Road chapel. At this very time, he was corresponding with a young man, twenty-three years of age, Robert Robinson, afterwards the famous Dissenting minister at Cambridge. Robinson had recently left London,

¹ "Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon," vol. i., p. 228.

408

and gone to Norwich. Here, on May 10, 1758, he wrote Whitefield a long letter, telling him that, six years ago, curiosity drew him to the Tabernacle, to pity Whitefield's folly, and to abhor the doctrines he preached. Whitefield took for his text, "O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?" Robinson says, he "went pitying the poor deluded Methodists; but came away envying their happiness." He constantly attended the Tabernacle for two years and seven months before he found peace with God. He had now begun to preach, and writes:—

"How often do I tremble lest I should run before I am sent; yet I dare not say the Lord has left me without witness. Multitudes of people come to hear the word, both in Norwich and the country."¹

Whitefield replied to Robinson's letter as follows:—

"BRISTOL, *May 25, 1758.*

"Why did you not make your case known to me before you left London? What motives induced you to leave it? How came you to goto Norwich? What prospect have you of a growing people? You may send a line to London, and it will be forwarded to me in the country. I have now opened my summer's campaign. The Redeemer has given us a good

beginning. Who knows but we shall have a glorious ending? He is all in all. You find that He strengthens and blesses you in His work, and causes your rod to bud and blossom. That your bow may abide in strength, that you may be clothed with humility, and that the arms of your hands may be continually strengthened by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob, is the earnest prayer of your affectionate friend in our common Lord,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”²

Robinson answered Whitefield’s questions:—

“You ask, sir, why I did not make myself known to you in London? The plain truth is this, I had such a sense of my unworthiness, that I thought your conversation too great an honour for me to enjoy.”

Robinson assigns as his reasons for leaving London, the desire of his relatives to see him; a hope that residing in the country would improve his health; and especially a fear that, if he stayed, his London friends would make him preach before God called him. As to the reason of his going to Norwich, he writes:—

“My intention was to settle in the farming business in the country; but

¹ *Evangelical Magazine*, 1803, p. 333.

² “Memoirs of Robert Robinson,” p. 25.

there I found many souls awakened, who had the word preached but now and then. We met in the evenings to sing and pray and speak our experience. They often solicited me to preach among them, as did some neighbouring Dissenting ministers. I long refused; till they wrung their hands, and wept bitterly, and told me they were starving for the word. With many doubts and fears, I, at last, agreed to their request. People came from adjacent towns to hear me. I was invited higher up the country. At length, some of Mr. Wheatley’s friends informed him of me. He sent his clerk, entreating me to come to Norwich. I did come; and, according to the present appearance of things, I apprehend I shall be fixed here.”

In reply to Whitefield’s fourth question, Robinson remarked:—

“As to the ‘prospect of a growing people,’—sometimes I think it bids fair for it; sometimes I think otherwise. The church I preach to has near forty members, and many more are desirous of being received. On

the Lord's-day, we have several hundreds of hearers, who seem very serious, and enquiring the way to Zion. On the week-days, we have abundance of people to hear; and, I hope, the Lord does not let His word return void. The country people frequently send for me, on the days I do not preach at Norwich; and multitudes come to hear, so that the preaching houses will not hold them. However, I can go upon the commons; and, blessed be God! there is room there; and, what is best of all, there is room enough and to spare in my Master's house. By the time I have preached in public, and have visited, exhorted, and prayed with the people in private, and have kept a little time to enjoy my God in my closet, I find my day is gone; but it is an honour to be busy for Christ. O that my soul may be found living and dying in it!

"My dear sir, I rejoice in your prosperity in the gospel. Go where I will, I find some of your spiritual children;—some awakened by hearing you, and some by reading your sermons. Dear sir, go on preaching; and we will go on praying for you; and who knows what a prayer-hearing God may do? I am really ashamed of my long letter; but, methinks, I am now opening my heart to a tender father, who, I trust, will excuse my infirmities.

"I remain, dear sir, your affectionate son and servant in Christ,

"ROBERT ROBINSON."¹

Thus did Robert Robinson become a preacher,—a man who rose to sufficient eminence to have one of his publications discussed in both the House of Commons and the House of Lords; whose learning and services were such as to procure for him the offer of the diploma of D.D. from a Scotch University; and yet, lamentable to relate, who

¹ *Evangelical Magazine*, 1803, p. 535.

became so loose in his theology as to die under the imputation of being a Socinian.

After his return from Wales, Whitefield's stay in London was brief. Towards the end of July, he set out for Scotland; in journeying towards which, he formed an acquaintance with another recently converted clergyman, who, for nearly thirty years afterwards, annually rendered important service in Whitefield's London chapels. John Berridge, the well-known Vicar of Everton, had recently found peace with God,

through faith in Christ; and, six months after the time of Whitefield's visit, occurred those puzzling phenomena, the *stricken cases*, mentioned in Wesley's Journal. It is rather remarkable, that, though Whitefield's preaching was much more sensational than Wesley's, no such effects seem to have been witnessed at Everton by him, as were witnessed by his friend. At all events, if such happened, he is silent concerning them. All that is known of his visit, is contained in the following letter:—

“NEWCASTLE, *July 31, 1758.*

“All the last week was taken up in preaching at Everton, St. Neots, Keysoe, Bedford, Olney, Weston-Favel, Underwood, Ravenstone, and Northampton. Four clergymen lent me their churches, and three read prayers for me in one day. I preached also in John Bunyan's pulpit; and, at Northampton, I took the field. Good seasons at all the places. Mr. Berridge, who was lately awakened at Everton, promises to be a burning and shining light. Yesterday, we had good times here; and, to-morrow, I shall set off for Edinburgh. My bodily strength increases but very little. Sometimes I am almost tempted to turn back; but I hope to go forward, and shall strive, as much as in me lies, to die in this glorious work.”

Whitefield arrived at Edinburgh on August 4, and, despite physical weakness, preached, for nearly a month, in the Orphan Hospital Park, to enormous congregations, morning and evening, every day.¹ Mr. Gillies invited him to Glasgow; but he replied:—

“I fear your kind invitation cannot be complied with. For above three months past, I have been so weak, that I could scarcely drag the crazy load along. I preach at Edinburgh twice a day; but I grow weaker and weaker. I suppose you have heard of the death of Mr. Jonathan Edwards. Happy he!”

¹ *Scots' Magazine*, 1758, p. 388.

411

In another letter he wrote:—

“EDINBURGH, *August 19, 1758.*

“I came here a fortnight ago, very low indeed; but, by preaching about thirty times, I am a good deal better. Multitudes, of all ranks, flock twice every day. I thought to have moved on Tuesday next, but,

as it is the race week, and my health is improving, friends advise me to stay.”

On August 29, he went to Glasgow, where he remained a week. Here, after one of his sermons, he made a collection, amounting to nearly £60, on behalf of a Society, established in 1727, for educating and putting to trades the sons of Highlanders, and of which the Duke of Argyll was the principal member.¹

Whitefield also preached three thanksgiving sermons, for the taking of Cape Breton, by Boscowen, Amherst, and Wolfe; for the defeat of the Russians, at the great battle of Custrin, by Frederick, King of Prussia; and for the victory over the Austrians and Imperialists, at Crevelt, by Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick. “By his warm and repeated exhortations to loyalty, and a steady adherence to the Protestant interest,” said the *Glasgow Conrrent*, “Mr. Whitefield’s visit here has been useful to the community in a civil, as well as a religious, light.”

On September 6, Whitefield returned to Edinburgh, and, during another week, preached twice every day. On September 13, he set out for London. “By his visit,” says the *Scots’ Magazine*, “the Edinburgh Orphan Hospital has drawn upwards of £200, by the collections at the entry to the Park, and by the seat-rents.”

Remembering the value of money in 1758, these were enormous sums. No wonder, that, even on such a ground, the canny Scots were always ready to give to Whitefield a hearty welcome.

Glimpses of his preaching tour to London will be obtained in the following extracts from his letters:—

“DARLINGTON, *September 21, 1758.*

At Edinburgh and Glasgow, my health grew better, and I was enabled to preach always twice, and sometimes thrice, a day, to very large and

¹ *Scots’ Magazine*, 1758, p. 609.

affected auditories. In my way to Newcastle, I preached twice; and thrice in and about that place. Yesterday, I hope, some gospel seed

fell on good ground at Durham and Bishop-Auckland. I am now on my way to Yarm, and hope next Lord's-day to be at Leeds."

"LEEDS, *October 11, 1758.*

"Though I have preached twice and sometimes thrice a day for above a fortnight past, preaching does not kill me. God has been giving blessed seasons. By next Lord's-day, I am to be at Rotherham and Sheffield. Change of weather will alone drive me to winter quarters. Lord, prepare me for winter trials! They are preparative for an eternal summer."

To his friend Mr. Gillies, of Glasgow, he wrote:—

"ROTHERHAM, *October 15, 1758.*

"Since my leaving Scotland, in various parts of the north of England, as at Alnwick, Newcastle, Leeds, etc., the ever loving, altogether lovely Jesus has manifested His glory. Thousands and thousands have flocked twice, and sometimes thrice a day to hear the word. Never did I see the fields whiter for a spiritual harvest. Praise the Lord, O our souls! If the weather continues fair, I hope to prolong my summer's campaign. It shocks me to think of winter quarters yet. How soon does the year roll round! Lord Jesus, quicken my tardy pace! As they were in debt, at Leeds, for their building,¹ last Lord's-day I collected for them near £50. Lord Jesus, help me to know no party but Thine! This, I am persuaded, is your catholic spirit. O for an increase of it among all denominations!"

From Sheffield, Whitefield proceeded to Staffordshire; and intended to go from there to Bristol; but "change of weather and the shortness of the days drove" him to his "winter quarters." On reaching London, he wrote:—

"October 28. My health is somewhat improved, but a very little thing soon impairs it. Lord, help me! How very little can I do for Thee! We have had fine gospel seasons. Grace! grace!"²

These fragmentary records are truly marvellous. How a man, in such health, performed such labours, for months together, it is difficult to imagine.

¹ There can be little doubt that this was Wesley's chapel, in St. Peter's Street. It was built in 1757.

² The *Daily Advertiser*, of October 27, 1758, says: "We hear that, for this month past, the Rev. Mr. Whitefield has been preaching twice a day, to very large audiences, in various parts of Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Staffordshire, and is expected in town this week." The same journal, on the following day, announced, "On Thursday evening (October 26), the Rev. Mr. Whitefield came to town, from Scotland and the north of

England; and will preach to-morrow at Tottenham Court chapel, and at the Tabernacle in Moorfields.”

413

Once again in London, his Orphan House demanded his ¹⁷⁵⁸ attention. The family had been reduced, and he now had Age 43 it in his “power to pay off all Bethesda’s arrears.” He sent a number of “Bibles and other books.” “He longed for an opportunity” to go himself; but the war prevented him, and he knew not how to get supplies for his two London chapels. He was, however, quite satisfied with the management of his housekeeper, and sent her “ten thousand thousand thanks.” He wished his superintendent to consign him “a little rice and indigo,” that his “friends might see some of the Orphan House produce.” Taken altogether, his affairs in Georgia were less embarrassing than usual.¹

During the year, Whitefield had gained a new clerical friend, in Berridge of Everton; but, before it ended, he lost a friend, whom he dearly loved. James Hervey died on Christmas-day, 1758. Within a week of this mournful occurrence, Whitefield wrote the following pathetic letter to the dying rector of Weston-Favel:—

“LONDON, *December 19, 1758.*

“And is my dear friend indeed about to take his last flight? I dare not wish your return into this vale of tears. But our prayers are continually ascending to the Father of our spirits that you may die in the embraces of a never-failing Jesus, and in all the fulness of an exalted faith. O when will my time come! I groan in this tabernacle, being burdened, and long to be clothed with my house from heaven. Farewell! My very dear friend, f—a—r—e—well! Yet a little while, and we shall meet,—

‘Where sin, and strife, and sorrow cease,
And all is love, and joy, and peace.’

“There Jesus will reward you for all the tokens of love which you have showed, for His great name’s sake, to yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”

“P.S. God comfort your mother, and relations, and thousands and thousands more who will bewail your departure!”²

In the year 1758, Whitefield, comparatively speaking, “had rest” from persecution. The only exception was in the case of scurrilous Dr. Free, Vicar of East Coker, and Lecturer at St. Mary Hill, London, and at Newington, Surrey.

¹ Whitefield’s Works, vol. iii., pp. 246–250.

² *New Spiritual Magazine*, 1783, p. 164.

414

On Whitsunday, this vehement defender of the Church, preached a sermon, before the University, at St. Mary’s, Oxford, which he immediately published, with a “Preface” and an “Appendix,” and a “Dedication” to the Archbishop of Canterbury. (8vo. 65 pp.) In his “Dedication,” Free informs the Archbishop, that, Wesley and Whitefield “have, by *secret* advances, so far *stolen* upon the *common people*, as to seduce *many* of all *denominations* from their proper *pastors*; and, aided by this *mixed* multitude, they threaten the Church of England, the *bulwark* of the *Protestant* cause, with a general *alteration*, or total *subversion*.” Free’s “Appendix” chiefly consists of extracts from Whitefield’s Journals, by which he pretends to prove—1. That the “Methodists experiment upon women in *hysteric* fits, and upon young persons in *convulsions*, under pretence of exorcising devils.” 2. That Whitefield professed to have received “extraordinary inspirations in his *office* as a *preacher*.” 3. That he and others had “attempted to set up a new form of church-government, through the kingdom, in contempt of the *authority* of the *Bishops*, and without any *authority* from the state.” 4. That they had propagated “*atheistical doctrines and propositions*, quite destructive to the morality and well-being of a state.” 5. That they had “abused the *clergy* in *general*, and the *great lights* of the Church in *particular*.” 6. That they “imagined God had made them the instruments of a *great work*.” 7. That they used “religiously amorous, melting, and rapturous expressions.”

Whitefield treated the ravings of the Rev. Dr. Free with silent contempt. Wesley wrote the doctor two “letters,” and then left him “to laugh, and scold, and witticise, and call names, just as he pleased.”

Little is known respecting Whitefield's health, labours, and success, during the first four months of 1759.

On the 4th of January, the Countess of Huntingdon went to Bristol to meet Wesley, who accompanied her to Bath, and preached, to several of the nobility, in her house. Early in February, her ladyship returned to London, and, on Friday, the 16th, the day appointed for a public fast, she went to the Tabernacle, where Whitefield addressed an immense congregation from the words, "Rend your

415

hearts, and not your garments." At half-past eight in the evening, she heard Wesley at the Foundery, where he preached, to an overflowing multitude, from "Seek the Lord while He may be found." Her ladyship, profoundly impressed with a conviction of the necessity and power of prayer, arranged for a series of intercession meetings in her own mansion. On Wednesday, February 21, the officiating ministers were Whitefield, Charles Wesley, Venn, and Thomas Maxfield. On Friday, the 23rd, the meeting was conducted by Romaine, Wesley, Madan, and Jones. On Tuesday, the 27th, Wesley writes: "I walked with my brother and Mr. Maxfield to Lady Huntingdon's. After breakfast, came in Messrs. Whitefield, Madan, Romaine, Jones, Downing, and Venn, with some persons of quality, and a few others. Mr. Whitefield, I found, was to have administered the sacrament; but he insisted upon my doing it: after which, at the request of Lady Huntingdon, I preached on 1 Cor. xiii. 13. O what are the greatest men, to the great God! As the small dust of the balance."¹ Charles Wesley adds to this account, by saying, "My brother preached, and won all our hearts. I never liked him better, and was never more united to him since his unhappy marriage. We dined at Mr. Madan's, who took us in his coach."² On Wednesday, the 28th, the service was conducted by Wesley, Venn, and Madan, and, at its close, Whitefield delivered a short exhortation. On Thursday, March 1, the Rev. Thomas Jones preached, and Romaine prayed. On Friday, the 2nd, Charles Wesley gave an

address, and Whitefield, Romaine, Downing, and Venn prayed.

These remarkable meetings seem to have been concluded on Tuesday, March 6, when, besides the clergymen already mentioned, there was another present, who afterwards attained a distinguished eminence—John Fletcher, the immortal Vicar of Madeley. First of all, the sacrament was administered by Whitefield. Among the communicants were the Earl and Countess of Dartmouth, the Countess of Chesterfield, Lady Gertrude Hotham, Sir Charles Hotham, Mrs. Carteret, Mrs.

¹ Wesley's Journal. ² C. Wesley's Journal, vol. ii., p. 219.

416

Cavendish, Sir Sidney Halford Smythe, Mr. Thornton (of Clapham), the Rev. Messrs. Venn, Jones, Maxfield, Downing, Fletcher, and others. Whitefield addressed the communicants; "and all were touched to the heart," said Lady Huntingdon, "and dissolved in tears." Whitefield, Romaine, and Madan prayed. The sacramental service being ended, the Earls of Chesterfield and Holderness, and several others of distinction, were admitted. Whitefield preached, with his accustomed eloquence and energy, from "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." The word, remarked Lady Huntingdon, "drew sighs from every heart, and tears from every eye. Mr. Fletcher concluded with a prayer, every syllable of which appeared to be uttered under the immediate teaching of the Spirit; and, he has told me since, that, he never had more intimate communion with God, or enjoyed so much of His immediate presence, as on that occasion."¹

Glorious men, and glorious meetings! No wonder God was present! Who can estimate the results of these godly gatherings? Fresh from such meetings, the Countess of Huntingdon went to Brighton, longing, panting, and praying for the salvation of sinners. She carried to the mansions of the nobility the influence of the services held in her London residence. She took to the houses of the poor the glad tidings of salvation. A soldier's wife, at Brighton, manifested such anxiety, that the Countess was

induced to repeat her visit. The apartment was contiguous to a public bakehouse, and the people, who came to the oven, listened, through a crack in the partition, to her ladyship's conversations, readings, expositions, and prayers. In a little while, she had, in this humble home, a regular congregation. At first, none but females were admitted; but a blacksmith, named Joseph Wall, a man notorious for his profligacy, by some means, gained admission, was converted, and, for a period of twenty-nine years, adorned the doctrine of God his Saviour. The Countess had become a *preacheress*, and a successful one! In the midst of her Brighton meetings she sent for Whitefield.

¹ "Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon," vol. i., p. 307.

417

Whitefield went. His first sermon was preached under a tree, in a field behind the White Lion Inn. Among his hearers was a youth, eighteen years of age, Thomas Tuppen, ready to stone the preacher, but who was so affected by Whitefield's cry of "Turn ye! turn ye!" that he was converted, and became the predecessor of the well-known William Jay of Bath. Another convert, gained on the spot, was Edward Gadsby, who, for more than a quarter of a century afterwards, "walked in the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless." After this, conversions were multiplied; and the Countess built a small, but neat meeting-house, on the site of the present one in North Street, the expense of which she, either wholly, or in part, defrayed by the sale of her jewels. In 1761, the chapel was opened by Martin Madan; and, in succession, Romaine, Berridge, Venn, and Fletcher, severally took charge of the congregation.¹

As usual, Whitefield was greatly encouraged by the prosperity of the work of God in London. In a letter to his housekeeper at Bethesda, dated "March 26, 1759," he wrote, "We live in a changing world, but Bethesda's God liveth for ever and ever. His word runs and is glorified daily, especially at Tottenham Court. Strange! that nobody will relieve me, that I may once more flee to

America. But, heavenly Father, our times are in Thine hands: do with us as seemeth good in Thy sight!"

Before leaving London for his "spring campaign," Whitefield issued a small publication with the following title: "A Sermon on Christ Crucified. Preached at Paul's Cross, the Friday before Easter. By John Foxe, the Martyrologist. With a recommendatory preface by the Rev. Mr. Whitefield. London, 1759."

Nothing need be said of John Foxe's sermon, but Whitefield's preface is too good to be omitted.

"To all who attend on the word, preached at the Tabernacle, near Moorfields, and at Tottenham Court chapel.

"MY DEAR HEARERS,—The ensuing discourse was lately put into my hands. The title-page informs you when, where, and by whom it was delivered—namely, near two hundred years ago, in the open air, from a

¹ "Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon," vol. i., p. 314.

pulpit made in the shape of a cross in Cheapside, commonly called Paul's Cross, and by that venerable man of God, Mr. John Foxe, Prebend of St. Paul's, whose Book of Martyrs was, by order of the government in Queen Elizabeth's reign, fixed in all churches, and remains in many to this day. Though some of the expressions in this sermon may seem to be obsolete, and others want a little explication, I choose to publish it in its native dress, not only on account of its being designed for the instruction and comfort of heavy-laden souls, who are too deeply impressed to mind the elegancy and correctness of the words and phrases, but also chiefly that you might have a specimen of that foolishness of preaching, which, in the days of our forefathers, was so mighty through God to the pulling down of the outward strongholds of popery in these kingdoms; and what was infinitely more (though less discernible by the natural man), the mightier inward strongholds of sin and corruption, in the hearts of both Papists and Protestants.

"And would to God, that not only all the ministers of our Established Church, but of all the Protestant Reformed Churches, were not only almost, but altogether, such preachers! How would their hearers' hearts then burn within them, whilst they were opening to them, from the Scriptures, man's original apostacy from God,—the only means of reconciliation through faith in the blood of Christ,—a universal morality, as the sole fruit and proof of such a faith,—an establishment and growth in grace here,—and, as the blessed and certain consequences of all these,

a perfect consummation of bliss, both of body and soul, in the full and eternal enjoyment of a Triune God in the kingdom of heaven hereafter. These are the grand truths delivered in the following sermon.

“My chief reason for dedicating it to you is to let you see that the doctrines you daily hear are no new doctrines, but the very same which were preached two hundred years ago, and that in the streets too, by the excellent compilers of the Liturgy and Articles, and who had the honour of being banished and burned, in the bloody reign of Queen Mary, for adhering to the same. And, if it should ever happen in our times, that any of their true-born faithful sons and successors should be excluded pulpits, denied licenses, or put into spiritual courts for preaching in the same manner, let them remember, that we live under a reign, when, though pulpits are shut, the highways and hedges lie open. Paul’s Cross, as I am informed, was burnt down at the Fire of London; but Christ crucified, whom Paul preached, may yet be exalted in the streets and lanes of the city. Our Lord has given us a universal commission: ‘Go ye, and preach the gospel to every creature.’ When thrust out of the synagogues, a mountain, a ship were his pulpit, and the heavens were his sounding-board. Thus Latimer, Cranmer, Ridley, and Mr. John Foxe, the famous martyrologist, preached. And who needs be ashamed of copying after such unexceptionable examples? But I am detaining you too long. Haste, and read; and if, in reading, you feel what I did, you will be glad of this sermon.

“I am, my dear hearers, your affectionate friend and ready servant, in
our common Lord,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

“London, May 4, 1759.”

419

A few days after the date of this Protestant preface, Whitefield left London on another of his gospel tours. Hence the following:—

“BRISTOL, *May 25, 1759.*

“This day se’nnight, I came hither. The next day, the spring campaign was opened. On the Lord’s-day, we took the field. Thousands and thousands attended: full as many as in London. The power of the Lord was present at the three meetings, as well as at the holy sacrament. Ever since, I have been enabled to preach twice, and sometimes thrice a day. Never did I see the Bristol people more attentive or impressed. My body feels the heat, but no matter. If souls are benefited, all is well.”

Leaving Bristol, Whitefield made his way to Scotland, arriving at Edinburgh on Saturday, the 30th of June.¹ Three days afterwards, he wrote as follows:—

“Edinburgh, July 3, 1759. There has been a long interval between my last and this. My quick motions and frequent preaching have been the causes. O what am I that I should be employed for Jesus! In Gloucestershire, the cup of many of His people ran over. In Yorkshire, I preached for a week twice a day. Great congregations! great power! Blessed be the name of the Great God for ever and ever! Here, also, people, high and low, rich and poor, flock as usual, morning and evening. I am growing fat; but, as I take it to be a disease, I hope I shall go home the sooner. Happy they who are safe in harbour.”

Whitefield spent nearly seven weeks in Scotland, a fortnight in Glasgow, and the remainder of the time in Edinburgh. Of course, his cathedral in the latter city was the Orphan Hospital Park, as usual, where he preached every morning and evening without exception. He did the same in Glasgow, only on the two Sundays that he was there, he preached ten times! He set out for London on Tuesday, August 14;² but, before following him, further extracts from his letters must be given. To the Rev. John Gillies, he wrote:—

“Edinburgh, July 7, 1759. I purpose to see Glasgow; but cannot as yet fix the day. I preach, and people flock as usual; but Scotland is not London. The Redeemer is doing wonders there. Every post brings fresh good news. God’s Spirit blows when and where it listeth. O for a gale before the storm! I expect one is at hand. The refuge is as near. Jesus is our hiding-place. O for a hiding-place in heaven! When will my turn come? Some say, not yet; for I am growing fat. So did Mr. Darracot a little before he died.”

¹ *Scots’ Magazine*, 1759, p. 378. ² *Ibid.*

Whitefield’s obesity was one of his troubles. He disliked it; for it was cumbersome, and made his work more difficult. It was not the result of less labour, or of more physical indulgence. Disease had already seized the strong, active man, and, as Whitefield judged, this was one of its early symptoms. It helped, however, to cure him of a fault. “My friend Mr. Whitefield,” says Romaine, “one day told me, that there was a time in his life when he thought he

had never well closed a sermon without a lash at the *fat*, downy doctors of the Establishment. ‘At that period,’ said he, ‘I was not lean myself, though much slenderer than since. I went on, however, and seldom failed to touch pretty smartly upon the objects of my dissatisfaction, till one day, on entering the pulpit at Tottenham Court Road, I found the door apparently narrowed, and moved in obliquely. The idea then struck me, that I was becoming, at least in appearance, a downy doctor myself; and, from that time, I never more made the downy doctors a subject of castigation.’”¹

“Edinburgh, July 12, 1759. It is well that there is a heaven to make amends for our disappointments on earth. It is a dead time in Scotland. There is little or no stirring among the dry bones. It is not so in London, and several other parts of England. On Monday, God willing, I go to blow the gospel trumpet at Glasgow. Lord, what am I, that I should be one of Thy run-about! If this be to be vile, Lord, make me more vile.”

“Glasgow, July 18, 1759. I see the disease, but know not how to come at a cure. I dread a corpulent body: but it breaks in upon me like an armed man. O that my heart may not wax gross at the same time! Congregations in Scotland are very large.”

During his present visit to Scotland, Whitefield preached nearly a hundred times, to ever-increasing congregations. His collections, for the Orphan Hospital, amounted to £215. In most of his sermons, he stirred up the zeal of the people for God, for King George II., and for their country. His last service, on Sunday evening, August 12, was a thanksgiving sermon for the victory of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick over the French, at Minden, on July 31. Another fact also must be mentioned. Miss Henderson, a young lady of considerable fortune, offered him a gift of £700, which he courteously refused. She then proposed to give it to his

¹ Cadogan’s “Life of Rev. W. Romaine,” p. 37.

Orphan House; but, for some reason, this offer also was declined.¹ This was the mercenary man, who, according to his enemies, was always endeavouring to amass a fortune for himself!

At the end of August, Whitefield was once more in London, and, a fortnight afterwards, wrote the following concerning his Orphan House:—

“London, September 13, 1759. Your letter, dated May 25, which I received yesterday, gave me unspeakable satisfaction. God be praised for your success in silk-worms! God be praised that Bethesda is out of debt! God be praised for all His tender mercies to me and mine! Praise the Lord, O our souls! I wish some of the children could be bred up for the ministry. What a pity that I cannot have a grammar school! I shall think and pray, and then write to you on this head. It is a most discouraging thing, that good places cannot be found for the boys when fit to go out. By this means, they are kept in the house beyond their time, both to their own hurt, and to the further expense of the institution. Could you let me know what stock of cattle you have, and what hogs you kill? The more particular you are about everything, the better. I long for the account. I am glad you received the books. More are to be sent from Scotland. I do not much care for R—’s being at Bethesda, unless he is a true penitent. How does my nephew go on?”

It is a remarkable fact, that hardly anything is known of Whitefield’s public ministry for the next five months. During this interval, however, he is not entirely shrouded from the public eye.

Nearly sixty years ago, had died the Rev. Samuel Clarke, M.A., one of the noble brotherhood of Christian clergymen, ejected from their pulpits by the Act of Uniformity in 1662. His father was one of the best oriental scholars of the age; and father and son combined quitted livings worth £600 a year. The son settled at High Wycombe,—“a man of considerable learning; a good critic, especially in the Scriptures; a great textuary; an excellent preacher; a great enemy of superstition and bigotry; yet zealous for unaffected piety and extensive charity.”² He was the author of several works, but his principal publication was “Annotations on the Bible,”—a work designed at the Oxford University, and the labour of his life. A new edition of this valuable, but almost

¹ Gillies’ “Life of Whitefield.”

² Calamy’s “Nonconformist’s Memorial,” vol. i., p. 237.

422

unknown, Commentary, was published in 1759; and, for the new edition, Whitefield wrote a recommendatory preface, which is dated "London, October 1, 1759." No useful end would be answered by the insertion of Whitefield's preface. A brief extract from it must suffice:—

"In my poor opinion, next to holy Mr. Matthew Henry's incomparable Comment upon the Bible, the Rev. Samuel Clarke's Annotations seem to be the best calculated for universal edification. Though short, they contain, generally speaking, a full and spiritual interpretation of the most difficult words and phrases. A great many parallel scriptures are most judiciously inserted. And an analysis of the contents of every book and chapter is added. It may be, that, the curious and very critical reader may meet with a few exceptionable expressions; but, alas! if we forbear reading any book or comment, till we meet with one that will suit every taste, and is liable to no exception, I fear, we must never read at all. The best of men's books, as well as the best of men themselves, are but men and the books of men, at the best. It is the peculiar property of Thy life, and of Thy Book, O blessed Jesus! to be exempt from all imperfections."

News having arrived of Boscawen's capture of the Toulon fleet off Cape Lagos, in Portugal; and of the victory on the heights of Abraham, and the surrender of Quebec, Whitefield, too impulsive to wait for royal proclamations, preached three thanksgiving sermons, on Friday, October 19. This, forsooth! gave great offence to the notorious anti-Methodist, Dr. Free, who wrote:—

"From Mr. Whitefield's great *booth*, we had a pompous article in *St. James Evening Post*, of October 20, 1759, stating that, the day before, 'the Rev. Mr. Whitefield preached three thanksgiving sermons, two in the morning at the Tabernacle, and one at his chapel at Tottenham Court, to numerous audiences of persons of distinction.' By which, it appears, that, being *without law*, he did not think it decency to wait till his Majesty appointed the day of thanksgiving; but pert,—forward,—an enthusiast,—he sounds his own trumpet, sets up his own standard, and is attended in his irregularities by numerous persons of distinction."¹

Dr. Free was not the only clergyman who pleased himself by attacking Whitefield. The Rev. Mr. Downes, rector of St. Michael's, Wood Street, and lecturer of St. Mary-le-Bow, published his "Methodism Examined and Exposed"

(8vo. 106 pp.), in which Whitefield and Wesley were abused with a vehemence unbefitting a Christian minister.¹

¹ Free's edition of Wesley's Second Letter.

² See "Life and Times of Wesley," vol. ii., p. 343.

423

Towards the end of the year, Whitefield stirred a nest of hornets. He preached a sermon against attending theatres. This evoked a sixpenny pamphlet, with the title, "A Discourse concerning Plays and Players. Occasioned by a late and very extraordinary Sermon, in which some sentiments relative to the above subjects were delivered in a very copious and affecting manner, from the Pulpit of a certain popular Preacher of the Society called Methodists." The writer of the pamphlet professed to be a Methodist himself. As such, he had long entertained an "ignorant" zeal against theatres; but he had recently been cured of his "blind prejudice," by conversing with a comedian, and by seeing Garrick act. In consequence of this conversion, he had been much offended by the sermon in question, because it threatened attenders at theatres with damnation. Whitefield's sermon brought upon him other attacks, besides this of a professed Methodist; but it must suffice at present to insert an extract from the *Monthly Review*, for November, 1759, in which the "Discourse" of the theatre-going Methodist is noticed:—

"We hope the pious orator, Mr. Whitefield, made some reserve in favour of those who frequent the theatres in the neighbourhood of Moorfields, Tottenham Court, Cow Cross, and Broad St. Giles. But, after all, it were no wonder, that a Whitefield, or a Wesley should be jealous of so powerful a rival as a Garrick; or even a Woodward, a Shuter, or a Yates. However, it must be allowed uncharitable in any performers, or managers, thus to consign each other's audiences to the devil. We hope our good friends of Drury Lane and Covent Garden have never been chargeable with such unfair and unchristian dealings. Emulation is certainly commendable, while accompanied with honesty and decency; and if we can improve and extend our traffic by furnishing a better commodity than another can, why, it is all fair; but neither decency nor honesty will allow us to break the windows, or to abuse or frighten away the customers, of *our rivals in trade.*"

These were the first mutterings of one of the most violent storms that ever burst upon the head of Whitefield; but more of this anon.

Whitefield began the year 1760 by enlarging the Tottenham Court chapel, opened only three years before. He wrote to a friend in America:—

“London, February 5, 1760. I am growing very corpulent, but, I trust, not too corpulent for another voyage, when called to it. Every day the

424

work increases. On Sunday last, a new enlargement of the chapel was opened, and a great concourse of people assembled.”

Immediately after this, Whitefield published a 12mo. pamphlet of twenty-four pages, entitled “Russian Cruelty; being the substance of several Letters from sundry Clergymen, in the New Marche of Brandenburg.” The letters are full of horrible details respecting the cruelties practised by the Russian army in Germany; and, in his preface, Whitefield ardently asks for sympathy and help on behalf of the distressed Protestants in that country. The preface is dated “March 2, 1760.” Friday, March 14, was appointed to be observed by a general fast; and, on the Sunday previous, says *Lloyd's Evening Post*, “the Rev. Mr. Whitefield preached at his Tabernacle, at Tottenham Court Road, to a very numerous audience. In his discourse, he took occasion to mention the cruelties exercised by the Russian Cossacks upon the Protestant subjects of the Duchy of Mecklenburg, and earnestly to recommend a collection for their relief on the day of the public fast. The money is to be paid into the hands of the minister of the Lutheran chapel in London, by him to be transmitted to Germany, and there to be distributed in a proper manner to the objects worthy of relief.” Remembering the worth of money a hundred years ago, Whitefield's collections were enormous. The following is taken from *Lloyds Evening Post*, of March 17, 1760:—

“On the Fast-day, upwards of £400 were collected at Mr. Whitefield's chapel in Tottenham Court Road, and at the Tabernacle, in Moorfields, for the relief of the distressed Protestants in and about Custrin, in the

New Marche of Brandenburg; many of whom have been not only plundered and stripped of all they had, but have likewise been cruelly tortured and abused by the savage Cossacks and other irregular troops of the Russian army.”¹

¹ Whitefield’s text, at Tottenham Court Road, was Hosea xi. 8, 9; and the collection £222 8s. 9d. At the Tabernacle, his text was Psalm lxxx. 19; and the collection £182 15s. 9d. (Gillies’ “Life of Whitefield.”) The Rev. John Newton stated, that, at one of these services, after the sermon, Whitefield said, “We shall sing a hymn, during which those who do not choose to give their mite may sneak off.” None of the congregation stirred. Whitefield ordered all the doors to be shut but one; at which he himself held the plate. (“Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon,” vol. i., p. 92.)

425

It is a strange and disgraceful coincidence, that, on the very Fast-day, when Whitefield was so nobly exerting himself to redress the Russian cruelties in Germany, one of Whitefield’s friends, within a dozen miles of London, was being treated with cruelty dishonourable to the character of old England. Hence the following taken from *Lloyd’s Evening Post*, of March 21, 1760:—

“Last Friday (the Fast-day) a terrible riot happened at Kingston, in Surrey, occasioned by a Methodist preacher, who came there, and assembled a great number of people together in a barn to hear him. Whilst he was preaching, an impudent fellow threw some dirt at him, which created a great disturbance; and the mob, at last, dragged the preacher into the street, and rolled him in a ditch; and, had it not been for the humanity and good-nature of a gentleman near the spot, who took him into his house, he, in all likelihood, would have been murdered. Some of the Innskilling dragoons being there among the mob, with their swords, wounded and bruised several of the people, and put the whole town into an uproar; but, by the prudent behaviour of their commanding officer, all ill consequences were prevented. He ordered the drums to beat, assembled the dragoons in the yard of the Sun Inn, and kept them there for some time, and then ordered them to their quarters.”

One of the notable events of 1760 was the trial and the execution of the half mad and intensely wicked Earl Ferrers, for the brutal murder of Mr. Johnson, his steward. The notorious Earl being nearly related to the Countess of Huntingdon, she and all her Methodist friends felt a profoundly painful interest in the case. The trial, which lasted

three days, commenced in Westminster Hall, on April 16. Charles Wesley writes:—

“April 17, 1760. Yesterday morning, my heart was overwhelmed with sorrow. Not in my own will did I enter the place of judgment. George Whitefield and his wife sat next me. The lords entered with the utmost state: first the barons, then the lords, bishops, earls, dukes, and Lord High Steward. Most of the royal family, the peeresses, and chief gentry of the kingdom, and the foreign ambassadors were present, and made it one of the most august assemblies in Europe; but the pomp was quite lost upon me.”¹

After his condemnation, the Earl was often visited, in the Tower of London, by the Countess of Huntingdon, and twice by Whitefield, to whom he behaved with great polite-

¹ C. Wesley's Journal, vol. ii., p. 235.

426

ness. At her ladyship's request, Whitefield repeatedly offered up public prayer for the unhappy murderer. “That impertinent fellow,” said Horace Walpole, “told his enthusiasts that my lord's heart was stone.” So it was. Earl Ferrers ended his ignoble life, on the scaffold, May 5, 1760. “With all his madness,” sneered the flippant writer just mentioned, “Lord Ferrers was not mad enough to be struck with Lady Huntingdon's sermons. The Methodists have nothing to brag of his conversion, though Whitefield prayed for him, and preached about him.”¹

At the period when Whitefield was visiting Earl Ferrers in the Tower, there was another convict, belonging to another class of society, who secured his pity and attentions. Robert Tilling, coachman to Mr. Lloyd, a merchant living in Devonshire Square, Bishopsgate Street, had presented himself at the bedside of his master, at four o'clock in the morning of February 19; pointed a pistol at his head; demanded the keys of his escritoir; and threatened to blow out his brains, unless the demand was granted. The keys were given up; the merchant was robbed of his money; the coachman was arrested; was tried at the Old Bailey; confessed his crime; was sentenced to be hanged; and, in company with three others, was executed, at Tyburn, on

Monday, April 28. The body was conveyed to Whitefield's Tabernacle in Moorfields, where, *horresco referens!* it was exposed to the public view. On April 30, it was carried to Tindall's burying ground in Bunhill Fields. The rest of the story may be told by an extract from *Lloyd's Evening Post*, of the 5 th of May:—

“We are informed that there was a prodigious concourse of people to hear Mr. Whitefield speak in Bunhill Fields, at the grave of Robert Tilling; some think not less than twenty thousand. There was no burial office read; but, after the corpse had been laid in the ground some time, Mr. Whitefield came, and, in a declamatory way, shewed how the wages of sin was death,—gave some account of the malefactor's penitence,—exhorted all in general to turn from their vices and come to Christ,—and pressed all servants in particular to take warning by the criminal's execution, and shew all fidelity to their masters.”

Having “spent all the last winter in London,” White-

¹ “Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon,” vol. i., p. 408.

427

field set out, in the month of May, on another of his evangelistic tours. First of all, he went to Gloucestershire; in June he went to Wales; in July, to Bristol; and in August came back to London. In September and October, he had “a ramble of two months in Yorkshire;”¹ after which, as usual, he returned to his “winter quarters,” in the metropolis.² Hardly anything is known of these preaching journeys. The following are extracts from his letters:—

“Bristol, July 5, 1760. When in the fields, ten thousand, perhaps more, assemble here. When under cover, there are more than the Tabernacle will hold; at least, in the evening. Every time, the house is a Bethel, a house of God, a gate of heaven. I thought my wife's illness would have hastened me to London; but, as she is now recovering, I would fain proceed in my summer's campaign. I am persuaded I am the better for your prayers. Never were they more charitably bestowed. I am a worm, and no man. O blessed Jesus, how good Thou art! With all Thy other mercies, give, O give me an humble and a thankful heart!”

“Bristol, July 8, 1760. I have sympathised with you, in respect to your fears about the *Indian* war. Lord Jesus, grant the Indians may not come near Bethesda! In heaven, all alarms will be over. I long for those blessed mansions. But nothing kills me. My wife was lately just

got into harbour, but is driven back again. Blessed be God, we are sure of getting in at last. Jesus is our pilot. I am going on in my old way, saving that I grow fatter and fatter every day. Lord, help me to work it down! But it seems working will not do it.”

“London, August 15, 1760. How do I long to hear of God’s appearing for Georgia and Bethesda! I trust the Indians will not be permitted to disturb a family planted by God’s own right hand, and for His own glory. But the Divine judgments are a great deep. I trust some Bethesda letters will soon put me out of suspense. I wrote to you by the convoy that took your new governor. I hope he will behave friendly to the Orphan House. If we make the Lord Jesus our friend, all will be well. Many here are seeking His friendship. Satan is angry. I am now mimicked and burlesqued upon the public stage. All hail such contempt! God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of Jesus Christ! It is sweet! It is sweet! What a mercy is it, that we have got an abiding inheritance in the kingdom of heaven! Of this we can never be robbed. *Hallelujah!*”

¹ Lady Huntingdon also was now in Yorkshire. Whitefield joined her, at Ingham’s, at Aberford. Great confusion prevailed in Ingham’s Societies. The Countess and Whitefield tried to restore peace; but their efforts were ineffectual. Sandemanianism produced a schism. Out of eighty flourishing Societies, only thirteen continued under Ingham’s care. (“Oxford Methodists,” p. 145.)

² Whitefield’s Works, vol. iii., pp. 260–263.

428

it is a remarkable fact, that, though the burlesquing of Whitefield, in 1760, was a most disgraceful, and almost unparalleled outrage against all propriety, the above and another introduced hereafter are the only instances, in Whitefield’s published letters, where he mentions it. The subject is disgusting; but it must be noticed.

Samuel Foote was born at Truro, in Cornwall. His father was member of Parliament for Tiverton. Young Foote was educated at Worcester College, Oxford. On leaving the University, he became student of law in the Temple. He married a young lady of a good family and some fortune; but, their tempers not agreeing, harmony did not long subsist between them. Foote now launched into all the fashionable follies of the age, gambling not excepted; and, in a few years, squandered all his money. His necessities led him to the stage. In 1747, when about

twenty-six years of age, he opened the little theatre in the Haymarket, taking upon himself the double character of author and performer. His first dramatic piece was called "The Diversions of the Morning," and was chiefly a description of several well-known living persons. For years after, Foote continued to select, for the entertainment of the town, such public characters as seemed most likely to amuse the attendants at his theatre. In 1760, he published and performed "The Minor," a filthy and profane burlesque of Whitefield and his followers. Six years afterwards, he broke his leg, and was compelled to undergo an amputation. His last piece was brought out in 1776, and was called "The Trip to Paris." In this, he made a pointed attack on the character of the Duchess of Kingston. The Lord Chamberlain interdicted the performance. Foote made some alterations in the play, and brought it out under the title of "The Capuchin." In this, he levelled his satire, not only against the Duchess, but against her bosom friend, Dr. Jackson, the editor of a newspaper. Foote grew in wickedness, as he grew in years. He was charged with an unnatural crime, but was acquitted. The man, however, who had been stigmatizing public and living persons, for the last thirty years, was annoyed at being stigmatized himself. His spirits sank; his health failed; and, while on the stage.

429

he was seized with paralysis. Soon afterwards, he set out for France; but died suddenly, at Dover, on October 21, 1777. He was privately interred in Westminster Abbey.¹ "Foote," said Boswell to Johnson, both of whom were well acquainted with the zany, "Foote has a great deal of humour." Johnson: "Yes, sir." Boswell: "He has a singular talent for exhibiting character." Johnson: "Sir, it is not a talent—it is a vice: it is what others abstain from. It is not comedy, which exhibits the character of a species, as that of a miser gathered from many misers: it is a farce, which exhibits individuals." Boswell: "Pray, sir, is not Foote an infidel?" Johnson: "I do not know, sir, that the fellow is an infidel: but if he be an infidel, he is an infidel

as a dog is an infidel; that is to say, he has never thought upon the subject.”

This profane and filthy-minded comedian was the author of the infamous production, which brought upon Whitefield an unequalled torrent of abuse and ridicule. Its title was, “The Minor, a Comedy, written by Mr. Foote. As it is now acting at the New Theatre in the Hay-Market. By authority from the Lord Chamberlain.³ *Tantum Religio potuit snadere malorum*. London, 1760.” (8vo. 91 pp.)

“The Minor” was first acted early in July, 1760.⁴ It would be far worse than offensive to give an outline of it in a work like this. How educated and respectable people could listen to such ribald and blasphemous outpourings it is difficult to imagine. The whole thing is so steeped in lewdness, that it would be criminal even to reproduce the plot. Suffice it to say, that Foote was not only the author of the piece, but its chief actor. He performed the three characters, “Shift,” “Smirk,” and “Mrs. Cole.” He declaimed against “the Itinerant Field Orators, who are at declared enmity with common sense, and yet have the address to poison the principles, and, at the same time, to pick the pockets of half our industrious fellow-subjects.” He lays it down, that, “ridicule is the only antidote against this

¹ Cook’s “Memoirs of Foote;” and “Biographica Dramatica.”

² Boswell’s “Life of Johnson.”

³ The Duke of Devonshire was Lord Chamberlain.

⁴ *Lloyd’s Evening Post*, July 14, 1760.

430

pernicious poison. Methodism is a madness that arguments can never cure; and, should a little wholesome severity be applied, persecution would be the immediate cry. Where then can we have recourse but to the comic muse? Perhaps the archness and severity of her smile may redress an evil, that the laws cannot reach, or reason reclaim.” Such, forsooth, were the virtuous motives which prompted Foote, in the profanest language, and in the character of a *bawd*, to ridicule the greatest evangelist of his age, and one whom all men now delight to honour. In a literary point of view, “The Minor” is despicable; in a moral, it is *unquotable*.

The Countess of Huntingdon waited on the Duke of Devonshire, the Lord Chamberlain, and requested its suppression; but was told her request could not be granted. She had an interview with Garrick, who professed to be offended with the comedy;¹ and yet, shortly after, admitted it into his own theatre in Drury Lane.

In the very month when it first appeared, even the *Monthly Review*, no friend to the Methodists, condemned it. Hence the following:—

“The spirit of puffing, which so strongly characterizes the present age, is become so universal, that almost every class seems to be moved by it. In time past, it was chiefly confined to quack doctors, booksellers, and advertising tailors; but now even the wits of the town are seized by it, and every farce-writer ostentatiously styles his petit piece of three acts, a comedy. This of Mr. Foote’s is one of the number; but it no more deserves the title of a comedy than ‘The Stage Coach,’ ‘The Devil to Pay,’ or any of those inferior dramatic productions, which usually appear as the humble attendants upon works of the higher order—the tragedies and comedies of five acts.

“The success of the present performance, during the representation, arose from the author’s extraordinary talent at mimicry; but it is not calculated to please equally in the perusal. The satire levelled at the great leader of the Methodists seems to be extremely out of character. It is no less unjust to Mr. Whitefield, than absurd, to suppose a man of his penetration, either conniving at, or being the dupe of, an old bawd’s hypocrisy, in continuing to follow her iniquitous occupation, while she frequents the Tabernacle, and cants about the new birth. And when we are told that an occasional hymn is given out, and a thanksgiving sermon preached, on occasion of Mother Cole’s (Douglas’s) recovery from sickness, who can forbear smiling—not with approbation of the conceit, but,

¹ “Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon,” vol. i., p. 209.

with contempt for the author of such improbable scandal? We despise and abhor all enthusiastic flights, and high pretensions to extraordinary sanctity, as much as Mr. Foote can do; but, without entering into the enquiry whether or not these are proper objects of playhouse ridicule, it is most certain, that no man, or body of men, ought to be charged with more than they are guilty of; and that there is not a juster maxim in the moral world, than, ‘*Give the devil his due.*’”¹

In the month of August,² 1760, there appeared a pamphlet with the title, "Christian and Critical Remarks on a Droll, or Interlude, called 'The Minor,' now acting by a Company of Stage-Players in the Hay-Market, and said to be acted by Authority; in which the Blasphemy, Falsehood, and Scurrility of that Piece are properly considered, answered, and exposed. By a Minister of the Church of Christ. London, 1760." (8vo. 41 pp.) The writer says Foote "has gone beyond any of his competitors in debauching, if possible, and debasing the stage. He has done this, by doing that which nobody else in these kingdoms had the confidence to attempt; I mean by the introduction of real and living characters into his pieces." And then, it is correctly added, "The name of the Spirit of God is bandied about from the mouth of vagabond to vagabond, in order to raise a laugh in honour of the devil."

A month later, was published a 4to. shilling pamphlet, entitled, "A Satyrical Dialogue between the celebrated Mr. F—te and Dr. Squintum," which the *Monthly Review* pronounced, "Dirty trash: intended to vilify Mr. Whitefield." Also, a folio publication (price 1s.), with the title, "A Letter of Expostulation from the Manager of the Theatre in Tottenham Court, to the Manager of the Theatre in the Hay-Market, relative to a new Comedy, called 'The Minor.'" In this infamous and lewd production, Whitefield is represented as being jealous of Foote in gulling the public, and, therefore, proposes that they become partners. Much of it cannot be quoted. The following are among the less objectionable lines. Addressing Foote, Whitefield, at the Tabernacle, is made to say:—

"Your talent of humour shall have its full swing,
Here pleasure and profit are both on the wing:

¹ *Monthly Review*, July, 1760. ² *Ibid.*, August, 1760.

Love-feasts—and ladies intriguing—and cash—
Keep on but the vizor,—have at 'em slap-dash—
No bait shall be wanting the trade to advance,
We'll now and then tip 'em a drum and a dance."

In the month of October, the storm was continued, and, if possible, became more furious. A long letter was inserted in *Lloyd's Evening Post*, in which, after praising Foote for his mimicry in "The Minor," the writer adds: "Religion is too sacred (be it exercised in ever so absurd a manner) to become the butt of public mockery. If the exercise of it should be unwarrantable, the laws will check it, without calling theatrical buffoonery to their assistance."

Three months before, as soon as "The Minor" appeared, there was published, a shilling pamphlet, with the false title: "A Genuine Letter from a Methodist Preacher in the Country, to Laurence Sterne, M.A., Prebendary of York." Now, in the month of October, the same "nonsensical and profane" thing was re-issued with an altered title: "A Letter from the Rev. George Whitefield, B.A., to the Rev. Laurence Sterne, M.A., the supposed Author of 'The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy.'" Even the *Monthly Review* now became indignant, and said, "The impudence of our low dirty, hedge-publishers is risen to a most shameful height. To take such scandalous liberties with names, as is here done with that of Mr. Whitefield, is surely insufferable in any well-regulated community. If it is not in that gentleman's power to procure redress of such a flagrant injury, it is high time to provide the means of punishing such audacious proceedings for the future."

The volatile Foote also added to his previous crime, the publication of an 8vo. pamphlet, of 40 pages, entitled, "A Letter from Mr. Foote to the Reverend Author of the Remarks, Critical and Christian, on 'The Minor.'" The mendacious reviler writes:—

"I am extremely puzzled in what manner to address you; it being impossible to determine, from the title you assume, whether you are an authorised pastor, or a peruke-maker,—a real clergyman, or a corn-cutter."

Again:—

"I have heard George Whitefield's mother frequently declare that he

433

was a dull, stupid, heavy boy, totally incapable of their business at the 'Bell,' a principal inn at Gloucester.—

“The force and miserable effects of Whitefield’s mystic doctrines are obvious enough. *Bedlam* loudly proclaims the power of your preacher, and scarce a street in town but boasts its tabernacle; where some, from interested views, and others—unhappy creatures! mistaking the idle offspring of a distempered brain for divine inspiration, broach such doctrines as are not only repugnant to Christianity, but destructive even to civil society.

“I believe Whitefield is too cunning to let anybody into the secret as to the quantity of wealth he has amassed; but, from your own computation of males fit to carry arms, who are listed in his service, and the price they are well known to pay for admittance, even into the gallery of his theatre, I should suppose his annual income must double the primate’s. To this maybe added private benefactions and occasional contributions.”

One more specimen of Foote’s audacious scurrility must suffice. He concludes his pamphlet thus:—

“You a reformer! Are these the proofs of your mission? Repent, and, by way of atonement and mortification, summon your misguided flock; reveal your impious frauds, and restore the poor deluded people to their senses and their proper pastors. If you still persist, I must, after your example, conclude with wishing that those teachers amongst you, who are mad, were confined closely in *Bedlam*, and those who are wicked, were lodged safely in *Bridewell*; and then, I think the public would get rid of you all. But, whilst you continue triumphantly at large, spiritualized and divine as you may think yourselves, I shall still take the liberty to follow you, as the boy did Philip, with a loud memento that you are merely men.

The reader must pardon these long extracts from such a writer; for, without them, it is difficult to convey an adequate idea of what a sensitive man like Whitefield must have suffered from the publication of such falsehoods and abuse. Unfortunately more must follow.

In the month of November, Garrick permitted “The Minor” to be acted in Drury Lane Theatre, but with some insignificant alterations, the chief of which was, in lieu of a filthy and profane sentence, which cannot be quoted, Mrs. Cole, the bawd, was represented as saying, “Dr. Squintum washed

me with the soap-suds and scouring sand of the Tabernacle, and I became as clean and bright as a pewter-platter.”¹ The theatre was crowded, and thus even Garrick, as well as

¹ *Lloyd's Evening Post*, Nov. 24, 1760.

434

poote, began to make money by holding up Whitefield to Age 45 the ridicule of the large and fashionable assemblies of the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane. It was now that one of the personal friends of Whitefield stepped into the lists. The Rev. Martin Madan¹ published an 8vo. pamphlet of 48 pages, entitled, “A Letter to David Garrick, Esq.; occasioned by the intended Representation of ‘The Minor’ at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane.” In an advertisement, Mr. Madan states that the first performance of ‘The Minor’ in Drury-Lane had been fixed for October 25, but the sudden death of King George the Second, on the morning of that day, occasioned a short postponement. Madan refrains from discussing “the absolute unlawfulness of stage entertainments,” because that point had been “ably and unanswerably proved by the masterly pen of the Rev. Mr. William Law.” He says, “Mr. Whitefield knows nothing of the writing of this letter;² and I will not say one word in behalf of him. I shall put him as much out of the case as if there was no such man breathing. I profess no attempt to defend anything but the truths of the Bible, and consequently the religion of this country, as by law established.” Madan declares that, instead of “The Minor” being styled a comedy, it deserved the name of “A Dramatic Libel against the Christian Religion;” and, by quotations, proceeds to state his reasons, for this assertion, adding:—

“Does Mr. Garrick think such language as this is fit for the entertainment of polite ears? Would any one imagine that these speeches, if weighed one moment in the balance of reason (to say nothing of religion), could possibly be introduced, with the least degree of approbation, before any audience, except the inhabitants of Bridewell or Newgate? I blush for my countrymen, when I recollect, that even this *vile stuff* was attended to in the Hay-Market, by crowded audiences, for above thirty nights, and that with applause; whereas it was dismissed, with deserved abhorrence, after being *one night only* offered to the people of Ireland, at one of their

theatres. This I have been credibly informed of, and believe it to be true.”

After furnishing other quotations from “The Minor,” Madan again addresses Garrick thus:—

¹ “Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon,” vol. i., p. 209.

² Madan did not attach his name to his letter, but signed it, “Anti-Profanus.”

435

“Now, sir, give me leave to appeal to your own *good sense and judgment*, whether, upon the foregoing view of ‘The Minor,’ you think it a proper entertainment for his Majesty’s comedians to exhibit, or his Majesty’s subjects to attend to; whether you think there is such a veneration for our holy religion among the people, as to need any retrenchment; and whether making the language of the Scriptures and the doctrines of the gospel ridiculous, can be likely to answer any other end, than increasing the daily growth of impiety and infidelity amongst people of all degrees?”

“As to Mr. Foote, I would charitably think, that all the knowledge he has of the several expressions and doctrines he has ridiculed, is, in consequence of his attendance upon the preaching of Mr. Squintum, in order to laugh at him. Hence he thought (as he had not been used to such language) that they were the vapours of a distempered brain, and treated them accordingly; so that, like Solomon’s madman, he has been casting about firebrands, arrows, and death, and saying, ‘Am I not in sport?’ I hope, however, Mr. Foote will endeavour to inform himself better, and then make what amends he can to the public, for having been the promoter of an open attack upon the truths and *language* of the *sacred volume*, by the mouths of the most profligate and wicked of the people; for we can hardly walk the streets, but we hear ballads, in which the *very words* of our blessed Saviour are blasphemed, and treated as the *rare doctrine* of Dr. Squintum.”

It is hoped that quotations like these will justify the treating of this subject at so great a length. To say nothing of Foote, and his lewd audiences in the little theatre in the Haymarket, it was a serious, almost a national, crime and evil when such profanity and pollution were introduced into His Majesty’s Theatre Royal, in Drury Lane; and when, prompted by such a high example, Grub Street began to supply ballads, of the same horrible description as the farce of Foote, to the boys and girls, the drunkards and profligates, of England’s great metropolis.¹

Besides Mr. Madan's pamphlet, another was published, in Whitefield's favour, in November, 1760, namely: "A Letter to Mr. Foote, occasioned by his Letter to the Reverend Author of the Christian and Critical Remarks on 'The Minor;'" containing a Refutation of Mr. Foote's Pamphlet, and a full Defence of the Principles and Practices of the Methodists. By the Author of the Christian and Critical Remarks." (8vo. 28 pp.)

¹ It might be added, that portraits—hideous ones—of Whitefield were published, with the offensive words "Dr. Squintum" underneath them. One lies before me.

436

This was a well-written pamphlet; but another, by the same author, published in the same month, was not so prudently composed. Its title was, "An Exhortatory Address to the Brethren in the Faith of Christ. Occasioned by a Remarkable Letter from Mr. Foote to the Reverend Author of Christian and Critical Remarks on 'The Minor.' With a serious word or two on the present Melancholy Occasion. By a Minister of the Church of Christ." The "serious word or two" spoilt all the rest; for the author rashly insinuated that the encouragement given to Foote was the sin which had brought upon the nation a Divine judgment, in the recent sudden death of George II. As might be expected, this gave an advantage to Foote and to his friends. On reading the pamphlet, the *Monthly Review* exclaimed, "O thou wrong-headed leader of the wrong-heads! Fie on thee! Fie on thee!"

On the other side, a long letter, filling nearly a page, was inserted in *Lloyd's Evening Post*, of November 14. It began as follows: "We now have the pleasure of seeing Methodism ushered in in comic characters, and the ridiculous gesture of the Tabernacle Impostor mimicked in the easier attitude of the stage." The writer proceeds to criticise what he calls Methodism's "favourite tenet, the *grace of assurance*, good works being not significant;" and then wishes "we had some formal Court of Judicature, to detect the cunning cant and hypocrisy of all pretenders to sanctity and devotion, for then we should be able to guard against those who preach

to us salvation with a view to make us undergo a *temporal fleeing*.” With a sneer, he concludes thus:—

“What a monstrous piece of inhumanity are we venerators of apostolic doctrine and episcopal dignity to these pretended saint errants and non-apostolical preachers! To complete their unhappiness, we have made them a theatrical scoff, and the common jest and scorn of every chorister in the street.”

Five days afterwards, there appeared, in the same journal, a letter by Wesley, replying to this “very angry gentleman,” whom he presumed to be “a retainer of the theatre.” This evoked a disgracefully abusive answer, on November 24, which concluded with the polite assertion, that “arguing with Methodists is like pounding fools in a mortar.” Wesley

437

again replied, on December 3; and his opponent, angrier than ever, in a long epistle, on December 12. In one of his quiet, but caustic letters, Wesley concluded the correspondence on December 26.

During this lengthened controversy, between Wesley and his nameless adversary, two more pamphlets were given to the public. The first was entitled, “A Letter to Mr. F—te. Occasioned by the Christian and Critical Remarks on his Interlude, called ‘The Minor.’ To which is added an Appendix, relative to a Serious Address to the Methodists themselves.” (12mo. 28 pp.) The thing was full of banter and badness,—bespattering Whitefield, and extolling Foote. The second was an equally vile production: “Observations, Good or Bad, Stupid or Clever, Serious or Jocular, on Squire Foote’s Dramatic Entertainment, entitled ‘The Minor.’ By a Genius.” (12mo. 15 pp.) In the *Genius’s* estimation, “the *fable* of ‘The Minor’ is pretty and entertaining; the *manners* happily described; the *sentiments* just and natural; and the *language* easy and spirited!!!” The critique of the *Monthly Review* on this production of “a Genius” was contained in a single line: “All the humour of this lies in the title-page.”

These lengthened details may be somewhat tedious; but they shew the terrible *fracas* in which Whitefield was involved during the year 1760. This certainly was one of the most painful years of his eventful life. The persecution also

was novel. He had been abused by clergymen in England, Scotland, and America, by pamphleteers learned and illiterate, and by mobs; but now, for the first time, he was ridiculed by theatrical comedians and their friends. Other opponents had been severe; but, as a rule, they had not been ribald and profane. Now it was otherwise. The farce of Foote, and the ballads in the streets, were steeped in blasphemy and filth. And yet, with the exception already mentioned, they are never noticed in any of Whitefield's published letters. That he suffered—keenly suffered—it is impossible to doubt; but there is no evidence that he murmured or complained. No man more fully realized the truth and meaning of the Saviour's beatitude, "Blessed are ye,—when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you *falsely*, for my sake."

438

"The Minor" was not the only farce published against Whitefield. At least, three other kindred productions were printed during the ensuing year. First, there was "An Additional Scene to the Comedy of 'The Minor.' London, 1761." (8vo. 19 pp.) In this, Whitefield was described as "a priestly-looking man, with a cast in his eyes, and wearing a white flaxen wig," and who, on being introduced to Foote, presented a comedy of his own composing, and requested Foote to act it. Then, there was "The Register Office: a Farce of Two Acts. Acted at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane. By J. Reed. London, 1761." (8vo. 47 pp.) A filthy thing, in which Whitefield is called "Mr. Watchlight," instead of "Dr. Squintum;" and "Mrs. Snarewell" answers to "Mrs. Cole" in "The Minor" by Foote. "Lady Wrinkle" and "Mrs. Snarewell" are both *dramatis personæ* in the printed farce; but a foot-note states, "These two characters were not *permitted* to be played." Then, finally, there was "The Methodist: a Comedy: being a Continuation and Completion of the Plan of 'The Minor' written by Mr. Foote: as it was intended to have been acted at the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden, but for obvious reasons suppressed. With the original Prologue and Epilogue. London, 1761." (8vo. 60 pp.) This, if possible, was even more profane and pol-

luted than “The Minor” itself; and, though not acted, it soon passed through three editions. “Squintum” and “Mrs. Cole” were both among the leading characters; but to quote what they are made to say would be a crime. Half a dozen lines, however, taken from the prologue, may be given:—

“No private pique this just resentment draws,
Or brands a wretched *Squintum*, or his cause;
But, since the laws no punishment provide
For such as draw the multitude aside,
The poet seizes the corrective rod,
To scourge the bold blasphemer of his God.”

A disgusting specimen of the audacious falsehoods of the *blaspheming* Foote! To use one of Whitefield’s own expressions, none but a wretched being, “*half a beast and half a devil*,” could have written “The Minor” and “The Methodist.” The following is the *Monthly Review*’s critique on the latter of these infamous productions:—

439

“Mr. Foote’s ‘Minor’ is the foundation of this despicable superstructure, by means of which the scandalous abuse of Mr. Whitefield, under the opprobrious name of Dr. Squintum, is carried to such a height, as, in our judgment, reflects the utmost disgrace upon literature.”¹

It is mournful to relate, that the wretched Foote hunted Whitefield, with undiminished hatred, to the end of Whitefield’s life. Two months after the great preacher’s death, in 1770, Foote was acting “The Minor” in the theatre at Edinburgh. The first night’s audience was large; but the indecency of the piece so shocked the people, that, at the following night’s performance, only ten of the female sex had effrontery sufficient to witness such profane impurity. Meanwhile, the news arrived of Whitefield’s decease, and loud was the outcry against ridiculing the man after he was dead. The Revs. Dr. Erskine, Dr. Walker, and Mr. Baine denounced Foote’s outrageous behaviour from their respective pulpits. “How base and ungrateful,” exclaimed the last-mentioned minister, “is such treatment of the dead! and that, too, so very nigh to a family of orphans, the records of whose hospital will transmit Mr. Whitefield’s name to posterity with honour, when the memory of others will rot. How

illiberal such usage of one, whose seasonable good services for his king and country are well known; and whose indefatigable labours for his beloved Master were countenanced by heaven!”²

Here, while the buffoon, as it were, gesticulates, capers, and makes grimaces over Whitefield’s corpse, we take our leave of Foote for ever.

Before passing from the year 1760, one more publication must be mentioned. Its title was “Pious Aspirations for the use of Devout Communicants, either before, at, or after the Time of Receiving. Founded on the History of the Sufferings of Christ, as related by the Four Evangelists. Extracted from the English Edition of the three Volumes of the Rev. Mr. J. Rambach, late Professor of Divinity in the University of Giessen. By George Whitefield, Chaplain to the Right Honourable the Countess of Huntingdon.

¹ *Monthly Review*, November, 1761.

² Gillies’ “Life of Whitefield.”

440

London, 1760.” (12mo. 104 pp.) This little book is often beautiful, and always intensely earnest and devout.

The first glimpse of Whitefield, in 1761, is on February 21, when he wrote as follows:—

“London. The distance that Plymouth lies from London, is one great cause of my coming there so seldom. What can I do, who have so many calls, and so few assistants? London must be minded; for, surely, there the word runs, and is glorified more and more. I returned in post-haste, last month, from Bristol. Both in going and coming, dear Mr. H—and I were in great jeopardy. Once the machine fell over; and, at another time, we were obliged to leap out of the post-chaise, though going very fast. Blessed be God, we received little hurt. Good was to be done. On the Fast-day, near £600 were collected for the German and Boston sufferers. Grace! grace! I wish you had collected at Bristol. When can you move? Pray let me know directly. I want my wife to ride as far as Plymouth. Nothing but exercise will do with her.”

The general fast, here mentioned, was held on Friday, February 13. On that day, Whitefield preached early in the morning, at the Tabernacle, from Exodus xxxiv. 1, etc., and collected £112. In the forenoon, at Tottenham Court

Road, he selected, as his text, "Blow the trumpet in Zion, sanctify a fast, call a solemn assembly." Here the collection was £242. In the evening, he preached again in the Tabernacle, choosing for his text, "The Lord said unto Noah, Come thou and all thy house into the ark; for thee have I seen righteous before me in this generation." The third collection amounted to £210.¹ The ridicule of Foote, so far from lessening, had increased Whitefield's popularity. On the day in question, not only did his congregations crowd the two chapels, but comprised an assemblage of the aristocracy of England rarely witnessed in a Methodist meeting-house. Among others present, there were the Countess of Huntingdon, Lady Chesterfield, Lady Gertrude Hotham, Lady Fanny Shirley, Lord Halifax, Lord Holderness, Secretary of State; Lord Bute, who soon succeeded him in his office; the Duke of Grafton, then rising rapidly into public life; Lady Harrington; Charles Fox then a boy, but, afterwards, the celebrated statesman and orator: William Pitt, Lord Villiers, and Soame Jennys, who held office in the

¹ Gillies' "Life of Whitefield."

44¹

Board of Trade, and acquired imperishable fame by his "View of the Internal Evidences of the Christian Religion." The collections, made on the occasion, were for a twofold purpose, partly for the benefit of the plundered Protestants in the Marche of Brandenburg, and partly to relieve the distresses of the inhabitants of Boston, in New England, where a fire had destroyed nearly four hundred dwelling-houses. No wonder that they amounted to upwards of £560.¹

Soon after this, Whitefield received assistance in his London work, from Berridge, of Everton, late moderator of Cambridge. Hence the following extracts from his letters:—

"LONDON, *February* 23, 1761.

"The Redeemer's work is upon the advance. All opposition is overruled for the furtherance of the gospel. A new instrument is raised up

out of Cambridge University. He has been here preaching like an angel of the churches.”

Again, to the Rev. John Gillies, of Glasgow:—

“LONDON, *March 14, 1761.*

“One Mr. Berridge, late moderator of Cambridge, has been preaching here with great flame. The awakening is rather greater than ever. Satan’s artillery has done but little execution.

“Thoughts are vain against the Lord,
All subserve His standing word;
Wheels encircling wheels must run,
Each in course to bring it on.

Hallelujah!”

The truth is, Whitefield needed help. During his late visit to the city of Bristol, he had caught a cold, which so seriously affected his health, that, in one of the London newspapers, it was announced that he was dead.² His

¹ “Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon,” vol. i., p. 210.

At and about this period, Whitefield made several other collections for the suffering Protestants in Germany, the aggregate amount of which was upwards of £1500. For this, he received the thanks of the King of Prussia, Frederick the Great. (“Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon,” vol. i., p. 209.) The freeholders of Boston, also, held a meeting, at which they passed a vote of thanks to Whitefield for the assistance he had rendered them. (Gillies’ “Life of Whitefield.”)

² *Lloyd’s Evening Post*, March 27, 1760.

442

illness disabled him during the whole of the months of March and April. Hence the following, from *Lloyd’s Evening Post*:—

“April 13. The Rev. Mr. Whitefield is so well recovered from his late illness, that he appeared abroad on Saturday last.

“April 29. The Rev. Mr. Whitefield was so well on Sunday, as to assist in administering the sacrament of the Lord’s supper.”

The following letters were written when Whitefield was convalescent:—

“CANONBURY HOUSE, *April 27, 1761.*

“MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—Accept a few lines of love unfeigned from a worthless worm, just returning the from borders of the eternal world. O into what a world was I launching! But the prayers of God’s people

have brought me back. Lord Jesus, let it be for Thy glory, and the welfare of precious and immortal souls! O how ought ministers to work before the night of sickness and death comes, when no man can work! You will not cease to pray for me, who am indeed less than the least of all. Weakness forbids my enlarging. Hearty love to all who are so kind as to enquire after a hell-deserving, but redeemed, creature. Not only pray, but also give thanks to the never-failing Emmanuel, who has been ease in pain, health in sickness, life in death, to yours, for His great name's sake,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”

The next was addressed to the Rev. John Gillies, of Glasgow.

“CANONBURY HOUSE, May 2, 1761.

“Indeed, my dear friend, the news you have heard was true. I have been at the very gates of what is commonly called death. They seemed opening to admit me, through the alone righteousness of the blessed Jesus, into everlasting life. But, at present, they are closed again. For what end, an all-wise Redeemer can only tell. I have, since my illness, once assisted a little at the Lord's supper, and once have spoken a little in public. But my locks are cut. Natural strength fails. Jesus can renew; Jesus can cause to grow again. By His divine permission, I have thoughts of seeing Scotland. If I relapse, that will be a desirable place to go to heaven from. I love, I love the dear people of Scotland! Ten thousand thanks to you, and all my dear Glasgow friends.”

It is a disgraceful fact, that, while Whitefield was thus tottering back from the margin of the grave, the *St. James's Chronicle*, of April 28, filled a column and a half of its folio sheet, with what it was pleased to call “Similes, Metaphors, and Familiar Allusions made use of by Dr. Squintum.” Only the last in the list shall be given.

443

“I will tell you the very picture of damned souls in hell. Have you never seen a potter's oven, where he bakes his pots? Now the longer these pots bake, the harder they grow. Just so does one of these damned souls. God keep you and me, dear brethren, from ever being one of their unhappy number! (Sighing by the people.)”

For the next twelve months, Whitefield was an invalid, and, with a few exceptions, was obliged to refrain from preaching. The following extracts from his letters are

painfully interesting. His health was gone, and yet, when he could, he tried to preach.

“PLYMOUTH, *June 5, 1761.*

“Through Divine mercy, I am somewhat improved in my health since my leaving London. At Bristol, I grew sensibly better, but hurt myself by too long journeys to Exeter and hither. However, blessed be God! I am now recovered from my fatigue, and hope bathing will brace me up for my glorious Master’s use again. The few times I have been enabled to preach, the infinitely condescending Redeemer has breathed upon the word. Who knows but I may get my wings again? Abba, Father, all things are possible with Thee!”

“BRISTOL, *June 11, 1761.*

“These few lines leave me rather hurt by my late western journey. I strive to put out to sea as usual, but my shattered bark will not bear it. If this air does not agree with me, I think of returning, in a few days, to my old nurses and physicians. Blessed be God for an interest in an infinitely great, infinitely gracious, and sympathising, unchangeable Physician! I hope you and yours enjoy much of His heart-cheering consolations. These have been my support in my younger days; these will be my cordials in the latter stages of the road. Jesus lives when ministers die.”

In the beginning of July, Whitefield had returned to London. Meanwhile, news had arrived of the English fleets having taken Belleisle, on the coast of Brittany, and Dominica in the West Indies. Pondicherry, also, the capital settlement of the French in the East Indies, had been surrendered to the British troops, and the English were left undisputed masters of the rich coast of Coromandel, and of the whole trade of the vast Indian Peninsula, from the Ganges to the Indus. Considering how, for the last quarter of a century, Whitefield’s whole soul had been absorbed in the great work of preaching Christ and saving souls, it is curious to see him so profoundly interested in the war which was now raging in the four quarters of the earth,

444

and in the victories won by the British arms. Hence the following:—

“London, July 6, 1761. Blessed be God, I am better! Blessed be God that you are so likewise! Who knows what rest and time may produce? Oh to be blanks in the hands of Jesus! When shall this once be? What good news by sea and land! Grace! Grace! “

Wesley was now in Yorkshire, and was anxious about the health of his old and much-loved friend. He had been in company with Venn, who had become vicar of Huddersfield, and Venn had created fears that Whitefield’s labours and life were almost ended. Hence, in a letter to Mr. Ebenezer Blackwell, the London banker, Wesley wrote:—

“Bradford, July 16, 1761. Mr. Venn informs me that Mr. Whitefield continues very weak. I was in hope, when he wrote to me lately, that he was swiftly recovering strength. Perhaps, sir, you can send me better news concerning him. What need have we, while we do live, to live in earnest!”¹

For weeks after this, Whitefield was almost entirely silent. To an afflicted friend, he wrote:—

“LONDON, *October 13, 1761.*

“MY DEAR FELLOW-PRISONER,—I hope the all-wise Redeemer is teaching us to be content to be buried ourselves, and to bury our friends. This is a hard but important lesson. I have not preached a single sermon for some weeks. Last Sunday, I spoke a little; but I have felt its effects ever since. Father, Thy will be done! Glory be to God, that some good was done at Plymouth! The news drove me to my knees, and stirred up an ambition to be employed again. I have met with changes. My two old servants are married, and gone. Mr. E—” (query John Edwards?) “has preached for me some time. As yet, the congregations are kept up.”

Immediately after this, Whitefield set out for Edinburgh, to obtain medical advice. While halting at Leeds, he received news of the death of one of his assistants at Bethesda; and wrote as follows:—

“Leeds, October 24, 1761. I am still in this dying world, but frequently tempted to wish the report of my death had been true, since my disorder keeps me from my old delightful work of preaching. But Jesus can teach us to exercise our passive as well as active graces. Fain would I say, ‘Thy will be done!’ I know now what nervous disorders are. Blessed be God that they were contracted in His service! I am riding

¹ Wesley’s Works, vol. xii., p. 177.

for my health; but I think a voyage would brace me up. I impute my present disorder, in a great measure, to the want of my usual sea voyages.

“What sudden changes here! O that my great change were come! Happy Polhill! Bethesda’s loss is thy gain! To be carried to heaven in an instant; from a ship’s cabin into Abraham’s bosom; O what a blessing! God sanctify and make up the loss! We shall find few Polhills.

“I see you are running in arrears. Some way or other, I trust, they will be discharged. But I would have the family reduced as low as can be. The keeping of those who are grown up hurts them, and increases my expense. I have little comfort in many whom I have assisted. But our reward is with the Lord. I can at present bear very little of outward cares.”

Five days later, Whitefield had reached Newcastle, where he wrote the following to Mr. Robert Keen, of London:—

“NEWCASTLE, *October 29, 1761.*

“MY DEAR STEADY FRIEND,—Hitherto the Lord has helped me. Surely His mercy endureth for ever. I bear riding sixty miles a day in a post-chaise quite well. Friends, both here and at Leeds, are prudent, and do not press me to preach much. But, I hope, I am travelling in order to preach. If not, Lord Jesus help me to drink the bitter cup of a continued silence with a holy resignation, believing that what is, is best! Everywhere, as I came along, my spiritual children gladly received me. I hope you go on well at London. It is the Jerusalem—the Goshen. To-morrow, I may set forwards towards Edinburgh.”

At Edinburgh, Whitefield consulted four eminent physicians.¹ There are only two more letters to tell the remainder of his story during the year 1761: the first addressed to the Rev. John Gillies, of Glasgow; the second to Mr. Robert Keen, of London.

“Edinburgh, November 9, 1761. Though I have been very ill since my coming to Edinburgh, yet I must come to see my dear friends at Glasgow. I cannot be there till noon on the 12th inst. Little, very little, can be expected from a dying man.”

“Leeds, December 1, 1761. It is near ten at night and I am to set off to-morrow in the Leeds stage for London. Silence is enjoined me

for a while by the Edinburgh physicians. They say my case is then recoverable. The great Physician will direct.”

The poor fellow apparently was dying; but, even under such circumstances, his enemies could not restrain their malice.

¹ Gillies' "Life of Whitefield."

446

It is a painful thing to advert again to hostile publications, but Whitefield's history cannot be fully told without it. Some, belonging to 1761, have been already noticed; others, unfortunately, are, as yet, unmentioned:—

1. "A Funeral Discourse, occasioned by the much-lamented Death of Mr. Yorick, Prebendary of Y—k, and Author of the much-admired 'Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy.' Preached before a very mixed Society of *Jemmies*, *Jessamies*, *Methodists*, and *Christians*, at a nocturnal meeting in Petticoat Lane; and now Published, at the unanimous request of the hearers, by Christopher Flagellan, A.M. London, 1761." (8vo. 48 pp.) It is enough to say that this profane and filthy production was dedicated to "the Right Honourable the Lord F—g, and to the very facetious Mr. Foote!"

2. "A Journal of the Travels of Nathaniel Snip, a Methodist Teacher of the Word. Containing an Account of the many Marvellous Adventures which befel him in his way from the town of Kingston-upon-Hull to the City of York. London, 1761." (8vo. 32 pp.) This was an infamous production, full of burlesque and banter; but the foot-note, at the end of it, will be quite enough to satisfy the reader's craving:—

"As Snip's manuscript concludes thus abruptly, I beg leave to finish the whole with an account of what I observed at a puppet show, exhibited at one of the principal towns in the west of Yorkshire. Punch was introduced in the character of Parson Squintum, the field-preacher, holding forth to a number of wooden-headed puppets, mostly composed of old women and ungartered journeymen of different callings. The more noise Punch (*alias* Squintum) made, the more the audience sighed and groaned. At last, *Squintum* said something about a woman with the moon under her feet, and pointed up to the sky, on which he desired them to fix their eyes with steadfastness. They did so; and, while their eyes were thus fixed, he very fairly picked all their pockets, and stole off. Oh, Punch,

Punch! Thou Alexander the Coppersmith! thou Ananias Inlignante! what will become of thee hereafter, for thus vilifying the *hispid of Heaven*, the *Grand Obstetrix* of those *chosen few*, who are *impregnate* with the *New Birth!*"

3. A third of these malignant productions *professed* to have for its author the most notorious quack of the age, "Dr. Rock," and was entitled, "A Letter to the Reverend Mr. G—e Wh—d, A.B., late of Pembroke College, Oxford."

447

(12mo. 8 pp.) The purport of this bantering tract was, a proposal that, as Rock and Whitefield were both quacks, they should enter into partnership. The thing displayed cleverness,—perhaps too great to affiliate it on the great empiric. One or two extracts must suffice:—

"If you set up for a copy of St. Paul (as it is observed you do, even to the mimicking of Raphael's picture of him at Hampton Court), I do the same by the old stager—*Hypocrites*, I think they call him. If you undertake to cleanse and purify the soul, I do the like by the body. If you are an enemy to the regular drones of your profession, I am as much to those of ours. If you profess to serve the public for the sake of the public, so do I. Do you pocket the fee when it is offered?—I do the same. Are the mob your customers?—they are mine likewise. Are you called a quack in *doctrinals*?—I bear the same reproach in practice. Are you the scorn and jest of men of sense?—I want but very little of being as much their jest and scorn as you. In a word, as it is said that you turn the brains of your patients, it is affirmed, with equal truth, that I destroy the constitutions of mine."

Supposing Whitefield might have objections to the proposed partnership, Rock pretends that he has objections too; for, says he:—

"Nobody, I thank God, can upbraid me with devouring widows' houses; leading captive silly women; confounding the peace and ruining the substance of families; preaching up Christ, and playing the devil; blindly recommending charity, and, at the same time, guilty of the worst oppression by squeezing the last mite out of the pockets of the poor."

Dr. Rock concludes by stating that Whitefield "is a public pest, an incendiary of the worst kind, and a deceiver of the people."

This was bad to bear, especially for a man in Whitefield's state of health; but more must follow:—

4. "The Crooked Disciple's Remarks upon the Blind Guide's Method of Preaching for some years; being a Collection of the Principal Words, Sayings, Phraseology, Rhapsodies, Hyperboles, Parables, and Miscellaneous Incongruities of the Sacred and Profane, commonly, repeatedly, and peculiarly made use of by the Reverend Dr. Squintum, delivered by him, *viva voce ex Cathedra*, at Tottenham Court, Moorfields, etc. A work never before attempted. Taken *verbatim* from a constant attendance. Whereby the honesty of this Preacher's intentions may be judged of from his own

448

doctrine. By the learned John Harman, Regulator of Enthusiasts. London, 1761." (8vo. 48 pp.)

This was one of the vilest pamphlets ever published. Its trash cannot be quoted. It is enough to say that, besides "A Short Specimen of the Rev. Dr. Squintum's Extemporary Sermons," it contains what it calls one of Whitefield's prayers, prefaced thus:—

"The following preamble is Dr. Squintum's fervent, solemn form of prayer; delivered by him in an attitude similar to that of *Ajax*, in *Ovid's Metamorphoses*. His body erect, his hands extended, his face thrown upwards, with his eyes gazing towards the stars. *Torvo vultu, tendens ad sidera palmas*. Alternately changing from his theatrical astonishments into violent enthusiastical agitations and distortions, accompanied with weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth! *Strange vicissitudes!* which he strictly keeps up to, throughout the whole of his preaching."

5. "The Spiritual Minor. A Comedy. London." (8vo. 32 pp.) Another infamous production, with a "Prologue," by Mrs. Cole, and an "Epilogue," by Dr. Squintum. The *dramatis personæ* are Mr. Squintum, Mr. Rakish, Mr. Screamwell, Mr. Scruple, Mr. Cheatwell, Feeble, Mrs. Cole, and Miss Ogle.

All this is extremely loathsome, and worthy of Foote, the comedian. Two other names, much more respectable than Doctor Rock and John Harman, must now be introduced.

6. Jonas Hanway, the distinguished merchant, traveller, and philanthropist, was now in the fiftieth year of his age.

Eight years before, he had published his travels, in four 4to. volumes, under the title of “An Historical Account of the Caspian Trade over the Caspian Sea; with a Journal of Travels from London, through Russia, into Persia, etc.; to which are added the Revolutions of Persia during the present Century, with the particular History of the Great Usurper, Nadir Kouli.” In 1754, he called the attention of the Government to the bad state of the streets in London and Westminster. In 1756, he took steps which ultimately led to the establishment of the Marine Society. In 1758, he made strenuous exertions to improve the Foundling, and to establish the Magdalen Hospitals. And now, in 1761, he published “Reflections, Essays, and Meditations on Life and Religion; with a Collection of Proverbs in Alphabetical

449

Order; and Twenty-eight Letters, written occasionally on several subjects—viz., The Absurd Notions of the Sect called Methodists; The Customs of foreign Nations in regard to Harlots; The Lawless Commerce of the Sexes; The Repentance of Prostitutes; And the great Humanity and Beneficence of the *Magdalane* Charity. By Mr. Hanway. London, 1761.” (Two vols., 8vo., pp. 280 and 317.)

As Mr. Hanway became so notable a man, that, two years after his death, a monument, by public subscription, was erected to his memory, in Westminster Abbey; his sentiments on Whitefield deserve insertion. At all events, the critique of the benevolent old bachelor, who had the courage to be the first who appeared in the streets of London carrying an umbrella, will, perhaps, amuse the reader.

“I intended, a long while since,” says he, “to hear Mr. Whitefield at Tottenham Court, and I have at length compassed my design. The *prayers* were performed with as much devotion as one generally finds at any church, and, as well as I remember, without any *excursions* foreign to the Church Service. Fame had represented him to me as a great *orator*; but in this I was a little disappointed, not but he performs, upon the whole, *tolerably well*. The *tunes* and *concordance* of the singing are also very *proper* and agreeable; though I thought that *psalms*, or *anthems*, would be better than *hymns*; or the true harmony of sense and numbers, than such *poor poetry* as was sung.

“When he began his *sermon*, the oddness of some of his *conceits*, his *manner*, and turn of *expression*, had I not been in a place of public *worship*, would have excited my laughter. As he went on, I became *serious*, then *astonished*, and at length *confounded*. My confusion arose from a mixture of *sorrow and indignation*, that any man bearing the name of a *minister* of our *meek and blessed Redeemer*, or the dignity of the *Christian priesthood*, should demean himself like an inhabitant of *Bedlam*. I thought I saw human nature in distress, as much as in the cells of *lunatics*; with this difference, that he was permitted to go abroad, and make others as *mad* as himself; which he might be able to accomplish by means of the *credulity of his audience*, joined to the *art* of making them think that himself and his *fraternity* are the only people *in their senses*.

“I must inform you, that, opposite to this *celebrated* preacher, sat a dozen or more of old women, of that class who, within this half-century, might easily have been persuaded, by *threats* or *promises*, that they had rode in the air on *broomsticks*, and, confessing it, might have been put to death by people as much bewitched as themselves. Their intellectual powers are so far decayed, that they do not distinguish between *receiving alms*, in relief of their misery, and *receiving hire*, as *hummers and hawers*. This is the denomination given, by many sober persons, to these

450

old women, some of whom, I am assured, have *confessed* that they are retained by hire, for *sighing and groaning*.”

Mr. Hanway proceeds to say that he had been to the Haymarket, to see “The Minor” acted, but “had not health, nor patience to sit out above half of it.” He adds:—

“I wish the *principles* of the Methodists may be understood more clearly by being brought on the *stage*; but I question if the character of the *baïvd*, in ‘The Minor,’ has any existence, and, if so, the whole fabric of the *drama* is built on false grounds. If it does exist, is it so proper a subject for the theatre, as for *St. Luke’s Hospital*? This dramatic piece may possibly intimidate some from becoming *Methodists*; but, however *popular* it maybe, I am very doubtful concerning the *propriety* of the measure, as to the end of correcting the *enthusiasm* in question. It is said, that, this comedy ‘has shaken the *pillars of Tottenham Tabernacle*, and I must add, that, I believe no harm would happen were it to tumble, provided the poor people, who frequent it, were at their *work*, or saying their prayers in their parish churches.

“As to the *peruke* and *shoemaker* declaimers, whose recommendation is consummate impudence, warm imaginations, and the remembrance of texts which they have no capacity to understand, it would be an indignity offered to the Christian priesthood to call such persons *Teachers* or *Preachers* of the Gospel. And as to the *gentlemen* of Methodistical tenets, who have had a scholastic education, how few among them are there who would not *face about to the right*, for the consideration of a good ecclesiastical benefice. I have very *particular reasons* to believe the major part of them would conform to Church orthodoxy and *intelligible* Christianity, if they did not find a better living in another way.”

7. So much for the eccentric Jonas Hanway. Another pamphleteer—much more able, though not so well known to fame—must now be introduced. Whitefield had already been attacked by the Bishop of London, the Bishop of Lichfield, and the Bishop of Exeter. Now, he came under the lash of the Rev. John Green, D.D., Bishop of Lincoln. In 1760, Dr. Green published an 8vo. pamphlet of seventy pages, addressed to Berridge, of Everton; but that must be passed without further notice. A year later, he issued another pamphlet with the title, “The Principles and Practices of the Methodists farther considered; in a Letter to the Reverend Mr. George Whitefield. Cambridge, 1761.” (8vo. 74 pp.) The Bishop of Lincoln wrote with great ability. The chief fault to be found with him is, that, he based his strictures upon the first editions of Whitefield’s

451

Journals, and his “Short Account of God’s Dealings with him,” published in 1740. This was hardly fair, because Whitefield, since then, had, more than once, publicly expressed his regret for having used certain loose and extravagant expressions in these productions. Dr. Green was either not acquainted with Whitefield’s apologies, or he chose, for some hidden purpose, not to acknowledge them. Anyhow, remembering that such apologies had been made, and that Whitefield’s health was now even dangerously affected, paragraphs, like the following, were neither courteous nor fair:—

“In that curious repository of religious anecdotes, called your Journals, I have often seen and pitied the distress you have been in between

strength of inclination and want of ability; when you have recited several things, which bordered on the marvellous, and which, notwithstanding, you did not care to vouch for miraculous.

“All the exalted things you have said, and all the wonderful things you have done, will pass, I fear, with many, only for the frenzy and rant of fanaticism. They will be apt to think your journeyings the effects of a roving and itinerant temper, and ascribe them to a strong tincture of that heroical passion, by which so many saints of the Romish communion have been actuated.

“Though possessed of so happy a talent at opening the hearts and purses of the people, that you were traduced under the name of ‘the Spiritual Pickpocket,’ yet you have not ventured to trust your support to the precarious offerings of voluntary contribution. Though you have not chosen to put yourself in a situation to claim any legal dues; yet you have lately dispensed your instructions, on the stipulation of certain periodical payments, and under the sanction of that unquestionable truth, ‘that the labourer is worthy of his hire.’

“We have instances on record, how an audience has been dissolved into tears by an orator, without knowing a single syllable of that which he uttered; have been moved by the efficacy of words which they did not understand, and by the goodly appearance of the speaker, whom they knew nothing of, to yield the sincerest proofs of their convictions by a liberal supply of such good things as he wanted. Some incidents of the same sort are said to have happened to yourself, and that the bare sight of your blessed gown and wig, though out of the reach of that elocution which so much surprises, and that pathos which so much moves, has not only softened the hearts and moistened the eyes, but drawn large pecuniary supplies to your charitable designs from the pity and benevolence of your female disciples.”

These were taunts unworthy of a bishop of the Established Church, and undeserved by poor afflicted Whitefield.

452

Doubtless, they were painful; but they were patiently endured.

Whitefield’s health was somewhat better. On January 8, 1762, he wrote: “The Scotch journey did me service. I preached on New Year’s Day, and am to do so again tomorrow. I had a violent fall upon my head, from my horse, last Thursday, but was not hurt. Mr. Berridge is here, and

preaches with power. Blessed be God that some can speak, though I am laid aside!"

No information exists as to how Whitefield spent the first three months of 1762. He still, however, was the subject of disgraceful persecution. During this interval, there was published a small 8vo. volume (price 2s. 6d.), entitled, "A Plain and Easy Road to the Land of Bliss, a Turnpike set up by Mr. Orator —." No good end would be answered by quotations from it. "It is," said the *Monthly Review*, "contemptible for its stupidity. It is a filthy, obscene thing, for which the dirty author ought to be washed in a horse-pond."¹

In April, Whitefield went to Bristol, where he continued for about a month. The following extracts from his letters will shew the progress he was making:—

"Bristol, April 17, 1762. Bristol air agrees with me. I have been enabled to preach five times this last week, without being hurt. Were the door open for an American voyage, I believe it would be serviceable in bracing up my relaxed tabernacle. But He who knoweth all things, knoweth what is best. I see more and more, that grace must be tried. O for a heart to be made willing to be nothing, yea, less than nothing, that God may be all in all!"

"Bristol, April 18, 1762. Sunday. This morning I have been administering the ordinance; and this evening I hope to be upon my throne again. Who knows but I may yet be so far restored as to sound the gospel trumpet for my God? The quietness I enjoy here, with the daily riding out, seems to be one very proper means. Be this as it will, I know ere long I shall serve our Lord without weariness. A few more blows from friends, and from foes, and the pitcher will be broken. Then the wicked one will cease from troubling, and the weary traveller arrive at his wished-for rest."

"Bristol, May 4, 1762. I see it is always darkest before the break of day. O that we could always remember that blessed promise, 'At evening-tide it shall be light!' The archers have of late shot sorely at

¹ *Monthly Review*, March, 1762,

me and grieved me; but blessed be God for a little revival in my bondage. For these three weeks past, I have been enabled to preach

four or five times a week; but you would scarce know me, I am so swollen, and so corpulent. Blessed be God for the prospect of a glorious resurrection!"

On his way back to London, Whitefield wrote as follows:—

"Rodborough, May 21, 1762. I hope to be in London on Tuesday or Wednesday next. Through Divine mercy, preaching four or five times a week has not hurt me; and twice or thrice I have been enabled to take the field: in my opinion, a greater honour than to be monarch of the universe. London cares and London labours, I expect, will bring me low again; but I hope soon to slip away, and to get strength, and then to hunt for precious souls again. How gladly would I bid adieu to ceiled houses, and vaulted roofs! Mounts are the best pulpits, and the heavens the best sounding-boards. O for power equal to my will! I would fly from pole to pole, publishing the everlasting gospel of the Son of God. I write this at a house built for dear Mr. Adams.¹ From his window is a prospect perhaps of thirty miles. I have wished you here with your telescope. But if the footstool is so glorious, what must the throne be!"

"London, May 28, 1762. I am just now come to town for a few days, sensibly better for my country excursion. Once more, I have had the honour of taking the field, and have now some hopes of not being as yet quite thrown aside as a broken vessel. Help me to praise Him, whose mercy endureth for ever."

In the month of June, Whitefield sailed to Holland, where his health was further benefited. At the end of July, he was preaching at Norwich, and wrote:—

"Norwich, July 31, 1762. The trip to Holland, last month, was profitable to myself, and, I trust, to others. If my usefulness is to be continued in London, I must be prepared for it by a longer itinerancy both by land and water. At present, blessed be God! I can preach once a day; and it would do your heart good to see what an influence attends the word. All my old times are revived again. On Monday next, God willing, I shall set forwards to Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, etc."

Ten days after this, Whitefield attended the annual Conference of Wesley and his itinerants, in the town of Leeds. This was a notable assembly, for, besides the brave band of Wesley's helpers, there were present the two Wesleys, White-

¹ Thomas Adams, to whom Whitefield, in his last will and testament, bequeathed £50, and whom he therein described as, "my only surviving first fellow-labourer, and beloved much in the Lord."

454

field, Romaine, Madan, Venn, and, last but not least, the Countess of Huntingdon!¹ Wesley wrote:—

“We had great reason to praise God for His gracious presence, from the beginning to the end.”

From Leeds, Whitefield proceeded to his beloved Scotland, where he wrote:—

“Edinburgh, September 2, 1762. I am just this moment returned from Glasgow, where I have been enabled to preach every day, and twice at Cambuslang. Auditories were large, and Jesus smiled upon my feeble labours.”

“Edinburgh, September 9. I came here a week ago. Since then, I have been helped to preach every day. The kirk has been a Bethel. Grace! Grace! On Monday, the 13th inst., I shall set off. Follow me with your prayers.”

On Sunday, September 19, Whitefield was at Sunderland;² and on the following Sunday at Leeds. Here he wrote to his friend, Mr. Robert Keen, as follows:—

“I am just now setting forwards towards London, but fear I cannot reach it before Sunday. My chaise wanted repairing here. O how good hath Jesus been to a worthless worm! Once a day preaching, I can bear well; more hurts me. What shall I do with the Chapel and Tabernacle? Lord Jesus, be thou my guide and helper! He will! He will! Send word to the Tabernacle that you have heard from me. We have had sweet seasons.”

The “Seven Years’ War” was now nearly ended. The campaign of 1762 was eminently successful. Frederick the Great and Prince Ferdinand had been victorious in Germany; Burgoyne had aided Portugal in repelling the Spaniards; and the English fleet and army in the West Indies had taken the Carribean Islands and Havannah. Lord Bute, the prime minister of England, strongly desired peace, for the English people were complaining loudly of increased taxation. He engaged the neutral king of Sardinia to propose to the court of France negotiations for a termination of the war. Louis XV., like a drowning man, caught at the proposal. The Duke of Bedford was selected as

plenipotentiary and ambassador extraordinary to Paris; and the high-born and gallant Duke de Nivernois came to

¹ "Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon," vol. i., p. 281.

² Whitefield's Works, vol. iii., p. 281.

455

London in the same capacity. This was in September; and the negotiations proceeded with such rapidity, that *preliminaries* for peace were signed at Fontainebleau on the 3rd of November following.

In consequence of these events, Whitefield now had a prospect of carrying out his long-cherished wish to visit his Orphan House, and his numerous friends, across the Atlantic. He wrote, as follows, to the housekeeper of his Orphanage:—

"London, October 15, 1762. I wish to answer your letter in person. I hope the time is now drawing near. I count the weeks, and days, and hours. Blessed be God that you live in such harmony! A house thus united in Jesus will stand. I write this in great haste. I am enabled to preach once a day. Give thanks! give thanks!"

In November, Whitefield went to Bristol, where his "congregations were large, and a most gracious gale of Divine influence attended the word preached." Having promised to visit Plymouth, he wrote to his friend there, the good Andrew Kinsman:—

"Let grand preparations be made,—as a candle, a book, and a table; above all, much prayer, that I may not again relapse at Plymouth, as the Bristol people say I shall do, by coming at this season of the year."

On reaching Plymouth, he wrote:—

"Plymouth, December 4, 1762. Being under a positive promise to come here before I left England, I embraced this opportunity. Through mercy, I preached last night, and find no hurt this morning. Many young people, I hear, are under great awakenings. O to begin to wage an eternal war with the devil, the world, and the flesh! I would fain die sword in hand."

Whitefield had an old trusty servant, Mrs. Elizabeth Wood,¹ to whom he wrote as follows:—

"Plymouth, December 5, 1762. You did very wrong, in not letting me know of your mother's necessities. She was a widow indeed; but now she is above the reach of everything. I am weary of the world, of the

Church, and of myself. I cannot get up to London till near Christmas Day. As affairs are there circumstanced, everything there tends to weigh me down. O that patience may have its perfect work! Let me always know your wants. It is your own fault if you lack anything, whilst I have a farthing.”

¹ *Gospel Magazine*, 1771, p. 65.

456

Kind-heartedness was a prominent trait in Whitefield's character. It was during this, or some other visit to Plymouth, that an incident occurred which is worth telling. “Come,” said Whitefield to his friend and host, Andrew Kinsman, “come, let us go to some of the poor and afflicted of your flock. It is not enough that we labour in the pulpit; we must endeavour to be useful out of it.” Away the two friends went, and Whitefield not only gave counsel to those they visited, but monetary aid. Kinsman reminded him that his finances were low, and that he was more bountiful than he could afford. “Young man,” replied Whitefield, “it is not enough to pray, and to put on a serious countenance: ‘pure religion and undefiled is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction,’ and to administer to their wants. My stock, I grant, is nearly exhausted, but God will soon send me a fresh supply.” In the evening, a gentleman called, and asked to see Whitefield. “Sir,” said he, “I heard you preach yesterday: you are on a journey, as well as myself; and, as travelling is expensive, will you do me the honour of accepting this?” The present was five guineas, and came from a man noted for his penuriousness. “Young man,” cried Whitefield, on his return to Kinsman, “young man, God has soon repaid what I bestowed. Learn, in future, not to withhold when it is in the power of your hand to give.”¹

Whitefield, on his way to London, halted at Bristol, and wrote to Kinsman, as follows:—

“Bristol, December 12, 1762. We got here yesterday, all well, excepting that I lost my watch in the way. If it teach me to be more on my *watch* in the best things, the loss will be a gain. Lord, help me in everything to give thanks! I do not repent my Plymouth journey. Thanks

to you all for your great kindnesses. Thanks, eternal thanks, to the God of all, for giving us His presence! It is better than life. I have not yet seen your daughter; but I hear she is well. Tell Sarah not to murder so dear a child. Hugging to death is cruelty indeed. Adieu! I must away to sacrament. O for such a one as we had last Sunday! Mind and get up in a morning to pray, before you get into shop."

Whitefield wished to embark for America; but, before doing so, had a difficulty to encounter. He had erected

¹ *Wesleyan Protestant Methodist Magazine*, 1831, p. 29.

457

two large and flourishing chapels in London, which, in consequence of the sites on which they stood being granted to himself on lease, were practically his own property. The money by which the chapels had been built was not his; and he felt that it would be unjust if, by his decease, they came into the possession of his heirs and successors. Hence, as he was hoping soon to sail, and as his health was such as to render his return to England a doubtful matter, he was anxious to have the Tabernacle and the Tottenham Court Road chapel so settled, that the purpose for which they had been erected might never be frustrated. Hence the following to Mr. Robert Keen:—

"January 15, 1763.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Do meet me to-morrow, at one o'clock, at Mr. B—n's, Canonbury House. I have something of importance to communicate. It is to beseech you, jointly with Mr. Hardy and Mr. B—n,¹ as trustees, to take upon you the whole care of the affairs of Tottenham Court chapel, and of the Tabernacle, and all my other concerns in England. This one thing being settled, I have nothing to retard my visit to America, to which I think there is a manifest call at this time, both as to the bracing up my poor, feeble, crazy body, and adjusting all things relating to Bethesda. Your accepting this trust will take off a ponderous load that oppresses me much."

There can be little doubt, that, Messrs. Keen and Hardy consented to take the management of the two chapels during Whitefield's absence in America; but it is also clear that no trust deed, transferring the chapels to these two gentle-

men, was at that time executed. Hence the following clause in Whitefield's will, dated March 22, 1770:—

“Whereas there is a building, commonly called the Tabernacle, set apart many years ago for Divine worship, I give and bequeath my said Tabernacle, with the adjacent house in which I usually reside, when in London, with the stable and coach-house in the yard adjoining, together with all books, furniture, and everything else whatsoever, that shall be found in the house and premises aforesaid; and also the buildings commonly called Tottenham Court chapel, together with all the other buildings, houses, stable, coach-house, and everything else whatsoever which I stand possessed of in that part of the town,—to my worthy, trusty, tried friends,

¹ Query? Mr. Beckman, on whose death, Whitefield subsequently preached a sermon. (See *Eighteen Sermons*, by Whitefield, taken in shorthand by Joseph Gurney, 1771.)

458

Daniel West, Esq., in Church Street, Spitalfields, and Mr. Robert Keen, woollen-draper in the Minories, or the longer survivor of the two.”

This is a curious clause. In the year of his decease, Whitefield evidently believed the London chapels and their adjacent premises to be his own property, but he had no wish for them to pass to his representatives and heirs. His desire was that they should be used in perpetuity, for preaching the same glorious gospel, as he had preached for more than the last thirty years; and hence the above bequest. The oddness of the thing, however, is, that Whitefield's will created no *trust*; and that, by it, these two chapels became as absolutely the property of Messrs. West and Keen as they had been his own.

It is only right to add, that, in making his will, Whitefield was his own lawyer. At all events, the will was in his own handwriting. And, further, it is due to Mr. West and Mr. Keen to say, that, though they might have appropriated this property to their own private use, they faithfully carried out the intentions of Whitefield, and managed the chapels, not for their own benefit, but, for the glory of God and the good of their fellow-men. Mr. Keen died on January 30, 1793; and Mr. West on September 30, 1796.¹ The last-mentioned gentleman, as the survivor of the two “trusty friends” mentioned in Whitefield's will, bequeathed the property to

Samuel Foyster and John Wilson, both of them well known in the Christian world. This, however, is not the place to

¹ *Evangelical Magazine*, 1796, p. 518.

Mr. West's residence was in Southampton Place, but he died in the house of his old friend Whitefield, adjoining the Tabernacle, in Moorfields. For thirteen years, his sufferings were terrible; but his patience and cheerfulness were surprising to all who knew him. A few days before his death, he became very ill while attending service in the Tabernacle. The doctor would not permit him to be removed to his own house, as it was probable the removal would issue in his death. To the minister of the Tabernacle, he said, "Christ is kind to me. I long for my dissolution. O! my dear boy, preach, preach Christ to the people! Never spare them. Be faithful to them; and think of the worth of a precious soul. Go on, and never be tired." Mr. West was interred under the communion table of Tottenham Court Road chapel, in a vault containing the remains of Whitefield's wife, also of his own wife, and of Mr. Keen, his "trusty" colleague. It is worth mentioning that Whitefield and West died on the same day of the year, the 30th of September, and that they and Keen all died on the same day of the month. (*Evangelical Magazine*, 1796, pp. 518-21.)

459

pursue the history of the glorious old Tabernacle in Moorfields, and of the aristocratic chapel in Tottenham Court Road.

Whitefield took leave of his London congregations on Wednesday, February 23, when he preached a farewell sermon, from "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen." In the earlier parts of this biography, lengthened extracts were given from Whitefield's sermons, for the purpose of conveying an idea of the character of his preaching, at that period of his ministry. For the same purpose, other extracts from sermons, belonging to the present date, may be given here.

In the sermon, preached on February 23, 1763, Whitefield is reported as having said:—

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you *all*.' It is not said, all ministers, or all of this or that particular people; but with all believers. Mr. Henry said, he desired to be a Catholic, but not a Roman Catholic. There is a great reservoir of water from which this great city is supplied; but how is it supplied? Why, by hundreds and hundreds of pipes. Does the water go only to the Dissenters, or to the Church people,—only to this or that people? No: the pipes convey the water to all; and, I remember, when I saw the reservoir, it put me in mind of the great reservoir of grace, the living water that is in Christ Jesus.

“What a horrid blunder has the Bishop of Gloucester been guilty of! What do you think his lordship says, in order to expose the fanaticism of the Methodists? ‘Why,’ says he, ‘they say they cannot understand the Scriptures without the Spirit of God.’ Can any man understand the Scriptures without the Spirit of God helps him? Jesus Christ must open our understanding to understand them. The Spirit of God must take of the things of Christ, and shew them unto us. So, also, with respect to all ordinances. What signifies my preaching, and your hearing, if the Spirit of God does not enlighten? I declare I would not preach again, if I did not think that God would accompany the word by His Spirit.”

“Are any of you here unconverted? No doubt too many. Are any of you come this morning, out of curiosity, to hear what the babbler has to say? Many, perhaps, are glad it is my last sermon, and that London is to be rid of such a monster; but surely you cannot be angry with me for my wishing that the grace of God may be with you all. O that it may be with every unconverted soul! O man! what wilt thou do if the grace of God is not with thee? My brethren, you cannot do without the grace of God when you come to die. Do you know that without this you are nothing but devils incarnate? Do you know that every moment you are liable to eternal pains? Don’t say I part with you in an ill humour. Don’t say that a madman left you with a curse. Blessed be God! when I first became a field-preacher, I proclaimed the grace of God to the worst of sinners; and I proclaim it now to the vilest sinner under heaven. Could

460

I speak so loud that the whole world might hear me, I would declare that the grace of God is free for all who are willing to accept of it by Christ. God make you all willing this day!”

Was Whitefield still a Calvinist? Language like this can hardly be harmonized with Whitefield’s holding the doctrine of election, and, by consequence, the doctrine of reprobation. Two or three extracts from other sermons, preached at this period of his history, may be useful.

“Woe! woe! woe! to those who, in the hour of death, cannot say, ‘God is my refuge.’ O what will you do, when the elements shall melt with fervent heat? when the earth with all its furniture shall be burnt up? when the archangel shall proclaim, ‘Time shall be no more!’ Whither then, ye wicked ones, ye unconverted ones, will ye flee for refuge? ‘O,’ says one, ‘I will flee to the mountains.’ Silly fool! flee to the mountains, that are themselves to be burnt up! ‘O,’ say you, ‘I will flee to the sea.’ That will be boiling! ‘I will flee to the elements.’ They will be melting

with fervent heat. I know of but one place you can go to, that is to the devil. God keep you from that! Make God your refuge. If you stop short of this, you will only be a sport for devils. There is no river to make glad the inhabitants of hell: no streams to cool them in that scorching element. Were those in hell to have such an offer of mercy as you have, how would their chains rattle! how would they come with the flames of hell about their ears! Fly! sinner, fly! God help thee to fly to Himself for refuge! Hark! hear the word of the Lord! See the world consumed! See the avenger of blood at thy heels! If thou dost not take refuge in God to-night, thou mayest to-morrow be damned for ever.¹

“Tremble for fear God should remove His candlestick from among you. Labourers are sick. Those who did once labour are almost worn out; and others bring themselves into a narrow sphere, and so confine their usefulness. There are few who like to go out into the fields. Broken heads and dead cats are no longer the ornaments of a Methodist. These honourable badges are now no more. Languor has got from the ministers to the people; and, if you don’t take care, we shall all be dead together. The Lord Jesus rouse us! Ye Methodists of many years’ standing, shew the young ones, who have not the cross to bear as we once had, what ancient Methodism was.²

“Don’t be angry with a poor minister for weeping over them who will not weep for themselves. If you laugh at me, I know Jesus smiles. I am free from the blood of you all. If you are damned for want of conversion, remember you are not damned for want of warning. You are gospel-proof; and, if there is one place in hell deeper than another, God will order a gospel-despising Methodist to be put there. God convert

¹ Eighteen Sermons, by Whitefield, transcribed by Gurney, p. 44.

² *Ibid.*, p. 75.

you from lying a-bed in the morning! God convert you from conformity to the world! God convert you from lukewarmness! Do not get into a cursed Antinomian way of thinking, and say, ‘I thank God, I have the root of the matter in me! I thank God, I was converted twenty or thirty years ago; and, though I can go to a public-house, and play at cards, yet, I am converted; for once in Christ, always in Christ.’ Whether you were converted formerly or not, you are perverted now. Would you have Jesus Christ catch you napping, with your lamps untrimmed? Suffer the word of exhortation. I preach feelingly. I could be glad to preach till I preached myself dead, if God would convert you. I seldom sleep after

three in the morning; and I pray every morning, 'Lord, convert me, and make me more a new creature to-day!'

These extracts are neither eloquent, nor particularly instructive; but they serve to shew the declamatory and colloquial style used by Whitefield in the latter period of his ministry. His sermons were *earnest talk*, full of anecdotes, and ejaculatory prayers.

It is only just to add, that the sermons, from which the foregoing extracts are taken, were not written and published by Whitefield himself, nor yet with his permission. They were "taken verbatim in shorthand, and faithfully transcribed by Joseph Gurney;" and were "Revised by Andrew Gifford, D.D." The sermons, in Gurney's volume, issued in 1771, were eighteen in number; but, two or three were published separately previous to that. To one of these, Whitefield raised strong objections. "It is not *verbatim*," said he; "in some places Mr. Gurney makes me to speak false concord, and even nonsense."¹ The publication of Gurney's volume (8vo. 455 pp.) created great unpleasantness. In the first instance, Whitefield's executors consented to the publication, and agreed to remunerate the transcriber for his labour; but, when half the sermons were "worked off," they were so dissatisfied with them, that they informed the shorthand writer, they were "not able to recommend them to the public." No doubt, the objections of the executors were well founded; but still, though the sermons might not be reported with perfect accuracy, they may be fairly taken as a specimen—though an imperfect one—of Whitefield's style of preaching during the last few years of his eventful life.

After his farewell sermon, at the Tabernacle, on February

¹ Whitefield's Works, vol. iii., p. 406.

23, Whitefield set out for Scotland. On his way, he preached for Berridge at Everton;¹ Berridge, together with Thomas Adams, having engaged to supply his place in London.² He visited Sheffield, and preached in Wesley's, unplastered, though white-washed, chapel in Mulberry Street, taking as his text, Romans v. 11. Here, as in the extract

above given, he warned the people against resting satisfied with a *past* conversion. "In your Bibles," said he, "you have registered your births; and some of you the time when you were born again; but are you new creatures *now*?"³

On March 4, he arrived at Leeds, and here, besides preaching, he employed himself in writing his "Observations on some Fatal Mistakes, in a Book lately published, and entitled, 'The Doctrine of Grace; or, the Office and Operations of the Holy Spirit Vindicated from the Insults of Infidelity and the Abuses of Fanaticism. By William, Lord Bishop of Gloucester.' In a Letter to a Friend. By George Whitefield, A.M., late of Pembroke College, Oxford, and Chaplain to the Countess of Huntingdon. London, 1763." (12mo. 35 pp.)⁴

This was, I believe, the first instance in which, in England, A.M. was attached to Whitefield's name; and even now the degree, conferred by New Jersey College in 1754, was not appropriated by Whitefield himself, but was foolishly used by his friends, who printed his pamphlet after he embarked for America.

So far as the Methodists were concerned, the book of Bishop Warburton was levelled against Wesley, rather than against Whitefield. The worst, indeed, almost the only sneer against Whitefield, was, that, though both Wesley and he were mad, Whitefield was "the madder of the two." Wesley's reply to Warburton was published in a 12mo. volume of 144 pages; but, with a single exception, need not be quoted here. In answer to one of the Bishop's contemptuous remarks, that Whitefield set up himself as Wesley's

¹ Whitefield's Works, vol. iii., p. 286.

² Eighteen Sermons, by Whitefield, p. 24.

³ MS.

⁴ Whitefield's pamphlet had an enormous circulation. At least, six editions were issued in 1763.

rival, Wesley says: "We were¹ in full union; nor was there the least shadow of rivalry or contention between us. I still sincerely 'praise God for His wisdom in giving

different talents to different preachers;’ and particularly for His giving Mr. Whitefield the talents which I have not.”

Whitefield’s “Observations” were smartly and rather ably written; but two extracts must suffice. He admits that the “modern defenders of Christianity, in their elaborate and well-meant treatises, against the attacks of Infidels and Free-thinkers, have shewn themselves, as far as human learning is concerned, to be masters of strong reasoning, nervous language, and conclusive arguments;” but they lacked a “deep and experimental knowledge of themselves, and of Jesus Christ.” With regard to Bishop Warburton in particular, he affirms, that, his lordship, “in his great zeal against fanaticism, and to the no small encouragement of infidelity, has, as far as perverted reason and disguised sophistry could carry him, robbed the Church of Christ of its promised Comforter; and, thereby, left us without any supernatural influence or Divine operations whatsoever” (pp. 5, 6). Then turning to Warburton’s abuse of the Methodists, Whitefield remarks:—

“To set these off in a ridiculous light, this writer runs from Dan to Beersheba; gives us quotation upon quotation out of the Rev. Mr. John Wesley’s Journals; and, to use his own simile upon another occasion, by a kind of Egyptian husbandry, draws together whole droves of obscene animals, of his own formation, who rush in furiously, and then trample the Journals, and this sect, under their feet. Our author calls the Rev. Mr. John Wesley ‘paltry mimic, spiritual empiric, spiritual martialist, new adventurer.’ The Methodists, according to him, are ‘modern apostles, the saints, new missionaries, and illuminated doctors.’ Methodism itself is modern saintship; Mr. Law begat it; Count Zinzendorf rocked the cradle; and the devil himself was midwife to their new-birth “ (p. 24).

In reference to Wesley’s Journals and his own, Whitefield says:—

“Whatever that indefatigable labourer, the Rev. Mr. John Wesley, may think of his, I have long since publicly acknowledged that there were, and doubtless, though now sent forth in a more correct attire, there

¹ In 1739.

are yet many exceptionable passages in my Journals. And I hope it will be one of the constant employments of my declining years to humble myself daily before the Most High God, for the innumerable mixtures of corruption which have blended themselves with my feeble, but, I trust, sincere endeavours to promote the Redeemer's glory. If his lordship had contented himself with pointing out, or even ridiculing, any such blemishes; imprudences, or mistakes, in my own, or in any of the Methodists' conduct or performances, I should have stood entirely silent. But when I observed his lordship, through almost his whole book, not only wantonly throwing about the arrows and firebrands of scurrility, buffoonery, and personal abuse, but, at the same time, taking occasion to vilify, and totally deny the operations of the blessed Spirit, by which alone his lordship, or any other man, can be sanctified and sealed to the day of eternal redemption, I must own that I was constrained to vent myself to you, as a dear and intimate friend, in the manner I have done. Make what use of it you please.

“At present, I am on the road to Scotland, in order to embark for America; and only add, that the (method used by his lordship to stop, will rather serve to increase and establish what he is pleased to term a ‘sect of fanatics.’ Bishop Burnet prescribed a much better way to stop the progress of the Puritan ministers. ‘*Out-live, out-labour, out-preach them,*’ said his lordship. That the Rev. Mr. John Wesley himself, that famed leader of the Methodists, and every Methodist preacher in England may be thus outed and entirely annihilated is, and shall be, the hearty prayer of George Whitefield” (pp. 33–35).

Having completed his pamphlet at Leeds, Whitefield proceeded to Newcastle, where he wrote:—

“NEWCASTLE, *March 13, 1763.*

“My very dear Friend,—I cannot go further without dropping you a few lines. They leave me thus far advanced in my journey to Scotland. My friends write me word, that the ship *Jenny*, Captain Orr, a very discreet person, sails from Greenock to Boston the middle of April. You will pray that the God of the sea and dry land will give me a safe and speedy passage. On the road, we have been favoured with some sweet seasons. I have preached at Everton, Leeds, Kippax, Aberford, and this place. Next Sabbath I hope to be at Edinburgh. On my way, I finished a little thing in answer to the present Bishop of Gloucester. If my friends think proper to print it, you will find a testimony left behind me for the good old Puritans and free-grace Dissenters, whom he sadly maligns.”

Whitefield arrived at Edinburgh, as he expected; but, instead of sailing in the middle of April, his embarkation was deferred until the 4th of June. During this unexpected detention, his old friend Wesley came to Scotland, and wrote: "Sunday, May 22. At Edinburgh, I had the

465

satisfaction of spending a little time with Mr. Whitefield. Humanly speaking, he is worn out; but we have to do with Him who hath all power in heaven and earth."¹ Though "worn out," Whitefield continued preaching, as often as he could. He spent eleven weeks in Scotland, and, towards the end of that interval, had an alarming illness. In *Lloyd's Evening Post*, for June 6, it was announced, "The Rev. Mr. Whitefield is so ill in Scotland, as not to be able to embark for America." But, four days later, the same journal contained the following: "Last week, the Rev. Mr. Whitefield, being recovered from his indisposition, sailed from Greenock, on board the *Fanny*, Captain Galbraith, bound to Rappahanock, in Virginia."²

The best glimpses of Whitefield, during his stay in Scotland, will be obtained by brief extracts from his letters. To his old servant, Elizabeth Wood, he wrote:—

"Edinburgh, March 19. I was quite concerned to see you so ill. I charge you to want for nothing. Speak to Messrs. Keen and Hardy: they will supply you at any time. Do not be afraid to go near the Tabernacle House. I will own and stand by my dear, steady, and faithful servants and helpers. Such a one you have been. O for heaven! There are no thorns and briars amongst God's people there. In about a month, I expect to sail."

In a letter to a friend, he said:—

"Edinburgh, March 26, 1763. After my return from Glasgow, I may be here a fortnight. My poor body is so far restored, that I can mount the gospel throne once a day. Perhaps the sea air may brace me up a little more; but, after all, it is only like the glimmering of a candle before it goes out. Death will light it up in a better world. O that I had done more for the blessed Jesus! O that I could think more of what He has done for me! The Edinburgh prescriptions have been blessed to me. My spirits are much brisker than when here last."

To Mr. Keen, who now, in conjunction with Mr. Hardy, had the management of his London chapels, Whitefield wrote:—

“Edinburgh, March 26, 1763. I thank you for your kind letter; and thank the Lord of all lords that matters go on so well. I am more than easy. The Lord has directed my choice, and will bless, assist, and reward those employed. Ten thousand thanks to you all. You may act

¹ Wesley's Journal.

² Soon after his embarkation, it was reported that Whitefield was dead. (*Lloyd's Evening Post*, September 26, 1763.)

466

as you please with respect to Mr. —. His attending the Tabernacle when I was well, and leaving it ever since I have been sick, does not look well at all; but please yourselves, and you will please me. Do not consult me in anything, unless absolutely necessary. On Monday, I am going to see about the ship. I am sorry my little piece, entitled ‘*Observations*,’ etc., is not come out yet.”

In another letter to Mr. Keen, he observed:—

“Leith, May 14, 1763. Why so fearful of writing a long letter? The longer the better. Though disappointed in embarking, by reason oi sickness, I can read and write, and hope soon to get upon my throne again. I have been able to go upon the water to-day for several hours. Others can die, but I cannot. Father, Thy will be done! What a God do I serve! Physicians, friends on every side of me! And what is all in all, the great Physician comforting my soul! Thank, O thank Him in behalf of a worthless worm!”

Whitefield's last letter, before his departure, was the following:—

“GREENOCK, *June 4, 1763.*

“MY DEAR FRIEND,—A thousand thanks for your kind letters. Jesus is kind. I am better, and just going on board the *Fanny*, bound to Rappahanock, in Virginia. Yours to good Lady Huntingdon is taken care of. I hear her daughter died well,¹ and that her ladyship is comforted and resigned. Blessed be God! Adieu! Follow me with your prayers.

“Ever yours,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”

Thus ended Whitefield's eight years' wanderings in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. During this

interval, he had reached the zenith of his usefulness and fame. His health was now broken; and, though he lived for seven years afterwards, he, comparatively speaking, continued to be, what Wesley called him, a “worn-out” man.

¹ Lady Selina Hastings, who died of fever, on May 12, 1763.

467

SIXTH VISIT TO AMERICA.

JUNE 4, 1763, TO JULY 8, 1765.

WHITEFIELD'S voyage to America was long, but pleasant. Nearly twelve weeks were spent upon the ocean. His letters will best display his feelings.

“AT SEA, *July 15, 1763.*

“This leaves me looking towards Virginia, but only as a harbour in my way to an infinitely better port, from whence I shall never put out to sea again. I have been surprisingly kept up during the voyage,—long, but not tedious. Jesus has made the ship a Bethel. I have enjoyed that quietness which I have in vain sought after for some years on shore. Not an oath has been heard even in the greatest hurry. All has been harmony and love. But my breath is short, and, since my relapse in Scotland, I have little hope of much further public usefulness. A few exertions, like the last struggles of a dying man, are all that can be expected from me.”

On landing in Virginia, Whitefield wrote two pastoral letters, one to his “dear Tabernacle hearers;” the other to those at Tottenham Court Road. Both were written on the same day, and the following is an extract:—

“VIRGINIA, *September 1, 1763.*

“For some weeks, I was enabled to preach once a day when in Scotland, and, I trust, not without Divine efficacy. But, being taken ill of my old disorder at Edinburgh, I had to remain silent for near six weeks, and sometimes I thought my intended voyage would be retarded, at least, for one year longer. Having, however, obtained a little strength, I embarked, for the eleventh time, in the ship *Fanny*, and I have not been laid by an hour, through sickness, since I came on board. Everything has been suitable to my low estate,—a large and commodious cabin, a kind captain, and a most orderly and quiet ship's company, who gladly attended whenever I had breath to preach. Often, often have I thought of my dear London

friends, when I guessed they were assembled together; and as often prayed, when I knew that they were retired to rest, that He, who keepeth Israel, would watch over them, and make their very dreams devout. How

468

I am to be disposed of, when on dry land, is best known to God. Had I strength equal to my will, I could fly from pole to pole. Though wearied, and now almost worn out, I am not weary of my blessed Master's service, O love Him! Love Him! Make Him your portion, and He will be your confidence for ever. Through His leave, I hope to see you again next year. Meanwhile, as long as I have breath, it shall be my heart's desire and prayer to God, that the labours of the dear servants of Jesus, who are called to preach amongst you, may be so blessed that I may not be missed a single moment."

As soon as he left the ship, Whitefield set out for a cooler climate than that of Virginia. Hence the following:—

"VIRGINIA, *September 7, 1763.*

"We are now on dryland. Christian friends, whom I never before heard of, were prepared to receive me; and I have preached four times. This leaves me on my way to Philadelphia, still visited with my old disorder. Well: He that cometh will come, and will not tarry. Blessed are all they who wait for Him."

"PHILADELPHIA, *September 29, 1763.*

"Ebenezer! Hitherto the Lord hath helped! I have been here above a week; but am still an invalid. When you write, mention nothing but what relates to the eternal world. I have no thoughts to throw away on the trifling things of time. Tender love to all who are travelling to the New Jerusalem."

Whitefield spent two months among his old acquaintance at Philadelphia, but his health was not improved. His interest, however, in the work of God was as profound as ever. To his friend Mr. Keen, he wrote:—

"PHILADELPHIA, *October 21, 1763.*

"The bearer of this is a young, sober gentleman, intended for the temple, and will be glad to see and hear Mr. Romaine, and other gospel ministers. I hope all are flaming for God. Some young bright witnesses are rising up in the Church here. I have already conversed with about forty new-creature ministers, of various denominations. I am informed that sixteen hopeful students were converted at New Jersey College last

year. What an open door, if I had strength! But, Father, Thy will be done! Blessed be His name, I can preach now and then. Last Tuesday, we had a remarkable season among the Lutherans. Children and grown people were much impressed. If possible, I intend returning with Mr. Habersham (now here) to Georgia.”

Poor Whitefield was not able to fulfil his intentions. Instead of visiting his Orphan House, he was, for more than a year, obliged to content himself with writing to its

469

managers. The following is an extract from the first of these letters:—

“PHILADELPHIA, *November 8, 1763.*

“My very dear Friends,—Man appoints; and God, for wise reasons, disappoints. All was ready for my coming, by land, to you at Bethesda, with Mr. Habersham; but several things concurred to prevent me; and the physicians all agree, that the only chance I have for growing better, is to stay and see what the cold weather will do for me. At present, I make a shift to preach twice a week; but, alas! my strength is perfect weakness. What a mercy that Jesus is all in all! You will let me hear from you very particularly. I want to know the present state of all your affairs in every respect.”

There was, however, another reason, besides his state of health, why he deferred his visit to Bethesda. True, after the long “Seven Years’ War,” peace had been proclaimed between France and England; but, during the war, the opponents had cruelly employed the Indians in carrying out their purposes; and now it was far from easy to keep the Indians quiet. Hence the following, addressed to Mr. Robert Keen:—

“PHILADELPHIA, *November 14, 1763.*

“I am about to make my first excursion, to the New Jersey College. Twice a week preaching, is my present allowance. Many, of various ranks, seem to be brought under real concern. Physicians are absolutely against my going to Georgia, till I get more strength. Besides, it is doubtful whether the southern Indians will not break out; and, therefore, a little stay in these parts may, on that account, be most prudent.”

Towards the end of November, Whitefield and Habersham started from Philadelphia; but, instead of getting to Georgia, Whitefield was obliged to halt at New York, where he

remained about two months. Extracts from his letters written here will be useful.

“NEW YORK, *December 1, 1763.*

“Some good impressions have been made in Philadelphia, and we had four sweet seasons at New Jersey College, and two at Elizabeth Town, on my way hither. Some said they resembled old times. My spirits grow better; but thrice a week is as often as I can preach. To-day, I begin here, and have thoughts of returning with Mr. Habersham to Georgia, but am fearful of relapsing by such a fatiguing journey.”

Again, Whitefield was unable to proceed to Georgia. Hence the following, written to the managers of his Orphan House:—

470

“NEW YORK, *December 7, 1763.*

“MY DEAR FRIENDS,—What a mortification it is to me not to accompany my dear Mr. Habersham to Bethesda. Assure yourselves, I shall come as soon as possible. Meanwhile, I have desired Mr. Habersham to assist in supervising and settling the accounts, and to give his advice respecting the house, plantation, etc. I beg you will be so good as to let me have an inventory of every individual thing, the names and number of the negroes, and what you think is necessary to be done every way. I would only observe in general, that I would have the family lessened as much as may be, and all things contracted into as small a compass as possible. Once more, adieu, though, I trust, but for a short season. My heart is too full to enlarge. I purpose going to New England; but it will be better to go to heaven. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.”

“NEW YORK, *December 16, 1763.*

“Jesus continues to own the feeble labours of an almost worn-out pilgrim. Every day, the thirst for hearing the word increases, and the better sort come home to hear more of it. I must go soon to New England. Cold weather and a warm heart suit my tottering tabernacle best.”

“NEW YORK, *December 18, 1763.*

“I am in better health than when I wrote last. Preaching thrice a week agrees pretty well with me this cold season of the year. I am apt to believe my disorder will be periodical. New Jersey College is a blessed nursery, one of the purest, perhaps, in the universe. The worthy president and three tutors are all bent upon making the students both saints and scholars. I was lately there for a week. The Redeemer vouch-

safed to own the word preached. Prejudices in New York have most strangely subsided. The better sort flock as eagerly as the common people, and are fond of coming for private gospel conversation.”

The year 1763 will be suitably closed by a warm-hearted letter to Charles Wesley.

“NEW YORK, *December 26, 1763.*”

“MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,—Once more I write to you from this dying world. Through infinite, unmerited mercy, I am helped to preach twice or thrice a week, and never saw people of all ranks more eager in Philadelphia and in this place, than now. Lasting impressions, I trust, are made. At New Jersey College, we had sweet seasons among the sons of the prophets, and I have had the pleasure of conversing with new-creature ministers of various denominations. Ere long, we shall join the elders about the throne. Then shall we all greatly marvel, and try who can shout loudest, ‘He hath done all things well.’ Neither you, nor your brother, nor the highest archangel in heaven, shall, if possible, outdo even me, though less than the least of all. Continue to pray for me, as such. I hope your brother lives and prospers. Remember me to your

471

dear yoke-fellow, and all enquiring friends; and assure yourselves of not being forgotten in the poor addresses of, my dear friend,—

“Yours in Jesus,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”¹

In more than one of these extracts, Whitefield makes grateful mention of his conversing with what he calls “*new-creature ministers.*” This is a notable fact. Compared with his first visits to America, the difference, in this respect, was great. It ought always to be remembered, that the revival, in the days of Whitefield and the Wesleys, was remarkable, not only for the quickening of churches and the saving of sinners, but also for the raising up of a host of converted ministers, in England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, and America. This was not the least of its glorious results.

Whitefield longed to be at Bethesda, but the hope of being benefited by the colder atmosphere of the northern colonies still detained him. The following is taken from

another letter addressed to the managers of his Orphan House:—

“New York, January 12, 1764. The cold braces me up a little. I am enabled to preach twice or thrice a week. Congregations continue very large, and, I trust, saving impressions are made upon many. O for a blessed gale of Divine influences when we meet at Bethesda! From thence, or from Charlestown, I purpose to embark for England. But future things belong to Him, who, whatever may be our thoughts, always orders all things well.”

The following extract from the *Boston Gazette* confirms the foregoing statements, respecting Whitefield’s congregations in New York:—

“New York, January 23, 1764. The Rev. Mr. George Whitefield has spent seven weeks with us, preaching twice a week, with more general acceptance than ever. He has been treated with great respect by many of the gentlemen and merchants of this place. During his stay, he preached two charity sermons: one on the occasion of the annual collection for the poor, when double the sum was collected that ever was upon the like occasion; the other for the benefit of Mr. Wheelock’s Indian School, at Lebanon, in New England, for which he collected (notwithstanding the prejudices of many people against the Indians) the sum of £120. In his last sermon, he took a very affectionate leave of the people of this city, who expressed

¹ “Life of C. Wesley,” vol. ii., p. 221.

great concern at his departure. May God restore this great and good man (in whom the gentleman, the Christian, and the accomplished orator shine forth with such lustre) to a perfect state of health, and continue him long a blessing to the world, and the Church of Christ!”

Immediately after this, Whitefield set out for New England, and, on his way, preached in Long Island, Shelter Island, and other places. On arriving at Boston, about February 13, he received a hearty welcome, not only from his old acquaintance, but from the people in general. His enormous collections, in 1761, for the distressed Protestants in Germany, and for the sufferers by the great fire at Boston, have been already mentioned. Now, as was fitting, the Boston people thanked him for his assistance. Hence the following:—

“Boston, February 20. Monday last, at a very general meeting of the freeholders and other inhabitants of this town, it was voted unanimously that the thanks of the town be given to the Rev. Mr. George Whitefield, for his charitable care and pains in collecting a considerable sum of money in Great Britain, for the benefit of the distressed sufferers by the great fire in Boston, 1760. And a respectable committee was appointed to wait on Mr. Whitefield, to inform him of the vote, and present him with a copy thereof; which committee waited upon him accordingly, and received the following answer:—

“GENTLEMEN,—This vote of thanks for so small an instance of my goodwill to Boston, as it was entirely unexpected, quite surprises me. Often have I been much concerned that I could do no more upon such a distressing occasion. That the Redeemer may ever preserve the town from such-like melancholy events, and sanctify the present afflictive circumstances to the spiritual welfare of all its inhabitants, is the hearty prayer of,

“Gentlemen, your ready servant in our common Lord,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”¹

A few days after this, Whitefield wrote to his friend, Mr. Robert Keen, as follows:—

“Boston, March 3, 1764. I have received letters from my wife and Mr. C—, dated in October and November. I have been received at Boston with the usual warmth of affection. Twice have we seen the Redeemer’s stately steps in the great congregation. But, as the small-pox is likely to spread through the town, I purpose making my country tour, and then to return to Boston in my way to the south. Invitations come so thick and fast from every quarter, that I know not what to do. I cannot boast of acquiring much additional bodily strength. The cool season of the

¹ *Lloyd’s Evening Post*, April 16, 1764.

year helps to keep me up. Twice a week is as often as I can, with comfort, ascend my throne. Till I hear from you, and see what is determined concerning Bethesda, I cannot think of undertaking a long voyage. Sometimes I fear my weakness will never allow me to go on shipboard any more. But I will wait.”

Whitefield lived to be a blessing to his fellow-creatures. He had just been thanked, by the inhabitants of Boston, for

the assistance he had rendered them in 1761. Now, his heart was set on helping others.

A hundred and thirty-four years ago, the Puritans of New England had advanced £400 towards the erection of a college at Newton, which, on the founding of the college there, had its name changed to Cambridge. In 1638, the Rev. John Harvard, minister of Charlestown, near Boston, died, and bequeathed to the college one half of his estate and all his library. In honour of its benefactor, the college henceforth was called "Harvard College." There cannot be a doubt that this venerable school of learning exerted a powerful influence in forming the character of the people of New England. Magistrates and men of wealth were profuse in their donations to its funds; and once, at least, every family in the colony gave to the Harvard College twelvepence, or a peck of corn, or its value in unadulterated wampumpeag.¹ Now, in 1764, a great calamity had befallen this, the oldest college in America. Its library was burnt. Whitefield heard of this, and wished to render some assistance.

Further. In 1754, the Rev. Eleazer Wheelock, D.D., first president of Dartmouth College, founded a charity school, at Lebanon, for the education of Indian youths, with a view of preparing them for labouring as missionaries, interpreters, or schoolmasters, among the Indian tribes. He now had more than twenty of these young men under his care and management, his school being supported partly by private subscriptions, and partly by assistance rendered by the Legislatures of Connecticut and Massachusetts, and by the Commissioners in Boston of the Scotch Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge. The idea was a noble one, though its ultimate success was not so great as some expected.

¹ Bancroft's "History of the United States,"

Four years ago, Whitefield had rendered valuable assistance to Dr. Wheelock.¹ In a letter, dated "London, 1760," he wrote:—

“Upon mentioning and a little enforcing your Indian affair, the Lord put it into the heart of the Marquis of Lothian to hand me £50. You will not fail to send his lordship a letter of thanks and some account of the school. Now the great God has given us Canada, what will become of us, if we do not improve it to His glory and the conversion of the poor heathen? Satan is doing what he can here to bring the work into contempt, by blasphemy and ridicule at both the theatres. But you know how the bush burned and was not consumed; and why? Jesus was, and is in it. Hallelujah! My hearty love to the Indian lambs.”²

This letter was written in the midst of the terrible persecution arising out of the performance of Foote’s infamous farce, “The Minor.” Whitefield’s interest in the temporal and eternal welfare of the heathen Indians was as profound as ever; and, hence, he now made a fresh application to his friends, not only on behalf of Harvard College, but of Wheelock’s school. Hence the following, addressed to a friend in London:—

“Concord, twenty miles from Boston, March 10, 1764. In New York, we saw blessed days of the Son of man; and, in my way to these parts, a Divine influence has attended the word preached, in various places. How would you have been delighted to have seen Mr. Wheelock’s Indians! Such a promising nursery of future missionaries, I believe, was never seen in New England before. Pray encourage it with all your might. I also wish you could give some useful Puritanical books to Harvard College Library, lately burnt. Few, perhaps, will give such; and yet a collection of that kind is absolutely necessary for future students, and to poor neighbouring ministers, to whom, I find, the books belonging to the library are freely lent from time to time. You will not be angry with me for these hints. I know your ambitious, greedy soul: you want to grow richer and richer towards God. O that there may be in me such a mind! But my wings are clipped. I can only preach twice or thrice a week with comfort. And yet a wider door than ever is opened all along the continent.”

Notwithstanding his ill-health, Whitefield continued preach-

¹ For enlarged views, indomitable energy, and arduous toils, and for the great results of his labours in the cause of religion and learning, Dr. Wheelock had few superiors. For forty-five years, he was one of the most eloquent and successful ministers in New England. He conducted his Indian Mission School until his death, in 1779.

² “Lady Huntingdon and her Friends,” p. 151.

475

ing, and, as usual, with great success. To Mr. Charles Hardy, one of the managers of his London chapels, he wrote:—

“Portsmouth, March 23, 1764. How was my heart eased by receiving yesterday your kind letter, dated October 22. If you and dear Mr. Keen will continue to manage when I am present, as well as when I am absent, it may give another turn to my mind. At present, my way is clear to go on preaching till I can journey southward. The enclosed will inform you of what has been done by one sermon at Providence, formerly a most ungodly place. At Newbury, which I left yesterday, there is a stir indeed. On Lord’s-day, I shall begin here. O for daily fresh gales!”

A month after this, Whitefield had returned to Boston, and wrote as follows to Mr. Dixon, the superintendent of his Orphan House:—

“Boston, April 20, 1764. I have been at my *ne plus ultra* northward, and am now more free, and capable of settling my affairs southward. When that is done, how cheerfully could I sing, ‘Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace!’ I hope you are not offended at my giving a power of attorney to Mr. Habersham. It was not owing to a distrust of any of you, but only, in *case of my death*, that he might testify to the world the integrity of your actions, and the veracity of your accounts. I am persuaded, he will not desire to interfere, but will act and consult jointly with yourselves, as occasion offers; and you will go on in your old way. I wish I was assured of your stay at Bethesda. I am satisfied, you will not distress me by leaving the place destitute of proper help. My tottering tabernacle will not bear grief, especially from those whom I so dearly love, and who have served the institution so faithfully and disinterestedly for so many years. What I have in view for Bethesda, may be better spoken of when we meet, than by letter. By my late excursions, I am brought low; but rest and care may brace me up again for some little further service for our glorious Emmanuel. A most blessed influence has attended the word in various places, and many have been made to cry out, ‘What shall we do to be saved?’”

Whitefield now entertained the thought of an escape to the southern colonies; but “the Boston people sent a hue and cry after” him, and brought him back.¹ He resumed his ministry among them on April 24, and, as far as he was able, continued to preach to them for about the

next eight weeks. They begged “for a six o’clock morning lecture,” and he was willing to accede to their request, saying,

¹ Whitefield’s Works, vol. iii., p. 310.

476

“I would fain die preaching.”¹ To Mr. Charles Hardy, he wrote:—

“Boston, June 1, 1764. You see where this leaves me. Friends have constrained me to stay here, for fear of running into the summer’s heat. Hitherto, I find the benefit of it. I am much better in health, than I was this time twelvemonth, and can now preach thrice a week to large auditories without hurt. Every day I hear of some brought under concern. This is all of grace. In about a fortnight, I purpose to set forward on my southern journey. It will be hard parting; but heaven will make amends for all.”

Whitefield left Boston, as he intended, and travelled to New York, where he continued for about three months. In reference to his New England visit, he wrote to Mr. Keen, as follows:—

“New York, June 25, 1764. The New England winter campaign is over, and I am thus far on my way to Georgia. Mr. Smith, my faithful host, at Boston, writes thus: ‘Your departure never before so deeply wounded us, and the most of this people. They propose sending a book full of names to call you back. Your enemies are very few, and even they seem to be almost at peace with you.’ To crown the expedition, after preaching at Newhaven College, and when I was going off in the chaise, the president came to me, and said, the students were so deeply impressed by the sermon, that they were gone into the chapel, and earnestly entreated me to give them one more quarter of an hour’s exhortation. Not unto me, O Lord, not unto me, but unto Thy free and unmerited grace be all the glory!”

Whitefield’s health continued better; and, besides preaching in the chapels of New York, he, at the beginning of August, mentions his having preached twice in the open air.² His popularity was enormous. Hence the following to Mr. Keen:—

“New York, August 25, 1764. Still I am kept, as it were, a prisoner in these parts, by the heat of the weather. All dissuade me from proceeding southward till the latter end of September. My late excursions upon Long Island have been blessed. It would surprise you to see above a

hundred carriages at every sermon in this new world. I am, through infinite mercy, still kept up. I wrote to Mr. Hardy and my dear wife very lately by a friend; and I have sent many letters, for a *letter-day*, to the care of Mrs. E—s, in Bristol.”

Towards the end of September, Whitefield removed to Philadelphia, whence he again wrote to Mr. Keen:—

¹ Whitefield's Works, vol. iii., p. 311. ² *Ibid.*, p. 313.

477

“Philadelphia, September 21, 1764. After a most solemn and heart-breaking parting at New York, I am come thus far in my way to Georgia. There I hope to be about Christmas; and in spring to embark for England. However, let what will become of the substance, I herewith send you my shadow. The painter, who gave it me, having now the ague and fever, and living a hundred miles off, I must get you to have the drapery finished; and then, if judged proper, let it be put up in the Tabernacle parlour. I have only preached twice here, but the influence was deep. I am better in health than I have been these three years. I received the hymn-books.”¹

Immediately after his arrival, Whitefield, by request, preached at the commencement of a new term of the College of Philadelphia,—an establishment which he pronounced to be “one of the best regulated institutions in the world.”² The provost of the college was the Rev. William Smith, D.D., a native of Scotland, and educated at the University of Aberdeen,—an episcopally ordained clergyman, and a gentleman whose learning and popular talents contributed greatly to raise the character of the college over which he presided.

“Dr. Smith,” says Whitefield, “read prayers for me; both the present and the late governor, with the head gentlemen of the city, were present; and cordial thanks were sent to me from all the trustees, for speaking for the children, and countenancing the institution. This is all of God. To me nothing belongs but shame and confusion of face, O for a truly guileless heart!”³

While at Philadelphia, Whitefield wrote the following characteristic letter to his old friend Wesley:—

“PHILADELPHIA, *September 25, 1764.*

“REV. AND DEAR SIR,—Your kind letter, dated in January last, did

¹ These, probably, were a supply of his own "Collection of Hymns," the twelfth edition of which was this year published: 16mo., 182 pp.

² Whitefield's Works, vol. iii., p. 315.

³ Whitefield's catholicity of spirit won him friendships almost everywhere. On one occasion, when preaching from the balcony of the Courthouse, in Philadelphia, in an apostrophe, he exclaimed, "'Father Abraham, who have you in heaven? any Episcopalians?' 'No.' 'Any Presbyterians?' 'No.' 'Any Baptists?' 'No.' 'Any Methodists, Seceders, or Independents?' 'No, no!' 'Why, who have you there?' 'We don't know those names here. All who are here are Christians.' 'Oh, is that the case? Then, God help me! and God help us all to forget party names, and to become Christians in deed and truth.'" (Belcher's "Biography of Whitefield," p. 207.)

478

not reach me till a few days ago. It found me here, just returned from my northern circuit; and waiting only for cooler weather to set forwards for Georgia. Perhaps that may be my *ne plus ultra*. But the gospel range is of such large extent, that I have, as it were, scarce begun to begin. Surely nothing but a very loud call of Providence could make me so much as think of returning to England as yet. I have been mercifully carried through the summer's heat; and, had strength permitted, I might have preached to thousands and thousands thrice every day. Zealous ministers are not so rare in this new world as in other parts. Here is room for a hundred itinerants. Lord Jesus, send by whom Thou wilt send! Fain would I end my life in rambling after those who have rambled away from Jesus Christ.

*'For this let men despise my name;
I'd shun no cross; I'd fear no shame;
All hail reproach!'*

"I am persuaded you are like-minded. I wish you and all your dear fellow-labourers great prosperity. O to be kept from turning to the right hand or the left! Methinks, for many years, *we* have heard a voice behind us, saying, 'This is the way; walk ye in it' I do not repent being a poor, despised, cast-out, and now almost worn-out itinerant. I would do it again, if I had my choice. Having loved His own, the altogether lovely Jesus loves them to the end. Even the last glimmerings of an expiring taper, He blesses to guide some wandering souls to Himself. In New England, New York, and Pennsylvania, the word has run and been glorified. Scarce one dry meeting since my arrival. All this is of grace. In various places, there has been a great stirring among the dry bones.

“If you and all yours would join in praying over a poor worthless, but willing pilgrim, it would be a very great act of charity, he being, though less than the least of all,

“Rev. and very dear sir,

“Ever yours in Jesus,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”¹

Whitefield continued a month at Philadelphia; and, on leaving it, about October 21, exclaimed, “O what blessings have we received in this place! Join in crying, Hallelujah!”²

On his departure from Philadelphia, Whitefield proceeded to Virginia, and to North and South Carolina. He met with the “new lights” at almost every stage: a nickname given to evangelical preachers and their converts, and analogous to that of “Methodists” in England. The present was a marvellous contrast when compared with the state of

¹ *Arminian Magazine*, 1782, p. 440.

² Whitefield's Works, vol. iii., p. 317.

479

things, at the time of Whitefield's first visit to Virginia a quarter of a century before; and no wonder that he wrote, “It makes me almost determine to come back early in the spring. Surely the Londoners, who are fed to the full, will not envy the poor souls in these parts, who scarce know their right hand from the left.”

On December 3, he left Charleston for Georgia, and, about a week afterwards, reached Savannah,—more than a year and a half from the time of his embarkation for America. His detention, in the northern colonies, had been long; but no time was wasted after his arrival. Within a week, he had the boldness to ask the governor of Georgia, and the two Houses of Assembly, for a grant of two thousand acres of land, to enable him to convert his Orphan House into a college. The story will be best told by the insertion of Whitefield's “Memorial,” and the answers it evoked:—

“To His Excellency James Wright, Esq., Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of His Majesty's Province of Georgia, and to the Members of His Majesty's Council in the said Province.

“The Memorial of George Whitefield, Clerk,

“*Sheweth*,—That about twenty-five years ago, your memorialist, assisted by the voluntary contributions of charitable and well-disposed persons, at a very great expense, and under many disadvantages, did erect a commodious house, with necessary out-buildings, suitable for the reception of orphans, and other poor and deserted children; and that with the repair of the buildings, purchase of negroes, and supporting a large orphan family for so many years, he hath expended upwards of £12,000 sterling, as appears by the accounts, which from time to time have been audited by the magistrates of Savannah.

“That your memorialist, since the commencement of this institution, hath had the satisfaction of finding, that, by the money expended thereon, not only many poor families were assisted, and thereby kept from leaving the Colony in its infant state, but also that a considerable number of poor helpless children have been trained up; who have been, and now are, useful settlers in this and the neighbouring Provinces.

“That in order to render the institution aforesaid more extensively useful, your memorialist, as he perceived the colony gradually increasing, hath for some years past designed within himself, to improve the original plan, by making further provision for the education of persons of superior rank; who thereby might be qualified to serve their king, their country, or their God, either in Church or State. That he doth with inexpressible pleasure see the present very flourishing state of the Province; but with concern perceives that several gentlemen have been obliged to send their

480

sons to the northern Provinces; who would much rather have had them educated nearer home, and thereby prevent their affections being alienated from their native country, and also considerable sums of money from being carried out of this into other Provinces.

“Your memorialist further observes, that there is no seminary for academical studies as yet founded southward of Virginia; and consequently if a College could be established here (especially as the late addition of the two Floridas renders Georgia more central for the southern district) it would not only be highly serviceable to the rising generation of the Colony, but would occasion many youths to be sent from the British West India Islands and other parts. The many advantages accruing thereby to this Province must be very considerable.

“From these considerations, your memorialist is induced to believe, that the time is now approaching, when his long-projected design for further serving this his beloved Colony, shall be carried into execution.

“That a considerable sum of money is intended speedily to be laid out in purchasing a large number of negroes, for the further cultivation of the present Orphan House and other additional lands, and for the future support of a worthy, able president, and for professors, and tutors, and other good purposes intended.

“Your memorialist therefore prays your Excellency and Honours to grant to him in *trust*, for the purposes aforesaid, two thousand acres of land, on the north fork of the Turtle River, called the Lesser Swamp, if vacant, or where lands may be found vacant, south of the River Altamaha,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

“Savannah, in Georgia, *December 18, 1764.*”

Whitefield’s case was a strong one. There cannot be a doubt that Georgia had had no benefactor superior to himself; and it must also be admitted further, that his proposed academy, or college, was greatly needed. In addition to this, there was another fact favourable to the success of his application. His old friend, James Habersham, the first Superintendent of his Orphanage, was now raised to the dignity of being the “president of the Upper House of Assembly.” Under such circumstances, it is not surprising, that, only two days after the date of Whitefield’s Memorial, the following “Address” was presented to the Governor of Georgia:—

“The Address of both Houses of Assembly, Georgia.

“To His Excellency James Wright, Esq., Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of His Majesty’s Province of Georgia.

“MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,—We, his Majesty’s most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Council and Commons House of Assembly of Georgia, in General Assembly met, beg leave to acquaint your Excellency that

with the highest satisfaction, we learn that the Rev. Mr. George Whitefield has applied for lands, in order to the endowment of a College in this Province. The many and singular obligations Georgia has been continually laid under to that reverend gentleman, from its very infant state,

would in gratitude induce us, by every means in our power, to promote any measure he might recommend; but, in the present instance, where the interest of the Province, the advancement of religion, and the pleasing prospect of obtaining proper education for our youth, so clearly coincide with his views, we cannot in justice but request your Excellency to use your utmost endeavours to promote so desirable an event, and to transmit home our sincere and very fervent wishes, for the accomplishment of so useful, so beneficent, and so laudable an undertaking.

“By order of the Upper House,

“JAMES HABERSHAM, *President*.”

“December 20, 1764.

“By Order of the Commons House,

“ALEX. WYLLY, *Speaker*.”

The reply of the governor of Georgia was as courteous and generous as the address of the Houses of Assembly:—

“GENTLEMEN,—I am so perfectly sensible of the very great advantage which will result to the Province in general, from the establishment of a seminary for learning here, that it gives me the greatest pleasure to find so laudable an undertaking proposed by the Rev. Mr. Whitefield. The friendly and zealous disposition of that gentleman, to promote the prosperity of this Province, has been often experienced; and you may rest assured, that I shall transmit your address home, with my best endeavours for the success of the great point in view.

“JAMES WRIGHT.

“December 20, 1764.”

These documents greatly redound to Whitefield's honour, and are too important to be omitted in the memoirs of the poor, persecuted preacher. Another of the same class must also be inserted. On three previous occasions, Whitefield's Orphan House accounts had been subjected to an official audit. On April 16, 1746, it was ascertained that, up to that date, Whitefield had expended £5,511 17s. 9¼d.; and had received, £4,982 12s. 8d.; leaving him out of pocket, £529 5s. 1¼d. From that date to February 25, 1752, he expended £2,026 13s. 7½d., and received £1,386 8s. 7½d., leaving another deficiency of £640 5s. From February 25, 1752, to February 19, 1755, he spent £1,966 18s. 2d.,

towards which he received £1,289 2s. 3d., leaving a third deficiency amounting to £677 15s. 11d. On the 9th of

482

February, 1765, the fourth audit of the accounts took place, from which it appeared that, during the last ten years, Whitefield had expended the sum of £3,349 15s. 10d., and had received £3,132 16s. 0¼d., he being a fourth time out of pocket to the amount of £216 19s. 9¾d. These four deficiencies put together make £2,064 5s. 10d., the amount of Whitefield's own private contributions to his Orphanage in Georgia. Remembering that the value of money then was four times greater than its value now, this was an enormous sum for the unbeneficed Methodist clergyman to give. Whitefield was born and bred in a public-house; the expense of his collegiate education had been met partly by private benefactions, and partly by his submitting to perform the drudgeries of a college servitor; the only church living that he had ever had was Savannah, and even that only for a few short months; fixed income he had none; all his life, he had contentedly and joyously relied on Providence for the supply of his daily needs. Providence had never failed him. He had had enough, and to spare. To say nothing of his other gifts, in London and elsewhere, it was now officially and publicly declared that, out of his own private purse, he had given more than £2,000 to his Orphan House in Georgia. The two attestations, declaring this, were as follows:—

“Georgia.

“Before me, the Honourable Noble Jones, Esq., senior, one of the Assistant Justices for the Province aforesaid, personally appeared the Rev. Mr. George Whitefield, and Thomas Dixon of the Province aforesaid, who, being duly sworn, declare that the accounts relating to the Orphan House, from folio 82 to folio 98 in this book, amounting on the debit side to £3,349 15s. 10d. sterling, and on the credit side to £3,132 16s. 0jd., contain, to the best of their knowledge, a just and true account of all the monies collected by, or given to them, or any other, for the use or benefit of the said house, and that the disbursements, amounting to the sum aforesaid, have been faithfully applied to, and for the use of the same.

{ George Whitefield,
Signed, { Thomas Dixon.

“February 9, 1765.

“Sworn this 9th day of February, 1765, before me, in justification whereof I have caused the seal of the General Court to be affixed.

“Signed, N. Jones. Sealed.”

483

“GEORGIA. 1765

“Before me, the Honourable Noble Jones, Esq., senior, personally appeared James Edward Powell and Grey Elliot, Esqrs., members of His Majesty’s Honourable Council for the Province aforesaid, who, being duly sworn, declare that they have carefully examined the accounts containing the receipts and disbursements, for the use of the Orphan House of the said Province, and that, comparing them with the several vouchers, they find the same not only just and true in every respect, but kept in such a clear and regular manner, as does honour to the managers of that house; and that, on a careful examination of the several former audits, it appears that the sum of £2,064 5s. 10d. has, at several times, been given by the Rev. Mr. George Whitefield for the use of the said house; and that, in the whole, the sum of £12,855 5s. 4¾d. has been laid out for the same house since the 7th of January, 1739, to this day. Also, that it doth not appear that any charge has ever been made by the said Rev. Mr. Whitefield, either for travelling charges or any other expenses whatever; and that no charge of salary has been made for any person whatever, employed or concerned in the management of the said house.

Signed, {James Edward Powell,

{Grey Elliot.

“February 9, 1765.

“Sworn this 9th day of February, 1765, before me, in justification whereof I have caused the seal of the General Court to be affixed.

“Signed, N. JONES. Sealed:’

These are lengthy documents to insert, but the honour of Whitefield’s memory requires them; and they, also, without the need of further evidence, triumphantly acquit the great itinerant from the numerous mercenary charges, which, from time to time, were brought against him. No wonder that

poor afflicted Whitefield was full of gratitude. The following extracts from his letters will be welcome:—

“Bethesda, January 14, 1765. I have been in Georgia above five weeks. All things, in respect to Bethesda, have gone on successfully. God has given me great favour in the sight of the Governor, Council, and Assembly. A memorial was presented for an additional grant of lands, consisting of two thousand acres. It was immediately complied with. Both houses addressed the Governor in behalf of the intended College. As warm an answer was given; and I am now putting all in repair, and getting everything ready for that purpose. Every heart seems to leap for joy, at the prospect of its future utility to this and the neighbouring colonies. The only question now is, whether I should embark directly for England, or take one tour more to the northward. He, who holdeth the stars in His right hand, will direct in due time. I am here in delightful winter quarters. Peace and plenty reign at Bethesda. His

484

Excellency dined with me yesterday, and expressed his satisfaction in the warmest terms. Who knows how many youths may be raised up for the ever-loving and altogether lovely Jesus? Thus far, however, we may set up our Ebenezer. Hitherto, the bush has been burning, but not consumed. Lord, I believe; help Thou my unbelief!”

“Bethesda, February 3, 1765. We have just been wishing some of our London friends were here. We have lovefeasts every day. Nothing but peace and plenty reign in Bethesda, this house of mercy. God be praised for making the chapel, in London, such a Bethel. I believe it will yet be the gate of heaven to many souls. Whether we live or die, we shall see greater things. Remember, my dear friend, to ask something worthy of a God to give. Be content with nothing short of Himself. His presence alone can fill and satisfy the renewed soul.”

“Bethesda, February 13, 1765. A few days more, and then farewell Bethesda, perhaps for ever. The within audit, I sent to the Governor. Next day, came Lord J. A. G—n, to pay his Excellency a visit. Yesterday morning, they, with several other gentlemen, favoured me with their company to breakfast. But how was my Lord surprised and delighted! After expressing himself in the strongest terms, he took me aside, and informed me that the Governor had shown him the accounts, by which he found what a great benefactor I had been;—that the intended College would be of the utmost utility to this and the neighbouring Provinces;—that the plan was beautiful, rational, and practicable;—and that he was persuaded his Majesty would highly approve of it, and also

favour it with some peculiar marks of his royal bounty. At their desire, I went to town, and dined with him and the Governor at Savannah. On Tuesday next, God willing, I move towards Charleston, leaving all arrears paid off, and some cash in hand, besides the last year's whole crop of rice, some lumber, the house repaired, painted, furnished with plenty of clothing, and provision till the next crop comes in, and perhaps some for sale. Only a few boys will be left, two of whom are intended for the foundation; so that, this year, they will be getting rather than expending. Near ten boys and girls have been put out. The small-pox has gone through the house, with the loss of about six negroes and four orphans. Before this, I think not above four children have been taken off these twenty-four years. As an acknowledgment of Mr. and Mrs. Dixon's faithfulness and care, I have made them a present of a bill of exchange drawn upon you. And now, farewell, my beloved Bethesda! surely the most delightfully situated place in all the southern parts of America."

On Thursday, February 21, Whitefield. arrived at Charleston,¹ where he wrote to Mr. and Mrs. Dixon, and other friends, as follows:—

"Charleston, March 5, 1765. My very dear, dear friends. Often have we thought and talked of Bethesda. No place like that for peace, and

¹ *Lloyd's Evening Post*, April 10, 1765.

plenty of every kind. This leaves me, aiming, in my poor way, to do a little for Him, who has done and suffered so much for me. People of all ranks fly to the gospel, like doves to the windows. The word begins to fall with great weight, and all are importunate for my longer stay; but next week I expect to move. The negroes' shirts, etc., are in hand. O that these Ethiopians may be made to stretch out their hands unto God! I feel a great compassion for them."

"Charleston, March 15, 1765. I have had a most pleasant winter. Words cannot well express what a scene of action I leave behind. My American work seems as yet scarce begun. My health is better; and every day the word of God runs and is glorified more and more. In two days, my wilderness range commences afresh. In about six weeks, I hope to see Philadelphia. From thence, they say, I am to set sail for my native country. But heaven, a blessed, long-wished for heaven, is my home."

“Wilmington, Cape Fear, March 29, 1765. Thus far hath the Lord brought me in my way to Philadelphia. We had a most cutting parting from Charleston. I preached thrice in my way to this place. At the desire of the mayor and other gentlemen, I shall stay till next Sunday. This pilgrimage kind of life is the very joy of my heart. Ceiled houses and crowded tables I leave to others. A morsel of bread, and a little bit of cold meat, in a wood, is a most luxurious repast. Jesus’ presence is all in all, whether in the city or the wilderness.”

Whitefield seems to have spent about a month in the journey between Charleston and Philadelphia, but has left no detailed account of his labours. Possibly, he made another tour through Virginia and Maryland. Indeed, this seems to be hinted in the letter about to be quoted. He was now on his way to England, but he wished to be permanently exempt from the responsibility of supplying the pulpits and managing the affairs of his London chapels. Hence the following addressed to Mr. Keen:—

“Newcastle, 30 miles from Philadelphia, May 4, 1765. I am just come here, in my way to embark from Philadelphia. But how shall I do it? All along, from Charleston to this place, the cry is, ‘For Christ’s sake, stay and preach to us.’ O for a thousand lives to spend for Jesus! He is good, He is good! His mercy endureth for ever. Help, help, my dear English friends, to bless and praise Him! Thanks be to God! all outward things are settled on this side the water. The auditing the accounts, and laying a foundation for a college, have silenced enemies and comforted friends. The finishing this affair confirms my call to England; but I have no prospect of being able to serve the Tabernacle and the chapel. I cannot preach once now, without being quite exhausted. How, then, shall I bear the cares of both those places? I must beg you and dear Mr. Hardy to continue trustees when I am present, as

486

well as in my absence. I am praying night and day for direction. The word runs here, and is glorified; but the weather, for two days, has been so hot, that I could scarce move. I dread the shaking of the ship; but if it shakes this tottering frame to pieces, it will be a trading voyage indeed.”

Instead of finding a ship at Philadelphia, as he expected, Whitefield was obliged to proceed to New York, where he embarked on June 9, and, after a quick passage of twenty-eight days, landed in England on July 7.

During his absence in America, Whitefield was, comparatively speaking, exempt from persecution. The principal exception was a maniacal attack by John Harman, who published an 8vo. shilling pamphlet, with the title, "Remarks upon the Life, Character, and Behaviour of the Rev. George Whitefield, as written by himself, from the Time of his Birth to the Time he Departed from his Tabernacle."

There also appeared in *Lloyd's Evening Post* an article, which was a combination of censure and eulogy. The writer condemned "the incoherent, wild, and unconnected jargon" of Whitefield and his friends; but, at the same time, he acknowledged they had greater success than the regular clergy of the Church of England. He was profoundly grieved to witness "irreverent behaviour" at the Church services,—such as the "gaping and yawning" of the people, "picking their noses, and rubbing their faces, admiring and exposing to admiration their little finger with its ring on, and staring all round the church, even when rehearsing the most solemn prayers." All this he attributed to the clergy's "being taken up with too great eagerness for the things of this life," and also to their "sloth and idleness." On the other hand, the Methodist preacher "strains his voice to the utmost, that every one may hear, and affects a tone of voice and manner of pronunciation" most likely to impress and please his hearers. "In this really severe and fatiguing manner of utterance, he gives long discourses, and exposes his person anywhere, in any corner, on any dunghill, and gets well pelted every now and then."

487

*WHITEFIELD'S LAST FOUR YEARS IN GREAT
BRITAIN.*

FROM JULY 7, 1765, TO SEPTEMBER 5, 1769.

UPON the whole, Whitefield's health was not improved by his visit to America. He had worked when others would have rested. If he had them with him, which perhaps is doubtful, he had worn "gown and cassock," when it would

have been more prudent to have lounged and travelled in a tourist's dress. No doubt, his preaching in America had been of inestimable service; but he came back to England scarcely able to preach at all. On his arrival, he thus wrote to Mr. Keen:—

“Plymouth, July 12, 1765. I left the Halifax packet, from New York, near the Lizard; and, by the blunder of a drunken fellow, missed the post on the 8th inst. I want a gown and cassock. Child, in Chancery Lane, used to make for me, and perhaps knows my measure. Amazing, that I have not been measured for a coffin long ago! I am very low in body, and, as yet, undetermined what to do. Perhaps, on the whole, it may be best to come on leisurely, to see if my spirits can be a little recruited. You may write a few lines, at a venture, to Bristol. Had I bodily strength, you would find me coming upon you unawares; but that fails me much. I must have a little rest, or I shall be able to do nothing at all.”

Six days after this, he was at Bristol, in “a fine commodious house, and kept from much company,” but still begging “not to be brought into action too soon.” He wrote, “The poor old shattered bark has not been in dock one week for a long while.”

A fortnight afterwards, he arrived in London, and wrote as follows, probably to one of his old assistants, John Edwards, now Congregationalist minister in Leeds:—

488

“London, August 3, 1765. I am very weak in body, but gratitude constrains me to send you a few lines of love unfeigned, for your labours during my absence abroad. I rejoice to hear they were blessed. Our friends tell me that the sound of your Master's feet was heard behind you. To Him, and Him alone, be all the glory! Thanks be to God! we do not go a warfare at our own charges. The Captain of our Salvation will conquer for, and in us. Let us but acknowledge Him in all our ways, and He will direct and prosper all our paths. Our enemies shall be at peace with us. The very ravens—birds of prey—shall be obliged to come and feed us. O for an increase of faith! I hope you have refreshing times from the presence of the Lord, among your own flock. O to end life well! Methinks, I have now but one more river to pass over,—Jordan; and we know who can carry us over, without being ankle deep. Yet a little while, and all true labourers shall enter into the joy of their Lord. Amen! Hallelujah!”

Despite his wish that Messrs. Keen and Hardy would continue to manage his London chapels, Whitefield was obliged to obtain supplies for them himself. To Mr. Andrew Kinsman, whom he was accustomed to address as his “dear Timothy,” he wrote:—

“London, September 20, 1765. Pray, when are we to have the honour of a visit from you? I believe more than three weeks are elapsed since you came to Bristol. Mr. Adams ‘is to be your colleague here. I purpose for both of you to preach at the” (Tottenham Court Road) “chapel as well as at the Tabernacle. Write an immediate answer, fixing your time of coming; and you must not think of returning soon. I have been better in health for a week past than I have been for these four years. My wife,² last night, returned well, from Bury. She indulges this morning, being weary; but, I take it for granted, that, you and I rise at five. Mr. Adams’s room will be large enough for you to breathe in. I shall never breathe as I would, till I breathe in heaven.”

Mr. Kinsman, in reply, evidently proposed that, if he came to supply in London, Whitefield should supply in Bristol. Apart from his health, Whitefield had no liking for this proposal. His labours at Bristol had not been so successful and happy as in other places. Hence the following extract from a second letter to Mr. Kinsman:—

¹ Thomas Adams, one of Whitefield’s helpers, when he was moderator of the Calvinistic Methodists, but now the founder and pastor of the Tabernacle at Rodborough, in the county of Gloucester. (“Bristol Tabernacle Centenary Services,” p. 90.)

² Notwithstanding Whitefield’s long absence, and the recentness of his return, she had been a fortnight in the country! (Whitefield’s Works vol. iii., p. 330.)

“LONDON, September 28, 1765. 1765

“Nothing is wanting at Bristol, London, and elsewhere, but labourers full of the first old Methodistical spirit; but where to get them is the question. Those, who are thus minded, are almost worn out. I would gladly fly to Bristol if I could; but I see it is best to be here for some time. Besides, things have always been at such a low ebb, when I have been at Bristol, and matters carried on with so little spirit, that I have generally come away mourning. If a few, such as Mr. Collet,¹ would exert themselves steadily and perseveringly, and if proper preachers were sent, something might be done to purpose; but, as neither of these things is likely to happen, my expectations are not much raised. However,

the residue of the Spirit is in the Redeemer's hands. Fain would I have you up at London for some time, at this season. Mr. D—r expects to see you in a clerical habit about Christmas. He asked me if I would get him a scarf? I answered, that, you must have one first. You may guess how he smiled. However, I really intend you shall preach in the" (Tottenham Court Road) "chapel. I want you also to read the letters, and give me leave to comment upon them, as my breath will allow."

Without unduly commenting on Whitefield's letter, there are five facts in it, which must be apparent to every careful reader;—three of them interesting, and two of great importance. 1. Tottenham Court Road chapel was considered to occupy a higher position, than the Tabernacle in Moorfields. 2. Meetings for reading letters were still held among Whitefield's followers. 3. Bristol was not one of Whitefield's favourite preaching places. 4. *In Whitefield's opinion, Methodist preachers were already deteriorated.* 5. *That, without right preachers and a working Church, spiritual progress is next to impossible.*

On October 1, Whitefield set out for Bath. For twenty-five years, the Countess of Huntingdon had been accustomed to visit that fashionable city. Wherever she went, she took her religion with her, for her religion was a part of herself. Her position, in many respects, was new and peculiar. She seemed to be a combination of Puritan, Churchman, Dissenter, and Reformer. Her chief characteristic, however, was heartfelt and practical religion. Her lighted "candle" was never "put under a bushel." On all suitable occasions, she was ready to speak of the sins and errors of her early life, and to tell of her conversion to God, and to insist that

¹ Messrs. Collet and Ireland were the chief men in the Bristol Tabernacle. ("Memoirs of Cornelius Winter," p. 148.)

the same change is necessary in all. At Bath, she had conversed on religious subjects, with many of the most distinguished personages of the time. Whitefield, Charles Wesley, and others, had conducted religious services in her lodgings, and the services had been attended by considerable numbers of the aristocracy, who would have declined to enter an ordinary Methodist meeting-house. To meet the case of

such, her ladyship, years ago, had built chapels of her own at Brighton, and at Bristol; and now she erected a third at Bath; and, soon afterwards, built a fourth at Tunbridge Wells,—all of them places of fashionable resort.

The chapel at Bath being completed, the Countess summoned six clergymen of the Church of England to the opening, namely, Whitefield, Romaine, Venn, Madan, Shirley,¹ and Townsend.² On October 6, Whitefield and Townsend preached, and an immense crowd attended, including a large number of the nobility, who had been specially invited by her ladyship.³ Whitefield mentions this event in the following letter addressed to Mr. Keen:—

“BATH, *October 7, 1765.*”

The Chapel is extremely plain, and yet equally grand. A most beautiful original!⁴ All was conducted with great solemnity. Though a very wet day, the place was very full; and assuredly the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls, by His presence, consecrated and made it holy ground. I preached in the morning, and Mr. Townsend in the evening. I am to preach to-morrow night, and have hopes of setting off on Wednesday morning.”

Whitefield, probably, spent the remainder of the year in London. Wesley breakfasted with him on October 28, and spoke of him as “an old, old man, fairly worn out in his Master’s service, though he has hardly seen fifty years.”

¹ The Hon. and Rev. Walter Shirley, brother of the notorious Earl Ferrers, and a first cousin of the Countess of Huntingdon. He had been converted under the ministry of Venn, and was now an evangelical and earnest minister of Christ.

² The Rev. Joseph Townsend, son of the celebrated Alderman Townsend, of London, and fellow of Clare Hall, Cambridge, and rector of Pewsey, in Wiltshire. He also heartily co-operated with the Methodist clergymen of the day.

³ “Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon,” vol. i., p. 468.

⁴ “The chapel,” wrote Horace Walpole, “is very neat, with true Gothic windows.” (“Life and Times of Wesley,” vol. ii., p. 558.)

⁵ Wesley’s Journal,

No doubt, he preached as often as he could. He was also occupied with his project for converting his Orphan House into a college. In a letter to Mr. Dixon, his manager, he wrote:—

“LONDON, *October 26, 1765.*

“Bethesda matters are likely to come to a speedy and happy issue. We talk of my coming over again. It is not impossible, if my health admits. At present, blessed be God! I am better than I was last year. The word runs and is glorified in London.”

This was written only two days before he and Wesley breakfasted together. Evidently, he scarcely considered his case so serious as Wesley did. Hopefulness, throughout life, was one of his prominent characteristics. This was true at present, both in reference to his health and to the affairs of Bethesda. He was pushing the proposal for a college as much as possible; but the accomplishment of his wish was more remote than he expected. He had sent a memorial to the king, in which he embodied nearly the whole of his memorial to the Governor and Council of Georgia. That to the king concluded thus:—

“Upon the arrival of your memorialist, he was informed that th^{ls} address, ‘of the General Assembly to the Governor of Georgia,’ was remitted to, and laid before the Lords Commissioners for Trade and Plantations; and, having received repeated advices that numbers both in Georgia and South Carolina are waiting with impatience to have their sons initiated in academical exercises, your memorialist therefore prays that a charter, upon the plan of New Jersey College, may be granted; upon which your memorialist is ready to give up his present trust, and make a free gift of all lands, negroes, goods, and chattels, which he now stands possessed of in the Province of Georgia, for the present founding, and towards the future support of a college, to be called by the name of Bethesda College, in the Province of Georgia.”

At this stage of the business, Bethesda must be left until the beginning of the year 1767.

One of the first of Whitefield’s good deeds, in 1766, was to heal a breach. Four years before, Wesley’s Society in London had been thrown into great confusion, by a large number of its members using the most fanatical expressions in reference to the doctrine of Christian Perfection. Thomas Maxfield, generally reputed (though incorrectly) to have

been the first layman, whom Wesley authorised to preach, and George Bell, a corporal in the Life Guards, and who, for

a season, seemed to be insane, became the chief agitators. The result was a great scandal, a reduction of Wesley's metropolitan Society from 2,800 members to 2,200, and a Society debt of more than £600. After many strange vicissitudes, Bell was brought back to a better state of feeling, and Whitefield was the means of it. Wesley writes:—

“January 3, 1766. Mr. Bell called upon me, now calm, and in his right mind. God has repressed his furious, bitter zeal, by means of Mr. Whitefield.”

And again, a month later:—

“January 31. Mr. Whitefield called upon me. He breathes nothing but peace and love. Bigotry cannot stand before him, but hides its head wherever he comes.”¹

Another event occurred about the same time, but of a painful character. In *Lloyd's Evening Post*, for February 10, 1766, the following announcement was made:—

“Lately died suddenly, at the Countess of Huntingdon's, at Bath, Mr. James Whitefield, formerly a merchant of Bristol, and brother of the Rev. Mr. George Whitefield.”

At the commencement of the year, Whitefield was invited to Sheerness, where there existed a Society of what might be considered his followers. Some of Wesley's preachers had visited the town. The simple-minded, but somewhat bigoted people took alarm. They were angry at their Calvinistic enclosure being approached by Arminian forces. Cornelius Winter, then in Kent, heard of this, and went and preached to them, from—“Gideon said unto him, O my lord, if the Lord be with us, why then is all this befallen us? And where be all His miracles which our fathers told us of, saying, Did not the Lord bring us out of Egypt? but now even the Lord hath forsaken us, and delivered us into the hands of the Midianites.”²

¹ Wesley's Journal. ² “Memoirs of C. Winter,” p. 63.

The people now wanted Whitefield to visit them, and his affecting and admonitory answer was as follows:—

“LONDON, *January*, 18, 1766.

“DEARLY BELOVED,—Not want of love, but of leisure and health, has occasioned you the trouble of writing a second letter. And now I am sorry to acquaint you, that it is not in my power to comply with your request. For want of more assistance, I am confined in town, with the care of two important posts, when I am only fit to be put into some garrison, among the invalids, to stand by an old gun or two. However, my former ambition still remains, and, through the help of your prayers, who knows but I may yet be strengthened to annoy the enemy? If others are blessed to do any execution, God forbid that I should hinder, though in all things they follow not with us. Let the Lord send by whom He will send. So that Christ is preached, and holiness promoted, I rejoice, yea, and will rejoice.”

Whitefield was glad to get away from London. The care of his two chapels was too much for him. He went to Bath and Bristol, and was willing, if not wishful, to visit Wales. Hence the following to Mr. Keen:—

“Bristol, March 17, 1766. A desire to be free from London cares has made me indifferent about frequent hearing from thence. If dear Mr. Howell Davies will continue to officiate, I have a mind to visit Wales for him. Last Friday evening, and twice yesterday, I preached at Bath, to thronged and brilliant audiences.¹ I am told it was a high day. The glory of the Lord filled the house. To-morrow, God willing, I return thither. Mr. Townsend is too ill to officiate. If any urgent business requires, be pleased to direct either to this place or Bath. Pray shew my wife this. Cordial respects attend her, yourself, dear Mr. Hardy an A sisters, and Mr. Howell Davies. Many riink old times are coming round again.”

At this period, England was visited by a man who rose to great notoriety. Samson Occum was a descendant of Uncas, the celebrated chief of the Mohegans, and was born at Mohegan, about the year 1723. His parents led a wander-

¹ On this occasion, the Earl and Countess of Sutherland were among Whitefield's hearers. Immediately after, the Earl was attacked with a putrid fever. For twenty-one nights and days, without intermission or retiring to rest, the Countess watched over her noble husband. She then sunk and died, the Earl himself dying seventeen days afterwards. The Earl of Sutherland was in his thirty-first, and his Countess in her twenty-fifth year. They left behind them an infant daughter, who succeeded her father in the honours of Sutherland, and married the Marquis of Stafford. She died in 1839. (“Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon,” vol. i., p. 473.)

494

ing life, dwelt in wigwams, and depended chiefly upon hunting and fishing for subsistence. During the religious excitement, at the time of Whitefield's first visits to America, Occum was converted, chiefly by the preaching of Whitefield and Gilbert Tennent, and became desirous of acting as the teacher of his tribe. In a year or two, he learned to read the Bible, and then went to the Indian school of Mr. Wheelock, of Lebanon. Here he remained for four years. During the next ten or eleven years, he taught a school among the Indians, and also preached to them, in their own language. Many of his hearers became Christians. He lived in a house covered with mats, and changed his abode twice a year, to be near the planting ground in the summer, and the woods in the winter. Amongst his various toils for sustenance, he was expert with his fish-hook and his gun; he bound old books for the people at East Hampton; and made wooden spoons, cedar pails, piggins, and churns. In 1759, he was ordained by the Suffolk Presbytery. During his late visit to America, Whitefield met with Occum, took him along with him in his travels, and sometimes heard him preach.¹ Now, in 1766, in company with the Rev. Mr. Whitaker, Occum was sent to England, to obtain subscriptions towards the support of Wheelock's school.² He was the first Indian preacher who had visited Great Britain. The chapels, in which he preached, were thronged. Between February 16, 1766, and July 22, 1767, he delivered, in various parts of the kingdom, above three hundred sermons. He and Mr. Whitaker met with the most liberal patronage from Christians of all denominations, and of all ranks in society. His majesty, King George III., gave a subscription of £200, and the whole contributions, in England and Scotland, amounted to £12,500.³ After his return, Occum sometimes resided at Mohegan, but was often employed in missionary labours among distant Indians. In 1786, he removed to Brotherton, near Utica, in the neighbourhood of

¹ Old Newspaper.

² This Indian school was ultimately merged in Dartmouth College, of which Wheelock was the first president.

³ Brown's "History of Missions," vol. iii., p. 481.

495

the Stockbridge Indians, where he died in 1792.¹ Upwards of three hundred Indians attended his funeral. A portrait of him appeared in the *Evangelical Magazine* for 1808. Whitefield refers to him and his mission, in the following letter to the Rev. Mr. Gillies, of Glasgow:—

“LONDON, *April 25, 1766.*

“REVEREND AND VERY DEAR SIR,—Not want of love, but of leisure and better health, has prevented you hearing from me more frequently. I find I cannot do as I have done; but, through infinite mercy, I am enabled to ascend my gospel-throne three or four times a week; and a glorious influence attends the word. People have a hearing ear, but we want more preachers.

“The prospect of a large and effectual door opening among the heathen is very promising. Mr. Occum, the Indian preacher, is a settled humble Christian. The good and great, with a multitude of lower degree, heard him preach last week at Tottenham Court chapel, and felt much of the power and presence of our common Lord. Mr. Romaine has preached, and collected £100; and, I believe, seven or eight hundred pounds more are subscribed. Lord Dartmouth espouses the cause most heartily, and His majesty has become a contributor. The King of kings, and Lord of all lords, will bless them for it.

“I trust you and all my other dear friends at Glasgow are so grown as to become tall cedars in the spiritual Lebanon. I pray for them, though I cannot write to them. I hope all is well at Cambuslang. Blessed be God! all will be well in heaven. I will not interrupt you. You want to say, *Amen! Hallelujah!* I only add, when upon the mount, put in a word for an old friend, who retains his old name, ‘the chief of sinners, less than the least of all saints’—but, for Jesus Christ’s sake,

“Reverend and very dear sir, your willing servant,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”

Shortly after this, Whitefield formed a friendship with Thomas Powys, Esq., a gentleman in Shropshire, of large fortune and of high connections, who, in conjunction with Sir Richard Hill, in that county, became conspicuous for zeal in the cause of God and truth.² To Mr. Powys, Whitefield wrote as follows:—

“Tottenham Court, May 15, 1766. Though at present almost in a breathless state, by preaching last night, yet I hope to be strengthened to

¹ It is said, that the first Sunday school in the United States was founded in the house of Occum's sister, a few months after his death. (Belcher's "Biography of Whitefield," p. 387.)

² "Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon," vol. i., p. 375. After the death of Mr. Powys, in 1775, his widow became the second wife of Sir Rowland Hill, of Hawkeston, Bart.

496

give the holy sacrament at seven next Sunday morning; and, if able, to preach afterwards at ten. If good Mr. R— and lady will come, at near seven, to the Chapel House, they shall be conducted to a proper place. I wish them a Pentecost, not only on Whit-Sunday, but every day, every hour, and every moment of their lives."

In the month of June, Whitefield set out for Bath and Bristol. He complained of the continuance of his "feverish heat," and drank the water of the Hot Wells twice a day; but managed, at six o'clock, in the mornings, "to call thirsty-souls to come and drink of the water of life freely."¹

On his return to London, he and the Wesleys met several days in succession, for the purpose of promoting a closer union between themselves and the Countess of Huntingdon. Wesley had set out on one of his gospel tours, but was summoned back to join in these important conferences. He writes:—

"My brother and I conferred with Mr. Whitefield every day; and, let the honourable men do what they please, we resolved, by the grace of God, to go on, hand in hand, through honour and dishonour."²

One of their arrangements was, that the Wesleys should preach in the chapels of the Countess of Huntingdon, as Whitefield, for many years, had been accustomed to preach in theirs. Charles Wesley was delighted. In a letter to his wife, he wrote:—

"London, August 21, 1766. Last night, my brother came. This morning, we spent two blessed hours with George Whitefield. The three-fold cord, we trust, will never more be broken. On Tuesday next, my brother is to preach in Lady Huntingdon's Chapel at Bath. That and all her chapels (not to say, as I might, herself also) are now put into the hands of us three."³

Some, however, were dissatisfied. In another letter to his "Dear Sally," written within three weeks afterwards, he remarks:—

"September 9, 1766. This morning, I spent in friendly, close conference with George Whitefield, who is treated most magnificently, by his own begotten children, for his love to us."⁴

¹ Whitefield's Works, vol. iii., p. 338.

² Wesley's Works, vol. iii., p. 250.

³ Charles Wesley's Journal, vol. ii., p. 247.

⁴ Charles Wesley's Journal, vol. ii., p. 249.

497

On the other hand, the Countess of Huntingdon approved of the arrangements made. In a letter to Wesley, she wrote:—

"September 14, 1766. I am most highly obliged by your kind offer of serving the chapel at Bath during your stay at Bristol. *I do trust that this union which is commenced* will be for the furtherance of our faith and mutual love to each other. It is for the interest of the best of causes that we should all be found, first, faithful to the Lord, and then to each other. I find something wanting, and that is, a meeting now and then agreed upon, that you, your brother, Mr. Whitefield, and I, should, at times, regularly communicate our observations upon the general state of the work. Light might follow, and would be a kind of guide to me, as I am connected with many."¹

This "quadruple alliance," as Charles Wesley called it, lasted till Whitefield's death. Then, as all readers of Methodist history are well aware, there was, in more respects than one, a distressing rupture.

Whitefield continued his pulpit labours, as far as he was able; and also wrote letters in abundance. Hence the following extracts from his correspondence.

John Fawcett, afterwards Doctor of Divinity, and, for above half a century, a laborious minister of Christ in Yorkshire, had recently begun to preach, and, having been convinced of sin under Whitefield's ministry, he wrote to him, asking his advice. Part of the answer was as follows:—

"London, September 1, 1766. I have been so often imposed upon by letters from strangers, that it is high time to be a little more cautious" [in answering them]. "Besides, bodily weakness prevents my writing as for—

merly; but your letters seem to evidence simplicity of heart. If truly called to the glorious work of the ministry, of which I can be no judge at this distance, I wish you much prosperity in the name of the Lord. The language of my soul is, 'Would to God that all the Lord's servants were prophets!' A clear head, and an honest, upright, disinterested, warm heart, with a good elocution, and a moderate degree of learning, will carry you through all, and enable you to do wonders. You will not fail to pray for a decayed, but, thanks be to God! not a disbanded soldier. Whether I shall ever visit Yorkshire again, is only known to Him, who holdeth the stars in His right hand."²

The next extract is from a letter addressed to a gentleman at Wisbeach:—

¹ "Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon," vol. i., p. 476.

² "Life of John Fawcett, D.D.," p. 36.

498

"London, September 25, 1766. I am sorry your letter has been so long unanswered; but bodily weakness, and a multiplicity of correspondents, at home and abroad, must be pleaded as excuses. The shout of a King is yet heard in the Methodist camp. Had I wings, I would gladly fly from pole to pole; but they are clipped by the feeble labours of thirty years. Twice or thrice a week, I am permitted to ascend my gospel-throne. Pray that the last glimmering of an expiring taper may be blessed to the guiding of many wandering souls to the Lamb of God."¹

The next was written to Mr. Gustavus Gidley, an officer of Excise, who was the principal founder of Wesley's Society in Exeter, and the chief promoter of Wesley's first chapel in that city:—

"London, October 2, 1766. The love of Christ constrains me to wish you joy. Of what? Of being made partaker of the grace and cross of Christ. You will find that both are inseparably connected. God be praised that you have an inclination to invite others to partake of your joy in the Lord. Thus, your brother Matthew the publican did. He made a feast. Jesus, that friend of publicans and sinners, was there. With such He is now; and with such, to all eternity, He will be surrounded in the kingdom of glory. There you and I must strive which will shout loudest, 'Grace, grace!' And why should not this contest begin on earth? It will, it must, if the kingdom of God be *within us*. Look continually unto Jesus. That He may be the Alpha and Omega—the beginning and end of all your thoughts, words, and deeds, is the earnest prayer of, dear sir,

"Your brother sinner,

"GEORGE WHITEFIELD."²

Not unfrequently was Whitefield accused of disloyalty. From first to last, all such charges were absolutely false and calumnious. If he erred at all, it was in expressing his attachment to the throne and government of the day, in language stronger than they merited. His eulogiums of George II. were extravagant, but it would be unjust to designate them insincere. Everywhere, at home and abroad, he availed himself of every opportunity to evince his fidelity to his rightful sovereign, and his respect for the House of Hanover. This, at the time, was of more than ordinary importance. Jacobite and popish plots were numerous. Traitors existed in abundance. Loyal men were needed, and declarations of loyalty were of greater value than at present, when treason is not so rampant as it was in

¹ *Evangelical Magazine*, 1810, p. 351.

² *Methodist Magazine*, 1808, p. 376.

499

the days of the Pretender. Such facts will help to explain the following incident:—

On October 1, Her Royal Highness Princess Caroline Matilda, sister of George III., at the age of sixteen, was married to the worthless king of Denmark. The ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, in the Grand Council Chamber at St. James's, in the presence of the Royal Family and a large number of the English nobility. The puny king of Denmark was not present; but Her Royal Highness's brother, the Duke of York, acted as his proxy. On the day after the marriage, at half-past six o'clock in the morning, the young queen set out for Harwich, to embark for Denmark, being escorted by a detachment of Horse Guards, and a numerous train of attendants. On the same day, says *Lloyd's Evening Post*, "The Rev. Mr. Whitefield preached, at the Tabernacle, in praise of the queen of Denmark, and concluded with a fervent prayer for her preservation and good journey."

This was an odd kind of service for worn-out Whitefield to undertake; but loyalty to the House of Hanover led him

for once to use his “gospel-throne” in sounding the praises, not of King Jesus, but of the unfortunate queen of Denmark.

Among others, who now began to render assistance in Whitefield’s London chapels, was the saintly Fletcher, vicar of Madeley.¹ It is not improbable that this was one of the results of the “quadruple alliance,” formed two months before. Be that as it may, the following extract from Whitefield’s letter to Mr. Powys will interest the reader:—

“London, November 1, 1766. Dear Mr. Fletcher is become a scandalous Tottenham Court preacher. I trust he will come down into your parts, baptized with the Holy Ghost. Dear Mr. Romaine has been much owned in good Lady Huntingdon’s chapel” (at Bath). “I am to go thither next week. Dear Mr. Madan is detained at Aldwinkle, by his children having the small-pox in town. The shout of a King is yet heard in the Methodist camp. The glorious cry, ‘What shall I do to be saved?’ is frequently sounding in our years. Had we more reproach, and were we more scandalous, more good would be done. Several promise well. Some say *shibboleth* with a good grace, and very proper accent; others, as yet,

¹ “Mr. Whitefield,” says Fletcher, “was not a mighty orator, but spoke the words of soberness and truth, with divine pathos, and floods of tears declarative of his sincerity.” (Fletcher’s Works, vol. i., p. 298.)

500

can only say *sibboleth*; but I have heard of one who can teach the tongue of the stammerer to speak plain. Good Lady Huntingdon is an excellent school-mistress in this way. But I must have done. A dear company of ministerial cast-outs are coming to breakfast under my despised roof. I cannot die. Cold bathing and cool weather brace me up.”

Whitefield went to Bath, as he intended; and, whilst there, wrote to his faithful friend, Mr. Keen, as follows:—

“Bath, November 12, 1766. I have been low ever since my coming here. The Bath air, I believe, will never agree with me long. However if good is done, all will be well. They tell me, that Sunday and last night were seasons of power. Some, we trust, were made willing. I hope you enjoy much of God in town. Surely, London is the Jerusalem of England. Happy they who know the day of their visitation! Remember me to all at the Tabernacle. I hope to write to Mr. Fletcher to-morrow or next day.”

“Bath, November 20, 1766. On Tuesday evening, I preached at Bristol, to a very crowded auditory, though the weather was very foul.

Last night" (Wednesday) "I administered the sacrament there. We used near eight bottles of wine. I trust some tasted of the new wine of the kingdom. I want just one week more to settle Bristol affairs; and have, therefore, written to dear Mr. Jesse 'to stay two or three weeks at London. Mr. Howell Davies,² who, they say, is expected here next week, may then officiate for that space of time at Bath, and, at Mr. Jesse's leaving London, may go up to town. I beg that Captain Joss would go through with the Tabernacle work, and stick to it with his whole heart. I hope, at farthest, to be in London by next Tuesday se'nnight, and to preach at the Tabernacle the following evening. I was afraid my wife would get cold by her late excursions, as, at other times, she is so much confined. Be pleased to show this to her."

"Bristol, November 23, 1766. Such a numerous brilliant assembly of the mighty and noble, I never saw attend before at Bath. Everything is so promising, that I was constrained to give notice of preaching next Sunday. Congregations have been very large and very solemn. O what Bethels has Jesus given to us! O that God would make my way into every town in England! I long to break up fresh ground. I am just come here, weary, but am going to speak a few words."

Captain Joss has just been mentioned, and deserves further notice. Torial Joss was born on September 29, 1731, at Auck-Medden, a small village, on the sea coast, about twenty

¹ Another Methodist clergyman, who, afterwards, resided at West Bromwich. "He is," said Henry Venn, "a very excellent man, and seems appointed to evangelise the *Wolds*, the inhabitants of which are dark almost as the heathens." ("Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon," vol. ii., p. 41; and Wesley's Works, vol. iii., p. 161.)

² The famous Methodist clergyman, in Wales.

miles north of Aberdeen. His father died when Torial was very young; his mother neglected him; and he went to sea. The vessel in which he sailed was taken by the French, and he became an inmate of a foreign prison, where his sufferings were great. At the age of fifteen, he returned to Scotland; was seized by a press-gang; and sent on board a man-of-war. He made his escape; travelled to Sunderland; and bound himself an apprentice to the captain of a coasting vessel, belonging to Robin Hood's Bay. By overhearing a religious conversation, and by reading the works of Bunyan, and "The Whole Duty of Man," he was converted. The Methodist

preachers visited Robin Hood's Bay; a number of the people were convinced of sin; and Wesley came and formed them into a Society. Previous to this, Torial had begun to pray and exhort in public; and Wesley encouraged him to continue. He was now about eighteen years of age, and became a member of Wesley's Society. When his apprenticeship expired, he was appointed first mate of his captain's vessel. Wherever the ship put into port, he tried to preach, and, in some instances, suffered cruel persecution. At Shields, a press-gang dragged him through the town, amid shoutings and triumph, and sent him on board a tender, where he was kept a prisoner for seven weeks. The profane swearing and the obscene language of the crew were terrific trials; and, added to this, having but twenty minutes in forty-eight hours on deck, he was nearly suffocated with the foul air and heat. Soon after his release, he was made captain of a ship, set up regular worship, and, as often as the weather would permit, preached regularly to his crew. During a long detention at Berwick-upon Tweed, his preaching to the crowds was so successful, that a gentleman wrote to Whitefield, telling him Joss was sailing to London, in a vessel named the *Hartley Trader*, but which the people nicknamed "The Pulpit" On arriving in the Thames, Joss was surprised by being told that Whitefield had announced him to preach in the Tabernacle. Whitefield was so gratified with the sermon, that he urged the captain to quit the compass, the chart, and the ocean, for the Christian pulpit. After considerable delay, Joss, in 1766, yielded to Whitefield's wish, and, henceforth, acted as one of his assistants. In London, his congregations were crowds,

502

and his sermons full of converting power. Four or five months every year he spent in itinerating, regularly visiting Bristol, Gloucestershire, and South Wales, and, occasionally, other parts of the kingdom. In Wales, especially, the people followed him in multitudes, and, on Sundays, would travel twenty miles to hear him. He died in 1797, and was interred in Tottenham Court Road chapel.¹ Berridge used to call him "The Archdeacon of Tottenham."²

Another of Whitefield's helpers must be introduced. Captain Scott, son of Richard Scott, Esq., of Betton, in the county of Salop, belonged to the 7th regiment of dragoons. He was present at the famous battle, at Minden, on the 1st of August, 1759, attached to the cavalry of the right wing, commanded by Lord George Sackville. After this, he became the subject of powerful religious impressions, and made it his daily practice to read the psalms and lessons of the day. In due time, he heard Romaine, and found peace with God. He soon began to preach. Fletcher of Madeley, in a letter to Lady Huntingdon, wrote:—

“I went last Monday to meet Captain Scott—a captain of the truth, a bold soldier of Jesus Christ. He boldly launches into an irregular usefulness. For some months, he has exhorted his dragoons daily; for some weeks, he has preached publicly at Leicester, in the Methodist meeting-house, in his regimentals, to numerous congregations, with good success. The stiff regular ones pursue him with hue and cry; but, I believe, he is quite beyond their reach. I believe this *red coat* will shame many a black one. I am sure he shames me.”

Whitefield heard of the military preacher, and, on February 12, 1767, wrote to him as follows:—

“What, not answer so modest a request as to send dear Captain Scott a few lines! God forbid! I must again welcome him into the field of battle. I must entreat him to keep his rank as a captain, and not suffer any persuasions to influence him to descend to the lower degree of a common soldier. If God shall choose a red-coat preacher, who shall say unto Him, ‘What doest Thou?’

¹ *Evangelical Magazine*, 1797, pp. 397–407.

A small monument, in memory of Torial Joss, exists at Tottenham Court Road chapel; but, strangely enough, it is placed in one of the vestries, and, therefore, scarcely ever seen.

² “Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon,” vol. i., p. 214.

‘Strong in the Lord’s almighty power,
And armed in panoply divine,
Firm may’st thou stand in danger’s hour,
And prove the strength of Jesus thine.
The helmet of salvation take;
The Lord the Spirit’s conquering sword;

Speak from the word; in lightning speak;
Cry out, and thunder from the Lord.¹

“Gladly would I come, and, in my poor way, endeavour to strengthen your hands; but, alas! I am fit for nothing but, as an invalid, to be put into some garrison, and then put my hand to some old gun. Blessed be the Captain of our salvation for drafting out young champions to reconnoitre and attack the enemy. You will beat the march in every letter and bid the common soldiers not halt, but go forward. Hoping one day to see your face in the flesh, and more than hoping to see you crowned with glory in the kingdom of heaven, I am, my dear captain, yours in our all-glorious Captain-General,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”¹

As yet, Whitefield had not seen Captain Scott; but he requested him to come and preach in London. “I have invited the captain,” said Whitefield to the Tabernacle congregation, “to bring his artillery to the Tabernacle rampart, and try what execution he can do here.” Soon after this, Captain Scott sold his commission, and, for upwards of twenty years, was one of the supplies of the Tabernacle pulpit.²

In this same year, 1766, Whitefield entered into correspondence with another distinguished man, who was destined, for a brief period, to be one of his successors at the Tabernacle and at Tottenham Court Road chapel. Rowland Hill, the sixth son of Sir Rowland Hill, Bart., was now twenty-one years of age. He had been to school at Eton, and, for the last two years, had been an undergraduate at Cambridge. Here he became intimately acquainted with good old Berridge, of Everton, and scarcely a week elapsed without their holding religious intercourse with each other. Rowland, even now, was full of religious fire and energy and boldness. He had already been the means of awakening anxiety about their souls in several of his fellow-students. He had also visited the gaol, and the sick, and had begun to preach in several

¹ *Evangelical Magazine*, 1815, p. 272.

² “Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon,” vol. i., pp. 317-319.

504

places in Cambridge, and in the adjacent villages. This brought upon him the severest censure of his college. Mobs also commenced to insult him; and, at length, the opposition he encountered became so serious, that he wrote to Whitefield for advice. Whitefield's reply was as follows:—

“LONDON, *December 27, 1766.*

“About thirty-four years ago, the master of Pembroke College, where I was educated, took me to task for visiting the sick, and going to the prisons. In my haste, I said, ‘Sir, if it displeaseth you, I will go no more.’ My heart smote me immediately. I repented, and went again. He heard of it, and threatened; but, for fear he should be looked upon as a persecutor, let me alone. The hearts of all are in the Redeemer's hands. I would not have you give way, no not for a moment. The storm is too great to hold long. Visiting the sick and imprisoned, and instructing the ignorant, are the very vitals of true and undefiled religion. If threatened, denied degree, or expelled for *this*, it will be the best degree you can take—a glorious preparative for, and a blessed presage of, future usefulness. I have seen the dreadful consequences of giving way and looking back. How many, by this wretched cowardice, have been turned into pillars, not of useful, but of useless salt! *Felix quern faciunt aliena pericula cautum.* Now is the time to prove the strength of Jesus yours. If opposition did not so much abound, your consolations would not so abound. Blind as he is, Satan sees some great good coming. We never prospered so much at Oxford, as when we were hissed at and reproached as we walked along the street. Go on, therefore, my dear man, go on. Old Berridge, I believe, would give you the same advice. You are honoured in sharing his reproach and name. God be praised, that you are helped to bless when others blaspheme. Do not drop the Bible and old books. You write good sense. Nothing is wanting but to write it in a proper manner. God bless, direct, and prosper you! He will, He will. Good Lady Huntingdon is in town. She will rejoice to hear you are under the cross. You will not want her prayers, or the prayers of, my dear young honest friend,

“Yours, in the all-conquering Jesus,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.¹

“To Mr. Rowland Hill,

“At St. John's College, Cambridge.”

For above thirty years, Whitefield had been the butt of persecution, and, therefore, was not unprepared to give advice to young Rowland Hill. He was still hunted by the hatred of his enemies. Among other publications, there was issued, about this period, a sixpenny pamphlet,

¹ "Life of Rev. Rowland Hill," p. 25.

505

in folio, with the title, "The Celebrated Lecture upon Heads," most of which is too coarse and blasphemous to be quoted. One specimen, concerning Whitefield, must suffice.

"Behold here one of the *righteous over-much*—yet nought doth he give away in charity! No, no! He is the bell-wether of the flock, who hath broken down *orthodoxy's bounds*, and now riots on the *common, of hypocrisy*. With *one* eye he looks up to heaven, to make his congregation think he is *devout*, that's his *spiritual* eye; and with the other eye he looks down to see what he can get, and that's his *carnal* eye; and thus, with jokes flowing down his face, he says, or seems to say, or, at least with your permission, we'll attempt to say for him, 'Bretheren! bretheren! bretheren! The word bretheren comes from the Tabernacle, because we all *breathe-there-in*. If ye want *rouzing*, I'll *rouze* you. I'll beat a *tat-too* upon the parchment cases of your consciences, and whip the *devil* about like a *whirl-a-gig*.'"

Quantum sufficit! The remainder is a great deal worse than this.

Another pamphlet of the same description, price eighteen-pence, was entitled "The Methodist and Mimic. A Tale in Hudibrastic Verse. By Peter Paragraph. Inscribed to Samuel Foote, Esq." The gist of this foul publication is, that Whitefield sends one of his congregation to Foote, with a proposal that the comedian should turn preacher; and, of course, Samuel Foote, Esq., rejects the proposal with disdain.

One more must be mentioned: "The Methodist. A Poem. By the Author of the Powers of the Pen, and the Curate. London, 1766." (4to. pp. 54.) Some parts of this impious publication are obscene, and attribute to Whitefield behaviour of the most infamous and impure description. The general purport of it is to describe the devil

making a tour of discovery, to find some one to manage his affairs on earth, so that he himself might have leisure to attend to his government in hell. With this object in view,

“he searched, without avail,
Each meeting, dungeon, court, and jail,
Each mart of villainy, where vice
Presides, and virtue bears no price.”

But nowhere could he find an agent suited to his mind, till

506

he got to Tottenham Court Road chapel, where he discovered Whitefield. For the sake of gold, Whitefield became his terrestrial viceroy, and swore fealty to him. One of the devil's requirements was, that, because what Whitefield *did* was contrary to what he *said*, his eyes ought to look different ways; and, accordingly, they were twisted. Describing Whitefield's sermons, the writer says:—

“He knows his *Master's* realm so well,
His sermons are a *map* of hell,
An *Ollio* made of conflagration,
Of *gulphs* of brimstone, and *damnation*,
Eternal torments, *furnace*, *worm*,
Hell-fire, a *whirlwind*, and a *storm*.”

An apology is almost needed for the insertion of such profanity as this, and yet, without it, it is impossible to convey to the reader an adequate idea of the ridicule and odium cast upon dying Whitefield. Vile as are the extracts given, much viler remain unquoted.

Whitefield concluded the year 1766 by writing one of his characteristic letters to Thomas Powys, Esq., who was entertaining, at his mansion in Shropshire, during Christmastide, the Rev. Messrs. Venn, Ryland, Dr. Conyers, and Powley, vicar of Dewsbury.¹

“AT MY TOTTENHAM COURT BETHEL,

“*Six in the Morning*, December 30, 1766.

“MY VERY DEAR SIR,—The Christmas holiday season has prevented me sending an immediate answer to your last kind letter. The love therein expressed shall be returned, by praying for the writer's whole

self, and the honourable, Christian, and ministerial circle with which you are at present happily surrounded. *Four Methodist parsons!* Honourable title! so long as it is attended with the cross. When fashionable, we will drop it. *Four Methodist parsons!* Enough, when Jesus says, 'Loose them and let them go,' to set a whole kingdom on fire for God. I wish them prosperity in the name of the Lord.

"To-morrow, God willing, and on Thursday also, with many hundreds more, I intend to take the sacrament upon it, that I will begin to be a Christian. Though I long to go to heaven, to see my glorious Master, what a poor figure shall I make, among saints, confessors, and martyrs, without some deeper signatures of His divine impress—without more scars of Christian honour!

"Our truly noble mother in Israel is come to London full of them.

¹ "Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon," vol. i., p. 378.

507

Crescit sub potidere virtus. Happy they who have the honour of her 1767 acquaintance! Highly honoured are the ministers, who have the honour . of preaching for and serving her!

"O this single eye,—this disinterested spirit,—this freedom from worldly hopes and worldly fears,—this flaming zeal,—this daring to be singularly good,—this holy ambition to lead the van! O, it is, what? a heaven upon earth! O for a plerophory of faith! to be filled with the Holy Ghost! This is the grand point. All our lukewarmness, all our timidity, all our backwardness to do good, to spend and be spent for God,—all is owing to our want of more of that faith, which is the inward, heartfelt, self-evident demonstration of things not seen.

"But whither am I going? Pardon me, good sir. I keep you from better company. Praying that all of you (if you live to be fifty-two) may not be such dwarfs in the Divine life as I am, I hasten to subscribe myself, etc.,

"GEORGE WHITEFIELD."

Whitefield began the year 1767 by writing a preface to the third edition of the collected works of Bunyan, published in two large folio volumes (pp. 856 and 882), admirably printed, and containing curious and well-executed illustrations. The title was, "The Works of that Eminent Servant of Christ, Mr. John Bunyan, Minister of the Gospel, and for-

merly Pastor of a Congregation at Bedford. With Copperplates, adapted to the Pilgrim's Progress, the Holy War, etc., in Two Volumes. The Third Edition. To which are now added The Divine Emblems, and several other Pieces, which were never printed in any former Collection, with a Recommendatory Preface by the Reverend George Whitefield, M.A., Chaplain to the Right Honourable the Countess of Huntingdon. London: printed for W. Johnston, in Ludgate Street; and E. and C. Dilly, in the Poultry, near the Mansion House. 1767."¹

Whitefield's preface' is dated January 3, 1767. Two extracts from it must suffice. In reference to the fact that

¹ The volumes were published in numbers. Hence the following advertisement, taken from an old newspaper: "This day is published, recommended by the Rev. Mr. G. Whitefield, Number I., containing five sheets, and a head of the author, price only sixpence, of a new and beautiful edition of the works of Mr. John Bunyan, the whole to be comprised in eighty-four numbers. Those who incline to take the work in complete sets, may subscribe for the same, paying one guinea at the time of subscribing, and the remainder on the delivery of the two volumes; and those who subscribe for six sets shall have a seventh gratis."

508

Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress was written in Bedford Gaol, Whitefield remarks:—

"Ministers never write or preach so well as when under the cross. The Spirit of Christ and of glory then rests upon them. It was this, no doubt, that made the Puritans of the last century such burning and shining lights. When cast out by the black Bartholomew Act, and driven from their respective charges to preach in barns and fields, in the highways and hedges, they, in an especial manner, wrote and preached as men having authority. Though dead, by their writings they yet speak. A peculiar unction attends them to this very hour. For these thirty years past, I have remarked that the more true and vital religion has revived, either at home or abroad, the more the good old Puritanical writings, or the authors of a like stamp, who lived and died in the communion of the Church of England, have been called for."

Then again, with reference to what, throughout the whole of his career, was one of Whitefield's favourite virtues, namely, catholicity of spirit, he writes:—

“I must own that what more particularly endears Mr. Bunyan to my heart is this, he was of a catholic spirit. The want of *water adult baptism*, with this man of God, was no bar to outward Christian communion. And I am persuaded, that if, like him, we were more deeply and experimentally baptized into the benign and gracious influences of the blessed Spirit, we should be less baptized into the waters of strife, about circumstantial and non-essentials. We should have but one grand, laudable, disinterested strife, namely, who should live, preach, and exalt the ever-loving, altogether lovely Jesus most.”

Just at this period, Whitefield took under his patronage a young man, who, if not a tinker, was quite as poor as the “immortal dreamer.” Cornelius Winter, the son of a shoemaker, and bred in a workhouse, was now in the twenty-fifth year of his age. For twelve long years, he had been the drudge and the butt of a drunken brute in Bunhill Row. The poor workhouse lad had been converted by attending Whitefield’s Tabernacle, and had become a member of its Society. During the last year or two, he had been an itinerant preacher, and now he applied to Whitefield to send him, as a minister, to America. Whitefield replied:—

“LONDON, *January 29, 1767.*

“DEAR MR. WINTER,—Your letter met with proper acceptance. The first thing to be done now is to get some knowledge of the Latin language. We can talk of the method to be pursued, at your return to London.

509

Mr. Green¹ would make a suitable master. No time should be lost. 1767 One would hope that the various humiliations you have met with were—intended as preparations for future exaltations. The greatest preferment &^c ->² under heaven is to be an able, painful, faithful, successful, suffering, cast-out minister of the New Testament. That this may be your happy lot is the ‘hearty prayer of yours, etc.,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”²

On coming to London, Cornelius Winter waited upon Whitefield. He writes:—

“Mr. Whitefield gave me a mild reception. The interview was short. He said he should expect me to preach in the Tabernacle next morning at six o’clock, and he appointed a time when I should come to him again. I heard him in the evening. He announced that a stranger, recommended

by Mr. Berridge, would preach on the morrow morning. I had little rest that night, and prayed, rather than studied for the service.”

This was in February, 1767. The result was, Whitefield desired Winter to procure testimonials from the places he had visited, and also to write him an account of his conversion. Winter says:—

“For several days, Mr. Whitefield kept me in suspense. At last, he set me upon a little business, and told me he should expect me to preach two mornings in the week. He appointed me particular times when I was to call upon him; and, besides sending me upon errands, of which he always had a great number, he set me to transcribe some of his manuscripts. He shewed himself much dissatisfied with my writing and orthography; but he desired me to take a lodging near the chapel, where he could conveniently send for me; gave me a little money to defray my expenses; and, by degrees, brought me into a capacity to be useful to him. Soon after, he proposed my going to Mr. Green’s for a few hours in the day, to be initiated into the Latin grammar; but he interrupted the design by requiring a close attention to his own business, and the large demand he made of my pulpit services. A single quarter of a year closed my school exercise, in which I hardly gained knowledge enough to decline *Musa*. It was plain Mr. Whitefield did not intend to promote my literary improvement. Indeed, he said, Latin was of little or no use, and that they who wish to enter upon it late in life, had better endeavour to acquire a good knowledge of their mother tongue. Having recently attended Mr. Wesley’s conference, and having heard him speak to the same effect, he was confirmed in this sentiment, and discouraged my perseverance.

“Perhaps it would be putting the picture of so valuable a man, as Mr.

¹ Mr. Green was one of Whitefield’s occasional assistants, but subsisted by teaching a school. (“Winter’s Memoirs,” p. 45.)

² “Winter’s Memoirs,” p. 68.

Whitefield was, into too deep a shade, to say that he was not a fit person for a young man in humble circumstances to be connected with. He was not satisfied with deficient abilities, but he did not sufficiently encourage the use of the lamp for their improvement. The attention of a youth, designed for the ministry, was too much diverted from the main object, and devoted too much to objects comparatively trifling. I was considered as much the steward of his house as his assistant in the ministry. While I was kept in bay and at anchor, many, piloted by him,

set sail, and I at last knew not whether I was to indulge a hope for America or not. My fidelity being proved, I became one of the family, slept in the room of my honoured patron, and had the privilege to sit at his table. I judged I was where I should be, and was determined never to flinch from the path of duty, nor intentionally to grieve the man, who had many burdens upon him, and for whom I could have laid down my life.”¹

Considering the circumstances of Cornelius Winter, there is a little unseemly grumbling in the foregoing extract; but let it pass. The quondam workhouse boy seems to have been an inmate of Whitefield’s house for about eighteen months; and as he is the only one, *thus privileged*, who has left behind him any account of Whitefield’s domestic habits and public life, this is a fitting place to introduce what he says concerning the patron to whom he owed so much.

In reference to the composition of sermons, the mode of conducting public services, and action in the pulpit, Winter writes:—

“The time Mr. Whitefield set apart for preparations for the pulpit, during my connection with him, was not distinguished from the time he appropriated to other business. If he wanted to write a pamphlet, he was closeted; nor would he allow access to him, except on an emergency, while he was engaged in the work. But I never knew him engaged in the composition of a sermon, until he was on board ship, when he employed himself partly in the composition of sermons, and partly in reading the history of England. He had formed a design of writing the history of Methodism, but never entered upon it. He was never more in retirement on a Saturday than on another day; nor sequestered at any particular time for a period longer than he used for his ordinary devotions. I never met with anything like the skeleton of a sermon among his papers, with which I was permitted to be familiar, and I believe he knew nothing of such a kind of exercise as the planning of a sermon.

“Usually, for an hour or two before he entered the pulpit, he claimed retirement; and, on the Sabbath morning especially, he was accustomed to have Clarke’s Bible, Matthew Henry’s Comment, and Cruden’s Con-

¹ “Winter’s Memoirs,” p. 75.

cordance within his reach. His frame at that time was more than ordinarily devotional; I say more than ordinarily, because, though there was

a vast vein of pleasantry usually in him, the intervals of conversation then appeared to be filled up with private ejaculation and with praise.

“His rest was much interrupted, and he often said at the close of an address, ‘I got this sermon when most of you were fast asleep.’ He made very minute observations; and, in one way or another, the occurrences of the week, or of the day, furnished him with matter for the pulpit. When an extraordinary trial was going on, he would be present, and I have known him, at the close of a sermon, avail himself of the formality of the judge putting on the black cap to pronounce sentence. With his eyes full of tears, and his heart almost too big to admit of speech, he would say, after a momentary pause, ‘I am now going to put on my condemning cap. Sinner, I must do it. I must pronounce sentence upon thee.’ And then, in a strain of tremendous eloquence, he would recite our Lord’s words, ‘Depart, ye cursed.’ It was only by hearing him, and by beholding his attitude and his tears, that the effect could be conceived.

“My intimate knowledge of him enables me to acquit him of the charge of affectation. He always appeared to enter the pulpit with a countenance that indicated he had something of importance to divulge, and was anxious for the effect of the communication. His gravity on his descent was the same. As soon as he was seated in his chair, he usually vomited a considerable quantity of blood.

“He was averse to much singing after preaching, supposing it diverted attention from the subject of his sermon. Nothing awkward, nothing careless appeared about him in the pulpit. Whether he frowned or smiled, whether he looked grave or placid, it was nature acting in him. Professed orators might object to his hands being lifted up too high, and it is to be lamented that in that attitude, rather than in any other, he is represented in print. His own reflection upon that picture was, when it was first put into his hands, ‘Sure I do not look such a sour creature as this sets me forth. If I thought I did, I should hate myself.’ The attitude was very transient, and always accompanied by expressions which would justify it. He sometimes had occasion to speak of Peter going out and weeping bitterly; and, then, he had a fold of his gown at command, which he put before his face with as much gracefulness as familiarity.

“I hardly ever knew him go through a sermon without weeping, and I believe his were the tears of sincerity. His voice was often interrupted by his affection; and I have heard him say in the pulpit, ‘You blame me for weeping, but how can I help it, when you will not weep for yourselves, though your souls are upon the verge of destruction, and, for aught I know, you are hearing your last sermon!’ Sometimes he wept exceedingly,

stamped loudly and passionately, and was frequently so overcome, that nature required some little time to compose itself.

“When he treated upon the sufferings of our Saviour, it was with great pathos. As though Gethsemane were in sight, he would cry, stretching out his hand, ‘Look yonder! What is that I see? It is my agonizing Lord!’ And, as though it were no difficult matter to catch the sound of

512

the Saviour praying, he would exclaim, ‘Hark! Hark! Do you not hear?’ This frequently occurred; but though we often knew what was coming, it was as new to us as if we had never heard it before.

“The beautiful apostrophe, of the prophet Jeremiah, ‘O earth, earth, earth, hear the word of the Lord!’ was very subservient to him, and was never used impertinently. He abounded with anecdotes, which, though not always recited verbatim, were very just as to the matter of them. On the Sabbath morning, he dealt far more in the explanatory and doctrinal mode of preaching, than, perhaps, at any other time; and occasionally made a little, but by no means improper, shew of learning. If he had read upon astronomy in the course of the week, you would be sure to discover it. He had his charms for the learned as well as for the unlearned. The peer and the peasant alike went away satisfied.

“This was his work, in London, at one period of his life. After administering the Lord’s supper to several hundred communicants at half-past six o’clock in the morning, he, in the forenoon, read the Liturgy, and preached full an hour. In the afternoon, he again read prayers and preached. At half-past five, he preached again, and, afterwards, addressed a large Society. At the Society meeting, widows, married people, young men, and spinsters were placed separately in the area of the Tabernacle. Hundreds used to stay, and receive from him, in a colloquial style, various exhortations, comprised in short sentences, and suitable to their various stations.

“Perhaps he never preached greater sermons than at six in the morning; for at that hour he did preach, winter and summer, on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. At these times, his congregations were of the select description. Young men received admonitions similar to what were given in the Society meetings. ‘Beware of being golden apprentices, silver journeymen, and copper masters,’ was one of the cautions I remember being given. His style was now colloquial, with little use of motion; pertinent expositions, with suitable remarks; and all comprehended within the hour.

“Christian experience principally was the subject of his Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday evening lectures; when, frequently having funeral sermons to preach, the character and experience of the dead helped to elucidate the subject.

“Mr. Whitefield adopted the custom of the inhabitants of New England, in their best days, of beginning the Sabbath at six o’clock on Saturday evenings. The custom could not be observed by many, but it was convenient to a few. Now ministers of every description found a peculiar pleasure in relaxing their minds from the fatigues of study. It was also an opportunity peculiarly suited to apprentices and journeymen in some businesses, which allowed of their leaving work sooner than on other days, and of availing themselves of, at least, the sermon.

“The peculiar talents he possessed can be but faintly guessed from his sermons in print. The eighteen, taken in shorthand, and faithfully transcribed by Mr. Gurney, have been supposed to do discredit to his memory, and, therefore, they were suppressed; but much of his genuine preaching

513

may be collected from them. They were far from being the best specimens that might have been produced. He preached many of them when in fact, he was almost incapable of preaching at all. His constitution long before they were taken, had received its shock, and all of them except the two last, were the productions of a Wednesday evening, when, by the business of the day, he was fatigued and worn out. He was then like an ascending Elijah, and many were eager to catch his dropping mantle. In the sermons referred to, there are many jewels, though not connected in proper order. Whatever invidious remarks may be made upon his written discourses, they cannot invalidate his preaching. Mr. Toplady called him the prince of preachers, and with good reason, for none in our day preached with the like effect.”

So much in reference to Whitefield as a preacher, to which may be added another fact stated by Cornelius Winter, namely, that, excepting Andrew Kinsman, most of Whitefield’s substitutes at the Tabernacle and at Tottenham Court chapel were very inferior preachers to himself, and that, in consequence, the congregations, during his absence, were greatly diminished. Notwithstanding this, however, “conversions were very frequent.”¹

Winter’s portraiture of Whitefield will not be perfect without the addition of what he says respecting the renowned preacher’s private character and habits. He continues:—

“Mr. Whitefield was accessible but to few. He was cautious in admitting people to him. He would never be surprised into a conversation. You could not knock at his door and be allowed to enter at any time. ‘Who is it?’ ‘What is his business?’ and such-like enquiries usually preceded admission; and, if admission were granted, it was thus, ‘Come to-morrow morning at six o’clock, perhaps five, or immediately after preaching. It later, I cannot see you.’

“A person consulting him upon going into the ministry, might expect to be treated with severity, if not well recommended, or if he had not something about him particularly engaging. One man, on saying, in answer to his enquiry, that he was a tailor, was dismissed with, ‘Go to rag-fair, and buy old clothes.’ Another, who was admitted to preach in the vestry one winter’s morning at six o’clock, took for his text, ‘These that have turned the world upside down have come hither also.’ ‘That man shall come here no more,’ said Mr. Whitefield. ‘If God had called him to preach, he would have furnished him with a proper text.’ A letter well written, as to style, orthography, and decency, would prepossess him much in favour of a person.

“He used too much severity to young people, and required too much from them. He connected circumstances too humiliating with public

¹ “Winter’s Memoirs,” p. 21.

services, in a young man with whom he could take liberty; urging that it was necessary as a curb to the vanity of human nature, and referred to the young Roman orators, who, after being exalted by applauses, were sent upon the most trifling errands. His maxim was, if you love me, you will serve me disinterestedly; hence he settled no certain income, or a very slender one, upon his dependants, many of whom were sycophants, and, while they professed to serve him, underhandedly served themselves. Through this defect, his charity in Georgia was materially injured, owing to the wrong conduct of some who insinuated themselves into his favour by humouring his weakness, and letting him act and speak without contradiction. He was impatient of contradiction, but this is a fault to be charged upon almost all great people.

“No time was to be wasted; and his expectations generally went before the ability of his servants to perform his commands. He was very exact to the time appointed for his stated meals. A few minutes’ delay would be considered a great fault. He was irritable, but soon appeased. Not being patient enough, one day, to receive a reason for his being dis-

appointed, he hurt the mind of one who was studious to please; but, on reflection, he burst into tears, saying, 'I shall live to be a poor peevish old man, and everybody will be tired of me.' He never commanded haughtily, and always took care to applaud when a person did right. He never indulged parties at his table; but a select few might now and then breakfast with him, dine with him on a Sunday, or sup with him on a Wednesday night. In the last-mentioned indulgence, he was scrupulously exact to break up in time. In the height of a conversation, I have known him abruptly say, 'But we forget ourselves;' and, rising from his seat and advancing to the door, would add, 'Come, gentlemen, it is time for all good folks to be at home.'

"Whether only by himself, or having but a second, his table must be spread elegantly, though it produced but a loaf and a cheese. He was unjustly charged with being given to appetite. His table was never spread with variety. A cow-heel was his favourite dish, and I have known him cheerfully say, 'How surprised would the world be, if they were to peep upon Dr. Squintum, and see a cow-heel only upon his table.' He was extremely neat in his person, and in everything about him. Not a paper must be out of place, or be put up irregularly. Each part of the furniture, likewise, must be in its proper position before we retired to rest. He said he did not think he should die easy, if he thought his gloves were not where they ought to be. There was no rest after four in the morning, nor sitting up after ten in the evening.

"He never made a purchase without paying the money immediately. He was truly generous, and seldom denied relief. More was expected from him than was meet. He was tenacious in his friendship. He felt sensibly when he was deserted, and would remark, 'The world and the church ring changes.' He dreaded the thought of outliving his usefulness. He often dined among his friends; and usually connected a comprehensive prayer with his thanksgiving when the table was dismissed, in which he noticed particular cases relative to the family. He never protracted his

515

visit long after dinner. He often appeared tired of popularity; and said, he almost envied the man who could take his choice of food at an eating-house, and pass unnoticed. He apprehended he should not glorify God in his death by any emarkable testimony; and he desired to die suddenly."

Cornelius Winter's critique on Whitefield is unartistic, but it is not, on that account, the less valuable. Facts are not lost among words, as is the case too often, in the philosophic

and eloquent eulogies, or censures, written by men who have a greater wish to display their own cleverness than to pourtray the life and character of the person on whom they exercise their skill. In some of his statements, Winter may have been, unconsciously to himself, somewhat swayed by his relationship to Whitefield; but, generally speaking, his description of Whitefield's preaching, and of his spirit and habits in domestic life, is the most exact that has ever yet been published. The foregoing extracts may be long, but they were written by a man who, during Whitefield's last two years in England, read prayers in Whitefield's Tottenham Court Road chapel, assisted in Whitefield's study, sat at Whitefield's table, and occupied a bed in the same room as Whitefield did. The man knew his master, and wrote with the utmost frankness concerning him.

It is now time to return to Whitefield's history. Little is known concerning him during the first three months of 1767. They seem, however, to have been chiefly spent in London, where his "feeble hands were full of work."¹

The Orphan House in Georgia still occupied his attention. He was anxious for "Bethesda to put on its college dress."² The warm friendship between him and Wesley yet continued. On Ash-Wednesday, March 4, Wesley wrote, "I dined at a friend's with Mr. Whitefield, still breathing nothing but love."³ On the 20th of the same month, the Countess of Huntingdon, at Brighton, had all her chaplains around her, and Whitefield re-opened her ladyship's enlarged chapel, in that town, by preaching, to a crowded congregation, from "Grow in grace, and in the knowledge of the Lord and

¹ Whitefield's Works, vol. iii., p. 344.

² Ibid.

³ Wesley's Journal.

Saviour Jesus Christ: to Him be glory both now and for ever. Amen."¹

In April, Whitefield set out for Norwich, and visited Rowland Hill and his Society, at Cambridge, on his way."² A month later, he was introduced to a young clergyman, who, afterwards, became famous. Richard de Courcy was

the descendant of an ancient and respectable family in Ireland, and was distantly related to Lord Kinsale. He had been educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and, at the age of twenty-three, had received deacon's orders, and become curate of the Rev. Walter Shirley. Being invited to preach in St. Andrew's Church, Dublin, his fame brought a crowded congregation. Whilst the prayers were being read, and because the young preacher was a reputed Methodist, the pulpit was seized by order of the metropolitan, Dr. Arthur Smythe, and De Courcy was not allowed to enter it. Upon this, he immediately left the church; the congregation followed him; and, mounting a tombstone, he at once commenced preaching in the open air. This was a crime too great to be forgiven. The bishop refused to ordain him priest. Shirley wrote to the Countess of Huntingdon, and, at her request, De Courcy came to England, expecting, by the help of her ladyship, to obtain ordination by an English bishop. On arriving in London, he immediately called on Whitefield at the Tabernacle House. Whitefield being told who he was, took off his cap, and bending towards De Courcy, and, at the same time placing his hand on the deep scar in his head, said, "Sir, this wound I got in your country for preaching Christ." De Courcy was captivated, and became Whitefield's guest, Cornelius Winter being charged to take care of him. The next day, which was Sunday, the young Hibernian preached in Tottenham Court Road chapel, and, by his sermon, laid the foundation of his future popularity. Whitefield and he became ardent friends.³

About the middle of the month of May, Whitefield set out for the west of England and Wales. His progress will

¹ "Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon," vol. i., p. 379.

² Whitefield's Works, vol. iii., p. 344; and "Life of Rev. Rowland Hill," p. 29.

³ "Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon," vol. ii., p. 158.

517

be best told by extracts from his letters. On arriving at Rodborough, where his old assistant, Thomas Adams, lived and preached, he wrote to Mr. Keen as follows:—

“Rodborough, May 13, 1767. My new horse failed the first night; but, through mercy, we got here last evening. I was regaled with the company of some simple-hearted, first-rate old Methodists, of near thirty years’ standing. God willing, I am to preach to-morrow morning, and to have a general sacrament on Friday evening. Perhaps, I may move after Sunday towards Wales; but, I fear, I shall be obliged to take post-horses. I care not, so that I can ride post to heaven. Hearty love to all who are posting thither, hoping myself to arrive first. This tabernacle often groans under the weight of my feeble labours. O when shall I be unclothed! When, O my God, shall I be clothed upon! But I am a coward, and want to be housed before the storm.”

A week after this, he reached Gloucester, where he spent several days, and wrote as follows:—

“Gloucester, May 20, 1767. We have had good seasons at Rodborough. I have been out twice in the fields. Lady Huntingdon has been wonderfully delighted. She and her company lay at Rodborough House. Dear Mr. Adams is about to be married to a good Christian nurse. He is sickly in body, but healthy in soul.”

“Gloucester, May 21, 1767. I have preached twice in the open air. Thousands and thousands attended. I am about to preach here this morning, in my native city. On Sunday I hope to take to Rodborough wood again. Good Lady Huntingdon and her company were wonderfully delighted. They honoured dear Mr. Adams’s house with their presence. He is but poorly, and wants a nurse. Perhaps, before next Sunday, he may be married to a simple-hearted, plain, good creature, who has waited upon him and the preachers near twenty years. She has no fortune, but is one who, I think, will take care of, and be obedient to him, for Christ’s sake.”

“Gloucester, May 25, 1767. I am just setting out in a post-chaise for Haverfordwest; and I have therefore drawn upon you” (Mr. Keen) “for £20. This is expensive; but it is for One who has promised not to send us a warfare on our own charges. We had a most blessed season yesterday. Thousands and thousands heard, saw, and felt. Mr. Adams preached in the evening, on ‘The Lord is my portion, therefore will I trust in Him.’ A good text for a new-married man. I have advised him to preach next on these words, ‘The Lord’s portion is His people.’ He is now here.”

“Haverfordwest, May 31, 1767, Sunday. I am just come from my field-throne. Thousands and thousands attended by eight in the morning. Life and light seemed to fly all around. On Tuesday, God willing, I am to preach at Woodstock; on Friday, at Pembroke; here again next

Sunday; and then for England. Rooms are not so lofty or large, prospects not so pleasant, bedsteads not so easy, in these parts, as in some

518

places in or near London; but all are good enough for young and old—pilgrims who have got good breath. I have been pushing dear sick Mr. Davies to go out and preach six miles off. He is gone finely mounted, and, I am persuaded, will return in high spirits. Who knows but preaching may be our grand catholicon again? This is the good, Methodistical, thirty-year-old medicine.”

“Gloucester, June to, 1767. Blessed be God, I am got on this side the Welsh mountains! Blessed be God, I have been on the other side! What a scene last Sunday!¹ What a cry for more of the bread of life! But I was quite worn down. I am now better than could be expected. Tomorrow, God willing, my wife shall know what route I take. O when shall I begin to live to Jesus, as I would! I want to be a flame of fire.”

A week after this, Whitefield was in London. During his absence, he had tried to secure the services of Fletcher of Madeley, and Fletcher’s reply to his application is too characteristic to be omitted:—

“MADELEY, *May 18, 1767.*

“REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—Your mentioning my poor ministrations among your congregations opens again a wound of shame that was but half healed. I feel the need of asking God, you, and your hearers’ pardon, for weakening the glorious matter of the gospel by my wretched, broken manner, and spoiling the heavenly power of it by the uncleanness of my heart and lips. I should be glad to go and be your curate some time this year; but I see no opening, nor the least prospect of any. What between the dead and the living, a parish ties one down more than a wife. If I could go anywhere this year, it should be to Yorkshire, to accompany Lady Huntingdon, according to a design that I had half formed last year; but I fear that I shall be debarred even from this. I set out, God willing, to-morrow morning for Trevecca, to meet her ladyship there, and to show her the way to Madeley, where she proposes to stay three or four days in her way to Derbyshire. What chaplain she will have there I know not;

¹ This was Whit-Sunday. The following is from *Lloyd’s Evening Post* of June 15, 1767: “They write from Haverfordwest that, on Whit-Sunday, about eight in the morning, the Rev. Mr. Whitefield’s congregation consisted of upwards of ten thousand people.” The ensuing extracts are taken from the archives of the Moravian Church at Haverfordwest:—

“1767. May 31. Many people flocked from the country to hear Mr.

Whitefield preach. At the conclusion of his sermon, at eight in the morning, he bid the people go to anyplace of worship where Christ alone is preached. Numbers hastened to our chapel, and crowded it; and Brother Nyberg preached to them on, 'We preach Christ crucified.' Our dear Saviour was in our midst.

"June 7 (Whit-Sunday). Such a crowd came from hearing Mr. Whitefield, that we were obliged, as on Sunday last, to drop our morning meeting; and Brother Nyberg prayed the Litany in the pulpit, and preached on, 'He shall testify of me: and ye also shall bear witness.' A still greater number attended the afternoon preaching, when Brother Parminster discoursed on Proverbs i. 20-24. Amongst the hearers were four Methodist preachers."

519

God will provide. I rejoice that, though you are sure of heaven, you have still a desire to inherit the earth, by being a *peacemaker*. Somehow, you will enjoy the blessings that others may possibly refuse.

"Last Sunday seven-night, Captain Scott preached, to my congregation, a sermon, which was more blessed, though preached only upon my horse-block, than a hundred of those I preach in the pulpit. I invited him to come and treat her Ladyship next Sunday with another, now the place is consecrated. If you should ever favour Shropshire with your presence, you shall have the captain's or the parson's pulpit at your option. Many ask me whether you will not come to have some fruit here also. What must I answer them? I, and many more, complain of a stagnation in the work. What must we do? Everything buds and blossoms around us, yet our winter is not over. I thought Mr. Newton,¹ who has been three weeks in Shropshire, would have brought the turtle-dove along with him; but I could not prevail upon him to come to this poor Capernaum. I think I hardly ever met his fellow for a judicious spirit. Still, what has God done in him and in me? I am out of hell, and mine eyes have seen something of His salvation. Though I must and do gladly yield to Mr. Newton and all my brethren, yet I must and will contend, that my being in the way to heaven makes me as rich a monument of mercy, as he, or any of them.

"I am, reverend and dear sir, your willing, though halting and unworthy servant,

"JOHN FLETCHER."

Rowland Hill has been mentioned. Though not ordained, and still an undergraduate at St. John's College, Cambridge, he had begun to preach. He had also formed a small Society of his fellow-students, and was infusing into them a portion of his own ardent zeal. For these proceedings he

was bitterly assailed. His father and mother were decidedly opposed to the action he had taken. His superiors in the University condemned, in the strongest terms, what they were pleased to call his infringements of discipline; and hints were given him of a refusal of testimonials and his degree, as the probable result of his irregularities. In the midst of all this, Whitefield wrote to him as follows:—

“HAVERFORDWEST, *June 4, 1767.*

“MY DEAR PROFESSOR,—I wish you joy of the late high dignity conferred upon you—higher than if you were made the greatest professor in the University of Cambridge.² The honourable degrees you intend giving to

¹ The Rev. John Newton, who, after many rebuffs, had three years before obtained ordination, and was now curate at Olney.

² The reference here is probably to the Society of Students just mentioned, and of which Rowland Hill was the *leader*. (“Life of Rev. Rowland Hill,” p. 26.)

520

your promising candidates, I trust, will excite a holy ambition, and a holy emulation. Let me know who is first honoured. As I have been admitted to the degree of doctor for near these thirty years, I assure you I like my field preferment, my airy pluralities, exceeding well.

“For these three weeks past, I have been beating up for fresh recruits in Gloucestershire and South Wales. Thousands and thousands attended. Good Lady Huntingdon was present at one of our reviews. Her ladyship’s aide-de-camp preached in Brecknock Street; and Captain Scott, that glorious field-officer, lately fixed his standard upon dear Mr. Fletcher’s horse-block at Madeley. Being invited thither, I have a great inclination to lift up the Redeemer’s ensign, next week, in the same place;—with what success, you and your dearly beloved candidates for good old Methodistical contempt shall know hereafter. God willing, I intend fighting my way up to town. Soon after my arrival thither, I hope thousands and thousands of vollies of prayers—energetic, effectual, fervent, heaven-besieging, heaven-opening, heaven-taking prayers—shall be poured forth for you all.

“Oh, my dearly beloved and longed for in the Lord, my bowels yearn towards you. Fear not to go without the camp. Keep open the correspondence between the two Universities.¹ Remember the praying legions. They were never known to yield. God bless those who are gone to their respective *cures!* I say not *livings*,—a term of too modern date. Christ is our life. Christ is the Levite’s inheritance. Greet your

dear young companions whom I saw. They are welcome to write to me when they please.

“I am, etc.,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”²

At this period, there was great excitement in the English colonies of America respecting the proposed introduction of bishops of the Established Church. The Rev. Thomas Bradbury Chandler, D.D., was now in the forty-first year of his age. He had graduated at Yale College, but, in 1751, came to England, and was episcopally ordained. He returned to America as a missionary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and became rector of St. John’s Church, at Elizabeth Town, New Jersey, where he long maintained a high character for talent and learning. In the present year, 1767, he published “An Appeal to the Public in Behalf of the Church of England in America,” and dedicated his able performance to Seeker,

¹ As will soon be seen, there was, at this time, a Society of Methodist Students at Oxford, similar to the Society at Cambridge.

² “Life of Rev. Rowland Hill,” p. 29.

521

Archbishop of Canterbury. The object of it was to secure the designation of two or more bishops, to reside and to exercise episcopal jurisdiction in the the transatlantic settlements.

He alleged that the appointment of commissaries had been a failure, and that, as a consequence, such appointments had ceased for near twenty years. The result of this was, the episcopal clergy in America had no ecclesiastical superiors to unite or to control them; they were independent of each other; and the people were free from all restraints of ecclesiastical authority. For want of bishops, candidates for the ministry had to come to England for ordination, at great hazard and expense; and, because of this, numerous congregations were without ministers. In the province of New Jersey, there were twenty-one churches and congregations, eleven of which were entirely destitute of clergymen, and there were but five to supply the pulpits of the other ten.

In Pennsylvania, there were in the city of Philadelphia three churches, and but two ministers; and, in the rest of the province, the number of the churches was twenty-six, and that of the clergy only seven. In North Carolina, there were six clergymen, to supply the wants of twenty-nine parishes, each parish containing a whole county. Another argument adduced by Dr. Chandler was “the impossibility that a bishop residing in England should be sufficiently acquainted with the characters of those coming to them for Holy Orders. To this it was owing, that ordination had been sometimes fraudulently and surreptitiously obtained by such wretches, as were not only a scandal to the Church, but a disgrace to the human species.” Dr. Chandler further stated that the white population of America numbered about three millions; and that, of these, about a third were professed members of the Church of England; “the Presbyterians, Independents, and Baptists were not so many; and the Germans, Papists, and other denominations, amounted to more.” Besides these three millions, however, there were, in the different colonies, about 840,000 negroes, most of whom “belonged to the professors of the Church of England.” And there were also the native Indians, the conversion of whom had been almost altogether neglected. It was pro-

522

posed that the “two or more bishops” to be sent should “have no authority, but purely of a spiritual and ecclesiastical nature; that they should not interfere with the property or privileges, whether civil or religious, of Churchmen or Dissenters; that, in particular, they should have no concern with the Probate of Wills, Letters of Guardianship and Administration, or Marriage Licences, nor be judges of any cases relating thereto; but that they should only ordain and govern the clergy, and administer confirmation to those who might desire it.” It was also proposed that they should be supported, not by *tithes*, but by “perquisites such as the people might freely grant them;” by the interest arising from a fund already in existence for the purpose, in connection with the Society for the Propagation of the

Gospel in Foreign Parts; and, if need were (which was not likely), by the levying of a tax at the rate of fourpence in £100.

Such was the substance of Dr. Chandler's temperate "Appeal,"—an appeal which embodied the general views and feelings of the clergy and members of the Church of England in America. Considerable excitement existed previous to its publication; but now the subject became one of the great controversies of the day. An American writer affirms that "it had more to do with the American Revolution than is generally supposed."¹ The *American Whig*, a weekly newspaper, stoutly opposed the scheme of Dr. Chandler. So also did the *Philadelphia Centinel*. Their articles on the subject were reprinted in several of the colonies; and a general agitation followed. The chief opponent, however, was Dr. Chauncy, minister in Boston, who, more than twenty years before, had made a vigorous onslaught upon Whitefield and his co-revivalists. The general apprehension was, that the taxation of the colonies, and the proposal to send them bishops, were parts of the same system, the object of which was to infringe upon the political and religious privileges of the people. Chauncy and his friends were afraid, and perhaps not without reason, that the power and influence of the government were being

¹ Dr. Hodge's "History of the Presbyterian Church in America," pt. ii., p. 395.

523

used to give ascendancy to the Episcopal Church. They were angry with the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts for sending so many of their clergy to New England, where they were not wanted. At this time, there were at least five hundred and fifty educated ministers in the province, and not a town, unless just settled, without a pastor. Besides, the clergy thus sent were arrogant. They spoke of all the inhabitants of the town, in which they lived, as *their* parishioners, and as bound both by the law of God and the state to be in communion with the Church of England. Other churches were represented as mere excrescences or fungosities, and their ministers were

declared to be unauthorised, and their ordinances invalid. All this naturally created opposition among the non-episcopal churches. And, further, though Dr. Chandler professed that the bishops to be sent would be no burden to the population, the people feared it would be otherwise. Already the support of the episcopal clergy had been thrown upon the community in South Carolina, Virginia, and Maryland; and it was thought to be possible and probable that the bishops, if sent, would have to be sustained, at least in part, by the public taxes.

Amid this state of things, Whitefield commenced a correspondence with the Archbishop of Canterbury, respecting the conversion of his Orphanage into a College; and a remembrance of the facts just noticed will help to a better understanding of some parts of that correspondence. The letters are too long to be inserted *in extenso*, but their substance shall be given. They were first published in the month of May, 1768, with the title, "A Letter to his Excellency Governor Wright, giving an Account of the Steps taken relative to the converting the Georgia Orphan House into a College; together with the Literary Correspondence that passed upon that Subject between his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Reverend Mr. Whitefield. To which also is annexed the Plan and Elevation of the present and intended Buildings,² and Orphan House Lands adjacent,

¹ *Lloyd's Evening Post*, May 4, 1758.

² The "intended buildings" were thirty-two small dwellings for the

By G. Whitefield, A.M., late of Pembroke College, Oxford, and Chaplain to the Countess of Huntingdon. London, 1768." (8vo. 31 pp.)

In his letter to "Governor Wright," Whitefield mentions the deep interest which his Excellency and the Council of Georgia had taken in the scheme to convert the Orphan House into a College. He relates that, since his return to England, in 1765, he had exerted his utmost efforts to accomplish this; but various circumstances had impeded the fulfilment of his plan. He had "delivered a memorial

into the hands of the late Clerk of his Majesty's most honourable Privy Council." The memorial had been "transmitted to the Lord President;" and the Lord President had submitted it "to the consideration of his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury." He (Whitefield) had had "a literary correspondence" with his Grace; but the correspondence, and the negotiations, were now ended. He, therefore, wished to lay an account of the whole transactions before his Excellency, and the Council and Assembly of Georgia, and also before "all the other American colonists, and the public in general."

Whitefield commenced his correspondence with the Archbishop on June 17, 1767, and terminated it on February 12, 1768, within six months of his Grace's death.

He begins by reminding the Primate that the Lord President had submitted his memorial to his Grace's consideration, and that the Earl of Dartmouth had put into his hands a copy of the intended charter for the College. The Archbishop had made "judicious corrections," and had suggested that the charter should provide that the president of the College should be a member or minister of the Church of England. In reply to this, Whitefield writes:—

"I cannot in honour and conscience *oblige* the master of the Georgia College to be a member or minister of the Church of England. Such an obligation has greatly retarded the progress of the College of New York; as, on the contrary, the letter signed by your Grace, Proprietor Penn, and the late Dr. Chandler, engaging that the College of Philadelphia shall be continued on a *broad bottom*, has promoted the growth of that institution.

students, sixteen on each side of the Orphan House. Also two residences for tutors, a kitchen, and a laundry.

525

The trustees of that seminary (as your Grace is pleased to observe) have agreed 'That their provost shall always be a minister of the Established Church.' But they are not thereto enjoined by their charter. That is entirely silent concerning this matter. Their agreement is purely voluntary. The wardens of the College of Georgia will not be prohibited by charter from following the example of the trustees of the College of Philadelphia," if they choose.

“The first master will assuredly be a clergyman of the Church of England. By far the majority of the intended wardens are, and always will be, members of that communion; and, consequently, the choice of a master will always run in that channel. I also desire that some worthy duly qualified minister of that Church may be always found for this office. But, as persons of all denominations have been contributors, I dare not confine or fetter the future electors. The monies for the erecting a college in New York were given by persons of all religious persuasions, in confidence that the college would be founded on an enlarged basis; and great numbers think themselves injured by its being confined within its present contracted boundary. Hence, many fine promising youths are sent from the college in their native city to that of New Jersey. I dread giving the same occasion of offence, and, therefore, am determined to avoid it in the wording of the Georgia College charter.”

The Archbishop had further suggested that the charter should provide for the daily use of the liturgy of the Church of England in the College, and that the doctrines to be taught in it should be specified. Whitefield objected to these suggestions, and wrote:—

“For the same reasons, I dare not enjoin the daily use of our Church liturgy. I myself love to use it. I have fallen a martyr, in respect to bodily health, to the frequent reading it in Tottenham Court chapel. It has, also, been constantly read twice every Sunday in the Orphan House, from its first institution to this very day. The wardens, likewise, when the power is devolved upon them, may determine this point as they please. But I cannot enjoin it by charter; and have, therefore, in the accompanying draught, not only omitted the paragraph concerning public prayer, but also that concerning doctrinal articles.

“Your Grace further wisely observes, ‘His Majesty should be well advised, whom he names for the first master.’ I trust he will be so. I believe the Earl of Dartmouth will be so good as to present the first master to your Grace’s approbation; but, in the meanwhile, you may be assured the lot will not fall upon me. My shoulders are too weak for such an academical burden. My capacity is by no means extensive enough for such a scholastic trust. To be a Presbyter at large is the station which Divine Providence has called me to for near thirty years past. During that space, I trust my eye has been single, and my views disinterested; and my highest, my only ambition is that the last glimmerings of an

expiring taper may be blessed to guide some wandering sinners to the practical knowledge of the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls.

“I desire to bless His name, that I have been spared long enough to see the colony of the once-despised Georgia, and the yet more despised Orphan House, advanced to such a promising height. My honoured friend and father, good Bishop Benson, from his dying bed, sent me a benefaction for it of ten guineas, and poured forth his dying breathings for its future prosperity. That your Grace may be instrumental in promoting its welfare, when turned into a College, is the earnest prayer of, etc.,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”

On July 1, the Archbishop acknowledged the receipt of Whitefield’s letter, and stated that he had put Whitefield’s draught of a charter for the College into the hands of the Lord President, who had promised to consider it, but, meanwhile, desired to know how Whitefield proposed to endow the College. Whitefield replied to this three days afterwards to the following effect:—

“The present annual income of the Orphan House is between four and five hundred pounds sterling. The house is surrounded with 1,800 acres of land. The number of negroes employed on this land, in sawing timber, raising rice for exportation, and corn, with all other provisions for the family, is about thirty. The College will also be immediately possessed of 2,000 acres of land near Altamaha, which were granted me by the Governor and Council, when I was last in Georgia; and 1,000 acres more, left, as I am informed, by the late Rev. Mr. Zububuhler.¹ By laying out £1,000 in purchasing an additional number of negroes, and allowing another £1,000 for repairing the house and building the two intended wings, the present annual income may easily and speedily be augmented to £1,000 per annum.

“Out of this standing fund may be paid the salaries of the master, professors, tutors, etc., and also small exhibitions be allowed for orphans or other poor students, who may have their tutorage and room-rent gratis, and act as servitors to those who enter commoners.

“At present, I would only further propose, that the negro children, belonging to the College, shall be instructed, in their intervals of labour, by one of the poorer students, as is done now by one of the scholars in the present Orphan House. And I do not see why provision may not likewise be made for educating and maintaining a number of Indian

children, which, I imagine, may easily be procured from the Creeks, Choctaws, Cherokees, and the other neighbouring nations.”

Such was Whitefield's scheme. Further correspondence followed. The Lord President expressed the opinion that

¹ The Rev. Mr. Zububuhler was the rector of Savannah. (“Memoirs of Rev. Cornelius Winter,” p. 109.)

527

the head of the College must be a member of the Church of England, and that “the public prayers in the College should not be extempore ones, but the liturgy of the Church, or some part thereof, or some other settled and established form.” Whitefield's reply is dated, “Tottenham Court, October 16, 1767.” He again objected to any clause being inserted in the charter, making it *obligatory* that the head of the College should be a member of the Established Church. He reminded the Archbishop that “by far the greatest part of the Orphan House collections and contributions came from *Dissenters*, not only in New England, New-York, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, and Scotland, but in England also.” He stated that, since the announcement of the design to turn the Orphan House into a College, and of the approval of that project by the Governor, Council, and Assembly of Georgia, he had visited most of the places where the benefactors of the Orphan House resided, and had frequently been asked, “Upon what bottom the College was to be founded?” To these enquiries he had answered, indeed, he had declared from the pulpit, that “it should be upon a *broad bottom, and no other.*” He then continues:—

“This being the case, I would humbly appeal to the Lord President, whether I can answer it to my God, my conscience, my king, my country, my constituents, and Orphan House benefactors and contributors, both at home and abroad, to betray my trust, forfeit my word, act contrary to my own convictions, and greatly retard and prejudice the growth and progress of the institution, by narrowing its foundation, and thereby letting it fall upon such a bottom, as will occasion general disgust, and most justly open the mouths of persons of all denominations against me. This is what I dare not do.”

Whitefield concludes by telling the Archbishop, that, as the influence of his Grace, and of the Lord President, “will

undoubtedly extend itself to others of His Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council," he will not trouble them again about the business, but will himself "turn the charity into a more generous and extensively useful channel."

Thus the matter ended. Whitefield tried to convert his Orphan House into a College; but, because the Lord President of the Privy Council, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, insisted that it should practically be an institution of the

528

Church of England, by insisting that its provost should be a member of that Church, his design, together with that of the governor and rulers of Georgia, was frustrated. He was well aware, that, in the present state of excited feeling among the non-episcopalians of America, it would have been worse than useless to turn his Orphanage into a Church of England College. His decision was, at once, just and prudent. When the correspondence with the Archbishop was concluded, Whitefield wrote as follows "To his Excellency James Wright, Esq., Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of the Province of Georgia":—

"Thus, may it please your Excellency, concluded my correspondence with his Grace; and, I humbly hope, the Province of Georgia will, in the end, be no loser by this negotiation. For, I now purpose to superadd a public academy to the Orphan House, as the College of Philadelphia¹ was constituted a public academy, as well as charitable school, for some time before its present college charter was granted in 1755."

Whitefield then suggests that the Orphan House estate, which, for three years, had been neglected, should be vigorously improved, so as to make permanent provision for the maintenance of indigent orphans, and to convert the Orphan House itself into a suitable academy for opulent students. He proposes to send from England proper masters to "prepare for academical honours the many youths, in Georgia and the adjacent provinces, waiting for admission." He expresses his willingness to settle the whole estate upon trustees, with the proviso, that no opportunity should be neglected "of making fresh application for a college charter, upon a *broad bottom*, whenever those in power might think it for the glory of God, and the interest of their king and country, to grant

the same.” And he concludes by hoping, that, in this way, his “beloved Bethesda will not only be continued as a house of mercy for poor orphans, but will be confirmed as a seat and nursery of sound learning and religious education, to the latest posterity.”

On Whitefield’s return to London, in the month of June,

¹ Whitefield subjoins a note to this, saying, “This college was originally built, above twenty-eight years ago, for a charity school, and preaching place for me, and ministers of various denominations, on the bottom of the doctrinal article? of the Church of England.”

529

he continued his correspondence with Rowland Hill. The latter had left Cambridge, for the long vacation, and had returned to Hawkstone, the residence of his father. Here he was warmly welcomed by Richard, his elder brother, who, like himself, had lately become a village preacher, and a visitor of prisons; but his parents were profoundly grieved at his religious irregularities; and his walks, amid the beautiful scenery of his father’s grounds, were often sorrowful. To cheer him and his brother, Whitefield wrote as follows:—

“LONDON, July 14, 1767.

“Blessed be God, for what he has done for your dear brother! A preaching, prison-preaching, field-preaching esquire strikes more than all black gowns and lawn sleeves in the world. If I am not mistaken, God will let the world, and His own children too, know that He will not be prescribed to, in respect to men, or garbs, or places, much less will He be confined to any order, or set of men under heaven. I wish you both much, very much, prosperity. You will have it. This is the way: walk in it. Both the Tabernacle and the chapel pulpits shall be open to a captain or an esquire sent of God. The good news from Oxford is encouraging.’ Say what they will, preaching should be one part of the education of a student in divinity. *Usus promfitos facit*. Write often and let me know how you go on. What says your friend Mr. Powys. God bless him, and help him to go forwards!”²

A week later, Whitefield wrote again:—

“London, July 21, 1767. I hope, ere this comes to hand, you will have taken your second degree. A good degree indeed! To be a preacher,—a young preacher,—a mobbed, perhaps, a stoned preacher,—O what an honour! How many prayers will you get, when I read your letter at the Tabernacle! And the prayers of so many dear children of God will do

you no hurt. When we are fighting with Amalek below, it is good to have a Joshua praying for us above. Jesus is our Joshua—Jesus is our intercessor. He liveth, He ever liveth to make intercession, especially for His young soldiers. Yonder, yonder He sits! Whilst praying, He reaches out a crown. At this distance, you may see written in capital letters, ‘*Vincenti dabo.*’ All a gift—a free gift, though purchased by His precious blood. Tell churchmen, tell meetings, tell the wounded, tell all of this. Tell them when you are young; you may not live to be old. Tell them whilst you are an undergraduate; you may be dead, buried, glorified, before you take a college degree. Tell those who would have you spare

¹ Rowland Hill had called at Oxford, on his way home, and had a profitable meeting with the Methodist students there. (“Life of Rev. R. Hill,” p. 31.)

² “Life of Rev. R. Hill,” p. 32.

530

yourself, that time is short, that eternity is endless, that the Judge is before the door. God bless you! God bless you! Yours in Jesus,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”

Before proceeding with Whitefield’s history, extracts from three other letters, to Rowland Hill, may be welcome:—

“London, August 6, 1767. The enclosed made me pity, smile, and rejoice: pity the writer’s ignorance, smile at his worn-out sarcasms, and rejoice that you are called to be a living martyr for our common Lord. Fear not; only go forward. You know Jesus, and, by preaching, will know more. If you write, let him know that Jesus has revealed Himself not only *to* you by His word, but *in* you by His spirit; that you look upon those whom he is pleased to term *fanatics*, as the excellent of the earth; and that you choose rather to suffer reproach with them, than to enjoy all the pleasures of sense, and all the preferments in the world.”

“London, August 8, 1767. God be praised, if another of your brothers is gained! What grace is this! Four or five out of one family! It is scarcely to be paralleled. Who knows but the root, as well as the branches, may be taken by and by. Steadiness and perseverance, in the children, will be one of the best means, under God, of convincing the parents. Their present opposition, I think, cannot last very long. If it does, to obey God rather than man, when forbidden to do what is undoubted duty, is the invariable rule. Our dear Penty¹ is under the cross at Cambridge; but *crescit sub pondere*. I should be glad if any one’s exhibition was taken from him for visiting the sick, etc.² It would vastly tend to the furtherance of the Gospel; but Satan sees too far, I imagine,

to play such a game now. Let him do his work—he is only a mastiff chained. Continue to inform me how he barks, and how far he is permitted to go in your parts; and God’s people shall be more and more stirred up to pray for you all, by yours, in our all-conquering Emmanuel,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”³

“London, August 26, 1767. Go to Jesus. Learn to pray of the threatened apostles. (Acts iv. 23–30.) I am afraid they will only threaten—If an expulsion should be permitted, it will take place, I believe, only for a little time, and will soon be repented of. Thousands of prayers were put up for you last Monday, at the Tabernacle letter-day. The verses sung were these:—

‘Give him thy strength, O God of pow’r!
Then, let men rage and devils roar,
Thy faithful witness he s. all be:
'Tis fixed, he can do all through Thee.’”

¹ Thomas Pentycross, who soon after became an earnest and useful clergyman of the Church of England.

² This was threatened in the case of one of Rowland Hill’s college friends. (“Life of Rev. R. Hill,” p. 34).

³ “Life of Rev. R. Hill,” p. 34.

531

While Whitefield was acquiring new friends, he was faithful to his old. The friendship between him and Wesley was never tenderer than now. During the month of August, Wesley held his annual Conference, in London, and wrote:—

“1767, August 18. Tuesday. I met in Conference with our assistants and a select number of preachers. To these were added, on Thursday and Friday, Mr. Whitefield, Howell Harris, and many stewards and local preachers. Love and harmony reigned from the beginning to the end.”¹

Such a re-union of old friends, fellow-labourers, and fellow-sufferers, must have been delightful. A trio, like Wesley, Whitefield, and Howell Harris, was a sight worth seeing,—three great reformers, because three great revivers of pure and undefiled religion.

In reference to this Conference, Thomas Olivers remarks:—

“Mr. Whitefield not only attended the Conference, but also invited the preachers to the Tabernacle, ordered them to be placed round the front of his galleries, and preached a good sermon, to encourage them in their holy calling. When he had done, he took them to his house, by ten or

twenty at a time, and entertained them in the most genteel, the most hospitable, and the most friendly manner.”

Olivers, who was one of the preachers thus entertained, continues:—

“While Mr. Whitefield lived, he was glad to confirm his love to the members of Mr. Wesley’s Societies, by preaching in their chapels, by sitting at their tables, by lying in their beds, and by conversing with them, late and early, in the most friendly and Christian manner. When he preached in Mr. Wesley’s pulpits, in the north of England, he several times did me the honour of making my house his home. On all such occasions, multitudes can tell what expressions of the highest esteem he frequently made use of, in exhorting Mr. Wesley’s Societies; in keeping lovefeasts, and watch-nights with them; in his table talk; and as he travelled with them by the way. Nay, strange as it may seem, he has been known to say, that he found *more Christian freedom* among Mr. Wesley’s people than he did among his own in London. As to the preachers in connexion with Mr. Wesley, these have frequently received very great marks of Mr. Whitefield’s esteem. In private, he conversed with them, as with *brethren* and *fellow-labourers*. In public, he frequently said far greater things in their favour than Mr. Wesley thought it prudent to say. He never seemed happier than when he had a number of them about him. When he had opportunity, he gladly attended our Conferences; sometimes *listening* to our debates, and at others *joining* in

¹ Wesley’s Journal.

532

them. On these occasions, he more than once favoured us with a suitable sermon; and often said such things in our behalf, as decency forbids me to mention.”¹

A testimony like this from a man of great acuteness, and inflexible veracity, is more than ordinarily valuable. Immediately after Wesley’s Conference, Whitefield was anxious to make another of his gospel tours. Writing to his old assistant, Thomas Adams, on August 14, he says:—

“I have been sick; but, blessed be God! I am better. Who knows but I may be strengthened to take a trip to Scotland. This itch after itinerating, I hope, will never be cured till we come to heaven. Though laymen occupy the pulpits, both at Tottenham Court chapel and the Tabernacle, the congregations increase. ‘Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.’ No weapon, formed against

Sion, shall or can prosper. Our Thursday morning six o'clock lecture at the Tabernacle is crowded."

Whitefield was not able to extend his "trip" as far as Scotland; but he travelled what he called his "northern circuit," reaching, at least, from Sheffield to Newcastle. He started about the beginning of September, and, on his way, preached at Northampton and Sheffield. He arrived at Leeds on Thursday, September 10,² accompanied by the Countess of Huntingdon. Here, they were joined by Captain Scott, who preached to amazing crowds.³

From Leeds, Whitefield proceeded further north. He preached at York; and, among many other curious entries in the old book of the Methodist Society in that city, is the following: "1767. September 16. By expenses on account of the Rev. Mr. Whitefield, 14s. 9d."

On reaching Newcastle, he wrote, as follows, to Mr. Keen:—

"NEWCASTLE, *September 20, 1767.*

"MY DEAR, VERY DEAR FRIEND,—Preaching and travelling prevent writing. Through unmerited mercy, I am well; but, for several reasons, I decline going to Scotland this fall. I have a blessed Methodist field, street-preaching plan before me. This afternoon, in the Castle Garth. To-morrow, Sunderland. Next day, at Mr. Romaine's mother's door (at Hartlepool.)⁴ "Then to Yarm, etc. You may venture to direct for me

¹ "Rod for a Reviler. By Thomas Olivers, 1777," p. 58.

² Whitefield's Works, vol. iii., p. 352.

³ "Life and Times of Countess of Huntingdon," vol. i., p. 299.

⁴ *Ibid.*, vol. i., p. 291.

at Air. William Shent's, peruke-maker, at Leeds; but send me no bad 167 news, unless absolutely necessary. Let me enjoy myself in my delightful itinerancy. It is good, both for my body and soul. I have been enabled to preach in the street at several places; and hope to go to Guisborough, Whitby, Scarborough, Malton, York, Leeds, Liverpool, Chester, Manchester, etc., etc. You shall know particulars as we go on. Tender love to all friends. Golden seasons! Golden seasons! Grace! Grace!"

Immediately after Whitefield's departure from London, Bartholomew Carrol and three other burglars broke into his house, stole a large quantity of linen and other articles, were

arrested, and committed for trial at the Old Bailey.¹ In the following letter to Mr. Keen, Whitefield refers to this unpleasantness:—

“Thirsk, September 28, 1767. Never was I so long a stranger to London affairs before. What part of the paragraph is true, about the commitment of several persons for a certain robbery? I hope that death will not be the consequence to any of the criminals. Father, convict, and convert them for Thy infinite mercy’s sake! I should be glad to ramble till their trial is over. I trust there will be no necessity of my appearing in person. To-morrow, God willing, I go to Dr. Conyers.² He earnestly desires to see me. Where the next remove will be, I know not. Be pleased to direct to Leeds. Every stage, more and more, convinces me, that old Methodism is the thing. Hallelujah!”

Two days after the date of this letter, Whitefield was at Leeds, and wrote: “I have been enabled to go forth into the highways and hedges, into the streets and lanes of the towns and cities. Good old work! Good old seasons! Help, help to praise Him, whose mercy endureth for ever!” Whitefield’s labours were still of sufficient importance to attract the attention of the public press. *Lloyd’s Evening Post* of October 2 had the following announcement: “For about a fortnight past, the Rev. Mr. Whitefield has been travelling, and preaching, at York, Thirsk, Yarm, Hartlepool, Stokesley, Sunderland, and Newcastle, where his congregations have been very numerous.”

Whitefield was requested to visit Fletcher at Madeley, but the distance, and the season of the year, deterred his going. He, however, spent two or three days at Huddersfield,³ with

¹ *Lloyd’s Evening Post*, September 21, 1767.

² The Rev. Richard Conyers, LL.D., vicar of Helmsley, another earnest Methodist clergyman.

³ Whitefield’s Works, vol. iii., p. 356; and “Life and Times of Countess of Huntington,” vol. i., p. 299; and “Life of Rev. Henry Venn,” p. 134.

Venn, who had recently lost his wife by death. While in Venn’s home of sorrow, he wrote:—

“Huddersfield, October 6, 1767. How is death scattering his arrows all around us? The call to us is loud, very loud. Its language is quite articulate. ‘Watch and pray, for ye know not at what day or hour the Son of Man cometh.’ What is this world? Nothing, less than nothing.

What is the other world? An eternity of endless misery or endless bliss. We have no time to trifle, to be light, foolish, or worldly-minded.”

It ought to be kept in mind, that, in all the towns mentioned in the foregoing extracts, Wesley and his preachers had already formed Societies, and that Whitefield went among them, not as Wesley’s rival, but as his helper. For many years, in his country excursions, Whitefield, without ostentatiously professing it, acted in this capacity,—an important fact, which Whitefield’s biographers, for some reason, have not noticed. Whitefield and Wesley were never firmer friends than now. Writing to Mrs. Moon, of Yarm, a few weeks after Whitefield’s return to London, Wesley says:—

“In every place where Mr. Whitefield has been, he has laboured in the same friendly, Christian manner. God has indeed effectually broken down the wall of partition which was between us. Thirty years ago we were one; then the sower of tares rent us asunder; but now a stronger than he has made us one again.”¹

On reaching London, Whitefield, in a jubilant strain, wrote to his old helper, Thomas Adams:—

“LONDON, *October 12, 1767.*

“MY VERY DEAR TOMMY,—Good-morrow! This comes to enquire how you and yours do. I am just returned from my northern circuit. It has been pleasant, and, I trust, profitable. Praise the Lord, O our souls! Everywhere the fields have been white, ready unto harvest. I am become a downright street and field preacher. I wish the city, and want of riding, may not hurt me. No nestling, no nestling on this side Jordan. Heaven is the believer’s only resting place. Mr. Joss has been much blessed here.”

If possible, Whitefield was more popular than ever, as the following extract from *Lloyd’s Evening Post*, of October 30, will tend to show:—

“Wednesday morning, October 28, was preached, by the Rev. Mr.

¹ Wesley’s Works, vol. xii., p. 253.

Whitefield, at his Tabernacle near Moorfields, a sermon, for the benefit of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge among the Poor, by distributing Bibles and other good books, before a very polite audience of

upwards of six thousand people, and above forty ministers of different persuasions. Near £200 was collected.”¹

In reference to this remarkable service, on a busy week-day morning, Whitefield simply says: “I would reflect upon Wednesday with humility and gratitude. Lord, what am I? ‘Less than the least of all,’ must be my motto still.”

Whitefield’s text on this occasion was “Thy kingdom come.” The collection was four times larger than usual, and eighty persons became new subscribers. After his sermon, Whitefield dined with the ministers present at Draper’s Hall, and was treated with great respect.²

The troubles of Rowland Hill and his associates, at Cambridge, have been repeatedly mentioned, and are alluded to in the following letter, addressed “To the Rev. Mr. Fletcher, Rector of Madeley, near Bridgenorth, Shropshire”:—

“London, October 22, 1767. What more offences! Surely, my dear friend, you must have done Satan some late harm; otherwise, I think, he would not be so angry. I hope he has lost some ground in the north. Street and field-preaching were made very pleasant to me, and, I trust, they were equally profitable. Our truly noble Lady Sussex sends good news from Bath. She recovers strength apace. There is hot work at Cambridge. One dear youth is likely to be expelled. Mr. Lee is suspended without private admonition, or having a moment’s warning. What would become of us, if a hook were not put into the leviathan’s jaws? Adieu! In great haste, but greater love, I hasten to subscribe myself, my dear sir, yours in our all-conquering Emmanuel,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”³

The storm, which, in one of the universities, burst a few months afterwards, was already brewing. The Methodist students, both at Cambridge and Oxford, were in trouble; and Whitefield did his best to comfort and encourage them. Hence the following extracts from his letters, written at this period:—

“London, October 23, 1767. By your brother’s letter, it appears the

¹ A foot-note, in Whitefield’s Works, vol. iii., p. 360, says the collection amounted to £105 13s.

² Gillies’ “Life of Whitefield.”

³ MS. Letter.

536

hour of expulsion is not yet come. Surely they will not be so imprudent, or act so contrary to the laws of English liberty. I long to know what statutes they say you have broken, and what concessions have been made. Your diocesan will make a strict enquiry. I wish you could recollect all circumstances; the rise and progress of the present contest; with all the various pleadings, threats, conferences, *pro* and *con*. If confined to college, this will be a good exercise for you. You may lodge it in court, as a proof whether you understand to write plain English, or sound, practical, experimental divinity. This can do you no harm; it may do good. Do, therefore, set about it. Who knows? Sauls may yet become Pauls."

"London, October 24, 1767. Supposing you made this addition to the motto of your coat of arms,—'*Nemo me impune lacessit?*' He who toucheth God's people, toucheth the apple of His eye. That is a very tender part. I am glad your diocesan is expected soon. I have no expectation of his beating a retreat. 'To arms! to arms!' must be the watchword now. The company of the Son of Man is never so sweet as when He walks with us in the fiery furnace. Nothing can stand before an honest, truly Israelitish heart. Those who endeavour to entangle Christ's followers in their talk, will, in the end, be entangled themselves."

"London, November 14, 1767. All know my mind. Go forward, I think, is the royal word of command. We may then indeed have a Red Sea to pass through; but the threatening waves shall become a wall on the right hand and on the left. I am ashamed to find so many silenced by mere *bruta fulmina*."

"London, December 1, 1767. You meet like apostles now; but, when they met between the time of our Lord's death and resurrection, what trouble did they endure, for fear of the Jews? But be not discouraged. Continue instant in prayer. A risen, an ascended Jesus, will yet appear in the midst of you, renew your commission, and endue you with power from on high. O think of this, ye little college of cast-outs! Do not deny Him in any wise."

On the day the last extract was written, the Earl of Buchan died at Bath. For some time, his lordship had been in declining health. In Bath, as long as his health permitted, he was a most regular attendant at the chapel of the Countess of Huntingdon, and was in the constant habit of hearing Whitefield, Wesley, Romaine, Shirley, Venn, Townsend, Fletcher, and other Methodist clergymen,

who supplied the pulpit there. His death was most triumphant. A few days before its occurrence, Lady Huntingdon went to see him, at his particular request. As soon as he could speak, he said: "I have no foundation of hope whatever, but in the sacrifice of the Son of God. I have nowhere else to look,—nothing else to depend upon for eternal life; but my confidence in Him is as firm as a rock." Among his

537

last sayings, were the words, "Happy! happy! happy!" Thus,

—"on his dying lips,
The sound of glory quiver'd."

"His lordship's departure," wrote Lady Huntingdon, "was not only happy, but triumphant and glorious."

The event, to these grand old Methodists, was too important to pass unimproved. Whitefield was summoned from London; and, for five days, in the chapel of the Countess of Huntingdon, a series of services were held, which, probably, have no parallel. "The corpse of the late Earl of Buchan," says *Lloyd's Evening Post*, of December 16, "lay in state, at the Countess of Huntingdon's chapel, from Sunday to Thursday night. Two sermons on the occasion were preached each day by the Rev. Mr. Whitefield and others."

The story, however, will be best told in the words of Whitefield himself. To the Reverend Walter Shirley, Whitefield wrote:—

"Bath, Tuesday, December 8, 1767. The Earl of Buchan sweetly slept in Jesus last week. His corpse lies deposited in the chapel of good Lady Huntingdon, and is not to be removed till next Friday morning. There have been public prayers and preaching twice every day. The noble relatives constantly attend, and all is more than solemn. Great numbers, of all ranks, crowd to see and hear. The Earl died like the patriarch Jacob; he laid his hands on, and blessed his children; assured them of his personal interest in Jesus; called most gloriously on the Holy Ghost; cried, 'Happy! happy!' as long as he could speak; and then—you know what followed."

In another letter, Whitefield wrote:—

“Bath, Wednesday, December 9, 1767. All has been awful, and more than awful. Last Saturday evening, before the corpse was taken from Buchan House, a word of exhortation was given, and a hymn sung, in the room where the corpse lay. The young Earl stood with his hands on the head of the coffin; the Countess Dowager on his right hand; Lady Ann and Lady Isabella on his left; and their brother Thomas¹ next to their mother, with Miss Orton, Miss Wheeler, and Miss Goddle on one side. All the domestics, with a few friends, were on the other. The word of exhortation² was received with great solemnity, and most wept under the

¹ Afterwards ennobled as Baron Erskine and Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain.

² Doubtless by Whitefield himself.

538

parting prayer. At ten, the corpse was removed to good Lady Huntingdon’s chapel, where it was deposited (within a place railed in for that purpose), covered with black baize and the usual funeral concomitants, except escutcheons.

“On Sunday morning all attended, in mourning, at early sacrament. They were seated by themselves, at the feet of the corpse; and, with their head servants, received first, and a particular address was made to them. Immediately after receiving, these verses were sung for them:—

‘Our lives, our blood, we here present,
If for Thy truths they may be spent;
Fulfil Thy sovereign counsel, Lord,—
Thy will be done, Thy name ador’d!

Give them Thy strength, O God of pow’r!
Then let men rave or devils roar,
Thy faithful witnesses they’ll be;
’Tis fixed—they can do all through Thee.’

Then they received this blessing: ‘The Lord bless you and keep you! The Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon you! The Lord cause His face to shine upon you, and give you peace!’ and so returned to their places. Sacrament being ended, the noble mourners returned to good Lady Huntingdon’s house, which was lent them for the day.

“At eleven, public service began. The bereaved relations sat in order within, and the domestics around the outside of the rail. The chapel was more than crowded. Near three hundred tickets, signed by the present Earl, were given out to the nobility and gentry, to be admitted. All was hushed and solemn. Proper hymns were sung, and I preached on these

words, 'I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.' Attention sat on every face, and deep and almost universal impressions were made.

"The like scene, and if possible more solemn, was exhibited in the evening; and I was enabled to preach a second time. A like power attended the word, as in the morning.

"Ever since, there has been public service and preaching twice a day. This is to be continued till Friday morning. Then all is to be removed to Bristol, in order to be shipped for Scotland. The inscription on the coffin runs thus:—

"His life was honourable,
 His death blessed;
 He sought earnestly peace with God;—
 He found it,
 With unspeakable joy,
 Alone in the merits of Christ Jesus,
 Witnessed by the Holy Spirit to his soul.
 He yet speaketh:
 'Go thou, and do likewise.'"

These were strange scenes, but who can find fault with

539

them? And who can estimate their permanent influence upon the eleventh Earl of Buchan, and upon his illustrious brother, then only seventeen years of age, but afterwards Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain?

Whitefield continued preaching at Bath, Bristol, and Kingswood, till December 21, when he set out for London. Meanwhile, the young Earl of Buchan had also come to town, from his father's funeral in Scotland, and, at once, associated himself with Lord and Lady Dartmouth, Mrs. Carteret, Mrs. Cavendish, and a numerous circle of distinguished persons, the friends of Whitefield and the Methodists. Whitefield refers to this, in the following letter to the Rev. John Gillies:—

"London, December 28, 1767. The present noble Earl of Buchan, I believe, has got the blessing. He seems to determine to know nothing but Jesus Christ, and Him crucified. He has behaved in the most delicate manner to the Countess, and other noble survivors. He stands here in town against all opposition, like an impregnable rock; and I humbly

hope will prove the Daniel of the age. He has already been thrown into a den of lions; but he has One with him, who stops the lions' mouths. You will encourage all God's people to pray for him. What if you wrote him a line? I am sure it will be taken kindly; for I know he honours and loves you much.

"I am now fifty-three years old. Did you ever hear of such a fifty-three years' old barren fig-tree? So much digging, so much dunging; and yet so little fruit. God be merciful to me a sinner! A sinner! A sinner! A sinner! He is merciful! His mercy endureth for ever! He yet vouchsafes to bless my feeble labours."

The young Earl of Buchan did not disappoint Whitefield's hopes concerning him. Besides maintaining the dignity of the Scottish peerage, and becoming an ardent lover and promoter of literature and the fine arts, he made a public avowal of his religious principles; and, though this drew down upon him the laugh and lash of wits and witlings, he defied their sneers, and dared "to be singularly good;" and, acting under the advice of the Countess of Huntingdon, appointed Venn, Fletcher, and Berridge to be his chaplains.¹

Benjamin Franklin, the poor printer, was now a man of great distinction. He had visited Holland, Germany, and

¹ "Life and Times of Countess of Huntingdon," vol. ii., p. 18.

540

France; and, for the last two years, had been in England. The degree of LL.D. had been conferred upon him by the three Universities of St. Andrew's, Edinburgh, and Oxford. In France Louis XV. had shown him marked attention. But, in the midst of all his honours, he still respected his old friend Whitefield. The following letter, which the great preacher addressed to Franklin, is highly characteristic of the writer:—

"TOTTENHAM COURT, *January* 21, 1768.

"My dear Doctor,—When will it suit you to have another interview? The" (Bethesda) "College affair is dormant. For above a week, I have been dethroned, by a violent cold and hoarseness. Who but would work and speak for God while it is day! 'The night cometh when no man can work.' Through rich grace, I can sing, 'O death, where is thy sting?' but only through Jesus of Nazareth. Your daughter, I find, is beginning

the world. I wish you joy from the bottom of my heart. You and I shall soon go out of it. Ere long we shall see it burst. Angels shall summon us to attend on the funeral of time; and we shall see eternity rising out of its ashes. That you and I may be in the happy number of those who, in the midst of the tremendous blaze, shall cry Amen! Hallelujah! is the hearty prayer of, my dear Doctor,

“Yours, etc.,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”¹

Not long after this, Franklin wrote to Whitefield respecting the disturbances at Boston, which resulted in the American rebellion. Though his affection for Whitefield was undoubtedly sincere, he found it difficult to conceal his scepticism even when writing to his friend. The following is an extract from his letter:—

“I am under continued apprehensions that we may have bad news from America. The sending soldiers to Boston always appeared to me a dangerous step; they could do no good, they might occasion mischief. When I consider the warm resentment of a people who think themselves injured and oppressed, and the common insolence of the soldiery who are taught to consider that people as in rebellion, I cannot but fear the consequences of bringing them together. It seems like setting up a smith’s forge in a magazine of gunpowder. I *see* with you that our affairs are not well managed by our rulers here below; I wish I could *believe* with you, that they are well attended to by those above; I rather suspect, from certain circumstances, that though the general government of the universe is well administered, our particular little affairs are perhaps below notice, and left to take the chance of human prudence or imprudence, as either may

¹ Wakeley’s “Anecdotes of Whitefield,” p. 122.

happen to be uppermost. It is, however, an uncomfortable thought, and “768 I leave it.”

No wonder that Whitefield endorsed his friend’s letter with the words, “*Uncomfortable* indeed! and, blessed be God, *unscriptural*; for we are fully assured that ‘the Lord reigneth,’ and are directed to cast *all* our care on Him, because He careth for us.”¹

Lady Huntingdon was multiplying her chapels; but none of them were episcopally consecrated. Whitefield, the Wes-

leys, Romaine, Madan, Fletcher, and other Methodist clergymen preached in them as far as they had opportunity; but, it was evident, that, without lay evangelists, the work would be impeded. Captain Scott, Captain Joss, Thomas Adams, and others rendered efficient help to Whitefield in his London chapels; but they were not sufficient to meet the growing wants of himself and the Countess. Hence, her ladyship began to make preparation for the training of converted and zealous men to supply the existing pulpits, and to extend the work. At Trevecca, not far from the residence of Howell Harris, stood an ancient structure, part of an old castle, erected in the reign of Henry II. The date over the entrance is 1176. This venerable ruin belonged to Harris, who rented it to the Countess, for the purpose of its being turned into a sort of ministerial college. The repairs were now in hand, and Harris acted as supervisor. In a letter addressed to him, she wrote:—

“London, February 22, 1768. I think the work cannot be finished, for the furniture, before June; and, therefore, conclude the opening of the school must be delayed until the end of August. I shall be glad to have an exact account of the expenses as they go on.

“What must I say of this poor city? Religion is *fashion*, not faith. Disputing and church party is the subject of all I see. Mr. Wesley and Mr. Whitefield hold up their heads above it. Sandeman principles make some noise. May my soul and spirit, life, mind, and talents, be ever devoted to Christ alone!”²

The proposal of her ladyship was to admit none into her school except such as were truly converted to God, and

¹ Belcher's "Biography of Whitefield," p. 415.

² "Brief Account of Howell Harris, Esq., 1791," p. 95; and Morgan's "Life and Times of H. Harris," p. 243.

resolved to dedicate themselves to His service. They were to be at liberty to stay three years, during which time they were to have their education gratis, with every necessary of life, and a suit of clothes once a year. Afterwards, those who desired it might enter into the ministry, either in the Established Church, or among Protestants of any other denomination. The plan for the examination of candidates

was drawn up, and approved of by Romaine, Venn, Wesley, and others; and Fletcher was fixed upon to be the president.¹

Little did the Countess think that the time was near when such a provision would become more important than either she or any of her advisers had imagined. A storm had long been gathering, in both the Oxford and Cambridge Universities; and now it burst. A correspondent of *Lloyd's Evening Post?* wrote as follows:—

“St. Edmund’s Hall is the place where a lady sends all those who have a mind to creep into Orders. The other day, several of the undergraduates of that Hall disobliged their tutor; and this one spark set their whole Methodistical foundation on fire. The tutor went immediately to their visitor, and laid open all their proceedings, upon which he appointed a meeting of the heads of houses, where seven of them, one of whom is a gentleman commoner, were accused of their several offences. One, I think, was for procuring a false testimonium;³ another for preaching in the fields before he was in orders; a letter was read publicly, which the tutor had received from a gentleman, testifying that this man had made him a very good periwig only two years before; two or three for frequenting illicit conventicles; but another was accused only of ignorance, impudence, and disobedience, and is acquitted. All the others were expelled, not only for the offences I have mentioned, but, likewise, for preaching doctrines contrary to the Church of England.”

The “lady” referred to in this letter was the Countess of Huntingdon; but there is not the slightest proof of the accusation brought against her.⁴ It might contain a modicum of truth; but the base part of the allegation was false and slanderous. The names of the undergraduates were Benjamin Kay, James Matthews, Thomas Jones, Thomas

¹ “Life and Times of Countess of Huntingdon,” vol. ii., pp. 78–81. March 25, 1768.

This was absolutely false. (*Lloyd's Evening Post*, March 30, 1768.)

⁴ A letter, in *Lloyd's Evening Post*, March 30, 1768, says it was “utterly false.”

Grove, Erasmus Middleton, and Joseph Shipman. This is not the place to relate the history of the six expelled students; but, it may be added, that, Mr. Kay was of respectable family, and an excellent scholar. Mr. Matthews,

who was charged with having been instructed by Fletcher, of Madeley, with being the associate of known Methodists, and with attending illicit conventicles, was afterwards received into Lady Huntingdon's Academy at Trevecca. Thomas Jones was the periwig-maker, but, for some time, had resided with John Newton, curate of Olney, under whose instruction he had acquired a knowledge of the Greek and Hebrew Scriptures. Besides the crime of being brought up to the trade of a hair-dresser, he was accused of praying, singing hymns, and expounding the Scriptures in private houses. After his expulsion, he was ordained, became curate of Clifton, near Birmingham, and married the sister of the poet Cowper's friend, the Lady Austin. Mr. Grove confessed to the Archbishop of Canterbury that he had been led into irregularities; the Chancellor consented to his re-admission; but the Vice-Chancellor refused; and the future history of the submissive undergraduate is unknown. Mr. Middleton was ordained in Ireland by the Bishop of Down; became curate of Romaine and Cadogan; wrote his *Biographia Evangelica*; and finally was presented to the rectory of Turvey, in the county of Bedford. Mr. Shipman, after his expulsion, was admitted to the Academy of the Countess of Huntingdon at Trevecca. His ministry was soon ended; but, at Plymouth, Bristol, Rodborough, and Haverford-west, his preaching was singularly useful. He died October 31, 1771.

The tutor, who preferred the charges against the Methodist students, was Mr. Higson, who was not always *compos mentis*, and had been treated as insane. The Vice-Chancellor was the Rev. Dr. Durell, who was the determined enemy of the accused. Their friend, the Rev. Dr. Dixon, was the principal of their college. Their judges were Drs. Durell, Randolph, Fothergill, Nowell, and Atterbury. The expulsion took place on March 11, 1768.¹

The event, as might be expected, created a national sen-

¹ "Life and Times of Countess of Huntingdon," vol. i., p. 425.

sation. A large number of persons warmly approved of the sentence of the judicial junta; among whom was the famous

Dr. Johnson. "Sir," said Johnson to his friend Boswell, "the expulsion was extremely just and proper. What have they to do at a University, who are not willing to be taught, but will presume to teach? Where is religion to be learnt but at a University? Sir, they were examined, and found to be mighty ignorant fellows." Boswell: "But was it not hard, sir, to expel them, for I am told they were good beings?" Johnson: "I believe they might be good beings, but they were not fit to be in the University of Oxford. A cow is a very good animal in the field, but we turn her out of a garden."¹ Johnson's similitude was more forcible than appropriate; but, even admitting that, in a literary point of view, the expelled were not fit for the University, it may be asked, who were responsible for their admission? Really, their only crimes were, that some of them had been ignobly bred, and all of them had sung, and prayed, and read the Scriptures in private houses. In this respect, they were not alone. Dr. Stillingfleet, Fellow of Merton College, and afterwards Prebendary of Worcester; Mr. Foster, of Queen's College; Mr. Pugh, of Hertford College; Mr. Gordon, of Magdalen; Mr. Clark, of St. John's; and Mr. Halward, of Worcester College, had done just the same; but these were gentlemen whom it would have been somewhat perilous to treat with the same collegiate tyranny that was exercised towards the humble undergraduates who were ignominiously expelled.

The latter, however, were not without friends. Rowland Hill and his Methodist associates, Pentycross, Simpson, Robinson, and others, at Cambridge, were in intimate communion with them; and Rowland Hill's brother, afterwards Sir Richard Hill, became their principal defender. He published his "*Pietas Oxoniensis*." (8vo. 85 pp.); which was answered by Dr. Nowell, principal of St. Mary's Hall. Other pamphlets, *pro et con*, were issued, too numerous to be mentioned here; but Whitefield's must have attention. It was the last he published, and was entitled, "A Letter to the

¹ "Boswell's Life of Johnson."

545

Reverend Dr. Durell, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford; occasioned by a late Expulsion of Six Students from Edmund Hall. By George Whitefield, M.A., late of Pembroke College, Oxford; and Chaplain to the Countess of Huntingdon." (8vo., 50 pp.) The "Letter" was dated, "London, April 12, 1768," and was one of Whitefield's most spirited productions. In reply to "one article of impeachment, namely, that some of" the six expelled students "were of trades before they entered the University," he reminded the Vice-Chancellor that there was no "evil or crime worthy of expulsion" in this, for "God took David from the sheep-fold;" "David's Lord had for his reputed father a carpenter, and, in all probability, worked at the trade of a carpenter Himself;" He "chose poor fishermen to be His apostles;" and St. Paul "laboured with his own hands, and worked at the trade of a tent-maker."

In reference to the charge of using extempore prayer, Whitefield argued, that, though the "English liturgy is one of the most excellent forms of public prayer in the world," yet no form "can possibly suit every particular case." Besides, said he, "what great sinners must they have been, who prayed, in an extempore way, before any forms of prayer existed? The prayers we read of in Scripture,—the prayers which opened and shut heaven, the effectual, fervent, energetic prayers of those righteous and holy men of old, which availed so much with God, were all of an extempore nature. And I am apt to believe, if, not only our students and ministers, but private Christians, were born from above, and taught of God, as those wrestlers with God were, they would want forms of prayer no more than they did."¹ "The crime of using extempore prayer is not so much as mentioned in any of our law books; and, therefore, a crime for which, it is to be hoped, no student will hereafter be summoned to appear at the bar of any of the reverend doctors of divinity, or heads of houses in the University of Oxford." "It is also to be hoped that as some

¹ In the Journal of his second visit to America, Whitefield remarked,

“When the spirit of prayer began to be lost, then forms of prayer were invented.” There is more truth in this than some will be willing to allow.

546

have been expelled for extempore praying, we shall hear of some being expelled for extempore swearing.”

One extract must suffice respecting the charge of “singing hymns”—

“Were the sons of the prophets more frequently to entertain themselves thus, it would be as suitable to the ministerial character as tripping up their heels, skipping and dancing at the music of a ball-room, or playing a first fiddle at a concert. The voice of spiritual melody would be as much to the honour of the University as the more frequent noise of box and dice, at the unlawful games of hazard and back-gammon.”

On the subject of “giving private exhortations,” Whitefield aptly observed:—

“Our all-wise Master sent His disciples on short excursions, before He gave them the more extensive commission to go into all the world; and were our students in general, under proper limitations, to be thus exercised, they would not turn out to be such mere novices, as too many raw creatures do when they make their first appearance in the pulpit. I remember, above thirty years ago, some young students had been visiting the sick and imprisoned, and had been giving a word of exhortation in a private house; and, upon meeting the minister of the parish on their return to college, they frankly told him what they had been doing; when he turned to them, and said, ‘God bless you! I wish we had more such young curates;’—a more Christian sentence this, than that of a late expulsion for the very same supposed crimes and misdemeanours.”

Whitefield proceeded to remind Dr. Durell of the effort which was being made to establish the episcopacy in the American colonies, and of the opposition of the colonists to the scheme, and then added:—

“That persons of all ranks, from Quebec down to the two Floridas, are at this time more than prejudiced against it, is notorious; but how will the thought of the introduction of lord bishops make them shudder, if their lordships should think proper to countenance the expulsion of religious students, whilst those who have no religion at all meet with approbation and applause.”

Turning to the general subject of Methodism, Whitefield continued:—

“It is notorious that the grand cause of these young men’s expulsion was, that they were either real or reputed Methodists. Scarce any now-a-days can pray extempore, sing hymns, go to church or meeting, and abound in other acts of devotion, but they must be immediately dubbed Methodists.”

547

And then, in reference to the first Oxford Methodists, he added:—

“If worldly church preferments had been their aim, some of them, at least, might have had ladders enough to climb up by; but having received a kind of apostolical commission at their ordination, they would fain keep up the dignity of an apostolic character; and, therefore, without ever so much as designing to enter into any political cabals, or civil or church factions, without turning to the right hand or the left, or troubling the world with a single sermon or pamphlet on the bare externals of religion, they have endeavoured to have but one thing in view, namely, to think of nothing, to know nothing, and to preach of nothing but Jesus Christ, and Him crucified; to spend and be spent for the good of souls, and to glory in nothing saving in the cross of Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto them and they unto the world.”

Such was Whitefield’s last description of the first Methodist preachers. May this be the character of all their successors to the end of time!

Of course, Whitefield’s “Letter” to Dr. Durell evoked replies; but only one of these can be noticed here. It was entitled, “Remarks upon the Rev. Mr. Whitefield’s Letter to the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford; in a Letter to the Rev. Mr. Whitefield. By a late Member of the University of Oxford. Oxford, 1768.” (8vo., 62 pp.) Two or three extracts from this angry and abusive production must be given. In reference to Whitefield himself, the author says:—

“I address you without any hope of reforming you, for, it would be absurd in me to prove a person insane, and, at the same time, attempt to convince him of that insanity. That would be supposing him in his senses in order to satisfy him that he is out of them. My design is to deal with you as magistrates do with an offender, whom they despair of bringing to any good. They animadvert upon him for the good of others, and, by open punishment, aim at suppressing the influence which his advice or example may have had upon his acquaintance.

“Your sermons are off-hand harangues,—mere enthusiastic rant,—a wild rhapsody of nonsense,—the foam of an over-heated imagination,—like old wives’ fables, or profane and vain babblings,—proceeding from a spirit of pride and ignorance. Such teachers as yourself, are blind leaders of the blind,—jack-o’-lanthorn meteors, or *ignes fatui*, drawing the mazed follower through briars and bogs, till he is plunged into inextricable ruin. But, however absurd and ridiculous your sermons—the *spuings* of the heart upon the people, in unconcocted sentences—they are tolerable in comparison of your extempore prayers to the Deity.”

548

This was hardly polite to come from “a late member of the University of Oxford;” but let it pass, and listen to what the accomplished author says of the six expelled students:—

“These low mechanics were moved with the spirit of pride and ignorance, and had no other calls but of vanity, idleness, and hunger; and, I make no doubt, had their attempt to creep through some privy holes, or to climb over the fences into the ministry been crowned with success, they would have scorned the dust from whence they sprung, and, spurred on with the turbulent spirit of ambition, would never have ceased clambering after the higher places, and would even have been dissatisfied, though they reached the highest round of the ecclesiastical ladder.”

One sentence more from this elegant publication:—

“If a large stock of pride, with the profoundest ignorance, and a brow harder than adamant, be sufficient to set up a Methodistical spouter, what occasion is there to send him to the University?”

In order to get rid of a subject so unpleasant, it may be added here, that, besides this, there, were several other pamphlets published against Whitefield and the Methodists during the year 1768. For instance, there was “The Troublers of Israel, in which the Principles of those who turn the World upside down are displayed. With a Preface to the Rev. Dr. —. To which is prefixed a short introductory Description of Modern Enthusiasts.” (4to.) A kind of opera, exceedingly incoherent, and profanely foolish. 2. “Sermons to Asses” (12mo., 212 pp.), dedicated to Whitefield, Wesley, Romaine, and Madan,—chiefly a political publication, with a fling at the Methodists. 3. “Enthusiasm Detected and Defeated. By Samuel Roe, A.M., Vicar of

Stotfold, in Bedfordshire." (8vo., 319 pp.) Principally an attack on Wesley, but not altogether exempting Whitefield. "I humbly propose to the legislative powers," said the Rev. Samuel Roe, "to make an example of Tabernacle preachers, by enacting a law to *cut out their tongues*, who have been the incorrigible authors of so many mischiefs and distractions throughout the English dominions. And, by the said authority, to *cut out the tongues* of all field-teachers, and preachers in houses, barns, or elsewhere, without apostolical ordination and legal authority, being approved and licensed to enter upon that most sacred trust." 4. "The Hypocrite:

549

a Comedy. As it is performed at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane" (8vo.),—in which a Tabernacle enthusiast occupied a prominent position.

Then, in 1769, before Whitefield sailed for America, there were published: 1. "Methodism, a Popish Idol; or the Danger and Harmony of Enthusiasm and Separation. By Booth Braithwaite." (8vo.) "A raving pamphlet," said the *Monthly Review*, "against sectaries, with abundant zeal, little knowledge, and less charity." 2. "A Letter to a Young Gentleman at Oxford, intended for Holy Orders" (8vo.),—in ardent language warning the "young gentleman" against Confessionalists, Monthly Reviewers, Blasphemers, Reprobates, and Methodists. 3. "The Pretences of Enthusiasts Considered and Confuted; a Sermon preached before the University of Oxford, at St. Mary's, June 26, 1768. By William Hawkins, M.A., Prebendary of Wells. Published by desire." (8vo., 27 pp.) Mr. Hawkins confesses that he has "little hope of converting spiritual dishonesty, or convincing religious infatuation;" but he insists that "all pretences of illiterate laymen, and ignorant mechanics, *to expound the ivay of God more perfectly*, in consequence of supernatural inspiration and spiritual illumination, are plainly to be resolved into the artifice of imposture, or the insanity of enthusiasm."

On the other hand, there was published a curious and well-executed engraving, of folio size, entitled, "The Tree of Life: likewise a View of the New Jerusalem, and this

present Evil World; with the Industry of Gospel Ministers in endeavouring to pluck sinners from the wrath to come." The copy before me is the only one I have ever seen, or heard of; and, therefore, a brief description of it may be welcome. The "Tree of Life" is large and fantastic. Its roots are entitled, "Glorious," "Gracious," "Holy," "Just," "Wise," "Almighty," and "Omnipresent." On its stem and two lowest branches is a representation of the crucified Saviour. Its twelve fruits are "Everlasting Love," "Election," "Pardon," "Righteousness," "Refuge," "Security," "Peace," "Sanctification," "Promises," "Good-will," "Perseverance," and "Eternal Redemption." Its foliage is inscribed with the words, "Circumcision," "Baptism," "Fasting,"

550

"Temptation," "Victory," "Poverty," "Obedience," "Shame," "Reproach," "Imprisonment," "Stripes," "Buffeting," "Death," and "Resurrection." "The New Jerusalem" is resplendent with the divine glory, and is surrounded with lovely scenery. "The present Evil World," at the bottom of the picture, contains a large number of male and female figures, some of them in "the Broad Way," others indulging in "the Pride of Life," and others in "Chambering and Wantonness." In the right hand corner is the "Bottomless Pit," with sundry demons, and ablaze with fire; while, at its mouth, sits "Babylon, Mother of Harlots," with a large goblet in her hand; and out of the pit an avaricious-looking wretch is endeavouring to escape, for the purpose of clutching his money bags, which are inscribed with the word "Extortion," but a grinning fiend has seized him by the long flowing hair of his head, and prevents him going farther. In the midst of one crowd, Wesley is preaching, and represented as crying, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." In another crowd, *close* to the "Bottomless Pit," stands Whitefield, the likeness excellent, and bearing a strong resemblance to the portrait in the present volume. The multitude around him evince great excitement. One man, on his right hand, cries, "What shall I do to be saved?" Another, on his left, whose coat-tail a demon grasps, exclaims, "Save, Lord, or I perish." And Whitefield, in the midst, dressed in full

canonicals, and with hands uplifted, shouts, "Behold the Lamb." The whole thing is ludicrous; but it was friendly, and, no doubt, was published in favour of Whitefield and his fellow-labourer. Whether it was calculated to answer the artist's purpose is another question. Sometimes man has need to pray, "Save me from my friends!"

To return to Whitefield's history. Little is known of his proceedings during the first four months of 1768. The interval seems to have been spent in London, and, doubtless, was well employed in preaching and other religious duties. On Wednesday, March 23, he had to perform a painful duty, to which he had been long accustomed. James Gibson, attorney-at-law, had been found guilty of the crime of forgery, and had been sentenced to suffer death. On the morning of the culprit's execution, Whitefield attended him

55¹

in Newgate prison, prayed with him, and administered to him the holy sacrament. Gibson, a good-looking man of about forty-five years of age, professed to rely on the merits of his Saviour; and, in a mourning coach, dressed in black, and wearing a ruffled shirt, was driven to Tyburn, where his behaviour was devout and manly, and his sentence was executed.¹

At Whitsuntide, Whitefield visited Tunbridge Wells, Lewes, and Brighton. At the first of these places, Lady Huntingdon had procured a permanent residence, on Mount Ephraim; and Whitefield preached twice in the open air. "Very many," says her ladyship, "were cut to the heart. Sinners trembled exceedingly before the Lord, and a universal impression seemed to abide upon the multitude. Truly God was in the midst of us to wound and to heal."²

The following letter, addressed to Whitefield by Rowland Hill, refers to this visit to Tunbridge Wells, but is chiefly valuable as containing a sketch of the proceedings of the Methodist students at Cambridge, and as exhibiting some of the peculiarities of young Rowland's character:—

"CAMBRIDGE, *May* 12, 1768.

“REV. AND VERY DEAR SIR,—I am glad to hear we are to expect a smaller edition of your valuable ‘Letter,’³ I doubt not but it will be of further utility. It has been read much in this place. That and the *Shaver*⁴ have been sent for to all the coffee-houses in this University; so that, no doubt, all our heads have seen all that has been written. But if you think it any advantage to send each of our heads a separate copy, I will contrive my best to get it done.

“God be praised for what is doing by the endeavours of dear Lady Huntingdon at Tunbridge Wells! How wonderfully is she carried from one place of dissipation to another! How glorious is her continued progress!

“Blessed be God! we are not without being steeped more than ever in shame in this place; or, as the old proverb goes, we have eaten shame and drank after it, and I trust it digests well. Though we always endeavour to keep clear of a mob, in letting no more know than our different Jiouses will hold, yet, in spite of all that can be done, more or less of the

¹ *Lloyd’s Evening Post*, March 23, 1768.

² “Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon,” vol. ii., p. 126.

³ This edition of the “Letter” to Dr. Durell was in 12mo., 47 pp.

⁴ Macgowan’s pamphlet on the same subject.

gown constantly attend. The Lord, through much grace, generally keeping me clear of the fear of man, gives me some little strength to tell you all about it; and, as I find burs generally stick faster to people’s clothes than roses, I am sometimes apt to deal in that rough ware. They have hitherto always stood, like poor brow-beaten things, with much attention till we have done, when they generally get together to compare notes, which they afterwards retail among others of the University, drest up in a droll fashion, well embellished, with the addition of many ludicrous lies.

“This makes all, as I pass the streets, stop to wonder at me, as a strange oddity; but, as I am more than ever convinced that the only way God ever will carry on His work, is by the manifestation of His own almighty power, without any of our assisting influence or trimming, I find the only way to meet with a blessing is to be honest and open in telling them the simple truth, and leaving God to bless it. This, I trust, has, in some measure, been the case at Cambridge. Four of the many gownsmen, that have been at times my hearers of late, have never missed an opportunity of attending, and have been at much pains to enquire the time and place of our meeting. After hearing, they wish me a good eve; and, when absent, speak respectfully of the word. Many

others, too, having been convinced in their judgments, approve of its being right; while others, filled with the hottest madness, dress me up as a fool, and cudgel me as a knave.

“The other night, the mob of the gown, which raised a second of the town, ran so high at the house where we had a meeting, that the constable, who is a friend, was forced to attend, that no riot might ensue; but, as I thought to be attended with constables was yet too high an honour for such a poor beginner, I hope it was nothing more than what Christian prudence would advise, to be more private the next time, and be contented with a house full, attended only with a few gowmsmen by way of bringing up the rear.

“As for our Doctors, ’tis remarkable how very patiently they bear with my conduct, as they now know that as I have but a little while to stay, an expulsion from Cambridge would hardly answer. They seera now to have come to the following compromise—that I am to continue to be possessor of my *professorship*, and to be still bishop overall their parishes, provided I will be contented with houses or barns, and leave them alone with quiet possession of their streets, fields, and churches, and, by and by, they will be glad to sign my *testimonium*, in order to get rid of me. Thus, in the end, I hope, through grace, I shall be enabled to make good what I promised to one, who asked me, when we enthusiasts intended to stop. My answer was, ‘Not at all, till such time as we have carried all before us.’

“I am in the greatest hope that the Lord will soon give dear — a heart to help me. He is a steady, warm, lively Christian, and grows prodigiously, and bids by far the fairest for the predicted phoenix of any that are in this place.

“Do continue to be earnest in prayer to God for us. I want much humbling. Spiritual pride, at present, is my grand temptation.

“Having not any spare time, I am forced to write thus in haste, and

553

conclude with subscribing myself your poorest son and servant for Christ’s sake,

“ROWLAND HILL.”¹

The foregoing letter is valuable for its facts, if for nothing else. Rowland Hill was evincing courage hardly inferior to that of the first Oxford Methodists. Without courting persecution, he was not afraid of it. To be laughed at was not pleasant, but it was not heeded. Rowland was no

longer threatened with expulsion; but he was made the object of collegiate ridicule. Eight months after this, he proceeded to his B.A. degree, and his name appeared in the list of honours.

There can be no doubt that one of the best ways to propagate any new creed or system is to implant it in the national Universities. Whether designedly or otherwise, Methodism had thus been rooted at both Oxford and Cambridge. The Heads of Houses at Oxford did their utmost to destroy it. Those at Cambridge were not so ruthless. Why? Was it because the expelled at Oxford were of low degree? and because the Cambridge leader, Rowland Hill, was the son of an English baronet? Perhaps it was.

Whitefield was generally jubilant. His path was often rough and difficult, but he pursued it singing. The following was addressed to Captain Joss:—

“LONDON, *May 17, 1768.*

“MY DEAR MAN,—Go forward! go forward! is the watchword of the present day. Never mind the envious cry of elder brethren. Had they been hearkened to, the Prodigal must never have come home, nor Goliath’s head have been cut off. All temple-builders, especially when called to work in the field, must endure, not only the contradiction of sinners, but, the contradiction of saints. Happy are they who are so deeply engaged in building as not to have time to hearken to either. I long to come and lend a helping, though feeble hand. But Welsh horses move slowly. If the Welsh apostle comes, I purpose, in the Whitsun week, to make a short excursion into Sussex and Kent, and then for Bristol.

“Blessed be God! the shout of a King is heard in our camps. Let us march forward, with palms of victory in our hands, crying, ‘Hallelujah I The Lord God omnipotent reigneth!’”

A month after the date of this letter Whitefield was in

¹ “Life of Rowland Hill.” By Sidney, p. 44.

Edinburgh; but how he went, and why he went, no one seems to know. His popularity, however, in the northern metropolis, was as great as ever. Hence he writes:—

“EDINBURGH, *June 15, 1768.*

(TO MR. KEEN) "You would be delighted to see our Orphan House Park assemblies; as large and attentive as ever. Twenty-seven-year-old friends and spiritual children remember the days of old. They are seeking after their first love, and there seems to be a stirring among the dry bones. I cannot tell you when I shall move. Probably within a fortnight."

"EDINBURGH, *July 2, 1768.*

(TO MR. ANDREW KINSMAN) "My dear Timothy, I am much obliged to you for your staying in London, till I return from Scotland. My journey hither was certainly of God. Could I preach ten times a day, thousands and thousands would attend. I have been confined for a few days, but, on Monday or Tuesday next, hope to mount my throne again. O to die there! Too great, too great an honour to be expected! I thank my wife for her kind letter just received. I am here only in danger of being hugged to death. Friends of all ranks seem heartier and more friendly than ever. All is of Grace! Grace! I go on in my old way, without turning to the right hand or to the left. Providence says every day, 'This is the way; walk in it.' Tender love to all, particularly to my dear wife. Next post she may expect to hear from me."

"EDINBURGH, *July 9, 1768.*

(TO MR. KEEN) "God be praised that all is so well in London. Everything goes on better and better here; but I am so worn down by preaching abroad, and by talking at home almost all the day long, that I have determined to set off for London next Tuesday. As you do not mention my wife, I suppose she is out of town."

Exactly a month after this, Whitefield's wife was dead. On his return to London, she was attacked with fever, and died on August 9. Five days afterwards, he preached her funeral sermon;¹ and, noticing her fortitude, remarked,— "Do you remember my preaching in those fields by the old stump of a tree? The multitude was great, and many were disposed to be riotous. At first, I addressed them firmly; but when a desperate gang drew near, with the most ferocious and horrid imprecations and menaces, my courage began to fail. My wife was then standing behind me, as I stood on the table. I think I hear her now. She pulled my gown, and, looking up, said, 'George, play the man for

¹ Gillies' "Life of Whitefield."

555

your God.' My confidence returned. I spoke to the multitude with boldness and affection. They became still, and many were deeply affected."¹ A monument to the memory of Whitefield's wife was put up in Tottenham Court Road chapel, with the following inscription:²—

"To the memory of Mrs. Whitefield, who, after thirty years' strong and frequent manifestations of her Redeemer's love, mixed with strong and frequent strugglings against the buffetings of Satan, and many sicknesses and indwellings of sin, was joyfully released, August 9, 1769."³

Whitefield submitted to his bereavement with Christian resignation. Two days after he preached his wife's funeral sermon, he wrote, in a letter to Captain Joss:—"Let us work whilst it is day. The late unexpected breach is a fresh proof that the night soon cometh, when no man can work. Pray, where may I find that grand promise made to Abraham after Sarah's death? May it be fulfilled in you, whilst your Sarah is yet alive! Sweet bereavements, when God Himself fills up the chasm! Through mercy I find it so. Adieu."

On Wednesday, August 24, Whitefield opened the College of the Countess of Huntingdon at Trevecca, by preaching from the words: "In all places where I record My name, I will come unto thee, and bless thee." The next day, he gave an exhortation to the students, from: "He shall be great in the sight of the Lord." And, on Sunday, August 28, preached in the court before the College, to a congregation of thousands, from: "Other foundation can no man lay, than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ."⁴

He then hurried back to London, where he arrived on September 1. His health was broken, and he was again an invalid. In a letter, dated September 6, he wrote to a sick and suffering friend:—

"Why should not one invalid write to another? What if we should meet in our way to heaven unembodied,—freed from everything that at present weighs down our precious and immortal souls? For these two

¹ *Christian Miscellany*, 1856, p. 218.

² Some years ago, when the chapel was seriously injured by fire, this monument was destroyed.

³ "Annual Register," 1769, p. 110.

⁴ Gillies' "Life of Whitefield."

556

days past I have been almost unable to write: to-day, I am, what they call better."

Immediately after this, he ruptured a blood-vessel; and, on September 12, remarked:—

"I have been in hopes of my departure. Through hard riding, and frequent preaching, I have burst a vein. The flux is, in a great measure, stopped; but rest and quietness are strictly enjoined."¹

Rashly enough, Whitefield re-commenced preaching before the month was ended. One of his friends, Mr. Middleton, died a triumphant death, and Whitefield must preach a funeral sermon. His text was, "I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction." The word "chosen" gave him an opportunity to dwell upon the doctrine of election. "I know no other doctrine," said he, "that can truly humble man; for either God must choose us, or we must choose God." As usual, his sermon was interspersed with anecdotes, one of which may be given here. "A noble lady," said Whitefield, "told me herself, that when she was crying on account of one of her children's death, her little daughter came to her and said, 'Mamma, is God Almighty dead, you cry so?' The lady replied, 'No.' 'Mamma, will you lend me your glove?' said the child. The mother let her take it; and, in due time, asked for it again. 'Mamma!' remarked the child, 'shall I cry because you have taken back your glove? And shall you cry because God has taken back my sister?'"² A reference is made to the death and burial of Mr. Middleton in the following extract from a letter:—

"London, September 26, 1768. For some days, the flux of blood has stopped entirely. Praise the Lord, O my soul! Mr. Middleton is now made perfectly whole. He was buried from the Tabernacle last Wednesday evening, and a subscription is opened for his four orphans."

"Where is Mr. Middleton now?" cried Whitefield in the sermon just mentioned. "Where is my dear fellow-labourer,

that honest, that steady man of God? If in the midst of torture, he could answer his daughter and say, 'Heaven upon

¹ Gillies' "Life of Whitefield."

² "Whitefield's Eighteen Sermons," transcribed by Gurney, p. 199.

557

earth! heaven upon earth!' surely now that he sees God, and sees Christ, he must cry, 'Heaven in heaven!'"

A few weeks after this, Whitefield set out for Bath and Bristol; and began to have a longing to go to his orphans at Bethesda. He writes:—

"Bristol, November 12, 1768. Bethesda lies upon my heart night and day. Something must be determined speedily. As, I trust, my eye is single, God will assuredly direct my goings. Hitherto, He has helped. He will do so to the end. Hallelujah! Hallelujah!"

By the end of November, he was back to London, and wrote:—

"November 30, 1768. Many thought I should not hold out from Bath to London; but I cannot as yet go to Him whom my soul loveth. Last Sunday, I crept up to my gospel-throne; this evening, the same honour is to be conferred upon me. Mr. Wright is going with his brothers to Georgia to finish the wings of the intended College, and repair the present buildings."

Whitefield's weakness continued; but he preached as often as he was able. "I love the open bracing air;" said he, on December 14; "preaching within doors, and especially to crowded auditories, is apt to make us nervous."

In another letter, dated "December 15," he remarked:—

"You cannot tell how low my late excursion to Bath and Bristol brought me. I would leave future events to God, and, like you merchants, would improve the present *now*. Time is short; eternity is endless. I have considered the affair of the picture. What think you? A limner, who lately drew me, and hung the picture in the Exhibition, asks forty guineas for a copy.¹ I shall not mind him, but send a bust taken several years ago. It shall be presented as a token of my hearty, hearty love to the Orphan House at Edinburgh, and its never-to-be-forgotten friends."

The first three months of the year 1769 were spent in London. Whitefield was extremely feeble. Wesley wrote:—

“1769. Monday, January 9. I spent a comfortable and profitable hour with Mr. Whitefield, in calling to mind the former times, and the manner wherein God prepared us for a work which it had not then entered into our hearts to conceive.”

And again:—

¹ There can be little doubt that this was the portrait by Hone, of which the engraving in the present volume is a copy. The Royal Academy was founded in 1768, and Hone was one of its first members.

558

“Monday, February 27. I had one more agreeable conversation with my old friend and fellow-labourer, George Whitefield. His soul appeared to be vigorous still, but his body was sinking apace; and, unless God interposes with His mighty hand, he must soon finish his labours.”¹

Comparatively speaking, these three months were a time of inaction; and yet, to Whitefield and others, they were a time of great enjoyment. Lady Huntingdon was now in London, and, at her residence in Portland Row, Cavendish Square, there were delightful re-unions of Methodist clergymen. Whitefield, the two Wesleys, Romaine, Venn, and others, were often assembled there, for preaching, sacramental administration, and Christian fellowship. On the 10th of January, Whitefield administered the sacrament, and Wesley preached on, “By grace are ye saved, through faith.” A week afterwards, Romaine administered the Lord’s Supper, and Whitefield preached. On February 28, Whitefield was present, but wholly unable to take any active part in the services of the day. The Rev. Messrs. Green and Elliott administered the sacrament and Romaine preached. Sometimes Venn administered, and at others preached. When he was able, Whitefield would preach in her ladyship’s drawing-room on several days successively. At the last meeting, previous to the Countess leaving London, Charles Wesley exhorted all present to “stand fast in one mind and in one judgment;” Romaine administered the Lord’s Supper; Venn and Whitefield prayed; and all sang the glorious doxology, “Praise God, from whom all blessings, flow.”²

By the month of March, Whitefield's health was considerably improved. In letters, addressed to his old friend, Thomas Adams, he wrote:—

“London, March 11, 1769. My very dear Tommy. Through infinite mercy, I am enabled to preach thrice a week, besides engaging in other occasional exercises. The shout of the King of kings is amongst us. After Easter, I hope to make an elopement to Gloucestershire, and some western parts. I feel the loss of my right hand³ daily; but right hands, and right eyes must be parted with for Him, who ordereth all things well.”

¹ Wesley's Journal.

² “Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon,” vol. ii., 128.

³ His wife.

559

“London, March 31, 1769. Through infinite mercy, I have been enabled to preach four days successively. We have been favoured with a blessed Passover season: all to make us shout louder, 'Grace! Grace!'”

Whitefield still longed to get away to his beloved Bethesda. On March 17, he wrote to Mr. Dixon, his manager there:—“I am every day, every hour, almost every moment, thinking of, and preparing for America. A pilgrim life to me is the sweetest on this side eternity.” No wonder that Whitefield wished to be at his Orphan House. He had sent workmen to erect the new buildings already mentioned, and, only eight days after the date of this letter to Mr. Dixon, the foundation stones were laid with as much ceremonial pomp as the colony of Georgia could contribute. Hence the following letter, dated “Savannah, in Georgia, March 29, 1769,” and published in *Lloyd's Evening Post*, of June 2:—

“The Rev. Mr. George Whitefield having sent over proper workmen to erect the necessary additional buildings for the intended Academy at the Orphan House, on Saturday last, being the anniversary of laying the foundation of that house in the year 1739, his Excellency, the Governor, attended by most of the members of the Honourable Council and a great number of other gentlemen, after the service of church was performed, and a sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. Samuel Frink, Rector of Christ Church parish, laid the foundation of both the intended wings; and the whole company, being entertained at dinner in a plentiful and decent manner, returned to their habitations seemingly much pleased with the

occasion of their meeting, and their treatment there. From this beginning, we have the most sanguine hopes, that, in a short time, we shall enjoy the advantage of educating our youth within ourselves; a benefit we have, in a great measure, been deprived of, for want of such an establishment.”

Early in April, Whitefield set out to Bath, on a visit to the Countess of Huntingdon. Here and in the neighbourhood, he spent a month, preaching at a large number of places, to most of which he was accompanied by her ladyship, and by Lady Anne Erskine.¹ Bath and Bristol were the chief scenes of action; but he had “a good field-preaching at Kingswood;” had “a blessed day in Bradford church;” and also another in “the fields at Frome, where thousands attended.” He had “golden seasons” at Chippenham, Castle-Combe, Dursley, Rodborough, Painswick, Gloucester,

¹ “Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon,” vol. ii., p. 27.

560

and Cheltenham. On his way back to London, he wrote, to Captain Joss:—

“Rodborough, Thursday, May 11, 1769. Ebenezer! Ebenezer! Blessed seasons at Chippenham, Castle-Combe, and Dursley, in our way from Frome. Have been enabled to preach five times this week. It is good to go into the highways and hedges. Field-preaching, field-preaching for ever!”

A week after this, he was in London, and wrote to Thomas Adams, at Rodborough, in the most jubilant strain:—

“London, Thursday, May 18, 1769. My very dear old friend. On Monday we reached Letchlade, on Tuesday Maidenhead, and yesterday London. Never was Rodborough so endeared to me, as at this last visit. Old friends, old gospel wine, and the great Governor ordering to fill to the brim!

‘O to grace what mighty debtors!’

“If we should die singing that hymn, what then? Why, then, welcome, welcome eternity! Christ’s grace will be sufficient for us. Hallelujah! Hallelujah!”

The next three months were chiefly spent in London. Whitefield complained of a “hoarseness, gotten in the highways and hedges;” but he was as full of holy buoyancy as

ever. He had now determined to sail for America, and began to make the necessary preparations for his voyage. He bought "Osnaburg linen," for his negroes; he begged maps and books for his Bethesda Institution; and, in thanking his friend Mr. Keen for a benefaction to his Orphanage, wrote: "Our Lord will write Himself your debtor for it. His interest is pretty good—'a hundredfold.' A hundredfold! What can the most avaricious trader desire more?"

One of his last public services was the opening of the Countess of Huntingdon's chapel at Tunbridge Wells. This took place on Sunday, July 23. The Countess, Lady Anne Erskine, Lady Buchan, and Miss Orton went with him.¹ Early in the morning, a large number of persons assembled at the front of Lady Huntingdon's residence, and, in the open air, sang hymns and prayed, till the time announced for the commencement of public service in the chapel. "Never," said her ladyship, "can I forget the sensations of pleasure I felt, on being awake by the voice of praise and

¹ "Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon," vol. ii., p. 27.

561

thanksgiving." The chapel, of course, was thronged. De Courcy read the prayers of the Established Church; and, then, a large crowd not being able to get inside the chapel, Whitefield came out, followed by those who had joined in the reading of the liturgy, and preached to the assembled thousands, from "How dreadful is this place! This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven."¹ The sermon was said to be "a perfect piece of oratory." "Look yonder!" cried the preacher, as he stretched out his hands "Look yonder! What is that I see? It is my agonizing Lord! Hark! hark! hark! Do not you hear? O earth, earth, earth, hear the word of the Lord!" Simple words, but producing effects which cannot be described. In connection with these and all Whitefield's utterances, the reader must bear in mind that Whitefield's face was language, his intonation music, and his action passion. Garrick used to say of him, that, he could make men weep or tremble by his varied pronunciation of the

word "Mesopotamia." This was an exaggeration; but it expressed the opinion of the greatest of theatrical orators concerning the power of Whitefield's eloquence.

The day at Tunbridge Wells, a hundred and seven years ago, was probably one of the most remarkable in the history of that resort of fashionable gaiety. After Whitefield's sermon, the sacrament of the Lord's supper was administered, at which four clergymen attended, besides Whitefield himself. During the day, three of these clergymen, at three different times, preached to the assembled multitudes, from a small mount raised for that purpose at the front of the chapel.² One of these was Richard de Courcy,³ the fervid young Irishman, already mentioned, and whose talent and eloquence made him immensely popular. The chapel itself, said *Lloyd's Evening Post*,⁴ "has been inspected by some ingenious artists, and is looked upon to be the most complete

¹ Whitefield preached again in the evening, and also on the day following, when his text was 1 Thess. ii. 11, 12. (Gillies' "Memoirs of Whitefield.")

² *Lloyd's Evening Post*, July 31, 1769.

³ "Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon," vol. ii., p. 129.

⁴ August 9, 1769.

562

piece of Gothic architecture that has been constructed for many years!"

Whitefield's days in England were now nearly ended. In a letter to Captain Joss, dated "Tottenham Court, August 9, 1769," he wrote:—

"My hands and heart are full. Last night, I went on board the *Friendship*. The captain is to dine with me to-morrow. I expect to sail the first week in September. You must then be in town.¹ Mr. Brooksbanks will supply your place. I hope all things will be settled on a right plan. I have the greatest confidence in you. I only wish some means may be found to save the late great expense of coach hire. It has mounted very high."

In another letter, dated ten days later, and addressed to Mr. Adams, Whitefield wrote:—

"My very dear Tommy, talk not of taking a personal leave. You know my make. Paul could stand a *whipping*, but not a *weeping* farewell. Many thanks for your intended present. God bless you and

yours! God bless all our never-to-be-forgotten Gloucestershire friends! I can no more. Adieu! Cease not to pray for, my very dear steady old friend,

“Less than the least of all,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”

Six days after this, on Friday night, August 25, Whitefield held one of his last sacramental services in England. This was in the Tabernacle, near Moorfields. Nearly two thousand communicants were present!²

On the Sunday following, he preached his last sermon in Tottenham Court Road chapel. The text was, Genesis xxviii. 12–15. A few extracts must be given. Besides the interest they possess as being among Whitefield’s *last words* in England, they will help to illustrate his style of preaching, when his work was nearly ended.

“When we are travelling in the woods of America, we are obliged to light a fire; and that keeps off the beasts from us. I have often got up in the night, and said to them that were with me (and God forbid I should ever travel with any one, even a quarter of an hour, without speaking something of Jesus!)—‘This fire,’ said I, ‘is like the fire of God’s love, which keeps off the devil and our own lusts from hurting our souls.’

“It comforts me much, I assure you, to think that, whenever God shall

¹ Captain Joss was now in Bristol. (Whitefield’s Works, vol. iii., p. 392)

² *Lloyd’s Evening Post*, August 28, 1769.

call for me, angels will carry me into the bosom of Abraham; but it comforts me more to think, that, as soon as they lay hold of me, my first question to them will be, ‘Where is my *Master*? Where is my *Jesus*?’ And that, after all my tossings and tumbings here, I shall be brought to see His face at last.

“It is now high time for me to preach my own *funeral sermon*. I am going, for the thirteenth time, to cross the Atlantic. When I came from America last, my health was so bad that I took leave of all friends on the continent, from one end to the other, without the least design of returning to them again. But, to my great surprise, God has been pleased to restore to me some measure of strength; and, though I intended to give up the Orphan House into other hands, God has so ordered it, that his Grace the late Archbishop of Canterbury refused me a charter, unless

I would confine it to episcopacy. I could not, in honour, comply with this, as Dissenters, and other serious people of different denominations, had contributed towards its support. I would sooner cut off my head than betray my trust. I always meant the Orphan House to be kept upon a broad bottom, for people of all denominations. I hope, by the 25th of March next, all intended alterations and additions will be completed, and a blessed provision be made for many hundreds; and a comfortable support for poor orphans and poor students. This is my only design in going. I intend to travel all along the continent. I am going in no public capacity. I am going trusting in God to bear my charges. I call heaven and earth to witness that I have never had the love of the world one quarter of an hour in my heart. I might have been rich; but now, though this chapel is built, and though I have a comfortable room to live in, I assure you I built the room at my own expense. It cost nobody but myself anything, and I shall leave it with an easy mind. I have thought of these words with pleasure, 'I will bring thee again to this land.' I know not whether that will be my experience; but, blessed be God! I have a better land in view. I do not look upon myself at home till I land in my Father's house. My greatest trial is to part with those who are as dear to me as my own soul. O keep close to God, my dear London friends. I do not bid you keep close to chapel. You have always done that. I shall endeavour to keep up the word of God among you during my absence. I might have had a thousand a year out of this place, if I had chosen it. When I am gone to heaven, you will see what I have got on earth. I do not like to speak now, because it might be thought boasting."¹

Whitefield's last sermon ² in London was preached in the

¹ "Two Farewell Sermons, by Rev. G. Whitefield, 1770;" and "Eighteen Sermons, by Rev. George Whitefield, 1771."

² In the crowds who listened to Whitefield's last sermons in London, was a youth, seventeen years of age,—George Burder, afterwards a devoted and useful minister of Christ, the originator of the Religious Tract Society, secretary of the London Missionary Society, editor of the *Evangelical Magazine*, and author of the well-known "Village Sermons."

564

Tabernacle, Moorfields, at seven o'clock on Wednesday morning, August 30.¹ The text he selected was, John x. 27, 28. The sermon (if so it may be called) was earnest talk, incoherent, and, some would say, egotistic; but it was interspersed with characteristic sentences.

"Sheep," said Whitefield, "love to be together. They don't love to be alone. You seldom see a sheep by itself; and Christ's people may well

be compared to them in this. Oh, think some, if we had great people on our side, the King, Lords, and Commons! What then? Alas! alas! Do you think the Church of God would go on a bit the better? No! no! Religion never prospers when it has too much sunshine. Dr. Marrayat was not ashamed to preach in *market language*; and I once heard him say at Pinner's Hall, 'God has a great dog to fetch His sheep back when they wander.' Yes, when God's people wander, He sends the devil after them, and suffers him to bark at them; but instead of barking them further off, he only barks them back again to the fold of Christ."

In another part of his discourse, Whitefield, unnecessarily if not egotistically, stated that, before he was twenty-two years of age, he had the offer of two parishes, by Benson, Bishop of Gloucester; that, when he first came to London, most of the metropolitan churches were open to him; and that twelve or fourteen constables had to guard the doors of the churches where he preached. He then referred to his intention to turn the Orphan House into a College; and highly eulogised Mr. and Mrs. Dixon, his "old servants" there, and also the Messrs. Wright and Mr. Crane, whom he had sent out to execute the improvements and additions to the building. He concluded as follows:—

"This is the thirteenth time of my crossing the mighty waters. It is a little difficult at this time of life; but I delight in the cause, and God fills me with a peace that is unutterable. I expect many trials while onboard. Satan always meets me there; but God, I believe, will keep me. I thank

Burdens conversion has been attributed to the ministry of Whitefield and Fletcher of Madeley. ("Jubilee Menorial of the Religious Tract Society," p. 24.) In his Journal, he wrote:—"1769. August. About this time, I heard Mr. Whitefield preach several sermons, particularly his two last in London; that at Tottenham Court chapel on Sabbath morning, and that at the Tabernacle on Wednesday morning at seven o'clock. I remember a thought which passed my mind, I think, as I was going to hear his last sermon, 'Which would I rather be, Garrick or Whitefield?' I thought each, in point of oratory, admirable in his way. I doubt not conscience told me which was best. I wrote Mr. Whitefield's sermons in shorthand, though standing in a crowd." ("Life of Rev. George Burder," by his Son.)

¹ Gillies' "Memoirs of Whitefield."

God, I have the honour of leaving everything quite well and easy at both ends of the town. If I am drowned, I will say, if I can, while I am drowning, 'Lord, take care of my English friends!' Some of you, I doubt not, will be gone to Christ before my return; but, though parted, it

will be to meet again for ever. God grant that none who weep now at my parting, may weep at our meeting at the day of judgment! Come, sinner, come, see what it is to have eternal life! Haste! haste! haste away to the great, the glorious Shepherd! I care not what shepherds you are under, so that you are kept near the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls. The Lord bless you and keep you! The Lord make His face shine upon you, and be gracious unto you! The Lord lift up His countenance upon you, and give you peace!"

Such was Whitefield's final benediction upon his Tabernacle congregation, on Wednesday *morning*, August 30. In point of fact, this was a *second* farewell sermon, in the same building; for, on the Wednesday night previous, he had addressed those of the congregation who were unable to attend a week-day morning service. His sermon, on that occasion, was, in all respects, superior to his final one. The text was, "And thy God thy glory" (Isaiah lx. 19). He then made his last London collection.

"The Tabernacle has been repaired," said he; "and I wish to leave it unencumbered. I told my friends, I would make a collection. Remember, it is not for me, but for yourselves—for the place where you are to meet, when I am tossing on the water, and in a foreign clime. The arrears are nearly £70. I hope you will not run away. If you can say, God is my glory, you will not push one upon another, as though you would lose yourselves in a crowd, and say, Nobody sees me. Does not God Almighty see you? You must excuse me. I cannot say much more. I beg you will excuse me from a particular parting with you. Take my public farewell. I will pray for you when in the cabin; I will pray for you when tempests are about me; and this shall be my prayer, 'O God, be Thou their God! and grant their God may be their glory!'"

A few other extracts, from Whitefield's last sermons in London, may be welcome. They are taken from the 8vo. volume, published by Gurney immediately after Whitefield's death.¹

¹ It has been already stated, that, the publication of this volume led to great unpleasantness. Joseph Gurney was a bookseller, in Holborn, opposite Hatton Garden. From an 8vo. pamphlet of eight pages, published at the time, and entitled, "J. Gurney's Appeal to the Public," it appears, that, on November 13, 1770, an agreement was made between Gurney and Mr. Keen, whereby Keen bound himself to "recommend and

“*The Devil’s Children*—‘O,’ says one, ‘I never felt the devil.’ I am sure thou mayest feel him now. Thou art *dadda’s* own child. Thou art speaking the very language of the devil; and he is teaching thee to deny thy own father. Graceless child of the devil, if thou hast never felt the devil’s fiery darts, it is because the devil is sure of thee. He has got thee into a damnable slumber. May the God of love awaken thee before real damnation comes!” (p. 262.)

“*Persecution*.—Our suffering times will be our best times. I know I had more comfort in Moorfields and on Kennington Common, especially when rotten eggs, cats, and dogs were thrown upon me,—I had more comfort in these burning bushes than I have had when I have been in ease. I remember when I was preaching at Exeter, and a stone made my forehead bleed, the word came with double power; and a labourer, wounded at the same time by another stone, came to me and said, ‘The man gave me a wound, but Jesus healed me; I never had my bonds broken till my head was’” (p. 268).

“*Penitents*.—I have reason to believe, from the notes put up at both ends of the town, that many of you have arrows of conviction stuck fast in your souls. I have taken in near two hundred, at Tottenham Court Road, within a fortnight. God is thus at work. Let the devil roar; we will go on in the name of the Lord” (p. 280).

“*Self-condemnation*.—I wish I could make you all angry. I am a sad mischief-maker; but I don’t want to make you angry with one another. Some people, who profess to have grace in their hearts, seem resolved to set all God’s people at variance. They are like Samson’s foxes with fire-brands in their tails, setting fire to all about them. Are any of you come from the Foundry, or any other place, to-night? I care not where you

authenticate “Gurney’s publication, and Gurney agreed to give to Keen a shilling upon every copy sold. Gurney drew up an advertisement, which Keen engaged to have read in the pulpits of the Tabernacle and Tottenham Court Road chapel; but his engagement was not fulfilled. When the printing of the volume was nearly completed, Gurney sent the first nine sermons to Keen, and, a few days afterwards, met Mr. Hardy, who told him the “sermons were like the ravings of a madman, and were utterly unfit for publication.” Messrs. Keen, Hardy, and West offered to pay Gurney all the money he had spent, on condition that the sermons should not be issued to the public; but Gurney refused the offer. Mr. Kinsman read a notice from the Tabernacle pulpit, that, such a volume was about to be published, but stated that the “sermons were not Mr. Whitefield’s, either in sentiment or expression;” though, as Gurney alleges, Kinsman had previously acknowledged “the sermons were as delivered by Whitefield, but that Whitefield’s discourses, of late years,

were very unfit for the press without undergoing considerable alterations." Gurney had another angry interview with Keen and Hardy. The latter, on September 14, 1771, published the advertisement, printed, as a foot-note, in Whitefield's collected Works, vol. iii., page 406. Gurney, however, persisted in publishing his book, but announced that if any purchasers were of opinion the "sermons were not genuine," he would return to them their purchase money. He sold upwards of six hundred copies, but "not a single buyer expressed the least dissatisfaction."

567

come from. I pray God you may all quarrel; that is, I want you to fall 1769 out with your own hearts" (p. 289).

"Baptismal Controversy.—It is a strange thing how bigots can set the world on fire by throwing water at one another; and that people cannot be baptized, without shewing that the chief thing they have been baptized into, are the waters of strife. This is making sport for the devil. For my part, I do not enter into the debate about infant or adult baptism, nor yet about its mode. I believe you might as well attempt to draw two parallel lines, and bring them to meet at some certain place, as to bring these learned combatants together; for, of all disputants, religious disputants are the most obstinate and fiery" (p. 297).

"Catholicity.—The world pretty well knows the temper of my mind, both in respect to politics and church-government. I am a professed avower of moderation. I don't care whether you go to church or meeting. I profess to be a member of the Church of England; but, if they will not let me preach in a church, I will preach anywhere. All the world is my parish; and I will preach wherever God gives me an opportunity. You will never find me disputing about the outward appendages of religion. Don't tell me you are a Baptist, an Independent, a Presbyterian, a Dissenter: tell me you are a Christian. That is all I want. This is the religion of heaven, and must be ours upon earth" (p. 310).

"Whitefield's Salary.—I intend to give you a parting word on Sunday evening, and to take my last farewell in the ensuing week, for I must have a day or two to dispatch my private business. As this place has been repaired, and I am wishful to leave everything clear before I go, a collection must be made for defraying the expense incurred. The world thinks I am very rich. A man, the other day, sent me word, that, if I did not lay £30 in a certain place, I should be killed. You yourselves, perhaps, think I get a great deal for preaching here; and, therefore, now that I am going away, I will tell you my stated allowance for preaching at the Tabernacle. I have no more from this place than £100 a year; and, yet, when I asked last night how the accounts stood, I was told there were £50 arrears. 'Well,' I said, 'ungrateful as it is to me, I will make

a collection, that all may be left free.’ There are not six people in this Tabernacle from whom I have had the value of a guinea from last January to the present month of August; nor have I had a guinea from all the ordinances of the place towards bearing the expenses of my voyage” (p. 372).

These *Whitefieldiana* might easily be multiplied, but sufficient have been given to shew the familiar, and (as some will think) the objectionable style used by Whitefield at the close of his public ministry. His sermons now, as compared with those he published at the commencement of his career, were notably inferior. As compared with the sermons preached and printed by Wesley, they were a perfect contrast. They were neither scriptural expositions nor

568

doctrinal disquisitions; but free and easy talk, intermixed with anecdotes, personal reminiscences, and quaint quotations. Matthew Henry’s Exposition was Whitefield’s favourite Commentary; and to this circumstance Wesley attributed the quaintness of Whitefield’s style. In the preface to his “Explanatory Notes upon the Old Testament,” published in 1765, Wesley, with an obvious reference to Whitefield, says:—

“I omit” (in these Notes) “abundance of Mr. Henry’s quaint sayings and lively antitheses; as, ‘God feeds His *birds*. Shall He not feed His *babes*?’ I used once to wonder, whence some, whom I greatly esteem, had so many pretty turns in preaching. But when I read Mr. Henry, my wonder ceased. I saw they were only copying after him: although probably without designing it. They generally consulted his exposition of their text, and frequently just before preaching. And, hence, little witticisms and a kind of archness insensibly stole upon them, and took the place of that strong, manly eloquence, which they would otherwise have learned from the inspired writers.”

Two of Whitefield’s *last sermons in England* were preached at Gravesend, on Sunday, September 3, 1769. Hence the following, taken from *St. James’s Chronicle*, for September 7: “On Saturday last, the Rev. Mr. Whitefield went from town to Gravesend, where he preached, on Sunday morning, in the Methodist Tabernacle, and, in the evening, in the Market Place.” Whitefield himself writes:—

“Sunday, September 3. Preached this morning at the Methodist Tabernacle, from John xii. 32. The congregation was not very large, but God gave me great freedom of speech. In the afternoon, I preached in the Market Place, from Genesis iii. 13, to a much larger, but not more devout auditory. In the outskirts, some were a little noisy, but most were very attentive, and I was enabled to lift up my voice like a trumpet. The evening was spent, as the night before, with my Christian friends from London.”

“Monday, September 4. Had my dear Christian friends on board to breakfast with me this morning. Conversation was sweet, but parting bitter. However, I was helped to bear up; and, after their departure the Divine Presence made up the loss of all.”¹

¹ Gillies’ “Memoirs of Whitefield.”

SEVENTH VISIT TO AMERICA.

SEPTEMBER, 1769, TO SEPTEMBER, 1770.

WHITEFIELD embarked for America on September 4th; but it was not until the end of the month that he looked his last look on glorious old England. His detentions were annoying; but they gave him the opportunity of writing last letters to his friends.¹ Extracts from these will be welcome.

To his old assistant, Thomas Adams, of Rodborough, he wrote:—

“On board the *Friendship*, (Captain Ball,) September 5, 1769. Six in the morning. My very dear Tommy, I could not write you whilst ashore, but drop you a few lines now I am come on board. Just now we have taken up the anchor; and I trust my anchor is within the veil. I have not been in better spirits for some years; and I am persuaded this voyage will be for the Redeemer’s glory, and the welfare of precious souls. Our parting solemnities have been exceedingly awful. O England! England! God preserve thee from every threatening storm!”

To a lady and her daughter, at Gravesend, who had shewn him kindness, he thus expressed his thanks:—

“September 6, 1769. God bless and reward you and your daughter! Gravesend Bethels, I trust, will not easily be forgotten. I am sure you

do not forget to pray for a very worthless worm. Jesus, the never-failing, ever-loving, altogether-lovely Jesus, comforts me.”

To other friends Whitefield wrote:—

“September 7, 1769. I am comforted on every side. Fine accommodations. A civil captain and passengers. All willing to attend on divine worship. Praise the Lord, O my soul! I am brave as to my bodily health. Grace! Grace!”

¹ With one or two exceptions, the *whole* of these letters were subscribed, “*Less than the least of all, George Whitefield.*”

570

“September 8, 1769. O these partings! Without Divine support, they would be intolerable. But with that, we can do even this and everything besides, which we are called to do or suffer. Everything turns out beyond expectation, as to bodily health, ship accommodation, and civility of passengers. I only want somebody with more brains about me. O the privilege and honour of leaving a little all, for the great unfailing All, the ever-blessed God!”

To his faithful friend, Mr. Robert Keen, Whitefield addressed the following:—

“September 8, 1769. Ebenezer! Ebenezer! Hitherto the Lord helps. We have had contrary winds to the Downs, but not violent. The young soldiers are not yet sick, though the ship has some motion. I seem to be now, as I was thirty years ago. Praise the Lord, O my soul! The care of my annual pensioners, with all money matters, I must beg you to take wholly into your hands.”

His letter to Wesley shall be given at full length:—

“THE DOWNS, ON BOARD THE ‘FRIENDSHIP,’ *September 12, 1769.*

“REV. AND VERY DEAR SIR,—What hath God wrought *for us, in us, by us!* I sailed out of these Downs almost thirty-three years ago. O the height, the depth, the length, the breadth of Thy love, O God! Surely it passeth knowledge. Help, help us, O heavenly Father, to adore what we cannot fully comprehend! I am glad to hear that you had such a Pentecost season at the College.’ One would hope that these are earnest of good things to come, and that our Lord will not remove His candlestick from among us. Duty is ours. Future things belong to Him, who always did, and always will, order all things well.

‘Leave to His sovereign sway,
To choose and to command;

So shall we wondering own His way,
How wise, how strong His hand.'

"Mutual Christian love will not permit you, and those in connection with you, to forget a willing pilgrim, going now across the Atlantic for the thirteenth time. At present, I am kept from staggering; being fully persuaded that this voyage will be for the Redeemer's glory, and the welfare of precious and immortal souls. O to be kept from flagging in the latter

¹ Wesley had recently joined in the services held in connection with the Countess of Huntingdon's Academy at Trevecca. These services extended from the 18th to the 24th of August. The scene was memorable. Besides the Countess and a number of her aristocratic friends, there were present eight clergymen of the Church of England, a host of Welsh exhorters, the students, and an immense concourse of communicants and spectators. On leaving Trevecca, Wesley set out for Cornwall, so that he had no opportunity of a final hand-shake with his old friend, embarking for America.

571

stages of our road! *Ipse, Deo volente, sequar, eisi non passibus aequis.*
Cordial love and respect await your brother, and all that are so kind as to enquire after, and be concerned for,

"Reverend and very dear sir,

"Less than the least of all,

"GEORGE WHITEFIELD."¹

It is a remarkable fact that, at the very time Whitefield was making his last voyage to America, Richard Boardman and Joseph Pilmoor, Wesley's first two missionaries to the same field of labour, were being borne, through the same storms and tempests, to their destination. Whitefield's work in America was nearly ended; but he had prepared the way for Wesley's preachers, and for the founding of a church, now the largest on that immense continent.

Three days before Whitefield wrote to Wesley, he and his fellow-voyagers encountered a tremendous storm. One ship, in their immediate neighbourhood, was wrecked; and, when opposite to Deal, the *Friendship* became *wind-bound*, and was detained three weeks. This gave Whitefield an opportunity to stand once more on the shores of his native land. It so happened, that, just as the ship arrived at Deal, the Rev. Dr. Gibbons, the eminent tutor of the Dissenting

Academy at Mile End, and the Rev. Mr. Bradbury, of Ramsgate, came to Deal for the purpose of ordaining a young Dissenting minister. Having ascertained that the *Friendship* was lying in the Downs, Gibbons and Bradbury went on board, and so urgently desired Whitefield to come on shore, that, contrary to his intention, he left the ship, and attended the ordination services. Mr. Bradbury prevailed upon him to go to Ramsgate, where he preached on Friday and Saturday, September 15 and 16. These were Whitefield's *last sermons* in England.² They are referred to in the following extracts from Whitefield's letters. Writing to Mr. Robert Keen, he said:—

“Deal, September 14, 1769. For wise reasons, we are detained in the Downs. Who knows but it may be to awaken some souls at Deal? A peculiar providence brought me here. Warm-hearted Dr. Gibbons came on board to pay me a visit, was sick, lay in my state-room, and learnt

¹ *Arminian Magazine*, 1783, p. 274.

² “Memoirs of Cornelius Winter,” p. 88.

572

experimentally to pray for those who occupy their business in great waters. Mr. Bradbury, of Ramsgate, and young Mr. G—ner, who was ordained yesterday, followed after. At their request, I came ashore yesterday morning. The ordination was very solemn. I have not been more affected under any public ministrations a great while. At the request of many, I preached in the evening to a crowded auditory; and spent the remainder of the night in godly conversation. If the wind continues contrary, perhaps I may make an elopement to Margate. I wish I could see my sermon that is printed. If I die, let not the Hymn Book be cashiered. I am glad to hear of the *Amens* at Tottenham Court. The ship that was lost has been taken up and brought in. The passengers escaped in the boat. What are we that we should be preserved? Grace! Grace!”

In another letter to Mr. Keen, Whitefield wrote:—

“Deal, September 15, 1769. Mr. Bradbury put me under an arrest, and is carrying me away to Ramsgate. f hope to arrest some poor runaway bankrupts for the Captain of our Salvation. For Christ's sake, let all means be used to keep up and increase the Tottenham Court and Tabernacle Societies.”

In a third letter to the same gentleman, is the following:—

“Deal, September 17, 1769. I have just returned from Ramsgate, and am going on board. Never did any creature shew greater civility, heartiness, politeness, and generosity than Mr. Bradbury. His friends were hearty too. I preached on Friday and Saturday. It was hard parting this morning. I expect a long passage, but all is well. I could not go to Margate.”

Whitefield’s congregations at Ramsgate were not large, but attentive, and the behaviour of the people delighted him.¹ Early on Sunday morning, he hastened back to Deal, went on board, and preached in the afternoon; but it was not until the Tuesday following that the ship again set sail, and even then the attempt to proceed turned out a failure. Whitefield wrote:—

“Monday, September 25. Weighed anchor last Tuesday morning, with a small favourable gale and fine weather. So many ships, which had lain in the Downs, moving at the same time, and gently gliding by us, together with the prospect of the adjacent shore, made a most agreeable scene. But it proved a very transient one. By the time we got to Fairlee, the wind backedened, clouds gathered, very violent gales succeeded, and, for several days, we were so tossed, that, after coming over against

¹ Gillies’ “Memoirs of Whitefield.”

Brighton, the captain turned back (as did many other ships), and anchored off New Romney and Dungeness. Lord, in Thine own time, Thou wilt give the winds a commission to carry us forward towards our desired port.”¹

It was not until nine weeks after this that Whitefield landed in America. His travelling companions were Cornelius Winter and Mr. Smith. His time was chiefly spent in writing letters, composing sermons, and reading the History of England. Whenever the weather would permit, he preached, with his accustomed energy, to the crew and passengers, all of whom treated him with profound respect. Sometimes he suffered great languor, and depression;² but, upon the whole, he was, at the end of his voyage, in better health than he had been for years past.³ Arriving at

Charleston on Thursday, November 30, he commenced preaching on the following afternoon, and, for ten days, continued to delight and profit large congregations. Mr. Wright, his manager at Bethesda, met him; and, on Sunday, December 10, he and his party set sail for Georgia. Hence the following, addressed to Mr. Keen:—

“Charleston, December 9, 1769. So much company crowds in, that, together with my preaching every other day, etc., I have scarce the least leisure. To-morrow, I set off by water to Georgia, the roads being almost impassable by land. Mr. Wright is come to go with me, and acquaints me that all is in great forwardness at Bethesda.”

The voyage to Savannah was made in an open boat. Cornelius Winter writes:—“We had a pleasant passage through the Sounds, and frequently went on shore, and regaled ourselves in the woods. The simplicity of the negroes, who rowed us, was very diverting. We stopped at a plantation called Port Royal, where we were most kindly refreshed and entertained; and safely arrived at Savannah on December 14. Mr. Whitefield was cheerful and easy, and seemed to have lost a weight of care.”

At the beginning of the year 1770, Whitefield was at his beloved Bethesda, and wrote:—

“Bethesda, January 11, 1770. Everything here exceeds my most

¹ Gillies’ “Memoirs of Whitefield.”

² “Memoirs of Cornelius Winter,” p. 89.

³ Whitefield’s Works, vol. iii., p. 408.

sanguine expectations. I am almost tempted to say, ‘It is good to be here.’ But all must give way to gospel-ranging. Divine employ!

‘For this let men revile my name,
I’d shun no cross, I’d fear no shame.’

“I hope London friends meet with enough of this. It is bad, more than bad, when the offence of the cross ceaseth. This cannot be, till we cease to be crucified to the world, and the world ceases to be crucified unto us: and, when that is the case, things are very bad.”

Four days after this, Whitefield wrote his last letter to Charles Wesley, a letter breathing with the love of a warm-

hearted friendship of more than thirty years' continuance. It shall be given in its entirety:—

“BETHESDA, *January 15, 1770.*

“MY VERY DEAR OLD FRIEND,—I wrote to your honoured brother from on board ship. Since then what wonders have I seen! what innumerable mercies have I received!—a long, trying, but, I humbly hope, profitable passage.

“My poor, feeble labours were owned in Charleston; and everything is more than promising in Georgia. The increase of this once so much despised colony is indescribable. Good, I trust, is doing at Savannah, and Bethesda is like to blossom as the rose; the situation most delightful, very salubrious, and everything excellently adapted for the intended purpose. All admire the goodness, strength, and beauty of the late improvements. In a few months, the intended plan, I hope, will be completed, and a solid, lasting foundation laid for the support and education of many as yet unborn. Nothing is wanted but a judicious and moderately learned single-hearted master. Surely the glorious Emmanuel will point out one in His own due time. Do pray. I am sure, prayers put up above thirty years ago are now being answered; and, I am persuaded, we shall yet see greater things than these. Who would have thought that such a worthless creature as this letter-writer should live to be fifty-five years old? I can only sit down and cry, ‘What hath God wrought!’ My bodily health is much improved, and my soul is on the wing for another gospel range.

“You and all your connexions will not cease to pray for me. I would fain begin to do something for my God. My heart's desire and incessant prayer to the God of my life is, that the word of the Lord may prosper in your hands, and run and be glorified more and more. O to work while it is day! O to be found on the full stretch for Him who was stretched, and who groaned, and bled, and died for us! Unutterable love! I am lost in wonder and amazement, and, therefore, although with regret, I must hasten to subscribe myself, my very dear sir, less than the least of all,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

“P.S. Cordial love awaits your whole self, and enquiring friends, and

all that love the ever-living, altogether-lovely Jesus in sincerity. I hope to write to your honoured brother soon. Brethren, pray for us.”¹

Sunday, January 28, was a remarkable day in the history of Bethesda. James Wright, Esq. (created a baronet in 1772), Governor of Georgia, the Council of Georgia, the House of Assembly with their president, James Habersham, Esq., and a large number of colonists, assembled at Whitefield's Orphan House, for the purpose indicated in the following extract from the Journals of the House of Assembly:—

“COMMONS HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY, *January 29, 1770.*

“Mr. Speaker reported, that he, with the House, having waited on the Reverend Mr. Whitefield, in consequence of his invitation, at the Orphan House Academy, heard him preach a very suitable and pious sermon on the occasion; and, with great pleasure, observed the promising appearance of improvement towards the good purposes intended, and the decency and propriety of behaviour of the several residents there; and were sensibly affected, when they saw the happy success which has attended Mr. Whitefield's indefatigable zeal for promoting the welfare of the province in general, and the Orphan House in particular.

“Ordered, that this report be printed in the *Gazette*.

“JOHN SIMPSON, Clerk.”

The article printed in the *Georgia Gazette*, and which Gillies gives in his “Life of Whitefield,” states, among other things, that “the two additional wings for apartments for students were a hundred and fifty feet each in length, and were in a state of forwardness.” Instead, however, of inserting here the official announcement of the Georgian Legislature, a letter, written the day after the rulers of the Province assembled at Bethesda, is introduced, as containing the same facts, but in greater detail. It was addressed to a friend in London:—

“SAVANNAH, *January 29, 1770, Monday morning.*

“You would have been pleased to have been at the Orphan House Academy yesterday, where his Excellency our Governor, the Hon. the Council, and the Commons House of Assembly, were agreeably entertained in consequence of an invitation given them by the Founder, the Rev. Mr. Whitefield. Everything was conducted with much decency and order. His Excellency was received at the bottom door by the officers, orphans, and other domestics; and was then escorted upstairs

¹ "Life of Charles Wesley," vol. ii., p. 244.

576

by Mr. Whitefield, through a gallery near sixty feet long, into a large room thirty feet in length, with six windows, canvassed and made ready for blue paper hangings. In a room of the same extent over against it (intended for the library, and in which a considerable number of books is already deposited), was prepared, on a long table and adjacent side-board, cold tongue, ham, tea, etc., for the gentlemen to refresh themselves with, after their ten miles' ride, from Savannah. Between eleven and twelve, the bell rung for public worship. A procession was formed in the long gallery, and moved forward to the chapel in the following order: The orphans, in round, black, flat caps, and black gowns; the chaplain in his gown; the workmen and assistants; the steward and superintendent, with their white wands; the clerk of the chapel; the Founder in his university square cap, with the Rev. Mr. Ellington, now missionary at Augusta, and designed to be chaplain, and teacher of English and elocution at the Orphan House Academy; then his Excellency, followed by his Council and the Chief Justice; then the Speaker, succeeded by the other Commons, and a number of gentlemen and strangers, among whom were the Governor's two sons. As the procession moved along, the clerk of the chapel began a doxology, the singing of which was harmonious and striking. At the chapel door, the orphans, officers, and domestics broke into ranks on the right hand and the left; and, as his Excellency with his train went up the chapel stairs, the orphans sang,—

'Live by heaven and earth ador'd,
 Three in One, and One in Three,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 All glory be to Thee!'

"The Governor being seated fronting the chapel door, in a great chair, with tapestry hangings behind, and a covered desk before him, divine service began. Mr. Ellington read prayers; and then Mr. Whitefield enlarged, for about three-quarters of an hour, on 'The hands of Zerubbabel have laid the foundation of this house; his hands shall also finish it; and thou shalt know that the Lord of hosts hath sent me unto you. For who hath despised the day of small things?' (Zech. iv. 9, 10.) His whole paraphrase was pertinent and affecting; but when he came to give us an account of the small beginnings of our now flourishing Province, of which he was an eye-witness; and also of the trials and hardships, obloquy and contempt, he had undergone in maintaining, for so long a term, such a numerous orphan family, in such a desert; as well as the remarkable supports and providences that had attended him in laying the foundation,

and raising the superstructure of the Orphan House Academy to its present promising height; especially when he came to address his Excellency, the Council, Speaker, etc., etc.,—the whole auditory seemed to be deeply affected; and his own heart seemed too big to speak, and unable to give itself proper vent. Sermon being ended, all returned in the same manner as they came, the clerk, orphans, etc., singing as they walked,—

‘This God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend,

577

Whose love is as large as His power,
And neither knows measure nor end.
’Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We’ll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that’s to come.’

“In about half an hour the bell rung for dinner. All went down, in order, to a large dining room, intended hereafter for academical exercises. It is forty feet long, with eight sash windows, and the Founder’s picture, at full length, at the upper end. Two tables, the one long and the other oval, were well covered with a proper variety of plain and well-dressed dishes. After dinner, two toasts were given by his Excellency, viz., ‘The King,’ and ‘Success to the Orphan House College.’ The whole company broke up, and went away, in their several carriages, about five in the afternoon. One thing gave me particular pleasure: when the Governor drank ‘The King,’ Mr. Whitefield added, ‘And let all the people say, Amen;’ upon which a loud amen was repeated from one end of the room to the other.

“Upon the whole, all seemed most surprisingly pleased with their spiritual and bodily entertainment, as well as with the elegance, firmness, and dispatch of the late repairs, and additional buildings and improvements. The situation is most salubrious and inviting; the air free and open; and a salt-water creek, which will bring up a large schooner east and west, ebbs and flows at a small distance from the house. I suppose there might be above twenty carriages, besides horsemen; and there would have been as many more, had not the invitation been confined, by way of compliment, to the Governor, Council, and Commons House of Assembly. A strange sight this, in the once despised, deserted Province of Georgia, where, as Mr. Whitefield told us in his discourse, about thirty years ago, scarce any person of property lived; and lands, which now sell for £3 an acre, might have been purchased almost for threepence.

“But I must have done. Excuse me for being so prolix. Yesterday’s scene so lies before me, that, to tell you the truth, I wanted to vent my feelings. If Mr. Whitefield intends, as I am informed he does, to give a more general invitation to the gentlemen in and about Savannah, I will endeavour to be amongst them. Accept this hasty scribble (as I hear the ship sails to-morrow), as a mark of my being, dear sir, your obliged friend and servant.”

The “more general invitation,” mentioned at the close of this long letter, was issued. Hence the following extract from the *Georgia Gazette*:—

“Bethesda, January 29, 1770. A more particular application being impracticable, the Rev. Mr. Whitefield takes this method of begging the favour of the company of as many gentlemen and captains of ships in and about Savannah, as it may suit to accept this invitation, to dine

578

with him at the Orphan House Academy next Sunday. Public service to begin exactly at eleven o’clock.

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”

Of this second assembly at Bethesda, no record now exists. Bethesda was ten miles from Savannah, a considerable distance for the rulers and legislators of Georgia to travel. They all went by Whitefield’s own invitation. They gratefully acknowledged the great service which he had rendered, not only to the Orphan House in particular, but to Georgia in general. They had “a handsome and plentiful dinner.” This could hardly be avoided, considering the distance the company had travelled; but the entertainment would have been more appropriate on a weekday than on a Sunday.¹ The new buildings were in a state of forwardness, and were tasteful, and well executed. Whitefield’s sermon was “suitable and pious.” And the behaviour of the Orphan House inmates was decent and proper. Perhaps, the official reports of the Assembly and of the *Gazette* of Georgia were, in some respects, more eulogistic than they should have been. At all events, Whitefield’s *Sunday* entertainment, his orphans, and Mr. Wright, the architect and builder of his additional accommodations, were mnfavourably regarded by certain of his friends in England.

Berridge, often his honest and hearty assistant at Tottenham Court Road, in a letter to the Countess of Huntingdon,, dated May, 1771, observed:—

“Cornelius Winter, who went to Georgia with Mr. Whitefield, says there are but few orphans in the House, and no symptoms of grace in any. Mr. Wright has the management of the whole house, and seems neither to have zeal nor grace enough for the work, Mr. Whitefield made a sumptuous feast on a Sunday, for all the better-dressed people, intending to renew this every year by way of commemoration; but I hope you will put a stop to this *guttling* business. I wish the Orphan House may not soon become a mere blue-coat hospital and grammar school. If Mr. Fletcher would go to Georgia for a year, things might be on a better

¹ Still, if the drinking of toasts had been omitted, there was nothing more objectionable in Whitefield's gathering, than is sometimes witnessed among English Methodists at the present day; when a whole cavalcade wend their way, on the holy Sabbath, to some country town, to be present at the opening of some new meeting-house, and to be charmed and profited by some popular preacher.

579

footing. I never could relish Mr. Wright; he seems a mere cabinet-maker, without godliness.”

Berridge was dissatisfied; but it is only fair to add, that, when he thus wrote to Lady Huntingdon, he was looking at things through the spectacles of young Cornelius Winter, and that Winter was disappointed and soured because Whitefield had not done all he wished in endeavouring to obtain for him episcopal ordination.

Whitefield's sermon on this memorable Sunday was one of his best; but want of space prevents the insertion of lengthened extracts. He expressed the opinion that the colonies in America were likely to become “one of the most opulent and powerful empires in the world.” He told his congregation that, when he first came to Georgia, “the whole country almost was left desolate, and the metropolis, Savannah, was but like a cottage in a vineyard, or as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers.” He reminded them that it had been reported to the House of Commons, that “the very existence of the colony was, in a great measure, if not totally, owing to the building and supporting of the Orphan House.”

One peculiar feature of his sermon was his addressing personally and severally the different sections of his congregation. "I dare not conclude," said he, "without offering to your Excellency our pepper-corn of acknowledgment for the countenance you have always shewn Bethesda, and for the honour you did us last year in laying the first brick of yonder wings: in thus doing, you have honoured Bethesda's God." Then turning to his old friend Habersham, now President of the Upper House of Assembly, Whitefield said: "Next to his Excellency, my dear Mr. President, I must beg your acceptance both of thanks and congratulation. For you were not only my dear familiar friend, and first fellow-traveller in this infant province, but you were directed by Providence to this spot; you laid the second brick of this house; and watched, prayed, and wrought for the family's good. You were a witness of innumerable trials, and were the partner of my joys and griefs. You will have now the pleasure of seeing the Orphan House a fruitful

¹ "Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon," vol. ii., p. 255.

580

bough, its branches running over the wall. For this, no doubt, God has smiled upon and blessed you, in a manner we could not expect, much less design. May He continue to bless you with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ Jesus! Look to the rock from whence you have been hewn; and may your children never be ashamed that their father married a real Christian, who was born again under this roof!" Whitefield then proceeded to address the "Gentlemen of his Majesty's Council," and the "Speaker and Members of the General Assembly," and, finally, his "Reverend Brethren," and "the inhabitants of the colony" in general.

After his sermon, a speech was delivered by one of Whitefield's orphans;¹ then came the "handsome and plentiful dinner;" and so ended the proceedings of the memorable Sunday at Bethesda, January 28, 1770.

Five days after this, Whitefield and his manager, Thomas Dixon, appeared "before the Honourable Noble Jones, Esq.,

Senior Assistant Justice for the Province of Georgia,” for the purpose of being sworn that the Orphan-house accounts, from February 9, 1765, to the present date, and which amounted on the debit side to £2,548 17s. 0½*d.*, and on the credit side to £1,313 19s. 6¾*d.*, “contained, to the best of their knowledge, a just and true statement of all the monies received and expended during this period. The accounts thus presented were handed to James Edward Powell and Grey Elliot, members of his Majesty’s Council for Georgia, who, after carefully examining them, swore, before Noble Jones, that they were perfectly correct; and added:—

“We find that the whole of the sums expended on account of the Orphan House amount to £15,404 2s. 5¼*d.* sterling, and the whole receipts to £12,104 19s. 1½*d.*; and that the benefactions of the Rev. Mr. George Whitefield to the Orphan House have, at different times, amounted to £3,299 3s. 3¾*d.* sterling; and that no charge whatever has been made by the Rev. Mr. Whitefield, either for travelling charges or otherwise, nor any other charge for the salary of any person whatever, employed or concerned in the management of the said Orphan House; and that clear and distinct vouchers for the whole amount of the sums expended have been laid before us, except for four articles, amounting together to £40 1s. 1*d.*, being monies expended and paid by the said Mr. Whitefield

¹ Whitefield’s Works, vol. iii. p. 501.

581

on several occasions, the particulars of which are laid before us, but no receipt had been by him taken for the same.

“JAMES EDWARD POWELL.

“GREY ELLIOT.

“Sworn this second day of February, 1770, before me; in justification whereof, I have caused the seal of the general Court to be affixed.

“N. JONES.”

This is a notable document. The Orphan House had been built thirty years, and had been continuously maintained. The sum of £15,404 had been expended, and, excepting £40, vouchers for the whole of this amount were now produced. Not a penny had been paid out of the general fund to either Whitefield or any of his managers;

and Whitefield himself, out of his own private means, had contributed £3299 3s. 3¼d.! As a curiosity, the following general balance sheet of receipts and expenditure, from December, 1738, to February, 1770, taken from the Orphan House's authenticated book, may interest the reader:—

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.	EXPENDITURE.	£	s.	d.
Benefactions and Col- To April 16, 1746—							
lections in England	4471	0	6¼	Sundries, per audit	5511	17	9¼
Ditto, in Scotland	978	2	5½	To Feb. 25, 1752, do.	2026	13	7½
Ditto, in Georgia	275	2	5½	To Feb. 19, 1755, do.	1966	18	2
Ditto, in Charleston	567	1	9½	To Feb. 9, 1765, do.	3349	15	10
Ditto, in Beaufort	16	10	7¾	To Feb. 2, 1770, do.	2548	17	0½
Ditto, in Boston, New							
York, Philadelphia,				Receipts			
etc.	1809	6	10½				
Ditto, in Lisbon	3	12	0				
Cash received for pay- ment of boarders, cocoon, rice, lum- ber, indigo, pro- visions, etc.	3983	19	3				
The Rev. Mr. White- field's benefactions, being the sums ex- pended more than received	3299	3	3¾				
	£15,404	2	5¼		£15,404	2	5¼

During the thirty years that had elapsed since the Orphan House was built, 140 boys and 43 girls had been “clothed, educated, maintained, and suitably provided for;” and,

582

besides these, “many other poor children had been *occasionally* received, educated, and maintained.”

The Orphan House family now consisted of *whites*: Managers and carpenters, 9; boys, 15; girl, 1; total, 25. And of *negroes*: Men 24, of whom 16 were fit for any labour; 7 old, but capable of some service; and 1 so old as to be useless; women, 11, of whom 8 were capable of the usual labour; 2 old, but able to assist in the business

of the house; and 1 almost incapable of any service; children, 15, all employed as far as their strength permitted; total, 50.

The lands granted to Whitefield, in *trust* for his Orphan House, were a tract of 500 acres, called Bethesda, on which the Orphan House was erected; another of 419 acres, called Nazareth; a third of 419 acres, called Ephratah, on which were the principal planting improvements; and a fourth of 500 acres, adjoining Ephratah, and called Huntingdon. Besides these, three other tracts, amounting to 2,000 acres, and contiguous to the former, had been granted to him, *in trust*, for the endowment of his College.

As one object of Whitefield's present visit to America was to start his College, or, to speak more properly, his Academy, he drew up a set of Rules, to be observed by the inmates of his establishment, of which the following is a summary:—

1. Morning Prayer was to begin constantly, every day in the year, at half-past five o'clock. Evening Prayer every night. On every Sunday, besides a short prayer with a psalm or hymn early in the morning, full Prayers and a Sermon at ten; the same at three in the afternoon; a short prayer and a hymn at half-past six in the evening; the first Lesson to be read at dinner; the same at supper; and a short hymn at each meal.
2. Great care to be taken, that all read, write, speak, and behave properly.
3. All the statutes to be read to every student at admission, and thrice a year, at Easter, Whitsuntide, and Christmas, publicly.
4. No cards, dice, or gaming of any kind to be allowed, on pain of expulsion; and no music but divine psalmody.
5. All to be taught *Bland's Manual Exercise*, but not bound to attend on musters or other exercises, unless on account of an alarm.
6. No one to be suffered to run into arrears for above half a year; and a certain amount of caution money to be paid.
7. All students to furnish their own rooms, and to sleep on mattresses.
8. No one suffered to go to Savannah without leave.
9. Breakfast at seven; dinner at twelve; supper at six, through all the

583

year; and the utmost neatness to be observed and maintained in every room.

10. All orphans and students to learn and repeat the Thirty-nine Articles.

11. The Homilies¹ to be read publicly, every year, by the students in rotation.

12. All to be thoroughly instructed in the history of Georgia, and the constitution of England, before being taught the history of Greece and Rome.

13. The young negro boys to be baptized and taught to read; the young negro girls to be taught to work with the needle.

14. The following divinity books to be read:—The Commentaries of Henry, Doddridge, Guise, Burkit, and Clarke; Wilson's Dictionary, Professor Francke's *Manuductio*, Doddridge's *Rise and Progress*, Boston's *Fourfold State*, and his book on the *Covenant*, Jenks on the *Righteousness of Christ*, and also his *Meditations*, Hervey's *Theron and Aspasio*, Hall's *Contemplations*, and other works, Edwards's *Preacher*, Trapp on the *Old and New Testament*, Poole's *Annotations*, Warner's *Tracts*, Leighton's *Comment on the first Epistle of Peter*, Pearson on the *Creed*, Edwards's *Veritas Redux*, and Owen and Bunyan's *Works*.

It is a singular fact, that, except reading, writing, history, and divinity, Whitefield entirely omits the education to be given. To prevent a recurrence to the subject, the future history of Whitefield's Orphanage and Academy may here be added to the foregoing details.

By his will, Whitefield bequeathed the Orphan House and other buildings, together with all the lands already mentioned, and also all his negroes, to the Countess of Huntingdon, for the same purposes as he himself held them. The Governor and Council of Georgia had expected the property to be placed under their direction, and considerable disappointment was felt. Most, however, of the religious people in the colony were satisfied; and a letter from her ladyship to the Governor and Council reconciled even many of them to the disposition in her favour.² The Countess determined to send from England a president and master

¹ Whitefield intended to publish a new edition of the Homilies, and wrote a preface and compiled a number of prayers and hymns to be bound up with them. He strongly urged the reading of the Homilies from the pulpits of the Established Church, in accordance with the direction given in the Thirty-fifth Article, and very justly argued that, if this were done, "the desk and pulpit would not so frequently contradict each other. (See Whitefield's Works, vol. iv., pp. 441-454.)

² "Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon," vol. ii., p. 256.

584

for the Orphan House, and, at the same time, to dispatch a number of her Trevecca students as missionaries to the Indians and to the people in the back settlements. The students, summoned from all parts of the kingdom, assembled at Trevecca, on the 9th of October, 1772. The Hon. and Rev. Walter Shirley, the Rev. Mr. Glascott, the Rev. John Crosse, afterwards vicar of Bradford, and the Rev. Mr. Piercy, rector of St. Paul's, Charleston, met them. Public services were held daily for a fortnight. At the end of the month, Piercy and the missionaries embarked for Georgia. Piercy was to be the president of the Orphan House, the Rev. Mr. Crosse was to be the master, and the Countess's own housekeeper was sent to regulate the household matters according to her ladyship's direction.¹ The missionaries were welcomed by the people, and, for a brief period, affairs at the Orphan House seemed to prosper.

In the month of June, 1773, this historic edifice was burnt. Francis Asbury, one of Wesley's missionaries in America wrote:—

"New York, July 2, 1773. Arrived the sorrowful news of the destruction of Mr. Whitefield's Orphan House. As there was no fire in the house, it was supposed to have been set on fire by lightning. The fire broke out about seven or eight o'clock at night, and consumed the whole building, except the two wings."²

Lady Huntingdon lamented the loss, but wrote: "I could never wish it for one moment to be otherwise, believing the Lord removed it out of our way, and that it was not somehow on that right foundation of simplicity and faith our work must stand upon."³ Honest Berridge, of Everton, entertained the same opinion. "It excites in me no surprise," said he, "that the Orphan House is burnt. It was originally intended for orphans, and as such was a laudable design;

but it ceased to be an Orphan House, in order to become a lumber-house for human learning; and God has cast a brand of His displeasure upon it. But how gracious the Lord has been to Mr. Whitefield, in preserving it during his lifetime.⁴

¹ "Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon," pp. 259–267.

² "Asbury's Journal," vol. i., p. 78.

³ "Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon," vol. ii., p. 263.

⁴ "Memoirs of Cornelius Winter," p. 144.

585

This is not the place to recite the annoyances and troubles which Whitefield's bequest entailed on the Countess of Huntingdon. Suffice it to say, that, in 1782, during the war with England, the Americans confiscated the Orphan House estates;¹ and that, in 1800, when the place was visited by a Methodist preacher, the two unburnt wings were fast decaying. In one of them, lived a small family of whites; in part of the other, a family of negro slaves, the remainder being converted into a stable. The brick walls which formerly enclosed the whole of the Orphan House premises were levelled with the ground, and, in many places, the foundations were ploughed up. There was no school of any kind; and the whole was rented for thirty dollars per annum.²

"The ruins," writes Dr. Stevens, "the only memorial of a great and benevolent scheme, were also the memento of the great Methodist evangelist. If the ostensible design of the institution had failed, it had accomplished a greater result which was destined never to fail; for it had been the centre of American attraction to its founder, had prompted his thirteen passages across the Atlantic, and had thus led to those extraordinary travels and labours, from Georgia to Maine, which quickened with spiritua. life the Protestantism of the continent, and opened the career of Methodism in the western hemisphere."³

We return to Whitefield's history. After the auditing of his Orphan House accounts, he went to Charleston, where he remained about a month. He was now in better health than he had been for many years, and was "enabled to preach almost every day." The establishment of his College, however, was still a great anxiety. In a letter to Mr. Keen, dated "Charleston, February 10, 1770, he wrote:—

“I have, more than once, conversed with the Governor of Georgia, in the most explicit manner, concerning an Act of the Assembly for the establishment of the intended Orphan House College. He most readily consents. I have shewn him a draught, which he much approves of; and all will be finished on my return from the northward. Meanwhile, the build-

¹ “Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon,” vol. ii., p. 269.

² *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*, 1825, p. 841.

³ It is right to add, that the authorities of Savannah, out of respect to Whitefield’s memory, secured what they could of the ruined property, and invested the proceeds in a school, which yet flourishes. (Belcher’s “Biography of Whitefield,” p. 458.)

⁴ Stevens’ “History of the Methodist Episcopal Church,” vol. iii., p. 50.

586

ings will be carried on. Since my being in Charleston, I have shewn the draught to some persons of great eminence and influence. They highly approve of it, and willingly consent to be some of the wardens: near twenty are to be of Georgia, about six of this place, one of Philadelphia, one of New York, one of Boston, three of Edinburgh, two of Glasgow, and six of London. Those of Georgia and South Carolina are to be qualified; the others to be only honorary corresponding wardens.”

On the same month, Wesley wrote to Whitefield; and, because the letter happened to be the last he addressed to his old friend, and because it expressed Wesley’s opinions respecting the intended College, it shall be given at full length.

“LEWISHAM, *February 21*, 1770.

“MY DEAR BROTHER,—Mr. Keen informed me some time since of your safe arrival in Carolina; of which, indeed, I could not doubt for a moment, notwithstanding the idle report of your being cast away, which was so current in London. I trust our Lord has more work for you to do in Europe, is well as in America. And who knows, but, before your return to England, I may pay another visit to the New World? I have been strongly solicited by several of our friends in New York and Philadelphia. They urge many reasons, some of which appear to be of considerable weight; and my age is no objection at all; for, I bless God, my health is not barely as good, but abundantly better in several respects, than when I was five-and-twenty. But there are so many reasons on the other side, that as yet I can determine nothing: so I must wait for further light. Here I am: let the Lord do with me as seemeth Him good. For the present, I must beg of you to supply my lack of service, by encouraging our preachers as you judge best, who are as yet comparatively young and inexperienced;”

by giving them such advices as you think proper; and, above all, by exhorting them, not only to love one another, but, if it be possible, as much as lies in them, to live peaceably with all men.

“Some time ago, since you went hence, I heard a circumstance which gave me a good deal of concern; namely, that the College or Academy in Georgia had swallowed up the Orphan House. Shall I give my judgment without being asked? Methinks, friendship requires I should. Are there not, then, two points which come in view—a point of mercy, and a point of justice? With regard to the former, may it not be inquired, Can anything on earth be a greater charity, than to bring up orphans? What is a college or an academy compared to this? unless you could have such a college as perhaps is not upon earth, I know the value of learning, and am JUQre in danger of prizing it too much, than too little. But, still, I cannot place the giving it to five hundred students, on a level with saving the bodies, if not the souls too, of five hundred orphans. But let us pass from the point of mercy to that of justice. You had land given, and col-

¹ Boardman commenced the itinerancy in 1763, and Pilmoor in 1765.

587

lected money, for an Orphan House. Are you at liberty to apply this to any other purpose,—at least, while there are any orphans in Georgia left? I just touch upon this, though it is an important point, and leave it to your own consideration, whether part of it, at least, might not properly be applied to carry on the original design.

“In speaking thus freely, I have given you a fresh proof of the sincerity with which I am your ever affectionate friend and brother,

“JOHN WESLEY.”¹

Wesley’s letter, though it may lack Whitefield’s gushing lovingness, is the letter of a fond and faithful friend, and fully proves that, to the last, the two great evangelists were not rivals, as some have represented them, but affectionate and confiding fellow-workers. Whitefield dearly loved Wesley, and by his actions shewed he did; and Wesley equally felt for Whitefield warm affection. “In every place,” said he, after Whitefield’s death, “I wish to shew all possible respect to the memory of that great and good man.”² “I believe he was highly favoured of God; yea, that he was one of the most eminent ministers that has appeared in England, or perhaps in the world, during the present century.”³

Early in the month of March, Whitefield returned to Bethesda, where he continued till near the end of April. In a letter to Mr. Keen, he wrote:—

“SAVANNAH, *March 11, 1770.*

“MY VERY DEAR WORTHY FRIEND,—Blessed be God, the good wine seemed to be kept till the last at Charleston. Last Thursday” (March 8) “I returned, and found all well at Bethesda. I am come to town to preach this morning, though somewhat fatigued with being on the water three nights. Upon the whole, however, I am better in health than I have been for many years. Praise the Lord, O my soul!”⁴

Further extracts from letters to Mr. Keen will pourtray Whitefield’s views and feelings at this period of his history. He was happy in a luxuriant wilderness.

“Bethesda, April 6, 1770. How glad would many be to see our *Goshen*, our *Bethel*, our *Bethesda!* Never did I enjoy such domestic peace, com-

¹ “Wesley’s Works,” vol. xii., p. 149.

² *Ibid.*, vol. iii., p. 400.

³ *Ibid.*, vol. xi., p. 289.

⁴ A strange rumour was circulated, at this time, in the London newspapers, that Whitefield had returned to England. *Lloyd’s Evening Post*, of April 2, announced, “Saturday, March 31, arrived in town, the Rev. Mr. George Whitefield, from Georgia.”

fort, and joy, during my whole pilgrimage. It is unspeakable, it is full of glory. Peace, unutterable peace, attends our paths, and a pleasing prospect of increasing prosperity is continually rising to our view. I have lately taken six poor children, and purpose to add greatly to their number. Dear Mr. Dixon and his wife are to sail next month for Portsmouth. We part with great respect. Fain would I retain such an old, tried, disinterested friend, in the service of the sanctuary, and near my person; but what scheme to pursue I know not, being so uncertain as to the path I shall be called to take. A few months will determine: perhaps a few weeks.”

“Bethesda, April 16, 1770. Hallelujah! Praise the Lord! All is well, all more than well here! Never, never did I enjoy such domestic peace and happiness. I have taken in about ten orphans. Prizes! prizes! Hallelujah! Join, join in praising Him whose mercy endureth for ever! If possible, I shall write a line to the Welsh brethren. They have indeed sustained a loss in the death of Mr. Howell Davies. God sanctify it! Surely my turn will come by-and-by.”¹

“Bethesda, April 20, 1770. We enjoy a little heaven upon earth here. With regret, I go northward, as far as Philadelphia at least, next Monday. Everything concurs to shew me, that Bethesda affairs must go on, as yet, in their old channel. A few months may open strange scenes. O for a spirit of love and moderation on all sides, and on both sides of the water! In all probability, I shall not return hither till November. Was ever man blessed with such a set of skilful, peaceful, laborious helpers! O Bethesda, my Bethel, my Peniel! My happiness is. inconceivable. Nine or ten orphans have been lately taken in. Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Let chapel, tabernacle, heaven, and earth, resound with hallelujah!”

“Savannah, April 24, 1770. Five in the morning. I am just going into the boat, in order to embark for Philadelphia. This will prove a blessed year for me, at the day of judgment. Hallelujah! Come, Lord, come! Mr. Robert Wright is a quiet, ingenuous, good creature, and his wife an excellent mistress of the family. Such a set of helpers I never met with. They will go on with the buildings, while I take my gospel range to the northward.”

Whitefield had now left his beloved Bethesda for ever. He arrived in Philadelphia on Sunday, the 6th of May, and met with the missionaries of his old friend Wesley, Messrs. Boardman and Pilmoor, whom he encouraged to proceed to their arduous work.² Writing to Mr. Keen, he says:—

¹ It is a noticeable fact that two of Whitefield's oldest fellow-labourers died in the same year as himself,—the Rev. Howell Davies, “the head of Calvinistic Methodism in Pembrokehire,” and faithful Thomas Adams, the leader of the same cause in Gloucestershire and Wilts. (“Memoirs of Cornelius Winter,” p. 147.)

² Jesse Lee, who became a Methodist preacher in America, twelve years after Whitefield's death, says in his “History of the Methodists in

“PHILADELPHIA, May 9, 1770. I arrived here on the 6th instant. The evening following, I was enabled to preach to a large auditory, and am to repeat the delightful task this evening. Pulpits and hearts seem to be as open to me as ever. Praise the Lord, O our souls! I have my old plan in view, to travel in these northern parts all summer, and return late in the fall to Georgia. Through infinite mercy, I continue in good health, and am more and more in love with a pilgrim life.”

“Philadelphia, May 24, 1770. I have now been here nearly three weeks. People of all ranks flock as much as ever. Impressions are made on many, and, I trust, they will abide. To all the *Episcopal Churches*, as well as to most of the other places of worship, I have free

iccess. My health is preserved;- and, though I preach twice on the Lord's-day, and three or four times a week besides, I am rather better than I have been for many years. This is the Lord's doing. To Him be all the glory!"

Three weeks after this, Whitefield wrote again to Mr. Keen:—

"Philadelphia, June 14, 1770. I have just returned from a hundred and fifty miles' circuit, in which I have" been enabled to preach every day. So many new, as well as old, doors are open, and so many invitations sent from various quarters, that I know not which way to turn myself. However, at present I am bound for New York, and so on further northward."

He arrived at New York on Saturday, June 23, and, in another letter to Mr. Keen, remarked:—

"New York, June 30, 1770. I have been here just a week. Have been enabled to preach four times, and am to preach again this evening. Congregations are larger than ever. Next week, I purpose to go to Albany: from thence, perhaps, to the Oneida Indians. There is to be a very large Indian congress. Mr. Kirkland accompanies me. He is a truly Christian minister and missionary. Everything possible should be done to strengthen his hands and his heart."

A word must be interposed respecting this valuable man. Samuel Kirkland had been educated in Dr. Wheelock's school, and in New Jersey College. While at school, he had

America" (p. 36), "In the year 1770, Mr. Whitefield passed through Philadelphia, and, calling on our preachers who were in that city, expressed to them his great satisfaction at finding them in this country, where there was such a great call for faithful labourers in the vineyard of the Lord. His labours, as an itinerant preacher, had been greatly blessed to the people in America; and, thereby, the way was opened for our preachers to travel and preach in different parts of the country."

590

learned the language of the Mohawks; and, in 1764, commenced a journey to the Senecas, among whom he spent a year and a half. In 1766, he was ordained a missionary to the Indians; and, in 1769, removed with his wife to the Oneida tribe, for whose benefit he laboured more than forty years. His son, Dr. Kirkland, became president of Harvard College. No wonder Whitefield fell in love with such a man. Unfortunately, no record of his visit to the "Indian congress"

now exists; but an idea of his enormous labours may be gathered from the following letter to Mr. Keen:—

“New York, July 29, 1770. During this month, I have been above a five hundred miles’ circuit, and have been enabled to preach every day. The congregations have been very large, attentive, and affected, particularly at Albany, Schenectady, Great Barrington, Norfolk, Salisbury, Sharon, Smithfield, Powkeepsy, Fishkill, New Rumburt, New Windsor, and Peckskill. Last night, I returned hither, and hope to set out for Boston in two or three days. O what a new scene of usefulness is opening in various parts of this new world! All fresh work where I have been. The Divine influence has been as at the first. Invitations crowd upon me, both from ministers and people, from many, many quarters. A very peculiar providence led me lately to a place where a horse-stealer was executed. Thousands attended. The poor criminal, hearing I was in the country, had sent me several letters. The sheriff allowed him to come and hear a sermon under an adjacent tree. Solemn! solemn! After being by himself about an hour, I walked half a mile with him to the gallows. His heart had been softened before my first visit. He seemed full of Divine consolations. An instructive walk! I went up with him into the cart. He gave a short exhortation. I then stood upon the coffin; added, I trust, a word in season; prayed; gave the blessing; and took my leave. I hope effectual good was done to the hearers and spectators.”

While travelling this “five hundred miles’ circuit,” Whitefield, one day, dined, with a number of ministers, at the manse of his old friend, the Rev. William Tennent. After dinner, as often happened, Whitefield expressed his joy at the thought of soon dying and being admitted into heaven; and, then, appealing to the ministers present, he asked if his joy was shared by them. Generally they assented; but Tennent continued silent. “Brother Tennent,” said Whitefield, “you are the oldest man among us. Do you not rejoice that your being called home is so near at hand?” “I have no wish about it,” bluntly answered Tennent. Whitefield pressed his question, and Tennent again replied, “No, sir, it is no plea-

591

sure to me at all; and, if you knew your duty, it would be none to you. I have nothing to do with death. My business is to live as *long* as I can, and as *well* as I can.” Whitefield was not satisfied, and a third time urged the good old man to state, whether he would not choose to die, if death

were left to his own choice. "Sir," answered Tennent, "I have no choice about it. I am God's servant, and have engaged to do His business as long as He pleases to continue me therein. But now, brother Whitefield, let me ask you a question. What do you think I would say, if I were to send my man Tom into the field to plough, and if at noon I should find him lounging under a tree, and complaining, 'Master, the sun is hot, and the ploughing hard, and I am weary of my work, and overdone with heat: do, master, let me go home and rest'? What would I say? Why, that he was a lazy fellow, and that it was his business to do the work I had appointed him, until I should think fit to call him home." For the present, at least, Whitefield was silenced, and was taught, that it is every Christian man's duty to say, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come."¹

Whitefield's preaching was never more popular and powerful than now. Sharon has been mentioned in the foregoing extract. The minister here was the Rev. Cotton Mather Smith, who offered him his pulpit. Whitefield selected his favourite subject, and preached from, "Ye must be born again." The immense congregation was moved and melted throughout, but the pronunciation of the concluding words of the sermon, it is said, produced a life-time impression on those who heard them: "Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon this garden, that the spices thereof may flow out. Let my beloved come into this garden, and eat his pleasant fruits." (Solomon's Song, iv. 16.) Simple words, but uttered in a manner and with a pathos which thrilled the enormous crowd, and which caused many of them to follow him into the adjacent towns for several successive days.²

Another anecdote may be inserted here. An eminent

¹ *Evangelical Magazine*, 1807, p. 292.

² Wakeley's "Anecdotes of Whitefield," p. 358.

shipbuilder being invited to hear Whitefield, at first made several objections, but at last was persuaded to go. "What do you think of Mr. Whitefield?" asked his friend.

“Think,” said he, “I never heard such a man in my life. I tell you, sir, every Sunday, when I go to church, I can build a ship from stem to stern, under the sermon; but, were it to save my soul, under Mr. Whitefield, I could not lay a single plank.”¹

Whitefield sailed from New York on Tuesday, July 31st, and arrived at New Port on the Friday following. With the exception of six days, on five of which he was seriously ill, he preached daily until he died. From August 4th to 8th inclusive, he preached at New Port; August 9th to 12th, at Providence; August 13th, at Attleborough; and 14th, at Wrentham. With the exception of the 19th, when he discoursed at Maiden, he officiated every day at Boston, from the 15th to the 25th. On August 26th, he preached at Medford; on the 27th, at Charlestown; and on the 28th, at Cambridge. The next two days were employed at Boston; August 31st, at Roxbury Plain; September 1st, at Milton; 2nd, at Roxbury; 3rd, at Boston; 5th, at Salem; 6th, at Marble Mead; 7th, at Salem; 8th, at Cape Ann; 9th, at Ipswich; 10th and 11th, at Newbury Port; and 12th and 13th, at Rowley. On the 14th and two following days, he was disabled by violent diarrhoea. From September 17th to 19th, he again preached at Boston; and on the 20th, at Newton. The next two days he was ill, but managed to travel from Boston to Portsmouth, where he preached on the 23rd to the 25th.² The 26th, he employed at Kittery; the

¹ *Methodist Magazine*, 1811, p. 788.

² In the *Pennsylvania Journal*, a letter was published, bearing date “Portsmouth, September 28, 1770.” The writer said, “Last Sunday morning came to town, from Boston, the Rev. George Whitefield; and, in the afternoon, he preached at the Rev. Dr. Haven’s meeting-house: Monday morning, he preached again at the same place, to a very large and crowded audience. Tuesday morning, a most numerous assembly met at the Rev. Dr. Langdon’s meeting-house, which, it is said, will hold nearly 6,000 people, and was well filled, even the aisles. In the evening, he preached at the Rev. Mr. John Rodgers’ meeting-house in Kittery; and yesterday, at the Rev. Mr. Lyman’s, in York, to which place a number of ladies and gentlemen from town accompanied him. This morning (Friday) he will preach at the Rev. Dr. Langdon’s meeting-house in this town.” (Belcher’s “Biography of Whitefield,” p. 433.)

593

27th, at Old York; the 28th, at Portsmouth; and the 29th, at Exeter.¹ At six o'clock in the morning of the 30th, he died.

Thus were spent the last two months of Whitefield's life. He was too much occupied to have time for his wonted correspondence with his friends; but there are two letters, belonging to this interval, which must be quoted: the first to Mr. Wright, his manager at Bethesda; the second to his beloved and faithful friend, Mr. Keen, of London.

"BOSTON, *September 17, 1770.*

"DEAR MR. WRIGHT,—Blessed be God! I find all is well at Bethesda; only I want to know what things are needed, that I may order them from Philadelphia, by Captain Souder. Fain would I contrive to come by him, but people are so importunate for my stay in these parts, that I fear it will be impracticable. Lord Jesus, direct my goings in Thy way! He will, He will! My God will supply all my wants, according to the riches of His grace in Christ Jesus. Two or three evenings ago, I was taken in the night with a violent lax, attended with retching and shivering, so that I was obliged to return to Boston. Through infinite mercy, I am restored, and to-morrow morning hope to begin *to begin* again. Never was the word received with greater eagerness than now. All opposition seems, as it were, for a while to cease. I find God's time is the best. The season is critical as to outward circumstances. But when forts are given up, the Lord Jesus can appoint salvation for walls and bulwarks. He has promised to be a wall of fire round about His people. This comforts me concerning Bethesda, though we should have a Spanish war. You will be pleased to hear I never was carried through the summer's heat so well. I hope it has been so with you, and all my family. Hoping ere long to see you, I am, etc.,

"GEORGE WHITEFIELD."

The letter to Mr. Keen, written only seven days before Whitefield's death, was to the following effect:—

"PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE, *September 23, 1770.*

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—By this time, I thought to be moving southward; but never was greater importunity used to detain me longer in these northern parts. Poor New England is much to be pitied; Boston people most of all. How falsely misrepresented! What a mercy that our Christian charter cannot be dissolved! Blessed be God for an un-

changeable Jesus! You will see, by the many invitations enclosed, what a door is opened for preaching His everlasting gospel. I was so ill on Friday, that I could not preach, though thousands were waiting to hear. Well, the day of release will shortly come, but it does not seem yet; for,

¹ Gillies' "Memoirs of Whitefield."

594

by riding sixty miles, I am better, and hope to preach here to-morrow. I hope my blessed Master will accept of these poor efforts to serve Him. O for a warm heart! O to stand fast in the faith, to quit ourselves like men, and to be strong! May this be the happy experience of you and yours! If spared so long, I expect to see Georgia about Christmas. Still pray and praise. I am so poorly, and so engaged when able to preach, that this must apologize for not writing to more friends. It is quite impracticable. Hoping to see all dear friends about the time proposed, and earnestly desiring a continued interest in all your prayers, I must hasten to subscribe myself,

"My dear, very dear sir,

"Less than the least of all,

"GEORGE WHITEFIELD."

This was Whitefield's last letter; at all events, no letter of a subsequent date has been published.

Though Whitefield scarcely alludes to the circumstance, it ought to be noted, that, the last six months of his life were spent in the midst of great political excitement. It is a well-known fact, that the inhabitants of the British colonies in America strongly objected to pay taxes upon goods imported from England; and defended themselves by the famous aphorism, "Taxation, without representation, is tyranny." So stout was their resistance, that, during the year 1769, the exports of English merchants fell short of what they had been to the value of three-quarters of a million sterling; and, since the year 1767, the revenue, received by government from duties paid in America, had decreased from £110,000 to £30,000. In consequence of this state of things, Lord North, on the 5th of March, 1770, moved in the House of Commons for leave to bring in a bill to repeal all the American taxes and duties, except the duty

upon tea. Great debates followed. On the 1st of May, the opposition called for the correspondence with the American colonies. Eight days later, Burke moved eight resolutions censuring the plan the government were pursuing. On the 14th of May, Chatham moved that, in consequence of “the alarming disorders in his Majesty’s American dominions,” an humble address be presented to the king, beseeching him “to take the recent and genuine sense of the people, by dissolving this present parliament, and calling another, with all convenient dispatch.”

So much as it regards England. In America, the excite-

595

ment had become dangerous. In nearly all the principal seaports of the colonies, committees had been appointed, by the people, to examine cargoes arriving from Great Britain, and to prevent the sale of taxed commodities. At Boston, meetings were regularly held, and strong votes of censure passed upon every one who dared to introduce or sell any of the prohibited goods; and, still further to increase the odium and danger of such departures from the popular will, the names of offenders were published in the newspapers, with comments representing them as slaves and traitors.

As might naturally be expected, riots followed. In the month of February, 1770, the shop of Theophilus Lillie was attacked. A friend of Lillie’s seized a gun, and fired upon the assailants. The shot killed Christopher Snider, a dirty boy, who, as “the first martyr to the glorious cause of liberty,” was buried with great pomp, the procession which followed the young reformer to his grave being a quarter of a mile in length. In the meantime, the inhabitants of Boston, and the soldiers quartered there, were perpetually quarrelling. No man in a red coat could go through the streets without being insulted, and no discipline could prevent the soldiers from retorting. Words led to blows. On the 2nd of March, a private of the 29th Regiment got into a quarrel, and was beaten by a set of ropemakers. A dozen of the soldier’s comrades chastised the ropemakers, and made them run for their very lives. The townspeople were exasperated, and armed themselves with clubs.

Meetings were held by the mob; and, on the 5th of March, a crowd, with sticks and clubs, marched to Dock Square, and made an attack upon the soldiers. Muskets were fired, and the rioters ran away; but three were killed, and five were dangerously wounded. The subject need not here be pursued at greater length. In point of fact, the American Rebellion was begun, and, during the last six months of his eventful life, Whitefield preached among the excited and angry discontents. In some degree, he evidently sympathised with their protests concerning their grievances; and, hence, the exclamations in his last letter to Mr. Keen: "Poor New England is much to be pitied! Boston people most of all! How falsely misrepresented!" No doubt,

596

both sides were misrepresented. The hour was pregnant with the most disastrous events. For years afterwards, the roar and ravages of war were terrific. Fortunately for himself, Whitefield escaped to the land of love, and peace, and blessedness, while the storm was only gathering, and before it burst in all its devastating deadliness.

On Saturday morning, September 29, Whitefield set out from Portsmouth to Boston, with the intention of preaching at Newbury Port next morning. On the way, he was stopped at Exeter, fifteen miles from Portsmouth, and was prevailed upon to give a sermon to the people there. A friend said to him, "Sir, you are more fit to go to bed than to preach." "True, sir," replied Whitefield; and then, clasping his hands, and looking up to heaven, he added, "Lord Jesus, I am weary in Thy work, but not of it. If I have not yet finished my course, let me go and speak for Thee once more in the fields, seal Thy truth, and come home and die!" An immense multitude assembled. He mounted a hogshead.¹ His text was, "Examine yourselves, whether you be in the faith." One, who was present, thus described the preacher and his sermon:—

"The subject was 'Faith and works.' He rose up sluggishly and wearily, as if worn down and exhausted by his stupendous labours. His face seemed bloated, his voice was hoarse, his enunciation heavy. Sentence after sentence was thrown off in rough, disjointed portions, without

much regard to point or beauty. At length, his mind kindled, and his lion-like voice roared to the extremities of his audience. He was speaking of the inefficiency of works to merit salvation, and suddenly cried out in a tone of thunder, 'Works! works! a man get to heaven by works! I would as soon think of climbing to the moon on a rope of sand!'²

Another gentleman, who was present, wrote:—

"Mr. Whitefield rose, and stood erect, and his appearance alone was a powerful sermon. He remained several minutes unable to speak; and then said, 'I will wait for the gracious assistance of God; for He will, I am certain, assist me once more to speak in His name.' He then delivered, perhaps, one of his best sermons. 'I go,' he cried, 'I go to rest prepared; my sun has arisen, and, by aid from heaven, has given light to many. It is now about to set for—no, it is about to rise to the zenith of immortal

¹ Lee's "History of American Methodists," p. 36.

² Wakeley's "Anecdotes of Whitefield."

glory. I have outlived many on earth, but they cannot outlive me in heaven. Oh, thought divine! I soon shall be in a world where time, age, pain, and sorrow are unknown. My body fails, my spirit expands. How willingly would I live for ever to preach Christ! But I die to be *with* Him."⁴

Whitefield's sermon was two hours in length,—characteristic of the man, but, in his present health, quite enough to kill him.

The Rev. Jonathan Parsons, who, for the last twenty-four years, had been the Presbyterian minister at Newbury Port, met him at Exeter. In piety, the two were kindred spirits. Mr. Parsons' congregation was one of the largest in America. As a preacher, he was eminently useful; his imagination was rich, and his voice clear and commanding. He was well skilled in the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages; and many were the seals of his faithful ministry, which closed six years after that of his friend Whitefield's.

After Whitefield's enormous sermon, the two friends dined at Captain Gillman's, and then started for Newbury Port. On arriving there, Whitefield was so exhausted, that he was unable to leave the boat without assistance, but, in the course of the evening, he recovered his spirits.²

Newbury Port was an ordinary New England village; in fact, it remains such at the present day,—its streets narrow, and not overcrowded with either traffic or passengers.³ It is a remarkable coincidence, that, *exactly* thirty years before his death, Whitefield, for the first time, visited the place which contains his sepulchre. In his Journal, he wrote:—

“Tuesday, September 30, 1740. Preached at Ipswich in the morning to many thousands. There was a great melting in the congregation. Dined. Set out for Newbury, another town twelve miles from Ipswich, and arrived about three. Here again the power of the Lord accompanied the word. The meeting-house was very large. Many ministers were present, and the people were greatly affected. Blessed be God!”

Little did the great preacher think, that, on the same day, thirty years afterwards, his work would terminate in the

¹ Belcher's "Biography of Whitefield," p. 435.

² *St. James's Chronicle*, November 8, 1770.

³ *Methodist World*, February 1, 1870.

598

meeting-house's manse. The venerable building still stands, in a narrow lane, and, though now used as two comfortable residences, the spacious entrance hall yet exists, and likewise the fine oak staircase which led to the room in which Whitefield died.¹

While Whitefield partook of an early supper, the people assembled at the front of the parsonage, and even crowded into its hall, impatient to hear a few words from the man they so greatly loved. "I am tired," said Whitefield, "and must go to bed." He took a candle, and was hastening to his chamber. The sight of the people moved him; and, pausing on the staircase, he began to speak to them. He had preached his last sermon; this was to be his last exhortation. There he stood, the crowd in the hall "gazing up at him with tearful eyes, as Elisha at the ascending prophet. His voice flowed on until the candle which he held in his hand burned away and *went out in its socket!* The next morning he was not, for God had taken him!"²

Mr. Richard Smith, who had accompanied Whitefield from England, and had attended him in his journeyings, followed him to his chamber. He found him reading the

Bible, and with Dr. Watts's Psalms before him. Whitefield drank some water-gruel, knelt by his bedside, engaged in prayer, and then went to rest. He slept till two in the morning, when he asked for cider, and drank a wine-glassful.

"He panted for want of breath," says Mr. Smith. "I asked him how he felt. He answered, 'My asthma is returning; I must have two or three days' rest. Two or three days' riding, without preaching, will set me up again.' Though the window had been half up all night, he asked me to put it a little higher. 'I cannot breathe,' said he, 'but I hope I shall be better by-and-by. A good pulpit sweat to-day may give me relief. I shall be better after preaching.' I said to him, I wished he would not preach so often. He replied, 'I had rather wear out, than rust out.' He then sat up in bed and prayed that God would bless his preaching where he had been, and also bless his preaching that day, that more souls might be brought to Christ. He prayed for direction, whether he should winter at Boston, or hasten southward. He asked for blessings on his Bethesda College and his family there; likewise on the congregations at the Tabernacle and Tottenham Court chapel, and on all his English friends.

¹ *Methodist World*, Feb. 1, 1870.

² Stevens' "History of Methodism," vol. i., p. 466.

"He then lay down to sleep again. This was nigh three o'clock. At a quarter to four he awoke, and said, 'My asthma, my asthma is coming on again. I wish I had not promised to preach at Haverhill to-morrow. I don't think I shall be able; but I shall see what to-day will bring forth. If I am no better to-morrow, I will take a two or three days' ride.' He then asked me to warm him a little gruel; and, in breaking the firewood, I awoke Mr. Parsons, who rose and came in. He went to Mr. Whitefield's bedside, and asked him how he felt. He answered, 'I am almost suffocated. I can scarce breathe. My asthma quite chokes me.' He got out of bed, and went to the open window for air. This was exactly at five o'clock. Soon after, he turned to me, and said, 'I am dying.' I said, 'I hope not, sir.' He ran to the other window, panting for breath, but could get no relief. I went for Dr. Sawyer; and, on my coming back, I saw death on his face. We offered him warm wine with lavender drops, which he refused. I persuaded him to sit down and put on his cloak; he consented by a sign, but could not speak. I then offered him the glass of warm wine; he took half of it, but it seemed as if it would have stopped his breath entirely. In a little while, he brought up a considerable quantity of phlegm. I was continually employed in taking the mucus from his mouth, bathing his temples, and rubbing his wrists.

His hands and feet were as cold as clay. When the doctor came, and felt his pulse, he said, 'He is a dead man.' Mr. Parsons replied, 'I do not believe it. You must do something, doctor.' He answered, 'I cannot. He is now near his last breath.'¹ And indeed so it proved; for he fetched but one gasp, stretched out his feet, and breathed no more. This was exactly at six o'clock."²

Thus died the most popular and powerful evangelist of modern times, on Sunday morning, September 30, 1770. "I shall die silent," remarked Whitefield at the dinner table of Finley, the president of New Jersey College: "I shall die silent. It has pleased God to enable me to bear so many testimonies for Him during my life, that He will require none from me when I die." Whitefield's words were strangely verified. In this respect, his death was a contrast to that of his friend Wesley.

Whitefield was interred on Tuesday, October 2. "At one o'clock, all the bells in Newbury Port were tolled for half an hour, and all the ships in the harbour hoisted signals of mourning. At two o'clock, the bells tolled a second time. At three o'clock, the bells called to attend

¹ There can be but little doubt that the disease which terminated Whitefield's life was angina pectoris.

² Gillies' "Memoirs of Whitefield."

600

the funeral."¹ Meanwhile, a large number of ministers had assembled at the manse of Mr. Parsons, and had spent two hours in conversation respecting Whitefield's usefulness, and in prayer that his mantle might fall on them and others. The pall-bearers were the Revs. Samuel Haven, D.D., of Portsmouth; Daniel Rogers, of Exeter; Jedediah Jewet and James Chandler, of Rowley; Moses Parsons, of Newbury; and Edward Bass, D.D.,² the first bishop of the Church of England in Massachusetts. The funeral procession was a mile in length. About 6,000 persons crowded within the church, and many thousands stood outside.³ The corpse being placed at the foot of the pulpit, the Rev. Daniel Rogers offered prayer, in which he confessed that he owed his conversion to Whitefield's ministry, and then exclaiming, "O my Father! my Father!" stopped and wept as though

his heart was breaking. The scene was one never to be forgotten. The crowded congregation were bathed in tears. Rogers recovered himself, finished his prayer, sat down, and sobbed.⁴ One of the deacons gave out the hymn beginning with the line,—

“Why do we mourn departing friends?”

Some of the people sang, and some wept, and others sang and wept alternately. The coffin was then put into a newly prepared tomb, beneath the pulpit; and, before the tomb was sealed, the Rev. Jedediah Jewet delivered a suitable address, in the course of which he spoke of Whitefield’s “peculiar and eminent gifts for the gospel ministry, and his fervour, diligence, and success in the work of it.” “What a friend,” cried Jewet, “he has been to us, and our interests, religious and civil; to New England, and to all the British colonies on the continent!”⁶ After this, another prayer was offered, and the immense crowd departed, weeping through the streets, as in mournful groups they wended their way to their respective homes.⁶

¹ “Funeral Sermon,” etc., by Rev. Jonathan Parsons, p. 28.

² *Ibid.*

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ Stevens’ “History of Methodism,” vol. i., p. 467.

⁵ “Funeral Sermon,” etc., by Rev. Jonathan Parsons, p. 31.

⁶ Whitefield’s friends, at Boston, intended to have him buried there.

The sensation occasioned by the sudden decease of the “man greatly beloved” was enormous. The people came in crowds, begging to be allowed to see his corpse. Ministers of all denominations hastened to the house of Mr. Parsons, where several of them related how his ministry had been the means of their conversion. Two days before his death, he had preached at Portsmouth, and one of his hearers was a young man named Benjamin Randall, then unconverted, and also cherishing a dislike to Whitefield. “O how wonderful he spoke!” wrote Randall. His soul inflamed with love, his arms extended, and tears rolling from his eyes— with what power he spoke!” At noon on Sunday, a stranger was seen riding through the streets of Portsmouth, and

crying at the different corners, "Whitefield is dead! Whitefield is dead!" Young Randall heard the announcement. It pierced his heart. He afterwards wrote: "It was September 30, 1770—that memorable day! that blessed day to Whitefield! that blessed day to me! A voice sounded through my soul, more loud and startling than ever thunder pealed upon my ears, '*Whitefield is dead!*' Whitefield is now in heaven, but I am on the road to hell. He was a man of God, and yet I reviled him. He taught me the way to heaven, but I regarded it not. O that I could hear his voice again!" Whitefield's death led to Randall's conversion. He became a Baptist minister, and *founded* the Free-Will Baptist denomination, which now numbers sixty thousand church members, more than a thousand ministers, two colleges, and one theological seminary; and also has its weekly periodicals, its *Quarterly Review*, and its flourishing missions in India.¹

The effect of Whitefield's death upon the inhabitants of Georgia was indescribable. All the black cloth in the colony was bought up. The pulpit and desk, the chandeliers and organ, the pews of the Governor and Council in the church at Savannah were draped with mourning; and the

Hence the following, from a letter dated "Boston, October 2, 1770":—"A number of gentlemen set out from hence, early this morning, for Newbury Port, which is forty miles from Boston, in order to make the necessary preparations for conveying the corpse of the Rev. Mr. Whitefield to this town, where he is to be interred, agreeable to his own request."

¹ Wakeley's "Anecdotes of Whitefield," p. 385.

602

Governor and members of the two Houses of Assembly went in procession to the church, and were received by the organ playing a funeral dirge.¹ A sum of money also was unanimously voted for the removal of Whitefield's remains to Georgia, to be interred at his Orphan House; but the people of Newbury Port strongly objected, and the design had to be relinquished. Forty-five years later, however, when a new county was formed in Georgia, it received the name of Whitefield, in memory of his worth and useful services.²

Jesse Lee, in his "History of the American Methodists," (page 36.) remarks: "Mr. Whitefield had often felt his soul

so much comforted in preaching in the Presbyterian meeting-house at Newbury Port, that he told his friends long before his death, that, if he died in that part of the world, he wished to be buried under the pulpit of that house. The people, who remembered his request, had it now in their power to grant it; and they prepared a vault under the pulpit, where they laid his body.” During the last hundred years, thousands of persons have visited that vault; and, as time flows on, the numbers still increase. The *Christian’s Magazine*, for 1790, inserted a startling letter, written by “J. Brown, of Epping, Essex,” to the following effect:—

“In 1784, I visited my friends in New England, and, hearing that Whitefield’s body was undecayed, I went to see it. A lantern and candle being provided, we entered the tomb. Our guide opened the coffin lid down to Whitefield’s breast. His body was perfect. I felt his cheeks, his breast, etc.; and the skin immediately rose after I had touched it. Even his lips were not consumed, nor his nose. His skin was considerably discoloured through dust and age, but there was no effluvium; and even his gown was not much impaired, nor his wig.”

If this were true in 1784, it had ceased to be a fact in 1796. In a letter dated “Newbury Port, August 15, 1801,” William Mason remarks: “About five years ago, a few friends were permitted to open Whitefield’s coffin. We found the flesh totally consumed, but the gown, cassock, and bands were almost the same as when he was buried in them.”³ After all, the two statements are not incompatible; and it

¹ Winter’s “Memoirs,” p. 104.

² Belcher’s “Biography of Whitefield,” p. 447.

³ *Gospel Magazine*, 1802, p. 12.

603

has been asserted, that “several other corpses are in the same state,” as Whitefield’s was said to have been in fourteen years after his decease, “owing to the vast quantities of nitre with which the earth there abounds.”¹

A cenotaph in honour of Whitefield’s friends, John and Charles Wesley, has recently been erected in Westminster Abbey. That is a distinction which has not been conferred on Whitefield.

Indeed, I am not aware that England has now any monument of Whitefield whatever. Gillies says that, at the bottom of Mrs. Whitefield's monument, in Tottenham Court Road chapel, an inscription was placed in memory of Whitefield himself; but that monument, years ago, was broken, and has disappeared. The inscription, composed by Titus Knight, of Halifax, is not worth quoting. One cenotaph exists—and, so far as I know, only one, in either England or America. That is in the chapel containing Whitefield's bones and dust. It is a plain, but tasteful tablet, surmounted by a flame burning from an uncovered urn; and its history is the following. The Rev. Dr. Proudfit, a former pastor of the old South Church, Newbury Port, remarked at its centenary anniversary in 1856:—

“As my eye rests on that monument, let me recall the way in which it came there. I called one evening on Mr. Bartlett. He told me he had heard Whitefield, when he was boy, and had never forgotten the impression made upon him by his preaching. He expressed a desire to have a suitable monument erected to his memory in this church. He asked if I would look after the matter, and employ an eminent artist to do the work. I enquired how much he was willing it should cost. ‘On that point,’ he replied, ‘I leave you entirely at liberty. Let it be something worthy of a great and good man.’ That monument, designed by Strickland, and executed by Strothers, is the result. I used the liberty he gave me moderately. Had it cost ten times as much, he would, no doubt, have paid it cheerfully. When the artist presented the demand, Mr. Bartlett gave him one hundred dollars above the amount. When I was in England, the congregations at Tottenham Court and at the Tabernacle intimated a desire to have Whitefield's remains removed to England; but when I told them what Mr. Bartlett had done, they said, if any American gentleman was willing to give £300 to do honour to Whitefield's memory, America was well entitled to his remains.”²

¹ Southey's "Life of Wesley," vol. ii., p. 379.

² Wakeley's "Anecdotes of Whitefield," p. 399.

This monument was not put up until the year 1828. The inscription, written by Dr. Ebenezer Porter, of Andover,¹ is as follows:—

This Cenotaph
 is erected, with affectionate veneration,
 To the Memory of
 The Rev. GEORGE WHITEFIELD,
 Born at Gloucester, England, December 16, 1714;
 Educated at Oxford University; ordained 1736.
 In a ministry of thirty-four years,
 He crossed the Atlantic thirteen times,
 And preached more than eighteen thousand Sermons.
 As a soldier of the cross, humble, devout, ardent,
 He put on the whole armour of God:
 Preferring the honour of Christ to his own interest, repose,
 reputation, and life.
 As a Christian orator, his deep piety, disinterested zeal,
 and vivid imagination,
 Gave unexampled energy to his look, utterance, and action.
 Bold, fervent, pungent, and popular in his eloquence,
 No other uninspired man ever preached to so large assemblies,
 Or enforced the simple truths of the Gospel by motives
 so persuasive and awful, and with an influence so powerful,
 on the hearts of his hearers.
 He died of asthma, September 30, 1770:
 Suddenly exchanging his life of unparalleled labours
 for his eternal rest."

It ought to be added that another, and more imposing, monument to Whitefield's memory, was proposed to be erected in 1839. In that year, the Congregational ministers of Gloucestershire associated themselves together in a society called the "Christian Union," and determined to preach, in the open air, in every town, village, and hamlet of their county. They went forth, like the seventy of old, by two and two, in the prosecution of their mission. While these services were being held, many of the missionaries met in a central town, when one of them proposed, that, as the present year was "the centenary of Whitefield's labours in reviving the apostolic practice of open-air preaching,—that as Whitefield was a native of Gloucester,—and that as

Stinchcombe Hill was one of the places where Whitefield preached a century ago,"—it would be well to hold a monster

¹ Wakeley's "Anecdotes of Whitefield," p. 400.

605

meeting there for the promotion of evangelical religion. The proposal was favourably received; and, on Tuesday, July 30, nearly one hundred ministers and twenty thousand people assembled on the summit of this memorable hill. Drs. Redford, Ross, and Matheson, with the Rev. Messrs. East, Hinton, and Sibree, preached upon appropriate subjects, previously announced; and hymns, specially composed by J. Conder, Esq., and others, were sung on the occasion. The rain, during the afternoon, fell in torrents, but, till about five o'clock, when they adjourned to Dursley, the vast assemblage preserved the utmost order and compactness. The party partook of dinner and tea upon the hill, in large booths and tents erected for the day; and the services were, in all respects, remarkable. A few fastidious persons thought the preachers dwelt more on Whitefield than was seemly, forgetting, however, that the design of the commemoration was specially to use Whitefield's character and example for the glory of God, the illustration of piety, the instruction of the world, and the revival of religion. The results were, the ministers of the county re-entered with ardour upon their itinerant engagements, the churches of the neighbourhood were refreshed, and several modes of perpetuating the influence of Whitefield's piety were proposed.

At the half-yearly meeting of the Gloucestershire Association, held in Bristol soon after, an "Address to the Christian Public" was read and adopted, and afterwards published, to the following effect:—

"It is proposed to erect, by small subscriptions, a plain monumental column, surmounted by a statue, on the summit of Stinchcombe Hill, near Dursley, to commemorate the life and labours of the Rev. George Whitefield. The site appears peculiarly eligible, as being situated in the centre of his native county, the scene of some of his earliest itinerant labours, surrounded by churches established by his ministry, and commanding a

prospect of twelve or thirteen counties, together with much of the Bristol Channel. A noble column, upon such a base, to testify that tens of thousands regard his labours as blessed of God to the revival of religion in our land, will exert a moral influence which many may undervalue, but which few can calculate. Thousands, as they travel on the great highway, almost beneath the shadow of the statue, will think and talk of Whitefield,—of his life, his labours, and his holy success, as they have never done before. Its erection would open a chapter in the book of

606

providence, which many, who never enter our sanctuaries, will be obliged to read; and will cherish, perhaps, amongst themselves, an imitation of those zealous labours, which God made so pre-eminently useful. We suggest a subscription of a shilling each person; and hope, by this means, to erect a magnificent testimonial of one who was in England as great a blessing to his country, as he was in America an honour. Whitefield was a man of no sect; the sphere of his labours had no boundary; holding office, as it were, in every church, his communion was with the pious of every name. In the erection of this cenotaph all may unite—the Episcopalian, who would say with Toplady, that ‘he was a true and faithful son of the Church of England,’—the Dissenter, who considers his whole course but practical independency,—the Calvinist, who admires his conscientious adherence to the truth,—and, likewise, the Wesleyan, who remembers him as, in life and death, the dearest friend of Wesley.”¹

An instinctive awe pervades thoughtful men when in the presence of the last earthly remains of those who wielded a controlling influence upon their times. Napoleon lingered thoughtfully and reverently in the tomb of Frederick the Great. The Prince of Wales took off his hat at the grave of Washington. This may be a sort of hero-worship, but it is not a weakness. Thousands have entered the vault beneath the pulpit at Newbury Port, to look at the open coffin of Whitefield, the good and eloquent. The coffin, apparently of oak, is yet undecayed, and rests upon the coffin of a Mr. Prince, a blind preacher, and one of the first pastors of the church. The skull, the bones of the arms, the backbone, and the ribs are in good preservation. Many years ago, Mr. Bolton, an Englishman, and one of Whitefield’s great admirers, wished to obtain a small memento of the great preacher. A friend of Bolton’s stole the main bone of Whitefield’s right arm, and sent it to England in a

parcel. Bolton was horrified with his friend's sacrilegious act, and carefully returned the bone, in 1837, to the Rev. Dr. Stearns, then pastor of the church at Newbury Port. Great interest was created by the restoration of Whitefield's relic; a procession of two thousand people followed it to the grave; and it was restored to its original position.² That bone now lies crosswise near the region of the breast; and the little box, in which it was returned, is laid upon the coffin.³

¹ *Evangelical Magazine*, 1839, pp. 443, 590.

² Wakeley's "Anecdotes," p. 389.

³ *The Methodist* (New York), Sept. 12, 1863.

607

The good taste of those who exhibit the dust and bones of Whitefield may be fairly doubted; but so long as they are exposed to the public view, Whitefield's sepulchre will have its visitors. Of the numerous descriptions published by those whose curiosity or piety had brought them to Whitefield's resting-place, one only shall suffice,—and that by an outsider. Henry Vincent, the eloquent English lecturer, thus described his visit in 1867:¹—

“We descended into a cellar, through a trap-door behind the pulpit, and entered the tomb of the great preacher. The upper part of the lid of Whitefield's coffin opens upon hinges. We opened the coffin carefully, and saw all that was mortal of the eloquent divine. The bones are blackened, as though charred by fire. The skull is perfect. I placed my hand upon the forehead, and thought of the time when the active brain within throbbed with love to God and man; and when those silent lips swayed the people of England, from the churchyard in Islington to Kennington Common,—from the hills and valleys of Gloucestershire to the mouths of the Cornish mines, and on through the growing colonies of America. In these days of High Church pantomime, would it not be well to turn our attention to the times of Whitefield and his glorious friend Wesley? Not by new decorations and scenery,—not by candles and crosses,—not by what Wycliffe boldly called the ‘priests’ rags,’—not by Pan-Anglican Synods, or by moaning out bits of Scripture in unearthly chants; but by such lives as those of Whitefield and Wesley, are the people to be reached and won. I confess that, as an Englishman, I envy America the possession of the earthly remains of dear George Whitefield; but perhaps it is appropriate that, while England claims the dust of

Wesley, the great republic should be the guardian of the dust of his holy brother.”²

The Americans are proud of their possession, and, to this day, not only preserve his sepulchre, but, at Newbury Port, still use in the pulpit the old Bible out of which Whitefield was; wont to read his texts, and still keep the old chair in which he died, and still shew the ring taken from the finger of his corpse.

¹ In 1834, the Rev. Andrew Reed, D.D., of London, and the Rev. James Matheson, D.D., of Durham, visited America as a deputation from the Congregational Union of England and Wales; and, in 1835, a similar deputation, consisting of the Rev. Dr. Cox, and the Rev. Dr. Hoby, was sent from the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland. Both the deputations entered Whitefield’s sepulchre, and have left descriptions of what they saw and felt; but for want of space, their reports cannot be inserted here.

² *Methodist Recorder*, Dec. 27, 1867.

³ Wakeley’s “Anecdotes,” p. 396.

608

Excepting the value of the copyright of his publications, Wesley died almost penniless; and the same would have been Whitefield’s case, but for certain legacies bequeathed to him only a short time before his death. By the decease of his wife, in 1768, he became possessed of £700. Mrs. Thomson, of Tower Hill, bequeathed him £500; Mr. Whitmore, £100; and Mr. Winder, £100; making a total of £1,400. This, in round figures, was the sum disposed of in Whitefield’s “last will and testament.” The Orphan House buildings, furniture, slaves, and lands might be regarded as property held in trust, and, as such, were left “to that elect lady, that mother in Israel, that mirror of true and undefiled religion, the Right Honourable Selina, Countess-Dowager of Huntingdon;”² and, in case of her death, to Whitefield’s “dear first fellow-traveller, and faithful, invariable friend, the Honourable James Habersham, Esq., President of His Majesty’s Honourable Council,” in Georgia. The Tabernacle, and Tottenham Court Road chapel, with the adjacent manses, coach-houses, stables, and other buildings, having been erected, in great part, by the subscriptions of the public, were also, in a certain sense, trust properties; and were left to be managed by Whitefield’s “worthy, trusty, tried friends,

Daniel West, Esq., in Church Street, Spitalfields; and Mr. Robert Keen, woollen draper, in the Minories.” The remainder of Whitefield’s bequests were as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
Lady Huntingdon	100	0	0
The Honourable James Habersham, for mourning	10	0	0
Gabriel Harris, Esq., of Gloucester	50	0	0
Ambrose Wright, a faithful servant	500	0	0
Mr. Richard Whitefield, a brother	50	0	0
Mr. Thomas Whitefield, a brother	50	0	0
Mr. James Smith, a brother-in-law	80	0	0

¹ *Lloyd’s Evening Post*, February 11, 1771.

² Whitefield’s adulations, especially of those belonging to the higher classes of society, were often objectionable. Southey, noticing one of his letters to the Countess of Huntingdon, remarks: “Wesley would not have written in this strain, which, for its servile adulation, and its canting vanity, might well provoke disgust and indignation, were not the real genius and piety of the writer beyond all doubt. The language, however, was natural in Whitefield, and not ill suited for the person to whom it was addressed.” (*Life of Wesley*.) This animadversion is somewhat strong; but, a few passages in Whitefield’s letters to the nobility, almost justify the Poet-Laureate’s critique.

609

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Frances Hartford, a niece	70	0	0
Mr. J. Crane, steward at the Orphan House	40	0	0
Mr. Benjamin Stirk, for mourning	10	0	0
Peter Edwards, ¹ at the Orphan House	50	0	0
William Trigg, at ditto	50	0	0
Mr. Thomas Adams, of Rodborough	50	0	0
Rev. Mr. Howell Davies, for mourning	10	0	0
Mr. Torial Joss, for ditto	10	0	0
Mr. Cornelius Winter, for ditto	10	0	0
Mr. Ambrose Wright’s three brothers, for ditto	30	0	0
Ditto’s sister-in-law, for ditto	10	0	0
Mr. Richard Smith	50	0	0
The old servants in London, the widows, etc., for mourning	100	0	0
	£1330	0	0

The residue of Whitefield’s monies, if any, were to be given to the Orphan House Academy, His wife’s gold watch, he bequeathed to James Habersham; his wearing

apparel, to Richard Smith; to his four executors, James Habersham, Charles Hardy, Daniel West, and Robert Keen, each a mourning ring; also, he added:—

“I leave a mourning ring to my honoured and dear friends and disinterested fellow-labourers, the Rev. Messrs. John and Charles Wesley, in token of my indissoluble union with them, in heart and Christian affection, notwithstanding our difference in judgment about some particular points of doctrine. Grace be with all them, of whatever denomination, that love our Lord Jesus, our common Lord, in sincerity.”

The conclusion of Whitefield’s will is too characteristic to be omitted:—

“To all my other Christian benefactors, and more intimate acquaint—

¹ Peter Edwards was one of Whitefield’s orphans, and, at the anniversary of laying the foundation of the Orphan House, on March 27, 1771, delivered a long address to the Governor of Georgia, many members of the Council, and a great number of the principal inhabitants of the province, assembled together in the Orphan House chapel, which on this day was opened, and solemnly dedicated to the service of God. The Rev. Edward Ellington, minister of the parish of St. Bartholomew, in South Carolina, read prayers, and preached a sermon from Matt, xviii. 20. Divine service being ended, the young gentlemen of the recently commenced academy recited passages from some of the best English authors; and the day’s proceedings were concluded with a speech from the tutor, Mr. Edward Langworthy. (“Whitefield’s Works,” vol. iii., pp. 503–509.)

610

ance, I leave my most hearty thanks and blessing, assuring them that I am more and more convinced of the undoubted reality and infinite importance of the grand gospel truths, which I have, from time to time, delivered; and am so far from repenting my delivering them in an itinerant way, that, had I strength equal to my inclination, I would preach them from pole to pole, not only because I have found them to be the power of God to the salvation of my own soul, but because I am as much assured that the Great Head of the Church hath called me by His Word, Providence, and Spirit, to act in this way, as that the sun shines at noon-day. As for my enemies, and misjudging, mistaken friends, I most freely and heartily forgive them, and can only add, that the last tremendous day will soon discover what I have been, what I am, and what I shall be when time itself shall be no more. And, therefore, from my inmost soul, I close all, by crying, *‘Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly! Even so, Lord Jesus! Amen and amen!’*

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”

Whitefield's will was written by himself, and signed, at the Orphan House, on March 22, 1770, in the presence of Robert Bolton, Thomas Dixon, and Cornelius Winter, as witnesses. It was proved in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, on February 5, 1771.¹

When great men die, poets sing. So it was in the case of Whitefield. To say nothing of poems printed in newspapers and magazines, the following were a few of the elegies published separately: "Zion in Distress, an Elegy on the Death of the Rev. Mr. George Whitefield. By W. S." "The Bromsgrove Elegy, in blank verse, in which are represented the Subjects of his Ministry, his Manner of Preaching, the Success of his Labours, his excellent Moral Character, and his Death. By John Fellows, of Bromsgrove, in Worcestershire." "An Elegy. By Jacob Rowel." "An Elegy, exhibiting a brief History of the Life, Labours, and Glorious Death of the Rev. Mr. George Whitefield. By T. Knight, Minister of the Gospel at Halifax."² "A Monody on the Death of the Rev. Mr. George Whitefield." "An Elegiac Poem, dedicated to the Memory of the Rev. Mr. George Whitefield. By James Stevens, Preacher of the Gospel."

¹ *Lloyd's Evening Post*, February 6, 1771.

² In a foot-note, Titus Knight makes a statement which was doubtless true, though almost incredible; namely, that even after the arrival of the news of Whitefield's death, Foote's execrable comedy, "The Minor," was acted in the theatre at Edinburgh.

611

"Elegiac Lines. By Rev. Mr. De Courcy."¹ "A Pastoral. By the Rev. Walter Shirley."²

All these were pious, and some of them respectable. The best published was by Whitefield's oldest friend: "An Elegy on the late Reverend George Whitefield, M.A., who died September 30, 1770, in the 56th year of his age. By Charles Wesley, M.A., Presbyter of the Church of England. Bristol: 1771." (8vo. 29 pp.) No one knew or loved Whitefield better than Charles Wesley did; and the following extracts from his "Elegy" may be acceptable:—

"And is my *Whitefield* enter'd 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.”

“Can I the memorable day forget,
 When first we, by Divine appointment, met?
 Where undisturb’d the thoughtful student roves,
 In search of truth, through academic groves,
 A modest, pensive youth, who mus’d alone,
 Industrious the frequented path to shun:
 An Israelite without disguise or art
 I saw, I loved, and clasp’d him to my heart,
 A stranger as my bosom friend carest,
 And unawares receiv’d an angel-guest.”

¹ De Courcy, in the preface to his “Elegiac Lines,” remarks: “What a pattern of flaming zeal, and faithfulness in the ministry, was this servant of the Lord! With what unabated assiduity, fortitude, and patience, did he persevere in holding forth the word of life! How great was his disinterestedness of spirit! With what a catholic, loving heart did he embrace all of all denominations, who loved the Lord Jesus in sincerity!” In a foot-note to his poem, the author relates that, in his sermons, Whitefield often said, “The moment I leave the body, and plunge into the world of spirits, the first question I shall ask will be—*Where’s my Saviour?*”

² An elegy was published in the *New York Gazette*, of October 19, 1770, from which the following lines are taken:—

“Methinks, I see him in the pulpit stand,
 With graceful gesture and persuasive hand;
 Whilst, with attention deep, the list’ning throng
 Admire the words proceeding from his tongue,
 Struck by his arrows, harden’d sinners start,
 Their looks betray the anguish of their heart
 With terror fill’d, to God they lift their eyes,
 And fill His ear with penitential sighs.”

612

“Through his abundant toils, with fixt amaze,
 We see reviv’d the work of ancient days;
 In his unspotted life, with joy we see
 The fervours of primeval piety:
 A pattern to the flock by Jesus bought,
 A living witness of the truths He taught,—
 He shew’d the man regenerate from above,
 By fraudless innocence, and childlike love.

For friendship form'd 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,
 Betwixt the mountain and the multitude,
 His life was spent in prayer and doing good."

"Though long by following multitudes admir'd,
 No party for himself he e'er desir'd,
 His one desire to make the Saviour known,
 To magnify the name of Christ alone:
 If others strove who should the greatest be,
 No lover of pre-eminence was he,
 Nor envied those his Lord vouchsaf'd to bless,
 But joy'd in theirs as in his own success,
 His friends in honour to himself preferr'd,
 And least of all in his own eyes appear'd."

"Single his eye, transparently sincere,
 His upright heart did in his words appear,
 His cheerful heart did in his visage shine;
 A man of true simplicity divine,
 Not always as the serpent wise, yet love
 Preserv'd him harmless as the gentle dove;
 Or if into mistake through haste he fell,
 He shew'd what others labour to conceal;
 Convinc'd, no palliating excuses sought,
 But freely own'd his error, or his fault."

"Shall I a momentary loss deplore,
 Lamenting after him that weeps no more?
 What though, forbid by the Atlantic wave,
 I cannot share my old companion's grave,
 Yet, at the trumpet's call, my dust shall rise,
 With his fly up to Jesus in the skies,
 And live with him the life that never dies."

Charles Wesley often wrote more polished poetry than this, but his loving lines truthfully portray some of the features of Whitefield's character, and, likewise, shew the

Before leaving the poets, another extract may be welcome. There is no evidence to shew that Whitefield and William Cowper were personally acquainted, but John Newton and some other of Cowper's friends were among Whitefield's most ardent admirers; and, therefore, it is not surprising that Cowper should have enshrined the famous preacher in his poesy. Soon after Whitefield's death, Cowper wrote his well-known poem, entitled "Hope," in which Whitefield was graphically described as follows:—

"Leuconomus (beneath well-sounding Greek
I slur a name a poet must not speak,
Stood pilloried on infamy's high stage,
And bore the pelting scorn of half an age,
The very butt of slander, and the blot
For every dart that malice ever shot.

"The man that mention'd *him*, at once dismiss'd
All mercy from his lips, and sneer'd and hiss'd;
His crimes were such as Sodom never knew,
And Perjury stood up to swear all true;
His aim was mischief, and his zeal pretence,
His speech rebellion against common sense;
A knave, when tried on honesty's plain rule,
And when by that of reason, a mere fool;
The world's best comfort was, his doom was pass'd,
Die when he might, he must be damn'd at last.

"Now, Truth, perform thine office; waft aside
The curtain drawn by prejudice and pride,
Reveal (the man is dead) to wondering eyes
This more than monster in his proper guise.

"He loved the world that hated him; the tear
That dropp'd upon his Bible was sincere.
Assail'd by scandal and the tongue of strife,
His only answer was a blameless life,
And he that forged and he that threw the dart,
Had each a brother's interest in his heart.
Paul's love of Christ, and steadiness unbribed,
Were copied close in him, and well transcribed;
He follow'd Paul; his zeal a kindred flame,
His apostolic charity the same;
Like him, cross'd cheerfully tempestuous seas,

Forsaking country, kindred, friends, and ease;
 Like him he labour'd, and, like him content
 To bear it, suffer'd shame where'er he went.

614

“Blush, Calumny; and write upon his tomb,
 If honest eulogy can spare thee room,
 Thy deep repentance of thy thousand lies,
 Which, aim'd at him, have pierced the offended skies;
 And say, Blot out my sin, confess'd, deplored,
 Against Thine image in Thy saint, O Lord!”

No higher eulogy on Whitefield than this of the poet Cowper can be properly pronounced. It elaborates that of the celebrated Rev. Benjamin Grosvenor, D.D., who, after listening to one of Whitefield's sermons about the year 1741, remarked, “If the Apostle Paul had preached to this auditory, he would have preached in the same manner.”¹

“If you should die abroad,” said Mr. Keen, “whom shall we get to preach your funeral sermon? Must it be your old friend the Rev. Mr. John Wesley?” This question was often put, and as often Whitefield answered, “He is the man.”²

The news of Whitefield's death reached London on November 5.³ At the time, Wesley was at Norwich; but, five days afterwards, he wrote:—

“Saturday, November 10, 1770. I returned to London, and had the melancholy news of Mr. Whitefield's death confirmed by his executors, who desired me to preach his funeral sermon on Sunday, the 18th.⁴ In order to write this, I retired to Lewisham on Monday; and, on Sunday following, went to the chapel in Tottenham Court Road. An immense multitude was gathered together from all corners of the town.⁵ I was at first afraid that a great part of the congregation would not be able to hear; but it pleased God so to strengthen my voice, that even those at the door heard distinctly. It was an awful season: all were still as night; most

¹ Gillies' “Memoirs of Whitefield.”

² *Ibid.*

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ The following appeared in one of the London newspapers:—“We hear that, on Sunday next, funeral sermons, on the death of the late Rev. Mr. Whitefield, who, it is said, died worth £30,000, will be preached at all the Methodist meeting-houses in and about London, particularly the

Tabernacles in Tottenham Court Road and Moorfields. Yesterday, a caveat was entered at Doctors Commons by a principal creditor of the late Rev. Mr. George Whitefield."

⁵ *Lloyd's Evening Post* of November 19, 1770, remarked: "The front of the gallery round the chapel was quite covered with black cloth, as were the pulpit, reading-desk, and communion-table, which had escutcheons of Mr. Whitefield's arms and crest. The many thousands who attended was almost incredible, who, being clothed in black, chiefly out of respect to their much-loved minister, together with the hanging, had a most uncommon appearance."

615

appeared to be deeply affected; and an impression was made on many, which one would hope will not speedily be effaced.—

"The time appointed for my beginning at the Tabernacle was half an hour after five; but it was quite filled at three; so I began at four. At first, the noise was exceeding great; but it ceased when I began to speak; and my voice was again so strengthened that all who were within could hear, unless an accidental noise hindered here or there for a few moments. O that all may hear the voice of Him with whom are the issues of life and death; and who so loudly, by this unexpected stroke, calls all His children to love one another!"

In addition to the services on November 18, Wesley, on two other occasions, improved the death of his old and much-loved friend. Hence the following extracts from his Journal:—

"Friday, November 23. Being desired by the trustees of the Tabernacle at Greenwich to preach Mr. Whitefield's funeral sermon there, I went over to-day for that purpose; but neither would this house contain the congregation. Those who could not get in made some noise at first; but in a little while all were silent. Here, likewise, I trust God has given a blow to that bigotry which had prevailed for many years.

"Wednesday, January 2, 1771. I preached, in the evening, at Deptford, a kind of funeral sermon for Mr. Whitefield. In every place, I wish to shew all possible respect to the memory of that great and good man."

Wesley's sermon was official; and was published, with the title, "A Sermon on the Death of the Rev. Mr. George Whitefield. Preached at the Chapel in Tottenham Court Road, and at the Tabernacle near Moorfields, on Sunday, November 18, 1770. By John Wesley, M.A., late Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxon, and Chaplain to the Right

Honourable the Countess-Dowager of Buchan. 1770." (8vo. 32 pp.)

No man was so well qualified to form a correct estimate of Whitefield's life as Wesley was. For thirty-seven years, they had been loving, frank, confiding friends. Wesley was a singularly keen observer of human character; and, moreover, he was without envy, was incapable of using flattery, and was far too honest to say anything but what he thought. In this instance, he took a text (Numbers xxiii. 10) without expounding it. His sermon was simply a review of Whitefield's "life, and death, and character," with an enquiry how his sudden removal ought to be improved. The first dozen pages are filled with a condensed summary of Whitefield's

616

Journals down to the year 1741;—"Journals," says Wesley, "which, for their artless and unaffected simplicity, may vie with any writings of the kind." And then, in reference to Whitefield's labours already sketched, Wesley adds:—

"How exact a specimen is this of his labours, both in Europe and America, for the honour of his beloved Master, during the thirty years that followed! as well as of the uninterrupted showers of blessings wherewith God was pleased to succeed his labours! Is it not much to be lamented, that anything should have prevented his continuing this account till at least near the time when he was called by his Lord to enjoy the fruit of his labour? If he has left any papers of this kind, and his friends count me worthy of the honour, it would be my glory and joy to methodize, transcribe, and prepare them for the public view."

Wesley then gives an extract from the *Boston Gazette*, which he virtually adopts as expressing his own opinions:—

"In his public labours, Mr. Whitefield has for many years astonished the world with his eloquence and devotion. With what divine pathos did he persuade the impenitent sinner to embrace the practice of piety and virtue! Filled with the spirit of grace, he spoke from the heart; and, with a fervency of zeal perhaps unequalled since the days of the apostles, adorned the truths he delivered with the most graceful charms of rhetoric and oratory. From the pulpit he was unrivalled in the command of an over-crowded auditory. Nor was he less agreeable and instructive in his private conversation: happy in a remarkable ease of address, willing to communicate, studious to edify."

Wesley next proceeds to give his own sketch of Whitefield's character, and which, abbreviated, is as follows:—

“Mention has already been made of his unparalleled *zeal*, his indefatigable *activity*, his *tender-heartedness* to the afflicted, and *charitableness* toward the poor. But should we not likewise mention his *deep gratitude* to all whom God had used as instruments of good to him? of whom he did not cease to speak in the most respectful manner, even to his dying day.¹ Should we not mention, that he had a heart susceptible of the most generous and the most tender *friendship*? I have frequently thought, that this, of all others, was the distinguishing part of his character. How few have we known of so kind a temper, of such large and flowing affections!

¹ Wesley had a reason for thus referring to himself and his brother Charles. At his Annual Conference, held in London within the last four months, he had announced his *Theses*, shewing in what way he and his preachers had “leaned too much toward Calvinism.” This hugely offended the Countess of Huntingdon and her friends, and led to the bitterest controversy in Wesley's history.

617

Was it not principally by this that the hearts of others were so strangely drawn and knit to him? Can anything but love beget love? This shone in his very countenance, and continually breathed in all his words, whether in public or private. Was it not this, which, quick and penetrating as lightning, flew from heart to heart? which gave life to his sermons, his conversations, his letters? Ye are witnesses.

“He was also endued with the most nice and unblemished *modesty*. His office called him to converse, very frequently and largely, with women as well as men; and those of every age and condition. But his whole behaviour toward them was a practical comment on that advice of St. Paul to Timothy, ‘*Intreat the elder women as mothers, the younger as sisters, with all purity.*’¹

“The *frankness and openness* of his conversation was as far removed from rudeness on the one hand, as from guile and disguise on the other. Was not this frankness at once a fruit and a proof of his *courage and intrepidity*? Armed with these, he feared not the faces of men, but used *great plainness of speech* to persons of every rank and condition, high and low, rich and poor; endeavouring only *by manifestation of the truth to commend himself to every man's conscience in the sight of God.*

“His steadiness appeared in whatever he undertook for his Master's sake. Witness one instance for all, the Orphan House in Georgia, which he began and perfected, in spite of all discouragements. Indeed, in what—

ever concerned himself, he was pliant and flexible. In this case, he was *easy to be intreated*, easy to be either convinced or persuaded. But he was immoveable in the things of God, or wherever his conscience was concerned. None could persuade, any more than affright him, to vary in the least point from that *integrity*, which was inseparable from his whole character, and regulated all his words and actions.

“If it be enquired, what was the foundation of this integrity, or of his sincerity, courage, patience, and every other valuable and amiable quality, it is easy to give the answer. It was not the excellence of his natural temper; not the strength of his understanding; it was not the force of education; no, nor the advice of his friends. It was no other than faith in a bleeding Lord; *faith of the operation of God*. It was a *lively hope of an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away*. It was *the love of God shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost, which was given unto him*, filling his soul with tender, disinterested love to every child of man. From this source arose that torrent of *eloquence*, which frequently bore down all before it; from this, that astonishing force of *persuasion*, which the most hardened sinners could not resist. This it was, which often made his *head as waters*, and his *eyes as a fountain of tears*. This it was, which enabled him to pour out his soul in *prayer*, in a manner peculiar to himself, with such fulness and ease united together, with such strength and variety both of sentiment and expression.

“I may close this head with observing, what an honour it pleased God

¹ This was a dignified rebuke administered to the infamous Samuel Foote, and the admirers of his profane and filthy “Minor.”

to put upon His faithful servant, by allowing him to declare His everlasting gospel in so many various countries, to such numbers of people, and with so great an effect on so many of their precious souls. Have we read or heard of any person since the apostles, who testified the gospel of the grace of God, through so widely extended a space, through so large a part of the habitable world? Have we read or heard of any person, who called so many thousands, so many myriads of sinners to repentance? Above all, have we read or heard of any, who has been a blessed instrument in the hand of God of *bringing so many sinners from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God?*”

Like all Wesley’s writings, this sketch of Whitefield’s character is concise, but terse, pointed, and comprehensive. He concludes by improving Whitefield’s death. The grand lesson to be learned was to “keep close to the *grand doc-*

trines which” Whitefield “delivered; and to drink into his *spirit*,” a lesson which the Methodists of the present day have more need to study and to lay to heart than the Methodists of any previous generation.

The “*grand doctrines*,” specified by Wesley were, that “There is *no power* (by nature) and *no merit* in man. All power to think, speak, or act aright, is in and from the Spirit of Christ: and all merit is in the blood of Christ. All men are *dead in trespasses and sins*: all are *by nature children of wrath*: all are *guilty before God*, liable to death, temporal and eternal. We become interested in what Christ has done and suffered, *not by works, lest any man should boast*; but by faith alone. *We conclude*, says the Apostle, *that a man is justified by faith, without the works of the law*. And *to as many as* thus receive Him, giveth He power *to become the sons of God: even to those that believe in His name, who are born, not of the will of man, but of God*. And except a man *be thus born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God*. But all who are thus *born of the Spirit*, have *the kingdom of God within them*. That *mind is in them which was in Christ Jesus*, enabling them to *walk as Christ also walked*. His indwelling Spirit makes them both holy in heart, and *holy in all manner of conversation*.”

These were the doctrines of Wesley, Whitefield, and the first Methodists, *par excellence*, and no pulpit of the present age has a right to be designated *Methodist*, in which these doctrines do not occupy the same prominent position. “May

619

they not,” says Wesley, “be summed up, as it were, in two words, “*The new birth, and justification by faith*”?

Immediately after the publication of his sermon, Wesley was attacked by the *Gospel Magazine*, and charged “with asserting a gross falsehood,” in saying that “the grand fundamental doctrines which Mr. Whitefield everywhere preached,” were those just specified. In an unamiable outburst of Calvinistic zeal, the editor maintained that Whitefield’s “grand fundamental doctrines, which he everywhere preached, were the everlasting covenant between the Father

and the Son, and absolute predestination flowing therefrom.”

To this Wesley quietly replied:—

“I join issue on this head. Whether the doctrines of the eternal covenant, and of absolute predestination, are the grand fundamental doctrines of Christianity or not, I affirm again, 1. That Mr. Whitefield did not everywhere preach these; 2. That he did everywhere preach the new birth, and justification by faith.

“1. He did not everywhere preach the eternal covenant, and absolute predestination. In all the times I myself heard him preach, I never heard him utter a sentence, either on one or the other. Yea, all the times he preached in West Street chapel, and in our other chapels throughout England, he did not preach these doctrines at all,—no, not in a single paragraph; which, by the bye, is a demonstration that he did not think them the fundamental doctrines of Christianity.

“2. Both in West Street chapel, and all our other chapels throughout England, he did preach the necessity of the new birth, and justification by faith, as clearly as he has done in his two volumes of printed sermons. Therefore all that I have asserted is true, and proveable by ten thousand witnesses.”¹

It is scarcely necessary to add to Wesley’s delineation of his much-loved friend and fellow-worker; and yet there are other sketches, by those who were intimately acquainted with the great evangelist, which may be briefly noticed. “Funeral sermons were preached in the principal cities of America,”² including one at Newbury Port, by the Rev. Jonathan Parsons; three at Savannah,³ by the Rev. Samuel Frink, rector, the Rev. Edward Ellington, and the Rev.

¹ *Lloyd’s Evening Post*, March 1, 1771.

² Stevens’s “History of Methodism,” vol. i., p. 467. *Gospel Magazine*, 1771, p. 80.

John Joachim Zubley,¹ Presbyterian; two at Charlestown, by the Revds. Mr. Whitaker, and Josiah Smith; at least, one at Philadelphia, by the Rev. James Sproat, D.D., the successor of Gilbert Tennent; and two at Boston, one by the Rev. Ebenezer Pemberton, D.D., and the other by the Rev. Samuel Cooper, D.D.² In England, sermons were preached by Wesley, Venn, Romaine, Madan, John Newton, Berridge,

Haweis, and several other clergymen of the Church of England; also by the Rev. Thomas Gibbons, D.D.; the Rev. John Trotter, D.D.; the Rev. John Langford; the Rev. Samuel Brewer; the Rev. Charles Skelton;³ and others among the Dissenters.⁴ Besides Wesley's, the following sermons were *published*:—I. "To Live is Christ, to Die is Gain. A Funeral Sermon on the Death of the Rev. Mr. George Whitefield, who died suddenly of a fit of the Asthma, at Newbury Port, at six of the clock, Lord's-day Morning, Sept. 30, 1770. The Sermon preached the same day (afternoon), by Jonathan Parsons, A.M., and Minister of the Presbyterian Church there. To which are added, An Account of his Interment; the Speech over his Grave, by the Rev. Mr. Jewet; and some Verses to his Memory, by the Rev. Thomas Gibbons, D.D. 1771." (8vo. 35 pp.) 2. "Heaven, the Residence of the Saints: a Sermon, delivered at the Thursday Lecture at Boston, in America, October 11, 1770. By Ebenezer Pemberton, D.D., Pastor of a Church in Boston, 1771." (8vo. 31 pp.) 3. "The Re-

¹ Mr. Zubley was first minister of the Presbyterian Church at Savannah, and entered upon his charge in 1760. He originally came from Switzerland, and preached in English, German, and French, as occasion required. He was a man of great learning, and died in 1781.

² Dr. Cooper was converted by Whitefield's instrumentality, and became one of the most popular preachers in America. One of the publications of the period, in describing the scene in Brattle Street Church, when Cooper preached Whitefield's funeral sermon, said: "Pews, aisles, and seats were so crowded, and heads and shoulders were in such close phalanx, that it looked as though a man might walk everywhere upon the upper surface of the assembly, without finding an opening for descending to the floor."

³ Mr. Brewer preached in Spitalfields, from Psalm xxxvii. 37; and Mr. Skelton, one of Wesley's seceded itinerants, in Maid Lane, Southwark, from Acts xiii. 36. (Old Newspaper.)

⁴ As a curiosity, the following may be added: "Yesterday morning, about eight o'clock, a man, mounted on a stool, at the Seven Dials, preached a funeral sermon on the death of his dear master, Mr. George Whitefield." (*Lloyd's Evening Post*, Monday, Nov. 12, 1770.)

proach of Christ the Christian's Treasure: a Sermon preached at Christ Church, Savannah, in Georgia, on Sunday, November 11, 1770. By Edward Ellington, V.D.M. London, 1771." (8vo. 31 pp.)¹ 4. "A Minister Dead, yet Speak-

ing. Being the Substance of two Discourses, preached November 11, 1770. By the Rev. Mr. D. Edwards. London." (8vo. 24 pp.) 5. "A Token of Respect to the Memory of the Rev. George Whitefield, A.M. Being the Substance of a Sermon preached on his Death, at the Right Hon. the Countess of Huntingdon's Chapel at Bath, the 18th of November, 1770. By the Rev. Mr. Venn, London, 1770." (8vo. 20 pp.) 6. "The Exalted State of the Faithful Ministers of Christ, after Death, described and considered. A Sermon preached on Sabbath-day Evening, December 2, 1770. By John Langford, Minister of the Gospel, and Pastor of that part of the Church of Christ, meeting in Black's Fields, Southwark. London, 1770." (8vo. 40 pp.) 7. "Grace and Truth, or a Summary of Gospel Doctrine, considered in a Funeral Discourse, preached on the Death of the Rev. Mr. George Whitefield, A.B. By R. Elliot, A.B. London, 1770." (12mo. 46 pp.)

From these, and from contemporaneous publications, many extracts might be furnished. Mr. Parsons told his congregation that he had enjoyed Whitefield's friendship for thirty years; and that it was by Whitefield's "advice and influence" that he had settled at Newbury Port a quarter of a century ago. Mr. Parsons continued:—

"When Mr. Whitefield first came to Boston, Dr. Coleman wrote to me, that, 'the wonderful man was come, and they had had a week of sabbaths; that Mr. Whitefield's zeal for Christ was extraordinary; and yet he recommended himself to his thousands of hearers, by his engagedness for holiness and souls.' I soon had opportunity to observe, that, wherever he flew, like a flame of fire, his ministry gave a general alarm to all sorts of people, though, before that, they had, for a long time, been sunk into dead formality. Ministers and their congregations seemed to be at ease; but

¹ Cornelius Winter says that he himself composed and wrote the sermon preached by Mr. Ellington. ("Memoirs of Cornelius Winter," p. 104.) The letters attached to Mr. Ellington's name suggest the thought that Winter was also the publisher of the sermon.

Mr. Whitefield's preaching appeared to be from the heart. We were convinced that he believed the message he brought to us, to be of the last

importance. His popularity exceeded all that I ever knew. The last sermon that he preached only yesterday, though under the disadvantage of a stage in the open air, was delivered with such clearness, pathos, and eloquence, as to please and surprise the surrounding thousands. As, for many years, he had been waiting and hoping for his last change, he then declared that he hoped it was the last time he should ever preach. His countenance shone like the unclouded sun."

Dr. Pemberton, in his sermon, founded upon 1 Peter i. 4, observes:—

"I am not fond of funeral panegyrics, which are oftener adapted to flatter the dead than to instruct the living. But where persons have been distinguishedly honoured by heaven, and employed to do uncommon service for God's Church on earth, it would be criminal ingratitude to suffer them to drop into the dust without the most respectful notice. Posterity will view Mr. Whitefield, in many respects, as one of the most extraordinary characters of the present age. His zealous, incessant, and successful labours, in Europe and America, are without a parallel. We beheld here a new star arise in the hemisphere of these western churches, and its salutary influences were diffused through a great part of the British settlements in these remote regions. We heard from a divine of the Church of England those great doctrines of the gospel, which our ancestors brought with them from their native country. In his repeated progresses through the colonies, he was favoured with the same success which attended him on the other side of the Atlantic. He preached from day to day in thronged assemblies; yet his hearers never discovered the least weariness, but always followed him with increasing ardour. When in the pulpit, every eye was fixed on his expressive countenance; every ear was charmed with his melodious voice; all sorts of persons were captivated with the propriety and beauty of his address. Many in all parts of the land were turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God. He was no contracted bigot, but embraced Christians of every denomination in the arms of his charity, and acknowledged them to be children of the same Father, servants of the same Master, heirs of the same undefined inheritance. He was always received by multitudes with pleasure when he favoured us with his labours; but he never had a more obliging reception than in his last visit. Men of the first distinction in the province, not only attended his ministry, but gave him the highest marks of respect. With what faithfulness did he declare unto us the whole counsel of God! With what solemnity did he reprove us for our increasing degeneracy! With what zeal did he exhort us to remember from whence we were fallen, and repent and do our first works, lest God should come and remove our candlestick out of its place. On every

occasion, he expressed an uncommon concern for our *civil* as well as our *religious* privileges, the dear-bought purchase of our heroic ancestors.

623

With what fervency did he pray that they might be transmitted entire to the most distant posterity! He embraced every opportunity, in public and private, to persuade us to lay aside our party prejudices and passions, that with undivided hearts we might unite in every proper method to secure our future prosperity. Perhaps no man, since the apostolic age, preached oftener, or with greater success. If we view his private character, he will appear in the most amiable light: the polite gentleman, the faithful friend, the engaging companion—above all, the sincere Christian—were visible in the whole of his deportment. With large opportunities of accumulating wealth, he never discovered the least tincture of avarice. What he received from the kindness of his friends, he generously employed in offices of piety and charity. His benevolent mind was perpetually forming plans of extensive usefulness. I have not drawn an imaginary portrait, but described a character in real life. I am not representing a perfect man; but this may be said of Mr. Whitefield with justice, that, after the most public appearances for above thirty years, and the most critical examination of his conduct, no other blemish could be fixed upon him, than what arose from the common frailties of human nature, and the peculiar circumstances which attended his first entrance into public life. The imprudences of inexperienced youth he frequently acknowledged from the pulpit with a frankness which will for ever do honour to his memory. He took care to prevent any bad consequences that might flow from his unguarded censures in the early days of his ministry. The longer he lived, the more he evidently increased in *purity of doctrine*, in *humility*, *meekness*, *prudence*, *patience*, and the other amiable virtues of the *Christian life*.¹¹

A testimony like this, coming from, not only a distinguished minister, but one who had been intimately acquainted with Whitefield for the last thirty years, is of more than ordinary importance.

The sermon, written by Cornelius Winter, and preached by the Rev. Edward Ellington, in Whitefield's old church in Savannah, is respectable, but contains no facts not already noticed. The same may be said respecting the Rev. D. Edwards's two discourses.

The sermon by the Rev. Henry Venn is what might be expected from a man of his piety and talents; and as he

and Whitefield were loving friends, and Methodist co-workers, the following extract will be acceptable:—

“Mr. Whitefield’s doctrine was the doctrine of the Reformers, of the Apostles, and of Christ; and the doctrine which he preached, he eminently adorned by his zeal, and by his works. If the greatness, extent, success, and disinterestedness of a man’s labour can give him distinction amongst the followers of Christ, we are warranted to affirm, that scarce

624

anyone of His ministers, since the days of the apostles, has exceeded, scarce any one has equalled, Mr. Whitefield.”

Venn proceeds to state, that, for many years, Whitefield preached from forty to sixty hours every week, besides “offering up prayers and intercessions, and singing hymns and spiritual songs in every house to which he was invited.”

Mr. Langford’s sermon supplies no additional information respecting Whitefield; neither does Mr. Elliot’s. Toplady wrote:—

“I deem myself happy in thus publicly avowing the inexpressible esteem in which I held this wonderful man, and the affectionate veneration which I must ever retain for the memory of one whose acquaintance and ministry were attended with the most important spiritual benefit to me, and to tens of thousands besides. It will not be saying too much, if I term him the apostle of the English empire, in point of zeal for God, a long course of indefatigable and incessant labours, unparalleled disinterestedness, and astonishing extensive usefulness. If the most absolute command over the passions of immense auditories be a mark of a consummate orator, he was the greatest of the age. If the strongest good sense, the most generous expansions of heart, the most artless but captivating affability, the most liberal exemption from bigotry, the purest and most conspicuous integrity, the brightest cheerfulness, and the promptest wit, enter into the composition of social excellence, he was one of the best companions in the world. If to be steadfast, and unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord; if a union of the most brilliant with the most solid ministerial gifts, ballasted by a deep and humbling experience of grace, and crowned with the most extended success in the conversion of sinners and the edification of saints, be signatures of a special commission from heaven, Mr. Whitefield cannot but stand highest on the modern list of Christian ministers. He was the prince of preachers. On the whole, he was the least imperfect character I ever knew. It appears, from a book in which this great man of God minuted the times and places of his ministerial labours, that he

preached upwards of eighteen thousand sermons, from the time of his ordination to that of his death. To which we may add, upwards of one thousand four hundred and sixty letters, written to his friends and acquaintance.”¹

John Newton, in a sermon, preached in his church at Olney, on November 11, said: “I have had some opportunities of looking over the history of the Church in past ages, and I am not backward to say, that I have not read or heard of any person, since the days of the apostles, of whom

¹ *New Spiritual Magazine*, 1783, pp. 849 to 851.

625

it may more emphatically be said, ‘He was a burning and shining light,’ than of the late Mr. Whitefield. The Lord gave him a manner of preaching, which was peculiarly his own. He copied from none, and I never met any one who could imitate him with success. Those who attempted, generally made themselves disagreeable. Other ministers, perhaps, could preach the gospel as clearly, and in general say the same things; but, I believe, no man living could say them in his way.”

“I bless God,” added the Olney curate, “that I have lived in the time of Mr. Whitefield. Many were the winter mornings in which I got up at four, to attend his Tabernacle discourses at five; and I have seen Moorfields as full of lanthorns at these times as, I suppose, the Haymarket is full of flambeaux on an opera night. If any one were to ask me who was the second preacher I ever heard, I should be at some loss to answer; but, in regard to the first, Mr. Whitefield exceeded so far every other man of my time, that I should be at none. He was the original of popular preaching, and all our popular ministers are only his copies.”¹

Honest Berridge took for his text, at Everton, “Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the children of men.” He told his hearers that the £1,500, of which Whitefield had died possessed, was money which he had only recently received. By the death of his wife, two years ago, he had become entitled to £800; and the remaining £700 had been bequeathed to him, in four separate legacies, by friends not long deceased.²

Many of the newspapers and magazines of the day contained sketches of Whitefield's career and character. The following, published in the *Scots' Magazine*, is a fair specimen of others:—

“Mr. Whitefield was well known over all the British empire, as a faithful, laborious, and successful minister of the gospel of Christ. The character of this truly pious and extraordinary person must be deeply impressed upon the heart of every friend to true, genuine, vital Christianity. For above thirty years, he has astonished the world, as a prodigy of eloquence, by which he was enabled to melt the most obdurate and stubborn sinners. Though, in the pulpit, he often found it necessary *by the terrors of the Lord to persuade men*, he had nothing gloomy in his nature, being singularly charitable and tender-hearted; and, in his private conversa-

¹ “Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon,” vol. i., p. 92.

² *Lloyd's Evening Post*, December 19, 1770.

626

tion, cheerful, communicative, and entertaining. To the very meanest, he was always easy of access, and ever ready to listen to, and relieve their bodily as well as their spiritual necessities; shewing himself, in every respect, a faithful steward of the extensive charities he drew from his numerous and compassionate hearers. He constantly enforced upon his audiences every moral duty, particularly industry in their different callings, obedience to their superiors, and in a most especial manner loyalty to our amiable Sovereign, never once endeavouring in these distracted times to make a factious use of the great influence he held among his numerous adherents.”

The *Pennsylvania Journal* also published a letter, dated “Boston, October 1, 1770,” from which the following is an extract:—

“In his public performances, Mr. Whitefield has, for a long course of years, astonished the world as a prodigy of eloquence and devotion. With what divine pathos did he plead with the impenitent sinner! Filled with the spirit of grace, he spoke from the heart; and with a fervency of zeal perhaps unequalled since the days of the Apostles. He was unrivalled in the command of an ever-crowded and admiring auditory; nor was he less entertaining and instructive in his private conversation. Happy in a remarkable ease of address, willing to communicate, studious to edify, and formed to amuse—such, in more retired life, was he whom we now lament.”¹

Except the Wesleys, perhaps no one was better acquainted with Whitefield than the Rev. Dr. Gillies, of Glasgow, whose “Memoirs of Whitefield” were published in the month of June, 1772.² Omitting, as far as possible, the traits of Whitefield’s character already noticed, Dr. Gillies’ sketch may fitly close these eulogies by Whitefield’s friends.

“Mr. Whitefield’s person was graceful, and well proportioned. His stature was rather above the middle size. His complexion was very fair. His eyes were of a dark blue colour, and small, but sprightly. He had a squint with one of them, occasioned either by the ignorance, or carelessness of the nurse who attended him in the measles, when he was about four years old. His features were in general good and regular. His countenance was manly, and his voice exceeding strong; yet both were softened with an uncommon degree of sweetness. He was always very clean and neat, and often said pleasantly, that ‘a minister of the gospel ought to be without spot.’ His deportment was decent and easy, without the least stiffness or formality; and his engaging polite manner made his company universally agreeable. In his youth, he was very slender, and moved his body with great agility of action, suitable to his discourse; but

¹ Belcher’s “Biography of Whitefield,” p. 446.

² *Lloyd’s Evening Post*, June 20, 1772.

about the fortieth year of his age, he began to grow corpulent; which however, was solely the effect of his disease, being always, even to a proverb, remarkable for his moderation both in eating and drinking. Several prints have been done of him, which exhibit a very bad likeness. The best resemblance of him in his younger years, before he became corpulent, is that mezzotinto scraping which represents him at full length, with one hand on his breast, and holding a small Bible in the other; but the late paintings, the one by Mr. Hone,¹ and the other by Mr. Russell, are certainly the justest likenesses of his person.

“In reviewing the life of this extraordinary man, we are struck with his unwearied diligence. Early in the morning, he rose to his Master’s work, and, all the day long, was employed in a continual succession of different duties. When he was visited with any distress or affliction, preaching, as he himself tells us, was his catholicon, and prayer his antidote against every trial. When we consider what exertion of voice was necessary to reach his large congregations,—also that he preached generally twice or thrice every day, and often four times on the Lord’s-day, and above all, the waste of strength and spirits every sermon must have cost him,

through the earnestness of his delivery,—it is astonishing how his constitution held out so long.

“His eloquence was great, and of the true and noblest kind. He was utterly devoid of all appearance of affectation. He seemed to be quite unconscious of the talents he possessed. The importance of his subject, and the regard due to his hearers, engrossed all his concern. He spoke like one who did not seek their applause, but was anxious for their best interests. And the effect, in some measure, corresponded to the design. His congregations did not amuse themselves with commending his discourses, but entered into his views, felt his passions, and were willing, for the time at least, to comply with his requests. This was especially remarkable at his charity sermons, when the most worldly-minded were made to part with their money in so generous a manner, that, when they returned to their former temper, they were ready to think that it had been conjured from them by some inexplicable charm.

“He had a strong and musical voice, and a wonderful command of it. His pronunciation was not only proper, but manly and graceful. He was never at a loss for the most natural and strong expressions. The grand sources of his eloquence were an exceeding lively imagination, and an action still more lively. Every accent of his voice spoke to the ear; every feature of his face, and every motion of his hands, spoke to the eye. The most dissipated and thoughtless found their attention involuntarily fixed;

¹ At the founding of the Royal Academy, in 1768, Nathaniel Hone was chosen one of the members, and maintained his reputation till his death, in 1784. The portrait in the second volume of this work is a faithful representation of a very fine engraving, published in 1769, and taken from the painting by Hone. The portrait in the first volume is copied from an engraving, published, by the authority of Whitefield himself, in his “Christian’s Companion, or Sermons on several subjects,” in 1739. (12mo. 335 pp.)

and the dullest and most ignorant could not but understand. Had his natural talents for oratory been employed in secular affairs, and been somewhat more improved by refinements of art and embellishments of erudition, it is possible they would soon have advanced him to distinguished wealth and renown.

“But not to dwell longer on his accomplishments as an orator, one thing remains to be mentioned of an infinitely higher order, namely, the power of God, which so remarkably accompanied his labours. It is here Mr. Whitefield is most to be envied. When we consider the multitudes that were brought under lasting religious impressions, and the multitudes

that were wrought upon in the same manner by the ministry of others, excited by his example, we are led into the same sentiment with Mr. Wesley in his funeral sermon, 'What an honour hath it pleased God to put upon His faithful servant!'

"True, this excellent character was shaded with some infirmities. What else could be expected in the present condition of humanity? But it ought to be observed, that, as there was something very amiable in the frankness which prevented his concealing them, so, through his openness to conviction, his teachableness, and his readiness to confess and correct his mistakes, they became still fewer and smaller as he advanced in knowledge and experience.

"When he first set out in the ministry, his youth and inexperience led him into many expressions which were contrary to sound doctrine, and which made many of the sermons he first printed justly exceptionable; but reading, experience, and a deeper knowledge of his own heart, convinced him of his errors, and, upon all occasions, he avowed his belief of the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, and the Standards of the Church of Scotland. 'He loved his friend' (Wesley), 'but he would not part with a grain of sacred truth for the brother of his heart.'"¹

My task is nearly ended. I am not conscious of having omitted a single fact, of any importance, in Whitefield's history. His life is a suggestive one; but want of space prevents enlargement on the countless incidents in his remarkable career. These have been narrated with as much clearness as the writer could command. The reader can form his own reflections. Preachers, especially, will do well to make Whitefield the subject of prayerful study. Let them try to imitate him in the use of his matchless voice. A man had

¹ Another testimony may be welcome. The celebrated Benjamin Franklin, in a letter to a gentleman in Georgia, wrote:—"I cannot forbear expressing the pleasure it gives me to see an account of the respect paid to Mr Whitefield's memory by your Assembly. I knew him intimately upwards of thirty years. His integrity, disinterestedness, and indefatigable zeal in prosecuting every good work, I have never seen equalled, and shall never see excelled." (Belcher's "Biography of Whitefield," p. 447.)

better not preach at all, than preach so mumbly that only half of what he says is heard. He vexes his hearers without doing them any good. If Whitefield had tried to add to his facial beauty, by omitting to shave his upper lip, even he

would not have spoken so distinctly and audibly as he did. Whitefield's preaching was always warm, earnest, pointed,—addressed to the heart rather than the head. He left the impression that he intensely believed what he said. "*Clear but cold*, is too descriptive of much modern preaching. It is the frosty moonlight of a winter's night, not the warm sunshine of a summer's day."¹ If such had been Whitefield's preaching, what would his success have been? The man's faith filled and fired him with enthusiasm. On themes such as the ruin of man, the love of God, the death of Christ, the salvation of souls, the felicities of heaven, and the torments of hell, it was impossible for Whitefield to be calm. If Whitefield had preached on *little subjects*, he might have been as cool as many of his fellows, and might have courted favour by yielding to the fastidious tastes of respectable congregations, desiring the sentimental, the picturesque, and the imaginative, but turning with disgust from the solemn, the alarming, the awakening. Whitefield was not a coward. No fetters of custom, or trammels of conventionality, could enslave him. He never unmaned himself by prophesying smooth things, for fear of offending his auditors. His life was spent in *testifying a few* great truths in which he had an intense, divinely given, vivid faith,—truths, always unpopular among philosophers, but truths everywhere needed by human beings,—the only truths which meet the yearnings of human nature. Whitefield had no time for lesser truths. He durst not amuse his hearers by preaching them. He saw the people perishing, and he had not the hardihood to trifle in his attempts to save them. His congregations always knew what would be the substance of his sermons. Added to all this, Whitefield was full of religious feeling. Except when sleeping, he seemed to pray and praise always and everywhere. He was "full of faith and the Holy Ghost." A vivid spirituality inflamed his soul. His ideas of God and

¹ Rev. John Angell James.

this', Whitefield's eloquence would only have been elocution, and his sermons, instead of being "mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds," would have been—what?—theatrical orations!

Whitefield left no "*Societies*," as his friend Wesley did; but Whitefield's ministry was the means of converting tens of thousands of sinners from the errors of their ways. O that this could be said of twenty of the preachers of the present day! Their influence, direct and indirect, would set "the kingdoms on a blaze." Not a few of Whitefield's converts became ministers; and, as children often resemble their parents, most of the ministers who owned Whitefield as their spiritual father, were, though in an inferior degree, a resemblance of himself, in their spirit, labours, and success. Except at the Tabernacle and Tottenham Court Road, Whitefield created no "golden candlestick" (Rev. i. 20), but he everywhere carried a torch kindled at the altar of heaven, and with it lighted "candlesticks that had gone out." He is inseparably connected with the history of the *evangelical* party of the Church of England, beginning with men like Berridge, Venn, Madan, Romaine, Newton, and others, and resulting in a fact of inconceivable importance, namely, that, thousands of the pulpits of the Established Church are now occupied by ministers of a kindred spirit. Plenty of evidence has been furnished, in the first volume of the present work, of the apathy and worldliness of the Congregationalists of England and the Presbyterians of Scotland. The contrast between the state of these churches in 1739 and 1876 is almost a contrast between life and death. Whitefield is credited with having preached for the Dissenters of England to a greater extent than he is entitled to; but he did preach for them, in Northamptonshire, Herts, Gloucestershire, and other places, and they, not improperly, attribute much of their revived religion to his instrumentality. His usefulness in Scotland is much more apparent and undoubted. With no wish to depreciate the Erskines and their friends, it is not too much to say, that, Whitefield was the first great agent of that resuscitation of religion, which has effectually counter-

631

acted the Socinian and semi-infidel tendencies which prevailed in the Presbyterian Churches across the border, and which has infused into them the new and universal life they now exhibit. Whitefield's service to Ireland was small,—a contrast to that rendered by his friend Wesley; but his usefulness in Wales was incalculable. Though not the founder of the Calvinistic Methodists, he was, for years, and until he resigned the honour, their elected moderator; and, to the end of life, he took a warm and active interest in their welfare and prosperity. Their chapels are found in every town and almost every village of the Principality; their ordained ministers number more than four hundred; their communicants nearly a hundred thousand; and their hearers about a quarter of a million. What is called "Lady Huntingdon's Connection" was not formally established until thirteen years after Whitefield's death; but Whitefield chiefly, in connection with other clergymen of the Established Church, had prepared the way for this; and now, in the days of its decline, it possesses about half a hundred chapels, and its Cheshunt College, the substitute of the one at Trevecca, which Whitefield opened two years before he died.

In other ways, Great Britain was immensely benefited by Whitefield's labours. Methodists especially, and other evangelists, must not forget that Whitefield was the first who revived the good old practice of preaching out of doors. He was not formally one of Wesley's "assistants;" but, for many years, he preached, in the north of England, and other places, to Wesley's congregations, and fostered and promoted their religious life. His enormous collections, also, were, to a great extent, the beginning of the marvellous beneficence which now distinguishes the British churches. And, once again, his catholicity of spirit greatly tended to usher in the age of friendliness among professing Christians.

All this may be said with truthfulness respecting the influence he exerted in his native country; but, perhaps, his usefulness in America was greater even than in England. An American author,¹ of great eminence, observes:—

“The ‘Great Awakening’ here had commenced before his arrival, but it was comparatively local, and its visible interest at least had mostly

¹ The Rev. Abel Stevens, LL.D.

subsided. Edwards and some of his ministerial associates were yet praying and writing respecting it in New England; and the Tennents, Blairs, Finley, Rowland, and others, were devotedly labouring, in detail, in the Middle States, against the moral stupor of the times; but Whitefield’s coming at once renewed the revival and gave it universality, if not unity. He alone of all its promoters represented it in all parts of the country; and, at every repeated visit, renewed its progress. In the South, he was almost its only labourer. His preaching, and especially his volume of sermons, read by Morris, founded the Presbyterian Church in Virginia; for, before that period, there was not a Dissenting minister settled in the colony. In the Middle States, Whitefield’s labours had a profound effect. He was an apostle to Philadelphia; he rallied around him its preachers, and stimulated them by his example. In New Jersey and New York, he exerted a similar influence; and the frequent repetition of his visits through about thirty years did not allow the evangelical interests of the churches to subside. The ministers in the Synod of New York more than tripled in seven years after his first visit. In New England, the effects of Edwards’s labours were reproduced and rendered general by Whitefield’s frequent passages. One hundred and fifty Congregational Churches were founded in less than twenty years; and it has been estimated that about forty thousand souls were converted in New England alone. The effects of the great revival, of which Whitefield had thus become the ostensible representative, have been profound and permanent. The Protestantism of the United States has taken its subsequent character from it; and the ‘Holy Club’ at Oxford maybe recognized as historically connected with the evangelical religion of all this continent. The effect of the ‘awakening’ on the character of the ministers was one of its greatest results. Since that period, the ‘evangelical’ character of the American pastorate has not, as before, been exceptional, but general. Its influence on the discipline of the Church was also one of its most important blessings. It banished the ‘Halfway Covenant,’ which had filled the eastern churches with unconverted members. It made personal regeneration a requisite among the qualifications for the Christian ministry; and it introduced that general and profound conviction of the essential spirituality of religion, and the necessary independence of Church and State, which soon after began, and has since completed, the overthrow of all legal connection between the two throughout the country. It gave origin

to Princeton College and its distinguished Theological Seminary, and also to Dartmouth College; for both were founded by Whitefield's fellow-labourers, and the Methodists of England contributed their money to both."

This, written by one so well acquainted with the history of America as Dr. Stevens, deserves more than ordinary attention. One more fact must be noticed, though included in the general statement just given. There cannot be a doubt that Whitefield's labours in America prepared the way for Wesley's itinerants. The first two, Richard Board-

633

man and Joseph Pilmoor, arrived before his last visit; and, in Philadelphia, he gave them his blessing. That was in the year 1769. Now the *Methodist Episcopal Church alone* has 12 bishops;¹ 81 annual conferences; 10,923 itinerant preachers; 12,881 local preachers; 1,580,559 church members; 15,633 church edifices, valued at \$71,353,234; 5,017 parsonages, valued at \$9,731,628; 19,287 Sunday-schools; 207,182 Sunday-school officers and teachers; and 1,406,168 Sunday-school scholars. It has also two large "book concerns," at New York, and at Cincinnati; and 20 periodicals, published under the direction of the General Conference, besides a number of others edited and published by members of the Methodist Episcopal Church on their own responsibility. It has publishing houses at Bremen in Germany; Gottenberg in Sweden; in the city of Mexico; and at Foochow in China. It has seven *German* conferences, with 511 itinerant preachers; 556 local preachers; 47,698 church members; 610 church edifices; 294 parsonages; 940 Sunday-schools; 7,908 Sunday-school officers and teachers; and 46,998 Sunday-school scholars. Its Foreign Missionary Society has 369 missionaries and assistant missionaries; 310 teachers; 16,127 church members; 11 church edifices, valued at \$396,171; 55 parsonages, valued at \$70,750; 426 Sunday-schools; 18,971 Sunday-school scholars; and 180 day-schools, with 5,329 pupils. Besides these, the same Foreign Missionary Society employs 251 missionaries "among foreign populations in the United States," and 2,307 "domestic missionaries," who have under their care unitedly 56,241

church members. The Methodist Episcopal Church has its "Woman's Foreign Missionary Society," with 19 missionaries; 100 schools; 108 Bible-women and teachers; 159 orphans; and an annual income of \$64,309. It has its "Freedmen's Aid Society," with an income of \$86,560 yearly. It has a "Tract Society," the receipts of which, for the year 1874, were \$19,840. It has 27 "universities and colleges," with 216 "instructors," and 5,090 students;

¹ The following statistics are all taken from "The Methodist Almanac, for 1876; edited by W. H. De Puy, D.D.," and published, under the direction of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

634

also 69 "academies and seminaries," with 504 "instructors," and 14,100 students; the estimated value of these collegiate properties being about seven million dollars. To these must be added the "Boston University School of Theology," with 90 students; the "Drew Theological Seminary," with 125 students; the "Garrett Biblical Institute," with 156 students; the "Martin Mission Institute," with 10 students; and the "India Conference Theological Seminary," with 27 students.

These statistics, which could be multiplied if it were desirable, belong to the "Methodist Episcopal Church" alone; but, since it was founded in 1769, the following Methodist Churches have seceded from it, namely:—

	Itinerant Minister.	Local Preachers.	Church Members.
Methodist, Episcopal, South	3,485	5,536	712,765
Coloured Methodist Episcopal	635	683	80,000
African Methodist Episcopal	600	1,450	200,000
African Methodist Episcopal Zion	1,200	800	225,000
Evangelical Association	835	503	95,253
United Brethren	967	1,709	131,850
The Methodist Church	775	507	55,183
Methodist Protestant Church	650	200	54,319
American Wesleyan Church	250	190	20,000
Free Methodists	90	80	6,000
Primitive Methodists	20	25	2,800
Congregational Methodists	23		9,500

The financial and other statistics of these seceding Methodist Churches might easily be given; but it is enough to say, that, including the mother of them all, "The Methodist Episcopal Church," there are now, in the United States of America, where Whitefield laboured with such marvellous success, 20,453 ordained Methodist ministers; 24,384 lay preachers; 3,173,229 church members; and, according to the returns of the Government census of 1870, more than six millions and a half of people, who, under the head of "Religious Denominational Preferences," entered themselves as "Methodists."

LAUS DEO!

FINIS.

INDEX.

NAMES OF PERSONS AND PLACES.

- Aberdeen, i. 522.
Aberdeen, Earl of, ii. 210.
Aberford, ii. 234, 464.
Abergavenny, i. 196, 530; ii. 79, 87,
225.
Abingdon, i. 264.
Abingdon (America), i. 332, 374.
Adams, Rev. Dr. William, i. 10, 15.
Adams, Thomas, ii. 57, 63, 114–119,
148, 161, 224, 287, 317, 453, 462,
488, 517, 532, 534, 558, 560, 562,
569, 588, 609.
Aglionby, William, i. 139.
Ailesbury, Lady, ii. 407.
Aldridge, ii. 86.
Allen, William, i. 378.
Allens Town (America), i. 384.
Allt, William, ii. 112.
Alnwick, ii. 285, 312, 412.
Alpraham, ii. 315, 316.
America, i. 127.
Anwell (America), i. 379.
Ancaster, Duchess of, i. 78, 160; ii.
209.
Annapolis (America), i. 340.
Appleton, Rev. Dr. Nathaniel, i. 423.
Argyll, Duchess of, ii. 209.
Asbury, Francis, ii. 584.
Ashby, ii. 256, 258, 265, 269.
Athlone, ii. 238, 273–275, 397.
Attleborough (America), ii. 592.
Avebury, ii. 111.
Axminster, ii. 77.

Baddiley, Rev. William, ii. 242, 259.

- Badsey, i. 200, 201.
 Ball, Roger, ii. 274.
 Bandon, ii. 274, 275.
 Bangor. Bishop of, ii. 39.
 Barber, Jonathan, i. 445, 460, 476; ii. 24, 60.
 Barker, Rev. John, ii. 73.
- Barnard, Rev. John, ii. 355, 357, 362.
 Barnardcastle, ii. 313.
 Bartlett, Mr., ii. 603.
 Bascombe, Judge, ii. 181.
 Basingstoke, i. 175, 264–267.
 Baskinridge (America), i. 433.
 Bass, Rev. Dr. Edward, ii. 600.
 Bate, Rev. James, i. 289.
 Bateman, Rev. Richard Thomas, ii. 62, 160, 186, 189, 197, 214.
 Bath, i. 2, 73, 78, 106, 176, 184, 550; ii. 109, 161, 282, 345, 346, 374, 406, 489, 493, 496, 500, 539, 557, 559.
 Bath, Earl of, ii. 193, 211, 318.
 Bath, Countess of, ii. 208, 249.
 Beard, Thomas, ii. 105.
 Beauclerk, Lord Sidney, ii. 37.
 Beaulieu, Earl of, ii. 210.
 Beaumont, James, ii. 109.
 Beaumont, John ii. 48, 49, 57.
 Bedford, i. 231; ii. 315, 410.
 Bedford, Rev. Arthur, i. 74, 151.
 Bedford, Duchess of, ii. 407.
 Belcher, Hon. Jonathan, i. 410, 418, 421, 425, 434; ii. 227, 252, 255, 334, 341, 342, 402.
 Belfast, ii. 274, 276.
 Bell, George, ii. 492.
 Bell, William, ii. 304.
 Benezet, Anthony, i. 384.
 Bengeworth, i. 200.
 Bennet, John, ii. 235.
 Bennet, Rev. Mr., ii. 78, 253, 254.
 Bennett, Mr., i. 173.
- Benson, Bishop, i. 43, 47, 72, 106, 157–159, 261, 310, 349.
 Bermudas, ii. 179.
 Berridge, Rev. John, ii. 410, 417, 441, 452, 462, 504, 539–541, 578, 584, 620, 625, 631.
 Bertie, Lady Eleanor, ii. 209.
 Berwick, ii. 262, 285, 312.
 Bethell, Mrs. Bridget, i. 106.
 Bevan, Mrs., ii. 345, 346.
-
- 636
 Beveridge, Bishop, i. 88.
 Bexley, i. 162, 239, 241–246, 249, 272.
 Bideford, ii. 78, 102, 254, 270.
 Birmingham, ii. 81, 82, 87, 113, 161, 315.
 Birstal, ii. 236, 285, 310, 315, 380–383.
 Bishop Auckland, ii. 412.
 Bishop Stortford, i. 251.
 Bissett, Rev. John, i. 522; ii. 16.
 Bissicks, Thomas, i. 530, 536.
 Blackheath, i. 239, 241, 244–246, 272, 276, 277.
 Blackwell, Ebenezer, i. 255, 309, 378; ii. 236, 280.
 Blair, Rev. Dr. Robert, ii. 72.
 Blair, Rev. Samuel, i. 322, 386, 477.
 Blendon, i. 239.
 Boardman, Richard, ii. 571, 586, 588, 633.
 Bohemia (America), ii. 170, 178, 337.
 Bohler, Rev. Peter, i. 148, 379, 382, 437; ii. 303–305
 Bolingbroke, Lord, ii. 194, 210, 215.

- Bolton, ii. 259, 285, 315, 352.
 Bolton, Duke of, ii. 37.
 Bolton, Robert, ii. 610.
 Boltzius, Rev. John Martin, i. 137, 141.
 Boscawen, Mrs., ii. 209.
 Boston (America), i. 407–411, 417, 424, 434, 476; ii. 12, 130, 144–147, 152, 174, 335–337, 472, 475, 592–596, 600.
 Boswell, James, ii. 544.
 Boulter, Archbishop, i. 147.
 Bovey-Tracey, ii. 215.
 Bradbury, Rev. Mr., ii. 571, 572.
 Bradford (Wilts), ii. 374, 559.
 Bradford (Yorkshire), ii. 310, 352, 381.
 Brainerd, Rev. David, ii. 152.
 Braintree, ii. 112.
 Braithwaite, Booth, ii. 549.
 Brattle, Colonel, i. 423.
 Brecon, ii. 59.
 Brewer, Rev. Samuel, ii. 620.
 Brewood, ii. 112, 113.
 Brighton, ii. 416, 515, 551.
 Brislington, i. 185.
 Bristol, i. 2, 7, 33, 36, 73, 77, 78, 106, 177–186, 194, 258–263, 474, 477, 483, 533, 540, 547; ii. 54, 64, 109, 161, 204, 206, 214, 216, 224, 229, 249, 270, 282, 317, 345, 346, 354, 363, 374, 377, 399, 406, 407, 419, 427, 443, 452, 454, 487, 488, 493, 496, 500, 539, 557, 605.
 Bristol (America), i. 384.
 Broad-Oaks, i. 249.
 Brockden, Mr., i. 436.
 Bromsgrove, ii. 82.
 Broughton, Rev. Thomas, i. 14, 54, 56, 60, 149, 349.
 Browne, Rev. Moses, ii. 264, 265, 268.
 Bryan, Hugh, i. 349, 448, 449, 459.
 Bryan, Jonathan, ii. 23.
 Buchan, Earl of, ii. 536–539.
 Buchan, Lady, ii. 560.
 Buckingham, Duchess of, i. 78, 160; ii. 37.
 Bunyan, John, ii. 507.
 Burder, Rev. George, ii. 563.
 Burgess, Rev. Daniel, ii. 365.
 Burlington, Earl of, ii. 210.
 Burr, Rev. Aaron, ii. 256, 337, 342, 385, 402.
 Burscough, Bishop, i. 146.
 Bute, Lord, ii. 440.
 Butler, Bishop, i. 66, 182, 233, 349.
 Butterfield, Colonel, ii. 181.
 Byles, Rev. Dr. Matthew, i. 411.
 Byrom, Dr., i. 254.
 Caerleon, i. 167, 196.
 Caerphilly, i. 530.
 Cambridge, i. 516, 551.
 Cambridge (America), i. 409, 410, 418, 421, 423, 477, 495; ii. 592.
 Cambuslang, ii. 2, 5, 6, 29, 454.
 Campbell, Hon. Hume, ii. 366.
 Campbell, Rev. Mr., i. 379.
 Campbell, Lady Betty, ii. 209.
 Canterbury, ii. 266.
 Cape Ann (America), ii. 592.
 Cape Breton (America), ii. 149.
 Cardiff, i. 188, 189; ii. 58.
 Cardigan, Lady, ii. 209.
 Carmarthen, ii. 58, 59, 226.
 Carolina (America), i. 129.
 Carteret, Mrs., ii. 416.
 Castle-Combe, ii. 559.
 Cathcart, Lord, ii. 391.
 Causton, Thomas, i. 142.
 Cennick, John, i. 467, 471, 483–485, 490, 492, 508, 523, 536, 539, 548, 553; ii. 4–6, 40, 48, 49, 61, 98, 100, 103, in, 113, 114, 147, 148, 158, 174, 224, 238, 294.
 Chafford Common, i. 258.
 Chalford, i. 199.

- Chandler, Dr. Samuel, i. 67.
 Chandler, Rev. Isaac, i. 396.
 Chandler, Rev. James, ii. 600.
 Chandler, Rev. Dr. Thomas Bradbury,
 ii. 520.
 Chapman, Rev. William, i. 73, 193,
 550, 552; ii. 54.
 Charleston (America), i. 345, 346, 357
 -359, 395, 401, 402, 404, 405, 448
 -450, 459, 477; ii. 169, 179, 278,
 279, 340, 484, 573, 585, 587.
 Charlestown (America), i. 592.
 Charlton, i. 241, 254.
 Chatham, i. 272; ii. 264, 353, 379, 380.
 Chauncy, Rev. Dr. Charles, ii. 125-130.
-
- 637
 Checkley, Rev. Samuel, i. 409.
 Chelmsford, ii. 112.
 Cheltenham, i. 199; ii. 400, 401, 560.
 Chepstow, i. 197.
 Chester, ii. 316.
 Chester (America), i. 337, 386.
 Chesterfield, Countess of, ii. 244, 245,
 415, 440.
 Chesterfield, Earl of, ii. 194, 211, 318,
 345, 416.
 Cheyne, Dr., i. 106.
 Chinley, ii. 285, 384.
 Chippenham, ii. 77, 559.
 Christian Bridge (America), i. 339.
 Chubb, Thomas, i. 176.
 Church, Rev. Thomas, ii. 95-97.
 Cirencester, i. 255, 256, 264.
 Clap, Rev. Nathaniel, i. 406.
 Clap, Rev. Thomas, i. 430; ii. 134, 138.
 Clapham, ii. 385, 404.
 Clarke, Rev. Samuel, ii. 421.
 Clayton, Rev. John, i. 14, 56, 148, 149.
 Clements, William, ii. 108.
 Clive, Catherine, ii. 355.
 Coal-Pit Heath, i. 185.
 Cobham, Lady, i. 78, 160.
 Coc, Captain, i. 146.
 Cochrane, Colonel, i. 123.
 Cockman, Dr., i. 73.
 Cole, Rev. Thomas, i. 41, 204, 349.
 Collet, Mr., ii. 489.
 Collumpton, ii. 76.
 Colman, Rev. Dr. Benjamin, i. 330,
 352, 408, 411, 417, 418, 425; ii. 38,
 127, 144, 621.
 Columbine, General, i. 117.
 Comihoy, i. 196.
 Concord (America), i. 425
 Conjuet, Anthony, ii. 107.
 Connolly, Lady Anne, ii. 407.
 Conyers, Rev. Dr., ii. 506, 533.
 Cook, George, ii. 110, 111.
 Cooke, Rev. Samuel, ii. 142.
 Cooper, Rev. Dr. Samuel, ii. 620.
 Cooper, T., i. 118.
 Cooper, Rev. William, i. 408, 422, 424,
 459.
 Corbusiers, Colonel, ii. 181.
 Cork, ii. 238-241, 245, 261, 274, 275,
 397.
 Cottell, Isaac, ii. 111.
 Courcy, Rev. Richard de, ii. 516, 561,
 611.
 Coventry, ii. 316.
 Coventry, Lady, ii. 407.
 Cowper, William, ii. 613.
 Cox, James, ii. 367.
 Cox, Lady, i. 106, 349.
 Crane, Mr. J., ii. 564, 609.
 Cross, George, ii. 112.
 Cross, Rev. Mr., i. 433, 434, 477.
 Crosse, Rev. John, ii. 584.
 Crossly, Rev. David, ii. 105.
 Crosswell, A., i. 361.
 Cruttenden, Robert, ii. 98, 214, 217,
 277.
 Cudworth, William, ii. 347, 348.
 Cumberland, Duke of, ii. 37.

- Cutler, Rev. Dr. Timothy, ii. 123.
- Dacre, Lady, ii. 407.
- Dacre, Lord, ii. 407.
- Dagge, Mr., i. 178, 179.
- Danen, i. 139, 357.
- Darlington, ii. 411.
- Darney, William, ii. 316.
- Darracott, Rev. Risdon, ii. 75, 77, 113, 250, 419.
- Dartmouth, Countess of, ii. 415.
- Dartmouth, Earl of, ii. 399–401, 415, 495, 524, 525.
- Davenport, Rev. James, i. 446; ii. 126, 397.
- Davies, Rev. Henry, ii. 48.
- Davies, Rev. Howell, ii. 48, 57, 62, 187, 188, 493, 500, 518, 588, 609.
- Davies, Rev. James, ii. 48.
- Davies, Rev. Samuel, ii. 166, 322–324, 338.
- Deal, i. 113, 114; ii. 184, 571.
- Delamotte, Charles, i. 60, 75, 130, 135, 250.
- Delamotte, Miss Elizabeth, i. 369.
- Delamotte, Mr., i. 241, 244, 246, 248–251, 271, 272, 370.
- Delamotte, William, i. 250, 355, 394, 415.
- Delany, Rev. Dr., i. 147.
- Delitz, Countess, ii. 209, 216, 225, 265, 406.
- Deptford, i. 109, 272, 485.
- Derby (America), i. 386.
- Dickenson, Rev. Jonathan, i. 331; ii. 342.
- Dinwiddie, Governor, ii. 338.
- Dirleton, Lady, i. 533.
- Dixon, Rev. Dr., ii. 543.
- Dixon, Thomas, ii. 559, 564, 610.
- Doddridge, Rev. Dr. Philip, i. 66, 220, 231, 313; ii. 34, 71–77, 195, 207, 255, 256, 260, 279, 290.
- Dodington, George Bubb, ii. 210.
- Dorchester (America), i. 397.
- Dorrell, Captain, ii. 181.
- Downes, Rev. John, ii. 422.
- Downing, Rev. Mr., ii. 399–401, 415.
- Dublin, i. 147; ii. 235, 238, 273–275, 286, 394–397.
- Dudley, ii. 316.
- Dulwich, i. 241, 244.
- Dummer, i. 56–60, 62, 64, 176.
- Durant, Rev. Mr., i. 173.
- Durell, Rev. Dr., ii. 543–547.
- Durham, ii. 412.
-
- 638
- Dursley, ii. 53, 54, 559, 605.
- East, Rev. Mr., ii. 605.
- Ebenezer (America), i. 392.
- Edgcumbe, Lord, ii. 407.
- Edinburgh, i. 518, 524, 528; ii. 4, 6, 161, 196–200, 261, 276, 277, 284, 311, 312, 382, 391, 393, 394, 410, 411, 419, 445, 454, 464, 554.
- Edwards, Rev. D., ii. 621, 623.
- Edwards, Elizabeth, i. 1.
- Edwards, Rev. Jonathan, i. 274, 426–429; ii. 19, 22, 32, 138, 343, 410.
- Edwards, John, ii. 111, 161, 179, 286, 287, 352, 396, 487.
- Edwards, Peter, ii. 609.
- Edwin, Mrs., ii. 173.
- Eells, Rev. Nathaniel, ii. 130, 139.
- Egmont, Earl, i. 241.
- Elberton, i. 185.
- Elizabeth Town (America), i. 331, 383; ii. 334.
- Ellington, Rev. Edward, ii. 576, 609, 619, 621, 623.
- Elliott, Rev. R., ii. 558, 621, 624.
- Emerson, Rev. Daniel, i. 410.
- Emerson, Rev. Mr., ii. 144.
- Epworth, ii. 285.

- Erskine, David, i. 516.
 Erskine, Lady Anne, ii. 559, 560.
 Erskine, Lord Chancellor, ii. 537.
 Erskine, Rev. Ebenezer, i. 274, 497–510, 516; ii. 9, 22, 32.
 Erskine, Rev. Ralph, i. 216, 267–270, 274, 311, 333, 352, 376, 461, 497–510, 517; ii. 15.
 Essex, Lady, ii. 407.
 Evans, John, ii. 108.
 Everton, ii. 410, 462, 464.
 Evesham, i. 200, 257.
 Exeter, ii. 67, 77, 113–119, 215, 217, 230, 232, 254, 270, 398, 399, 498.
 Exeter (America), ii. 593, 596, 597.

 Fagg's Manor (America), i. 386.
 Falmouth, i. 459.
 Fawcett, Rev. Dr. John, ii. 381, 497.
 Fawcett, Rev. Mr., ii. 75, 77.
 Fellows, Mr. John, ii. 610.
 Ferrers, Earl, ii. 425.
 Ferrers, Lady, ii. 209.
 Finley, Rev. Dr. Samuel, ii. 167.
 Fisher, Rev. James, i. 497.
 Fitch, Rev. Jabez, ii. 121.
 Fitzroy, General George, ii. 373.
 Fitzwalter, Lady, ii. 209.
 Fletcher, Rev. John, ii. 415, 417, 499, 502, 518, 520, 535, 539, 542, 543, 578.
 Foote, Samuel, ii. 355, 428–439, 505.
 Fox, Hon. Charles, ii. 440.
 Foxcroft, Rev. Thomas, i. 409, 410; ii. 140.

 Foxe, Rev. John, ii. 417.
 Francke, Professor, ii. 405.
 Frankland, Lady Anne, i. 159.
 Franklin, Benjamin, i. 337–339, 360, 374, 377, 439; ii. 228, 250, 283, 378, 539, 629.
 Frederica (America), i. 138, 357; ii. 97.
 Frederick, King of Prussia, ii. 395, 441.

 Frederick, Prince of Wales, ii. 37.
 Free, Rev. Dr., ii. 413, 422.
 Freehold (America), i. 325, 326, 384.
 Frelinghuysen, Rev. T. J., i. 331.
 Frenchay, i. 186.
 Frey, Andrew, ii. 308.
 Frink, Rev. Samuel, ii. 559, 619.
 Frome, ii. 374, 559.

 Gadsby, Edward, ii. 417.
 Galatin, Colonel, ii. 237, 259, 276, 346.
 Galatin, Mrs., ii. 237.
 Gambold, Rev. John, i. 14.
 Garden, Rev. Alexander, i. 142, 357, 359–364, 396–400, 404, 405, 463, 477, 539.
 Gardiner, Colonel, ii. 33, 46.
 Gardiner, Lady Frances, ii. 33, 37, 262.
 Garrick, David, ii. 355, 390, 433.
 Gee, Rev. Joshua, i. 409; ii. 144.
 Georgia (America), i. 128, 140–142; ii. 23, 334.
 Germain, Lady Betty, ii. 209, 216.
 German Town (America), i. 337, 374.
 Gibb, Rev. Adam, i. 509–513; ii. 22, 200.
 Gibbons, Rev. Dr. Thomas, ii. 204, 214, 374, 571, 620.
 Gibbs, Rev. Mr., i. 177, 180.
 Gibraltar, i. 116–121.
 Gibson, Bishop, i. 65, 74, 157, 291, 310, 405, 546; ii. 87–94, 197.
 Gibson, James, ii. 550.
 Gideon, Miss, ii. 405.
 Gidley, Gustavus, ii. 498.
 Gifford, Rev. Dr., ii. 243, 244, 374, 461.
 Gilbert, Colonel, ii. 181.
 Gill, Rev. Dr. John, i. 67.
 Gillies, Rev. John, i. 1; ii. 262, 284, 293, 312, 316, 323, 336, 356, 397, 398, 410, 412, 419, 442, 445, 495, 627.
 Gillman, Captain, ii. 597.
 Gladman, Captain, i. 308, 339, 383.

- Glascott, Rev. Mr., ii. 584.
- Glasgow, i. 518; ii. 5, 197–199, 262, 276, 277, 284, 311–314, 382, 392, 399, 410, 411, 419, 454, 465.
- Gloucester, i. 1–3, 7, 33, 48–53, 79, 106, 197, 256–258, 263, 480, 539, 540, 548; 11. 52, 59, 83, 85, 87, 204, 206, 213, 224, 249, 316, 345, 374, 406, 517, 559.
- Gloucester (America), i. 374.
- Godwin, E., ii. 109, 110.
-
- 639
- Grafton, Duke of, ii. 440.
- Grafton, Duchess of, ii. 407.
- Granville, Madam, i. 106
- Graves, Rev. Charles Caspar, ii. 260.
- Gravesend, i. in, 162, 239, 241, 272; ii. 568, 569.
- Green, Bishop, ii. 450.
- Green, Rev. Mr., ii. 558.
- Green, William, ii. 257.
- Greenwich (America), i. 374.
- Grenaw, Rev. Mr., i. 141.
- Grevil, Mrs., i. 167.
- Grey, Rev. Dr. Zachary, ii. 124, 125.
- Grigg, Rev. Mr., ii. 253.
- Grigsby, Rev. W., ii. 291.
- Grimshaw, Rev. William, ii. 218, 219, 234, 258, 293, 383, 384.
- Grinfield, Mrs., ii. 282, 322, 345, 346.
- Grosvenor, Rev. Dr. Benjamin, ii. 374, 614.
- Grove, Thomas, ii. 543.
- Gumley, Colonel, ii. 249.
- Gurney, Joseph, ii. 401, 565.
- Gwennap, ii. 253.
- Habersham, James, i. 84, 110, 113, 114, 119, 122, 125, 140, 350, 351, 388, 395, 461, 465, 476, 485, 491, 493, 517, 531, 538; ii. 23, 25, 31, 36, 60, 148, 248, 334, 468, 469, 475, 480, 575, 579, 608, 609.
- Haddington, Earl of, ii. 210.
- Haime, John, ii. 108, 232.
- Halifax, ii. 285.
- Halifax, Lord, ii. 440.
- Hall, Westley, i. 14, 62, 75, 155, 176, 349, 473.
- Hally, Rev. William, ii. 32.
- Hamilton, Duchess of, ii. 407.
- Hamilton, Lady Mary, i. 550; ii. 269.
- Hampstead (America), i. 416.
- Hampton (America), i. 416.
- Hampton Common, i. 256.
- Hampton, ii. 54, 63, 87.
- Hanway, Jonas, ii. 448.
- Hardy, Charles, ii. 457, 464, 475, 485, 566, 609.
- Harman, John, ii. 448, 486.
- Harrington, Lady, ii. 440.
- Harrington, Lord, ii. 244, 245.
- Harris, Gabriel, i. 34, 47, 74, 106, 157, 204, 206, 230; ii. 608.
- Harris, Howell, i. 167–171, 188–190, 196, 197, 204, 310, 314, 349, 356, 413, 435, 471, 478, 486, 493, 515, 535–537, 541, 552, 560, 561; ii. 28, 30, 36, 40, 47–52, 57, 58, 79, 84, 148, 158–160, 163, 167, 168, 171–175, 179, 187–191, 202, 203, 213, 224, 229, 234, 236, 247, 282, 531, 541.
- Harris, Rev. Sampson, i. 34, 76.
- Hartford, Mrs. Frances, ii. 609.
- Hartlepool, ii. 532, 533.
- Hartley, Rev. Thomas, ii. 256, 265, 270, 290, 347.
- Harvard College, ii. 473.
- Hastings, Lady Anne, ii. 345.
- Hastings, Lady Betty, i. 58, 349.
- Hastings, Lady Frances, ii. 265, 269.
- Hastings, Lady Selina, ii. 269.

- Haughton, John, ii. 241, 245.
 Haven, Rev. Dr. Samuel, ii. 592, 600.
 Haverfordwest, ii. 226, 517, 518.
 Haweis, Rev. Dr. Thomas, ii. 375, 620.
 Hawkins, Rev. William, ii. 549.
 Haworth, ii. 234, 258, 259, 285, 315, 381, 383.
 Healey, Jonathan, ii. 238.
 Henschman, Rev. Nathaniel, ii. 137.
 Henderson, Miss, ii. 420.
 Herring, Archbishop, ii. 365.
 Hertford, i. 231, 249.
 Hertford, Countess of, i. 282; ii. 407.
 Hertford, Lord, ii. 407.
 Hervey, Rev. James, i. 14, 55, 60, 64, 184, 201, 314; ii. 47, 71, 78, 186, 195, 212, 222, 226, 233, 256, 259, 263, 265, 270, 279, 281, 290, 344, 347-352, 385, 413.
 Hervey, Lady, ii. 407.
 Hervey, Lord, ii. 37.
 Higson, Mr., ii. 543.
 Hill, Rev. Rowland, i. 469; ii. 503, 516, 519, 529, 530, 535, 544, 551.
 Hill, Sir Richard, ii. 495, 529, 544.
 Hinchinbroke, Lady, i. 78, 161; ii. 210.
 Hinton, Rev. Mr., ii. 605.
 Hitchin, i. 231, 232.
 Hobby, Rev. William, ii. 141.
 Hoblin, Rev. Mr., ii. 253.
 Hodges, Rev. John, ii. 48.
 Holderness, Earl, ii. 210, 366, 367, 416, 440.
 Holiday, Rev. Mr., ii. 180, 181, 217.
 Holland, William, ii. 247.
 Holyoke, Rev. Edward, ii. 132-134.
 Hone, Nathaniel, ii. 557, 627.
 Hood, Rev. Paxton, ii. 204.
 Hook, Rev. John, ii. 317.
 Hooker, Mr., i. 91, 174, 456, 494.
 Hopper, Christopher, ii. 259, 396, 397.
 Horneck, Dr., i. 88.1
 Horsley, ii. 312
 Hotham, Sir Charles, ii. 416.
 Hotham, Lady Gertrude, ii. 258, 263, 345, 346, 416, 440.
 Hoxton, i. 558.
 Huddersfield, ii. 533.
 Hume, Baron, ii. 210.
 Hume, David, ii. 210.
 Humphreys, Joseph, i. 223-227, 471,
-
- 640
 480, 483, 495, 530, 536; ii. 48, 49, 294.
 Hunter, Mr., ii. 24.
 Huntingdon, Earl of, i. 58, 158; ii. 37.
 Huntingdon, Countess of, i. 78, 159; ii. 37, 168, 187, 188, 192-194, 197, 198, 202, 203, 206, 208, 212, 214, 216, 223, 224, 226, 227, 229, 232, 234, 237, 239, 243, 249, 253, 255-264, 269, 270, 274-277, 282, 284, 288-290, 293, 314, 318, 320, 322, 333, 341, 343, 345, 346, 348, 352-356, 366, 372, 376, 377, 379, 384, 390, 400, 407, 414, 425, 427, 430, 440, 454, 489, 496, 497, 502, 515, 517, 518, 520, 532, 537, 541, 542, 551, 555, 558-560, 578, 583, 584, 608.
 Hutchins, Rev. Dr. Richard, i. 14, 56, 62, 155, 176, 186, 193, 310, 312, 482.
 Hutchinson, John, ii. 321.
 Hutton, James, i. 102, 109, 112, 118, 349, 390, 392, 437, 450, 465; ii. 68, 158, 292, 303, 304, 307.
 Hutron, Rev. John, i. 82, 109.
 Hyndford, Earl of, ii. 210.
 Hyndford, Lady, ii. 209.
 Ingham, Rev. Benjamin, i. 33, 45, 233, 234, 236, 258, 352, 380, 384, 427; ii. 14, 75, 141, 155, 161, 250, 311, 349, 355, 367, 415.

- Ingram, James, ii. 109, 218, 219.
- Ipswich (America), i. 416; ii. 592, 597.
- Irvine, ii. 276.
- James, T., ii. 49, 57.
- Jenkins, Herbert, ii. 48, 49, 51, 57, 108, 109, 113, 161, 169, 174.
- Jennys, Soame, ii. 440.
- Jesse, Rev. Mr., ii. 500.
- Jewet, Rev. Jedediah, ii. 600, 620.
- Johnson, Dr. Samuel, i. 10, 15, 178, 220; ii. 544.
- Jones, J., ii. 48, 49.
- Jones, Mrs., ii. 247.
- Jones, Rev. Griffith, i. 169, 184, 189; ii. 48, 187, 222, 345.
- Jones, Rev. Lewis, ii. 48.
- Jones, Rev. Thomap, ii. 341, 415.
- Jones, Thomas, ii. 542.
- Jortin, Dr., i. 66.
- Joss, Captain Torial, ii. 500, 553, 555, 560, 562, 609.
- Kay, Benjamin, ii. 542.
- Keen, Robert, ii. 445, 454, 457, 458, 465, 466, 468, 469, 472, 476, 485, 487, 490, 493, 500, 517, 532, 533, 554, 560, 565, 570-573, 585, 587-589, 593, 608, 609, 614.
- Ken, Bishop, i. 5; ii. 344.
- Kendal, ii. 259, 277.
- Kennedy, Mr., ii. 114, 116.
- Keppell, Lady Elizabeth, ii. 407.
- Kettering, ii. 256, 315.
- Keynsham, i. 185.
- Kidderminster, ii. 82, 316.
- Kihush, i. 146.
- Kilsyth, ii. 2, 5, 32.
- Kinchin, Rev. Charles, i. 14, 58-60, 64, 155, 176, 201-203, 349.
- Kingsbridge, ii. 103, 113, 114, 215.
- Kingston, ii. 425.
- Kingston, Duke of, ii. 210.
- Kingswood, i. 179, 187, 190, 195, 259, 268, 271, 467, 490; ii. 346, 406, 539.
- Kinsale, ii. 274, 275.
- Kinsman, Rev. Andrew, ii. 216, 455, 456, 488, 554, 566.
- Kirkby, Rev. John, ii. 266.
- Kirkland, Rev. Samuel, ii. 589.
- Kittery (America), ii. 336, 592.
- Knight, Rev. Titus, 603, 610.
- Land, Rev. Tristram, i. 286.
- Langdon, Rev. Dr., ii. 592.
- Langford, Rev. John, ii. 620, 621, 624.
- Langworthy, Edward, ii. 609.
- Lardner, Dr. Nathaniel, i. 66.
- Lauderdale, Earl of, ii. 210.
- Lavington, Bishop, i. 11, 282; ii. 201, 219-222, 230, 271.
- Lavington, Rev. Mr., ii. 403.
- Law, Rev. William, i. 16, 59, 281; ii. 259, 377.
- Lee, Jesse, ii. 588, 602.
- Leechman, Rev. Dr. William, ii. 391.
- Leeds, ii. 234-236, 258, 285, 286, 310, 312, 215, 352, 380, 383, 384, 412, 444, 445, 453, 462, 464, 532.
- Leicester, ii. 284, 310, 502.
- Leigh, Lady Barbara, i. 159.
- Leominster, ii. 59, 109.
- Leven, Earl of, i. 519, 523, 524, 530, 531.
- Lewes, ii. 551.
- Lewis, J., ii. 48, 49, 57.
- Lewis, Rev. Thomas, ii. 48, 51, 57.
- Lewis, Thomas, ii. 112.
- Lewis Town (America), i. 388.
- Lewisham, i. 244.
- Liddiaal, i. 1.
- Limerick, i. 146; ii. 274, 275, 397.
- Lincoln, Lady, ii. 209.
- Lindsay, Rev. Henry, i. 501.
- Lisbon, ii. 325-332.
- Lisburn, ii. 274.
- Lisburne, Lady, i. 78, 161.
- Liverpool, ii. 316, 352.

- Llanelley, ii. 58.
- Locke, John, i. 129.
- Log College, i. 325, 332
- London, i. 55, 74, 82–87, 106, 149.
150–157, 161, 171–175, 204, 214
-
- 641
- 233, 267, 273, 466, 477, 485, 538, 551;
ii. 45, 60, 193, 218, 232, 239, 263, 266,
270, 282, 286, 300, 315, 322, 324,
343, 346, 353, 354, 376, 379, 384,
397, 399, 401, 412, 421, 453, 457,
459, 488, 491, 518, 528, 550, 557.
- Long Acre Chapel, ii. 355–365.
- Longden, Mr., i. 2.
- Long Island, i. 383.
- Lonsdale, Lord, ii. 37.
- Lothian, Marquis of, i. 515, ii. 342.
- Ludlow, ii. 109.
- Lumley, Lady Henrietta, i. 159.
- Lunell, William, ii. 238–240, 244, 245,
273, 279.
- Lurgan, ii. 274.
- Lutterworth, ii. 284.
- Luxborough, Lady, ii. 209.
- Lyman, Rev. Mr., ii. 592.
- Lyttelton, Lord, ii. 210, 407.
- McCulloch, Rev. William, i. 528; ii.
2, 5, 6, 30, 224, 255, 338.
- Mackay, Captain, i. 123, 124.
- McLaurin, Rev. John, ii. 22.
- McLeod, Rev. Mr., i. 139, 141, 357.
- McMahon, Mr., i. 145.
- Madan, Rev. Martin, ii., 263, 265, 341,
398–401, 404, 407, 415, 417, 434,
454, 490, 499, 548, 620, 631.
- Maddock, Rev. Abraham, i. 400.
- Madeley, ii. 518, 520.
- Maidenhead (America), i. 331.
- Maidstone, ii. 379.
- Mair, Rev. Thomas, i. 497.
- Majendie, Rev. J., i. 173, 174.
- Maiden (America), ii. 592.
- Malmesbury, i. 264.
- Manchester, i. 148; ii. 237, 258, 259,
285, 315, 352, 383, 384.
- Manchester, Duchess of, ii. 209.
- Mansfield, ii. 257.
- Marble Head (America), i. 417; ii. 592.
- March, Earl of, ii. 210.
- Margate, i. 112; ii. 572.
- Marlborough (America), i. 425; ii. 138.
- Marlborough, Duchess of, i. 160; ii. 37.
- Marsden, Rev. Joshua, ii. 182.
- Marychurch, ii. 215.
- Maryland (America), ii. 164.
- Mather, Rev. Eleazar, i. 426.
- Matheson, Rev. Dr., ii. 605.
- Matthews, James, ii. 542.
- Maxfield, Thomas, i. 166, 180; ii. 40,
415, 491.
- Medford (America), ii. 592.
- Meriton, Rev. John, i. 558–560; ii.
39, 44.
- Middleton, Rev. Erasmus, ii. 543.
- Middleton, Mr., ii. 556.
- Milner, Rev. J., ii. 384.
- Milton (America), ii. 592.
- Minchin, Hampton, ii. 63–67.
- Molther, Rev. Philip Henry, i. 392,
394.
- Moncrieff, Rev. Alexander, i. 497.
- Monson, Lady, ii. 209.
- Montagu, Duchess of, ii. 209.
- Moody, Rev. Samuel, i. 416; ii. 175,
177.
- Moon, Mrs., ii. 534.
- Morgan, Rev. Charles, i. 56, 173, 174.
- Morgan, William, i. 14.
- Morpeth, ii. 285.
- Morris, Samuel, ii. 166.
- Muir, Rev. Dr., i. 528.
- Muirhead, Rev. John, i. 376.
- Murray, Grace, ii. 235.

- Musselburgh, ii. 276.
- Nairn, Rev. Thomas, i. 497.
- Nantwich, i. 147; ii. 315, 316.
- Nazareth (America), i. 382.
- Neal, Rev. Daniel, i. 67.
- Neal, Nathaniel, ii. 74.
- Nelson, John, ii. 69.
- Nesbit, Mr., i. 543.
- Neshaminy (America), i. 325, 332, 379.
- New Brunswick (America), i. 327, 328, 331, 379; ii. 333.
- Newbury (America), i. 416; ii. 175, 336.
- Newbury Port (America), ii. 592, 596, 597, 602, 606, 607.
- Newcastle (America), i. 339, 371, 386.
- Newcastle, Duke of, ii. 245.
- Newcastle-on-Tyne, ii. 33, 34, 234–236, 284–286, 311, 312, 316, 352, 353, 380, 410, 412, 445, 464, 532.
- New Haven (America), i. 429, 477, 495.
- New Haven College, ii. 476.
- Newport (America), ii. 592.
- Newton, Rev. John, ii. 316, 424, 519, 543, 620, 624, 631.
- Newtown (America), i. 344; ii. 592.
- New York, i. 328, 335, 383, 430; ii. 152, 162, 172, 175, 332, 469, 476, 486, 589, 590, 592.
- Nimmo, James, ii. 261.
- Nimmo, Lady Jane, ii. 262, 366.
- Nitschmann, Bishop, i. 89, 382.
- Nitschmann, Hannah, ii. 302.
- Niven, James, ii. 284.
- Nixon, Mr., i. 457.
- Noble, Mr., i. 328, 341, 356, 403, 430, 509, 551.
- Norris, Rev. Mr., i. 351, 354.
- North, Lord, ii. 210.
- Northampton, i. 231; ii. 71, 256, 310, 315, 352, 410, 532.
- Northampton (America), i. 426–429.
- Northampton, Lord, ii. 407.
- North East (America), i. 339.
-
- 642
- Northumberland, Lady, ii. 407.
- Norwich, ii. 299, 300, 317, 347, 348, 408, 516.
- Nottingham, ii. 256, 310, 315.
- Nottingham (America), i. 386.
- Nowell, Dr., ii. 543, 544.
- Occum, Samson, i. 384; ii. 493.
- Ogilvie, Rev. Mr., i. 514, 522, 528.
- Oglethorpe, General, i. 74, 76, 77, 82, 109, 110, 130, 132, 134, 141, 347, 351, 357, 364, 447 ii. 2, 3, 26.
- Olivers, Thomas, i. 395, 470; ii. 204, 531.
- Olney, i. 231; ii. 112, 196, 256, 310, 315, 410.
- Orchard, Paul, i. 184, 315.
- Orphan House, i. 347–352, 355, 359, 368, 380, 390, 434, 441–445, 492–494, 519–521, 543; ii. 35, 36, 43, 60, 97, 153–158, 169, 205, 278, 280, 287, 292, 332, 339, 377, 397, 413, 421, 470, 475, 479–484, 491, 523–528, 559, 573–588.
- Osgood, Rev. John, i. 397.
- Osmotherley, ii. 312, 313.
- Ottery, ii. 78.
- Owen, E., ii. 90.
- Oxenhall, i. 199.
- Oxford, i. 9, 14, 15, 16, 53, 56, 57, 62, 74, 79, 106, 157, 203; ii. 542.
- Oxford Methodists, i. 18, 31, 57.
- Painswick, i. 199, 256, 263; ii. 559.
- Palmer, Rev. Henry, ii. 48.
- Paul, Rev. Mr., ii. 181.
- Paulet, Lady Rebecca, ii. 407.
- Park, Rev. Mr., i., 257.
- Parker, Mr., i. 364.

- Parsons, Rev. Jonathan, i. 422; ii. 597, 599, 600, 619–621.
- Pearce, Bishop, ii. 355–364, 368.
- Pearsall, Rev. Richard, ii. 250.
- Pemberton, Rev. Dr. Ebenezer, i. 329, 333, 335, 341, 384, 430; ii. 227, 255, 335, 620, 622.
- Pembroke, ii. 226, 517.
- Pembroke, Lady, ii. 407.
- Penn, William, i. 320–323.
- Pennsylvania, i. 320–323, 377, 380.
- Penrose, Rev. Mr., i. 180.
- Pentycross, Rev. Thomas, ii. 530.
- Pepperell, Sir William, ii. 121, 149, 175, 336, 350.
- Periam, Joseph, i. 227–230, 308, 315, 316, 476.
- Perronet, Rev. Vincent, ii. 221.
- Pershore, i. 257.
- Petersham, Lady Caroline, ii. 209.
- Philadelphia (America), i. 320–323, 327, 328, 331, 332, 336, 337, 372, 384, 387, 433, 435, 430; ii. 163, 164, 171, 175, 228, 250, 333, 468, 476, 589.
- Philips, Sir John, i. 42, 44, 56, 57.
- Pickering, Rev. Theophilus, ii. 139.
- Piercy, Rev. Mr., ii. 584.
- Pierpont, Mr., i. 429.
- Piers, Rev. Henry, i. 148, 239, 241, 244, 272, 349.
- Pilmoor, Joseph, ii. 571, 586, 588, 633.
- Pitt, Hon. Mrs., ii. 209.
- Pitt, William (Earl of Chatham), ii. 210, 440.
- Placey, ii. 312.
- Plymouth, [[VOL.??]] 100–104, 113, 120, 162, 216, 230, 252, 270, 313, 398, 399, 443, 455, 487.
- Pomfret, Countess of, i. 282.
- Pontypool, i. 196, 314.
- Pope, Alexander, ii. 83.
- Port Arlington, ii. 397.
- Porter, Dr. Ebenezer, ii. 604.
- Porter, Rev. John, i. 422.
- Portsmouth, ii. 161, 224, 254, 256, 263, 280, 282, 310, 375.
- Portsmouth (America), i. 416; ii. 121, 122, 175, 336, 592, 593, 596.
- Potter, Archbishop, i. 74.
- Powell, Rev. J., ii. 49.
- Powley, Rev. Mr., ii. 506.
- Powys, Thomas, ii. 495, 499, 506.
- Prince, Rev. Thomas, i. 423, 424, 539; ii. 127, 131, 146.
- Prince, Thomas, ii. 121.
- Proudfoot, Rev. Dr., ii. 603.
- Providence (America), ii. 592.
- Publow, i. 185.
- Pagh, F., ii. 112.
- Pugh, Rev. Philip, i. 48.
- Purfleet, i. 110.
- Queensbury, Duchess of, i. 71, 161; ii. 209.
- Rae, Lord, i. 515, 518, 539; ii. 3.
- Raikes, Robert, i. 47, 87, 106.
- Rambach, Rev. J., ii. 439.
- Ramsgate, ii. 571, 572.
- Randall, Rev. Benjamin, ii. 601.
- Randwick, i. 256, 263.
- Rankin, Thomas, ii. 393.
- Redding (America), i. 418.
- Redford, Rev. Dr., ii. 605.
- Redruth, ii. 253, 254.
- Reed, Rev. Dr. Andrew, ii. 607.
- Reedy Island (America), i. 388.
- Rees, Rev. Lewis, ii. 48.
- Relly, James, ii. 161.
- Rhode Island (America), i. 406; ii. 335, 336.
- Rhodes, Benjamin, ii. 310.
- Rich, John, ii. 355.

- Rich, Miss, ii. 209.
-
- 643
- Richards, John, ii. 48, 62.
- Richmond, Duchess of, ii. 407.
- Rimmius, Henry, ii. 301, 304, 306, 307.
- Robe, Rev. James, ii. 2, 7–9.
- Robinson, Rev. Robert, ii. 229, 347, 407.
- Rock, Dr., i. 206; ii. 446.
- Rockhampton, i. 1.
- Rockingham, Lady, ii. 209.
- Rodborough, ii. 453, 517, 559.
- Rodgers, Rev. John, ii. 592.
- Roe, Rev. Samuel, ii. 548.
- Rogers, Rev. Daniel, ii. 600.
- Rogers, Rev. Jacob, i. 231.
- Romaine, Rev. William, ii. 341, 343, 375, 400, 407, 415, 417, 420, 454, 490, 495–499, 532, 542, 543, 548, 558, 620, 631.
- Rooker, James, ii. 402.
- Ross, Rev. Dr., ii. 605.
- Rotherham, ii. 257, 285, 310, 315, 412.
- Rowel, Jacob, ii. 610.
- Rowland, Rev. John, i. 331, 379.
- Rowlands, Rev. Daniel, i. 169, 171, 487, 541; ii. 48, 49, 51, 52, 187.
- Rowley (America), ii. 592.
- Roxbury (America), i. 410; ii. 592.
- Royal, Isaac, ii. 175.
- Rudge, Mr., i. 233.
- Rundle, Bishop, i. 147.
- Ryland, Rev. John, ii. 349.
- Sabine, Governor, i. 117, 119, 120.
- Saffron Walden, i. 251.
- St. Albans, i. 232.
- St. Gennys, ii. 79, 253.
- St. Ives (Cornwall), ii. 253.
- St. John, Lady, ii. 209.
- St. John, Lord, ii. 210, 214.
- St. Mary de Crypt, i. 5.
- St. Neots, ii. 410.
- Salem (America), i. 416; ii. 336, 592.
- Salisbury, i. 176.
- Salmon, Matthew, i. 62, 148.
- Sandwich, Earl of, ii. 210.
- Savage, Richard, i. 178.
- Savannah (America), i. 122, 125, 130–140, 143, 157, 171, 347, 351, 354, 364, 388, 390, 402, 434, 437, 446–448; ii. 97, 573, 585, 587, 588, 601.
- Sawyer, Dr., ii. 599.
- Schaubs, Lady, ii. 210.
- Scott, Captain, ii. 502, 519, 520, 532.
- Scott, Dr. John, ii. 96.
- Scott, Lady Jane, ii. 407.
- Seagrave, Rev. Robert, i. 212, 278, 285; ii. 294.
- Seeker, Archbishop, i. 66, 157; ii. 399, 523–528.
- Selwyn, George Augustus, ii. 210.
- Selwyn, Lady, i. 41, 106.
- Sewall, Rev. Dr. Joseph, i. 408, 411, 417, 418; ii. 131, 144, 335.
- Seward, Benjamin, i. 163, 166, 200, 349.
- Seward, Henry, i. 164–166.
- Seward, Rev. Thomas, i. 163, 251.
- Seward, William, i. 164–168, 175, 179, 186–188, 192, 194, 197, 200, 204, 230, 251, 308, 319, 348, 349, 365, 371, 373, 378, 381, 382, 388, 412, 466, 548.
- Shackerly, ii. 384.
- Sharon (America), ii. 591.
- Sheerness, ii. 380, 492.
- Sheffield, ii. 257, 285, 286, 310, 315, 412, 462, 532.
- Shenstone, William, i. 15.
- Shent, William, ii. 319, 533.
- Shepherd, Miss Molly, ii. 403.
- Sherburne, Mr., 121, 151.
- Sherlock, Bishop, i. 66, 71; ii. 42.

- Shields, ii. 380.
- Shipman, Joseph, ii. 543.
- Shippack (America), i. 379.
- Shirley, Lady Fanny, ii. 209, 225, 237, 265, 268, 290, 440.
- Shirley, Rev. Walter, ii. 490, 537, 584, 611.
- Shrewsbury, ii. 161.
- Shurtleff, Rev. William, ii. 121.
- Shuter, Edward, ii. 390.
- Shutlif, Rev. Mr., i. 416.
- Sibree, Rev. Mr., ii. 605.
- Silvester, Rev. Tipping, i. 151.
- Simpson, Rev. Mr., ii. 260.
- Sinclair, Major, i. 117.
- Skelton, Rev. Charles, ii. 620.
- Skerret, Rev. Dr., i. 254.
- Sladden, John, ii. 219.
- Smalbroke, Bishop, ii. 99, 147.
- Smith, Rev. Cotton Mather, ii. 591.
- Smith, James, ii. 608.
- Smith, Rev. John, i. 530.
- Smith, Rev. Joseph, i. 357.
- Smith, Rev. Josiah, i. 421, 491; ii. 620.
- Smith, Richard, ii. 573, 598, 609.
- Smith, Rev. Dr. William, ii. 477.
- Smyth, Aquila, i. 454.
- Smythe, Sir Sidney Halford, ii. 416.
- Somerset, Duchess of, i. 280; ii. 209, 268.
- Somerset, Duke of, ii. 268.
- Sproat, Rev. Dr. James, i. 328; ii. 620.
- Stanhope, Dean, i. 71.
- Staten Island (America), i. 433.
- Stearns, Rev. Dr., ii. 606.
- Stebbing, Rev. Dr., i. 261, 286.
- Stephens, William, i. 131, 140, 351, 360, 395.
- Stephenson, Rev. John, ii. 182.
- Stevens, Dr. Abel, i. 451; ii. 631, 633.
- Stevens, James, ii. 610.
- Steward, Rev. Mr., ii. 298.
-
- 644
- Stillingfleet, Rev. James, ii. 399, 400.
- Stinchcombe Hill, ii. 604.
- Stirk, Benjamin, ii. 609.
- Stockport, ii. 285, 315, 384.
- Stockton-on-Tees, ii. 312.
- Stoddard, Rev. Solomon, i. 426, 428.
- Stokesley, ii. 533.
- Stonehouse, i. 76, 77, 106, 199; ii. 54.
- Stonehouse, Rev. Dr. James, ii. 195, 200, 213, 233, 256, 279, 290.
- Stonehouse, Rev. Mr., i. 148, 204, 205, 234, 393.
- Stroud, i. 106, 199, 256, 548; ii. 53, 54.
- Suffield (America), i. 428.
- Sunderland, ii. 286, 315, 380, 454, 532, 533.
- Sutherland, Countess of, ii. 493.
- Sutherland, Earl of, ii. 493.
- Sweetly, Rev. Thomas, ii. 48.
- Swindells, Robert, ii. 266.
- Swindon, ii. 40, 41.
- Syms, John, ii. 57, 68, 160, 308.
- Tabernacle (London), i. 484; ii. 45, 290, 291, 293, 298, 310, 374.
- Tadcaster, ii. 380.
- Tailfer, Dr., i. 447.
- Talbot, Rev. Dr. William, ii. 399-401.
- Tanner, Rev. Henry, ii. 104.
- Taylor, David, ii. 59, 300.
- Taylor, Rev. Dr., ii. 384.
- Taunton, ii. 250, 270.
- Tavistock, ii. 217.
- Tavistock, Lord, ii. 407.
- Tedbury, i. 264.
- Tennent, Rev. Charles, i. 325, 371, 431.
- Tennent, Rev. Gilbert, i. 326, 328, 331, 332, 335, 352, 376, 379, 380,

- 384, 423, 433, 434, 476, 496, 531, 548, 549; ii. 12, 14, 31, 125, 127, 128, 153, 164, 268, 322–324, 333.
- Tennent, Rev. John, i. 325.
- Tennent, Rev. William, i. 324, 325, 332.
- Tennent, Rev. William, jun., i. 326, 332, 339, 356, 384, 477, 152, 590.
- Tewkesbury, i. 257; ii. 161.
- Thanet, Lady, ii. 209.
- Thaxted, i. 251.
- Thirsk, ii. 533.
- Thomas, B., ii. 49.
- Thomas, Rev. John, ii. 47.
- Thomas, Lady Sophia, ii. 209.
- Thompson, Rev. G., i. 106, 184; ii. 78, 79, 231, 253, 254.
- Thompson, Rev. James, i. 497.
- Thomson, Mrs., ii. 608.
- Thornbury, i. 196, 261, 263.
- Thornton, John, ii. 404, 416.
- Thorold, Sir John, i. 59, 349.
- Thorpe, Rev. John, ii. 257.
- Tibbut, R., ii. 48.
- Tilling, Robert, ii. 426.
- Tillotson, Archbishop, i. 360, 372, 452–454, 466.
- Tilly, Rev. Mr., i. 402.
- Tomo Chici, i. 132–135.
- Topcliffe, ii. 198, 312.
- Toplady, Rev. Augustus, ii. 624.
- Tottenham Court Road Chapel, ii. 368, 372–374, 376, 384, 389.
- Townsend, Rev. Joseph, ii. 490, 493.
- Townshend, Charles, ii. 210.
- Townshend, Lady, i. 78, 160; ii. 211, 407.
- Townshend, Marquis of, ii. 210.
- Trafford, Lord, ii. 407.
- Trapp, Rev. Dr., i. 206–214, 236–238, 279, 454.
- Trelegg, i. 197.
- Trent (America), i. 328, 332; ii. 333.
- Trentham, Viscount, ii. 210.
- Trevecca, ii. 62, 187, 191, 541, 555, 570, 584.
- Trigg, William, ii. 609.
- Trotter, Rev. Dr. John, ii. 620.
- Tucker, Rev. Josiah, i. 253, 287; ii. 16.
- Tunbridge Wells, ii. 551, 560.
- Tupper, Rev. Thomas, ii. 417.
- Tweeddale, Marquis of, ii. 210.
- Tytherton, ii. 40–43, 77, 80, 100.
- Ulverstone, ii. 261.
- Upper Marlborough (America), i. 340, 342.
- Usk, i. 196.
- Venn, Mr., i. 172.
- Venn, Rev. Henry, ii. 385, 398, 400, 407, 415, 417, 444, 454, 490, 506, 534, 539, 542, 558, 620, 621, 623, 631.
- Villiers, Lord, ii. 440.
- Vincent, Henry, ii. 607.
- Virginia (America), ii. 165, 338, 467, 478.
- Wakefield, ii. 285, 286.
- Waldegrave, Lady, ii. 407.
- Wales, Rev. Mr., i. 379.
- Walker, Rev. Samuel, ii. 375, 400.
- Walter, Rev. Nehemiah, i. 409.
- Wantage, i. 1.
- Warburton, Bishop, i. 281; ii. 462.
- Warminster, ii. 375.
- Warne, Rev. Jonathan, i. 285.
- Waterford (Wales), ii. 54.
- Waterland, Dr., i. 66.
- Watts, Rev. Dr. Isaac, i. 66–71, 137, 162, 330; ii. 72, 203, 294.
-
- 645
- Webb, Rev. John, i. 409, 417, 425; ii. 144.
- Webster, Rev. Alexander, i. 527; 11. 29.

- Wednesbury, ii. 81, 82, 86, 316.
 Well, Rev. Nathaniel, i. 187.
 Wellington, ii. 77, 113, 230, 250, 270.
 Wells, Samuel, ii. 400.
 Welstead, Rev. Mr., i. 411.
 Wesley, Rev. Charles, i. 12, 14, 16, 17
 –20, 23, 28, 32, 53, 59, 60, 62, 75,
 87–89, 112, 138, 142, 148, 149, 155,
 161, 164, 166, 167, 192, 204, 216, 234,
 239, 240, 245, 250, 251, 267, 307, 309,
 347, 392, 411, 450, 464, 476, 478–
 482, 535–538, 547; ii. 34, 69, 86,
 176, 177, 184, 218, 229, 235, 236, 238,
 246, 247, 263, 288, 289, 294, 298, 299,
 310, 311, 319, 320, 339, 349, 373, 383,
 401, 415, 425, 470, 496, 497, 558, 570,
 574, 603, 609, 611.
 “Wesley, Rev. John, i. 12, 14, 23, 28, 32,
 33, 39, 42, 46, 53, 56, 60, 65, 75, 87,
 93, 97, 103, 104, 115, 130, 133, 135,
 142, 148, 149, 155, 161, 167, 192–
 195, 222, 226, 244, 245, 250, 252, 258
 –263, 268, 275, 292, 294, 334, 360,
 366, 389, 403, 412–415, 432, 435,
 439, 440, 450, 462–476, 479, 482,
 484, 530, 535–538, 546, 553; ii. 33,
 34, 69, 72, 80, 96, 160, 165, 176, 184,
 189, 214, 218, 221, 229, 235, 238, 243,
 245–247, 261, 263, 266, 275, 276,
 279, 288, 289, 294–296, 299, 308,
 310, 313, 317, 319, 320, 322, 347–
 349, 352, 355, 365, 368, 373, 377, 383,
 395, 397, 406, 414, 415, 444, 462–
 464, 477, 490–492, 496, 497, 515,
 531, 534, 542, 548, 557, 558, 568, 570,
 574, 586, 603, 607, 609, 614–620,
 631.
 Wesley, Mrs. Susannah, i. 12, 176.
 West, Daniel, ii. 458, 566, 609.
 Westbury, ii. 374.
 Weston-Favell, ii. 348, 351, 410.
 Weymouth (America), ii. 137.
 Weymouth, Lord, ii. 407.
 Wheatley, Rev. Charles, i. 288.
 Wheatley, James, ii. 299, 317, 347,
 348, 409.
 Wheelock, Rev. Dr., ii. 473, 589.
 Whitaker, Rev. Mr., ii. 620.
 Whitaker, Samuel, ii. 381.
 White, Rev. George, ii. 218.
 Whiteclay Creek (America), i. 325,
 339, 386.
 Whitefield, Andrew (brother), i. 2.
 Whitefield, Elizabeth (sister), i. 2.
 Whitefield, James (brother), i. 2; ii.
 492.
 Whitefield, John (brother), i. 2.
 Whitefield, Richard (brother), i. 2; ii.
 608.
 Whitefield, Thomas (father), i. 1.
 Whitefield, Thomas (brother), i. 2; ii.
 608.
 Whitefield, Elizabeth (mother), i. 1; ii.
 28, 240, 281.
 Whitefield, Elizabeth (wife), i. 530–
 533; ii. 5, 36, 71, 85, 87, 120, 122,
 168, 170, 171, 173, 180, 226, 268, 269,
 272, 275, 298, 309, 316, 554, 558.
 Whitehead, Dr. John, i. 463.
 Whitelamb, Rev. John, i. 14.
 Whitmarsh (America), i. 374.
 Whiting, Captain, i. 116.
 Whitmore, Mr., ii. 608.
 Wickwar, ii. 110, 111.
 Wigglesworth, Rev. Dr. Edward, ii.
 132, 135, 136–
 Wilder, Rev. John, i. 287.
 Willard, Josiah, i. 408.
 Williams, Colonel, ii. 255.
 Williams, Joseph, ii. 63, 82, 83.
 Williams, Rev. Peter, i. 541.
 Williams, T., ii. 49, 57, 238.
 Williams, Rev. William, i. 541; ii. 48,
 49, 51, 57.
 Williamsburg (America), i. 343.

- Williamson, William, i. 447.
Willis, Rev. Mr., i. 185.
Willison, Rev. Mr., i. 514, 529; ii. 2,
21, 26.
Wilmington (America), i. 339, 372, 386.
Wilson, Bishop, ii. 344.
Wilson, Rev. William, i. 497, 518.
Winder, Mr., ii. 608.
Windsor, i. 175.
Winter, Cornelius, i. 532; ii. 346, 492,
508–515, 573, 578, 609, 610, 623.
Winterbourne, i. 186.
Witton, Rev. Mr., ii. 72.
Woffington, Margaret, ii. 355.
Wolverhampton, ii. 112, 113, 315.
Wood, Elizabeth, ii. 455, 456.
Woodbridge (America), i. 383.
Woodstock, ii. 517.
Worcester, ii. 83.
Wrentham (America), ii. 592.
Wrexham, ii. 315, 316.
 Wright, Ambrose, ii. 608, 609.
Wright, Sir James, ii. 523–528, 575.
Wright, Mr., ii. 564, 573, 578, 593.
Wynn, Sir Watkin William, ii. 203.
- Yale College (America), ii. 138.
Yarm, ii. 380, 412, 532–534.
- York, ii. 285, 286, 311, 312, 315, 352,
380, 532, 533.
York (America), ii. 121, 178, 592, 593.
Ziegenhagen, Rev. F. M., i. 137.
Zinzendorf, Count, i. 89; ii. 68, 91, 291,
292, 301, 304, 306, 307, 389.
Zubley, Rev. John Joachim, ii. 620.
Zububuhler, Rev. Mr., ii. 526.

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- Page 32, line 34 from top, read "1735," instead of "1753."
,, 42, in foot-note, read "Sir John," instead of "Sir Thomas."
,, 54, line 22 from top, read "ear," instead of "hear."
,, 59, ,, 18 from top, read "seat," instead of "sect."
,, 88, ,, 27 from top, read "Horneck," instead of "Hornech."
,, 110, in foot-note, read "1738," instead of "1783."
,, 130, line 6 from top, read "Highlanders," instead of "islanders."
,, 200, in foot-note, read "1739," instead of "1738."
,, 244, line 11 from top, read "bought," instead of "brought."
,, 301, ,, 39 from top, after "and," read "were to."
,, 396, ,, 4 from top, read "Gardiner," instead of "Gardner."
,, 427, ,, 9 from top, read "Hatfield," instead of "Hatfied."
,, 445, ,, 6 from top, read "wood," instead of "wool."
,, 511, ,, 20 from top, read "printed," instead of "written."