**THE**

**LIFE AND TIMES**

**OF THE REVEREND**

**GEORGE WHITEFIELD, M. A.**

ROBERT PHILIP

AUTHOR OF THE EXPERIMENTAL GUIDES, ETC. ETC. ETC.

Thou art permitted to speak for thyself."— Acts.

"That seraphic man!" — Reed.

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TO

JOSHUA WILSON, ESQ.

THIS WORK,

SUGGESTED BY HIS VENERABLE FATHER,

THE FOUNDER AND TREASURER

OF

HIGHBURY COLLEGE,

AND

ENRICHED FROM HIS OWN VALUABLE LIBRARY,

IS INSCRIBED,

BY HIS OLD FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

Newington Green,

May 10, 1837.

PREFACE

This Work is chiefly from Whitefield's own pen. So

far as it is mine, it is in his own spirit. It will, there-

fore, help all that is good, and expose not a little of what

is wrong, in all churches; and thus, like his actual life,

tell upon both. At least, if it fail to do this, my object

will be defeated. Should its honest catholicity commend

it, it may be followed by similar “Annals and Illus-

trations of Evangelical Preaching,” from the dawn of

the Reformation to the close of the last century.

In regard to the style of this Work I have nothing to

say; except that it is my own way of telling the facts of

personal history. The time is not yet come, for the

philosophy of Whitefield's Life. It is, however, fast

approaching: and, therefore, my mass of facts will soon

be turned to good account by myself, or by someone.

In the meantime, Whitefield will be known to the

public; which he was not until now.

R. P.

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WHITEFIELD'S LIFE AND TIMES.

CHAPTER I.

WHITEFIELD’S EARLY LIFE, EDUCATION, AND ORDINATION.

"I WAS born in Gloucestershire, in the month of December,

1714. My father and mother kept the Bell Inn" In this un-

assuming manner Whitefield commences a brief memoir of

himself. It will not, however, be uninteresting to add some

particulars respecting his family. His great-grandfather, the

Rev. Samuel Whitefield, born at Wantage, in Berkshire, was

rector of North Ledyard, in Wiltshire, and afterwards of Rock-

hampton. In the latter charge he was succeeded by his son,

Samuel, who died without issue. Two of his daughters were

married to clergymen. Andrew, Whitefield's grandfather, was

a private gentleman, and lived retired upon his estate. He had

fourteen children; Thomas, the eldest, was the father of the

Rev. George Whitefield. Mr. Thomas Whitefield was bred to

the business of a wine merchant, in Bristol, but afterwards kept

an inn in the city of Gloucester. While in Bristol he married

Miss Elizabeth Edwards, a lady related to the families of Black-

well and Dinmour, of that city. He had six sons, of whom

George was the youngest, and one daughter.

Concerning his father and mother, Whitefield writes: "The

former died when I was two years old; the latter is now alive.

2 Whitefield's life and times.

(she died in December, 1751, in the 71st year of her age,) and

has often told me how she endured fourteen weeks' sickness,

after she brought me into the world; but was used to say, even

when I was an infant, that she expected more comfort from me

than from any other of her children. This, with the circum-

stance of my being born in an inn, has been often of service to

me, in exciting my endeavours to make good my mother's ex-

pectations, and so follow the example of my dear Saviour, who

was born in a manger belonging to an inn."

This amiable solicitude to realize his mother's "expectations,"

is the more worthy of notice, because, whatever she was as a

mother, she was not distinguished as a Christian. This seems

more than implied in the following lamentation, extracted from

one of his letters: "Why is my honoured mother so solicitous

about a few paltry things, that will quickly perish? Why will

she not come and see her youngest son, who will endeavour to

be a Joseph to her, before she dies?" Such was his suspense in

regard to the spiritual state of his parent; and yet he gratefully

owns the salutary influence of her maternal hopes upon his mind,

and, while afar off on the Atlantic, commemorates her tender-

ness. "My mother was very careful of my education, and

always kept me, in my tender years, (for which I never can suf-

ficiently thank her,) from intermeddling in the least with the

tavern business." (This paragraph was written on board the

Elizabeth, during the voyage to Philadelphia.) Now these ac-

knowledgments were penned during the heat of his zeal and the

height of his popularity; at a period when recent converts are

prone to speak with harshness of their unconverted relatives,

and to sink the child in the champion towards them. This is

so common, and, to say nothing of its cruelty, so unwise, that I

could not record this pleasing exception, without holding it up

to general imitation. "The servant of the Lord must not

strive; but be gentle towards all, — apt to teach, — patient; in

meekness instructing those that oppose themselves; if God,

peradventure, will give them repentance to the acknowledging

of the truth."

Whitefield's humiliating recollections of his own early and

inveterate opposition to "the truth," contributed, no doubt, to

Whitefield's life and times. 3

moderate his natural impatience towards others. The following

is his own narrative of that period.

"My infant years must necessarily not be mentioned; yet I

can remember such early stirrings of corruption in my heart, as

abundantly convince me that I was conceived and born in sin;

that in me dwelleth no good thing by nature; and that, if God

had not freely prevented me by his grace, I must have been for

ever banished from his presence. I was so brutish as to hate

instruction; and used, purposely, to shun all opportunities of

receiving it. I soon gave pregnant proofs of an impudent

temper. Lying, filthy talking, and foolish jesting, I was much

addicted to, even when very young. Sometimes I used to curse,

if not swear. Stealing from my mother I thought no theft at

all, and used to make no scruple of taking money out of her

pockets before she was up. I have frequently betrayed my

trust, and have more than once spent money I took in the house,

in buying fruit, tarts, &c. to satisfy my sensual appetite.

Numbers of sabbaths have I broken, and generally used to be-

have myself very irreverently in God's sanctuary. Much money

have I spent in plays, and in the common amusements of the

age. Cards, and reading romances, were my heart's delight.

Often have I joined with others in playing roguish tricks; but

was generally, if not always, happily detected: for this I have

often since, and do now, bless and praise God."

This enumeration of youthful vices and follies, is certainly

minute, and, in one sense, gratuitous; but, when the spirit and

design of the confessions are duly weighed, no man will venture

to laugh at them, except those who regard sin as a “light mat-

ter.” Every candid mind must be conscious of seeing itself in

young Whitefield, “as in a glass;” and every spiritual mind

will not fail to deplore these early exhibitions of depravity, nor

to mark this modern exemplification of an ancient truth, "Thou

makest me to possess the iniquities of my youth." (Job xiii. 26.)

Were these acknowledgments written in the spirit, or for the

same purpose, as Rousseau's unblushing "Confessions," I should

despise myself, as well as insult the public, were I inclined to

transcribe them. Were they even calculated to suggest the

bare idea of uncommon sins, I should not have hesitated to

4 Whitefield's life and times.

merge the particulars in some general charge of corruption:

but, besides carrying their antidote along with them, in their

penitential tone and spirit, they are but too common, however

melancholy. Bishop Lavington, indeed, affects great horror

and disgust at them, and compares them with the confessions

of "the wild and fanatical Theresa" in his treatise "On the En-

thusiasm of Methodists and Papists;" — a book, to which his own

description of Whitefield's confessions is far more applicable;

"so ludicrous, filthy, and shameless, as quite defiles paper, and

is shocking to decency and modesty." Such a "perfect Jakes"

of ribaldry never issued from the episcopal bench; and yet it

found an editor in the vicar of Manaccan, in 1820!

I shall have occasion, more than once, to refer to both the

bishop and the vicar. In the meantime, I cannot but allow

Whitefield to speak for himself, on the subject of his early life.

“It would be endless to recount the sins and offences of my

younger days.” They are more in number than the hairs of my

head! My heart would fail me at the remembrance of them,

was I not assured that my Redeemer liveth to make interces-

sion for me! However the young man in the gospel might

boast, that he had kept the commandments from his 'youth

up,' with shame and confusion of face I confess that I have

broken them all from my youth. Whatever foreseen fitness for

salvation others may talk of and glory in, I disclaim any such

thing: if I trace myself from my cradle to my manhood, I can

see nothing in me but a fitness to be damned. ‘I speak the

truth in Christ: I lie not I' If the Almighty had not prevented

me by his grace, and wrought most powerfully on my soul —

quickening me by his free Spirit, when dead in trespasses and

sins, I had now either been sitting in darkness and in the

shadow of death, — or condemned, as the due reward of my

crimes, to be forever lifting up my eyes in torments. But such

was the free grace of God to me, that though corruption worked

so strongly in my soul, and produced such early and bitter

fruits, — yet I can recollect, very early, movings of the blessed

Spirit upon my heart. I had, early, some convictions of sin.

Once, I remember, when some persons (as they frequently did)

made it their business to tease me, I immediately retired to

Whitefield's life and times. 5

my room, and kneeling down, with many tears, prayed over the

118th Psalm."

It appears from the narrative, that, on this occasion, the mind

of young Whitefleld fastened chiefly upon the words, “In the

name of the Lord will I destroy them.” This, of course, he ap-

plied to his teasing enemies, who had "compassed him about

like bees:" a coincidence likely to be noticed by an irritated

boy, of quick perceptions. Even men are but too prone, when

injured, to appropriate the Messiah's weapons to their own war-

fare; — as if revenge could be sanctified by the use of sacred

language. But what is pitiable in the boy, is contemptible in

the man. This happened when Whitefield was only ten years

old; but the following hint will account for the facility with

which he turned to a psalm suited to his purpose. "I was

always fond of being a clergyman, and used frequently to imitate

the minister's reading prayers, &c." Such being his favourite

habit at the time, he was sure to be familiar with the impre-

catory psalms of which so many occur in the book of Common

Prayer.

We have seen that he was addicted to petty thefts. The

manner in which he seems to have reconciled his conscience to

them, is not peculiar to boys. "Part of the money I used to

steal from my mother I gave to the poor, and some books I pri-

vately took from others (for which I have since restored four-

fold) I remember were books of devotion.''

"When I was about twelve, I was placed at a school, called

St. Mary De Crypt, in Gloucester: the last grammar school I

ever went to. Having a good elocution and memory, I was

remarked for making speeches before the corporation, at their

annual visitation. During the time of my being at school, I

was very fond of reading plays, and have kept from school for

days together, to prepare myself for acting them. My master,

seeing how mine and my schoolfellows' vein ran, composed

something of this kind for us himself, and caused me to dress

myself in girls' clothes, (which I had often done,) to act a part

before the corporation." Thus he contracted that taste for

theatrical amusements, which gave rise to the well-known in-

sinuation, that he learned his peculiar style of oratory upon the

6 Whitefield's life and times.

stage. This, however, is not the fact: his acting was confined

to the boards of St. Mary De Crypt, and to his own chamber.

But his fondness for this species of amusement was not left at

school. When seventeen years of age, he was not weaned from

this folly. Even while at college he says, "I was not fully

satisfied of the sin of reading plays, until God, upon a fast day,

was pleased to convince me. Taking a play, to read a passage

out of it to a friend, God struck my heart with such power, that

I was obliged to lay it down again."

How deeply he deplored the cause and consequences of this

habit, appears from the following remarks. "I cannot but

observe here, with much concern of mind, how this way of

training up youth has a natural tendency to debauch the mind,

to raise ill passions, and to stuff the memory with things as

contrary to the gospel of Christ, as darkness to light — “hell to

heaven.” This fatal "tendency" was but too fully exempli-

fied when at school. "I got acquainted with such a set of de-

bauched, abandoned, atheistical youths, that if God, by his free,

unmerited, and special grace, had not delivered me out of their

hands, I should have sat in the scorners' chair, and made a

mock at sin. By keeping company with them, my thoughts of

religion grew more and more like theirs. I went to public

service only to make sport, and walk about. I took plea-

sure in their lewd conversation. I began to reason as they did,

and to ask, why God had given me passions, and not permitted

me to gratify them? In short, I soon made great proficiency

in the school of the devil. I affected to look rakish, and was in

a fair way of being as infamous as the worst of them." This,

not oratory, was what young Whitefield learned from plays and

acting. He fell into sins, of which he says, — "their dismal ef-

fects I have felt and groaned under ever since."

Of course, this progress in vice was gradual. During his

first two years at school, he bought, and read with much atten-

tion. Kens Manual for Winchester Scholars: a book com-

mended to him by the use made of it by his mother in her

afflictions. He was also a diligent scholar, and for some time

made considerable progress in the Latin classics. But the

amusements which alienated his heart from virtue, gradually

Whitefield's life and times. 7

impaired his taste for education. "Before I was fifteen, hav-

ing, as I thought, made sufficient progress in the classics, and,

at the bottom, longing to be set at liberty from the confine-

ment of a school, I one day told my mother, — that since her

circumstances would not permit her to give me a University

education, more learning, I thought, would spoil me for a

tradesman, and therefore I judged it best not to learn Latin

any longer. She at first refused to consent, but my corruptions

soon got the better of her good nature. Hereupon for some

time I went to learn to write only. But my mother's circum-

stances being much on the decline; and, being tractable that

way, I began to assist her occasionally in the public-house, till

at length I put on my blue apron and my snuffers — washed

mops — cleaned rooms, and in one word, became professed and

common drawer for nigh a year and a half."

Thus he exchanged the confinement of a school for the im-

prisonment of an inn; and, as might be expected in such a

place, he was twice or thrice intoxicated. It does not appear,

however, that he was addicted to drinking. — "He who was

with David when he was 'following the ewes Big with young,’

was with me here. For, notwithstanding I was thus employed

in a common inn, and had sometimes the care of the whole

house upon my hands, yet I composed two or three sermons,

and dedicated one of them, in particular, to my elder brother.

One time, I remember, I was much pressed to self-examination,

but found myself very unwilling to look into my heart. Fre-

quently I read the Bible, while sitting up at night. Seeing the

boys go by to school, has often cut me to the heart. And a

dear youth would often come, entreating me, whilst serving at

the bar, to go to Oxford. My general answer was, — I wish I

could."

"After I had continued about a year in servile employment,

my mother was obliged to leave the inn. My brother, who had

been bred up for the business, married; whereupon all was made

over to him; and I being accustomed to the house, it was agreed

that I should continue there as an assistant. But God's thoughts

were not as our thoughts. By his good providence it happened,

that my sister-in-law and I could by no means agree; and, at

8 Whitefield's life and times.

length, the resentment grew to such a height, that my proud

heart would scarce suffer me to speak to her for three weeks

together. But, notwithstanding I was much to blame, yet I

used to retire and weep before the Lord, as Hagar when flying

from Sarah: little thinking that God, by this means, was forcing

me out of the public business, and calling me from drawing wine

for drunkards, to draw water from the wells of salvation for the

refreshment of his spiritual Israel. After continuing for a long

time under this burden of mind, I at length resolved (thinking

my absence would make all things easy) to go away. Accord-

ingly, by the advice of my brother and consent of my mother,

I went to see my elder brother, then settled in Bristol."

During a residence of two months in Bristol, Whitefield ex-

perienced some awakenings of conscience. Once, in St. John's

church, he was so affected by the sermon, that he resolved to

prepare himself for the sacrament, and decided against returning

to the inn. This latter resolution he communicated by letter

to his mother; and the former was so strong, that, during his

stay in Bristol, reading Thomas a Kempis was his chief delight.

“And I was always impatient till the bell rung to call me to

tread the courts of the Lord's house. But in the midst of these

illuminations, something surely whispered, — this would not last

And, indeed, it so happened. For (oh that I could write it in

tears of blood!) when I left Bristol and returned to Gloucester,

I changed my devotion with my place. Alas, all my fervour went

off. I had no inclination to go to church, or draw nigh to God.

In short, my heart was far from him. However, I had so much

religion left, as to persist in my resolution not to live in the inn;

and, therefore, my mother gave me leave, though she had but a

little income, to have a bed on the ground, and live at her

house, till Providence should point out a place for me.

"Having now, as I thought, nothing to do, it was a proper

season for Satan to tempt me. Much of my time I spent in

reading plays, and in sauntering from place to place. I was

careful to adorn my body, but took little pains to deck and

beautify my soul. Evil communications with my old school-

fellows, soon corrupted my good manners. By seeing their evil

practices, the sense of the divine presence, I had vouchsafed

Whitefield's life and times. 9

unto me, insensibly wore off my mind. But God would let no-

thing pluck me out of his hands, though I was continually doing

despite to the Spirit of grace. He even gave me some foresight

of his providing for me. One morning as I was reading a play

to my sister, said I, 'Sister, God intends something for me,

which we know not of. As I have been diligent in business, I

believe many would gladly have me for an apprentice, but every

way seems to be barred up; so that I think God will provide

for me some way or other, that we cannot apprehend.'

"Having thus lived with my mother for some considerable

time, a young student, who was once my schoolfellow, and then

a servitor of Pembroke College, Oxford, came to pay my mother

a visit. Amongst other conversation, he told her, how he had

discharged all college expenses that quarter, and saved a penny.

Upon that my mother immediately cried out, 'This will do for

my son,' Then turning to me, she said, 'Will you go to Ox-

ford George? I replied, ‘With all my heart.’ Whereupon,

having the same friends that this young student had, my mother,

without delay, waited on them. They promised their interest,

to get me a servitor's place in the same college. She then

applied to my old master, who much approved of my coming to

school again. In about a week, I went and re-entered myself;

and being grown much in stature, my master addressed me thus:

'I see, George, you are advanced in stature, but your better part

must needs have gone backward.’ This made me blush. He

set me something to translate into Latin, and though I had

made no application to my classics for so long a time, yet I had

but one inconsiderable fault in my exercises. This, I believe,

somewhat surprised my master.

"Being re-settled at school, I spared no pains to go forward

in my book. I learned much faster than I did before." But,

whilst thus assiduously preparing himself for college, it does

not appear that he began to study, with an express view to the

ministry: if, however, this was his object at the time, and if he

never, altogether, relinquished the design, which the composition

of sermons betrayed, then the following events furnish a melan-

choly insight, not only into the presumption of his own heart,

but into the prevailing maxims of that age — upon the subject of

10 Whitefield's life and times.

the Christian ministry. These must have been low and lax in

the extreme, if they allowed such a young man to anticipate

office in the church. He was, indeed, diligent in studying the

classics, but he was, at the same time, living in the indulgence

of secret and open profligacy. "I got acquainted with a set of

debauched, abandoned, and atheistical youths — I took pleasure

in their lewd conversation — I affected to look rakish, and was

in a fair way of being as infamous as the worst of them." It is

hardly possible to conceive that, while in this state, he should

have contemplated the ministry as his object; and yet there is

reason to fear that the tone of public feeling, at the time, was

such as to impose little check upon the morals of ministerial

candidates. Even now holy character is not indispensable,

either in college halls, or at national altars; and they as we

shall see, it was still less so. Certain it is, that Whitefield's

reformation was neither suggested nor enforced, in the first in-

stance, by anything moral or religious which the general prac-

tice of the church insisted upon. Whatever the letter of her

requirements calls for in candidates, the spirit of them was, in

a great measure, evaporated in that age.

I have, already, said that Whitefield is silent upon the subject

of his express design in preparing himself for the University;

but, there being no evidence that he ever contemplated any

other profession than the ministerial, and it being the only one

for which he had evinced the shadow of a partiality, or was

likely to succeed in, under his circumstances, — we must con-

clude, that he had it in view from the beginning. Such, in all

probability, being the fact, it might be expected, that the bare

idea of becoming a minister would, of itself, have imposed a

restraint upon his passions; — “but neither its own solemnity,

nor the tone of ecclesiastical feeling at the time, had any moral

influence upon him.” “I went," he says, "to public service only

to make sport and walk about." At this time he was nearly

seventeen years of age: a period of life when he must have been

capable of understanding what is expected from a clergyman.

And yet, nothing which he saw or heard on this subject seems

to have suggested the necessity of reformation. "God stopped

me when running on in a full career of vice. For, just as I

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was upon the brink of ruin. He gave me such a distaste of their

(his companions) principles and practices, that I discovered

them to my master, who soon put a stop to their proceedings."

I have been the more minute in recording this event, because

without clear and correct ideas of the prevailing tone of public

and ecclesiastical feeling, at the time, no fair estimate can be

formed of the spirit in which methodism originated at Oxford.

The breaking up of that vicious combination which existed

in the school of St. Mary de Crypt produced an important

change in the morals of Whitefield. "Being thus delivered

out of the snare of the devil, I began to be more and more

serious, and felt God at different times working powerfully and

convincingly upon my soul." This improvement of character

was so evident, that his friends did not fail to welcome it. It

was, however, but external at first. "One day as I was coming

down-stairs, and overheard my friends speaking well of me, God

deeply convicted me of hypocrisy." This timely discovery

fixed his attention upon the state of his heart, and gave to his

reformation a more religious character.

"Being now near the seventeenth year of my age, I was re-

solved to prepare myself for the holy sacrament; which I receiv-

ed on Christmas day. I began now to be more watchful over

my thoughts, words, and actions. I kept the following Lent,

fasting Wednesday and Friday, thirty- six hours together. My

evenings, when I had done waiting upon my mother, were gene-

rally spent in acts of devotion, reading Drelincourt 'upon Death,'

and other practical books, and I constantly went to public worship

twice a day. Being now upper boy, I made some reformation

amongst my schoolfellows. I was very diligent in reading and

learning the classics, and in studying my Greek Testament;

but I was not yet convinced of the absolute unlawfulness of play-

ing at cards, and of reading and seeing plays; though I began

to have some scruples about it. Near this time, I dreamed

that I was to see God on mount Sinai; but was afraid to meet

him. This made a great impression upon me, and a gentle-

woman to whom I told it, said, 'George, this is a call from God."

Whatever may be thought of the dream, or of the interpretation,

such hints have more frequently determined the character and

12 Whitefield's life and times.

pursuits of young men, than more rational means. There is, to

a susceptible mind, a peculiar fascination in these mysterious

oracles; and, after all that has been said of their folly and fal-

lacy, they continue to govern the choice of many, and are still

followed as leading stars, — whilst sober advice is regarded as a

dull finger-post on the road of life. In the present instance

the imaginary omens were not useless. "I grew more serious

after my dream; but yet hypocrisy crept into every action.

As once I affected to look more rakish, I now strove to look

more grave, than I really was. However, an uncommon con-

cern and alteration was visible in my behaviour, and I often

used to find fault with the lightness of others. One night as I

was going on an errand for my mother, an unaccountable but

very strong impression was made upon my heart, that I should

preach quickly. When I came home, I innocently told my

mother what had befallen me; but she (like Joseph's parents,

when he told them his dream) turned short upon me, crying out,

'What does the boy mean? Prithee, hold thy tongue!'

"For a twelvemonth I went on in a round of duties, receiv-

ing the sacrament monthly, fasting frequently, attending con-

stantly on public worship, and praying, often more than twice

a day, in private. One of my brothers used to tell me, he fear-

ed this would not hold long, and that I should forget all when

I went to Oxford. This caution did me much service; for it

set me on praying for perseverance. Being now near eighteen

years old, it was judged proper for me to go to the University. God

had sweetly prepared my way. The friends before applied to,

recommended me to the master of Pembroke College. An-

other friend took up ten pounds upon bond (which I have since

repaid) to defray the first expense of entering; and the master,

contrary to all expectation, admitted me servitor immediately."

When Whitefield entered the University of Oxford, that seat

of learning had not shaken off the moral lethargy which followed

the ejectment of the 2000 nonconformists. The Bartholomew

Bushel, under which those burning and shining lights were

placed, proved an extinguisher to the zeal of the luminaries that

struck into the orbit of uniformity. Those of them who retain-

ed their light lost their heat. During the seventy years, which

Whitefield's life and times. 13

had elapsed since the expulsion of the nonconformists, the Isis

had been changing into a Dead sea, upon the banks of which

the tree of life shrivelled into a tree of mere human knowledge;

and, in the adjacent halls, the doctrines of the Reformation were

superseded, in a great measure, by high church principles.

Even irreligion and infidelity were so prevalent at both Univer-

sities, that when the statue of the age was chiselled by that

moral Phidias, Butler, they seem to have furnished the model.

"It is come, I know not how, to be taken for granted by many

persons, that Christianity is not so much as a subject of inquiry,

but that it is now at length discovered to be fictitious; and, ac-

cordingly, they treat it as if, in the present age, this were an

agreed point among all people of discernment; and nothing re-

mained but to set it up as a principal subject of mirth and ridi-

cule, as it were by way of reprisals for its having so long inter-

rupted the pleasures of the world." Bishop Butlers Analogy,

So much was this the character of the after-dinner conversa-

tions at Oxford, that the recent change from gross ribaldry

to decorum, used to be appealed to with triumph, by Coleridge,

and other modern advocates: a fact, which betrays the former

state of things. Even the defences of Christianity, which issued

from the University press during that age, betray the fatal

secret, that they were as much wanted for the gownsmen, as for

the public. Bishop Butler says of this state of things, "It is

come, I know not how;" but he might have known soon, if he

had studied the ''analogy" between it and the discipline of the

colleges. What else could be expected from a nation or a uni-

versity, after seeing the brightest ornaments of the church sacri-

ficed to rites and ceremonies; after seeing talents, learning, and

piety reckoned "as the small dust in the balance," when weigh-

ed against robes and forms? After witnessing diocesan and

state patronage withdrawn, and exchanged for penalties on such

grounds, it was not likely that Christianity would be better

treated by the nation, than its faithful ministers were by the

government." From that time, down to the year 1734, when

Whitefield entered at Pembroke College, the motto of the Uni-

versity might have been, "We care less for character than for

conformity."

14 Whitefield's life and times.

‘A dissolution of all bonds ensued;

The curbs invented for the mulish mouth

Of headstrong youth were broken; bolts and bars

Grew rusty by disuse; and massy gates

Forgot their office, opening with a touch;

Till gowns at length are found mere masquerade;

The tasselled cap, and the spruce band, a jest,

A mockery of the world!’ Cowper.

Such Whitefield found the general character of the Oxford

students to be. "I was quickly solicited to join in their excess

of riot, by several who lay in the same room. Once in particu-

lar, it being cold, my limbs were so benumbed by sitting alone

in my study, because I would not go out amongst them, that I

could scarce sleep all night. I had no sooner received the sa-

crament publicly on a week day, at St. Mary's, but I was set up

as a mark for all the polite students, that knew me, to shoot at;

for though there is a sacrament at the beginning of every term,

at which all, especially the seniors, are by statute obliged to be

present; yet, so dreadfully has that once faithful city played

the harlot, that very few masters, no graduates, (but the me-

thodists,) attended upon it."

I quote the latter part of this extract, not to deplore the fall-

ing off in attendance, as Whitefield does: the sacrament was

"More honoured in the breach, than the observance"

of the statute, by such men; but the breach illustrates both the

state of discipline and of religion at the time. There were,

however, some lilies among the rank thorns of Oxford. Of

these solitary exceptions, the Wesleys and their associates were

the most exemplary. This little band had then existed during

five years, and were called, in derision, methodists. Their re-

gular habits and rigid virtue, were proverbial throughout the

University and the city. They were the friends of the poor,

and the patrons of the serious. But, with all these excellences

of character, the Wesleys united much enthusiasm, and an

almost incredible degree of ignorance in regard to the gospel.

Their avowed object, in all their voluntary privations and zeal-

ous efforts, was, to save their souls, and to live wholly to the glory

Whitefield's life and times. 15

of God: a noble enterprise certainly; but undertaken by them

from erroneous motives, and upon wrong principles. For any

relief which their consciences seem to have obtained from the

death of the Son of God, and the free salvation proclaimed in

virtue of it, the gospel might have been altogether untrue or

unknown; so grossly ignorant were the whole band at one time.

And yet, at this period, Mr. John Wesley was a fellow of Lin-

coln College, and teaching others. Nine years before, he had

been ordained by Dr. Potter, who was afterwards archbishop of

Canterbury.

This fact reveals one of two things: either, that the young

men were very inattentive to the theological lectures delivered

from the divinity chair, or that the lectures themselves were

very unscriptural. Perhaps the fault lay partly on both sides;

for it is highly probable, that such young men would underrate

the cold, systematic lectures of a professor. I am led to form

this opinion, because the celebrated mystic, William Law, was,

at the time, their oracle. They imitated his ascetic habits, and

imbibed his spirit of quietism. He had said to John Wesley,

who was likely to circulate the notion, 'You would have a phi-

losophical religion, but there can be no such thing. Religion

is the most simple thing: it is only, We love Him because he

first loved us." Such indefinite maxims assimilated, but too

readily, with the mystic temper of the persons they were ad-

dressed to; and silent contemplation, in solitude, being the

very spirit of Law's system, Wesley and his associates were not

likely to relish argumentative theology, however excellent.

The following account of their devotional habits, will illustrate

the true character of their religious sentiments, at the time of

Whitefield's arrival from Gloucester. "They interrogate them-

selves whether they have been simple and recollected; whether

they have prayed with fervour, Monday, Wednesday, Friday,

and on Saturday noon; if they have used a collect at nine,

twelve, and three o'clock; duly meditated on Sunday, from

three to four, on Thomas a Kempis; or mused on Wednesday

and Friday, from twelve to one, on the Passion." Thus were

they monks in almost everything except the name.

It was necessary to delineate thus minutely the original cha-

16 Whitefield's life and times.

racter of methodism, that its natural influence upon the suscep-

tible mind of Whitefield may be anticipated. Suffering and

smarting, as he did, from vicious indulgence, and now seriously

bent upon the ministry, he was not likely to associate with the

profligate or the profane in the University. He did not. "God

gave me grace to withstand, when they solicited me to join in

their excess of riot. When they perceived they could not pre-

vail, they let me alone, as a singular, odd fellow." He did not,

however, join himself to the methodists at once. "The young

men, so called, were then much talked of at Oxford. I heard

of and loved them before I came to the University; and so

strenuously defended them, when I heard them reviled by

the students, that they began to think that I also, in time,

should be one of them. For above a twelvemonth, my soul

longed to be acquainted with some of them, and I was strongly

pressed to follow their good example, when I saw them go

through a ridiculing crowds to receive the holy eucharist at St.

Mary's."

How much he was prepared to enter into their peculiar spirit

when he did join them, will appear also from the following hint.

"Before I went to the University, I met with Mr. Law's ' Seri-

ous Call to Devout Life,' but had not money to purchase it.

Soon after my coming up to the University, seeing a small

edition of it in a friend's hand, I soon procured it. God worked

powerfully upon my soul by that excellent treatise." Thus, like

two drops of water, they were quite prepared to unite whenever

they came in contact. And this soon occurred. "It happened

that a poor woman, in one of the workhouses, had attempted to

cut her throat, but was happily prevented. Upon hearing of

this, and knowing that the two Mr. Wesleys were ready to every

good work, I sent a poor aged apple-woman of our college, to

inform Mr. Charles Wesley of it; charging her not to discover

who sent her. She went; but, contrary to my orders, told my

name. He having heard of my coming to the castle, and to a

parish church sacrament, and having met me frequently walking

by myself, followed the woman when she was gone away, and

sent an invitation to me by her, to come to breakfast with him

the next morning. I thankfully embraced the opportunity. My

Whitefield's life and times. 17

soul, at that time, was athirst for some spiritual friends to lift

up my hands when hung down, and to strengthen my feeble

knees. He soon discovered it, and, like a wise winner of souls,

made all his discourses tend that way. And when he put into

my hands Professor Frank's 'Treatise against the Fear of Man,'

and 'The Country Parson's Advice to his Parishioners,' I took

my leave.

“In a short time he let me have another book, entitled, 'The

Life of God in the Soul of Man;' and though I had fasted,

watched, and prayed, and received the sacrament so long, yet I

never knew what true religion was, till God sent me that excel-

lent treatise, by the hands of my never-to-be-forgotten friend.

At my first reading it, I wondered what the author meant by

saying, ‘That some falsely placed religion in going to church,

doing hurt to no one, being constant in the duties of the closet,

and now and then reaching out their hands to give alms to their

poor neighbours.' Alas! thought I, if this be not religion, what

is? God soon showed me, for in reading a few lines further,

'that true religion was a union of the soul with God, and

Christ formed within us, a ray of divine light was instanta-

neously darted in upon my soul, and from that moment, but not

till then, did I know that I must be a new creature."

This was an important era in Whitefield's experience; and,

if he had been left to the guidance of the book that suggested

the necessity of regeneration, his feet might soon have stood

upon the Rock of ages. He was now in the right track to

Calvary; and, with his anxiety to "be born again," would have

held on, until he had discovered that, "to as many as received

Him, Christ gave power to become the sons of God; even to

them that believe on his name." But, unhappily, Whitefield

was not left to follow out his own convictions : Charles Wesley

— ''ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish

his own righteousness” — interfered with the young convert,

and inoculated him with the virus of legality and quietism.

Before Whitefield had time to acquire from the gospel the

relief which his heavy-laden conscience longed for, he was

introduced to the methodists; from kind motives on the part

of his zealous friend, no doubt; but unhappily for himself.

18 Whitefield’s life and times.

The intimacy well-nigh proved fatal to his life, and to his

reason.

"From time to time, Mr. Wesley permitted me to come unto

him, and instructed me as I was able to bear it. By degrees he

introduced me to the rest of his Christian brethren. I now

began, like them, to live by rule, and to pick up every fragment

of my time, that not a moment of it might be lost. Like them,

having no weekly sacrament (although the Rubrick required it)

at our own college, I received every Sunday at Christ-Church.

I joined with them in keeping the stations, by fasting Wednes-

days and Fridays, and left no means unused which I thought

would lead me nearer to Jesus Christ. By degrees I began to

leave off eating fruits and such like, and gave the money I

usually spent in that way to the poor. Afterward I always

chose the worst sort of food, though my place furnished me with

variety. My apparel was mean. I thought it unbecoming a

penitent to have his hair powdered. I wore woollen gloves, a

patched gown, and dirty shoes; and though I was then con-

vinced that the kingdom of God did not consist in meats and

drinks, yet I resolutely persisted in these voluntary acts of self-

denial, because I found them great promoters of the spiritual

life. It was now suggested to me, that Jesus Christ was

amongst the wild beasts when he was tempted, and that I ought

to follow his example; and being willing, as I thought, to imi-

tate Jesus Christ, after supper I went into Christ-Church walk,

near our college, and continued in silent prayer nearly two

hours; sometimes lying flat on my face, sometimes kneeling

upon my knees. The night being stormy, it gave me awful

thoughts of the day of judgment. The next night I repeated

the same exercise at the same place. Soon after this, the holy

season of Lent came on, which our friends kept very strictly;

eating no flesh during the six weeks, except on Saturdays and

Sundays. I abstained frequently on Saturdays also, and ate

nothing on the other days (except Sunday) but sage-tea without

sugar, and coarse bread. I constantly walked out in the cold

mornings, till part of one of my hands was quite black. This,

with my continued abstinence, and inward conflicts, at length

so emaciated my body, that, at Passion-week, finding I could

Whitefield's life and times. 19

scarce creep up-stairs, I was obliged to inform my kind tutor of

my condition, who immediately sent for a physician to me."

While it is impossible to read this catalogue of extravagances,

without pitying the wretched sufferer and his superstitious

friends, it is equally impossible to refrain from smiling and

frowning, alternately, at the gross absurdities of quietism, and

the foolish requirements of the Rubrick. Many of both are

equal outrages upon common sense; to say nothing of their

being unscriptural. But these were not the only baneful effects

of Whitefield's intimacy with the methodists. “The course of

my studies I soon entirely changed: whereas, before, I was

busied in studying the dry sciences, and books that went no

farther than the surface, I now resolved to read only such as

entered into the heart of religion. Meeting with Castanza's

'Spiritual Combat,' in which he says, that ‘he that is employed

in mortifying his will, was as well employed as though he was

converting the Indians,' Satan so imposed upon my understand-

ing, that he persuaded me to shut myself up in my study, till I

could do good with a single eye; lest in endeavouring to save

others, I should, at last, by pride and self-complacence, lose

myself. When Castanza advised to talk but little, Satan said,

I must not talk at all; so that I, who used to be the most for-

ward in exhorting my companions, have sat whole nights with-

out speaking at all. Again, when Castanza advised to endea-

vour after a silent recollection, and waiting upon God, Satan told

me, I must leave all forms, and not use my voice in prayer at

all." These habits soon affected his college exercises also.

"Whenever I endeavoured to compose my theme, I had no

power to write a word, nor so much as to tell my Christian

friends of my inability to do it. All power of meditating, or

even thinking, was taken from me. My memory quite failed

me. And I could fancy myself to be like nothing so much as a

man locked up in iron armour."

Having twice neglected to produce the weekly theme, his

tutor called him into the common room, after fining him, and

kindly inquired whether any calamity had befallen him, or

what was the reason of his neglect? "I burst into tears, and

assured him, that it was not out of contempt of authority, but

20 Whitefield's life and times.

that I could not act otherwise. Then, at length, he said, he

believed I could not; and, when he left me, told a friend (as he

very well might) that he took me to be really mad. This friend,

hearing what had happened from my tutor, came to me, urging

the command in Scripture, 'to be subject to the higher powers.'

I answered. Yes; but I had a new revelation. Lord, what is

man?”

During the progress of this direful malady, the Wesleys were

not wanting, either in attention or tenderness, to their unhappy

friend; and if, like Job's friends, they were miserable comfort-

ers, still, their motives claim the highest respect. They would

have brought him "water from the well of Bethlehem" at any

expense; but, like Hagar weeping over her fainting child in the

wilderness, their own eyes were not then opened to see that well.

It is only bare justice to make this acknowledgment. I have

exposed and censured, freely, the ignorance, mysticism, and su-

perstition of the Wesleys; I have deplored, in strong terms, the

intimacy which Whitefield formed with the Oxford methodists

and traced to their maxims and habits, as the direct cause, a

great part of his extravagances; but, in all this, I have been

actuated by no prejudice against his friends, nor do my remarks

upon methodism embrace the system as it now exists: they are,

hitherto, entirely confined to its character at Oxford. Then,

its influence, according to Mr. John Wesley's own acknowledg-

ment, was that "of leading him into the desert to be tempted

and humbled, and shown what was in his heart." Even Dr.

Coke says of him, it is certain that he was then very little ac-

quainted with true experimental religion. This is very obvious

from the advice which he gave to Whitefield, when his case was

so pitiable, that Charles Wesley was afraid to prescribe. "He

advised me to resume all my externals, though not to depend on

them in the least." Now, however wise the latter clause of this

rule may be, the former part is pitiable: "all" Whitefield's

"externals" included many of the very habits which had un-

hinged his mind, and ruined his health. He did, however,

"resume" them, and the result was, "a fit of sickness which

continued during seven weeks." His tutor seems to have been

the only person about him who acted wisely. Charles Wesley

Whitefield's life and times. 21

referred him to chapters in A Kempis: John, to the maxims of

quietism. "My tutor lent me books, gave me money, visited

me, and furnished me with a physician: in short, he behaved in

all respects like a father."

The reader must not suppose, however, that Whitefield him-

self arraigns the imprudence of his young friends; or that he

contrasts, as I have ventured to do, their measures with those of

his tutor: no, indeed; he records both with equal gratitude,

and uniformly pronounces benedictions upon the authors. Even

when he became the opponent of John Wesley, on the subject

of "free grace," and might have pointed his arguments by an

appeal to the early errors of his rival, he does not so much as

hint at them, but prefaces his letter by declaring, "Was nature

to speak, I had rather die than write against you.” I, however,

have no such scruples on this head: but, while I shall avoid

doing injustice to the Wesleys, I shall canvass as freely their

influence upon Whitefield, as that of any other persons with

whom he came in contact. The formation of his character

must be shown, without regard to the light in which it may

exhibit the forces that determined it.

The seven weeks of sickness, already mentioned, Whitefield

calls, "a glorious visitation." "The blessed Spirit was all this

time purifying my soul. All my former gross, notorious, and

even my heart sins also, were now set home upon me; of which

I wrote down some remembrances immediately, and confessed

them before God morning and evening." This exercise, al-

though more humiliating and mortifying than even his fasts and

austerities, was infinitely more useful. While they led him only

to Castanza and A Kempis — this led him direct to the gospel,

and to the throne of grace. Unable to sustain such views of the

evil of sin, and having failed, in all his former efforts, to remove

a sense of guilt by a series of observances, he was now shut up

to the faith. "Though weak, I often spent two hours in my

evening retirements, and prayed over my Greek Testament, and

Bishop Hall's most excellent ‘Contemplations.'" While thus

engaged in searching the Scriptures, he discovered the true

grounds of a sinner's hope and justification. The testimony of

God concerning his Son became “power unto salvation.”

22 Whitefield's life and times.

found and felt in myself, that I was delivered from the burden

that had so heavily oppressed me. The spirit of mourning was

taken from me, and I knew what it was truly to rejoice in God

my Saviour. For some time I could not avoid singing psalms

wherever I was; but my joy became gradually more settled.

Thus were the days of my mourning ended: after a long night

of desertion and temptation, the star, which I had seen at a dis-

tance before, began to appear again: the day-star arose in my

heart."

Such is the history of Whitefield's conversion: in this manner

was he rescued from the malignant snares of the devil, and from

the blind guidance of friends who were unconsciously strength-

ening these snares, and unintentionally enabling the arch-de-

ceiver to keep this brand in the burning. This, I am aware, is

strong language; and, by many, will be considered unwarrant-

able: but, as Whitefield will ever be a grand object of attention

in the church of Christ; and as myriads, yet unborn, will study

his character or hear of his conversion; it shall not be my fault,

if that conversion is misunderstood by posterity, or any thing

gathered from it in behalf of such methodism as he was

led into then.

I duly appreciate the benevolence, the zeal, and the sincerity

of the Wesleys; but, in this instance, and at that time, those

virtues rank no higher in them, than the same virtues in Ma-

homedans or Hindoos; — amount to no more at Oxford than

they would at Mecca or Benares. Now if, instead of the Wes-

leys, the same number of Wahabees had been about Whitefield,

inculcating their simplified Islamism; who would have ascribed

to them, or to it, any usefulness? Both would have been

arraigned, as diverting him from the gospel of Christ; nor would

the sincerity of the Wahabees, or the self-denying character of

their habits, have shielded either from severe reprehension. The

only apology that anyone would have thought of offering for

them, would have been, "wot that through ignorance ye did

it.” In like manner I am quite ready to say of the Wesleys,

"I bear them record, that they had a zeal of God; but not ac-

cording to knowledge:” a fact, which neutralizes their Oxford

piety into well-meant superstition. Such explanations are

Whitefield's life and times. 23

wanted, now that devotion apart from faith, and penitential feel-

ing apart from the knowledge of “the truth” are often hailed

as conversion to God. This is a sore evil under the sun; and

one not easily touched, without seeming to slight symptoms of

piety. I must, however, attempt to unmask this plausible

“form of godliness," whatever suspicions my freedom may

awaken.

Whitefield, in the simplicity of his heart, calls the events of

this period "the dealings of God" with him, and records

them as the gradual steps by which he was led to believe in

Christ for righteousness. And, so far as they were made in-

strumental in discovering to him his own weakness, and in

weaning him from sin and vanity, they were "the dealings of

God;" but, so far as his maxims and habits were superstitious

and unscriptural, God must not be identified with them, nor

even implicated in the least. All the hand He had in this

part of the transaction was, that he made these austerities and

superstitions their own punishment, and prevented them from

ruining an ignorant young man. So far as their own natural

influence went, it increased the spirit of bondage, and diverted

the sinner from God's appointed remedy. We have seen from

Whitefield's own acknowledgments, and Wesley's too, that the

further such measures were pursued, the further the methodists

were from solid relief. Now, it cannot be supposed for a mo-

ment, that God's dealings with the soul divert it from the

Saviour; nor that anything is the work of His Spirit on the

heart, which leads to absurdities and extravagance. And if

this be granted, then a great part of those things in the expe-

rience of Whitefield, which strike the mind so forcibly, lose all

their importance, except as facts. As feelings, motives, or

maxims in religion, they have no weight; but were, while they

continued, the actual rivals of faith and evangelical repent-

ance. For anything, therefore, which appears to the contrary,

his conversion would not have been less genuine, if he had

never gone through the exercise of mind produced by these

causes. The horror, the depression, the despair, which pre-

ceded his being born again, were neither elementary nor neces-

sary parts of regeneration. Humanly speaking, a clear exhi-

24 Whitefield's life and times.

bition of the plan of salvation, if presented to him when he

entered Oxford, would have relieved his mind at once, and in-

troduced him into the liberty of the sons of God. He was not,

indeed, so fully prepared to prize the gospel then, as when he

did believe it with the heart; but, although less humble, less

in earnest, at the time of his arrival, even then he was

awakened to a sense of his guilt and danger. Now, the ques-

tion is, would not the gospel itself, if it had been preached to

him at this time, have effected a change of heart? Would not

the glad tidings of a finished salvation, addressed to him, as

he was, have melted, humbled, and converted him, without

the preliminary process he went through? The only thing

valuable in that process is, the humbling effect of it; but if

the same kind and degree of humility would result from believ-

ing the gospel, then, faith in Christ ought to be the first step

pressed upon an awakened sinner.

I have been induced to throw out these hints, because so

many persons imagine that they have no warrant for believing

in Christ, until they experience such convictions, and possess

such feelings, as converts like Whitefield did. The conse-

quence is, that they live on, looking for what they call "a day

of power," which shall qualify them for the exercise of faith.

This false and fatal maxim must not be allowed to shelter itself

in the example of Whitefield; and that it may not intrench

itself there, I have felt it my duty to expose the true character

of his preliminary experience. It was useful; but how? Not

by its own direct influence; that was injurious in every sense;

but its usefulness in humbling, and in emptying him of self-

dependence, arose from its being overruled for good by the

Spirit of God. This being the fact, let no one quote White-

field's experience in proof of the necessity of going through

such a process of awakening as he underwent. The gospel itself

is "power unto salvation to everyone that believeth;" and no-

thing is religion, which precedes the belief of it, except such

exercises as naturally lead to faith.

Though I have grouped, into one view, the mental aberra-

tions and bodily sufferings of Whitefield whilst at Oxford, there

were, during the period it embraces, calm and lucid intervals.

Whitefield's life and times. 25

in which he combined with his studies, efforts to do good in the

city. Like his friends, he was the friend of the poor; but not

without giving offence to his superiors.

"I incurred the displeasure of the master of the college, who

frequently chide, and once threatened to expel me, if I ever

visited the poor again. Being surprised by this treatment, and

overawed by his authority, I spake unadvisedly with my lips,

and said, if it displeased him, I would not. My conscience

soon smote me for this sinful compliance. I immediately re-

pented, and visited the poor the first opportunity, and told my

companions, if ever I was called to a stake for Christ's sake, I

would serve my tongue as Archbishop Cranmer served his

hand, — make that hum first.” Nor were his efforts confined

to private houses: he constantly visited the town gaol to read

and pray with the prisoners. One instance of this is too re-

markable to be passed over.

"As I was walking along, I met with a poor woman whose

husband was then in *bocardo*, Oxford town gaol. Seeing her

much discomposed, I inquired the cause. She told me, that not

being able to bear the crying of her children, and having no-

thing to relieve them, she had been to drown herself; but was

mercifully prevented; and said, she was coming to my room to

inform me of it. I gave her some immediate relief, and desired

her to meet me at the prison with her husband in the after-

noon. She came; and there God visited them both by his

free grace. She was powerfully quickened; and when I had

done reading, he came to me like the trembling jailer, and

grasping my hand, cried out, 'I am upon the brink of hell! '

From this time forward both of them grew in grace. God, by

his providence, soon delivered him from his confinement.

Though notorious offenders against God and one another before,

yet now they became helps meet for each other in the great

work of their salvation."

In the same spirit he also exerted himself on behalf of his

relations and friends at Gloucester. His discovery of the ne-

cessity of regeneration, like Melancthon's discovery of the

truth, led him to imagine, that no one could resist the evi-

dence which convinced his own mind. "Upon this, like the

26 Whitefield's life and times.

woman of Samaria when Christ revealed himself to her at the

well, I had no rest in my soul, till I wrote letters to my rela-

tions, telling them there was such a thing as the new birth. I

imagined they would have gladly received it; but alas! my

words seemed to them as idle tales. They thought I was

going beside myself."

I have not been able to obtain any of the letters on this sub-

ject, which he addressed to his own family; but the following

extract from one to a friend, will be a sufficient specimen of

their character.

"Lest you should imagine that true religion consists in any

thing besides an entire renewal of our nature into the image of

God, I have sent you a book entitled, "The Life of God in the

Soul of Man," written by a young, but an eminent Christian; —

which will inform you what true religion is, and how you may

attain it; as, likewise, how wretchedly most people err in their

sentiments about it, who suppose it to be nothing else (as he

tells us, page 3) but a mere model of outward performances;

without ever considering, that all our corrupt passions must be

subdued, and a complex habit of virtues — such as meekness, low-

liness, faith, hope, and the love of God and of man — be implant-

ed in their room, before we can have the least title to enter into

the kingdom of God. Our divine Master having expressly

told us, that unless we "renounce ourselves, and take up our

cross daily, we cannot be his disciples." And again, "unless

we have the spirit of Christ, we are none of his."

This advice met, we are informed, "with a cold reception,"

and was an ungrateful subject to his friend at first; and yet, even

while it was so, such were his own confused notions of religion, that

he urges his friend to receive "the holy communion" frequently;

assuring him that "nothing so much bedwarfs us in religion, as

staying away from the heavenly banquet." As if a man who had

no relish for the doctrine of regeneration, could have any religion!

Having thus noticed the line of conduct which, notwith-

standing all his crude notions, he pursued at Oxford, — I pro-

ceed now to record the means by which he was supported

during his stay at the University. It will be recollected that

his chief dependence was upon the emoluments of servitorship.

Whitefield's life and times. 27

"Soon after my acceptance I went and resided, and found my

having been used to a public-house was now of service to me.

For, many of the servitors being sick, at my first coming up,

by my diligent and steady attendance, I ingratiated myself into

the gentlemen's favour so far, that many who had it in their

power chose me to be their servitor. This much lessened my

expense; and, indeed, God was so gracious, that with the pro-

fits of my place, and some little presents made me by my kind

tutor, for almost the first three years I did not put all my rela-

tions together to above £24 expense." When he joined himself

to the methodists, the profits of his place were, as might be

expected, diminished: a number "took away their pay from

me;" but other sources of supply were soon opened for him.

Some of the methodists having left Oxford about this time, and

being solicitous to keep up the society, wrote to Sir John

Philips of London, commending Whitefield to his patronage,

“as a proper person" to stay and encourage their friends in fight-

ing the good fight of faith. "Accordingly he immediately offered

me an annuity of twenty pounds. To show his disinterestedness,

he has promised me that whether I continue here or not; and

if I resolve to stay at Oxon, he'll give me thirty pounds a year.

If that will not do, I may have more." In this manner was he

provided for, when his original resources failed.

The state of his health, however, compelled him to quit, for

a time, his "sweet retirement" at Oxford. So long as he

could, he resisted all the persuasions of his tutor and physician,

and all the invitations of his mother to visit Gloucester. Their

urgency at length prevailed, and he returned home. "My

friends were surprised to see me look and behave so cheerfully,

after the many reports they had heard concerning me."

"However, I soon found myself to be as a sheep sent forth

amongst wolves in sheep's clothing; for they immediately en-

deavoured to dissuade me from a constant use of the means of

grace; especially from weekly abstinence, and receiving the

blessed sacrament. But God enabled me to resist them, sted-

fast in the faith; and, “by keeping close to him in his holy ordi-

nances, I was made to triumph over all."

"Being unaccustomed for some time to live without spiritual

28 Whitefield's life and times.

companions, and finding none that would heartily join me — ‘no,

not one — I watched unto prayer all the day long; beseeching

God to raise me some religious associates in his own way and

time. 'I will endeavour either to find or make a friend’ had

been my resolution now for some time, and therefore after im-

portunate prayer one day, I resolved to go to the house of one

Mrs. W , to whom I had formerly read plays. Spectators,

Pope's Homer, and such-like trifling books; hoping the altera-

tion she now would find in my sentiments, might, under God,

influence her soul. God was pleased to bless the visit with the

desired effect: she received the word gladly: she wanted to

be taught the way of God more perfectly, and soon became ‘a

fool for Christ's sake.' Not long after, God made me instru-

mental to awaken several young persons, who soon formed them-

selves into a little society, and had quickly the honour of being

despised at Gloucester, as we had been before them at Oxford.

Thus, all that will live godly in Christ Jesus, must suffer perse-

cution."

As his efforts and usefulness, during the period of this visit

to Gloucester, may be viewed as the dawn of his fixture zeal and

success, it will be proper, before enumerating more instances, to

record, distinctly, the manner in which he prepared himself for

doing good to others.

"My mind being now more open and enlarged, I began to

read the holy Scriptures upon my knees; laying aside all

other books, and praying over, if possible, every line and

word. This proved meat indeed, and drink indeed, to my soul.

I daily received fresh life, light, and power from above. I got

more true knowledge from reading the book of God, in one

month, than I could ever have acquired from all the writings of

men. In one word, I found it profitable for reproof, for cor-

rection, for instruction; every way sufficient to make the man

of God perfect, throughly furnished for every good work and

word. About this time God was pleased to enlighten my soul,

and bring me into the knowledge of his free grace — and the

necessity of being justified in His sight by faith only. This

was more extraordinary, because my friends at Oxford had

rather inclined to the mystic divinity. Burkitt's and Henry's

Whitefield's life and times. 29

Expositions were of admirable use, to lead me into this and all

other gospel truths. It is the good old doctrine of the church

of England; it is what the holy martyrs, in Queen Mary's

time, sealed with their blood." To these habits of reading,

Whitefield added much secret prayer. "Oh, what sweet com-

munion had I daily vouchsafed with God in prayer after my

coming to Gloucester! How often have I been carried out

beyond myself, when meditating in the fields! How assuredly

I felt that Christ dwelt in me and I in Him, and how daily did

I walk in the comforts of the Holy Ghost, and was edified and

refreshed in the multitude of peace!"

Such were Whitefield's private habits while attempting to be

useful in public. His zeal and success will now be understood.

"I always observed that as my inward strength increased, so

my outward sphere of action increased proportionably. In a

short time, therefore, I began to read to some poor people twice

or thrice a week. I likewise visited two other little societies be-

sides my own. Occasionally as business and opportunity per-

mitted, I generally visited one or two sick persons every day;

and though silver and gold I had little of my own, yet in imita-

tion of my Lord's disciples, who entreated in behalf of the

fainting multitude, I used to pray unto Him; and he, from

time to time, inclined several that were rich in this world, to

give me money; so that I generally had a little stock for the

poor always in my hand. One of the poor, whom I visited in

this manner, was called effectually by God at the eleventh hour:

she was a woman above threescore years old; and I really be-

lieve, died in the true faith of Jesus Christ."

"At my first coming to Gloucester, being used to visit the

prisoners at Oxford, I prayed most earnestly that God would

open a door for me to visit the prisoners here also. Quickly

after, I dreamed that one of the prisoners came to be instructed

by me: it was much impressed upon my heart. In the morn-

ing I went to the door of the county gaol; — I knocked, but

nobody came to open it. I waited still upon God in prayer;

and in some months after, came a letter from a friend at Ox-

ford, desiring me to go to one Pehworth, who had broken out

of Oxford gaol, and was retaken at Gloucester. As soon as I

30 Whitefield's life and times.

read this letter, it appeared to me that my prayer was now

answered. Immediately I went to the prison: I met with the

person, and finding him and some others willing to hear the

word of God, (having gained leave of the keeper and two ordi-

naries,) I constantly read to and prayed with them, every day

I was in town. I also begged money for them, whereby I was

enabled to release some of them, and cause provision to be dis-

tributed weekly among them; as also to put such books into

their hands as I judged most proper. I cannot say that any

one of the prisoners was effectually wrought upon; however,

much evil was prevented, many were convinced, and my own

soul was much edified and strengthened in the love of God and

man."

“During my stay here, God enabled me to give a public tes-

timony of my repentance, — as to seeing and acting plays; for,

hearing the strollers had come to town, and knowing what an

egregious offender I had been, I was stirred up to extract Mr.

Law's excellent treatise, entitled ‘The Absolute Unlawfulness

of the Stage Entertainment.' The printer at my request put

a little of it in the news, for six weeks successively; and God

was pleased to give it his blessing." In this manner White-

field employed himself during nine months; and one effect of

pursuing such plans was, that " the partition-wall of bigotry

and sect religion was soon broken down" in his heart. "I

loved all, of whatever denomination, that loved the Lord Jesus

in sincerity." This acknowledgment stands, in his diary, con-

nected with an account of the benefit he derived from studying

the works of the nonconformists. Baxter's "Call" and Allein's

"Alarm," accorded so with his own ideas of fidelity and unction,

that wherever he recognised their spirit he acknowledged "a

brother beloved."

Upon this portion of his history, the mind dwells with almost

unmixed delight: the only drawback is, the undue importance

attached by him to dreams; and even those, considered as an

index to his waking thoughts, are interesting; revealing, as

they do, his deep solicitude on behalf of souls. His zeal was

now according to knowledge; — his object, at once, definite

and scriptural; — ‘his measures direct and rational, — and his mo-

Whitefield's life and times. 31

tives truly evangelical. Drawing his own hope and consolation

immediately from the oracles of God, he led others direct

to the same source; shutting up to the faith those he asso-

ciated with. In this respect Whitefield presents a striking

contrast to Wesley, at the commencement of his public exer-

tions. The latter, although equally conscientious, was so

crazed with the crude notions of the mystics, that when he left

Oxford to visit Georgia, Law's "Christian Perfection" was

almost his text-book, while instructing his fellow-passengers.

Accordingly the success of the two, at the time, was as different

as the means which they severally adopted. While Whitefield

won souls by reading the Scriptures, Wesley, by inculcating

the austerities of the ascetics, laboured in vain; he was long

"esteemed an Ishmael; for his hand was against every man,

and every man's hand was against him."

During the latter part of Whitefield's residence in Gloucester,

although "despised" by many, his friends multiplied in spite of

all the odium which his opinions and practice called forth.

They became urgent for his immediate ordination, and solicit-

ous to see him in a sphere worthy of his talents and zeal. But

such were, now, his views of the ministry, that he put a decided

negative upon all their applications; intrenching his refusal in

a resolution of the diocesans, "not to ordain any under twenty-

three years of age." He was not yet twenty-one. This ap-

parently insurmountable objection was, however, soon removed.

He obtained, about this time, an introduction to Lady Selwyn,

who had marked her approbation of him by a handsome present

of money, and by an immediate application to the bishop on his

behalf. The character she seems to have given of him had its

due weight with Dr. Benson. "As I was coming from the

cathedral prayers, thinking of no such thing, one of the vergers

called after me, and said, the bishop desired to speak with me.

I immediately turned back, considering within myself, what I

had done to deserve his Lordship's displeasure. When I came

to the top of the palace stairs, the bishop took me by the hand,

told me he was glad to see me, and bid me wait a little, till he

had put off his habit, and he would return to me again. This

gave me an opportunity of praying to God for his assistance.

32 Whitefield's life and times.

and adoring him for his providence over me. At his coming

again into the room, the bishop told me that he had heard of

my character, liked my behaviour at church; and, inquiring my

age, said, 'notwithstanding I have declared I would not ordain

anyone under three and twenty, yet I shall think it my duty to

ordain you, whenever you come for holy orders. “He then made

me a present of five guineas to buy me a book." Thus was the

chief external hinderance removed at once; and with it, his hesi-

tation vanished. “From the time I first entered the University,

especially from the time I knew what was true and undefiled

Christianity, I entertained high thoughts of the importance of

the ministerial office, and was not solicitous what place should be

prepared for me, but how I should be prepared for a place. That

saying of the apostle, 'Not a novice, lest being puffed up with

pride, he fall into the condemnation of the devil;’ and that first

question of our excellent ordination office, ‘Do you trust that

you are inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon you this

office and administration?' used even to make me tremble,

whenever I thought of entering into the ministry. The shyness

of Moses and some other prophets, when God sent them out in

a public capacity, I thought was sufficient to teach me, not to

run until I was called. He who knoweth the hearts of men, is

witness that I never prayed more earnestly against anything,

than I did against entering into this service of the church, so

soon. Oftentimes I have been in an agony in prayer, when

under convictions of my insufficiency for so great a work; — with

strong cries and tears, I have frequently said, ‘Lord, I am a

youth of uncircumcised lips: Lord, send me not into thy vineyard

yet!’ And sometimes I had reason to think God was angry

with me for resisting his will. However, I was resolved to pray

thus as long as I could. If God did not grant my request in

keeping me out of it, I knew his grace would be sufficient to

support and strengthen me whenever he sent me into the

ministry."

"To my prayers I added my endeavours, and wrote letters

to my friends at Oxford, beseeching them to pray to God to

disappoint my country friends, who were for my taking orders

as soon as possible. Their answer was, ‘Pray we the Lord of

Whitefield's life and times. 33

the harvest to send thee and many more labourers into his har-

vest.' Another old and worthy minister of Christ, when I

wrote to him about the meaning of the word novice, answered,

it meant a novice in grace, and not in years; and he was pleased

to add — if St. Paul were then at Gloucester, he believed St.

Paul would ordain me. All this did not satisfy me: I still con-

tinued instant in prayer against going into holy orders, and was

not thoroughly convinced it was the divine will, till God by his

providence brought me acquainted with the bishop of Glou-

cester." "Before I came home, the news had reached my

friends, who being fond of my having such a great man's favour,

were very solicitous to know the event of my visit. Many

things I hid from them; but when they pressed me hard, I was

obliged to tell them how the bishop, of his own accord, had

offered to give me holy orders whenever I would. On which

they, knowing how I had depended on the declaration his Lord-

ship had made some time ago, said, and I then began to think

myself, that, if I held out any longer, I should fight against

God. At length I came to a resolution, by God's leave, to

offer myself for holy orders the next Ember-days."

Having thus surmounted his difficulties, he proceeded at

once to prepare himself for ordination. He had, before, satis-

fied himself of the truth of the Thirty-nine Articles, by com-

paring them with the Scriptures; but it does not appear that

the Prayer Book, as a whole, was submitted to the same test:

he seems to have taken its truth for granted. This is the more

remarkable, because in every thing else he was conscientious.

"I strictly examined myself by the qualifications required

for a minister, in St. Paul's Epistle to Timothy, and also by

every question that I knew would be put to me at the time of

my ordination. This latter, I drew out in writing at large, and

sealed my approbation of it every Sunday at the blessed sacra-

ment. At length, Trinity Sunday being near at hand, and

having my testimonials from the college, I went, a fortnight

beforehand, to Gloucester, intending to compose some sermons,

and to give myself more particularly to prayer. When I came

to Gloucester, notwithstanding I strove and prayed for several

days, and had matter enough in my heart, yet I was so restrain-

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ed, that I could not compose anything at all. I mentioned my

case to a clergyman: he said, I was an enthusiast. I wrote to

another, who was experienced in the divine life: he gave me

some reasons, why God might deal with me in that manner;

and, withal, promised me his prayers. The remainder of the

fortnight I spent in reading the several missions of the pro-

phets and apostles, and wrestled with God to give me grace to

follow their good examples.

“About three days before the time appointed for ordination,

the bishop came to town. The next evening I sent his Lord-

ship an abstract of my private examination upon these two

questions: ‘Do you trust that you are inwardly moved by the

Holy Ghost, to take upon you this office and administration?'

And, 'Are you called according to the will of our Lord Jesus

Christ and the laws of this realm?' The next morning I waited

upon the bishop. He received me with much love; telling me,

he was glad I was come, and that he was satisfied with the

preparation I had made. Upon this I took my leave; abashed

with God's goodness to such a wretch, but, withal, exceedingly

rejoiced, that, in every circumstance, he made my way into the

ministry so very plain before my face! This, I think, was on

Friday. The day following I continued in abstinence and

prayer. In the evening, I retired to a hill near the town, and

prayed fervently, for about two hours, on behalf of myself and

those that were to be ordained with me. On Sunday morning

I rose early, and prayed over St. Paul's Epistle to Timothy, and

more particularly over that precept, “Let no one despise thy

youth.'' When I went up to the altar, I could think of nothing

but Samuel’s standing a little child before the Lord, with a

linen ephod. When the bishop laid his hands upon my head,

my heart was melted down, and I offered up my whole spirit,

soul, and body, to the service of God's sanctuary. I read the

gospel, at the bishop's command, with power, and afterward

sealed the good confession I had made before many witnesses,

by partaking of the holy sacrament."

His feelings and views upon this solemn occasion, are re-

corded, still more forcibly, in two letters to a friend. The first is

so excellent, that no apology is required for inserting it here entire.

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"Gloucester, June 20th, 1736.

"My dear friend.

This is a day much to be remembered, O, my soul! for, about

noon, I was solemnly admitted by good Bishop Benson, before

many witnesses, into holy orders; and was, blessed be God!

kept composed both before and after imposition of hands. I

endeavoured to behave with unaffected devotion; but not suit-

able enough to the greatness of the office I was to undertake.

At the same time, I trust, I answered to every question from

the bottom of my heart, and heartily prayed that God might

say, Amen. I hope the good of souls will be my only principle

of action. Let come what will — life or death, depth or height —

I shall henceforward live like one who this day, in the presence

of men and angels, took the holy sacrament, upon the profession

of being inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon me

that ministration in the church. This I began with reading

prayers to the prisoners in the county gaol. Whether I myself

shall ever have the honour of styling myself — ‘a prisoner of the

Lord,' I know not; but indeed, my dear friend, I can call hea-

ven and earth to witness, that when the bishop laid his hand

upon me, I gave myself up to be a martyr for Him who hung

upon the cross for me. Known unto Him are all future events

and contingencies. I have thrown myself blindfold, and, I trust,

without reserve, into his almighty hands; only I would have

you observe — that till you hear of my dying for or in my work,

you will not he apprized of all the preferment that is expected by

G. W."

TO THE SAME.

"June 23.

"Dear friend,

Never a poor creature set up with so small a stock.

My intention was, to make at least a hundred sermons,

with which to begin the ministry; but this is so far from being

the case, that I have not a single one by me, except that which

I made for a small Christian society, and which I sent to a

neighbouring clergyman, to convince him how unfit I was to

take upon me the important work of preaching. He kept it for

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a fortnight, and then sent it back, with a guinea for the loan of

it; telling me, he had divided it into two, and had preached it

morning and evening to his congregation. With this sermon I

intend to begin, God willing, next Sunday. \* \* \* \* Help,

help me, my dear friend, with your warmest addresses to the

throne of grace, that I may not only find mercy, but grace to

help in time of need. \* \* \* \* O, cease not; for I must

again repeat it, cease not to pray for

G. W.”

The intense energy of these appeals to God and man, forms

a striking contrast to his first views of the ministry, and leads

the mind to expect a corresponding energy in his preaching.

"Being restrained from writing, I could not preach in the

afternoon, though much solicited thereto. But I read prayers

to the poor prisoners; being willing to let the first act of my

ministerial office be an act of charity. The next morning,

waiting upon God in prayer, to know what he would have me to

do, these words, 'Speak out, Paul,’ came with great power to

my soul. Immediately my heart was enlarged; and I preached

on the Sunday following to a very crowded audience, with as

much freedom as though I had been a preacher for some years."

The following letter illustrates the truth of this statement,

and excites curiosity about the sermon itself.

"My dear friend.

Glory! glory! glory! be ascribed to an Almighty Triune

God. Last Sunday, in the afternoon, I preached my first ser-

mon in the church of St. Mary De Crypt, where I was baptized,

and also first received the sacrament of the Lord's supper.

Curiosity, as you may easily guess, drew a large congregation

together on the occasion. The sight, at first, a little awed me;

but I was comforted by a heartfelt sense of the divine presence,

and soon found the unspeakable advantage of having been accus-

tomed to public speaking when a boy at school; and of exhort-

ing and teaching the prisoners, and poor people at their private

houses, whilst at the University. By these means I was kept

from being daunted overmuch. As I proceeded, I perceived the

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fire kindled, till at last, though so young, and amidst a crowd

of those who knew me in my infant, childish days, I trust I was

enabled to speak with some degree of gospel authority. Some

few mocked, but most, for the present, seemed struck; and I

have since heard, that a complaint had been made to the bishop,

that I drove fifteen mad by the first sermon. The worthy pre-

late, as I am informed, wished that the madness might not be

forgotten before next Sunday. Before then, I hope my sermon

upon 'He that is in Christ is a new creature,' will be completed.

Blessed be God, I now find freedom in writing. Glorious

Jesus!

‘Unloose my stammering tongue to tell

Thy love immense, unsearchable! \*

Being thus engaged, I must hasten to subscribe myself

G. W."

The sermon was on "The Necessity and Benefits of Religious

Society," from Eccles. iv. 9 — 12, "Two are better than one,"

&c. That Whitefield should have chosen to commence his

public ministry with such a subject, can only be accounted for

by a reference to his peculiar circumstances. The social re-

ligion of the Oxford methodists, and of the society he had

formed in Gloucester, was a new thing, the principles of which

required to be explained and defended. He had to leave, that

week, the little flock collected during his visit. They were to

be as sheep without a shepherd; and that they might not dis-

perse on his departure, he wisely vindicated the object of such

meetings, and removed some of the odium attached to them.

In this point of view, the subject was well chosen, and quite

consistent with his determination to know nothing among men,

save Jesus Christ, and him crucified. The sermon will be

found in the fifth volume of his works; but as it is not printed

from his own manuscript, it would be unfair to quote from it

any specimens, of his style. And yet, even in its present form,

it breathes, in no ordinary degree, that freshness and warmth

which characterize all his writings. It is not rolled from that

"secret place of thunder'' which the foregoing letters disclose

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in his bosom, and which afterward pealed like the cloud on

Sinai; but it contains earnests of his future energy.

It is not generally known, and this is not the place to explain

it, but it is the fact, that whilst Whitefield never lost sight of

his ordination vows, his views of the form of episcopal ordina-

tion underwent such a change, that he declared to Ralph Er-

skine, of his own accord, "I knew of no other way then; but I

would not have it in that way again, for a thousand worlds."

The letter containing this acknowledgment, will be found in

the Scotch part of his history.

Perhaps no mind, since the apostolic age, has been more

deeply affected, or suitably exercised, by "the laying on of

hands," than Whitefield's was. A supernatural unction from the

Holy One, could hardly have produced greater moral effects.

That high sense of responsibility, that singleness of heart, that

entire and intense devotedness of soul, body, and spirit, which

characterized the first ambassadors of Christ, seems revived in

him. Accordingly, after reading the narrative of his ordination,

we naturally expect from Whitefield a sort of apostolic career.

This would be anticipated, were we utterly ignorant of the re-

sult. After witnessing at the altar, a spirit wound up to the

highest pitch of ardour, throbbing and thrilling with strong

emotions, and, like a renovated eagle, impatient to burst off, we

naturally look for a corresponding swiftness of flight and width

of sweep; and feel that we shall not be surprised by any thing

which follows. His unbosomings of himself disclose in his

heart a "secret place of thunder," and "a fountain of tears,"

from which we expect alternate bursts of terror and tenderness

— bolts of Sinai, and dew of Hermon; and we shall not be dis-

appointed. Agreeably to his engagement with Sir John Philips,

Whitefield returned to Oxford, and took out his bachelor's de-

gree. During his residence, he resumed the care of the me-

thodist society, and of the poor. His stay at Oxford was, how-

ever, but short. He received and accepted an invitation to

officiate for a time in the chapel of the Tower of London.

His first sermon in the metropolis was, however, preached in

Bishopsgate church. On entering the pulpit, his juvenile aspect

excited a general sneer of contempt; but he had not spoken

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long, when the sneer gave place to universal symptoms of won-

der and pleasure. The sermon stamped his character at once;

and from that time his popularity in London continued to in-

crease. During his stay, which only extended to two months,

he maintained his usual habits of visiting the prisoners and the

poor.

About this time, letters were received from the Wesleys and

Ingham, then in Georgia. Their descriptions of the moral con-

dition of the British colonies in America, affected his heart

powerfully, and awakened in him a strong desire to preach the

gospel abroad. It was an undertaking suited to his energetic and

enterprising character; and therefore sunk deeply amongst his

thoughts. He could not, however, come to a final determination

then, and therefore he returned to Oxford again. There,

Whitefield devoted the chief part of his time to the study of

Henry's Commentary; which seems to have been a favourite

book amongst his associates in the University. "God," says he,

"works by him (Henry) greatly here." How highly he prized

his own copy, may be judged from his gratitude when he was

able to pay for it. To the friend who furnished it, he writes,

“Herewith I send you seven pounds to pay for Mr. Henry's

Commentary. Dear Esqr. Thorold made me a present of ten

guineas, so that now (for ever blessed be divine goodness!) I

can send you more than I thought for." In a former letter he

had said, "I hope to send you, in a short time, two guineas to-

wards paying for Henry's Exposition."

The study of this invaluable work was soon interrupted, by

an invitation to officiate for a short time at Dummer in Hamp-

shire. This was a very different sphere to any he had been ac-

customed. The people were equally poor and illiterate; but he

was soon reconciled to them, and acknowledged that during his

stay he had "reaped much spiritual benefit." While he con-

tinued at Dummer, he adhered rigidly to his system of econo-

mizing time; dividing the day into three equal parts; eight

hours for sleep and meals; eight for public prayers, catechising,

and visiting; and eight for study and devotional retirement.

While thus occupied in obscurity, he was not forgotten in

London: a profitable curacy in the metropolis was offered to

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him; but the chord touched by the spiritual wants of Georgia,

had not ceased to vibrate in his inmost soul. From the moment

it was struck, Oxford had no magnet, Hampshire no charms,

the metropolis no fascination, for the young evangelist. He

promptly and decidedly declined the lucrative and attractive

curacy, being intent on going abroad. And an opportunity of

gratifying his truly missionary spirit soon presented itself.

"He received letters," says Dr. Gillies, "containing what he

thought to be an invitation to go to Georgia, from Mr. John

Wesley, whose brother came over about this time to procure

more labourers." The doctor might have said "letters containing

what was an invitation:" for although, at a future period, it

was insinuated that Whitefield had intruded himself upon the

sphere of the Wesleys in America, the imputation is unwarrant-

ed. Charles Wesley both urged and encouraged him to leave

England. The following extracts are from a poem addressed

to Whitefield by Charles Wesley, at the time.

1.

"Servant of God, the summons hear;

Thy Master calls — arise, obey!

The tokens of his will appear,

His providence points out the way.

8.

"Champion of God, thy Lord proclaim;

Jesus alone resolve to know;

Tread down thy foes in Jesus' name;

Go! conquering and to conquer, go.

9.

"Through racks and fires pursue thy way;

Be mindful of a dying God;

Finish thy course, and win the day;

Look up — and seal the truth with blood!"

This impassioned adjuration to proceed to America, proves

that Whitefield did not intrude himself on the mission, nor run

unsent. Had Dr. Southey observed those lines, he would not

have said, that "Charles did not invite him to the undertak-

ing." The truth is, both brothers appealed to him in the form

most likely to win his consent; making the call appear to be

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from God. "Only Mr. Delamotte is with me,” says John, "un-

til God shall stir up the hearts of some of his servants to come

over and help us. What if thou art the man, Mr. Whitefield?

Do you ask me what you shall have? Food to eat, and raiment

to put on; a house to lay your head in, such as your Lord had

not; and a crown of glory that fadeth not away." This is a real

invitation, or mockery; and precisely in that spirit which White-

field could not resist. Accordingly, on reading it, "his heart,"

he says, "leaped within him, and, as it were, echoed to the call."

A concurrence of favourable circumstances at the time, enabled

him, thus promptly, to embrace the proposal, and embark in

the undertaking. Mr. Kinchin, the minister of Dummer, had

been chosen dean of Corpus Christi College, and was willing to

take upon him the charge of the prisoners at Oxford; Harvey

undertook to supply his place in the curacy; and in Georgia,

the novel sphere of usefulness, and the warm friendship of Wes-

ley, were equally attractive, as inducements to leave England.

The resolution thus formed, he solemnly confirmed by prayer;

and, that it might not be shaken by his relations at Gloucester,

he wrote to assure them, that unless they would promise not to

dissuade him, he would embark without seeing them. This

promise they gave; but they forgot it when he arrived. His

aged mother, as might be expected, wept sorely; and others,

as Dr. Southey observes, who had no such cause to justify their

interference, represented to him what "pretty preferment" he

might have if he would stay at home. But, none of these things

moved him: their influence was defeated by his own prayers,

and by the weight of the bishop's opinion; who, as usual, re-

ceived him like a father, approved of his determination, and

expressed his confidence that God would enable him to do much

good abroad. From Gloucester he went to take leave of his

friends at Bristol. During this visit, the mayor appointed him

to preach before the corporation: even the quakers thronged

to hear him. But the effect of his farewell sermons will be best

told in his own words. "What shall I say? Methinks it

would be almost sinful to leave Bristol at this critical juncture.

The whole city seems to be alarmed. Churches are as full on

week-days, as they use to be on Sundays, and on Sundays so

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full, that many, very many are obliged to go away because they

cannot come in. Oh that God would keep me always humble,

and fully convinced that I am nothing without him; and that

all the good done upon earth, God himself doth it." — “The word

was sharper than a two-edged sword; the doctrine of the new

birth made its way like lightning into the hearers' consciences.

Sanctify it. Holy Father! to thine own glory and thy people's

good."

Similar impressions were made in Bath and Gloucester and

unprecedented collections obtained for charitable objects. His

stay was, however, short : he was called up to London to appear

before General Oglethorpe, and the trustees of Georgia. Hav-

ing been accepted by them, he was presented to the bishop and

primate, who both highly approved of his mission. But his

departure from England was delayed for some months, owing to

the vessel in which he was to sail not being ready at the time

expected. He therefore undertook to serve, for a while, the

church of one of his friends at Stonehouse. In this retirement

his communion with God was, at once, intimate and habitual.

Could the trees of the wood speak, he says, they would tell

what sweet communion he and his Christian brethren had, un-

der their shade, enjoyed with their God. "Sometimes as I

have been walking," he continues, "my soul would make such

sallies, that I thought it would go out of the body. At other

times I would be so overpowered with a sense of God's infinite

majesty, that I would be constrained to throw myself prostrate

on the ground, and offer my soul as a blank in his hands, to

write on it what he pleased. One night was a time never to be

forgotten. It happened to lighten exceedingly. I had been

expounding to many people, and some being afraid to go home,

I thought it my duty to accompany them, and improve the oc-

casion, to stir them up to prepare for the coming of the Son of

man. In my return to the parsonage, whilst others were rising

from their beds, and frightened almost to death to see the light-

ning run upon the ground, I and another, a poor but pious

countryman, were in the field, praising, praying to, and exulting

in our God, and longing for that time when Jesus shall be re-

vealed from heaven 'in flaming fire.' Oh that my soul may

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be in a like frame when he shall actually come to call me!"

He refers to this scene in one of his letters. "Honest James

and I were out in the midst of the lightnings and never were

more delighted in our lives. May we be as well pleased “when

the Son of God cometh to judgment."

He came glowing from this mount of communion to Bristol

again, prepared to preach the gospel with new energy; and the

people were prepared to hear it with new interest; for such was

the impatience for his return, that multitudes on foot, and some

in coaches, were waiting to meet him, a mile from the city; and

a still greater number welcomed him, as he passed along the

streets. And if the city was alarmed during his former visit, it

was now electrified: persons of all ranks and denominations

crowded to hear him; and such was the pressure in every church,

that he could hardly make his way to the reading desk. "Some

hung upon the rails of the organ loft, others climbed upon the

leads of the church, and altogether made the church so hot

with their breath, that the steam would fall from the pillars

like drops of rain." When he preached his farewell sermon,

and said to the people that perhaps they might “see his face no

more," high and low, young and old, burst into tears. Multi-

tudes followed him home with tears, and many with entreaties

that he would remain in England; but he was firm to his pur-

pose, and merely consented to spend the next day in speaking

with those who had been awakened under his ministry. This

he did from seven in the morning until midnight, when he stole

away secretly to avoid the parade of a public escort.

After some brief intermediate visits, he arrived again in Lon-

don. Here invitations to preach and administer the sacrament

poured in upon him from so many churches, and were so promptly

accepted by him, that his friends were afraid for his health;

the crowds at each church being so overwhelming. But his

answer was, "I find by experience that the more I do, the more

I may do, for God." This was said when he was in the habit

of preaching four times on the sabbath, and had often to walk

ten or twelve miles in going from one church to another, and

to preach five times in the week besides. Such unprecedented

labours might well be, as they were, called “mighty deeds" by

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the newspapers; but, this kind of notice hurt his feelings. In

a letter to a friend he expresses himself on the subject thus:

"I suppose you have heard of my mighty deeds, falsely so called

by the newspapers; for I find some hack-friend has published

abroad my preaching four times in a day; but I beseech Mr.

Raikes, the printer, never to put me in his news again upon any

such account, for it is quite contrary to my inclinations and

positive orders." To his friends, however, he was not reserved

in communicating either the extent of his labours, or the symp-

toms of their success. In another letter to the same person he

writes, "Last week, save one, I preached ten times in different

churches; and the last week, seven; and yesterday four times,

and read prayers twice, though I slept not an hour the night

before, which was spent in religious conversation, &c. God

still works more and more by my unworthy ministry. Many

youths here sincerely love our Lord Jesus Christ; and thou-

sands, I hope, are quickened, strengthened, and confirmed by

the word preached. Last Sunday (in St. Dunstan's) at six in

the morning, when I gave my farewell, the whole church was

drowned in tears: they wept and cried aloud, as a mother weep-

eth for her first-born. Since that, there is no end of persons

coming and weeping, telling me what God has done for their

souls: others again beg little books, and desire me to write

their names in them. The time would fail me, were I to relate

how many have been awakened, and how many pray for me.

The great day will discover all!" This will be more minutely

detailed in the next chapter.

Having thus traced the amazing effects of Whitefield's first

sermons, it will now be interesting to examine their general

character, and to ascertain what were the truths which thus

arrested and aroused the public mind. Three of these success-

ful sermons can, happily, be identified with these "times of re-

freshing;" and they may be depended on, as specimens of both the

letter and the spirit of his preaching, because they were printed

from his own manuscripts: that "On Early Piety" that "On

Regeneration;'' and that ''On Intercession'' Whoever will

read these appeals, realizing the circumstances under which they

were made, will hardly wonder at the effect produced by them;

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the topics of the second and third, and the tone of all the three,

are so different from the matter and manner of sermonizing, to

which the public had been long accustomed. They do not sur-

prise us at all; because, happily, neither the topics nor the tone

of them are "strange things to our ears." Both were, however,

novelties, even in the metropolis, at that time. When — where

had an appeal like the following been made in London? "I

beseech you, in love and compassion, to come to Jesus. Indeed,

all I say is in love to your souls. And if I could be but an in-

strument of bringing you to Jesus, I should not envy but rejoice

in your happiness, however much you were exalted. If I was to

make up the last of the train of the companions of the blessed

Jesus, it would rejoice me to see you above me in glory. I

would willingly go to prison or to death for you, so I could but

bring one soul from the devil's strong holds, into the salvation

which is by Christ Jesus. Come then to Christ, every one that

hears me this night. Come, come, my guilty brethren: I be-

seech you for your immortal souls' sake, for Christ's sake, come

to Christ! Methinks I could speak till midnight unto you;

I am full of love towards you. Would you have me go and tell

my Master, that you will not come, and that I have spent my

strength in vain? I cannot bear to carry such a message to

him! I would not, indeed I would not, be a swift witness against

you at the great day of account: but if you will refuse these

gracious invitations, I must do it."

In this spirit (not very prevalent even now) Whitefield began

his ministry. And there is a fascination as well as fervour in

some of his early sermons. How bold and beautiful is the

peroration of that on Intercession! Referring to the holy im-

patience of "the souls under the altar," for the coming of the

kingdom of God, he exclaims, “And shall not we who are on

earth, be often exercised in this divine employ with the glo-

rious company of the spirits of just men made perfect? Since

our happiness is so much to consist in the communion of saints,

in the church triumphant above, shall we not frequently inter-

cede for the church militant below; and earnestly beg, that

we may be all one? To provoke you to this work and labour

of love, remember, that it is the never-ceasing employment of

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the holy and highly exalted Jesus himself: so that he who is

constantly interceding for others, is doing that on earth, which

the eternal Son of God is always doing in heaven. Imagine,

therefore, when you are lifting up holy hands for one another,

that you see the heavens opened, and the Son of God in all his

glory, as the great High Priest of your salvation, pleading for

you the all-sufficient merit of his sacrifice before the throne.

Join your intercessions with His! The imagination will

strengthen your faith, and excite a holy earnestness in your

prayers."

CHAPTER II.

WHITEFIELD'S INTRODUCTION TO LONDON.

Whitefield's ministry in London began at the Tower — an un-

likely quarter for attraction or effect. The curate of the

Tower who had been his friend at college, having occasion to

officiate in Hampshire for a season, invited him to supply

during his absence. Sir John Philips also sanctioned the re-

quest, and joined in it. Little did either of these good men,

and still less did Whitefield himself, foresee the remote, or

even the immediate, consequences of this invitation. And it is

well they did not! For had they foreseen Whitefield's splen-

did irregularities in Moorfields and Blackheath, or his spacious

tabernacles in London, or even his moderate Calvinism, they

would not have countenanced him. He himself, notwithstand-

ing all his constitutional bravery and conscientious simplicity,

would not have hazarded the experiment, had he suspected the

result.

How little he did so, will be best told in his own words.

“On Wednesday, August 4th, 1737, with fear and trembling I

obeyed the summons, and went in the stage coach to London;

and the Sunday following, in the afternoon, preached at Bi-

shopsgate church. As I went up the pulpit stairs, almost all

seemed to sneer at me, on account of my youth. But they

soon grew serious in the time of my preaching; and after I

came down, showed me great tokens of respect, blessed me as

I passed, and made great inquiry who I was. The question no

one could answer; for I was quite a stranger: and, by passing

speedily through the crowd, returned to the Tower without

having my name discovered."

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"Here (at the Tower) I continued for the space of two

months, reading prayers twice a week, catechising and preach-

ing once, besides visiting the soldiers in the infirmary and bar-

racks daily. I also read prayers every evening in Wapping

chapel." (It was, no doubt, in going between the Tower and

Wapping chapel, that his well-known expression, “Wapping

sinners,” was first forced upon him.) "I preached at Ludgate

prison every Tuesday." (This also, together with his visits to

the castle at Oxford, will account for the frequency of the forms

of judicial trial and condemnation, in his sermons to the un-

godly.) "God was pleased to give me favour in the eyes of

the inhabitants of the Tower. The chapel was crowded on

Lord's days. Religious friends from various parts of the town

attended the word, and several young men on Lord's-day morn-

ing, under serious impressions “came to converse with me on the

new birth."

So far all is pleasing; but there was nothing surprising

marked Whitefield's first visit to London. That it made no

great impression on himself, is evident from the perfect simpli-

city with which he records its close: "Having staid in London

until Mr. B. came out of the country, I returned to my little

charge at Oxford, and waited on my deaconship according to

the measure of grace imparted to me." Even when he was

invited to "a very profitable curacy" in London, and urged to

accept it, he says, "I had no inclination to accept it. At

Dummer I soon began to be as much delighted with the artless

conversation of the poor illiterate people, as I had been formerly

with the company of my Oxford friends; and frequently learnt

as much by an afternoon's visit, as by a week's study."

It was therefore for the sake of Georgia, solely, that he came

back to London. The metropolis was to Whitefield, then,

merely the way to America. Accordingly, he did not seek for

engagements, nor volunteer his services, on his arrival from

Oxford. Indeed, he does not seem to have contemplated

preaching. "I followed my usual practice of reading and

praying over the word of God on my knees. Sweet was this

retirement to my soul — but it was not of long continuance. In-

vitations were given me to preach at several places." Not,

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however, that he was unwilling to preach. All I want to show

is, that he had no designs upon London, and no idea of creating

a sensation in it. He could not, however, be hid long. His

former visit was not forgotten, and his fame in Bristol had

reached the metropolis. "The stewards and members of the

religious societies" found him out, and forced him out, on be-

half of their charity schools: a work which their successors

carry on, with great fidelity and perseverance, to this hour!

I mean no reflection upon stewards. They thus call out minis-

ters, who would otherwise shrink from publicity; and extend

over London the influence of talents and piety, which must

otherwise have been confined to a corner. It is not their fault,

if another Whitefield has not been found out. Had there been

another in the empire since, the nets of religious societies would

have caught him: and, whenever there is another, they are sure

to bring him into full notice and employment! Whitefield says,

with great simplicity, "The stewards of religious societies were

very fond of hearing me." No wonder: he collected upwards of

a thousand pounds for the schools alone; "in those days," says

Dr. Southey, "a prodigious sum; larger collections being made

than had ever before been known on like occasions."

Whitefield himself has drawn a distinction between the feel-

ings with which he accepted invitations from societies, and the

feelings with which he assisted clergymen on the sabbath. "I

embraced the invitations to preach and assist in administering

the sacrament." "With great reluctance I was prevailed on to

preach a charity sermon at Wapping chapel." On both occa-

sions he was, however, equally successful. "So many came"

to the sacrament at Cripplegate, St. Anne's, and Foster Lane,

"that sometimes we were obliged to consecrate fresh elements

twice or thrice, and the stewards found it somewhat difficult to

carry the offerings to the communion table." In like manner,

"more was collected at Wapping chapel, for the charity, than

had been for many years." At St. Swithin's also, instead of

ten shillings, as formerly, "eight pounds were collected."

This was too great a novelty then to be concealed. “Next

morning as I was at breakfast with a friend at the Tower, I read

in one of the newspapers, that there was a young gentleman going

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volunteer to Georgia, had preached at St. Swithin's, and col-

lected eight pounds, instead of ten shillings; three pounds of

which were in halfpence; and that he would preach next Wed-

nesday before the societies, at their general quarterly meeting.

This advertisement chagrined me very much. I immediately

sent to the printer, desiring he would put me in his paper no

more. His answer was, that he was paid for doing it, and

would not lose two shillings for anybody. By this means peo-

ple's curiosity was stirred up more and more. On Wednesday

evening Bow church, in Cheapside, was crowded exceedingly.

I preached my sermon on Early Piety; and at the request of

the societies printed it. Henceforward, for nearly three months

successively, there was no end of people's flocking to hear the

word of God. Sometimes constables were obliged to be

placed at the doors, without and within. One might, as it were,

walk upon the people's heads. Thousands went away from the

largest churches for want of room. I now preached generally

nine times a-week. The people were all attention, as hearing

for eternity! The early sacraments were exceedingly awful!

Oh how often at Cripplegate, St. Anne's, and Foster-lane,

have we seen Jesus Christ crucified and evidently set forth be-

fore us! On Sunday mornings, long before day, you might see

streets filled with people going to church, with their lanthorns

in their hands; and hear them conversing about the things of

God."

By thus specifying the spot where Whitefield preached his

first published sermon. Bow church will be reconsecrated, in the

estimation of many, and Bow bells sound more sweetly. Such

is the force of association. Its laws, like those of nature, can

neither be set aside nor weakened. Only hallowed men can

make hallowed ground; and no minister becomes hallowed to

posterity, but "he that winneth souls." Accordingly, Bow

bells remind us of no one but Whitefield. His one sermon in-

vests that church with more sacredness than its consecration,

and with more interest than the whole series of its corporation

sermons.

There is neither venom nor vapouring in this remark. Visitors

from the country, and from America, pause even in Cheapside

Whitefield's life and times. 51

to gaze at the spire under which George Whitefield preached.

They remember no one else. Why? Because no one else has

"so preached" there, "that many believed." Thus it is only

the salvation of immortal souls that stamps religious immor-

tality upon "solemn temples." Accordingly, not all the talent

and piety which graced the pulpit at Whitehall during the Pro-

tectorate, nor all the rank which has been in it and around it

since, can awaken one spiritual emotion or recollection. Even

Baxter, Owen, and Howe, can hardly be realized there, as

ministers of the glorious gospel. A barn where either of them

had preached Christ to the poor and the perishing, would make

our hearts burn within us; but in the chapel-royal, they are

remembered only as great men. Had Simeon of Cambridge,

that "Paul the aged," preached there but once, before singing

his Nunc dimittis, he would have been more remembered by

posterity, than all his late predecessors put together. It is ut-

terly in vain to sneer or reason against this law of association.

Nothing gains or retains a hallowed hold upon the sympathies of

the pious, but usefulness. Mere talent and heartless orthodoxy

can no more endear or dignify a church now, than relics from

Rome or Jerusalem.

But, to return. Whitefield had soon to pay the usual price

of popularity. "As my popularity and usefulness increased,

opposition increased proportionably. At first, many of the

clergy were my hearers and admirers; but some soon grew angry,

and complaints were made that there was no room for the

parishioners, and that the pews were spoiled. Some called me

a spiritual pickpocket; and others thought I made use of a

charm to get the people's money. A report was spread abroad

that the bishop of London, upon the complaint of the clergy,

intended to silence me. I immediately waited upon his Lord-

ship, and inquired whether any complaint of this nature had

been lodged against me. He answered. No. I asked his Lord-

ship whether any objection could be made against my doc-

trine? He said, ‘No: for he knew a clergyman who heard

me preach a plain scriptural sermon.' I asked his Lordship

whether he would grant me a license? He said, ‘I needed

none, as I was going to Georgia.' I replied — ‘Then your Lord-

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ship would not forbid me.' He gave me a satisfactory answer

— and I took my leave.”

Why has Dr. Southey stripped the bishop's courtesy of all

its grace? He says of the bishop, "Evidently he thought this

(Georgia) a happy destination for one whose fervent spirit was

likely to lead him into extravagances of doctrine as well as of

life." This is no compliment to his Lordship's wisdom, what-

ever it be to his policy. Even his policy was bad, if this be

true; for what could be worse in principle or policy, than let-

ting loose upon an infant colony an extravagant chaplain?

Thus Dr. Southey has imputed to the bishop, unwittingly, a

heartless, if not reckless, indifference to the religious interests

of Georgia; for if Whitefield was dangerous even in London,

where he could easily be counteracted, if not controlled, how

much more dangerous he must have been in a distant colony!

This inference is inevitable, if there was any real danger to be

apprehended from Whitefield's doctrine or example. It is easy

to say, that "the whole force of his enthusiasm might safely

expend itself" in Georgia; but Dr. Southey should not have

said this; for he had just said before, of the disorders raised in

the colony, that Charles Wesley had, "in truth, been the occa-

sion of them, by his injudicious zeal." But, enough of this.

Southey is no doubt right in saying, that the bishop was glad,

and that some of the clergy rejoiced "in Whitefield's de-

parture," as a happy riddance. He guessed well, although he

reasons ill, in this instance. Accordingly, the bishop's "satis-

factory answer" to Whitefield did not prevent some of the

London clergy from shutting their pulpits against him. "Soon

after this, two clergymen sent for me, and told me they would

not let me preach in their pulpits any more, unless I renounced

that part of the preface of my sermon on Regeneration,

wherein I wished, that my brethren would entertain their audi-

tories oftener with discourses on the new birth. This I had

not freedom to do — and so they continued my opposers."

"What, I believe, irritated some of my enemies the more,

was my free conversation with many of the serious dissenters,

who invited me to their houses; and told me repeatedly, 'that

if the doctrine of the new birth and justification by faith was

Whitefield's life and times. 53

preached powerfully in the church, there would be but few dis-

senters in England.' Who the dissenters were that said this,

cannot now be ascertained; but, certainly, they were not serious

dissenters, nor sound reasoners, however serious they may have

been as Christians; for wherever these doctrines are powerfully

preached in the church, there are many dissenters. The pro-

gress of both dissent and methodism keeps pace with the

progress of evangelical sentiment in the church, and ever must

do whilst they continue evangelical. Whitefield was, however,

simple enough to believe what he wished, and honest enough to

act accordingly, in this instance. "My practice in visiting and

associating with (these dissenters) I thought was quite agree-

able to the word of God. Their conversation was savoury; and

I judged, ('rightly,' says Dr. Southey,) that the best way to

bring them over, was not by bigotry and railing, but by mo-

deration and love, and undissembled holiness of life."

"But these reasons were of no avail. One minister called

me a pragmatical rascal, and vehemently inveighed against me

and the whole body of dissenters together." Dr. Southey ex-

plains the "serious offence" thus taken by the clergy, by say-

ing, — "for the evils which puritanism had brought on this

kingdom were at that time neither forgotten nor forgiven."

No thanks to the Doctor, if ever they should be so! He has

done all he could to perpetuate their memory. It will not,

however, live long. The accidental evils of puritanism, like

those of the Reformation, will soon be forgiven, and forgotten

too, in the enjoyment of the truth and liberty which the puri-

tans bought and sealed with their blood. Wycliffe and Baxter,

Latimer and Owen, Cranmer and Howe, will be associated and

enshrined names in the temple of Christianity, when all who

have hindered their identification will be nameless, or named

only to be pitied and wondered at forever.

Whitefield found pulpits in London, until he embarked for

America. Not many, indeed, seem to have been shut against

him. "I have been wearied almost to death," he says, "in

preaching." "The nearer the time of my embarkation ap-

proached, the more affectionate and eager people grew. All

ranks gave vent to their passion. Thousands and thousands of

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prayers were put up for me. The people would run and stop

me in the alleys of the churches, hug me in their arms, and fol-

low me with wishful looks. Such a sacrament I never saw be-

fore, as at St. Dunstan's. The tears of the communicants

mingled with the cup: and had not Jesus given us some of his

‘new wine,’ our parting would have been insupportable.

"At length having preached in a good part of the London

churches, collected about a thousand pounds for the charity

schools, and got upwards of three hundred pounds for the poor

in Georgia, I left London on Dec. 28th, 1737, in the twenty-

third year of my age, and went in the strength of God, as a poor

pilgrim, on board the Whitaker."

CHAPTER III.

WHITEFIELD'S FIRST VOYAGE AND VISIT TO GEORGIA.

The settlement of Georgia was begun in 1733, by a number of

English people, who were brought over by General Oglethorpe.

On the first of February of that year. General Oglethorpe and

his colony entered the Savannah river, and the same night the

tents were first pitched where the city of Savannah now stands.

For several days the people were employed in erecting a fortifi-

cation, and in felling the woods, while the general marked out

the town. The first house was begun on the ninth; and the

town, after the Indian name of the river which ran by it, was

called Savannah. The fort being completed, the guns mounted,

and the colony put into a state of safety, the next object of

Oglethorpe's attention was, to treat with the Indians for a share

of their possessions.

In his intercourse with the Indians, he was greatly assisted

by an Indian woman, whom he found in Savannah, of the

name of Mary Musgrove. She had resided among the English,

in another part of the country, and was well acquainted with

their language. She was of great use, therefore, to General

Oglethorpe, in interpreting what he said to the Indians, and

what they said to him. For this service he gave her a hundred

pounds a year.

"Among those who came over with General Oglethorpe was

a man named Thomas Bosomworth, who was the chaplain, or

minister, of the colony. Soon after his arrival he married the

above-mentioned Indian woman, Mary Musgrove. Unhappily,

Bosomworth was, at heart, a bad man, although by profession

he was a minister of the gospel. He was distinguished for his

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pride, and love of riches and influence. At the same time, he

was very artful. Yet, on account of his profession, he was, for

a time, much respected by the Indians.

"At one of the great councils of the Indians, this artful man

induced some of the chiefs to crown Malatche, one of the

greatest among them, and to declare him prince and emperor

of all the Creeks. After this, he made his wife call herself the

eldest sister of Malatche and she told the Indians that one of

her grandfathers had been made king, by the Great Spirit, over

all the Creeks. The Indians believed what Mary told them;

for, since General Oglethorpe had been so kind to her, they had

become very proud of her. They called a great meeting of the

chiefs together, and Mary made them a long talk. She told

them that they had been injured by the whites — that they were

getting away the lands of the Indians, and would soon drive

them from all their possessions. She said, ‘We must assert

our rights — we must arm ourselves against them — we must

drive them from our territories. Let us call forth our warriors

— I will head them. Stand by me, and the houses which they

have erected shall smoke in ruins.'

"The spirit of Queen Mary was contagious. Every chief

present declared himself ready to defend her to the last drop of

his blood.

"After due preparation, the warriors were called forth. They

had painted themselves afresh, and sharpened anew their toma-

hawks for the battle. The march was now commenced. Queen

Mary, attended by her infamous and wicked husband, the real

author of all their discontent, headed the savage throng.

"Before they reached Savannah, their approach was an-

nounced. The people were justly alarmed — they were few in

number, and though they had a fortification and cannon, they

had no good reason to hope that they should be able to ward off

the deadly blow which was aimed against them.

"By this time the savages were in sight of Savannah. At

this critical moment an Englishman, by the name of Noble

Jones, a bold and daring man, rode forth, with a few spirited

men on horseback, to meet them. As he approached them,

he exclaimed in a voice like thunder: ‘Ground your arms!

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ground your arms! not an armed Indian shall set his foot in

this town.'

"Awe-struck by his lofty tone, and perceiving him and his

companions ready to dash in among them, they paused, and

soon after laid down their arms. Bosomworth and his queen

were now summoned to march into the city, and it was per-

mitted the chiefs and other Indians to follow, but without their

arms.

"On reaching the parade ground, the thunder of fifteen can-

non fired at the same moment, told them what they might expect

should they persist in their hostile designs. The Indians were

now marched to the house of the president of the council, in

Savannah. Bosomworth was required to leave the Indians while

the president had a friendly talk with them.

"In his address to them he assured them of the kindness of

the English, and demanded what they meant by coming in this

warlike manner.

"In reply, they told the president 'that they heard that Mary

was to be sent over the great waters, and they had come to learn

why they were to lose their queen.'

"Finding that the Indians had been deceived, and that Bosomworth   
was the author of all the trouble — that he had even intended to get   
possession of the magazine, and to destroy the whites, the council   
directed him to be seized, and to be thrown into prison.

"This step Mary resented with great spirit. Rushing forth

among the Indians, she openly cursed General Oglethorpe,

although he had raised her from poverty and distress, and de-

clared that the whole world should know that the ground she

trod upon was her own.

"The warlike spirit of the Indians being thus likely to be re-

newed, it was thought advisable to imprison Mary also. This

was accordingly carried into effect. At the same time, to ap-

pease the Indians, a sumptuous feast was made for the chiefs

by the president, who during the better state of feeling, which

seemed to prevail, took occasion to explain to them the wicked-

ness of Bosomworth, and how by falsehood and cunning he had

led them to believe that Mary was really their queen — ‘a de-

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scendant of one of their great chiefs.' ‘Brothers,’ said he,

‘it is no such thing. Queen Mary is no other than Mary

Musgrove, whom I found poor, and who has been made the

dupe of the artful Bosomworth; and you, brothers, the dupes

of both.'

"The aspect of things was now pleasant. The Indians were

beginning to be satisfied of the villany of Bosomworth, and of

the real character of Mary. But at this moment the door was

thrown open, and, to the surprise of all, Mary burst into the

room. She had made her escape from prison; and, learning

what was going on, she rushed forward with the fury of a

tigress, exclaiming as she entered, 'Seize your arms! seize your

arms! Remember your promise, and defend your queen.'

"The sight of their queen seemed, in a moment, to bring back

all the original ardour of the enterprise. In an instant, every

chief had seized his tomahawk, and sprung from the ground to

rally at the call of their queen.

"At this moment Captain Jones, who was present, perceiv-

ing the danger of the president, and the other whites, drew his

sword and demanded peace. The majesty of his countenance,

the fire of his eye, and the glittering of his sword, told Queen

Mary what she might expect, should she attempt to raise any

higher the feverish spirit of her subjects.

''The Indians cast an eye towards Mary, as if to inquire what

they should do. Her countenance fell. Perceiving his advan-

tage. Captain Jones stepped forward, and in the presence of

the Indians, standing round, again conducted Mary back to prison.

"A short imprisonment so far humbled both Bosomworth

and Mary, that each wrote a letter, in which they confessed the

wrong they had done, and promised, if released, that they would

conduct themselves with more propriety in future. The people

kindly forgave both, and they left the city.

"But they did not perform their promise. Again Bosomworth

tried to make Mary queen, and to get possession of three large

islands, called Ossalaw, Sapelo, and St. Catharine's. He pre-

tended that they had been given to him by the Indians. Being,

however, unable to make himself master of them, he went over

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to England with Mary, where he instituted a law-suit for their

recovery. At length, having obtained St. Catharine's island

by a judgment of the court, he returned with his wife, and

took up his residence upon that island. There Mary died.

Some time after, Bosomworth married one of his own servants,

who did not survive him. At length, he finished his own inglo-

rious life, and was buried between his two wives, upon the island

which had given him so much trouble."

Such (it is said in America) was the first specimen of a

chaplain, which the Indians and colonists at Savannah had be-

fore their eyes. No wonder Oglethorpe and the trustees of

Georgia turned their eyes upon another kind of men! The

Oxford methodists were, accordingly, fixed upon, "as men who

appeared to possess the habits and qualities requisite" for

preaching the gospel to settlers and the Indians. Dr. Butler,

of Corpus Christi College, sounded the Wesleys on the subject,

and introduced them to Oglethorpe. This was going to the

opposite extreme. Accordingly, on their arrival in the colony,

they soon proved their unfitness for the religious management

of an infant settlement. They certainly meant well, and were

shamefully treated: but it is equally true, that they were both

very imprudent. Dr. Southey, however, implicates Charles

Wesley too deeply in the mutinies of the period: for he ought

to have known, that Oglethorpe acquitted him of this charge,

and offered to build him a house, and to allow him a deputy, if

he would return to the colony. This is just as true, and was

as easily ascertained, as that Oglethorpe, who had been "brutal

enough to give away from under" Charles, the old bedstead on

which he lay in a fever, afterwards "embraced and kissed him

with cordial affection." The Doctor even says, "that the expla-

nation then given so satisfied the general, that his feelings

were entirely changed: all his old love and confidence return-

ed:" and yet, he says that Charles "had in truth been the oc-

casion of the disorders by his injudicious zeal." On the other

hand, however, Watson has admitted into his answer to

Southey, a vindication of Charles Wesley, from the pen of his

daughter, somewhat inconsistent with the acknowledgment, that

the Wesleys "held the reins of ecclesiastical discipline with a

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tightness unsuitable to infant colonists especially, and which

tended to provoke resistance."

But the character of neither brother should be judged of

from their career in Georgia. I quite agree with Watson, that

"their integrity of heart, and the purity of their intentions,

came forth without a stain:" for although I have heard reports,

and been told of letters, which implicate John in more than

imprudence, I have found no one to authenticate the reports, or

to produce the letters. Besides, Whitefield returned from

Georgia unchanged in his love or esteem for Wesley: a con-

clusive proof that he found nothing to justify the *fama clamosa*.

Nothing in his journals, letters, or diary, indicates a suspicion.

(I have learnt, since I wrote this paragraph, that Wesley's pri-

vate journals of the Causton affair have been discovered by

the Conference, and that they justify my argument.)

It was to this new colony, then in danger from the Spaniards,

and irritated by the Wesleys, that Whitefield went forth so

cheerfully, although solemnly. He does not, indeed, say that

he knew the distracted state of the people: but it is quite evi-

dent from the way in which he prepared for his work, and from

the spirit in which he began his labours, that Oglethorpe, or

some of the trustees, had apprized him of the rocks on which

his predecessors had split. Both his hopes and his fears prove

that he was not ignorant of what he had to do, nor of what he

had to undo. All his conduct, and especially his utter disregard

of Wesley's oracular "Let him return to London" shows clearly

that his heart was set upon healing the breaches in the colony;

that thus the benevolent and pure designs of its founders might

be carried into effect.

In this spirit, and for this purpose, Whitefield embarked for

Georgia, in the latter end of December, 1737. It was, how-

ever, the end of January, 1738, before the vessel was fairly on

her way; owing to contrary winds. His reception on board

was, as might be expected from a motley group of soldiers and

sailors, of a mixed kind. The captains of both, with the sur-

geon and cadet, treated him, for a time, as an impostor; and,

to mark their contempt for him, turned the vessel into a gam-

bling-house, during the whole first sabbath. The fact is, he

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had begun, the day before, to read prayers on deck: but he

added to this a short sermon on the text, "I am determined to

know nothing among you, save Jesus Christ, and him cruci-

fied." This gave offence. The officers and soldiers "attended

with decency and reverence" to the prayers: but when he told

them in the sermon what his "future conduct would be," they

were indignant; and, to prove it, began the sabbath with the

hautboy, and spent it in card-playing and blasphemy.

He seems to have foreseen this burst of opposition; and he

wisely escaped from it. "Sunday, Jan. 1. Rose early in the

morning, and retired to an adjacent hill with my friends to

prayer." That day, however, he also preached three times

(once extempore; for he had only taken two Sermons with him)

in the church at Gravesend. This was not cowardice. He

himself was unwilling to leave his "own flock in the ship," and

he did not leave them without reading prayers again on the

Saturday evening. He yielded, however, to the urgency of his

friends; and very properly.

This does not appear from his journals, because he would not

leave a reflection upon a crew which afterwards treated him

respectfully: but it appears from his private diary. Dr. Gil-

lies says truly, "It is worthwhile to observe, with what pru-

dence he was helped to behave, and how God was pleased to

bless his patient and persevering endeavours to do good."

This retreat from a premeditated storm, was one of his pru-

dent steps.

In the same spirit, he began his usual work on board, on

Monday, without upbraiding. Wherever there was sickness in

the ship, he visited, counselled, and prayed. When he could

not assemble the crew to prayers on deck, he read prayers and

expounded anywhere between decks. When the soldiers could

not or would not attend, he devoted himself to the religious

education of their children. When he could say nothing to

the swearing officers, he turned a look upon them which they

understood. Thus he was never idle, nor unamiable.

Whilst thus employed, a heavy gale sprung up at the Nore,

which created some alarm and more sickness. Even the offi-

cers felt thankful that the vessel was at the Nore, and not in

62 Whitefield's life and times.

the Downs, (for she had "dragged her anchor two miles,”)

which they had been trying to reach. Accordingly, they re-

quested Whitefield to read prayers to them in the grand cabin

on Sunday, in addition to the service on deck. What a dif-

ferent aspect the ship wore on the preceding sabbath! But he

had endeared himself during the week by courtesy and kind-

ness, and had spent the whole morning of this sabbath in going

from hammock to hammock amongst the sea-sick, administer-

ing sage-tea to them, as well as good advice.

He availed himself of this favourable turn of feeling, to ob-

tain for himself more accommodation in the ship; for, hitherto,

he had no place of retirement for prayer or study. He seems,

however, to have been somewhat afraid of a refusal; for he

offered the captain money for the occasional use of his cabin.

This was not in good taste, but the captain overlooked that, and

politely granted his request.

The military captain also (whom Whitefield dreaded most)

sent him an invitation to take coffee in his cabin. He went;

and took the opportunity of saying to him, "that he thought it

a little odd to pray and preach to the servants, and not to the

master!" This good-humoured hint he followed up by pro-

posing to read "a collect now and then to him and the other

gentlemen, in the great cabin." At first the captain shook his

head; but, after a pause, he said, "I think we may, when we

have nothing else to do."

When the ship reached Margate, another storm arose at

midnight, accompanied by vivid lightning, which seemed to set

the sea on fire. The long-boat was lost, and many of the sol-

diers taken very ill. Whitefield became, literally, the nurse of

his "red-coated parishioners," as he called the soldiers. He

superintended the making of sage-tea and broth, and distri-

buted them amongst the sick with his own hands.

Whilst thus employed he gained the esteem of the surgeon;

and so ingratiated himself with the wives of the soldiers, that

fifteen of them agreed to meet, to hear him explain the Cate-

chism. Even the captains again requested him to read prayers

in the state cabin, and expressed "their approbation" of his

conduct.

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Whilst the vessel was lying in the Downs, he ventured one

day to remove "The Independent Whig" from the captain's

pillow, and replace it with a book called "The Self-Deceiver.”

Next morning the captain came to him smiling, and asked who

had made the exchange? Whitefield confessed the charge,

and begged his acceptance of the book. It produced a visible

change. The military captain also, without being again asked,

requested that "they might have public service and expounding

twice a day in the great cabin."

In this manner, with occasional preaching on shore, he spent

the month, during which the ship was waiting for a fair wind;

and in that time, not a few of both the soldiers and sailors be-

came very serious, and the ship's company at large orderly.

At length the wind changed, and sailing orders were given. In

the hurry of this movement, Whitefield fell down the stairs of

the steerage; but received "little or no hurt." In a few days

after, the vessel had a very narrow escape. "The men upon

deck not keeping a good look-out, an East Indiaman ran so

very near, that had not Captain Whiting been upon deck, and

beseeched them to tack about, the ships must inevitably have

split one against another."

Altogether it was a perilous voyage to Gibraltar: but al-

though the scene was new, and the labour trying, Whitefield's

patience never failed. The following sketch is very charac-

teristic. "Feb. 14th. May I never forget this day's mercies,

since the Lord has dealt so lovingly with me! About twelve

at night a fresh gale arose, which increased so very much by

four in the morning, that the waves raged horribly indeed, and

broke in like a great river on many of the poor soldiers, who

lay near the main hatchway. Friend Habersham and I knew

nothing of it; but perceived ourselves very restless, and could

not sleep at all. I arose, and called on God for myself and all

that sailed with me, absent friends, and all mankind. After

this I went on deck — ‘but surely a more noble and awful sight

my eyes never beheld; for the waves rose more than mountain

high, and sometimes came on the quarter-deck. I endeavoured

all the while to magnify God for making his ‘power to be

known!' And then, creeping on my knees — 'for I knew not

64 Whitefield's life and times.

how else to go— I went between decks, and sung psalms, and

comforted the poor wet people. After this I read prayers in

the great cabin. Then, I laid myself across a chair reading.

But God was so good, that though things were tumbling, the

ship rocking, persons falling down around me, I was never more

cheerful in my life. I also finished a sermon before I went to

bed, though in the midst of company."

On his arrival at Gibraltar, he was courteously received and

hospitably entertained by the governor first, and then by Major

Sabine and General Columbine. Gillies reverses the order of

this reception. Sabine did not seek out Whitefield, until some

days after he had visited the governor. But whilst all these

attentions gratified him, he was most interested by a little

group of pious soldiers, who, for twelve years, had been the

methodists of Gibraltar. At first, they had assembled secretly

in dens and caves of the rock, for prayer and conversation.

The character and spirit of the venerable governor, soon led

them, however, to apply for permission to build a house of

prayer for themselves. But instead of granting this, he gave

them the free use of the church; and there they statedly met

for worship three times a day. They seem to have been non-

conformists; and thus were called "new lights:" whilst another

society of the Scotch church were called "dark lanthorns."

Besides visiting the popish chapel, and preaching frequently

in the protestant church, he attended the Jewish synagogue,

and was agreeably surprised when one of the rulers showed

him into the chief seat. The rabbi had heard him preach the

day before against swearing, and now thanked him for his ser-

mon. Whitefield remained in the synagogue during the whole

service, engaged, he says, "in secret prayer, that the veil might

be taken from the heart of the Jews, and they grafted again

into their own olive tree."

His success at Gibraltar was remarkable. He says quaintly,

"Samson's riddle was fulfilled there: out of the strong came

forth sweetness. Who more unlikely to be wrought upon than

soldiers! And yet, amongst any set of people I have not been

where God has made his power more known. Many that were

quite stark blind have received their sight; many that had

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fallen back, have repented and turned to the Lord again; many

that were ashamed to own Christ openly, have waxen bold;

and many saints had their hearts filled with joy unspeakable

and full of glory."

When the journal of this revival was first published in Eng-

land, it called forth an answer from some T. G. even more

foolish than anything Tristram Land, M. A. had written.

Taking the words, “many that were quite stark blind have re-

ceived their sight," literally, he says with all gravity, — "This

being a thing so seldom heard of, it seems likely to be a falsity;

and, that he inserted it here, to have the world think that God

worked this miracle on his account!" Straws show how the

wind blows; and, therefore, I will add a few specimens of this

first commentary on Whitefield's first journal. Because he

had lamented the want of the divine presence, on one occasion;

and had rejoiced on its return; T. G. says, "What he means

will puzzle any one; for by God's being with him at one time,

and not at another, seems to infer as if he denied the omni-

presence of the Deity!" When Whitefield says, that he "was

enlarged in intercession," T. G. remarks, "An odd expression

this, and inexplicable; but it frequently occurs! "Whitefield

says of a dying christian, " His soul seems full of God;" T. G.

observes, "An odd expression this, and needs explanation."

T. G. concludes by recommending, in the words of Sylvester,

"That we should go to our baptism for the date of our rege-

neration." What must have been the state of popular senti-

ment and feeling, when such nonsense could obtain readers?

And yet, the authorship of this anonymous pamphlet was

ascribed to an ex-fellow of a college; who, although he dis-

claimed it, did not object to its principles or spirit. ‘Land's

Letter to the Religious Societies,’ 1739.

Early in March the vessels left Gibraltar, and proceeded on

their voyage: and being soon in the trade-winds, they often

joined at the hours of public worship. On one occasion. Cap-

tain Mackay, after Whitefield had preached against drunken-

ness, urged the men to attend to the things that had been

spoken; telling them, that he had been a notorious swearer

until he had done so; and beseeching them, for Christ's sake.

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to give up their sins. On another occasion, whilst marrying a

couple on deck, Whitefield suddenly shut the prayer book in

the midst of the ceremony, because the bridegroom had be-

haved with levity: and not until the laughter was turned into

weeping, would he proceed. At the close, he gave the bride

a Bible.

The ships were now almost as orderly as churches, when the

weather allowed of worship. The drum summoned them to

morning and evening prayers. The captains vied in kindness

and attention to the chaplain. Cards and profane books were

thrown overboard, in exchange for religious books. The women,

in the Whitaker, exclaimed, "What a change in our captain."

An oath became a strange thing. The soldiers began to learn

to read and write, and the children to repeat their prayers re-

gularly. This general impression was deepened by the preva-

lence of a fever on board; during which. Captain Whiting

accompanied Whitefield in crawling between decks, to admi-

nister medicine and cordials to the sailors.

One of the sufferers, a negro boy, had never been baptized.

Whiting pledged Whitefield to instruct and baptize him, in the

event of his recovery. The poor lad, however, died, and was

buried without the service being read over him. The chaplain

was afraid to venture upon such a canonical irregularity, al-

though he was no believer in baptismal regeneration. The

drum, however, was beaten on the occasion, and an address

given to the whole ship's crew, calling on them to prepare for

the time when the sea shall give up its dead.

Many little traits of Whitefield's character may be traced

in his journals of this voyage. I only mention another; — his

tact in turning every incident into a lesson for himself or others.

When a shark was caught, with five pilot-fish clinging to its

fins, he says, "Go to the pilot-fish, thou that forsakest a friend in

adversity; consider his ways, and be abashed." When a dol-

phin was caught, the change of its hues from lovely to livid, re-

minds him, that "just so is man; he flourishes for a little, but

when death cometh, how quickly his beauty is gone! A chris-

tian may learn instruction from everything he meets with."

When darkness came on whilst he was preaching, on Good

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Friday, he says, "It put me in mind of that darkness which

overwhelmed the world, when the God of nature suffered."

The fever, which only three or four in the ship escaped, at

length laid hold upon Whitefield, and confined him to his bed

for a week. The attack, though short, must have been severe;

for besides blisters and vomit, he was bled three times. During

his illness the captain gave up his own bed to him; Habersham

watched him day and night; and (which delighted him most)

the sick between decks, whom he had perilled his life to con-

sole, prayed fervently for him. He soon recovered, and repaid

the kindness of all.

At length, on May 5th, they came in sight of Savannah

river, and sent off for a pilot; and such was the joy of all when

they came to anchor at Tyby island, that he could not help ex-

claiming, "How infinitely more joyful will the children of God

be, when, having passed through the waves of this troublesome

world, they arrive at the haven of everlasting rest." Though

still weak, he preached a farewell sermon to his "red-coated

and blue-jacketed parishioners," as he called his military and

naval congregation. It was heard with floods of tears.

“Upon this voyage," says Gillies, "he made the following

reflections many years after." — "Even at this distance of time,

the remembrance of the happy hours I enjoyed in religious ex-

ercises on deck, is refreshing to my soul; and although nature

sometimes relented at being taken from my friends, and I was

little accustomed to the inconvenience of a sea life, yet, a con-

sciousness that I had the glory of God and the good of souls in

view, afforded me, from time to time, unspeakable satisfaction."

Whitefield was cordially welcomed at Savannah by Delamotte

and other friends of Wesley. The magistrates also offered to

wait upon him, to pay their respects. This he declined, and

waited on them; when they agreed to build him a tabernacle

and house at Frederica, and to accept his services at Savannah

as long as he pleased. He was soon laid aside again, however,

by a return of his fever, which terminated in ague. This

attack brought him so low for a few days, and made such an

alteration in his person, that he says, "Had my friends seen

me at that hour, they might have learnt not to have any man's

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person in admiration, and not to think more highly of me than

they ought to think.”

The first thing he did after his recovery was to visit Tomo-

Chichi, the Indian king, then on his death-bed. This was the

micoe, or king, whom Oglethorpe brought to England in 1734,

and introduced to George II. He was accompanied by his

wife and son, and seven other Indians of the Creek nation. His

eloquent speech to the king and queen is well known; and

was so well received at court, that he was loaded with presents,

and even sent in one of the royal carriages to Gravesend when

he had to embark again.

He now lay, says Whitefield, "on a blanket, thin and

meagre; little else but skin and bones. Senanki, his wife, sat

by, fanning him with Indian feathers. There was no one could

talk English, so I could only shake hands with him and leave

him." A few days after Whitefield went again to visit Tomo-

Chichi, and found that his nephew, Tooanoowee, could speak

English. "I desired him to ask his uncle, whether he thought

he should die; who answered, I cannot tell. I then asked,

where he thought he should go after death? He replied, to

heaven. But, alas, how can a drunkard enter there! I then

exhorted Tooanoowee (who is a tall, proper youth) not to get

drunk; telling him, that he understood English, and therefore

would be punished the more, if he did not live better. I then

asked him, whether he believed a heaven? He said. Yes. I

then asked, whether he believed a hell? and described it by

pointing to the fire. He replied. No. From whence we may

easily gather, how natural it is to all mankind to believe there

is a place of happiness, because they wish it to be so; and on

the contrary, how averse they are to believe a place of torment,

because they wish it may not be so. But God is just and true;

and as surely as the righteous shall go away into everlasting

happiness, so the impenitently wicked shall go into everlasting

punishment."

Dr. Southey has quoted part of this paragraph in a note, and

prefaced it thus: "Whitefield was not so likely (as Wesley) to

have led these Indians into the right way, if we may judge from

his conference with poor Tomo-Chichi, when that chief was at

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the point of death." If the Doctor mean, that Whitefield should

have shown a dying drunkard how pardon might be obtained,

instead of exclaiming, "Alas, how shall a drunkard enter

heaven!" I quite agree with him. He mistakes, however, if he

supposes that this exclamation was addressed to the chief. It

is Whitefield's own private reflection on the case, when he wrote

an account of it; and distinguished, like all his private reflec-

tions of a solemn kind, by italics. Besides, it is highly impro-

bable that Whitefield, the man who had just been teaching

soldiers and sailors the way to heaven, would have thus abrupt-

ly shut the door on a dying Indian! He who warned the young

nephew, would not forget to woo the old uncle; although the

result only, and not the process, appears in his journal.

When Whitefield was sufficiently recovered to survey the

colony, the state of the children affected him deeply. The idea

of an orphan-house in Georgia had been suggested to him by

Charles Wesley, "before he himself had any thought of going

abroad;" and now that he saw the condition of the colonists,

he said, "nothing but an orphan-house can effect" the educa-

tion of the children. From this moment he set his heart upon

founding one, as soon as he could raise funds. In the mean

time, he did what he could: he opened a school for the villages

of Highgate and Hampstead; and one for girls at Savannah.

He then visited the Saltzburghers' orphan school at Ebenezer;

and if anything was wanting to perfect his own design, or to

inflame his zeal, he found it there. The Saltzburghers them-

selves were exiles for conscience' sake, and eminent for piety

and industry. Their ministers, Grenaw and Boltzius, were

truly evangelical. Their asylum, which they had been enabled

to found by English benevolence, for widows and orphans, was

flourishing. Whitefield was so delighted with the order and

harmony of Ebenezer, that he gave a share of his own "poor's-

store" to Boltzius, for his orphans. Then came the scene —

which completed Whitefield's purpose. Boltzius "called all

the children before him: catechised and exhorted them to give

God thanks for his good providence towards them; then pray-

ed with them, and made them pray after him: then sung a

psalm. Afterwards, the little lambs came and shook me by the

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hand one by one; and so we parted!” From this moment

Whitefield made his purpose his fate.

After spending a few weeks at Savannah, labouring as hard

as his health would permit, he went to Frederica, where he was

gladly received; the people having "had a famine of the word

for a long season." They had no sanctuary: and therefore he

had to preach under a tree, or in Habersham's house. This

visit, although short, endeared him to all the people; and he

had the satisfaction before he left, to see them "sawing timber

for a commodious place of worship, until a church could be

built."

His return to Savannah was hastened by a circumstance

which Gillies overlooked. One of his friends (he does not say

which) had lost himself in the woods, and was missing from

Tuesday to Friday. The great guns had been fired in vain to

direct the wanderer. Some of the people had searched day

and night for him, without success. This report was sent to

Whitefield, and it hurried him away from Frederica. He had

the pleasure, however, on his arrival at Savannah, to find his

"lost sheep."

Here an instance of refusing to read the burial service oc-

curred, which is more creditable to him than its omission in

the case of the poor negro boy. It will be best told in his own

words. "I was obliged to-day to express my resentment

against infidelity, by refusing to read the Burial Office over the

most professed unbeliever I ever yet met with. God was

pleased to visit him with lingering illness; during which I went

to see him frequently. About five weeks ago, I asked him,

what religion he was of? He answered, ‘Religion was of so

many sects, he knew not which to choose.' Another time, I

offered to pray with him; but he would not accept it. Upon

which I resolved to go to see him no more. But being told,

two days before he died, that he had an inclination to see me, I

went again, and after a little conversation, put the following

questions to him: 'Do you believe Jesus Christ to be God,

and the one Mediator between God and man? 'He said,' I

believe Jesus Christ was a good man.' ‘Do you believe the

holy Scriptures?' ‘I believe something of the Old Testa-

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ment: the New, I do not believe at all.' ‘Do you believe,

sir, a judgment to come?' He turned himself about, and re-

plied, 'I know not what to say to that.' 'Alas, sir,' said I —

‘if all these things should be true, what — ?' which words,

I believe, gave him great concern; for he seemed after to be

very uneasy, grew delirious, and in a day or two departed. Un-

happy man — how quickly he was convinced! The day after

his decease he was carried to the ground, and I refused to read

the office over him; — but I went to the grave, and told the

people what had passed between him and me: and, warning all

against infidelity, I asked them, whether I could safely say, —

'As our hope is, this our brother doth?' Upon which, I be-

lieve, they were thoroughly satisfied that I had done right."

This was equally creditable to the preacher and the people!

A few days after this event, Whitefield preached his farewell

sermon at Savannah; it being necessary for him to return to

England. How much he loved and was beloved, although only

"as a wayfaring man turning aside to tarry for a night," may

be judged from his own account. "I preached my farewell

sermon, to the great grief of my dear parishioners, whose hearts

were full as well as mine, which we all showed by many tears.

But a sensible alteration appeared in their countenances, when

I promised them solemnly, before God, to return as soon as

possible."

Next day he went to Charleston, in South Carolina, to em-

bark for England. Gillies says, that Commissary Garden en-

treated him to preach in the church. This is true: but Gar-

den was the ecclesiastical, not the civil, commissary. I mention

this, because his kindness to Whitefield was great at first. It

is thus recorded in the revised journals: "The bishop of Lon-

don's commissary, the Rev. Mr. G. received me very cour-

teously, and offered me a lodging. How does God raise up

friends wherever I go!" Gillies's account will now be better

appreciated: "Mr. G. thanked him most cordially, (he had

preached twice in the church,) and assured him that he would

defend him with his life and property, should the same arbitrary

proceedings commence against him, which Mr. Wesley met

within Georgia. He also said something about the colony

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of Georgia, which much encouraged Whitefield; as if he

thought its flourishing not far off;" and instanced Charleston

"as now fifteen times bigger than when he came there." This

"life and fortune" friend put on a new face afterwards!

Gillies sums up Whitefield's labours in Georgia thus: "It

had been his practice to read prayers and expound (besides

visiting the sick) twice a day. On Sunday, he expounded at

five in the morning; at ten, read prayers and preached; and at

three in the afternoon; and at seven in the evening, he expounded

the Church Catechism. How much easier it is for the clergy

in England, Scotland, and Ireland, to find fault with such a

faithful brother in the ministry, than to follow his example!"

The following note from Whitefield's diary will explain, in

some measure, how he bore the hardships of his perilous voyage

home. "During my stay (in Georgia) the weather was most

intensely hot, burning me almost through my shoes. Seeing

others do it, who were as unable, I determined to inure myself

to hardships, by lying constantly on the ground; which, by use,

I found to be so far from being a hardship, that afterwards it

became so to lie on a bed.'' It was well it did: for all the way

home, he had no bed, until he reached Ireland. Nor was this

his only privation on the voyage. At the outset they were

tossed from "bar to bar," for nearly a fortnight, by contrary

winds. Their provision began to fail before they had accom-

plished a third of the passage: and when they reached Ireland,

they were so worn out by famine and fatigue, that Whitefield

says, "they were weak and hollow-eyed," even in the great cabin.

On landing, however, he soon rallied, and preached with great

power at Limerick and Dublin for some days. The account of

his reception and success will be found in the chapter, "White-

field in Ireland."

CHAPTER IV.

WHITEFIELD'S FIRST GREAT MEASURES IN LONDON, 1739.

These had so much influence upon his subsequent character and

career, that I shall not interrupt their narrative, by his occa-

sional excursions into the country, until his position in the me-

tropolis is fully understood. That was, indeed, influenced by

his proceedings in Bristol and Wales: but he would have be-

come a field preacher, even if he had not begun at Bristol.

He arrived in London again at the close of 1738, after a

perilous voyage. This sudden return was forced upon him;

not sought by him. "I was really happy in my little foreign

cure, and could have cheerfully remained among them, had I

not been obliged to return to England, to receive priest's orders,

and make a beginning towards laying the foundation of the

orphan-house. And thus — the place where I intended to hide

myself in, became, through my being obliged to return for these

purposes, a mean of increasing that popularity which was already

begun; — “but which by me was absolutely unforeseen, and abso-

lutely undesigned."

His diary at sea, written amidst hurricanes and famine, illus-

trates the truth of this explanation. "Had I my own will, I

could wish myself a speedy passage, that I might return the

sooner to those few sheep I have left in Savannah." It was thus

with a single eye and a simple purpose, that Whitefield returned

to London.

The first thing he did on his arrival, was, to wait on the

archbishop of Canterbury, and the bishop of London. Dr. Gil-

lies says, "he was coldly received by them." Whitefield him-

self says, "I met with a favourable reception from both; but

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was not so civilly treated by some of the clergy; for five churches

have been already (in two days) denied me. However, I had an

opportunity of preaching at St. Helen's and at Islington, to

large congregations indeed; and in the evening (of that first

sabbath) I went to a society in Fetter Lane, where we had,

what might not be improperly called, a love feast ; eating a

little bread and water, and spending two hours in singing and

prayers."

It was now Christmas, and he spent almost every evening in

expounding to, and praying with, societies of this kind. On

Christmas eve, he continued the exercise until four in the morn-

ing. "At six," he says, with his characteristic simplicity, "I

went to another in Crutched Friars, and expounded as well as I

could; — but (no wonder !) perceived myself a little oppressed

with drowsiness.” He had been from four till six o'clock that

morning in a large meeting in Red Cross Street; which is me-

morable from the fact, that there, for the first time in his life, he

ventured to pray extempore, "before many witnesses." He

mentions this fact in a note of his diary. "Dec. 25. The first

time I ever prayed extempore, before such a number." Extem-

pore preaching soon followed this prayer!

On new-year's day he writes thus: “Received the holy

sacrament, preached twice, and expounded twice; and found

this the happiest new-year's day that I ever saw. Afterwards

spent the whole night in close prayer, psalms, and thanksgivings,

with the Fetter Lane society." Well might Dr. Gillies say, of

Whitefield and his friends, "religious exercises seemed to be

their meat and drink."

As might be expected, work of this kind offended many. It

was shared, however, for a time, by some of the clergy. "Jan.

5th. Held a conference at Islington, concerning many things of

importance, with seven ministers of Jesus Christ, despised me-

thodists, whom God in his providence brought together. We

continued in fasting and prayer till three o'clock; and then

parted with a full conviction that God was about to do great

things amongst us. Oh that we may be in any way instrumental

to his glory! Oh that he would make the vessels pure and holy;

meet for such a dear Master's use.'"

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Such were Whitefield^s habits, and such the state of his mind,

when he went to Oxford to be ordained a priest. "He was

ordained,” says Gillies, "by his good friend Bishop Benson."

Benson deserved this epithet from Whitefield's biographer. It

is well known, however, that he afterwards repented, for a time,

of having "ever laid his hands upon George Whitefield:" but

he repented of this repentance; and sent, from his dying bed to

Whitefield, a present, with a kind request to be remembered in

his prayers.

The ordinary explanation of all this seems to be warranted

by fact. Benson had been tutor to Lord Huntingdon, and was

thus naturally sent for to reason with the countess, when she

became a methodist. Her Ladyship, however, reasoned with the

bishop; and so plied him with articles and homilies in favour of

her creed, and with the solemn responsibilities of his own office,

that she offended him. "He rose up in haste (says my autho-

rity) to depart, bitterly lamenting that he had ever laid hands

on George Whitefield, to whom he imputed, though without

cause, the change wrought on her Ladyship. She called him

back: ‘My Lord,' said she, 'mark my words: when you come

to your dying bed, that will be one of the few ordinations you

will reflect upon with complacency.'"

As before, Whitefield was deeply affected by his ordination.

He went from the altar to the pulpit that very day, "to begin

to make proof "of his ministry; and preached twice in Oxford,

and expounded at Carfax in the evening, and attended a prayer-

meeting at night.

On his return to London, he was alternately in the pulpit,

and at these private meetings: and it is difficult to say which

of the two spheres of labour had most influence upon his mind

and movements at this time. It was certainly the crowding at

church, that first suggested to him the idea of preaching in the

open air. "When I was informed that nearly a thousand people

stood out in the churchyard, and that hundreds returned home,

this put me first upon thinking of preaching without-doors. I

mentioned it to some friends, who looked upon it as a mad

motion. However, we kneeled down and prayed, that nothing

might be done rashly. Hear and answer, O Lord, for thy

76 Whitefield's life and times.

name's sake." It is evident from this prayer, that Whitefield

himself did not think his design "a mad motion." But still, al-

though a crowded church suggested it, crowded prayer-meetings

produced the spirit of the enterprise. It was by expounding

and praying extempore, that he discovered his own power over

himself and others; and found out that the divine presence

might be calculated upon, whenever the divine glory was con-

sulted. These Pentecostal seasons in private made him feel

through all his soul, that he ought to do everything to win souls,

and that he could do anything he might attempt.

The influence of these meetings upon Whitefield has never

been fully appreciated. They were to him, however, what the

wilderness was to John the Baptist; the school of his spirit.

There he caught the holy and heroic impulse, which prepared

him to challenge the scribes and Pharisees anywhere, and de-

termined him to warn them, in common with publicans and

sinners, everywhere, to "flee from the wrath to come." I might

go further, and without extravagance say, that prayer-meetings

were to Whitefield what the "third heavens" were to Paul; the

finishing school of his ministerial education. He was as much

indebted to them for his unction and enterprise, as to Pembroke

Hall for his learning; or as to the Oxford methodists for his

piety; or as to Benson for his ordination to the priesthood; (for

what other bishop would have laid his hands on him then?)

Wesley also caught the primitive flame of evangelization, in one

of these private societies at Bristol: for until he saw how “the

Spirit moved on the face" of these meetings, he was so tena-

cious of everything relating to clerical order and decorum, that

he would have counted it "almost a sin to save souls out of a

church." Watson, without seeming at all struck by the coinci-

dence, says, "Mr. Wesley first expounded to a little society in

Nicholas Street, — and next day he overcame his scruples, and

preached abroad, on an eminence near Bristol, to more than two

thousand persons! "In all this, indeed, he was only following

the example of Whitefield, who had just preceded him, as well

as proved both the safety and the success of the experiment:

but still if these things encouraged Wesley, it was the social

meeting that convinced and determined him. "I have since''

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he says, "seen abundant reason to adore the wise providence

of God herein, in thus making a way for myriads of people, who

never troubled any church, or were likely to do so, to hear that

word which they soon found the power of God unto salvation."

These facts are as instructive as they are interesting. Private

devotional meetings were thus the cradle of field preaching, as

surely as field preaching was the morning star of England's

second reformation! How often, in grace as in nature, God

hangs the greatest weights on the smallest wires! I mean, on

wires accounted the smallest by the wisdom of this world, and

by the folly of the church: for social prayer-meetings are the

strongest wires in all the machinery of the moral universe. God

hung upon them all the weighty gifts, and all the weightier

grace and glory, of Pentecost! God hung upon them all that

is great and good in the American revivals, and all that is

amazing in the success of foreign missions. It was when the

British churches were as the heart of one man in prayer, that

African slavery was abolished throughout the British domi-

nions. The spiritual destiny of America now hangs on her

prayer-meetings!

It is not a misnomer to call the religious societies, which

Whitefield and Wesley found in London and Bristol, prayer-

meetings. Whitefield often mentions the prayers he united in

before he ventured to pray extempore. Bishop Hopkins and

Dr. Horneck were the authors of them. The members met,

however, for other purposes. They were bound by their rules

to meet weekly, "for good discourse; for the promotion of

schools and catechising; for the relief of the poor; and to dis-

course only on subjects tending to practical holiness, and to

avoid all controversy."

These societies originated in 1667, in consequence of the suc-

cess of Dr. Horneck's ministry, and the morning lectures in

Cornhill; which brought many young men to a very affecting

sense of their sins, and to a very serious way of treating religion.

The meetings were so well conducted, and their influence on

public morals so beneficial, that on the accession of William and

Mary, they were patronized by the queen and a few of the

bishops. They gradually, however, fell into decay. Instead of

78 Whitefield's life and times.

forty in London, which was their number at the beginning of

the eighteenth century, I can only trace about ten in White-

field's journals, in vigorous or healthy action. In these, how-

ever, there was evidently much vital godliness, when Whitefield

began to expound and pray in them. Even his devotional spirit

was improved by them, as well as appreciated in them. They

not only sympathized in all the fervency of his first love, but

also fanned it into the blaze of apostolic zeal. Could there be

better proof of their spiritual health or discernment? How

vividly and fondly he remembered the "times of refreshing from

the presence of the Lord," vouchsafed in these little sanctuaries,

may be judged from the following note in his diary: "Often

have we been filled as with new wine. Often have I seen them

overwhelmed with the divine presence; and crying out. Will

God indeed dwell with men upon earth? How dreadful is this

place! This is no other than the house of God, and the gate of

heaven." He also published a letter to them. Whilst thus

engaged and affected in London, persecution began to assail

him. One clergyman attacked him by a scurrilous pamphlet,

(of which Whitefield merely says, "Thou shalt answer for me,

my Lord and my God,") and others from the pulpit. Gillies

says, "Pulpits rung with invectives against him, and the parish

priests threatened some of their parishioners with prosecutions,

for letting him expound and pray in their houses." Whitefield

himself, however, records only one instance of threatened pro-

secution, in his corrected journals. " Jan. 30th. Expounded

twice on Dowgate Hill, where the people pressed mightily to

come in. The minister of the parish threatens the master of

the house with a prosecution. But, blessed be God, we breathe

in “free air!"

I quote this memorandum for the sake of the closing excla-

mation. He had seen enough of bigotry and intolerance in the

course of one month in London, to turn his attention to the

shields of liberty. Besides, during that month, Whitefield had

visited "some dissenting Christian brethren;" and only a week

before writing his thanksgiving for the "free air" of religious

liberty, he had enjoyed an interview with Dr. Watts, at Stoke

Newington. "Jan. 24. Went to Newington to see Dr. Watts,

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who received me most cordially." This record does not, indeed,

imply that anything passed between him and the dissenters, on

the subject of freedom; but still the coincidence is remarkable,

because none of his former visits with dissenters drew forth any

apostrophe to liberty. Then, however, he was only personally

assailed; but now that his converts were threatened with prose-

cutions, nothing was more likely to lead his thoughts to the

subject, than a visit to Dr. Watts, even if nothing was said on

the subject. For Whitefield could not but see that he must

soon need for himself and his adherents, the whole panoply of

toleration, if he preached in the open air: and that, he had

made up his mind to do, two days before he penned his apos-

trophe. "Jan. 28th, Sunday. Received the sacrament at

Crooked Lane church: afterwards went and preached at Iron-

monger's Alms-houses — not doubting, but there would be hun-

dreds more than the chapel would hold. I took two written

sermons with me — one for within — and the other for without.

But to my surprise (he might have said disappointment, for he

wished to get out!) found no more than could conveniently hear

me from the pulpit." In the course of a few days, he also ex-

horted the society at Dowgate Hill, particularly, "not to forsake

the assembling of themselves together, notwithstanding the

people of the house had been threatened with a prosecution."

Thus, wherever Whitefield caught the love of religious liberty,

he soon both cherished and spread the sacred flame, when into-

lerance menaced his friends.

In the space of a fortnight from this time, Whitefield was

preaching to the Bristol colliers, on Hannam Mount, at Rose

Green; and on the twenty-seventh of April, he preached in

Islington churchyard. The churchwarden of Islington had de-

manded him to produce his licence, although he went there by

the vicar's appointment, to officiate. "For peace' sake, I de-

clined preaching in the church; and after the communion,

preached in the churchyard; being assured my Master now

called me out here, as well as at Bristol." Next day he writes

thus: "Preached again in Islington churchyard, to a congre-

gation nearly as large again as yesterday. The second lesson

was very applicable; being Acts xxv. I can say with St. Paul,

80 Whitefield's life and times.

‘Neither against the temple, nor against Caesar, have I done any

thing;' and yet I am cast out and reviled as an evil-doer: but

the Scriptures must be fulfilled — 'If they have persecuted Me,

they will also persecute you.'" The people must have been

struck by this coincidence: for they had given Whitefield a

collection for his orphan-house, amounting to £22, only a few

weeks before; and nothing had happened in the interval to dis-

qualify him for the pulpit, but field preaching; and that had

not startled the vicar. The fact is, Stonehouse, the vicar, was

friendly to the methodists, and disliked by the heads of the

parish. I have seen some of his sermons, the fidelity of which

is almost ferocious.

At this time, too, all London was ringing with the announce-

ment, that Whitefield would preach next day (Sunday) in Moor-

fields. "The thing being new and singular," says Gillies,

"he found, on coming out of the coach, an incredible number

of people assembled. Many had told him that he should never

come out of that place alive. He went in, however, between

two friends, who by the pressure of the crowd were soon parted

from him entirely, and obliged to leave him to the mercy of the

rabble. But these, instead of hurting him, formed a lane for

him, and carried him along to the middle of the fields, where a

table had been placed, (which was broken in pieces by the

crowd,) and afterwards back again to the wall that then parted

the upper and lower Moorfields; from which he preached with-

out molestation, to an exceeding great multitude, in the lower

fields."

This is not too oratorically told for the greatness of the occa-

sion. That was worthy of a more graphic and glowing pen,

than has yet tried to depict the scene. Whitefield himself, how-

ever, summed up the whole matter, in his corrected journals,

thus: "Sunday, April 29. Begun to be yet more vile this day;

for I preached at Moorfields to an exceeding great multitude:

and, at five in the evening, went and preached at Kennington

Common, where upwards of twenty thousand people were sup-

posed to be present. The wind being for me, it carried my voice

to the extremest part of the audience. All stood attentive, and

joined in the psalm and the Lord's prayer so regularly, that I

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scarce ever preached with more quietness in a church. Many

were much affected.

For this — let men revile my name,

I'd shun no cross, I'd fear no shame,

All hail, reproach, and welcome, pain!

Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain."

Such was his own bulletin of this "great field day,” when he

wrote for posterity: — for this is part of his autobiography.

When he wrote for his public journals, he merely said, "Preach-

ed in the morning at Moorfields to an exceeding great multi-

tude." Then, as if he had done no great thing, he adds,

"Went to Christ Church, and heard Dr. Trapp preach most

virulently against me and my friends, from these words,

‘Be not righteous over-much.' God gave me great serenity

of mind; but, alas, the preacher was not so calm as I wished

him."

It is remarkable that none of his letters, at this time, refer to

the enterprise. Two days before it, he wrote to a friend, "To-

day my Master, by his providence and Spirit, compelled me to

preach in the churchyard of Islington. To-morrow I am to

repeat that mad trick, and on Sunday to go out into Moorfields.

I preach until I sweat through and through." Even his diary

contains nothing on the subject, but the following simple note:

"Words cannot well express the glorious displays of divine

grace, which we saw, and heard of, and felt," this day. He

had, however, a decided opinion upon both the measure and its

success. "All agreed," he says, "that it was never seen on

this ways before. I hope a good inroad has been made into the

devil's kingdom this day. Lord, not unto me, but unto thy

name be all the glory." Journals.

Even all this, with all the prospects which it must have

opened of London as a sphere for vast usefulness, did not divert

nor divide Whitefield's heart from his "poor orphans or his

little flock" in the colony; for on the very day after, he refused

to preach at all, that he might devote himself to their interests.

"April 30. Received letters from Georgia this evening, telling

me of the affairs of the colony. They have a melancholy aspect

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at present; but our extremity is God's opportunity. Lord, thou

callest me: lo, I come!"

"For several months after this," says Gillies, "Moorfields,

Kennington Common, and Blackheath, were the chief scenes of

action. At a moderate computation, the auditories often con-

sisted of above twenty thousand. It is said their singing could

be heard two miles off, and his voice nearly a mile. Sometimes

there were upwards of a hundred coaches, besides waggons,

scaffolds, and other contrivances, which persons let out for the

convenience of the audience." The rising ground on Black-

heath, from which Whitefield preached, is still known as

"Whitefield's Mount." After his death, one of his noble friends

(I believe) planted it with fir-trees. Many spots in the coun-

try, also, are thus hallowed by his name; and of these, none is

more hallowed than a field at Gornal in Staffordshire. When

I visited that "hill of Zion," Whitefield's park was the first

object pointed out to me, although the hill of Gornal is crown-

ed with the most complete establishment for religious instruc-

tion I have ever seen in a rural district. The reason was ob-

vious: Whitefield had laid the foundation of that establishment.

And Gornal is just the spot that was sure to arrest him! He

could not have looked down from that mount, into the vast cup

of the surrounding valley, without weeping over the population.

He must have wished his mighty voice mightier, that he might

cry down to them all! He did what he could; — set a lamp upon

the hill.

But to return to the metropolis. He was much disappointed

and grieved to find that, notwithstanding all the money he had

formerly obtained for the London charities, he was not allowed

to collect for Georgia, except in a few churches. He had,

therefore, to carry his "begging case" into the fields with him.

Gillies says, "Having no other method to take, he was obliged

to collect for the orphan-house in the fields, or not at all, which

was humbling to himself, and to the friends who assisted him

in that work; but the readiness with which the people gave,

and the prayers they put up while throwing in their mites, were

very encouraging." They were so: for he thus obtained up-

wards of a thousand pounds for his orphan-house. He himself

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says, "The readiness with which the people gave is inexpressi-

ble: for I think they could not have expressed more earnest-

ness, or taken more pains, had they all been to have received

an alms. One sign this, I hope, that the word of God has

taken hold of their hearts."

On one occasion he collected in Moorfields, £52 19s. 6d.,

"of which, above twenty pounds was in halfpence." On an-

other, at Kennington, sixteen, of £47, was in copper. He

says, "I was one of the collectors; and methinks it would

have delighted almost anyone to have seen with what eager-

ness the people came up both sides of the eminence on which I

stood, and afterwards to the coach doors, to throw in their

mites! "He saw, however, how all this would seem to the

Pharisees, and anticipated them thus, in his public journal:

"Preached to nearly sixty thousand people in Moorfields, and

collected £29 175. 5d. and came home deeply humbled with a

sense of what God had done for my soul. I doubt not but

many self-righteous bigots, when they see me spreading out my

hands to offer Jesus Christ freely to all, are ready to cry out, —

'How glorious did the Reverend Mr. Whitefield look to-day,

when, neglecting the dignity of a clergyman, he stood venting

his enthusiastic ravings in a gown and cassock, and collecting

mites from the poor people!' But if this be vile. Lord, grant

that I may be more vile! Ye scoffers, mock on: I rejoice, yea,

and will rejoice." (He calls them "Pharisees," in his public

journal; but in his Life, he calls them bigots and scoffers.)

On this memorable day, he received the first letter from

Ralph Erskine, "a field preacher of the Scots church, and a

noble soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ," as he calls him then.

He had added to this record, in his public journal, "Oh that

all that are truly zealous knew one another! It must greatly

strengthen each other's hands." Whitefield, however, did not

find all he expected from this mutual knowledge; and therefore

excluded the whole record from his revised journals, in 1756.

By that time, he knew more about the Erskines; and though

he still venerated their Christian character highly, he was too

honest to compliment their spirit.

Amongst other coincidences in this memorable week, none

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gratified him more than the grant of five hundred acres of land

to himself and his successors forever, for the use of the orphan-

house, by the honourable trustees for Georgia. "They re-

ceived me with the utmost civility, and agreed to everything I

asked." This, be it remembered, was done at the very time

when all the city was moved by his "mad trick" in the fields;

and he returned the compliment to the Honourable Board, by

leaving them, to preach that evening to twenty thousand people

at Kennington, where (judging from the collection after the

sermon) he seems to have mentioned the grant made to him in

the morning. "At night," he says, "my heart was so full,

that I could not well speak. I could only pour it out in awful

silence. Oh the happiness of communion with God!"

It was also at the height and heat of this crisis, that he en-

gaged a passage for himself and eleven others, on board the

Elizabeth, to Pennsylvania; that he might preach the gospel

and provide for the orphan-house, on his way to Georgia: — so

little was Whitefield's original purpose affected by his popu-

larity. In fact, he never lost sight of it for a moment; for the

delay in sailing arose from an embargo.

A singular incident occurred at this time, which Whitefield

has recorded at considerable length in his journals. A young

man, Joseph Periam, who had read his sermon on Regenera-

tion, and been impressed by it, prayed so loud, and fasted so

long, and sold ''all he had" so literally, that his family sent

him to Bethlehem mad-house. There he was treated as metho-

distically mad, and as "one of Whitefield's gang." The keepers

threw him down, and thrust a key into his mouth, that they

might drench him with medicine. He was then placed in a

cold room, without windows, and with a damp cellar under it.

Periam, however, found some way of conveying a letter to

Whitefield, requesting both advice and a visit. Both were

promptly given. Whitefield soon discovered that Periam was

not mad; and, taking Mr. Seward and some other friends with

him, he went before the committee of the hospital to explain

the case. Seward seems to have been the chief speaker; and

he so astounded the committee by quoting Scripture, that they

pronounced him as mad as the young man! It must have been

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a ludicrous scene. The doctors told the whole deputation

frankly, that, in their opinion, Whitefield and his followers were

"really beside themselves." It was, however, agreed that if

Whitefield would take Periam out to Georgia, a release would

be granted. Thus the conference ended; and the young man

went out as a schoolmaster at the orphan-house. There he

was useful and exemplary to the last; and when he died, two of

his sons were received into the school.

Whilst the embargo continued, Whitefield made some run-

ning excursions into the country, with great success. Before

leaving London, however, he went to St. Paul's, with the Fet-

ter Lane society, and received the sacrament as "a testimony,"

he says, "that we adhered to the church of England." He was

perfectly sincere in this; but many churchmen thought it a

strange adherence, when he went from St. Paul's to Moorfields

and Kennington Common, and preached to 30,000 people! This

was adherence to Christ and Paul only.

After spending a week about Northamptonshire, where Dod-

dridge received him "most courteously," he returned to London,

and added Hackney Fields to the list of his preaching stations.

There he made that tremendous attack upon "the impiety of

the letter-learned teachers, who count the doctrine of the new

birth enthusiasm," which drew upon him the wrath of the

clergy. "I could not help," he says, "exposing the impiety of

these vile teachers, who say we are not now to receive the Holy

Ghost. Out of your own mouths I will condemn you, ye blind

guides! Did you not, at the time of ordination, tell the bishop

that you — were inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost, to take

upon you the administration of the church? Surely at that

time you acted the part of Ananias and Sapphira over again.

Surely, says Bishop Burnet, you lied not only unto man but

unto God."

This is the revised form of the charge. As he first published

it, he did not quote Burnet, nor use the word "vile." That

word he substituted for the epithet "letter-learned," because

Warburton and others represented him as a despiser of learning.

The first answer given to his sermon on Regeneration, was

by Tristram Land, A. M. curate of St. James's, Garlickhithe.

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Whitefield deemed it unworthy of notice. I do not. It is a

fair specimen of the general tone of sentiment and feeling at the

time. It was written in 1737, although not published ("for

private reasons") until 1739; by which time, Whitefield and

Wesley had compelled theologians, at least, to mask their bat-

tery somewhat, in assailing the doctrine of the new birth,

Tristram, however, has nothing to conceal. With inimitable

inanity and frankness, he says to Whitefield, "I hope you'll

please to alter your practice, and no longer preach up the ne-

cessity of the new birth, until you better understand the nature

and commencement of it: for to tell Christians they must be

born again, who in the soundest sense were born again in their

infancy, is, at least, a great impropriety. And besides, your

time would be much better spent, after having given so much

just occasion of offence to your brethren, if, instead of rege-

neration, you insist more upon repentance and amendment."

"You tell your readers, 'It is plain beyond all contradiction,

that comparatively but few of those that are born of water are

born of the Spirit likewise; or, to use another Scriptural way of

speaking, many of those that are baptized with water, are

not effectually, at least, baptized with the Holy Ghost.' But

prithee, Sir, attend now to these few following places which I

set before you, to confront your ill-grounded assertion." Tris-

tram then quotes the Office of Baptism, and the Rubrick at the

end of it, and adds triumphantly, "All this, Sir, I take to be

direct evidence against you, not to be evaded by the word ‘effec-

tually,' with which you thought proper to guard your assertion.

All the members of our church were baptized in infancy. She

declares them regenerate; and gives hearty thanks to God, that

it has pleased him to regenerate such infants with his Holy

Spirit. The church supposes they have already been born again,

and so does not command them to be baptized or born again

a second time: for to be born more than once in a spiritual

sense, is just as impossible as to be born twice in a natural.

"Perhaps, Sir, at another opportunity, I may make it my

business to point out some more mistakes in your writings and

conduct; but if I should not, I dare say you'll excuse your

humble servant, Tristram Land."

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When Whitefield read this letter, he wrote in his diary,

"Thou shalt answer for me, O Lord." He saw that it was

unanswerable, if the Office of Baptism, and the Catechism, be

true; and he was not prepared then to impeach them by name.

The clergy seem to have been ashamed of the bald defence

published by this honest — "Fellow of Clare Hall, Cambridge:"

for Whitefield's next opponent, on this subject, was no less a

person than Dr. Stebbing, his Majesty's chaplain in ordinary,

and preacher to the honourable society of Gray's Inn. (At

both Gray's and Lincoln's Inn, sermons against Whitefield and

Wesley seem to have been popular amongst the lawyers, and

means of obtaining preferment at court. See Warburton's.)

Dr. Stebbing's sermon, entitled "A Caution against Religious

Delusion," went through two or three editions in 1739. It is

the production of a scholar and a gentleman; and so far of a

divine too, that it is silent on the subject of baptismal regener-

ation. Indeed, it is a dexterous attempt to prove, that the

new birth is only another expression for "the new man," which

is, the Doctor says, the figurative name of "practical right-

eousness." This sermon the bishop of Gloucester sent to

Whitefield, with a kind letter of caution and advice. The let-

ter itself he answered with equal firmness and courtesy; but

the Doctor, without ceremony. "Dr. Stebbing's sermon (for

which I thank your Lordship) confirms me more and more in

my opinion, that I ought to be instant in season and out of sea-

son. For to me, he seems to know no more of the true nature

of regeneration, than Nicodemus did, when he came to Jesus

by night. Your Lordship may observe, that he does not speak

a word of original sin, or the dreadful consequences of our fall

in Adam, upon which the doctrine of the new birth is entirely

founded. No; like other polite preachers, he seems to think

that St. Paul's description of the wickedness of the heathen, is

only to be referred to past ages: whereas, I affirm, we are all

included under the guilt and consequences of sin, as much as

they were; — and if any man preach any other doctrine, he shall

bear his punishment, whosoever he be.

"Again, my Lord, the Doctor entirely mistakes us, when we

talk of the sensible manifestations of the Holy Ghost. In-

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deed, I know not that we use the word sensible: but, if we do,

we do not mean that God's Spirit does manifest itself to our

senses, but that it may be perceived by the soul, as really as any

sensible impression made upon the body. But to disprove this,

the Doctor brings our Lord's allusion to the wind; which is

one of the best texts to prove it; for if the analogy of our

Lord's discourse be carried on, it amounts to this much, — ‘that

although the operations of the Spirit can no more be accounted

for, than how the wind cometh, and whither it goeth, yet may

they as easily be felt by the soul, as the wind by the body.

But he understands us as the carnal Jews understood Christ,

when He talked of giving them that bread which came down

from heaven. But the Doctor, and the rest of my reverend

brethren, are welcome to judge of me as they please. Yet a

little while, and we shall all appear before the great Shepherd of

our souls!"

We can scarcely appreciate now the value of this solemn and

decided stand for the truth as it is in Jesus. Had Whitefield

conceded an iota to Stebbing, he would have stultified his

grand object. Regeneration by the Holy Spirit had to be

maintained by its champion then, as Luther fought for justifi-

cation by faith; — giving no quarter to the vulgar or the refined

opponents of it. Stebbing's sermon could do no injury now.

It is even calculated to do real good, wherever more stress is

laid upon strong emotions, than upon personal holiness; but

then, it was as much a moral “go-by” to the question, as bap-

tism was a ceremonial one. Whitefield had, therefore, no alter-

native but to abandon the necessity of spiritual conversion, or to

refute Stebbing.

His next opponent, at this time, was the bishop of London,

who made him, he says, "the chief subject matter" of a pastoral

letter. That letter charges him with "professing to plant and

propagate a new gospel, unknown to the generality of ministers

and people, in a Christian country." Whitefield, very properly,

admits the charge. "Mine is a new gospel — and will be always

unknown to the generality, if your Lordship's clergy follow

your Lordship's directions. Your Lordship exhorts your clergy

to preach justification by faith alone — and quotes the 11th Ar-

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ticle of our church, which tells us, we are justified by faith only,

and not for our works or deservings: 'at the same time, — your

Lordship bids them' explain it in such a manner, as to leave

no doubt upon their minds, whether good works are a necessary

condition of their being justified in the sight of God.' Your

Lordship, in my opinion, could not well be guilty of a greater

inconsistency. This, my Lord, is truly a new gospel! It is

as contrary to the doctrine of the church of England, as light is

contrary to darkness."

This reply, happily, committed Whitefield as fully upon the

question of justification, as his letter to the bishop of Glouces-

ter had upon the question of regeneration: for, until Gibson's

Letter appeared, Whitefield himself had but confused notions of

the subject. But the bishop's errors made him aware of his

own mistakes. In his early sermons, he had used such expres-

sions as, "washing away the guilt of sin, by the tears of a sin-

cere repentance, joined with faith in the blood of Christ;"

"depending on the righteousness of Christ imputed to and

inherent in" us; "things necessary to qualify us for being

savingly in Christ." The fact is, he had not "read a single

book on the doctrine of free justification," when he began to

preach. "No wonder, then," he says, "that I was not so clear

in some points, at my first setting out. I think it no dishonour

to retract some expressions that dropped from my pen, before

God gave me a more clear knowledge of the doctrines of grace.

St. Austin, I think, did so before me." A Letter to some Church

Members of the Presbyterian Persuasion. New York, 1740. Both

American and Scotch presbyterians helped to teach him "the

way of God more perfectly," at this time. Dr. Watts also had

some influence upon him, about this time; although less than

he wished. The Doctor did not, indeed, take any public part in

the controversy; but he ‘privately sustained Bishop Gibson, and

thus placed himself in a false position, which forever after pre-

vented him from being more than the private friend of White -

field. The bishop had sent him a copy of his Pastoral Letter

against Whitefield: and, in answer to it, he says, "Your Lord-

ship's distinction of the ordinary and extraordinary influences

of the Holy Spirit is so very necessary, that I think the New

90 Whitefield's life and times.

Testament cannot be understood without it: and I wish Mr.

Whitefield would not have risen above any pretence to the ordi-

nary influence, unless he could have given better evidences of it.

He has acknowledged to me in conversation, that it is such an

impression upon his own mind, that he knows to be divine,

though he cannot give me any convincing proof of it.

"I said many things to warn him of the danger of delusion,

and to guard him against the irregularities and imprudences

which youth and zeal might lead him into; and told him plainly,

that though I believed him very sincere, and desiring to do good

to souls, yet I was not convinced of any extraordinary call he

had to some parts of his conduct: — and he seemed to take this

free discourse in a very candid manner." Milner's Life of Watts,

p. 638. In an evil hour this was written; for however true, it

was ill timed. No matter that the letter contains some faith-

ful remonstrances to the bishop, about his clergy: it contains

none against Gibson's "new gospel," as Whitefield well calls

it; and it abets him (unintentionally, indeed) in confounding

regeneration with the extraordinary influences of the Spirit.

For that was the real point at issue between Gibson and White-

field. Accordingly, Gibson took the letter in good part. He

wrote thus: "Good Sir, it had been well for Mr. Whitefield, if

he had taken the wise advice and cautions you gave him: but

from the time that men imagine themselves singled out by God

for extraordinary purposes, and in consequence of that, to be

guided by extraordinary impulses and operations, all human

advice is lost upon them. — I am, with great affection and esteem,

your very faithful servant, Edm. Lond."

Watts did not see the bearing of all this; but it so committed

him upon the bishop's side of the question, that he could not

espouse Whitefield's side of it publicly, even when that was no

longer encumbered with crude notions of impulses and im-

pressions.

This incident deserves far more consideration than it has ever

received. It is often asked, with wonder, why the orthodox

dissenters of that time did not rally around Whitefield, and

open their pulpits to him, when he was excluded from the

churches? The author of the "Life and Times of Watts" says,

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"The co-operation of such men as Watts and Doddridge was

forfeited by the want of a conciliating spirit, and the good will

they tendered was lost by causeless and imprudent reflections"

(on the part of the methodists). "When their churches were

denounced as companies of banded formalists, — when their min-

isters were proclaimed as feeding the flock with husks, instead

of salutary food, — it is not surprising if the majority stood aloof,

or retired disgusted by the exhibition of such censoriousness."

But what has all this tirade against the methodists to do with

Whitefield? He never spoke in this manner or spirit against

Watts or Doddridge. He revered and loved both from the first.

Milner surely does not mean, when he says that "Whitefield in

middle age saw his error," that this was the "youthful intem-

perance he acknowledged." He did acknowledge, with great

candour and self-condemnation, that he had spoken both hastily

and harshly of many ministers. For this he publicly asked

pardon of God and man. But it was never of such men as Watts

and Doddridge, and especially not of these men, he had ever

been an accuser. Indeed, both of them had said of him what

was not exactly kind or wise, however well meant. Doddridge

called him "a very weak man," though "very honest;" and,

"a little intoxicated with popularity." He might also have

found "a more excellent way" of appeasing the brethren who

were "angry" with him for the respect he showed to Whitefield,

than by saying to Coward's trustees, "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 that

bears up the whole interest of religion among us." Letters to

Dr. Wood and Nath. Neal, Esq. vol. iv. This was playing too

far into the hands of Whitefield's dissenting opponents, just as

Watts conceded too much to Gibson. Watts went so far in his

courtesy to the bishop, as to tell him, not only how to "make

all the Whitefield’s less regarded, and less dangerous to the

church," but also how "to lessen separation" from the church:

"Induce the ministers under your care, to preach and converse

among their people with that evangelical spirit, that zeal for the

honour of God and the success of the gospel, and with that com-

passion for the souls of men, that your Lordship so much

92 Whitefield's life and times.

approves and advises in your pious and excellent charge."

Milner, p. 639.

All this may surprise some: but the fact is, that the dissenters

of these times were, in their own way, almost as great sticklers

for "order " as the bishops. Field preaching was as alarming to

the board as to the bench. The primate would have as soon

quitted his throne, as a leading nonconformist his desk, to

preach from a horse-block or a table, in the open air. Indeed,

aggression was no part of the character of dissent, in these days.

No wonder! Dissenters had been so long persecuted even in

their secluded and obscure chapels, that they were glad to sit

still under their vine and their fig-tree; thankful for their own

safety, and neither daring nor dreaming to go into the high-

ways or hedges. It was methodism made dissent aggressive

upon the strong holds of Satan. Indeed, until the chief of them

were carried by storm, by Whitefield and Wesley, dissenters

must have dreaded all co-operation with methodism, as perilous

to their own peace and safety. They did. Accordingly, all the

remonstrances addressed to Doddridge, by Coward's trustees

and the London ministers, harp chiefly upon the string, that the

church will not think so well of the dissenting interest, if she see

it countenancing Whitefield. Doddridge nobly despised this

fear; but still, it was long and deeply felt by many of the non-

conformists. This was not, however, their only reason. They

did fear for their own standing with the church; but they feared

more for the ark of God; which, they thought, was in danger of

being "swallowed up in a sea of deism," if the enthusiasm of

methodism obtained countenance "from prudent Christians."

See Neal’s Letters to Doddridge, vol. iv.

Do I then regret that Whitefield was not adopted by the

dissenters, when the church cast him out? No, in nowise! They

would have spoiled him by their orderliness; and he might have

confused them by his splendid irregularities. Ralph Erskine

well said to Whitefield, "I see a beauty in the providence of

your being in communion with the English church: otherwise,

such great confluences from among them had not attended your

ministry; nor, consequently, reaped the advantage which so

many have done." Fraser’s Life of R. Erskine,

Whitefield's life and times. 93

The Scotch dissenters, the Seceders, would, indeed, have

gladly adopted Whitefield, if they could have had a monopoly

of his labour: but they, too, were better without him. His re-

action upon the secession in Scotland, as upon the dissenters of

England, multiplied and strengthened both eventually, far more

than his exclusive services could have done.

This digression, though long, and somewhat out of place, will

be found useful in its bearings upon his future positions. At

this time, however, whilst doctors differed, he carried the great

questions at issue into the midst of "multitudes, multitudes in

the valley of decision!" He also preached frequently in the

church at Bexley, and administered the sacrament. The vicar

of Bexley, Mr. Peers, was much attached to him; but was com-

pelled at last, by the diocesan, to deny him the use of the pulpit.

But the good man went no further than the letter of the injunc-

tion: he employed Whitefield in the desk, and at the altar, when

he could no longer admit him into the pulpit. "Read prayers

and assisted in administering the sacrament at Bexley church.

Many came from far, and expected to hear me." The pulpit

being denied, "I preached in the afternoon, in Justice D.'s yard,

to about three hundred people; and in the evening, at Black-

heath, to upwards of twenty thousand, on these words, 'And

they cast him out.' I recommended to the people the example

of the blind beggar, and reminded them to prepare for a gather-

ing storm!"

A few days before this expulsion from the pulpit at Bexley,

he had introduced Mr. Wesley to Blackheath. This afforded him

great pleasure. He regarded it "as another fresh inroad made

into Satan's kingdom," that his "honoured and reverend friend,

Mr. John Wesley," was "following him in field preaching in

London, as well as in Bristol." "The Lord give him ten

thousand times more success than he has given me."

Next week, when he himself went to preach at Blackheath in

the evening, instead of twenty or thirty thousand people as usual,

there were not one thousand. This arose from a report that

Whitefield was dead. He does not explain the report in any

of his journals; but merely says of it, "Wherever I came, I

found people much surprised and rejoiced to see me alive."

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Next night, however, the heath was again swarming with

thousands.

On the following day he went on a tour into Gloucestershire,

for nearly a month. During his absence, the work was carried

on by his "honoured friend and fellow-labourer, Charles Wes-

ley." On his return, he says, "The poor souls were ready to

leap for joy," at Kennington Common. At Moorfields, "A

greater power than ever was amongst us. I collected £24 17s.

for the school-house at Kingswood."

Whitefield little knew, whilst thus occupied, how narrowly

his life had escaped at Basingstoke, two days before. He had,

indeed, been told by one, as he went out to preach in a field,

that he "should not go alive out of Basingstoke;" but he

heeded not the threat, as he had claimed protection from the

mayor. He would not, perhaps, have thought of it again, had

not a quaker, at whose house he slept, sent the following letter:

"I am truly glad that thou wert preserved out of the hands of

cruel and unreasonable men. Thou heardst of the threatenings

of many; but the malice and blind zeal of some went further.

For hadst thou went to my friend H to bed, or elsewhere

towards that part of the town, (which I believe was expected,)

there were ten or twelve men lying in wait to do thee a private

mischief: which I know by the testimony of one of those very

men; who boasted to me — 'We would have given him a secret

blow, and prevented him making disturbances.’ This confession

came out to me in the warmth of his zeal; as thinking, perhaps,

that I could hate, at least, if not destroy, (like him,) all that

were not of my own party." Revised Journals.

Gillies has not mentioned this escape. He merely refers to

the "groundless fictions," then afloat, about Whitefield's mur-

der or wounds; for report killed or wounded him, whenever he

left London for a few days. Gillies has, however, marked a

coincidence which, although I durst not have noticed in the

way he has done, I dare not altogether suppress. He says,

"The bishop of London laid hold of this occasion for publishing

a charge to his clergy, to avoid the extremes of enthusiasm and

lukewarmness." And that the charge was ill-timed, and cal-

culated to endanger Whitefield, cannot be doubted; for he was

Whitefield's life and times. 95

made, as he himself says, "the chief subject matter" of it,

and thus held up to public odium; but it certainly was not

intended to injure him, except in his reputation and influence.

Bishops, however, should take care how they bark, when *curs*

are inclined to bite. Well might Whitefield say at this crisis,

"People wonder at me, that I should talk of persecution, now

the world is become Christian: but, alas, were Jesus Christ to

come down from heaven at this time, he would be treated as

formerly. And whoever goes forth to preach the gospel in his

Spirit, must expect the same treatment as his first apostles

met with. Lord, prepare us for all events."

But if he saw danger, he did not shrink from it. In one

instance, at this time, he almost courted insult, as well as ex-

posed himself to it. Having heard that there was to be a

horse-race at Hackney Marsh, he says, "I appointed, pur-

posely, to preach there, because the race was to be in the same

field." He did preach to ten thousand people; and "very few

left the sermon:" some who did, "returned back quickly,"

and them he addressed personally. This was certainly im-

prudent. The whole affair, however, passed off quietly.

Marybone Fields and Stoke Newington Common then be-

came the chief scene of his labours, until his embarkation: and

they were scenes of triumph. Many scoffers were arrested and

overpowered by the gospel, and more formalists roused to flee

from the wrath to come. He himself has not hazarded any

computation of the precise number of avowed converts, won

by field preaching, in and around London; but, judging from

the time he spent in speaking with the awakened, during the

intervals of preaching, and from the letters and notes he ac-

knowledges, the numbers must have been great. He says in

his revised journal, at the close of this grand campaign to win

souls, "Great things God has already done: for it is unknown

how many have come to me under strong convictions of their

fallen state; desiring to be (more) awakened to a sense of sin,

and giving thanks for the benefits God has imparted to them

by the ministry of his word." His last sermon, before leaving

London to embark, brought so many of these amongst the

crowd at Kennington Common, and they were so "exceedingly

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affected," that he was "almost prevented from making any ap-

plication " of the subject. But whatever was the number of his

converts then, Toplady, who was not inclined to give an ex-

aggerated answer to the question, "Are there many that be

saved?" gave Whitefield credit for having been, in the course

of his entire ministry, useful to "tens of thousands besides "

himself.

CHAPTER V.

WHITEFIELD’S FIRST VISITS TO THE COUNTRY.

Whatever disadvantages may attend the mode in which I

trace the first labours and influence of Whitefield, the divisions

I have adopted will enable the reader to follow him without

effort or confusion and to judge fairly of each of his successive

spheres; many of which were very dissimilar however much

alike were the effects of his preaching in them. Besides, it is

much easier to realize the changes which passed upon his spirit

as he moved from country to country, and from spot to spot, in

the glory or gloom of circumstances, than to realize places,

however vividly characterized; for they seldom gave a cha-

racter to his preaching. I mean, that he did not exactly adapt

himself to localities; but came into a new field in the spirit he

had left the old one. He preached "the common salvation"

everywhere, although with varied power. According to "the

brook in the way," he "lifted up the head." He came to

London under the Bristol impulse; and he embarked for

America under the London impulse. This is evident from his

journals. He had no plans, but for winning souls; and these,

although they could never be set aside by circumstances, could

be inflamed by them. Accordingly, whilst the vessel was de-

tained in the river or on the coast, he was never idle. Wherever

he could land, he preached; and when on board, he read prayers

and expounded daily; just as might be expected from a man

fresh from the impulses of London.

His work in England, as distinguished from London and its

immediate vicinity, began on his return from Georgia; and

then, he was full of his orphan school: an institution which, if

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it did little for the colony, led him to do much for the mother

country! Humanly speaking, but for that school, and the col-

lege he intended to graft upon it, Whitefield would never have

traversed England as he did, nor visited Scotland so often. It

compelled him to travel, and inspired him to preach. It was

his hobby, certainly; but by riding it well, he made it like

"the white horse " of the Apocalypse, the means of going "forth

conquering and to conquer."

Having been ordained a priest at Oxford, and received a

"liberal benefaction" from the bishop of Gloucester for Georgia,

his first visit was to Windsor. There he could find only a

school-room to expound in; but such was the impression made

by his address, that he exclaimed on leaving, " Not unto me, O

Lord, not unto me; but unto thy name be all the glory."

Next morning he went to Basingstoke, and expounded to

about a hundred very attentive hearers, in the dining-room of

the inn; but on the evening of the next day, the crowd outside

was noisy, and threw stones at the windows. This roused

Whitefield's zeal and the curiosity of the town. On the fol-

lowing day, he had three large rooms nearly filled; and

although some interrupted him, many were so struck and over-

awed, that they said they would "never oppose again."

At this time he visited and revisited Dummer, where he had

once been so useful and happy amongst the poor. "I found,"

says he, that "they had not forgotten their former love. We

took exceeding sweet counsel, prayed, and sang psalms, and eat

our bread with gladness and singleness of heart. How did

Jesus comfort us by the way! *Monstrare nequeo sentio tan-*

*tum*! Lord, melt down my frozen heart, with a sense of thy

unmerited love."

From Dummer he went to Salisbury, and there visited "an

old disciple, Mr. Wesley's mother;" but found no opportunity

for preaching. He then went to Bath, with the hope of preach-

ing in the abbey church for the orphan-house, the trustees

having obtained leave of the bishop; but Dr. C. would not

permit him. "He was pleased" (so Whitefield expresses it) " to

\* See Letter 51. Works, vol. 1.

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give me an absolute refusal to preach either on that or any

other occasion, without a positive order from the king or the

bishop. I asked him his reasons. He said he was not obliged

to give me any. I therefore withdrew, and reached Bristol."

There a welcome awaited him; and he felt the difference.

"Who can express the joy with which I was received?" It

was not long, however, unmixed joy. He was refused the use

of Redcliffe church, although he had the promise of it. The

clergyman pretended that "he could not lend his church with-

out a special order from the chancellor." Whitefield, with his

usual promptitude, put this excuse to the test at once. “I im-

mediately waited on the chancellor, who told me frankly, that

he would neither give positive leave, nor would he prohibit any

one that should lend me a church; but he would advise me to

withdraw to some other place, till he heard from the bishop,

and not to preach on any other occasion. I asked him his rea-

sons. He answered, — ‘Why will you press so hard upon me?

The thing has given general dislike.' I replied, 'Not the orphan-

house; even those that disagree with me in other particulars,

approve of that. And as for the gospel — when was it preached

without dislike?'

"Soon after this I waited upon the reverend the dean, who

received me with great civility. When I had shown him my

Georgia accounts, and answered him a question or two about

the colony, I asked him, whether there could be any just ob-

jection against my preaching in churches for the orphan-house?

After a pause for a considerable time, he said, he could not

tell. Somebody knocking at the door, he replied, 'Mr. White-

field, I will give you an answer some other time: now I expect

company.' ‘Will you be pleased to fix any time. Sir,' said I.

'I will send to you,' says the dean. O Christian simplicity,

whither art thou fled?"

Whitefield himself fled, that afternoon, to the Newgate of

Bristol, and obtained the jailer's permission to preach there to

the prisoners. "I preached a sermon on the Penitent Thief,

and collected fifteen shillings for them." On the following

sabbath he preached at St. Werburgh's church to a large au-

dience. Even St. Mary Redcliffe was open to him soon, though

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not for a collection. "Blessed be God, — I thought yesterday

I should not have the use of any pulpit; but God has the hearts

of all men in his hands." The old effects accompanied this

new visit to Bristol. "Great numbers were melted down.

Thousands could not find room." He thus verified a prediction

which had been sent from London to Bristol, by some raving

blasphemer; — "Whitefield has set the town on fire, and now he

is gone to kindle a flame in the country. I think the devil in

hell is in you all."

The flame was kindled in Bristol; and the devil had cer-

tainly something to do with those who tried to extinguish it.

"The chancellor told me plainly, that he intended to stop my

proceedings. ‘I have sent for the registrar here. Sir, to take

down your answers.' He asked me, by what authority I

preached in the diocess of Bristol without a licence? I an-

swered, 'I thought that custom was grown obsolete. Why, pray,

Sir, did not you ask the clergyman, who preached for you last

Thursday, this question?' He said, that was nothing to me?"

Dr. Southey says, that Whitefield's reply to the chancellor was

given "without the slightest sense of its impropriety or its irre-

levance." But where is its irrelevance? It is certainly quite

ad rem, whatever it may be as etiquette, when curates argue

with chancellors; and in all respects, it is more gentlemanly

than the chancellor's "what is that to you.” That is real

vulgarity.

The Doctor narrates the remainder of this high-church

scene, with more discrimination. "The chancellor then read

to him those canons which forbade any minister from preaching

in a private house. Whitefield answered, he apprehended they

did not apply to professed ministers of the church of England.

When he was informed of his mistake, he said, 'There is also

a canon forbidding all clergymen to frequent taverns and play

cards: why is not that put in execution?' And he added,

that notwithstanding these canons, he could not but speak the

things he knew, and that he was resolved to proceed as usual."

Now, if the Doctor pleases, Whitefield is as impolite, as the

apostles were to the chancellor of the Jewish Sanhedrin! "His

answer was written down, and the chancellor then said, ‘I am

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resolved. Sir, if you preach or expound anywhere in this diocess

till you have a licence, I will first suspend, and then excommu-

nicate you.' With this declaration of war they parted: but

the advantage was wholly on the side of Whitefield; for the

day of ecclesiastical discipline was gone by." Southeys Wesley.

Whitefield says, they parted politely. "He waited upon me

very civilly to the door, and told me, ‘What he did was in the

name of the clergy and laity (laity indeed!) of the city of Bris-

tol' and so we parted. Immediately I went and expounded

at Newgate as usual!"

The unusual, as might be expected, soon followed this Bar-

tholomew day in Bristol. Ejected from the churches. White-

field betook himself to the fields at once. "All the churches

being now shut — and if open, not able to contain half that came

to hear — I went to Kingswood, amongst the colliers." There

he took his station upon Hannam Mount, ‘on Rose Green, and

preached, not, as Dr. Gillies says, from the sermon on the

mount, but from John iii. 3, on regeneration, his favourite sub-

ject. The other text was on a subsequent occasion. "I thought"

(says he) "it would be doing the service of my Creator, who had

a mountain for his pulpit, and the heavens for his sounding-

board; and who, when his gospel was refused by the Jews, sent

his servants into the highways and hedges."

In thus renewing a practice which, as Dr. Southey says, “had

not been seen in England since the dissolution of the monastic

orders," and by commencing it at Kingswood, Whitefield dared

not a little danger. The colliers were numerous and utterly

uncultivated. They had no place of worship. Few ventured

to walk even in their neighbourhood; and when provoked, they

were the terror of Bristol. But "none of these things moved "

Whitefield, although he was told them all by his timid friends.

The fact is, the chancellor had told him something he dreaded

more than insult, — that he must be silent; and that, he could

not endure. Instead of insult or opposition at Kingswood,

however, "the barbarous people," although they had never

been in a church, "showed him no small kindness." His first

audience amounted to nearly two thousand, who heard him

with great attention and decorum for nearly an hour. His

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third audience increased to five thousand; and thus they went

on increasing to ten, fourteen, and twenty thousand. On one

of these occasions he says, "The day was fine — the sun shone

very bright — and the people standing in such an awful manner

around the mount, in the profoundest silence, filled me with

holy admiration. Blessed be God for such a plentiful harvest.

Lord, do thou send forth more labourers into thy harvest."

Although Whitefield had thus drawn the sword against the

obsolete canons of the church, he had not "thrown away the

scabbard;" for, on the morning of the very next day, he waited

again on the chancellor, and showed him a letter he had

received from the bishop of London. "After usual saluta-

tions, I asked why he did not write to the bishop, according to

his promise? I think he answered, — ‘he was to blame. I then

insisted on his proving I had preached false doctrine, and re-

minded him of his threatening to excommunicate me in the

name of the clergy and laity of the city of Bristol. But he

would have me think — that he had said no such thing; and con-

fessed, that to this day he had neither heard me preach, nor

read any of my writings." Thus, it seems, Whitefield was

charged with heresy, and threatened with excommunication —

and that by a chancellor on mere hearsay evidence! This reply

to Whitefield was surely not given "without the slightest sense

of its impropriety or its irrelevance!" Southeys Wesley.

He wrote an account of this shameful affair to the bishop of

Bristol. "To-day I showed your Lordship's letter to the chan-

cellor, who (notwithstanding he promised not to prohibit my

preaching for the orphan-house, if your Lordship was only neuter

in the affair) has influenced most of the clergy to deny me their

pulpits, either on that or any other occasion. Last week, he

charged me with false doctrine. Today, he is pleased to for-

get that he said so. He also threatened to excommunicate me

for preaching in your Lordship's diocess. I offered to take a

licence, but was denied. If your Lordship ask, what evil I have

done, I answer, — none; save that I visit the religious societies,

preach to the prisoners in Newgate, and to the poor col-

liers at Kingswood, who, they tell me, are little better than

heathens. I am charged with being a dissenter! although

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many are brought to church by my preaching, and not one

taken from it.

"I am sorry to give your Lordship this trouble, but I thought

proper to mention these particulars, that I might know of your

Lordship wherein my conduct is exceptionable." A copy of

this letter he sent to the chancellor, with the following note;

"The enclosed I sent to the bishop of Bristol: be pleased to

peruse it, and see if anything contrary to truth is there related."

How the matter ended, I know not; except that there was

an end to Whitefield's preaching in the churches of Bristol.

That led, however, to what he calls, his "beginning to begin"

to be a preacher. "I hasted to Kingswood, At a moderate

computation, there were above ten thousand people. The trees

and hedges were full. All was hush when I began. The sun

shone bright, and God enabled me to preach with great power,

and so loud, that all (I was told) could hear me. Blessed be

God, Mr. \_\_\_\_\_\_ spoke right — the fire is kindled in the country.

May the gates of hell never be able to prevail against it! To

behold such crowds standing together in such awful silence, and

to hear the echo of their singing run from one end of them to

the other, was very solemn and striking. How infinitely more

solemn and striking will the general assembly of the spirits of

just men made perfect be, when they join in singing the song

of Moses and the Lamb in heaven! — As the scene was new, and

I had just began to be an extempore preacher, it often occa-

sioned many inward conflicts. Sometimes when twenty thou-

sand people were before me, I had not, in my own apprehen-

sion, a word to say either to God or them! But I was never

totally deserted; and frequently (for to deny it would be to sin

against God) so assisted, that I knew by happy experience

what our Lord meant by saying, ‘Out of his belly shall flow

rivers of living waters.’ The gladness and eagerness with

which these poor despised outcasts, who had never been in a

church in their lives, received the truth, is beyond description!

Having no righteousness of their own to renounce, they were

glad to hear of a Jesus, who was the friend of publicans, and

came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. The

first discovery of their being affected, was to see the white

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gutters made by their tears, which plentifully fell down their

black faces; black as they came out of the coal-pits. Hundreds

and hundreds of them were soon brought under deep conviction,

which, as the event proved, ended in a sound and thorough con-

version. The change was visible to all; though numbers chose

to impute it to anything rather than the finger of God."

Neither the bishop, nor the chancellor, threw any hinderance

in the way of this mighty work. Would they had helped it

on! What an effect would have been produced, had the bishop

preached to the colliers in the cathedral! They were in his

diocess, though without both a fold and a shepherd; and he

was more responsible to God for them, than for the dignity of

the episcopal throne, where "the traditions of men" had seated

him. Prelacy, if above "the work of an evangelist," is beneath

the acceptance of good men.

Though somewhat embarrassed at first by his novel situa-

tion, Whitefield soon found himself in his native element. In

churches, however large, there was not room for his mighty

voice; and thus not full scope for his mightier feelings. Both

were cramped, although he knew it not, until the horizon was

their circle, and the firmament their roof. Immensity above

and around him, expanded his spirit to all its width, in all its

warmth; whilst the scenery touched all his sensibilities. Then

he knew both his power and his weakness. "The open firma-

ment above me," says he, — "the prospect of the adjacent fields,

with the sight of thousands and thousands, some in coaches,

some on horseback, and some in the trees, — and at times, all

affected and drenched in tears together; — to which sometimes

was added the solemnity of the approaching evening, — was

almost too much for me, and quite overcame me."

In recording this impressive scene. Dr. Southey, notwith-

standing all his recollections of Bristol scenery, has not ascribed

to it any part of the impression made by Whitefield upon the

people. He does not say of him, as of Wesley, that "he him-

self perceived that natural influences operated upon the multi-

tude, like the pomp and circumstances of Romish worship:"

and yet, Whitefield, although less refined than Wesley, was

equally alive to the influence of scenery and seasons; and often

` Whitefield's life and times. 105

chose situations as bold as the amphitheatre of Gwenap, or as

beautiful as the groves of Heptenstal. Watson never wrote

with greater severity, nor with more truth, than when he ex-

posed the fallacy of ascribing the effect of Wesley's preaching

to picturesque scenery. "It is not upon uncultivated minds,"

he justly says, "that such scenes operate strongly." Besides,

“we are not informed how similar effects were produced, when

no rocks reared their frowning heads, and when the sea was too

far off to mix its murmurs with the preacher's voice; when no

ruined castle nodded over the scene, and when the birds were so

provokingly timid as to hasten away to an undisturbed solitude."

Whitefield could turn both scenery and circumstances, what-

ever they were, to good account. On one occasion, whilst

preaching at the Bristol glass-houses, he says, "I heard many

people behind me hallooing, and making a noise; and supposed

they were set on to disturb me by somebody. I bless God, I

was not in the least moved, but rather increased more in strength.

When I was done, I inquired the cause of the noise: I found a

gentleman (?) being drunk, had taken the liberty to call me a

dog, and say, 'that I ought to be whipped at cart's tail;' and

offered money to any that would pelt me. Instead of that, the

boys and people near began to cast stones and dirt at him."

This retaliation Whitefield reprobated in strong terms, before

he left the ground; slyly reminding the people, however, of "the

sorry wages the devil gives his servants." Some days after he

visited this ungentlemanly disturber, to condole with him upon

his punishment. The visit was well received, and they parted

"very friendly." Journals.

After some hasty trips into Wales, from Bristol, he went to

his native city, where the congregations were so large, that the

clergyman refused him the church on week days. He, there-

fore, preached in his "brother's field " to the crowd. He felt

deeply for Gloucester, and threw all his soul into his sermons,

that he might "save some" where he was born. "To-day,"

he says, "I felt such an intense love, that I could have almost

wished myself accursed (anathema) for my brethren according

to the flesh." Such was his zeal to win souls in this city, that

he preached alternately in the Boothall and the fields, almost

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every day, during his visit. This encroachment upon the time

of the people, drew upon him the charge of encouraging idle-

ness; — which, with his usual readiness, though not with his

usual prudence, he retorted by saying, "Ye are idle, ye are idle,

say the Pharaohs of this generation; therefore ye say. Let us

go and worship the Lord.” He was, however, permitted by the

bishop to baptize an old quaker in the church of St. Mary De

Crypt, where he himself had been baptized: and there, he did not

confine himself to the book; but, giving way to the emotions

awakened by the font where he himself had been presented be-

fore the Lord in infancy, he poured out his heart in a free and

fervent exhortation to the spectators; "proving the necessity

of the new birth from the Office."

From Gloucester he went to Cheltenham, where his acquaint-

ance with the Seward family began, although they had to fol-

low him to the bowling-green and the market-cross, the churches

being all shut against him. And Oxford, to which he went

next, completed and sealed this expulsion. "The vice-chan-

cellor came in person to the house "where Whitefield was ex-

horting, and accosted him thus:" Have you, Sir, a name in

any book here?' ‘Yes, Sir,' said I; ‘but I intend to take it out

soon.' He replied, 'Yes, and you had best take yourself out too,

or otherwise I will lay you by the heels. What do you mean by

going about, and alienating the people's affections from their

proper pastors? Your works are full of vanity and nonsense.

You pretend to inspiration. If ever you come again in this

manner among these people, I will lay you first by the heels,

and these shall follow.' " It does not appear that Whitefield

returned any answer to this paltry threat. A few days after it,

he preached in Moorfields: and from that moment, he cared

nothing about chancellors or vice-chancellors, when they stood

in the way of the gospel.

In the course of his short excursions into the country, whilst

the embargo prevented him from sailing, he visited Olney, where

he was "not a little comforted," by meeting, as a field preacher,

Mr. R of Bedford, who had been both expelled and impri-

soned for preaching the Scriptural doctrines of justification and

regeneration. "I believe," says Whitefield, “we are the first

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professed ministers of the church of England, that were so soon,

and without cause, excluded every pulpit. Whether our bre-

thren can justify such conduct, the last day will determine."

An earlier day determined the question! The people of Bedford

had made up their minds upon it at the time: for thousands

assembled regularly around the windmill to hear their expelled

minister preach from the stairs; — "Mr. R 's pulpit," as

Whitefield calls it. Journals.

During this journey he visited Northampton; but, although

"courteously received by Dr. Doddridge," he had to preach

upon the common, "from the starting post." Indeed, he was

not welcome to the Doctor's pulpit, even when he did preach

there afterwards. Doddridge was so far from "seeking his

preaching," that he took "all the steps he could prudently venture

on to prevent it." The Doddridge Diary and Correspondence.

The clergy having thus shut their pulpits against him, and the

dissenters not opened theirs to him, the country magistrates

followed in the train of his opponents, and even the inn-keepers

were afraid to admit him. At Tewkesbury he found four con-

stables waiting to apprehend him, and the whole town in alarm.

Happily, a lawyer in the crowd demanded a sight of the war-

rant; and the constables having none, Whitefield determined

to preach at all hazards, though beyond the liberties of the town.

He did preach in the evening, in the field of a neighbouring

gentleman, and two or three thousand people attended. Next

morning he waited on one of the town-bailiffs, and meekly re-

monstrated against the attempted outrage. The bailiff told

him, that the whole council were against him; and that a judge

had declared him a vagrant, whom he would apprehend.

It was now a crisis; and Whitefield determined to bring the

question to an issue. He claimed the protection of the laws.

The bailiff's answer was equivocal: "If you preach here to-

morrow, you shall have the constables to attend you." Whether

this was a threat or a promise, he knew not, and cared not. He

did preach next day, in another field, to six thousand people;

"but saw no constables to molest or attend" him.

The reports of this affair spread in all forms; alarming his

friends for his safety, and preparing his enemies for his approach.

At Basingstoke, the mayor (a butcher) sent him a warning by

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the hands of a constable. This led to an amusing correspond-

ence, as well as to interviews, between the parties; in which the

mayor boasted of what he would do, "although he was a

butcher;" and Whitefield told him what he ought to do as a

magistrate.

It was the time of the revel at Basingstoke, and many of the

people were riotous. Whitefield, however, preached in a field,

although he was unprotected, and even told that he would not

come out alive. Indeed, it was confessed, some days after, by

one of the ringleaders, that a party were pledged to "give him

a secret blow, and prevent his disturbances." He was, however,

only grossly insulted.

The fact is, the magistrates and the booth-keepers were afraid

that he would spoil the revel: and he evidently intended to

preach at the fair, although he did not exactly say so; for he

repeatedly urged the mayor to prevent the scenes of cudgelling

and wrestling, which were going forward. Failing in this, he

set out to go to London; but when he saw the stage for the

cudgellers and wrestlers, he could not proceed.

The following account of his "mad prank," is too charac-

teristic of him to be suppressed, although he himself erased it

from his journals. "As I passed by on horseback, I saw a

stage; and as I rode further, I met divers coming to the revel;

which affected me so much, that I had no rest in my spirit.

And therefore having asked counsel of God, and perceiving an

unusual warmth and power enter my soul, — though I was gone

above a mile, — I could not bear to see so many dear souls, for

whom Christ had died, ready to perish, and no minister or ma-

gistrate interpose. Upon this I told my dear fellow-travellers,

that I was resolved to follow the example of Howel Harris in

Wales, (he had just come from a tour with him in Wales,) and

to bear my testimony against such lying vanities, — let the con-

sequences, as to my own private person, be what they would.

They immediately consenting, I rode back to town, got upon

the stage erected for the wrestlers, and began to show them the

error of their ways. Many seemed ready to hear what I had

to say; but one more zealous than the rest for his master, and

fearing conviction every time I attempted to speak, set the boys

on repeating their huzzahs.

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"My soul, I perceived, was in a sweet frame, willing to be

offered up, so that I might save some of those to whom I was

about to speak: but all in vain! While I was on the stage,

one struck me with his cudgel, which I received with the utmost

love. At last, finding the devil would not permit them to give

me audience, I got off, and after much pushing and thronging

me I got on my horse, — with unspeakable satisfaction within

myself, that I had now begun to attack the devil in his

strongest holds, and had borne my testimony against the detest-

able diversions of this generation." Original Journals.

The reason why Whitefield excluded this event from his re-

vised journals, was, perhaps, the tremendous severity of the

following reflections. "Ye masters in Israel, what are ye

doing? Ye magistrates, that are gods in Scripture, why sleep

ye? Why do ye bear the sword in vain? Why count ye me a

troubler in Israel, and why say ye, I teach people to be idle,

when ye connive at, if not subscribe to, such hellish meetings

as these, which not only draw people from their bodily work,

but directly tend to destroy their precious and immortal souls?

Surely I shall appear against you at the judgment-seat of

Christ; for these diversions keep people from true Christianity,

as much as paganism itself. And I doubt not, but it will re-

quire as much courage and power to divert people from these

things, as the apostles had to exert in converting the heathen

from dumb idols. However, in the strength of my Master, I

will now enter the lists, and begin an offensive war with Satan

and all his host. If I perish, I perish! I shall have the testi-

mony of a good conscience: I shall be free from the blood of

all men." It is easier to find fault with the severity of this in-

vective, than to prove that any lower tone of feeling could have

sustained any man, in grappling with such national enormities.

Whitefield struck the first blow at them, and thus led the way

to their abandonment; an issue which may well excuse even the

wildfire of his zeal.

Such was his position in London and the country, when he

sailed for America the second time. He then left enough for

the nation to think about until his return.

CHAPTER VI.

WHITEFIELD IN WALES.

The following singular account of the commencement of method-

ism and dissent in Wales, is translated from the "Trysorva," by

Johnes. "In the reign of James I. a clergyman of the name of

Wroth was vicar of Llanvaches, in Monmouthshire. Being of a

joyous temper, and like most of his countrymen, passionately fond

of music, he was sometimes carried beyond the bounds of pro-

priety by this enthusiasm. On one occasion, a gentleman with

whom he was on terms of intimacy, having presented him with

a new harp, fixed a day on which, in company with some friends,

he would visit him, and hear him perform upon it. The day ap-

pointed came, and Wroth was anxiously expecting his visitor, when

a messenger appeared to inform him that his friend was no more!

This incident affected him so deeply, that, repenting the levity

of his youth, from a gay clerical troubadour he became all at

once a sad but zealous divine. With these impressions, he de-

termined to commence preaching to his congregation, a practice

then almost unknown in the churches of the principality. As

a preacher, he soon distinguished himself so much, that the

Welch peasantry flocked from all the neighbouring counties to

hear him. His audience, being frequently too numerous for

his church to contain — on such occasions, he was in the habit

of addressing them in the churchyard. It is said that Sir Lewi's

Mansel, of Margam, a man illustrious for his exalted religious

and patriotic zeal, was often one of his congregation.

"The irregularity alluded to at last exposed him to the

censure of his diocesan, who, on one occasion, asked him, in

anger, how he could vindicate his infringement of the rules of

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the church? To this reprimand Wroth replied, by appealing,

with tears in his eyes, to the religious ignorance which prevailed

throughout the country, and to the necessity of employing every

means to dissipate it: by which answer, the bishop is said to

have been deeply affected. Eventually, however, by refusing to

read the ‘Book of Sports,' and by the general tenor of his con-

duct, he rendered himself so obnoxious to the dignitaries of the

church, that he was deprived of his benefice. After his expul-

sion, he continued to preach in secret to his old followers, and

at last he formed, from amongst them, a regular dissenting con-

gregation, on the independent model. From Llanvaches, the

opinions of its pastor soon spread themselves into the remotest

corners of Wales: during his life, this village was regarded as

the rallying point of the Welch nonconformists. Wroth, never-

theless, seems to have cherished to the last some feeling of affec-

tion towards the church, of which he had once been a minister;

for, on his death, which occurred in 1640, he was buried, at his

own request, under the threshold of the church of Llanvaches.

During the civil wars, which broke out soon afterwards, the

independents were not only tolerated, but predominant. In

Cromwell's time, an attempt was made to get rid of every thing

like an establishment, and to substitute a few itinerant minis-

ters in its place. The modicum of preachers proposed to be

given by this plan of economical piety was six to a county; it

was lost in the House of Commons, by a majority of two voices.

It was felt, however, that the bright thought was too precious

to be discarded without an experiment; and, accordingly, it

was partly carried into effect in Wales, under Hugh Peters and

Vavasor Powel, and a confiscation of church property in that

country ensued, to an enormous amount; for, unhappily, under

all the various forms of civil and ecclesiastical polity which have

prevailed in England, the Welch church has been treated as a

fair field for experiments, no less injurious to the general cause

of religion than to Wales.

"In the times of the Stuarts, dissent from the episcopal

church became once more an object of persecution; but the

ministers of the Welch nonconformists still continued to traverse

the wild hills of the principality, braving ail dangers for the sake

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of their few and scattered followers. Their congregations still

occasionally met, but it was in fear and trembling, generally at

midnight, or in woods and caverns, amid the gloomy recesses of

the mountains.

"At the revolution, these dissenters exhausted their strength

by controversies amongst themselves on the rite of baptism; on

which subject a difference of opinion had long existed amongst

them, though persecution had prevented them from making it

a ground of disunion. Till the breaking out of methodism,

their cause continued to decline.

"In the year 1736, there were only six dissenting chapels

in all North Wales. In this year an incident occurred which

forms an interesting link between the history of the early

Welch dissenters (the followers of Wroth) and that of the me-

thodists, connecting together the darkening prospects of the

former and the first symptoms of that more powerful impulse

which was communicated by the latter. One Sunday, Mr.

Lewis Rees, a dissenting minister from South Wales, and father

of the celebrated author of the Cyclopaedia, visited Pwllheli, a

town in the promontory of Lleyn, in Caernarvonshire, and one

of the few places in which the independents still possessed a

chapel. After the service, the congregation, collecting around

him, complained bitterly, that their numbers were rapidly di-

minishing, that the few who yet remained were for the most

part poor, and that everything looked gloomy to their cause.

To which the minister replied, ‘The dawn of true religion is

again breaking in South Wales, — a great man, named Howel

Harris, has recently risen up, who goes about instructing the

people in the truths of the gospel.' Nor was he mistaken, either

in his anticipation that dissent was on the eve of bursting forth

with tenfold vigour in Wales, nor in the man from whom he

expected this result: the first elements of methodism were al-

ready at work; Howel Harris was its founder, and one of its

most distinguished champions. Properly speaking, the history

of methodism is the history of dissent in Wales: before enter-

ing, however, upon this interesting subject, it will be necessary

to give a cursory view of the state of the church in Wales at the

time of its origin, as hardly a doubt can be entertained that the

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predisposing causes to methodism were to be found in the in-

efficiency of the establishment.

"The following is a translation of an 'Account of the State of

Religion in Wales about the middle of the Eighteenth Century.'

It was taken from the mouth of a very old Welch methodist,

and published in 1799, in the ‘Trysorva,’ a Welch periodical,

edited by the Rev. Thomas Charles, of Bala; and I have high

authority for asserting that the descriptions it affords are in no

respect exaggerated." Johnes.

"'In those days,' says the narrator, 'the land was dark in-

deed! Hardly any of the lower ranks could read at all. The

morals of the country were very corrupt; and in this respect

there was no difference between gentle and simple, layman and

clergyman. Gluttony, drunkenness, and licentiousness, pre-

vailed through the whole country. Nor were the operations of

the church at all calculated to repress these evils. From the

pulpit the name of the Redeemer was hardly ever heard; nor

was much mention made of the natural sinfulness of man, nor of

the influence of the Spirit. On Sunday mornings, the poor were

more constant in their attendance at church than the gentry;

but the Sunday evenings were spent by all in idle amusements.

Every sabbath there was what was called ' Achwaren-gamp,'

a sort of sport in which all the young men of the neighbourhood

had a trial of strength, and the people assembled from the

surrounding country to see their feats. On Saturday night, par-

ticularly in the summer, the young men and maids held what

they called ‘Singing eves' (nosweithian cann); that is, they

met together and diverted themselves by singing in turns to the

harp, till the dawn of the sabbath. In this town they used to

employ the Sundays in dancing and singing to the harp, and in

playing tennis against the town-hall. In every corner of the

town some sport or other went on, till the light of the sabbath

day had faded away. In the summer, 'interludes' (a kind of

rustic drama) were performed, gentlemen and peasants sharing

the diversion together. A set of vagabonds, called the ‘bobl

gerdded,' (walking people,) used to traverse the country, begging

with impunity, to the disgrace of the law of the land.'

"Such, then, was the state of Welch society, and the Welch

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church in the middle of the last century; and it is a singular

instance of the impression left by the vice and levity of this

period, that the sounds of our national instrument are still asso-

ciated, in the minds of many, with the extravagances of which

it was formerly an accompaniment, though, apart from adven-

titious associations, its simple and pensive tones are certainly far

more congenial with devotional feeling, than with levity or with

joy. I have frequently heard, that the late Mr. Charles, of

Bala, was so much under the sway of these recollections, that

it was quite painful to him to remain in a room in which any

one was playing upon the harp.

‘At first sight, nothing would appear more improbable than

that methodism should find proselytes among a people so gay

and thoughtless, as the Welch of that period; or that the joy-

ous group which assembled at Bala on a Sunday evening, should

become, as was shortly afterwards the case, a leading congrega-

tion of modern puritans. But the religion of the Welch, and

their fondness for national music, arose from the same cause,

an earnest and imaginative frame of mind. A disposition to

melancholy, disguised by external gaiety of manner, is charac-

teristic of all Celtic nations.

‘As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,

Though the stream runs in darkness and coldness below.'

"With all their social sprightliness, the Welch were then a

superstitious and, consequently, a gloomy race. The influence

of the church had confessedly done little to civilize the people;

they still retained many habits apparently derived from pagan-

ism, and not a few of the practices of popery. Their funerals,

like those of the Irish, were scenes of riot and wassail. When

the methodists first came into North Wales, the peasantry ex-

pressed their horror of them and their opinions, by the truly

popish gesture of crossing their foreheads; they also paid great

veneration to a tale called 'Brenddwyd Mair,' (Mary's dream,)

obviously a popish legend. Children were taught, even within

my recollection, to repeat a rhyme like the following, as soon as

they had been put into bed at night:

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‘There are four comers to my bed,

And four angels there are spread;

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John;

God bless the bed that I lie on.'

"Some of their customs and notions were extremely fanciful.

On the Sunday after a funeral, each relation of the deceased

knelt on his grave, exclaiming, ‘Nevoedd iddo,' (literally. Hea-

ven to him,) that is, 'May he soon reach heaven.' This is

plainly a relic of the popish custom of praying the soul out of

purgatory. If children died before their parents, the parents

regarded them as so many candles to light them to paradise.

When Wesley came into Wales, he found the ignorance of the

people so great, that he pronounced them ‘as little versed in

the principles of Christianity, as a Creek or Cherokee Indian.'

To this declaration he adds the striking expression, that, notwith-

standing their superstition and ignorance, the people ‘were ripe

for the gospel,' and most enthusiastically anxious to avail them-

selves of every opportunity of instruction; — an interesting proof,

that the necessary tendency of the corruptions of the Welch

church to produce the consequences which have since ensued,

was sufficiently obvious, even to the cursory view of a stranger.

"It was quite clear, then, to those who lived while methodism

was yet in its infancy in Wales, that the country was about to

become the scene of a great religious change. There was evi-

dently a movement in the minds of the people — a longing for

the extension of their spiritual advantages, which would ulti-

mately lead them out from the establishment, unless provided

with food from within. In such a state of popular feeling to-

wards existing institutions, whether civil or ecclesiastical, it

often happens that the most trivial deviation from ordinary

routine becomes the basis of a series of innovations, and serves

to impart an impetus and a direction to the dormant elements

of disunion. It is only by keeping these considerations steadily

in view, that we can clearly comprehend the early history of

methodism in Wales, and avoid the confused ideas that are

sometimes entertained as to the conduct of those with whom it

commenced, and the exact date of its commencement. The

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real truth is, that the separation of the Welch methodists from

the church took place by insensible degrees. The first symp-

tom was an unusual and somewhat irregular zeal in a certain

body of clergy in the church itself; and these first faint traces

of irregularity (which probably at the time excited little

notice) gradually, and in the course of generations, widened

into a broad line of demarcation. It was in this manner that

the breaking out of methodism was undoubtedly hastened by

the exertions of two eminent divines, whose only intention was

to infuse new vigour into the established church, — I mean the

Rev. Rhees Pritchard, and the Rev. Griffith Jones.

"The former, who is familiarly known to his countrymen under

the name of ‘Vicar Pritchard,' was vicar of the parish of

Llanddyvri, in Caermarthenshire, in the time of James the

First and Charles the First.

"Of the particulars of his life, little is known, except that

whilst he stood high in the estimation of his countrymen, as a

preacher, he was at the same time an object of peculiar favour

with the ruling powers of the day, — ‘honours which his coun-

trymen in recent times have rarely seen enjoyed by the same

individual. Though, like Wroth, he is said to have attracted

numerous congregations, and to have occasionally preached in

his churchyard, still he had the good fortune to be made chap-

lain to the Earl of Essex, received from James the First the

living of Llanedi, and eventually became chancellor of the

diocess of St. David's, is a proof of his charitable disposi-

tion, and of his anxiety to enlighten his countrymen, we are

informed that he gave a donation of twenty pounds a year,

charged upon land, to establish a school in his parish of Lland-

dyvri, and also a house for the schoolmaster. This endowment

(no insignificant one in those days) went on prosperously for

some time, but on the death of the founder's son, Thomas

Manwaring, son of Dr. Manwaring, bishop of St. David's, who

had married the vicar's' granddaughter, took possession of

the land belonging to the school, undertaking to pay the school-

master himself, which he did for a year or two, and then with-

held from it all support. His biographer adds, that in 1682,

the land was still in the possession of the Manwaring family, —

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and that the school-house had been swept away by an inunda-

tion of the river Tyrvi!

"But the veneration still felt in Wales for the memory of

‘Vicar Pritchard,’ is mainly attributable to a small volume of

poems which are not a little remarkable, as a summary of

Christian doctrine and duty, at once simple, poetical, and con-

cise. No book, except the Bible, has been there so much and

so enthusiastically studied: its author may justly be styled the

Watts of his native country; and, notwithstanding the unhappy

divisions that have since his day distracted her, the undiminish-

ed popularity of his little book proves that there is even yet no

schism in the principality as far as the ‘Divine Poems' of

‘Vicar Pritchard ' are concerned.

"After the poet's death, his works were collected and pub-

lished by Stephen Hughes, a worthy nonconformist, who zeal-

ously disseminated them through Caermarthenshire, and the

adjacent parts of South Wales. In almost every cottage where

the Scriptures were to be found, ‘the vicar's' little volume oc-

cupied a place beside them: it became a class-book in every

school, and its most striking passages passed into proverbs

among the peasantry. Hence, at the beginning of the last

century, a spirit had sprung up in certain districts of South

Wales, that formed a strong contrast to the general ignorance

which at that time pervaded the principality. The effect of

poetry on minds left unoccupied by other reading has in all

ages been remarked: thus, we are told that the great Bishop

Bull, when bishop of St. David's, was so much struck with the

impression made on the minds of the people by the writings of

'Vicar Pritchard,' that he expressed a wish to be buried in the

same grave with him!

"Griffith Jones was born at Kilrhedin, also in the county of

Caermarthen.\* Even in his boyhood, he evinced a strong

sense of religion, which has sometimes, though erroneously,

been thought incompatible with the unformed views and elastic

spirits of our earlier years. Like Bishop Heber, he might

justly be termed a ‘religious child;' whilst yet a boy at Caer-

\* Trysorva, vol. ii. p. I.

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marthen school, he was in the habit of retiring from the pas-

times of his play-fellows for the purpose of secret prayer. In

the year 1709, he was ordained by Bishop Bull; on which oc-

casion he experienced marks of peculiar kindness and approba-

tion from that illustrious prelate, the recollection of which con-

tinued ever after a source of gratitude and delight to him. In

1711, he was presented to the living of Llandeilo Abercowyn,

and in 1716, Llanddowror was added to it by the patron. Sir

John Phillips, of Picton Castle, in Pembrokeshire, with whom

he was connected by marriage.

"His constitution was naturally delicate, and he describes

himself as having been in early youth so much afflicted with

asthma, that he could not walk across a room without pain and

difficulty; but his was a mind which seemed capable of impart-

ing a portion of its own energy, even to his debilitated frame;

as he advanced in life, this infirmity, in a great measure, for-

sook him; and of this we have ample proof in the various la-

bours he accomplished.

"The fame of Griffith Jones chiefly rests on an institution

he devised for the diffusion of education in Wales, still known

under the name of the ‘Welch Circulating Schools.' The main

feature of this plan is the instruction of the people by means of

itinerant schoolmasters. It was first suggested to him by the

following train of circumstances: — On the Saturday previous to

sacrament Sunday, it was his practice to assemble his flock to-

gether, and read to them the service of the church.

"At the conclusion of the second lesson, he would ask in a

mild and familiar tone, if any one present wished an explana-

tion of any part of the chapter they had just heard; and on a

difficult verse being mentioned, he would expound it in plain

and simple language, adapted to the capacities of his hearers.

On the day following, before admitting communicants to the

sacrament, he used to examine them on their ideas of Christian

doctrines, and as to their general moral conduct. On these

occasions, his church was generally crowded: numbers came

from the neighbouring districts, and it frequently happened that

twenty or thirty persons were publicly examined by him before

receiving the communion. But he found that those who were

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likely to derive most benefit from this plan of instruction — men

who had grown up in ignorance — were deterred from attending

by a consciousness of their inability to answer the questions

that might be put to them. To remedy this, he made a prac-

tice of fixing the Saturday before the sacrament Sunday, for

the distribution among the poor of the bread purchased by the

money collected at the previous sacrament. Having by this

means brought them together, he arranged them in a class,

and proceeded to ask them a few easy questions, with an affa-

bility and kindness of manner that immediately removed all

embarrassment and reserve; and pursuant to an arrangement

he had previously made, these questions were answered by some

of the more advanced scholars. In a little time the humbler

classes became willing and constant attendants at the altar.

And for the purpose of still further grounding his flock in reli-

gious knowledge, he was in the habit of requesting them to

commit to memory every month a certain portion of the Bible.

Thus it became a regular custom among his poor parishioners,

to repeat each a verse of Scripture on receiving the bread pur-

chased with the sacrament money.

"This system of examination had the effect of affording him

a very clear insight into the notions and attainments of the

peasantry, the result of which was an opinion that preaching was

calculated to convey only vague and imperfect views to the

minds of the poorer classes, unless combined with catechising

and other methods of instruction. Following up these im-

pressions, he was led to consider the incalculable benefit that

would result, were a well-organized system of schools extended

over the whole surface of his native country. These were the

steps by which he arrived at the first conception of that noble

machinery which he soon afterwards set in motion. At first,

it would seem that he looked upon his plan rather in the

light of a favourite day-dream, than as a project which had the

slightest chance of success. Nevertheless, he had too much

'moral chivalry' to despair, — too much of that imaginative

love of enterprise, without which no great impression has ever

been made on the people with whom he had to deal. Accord-

ingly, a beginning was made. In the year 1730, the first school

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was founded, with the sacrament money of the parish of Lland-

dowror; and it answered so well, that a second was established

shortly afterwards; and this again was attended with such ad-

mirable effects, that several benevolent individuals, both in

Wales and England, were induced to support the scheme with

a liberality that enabled their founder to realize his fondest an-

ticipations. The Society for promoting Christian Knowledge

voted him a very generous donation of Bibles and other books.

Thus supported, the schools continued rapidly to increase:

from an account published in August, 1741, that is, about ten

years after their commencement, it appears, that the number of

schools in existence during the past year had amounted to 128,

and the number of persons instructed in them to 7595. The

plan on which Griffith Jones proceeded was simply this: he

first engaged a body of schoolmasters, and then distributed

them in different directions over the country. The duty of

these men was to teach the people to read the Scriptures in the

Welch language, to catechise them, to instruct them in psal-

mody, and to promote their religious advancement by every

means in their power. They were sent, in the first instance, to

the nearest town or village where their assistance had been re-

quested; and then, having taught all who were desirous of

instruction, they were to pass on to the next district where a

similar feeling had been manifested. In the course of time,

they were to revisit the localities whence they had at first

started, and resume the work of education anew on the youth who

had sprung up in their absence; and thus making a continual cir-

cuit of the whole country, to present to every generation as it arose

the means of knowledge, and the incentives to virtuous principle.

"Griffith Jones seems to have been in his day the most popu-

lar and indefatigable preacher in the principality. He was, in

consequence, often solicited by his clerical brethren with appli-

cations to preach in their pulpits, with which he was in the habit

of complying, by making a kind of tour through the neighbour-

ing districts of South Wales, and preaching in the churches as

he passed. Like Wroth and ‘Vicar Pritchard,' he would some-

times forsake the pulpit for the tombstone or the green sward,

when he found the church too small for his audience.

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“He generally managed to make these excursions during the

Easter and Whitsun-week, as he had a greater chance, at these

seasons, of falling in with some of those scenes of pugnacious

uproar, and drunken frolic, which were at that time so much in

vogue in his native country, and which it was always his object

to discourage. When he met with one of these rustic carnivals,

he would attempt to disperse it with all the arguments he could

employ; and we are told by an individual who frequently ac-

companied him on these occasions, that though the beginning

of his address was generally received with looks of anger and

churlish disdain, its conclusion was always marked by symptoms

of strong emotion, and by an expression of reverence and awe,

from the whole assembled multitude. The great number of

persons whose conversion (and I use the word in the sense of a

change, not of opinion, but of conduct — a fundamental, moral

revolution of the motives of the heart) is traceable to him, fur-

nishes a strong additional proof, that there was something pe-

culiarly impressive in the eloquence of Griffith Jones. His

biographer has very forcibly described the distinctive excellence

of his pulpit oratory, by saying, it was 'gavaelgar ar y gydwy-

bod,' that is, it possessed a ‘grasp on the conscience;’ and, he

adds, that the commencement of his discourses were generally

familiar and unadorned; but that, as he went on, his spirit

seemed to kindle and burn, 'gwresogi a thaniaw,' with his sub-

ject. Indeed, his merits, as a preacher, seem to have been held

in high estimation beyond the limits of his native country; for

it is an interesting incident in his history, that at one period of

his life, he received an invitation from the Society for the Pro-

pagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, to become one of their

missionaries. Ultimately, as we have seen, he decided that his

path of duty lay in the humble land of his birth.

"After accomplishing a variety of labours, which might have

seemed quite incompatible with his delicate health, — and estab-

lishing his favourite schools in almost every parish of Wales, —

this excellent man breathed his last in the month of April, 1761,

leaving behind him, in the religious regeneration and the reli-

gious gratitude of a nation of mountaineers, a memorial, which

will be envied most by those who are at once the greatest and

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the humblest of mankind, and which will endure when the osten-

tatious monuments of worldly power shall melt away ‘like the

baseless fabric of a vision.'

"It may now be asked,” says Johnes, "with what degree of

propriety the rise of dissent in Wales can be connected with

the name of Griffith Jones — a man whose whole life was spent

in exertions to render the establishment impregnable against

dissent on the one hand, and the more fearful encroachments of

sin, ignorance, and superstition, on the other? One answer only

can be given: it is a melancholy truth — a truth, nevertheless,

but too well sanctioned by experience, that a few pious minis-

ters are the weakness, and not the strength, of an establishment,

when the majority of its ministers are sunk in indifference to

their sacred duties! The zeal of the few only serves to cast into

darker shade the apathy of the many; and, by raising the moral

sentiment of the people, to make them more sensitively intole-

rant of the abuses that surround them. It is upon this principle

only, that we can explain whence it was, that methodism broke

out first, and most extensively, in that division of Wales where

the poems of Rhees Pritchard and the schools of Griffith Jones

had exerted the most powerful influence. And hence it was,

that so many of those clergymen, who had been connected with

the latter, became eventually the missionaries of methodism;

and it may also be remarked, that the irregularities of the me-

thodist clergy, which led in the end to systematic itinerancy,

appear to have begun by the practice of preaching from church

to church, which they seem to have adopted in imitation of

Griffith Jones's 'Easter and Whitsun' circuits."

Whitefield's connexion with Howel Harris of Trevecca led

to results which deserve to be traced step by step. It began

by a letter from Whitefield; which has, happily, been preserved

at Trevecca. "London, Dec. 1738. My dear brother. Though

I am unknown to you in person, yet I have long been united to

you in spirit; and have been rejoiced to hear how the good

pleasure of the Lord prospered in your hands." — "Go on, go

on; He that sent you will assist, comfort, and protect you, and

make you more than conqueror through his great love. I am a

living monument of this truth." — "I love you, and wish you

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may be the spiritual father of thousands, and shine as the sun in

the kingdom of your heavenly Father. Oh how I shall joy to

meet you — at the judgment seat! How you would honour me,

if you would send a line to your affectionate though unworthy

brother, G. W."

Harris's answer was prompt and cordial. I am happy to be

able to furnish extracts from it. “Glamorgan, Jan. 8th, 1739.

Dear brother, I was most agreeably surprised last night by a

letter from you. The character you bear, the spirit I see and

feel in your work, and the close union of my soul and spirit to

yours, will not allow me to use any apology in my return to you.

Though this is the first time of our correspondence, yet I can

assure you I am no stranger to you. When I first heard of you,

and your labours and success, my soul was united to you, and

engaged to send addresses to heaven on your behalf. When I

read your diary, I had some uncommon influence of the divine

presence shining upon my poor soul, almost continually. And

my soul was, in an uncommon manner, drawn out on your ac-

count: — but I little thought our good Lord and Master intended

I should ever see your hand-writing." (In his journal Harris

wrote, "About this time, I heard from a friend that came from

London, of a young clergyman, namely, Mr. Whitefield, that

preached four times a day, and was much blessed. In hearing

this, my heart was united to him in such a manner, that I never

felt the like connexion with any one before: but yet I had not

the least prospect of ever seeing him; being informed that he

had gone beyond sea to America. I was agreeably surprised,

in the beginning of January, by a letter from him: he having

providentially heard of me, wrote to me to encourage me to go

on. I was at this time greatly distressed in respect to my itin-

erary way of preaching: — yet I prosecuted my work with the

utmost activity.") "Sure, no person is under such obligations

to advance the glory of free goodness and grace, as this poor

prodigal," — “himself. " Oh how ravishing it is to hear of the

divine love and favour to London! And to make your joy

greater still, I have some more good news to send you from

Wales. There is a great revival in Cardiganshire, through one

Mr. D. Rowlands, a church clergyman, who has been much

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owned and blessed in Caermarthenshire also. We have also a

sweet prospect in Breconshire, and part of Monmouthshire."

— "I hint this in general, as I could not testify my love any

way more agreeably to your soul, than to let you know how the

interest of our good, gracious, and dear Saviour prospers here-

abouts." — "Were you to come to Wales, it would not be labour

in vain. I hope the faithful account I have given you, will ex-

cite you to send again a line to him, that would be sincerely

yours, in Jesus Christ, whilst H. H."

In this way Whitefield and Howel Harris attracted each

other. How much they influenced each other also, will be best

told in their own words. In the meantime, however, I must

give some account of Howel; for he is too little known. Dr.

Gillies knew him merely “as one Howel Harris, a layman;"

and the Doctor's editors and annotators have not amplified this

account of him.

Howel Harris was born at Trevecca, Brecknockshire, in 1714.

He was intended for the church, by his family; and had flat-

tering prospects of patronage. Up to the twenty-first year of

his age, he had, however, no serious views of his character, or

of his destined profession. His first thoughtfulness was awak-

ened in Talgarth church, by a sermon on the neglect of the

sacrament. He had been a very irregular attendant, and thus

was conscience-struck when the clergyman exclaimed, "If you

are unfit to visit the table of the Lord, you are unfit to visit the

church, you are unfit to live, you are unfit to die."

From this time, his vague convictions deepened and settled

into vital principles. On the very day, whilst going home after

the sermon, he met with a person whom he had offended, and

both confessed the offence and begged forgiveness. For a time,

however, he was the victim of great mental anguish. Remorse

darkened and depressed his spirit, although he had abandoned

all his old sins, and solemnly resolved to make the service of

God ''the key-stone of his conduct." Happily for himself, he

did not forget the souls of others, whilst brooding over his own

fears: but as soon as he caught a glimpse of his way to the

cross, he began to instruct and invite his neighbours to flee from

the wrath to come. In this work, he found so much comfort

Whitefield's life and times. 125

for himself, and saw so much good done by it, that it became

"the sole occupation of his life."

In November, 1735, he went to Oxford, to finish his studies,

with an express view to ordination: but he was so much dis-

gusted with the immorality of the University, that he staid

only one term. He returned home, and renewed his visits and

exhortations in the cottages of the poor, and commenced field

preaching. And such was the effect, that in the course of a

year, "so many had become embued with serious impressions,"

that he began to form them into religious societies. "In the

formation of these associations," he says, "I followed the rules

of Dr. Woodward, in a work written by him on that subject.

Previously to this, no societies of the kind had been founded

either in Wales or England. The English methodists had not

become famous as yet, although, as I afterwards learnt, several

of them in Oxford were at that time under strong religious in-

fluences." Harris had organized thirty of these societies, before

Whitefield or Wesley visited Wales: not, however, as dissent-

ing or methodist congregations; nor, indeed, with any view of

their ever separating from the church. The revival of religion

in the church was his avowed object from the first, and his pro-

fessed object through life.

Whitefield and Howel Harris met for the first time at Car-

diff, in 1739; just whilst the former was glowing with the re-

collections of what he had seen and felt amongst the colliers at

Bristol; and whilst the latter was girding himself for a new

campaign in Wales. On his way from Bristol to Cardiff,

Whitefield was delayed, by contrary winds, at the New Passage.

“At the inn," he says, "there was an unhappy clergyman, who

would not go over in the passage boat, because I was in it.

Alas, thought I, this very temper would make heaven itself un-

pleasant to that man, if he saw me there. I was told, that he

charged me with being a dissenter. I saw him, soon after,

shaking his elbows over a gaming-table. I heartily wish those

who charge me causelessly with schism, and being righteous

over-much, would consider that the canon of our church forbids

the clergy to frequent taverns, to play at cards or dice, or any

other unlawful games. Their indulging themselves in these

things is a stumblingblock to thousands.

126 Whitefield's life and times.

At Cardiff, Whitefield preached in the town-hall, from the

judges' seat. Harris was there. "After I came from the seat,”

he says, " I was much refreshed with the sight of Mr. Howel

Harris; whom, though I knew not in person, I have long loved,

and have often felt my soul drawn out in prayer in his behalf.

"A burning and shining light has he been in those parts;

a barrier against profaneness and immorality, and an indefati-

gable promoter of the gospel of Jesus Christ. About three or

four years, God has inclined him to go about doing good. He

is now about twenty-five years of age. Twice he has applied

(being in every way qualified) for holy orders; but was refused.

About a month ago he offered himself again, but was put off.

Upon this, he was and is resolved to go on in his work; and

indefatigable zeal has he shown in his Master's service! For

these three years (as he told me with his own mouth) he has

discoursed almost twice every day, for three or four hours toge-

ther. He has been, I think, in seven counties, and has made

it his business to go to wakes, &c. to turn people from lying

vanities. Many alehouse people, fiddlers, and harpers, Deme-

trius-like, sadly cry out against him for spoiling their business.

He has been made the subject of many sermons, has been

threatened with public prosecutions, and had constables sent to

apprehend him. But God has blessed him with inflexible

courage; and he still goes on from conquering to conquer.

Many call and own him as their spiritual father. He discourses

generally in a field; but, at other times, in a house; from a

wall, a table, or anything else. He has established nearly

thirty societies in South Wales, and still his sphere of action is

enlarged daily. He is full of faith and the Holy Ghost. He is

of a most catholic spirit; loves all who love the Lord Jesus

Christ; and therefore he is styled, by bigots, a dissenter. He

is contemned by all that are lovers of pleasure more than lovers

of God; but God has greatly blessed his pious endeavours.

"When I first saw him, my heart was knit closely to him.

I wanted to catch some of his fire, and gave him the right hand

of fellowship with my whole heart. After I had saluted him,

and given an exhortation to a great number of people, who fol-

lowed me to the inn, we spent the remainder of the evening in

taking sweet counsel together, and telling one another what God

Whitefield's life and times. 127

had done for our souls. A divine and strong sympathy seemed

to be between us, and I was resolved to promote his interest

with all my might. Accordingly, we took an account of the

several societies, and agreed on such measures as seemed most

conducive to promote the common interest of our Lord. Blessed

be God! there seems a noble spirit gone out into Wales; and

I believe that, ere long, there will be more visible fruits of it.

What inclines me strongly to think so is, that the partition

wall of bigotry and party spirit is broken down, and ministers

and teachers of different communions join with one heart and

one mind, to carry on the kingdom of Jesus Christ. The Lord

make all the Christian world thus minded; for until this is done,

we must, I fear, despair of any great reformation in the church

of God."

Anything that would lessen the impression of these conclud-

ing remarks, would be ill-timed, and in bad taste; but still, it

would be improper, even if it were possible, to forget that this

fall of "the partition wall of bigotry and party spirit" has, like

the fall of popish Babylon, been too often celebrated before the

time, by sanguine and catholic men. It is now nearly a century

since Whitefield said that it was fallen. Good man! he thought

the whole wall had surely given way, whenever he found an un-

expected breach in it, at which he could enter with the gospel,

even if he was pelted with the broken fragments. So other

good men thought and said, during the novelty of Bible and

Missionary Societies. Then, not only was the partition wall

declared to be fallen, but bigotry was registered in the bills of

mortality, and said to be buried forever. And yet, even now

that there is a far nobler spirit of reformation gone forth in the

church, than ever Whitefield saw, or than the first friends of our

great societies anticipated, the wall is higher than ever, and has,

of late, had a copping of broken glass and rusty spikes laid upon

it. There is, indeed, a sense in which, like Babylon, it is some-

what fallen; but the great and final "fall thereof" is yet to

come in the case of both. Neither will fall, however, like the

walls of Jericho, at one crash, nor by one crisis; although both

will be overthrown by one process — by bearing around them the

ark of the covenant, with the sound of its own trumpets.

128 Whitefield's life and times.

It is when such men as George Whitefield and Howel Harris

meet and blend their hallowed fires, to set a “whole princi-

pality in a blaze,” that the wall of bigotry is shaken, by the

numbers which climb over from both sides, to hear the gospel.

From the moment these champions of the cross joined issue in

Cardiff, Wales began to be evangelized. In 1715, the number

of dissenting chapels was only 35; in 1810, it amounted to

954; in 1832, to more than 1400. They are still multiplying;

and, lately, the debt upon them, so far as they are independent,

has been wiped off by a burst of "the voluntary principle."

What then must have been the spiritual state of Wales, at

the beginning of the last century? In 1715, there were only

35 dissenting chapels, and about 850 churches, in all the

principality!

Whitefield says of his first interview with Howel Harris, "I

doubt not but Satan envied our happiness; but I hope, by the

help of God, we shall make his kingdom shake. God loves to

do great things by weak instruments, that the power may be of

God, and not of man."

Before leaving Cardiff, Whitefield preached again in the

town-hall, to a large assembly. "My dear brother Harris sat

close by me. I did not observe any scoffers within; but with-

out, some were pleased to honour me so far, as to trail a dead

fox, and hunt it about the hall. But blessed be God, my voice

prevailed. This being done, I went with many of my hearers,

amongst whom were two worthy dissenting ministers, to public

worship; and in the second lesson were these remarkable

words, 'The high priests, and the scribes, and the chief of the

people sought to destroy him; but they could not find what

they might do to him; for all the people were attentive to him.'

"In the afternoon, I preached again without any disturbance

or scoffing. In the evening, I talked for above an hour and a

half with the religious society, and never did I see a congrega-

tion more melted down. The love of Jesus touched them to

the quick. Most of them were dissolved in tears. They came

to me after, weeping, bidding me farewell, and wishing I could

continue with them longer. Thanks be to God, for such an

entrance into Wales! I wrestled with God for them in prayer.

Whitefield's life and times. 129

and blessed His holy name for sending me into Wales. I hope

these are the first-fruits of a greater harvest, if ever it should

please God to bring me back from Georgia. Father, thy will

be done!"

"Friday, March 9. Left Cardiff about six in the morning,

and reached Newport about ten, where many came from Ponty-

pool and other parts to hear me. The minister being asked,

and readily granting us the pulpit, I preached with great power

to about a thousand people. I think Wales is excellently well

prepared for the gospel of Christ. They have, I hear, many

burning and shining lights both among the dissenting and

church ministers; amongst whom Mr. Griffith Jones shines in

particular. No less than fifty charity schools have been erect-

ed by his means, without any settled visible fund; and fresh

ones are setting up every day. People make nothing of coming

twenty miles to hear a sermon. Even so. Lord Jesus. Amen!"

On the following day Whitefield returned from this short ex-

cursion to Bristol again, "baptized with" Welch "fire," and

renewed his labours amongst the Kingswood colliers, with ex-

traordinary power and success. He could not, however, forget

the Welch tears, which had entreated him to stay longer. Ac-

cordingly, on the 4th of April he visited Husk and Pontypool,

and was met by Howel Harris again. At Husk, "The pulpit

being denied, I preached upon a table, under a large tree, to

some hundreds, and God was with us of a truth. On my way

to Pontypool, I was informed by a man that heard it, that

Counsellor H. did me the honour to make a public motion to

Judge P. to stop me and brother Howel Harris from going

about teaching the people. Poor man, he put me in mind of

Tertullus, in the Acts; but my hour is not yet come. I have

scarce begun my testimony. For my finishing it, my enemies

must have power over me from above. Lord, prepare me for

that hour."

This report did not prevent the curate of Pontypool from

welcoming Whitefield to his pulpit. He also read prayers for

him. After the sermon, it was found that so many had come

to hear, who could not find room in the church, that another

sermon was loudly called for. "I went," he says, "and preach-

130 Whitefield's life and times.

ed to all the people in the field. I always find I have most

power when I speak in the open air; a proof to me — that God

is pleased with this way of preaching. I betook myself to rest,

full of such unutterable peace as no one can conceive but those

who feel it!"

"April 5th. All the way from Pontypool to Abergavenny, I

could think of nothing so much as Joshua going from city to

city, and subduing the devoted nations. Here I expected much

opposition, having been informed that many intended to disturb

me. But God impressed an awe upon all; so that although

there were many opposers, no one dared to utter a word. I did

not spare the scoffers. Afterwards we retired and sung a

hymn; and some ladies having the curiosity to hear us, I took

that opportunity of dissuading them against balls and assem-

blies. Afterwards I learnt that they were the mistresses of

the assemblies in Abergavenny. I hope God intended them

good."

"April 6th. Reached Carleon, a town famous for having

thirty British kings buried in it, and producing three martyrs.

I chose particularly to come hither, because when Howel Harris

was here last, some of the baser sort beat a drum, and huzzaed

around him, to disturb him. Many thousands came to hear;

but God suffered them not to move a tongue, although from the

very same place, and I prayed for Howel Harris by name — as I

do in every place where I have preached in Wales. I believe

the scoffers felt me, to some purpose. I was carried out

beyond myself. Oh that the love of Christ would melt them

down!"

"In the afternoon we set out for Trelek, ten miles from Car-

leon; but the Welch miles being very long, we could not reach

it till almost dark; so that many of the people who had been

waiting for me were returned home. The church being denied,

I stood on a horse-block before the inn, and preached to those

who were left behind; but I could not speak with such freedom

as usual; for my body was weak, through the fatigue of the

past day."

At the close of this second short excursion into Wales,

Whitefield exclaims, "Oh how swiftly this week has glided

Whitefield's life and times. 131

away! To me, it has been but as one day. How do I pity

those who complain that time hangs on their hands! Let them

but love Christ, and spend their whole time in his service, and

they will find but few melancholy hours."

Dr. Gillies says that in these tours Howel Harris preached

after Whitefield, in Welch. He does not mean, of course, in

the churches; and Whitefield does not mention any Welch ser-

mons. Harris followed up, however, the labours of his new

friend with great power. "I thank God for his goodness to

brother Howel Harris. I thank you for informing me of it;"

says Whitefield in a letter written whilst he was on his way to

America. In another, from Philadelphia, to Harris himself, he

writes thus: "I congratulate you on your success at Mon-

mouth. By divine permission, in about a twelvemonth, I hope

to make a second use of your field pulpits. Our principles

agree, as face answers to face in the water. Since I saw you,

God has been pleased to enlighten me more in that comfortable

doctrine of election. At my return, I hope to be more explicit

than I have been. God forbid that we should shun to declare

the whole counsel of God."

"The people of Wales are much upon my heart. I long to

hear how the gospel flourishes among you. How prospers your

'inward man?' Being always doing — no doubt you grow in

grace. May you increase with all the increase of God! — As

fast as I can, our Welch friends shall hear from me. — Salute

them most affectionately in my name. Put them in mind of

the freeness and eternity of God's electing love, and be instant

with them to lay hold on the perfect righteousness of Christ by

faith. — Talk to them, O talk to them, even till midnight, of

the riches of His all-sufficient grace. Tell them, O tell them,

what he has done for their souls, and how earnestly he is now

interceding for them in heaven. Show them, in the map of the

word, the kingdoms of the upper world and the transcendent

glories of them; and assure them all shall be theirs, if they be-

lieve on Jesus Christ with their whole heart. Press them to

believe on Him immediately. Intersperse prayers with your

exhortations, and thereby call down fire from heaven, even the

fire of the Holy Ghost,

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To soften, sweeten, and refine,

And melt them into love!

Speak every time, my dear brother, as if it were your last; —

weep out, if possible, every argument, and compel them to cry,

'Behold how he loveth us.' Remember me — remember me

in your prayers, as being ever, ever yours."

Thus Whitefield fanned the "Welch fire" from time to

time. In another letter, from Boston, he says, "And is dear

brother Howel Harris yet alive in body and soul? I rejoice

in your success. May you mount with wings like eagles! You

shall not be taken nor hurt, till the appointed hour be come. I

hope your conversation was blessed to dear Mr. Wesley. Oh that

the Lord may batter down his free-will (scheme,) and compel

him to own His sovereignty and everlasting love. God is

working powerfully in America. He fills me with His presence.

Grace, grace! Dear brother H. — yours eternally."

In another, from Philadelphia, he says, "Your letter, written

nearly a twelvemonth ago, came to my hand this afternoon.

My soul is knit to you. We both speak and think the same

things. The Lord be with your spirit. — Jesus manifests forth

his glory daily in these parts. His word is like a fire and a

hammer. Last week I saw many quite struck down. America,

ere long, will be famous for Christians. Little did I think that

I should preach in all the chief places of America; but that is

now done! Glory be to rich, free, and sovereign grace. — The

Lord vouchsafe to us a happy meeting. O Wales, thou art

dear to my soul! Expect another journal shortly. But wait

till we come to glory, — fully to see and hear what God has done

for your affectionate brother."

When Whitefield returned to England, he continued to urge

on Howel Harris to "abound in the work of the Lord," by

every event that encouraged himself. "I want to see you face

to face. I wish you could come up to London immediately, and

stay whilst I am in the country. Or rather — go and preach at

Bristol, Gloucester, and Wiltshire, for about a fortnight, and

then come up to London. — Our congregations are large and so-

lemn. I never had greater freedom in preaching. I am glad

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brother Rowland is with you. Go on in the strength of our

dear Lord, and you shall see Satan like lightning fall from

heaven. May the Lord hide your precious soul under the

shadow of his Almighty wings! — You need not fear my believing

any reports to your disadvantage. Cease not to pray for yours,

eternally."

In the same spirit, he wrote to him from Edinburgh, the mo-

ment that the fire began to kindle in Scotland. "My very

dear brother Harris, though my eyes be dim, and my body calls

for rest, I would fain send you a line before I go (to rest). I

hope God is beginning such a work here, as he is now carrying

on in New England. Night and day, Jesus fills me with his

love. — I have preached twice, and talked and walked much to

day. — My dear man, good night!"

He did not conceal from his friend the results of his inter-

views with the Associate Presbytery, nor his opinion of their

spirit. "My heart is much united to you. I utterly disap-

prove of some persons' separating principles. Satan now turns

himself into an angel of light, and stirs up God's children to

tempt me to come over to some particular party. The Asso-

ciate Presbytery have been hard upon me: but I find no free-

dom any longer than I continue just as I am, and evangelize to

all. I know not that I differ from you in one thing. God is

doing great things here! — It would make your heart leap for

joy, to be now in Edinburgh. I question if there be not up-

wards of 300 in this city seeking after Jesus. Every morning,

I have a constant levee — of wounded souls. I am quite amazed

when I think what God hath done here in a fortnight. I am

only afraid lest the people should idolize the instrument, and

not look enough to the glorious Jesus, in whom alone I desire

to glory. Congregations consist of many thousands. Never

did I see so many Bibles, nor people look into them with such

attention, when I am expounding. Plenty of tears flow from

the hearers' eyes. The love of Christ quite strikes me dumb.

O grace, grace! Let that be my song. I must away (to preach)."

As might be expected, Whitefield did not fail to appeal

to Howel Harris from the vantage ground of Cambuslang.

Along with a copy of his journal of that memorable awakening,

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he wrote thus: "The account sent with this will show you how

often I have been enabled to preach; but with what efficacy

and success — pen cannot describe. The glorious Redeemer

seems advancing from congregation to congregation, carrying

all before him. The Messrs. Erskine's people have kept a fast

for me; and give out that all the work, now in Scotland, is

only delusion, and by the agency of the devil. O my dear

brother, to what lengths in bigotry and prejudice may good

men run! I bless God, I can see the differences between God's

children, and yet love them from my heart. — What you say

about poor Wales, affected me. I am sorry to hear there have

been such divisions. But dividing times generally precede set-

tling times. I should be glad to help the brethren in Wales

My brother, my heart is full!"

Whitefield's letters on these subjects were not confined to

Howel Harris. Both from America and Scotland, he wrote to

other Welch friends in the church and amongst the dissenters;

and thus spread the tidings of the revivals, and of their reaction.

The following extract from a letter to a clergyman in Wales, is

highly characteristic of Whitefield. “God is on my side — I will

not fear what men nor devils say of, or do unto, me. The dear

Erskines have dressed me in very black colours. Mr. Gibbs's

pamphlet will show you how black. Dear men, I pity them.

Writing, I fear, will be in vain. Oh for a mind divested of all

sects, names, and parties. I think it is my one simple aim, to

promote the kingdom of Jesus, without partiality or hypocrisy,

indefinitely amongst all. I care not if the name of George

Whitefield be banished out of the world, so that Jesus be ex-

alted in it. Glory to His great name, we have seen much of

his power and greatness in Scotland. Last sabbath and Mon-

day, great things — greater than ever, were seen at Kilsyth! I

preach twice every day with great power, and walk in liberty

and love. At the same time, I see and feel my vileness, — and

take the blessed Jesus to be my righteousness and my all."

To another clergyman in Wales, he wrote from Philadelphia

thus: ''When I first saw you at Cardiff, my heart rejoiced to

hear what God had done for your soul. You were then under

some displeasure from your rector (if I mistake not) for speak-

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ing the truth as it is in Jesus. Ere now I hope you have had

the honour of being — quite thrust out. Rejoice, my dear bro-

ther, and be exceeding glad; for thus was our Lord and Saviour

served before you. Naked, therefore — follow a naked Christ.

Freely you have received, freely give. If you preach the gos-

pel, you shall live of the gospel. Though you go out without

scrip or shoe, yet shall you lack nothing. Rather than you shall

want, — ravens, those birds of prey, shall be commanded to feed

you. If we go forth in the spirit of apostles, we shall meet with

apostolical success. Stir up, then, the gift of God which is

within you. Be instant in season and out of season. Debase

man, and exalt Jesus. Self-righteousness overturn — overturn!

The people of Wales (at least the common people) will receive

you gladly."

Whitefield not only stirred up labourers thus, in Wales; he

also watched over their safety, when their labours brought them

into trouble. Accordingly, when some of the fellowship meet-

ings were indicted as conventicles, he appealed at once to the

candour and justice of the bishop of Bangor. "I assure your

Lordship, it is a critical time for Wales. Hundreds, if not

thousands, will go in a body from the church, if such proceed-

ings are countenanced. I lately wrote them a letter, dissuading

them from separating from the church; and I write thus freely

to your Lordship, because of the excellent spirit of moderation

discernible in your Lordship."

Some of these details violate the order of time; but they pre-

serve what is better — a connected view of the impulses which

Whitefield got and gave in Wales; and will enable the reader

to appreciate their influence upon future movements and events

in the principality

CHAPTER VII.

WHITEFIELD IN AMERICA.

When this continent was discovered by the English, it lay

within the limits of that vast territory which the pope, although

himself ignorant of its existence, conferred on Spain: — and, in

these times, papal grants were "holy ground." Accordingly,

Henry VII. was afraid to colonize it. Henry VIII. had not

time. Edward VI. had not power. Queen Mary had not in-

clination. Elizabeth had not spirit. She sanctioned, but never

seconded, the attempt of Raleigh in Virginia. The credit of

colonizing North America belongs to James I. He had before

tried the experiment of colonial towns in the highlands of Scot-

land, in order to improve the clans; and although it did not

answer all his expectations, it confirmed him in the policy of

the system. Unhappily, his ecclesiastical policy was not equally

wise. He derided and denounced the puritans and noncon-

formists. And, alas, bishops ascribed this to inspiration; and

even Lord Bacon justified it!

Amongst many who fled from this tyranny to the continent,

for refuge, was the congregational church of the great and

good John Robinson. In 1609, they settled in Leyden, and

remained for some years. But the unhealthy climate, and espe-

cially the unhallowed sabbaths of the city, determined them to

emigrate to America.

This resolution was not adopted hastily, nor without much

prayer. The exiles felt for their children; and shrunk from

the danger of their being absorbed in the mass, or assimilated

to the morals, of a foreign nation. And, what gave irresistible

effect to all their ordinary motives was, — they felt it to be their

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supreme duty to spread the gospel amongst the heathen, and to

perpetuate the Scriptural system of Christian churches.

It is not to the credit of Dr. Robertson, that he withheld the

fact of their missionary spirit. He says, with an ill-concealed

sneer, "They began to be afraid that all their high attain-

ments in spiritual knowledge would be lost; and that the per-

fect fabric of policy which they had erected would dissolve, and

be consigned to oblivion, if they remained longer in a strange

land." The historian understood the character of Charles

V.; but he was incapable of appreciating the character of John

Robinson and his church, even although the Scotch martyrs

furnished a clue to it. It requires, however, more than philo-

sophical discrimination, to discern mental or moral greatness in

the zeal of poor men for unpopular truth. The character of

the first nonconformists must remain a mystery to mere phi-

losophers, until the New Testament become "The Book of the

Church."

A brief sketch of the character and principles of the found-

ers of the first American churches, will justify this remark.

Now, that Hume, and writers of his stamp, should designate the

Plymouth pilgrims, weak or wild fanatics, is only what might

be expected. Nor is it at all surprising, that even Robertson

should call them enthusiasts and Brownists. It is, however, a

matter both of surprise and regret, that such an historian as

Grahame should have called them Brownists, in the face of a

solemn injunction which he himself transcribes, and in which

Robinson disavows the name, as "a brand for making religion

odious." Even Baylie, the bitter enemy of the first dissenters,

declares that "Robinson was the principal overthrower of the

Brownists, and became the father of independency." Hornius

also distinguishes the independents from the Brownists, and

calls them Robinsonians. Governor Winslow also, in his

“Grounds of planting New England," says, that "the Brownists

were settled in Amsterdam, and would hardly hold communion

with the people of Leyden." Besides, there is a work of

Robinson's, which bears the following title: "A Just and Ne-

cessary Apology for certain Christians, no less contumeliously

than commonly called Brownists or Barrowists."

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The fact seems to be, — that Robinson had been, at first, a

stricter dissenter than the generality of the nonconformists;

and, by publishing his "Justification of Separation from the

Church of England," in answer to Bernard's "Separatists'

Schism," which was chiefly directed against the Brownists, he

thus subjected himself to the charge of being one of them. But

both his spirit and his system were of a far higher order. He

was, in the best sense of the name, an independent, or con-

gregationalist.

What he was as a scholar and a divine, may be judged from

his masterly answer to Bernard, and from his signal triumph

over the successor of Arminius at Leyden. The university of

Leyden prevailed on Robinson to accept the challenge of Epis-

copius; and he silenced the impugner of Calvinism. In such

estimation was he held at Leyden, that all the rank and talent

of the city attended his funeral, and agreed to his interment in

the chancel of their principal church.

Such was the man who formed the sentiments and the cha-

racter of the men who formed the first church in New Eng-

land. He himself was prevented from joining them there,

by the intrigues of a faction in the Virginian company in this

country; but his mantle and spirit were carried there by his

elder and members. And nobly did they exemplify the princi-

ples of their pastor!

What these principles were, is not matter of conjecture. As

to faith, the pilgrims held the doctrinal articles of the reformed

churches; and, accordingly, admitted to communion in their

own church the pious members, of all protestant churches who

chose to unite with them.

This open communion, and unshackled freedom of conscience,

were, however, peculiar to the independents. The puritans

who colonized Massachusetts Bay, availed themselves, at first,

of these privileges; but they did not extend them so freely

when they settled their own churches.

Agreeably to the spirit of the church in which they were

educated, they soon began to govern religion, instead of sub-

mitting to be governed by it; and thus practical intolerance was

grafted upon speculative liberty, as slavery still is, on American

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republicanism. The puritans were much upbraided for this

by the church of England, whilst her own offsets in the southern

provinces of America could hardly subsist; but, when they ob-

tained a legal settlement, she soon fenced them by a sacra-

mental test.

Even-handed justice, however, has not yet been rendered to

the American puritans. Both eulogy and censure are still too

unqualified. Their errors were the universal errors of their

age; whereas their virtues were peculiar to themselves. God,

indeed, "sifted three nations, that he might sow New England

with the finest wheat." Magnalia.

A sketch of the rise and progress of religion in America will

illustrate this. Its origin, although of recent date, was coeval

with the discovery of the rock of Plymouth. The pilgrims had

formed themselves, by covenant, into a church and a state,

even before they landed; and thus Plymouth became a settle-

ment and a sanctuary on the same day. The voice of praise

and prayer first awoke the echoes of its forests; and before a

tree was cut for fuel, or climbed for food, tears of gratitude had

anointed the rock as an Ebenezer.

Webster, a member of congress, has depicted this scene with

great power and pathos. "The morning that beamed on the

first night of their repose, saw the pilgrims already established

in their country. There were political institutions, and civil

liberty, and religious worship.

"Poetry has fancied nothing in the wanderings of heroes, so

distinct and characteristic. Here was man, indeed, unprotect-

ed, and unprovided for, on the shore of a rude and fearful wil-

derness; but it was politic, intelligent, and educated man.

Everything was civilized but the physical world. Institutions,

containing in substance all that ages had done for human

government, were established in a forest. Cultivated mind was

to act on uncultivated nature; and, more than all, a government

and a country were to commence, with the very first foundations

laid under the divine light of the Christian religion. Happy

auspices of a happy futurity! Who could wish that his coun-

try's existence had otherwise begun? Who would desire to go

back to the ages of fable? Who would wish for an origin ob-

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scured in the darkness of antiquity? Who would wish for other

emblazoning of his country's heraldry, or other ornaments of

her genealogy, than to be able to say, that her first existence

was with intelligence; her first breath, the inspiration of liberty;

her first principle, the truth of divine religion?"

In a similar spirit, Whelpley, of New York, says, "On the

day they felt the firm earth, for weal or for woe, they adopted it

as their country; they looked off to the surrounding hills and

snow-clad ranges, and felt that these must henceforth be their

horizon; they surveyed the deep and frowning forest, with its

savage tenantry, and resolved to subdue and make it the abode

of pure religion; they looked along the far-sounding shore, and

resolved to explore its depths and islands, and point out to their

children the places of cities, and the marts of commerce; they

looked up to the broad heavens, where dwelt their covenant

God, and, in prayer, resolved to build Him a house for his wor-

ship, wherever under these heavens, like Jacob, they rested on

their pilgrimage."

Vivid and touching as these pictures are, they are, perhaps,

surpassed, as to effect, by the simple journals of the pilgrims

themselves ; from which Prince drew the materials, and, in a

great measure, the language, of his "Annals;" — a book almost

unknown now in this country.

"1620. Dec. 20. This morning, after calling on Heaven for

guidance, they go ashore again, to pitch on some place for im-

mediate settlement. After viewing the country, they conclude

to settle on the main, on a high ground facing the bay; a sweet

brook running under the hill, with many delicate springs. On

a great hill they intend to fortify, which will command all

round; whence they may see across from the bay to Cape Cod.

And here, being twenty in number, they rendezvous this even-

ing; but a storm rising, it blows and rains hard all night; con-

tinues so tempestuous for two days, that they cannot get aboard,

and have nothing to shelter them.

"21st. Dies Richard Bretterige, the first who dies in this

harbour.

"23d. As many go ashore as can,” cut and carry timber for

a common building.

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"24th. Lord's day. Our people ashore are alarmed with

the cry of savages; expect an assault, but continue quiet.

And this day, dies Solomon Martin, the sixth and last who dies

this month.

"25th. Monday. They go ashore again, felling timber, sawing,

riving, carrying. Begin to erect their first house, about twenty

foot square, for their common use, to receive them and their

goods. Leaving twenty to keep a court of guard, the rest return

aboard at evening. But in the night and next day, another

sore storm of wind and rain.

"28th. Thursday. They go to work on the hill; reduce

themselves to nineteen families; measure out their lots, and

draw for them. Many grow ill of grievous colds, from the

great and many hardships they had endured. They see great

smokes of fires made by Indians, about six or seven miles off.

"31st. Lord's day. The generality remain aboard the ship,

almost a mile and a half off. Some keep the sabbath, for the

first time, in the place of their building.

"1621. Jan. 9th. We labour in building our town in two

rows of houses for greater safety: divide by lot the ground we

build on: agree that every man builds his own house, that they

may make more haste.

"13th. Saturday. Having the major part of our people

ashore, we purpose there to keep the public worship to-morrow.

"14th. Lord's day morning at six o'clock, the wind being

very high, we, on shipboard, see our rendezvous in flames, and

fear the savages had fired it; nor can we come to help, for want

of the tide, till seven o'clock: at landing, find that the house

was fired by a spark in the thatch."

"31st. The people aboard see two savages, but cannot come

to speak with them.

"Feb. 9th. This afternoon our house for sick people is set

on fire by a spark lighting on the roof.

“About this time the Indians get all the pawaws (magicians)

of the country together for three days, in a horrid and devilish

manner to curse and execrate us with their conjurations: which

assembly they hold in a dark and dismal swamp."

Such was their first winter; and, before the return of spring.

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disease or famine had swept off one half of them. The sur-

vivors, too, instead of being able to devote themselves to plant-

ing and building, had to spend the greater part of their time

in defending their persons and property from the savages.

Still, the pilgrims neither repented nor repined. "Spring,”

they say, “puts new life into us" "All the summer', no want.

We fit our houses against winter; are in health, and have all

things in plenty.'' Prince's Annals.

At this time, they had no minister. Mr. Brewster, the elder

of the church, conducted their worship, until Mr. Robinson

should be able to join them. But, whilst they were looking

and longing for his arrival, a faction in the Plymouth company

at home were intriguing to prevent him from leaving Leyden.

This faction seem to have had for their object the introduction

of episcopal forms into the worship of the colony. Accordingly,

in 1624, they sent out, as their tool, Lyford, a minister who had

lost his character in Ireland. On his arrival, the pilgrims say,

“He appears exceedingly complaisant and humble; sheds many

tears; blesses God, that had brought him to see our faces. We

give him the best entertainment we can. We make him larger

allowance than any others. At his desire, we receive him into

our church; when he blesses God for the opportunity and

freedom of enjoying his ordinances in purity." That purity

Lyford soon tampered with. He insisted upon administering

the sacrament in the episcopal form, and on using the liturgy.

Nor was this the worst part of his conduct. He caballed with

some unprincipled adventurers, who had come out, to betray the

colony, and usurp its government. The plot was, however, de-

tected. The governor pursued the ship which brought Lyford

out, and arrested his letters. On his return, the governor sum-

moned a general court, and charged Lyford and his party with

the plot. They denied it. He then produced Lyford's letters,

and confounded the traitors before all the assembly.

Incredible as it may seem, such was the leniency of the court,

that Lyford was even restored to his office, upon a profession of

repentance, "made with tears," before the church. But these

tears, like the former, were hypocritical; for, in less than a

month, he wrote another letter to betray the government; and

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was detected again. Cotton Mather says of Lyford, "On this

he was banished from the plantation, and went into Virginia,

where he shortly after ended his own life." Soon after this,

the pilgrims say, "We hear sad news; our dear pastor, Mr.

Robinson, is dead; which strikes us with great sorrow. These

things could not but cast us into great perplexity; yet, being

stript of all human hopes and help, when we are now at the

lowest, the Lord so helps us, as that we are not only upheld, but

begin to rise.” This "rise " was not, however, great nor rapid;

for, at the end of ten years, the population of Plymouth was

only three hundred persons.

Such was the rise of religion in America. Its progress, at

this early period, was, of course, by the accession of pious set-

tlers from Europe, and by the influence of the first churches

upon the worldly settlers. In the former case, the progress was

great. Charles I. was then upon the throne, and Laud behind

it; and their well-known measures compelled the puritans and

nonconformists to choose between exile and chains. Many of

them preferred the former. Aware of this, the Rev. Mr. White

of Dorchester organized a colony for Massachusetts Bay, which

obtained a royal charter. Neale, by a strange mistake, says,

that "free liberty of conscience was granted by this charter."

An improbable gift, from the iron hand of Charles! The deed

itself contains no permission of the kind. Such as it was, how-

ever, it soon drew into the colony eighteen hundred persons;

many of whom were wealthy, and most of them respectable.

Several eminent ministers also accompanied them. These emi-

grants laid the foundations of Boston, Charlestown, Dorchester,

and other towns; in each of which a church was formed. And

such was their prosperity and peace, that crowds continued to

pour into the country.

Whilst this influx was proceeding, the small-pox broke out

amongst the Indians, and swept off such multitudes, that whole

tribes were annihilated. Providence, by thus evacuating the

country, was supposed to indicate his appropriation of it to the

English. The vacated space proved, however, a temptation;

because its best districts being far asunder, they drew the set-

tlers too far off from each other. It was, however, this dispersion

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that led to the adoption of a representative system of govern-

ment in New England.

It cannot surprise anyone to hear that, amongst so many

emigrants, so suddenly thrown together, and all passing at once

from bondage to full liberty of conscience, there should have

been some differences of religious opinion. There were, how-

ever, far fewer than could be expected; and these were confined,

in every instance, to very few persons. The celebrated Roger

Williams was the chief disturber of the harmony of the infant

churches; but, with all his singularities, he was a noble-minded

and right-hearted man. He understood religious liberty better

than the puritans; and, to his spirit and firmness in resisting

the jurisdiction of magistrates in religion. New England is chiefly

indebted for her charter of conscience.

Whilst the Massachusetts' colony was thus advancing, similar

motives and causes led to the settlement of Connecticut and

Newhaven; in both of which the Scriptures were adopted as

the sole code of law and religion. A colony was also planted

in New Hampshire and Maine; but by men of another spirit.

It made no progress for some years, until it came under the

jurisdiction of the Massachusetts' colony. Indeed, all the colo-

nies, about this time, retrograded during a disastrous war with

the Indians. Charles had also forbidden further emigration

from England, without permission. He had even decided on

taking away the Massachusetts' charter, and on remodeling the

government agreeably to his own mind. The meeting of the

long parliament, however, furnished him with other work. But,

whilst this event saved their charter at the time, it likewise put

a stop to emigration; there being then no intolerable pressure

upon conscience. Whilst that pressure lasted, however, two

hundred thousand British subjects had settled in New England;

and £200,000 had been expended upon it: "b. sum," says Ro-

bertson, "which no principles, inferior in force to those where-

with the puritans were animated, could have persuaded men to

lay out on the uncertain prospect of finding subsistence and

enjoying freedom."

During the Protectorate, although no great accession was

made to the population of New England, great favour was shown

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to the colonies; or rather, they were allowed to take great

liberties beyond their charter. They formed the confederacy of

the States, and struck a coinage of their own. Whether these

steps were approved, or overlooked amidst the crowd of nearer

events, is not known. Cromwell, however, formed a plan for the

colonists, which, happily, was plausible only to himself. When

he had conquered Jamaica, he offered to transport to it the

churches of New England, that they might resist popery in the

centre of the new world. In this enterprise, so characteristic

of its author, Cromwell pledged himself to support them with

the whole weight of his authority and influence. They had,

however, the wisdom to decline his proposals, without incurring

his displeasure.

About this time, a better direction was given to their zeal,

and new energy infused into their Indian missions, by the spirit

with which parliament incorporated the Society for propagating

the Gospel in New England; and, especially, by the success of

Eliot. No great accession of numbers or strength was made to

the infant churches, however, until the restoration of Charles II.

restored the old system at home. Then the Act of Uniformity

threw into their arms another large group of pilgrims, in "the

spirit and power" of the Plymouth fathers. They knew, also,

how to avail themselves of the crisis created by the Bartholo-

mew bushel at home; and promptly invited some of the brightest

stars which it had covered, to "arise and shine" in the western

hemisphere. And many of them obeyed the summons. Even

Dr. Owen was likely to have accepted a call to be pastor of the

first church in Boston, had not the king laid an embargo upon

him.

However much, therefore, we may deplore the Act of Unifor-

mity, it became the axe which cut down the principle of unifor-

mity in this country. What the cause of religious liberty lost

here for a time, it more than regained in America.

When these victims of the Act of Uniformity arrived in Ame-

rica, there were forty flourishing churches in New England.

The emigrants, however, had hardly time to become incorpo-

rated with them, or to taste the cup of their sweet fellowship,

when the fatal Indian war broke out. And such were its ra-

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vages that nearly six hundred men, who were the strength both

of the churches and of the colony, were cut off. And even this

overwhelming loss was aggravated by a succession of harassing

measures from home, which almost ruined the trade of the colony,

until the Revolution.

The Revolution in England forms an epoch in the ecclesias-

tical, as well as the civil, history of America. From that time,

the churches of New England began to provide for the spiritual

wants of the southern provinces; and thus stirred up the bishop

of London to send a commissary into Maryland, who obtained

an act of the provincial legislature for a legal establishment

of episcopacy there.

There was, however, at this time, a blot upon the character

of New England, which, if it had not been copied from Old

England, would call for severe animadversion. The imputation

of witchcraft was accompanied by the prevalent belief of its

reality; and the lives of many weak persons were sacrificed to

a blind zeal and a superstitious credulity. Still, more persons

have been put to death for witchcraft in a single county of

England, than all who suffered in America. Besides, the chief

judge, Sewall, with more wisdom than our Hale, confessed, soon

after, the sin of these sentences, in a penitential paper, which

he gave in to his minister to be read publicly, on a fast day.

His diary also deplores and condemns them.

Nothing very memorable occurs in the history of religion,

from this time, until the revival at Northampton; except its

steady progress amongst some of the Indian tribes, and the

noble, though abortive, effort of Berkley to provide for them all,

by his projected college at Bermuda.

The remarkable revival of religion under the ministry of

Jonathan Edwards, was as timely as it was signal. He himself,

in narrating it, has said as little as possible of the long and deep

decay of vital godliness, which preceded it. That sad decay

has, however, but too many vouchers. "It began to appear,"

says Prince, "in 1660: in 1670, it was visible and threatening:

in 1680, it was bewailed bitterly by the few of the first gener-

ation who remained."

Governor Stoughton, in a sermon which he preached at Bos-

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ton, before he resigned the pulpit for the bench, proclaimed it

in the presence of the ministry and the magistracy, that, since

the death of the Massachusetts' fathers, many had become like

Joash after the death of Jehoiada, rotten, hypocritical — and a

Lie! In 1683, the venerable Torrey, of Weymouth, also preach-

ed a sermon before the legislature, and which he entitled "A

Plea for the Life of dying Religion" "There is," says he,

"already a great death upon religion; little more left than a

name to live. It is dying as to the being of it, by the general

failure of the work of conversion." In 1700, Mather published

his "Vindication of the Order of the Gospel in New England;"

in which he solemnly affirms, "that if the begun apostasy

should proceed as fast the next thirty years, as it has done these

last, it will come to that in New England, (except the gospel

itself depart with the order of it,) that churches must be gather-

ed out of churches." President Willard, also, (the eloquent de-

nouncer of the prosecutions for witchcraft,) published in the

same year his searching sermon, "The Perils of the Times dis-

played." "Whence," he asks, "is there such a prevalency of

so many immoralities amongst professors? Why so little suc-

cess of the gospel? How few thorough conversions to be ob-

served; how scarce and seldom!" "It hath been," he adds,

"a frequent observation, that if one generation begins to de-

cline, the next that follows usually grows worse; and so on,

until God pours out his Spirit again upon them."

Such was the melancholy state of things which followed the

death of the first puritans and nonconformists in New England.

The second generation grew up, not indeed in ignorance nor in

avowed unbelief, but in a heartless formality which, itself, re-

laxed more and more, as their fathers went down to the grave.

Nor was this falling off confined to the large towns. It took

place even in such remote and obscure towns as Northampton.

There, after the death of the celebrated Stoddard, who had,

during his ministry, five signal revivals, or, as he called them,

"five harvests," an extraordinary deadness in religion crept in.

Politics divided the people, and pleasure absorbed the young.

Family discipline was generally neglected, and licentiousness

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rapidly spreading. The sabbath evening became the chief sea-

son of mirth and dissipation.

This last circumstance led Edwards to preach a very solemn

sermon on the subject; not, however, that he held the evening

of the Lord's day sacred. They began their sabbath on the

Saturday evening, and closed it with the afternoon of Sunday.

It was, therefore, the "evil tendency" of passing from the sanc-

tuary to the tavern and the dancing green, that led him to re-

monstrate. He saw how the custom was defeating all his own

labours, and defying parental authority to check it; and he

singled it out, and threw all his soul into the assault against it.

He had also planned with the better disposed parents of his

flock, to take private measures for suppressing the evil. But

such was the effect of the sermon on the young themselves, that

they anticipated the wish both of their parents and pastor,

and abandoned at once and entirely their amusements on the

sabbath evening.

This was the first step towards the great revival at North-

ampton. Edwards then persuaded the young people to spend

these evenings in little meetings for social prayer and reading.

In this also he succeeded. These meetings began too at a time,

when some sudden and awful deaths had made a deep and

solemn impression in the town. But still, he seems to have

expected nothing extraordinary to evolve from these symptoms.

The Arminian controversy was raging around him at the time,

and he, in common with his pious friends, was more afraid of

its influence, than encouraged by these "tokens for good."

Indeed, Edwards, instead of expecting or attempting to pro-

duce a signal revival of religion, seems to have thought only of

defending its great foundations. He began to preach boldly

the sovereignty and freeness of grace, more with a view to keep

error out of his church, than with the hope of "winning souls"

by the truth. Accordingly he himself was as much, if not

more surprised than any one, when the great awakening began.

He, however, preached the truth from love to it, and not for

victory; and the Eternal Spirit wrought mightily by it.

This series of simple facts has been too much overlooked in

various accounts of "The work of God in Northampton." It

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was in nowise "got up” on the part of Edwards, as its enemies

have insinuated; nor was it so separated from rational means,

as some of its rash friends pretended. It certainly well de-

serves to be called wonderful — even miraculous, because the

same truth had never triumphed so gloriously in America be-

fore; but the means which the Spirit thus blessed, were as na-

tural and orderly as philosophy herself could select or arrange,

whilst she kept the Bible open. Accordingly Dr. Watts and

Dr. Guyse did not hesitate to call it "The renewal of the mira-

cle of Gideon s fleece.”

The chief characteristics of this work, at its commence-

ment, were, — a melting down of all classes and ages in over-

whelming solicitude about salvation; an absorbing sense of

eternal realities, which banished all vain and useless conversa-

tion; a self-abasement and self-condemnation, which acquitted

God of all severity, whatever he might do; a spirit of secret

and social prayer, which redeemed time for itself under all cir-

cumstances; and a concern for the souls of others, which

watched for all opportunities of doing good. It can only sur-

prise sciolists, that this awakening, so sudden and solemn,

should have agitated the body, whilst thus agonizing the mind.

It produced in many instances loud outcries, and in some in-

stances convulsions. The loudest cries were not, however, so

loud as the shrieks of Voltaire or Volney, when the prospect of

eternity unmanned them. What Edwards said of those who,

in his time, resolved the physical effect into mental delusion,

may be applied to all who echo their opinion, "I question if

they would behave themselves better, if they were equally

sensible of their guilt and danger, as sinners." Not that Ed-

wards was the advocate of these things; but he was too good

a philosopher to consider them incompatible with sense or sin-

cerity; and too honest, to allow them to be called "a distem-

per caught from Whitefield and Tennent," as some insinuated.

He candidly acknowledges they had appeared before White-

field arrived. Indeed, they did not appear under his minis-

try at all.

“But, what is the chaff to the wheat, saith the Lord?"

Whatever were the accidental extravagances which marked this

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work at any period of its progress, its permanent results were

"Holiness to the Lord."

Perhaps a better proof of the substantial character of these

conversions cannot be given, than the single fact that most of

them stood the severe test of Edwards's "Treatise on Religious

Affections:" a work which, if as generally read here as it was

there, would tempt a large portion of our acknowledged con-

verts to unchristianize themselves. There was noise in the

new stream of religious feeling, which broke out at Northamp-

ton; and noisy streams are said to be shallow; but this one must

have been an exception to the proverb, seeing it sustained that

weighty book upon its bosom.

Besides, whoever will duly examine Edwards's "Narrative,"

will find, to his surprise and pleasure, all the usual varieties of

experience, which show themselves in our own churches, in the

succession of single converts. He was honoured to gather at

once, what we collect slowly. But with this exception, and its

natural consequences, the history of any hundred of true con-

verts, won at wide intervals, will present almost all the varieties

of case, which were crowded into the first year of the revival.

Wide and great as this revival was, however, it did not pene-

trate New England at large, until Whitefield and Tennent

spread it. In many leading places the necessity, or the genuine-

ness of such a work was doubted and denied. The churches, in

general, were still in a Sardian or Laodicean state.

Dr. Holmes says, in his "American Annals," that "the zeal

which had characterized the churches in New England at an

earlier period, had, previous to Whitefield's arrival, subsided,

and a calm, perhaps lethargic, state ensued. The discourses

from the desk, though evangelical, were not impassioned."

Shurtleff, of New Hampshire, in his defence of Whitefield, says

of the state of the churches at this time, "No serious christian

could behold it without a heavy heart, and scarce without a

weeping eye; to see the solid, substantial piety, for which our

ancestors were justly renowned, having long languished under

sore decays, brought so low, and seemingly just ready to give

up the ghost." Edwards says of the colleges, "It certainly has

sometimes been so with our colleges that, instead of being

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places of the greatest advantage for true piety, one cannot

send a child thither, without great danger of his being infected

as to his morals." Dr. Chauncy denies this charge, in unquali-

fied terms; but when he proceeds to disprove it, the only

argument he adduces is, that, during twenty years, he had

never known Harvard College "under better circumstances, in

point of religion, good order, and learning, than at this day."

What it really was, may, perhaps, be gathered from the fact,

that Whitefield in his Letter to the students, when they became

serious, says, "It was no small grief to me, that I was obliged

to say of your college, that ‘your light was darkness;’ yet

are ye now become light in the Lord. Now we may expect a

reformation indeed, since it is beginning at the house of God."

In regard to the general state of the churches, even Dr.

Chauncy cannot effectually conceal the low ebb of spiritual reli-

gion at this time. In spite of all his special pleading, it betrays

itself throughout the whole series of his "Seasonable Thoughts

on the State of Religion in New England." At the close of

that strange book he acknowledges, "that disorderly walkers

have been suffered to take their course, without the administra-

tion of those censures which are proper to the kingdom of Jesus

Christ. Have they not been left to themselves to act as they

please, without public notice, any more than if they sustained

no relation to the church of God?"

It is equally painful to review or record these melancholy

facts. It is, however, necessary to do both, in order to form a

just estimate of the spirit, the character, and effects, of White-

field's preaching in New England. He went there, not to spy

out the nakedness of the land, nor to search for declensions;

but to be "refreshed amongst the descendants of the good old

puritans." It was, therefore, with as much surprise as regret,

that he found "the fine gold" of puritanism "dim." Indeed,

it was not until Dr. Chauncy and others began to caricature the

revivals, that Whitefield began to suspect the spirituality of the

ministry. His correspondence with Dr. Colman and Mr. Cooper

of Boston, and his recorded memorials of all the devoted minis-

ters he met with, prove that he was inclined, and even solicitous,

to be pleased with New England.

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Whitefield had, however, seen enough, in Philadelphia, to

convince him, that both the matter and spirit of his preaching

in England were equally wanted in America. He accordingly

wielded in New York and Boston all the spiritual and splendid

weapons which he had employed at London and Bristol. The

effect at Boston was amazing. Old Mr. Walter, the successor

of Eliot, the apostle of the Indians, said, "It was puritanism

revived." Such was the interest excited by his preaching, that

his farewell sermon was attended by 20,000 persons. And,

during his visit, it was testified by the first authorities in the

city, that many of the careless were awakened, and more of the

lukewarm quickened. "Such a power and presence of God

with a preacher, and in religious assemblies," says Dr. Colman,

"I never saw before." "Every day gives me fresh proofs of

Christ speaking in him. A small set of gentlemen amongst us,

when they saw the affections of the people so moved under his

preaching, would attribute it only to the force of sound and ges-

tures. But the impressions on many were so lasting, and have

been so transforming, as to carry plain signatures of a divine

hand going along with him." All this was, if possible, exceed-

ed at Northampton, when Whitefield visited Jonathan Edwards,

and reminded his people of "the days of old." "It was," says

Gillies, "like putting fire to tinder." Similar success attended

his ministry in the town and college of Newhaven. In the lat-

ter, it overthrew the self-righteousness of the celebrated Hop-

kins, and fanned into a flame the zeal of David Brainerd — a

name that needs no epithet.

In like manner, at Harvard College the effect was great.

The honourable Secretary Willard says, in a letter to White-

field, "That which forebodes the most lasting advantage is, the

new state of things in the college, where the impressions of reli-

gion have been, and still are, very general; and many, in a

judgment of charity, brought home to Christ. Divers gentle-

men's sons, that were sent there only for a more polite educa-

tion, are now so full of zeal for the cause of Christ, and of love

to souls, as to devote themselves entirely to the studies of

divinity." Dr. Colman also informed Whitefield of this fact.

"At Cambridge, the college is entirely changed; the students

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are full of God” and will, I hope, come out blessings in their

generation; and, I trust, are so now to each other. Many of

them are now, we think, truly born again, and several of them

happy instruments of conversion to their fellows. The voice of

prayer and praise fills their chambers; and sincerity, fervency,

and joy, with seriousness of heart, sit visibly on their faces. I

was told yesterday, that not seven of a hundred remain unaf-

fected. I know how the good tidings will affect you. God

give you like joy everywhere in the fruit of your labours." Thus

Whitefield was then to the churches and colleges, what Wash-

ington was afterwards to the states.

Such were the results of his first visit to New England.

And it deserves special notice that they were accompanied with

none of the extravagances which marked the revival soon

after. Much has been written on the subject of the subsequent

effects of this mighty impulse; but, after deliberately weighing

the works on both sides, I am fully persuaded that Whitefield

himself has given the most judicious view of the whole matter.

On his return to Boston, in 1745, he writes thus: "Some oc-

casions of offence had, undoubtedly, been given whilst I was

here, (before,) and preached up and down the country. No-

thing, however, appeared but a pure divine power, working

upon, converting, and transforming people's hearts, of all

ranks, — without any extraordinary phenomena attending it.

Good Mr. Tennent succeeded me: numbers succeeded him.

Lecture upon lecture was set up in various places. One minis-

ter called to another to help to drag the gospel net. And, by

all the accounts I can have from private information, or good

Mr. Prince's weekly history, one would have imagined the mil-

lennium was coming indeed. But in this mixed state of things,

wildfire will necessarily blend itself with the pure fire that

comes from God's altar. This the enemy long waited for. At

last, it broke out and spread itself. And, it must be confess-

ed, by the instrumentality of many good souls, both among

clergy and laity; who, mistaking fancy for faith, and ima-

gination for revelation, were guilty of great imprudence. 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

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I left New England last. But, maugre all, my poor labours

are yet attended with the usual blessings."

That Whitefield has fairly characterized the first aspect of

this work, will be seen from the following public testimony, by

three of the principal ministers in Boston; Prince, Webb,

Cooper. It came out the year after his first visit.

"The wondrous work of God, at this day, making its tri-

umphant progress through the land, has forced many men of

clear minds, strong powers, considerable knowledge, and firmly

rivetted in Arminian and Socinian tenets, to give them all up

at once, and yield to the adorable sovereignty and irresistibi-

lity of the divine Spirit, in his saving operations on the souls

of men. For, to see such men as these, some of them of

licentious lives, long inured in a course of vices, and of high

spirits, coming to the preaching of the word; some only out of

curiosity, and mere design to get matter of cavilling and banter;

all at once, in opposition to their inward enmity, resolutions,

and resistances, to fall under an unexpected and hated power;

to have all the strength of their resolution and resistance taken

away; to have such inward views of the horrid wickedness, not

only of their lives but of their hearts, with their exceeding great

and immediate danger of eternal misery, as has amazed their

souls, and thrown them into distress unutterable, yea, forced

them to cry out in the assemblies with the greatest agonies:

and then, in two or three days, and sometimes sooner, to have

such unexpected and raised views of the infinite grace and love

of God in Christ, as have enabled them to believe in him; lifted

them at once out of their distresses; filled their hearts with

admiration; and joy unspeakable and full of glory breaking

forth in their shining countenances and transporting voices, to

the surprise of those about them: — and to see them kindling up

at once, into a flame of love to God, an utter detestation of their

former courses and vicious habits; yea, by such a detestation,

that the very power of these habits receive at once a mortal

wound: in short, to see their high spirits, on a sudden, humbled;

their hard hearts made tender; their aversion to the Holy Ghost,

now turned into a powerful and prevailing bent to contemplate

Him as revealed in Christ: to labour to be like Him in holi-

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ness; to please and honour him by a universal and glad con-

formity to his will and nature; and to promote his holy king-

dom in all about them — loving them, forgiving them, asking

forgiveness of them; abounding in acts of justice and charity,

in a meek and condescending carriage towards the meanest, and

aspiring after higher sanctity.

"And to see other gentlemen, of the like parts, knowledge,

and principles; and of sober, just, and religious lives, as far as

mere reason, with outward revelation, is able to carry them;

and prepossessed against this work as imagined enthusiasm;

yet, at once, surprised to find themselves entirely destitute of

that inward sanctity, and supreme love to God, which the gos-

pel teaches as absolutely needful; to find themselves no more

than conceited Pharisees, who had been working out a righteous-

ness for their own justification; and to have a clear discovery

of their inward enmity to Christ, and to the nature and way of

redemption by him; with the vileness of their hearts and lives,

which they had never seen before: in short, to find themselves

yet unrenewed in the spirit of their minds, and under the heavy

wrath and curse of God; to lose all their former confidence;

give up their beloved schemes; to see themselves undone and

helpless, and sink into great distress: and then, condemning

themselves as guilty wretches, humbly lying at the foot of abso-

lute and sovereign grace, looking up to Christ, as the only Me-

diator, to reconcile them to God, to justify them wholly by his

own righteousness, and to enlighten, sanctify, and govern them

by his Holy Spirit; and there to wait, till they find a new and

mighty life and power come into their souls, enabling them to

embrace, trust in, and love this divine Redeemer; rejoice

with satisfaction in him; and perform every kind of duty, both

to God and man, with pleasure, and with quite another spirit

than before."

Whilst such were the moral effects of this American Pente-

cost, well might the eloquent Parsons, of Byfield, say to the

mockers and opposers, "Whilst you stand amazed at the rings

of the wheel, as things too high and dreadful for you; whilst you

know not what to make of the effusions of the Holy Spirit, but

are stumbling at everything amiss; beware, lest that come upon

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you, which is spoken of by the prophets, 'Behold, ye despisers,

and wonder, and perish.' Dear, immortal souls! I beseech and

persuade you, by the mercies of God, and the astonishing love

of the Lord Jesus Christ, that you would not sacrifice the oper-

ations of the blessed Spirit to your own prejudice, by means of

our imperfections."

When Whitefield saw the first-fruits of this harvest, he wisely

pressed into the field, as his successor, Gilbert Tennent. The

American Biographical Dictionary says of Tennent, "He was

born in Ireland, and brought to this country by his father; by

whom also he was educated for the ministry. As a preacher,

he was, in his vigorous days, equalled by but few. His reason-

ing powers were strong; his language forcible and often sublime;

and his manner of address warm and earnest. His eloquence was,

however, rather bold and awful than soft and persuasive. He

was most pungent in his addresses to the conscience. When

he wished to alarm the sinner, he could represent in the most

awful manner the terrors of the Lord. With admirable dex-

terity he exposed the false hope of the hypocrite, and searched

the corrupt heart to the bottom.” Such was the man whom

Whitefield chose to take his place in the American valley of

vision, when the "dry bones" began to shake. And he entered

on his new sphere with almost rustic simplicity; wearing his

hair undressed, and a large great coat girt with a leathern gir-

dle. But his "lofty stature and grave aspect dignified" the

whole. He had been remarkably useful in his former station

in New Jersey; and now, in New England, his ministry was

hardly less successful than Whitefield's had been. Much of the

happy change which we have just reviewed, is ascribed by

Whitefield himself to the instrumentality of Tennent. He

actually shook the country, as with an earthquake. Wherever

he came, hypocrisy and pharisaism either fell before him, or

gnashed their teeth against him. Cold orthodoxy also started

from her downy cushion to imitate or to denounce him. For,

like Elijah on Carmel, he made neutrality an impossibility.

Accordingly, the attack upon him soon began, in the true spirit

of mortified pride, by arraigning his motives. It commenced in

the Boston newspapers in the form of a letter; — of which Dr.

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Chauncy, who was then the American Sacheverell, was, no

doubt, the author. At least, he has made it his own, by repub-

lishing it, without note or comment. "Pray, Sir, let me put it

to your conscience; was not the reason of your travelling so

many miles (300) to preach the gospel in this place, founded on

the insufficiency of the ministers here for their office? Had you

not some suspicion, that they were not converted? Perhaps you

only thought that you might do a deal more good? Is not this

too near to vanity?" This is a specimen of the letter to Ten-

nent; and, in the same spirit, Chauncy assailed the character

and motives of Whitefield, and criticized the "Narrative and

Vindication of the Work of God," by Edwards. By his own

confession, he travelled farther to collect the materials of his

book against, what he called, “the new light," than Tennent

did to guard that light. The book itself was answered by vari-

ous writers; but the best reproof it called forth, was adminis-

tered by a venerable lady, who had been converted under the

ministry of Flavel. "New light!" she exclaimed; "it may

be new to such as never saw it before; but it is what I saw fifty

years ago, from good Mr. Flavel."

Chauncy's principal charge against Whitefield is, — "that he

seldom preached without saying something against unconverted

ministers." "The first error I would take notice of," he says,

"is that which supposes ministers, if not converted, incapable of

being instruments of spiritual good to men's souls. Mr, White-

field very freely vented this error. He said, the reason why

congregations have been so dead, is, because they have dead men

preaching to them." "But conversion," says Chauncy, "does

not appear to be alike necessary for ministers, in their public

capacity as officers of the church, as it is in their private ca-

pacity." If this was untenable ground, the Doctor was still

more unfortunate, when he attempted to vindicate his brethren

by quoting from Cotton Mather. Mather says, "No man be-

comes a minister, or a communicant, in our churches, until he

hath been severely examined about his regeneration, as well as

conversation." Backus, in his "History of the American Bap-

tists," answers this appeal in a few words. "When was it so?

This testimony was given in 1696. How does it prove that their

practice remained the same in 1740?"

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These animadversions upon the conduct and writings of Dr.

Chauncy are necessary, because his influence was great, and

eventually beneficial. For, whilst his work on "The State of

Religion," is contemptible in many respects, and especially in

all that regards Whitefield and Tennent, it is invaluable as an

antidote to the extravagances of conduct and sentiment which,

in seasons of high and general excitement, the weak and the igno-

rant are so prone to fall into. It is only bare justice to make

this acknowledgment; for Dr. Chauncy has embodied in the

work the best sentiments of our best divines, upon the subject

of the operations and fruits of the Holy Spirit. And these well-

selected extracts are such an antidote to his own poison, that

they could not have failed to correct the rashness and folly of

others.

It was, however, the poison which operated first. The repre-

sentations of the party, of which the Doctor was the champion,

produced edicts of synod and assembly, which made the Say-

brook platform all but a scaffold. Ministers who should preach

out of their own parishes without permission, were subject to

be treated as "vagrants," and to be "banished from the co-

lony;" and if they returned, to "pay the expenses of their

transportation; besides being imprisoned until they should give

a bond of £100, not to offend again." Backus. The full force

of these sad measures was confined chiefly to Connecticut: and

there Dr. Finlay, the successor of President Davies, was thus

treated.

Such was the state of things in New England, on Whitefield's

second visit. But neither the acts of assembly, nor the example

of the leading ministers, could prevent the people from welcom-

ing him with acclamation. They voted him into some of the

churches, which would otherwise have been shut against him;

and prevailed on him to preach early in the morning, as he had

done in Scotland. These morning lectures were soon so popu-

lar, that it became proverbial in Boston, that, between early

rising to hear Whitefield, and the use of tar-water, the physicians

would have no practice. During this visit, he made an exten-

sive tour in New England, with great success. At the close of

it, he says in his journal, "We saw great things. The flock-

ing and power that attended the word, was like unto that seven

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years ago. Weak as I was and have been, I was enabled to

travel eleven hundred miles, and to preach daily. I am now

going to Georgia to winter."

This preliminary sketch of American ecclesiastical history,

although it anticipates not a few of Whitefield's movements in

the western world, will enable the reader to appreciate both

their wisdom and necessity, when they are recorded at length,

and in their order, from his journals.

The question. Why did Whitefield go to America in the first

instance? has never been satisfactorily answered. I have re-

corded, in his early life, some of his views and feelings on the

subject, without attempting to account for them, or to explain

them. They are remarkable. He uniformly speaks of his

object as "a great work;" and represents himself as "a strip-

ling going forth like David against Goliath." He prays most

fervently for "such a deep humility, well-guided zeal, and burn-

ing love," as should enable him to defy "men and devils," even

if they did "their worst." Now all this is rather too much to

be applied exclusively to the claims of an infant colony; except,

indeed, he foresaw what it would become eventually. Foresight

of this kind, however, was not natural to him. Whitefield did

not "see afar off," into the progress of society, or the bearings

of colonization. He opened no long nor current accounts with

Time, but only with Eternity. How his doings would tell upon

future ages and generations — he seems never to have calculated.

His immediate object was to win souls, and his final object, to

present them before the throne "with exceeding joy."

Such being the cast of Whitefield's mind, as well as of his

spirit, a new and destitute colony could absorb him, as fully as

the hope of being another "apostle of the Indians," or another

Eliot, did Wesley. That brilliant hope does not seem to have

dazzled Whitefield at all. At least, I have searched in vain for

any distinct proof, that the example of Eliot inspired him, or

that the sanguine expectations of the Wesleys were shared by

him. Nowhere does he express hopes of great success, nor

explain his errand (as they did) by a desire to "save his soul."

Whatever he anticipated or intended in reference to the Indians

on the banks of the Savannah, he said but little; and that little

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only to an Indian trader in confidence*. 182 Let*. He may, how-

ever, have cherished fond expectations, although he did not

utter them as the Wesleys did. Not that he was more prudent

than his friends. In general, Whitefield thought aloud. It is

possible, however, that his reference to the prophecy, "I will

make thee the head of the heathen," may mean more than meets

the eye. I am not making a mystery of his silence. It is easily

explained by the single fact, that he went out, intending to

return to England in the course of the year, to "take priest's

orders." He could not, therefore, anticipate much success from

so short a visit to America. Besides, his silence is only too

easily accounted for, by the oracular summons to return imme-

diately, which Wesley addressed to him, as their vessels met

and passed in the Channel. What I mean to say, therefore, is,

that nothing but the future results of his American enterprise

can explain its origin. It was "the burden of the Lord" upon

his spirit; deeply felt, but not fully understood by himself at

the time, nor ever perhaps in this world. Only He, who "seeth

the end from the beginning," foresaw the bearings of Whitefield's

mission to Georgia, upon America. We can now see many of

the reasons why "the Spirit did not suffer" him to remain in

England: America needed him, in a sense he did not suppose, and

to an extent she herself did not suspect; and the reasons of his

mission are not all unfolded yet. It had much influence upon

the recent revivals in that country, when they began, and is

likely to have still more as they proceed. In the meantime,

by a curious coincidence, the new revivals in America are as-

sailed under the shelter of high-sounding compliments to the

old. What Dr. Chauncy denounced as wild extravagance, in

the times of Whitefield, Calvin Colton eulogizes as prudent

zeal, in his "Reasons for preferring Episcopacy." The truth

or the merits of Colton's parting charges against his former

connexions, I am unable to appreciate; but it is pleasing to find,

that the episcopal church allows a new champion to compliment

old revivals. She ought not, however, to plume herself on the

compliments paid to her "orders," at the expense of the Eng-

lish independents, by Colton. By what infatuation could he

have so forgotten all he saw and heard of us, as to tell Ame-

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rica that we prefer recognition to ordination? It is the very

sacredness in which we hold the latter, that leads to the dis-

tinction.

Whitefield, as we have seen, arrived at Georgia in 1738,

"When able to look about him,' says Dr. Gillies, "he found

every thing bore the aspect of an infant colony; and, what was

more discouraging still, he saw it was likely to continue so, by

the nature of its constitution. The people were denied the use

of both rum and slaves!" This Whitefield wrote, and this

Gillies recorded, without any comment. Indeed, Whitefield

considered the denial of rum and slaves, as more than a misfor-

tune to the colony. Hence he adds, (after stating that female

heirs were not allowed to inherit lands, "so that, in reality, to

place a people there on such a footing, was little better than to

tie their legs and bid them walk. The scheme was well meant

at home; but, as too many years' experience evidently proved,

it was absolutely impracticable in so hot a country abroad."

How differently would Whitefield write, if alive, now! But

then, he was not wiser than his times, on the subject of slavery.

Indeed, he soon became a slave owner, when he founded his

orphan-house at Georgia. I have seen the inventory, in his

own hand-writing, of the dead and livestock belonging to that

establishment. In that document, carts, cattle, and slaves are

described and valued with equal formality and nonchalance!

1 might have concealed this fact, now that there are Americans

who may employ it in their own justification: but I have not

hid it; because even they cannot hide from themselves the fact,

that Whitefield ought never to have held a slave. It was not

like himself — it was unworthy of him, to do so! So it is of every

American Christian. "I wot that through ignorance" he did it,

as did their and our fathers. He would not do it now. Who does

not, instinctively, feel this? How difficult it is to believe that

ever George Whitefield could have written the following words!

In his memorial to the governor of Georgia, for a grant of lands

to found a college, he urges his request by stating, that "a con-

siderable sum of money is intended speedily to be laid out in

purchasing a large number of negroes." In his memorial to

the king, praying for a charter to the intended college, he pledges

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himself to "give up his 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 to-

wards the future support, of a college, to be called Bethesda."

He makes a similar appeal to the archbishop of Canterbury;

informing him that "the number of negroes, young and old, is

about thirty;" and proving to him, that by "laying out only a

thousand pounds in purchasing an additional number of negroes,"

the income of the college would be "easily and speedily aug-

mented." In his own printed account of the state of the orphan-

house in 1770, he thus classes the negroes; men 24, women 11,

children 15. In the college rules, drawn up by himself, although

not unmindful of the coloured branches of his family, he makes

a strange distinction: "The young negro boys to be baptized

and taught to read. The young negro girls to be taught to

work with the needle." "Lord, what is man!"

Whitefield did not, however, forget the negroes in his preach-

ing. It was not uncommon for him to close his sermons thus:

"I must not forget the poor negroes; no, I must not! Jesus

Christ died for them as well as for others. Nor do I mention

you last, because I despise your souls; but because I would

have what I shall say make the deeper impression on your hearts.

Oh that you would seek the Lord to be your righteousness!

Who knows but he may be found of you? For in Christ Jesus

there is neither male nor female, bond nor free; even you may

be the children of God, if you believe in Jesus. Did you never

read of the eunuch belonging to the queen of Candace? — a negro

like yourselves. He believed. The Lord was his righteous-

ness. He was baptized. Do you also believe — and you shall

be saved. Christ Jesus is the same now as he was yesterday,

and will wash you in his own blood. Go home, then — and

turn the words into a prayer, and entreat the Lord to be

your righteousness. Even so, come. Lord Jesus, come quick-

ly, into all our souls! Amen, Lord Jesus, Amen and Amen!"

Serm. 14.

Whitefield embarked for Philadelphia, with a family consist-

ing of eight men, one boy, and two children, besides his zealous

and munificent friend Mr. Seward; leaving the bishop of Lon-

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don, and whoever else it might concern, to digest as they could

the blunt and bold answer to the "Pastoral Letter;" a Letter

which Gibson ought not to have written, and Watts never to

have sanctioned: for its moral excellences and just discrimina-

tions, however well meant, were mixed up with maxims sub-

versive of the gospel of the grace of God. This conviction

Whitefield proclaimed before 20,000 people at Blackheath, on

the day the letter appeared; and he wrote in his diary that

night, after going on board, the following note: "I felt great

freedom in myself, and could not but take notice of a mistake

his Lordship of London was guilty of; — for he exhorts his

clergy, so to explain the doctrine of justification by faith alone,

as to make our good works a necessary condition of it. St. Paul

pronounces a dreadful anathema against those who join faith

and works together, in order to their being justified in the sight

of God. I pray God, that all preachers may be freed from so

tremendous a sentence! And let all the people say. Amen and

Amen."

I mention this fact again, because it gave Whitefield a new

point to contend for, which much improved his views of the

point he began with; for at first, he almost put regeneration

in the room of justification; as well as preached too little of the

truth, by which the Spirit regenerates the soul.

The delay of the vessel in the river enabled him to answer

the bishop before sailing; and the new question absorbed him

in thought and reading, throughout the voyage. Not, how-

ever, so as to divert him from the duties of a ship chaplain.

These he discharged with the same fidelity as formerly; but as

they did not make so much demand upon his time, he gave him-

self "to reading."

Amongst the books which helped him mightily at this time,

were Jonathan Warne's "Church of England Man turned Dis-

senter,” and "Arminianism the back-door to Popery." I have

not been able to obtain these two; but as they are chiefly com-

posed of extracts from Dr. Edwards' Preacher, their character

is no secret; and it loses nothing of its point in the hands of

Warne, if I may judge from his pamphlet entitled, "The

dreadful Degeneracy of the Clergy, the means to promote Irre-

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ligion. Atheism, and Popery,” which he drew from Edwards,

and dedicated to Whitefield.

Warne was thus the first dissenter who wrote on Whitefield's

behalf. The compliment also was well timed, and well judged;

for it sustained him against the bishop, by the testimony of the

fathers and martyrs of the church; and brought the puritans

under his notice. Warne tells Whitefield, to "go on in the

name of the Lord;" for the truths submitted him (with

which his own preaching is delicately identified) "are to

be found sparkling up and down in the labours of our godly

reformers and holy martyrs, like so many diamonds of the

greatest lustre, and are the bases of all sound religion both in

heart and life."

It was well for Whitefield that he had studied Warne's spe-

cimens of the reformers and puritans, before he reached New

England: they enabled him to adjust his phraseology in the

pulpit to "the form of sound words" in the States; and pre-

pared him to retract and explain expressions in his printed

sermons, which the descendants of the puritans were not slow,

nor ceremonious, nor wrong, in condemning.

Another thing which helped to clear and simplify his own

views of the gospel, during the voyage, was, the discussion he

carried on with a quaker, who preached occasionally in the

cabin, and always against the outward Christ. His doctrine of

the inward Christ, and his confounding of the inward light with

the Spirit, led Whitefield to confess and contend, that "the

outward righteousness of Christ imputed to us, is the sole foun-

tain and cause of all the inward communications received from

the Spirit."

In other respects his voyage had not much interest. It was,

however, so useful to himself, that he said on reviewing the

knowledge he had acquired during it, "I would not but have

come this voyage for a thousand worlds." One of the fruits of it

was his "Letter to the Religious Societies in England and

Whales, lately set on foot;" a pamphlet which had no ordinary

influence upon their faith and patience. It is founded upon Heb.

X. 23, which he translates thus: "Having been washed in the

body with pure water, let us hold fast the mutual and uniform

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profession of the hope, without wavering; for He is faithful

that hath promised."

The letter bears date Sept. 22; and presents a remarkable

contrast to his own hopes on that day, as these appear in his

diary: — not that he himself was in despair; but he felt, he says,

''something of that which Adam felt when he was turned out of

Paradise, ate but little, and went mourning all the day long."

Accordingly, he does not mention the letter, nor intimate that

he had done anything but "weep bitterly."

This arose from the overwhelming discoveries he had made

of the plagues of his own heart, and of the depths of Satan.

It happily reminded him, however, of Luther's experience,

“that he never undertook any fresh work, but he was visited

either with a fit of sickness, or with some strong temptation."

“May I follow him," he says, "as he did Christ." Thus hum-

bled, improved, and encouraged to persevere in his work, he

arrived at Philadelphia, after a passage of nine weeks; and after

having had, he says, "a legion of devils cast out of his heart by

the power of Christ."

His welcome at Philadelphia was cordial. Both ministers

and laymen of all denominations visited him, and invited him

to preach. He was especially pleased to find that they pre-

ferred sermons when "not delivered within the church walls."

It was well they did; for his fame had reached the city before

he arrived, and thus collected crowds which no church could

contain. "The court-steps" became his pulpit; and neither

he nor the people wearied, although the cold winds of November

blew upon them night after night.

Old Mr. Tennent, of Neshaminy, (the father of the Ten-

nents,) came to visit and hear him; and thus paved his way to

New Brunswick, where he became acquainted with Gilbert, the

oldest son "of the good old man," as Whitefield always called

him. Gilbert Tennent and George Whitefield were just the

men to meet at this time. Both were popular, and both had

been persecuted. Accordingly, they understood and appre-

ciated each other at once. Tennent readily entered into White-

field's views; and Whitefield, nobly despising all the abomina-

ble imputations which the world cast upon Tennent, identified

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himself with him in America; and told England that he was

"a son of thunder, whose preaching must either convert or

enrage hypocrites." Journals.

This was no ordinary magnanimity; for, at the time, Ten-

nent's name was loaded with reproach, and the grossest immo-

ralities were attributed to him. American Biog. Dict. He out-

lived them all, however, and closed a life of signal usefulness by

a death of signal peace.

How much Whitefield was both struck and humbled by his

preaching, will be seen from the following record: — "Never

before heard I such a searching sermon. He went to the bot-

tom indeed, and did not daub with untempered mortar. He

convinced me more and more, that we can preach the gospel of

Christ no further than we have experienced the power of it in

our hearts. I found what a babe and novice I was in the things

of God." Diary.

After preaching together in various places, they went to

Neshaminy, to visit the good old patriarch; and to see the

log-house, (so like "the schools of the ancient prophets!") where

Mr. Tennent had by himself trained for the ministry, Rowland,

Campbell, Lawrence, Beatty, Robinson, and Samuel Blair, be-

sides his own four sons. Whitefield was delighted with the

scene, and predicted the result of the patriarch's enterprise:

"The devil will certainly rage against the work, but I am per-

suaded it will not come to nought." It did not. It became

Princetown College.

At New York Whitefield was refused the use of both the

church and the court-house. The commissary of the bishop, he

says, was "full of anger and resentment, and denied me the

use of his pulpit before I asked for it. He said, they did not

want my assistance. I replied, If they preach the gospel, I wish

them good luck: I will preach in the fields; for all places are

alike to me." So they were: for in the afternoon he preached

in the fields, and in the evening in Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Pem-

berton's meeting-house. (Dr. Pemberton published a funeral

sermon on the death of Whitefield. He was then at Boston,

having been dismissed from New York by a cabal of ignorance

and bigotry.)

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Whitefield did not excite much public attention in New

York, at this time, nor, indeed, on any subsequent visit, until

1764, when he preached there seven weeks, with great accept-

ance and success. Still, even his first labours were not in vain.

Pemberton wrote to him at Philadelphia, that "many were

deeply affected; and some who had been loose and profligate,

were ashamed, and set upon thorough reformation." The

printers also, at both places, applied to him for sermons to pub-

lish; assuring him that hundreds had called for them, and that

thousands would purchase them. This request he complied

with, and "gave out " (I use his own expression, without know-

ing its meaning) "two extempore discourses to be published."

His own opinions of this tour, of which New York and Phi-

ladelphia were the centres, are expressed in stronger language

than I can illustrate from my documents, ample as they are.

"It is unknown," he says, "what deep impressions have been

wrought upon the hearts of hundreds. Many poor sinners

have, I trust, been called home, and great numbers are under

strong convictions. An opposer told me, I had unhinged many

good sort of people. I believe it."

One proof of the impression he made, was given in the pre-

sents he received for his orphan family. "They sent me but-

ter, sugar, chocolate, pickles, cheese, and flour, for my orphans;

and, indeed, I could almost say, they would pluck out their own

eyes and give me. Oh that what God says of the church of

Philadelphia, may now be fulfilled in the city called after her

name — know thy works."

This readiness to aid him in his favourite enterprise, de-

termined him to go to Georgia by land, that he might col-

lect by the way. Several entered heartily into this plan, and

purchased a sloop (which he called the Savannah) to send on

the family by sea.

On leaving Philadelphia, with Seward, nearly twenty gentle-

men on horseback accompanied him; and before they reached

Chester, two hundred more had come to meet him. On his

arrival, the judges sent him word, that they would defer their

meeting until his sermon was over; and the clergyman, finding

the church would be too small, (for nearly a thousand people had

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come from Philadelphia,) prepared a platform for him, from

which he addressed an immense assembly.

Amongst other places which he visited on this tour, was

Whitely Creek, where he became acquainted with William

Tennent; and met with what hardly gratified him less, a

Welch family who had heard him at Cardiff and Kingswood,

before they emigrated. In vain anyone else begged of him to

be their guest; he would go nowhere but to the Howels. The

name accounts for their fascination; it was associated with

Wales, Bristol, and Howel Harris.

Whitefield became much attached to William Tennent. It

was from him he received the well-known reproof against im-

patience for heaven. They were dining with Governor Living-

ston one day, and Whitefield being much exhausted by severe

labour, expressed a hope that he should soon enter into his

rest. He appealed also to Tennent, if that was not his com-

fort? Tennent replied, "What do you think I should say, if I

were to send my man Tom into the field to plough, and at noon

should find him lounging under a tree, complaining of the heat,

and begging to be discharged from his hard service? What

should I say? Why, that he was an idle, lazy fellow, and

that his business was to do the work I had appointed him."

This would have been a powerful rebuke from any one. It was

peculiar from William Tennent. In early life he had lain in a

trance, which was so like death, that his funeral was prepared,

and with difficulty prevented. The physician having heard that

the flesh under the arm had quivered, when the body was laid

out, insisted upon a delay of three days. At the close of that

time, no change had taken place; and, therefore, the family

resolved to inter the corpse. But still the physician hesitated.

He begged for another hour; then for half an hour; then for a

quarter of an hour: and just as this last period was expiring,

whilst he was moistening the swollen tongue, the eyes opened,

and a groan was uttered. He persevered; and in the course of

a few hours, Tennent revived, but with the loss of all his former

ideas. His mind was a blank for nearly a year, in reference to

all his past life. He had, however, a vivid impression of having

been in heaven during his trance; and, for three years after.

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the sounds he seemed to have heard in glory were never out of

his ears. Indeed, all through his future life he was a heavenly-

minded Christian. This was the man who reproved Whitefield;

and the effect was increased by the fact, that Tennent was a

champion for civil and religious liberty, as well as a conscious

heir of glory. American Biog. Dict.

In the course of this tour towards Georgia, Whitefield had

to endure considerable privations and peril in riding through

the woods. On one occasion, he heard the wolves "howling

like a kennel of hounds," near to the road. On another, he

had a narrow escape in trying to cross the Potomac in a storm.

He had also to swim his horse once, owing to the floods; for

it was now the depth of winter. One night Seward and he lost

themselves in the woods of South Carolina, and were much

alarmed at seeing groups of negroes dancing around great fires.

No real injury, however, was sustained from the journey, not-

withstanding all its hardships.

He arrived at Charleston in good health and high spirits.

"Here," says Gillies, "he soon found that, by field preaching,

he had lost his old friend the commissary, who once promised

to defend him with life and fortune." The commissary had

shame enough to keep out of the way, whilst Whitefield staid;

and the curate said, he could not admit him into the pulpit

whilst Garden was absent. The people, however, had not for-

gotten him. All the town were clamorous for him to preach

somewhere. Accordingly, he accepted invitations to both the

French church and the independent chapel.

The congregations were large and polite; but presented "an

affected finery and gaiety of dress and deportment, which," he

says, "I question if the court-end of London could exceed."

Before he left, however, there was what he calls "a glorious

alteration in the audience." Many wept; and the light and

airy had a visible concern in their faces. Such was their urgency

to hear more, that they won him back from the boat, after he

had gone to the shore to sail for Georgia, and prevailed on him

to preach again.

Here he formed an intimate friendship with the independent

minister, Josiah Smith; the first native of South Carolina, who

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received a literary degree. Miller’s Retrospect. Smith pub-

lished a remarkable sermon soon after, entitled, "The Cha-

racter and Preaching of Whitefield, impartially represented and

supported.” Strange as this title is, both Dr. Colman and Mr.

Cooper of Boston united in writing a recommendatory preface

to it. And no wonder; it was worthy of their sanction. I do

not know of anything written since, which defines and defends

the character of Whitefield better. The text is. Job xxxii.

17, "I said, I will answer also my part, I also will show mine

opinion." He begins by saying, "My design from this text

is, to show my impartial opinion of that son of thunder, who

lately graced and warmed this desk; and would have been an

ornament, I think, to the best pulpit in the province." (This was

a hit as well as a hint to Commissary Garden.) The plan of the

sermon is stated thus: "The scheme I propose is. First, To

give my opinion of the doctrines he insisted on, and so well

established. Second, To speak something of the manner of his

preaching. Third, To offer my sentiments upon his personal

character. Lastly, To give you my thoughts, what Providence

seems to have in its view, in raising up men of this stamp in

our day; almost everywhere spoken against, yet crowded after

and justly admired."

Smith's defence of Whitefield's doctrine is masterly. His

account of his manner is the best I have ever met with. "He

is certainly a finished preacher. A noble negligence ran through

his style. The passion and flame of his expressions will, I trust,

be long felt by many. My pen cannot describe his action and

gestures, in all their strength and decencies.

"He appeared to me, in all his discourses, very deeply affected

and impressed in his own heart. How did that burn and boil

within him, when he spake of the things he had made 'touch-

ing the King!' How was his tongue like the pen of a ready

writer, touched as with a coal from the altar! With what a flow

of words — what a ready profusion of language, did he speak to

us upon the great concerns of our souls! In what a flaming light

did he set our eternity before us! How earnestly he pressed

Christ upon us! How did he move our passions with the con-

straining love of such a Redeemer! The awe — the silence — the

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attention which sat upon the face of the great audience, was an

argument how he could reign over all their powers. Many

thought he spake as never man spake before him. So charmed

were the people with his manner of address, that they shut up

their shops, forgot their secular business, and laid aside their

schemes for the world; and the oftener he preached, the

keener edge he seemed to put upon their desires to hear him

again.

"How awfully — with what thunder and sound — did he dis-

charge the artillery of heaven upon us! And yet, how could he

soften and melt even a soldier of Ulysses, with the mercy of God!

How close, strong, and pungent were his application to the con-

science; mingling light and heat; pointing the arrows of the

Almighty at the hearts of sinners, while he poured in the balm

upon the wounds of the contrite, and made broken bones re-

joice. Eternal themes, the tremendous solemnities of our reli-

gion, were all alive upon his tongue! So, methinks, (if you will

forgive the figure,) St. Paul would look and speak in a pulpit.

In some such manner, I am tempted to conceive of a seraph, were

he sent down to preach among us, and to tell us what things he

had seen and heard above.

"How bold and courageous did he look! He was no flatterer;

would not suffer men to settle on their lees; did not prophesy

smooth things, nor sew pillows. He taught the way of God in

truth, and regarded not the person of men. He struck at the

politest and most modish of our vices, and at the most fashion-

able entertainments, regardless of every one's presence, but His

in whose name he spake with this authority. And I dare war-

rant, if none should go to these diversions, until they have an-

swered the solemn questions he put to their consciences, our

theatre would soon sink and perish. I freely own he has taken

my heart!"

In a note to this sermon. Smith states that £600 were con-

tributed in Charleston to the orphan-house, when Whitefield

returned.

He left Charleston in an open canoe, with five negro rowers,

and reached Savannah in safety. "In their way," says Gillies,

"they lay, for the first time, in the woods, upon the ground.

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near a large fire, which keeps off the wild beasts:" "An em-

blem," says Whitefield, "of the divine love and presence keep

ing off evils and corruptions from the soul." He found Georgia

much deserted and depressed; but was much pleased with the

tract of land, which Habersham had selected as the site of the

orphan-house. It was about ten miles distant from Savannah,

and included five hundred acres. On the 24th of January, 1740,

he took formal "possession of his lot, and called it Bethesda,

the House of Mercy." Next week, he laid out the ground-plan

of the building; and employed many workmen, who would other-

wise have left the colony. In the meantime, he hired a large

house, and took in twenty-four orphans. Thus he incurred at

once the heavy responsibility of a large family and a larger in-

stitution; "encouraged," he says, "by the example of Professor

Franck." Many years after, on reverting to this undertaking,

he said, "I forgot to recollect, that Professor Franck built in

Glaucha, in a populous country, and that I was building at the

very tail of the world, where I could expect the least supply,

and which the badness of the constitution (of the colony) which

I expected every day to be altered, rendered it by far the most

expensive part of all his Majesty's dominions. But had I re-

ceived more and ventured less, I should have suffered less, and

others more." It was well for the colony, however, and better

for the world, that he did "forget to recollect" all this. By

committing himself upon Bethesda, he was compelled, like Paul

when he espoused the cause of the poor saints in Jerusalem, to

visit the churches everywhere.

Having laid the foundation of the orphan-house, he left Sa-

vannah, to provide as he could for forty orphans, and about

sixty servants and workmen; for such was the number depend-

ent on him. He, however, had no fears nor misgivings of heart.

"Near a hundred mouths," he writes at the time, "are daily to

be supplied with food; the expense is great; but our great and

good God will, I am persuaded, enable me to defray it. As yet, I

am kept from the least doubting. The more my family increases,

the more enlargement and comfort I feel. Set thy almighty

fiat to it, O gracious Father, and for thine own name's sake

convince us more and more, that thou never wilt forsake those

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who put their trust in thee." On reviewing this passage fifteen

years after, he wrote, "Hitherto, blessed be God, I have not

been disappointed of my hope." Rev. Journ.

Philadelphia was the first place where he pleaded the cause

of the orphan-house, after having commenced the work: and he

succeeded, although not in the churches. The commissary told

him, that he would lend the church no more to him. "The

fields are open,” was his laconic answer; and eight thousand

people replied to his call that night, and ten thousand next day.

On the sabbath morning he collected £110 for his "poor or-

phans;" and then went to church, where the commissary

preached a sermon on justification by works. Whitefield had

been recognised at church; and, accordingly, was expected to

answer the sermon in the evening. He did; and collected £80

more for Bethesda.

Money was, however, the least part of his success. Many

souls were both awakened and won. Negroes came to him,

asking, "Have I a soul?" Societies for prayer and mutual edi-

fication were set up in various parts of the city. Scoffers were

silent, or only muttered their curses over the punch-bowl in ta-

verns, "because," says he, "I did not preach up more morality!"

Seward relates an anecdote in his journal, at this time, which

deserves to be extracted. "A drinking club, whereof a clergy-

man was a member, had a negro boy attending them, who used

to mimic people for their diversion. The gentlemen had him

mimic our brother Whitefield; which he was very unwilling to

do (Whitefield had just published an appeal on behalf of the

negroes); but they insisting upon it, he stood up and said, 'I

speak the truth in Christ, I lie not; unless you repent, you will

all be damned.' This unexpected speech broke up the club,

which has never met since." Seward's Journal.

At this time Whitefield and Seward became acquainted with

Anthony Benezett, the philanthropist. He was a quaker: but

he confessed to them with tears, that the society, in general,

were in a state of carnal security. This led Whitefield to "be

very plain and power" in exposing their errors. The conse-

quence was, that many of them forsook him. Benezett evi-

dently caught something of Whitefield's spirit, if I may judge

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from his subsequent history. It was at this amiable philan-

thropist's funeral, when hundreds of weeping negroes stood

round, that an American officer said, "I would rather be An-

thony Benezett in that coffin, than George Washington with all

his fame." Amer. Biog.

The simplicity of Seward, at this time, is amusing. He was

not only Whitefield's Boswell, but also his trumpeter. And he

makes no secret of his being the writer of the paragraphs

and advertisements which then appeared in the newspapers.

One of them, which he sent from Philadelphia to the New York

paper, is worth quoting, for the facts it contains. “We hear

from Philadelphia, that since Mr. Whitefield's preaching there,

the dancing school and concert room have been shut up, as

inconsistent with the doctrines of the gospel; at which some

gentlemen were so enraged, that they broke open the door. It

is most extraordinary that such devilish diversions should be

supported in that city, and by some of that very sect, whose first

principles are an utter detestation of them; as appears from

William Penn's 'No Cross, no Crown;' in which he says,

‘Every step in a dance is a step to hell.'"

It was Seward himself who had taken away the keys of the

assembly rooms, that all the people might come to hear White-

field. He obtained the keys from the keeper, on promising to

meet all consequences. Accordingly, he was threatened with

a caning, and got well abused; which quite delighted him. It

ought, however, to be known, that Seward was hurried away

into rash zeal on this occasion, by finding a son of Penn one of

the proprietors of the assembly house. This would have pro-

voked even an English quaker, as well as a methodist. Journal,

p. 6. He had, however, to provide for the dancing master's

family. He did also a better thing at this time: "Agreed

with Mr. Allen for five thousand acres of land, on the forks of

the Delaware; the conveyance to be made to Mr. Whitefield,

and after that assigned to me as security for my money, £2200."

This purchase was chiefly made for the benevolent design of a

negro school, similar to the orphan-house. Seward, however,

did not live to carry his design into effect. He died before

Whitefield returned to England.

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After visiting various places, and producing everywhere a

great impression, Whitefield arrived at New York, where he

was met by William Tennent. He had, however, overtaxed

his strength by labour, and lost his appetite. He did not, there-

fore, create a great sensation there at this time; at least, not

equal to that in other places. His audiences, however, were

never under seven or eight thousand persons, and he obtained

£300 for Bethesda.

It is very affecting to read his diary at this time: he was so

unwilling to give way to his sufferings, and so unable to do jus-

tice to his burning zeal. He made a desperate effort at Long

Island to reach his usual pitch; but almost sunk under it, as

he turned to the ministers, exclaiming, "Oh that we were all

aflame of fire."

On his way to Philadelphia again, he revived; having had

the assistance and society of the Tennents, and some refreshing

sleep, which, he says, "my body much wanted." This rally

was opportune; for the whole city was moved at his coming.

He, too, was moved with indignation, on hearing that antino-

mianism had been charged against the tendency of his doctrine.

Accordingly, he "cleared himself from the aspersion with great

spirit,"in his first sermon. "I abhor the thoughts of it," he

said; "and whosoever entertains the doctrines of free grace in

an honest heart, will find them cause him to be fruitful in every

good word and work." In this loathing abhorrence of antino-

mianism, Rowland Hill always appeared to me to inherit the

mantle and spirit of Whitefield, and to remember that he inhe-

rited them. His well-known sarcasm, "It is a nasty religion,"

did more execution upon that monster of the mire, than any

weapon I have seen wielded. The look and the tone, in which

this was uttered, justified as they were by his own holy charac-

ter, were irresistible. The hit struck as wit, and stuck as wis-

dom. Whitefield having repelled the charge of antinomianism

in Philadelphia, had next to justify his zeal. That was attacked

on the following sabbath in church, whilst he himself was pre-

sent. The clergyman took for his text, "I bear them record,

they have a zeal for God, but not according to knowledge." It

was an unfortunate selection for the accuser; and Whitefield

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turned the context upon him with tremendous point and power,

in the evening, before an audience of twenty thousand. "I

could have wished he had considered the next words — 'for they

being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to estab-

lish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves to

the righteousness of God. For Christ is the end of the law for

righteousness to everyone that believeth,' " Rom. x. 3, 4. That

night fifty negroes, besides many other converts, came to tell

him "what God had done for their souls."

Next day he set out for Derby, and found, when he came to

the ferry, that "people had been crossing over, as fast as two

boats could carry them, ever since three o'clock in the morning."

Many of them followed him to Chester and Wellington also, and

almost wore him out by their claims upon his time and strength.

They were not, however, inconsiderate of his object: they gave

him much, and promised him more, for his orphans.

Whilst in "Chester county," a new feature was added to the

effects of his ministry. It had often been accompanied by the

deep silence of awe, and the silent tears of penitence, both in

England and America; but it never produced paroxysms of

crying or conviction. Something of this kind certainly hap-

pened at Bristol; for Wesley appeals with triumph to "outward

signs," similar to those produced there by himself, although

Whitefield says nothing about them in his journals; "which,"

says Southey, "assuredly he would have done, had he been con-

vinced, with Wesley, that these fits were the immediate work of

God." The only thing of the kind, however, which Whitefield

mentions before the scenes at Nottingham and Fog's Manor,

occurred at Philadelphia, whilst he was "settling" one of his

societies, but not preaching. It was a female society, composed

of many who had just been awakened by his preaching. When,

therefore, he met them, and proceeded to organize and exhort

them, their unexpected number and new position overcame them.

"Their cries might be heard at a great distance." Still this

was all. And it took only a devotional form: for he adds,

"When I had done prayer, I thought proper — to leave them at

their devotions." But this was far exceeded at Nottingham.

"I had not spoke long, when I perceived numbers melting. As

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I proceeded, the influence increased, till at last, both in the

morning and afternoon, thousands cried out so that they almost

drowned my voice. Oh what strong cryings and tears were shed

and poured forth after the dear Lord Jesus! Some fainted; and,

when they got a little strength, would hear and faint again.

Others cried out in a manner almost as if they were in the sharp-

est agonies of death. And after I had finished my last dis-

course, I myself was so overpowered with a sense of God's love

— that it almost took away my life."

Next day, even this commotion was exceeded at Fog's Manor.

"Look where I would, most were drowned in tears. The word

was sharper than a two-edged sword. Their bitter cries and

tears were enough to pierce the hardest heart. Oh what dif-

ferent visages were then to be seen! Some were struck pale as

death, others lying on the ground, others wringing their hands,

others sinking into the arms of their friends, and most lifting

up their eyes to heaven, and crying out to God for mercy. I

could think of nothing, when I looked at them, so much as the

great day! They seemed like persons awakened by the last

trump, and coming out of their graves to judgment!"

Remarkable as all this is, it admits of some explanation, al-

though Gillies passed it over. Now, in both instances, White-

field, accompanied by Tennent and Blair, rode away from the

scene, to the distance of twenty miles, immediately after these

sermons and sensations: a self-evident proof, that they appre-

hended no danger from the paroxysms. They rode, too, "sing-

ing psalms and hymns by the way." Now they were not men

who would have abandoned the conscience-struck, nor sung as

they left them, had there been any symptoms of bodily or men-

tal disease, at all ominous. Both W. Tennent and Blair were

emphatically "nursing fathers," and Whitefield's heart was made

of tenderness. It is thus evident, that he did not consider the

people to be unnaturally nor unduly excited.

Besides, they were not altogether unprepared for the appeals

of Whitefield. Blair, who was the minister at Fog's Manor,

was himself a powerful preacher, and had been creating a strong

impression throughout the county, for some time. The Ten-

nents also had co-operated in preparing the way of the Lord.

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Whitefield went to their field of labour, because "a good work

had begun " in it by their labours. He had, therefore, "good

ground" to sow in: and he felt this, when he saw twelve

thousand people assembled "in a desert place," where he did

not expect so many hundreds. "I was surprised," he says,

"to see such a great multitude gathered together, at so short

warning." And they themselves must have been surprised

at their own numbers. These facts lessen the mystery of the

commotion, without diminishing its real interest. It was, as

at Pentecost, men who had come from all quarters "to wor-

ship,” that were cut to the heart; and many of whom had

"smote on their breasts," before they heard the Peter — of

England's Pentecost.

Whilst Whitefield was thus moving about from place to place,

he wrote the following letters, in order to obtain a wife; and it

will not be wondered at now, that they defeated their own wise

purpose by their unwise form.

TO MR. AND MRS. D.

"On board the Savannah, bound to Philadelphia

from Georgia, April 4th, 1740.

"My dear Friends,

I find by experience, that a mistress is absolutely necessary

for the due management of my increasing family, and to take

off some of that care which at present lies upon me. Besides,

I shall in all probability, at my next return from England,

bring more women with me; and I find, unless they are all

truly gracious, (or indeed if they are,) without a superior, mat-

ters cannot be carried on as becometh the gospel of Jesus

Christ. It hath been therefore much impressed upon my heart,

that I should marry, in order to have a help meet for me in the

work whereunto our dear Lord Jesus hath called me. This

comes (like Abrahams servant to Rebekahs relations) to know

whether you think your daughter. Miss E , is a proper per-

son to engage in such an undertaking? If so; whether you

will be pleased to give me leave to propose marriage unto her?

You need not be afraid of sending me a refusal. For, I bless

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God, if I know anything of my own heart, I am free from that

foolish passion which the world calls love. I write only because

I believe it is the will of God that I should alter my state; but

your denial will fully convince me that your daughter is not

the person appointed by God for me. He knows my heart; I

would not marry but for him, and in him, for ten thousand

worlds. — But I have sometimes thought Miss E would be

my help-mate; for she has often been impressed on my heart.

I should think myself safer in your family, because so many of

you love the Lord Jesus, and consequently would be more

watchful over my precious and immortal soul. After strong

crying and tears at the throne of grace for direction, and after

unspeakable troubles with my own heart, I write this. Be

pleased to spread the letter before the Lord; and if you think

this motion to be of him, be pleased to deliver the enclosed to

your daughter; — if not, say nothing, only let me know you dis-

approve of it, and that shall satisfy, dear Sir and Madam,

Your obliged friend and servant in Christ,

G. W."

TO MISS E-

"On board the Savannah, April 4th, 1740.

“Be not surprised at the contents of this: — the letter sent

to your honoured father and mother will acquaint you with the

reasons. Do you think you could undergo the fatigues that

must necessarily attend being joined to one, who is every day

liable to be called out to suffer for the sake of Jesus Christ?

Can you bear to leave your father and kindred's house, and to

trust on him (who feedeth the young ravens that call upon him)

for your own and children's support, supposing it should please

him to bless you with any? Can you bear the inclemencies of

the air, both as to cold and heat, in a foreign climate? Can

you, when you have a husband, be as though you had none, and

willingly part with him, even for a long season, when his Lord

and Master shall call him forth to preach the gospel, and com-

mand him to leave you behind? If after seeking to God for

direction, and searching your heart, you can say, ‘I can do all

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those things through Christ strengthening me, what if you

and I were joined together in the Lord, and you came with me

at my return from England, to be a help meet for me in the

management of the orphan-house? I have great reason to be-

lieve it is the divine will that I should alter my condition, and

have often thought you were the person appointed for me. I

shall still wait on God for direction, and heartily entreat him,

that if this motion be not of him, it may come to nought. — I

write thus plainly, because I trust I write not from any other

principles but the love of God. — I shall make it my business to

call on the Lord Jesus, and would advise you to consult both

him and your friends — for in order to attain a blessing, we

should call both the Lord Jesus and his disciples to the mar-

riage. — I much like the manner of Isaac's marrying with Re-

bekah; and think no marriage can succeed well, unless both

parties concerned are like-minded with Tobias and his wife. — I

think I can call the God of Ahraham, Isaac, and Jacob to wit-

ness, that I desire, ‘to take you my sister to wife, not for lust,

but uprightly;' and therefore I hope he will mercifully ordain,

if it be his blessed will we should be joined together, that we

may walk as Zachary and Elisabeth did, in all the ordinances

of the Lord blameless. I make no great profession to you, be-

cause I believe you think me sincere. The passionate ex-

pressions which carnal courtiers use, I think ought to be avoid-

ed by those who marry in the Lord. I can only promise by the

help of God, ‘to keep my matrimonial vow, and to do what I

can towards helping you forward in the great work of your sal-

vation.' If you think marriage will be any way prejudicial to

your better part, be so kind as to send me a denial. I would

not be a snare to you for the world. You need not be afraid of

speaking your mind, — I trust I love you only for God, and desire

to be joined to you only by his command and for his sake.

With fear and much trembling I write, and shall patiently tarry

the Lord's leisure, till he is pleased to incline you, dear Miss

E , to send an answer to.

Your affectionate brother, friend,

and servant in Christ,

G. W."

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Whitefield returned to Savannah, with collections for Bethes-

da, to the amount of £500, in money and goods. On his way

he preached at Lewis Town, to what he calls "as unaffected a

congregation" as he had seen in America. Next day, however,

he compelled the politest of them to weep, whilst he pictured

the trial of Abraham's faith; — a favourite and efficient sermon

with him: but he adds, (what other ministers have found only

too true,) "Alas, when I came to turn from the creature to the

Creator, and to talk of God's love in sacrificing his only begot-

ten Son, their tears, I observed, dried up. I told them of it; —

and could not but hence infer the dreadful depravity of human

nature, that we can weep at the sufferings of a martyr, a mere

man like ourselves; but when are we affected at the relation of

the sufferings of the Son of God?"

His reception at Savannah, on this occasion, deserves parti-

cular attention. It engraved the orphan-house upon his heart,

as with the pen of a diamond; and was forever vividly present

to him, wherever he went afterwards. "And no wonder!" — it

will be said, after reading his own account of this welcome.

“Oh what a sweet meeting I had with my dear friends! What

God has prepared for me — I know not: but surely I cannot

well expect a greater happiness, till I embrace the saints in

glory! When I parted, my heart was ready to break with sor-

row; — “but now it almost burst with joy. Oh how did each, in

turn, hang upon my neck, kiss and weep over me with tears of

joy! And my own soul was so full of a sense of God's love,

when I embraced one friend in particular, that I thought I

should have expired in the place. I felt my soul so full of a

sense of the divine goodness, that I wanted words to express

myself. Why me. Lord — why me?

"When we came to public worship, young and old were all

dissolved in tears. After service, several of my parishioners,

all my family, and the little children, returned home, crying

along the street, and some could not avoid praying very loud.

"Being very weak in body, I laid myself upon a bed; but

finding so many in weeping condition, I rose and betook my-

self to prayer again. But had I not lifted up my voice very

high — the groans and cries of the children would have prevented

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my being heard. This continued for near an hour; till at last,

finding their concern rather increase than abate, I desired all to

retire. Then some or other might be heard praying earnestly,

in every corner of the house.

"It happened at this time to thunder and lighten, which

added very much to the solemnity of the night. Next day the

concern still continued, especially among the girls. I mention

the orphans in particular, that their benefactors may rejoice in

what God is doing for their souls."

This was just the scene to inspire and determine Whitefield

to live or die for the orphan-house. Accordingly, the memory

of it followed him like his shadow, wherever he went.

His family had now increased to a hundred and fifty persons.

He therefore visited Charleston again, to plead their cause

anew. But by this time Commissary Garden was ready to

stake his "fortune and life" against him. He began by abus-

ing Whitefield and the methodists, in their presence, by a ser-

mon "as virulent, unorthodox, and inconsistent as ever was de-

livered;" and ended by refusing him the sacrament.

This insult had its natural effect. It so disgusted several of

Whitefield's friends, that they would not receive the sacrament

from Garden. This led to sacraments in a private house; and

there, "Baptists, church folks, and presbyterians, all joined to-

gether, and received according to the church of England; ex-

cepting two, who desired to have it sitting." Garden then

cited Whitefield to appear in an ecclesiastical court, for not

reading the Common Prayer in the presbyterian meeting-house,

at Charleston. He accordingly did appear, and appealed ac-

cording to law, to his Majesty's commissioners for reviewing

appeals. He wrote also to the bishop of London, inquiring

"Whether the commissary of South Carolina had power to

exercise any judicial authority over him or any other clergyman,

not belonging to the province." Garden had, in fact, suspend-

ed him from the ministry. He had, therefore, no alternative

but to submit, or to lay his case before the high court of chan-

cery; which he did. Strange to say, this suspension, and his

appeal against it, were afterwards pleaded against him in the

synod of Glasgow, when they met "anent employing Mr.

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Whitefield" in the pulpits of the church of Scotland. One

member of the synod, however, (probably Dr. Erskine,) asked

indignantly, "For what was Whitefield suspended? Why, for

no other crime than omitting to use a form of prayer prescribed

in the communion-book, when officiating in a presbyterian con-

gregation! And shall a meeting of presbyterian ministers pay

any regard to a sentence which had such a foundation?"

Notwithstanding this suspension, he continued preaching,

wherever he could, in the province, until the excessive heat of

the season compelled him to sail for New England. He em-

barked for Rhode Island, intending to go by land to Boston;

and such was the spring of his constitution, that the short voy-

age completely restored him, although he had often been all but

dead before he left.

On his arrival at Newport, he met with a new friend, Mr.

Clap, whom he describes thus: "An aged dissenting minister;

but the most venerable man I ever saw in my life. He looked

like a good old puritan, and gave me an idea of what stamp those

men were, who first settled in New England. His countenance

was very heavenly! He rejoiced much to see me, and prayed

most affectionately for a blessing on my coming to Rhode

Island. Whilst at his table, I could not but think that I was

sitting with one of the patriarchs." Whitefield has not over-

rated nor over-coloured the patriarch of Rhode Island. Clap

"had some singularities; but his zeal to promote the know-

ledge of Christ and the interests of the gospel, cast a lustre

over all his character." American Biog. Children, servants,

and slaves, were objects of his special care; and, being a

bachelor, he gave away all his income to the poor and the

perishing. I mention this, to distinguish him (in this coun-

try) from Clap, the president of Yale College, who opposed

Whitefield.

After preaching with great success on Rhode Island, he rode

on to Boston, and was met by the governor's son, and other

gentlemen, four miles (not ten, as Gillies says) from the city.

At this time, Jonathan Belcher was governor of Massachusetts;

a man equally distinguished for piety and polish. He owed his

honours to the favourable impression made by his high charac-

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ter and address, upon the Princess Sophia and her son, (after-

wards George II.) when in England; and he regained them,

when they were lost through calumny, by vindicating himself

before the throne, where they had been conferred. Princetown

College owes much to Belcher; and he was much indebted to

Whitefield for the impulse, which made him its "chief patron

and benefactor." His splendid hospitalities and style were in

their palmy state, when Whitefield first visited Boston. Wil-

lard, also, the secretary of Massachusetts, was a man of high and

holy character. He was the son of Vice-President Willard, of

Harvard College; the author of the first theological folio print-

ed in America, and one of the chief opponents of trial for witch-

craft. The son inherited the father's spirit.

Such were the statesmen who welcomed Whitefield to Bos-

ton. Some of the ministers also were not less eminent. Dr.

Colman, his first friend, had been, when in England, the friend

of Howe, Calamy, Burkitt, and Mrs. Rowe, then Miss Singer.

Indeed, he had a caste of Howe in his demeanour and spirit.

Cooper, also, his colleague, was a man who wanted only the

visit of Whitefield, in order to be a Whitefield; which, as a

revivalist, he soon became. Webb, too, was no ordinary man.

Dr. Eliot, who was his colleague for eight years, said of him,

that "he was one of the best of Christians, and one of the best

of ministers." Foxcroft, also, deserves a high place in the reli-

gious annals of Boston, and in the list of Whitefield's American

friends; — Dr. Chauncy, his colleague, being witness. He pub-

lished "An Apology for Whitefield," in 1745, as well as a ser-

mon on his "Labours," in 1740. Dr. Chauncy says of Fox-

croft, "His writings bear testimony to his unfeigned piety, and

evince clearness of conception, copiousness of invention, liveli-

ness of imagination, and soundness of judgment." Funeral

Sermon.

Prince, the annalist, was another of the Boston stars, which

"fought in their courses," for Whitefield and revivals: a some-

what eccentric star, indeed, when judged of by the plan of his

"Chronological History of New England," which begins at the

creation of the world, and ends with the arrival of Governor

Belcher! Still, he was evidently a man of great research and

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erudition, as well as of ardent piety. Dr. Chauncy (no mean

judge in the matter) regarded him as next to Cotton Mather

in learning. By the way, what became of the MSS. and books

which Prince left to the old south church, as "The New Eng-

land Library?" The collection was great and valuable. Can

it be true, that the MSS. were destroyed by the British,

except by accident? I ask this question, because I find "No,"

in pencil-mark, on the margin of my copy of Amer. Biog.

Gee, also, deserves honourable mention amongst the friends

of Whitefield. He had been, in early life, the colleague of Dr.

Cotton Mather. After the Doctor's death, his son Samuel be-

came the colleague of Gee, and continued so until they differed

on the subject of revivals; of which Gee was both a wise and

warm advocate. He seems to have had, with some of Cole-

ridge's genius, all his indolence and love of talking. The judi-

cious and cautious Dr. Sewall, also, was one of the first to wel-

come Whitefield to his pulpit and his confidence.

Thus Whitefield fell into the best hands at Boston. Nothing

gratified him more, however, than his interviews with old Mr.

Walter, the colleague and successor of the apostolic Eliot, at

Roxbury. The pastorship of that church had been confined to

these two patriarchs a hundred and six years at this time.

Whitefield says of Walter, "he was a good old puritan." He

returned Whitefield the compliment on hearing him preach at

the governor's table ; saying of the sermon, "It was puritanism

revived." Dr. Colman said of this interview, that "it was the

happiest day he ever saw in his life." One remark of Walter's

pleased Whitefield very much: "I am glad to hear," said the

old apostle, "that you call man half devil half beast."

Neither the governor nor the doctors of Boston, however,

could get Whitefield into the church. The commissary treated

him politely, and introduced him to his clergy, but would not

admit him into the pulpit; he therefore preached in all the

large chapels, and when they became too small for the audiences,

he betook himself to the Common, and there renewed the scenes

of Moorfields and Blackheath.

A melancholy catastrophe arose from fright, at one of the

chapels. The place was crowded to excess, but there had been

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nothing to create alarm: "yet, on a sudden, all the people were

in an uproar; and so unaccountably surprised, that some threw

themselves out of the windows; others out of the galleries;

others trampled on one another: so that five were actually killed,

and many dangerously wounded." This awful uproar was at its

height when Whitefield reached the chapel: and although he

saw some the victims of it, he had presence of mind enough to

call off the people to hear him on the Common. This restored

confidence. Thousands followed him to the fields, and listened

with deep attention, whilst he improved this "humbling pro-

vidence." It did humble him. I have no doubt of its being

the chief consideration, which made him write in his journal,

on leaving Boston, "I had such a sense of my own vileness upon

my soul, that I wondered people did not stone me." Not that

he could blame himself at all for the catastrophe: but it made

him feel his own nothingness before God, and thus before man

also. Accordingly, in a letter to Howel Harris, at this time,

he predicted with great accuracy the reverses of his own popu-

larity in London: "My coming to England will try my fidelity

to my Master. Those that before, I suppose, would have plucked

out their eyes for me, now, I suspect, will be very shy, and avoid

me." This had no reference to the calamity at Boston; but

that had opened his eyes to the precariousness of popularity.

He saw how any token of judgment, in connexion with his mi-

nistry, might be turned into an objection against his doctrines,

now that he had assailed Wesley.

The calamity did not affect his popularity at Boston. On the

day after, he preached twice in Mr. Gee's chapel, to immense

audiences. He then visited Cambridge College, and preached

before the professors and students, and a great number of the

neighbouring ministers. What was "the close application" he

made of the sermon to "the tutors and students," may be easily

judged from the horror he felt at an unconverted ministry. It

was, however, too unqualified, bad as the spiritual state of Cam-

bridge was at the time. Accordingly, he afterwards begged

pardon for his rashness in taking things upon "hearsay." But,

whilst some took offence, his Boston friends, including the

governor, seem to have taken the warning well. They all met

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him next day at the governor's table. Before dinner, his Ex-

cellency thanked him privately with tears, and, after dinner, sent

him in the state-carriage through the city to the place where he

had to preach. On the following sabbath he collected, in two

of the chapels, upwards of £1000 currency for his orphan-house.

In the excursions he make through Massachusetts, White-

field met, at Ipswich, with a venerable descendant of Rogers of

Dedham, who himself was a descendant of Rogers the martyr.

The hallowed associations which enshrined this hoary head

were not lost upon him. "Happy lot!" he exclaimed, as he

looked back to the old mail's ancestors, and around upon his

promising sons. Whitefield inherited the spirit of the Rogers's;

but he felt that he had not their mantle.

On his return to Boston, the public interest was higher than

ever. A report that he had been poisoned, filled the city.

Twenty thousand people, therefore, attended his first sermon.

And both in the fields and in the chapels, all seemed melted,

and many acknowledged themselves won, by the gospel. One of

his most effectual sermons at Webb's chapel, was occasioned by

the touching remark of a dying boy, who had heard him the day

before. The boy was taken ill after the sermon, and said, "I

want to go to Mr. Whitefield's God;" — and expired. This

touched "the secret place" of both the thunder and the tears of

Whitefield. "It encouraged me to speak to little ones: but

oh, how were the old people affected, when I said, 'Little chil-

dren, if your parents will not come to Christ, do you come, and

go to heaven without them.'" After this awful appeal, no

wonder that "there were but few dry eyes." Only a White-

field, however, could have drawn tears by it. In the generality

of lips, it would harden, not soften, worldly parents; and only

shock affectionate children.

In this state of mind Whitefield set out to visit Jonathan

Edwards, at Northampton. He was not allowed to quit Boston

privately. The governor took him in the state-carriage to the

ferry; and, as he entered the boat, embraced him, and bade him

farewell, with many tears. Belcher could not be satisfied with

even this courtesy. He crossed the country, and met him again

at Marlborough, Worcester, and Leicester. On parting finally,

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his Excellency said to him in private, "Mr. Whitefield, go on

in stirring up the ministers; for reformation must begin at the

house of God. And do not spare rulers, no not the chief of

them, any more than ministers."

I have often thought, whilst reviewing the sweeping and

severe invectives, which Whitefield so bitterly repented, that no

small part of the blame lay at the governor's door. A charge

like this, uttered with tears and entreaties, was enough to mis-

lead a cooler man than George Whitefield. I must, therefore,

say of it, what he said of his own conduct, "It was well meant,

but it did hurt." To his credit for impartiality, however, he

did not spare the governor himself; but, before leaving New

England, wrote to him thus faithfully: "I thought your Excel-

lency wanted a more clear view of your own vileness, and of the

all-sufficiency of Jesus Christ. I mean a more experimental

view: for what is all head-knowledge without that of the heart?

It only settles people more upon their lees. May God give you

to see and to follow the simplicity of the blessed Jesus! Ho-

noured Sir, I make no apology for this freedom; your Excel-

lency bade me not spare rulers — no not the chief of them."

Whitefield has often been charged with flattering himself upon

the attentions paid to him by the great: this is one instance in

which he did not flatter the great in return.

On his arrival at Northampton, that cradle of revivals, he

was at home at once with Jonathan Edwards. Their meeting,

as Gillies says, "was like putting fire to tinder." So it was, in

the best sense. Edwards's family and flock soon glowed with

the warmth of their first love, and melted to their first penitence.

But whilst these two eminent ministers esteemed, and even

loved each other, as servants of God, Edwards did not think

that Whitefield regarded him as a confidential friend exactly.

The fact is, Edwards had cautioned him upon the subject of

impulses, and guarded him against the practice of judging others

to be unconverted. This was touching sore places, at the time.

Whitefield seems to have winced a little, with impatience, under

the metaphysical probe of Edwards; but to have conceded no-

thing then. They parted, however, with mutual love; and

whatever difference existed between their theories of impulses

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both soon rejoiced equally in "a glorious progress of the work

of God,” at Northampton, that year. Sereno Dwight’s, Life of

Edwards.

On the way from Northampton to Windsor, Whitefield had a

narrow escape: his horse shrunk back at a broken bridge; and

when urged forward, threw him over it. He fell upon his face;

but providentially in the sand, not in the water. He was stunned

for a time, and bled a little; but next day he preached twice.

His evening service was at East Windsor, where Jonathan

Edwards's venerable father was minister. He was much pleased

with this family. "Mr. Edwards's wife was as aged, I believe,

as himself; so that I fancied I was sitting in the house of Za-

charias and Elizabeth."

His visit to Newhaven, also, deserves to be recorded. It had

not a little to do with the conversion of the celebrated Dr.

Samuel Hopkins, then a student; although not so much con-

nected with it as the subsequent appeals of Brainerd to him.

Hopkins says, that he was "somewhat impressed" by what

Whitefield said, both in public and private: and that he "jus-

tified him" in his own mind, whilst many "condemned him"

for his severe attacks upon the "mixed dancing and frolicking,"

then so prevalent in New England. Hopkins’s Memoirs. Would

that all the Hopkinsians in America were Hopkinsian in that

article of their father's creed, "that it is both the duty and in-

terest of the American State to emancipate all their African

slaves."

Whilst at Newhaven, Whitefield dined at the college with

Principal Clap; — afterwards his opponent. Clap's dislike to

him seems to have begun with their first interview. At table,

Whitefield attacked the scheme of "an unconverted ministry,"

and showed its “ill consequences," without ceremony. He ap-

pears also to have hinted at his own scheme of supplying "faith-

ful men" to the American churches, from Britain, to be or-

dained by the Tennents.

This was certainly the subject then discussed at Newhaven

Hall; and the spirit of the discussion, on the part of Whitefield,

may be conjectured from the evening note in his diary: "Oh

that God may quicken ministers! Oh that the Lord may make

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us all flames of holy fire! Come, Lord Jesus; come quickly.

Amen and Amen."

In general, Whitefield's evening reflections embody the spirit

of the day: and on this day, his spirit was too warm for Clap's

temperament. Clap, although a good man, would have sympa-

thized more with a Newton or a Paley, than with a flaming

evangelist. He could construct an *orrery* for America; but he

could not elevate the stars of her churches. He could refute

infidels and heretics; but he could not revive formalists.

The governor, although very old, sympathized, more than the

professor, with Whitefield's zeal. He said to him, after sermon,

"I am glad. Sir, to see you, and heartily glad to hear you."

"His heart was so full, that he could not speak much. The tears

trickled down his aged cheeks, like drops of rain." "He was

thankful to God," he said, "for such refreshings on the way to

our rest: food does us good, when we eat it with an appetite."

On leaving Newhaven, he thundered out at Stamford and

Rye, the opinions against unconverted ministers, which he had

broached at college : and the effect was tremendous. "All

hearers were ready to cry out." At dinner, two ministers, with

tears in their eyes, publicly confessed that they had laid hands

on two young men, without so much as asking “whether they

were born again of God, or not?" One aged minister confessed

in private, that he had “never felt the power of the doctrines

of grace on his soul, although he had preached them long."

What Whitefield himself thought of the attacks he thus made

upon an unregenerate ministry, during his tour in New England,

is but too evident from a letter to his friend Habersham, dated

on the very day he was with Clap at Newhaven: "I am glad

God is scourging out the children of Belial. You often heard

me say. He would do so." All were not the children of Belial

whom Whitefield scourged at this time; but still, it is as im-

possible to doubt the need of the scourge, as it is to approve of

its sweeping strokes. Those who did not deserve them, would

not have got them, had every converted minister been faithful

to his unconverted brother. Had all the spiritual men done

their duty to the formalists, Whitefield would have been the

first to honour them.

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He now directed his steps again towards New York. His

former visit to that city disappointed him. He could not forget

this by the way. "My heart was somewhat dejected. I told

Mr. Noble (his companion) I expected but little movings in

New York; but Mr. Noble bid me expect great things from

God; and told me of several who were, as he hoped, savingly

wrought upon by my ministry, when there last." Accordingly,

the impression was great for New York — then. It made him

cry out in his chamber, "Lord, why did I doubt?" Under his

first sermon, a few cried out; and even his friend Noble could

hardly refrain.

On the Sabbath, however, he was much dejected, before

the evening sermon. "For near half an hour, I could only

lay before the Lord, saying, — I was a miserable sinner, and

wondered that Christ would be gracious to such a wretch.

As I went to meeting, I grew weaker; and when I came into

the pulpit, I could have chosen to be silent, rather than

speak."

As might be expected, this self-emptying was followed by a

rich unction from on high. "After I was begun, the whole

congregation was alarmed. Crying, weeping, and wailing, were

to be heard in every corner; and many seen falling into the

arms of their friends. My own soul was carried out, till I could

scarce speak any more." Still, the Common was not needed at

New York.

Next day he went to Staten Island, on his way back to Phila-

delphia; preaching by turns with Gilbert Tennent. At Bas-

kerredge, a poor negro woman, who had been converted under

his sermon, somewhat embarrassed, as well as pleased him, by

her gratitude. She insisted upon going along with him, (to

Savannah, I suppose,) and told him that her master had con-

sented to let her go. He says, “I bid her go home, and with

a thankful heart serve her present master."

At New Brunswick he found, if not a warmer, a more influ-

ential, friend in Aaron Burr, afterwards the president of New

Jersey College; one of the master-spirits of his age and country.

Whitefield owed much to this friendship, besides the degree of

A. M. in 1754. It was mainly through Burr's influence that

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Gilbert Tennent was induced to go to Boston, to water the seed

Whitefield had sown there.

As they drew nearer Philadelphia, they had a most providen-

tial escape. "There were two creeks in the way, much swollen

with rain. In one of them, two of my fellow-travellers, in all

probability, must have perished, had not a woman cried out, and

bid us stop. A man (as I afterwards found) who had been

touched by my ministry, hearing my voice, came and swam our

horses over the other creek, and conducted us safe over a very

narrow bridge."

On his arrival at Philadelphia, he found a house, 100 feet

long and 70 broad, building for him to preach in. He opened

it, although the roof was not on; and continued to preach in it

every day, until the snow (it was now the middle of November)

drove him to the chapels again. One afternoon, whilst preach-

ing against ''reasoning unbelievers," his sermon made but little

impression on the people. An infidel caught at this failure of

effect; and said to one of Whitefield's friends, "What! Mr. W.

could not make the people cry this afternoon?" “A good

reason for it," (said his friend,) "he was preaching against deists,

and you know they are a hardened generation." He was not,

however, always so unsuccessful amongst the Philadelphian in-

fidels. Brockden, the recorder, who had long been almost an

atheist, was induced to steal into the crowd at night, to hear

him for once. The sermon was on Nicodemus's visit to Christ.

Brockden's visit to Whitefield had a similar motive. He saw,

as he afterwards confessed, that "the doctrine did people good."

When he came home, his wife (not knowing where he had been)

wished that he had heard what she had been hearing. He said

nothing. Another and another of his family came in, and made

the same remark. He burst into tears, and said, "I have been

hearing him, and approve of his sermon." Whitefield after-

wards knew him as a Christian with the spirit of a "martyr."

His tour was now closing. On reviewing it, before he sailed

for Charleston, he says, — "Stop, O my soul, and look back

with gratitude on what the Lord hath done for thee, during this

excursion. It is now, I think, the seventy-fifth day since I

arrived at Rhode Island. My body was then weak; but the

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Lord has renewed its strength. I have been enabled to preach,

I think, a hundred and seventy-five times in public, besides

exhorting frequently in private. I have travelled upwards of

eight hundred miles, and gotten upwards of £700 sterling, in

money, &c. for the Georgia orphans. Never did God vouchsafe

me greater comforts. Never did I perform my journeys with so

little fatigue, nor see so much of the divine presence in the

congregations."

In this spirit he arrived at Bethesda, and found all his family

well. For some time he was much occupied with making his

arrangements for sailing to England; and having completed

them, and taken "a sorrowful and affectionate leave" of his

family, he went to Savannah to take leave there also. On the

way, he narrowly escaped being shot by a labourer, who was

walking with a gun under his arm, only two yards behind him.

The gun went off unawares; but its mouth was towards the

ground. "Otherwise," he says, "in all probability, I and one

of my friends must have been killed."

Whilst at Charleston, waiting for a vessel, he received many

inspiring letters from his Boston friends, informing him of the

amazing progress of conversion in the city and throughout the

province. He received also a copy of the following letter.

"To all and singular, the constables of Charleston. — Whereas

I have received information on oath, that George Whitefield,

clerk, hath made and composed a false, malicious, scandalous,

and infamous libel against the clergy of this province, in con-

tempt of his Majesty and his laws, and against the king's

peace: — These are therefore, in his Majesty's name, to charge

and command you and each of you forthwith, to apprehend the

said George Whitefield, and bring him before me, &c. &c. &c.

Given under my hand and seal, B. W."

This mandate referred to a Letter, which Whitefield had

only revised for the press. It was written by one of his friends,

and had just come out on his arrival at Charleston. The writer

was apprehended, and meanly (Whitefield says "frankly")

confessed that "corrections and alterations" had been made

by Whitefield.

I have not seen the Letter. Whitefield's account of it is.

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that "it hinted that the clergy break the canons." If this was

all, he might well write with emphasis in his diary, "I think

this may be called persecution! I think it is for righteousness'

sake."

He went before the magistrate at once, and gave security for ap-

pearing by attorney, under a penalty of £100, proclamation money.

He became his own attorney, however, before he left. Even next

day, he preached in the morning upon Herod's stratagem to

kill Christ: in the afternoon on the murder of Naboth. That

he did not spare the persecutors, is evident. “My hearers," he

says, "as well as myself, made application. It was pretty close.

I especially directed my discourse to men in authority, and

showed them the heinous sin of abusing their power." Neither

the commissary, nor the magistrate, slept on a bed of roses that

night. Public opinion was against them. The people so over-

loaded him with sea-stores for his voyage, that he had to send

much of the stock to Savannah. Next day, January 15th, he

embarked for England, on board the Minerva, and arrived at

Falmouth early in March. On the Sabbath following he was

again on Kennington Common — but with "not above a hun-

dred" to hear him.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHITEFIELD S BREACH WITH WESLEY.

Whitefield's absence from London extended from August,

1739, to March, 1741; during which, as we have seen, he

founded his orphan-house, traversed America with varied suc-

cess, and revived the revivalists of Northampton, as well as

caught the spirit of Jonathan Edwards and the old puritans of

New England.

On his return, he soon found occasion for all the faith and

patience he had acquired in America, They were both tried to

the utmost, for a time. His own account of the new and unex-

pected situation he found himself in, is very touching, "What

a trying scene appeared here! In my zeal, during my journey

through America, I had written two well-meant, though ill-

judged, letters, against England's two great favourites, 'The

whole Duty of Man,' and Archbishop Tillotson, who, I said,

knew no more about religion than Mahomet. The Moravians

had made inroads on our societies. Mr. John Wesley, some

way or other, had been prevailed on to preach and print in

favour of perfection and universal redemption; and against

election, a doctrine which, I then thought, and do now believe,

was taught me of God; and therefore could not possibly recede

from.

"Thinking it my duty so to do, I had written an answer at

the orphan-house, which, though revised and much approved

by some good divines, had I think some too strong expressions

about absolute reprobation, which the apostle leaves rather to

be inferred than expressed. The world was angry at me for the

former, and numbers of my own spiritual children for the latter,"

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"One that got some hundreds of pounds by my sermons, re-

fused to print for me anymore. And others wrote to me, that

God would destroy me in a fortnight, and that my fall was as

great as Peter's. Instead of having thousands to attend me,

scarce one of my spiritual children came to see me from morn-

ing tonight. Once on Kennington Common I had not above

a hundred to hear me.

"At the same time, I was much embarrassed in my outward

circumstances. A thousand pounds I owed for the orphan-

house. Two hundred and fifty pounds bills drawn on Mr.

Seward, were returned upon me. I was also threatened to be

arrested for two hundred pounds more. My travelling expenses

also to be defrayed. A family of a hundred to be daily main-

tained, four thousand miles off, in the dearest place of the king's

dominions.

"Ten thousand times would I rather have died than part

with my old friends. It would have melted any heart, to have

heard Mr. Charles Wesley and me weeping, after prayer, that,

if possible, the breach might be prevented. Once, but no

more, I preached in the Foundery, a place which Mr. John

Wesley had procured in my absence. All my work was to begin

again.

"Never had I preached in Moorfields on a week day: but

in the strength of God, I began on Good Friday, and continued

twice a day, walking backward and forward from Leadenhall,

for some time preaching under one of the trees; and had the

mortification to see numbers of my spiritual children, who but

a twelvemonth ago would have plucked out their eyes for me,

running by me whilst preaching, disdaining so much as to look

at me; and some of them putting their fingers in their ears,

that they might not hear one word I said.

"A like scene opened at Bristol, where I was denied preach-

ing in the house I had founded.

"Busybodies on both sides blew up the coals. A breach

ensued. But as both sides differed in judgment, not in affec-

tion, and aimed at the glory of our common Lord, (though we

hearkened too much to tale-bearers on both sides,) we were kept

from anathematizing each other, and went on in our usual way;

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being agreed in one point, endeavouring to convert souls to the

ever-blessed Mediator."

Gillies records all this without comment or explanation.

Watson, in his “Life of Wesley," sums up the whole history of

the breach in a single paragraph. Southey explains the real

grounds of the rupture, but with equal contempt for Wesley's

doctrine of perfection, and for Whitefield's doctrine of election.

The separation of Whitefield and Wesley led, however, to re-

sults too momentous to be thus treated. Whilst, therefore, I

have no inclination to revive controversies, which time has laid

asleep, nor to perpetuate painful recollections of good men, I

must register instructive facts, however offensive they may be

to the adherents of Calvinistic or Wesleyan methodism. The

breach between their founders may well teach a solemn lesson

to both.

Neither Whitefield nor Wesley appears to have understood

Calvinism, when they began to preach, the one for and the

other against it. Indeed, Whitefield assured Wesley, when

they began to differ, that he had never read a page of Calvin;

and if Wesley read him through the same spectacles he wore

when reading the works of Calvinists, — of whom he wrote thus

to Whitefield, "No baptist or presbyterian writer, I have read,

knew anything of the liberties of Christ," — his knowledge of

the question may well be doubted. Whitefield's retort on this

occasion, although sharp, was not uncourteous: "What! nei-

ther Bunyan, Henry, Flavel, Halyburton, nor any of the New

England and Scots divines, (know anything of the liberties of

Christ?) See, dear Sir, what narrow-spiritedness and want of

charity arise out of your principles; and then do not cry out

against election any more, on account of its being destructive

of meekness and love," Answer to Wesley’s Sermon on Free

Grace.

The sermon which led to this controversy, had a curious ori-

gin. The Wesleys had threatened (perhaps playfully at first)

to "drive John Calvin out of Bristol." This led some one to

charge Wesley, in a letter, with not preaching the gospel — be-

cause he did not preach up election; a charge which, at the

time, was equally applicable to Whitefield: for although his

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creed was somewhat Calvinistic from the first, he did not

preach up election, until Wesley began to preach it down. This

is no conjecture. He appeals to Wesley himself thus, — "For

Christ's sake, if possible, dear Sir, never speak against election

in your sermons; no one can say — that I ever mentioned it in

public discourses, whatever my private sentiments may be.

For Christ's sake, let us not be divided amongst ourselves.

Nothing will so much prevent a division, as your being silent

on that head."

Wesley met this solemn adjuration, and many like it, by the

mock solemnity of "drawing lots," to determine the question

of silence or assault. The lot was, "preach and print;" and

he did both forthwith. He did not publish however, until

Whitefield had gone to America. So far he yielded to his

friend's remonstrances, contenting himself, for a time, with call-

ing election a "doctrine of devils."

This sortilege was practised at Bristol; and it reminded

Whitefield of "the wrong lot," which Wesley had formerly

drawn, when their vessels were in sight in the Channel. Ac-

cordingly, in answering the lot-sermon, Whitefield told the

story of the lot-letter. He has been much blamed for publish-

ing this private transaction. Indeed, he blames himself heavily.

It was done with compunction at the time; and afterwards, he

thus deplored it: "My mentioning Mr. Wesley's casting a lot

on a private occasion, known only to God and ourselves, has

put me to great pain. It was wrong in me to publish a private

transaction to the world; and very ill-judged to think the glory

of God could be promoted by exposing my friend unnecessarily.

For this I have asked both God and him pardon, years ago.

And though I believe both have forgiven me, yet I believe I

shall never be able to forgive myself As it was a public fault,

I think it should be publicly acknowledged; and I thank a kind

Providence for giving me this opportunity of doing it." Answer

to Lavington. Dr. Southey says truly, that this manner of re-

ferring to the subject does Whitefield "honour." I feel this;

and yet, unless Wesley's feelings were very much wounded by

the disclosure, I do not see the necessity of so much self-con-

demnation and self-abasement. For my own part, at least, I

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should have preferred either more, or less, confession on the oc-

casion. Whitefield played at sortilege as well as Wesley,

although in another way. His Letter was not like the sermon,

written in obedience to a drawn lot; but still, it was deter-

mined by a mystic reason. He says, "I am apt to think one

reason why God should so suffer you to be deceived was, that

hereby a special obligation should be laid on me, faithfully to

declare the Scriptural doctrine of election." What is this, but

impulse versus lot? For, at the time, Whitefield was incapable

of declaring that doctrine faithfully, if he mean by faithfully,

Scripturally. This he proved, by declaring in his Letter, that

"without doubt, the doctrine of election and reprobation must

stand or fall together:" a fallacy he soon saw through. A

lot to preach against election could not be a greater fallacy,

than a "special" call to contend for reprobation. Well might

Wesley, if he had understood the sovereignty of grace, have

retorted on Whitefield: he contented himself, however, with

tearing the Letter before his congregation." 'I will just do what

I believe Mr. Whitefield would, were he here himself:' he tore

it in pieces. Every person present followed his example."

Southeys Wesley.

Who else believes — that Whitefield would have thus torn his

own Letter? None but those who believe that Wesley would

have torn his "lot," when he drew it. Whitefield might, in-

deed, have torn the printed copy, because it was printed without

his consent, and published in his absence, by officious friends;

but, in the sense of retracting it, he would no more have torn it

than he would have torn the Thirty-nine Articles. It was a

pitiful pretence, although a dexterous shift, to say that he would

have been his own executioner. He was quite capable of tear-

ing Wesley's "lot," had that been surreptitiously thrust upon

his friends, to bias their judgment; for he was as off-hand as

he was warm and honest, whenever he deemed the honour of

God at stake.

It is because I never heard that Wesley humbled himself at

all for this summary and insulting treatment of the Letter, that

I think Whitefield too humble for his treatment of the lot. I

think with Dr. Southey, that it "does him honour," but as

200 Whitefield's life and times.

Wesley was evidently more mortified than hurt by the disclosure,

and as he amply retaliated, I do not see where the dishonour

would have been, had the humiliation been less. Whitefield

had not published the Letter, nor was he aware of its publica-

tion. Dr. Southey is quite correct in saying, that, although it

was certainly intended for publication, yet "there seems to

have been a hope in Whitefield's mind, that the effect which its

perusal would produce might render publication needless."

Thus Wesley might have taken the sting out of it, by humbling

himself for drawing lots; but as he did not tear his lot along

with the Letter, it was not very unfair to let the world know

something of the secret of his attack on Calvinism. Indeed, I

doubt if it would have been honest to the public, or fair to

the cause of truth, to have concealed this process of sortilege

altogether. I do not even see how Whitefield could have dealt

so gently with Wesley, as by simply stating the facts. He

could not forget, in answering the sermon, that the author of it

believed himself divinely warranted to publish it. That sup-

posed warrant had to be invalidated. By what? If not by

facts, who does not see that arguments would have implied

heavier reflections upon Wesley's judgment, and subjected him

to the suspicion of a presumption worse than that of the old

lottery?

This transaction was made so much of at the time, that I

could not, as an historian, hush it up; nor, as an umpire, treat it

as Whitefield has done. It roused, as may be supposed, the

partisans of the two creeds; and created that alienation which

Whitefield has so feelingly described, in his account of the re-

ception he met with on his return from America.

Some of the Calvinistic party were very imprudent. Acourt,

of London, thrust himself and his high Calvinism upon the

Wesleys' meetings; demanding the opportunity of setting them

right on the subject of election; and prophesying, when re-

fused, that his proclamation of them as false prophets, would

throw them all into confusion. At Kingswood also, Cennick

divided the society, and headed the Calvinists against the Wes-

leys. Dr. Southey calls him "a certain John Cennick," "who

had great talents for popular speaking;" and gives only Charles

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Wesley's picture of him. Cennick was both a wiser and a bet-

ter man than the Wesleys painted him, when he withstood

them to the face at Kingswood. Until then, John Wesley held

him a friend, as his "own soul," and one who "lay in his

bosom." Charles Wesley confirms this by an appeal to Cen-

nick's knowledge of it: "I need not say how well he loved

you." It was not because this love was too hot, that it did not

last. Charles upbraided him for ingratitude and treachery,

and John excommunicated him, with others, for lying and slan-

dering, thus: — "I, John Wesley, by the consent and approba-

tion of the Band Society in Kingswood, do declare the persons

above mentioned to be no longer members thereof. Neither

will they be so accounted until they shall openly confess their

fault," &c. &c. What was this tremendous fault? "Dissem-

bling, lying, and slandering," says the excommunicator. "In-

gratitude and treachery," says his brother. Heavy charges, it

must be allowed; and, if true, well deserving all the chastise-

ment they met with.

The truth of the charges, as they affect Cennick, the friend

and fellow-labourer of Whitefield, must be examined. Hap-

pily, this is easily done; for Wesley rested the proof of "pri-

vate accusations" upon the copy of a letter from Cennick to

Whitefield. When Cennick denied that he had "ever privately

accused him," Wesley produced the letter in the society, and

said, "Judge, brethren!" So say I. Here is the letter. — "I

sit solitary like Eli, waiting what will become of the ark: and

while I wail and fear the carrying of it away from among my

people, my trouble increases daily. How glorious did the gos-

pel seem once to flourish at Kingswood! I spake of the ever-

lasting love of Christ with sweet power. But now, brother

Charles is suffered to open his mouth against this truth, while

the frighted sheep gaze and fly, as if no shepherd was amongst

them. It is just as if Satan was now making war on the saints,

in a more than common way. O, pray for the distressed

lambs yet left in this place, that they faint not. Surely they

would, for they have nothing whereon to rest but their own

faithfulness, who now attend on sermons. With universal re-

demption, brother Charles now pleases the world. Brother

202 Whitefield's life and times.

John follows him in everything. I believe no atheist can more

preach against predestination than they: and all who believe

election are counted enemies to God, and called so. Fly, dear

brother! — I am as alone. — I am in the midst of the plague.

If God give thee leave — make haste!"

Now, where is the lie, or the slander, in all this? Nowhere,

except it be in the charge, that "all who believe election are

counted enemies to God, and called so." And even this charge,

although not literally, is substantially, true. For although nei-

ther John nor Charles would have called any good man, who let

them alone, an enemy of God, for believing election, both would

and must have counted the very best man such, so far as he

tried to spread the doctrine of election at the Foundery, or at

Kingswood. How could they reckon otherwise, whilst they

held themselves to be the friends of God, by enmity to Calvinism?

Their forbearance with the silent Calvinists in the society, was

because they were silent.

I am no admirer of Cennick's letter. I think the style and

spirit of it quite as bad as Wesley's sermon; which affirms, that

the doctrine in question "directly tends to destroy that holiness

which is the end of all the ordinances of God;" and has "a

direct and manifest tendency to overthrow the whole Christian

religion." The only difference between this railing and that of

Cennick, is, that Cennick's is applied to two men by name, and

Wesley's is an attack upon all men who preached the doctrine.

This is not, however, the whole case. The chief charge

against Cennick is, that he "supplanted" Wesley "in his own

house; stealing the hearts of the people" from him. This as-

serted betrayal of trust, Charles depicted in the darkest colours.

Now it is true, that Wesley placed Cennick as one of the mas-

ters in the Kingswood school; and true, that the school was

Wesley's "own house," in the sense of its being chiefly built

and furnished by him. On the other hand, it is equally true,

that Whitefield originated the school; obtained the gift of "a

piece of ground for it;" laid the foundation-stone of it; and col-

lected so much money for it, that "the roof was ready to be

put up" before he left England. However truly, therefore, in

a legal sense, it was Wesley's “own house," inasmuch as he

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alone was responsible for all the debt upon it, and thus the

possessor of the deeds; it was morally Whitefield's own house

too. Accordingly, Wesley bequeathed it to his brother and

Whitefield by will, the moment the responsibility devolved the

property on him.

Cennick was not ignorant of these facts, and ought not to

have been uninfluenced by them. He was, indeed, Wesley's

servant; but he was also a conscientious Calvinist. "Why, then,

did he not resign," says Charles, "rather than gainsay" his

employer? Why, I ask, did his employer undertake the com-

pletion of Whitefield's school, and then turn it into an Arminian

nursery, in Whitefield's absence? The servant did all he could

to sustain the views of its founder, in the absence of its finisher;

and the finisher did all he could to supplant the Calvinistic

views of its absent founder. Whitefield never would have left

it to Wesley to carry forward, had this design been avowed.

Cennick knew this; and therefore he was just as conscientious

in opposing Arminianism in the place, as Wesley in opposing

Calvinism in it. In a word, if the one alienated some hearts

from Wesley, the other alienated many hearts from Whitefield.

"I was denied preaching in the house I had founded at Bristol,"

says Whitefield.

These are, indeed, pitiful transactions on both sides: but they

were the transactions which brought on the rupture of the socie-

ties, and are thus essential to its explanation. Cennick also,

as the chosen coadjutor of Whitefield afterwards, deserved vin-

dication from the bitter invectives and aspersions of Charles

Wesley's letter, and from the ecclesiastical ban of John Wesley

and the "Band Society in Kingswood." On reviewing his cha-

racter and career, the late Mr. Wilks, of the Tabernacle, ex-

claimed, "O my soul, come thou into his secret; into his

assembly, mine honour, be thou united!" He says of Cennick,

"As to success in his labours, perhaps there was not one in his

day, except Whitefield, more highly honoured in this particular.

His language was not with the enticing words of men's wisdom;

yet his doctrine and address were powerful, and found access to

the hearts of thousands. His career was short; but if life may

be estimated by the comparative quantity of good produced in it,

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then this truly active, spiritual, and useful man, may be said to

have lived to a good old age. A good understanding, an open

temper, and tender heart, characterized the man. His Christian

qualities were not less distinguishable. If unaffected humility,

deadness to the world, a life of communion with God, and a

cheerful reliance on a crucified Saviour, constitute the real

Christian, — “He was one in an eminent degree. He possessed a

sweet simplicity of spirit, with an ardent zeal in the cause of his

divine Master." Preface to Cennick's Sermons, 2 vols, by

Matthew Wilks.

Cennick's own account of his expulsion by the Wesleys, is

highly creditable to his heart; and as it palliates very much

the conduct of Mr. Wesley, and is not much known, (the pam-

phlet being rare,) I gladly insert it. It is the 44th Section of

a Life of Cennick, written by himself, 4th Edition. "About

Christmas, 1740, a difference in doctrine broke out between the

Mr. Wesleys and me; they believed and taught many things

which I thought not according to the gospel, neither to mine

own experience: and in a very little time, while I was preach-

ing in several parts of Wiltshire, Mr. John Wesley took the en-

tire possession of Kingswood school, and I was forbid to preach

there anymore; neither from that time did I. And not long

after, when I and some of the colliers had met apart to consider

on these things, and to lay them before the Lord, the rest of the

society, who held Mr. Wesley's doctrines, were so offended —

that they would not let Mr. Wesley rest, till he put me, and

those few who believed my word, out of the society; — though,

I believe, against his will. When we separated, we were in

number twelve men and twelve women. In a short time, we so

increased our company, that we were about a hundred and

twenty. In many villages of Wiltshire, the word was received

gladly." To them “the differences were never once known,

till Mr. Whitefield came from America, and joined the brethren

with me; neither after they knew it, (the difference,) did it make

any stir, as it were, in all that country."

The breach between Whitefield and Wesley led, soon, to the

erection of a new house at Kingswood, and of "a large tempo-

rary shed," called a Tabernacle, in London. The latter was

Whitefield's life and times. 205

built by "certain free-grace dissenters,” as Gillies calls them.

This phrase does not enable us to identify them with any of the

three denominations. Perhaps it refers to Whitefield's defi-

nition of "free grace indeed,” in his Letter to Wesley: —

"free, because not free to all; but free, because God may with-

hold or give it to whom, and when, he pleases." But whoever

the dissenters thus characterized were, their timely help soon

enabled him to turn the tide, which had set in against him. It

realized for him, what had much refreshed him, when all his

work was to “begin again,” — Beza's hint in the life of Calvin;

"Calvin is turned out of Geneva; but, behold, a new church

arises!" Dr. Gillies says, "A fresh awakening immediately

began. Congregations grew exceedingly large: and, at the

people’s desire, he sent for Messrs. Cennick, Harris, Seagrave,

Humphries, &c. to assist." In the country also, and especially

in Essex, (first at Braintree,) the old scene of "multitudes,

multitudes in the valley of decision," began to be renewed. And

it was with no ordinary pleasure he then visited the many towns

in Essex and Suffolk, such as Dedham, Halstead, Ipswich, &c.,

from which the pilgrim fathers of New England came; and the

counterparts of which he had found in America, perpetuating

there the names and recollections of the mother country.

I know of few studies so fraught and fragrant with delight,

now that we know New England, as tracing in Mather's "Mag-

nalia," upon his old maps, the first American edition of Old

England. I shall never forget how sacred I felt that line of

English towns to be, when I visited them, as the antitypes of

the Magnalian maps; nor the interest taken by the old families

of the district, whilst I pointed out to them the coincidences,

and congratulated them on the connexion. I myself, indeed,

would not pass over Runnymede, to visit the cradles of the pil-

grim fathers; but no American Christian ought to visit Runny-

mede, until he has been at Dedham, if he love his country.

Whitefield's momentary reverses in London did not, as may

be supposed, at all lessen his fame in Scotland, nor prevent the

Erskines from urging upon him his promise to visit that coun-

try. There, the Wesleys were considered as sadly "left to

themselves," (E. Erskine,) if not as somewhat demented, when

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they quarrelled, with Whitefield's Calvinism, and avowed them-

selves Arminians. There was also more than enough in Scot-

land then, of an Arminianism not redeemed, like that of the

Wesleys, by holy zeal or sterling piety, to render an eloquent

Calvinist a welcome visitor to the godly ministers of both the

kirk and the secession. Had Whitefield, therefore, wanted

other letters of commendation to them, than his own character

and fame; or needed anything to confirm the confidence he had

won by his own letters and journals; his rejection at the Foun-

dery would have secured him a welcome both at Dunfermline and

in Edinburgh.

This he found on his arrival: but, lest his old and still dear

friend, Wesley, should suspect him of accepting any honour at

his expense, he renewed his correspondence with him, when his

honours in Scotland were at their height. The following letter

from Aberdeen is delightful: “Reverend and dear brother, I

have for a long time expected that you would have sent an an-

swer to my last; but I suppose you are afraid to correspond

with me, because I revealed your secret about the lot. Though

much might be said for my doing it, yet I am sorry now, that

any such thing dropped from my pen, — and I humbly ask pardon,

I find I love you as much as ever; and pray God, if it be his

blessed will, that we may all be united together.

"It hath been for some days upon my heart to write to you.

May God remove all obstacles that now prevent our union!

Though I hold particular election — yet I offer Jesus freely to

every individual soul. You may carry sanctification to what-

ever degrees you will; only I cannot agree, that the in-being of

sin is to be destroyed in this life.

“O my dear brother, the Lord has been much with me in

Scotland, In about three weeks I hope to be at Bristol. May

all disputings cease, and each of us talk of nothing but Jesus,

and Him crucified! This is my resolution. The Lord be with

your spirit. I am, without dissimulation, ever yours." Lett. 363.

The only letter of Wesley's on this subject, that I know of,

is not like the above. It concludes thus: “The general tenor

both of my public and private exhortations, when I touch there-

on at all, as even my enemies know, if they would testify, is, —

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'Spare the young man, even Absalom, for my sake." Southey’s

Wesley. This is David's language, but not David's spirit. It

is sarcasm, more than sympathy; as the whole strain of the

letter shows. Dr. Southey justly says, "Wesley felt more re-

sentment than he here thought proper to express." Ibid.

Whitefield had, however, been as dictatorial in some of his

remonstrances, at the beginning of the controversy, as Wesley

was sarcastic at the close. On one occasion he wrote thus:

"Dear brother Wesley, what mean you by disputing in all your

letters? May God give you to know yourself, — and then you

will not plead for absolute perfection, nor call election a doc-

trine of devils. My dear brother, take heed! See that you are

in Christ a new creature. Beware of a false peace. Remember

you are but a babe in Christ — if so much. Be humble. Talk

little. Pray much. If you will dispute, stay till you are master

of the subject; otherwise you will hurt the cause you would

defend." Whatever truth there may be in this tirade, it is more

than defeated by its unhallowed form. Such an appeal could

only exasperate. Not, however, in this style generally, did

Whitefield appeal to his brother and friend. It was more usual

with him to write thus: "Why will you dispute? I am willing

to go with you to prison and death; — but I am not willing to

oppose you." "Do not oblige me to preach against you: I had

rather die." “Dear, dear Sir, O be not offended! For Christ's

sake be not rash. Give yourself to reading. Study the cove-

nant of grace. Down with your carnal reasoning. Be a little

child; and then, instead of pawning your salvation, as you have

done, in a late Hymn Book, if the doctrine of universal redemp-

tion be not true, you will compose a hymn in praise of sovereign,

distinguishing love.

"I love and honour you for Christ's sake; and when I come

to judgment — will thank you before men and angels for what

you have, under God, done for my soul. There, I am persuaded,

I shall see dear Mr. Wesley convinced of election and everlast-

ing love. And it often fills me with pleasure, to think how I

shall behold you casting your crown at the feet of the Lamb —

and, as it were, filled with a holy blushing for opposing the

divine sovereignty as you have done. But I hope the Lord will

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show you this, before you go hence. Oh how do I long for that

day!" (It is somewhat amusing to find this passage, the first

one quoted by Dr. Southey, just after his declaration, that

Whitefield's "written compositions are nearly worthless.")

Having given these specimens of the spirit of both parties in

this breach, it is only bare justice to Whitefield, to state strongly

the trying circumstances he was in, when Wesley cut with him.

Southey truly and tenderly says, "Many things combined to sour

him at this time." Seward, on whose life and fortune he had

calculated for the sake of Georgia, was just dead, and had left

him nothing. He was deeply in debt for the orphan-house, and

more deeply pledged. He was in danger of being arrested every

day for £450, whilst he had not twenty pounds in the world,

and hardly a friend to help him. He was all but hissed by the

multitude, who formerly were almost ready to cry, "Hosanna,"

when they saw him in the streets. His heart was torn by the

pressure of strife at home, and by the prospect of distress abroad.

Is it any wonder that he should have been betrayed into hasty,

and even some harsh, reflections upon Wesley? Could he think

well of the doctrine of “perfection” whilst its champion and

adherents were so imperfect, as to leave him to sink or swim, as

it might happen? True; he had given his old friend great pro-

vocation, by turning the laugh against his lottery; and all men

resent an exposure of their weakness, more than an injury to

their property: but still, Wesley could have afforded to wait,

whilst Whitefield was in danger of imprisonment for debt, and

well-nigh overwhelmed with disappointments. This was just

the time for a perfectionist to "heap coals of fire" upon the

head of an enemy; and to pawn something upon the truth of

universal love, as well as his "salvation upon the truth of uni-

versal redemption." Whitefield would have pawned the Foun-

dery, had it been his, to save and soothe Wesley, had he come

from America, embarrassed and bowed down with care. Who

does not see and feel this?

It is painful, but it is very necessary, to place the matter in

this light; for if the faults of such men are hushed up, such

faults will be repeated and perpetuated by men who have fewer

redeeming qualities. Future quarrels are not to be prevented

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by forgetting the past. It is by seeing how unseemly strife be-

tween great brethren is, that little brethren learn to dread its

beginnings. He is throwing back the progress of brotherly love

in the church, who would bury in oblivion, or veil in vague ge-

neralities, the "sharp contention" between Whitefield and

Wesley. Like Paul and Barnabas, they can afford to have it

all told, without sustaining any material loss of fame or influ-

ence. They are just the men whose faults should be transmitted

to posterity, that posterity may not glory in men, nor think

more highly of them than they ought to think; and that similar

men, of like passions, may not run into like extremes. He is

not, therefore, the best friend of "peace on earth," whatever be

his love for Whitefield or Wesley, who would throw a veil over

the rashness of the former, or over the selfishness of the latter,

on this occasion.

Whitefield was rash. He listened to tale-bearers, who put

the worst construction upon Wesley's hard words against Cal-

vinism, and harsh treatment of the Kingswood Calvinists. He

rashly promised not to preach against him, and as rashly threat-

ened to oppose him everywhere. He wept with Charles, and

scolded John. In a word, they were, as he says, only "kept

from anathematizing each other," for a time; so divided were

they in judgment, although not exactly alienated in affection.

This is, indeed, a humiliating exhibition: but how full of

warning it is! The oracle, "ye are brethren," which had so

often fallen upon their ear and their heart, like music from

heaven, fell unheeded on both for a time, although both were

absorbed with equal zeal for the glory of God and the salvation

of souls. But whilst the spirit of their breach was thus deplor-

able, it is impossible to deplore the breach itself. It fell out to

"the furtherance of the gospel." Wesley foresaw this, as well

as prayed for it: "The case is quite plain. There are bigots

both for and against predestination. God is sending a message

to those on either side: but neither will receive it, unless from

one who is of their own opinion. Therefore, for a time, you are

suffered to be of one opinion, and I of another." Whitefield's

heart responded to this, although his acuteness did not discern

it so fully: "The great day will discover, why the Lord per-

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mits dear Mr. Wesley and me to be of a different way of think-

ing. At present, I shall make no inquiry into that matter, be-

yond the account he has given of it. I heartily pray God to

hasten the time, when we shall be closely united in principle

and judgment, as well as in heart and affection: and then,

should the Lord call to it, — I care not if I go with him to prison

or to death. For, like Paul and Silas, I hope we shall sing

praises to God, and count it our highest honour to suffer for

Christ's sake, and to lay down our lives for the brethren."

Preface to "A Letter to Wesley.”

An earlier day than "the great day" discovered why White-

field and Wesley were permitted both to differ and divide. It

was a happy thing for the world and the church that they were

not of one opinion: for had they been united in either extreme,

truth would have made less progress. As joint Arminians, they

would have spread Pelagianism; and as joint Calvinists, they

would have been hyper, though not antinomian. It was well,

therefore, that they modified each other: for they were “two

suns," which could not have fixed in “one meridian,”

without setting on fire the whole course of sound theology. In

their respective spheres, however, they were equally blessed,

notwithstanding the difference of their creeds on some points.

This is not inexplicable, when it is remembered that they agreed

thoroughly in exalting the Saviour, and in honouring the Eter-

nal Spirit. And their mode of honouring the Spirit deserves

particular attention. They sought and cherished His unction

for themselves, as well as enforced the necessity of His opera-

tions upon others. And until preaching be, itself, a "demon-

stration of the Spirit and of power," as well as in humble de-

pendence upon the Spirit, its effects will not be very great, nor

remarkably good. It will win but few souls to Christ, and even

their character will not, in general, rise high in the beauty of

holiness, nor in the zeal of love. They may just keep their name

and their place in the church of the living God; but they will

not be to Him, nor to his church, "for a name and an everlast-

ing sign."

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There is much more connexion between the piety of a church,

and the spirituality of its minister, than appears at first sight;

and between his preaching, and the conversion of sinners, than

is usually kept in view. A minister not spiritually-minded,

both "quenches the Spirit" on the altar of renewed hearts, and

prevents the sacred fire from reaching the altar of unregenerated

hearts. He who is not “a sweet savour of Christ," makes him-

self "a savour of death unto death," inevitably: — of the second

death to the undecided; and of spiritual deadness to the church.

It was not in this sense, that Paul was a savour of both life

and death, during his ministry. The lost made him, what he

became to them; by turning into death the very truth which

quickened the saved: for it was the same fragrance of "the

knowledge of Christ," which proved the savour of death unto

death to the former, that proved the savour of life unto life to

the latter. Paul did as much, and said as much, and prayed as

much, and all in the same spirit too, for the impenitent, as for

the considerate; for despisers, as for penitents. Both saw and

heard in his preaching, the same "demonstration of the Spirit

and of power." He stood before each class, equally the ambas-

sador of Christ, and beseeching both alike to be reconciled unto

God. So did Baxter, Edwards, Whitefield, and the Wesleys.

Whenever they were the savour of death unto death, they were

made so by those who perished under their ministry. Such

men might, therefore, without presumption or imprudence, ap-

ply to themselves the apostolic maxim, "We are unto God — a

sweet savour of Christ, in them that are saved, and in them that

perish." Such ministers would not, indeed, say this without

adding, "Who is sufficient for these things?" nor without weep-

ing whilst they said, "to the other we are a savour of death

unto death;" but they could not blame themselves with the

blood of souls. It was not their fault, that any were lost, who

heard them; for they extended the golden sceptre of mercy as

freely, and frequently, and fervently, to the heedless and the

hardened, as to the thoughtful or the timid.

This is a very different case from that of a minister, who

preaches the gospel without the demonstration of the Spirit, or

power. He makes himself the savour of death unto death to

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others, even when he teaches "the knowledge of Christ;" be-

cause he breathes not the fragrance of that knowledge. He,

therefore, has no right to throw himself upon the apostolic

maxim, when his ministry is unsuccessful. It is unsuccessful,

because it is unsavoury. It brings no sinners to life, because it

is lifeless: for it is the “savour” of the knowledge of Christ,

that God “maketh manifest in every place,” 2 Cor. ii. 14;

and that savour cannot breathe from the lips or looks of a

minister, unless his heart hurn with love to Christ and immor-

tal souls.

It is high time that the church of Christ should consider, not

only the duty of depending on the Spirit, but also the import

and the importance of the "demonstration of the Spirit," in

preaching. That is more — than the demonstration of orthodoxy.

It is more than the demonstration of either sound scholarship or

hard study. It is even more than the demonstration of mere

sincerity and fidelity. Sincerity may be cold, and fidelity harsh.

Even zeal may be party rivalship, or personal vanity; whilst

it seems holy fire searching only for incense to the glory of

God and the Lamb. To preach in demonstration of the Spirit,

is even more than bringing out "the mind of the Spirit," faith-

fully and fully. The real meaning of His oracles may be honestly

given, and yet their true spirit neither caught nor conveyed.

"What the Spirit saith unto the churches," may be repeated to

the churches without evasion or faltering; but it will not be

heard as His counsel or consolation, unless it is spoken with

something of his own love and solemnity. He is the Spirit of

power, and of grace, and of love, as well as the Spirit of truth

and wisdom; and therefore He is but half copied in preach-

ing, when only his meaning is given. That meaning lies in His

mind, not merely as truth, nor as law, nor as wisdom, but also

as sympathy, solicitude, and love for the souls it is addressed

unto. The words of the Spirit are spirit and life; and there-

fore the soul, as well as the substance, of their meaning is essen-

tial to faithful preaching. They can hardly be said to be the

words of the Holy Ghost, when they are uttered in a spiritless

or lifeless mood.

This will be more obvious by looking at “the truth, as it is

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in Jesus." In Him it is grace as well as truth. All his heart,

and soul, and strength, breathes and burns in his words. His

motives are part of his meaning. He explains the great salva-

tion, that he may endear and enforce its claims at the same

time. He makes us feel, that he feels more for our souls than

words can express. He compels us to see a beaming of earnest-

ness in his eye, and to hear a beating of intense solicitude in his

heart, and to recognise a fixedness of purpose in all his manner,

unspeakably beyond all he says. The real pleading of the

Saviour with sinners begins where his words end. His weep-

ing silence, after speaking as never man spake, tells more of his

love to souls than all his gracious words. We feel that he feels

he has gained nothing by his preaching, unless he has won

souls. He leaves upon every mind the conviction, that nothing

can please him but the heart; and that nothing would please

him so much as giving him the heart. No man ever rose, or

can rise, from reading the entreaties of Christ, without feeling

that Christ is in earnest — is intent — is absorbed, to seek and

save the lost.

The apostles evidently marked this with great attention, and

copied it with much success, when they became ambassadors

"for Christ," by the ministry of reconciliation. Then, they

did more than deliver the truth He taught. They tried to

utter it with His solemnity, tenderness, and unction. They

tried to put themselves in "Christ's stead," when Christ was

no longer on earth to beseech men to be reconciled unto God.

This was "the demonstration of the Spirit!" Saying what

Christ did, was not enough for them: they laboured to say it as

he did; or in the spirit, and for the purpose, he had preached

the gospel. Thus the truth was in them as it was "in Jesus;"

not merely as true, but also as impressive, persuasive, and ab-

sorbing. They spoke the truth, as he had done, "in the love

of it," and with love to the souls it was able to make wise unto

salvation.

And this is not impossible even now, although apostolic in-

spiration be at an end. The best part of the Spirit's influ-

ences — love to the gospel and immortal souls — is yet attainable,

and as easily attained as any other ministerial qualification. A

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minister ought to be as much ashamed and more afraid, of

being unhaptized with the Holy Ghost and fire, as of being ig-

norant of the original languages of the Holy Scriptures. Men

who can demonstrate the problems of Euclid, or the import of

Greek or Hebrew idioms, have no excuse if they are unable to

preach with the demonstration of the Spirit and power. The

same attention to the latter demonstration, which they gave to

the former, would fill them with the Holy Ghost, and fire them

with holy zeal.

Nothing is so simple, although nothing be so sublime, as

preaching "the gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from

heaven." Any prayerful and thoughtful minister may preach

in this spirit; for it neither includes, nor excludes, great talents,

learning, or ingenuity. "An unction from the Holy One" can

subordinate the mightiest and wealthiest minds to the one

grand object — watching for souls; and it can render subser-

vient and successful the most ordinary powers of mind. The

acute reasonings of Wesley, and the warm-hearted remon-

strances and beseechings of Whitefield, were equally useful, be-

cause equally demonstrations of the Spirit. In like manner,

many of their uneducated colleagues "turned many to right-

eousness;" and are themselves, now, turned into stars which

shall shine forever in the firmament of the church in both

worlds. The secret of this success in winning souls was the

same in both classes of preachers; — their heart, their soul,

their all, was in their work. Truth had the force of divine

truth, the fire of eternal truth, and the glory of saving truth,

upon their minds. Their hearts were full (whether holding

much or little) of heavenly treasure; and they held it as hea-

venly treasure, and poured it out as stewards who had to account

for it in heaven, and to review their stewardship of it through

eternity. Accordingly, both regular congregations and pro-

miscuous mobs, whatever they thought of the office or the

talents of these itinerants, felt that they were on fire to watch

for and win souls; and were compelled to acknowledge, that

even men who had never been at the University, "had been

with Jesus," and were, indeed, "moved by the Holy Ghost."

Another way in which the apostles caught and kept up the de-

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monstration of the Spirit in their preaching, was, by trying to

beseech men to be reconciled unto God, just as God himself

might be supposed to plead with them, were He to bow the

heavens and come down as a minister of reconciliation. This

was a bold attempt! Even its sublimity and benevolence can-

not hide its boldness, however they may excuse it. "As

though God did beseech you, we pray you in Christ's stead, be

ye reconciled unto God." Archangels would hardly have ven-

tured to go so far as the apostles, in thus trying to represent

both God and the Lamb, as reconcilers. It was, however, an

attempt to win souls, as wise and humble, as it was sublime or

bold. There was no presumption, nor ostentation, nor pretence

in it. They magnified their office, only that they might hum-

ble themselves the more deeply, and discharge its duties the

more faithfully. The attempt to copy God was, also, the best

way of relieving themselves from the fear of man, and their

best security against all trifling, temporizing, and display in the

work of God. As his representatives, there would, of course,

be no airs nor affectation in their manner of preaching; no

parade of novelty or learning in their matter; no taint of bit-

terness or harshness in their spirit. Thus, by adopting Him as

their model, they were sure to preach better than any other ex-

ample could have taught them; for, whilst it bound them to

soberness and solemnity, it left them free to speak in thunder

when the conscience was to be roused; and in metaphor when

attention was to be won or relieved; and with all the forms of

eloquence whenever their subject inspired

“Thoughts which breathe, or words that burn."

Yes; this divine standard, equally lofty and lovely, left them

at full liberty to ransack creation for figures; time for facts;

heaven for motives; hell for warnings; and eternity for argu-

ments: binding them only to make the whole bear directly,

consistently, and supremely, upon their one grand object — re-

conciling the world unto God by the blood of the cross: for

whilst that was "all and all" as the final end of their ministry,

they might warrantably and legitimately employ in the pursuit

of it, every tone and term, image and emotion, in which God

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himself had ever appealed to the hopes or fears of man. Ac-

cordingly, there was much that was godlike in their preaching.

They could not, of course, realize fully, nor imitate far, the

manner or the spirit in which God would plead his own cause,

were He to preach his own gospel: but still, their reasonings

were not unlike His manifold wisdom; nor their appeals un-

worthy of His paternal tenderness; nor their remonstrances

inconsistent with His judicial authority. There was a fine de-

monstration of the Spirit in the boldness of Peter, in the

sublimity of Paul, and in the heavenliness of John.

It was to this beseeching as in the "stead of Christ and

God," that Paul referred, when he besought the Ephesians to

pray for him, "that utterance might be given him, to speak

boldly" as an ambassador, though in bonds, "ought to speak,"

He meant more than not being silent or ashamed; more than

rising superior to circumstances and danger. He meant also,

speaking with equal demonstration of the Spirit and power, in

peril as in peace; in Rome as in Jerusalem; before Caesar as

before the Sanhedrin.

In nothing, perhaps, did Whitefield keep Paul more before

him, than in this strong solicitude to "speak as he ought to

speak." No phrase occurs so often in his journals as, "preach-

ed with much power; with some power." He does not venture

to call even his greatest efforts a "demonstration of the Spirit;"

but the word "power" occurs so uniformly, that it tells plainly

what he was thinking about, after all sermons which produced

a visible effect. His enemies said he was complimenting his

own sermons. They little knew his heart, and still less the

humility which springs from "an unction" of the Spirit! To

prevent unnecessary misunderstanding, however, he explained

his meaning thus, in a note to his revised journals: "By the

word power, I mean, all along, no more, nor no less, than en-

largement of heart, and a comfortable frame, given me from

above; by which I was enabled to speak with freedom and

clearness, and the people were impressed and affected thereby."

This is only explaining — not retracting nor qualifying. He

knew, and tens of thousands felt, that God was with him of a

truth, making the gospel rebound from his heart to their hearts;

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melting them by warming him; winning their souls, by absorb-

ing his soul with the glories of salvation.

Happily, this spirit cannot be imitated in preaching. It may

be imbibed and breathed by any devotional and devoted minis-

ter; but it cannot be copied. No tones, looks, nor tears, can

demonstrate the presence of the Spirit in a sermon, if the

preacher has not been "in the Spirit” before coming to the

pulpit. Neither the melting nor the kindling of men but half

devoted, or but half-hearted in devotion, can melt down or wield

an audience, by the gospel; because the Holy Spirit will not

honour fits and starts of fidelity. The minister must be a holy

temple unto the Holy Ghost, who would have that Spirit speak

to the hearts of men by him. Never does a preacher dupe him-

self, or endanger others, more, than when he imagines that the

Spirit will give power to the gospel amongst his people, whilst it

has not power upon himself. God makes ministers a blessing

to others, by blessing themselves first. He works in them, in

order to work by them,

I throw out these hints, not to ministers, but to private

Christians, who know what it is to pray in the Spirit, and what

it is to see divine things in the light of eternity. Preaching

with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, is just what pray-

ing in the Holy Ghost is; not form, nor forcing, nor copying;

but the outpouring of a heart penetrated with the greatness of

the great salvation, and absorbed with the solemn responsibili-

ties involved in the hope of salvation. Did such hearers sustain

such preachers, by prayer, and esteem, and co-operation, there

would be far more demonstration of the Spirit in the evangelical

pulpits of the land: and many who now content themselves with

depending on the Holy Spirit, would be compelled to cultivate

the fellowship of that Spirit, instead of merely complimenting his

power.

CHAPTER IX.

WHITEFIELD IN SCOTLAND.

1741.

The state of religion in Scotland at this time will be best un-

derstood, as well as most fairly represented, by a brief view of

the rise and progress of the Secession. That second Reforma-

tion in Scotland brought into full light and play all the good

and evil of the national church. I shall, therefore, state the

facts, just as they now challenge and defy investigation. I

have never seen the final appeals of the Associate Synod inva-

lidated; and therefore I employ their own words.

"The Secession is regarded both by its friends and its ene-

mies as a highly important event in the history of the church

of Scotland. However slight and accidental the circumstances

by which it was immediately occasioned may appear, it un-

questionably arose from a general state of matters in the church,

naturally tending towards such a crisis. Divine Providence,

whose operations are often apparently slow, but always sure

and progressive, had been gradually paving the way for an open

division, calculated, notwithstanding all its accompanying evils,

to prevent the utter extinction of religious principle and free-

dom in the land, and to advance the interests of truth and

piety. A torrent of corruption, which threatened the over-

throw of everything sacred in doctrine and valuable" in privi-

lege, was proceeding to so great a height, that enlightened and

conscientious men were impressed with the necessity of bold

and decisive steps.

"The prevalence of those erroneous tenets and oppressive

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measures, which gave rise to the Secession, may be traced back

to the defects attending the settlement of ecclesiastical affairs

at the era of the Revolution 1688. That era was truly glo-

rious; and in no quarter of the British empire were its blessings

more necessary, or more sensibly experienced, than in Scot-

land. Religious as well as civil rights and liberties were then

restored to a nation, which, under the tyrannical sway of

Charles II. and James VII. had been most cruelly degraded and

oppressed. Episcopacy was abolished; the presbyterian wor-

ship and government re-established; pastors who had been

ejected from their churches in 1661, were replaced; and the

law of patronage, though not absolutely annulled, was so modi-

fied, and, in consequence, so gently administered, that it was

scarcely felt as a grievance.

"But while the Scottish presbyterians had much cause for

gratitude and joy, they had at the same time several sources of

regret. The omission of an act formally asserting Christ's sole

headship over the church, and expressly condemning the royal

supremacy which had been assumed under the two preceding

reigns, was deeply lamented. Nor was it an inconsiderable evil,

that, in compliance with the wishes of the court, about three

hundred of the prelatical incumbents, some of whom had even

been active agents in the work of persecution, were, 'upon easy

terms,' permitted to retain their stations in the parishes of

Scotland, and to sit in the ecclesiastical courts. Attached, in

many instances, to unscriptural doctrines, no less than to epis-

copalian forms of worship and discipline, these men could not

fail to obstruct the efforts of those faithful ministers who at-

tempted to promote the cause of evangelical truth and practical

religion. Among those ministers themselves, there were com-

paratively few who displayed all that magnanimity and zeal

which the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom required; and

the exercise of which, on that momentous occasion, might have

proved incalculably advantageous to vital Christianity in their

own days, and in succeeding ages. Owing to the pusillanimity

of some clergymen, and the waywardness of others, lamentable

symptoms of degeneracy in principle and practice were dis-

cernible within a short period after the happy Revolution. The

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worthy Halyburton accordingly, amid the triumphant ex-

pressions of Christian faith and hope, which he uttered on his

death-bed, in 1712, deplored in the strongest terms the grow-

ing apostasy of the times, and, in particular, that indifference

to the peculiarities of the gospel and to the power of godliness,

which prevailed among a great proportion of the clergy. He

exclaimed, for example, ‘Oh that the ministry of Scotland

may be kept from destroying the church of Scotland. Oh that

I could obtain it of them with tears of blood, to be concerned

for the church! Shall we be drawn away from the precious

gospel, and from Christ.' Frasers Erskines.

“The Secession did not originate in any dissatisfaction with

the professed principles of the church of Scotland, which

seceders venerate as a precious summary of divine truths —

the most valuable inheritance they have received from their

fathers — and which they are anxious to transmit in purity to

their children. But for some time before they were expelled

from the communion of the national church, a tide of defection

had been flowing in from the prevailing party in her judi-

catories, which, while it spared the erroneous in doctrine, and

the irregular in conduct, bore down the Christian people con-

tending for their religious privileges, and those ministers who

testified faithfully against ecclesiastical misconduct.

“A professor of divinity, in one of the Universities, taught

that the souls of children are as pure and holy as the soul of

Adam was in his original condition, being inferior to him only

as he was formed in a state of maturity; and that the light of

nature, including tradition, is sufficient to teach men the way

of salvation. For these doctrines, subversive of the first prin-

ciples of Christianity, a process was instituted against him, in

which it was clearly proved that he was chargeable with teach-

ing publicly these and other errors. But so far from being sub-

jected to the censure he deserved, he was permitted to retain his

place in the University and the church; and the General As-

sembly were satisfied with declaring that some of his opinions

were not evidently founded on the word of God, nor necessary

to be taught in divinity, and prohibiting him from publishing

such sentiments in future.

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"The ‘Marrow of Modern Divinity’ teaches, ‘that God in the

gospel makes a gift of the Saviour to mankind as sinners, war-

ranting everyone who hears the gospel to believe in him for

salvation; that believers are entirely freed from the law as a

covenant of works; that good works are not to be performed

by believers that they may obtain salvation by them."' In the

unqualified condemnation of these principles, the General As-

sembly materially condemned some of the most important doc-

trines of the gospel, such as the unlimited extent of the gospel

call, and the free grace of God in the salvation of sinners.

"For a short time after the revival of the law of patronage, in

1712, such as received presentations were backward to accept

of them, and the church courts were unwilling to proceed to

their settlement, where opposition was made by the people of

the vacant charge. But presentees and judicatories became

gradually less scrupulous, and several settlements afterwards

took place in reclaiming congregations, which gave plain evi-

dence that the rights of the members of the church would be

no longer regarded. The little influence which might occa-

sionally be left to the people in the choice of their ministers,

was destroyed by an act of the General Assembly, passed im-

mediately before the commencement of the Secession. This

act, providing that where patrons might neglect, or decline to

exercise, their rights, the minister should be chosen by a ma-

jority of the elders and heritors, if protestant, was unconstitu-

tionally passed by the Assembly, as a great majority of the

presbyteries, who gave their opinions upon the subject, were

decidedly hostile to the measure.

''Many pious and faithful ministers were grieved by these

defections; but being deprived, by the prevailing party in the

Assembly, of the liberty of marking their disapprobation in the

minutes of the court, no method of maintaining a good con-

science remained, except testifying against defection, in their

public ministrations. This method was adopted; and for a

public condemnation of these corruptions by the Rev. Ebenezer

Erskine, 1732, a process was instituted against him, which ter-

minated, 1733, in first suspending him and three of his brethren,

the Rev. Messrs. William Wilson, Alexander Moncrieff, and

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James Fisher, who had joined him, from the exercise of the

ministerial office, and afterwards, 1740, dissolving their relation

to their congregations and the national church." Dr. Waugh’s

Life,

"The valuable order of husbandmen, who constituted a very

considerable portion "of the Secession," were, at this period, of

the third generation in descent from the covenanters, who lived

towards the latter end of the seventeenth century; to whom their

country owes a deep debt of gratitude, for their pious zeal, their

patient sufferings, and their severe, long-protracted, and ulti-

mately successful struggle with a despotic and persecuting go-

vernment. Like their ancestors, whose memory for the most

part they warmly cherished and venerated, besides being zeal-

ous presbyterians, they were distinguished by frugal habits,

simple manners, and an ardent regard for evangelical doctrines.

In addition to a regular and exemplary attendance on the pub-

lic ordinances of divine worship, they faithfully performed the

exercises of devotion in their families, and laboured, with patri-

archal diligence, to instil into the minds of their children and

domestics the principles of sound doctrine and a holy life. The

strict and regular observance of the duties of family religion,

appears to have been one chief cause of the high eminence in

Scriptural knowledge, in sobriety of manners, as well as in every

domestic virtue, for which the northern part of Great Britain

was then justly celebrated. The patriarchal simplicity of man-

ners which, about the middle of the last century, so especially

characterized Scottish husbandmen, was calculated, in a high

degree, to foster deep affections, and a sober but manly earnest-

ness both of principle and deportment; and it may be fairly

stated, as one of the happy privileges of the Secession church,

that so large a number of its ministers have sprung from this

virtuous and valuable order of men.

"But the religious order of the family was the distinguishing

trait. The whole household assembled in the hall (or kitchen)

in the morning before breakfast, for family worship, and in the

evening before supper. The goodman, of course, led their

devotions, every one having his Bible in his hand. This was

the stated course even in seed-time and harvest: between five

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and six in the morning was the hour of prayer in these busy

seasons.

"On sabbath all went to church, however great the distance,

except one person in turn, to take care of the house or younger

children, and others to tend the cattle. After a late dinner, on

their return, the family assembled around the master, who first

catechised the children and then the servants. Each was re-

quired to tell what he remembered of the religious services they

had joined in at the house of God; each repeated a portion of

the Shorter Catechism; and all were then examined on heads of

divinity, from the mouth of the master. Throughout the whole

of the sabbath, all worldly concerns, except such as necessity or

mercy required to be attended to, were strictly laid aside; and

nothing was allowed to enter into conversation, save subjects of

religion." Dr. Waugh's Life. Such were the principles and

character of the Seceders: and they were common in the kirks

which possessed evangelical ministers.

Amongst other steps taken by the Erskines, in order to

strengthen the Secession, was their overture to Whitefield.

Fraser's account of this negociation is, upon the whole, the most

candid and complete that we possess. It hardly shows, however,

all the urgency of the Erskines to secure a monopoly of White-

field's influence. Ralph's letter to him, of April 10, 1741, con-

tains more than Fraser has quoted. The following appeals are

omitted: "Come, if possible, dear Whitefield, come, and come

to us also. There is no face on earth I would desire more

earnestly to see. Yet I would desire it only in a way that, I

think, would tend most to the advancing of our Lord's kingdom,

and the reformation work, among our hands. Such is the situ-

ation of affairs among us, that unless you came with a design to

meet and abide with us, particularly of the Associate Presbytery,

and to make your public appearances in the places especially of

their concern, — I would dread the consequences of your coming,

lest it should seem equally to countenance our persecutors.

Your fame would occasion a flocking to you, to whatever side

you turn; and if it should be in their pulpits, as no doubt some

of them would urge, we know how it would be improven against

us. — I know not with whom you could safely join yourself, if not

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with us." Oliphant's Whitefield, Edin, 1826. To all such

appeals, Whitefield's answer was, "I come only as an occasional

preacher, to preach the simple gospel to all that are willing to

hear me, of whatever denomination. I write this, that there

may be no misunderstanding between us." Letters. With this

key, the following documents from Fraser will be as intelligible

as they are interesting.

Mr. Erskine sustained a heavy disappointment when White-

field refused to co-operate with him in the manner asked and

expected. "Having received favourable accounts respecting

the character and doctrine of this celebrated man, and the ex-

traordinary success of his ministry in England and America, he

affectionately invited him to make a visit to Scotland, and to

unite his efforts with those of the Associate Presbytery, in pro-

moting the interests of truth and godliness. A letter from Mr.

Erskine to Mr. Whitefield, a short-hand copy of which we have

discovered in his 38th Note-book, throws some light on the views

and motives which influenced him and his brethren in giving

him that invitation. Several expressions are illegible. We

give the following extracts: "Fraser' s Life of Erskine.

"Hilldown, near Dunbar, June, 1741.

"Rev. and very dear brother,

I inclined much to have written you as soon as I heard of

your return to England; but I was at a loss for want of a direc-

tion, till I received yours from Bristol, of the 16th of May, which

was very acceptable. Though I have not yet seen your last

journal, yet I have heard of it, and of the great things God has

done for you and by you in the American world, and at home

also, in this island of the sea, which brings that doxology to

mind — ‘Thanks be unto God, who always causeth us to triumph

in Christ, and maketh manifest the savour of his knowledge by

us in every place.' May you be enabled more and more to be

joyful in his salvation, and in the name of your God to set up

your banner. The banner which God has given you to display,

because of truth, is far more glorious than that of (Admiral) Ver-

non. But I know that you are disposed to say, 'Not I, but the

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grace of God in me;' ‘Not unto us, but unto thy name be the

glory.'

"How desirable would it be to all the sincere lovers of Jesus

Christ in Scotland, to see him, ‘travelling in the greatness of his

strength' among us also in your ministrations! Truth falls in

our streets. Equity cannot enter into our ecclesiastical courts.

As our Assembly did last year eject us from our churches, and

exclude us from our ministry and legal maintenance, for lifting

up our reformation testimony; so, from all I can hear, they have

this year, in May last, appointed several violent intrusions

to be made upon Christian congregations; whereby the flock of

Christ is scattered more and more upon the mountains; for a

stranger will they not follow, who know the Shepherd's voice.

The wandering sheep come with their bleatings to the Associate

Presbytery; whereby our work is daily increasing, in feeding

and rallying our Master's flock, scattered and offended by the

established church.

"From this short glimpse of the state of matters among us,

you will easily see what reason the Associate Presbytery have to

say. Come over to Scotland and help us; come up to the help of

the Lord against the mighty; for the enemy comes in like a

flood, but I hope the Spirit of the Lord will lift up a standard

against him. We hear that God is with you of a truth, and

therefore we wish for as intimate a connexion with you in the

Lord as possible, for building up the fallen tabernacle of David

in Britain; and particularly in Scotland, when you shall be sent

to us. This, dear brother, and no party views, is at the bottom

of any proposal made by my brother Ralph, in his own name,

and in the name of his associate brethren. It would be very

unreasonable to propose or urge that you should incorporate as

a member of our Presbytery, and wholly embark in every branch

of our reformation, unless the Father of lights were clearing

your way thereunto; which we pray he may enlighten in his

time, so as you and we may see eye to eye. All intended by us

at present is, that, when you come to Scotland, your way may

be such as not to strengthen the hands of our corrupt clergy and

judicatories, who are carrying on a course of defection, worrying

out a faithful ministry from the land, and the power of religion

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with it. \* \* \* \* Far be it from us to limit your great

Master's commission to preach the gospel to every creature.

We ourselves preach the gospel to all promiscuously who are

willing to hear us. But we preach not upon the call and invi-

tation of the ministers, but of the people, which, I suppose, is

your own practice now in England; and should this also be

your way when you come to Scotland, it could do the Associate

Presbytery no manner of harm. But if, besides, you could find

freedom to company with us, to preach with us and for us, and

to accept of our advices in your work, while in this country, it

might contribute much to weaken the enemy's hand, and to

strengthen ours in the work of the Lord, when the strength of

the battle is against us.

"These things I only propose with all submission. The Lord

himself, I pray and hope, will direct you to such a course and

conduct as shall be for his own glory, and the edification of his

church everywhere, and particularly among us in Scotland.

We, in this country, are generally a lifeless, lukewarm, and up-

sitten generation. What a blessing would it be to us, if your

visit should be attended with such fruits and effects as at Bos-

ton; an account of which I have read in your last to my brother

Ralph — which yields great matter of thanksgiving.

"I am truly sorry for the Wesleyans — to see them so far left

to themselves. I have seen your letter to them, and praise the

Lord on your behalf, who enables you to stand up so valiantly

for the truth, and with so much light and energy. May his

truth be more and more your shield and buckler.

I am, your unworthy and affectionate brother,

Ebenezer Erskine."

This letter had been preceded by one from Ralph Erskine,

the brother and coadjutor of Ebenezer.

"Dunfermline, Aug. 21, 1739.

"Reverend and very dear Sir,

Yours, dated July 23rd, was most acceptable; and I would

have answered it by the first post, as you propose, but that, as

it lay about eight days in my house before I was at home to

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receive it, so I delayed a few days thereafter, as I was to meet

with my brethren of the Associate Presbytery, to whom I com-

municated your line, and Mr. William Seward's, and at the

same time gave to each of them a copy of your last journal, as

a present from you. I received nine of them at Burntisland,

where we then were. I received also, much about the same

time, six of your last sermon, on John vii. 37; some of which, with

some of the former, I also gave to some of the brethren. And

as I return you hearty thanks for these presents, so my brethren

received them as tokens of that love and kindness which you

express in such affectionate terms, in the close of your letter to

me, as gave them very much pleasure and satisfaction, and

tended to increase and inflame their love more and more to you.

Your being opposed for owning us, and your maintaining such

a regard for us, give ground to hope and expect that you will

receive no information about us to our disadvantage, unless or

until you have account thereof from ourselves, since you have

laid such a foundation of kindly correspondence with us.

"I have some acquaintance with Mr. Davidson in Edinburgh,

whom you mention, and was glad to hear he had sent you Mr.

Boston's books. However, he has not had so much communi-

cation with us, as I hear he has with you, since he began to

sway towards the independent or congregational way, which he

has for some time been active to promote, though otherwise, I

hope, a good and well-disposed man. Meantime, by whatever

hand you please to send any print, (expecting, by the first occa-

sion, to see the appendix, if published,) it can scarce fail to come

safe, if but directed as your letters are. I have given orders to

send you the prints relating to our public affairs in the Asso-

ciate Presbytery; and in case of your absence, they are to come

to Mr. Seward or Mr. John Wesley.

"I have now read your journals and sermons; and I can assure

you, with reference to the whole work in general, and the main

scope of it, my soul has been made to magnify the Lord for the

very great things he has done for you and by you; and I rejoice

to see you ascribe all to the free grace of God in Christ, and that

he has so remarkably raised you up to testify against the errors

and corruptions of the times, to rouse and awaken a secure gene-

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ration, and to bring such a number of sinners from darkness to

light, and from the power of Satan unto God. If I shall speak

of any particulars wherein we differ, it shall only be to show

the greatness of my love to you, by the greatness of the freedom

I use with you; also to prevent after-mistakes, and to promote

unfeigned love, which can both cover a multitude of infirmities,

and overlook a number of differences — not by quite concealing

them, which might bring love under a suspicion, but by a

friendly mentioning of them, which may prove it to be without

dissimulation.

"Though we desire to cover with the mantle of love all the

differences betwixt you and us that flow from your education in

the church of England, and adore the merciful providence of

God, who has so far enlightened and qualified you and your

brethren to be witnesses for him and instruments of reforma-

tion, yet we hope the more this work is of God, the more will

it tend to bring about a happy union in the Lord betwixt you

and us, not only in a private and personal, but even in a more

public and general way. My brethren and I, that have had

occasion here to confer about you, see a beauty in the provi-

dence of your being in communion with the English church.

Otherwise such great confluences from among them had not

attended your ministry, nor consequently received the benefit

or reaped the advantage which so many of them have done.

And though infinite wisdom has made, and may yet make, this

an alluring bait to draw them forth, yet as England's reforma-

tion at first, (from popery and its superstitious and ceremonial

services,) however great and glorious, was far from being so

full as that of some other protestant churches, particularly that

of Scotland; so we would fain hope that when a new and general

reformation shall be set on foot, some more at least of the rags

of that Romish church shall be dropt, such as (abstracting at

present from the subject of church government) many useless

rites and customs relating to worship, which have no Scriptural

foundation. This is what some of the most pious and learned

divines of your communion have wished to see reformed, know-

ing that many of these were retained at first, only under the

view of reforming gradually and from some prudential consider-

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ations; and knowing also that the continued retaining of these

things, which the reforming fathers designed gradually to cast

off, has been more stumbling to the friends, than ever it was

gaining to the enemies, of the Reformation. Therefore, though

Providence at present be making a good use of your being, ac-

cording to your light, of that way, yet when you are beginning,

as it were, to lay a new foundation, may the Lord, in due time,

enable you to guard against such things as may afterwards

prove a hinderance to a multitude of tender Christians, their

holding communion with you, as has been the case formerly.

*Principiis obsta*, is a caution most necessary in many cases.

What the great and famous reformer Luther retained from his

original Romish education, proved a sad dividing snare among

the protestant churches; and since, by the good hand of God

upon you, you are so well occupied in dashing down bigotry and

party zeal, I hope the hint I here give you on this head will

be the more agreeable. The first and main business, no doubt,

is to lay the foundation of saving faith by preaching the pure

truths and precious doctrines of the everlasting gospel, which

(glory to God) you are so busy about, and we, I hope, are join-

ing heart and hand with you.

"Very dear Sir, if you and your brethren, whom I honour and

esteem in the Lord as his eminent witnesses, shall judge the

freedom I have here used already to be rash or unseasonable,

the least challenge of this sort from you shall be to me as ex-

cellent oil which shall not break my head; for I think I would

choose to suffer many miseries rather than choose to offend you.

But, hoping my freedom shall rather be taken as a mark of

that kindness of which my heart is full, I proceed to tell you

what may be reckoned exceptionable in the last journal, though,

at the same time, the wonders of divine grace therein recorded

were most savoury to me, and to all I have spoken with upon

it, and will, I hope, stir up many to prayer and praise. Your

opinion about the business of the attorney has I hear been

written of to you already, and therefore I shall say nothing of

it. The correction you gave to your opinion of its unlawfulness

by adding "at least exceedingly dangerous," satisfied me.

Some have thought your love and charity extended a little too

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far beyond the Scripture rule in some instances; such as Jour-

nal last, page 59th, where you say the quakers' notions about

walking and being led by the Spirit, you think are right and

good. Unless they be quakers of another stamp than the rest,

whose dangerous tenets are inconsistent with the right notion

of being led by the Spirit, while, beside other things, they deny

justification by the imputed righteousness of Christ, or his

active and passive obedience received by faith, to be the only

ground of justification before God; and while thus they cannot

receive Jesus Christ, they consequently cannot walk in him,

nor be led by his Spirit, who is the Spirit of truth, testifying of

Christ according to the revelation made of him in the word,

which they contradict. Whatever duties of love you perform

towards these men, I will never believe you mean or intend to

justify their principles and delusive notions.

"There is a passage in the same book, page 83d, that has

been improven against us and our secession from the judicato-

ries; which yet, when I read it over again, seems to show to

me how much you are of our mind, and that you would take the

same course had you been in the same situation. You very

justly, I think, express your dissatisfaction with three of your

brethren that were driven to deny Christ's visible church upon

earth, and show that needless separation from the established

church would no doubt be attended with ill consequences; and

you judge of the state of a church, not from the practice of its

members, but from its primitive and public constitution. Hence

to me it would seem that if even the plurality of its members

meeting judicially should contradict its primitive and public

constitution, you would see fit to leave them and cleave to the

said constitution; which is the case with us in our secession

from the present judicatories of the established church of Scot-

land. Such seem to be the defects, it is true, of your eccle-

siastical government in England, that, unless in the case of

a convocation, you can never boast of an ecclesiastical and ju-

dicial cleaving unto, nor complain of a judicial seceding from,

the primitive public constitution. But as I make no question

but, in that case, you would find (as matters are at present

stated in England) there would be defections of the same sort

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with you as there are with us, and consequently that you would

see need to take the same course that we of the Associate Pres-

bytery do; so while you want the same advantages for seeing

clearly when it is that defections are become national and judi-

cial, and when there is a universal practical departure from

the Scriptural principles of the church you profess yourselves to

be of, it is a question how far it is consonant with the word of

God to maintain close communion with those of that church

who are either subverting its primitive public constitution, or

openly and avowedly denying the foresaid principles.

"Since right communion is founded on union in the truth,

at least by some open profession of it, which most of your

clergy seem to have little of, while they excommunicate you

and your brethren from the use of their churches; however well

ordered this also is in providence for good, yet it discovers

them to be what they are. You likewise add that so long as

the Articles of the church of England are agreeable to Scrip-

ture, you resolve to preach them up, without either bigotry or

party zeal. This I heartily approve of, and this is the case with

us also. We preach up and defend, doctrinally and judicially,

those articles of the church of Scotland agreeable to the Scrip-

tures, which the judicatories are letting go. Hence, I conclude,

you seem to be just of our mind as to separation from an

established church. We never declared a secession from the

church of Scotland, but, on the contrary, only a secession from

the judicatories, in their course of defection from the primitive

and covenanted constitution, to which we stood also bound by

our ordination engagements. And hence, to this day, we never

did quit our charges or congregations, to which we were ordain-

ed by the imposition of the hands of our several respective pres-

byteries, nor did we ever design, unless we were obliged by vio-

lence or compulsion, so to do.

"As to your sermons, dear Sir, I am ashamed you should

mention my approbation of them, as if it were of any signi-

ficancy. The general strain of your doctrine I love, admire,

and relish, with all my soul, and hope, through the blessing of

God, it will do much service. And, as to some particular ex-

pressions which I myself could not have used, my love to you.

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and my view of the countenance of Heaven with you, made me

to put such a favourable gloss upon them as to discern no odds

betwixt you and us. But since I am using all the kind freedom

I can, I shall give you some instances:

"'Almost Christian’ penult page. — 'We shall then look back

on our past sincere and hearty services which have procured us

so valuable a reward.' This I could by no means interpret, as

if you meant it to the detriment of the doctrine of heaven's

being a reward of grace in Christ Jesus, and not of debt to our

services, or of eternal life its being the gift of God through

Jesus Christ our Lord.

"'Sermon on Justification by Christ,' at the close. — 'Do but

labour to attain that holiness, without which no man shall see

the Lord, and then, though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be

white as snow.' I could by no means think that this was in-

tended any way to thwart the doctrine of free remission of sins

by the blood and righteousness of Christ only, which is the sub-

ject of the preceding sermon; or to make sanctification or la-

bouring after holiness, which is the fruit and evidence, to be the

root, ground, cause, or condition of forgiveness. No; I take

your view to be, that in this way of labouring to attain holiness,

people would evidence to themselves and others, that they were

pardoned persons in Christ, or that they could not maintain

the knowledge or assurance of it but in this way of holiness.

"'Sermon on Phil. iii. 10,' page 14. — 'He has passed from

death to life, and shall never, if he stir up the gift of God that

is in him, fall into condemnation.' This 'if' here, I did not

interpret as favouring the Arminian error against the certainty

of the perseverance of saints that are once savingly united to

Christ by faith of the operation of God, and passed from death

to life; but rather viewed it as favouring the gospel doctrine

concerning the connexion betwixt the means and the end, and

the necessity of the one in order to the other, though both are

secured by promise to a believer in Christ.

"I was told by one, that in some part of your works you

speak of justification by the act of believing; but as I noticed

nothing of this in the prints, so I affirmed that you had not so

learned Christ, as to put the Arminian to credere, or any thing

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done by us, or wrought in us, in the room of Christ and his

righteousness, or of his obedience and satisfaction, which alone

received by faith, I was sure, from your writings, you would own

to be the only matter and ground of justification.

"Again, though I could not use the English of your Bone

Deus because profane persons here sometimes swear in these

terms, yet, as I know it is common among your writers, so I

judge nothing is intended by it but a note of astonishment.

"Though some of these remarks are perhaps but trifling, and

not so material as others of them, I have noted all down, that

I may keep nothing back from you that in the least occurred

to my mind of any seeming dissonancy betwixt us in words.

Yet I judged, that, under various ways of speaking, we meant

the same thing, and point at the same end; and I can say be-

fore the Lord, I not only approve of your sermons and journals,

but see much matter of praise to God for them. I see much of

the glory and majesty of God, and many of the stately steps

and goings of our mighty King Jesus in them, and have at times,

with tears of joy, adored his name for what he is doing for you

and by you, and I pray for the continuance and advancement of

that work of God. I rejoice that the Lord's work is going on

with you, and that days of power continue. May it do so till all

the powers of darkness give way to it, and till every Dagon fall

before the ark of God!

"Your way of arguing against the apostatizing clergy of your

church in your last sermon, even from the instances drawn out

of your service-book, may be to them, I think, arguments ad

hominem. May the Lord bless it for their conviction, and for

awakening them out of their spiritual lethargy.

"When I consider how you and your brethren are stirred up

of God to such a remarkable way of witnessing for him in Eng-

land against the corruptions and defections of that church, and

when we of the Associate Presbytery have been called forth in

a judicial way to witness against the corruptions and defections

of the church of Scotland, and both at a juncture when popish

powers are combining together against us, and desolating judg-

ments are justly threatened from Heaven, — there is perhaps

more in the womb of providence relating to our several situa-

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tions and successes therein than we are aware of. What he

doth we know not now, but we may know hereafter. If he be

gathering his birds together before a storm, according to the

call, Zeph. i. 1 — 3, and Isa. xxvi. 20, 21, glory to him who doth

all things well.

"We have lately been attending several sacramental solem-

nities in our brethren's congregations, where vast multitudes of

people were assembled at the tents without doors as well as in

the church, and I never found more of the presence of God

than at some of these occasions. The Spirit of God was some-

times remarkably poured out, and I hope the power of the Lord

was present to heal many souls. Enemies gnash with their

teeth, as they do with you, but the Lord carries on his work.

My brethren salute you most affectionately, they love and respect

you in the Lord. Now, very dear Sir, I have in this long letter

opened my very heart unto you, and told you the very worst

thought that ever entered into it concerning you; which I

could not have done, if it were not filled with love to you.

And it loves you because you love Christ, and he loves you and

honours you; and I hope he will spare and honour you more

and more, to be a happy instrument in his hand for advancing

his kingdom, and pulling down the throne of iniquity. May the

weapons of your warfare be more and more mighty through

God for that end.

I am. Rev. and dear Sir,

Yours, most affectionately in our blessed Immanuel,

Ralph Erskine.

"I salute the worthy Sewards and Wesleys in the Lord."

This long and open-hearted epistle afforded great satisfaction to

Whitefield; as appears from the following extract of his reply: —

REV. G. WHITEFIELD, TO MR. RALPH ERSKINE.

"Savannah, Jan. 16th, 1740.

"Rev. and dear Sir,

With much pleasure, though not till last week, I received

your kind, affectionate letter. I thank you for it with all my

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soul, and pray God to reward you for this, and all other your

works of faith and labours of love. You may depend on my

not being prejudiced against you or your brethren by any evil

report. They only endear you to me more and more; and

were your enemies to represent you as black as hell, I should

think you were the more glorious in the sight of Heaven. Your

sweet criticisms and remarks on my journal and sermons were

exceedingly acceptable and very just. I assure you, dear Sir,

I am fully convinced of the doctrine of election, free justification,

and final perseverance. My observations on the quakers were

only intended for those particular persons with whom I then

conversed. The tenets of the quakers, in general, about justifi-

cation, I take to be false and unscriptural. Your adversaries

need take no advantage against you by anything I have written,

for I think it every minister's duty to declare against the cor-

ruptions of that church to which they belong, and not to look

upon those as true members of their communion, who deny its

public constitutions. This is your case in Scotland and ours

in England. I see no other way for us to act at present than to

go on preaching the truth as it is in Jesus; and then, if our

brethren cast us out, God will direct us to that course which is

most conducive to his glory and his people's good. I think I

have but one objection against your proceedings — your in-

sisting only on presbyterian government, exclusive of all other

ways of worshipping God. Your welfare is much upon my

heart; and, as I am enabled, I make mention of you in my

prayers.

Your weak unworthy brother,

and fellow-labourer in Christ,

George Whitefield."

In a letter of nearly the same date, addressed to Mr. Gilbert

Tennent, Whitefield, alluding to the above communication, says,

"Since my arrival here, I have received a sweet, endearing, and

instructive letter from Mr. Ralph Erskine."

About two months, however, prior to the receipt of this "en-

dearing" letter, Whitefield had despatched three letters from

Philadelphia; one to the Associate Presbytery, a second to

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Ebenezer Erskine, and a third to Ralph; in all of which he

solicits information about the constitution and covenants of the

Scotch kirk, and especially about the Cameronians: a bishop

having called the seceders by that name, and thus made him

somewhat jealous of their spirit. In subsequent letters, also,

he repeats his determination to be "quite neuter" on the sub-

ject of church government and reform in Scotland.

Thus, never were men more prepared to love and welcome

each other, than Whitefield and the Erskines. He thought the

Associate Presbytery "a little too hard upon" him, and Ralph

too much on their side, in pressing him to "join them wholly;"

but, otherwise, he had great confidence in both brothers, and

they in him. On his arrival in Edinburgh, he accordingly resisted

all applications made to him to preach there before he went to

Dunfermline, although they were made to him by persons of the

first distinction in the city. In a letter to a friend, he says, "I

determined to give the Erskines the first offer of my poor mi-

nistrations, as they gave me the first invitation to Scotland."

Lett. 337, vol. 1. Ralph says of him, "he came to me over the

belly of vast opposition." Whitefield says, "I was received

very lovingly at Dunfermline."

So far the interview was mutually gratifying. Whitefield was

surprised and delighted when he preached in the meeting-house,

to an immense assembly, by the rustling of a host of Bibles all

at once, as he gave out his text: "a scene," he says, "I never

was witness to before!" and Ralph was equally pleased with

the sermon and the preacher. He wrote next day to Ebenezer

thus; "The Lord is evidently with him;" and to Adam Gibb,

(whose spirit seems to have been suspicious of Whitefield from

the first,) "I have many pleasant things to say of him:" "I see

the Lord is with him."

Indeed, Ralph did everything, wise and kind, in order to bring

on a happy meeting between Whitefield and the Presbytery.

He prepared Ebenezer for this by informing him, that White-

field had "owned" to him, on the subject of his ordination, "that

he would not have it again in that way for a thousand worlds;

but, then, he knew no other way." Fraser’s Life of R. Erskine,

p. 326. To Gibb he wrote, " He designs and desires to meet

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with the brethren. I expect he will call for you." Whilst Ralph

thus conciliated the brethren, he was equally candid in telling

them what they had to expect: "As to his preaching, he de-

clares he can refuse no all to preach, whoever gives it: were it

a Jesuit or a Mahometan, he would embrace it for testifying

against them." — "I find" (to Gibb) "his light leads him to

preach, even at the call of those against whom he can freely tes-

tify. I hope you will inform Mair and Hutton." Fraser, 327.

Such were the preliminary steps to an interview and negocia-

tion, which Dr. Gillies (himself of the church party) has ab-

ruptly introduced, and hastily dismissed, "as a conference to

set Whitefield right about church government, and the solemn

league and covenant." It certainly was about these points; but

as certainly not for the sake of these points, apart from the spi-

ritual purposes they were intended to answer. Besides, neither

the church government, nor the solemn league and covenant,

were the inventions or the peculiarities of the Secession. Whe-

ther good, bad, or indifferent things, they were the platform of

the kirk of Scotland. Willison of Dundee, sustained by a num-

ber of the clergy, testified as loudly at the time against "de-

nying the lawfulness or obligation of our national covenant

engagements," as Erskine and his brethren. Strutherss Hist.

Scotland, And who does not see, that Dr. Gillies and his party,

had they been negociating with Whitefield to join them, would

just have begun as the Associate Presbytery did, by setting him

"right, about the same points?" Indeed, Willison of Dundee

did press the same points upon Whitefield, by letter; and re-

ceived from him much the same answer he gave to the seceders:

"I wish you would not trouble yourself or me, in writing about

the corruptions of the church of England. You seem not satis-

fied, methinks, unless I openly renounce the church of England,

and declare myself a presbyterian. Your letter gave me some

little concern. I thought it breathed a sectarian spirit, to which

I hoped dear Mr. W. was quite averse. I have shown my free-

dom in communicating with the church of Scotland, and in bap-

tizing children in their own way. I can go no further.'''' Lett.

p. 429.

Thus the Secession were not the only sticklers for presbyte-

238 Whitefield's life and times.

rianism. They made it, however, what the clergy did not, the

condition of employing Whitefield. His own account of the

negociation with the Presbytery, although graphic, is rather too

humoursome for the gravity of history, when the facts affect a

body of christians. Whilst, therefore, I admire the candour of

Fraser in giving Whitefield's half-playful letter first, I prefer to

give the Presbytery's own narrative first; because the transac-

tion involves their character most, and because their subsequent

attacks on Whitefield were far more inexcusable than their treat-

ment of him at Dunfermline.

The official minutes of this conference are, I am afraid, irre-

coverably lost. That they did exist is, however, evident from

a letter to Gibb, from Ralph Erskine, requesting a copy of them.

''I expected before this time a copy of the conversation we had

with Mr. Whitefield in this place. I have some occasions that

require my having it. Therefore, please send me, if you can, a

copy with this post." Fraser’s Life.

This letter makes it highly probable, that the following ori-

ginal memorandum, written about the time by Ebenezer Erskine,

is substantially correct, so far as it goes. It was copied verba-

tim from the short-hand characters of Erskine, in a note-book

recently discovered by Fraser. "Here follows an account of a

conversation held with Mr. Whitefield at Dunfermline, Wednes-

day, Aug. 5th, 1741. The ministers of the Presbytery present

were Messrs. Ralph and Ebenezer Erskine, Mr. Moncrieff, Mr.

Gibb, Messrs. Thomas and James Mair, Mr. Clarkson; and two

elders, namely, Mr. James Wardlaw, and Mr. John Mowbray.”

"We, being advertised to be here this day, by a letter from

Mr. Ralph Erskine, who had formed the tryst with Mr. White-

field; Mr. Ralph's letter bearing, that Mr. Whitefield desired

the conference, &c. and that he had yielded so far to him, as to

his episcopal ordination, that he would not take it again for a

thousand worlds ; but at the time he knew no better.

"Upon Tuesday night, when we arrived at the place, we

waited upon Mr. W. at Mr. Erskine's house; where and when

we had some conversation about several things relating to the

state of affairs in the church.

"Wednesday forenoon, the ministers and elders above men-

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tioned, met with Mr. Whitefield, in consequence of a letter from

Mr. Ralph Erskine, desiring they would have a conference with

him: and they having met as above, a motion was made that

Mr. Ebenezer Erskine pray before they entered upon conversa-

tion. As Mr. Whitefield showed an inclination to proceed to a

conference about toleration for a time, it was proposed, that,

seeing toleration of all sects by a church is an opinion of his, as

supported by some scriptures, — it was thought fit to consider,

what is that form of government Christ has laid down in his

word? And, agreeably to this, Mr. Whitefield put the question,

Whether presbyterian government be that which is agreeable to

the pattern shown in the mount? And supposing that it is, —

if it excluded a toleration of such as independents, anabaptists,

and episcopalians, among whom are good men?

“Mr. Ebenezer Erskine said to him, 'Sir, God has made you

an instrument of gathering a great multitude of souls to the

faith and profession of the gospel of Christ, throughout England

and in foreign parts: and now it is fit — that you should be con-

sidering how that body is to be organized and preserved; which

cannot be done without following the example of Paul and Bar-

nabas, who, when they had gathered churches by preaching the

gospel, visited them again, and ordained over them elders in

every city; which you cannot do alone, without some two or

three met together in a judicative capacity, in the name of the

Lord.'

"Unto all which Mr. Whitefield replied, (how like him!)

that he reckoned it his present duty to go on in preaching the

gospel, without proceeding to any such work.

"It was urged, that it might please the Lord to call him (by

death); and in that case, there being none other, the flock might

be scattered, and fall into the hands of grievous wolves, without

any to care for them. He said, that he being of the communion

of the church of England, had none to join him in that work;

and that he had no freedom to separate from the church of

England, until they did cast him out or excommunicate him."

Here, unhappily, Erskine's memorandum closes; and, to his

honour, it contains no reflections upon the spirit of Whitefield,

although he said some sharp things, which must have been not

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a little trying to the patience of stanch presbyterians. Neither

Whitefield nor the Presbytery, however, were so calm as they

appear in this still-life picture; Dr. Jamieson himself being the

judge. When he animadverted upon Rowland Hill's " Journal

of a Tour in Scotland,' he said, "That, after a good deal of rea-

soning (there was some railing too) as to a particular form of

church government being prescribed in Scripture, Mr. White-

field, laying his hand on his heart, said, 'I do not find it here.'

Mr. A. Moncrieif, who was of a warm temper, giving a rap on

the Bible, which was lying on the table, said, ‘But I find it

here.'" The Doctor adds, "On this, if I mistake not, the con-

versation terminated; and it has still been asserted, that the

proper ground of their giving up any connexion with Mr. White-

field was — his denial that any particular form of church govern-

ment was of divine authority; and declaring his resolution to

maintain this in his public ministrations." So thought and

wrote Dr. Jamieson, who was not there: not so, however, did

Whitefield think or write. I keep out of the question still, his

playful letter, as it is called, because Fraser says, that "it has

been eagerly appealed to by writers, who wished to expose the

Associate Presbytery to ridicule and contempt." Besides, it

was a letter to Noble of New York, in answer to one about a new

synod by the Tennents; and thus had a purpose to answer in

America, which warranted, what Fraser calls, "its indications "

of Whitefield's "constitutional vein for humour." None of

these objections, if they be such, lie against the following letters;

which were written "weeping," and to men who knew the facts

of the Dunfermline conference. Now, on the eighth day after it,

Whitefield wrote thus to one of the sons of Ebenezer Erskine,

at Stirling: "The treatment I met with from the Associate

Presbytery was not altogether such as I expected. It grieved

me, as much as it did you. I could scarce refrain from bursting

into a flood of tears. I wish all were like-minded with your

honoured father and uncle: matters would not then be carried

on with so high a hand. Such violent methods — such a narrow

way of acting — can never be the way to promote and enlarge

the kingdom of our blessed Jesus.

"It surely must be wrong to forbid even our hearing — those

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who love our Lord Jesus in sincerity, and have also been owned

of him. Christ would not have done so.

"Supposing the scheme of government for which the Asso-

ciate Presbytery contend to be Scriptural; yet, forbearance and

long-suffering is to be exercised towards such as may differ from

them. I am verily persuaded there is no such form of govern-

ment prescribed in the book of God, as excludes a toleration

of all other forms whatsoever. Were the Associate Presbytery

scheme to take effect, they must, out of conscience, if they acted

consistently, restrain and grieve, if not persecute, many of God's

children, who could not possibly come in to their measures; and

I doubt not but their present violent methods, together with

the corruptions of the Assembly, will cause many to become

independents, and set up particular churches of their own.

This was the effect of Archbishop Laud's acting with so high a

hand: and whether it be presbytery or episcopacy, if managed

in the same manner, it will be productive of the same effects.

Blessed be God, I have not so learned Christ!" Lett. 347.

Would any man in his senses have written thus to David Er-

skine, had there been nothing more violent at Dunfermline than

Moncrieff’s rap on the table; or had nothing been insisted upon

but the divine authority of presbytery? This letter both im-

plies and asserts the avowal of intolerance, on the part of all but

the Erskines: and even they wanted to shackle Whitefield with

all the links of their own chain of exclusiveness. Ralph forgot

himself so far, as to suspect and insinuate, in a letter, that

Whitefield temporized for the sake of the orphans. This fact

does not appear in the "previous jottings, which show the scope

of that letter;" (Fraser;) but it appears in the dignified and in-

dignant answer: "Indeed, dear Sir, you mistake if you think I

temporize on account of the orphans. Be it far from me! I

abhor the very thought of it. I proceed now, — just as I have

done, ever since I came out in the ministry." Lett. 350.

Even the "jottings" charge Whitefield (in "sorrow" indeed)

with "coming harnessed with a resolution, to stand out against

everything that might be said against;" and with not

"lying open to light," but "declining conversation on that

head." Now, whatever this mean, the answer is unequivocal:

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"I thank you for your kind letter. I believe it proceeded from

love; but, as yet, I cannot think the solemn league and cove-

nant any way binding upon me. You seem to think, I am not

open to light. That I may give you satisfaction on that head,

I am willing to confer with Mr. W at Perth, on Thurs-

day, Sept. 3rd." Hid. Whitefield takes no notice of the charge

of "coming harnessed " to the conference. Perhaps Erskine

softened it in the letter. If this was not the case, then White-

field did not condescend to notice it. Something equivalent,

however, was in the letter. Erskine says of it, to Gibb, "I

have sent Mr. Whitefield this day a letter, wherein I used much

plainness with him, on account of his declining conversation

with us upon church government, and upon the influence I

dreaded he is now under; — although all my plainness was in the

most kindly way." Fraser, p. 335.

Fraser refers this "influence and harnessing" to "prejudices

infused into Whitefield's mind against the ministers of the Se-

cession, and the cause in which they had embarked, at the very

moment of his first landing in Scotland." In proof of this, he

quotes the fact, that Whitefield was "met and entertained at

Edinburgh, by Dr. Webster and some of his brethren; from

whom he learned the state of church prejudices and parties in

Scotland." There can be no doubt of the truth of this. It is,

however, equally true, that he found the Associate Presbytery

to be as intolerant as their enemies had represented them: and

if anything worse was said against them, in his hearing, it did

not prevent him from visiting them, nor from treating them as

brethren in Christ. Even in his playful letter (which I now

subjoin) there is as much kindliness as humour.

TO MR. THOMAS NOBLE, AT NEW YORK.

''Edinburgh, Aug. 8th, 1741.

"My dear brother,

I have written you several letters; and I rejoice to hear

that the work of the Lord prospers in the hands of Messrs. Ten-

nents, &c.; am glad they intend to meet in a synod by them-

selves. Their catholic spirit will do good. The Associate

Presbytery here are so confined, that they will not so much as

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hear me preach, unless I only will join with them. Mr. Ralph

E, indeed, did hear me, and went up with me into the

pulpit of the Canongate church. The people were ready to

shout for joy; but, I believe, it gave offence to his associates.

I met most of them, according to appointment, on Wednesday

last — a set of grave, venerable men! They soon agreed to form

themselves into a presbytery, and were proceeding to choose a

moderator. — I asked them for what purpose? They answered,

to discourse, and set me right, about the matter of church go-

vernment, and the solemn league and covenant. I replied, they

might save themselves that trouble, for I had no scruples about

it; and that settling church government, and preaching about

the solemn league and covenant, was not my plan. I then told

them something of my experience, and how I was led out into

my present way of acting. One in particular said, he was deeply

affected; and the dear Mr. E desired they would have

patience with me, for that, having been born and bred in Eng-

land, and never studied the point, I could not be supposed to be

so perfectly acquainted with the nature of their covenants. One,

much warmer than the rest, immediately replied, 'that no in-

dulgence was to be shown me, that England had revolted most

with respect to church government; and that I, born and edu-

cated there, could not but be acquainted with the matter now

in debate.' I told him, I had never yet made the solemn league

and covenant the object of my study, being too busy about mat-

ters, as I judged, of greater importance. Several replied, that

every pin of the tabernacle was precious. — I said, that in

every building there were outside and inside workmen; that

the latter, at present, was my province; that if they thought

themselves called to the former, they might proceed in their own

way, and I should proceed in mine. I then asked them seriously,

what they would have me to do; the answer was, that I was not

desired to subscribe immediately to the solemn league and co-

venant; but to preach only for them till I had further light.

I asked, why only for them? Mr. Ralph E said, ‘they

were the Lord's people.' I then asked, whether there were no

other Lord's people but themselves? and supposing all others

were the devil's people, they certainly had more need to be

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preached to, and therefore I was more and more determined to

go out into the highways and hedges; and that if the pope him-

self would lend me his pulpit, I would gladly proclaim the right-

eousness of Jesus Christ therein. Soon after this, the company

broke up; and one of these, otherwise venerable men, immedi-

ately went into the meeting-house, and preached upon these

words, 'Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the

night? The watchman said. The morning cometh, and also the

night, if ye will inquire, inquire ye; return, come.' I attended;

but the good man so spent himself in the former part of his ser-

mon, in talking against prelacy, the common-prayer book, the

surplice, the rose in the hat, and such like externals, that when

he came to the latter part of his text, to invite poor sinners to

Jesus Christ, his breath was so gone, that he could scarce be

heard. What a pity that the last was not first, and the first

last! The consequence of all this was, an open breach. I re-

tired, I wept, I prayed, and after preaching in the fields, sat

down and dined with them, and then took a final leave. At

table, a gentlewoman said, she had heard that I had told some

people, that the Associate Presbytery were building a Babel.

I said, ‘Madam, it is quite true; and I believe the Babel will

soon fall down about their ears:' but enough of this. Lord,

what is man, what the best of men, but men at the best? I

think I have now seen an end of all perfection. Our brethren

in America, blessed be God, have not so learned Christ. Be

pleased to inform them of this letter."

Now, certainly, had it not been for the use made of this letter

by the enemies of the Secession, — who interpreted the prophecy,

and wielded the wit of it wantonly, — it requires no apology. It

is as true as it is graphic; not, perhaps, to the very letter of the

scene, but to the spirit of it. It just embodies, in lively forms,

the very ideas suggested by the preceding details. Even the

prophecy in it was sufficiently fulfilled, to accredit the foresight

of Whitefield. Enough of what was "Babel" in the synod,

soon fell down "about their ears." The division of the Seces-

sion, in 1747, into burghers and antiburghers, with the bitter

controversy it originated, was more than enough to justify the

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prediction. Even Fraser applies to that sharp contention fa-

ther Paul's proverb, that "In verbal contentions, the smallness

of the difference often nourishes the obstinacy of the parties."

It was not, therefore, necessary to rebut Whitefield's prophecy,

even if it was uttered with "oracular solemnity," by the fact,

that the edifice of the Secession "has now lasted for almost a

century," and was not "so obnoxious to the frowns of Heaven,

as that good man imagined." Fraser's E. Erskine. Had that

"good man" seen it as it now subsists, he would have been as

ready as Fraser or Jamieson to say, "the Secession church has

become a fair, strong, and extensive fabric, — in no great danger

of soon tumbling into ruins." Ibid.

The bad use made of this far-famed letter, by Sir Harry Mon-

crieff and others, in order to ridicule the Secession, and carica-

ture its venerable founders, has tempted Fraser to find more

fault with the letter than it is really chargeable with, or than

he could justify. Hence he has quoted from a Review of Sir

Harry's Life in "The Christian Repository," the unchristian

assertion, that "no one, who knew anything of Ralph Erskine,

will for a moment believe that he would have said of the Se-

ceders, 'we are the Lord's people.'" It is believed by many

who know and believe that Ralph Erskine, a year before this

time, and many times in later years, said, "We are far from

thinking all are Christ's friends that join with us, or that all

are His enemies that do not. No, indeed! This would be to

cast off all that have Christ's image — unless they have our

image too." Fraser.

There is so much candour characterizes Fraser's version of

these transactions, that I am unwilling to criticize his narrative.

It is, however, impossible to agree with him in his conclusion —

"that considerate and unbiassed judges will see cause, on the

whole, to conclude that Mr. Whitefield and the Associate Pres-

bytery parted in a manner, which has left no credit to either

party." Neither the manner nor the spirit of Whitefield's part-

ing reflects any discredit upon him.

In Edinburgh the issue of this negociation was waited for

with more than curiosity. The clergy welcomed Whitefield's

return to their pulpits in the city as a triumph to the kirk: and

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it was a triumph at the time. As such, however, he cared no-

thing about it. He forgot, equally, the joy of the kirk, and the

mortification of the chapel, in seeking the triumphs of the cross.

Whilst churchmen were pluming themselves on their gain, and

seceders trying to despise their loss, he was singing with Paul,

“Now thanks be unto God, who always causeth us to triumph

in Christ, and maketh manifest by us the savour of His know-

ledge in every place." It was manifested in Edinburgh, and

became "the savour of life unto life" to very many in all ranks.

For some weeks he preached twice or thrice every day in the

churches, and renewed in the orphan-house park the scenes of

Moorfields and Blackheath. He obtained also £500 for his

orphans, in money or goods.

The latter was a timely help to him. How much he felt this

will be best told by himself. In a letter to Mr. Habersham, he

says, "O my dear friend, how faithful is the Lord Jesus! He

has enabled me to pay my brother, and Mr. Noble's bill of £300.

I have sent you £70 worth of different sorts of goods to be dis-

posed of, and the money applied to the, orphan-house. I have

sent also six hundred yards of cloth, a present of my own, to

make the boys and girls gowns and coats. You will find some

dainask table cloths, which I desire you will sell, they being too

good, in my opinion, for our use."

Whitefield could not appreciate the moral value of this last

gift, but all Scotchmen well understand the sacrifice made by

Scotchwomen, in thus contributing damask nappery! It was

next to parting with their wedding ring. Had he known this,

he would not have sold the table cloths!

Such presents in money or goods were new things in Edin-

burgh then, and, of course, misrepresented by many. Some

were alarmed, lest he should "impoverish the country!" His

answer to all insinuations of this kind was, "I value them not

in the least. My largest donations are from the rich and sub-

stantial. The mites which the lower sort of the people have

given, will not prevent them from paying their debts, nor impo-

verish their families." When, however, it was proposed to make

a contribution in Edinburgh for himself, although privately, he

changed his tone, and said, — "I know nothing of — and will not

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admit of any such thing! I make no purse. What I have I

give away. 'Poor, yet making many rich,’ shall be my motto

still." Letter,

Whitefield's own accounts of the success of the gospel in

Edinburgh at this time, although flaming, are not exaggerated.

Dr. Muir, who witnessed the effect, says, "Upon the whole, we

hope there is such a flame kindled, as shall never be extin-

guished. The ministers are learning to speak with new

tongues." Edin, Memoir, The only drawback upon the fol-

lowing accounts is, an appearance of vanity, when the nobility

are mentioned; and of flattery, when they are addressed. Dr.

Southey says truly, that "Wesley would not have written in this

strain:" but it is equally true, that Jeremy Taylor, and Dr.

Donne, wrote both letters and dedications quite as fulsome, and

more servile; and which "might well provoke disgust and in-

dignation, were not the real genius and piety of the writers be-

yond all doubt." Southey’s Wesley, p. 360, vol. 2.

To Habersham, Whitefield writes from Edinburgh thus,

"God is pleased to bless my ministrations here in an abundant

manner. The little children in the hospitals are much wrought

upon. Saints have been stirred up and edified, and many others,

I believe, translated from darkness to light. The good that

has been done is inexpressible. I am intimate with three no-

blemen, and several ladies of quality, who have a great liking

for the things of God. I am now writing in an earl's house,

(Melville,) surrounded by fine furniture; but, glory be to free

grace, my soul is in love only with Jesus."

To Cennick he wrote, "This day Jesus enabled me to preach

seven times; notwithstanding, I am as fresh as when I arose in

the morning. Both in the church and park the Lord was with

us. The girls in the hospital were exceedingly affected. One

of the mistresses told me, that she is now awakened in the

morning by the voice of prayer and praise; and the master of

the boys says, that they meet together every night to sing and

pray. The presence of God at the old people's hospital was

really very wonderful. The Holy Spirit seemed to come down

like a rushing mighty wind. The mourning of the people was

like the weeping in the valley of Hadadrimmon. Every day I

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hear of some fresh good wrought by the power of God. I scarce

know how to leave Scotland."

Thus the rich and the poor, the young and the old, not only

heard him gladly, but melted down alike under his preaching;

and that — in Scotland, where the melting mood is not predo-

minant. And then, Whitefield's doctrine was not new to them

as a people, as it was to the English. Why, therefore, do we

see nothing of this kind now, upon a large scale, in either Eng-

land or Scotland? The gospel is widely and faithfully preach-

ed in both; but not with remarkable success in either. This

is not satisfactorily explained by saying, that a greater blessing

attended Whitefield's ministry than follows ours. The fact

is, that the outpouring of the Spirit on his audiences was pre-

ceded by an unction of the Spirit on his own soul, which we

hardly understand, and still less cultivate. What a heart he

had in Edinburgh! He does not, indeed, always describe its

emotions in good taste; but, alas for the man, and especially

the minister, who can read the bursts and outpourings of George

Whitefield's heart, without shame, or without feeling his own

heart hum to share them! "Night and day Jesus fills me

with his love." — "The love of Christ strikes me quite dumb."

— "I walk continually in the comforts of the Holy Ghost." —

"My heart is melted down with the love of Jesus." — "I de-

spair not of seeing Scotland like New England." — "I want a

thousand tongues to set off the great Redeemer's praise." — "I

am daily waiting for the coming of the Son of God." — "I every

morning feel my fellowship with Christ, and he gives me all joy

and peace in believing." — "The sight I have of God by faith

ravishes my soul: how I shall be ravished when I see him face

to face!" — "I would leap my seventy years, and fly into His

presence." All this is as burning as abrupt. He lived, and

moved, and had his being, in this warm and pure element; and

thus preached, not only in dependence on the Holy Spirit, but

"in demonstraiion of the Spirit and in power." Thus the holy

oil which anointed so many under him, had first been poured on

his own head. I have endeavoured to illustrate this fact in

another part of the volume. In the meantime, however, I can-

not quit this hint, without solemnly reminding myself and

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others, that we can be Whitefields in unction, although not in

energy or eloquence; we can walk with God as he did, although

unable to "go about" doing good upon his scale.

The results of his first visit to Edinburgh are thus summed

up by himself: "Glory be to God; he is doing great things

here. I walk in the continual sunshine of his countenance.

Never did I see so many Bibles, nor people look into them with

such attention, when I am expounding. Plenty of tears flow

from hearers' eyes. I preach twice daily, and expound at pri-

vate houses at night; and am employed in speaking to souls

under distress great part of the day. Every morning I have a

constant levee of wounded souls, many of whom are quite

slain by the law. I have a lecture in the fields, attended not

only by the common people, but persons of great rank. I have

reason to think some of the latter sort are coming to Jesus. I

am only afraid, lest people should idolize the instrument, and

not look enough to Jesus, in whom alone I desire to glory."

Scotland, and especially Edinburgh, owes much to this visit.

Any check it gave to the Secession for a time, was more than

counterbalanced by the impulse it gave to the establishment.

The evangelical clergy had as much need of a commanding

ally, as the Associate Presbytery; and, in general, as well de-

served the weight and fame of Whitefield's name. That name

drew on their side some of the peerage, who would never have

followed him into a chapel; and thus strengthened the hands

of "the wild men,” (as the evangelical party were called,) when

they were but weak. Edinburgh should never forget this.

Next to Knox, Whitefield deserves a monument on the Calton

Hill, as the second reformer of the metropolis. But for him,

the moderate party would have held the ascendant in it. I do

therefore hope that, at least, no Scottish champion of the gos-

pel will imitate some in England, by trying to prove that White-

field had little or no influence upon the revival of evangelical

preaching in the establishment. If any do try there, I can only

say, as I do here, — their fathers knew better, and posterity will

laugh at them. Venn’s Life of Venn.

As a counterpart to the sermon against Whitefield in the

meeting-house, by one of the Associate Presbytery, the follow-

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ing scene in the kirk at Aberdeen may instruct as well as

amuse. Dr. Southey has told the story well; but Whitefield

tells it better. Aberdeen, Oct. 9, 1741. At my first coming

here, things looked a little gloomy; for the magistrates had

been so prejudiced against me by one Mr. Bisset, that when ap-

plied to, they refused me the use of the kirk -yard to preach in.

This Mr. Bisset is colleague with one Mr. O. at whose repeated

invitation I came hither. Though colleagues of the same con-

gregation, they are very different in their natural tempers.

The one is, what they call in Scotland, of a sweet-blooded, the

other of a choleric, disposition. Mr. B. is neither a seceder,

nor quite a kirk -man; having great fault to find with both.

"Soon after my arrival, dear Mr. O. took me to pay my re-

spects to him. He was prepared for it; and immediately pull-

ed out a paper, containing a number of insignificant questions,

which I had neither time nor inclination to answer. The next

morning, it being Mr. O.'s turn, I lectured and preached. The

magistrates were present. The congregation was very large,

and light and life fled all around.

"In the afternoon, Mr. B. officiated. I attended. He begun

his prayers as usual; but in the midst of them, naming me by

name, he entreated the Lord to forgive the dishonour that had

been put upon him, by my being suffered to preach in that pul-

pit. And that all might know what reason he had to put up

such a petition, — about the middle of his sermon, he not only

urged that I was a curate of the church of England, (had

Whitefield been an archbishop or bishop, Bisset would have

begun his prayers against him,) but also quoted a passage or two

out of my first printed sermons, which he said were grossly

Arminian.

"Most of the congregation seemed surprised and chagrined,

especially his good-natured colleague, Mr. O.; who, immediately

after sermon, and without consulting me in the least, stood up,

and gave notice that Mr. Whitefield would preach in about half

an hour. The interval being so short, the magistrates returned

into the sessions-house, and the congregation patiently waited

— big with expectation of hearing my resentment.

"At the time appointed I went up, and took no other notice

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of the good man's ill-timed zeal, than to observe in some part

of my discourse, that if the good old gentleman had seen some

of my later writings, wherein I had corrected several of my

former mistakes, he would not have expressed himself in such

strong terms.

"The people being thus diverted from controversy with man,

were deeply impressed with what they heard from the word of

God. All was hushed, and more than solemn! On the mor-

row, the magistrates sent for me, expressed themselves quite

concerned at the treatment I had met with, and begged me to

accept the freedom of the city. But of this enough." Dr.

Southey justly says, "this triumph Whitefield obtained, as

much by that perfect self-command which he always possessed

in public, as by his surpassing oratory."

Bisset's hostility did not end here, nor confine itself to White-

field. Next year he assailed the Scotch clergymen, who had

employed the English curate; and charged them with caressing

Whitefield, "as it would seem, to break the seceders." Bissefs

Letter on Communion with a Priest of the Church of England.

Thus it was not the Associate Synod alone who attributed the

friendship of the kirk for Whitefield to selfish motives.

One thing occurred in Edinburgh which pleased Whitefield

very much. After preaching in the orphan-house park, a large

company came to salute him. Amongst the rest a fine portly

quaker took him by the hand, and said, "Friend George, I am

as thou art. I am for bringing all to the life and power of the

ever-living God; and, therefore, if thou wilt not quarrel with

me about my hat, I will not quarrel with thee about thy gown."

I know some ex-quakers who would say, that Whitefield would

not have been so much pleased, if he had known the mystery of

the hat in quakerism.

CHAPTER X.

WHITEFIELD AND THE DISSENTERS.

Neither the revivals in Scotland, nor the riots in England,

won for Whitefield the sympathy of the London ministers.

Bradbury lampooned him; Barker sneered at him; Dr. Watts

was silent; and Coward's trustees were insolent to Dr. Dod-

dridge, because he gave him some countenance at Northampton.

There was a deeper cause for all this than their dread of his

enthusiasm. They were then in treaty with some of the bishops,

in order to revive that scheme of Comprehension, which Bates,

Manton, and Baxter tried to negociate with Stillingfleet; but

which Clarendon, even whilst in banishment, had influence

enough at home to defeat, although the bill in favour of it was

drawn up by Lord Chief Baron Hale. Tillotson’s Life.

The Clarendon party were not dead nor idle, when the sub-

ject of the comprehension was revived by Chandler and Dod-

dridge with Archbishop Herring. Warburton, who knew them

well, foretold the issue thus, even when the prospect was bright-

est before curtain; "I can tell you of certain science, that not

the least alteration will be made in the ecclesiastical system."

Letter to Doddridge. The progress of this affair will explain

both the shyness and the sharpness of the London ministers

towards Whitefield. They could not have negociated with him

and the archbishop at the same time. Indeed, they had no

wish to be identified with any of his measures.

It belongs to history to tell this matter gravely: I prefer the

graphic sketch of its origin and progress, given in the following

letters. The first letter is from Barker to Doddridge. "As

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for the comprehension, so much talked of in town and country,

the utmost of the matter is this: — Mr. Chandler, while his

meeting-place was shut up, made a visit to his friends at Nor-

wich; and there happened to hear the bishop give a charge to

his clergy, which he thought not very candid. One expression

appeared to him invidious, viz. that the heads of the rebellion

were presbyterians; as appeared by those lords in the Tower

sending for presbyterian confessors. Upon Mr. Chandler's re-

turn to London, he wrote a letter to Dr. Gooch, complaining of

his charge, and particularly of that expression. This letter was

written very handsomely, and it brought a very civil, respectful

answer. After Gooch came to town. Chandler, at his desire,

made him a visit, in which they had much discourse; and

amongst other things, there was talk of a comprehension. This

visit was followed, at Gooch's desire, with another, when the

bishop of Salisbury was present, who soon discovered his shrewd-

ness, but said, ‘Our church, Mr. Chandler, consists of three

parts, — doctrine, discipline, and ceremonies: as to the last, they

should be left indifferent, as they are agreed on all hands to be:

as to the second, our discipline,' said he, 'is so bad, that no one

knows how, or where, to mend it: and as to the first, what is

your objection?' He answered, ‘Your Articles, my Lord, must

be expressed in Scripture words, and the Athanasian creed be

discarded.' Both the bishops answered, they wished they were

rid of that creed, and had no objection to restoring the Articles

into Scripture words; 'but what shall we do about reordination?"

To this Mr. Chandler made such a reply as he judged proper;

but, I think, granted more than he ought: he said none of us

would renounce his presbyterian ordination; but if their Lord-

ships meant only to impose their hands on us, and by that rite

recommend us to public service in their society or constitution,

that, perhaps, might be submitted to: but when he told me this,

I said, ‘perhaps not — no, by no means; that being, in my opi-

nion, a virtual renunciation of our ordination, which I appre-

hend not only as good but better than theirs.' The two bishops,

at the conclusion of the visit, requested Mr. Chandler to wait on

the archbishop, which he did, and met Gooch there by accident.

The archbishop received him well, and being told by Gooch

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what Chandler and he had been talking on, viz. a comprehen-

sion, said, A very good thing; he wished it with all his heart;

and the rather, because this was a time which called upon all

good men to unite against infidelity and immorality, which

threatened universal ruin; and added, he was encouraged to

hope, from the piety, learning, and moderation of many dissent-

ers, that this was a proper time to make the attempt. But,

may it please your Grace, said Gooch, Mr. Chandler says the

Articles must he altered into the words of Scripture. And why

not? replied the archbishop; it is the impertinences of men,

thrusting their words into articles instead of the words of God,

that have occasioned most of the divisions in the Christian

church, from the beginning of it to this day. The archbishop

added, that the bench of bishops seemed to be of his mind; that

he should be glad to see Mr. Chandler again, but was then oblig-

ed to go to court. And this is all. I have smiled at some who

seem mightily frighted at this affair, are very angry with Mr.

Chandler, and cry out, ‘We won't be comprehended — we won't

be comprehended,’ One would think, they imagined it was like

being electrified, or inoculated for the small pox. But most of

your fault-finders, I apprehend, are angry with Mr. Chandler, for

an expression he used in the second visit. When urging the ex-

pediency of expressing the Articles in Scripture words, he said, it

was for others, not himself, he suggested this, his conscience not

being disturbed by them as they now stood, for he freely owned

himself a moderate Calvinist"

Six months after this, Doddridge himself had an interview

with Herring, and found, at first, that although the archbishop

had "most candid sentiments of his dissenting brethren, he had

no great zeal for attempting anything in order to introduce

them into the church; wisely foreseeing the difficulties with

which it might be attended." Doddridge's Letters. He was not

likely to have zeal for it. He had not zeal even for the orthodox

of his own church. Jortin concludes his formal and inflated

sketch of him thus; "he was willing to think the best of other

people's principles." What this means, may, perhaps, be guessed

from the primate's letters to Duncombe; of which, the follow-

ing is one specimen: "I abhor every tendency to the Trinity

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controversy. The manner in which it is always conducted is

the disgrace and ruin of Christianity."

When Doddridge saw that the comprehension scheme, as

proposed by Chandler, did not suit Herring, he suggested "a

sort of medium between our present state, and that of a perfect

coalition." "I mentioned," he says, "acknowledging our

churches as unschismatical; by permitting their clergy to offi-

ciate amongst us, if desired, and dissenting ministers to officiate

in churches. It struck him as a new and important thought.

He told me, more than once, that I had suggested — what he

should lay up in his mind for further consideration."

Next year, however, Doddridge learned from Sir Thomas

Birch, that, although "several of the bishops endeavoured to

have White's Third Letter (see Towgood) suppressed, as un-

friendly to comprehension, Sherlock insisted upon having all

objections brought out at once." Good Doddridge, however,

still cherished hopes for his own plan; and, accordingly, culti-

vated intimacy with the heads of the church so closely, that the

very men who censured him for risking the comprehension, at

first, by countenancing Whitefield, came at last to insinuate that

he paid more court "to eminent members of the establishment,"

than was prudent. However this may be, he rejoiced with Lady

Huntingdon, at the same time, that "the mighty, the noble, the

wise, and the rich," assembled at her house, "to hear White-

field."

How Doddridge acted and was censured, in reference to

Whitefield, when the vision of a comprehension dawned upon

some of the leading dissenters of 1743, will be best told by the

secretary of Coward's trustees, Nathaniel Neal, Esq. of Million

Bank.

"It was with the utmost concern that I received the inform-

ation of Mr. Whitefield's having preached last week in your

pulpit, and that I attended the meeting of Coward's trustees

this day, when that matter was canvassed, and that I now find

myself obliged to apprize you of the very great uneasiness which

your conduct herein has occasioned them.

"The many characters you sustain with so much honour, and

in which I reverence you so highly, make me ashamed, and the

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character I sustain, of your friend, makes it extremely irksome

for me, to express any sentiments as mine, which may seem to

arraign your conduct; but when I reflect in how disadvantageous

a light your regard to the methodists has for some considerable

time placed you in the opinion of many, whom I have reason to

believe you esteem amongst your most judicious and hearty

friends, and what an advantage it has given against you to your

secret and avowed enemies, of either of which facts I believe

you are not in any just degree sensible, I could run any hazard of

your censure rather than that you should remain unapprized of

these facts.

"You cannot be ignorant, how obnoxious the imprudences

committed, or alleged to be committed, by some of the method-

ists, have rendered them to great numbers of people; and

though, indeed, supposing they have a spirit of religion amongst

them to be found nowhere else, so that a man would, for his

own sake, and at any temporal hazard, take his lot amongst

them; yet if, besides their reputation for a forward and indis-

creet zeal, and an unsettled, injudicious way of thinking and

behaving, they have nothing to distinguish them from other

serious and devout Christians, surely every man would choose to

have as little concern with them as possible.

"But 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, supposing even the ill

opinion the world entertains of them to be groundless, 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.

"For my own part, I have had the misfortune of observing,

and I must not conceal it from you, that wherever I have heard

it mentioned, that Dr. Doddridge countenanced the methodists,

and it has been the subject of conversation much oftener than I

could have wished, I have heard it constantly spoken of by his

friends with concern, as threatening a great diminution of his

usefulness, and by his adversaries with a sneer of triumph.

"The trustees are particularly in pain for it, with regard to

your academy; as they know it is an objection made to it, by

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some persons in all appearance seriously, and by others craftily;

and yet they are almost afraid of giving their thoughts even in

the most private manner concerning it, lest it should be made

an occasion of drawing them into a public opposition to the

methodists, as they are likely to be in some measure by your

letter to Mr. Mason, (excusing your prefixing a recommendation

of a book of theirs, without the advice of the trustees,) which

letter they have desired me to inform you has given them great

offence.

“What weight these considerations will or ought to have with

you, I cannot determine; as I have thrown them together in a

good deal of haste, I am afraid lest I should have said any thing

in such a manner as may justly give you offence: this, however,

I am sure of, that you will not read any such line with more

pain than that in which I wrote it. If I have used any assum-

ing language, my heart did not dictate it; if I have betrayed

any earnestness or warmth unbecoming the deference due to

your superior judgment, impute it to the passionate regard I

bear to so great and so valuable a character: if, on the other

hand, I have said anything worthy your consideration, I am

persuaded it will have its weight, notwithstanding any disadvan-

tage from the mode of saying it, and the person who says it,

especially when I assure you, that that alone which you may

find in it becoming the sincerity and affection of a friend, and

the respect and veneration due to a man of eminent learning

and piety, has the approbation of.

Reverend and dear Sir,

Your most affectionate and faithful, humble servant,

Nathaniel Neal."

The answer to this first letter from the Coward trust, Dod-

dridge himself did not trouble himself to preserve. A second

came.

"The candid reception you gave my last of the 11th instant,

I impute principally to your own condescending and friendly

disposition, and next, to the credit you gave to that simplicity of

intention with which it was written, and wherein alone I can in

any way be sure that it was not defective.

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"I am not insensible. Sir, that the respect many of your

people bore to Mr. Whitefield, and your own acquaintance with

him, must have made it a matter of difficulty for you entirely to

have avoided showing him some polite regards on his coming to

Northampton; and I greatly rejoice in being furnished with so

particular an account of the circumstances attending his visit,

that may enable me to say, you were so far, at that time, from

seeking his preaching in your pulpit, that you took several steps,

and indeed all that you thought you could prudently venture on,

and such as might, if they had succeeded, have been sufficient to

have prevented it; which I doubt not will, and I am sure ought, to

have some weight with those who censure this step on the ground

of imprudence. I could only wish that I were able to make

these circumstances known as far as that censure is likely to

extend.

I should be very sorry. Sir, if you had any just reason to

apprehend, that what has been written to you on this subject by

any of your friends was intended to have any weight on the

footing of authority. They ought to be ashamed of wishing for

any greater influence over you than what their arguments, backed

by the affection which all who deserve the name of your friends

so justly entertain, will give them. And it is in that confidence

that you will not think me vain, or so weak as to wish any greater

for myself, that I venture to write another word to you on this

subject.

"And there is one thing which your letter gives me an occasion

to suggest for your present consideration, with regard to your

apprehensions of the growth of infidelity, which I am abundantly

satisfied are too well founded; and that is, whether the enthu-

siasm and extravagances of weak Christians have not furnished

out some of the most specious pleas, as well as splendid triumphs,

of infidelity? The pamphlet of "Christianity not founded on

Argument" alone, sufficiently convinces me that they have,

inasmuch as that pamphlet was calculated to serve the interests

both of enthusiasm and deism; actually made both enthusiasts

and deists; and raised a doubt, not yet, as I apprehend, fully

cleared, whether the world was obliged to the one or other of

these parties for that excellent performance. If enthusiasts.

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therefore, by their principles, are laying a foundation of deism,

however they may abhor it in their intentions, it surely behoves

us to see to it, that we give them no assistance in that work;

and the rather, as deists are watching for every possible advan-

tage of this kind. A remarkable instance of which was acci-

dentally mentioned to me very lately. In a late conversation in

a mixed company of deists, the countenance which a certain

eminent divine had given to some reputed enthusiasts was men-

tioned by one of the deists in support of this position, — that the

most learned and considerable among Christian divines, who

were really honest men, were enthusiasts. You may certainly

depend on the truth of this relation."

The answer to this also is not preserved. A third came.

“Million Bank, Dec. 10th, 1743.

"I am sorry you appear so apprehensive in your last letter,

lest I should interpret what you said in your first too unfavour-

ably of the methodists and Mr. Whitefield, as it confirms me in

my fears of your attachment to them; but, whatever my wishes

were in that respect, you may be assured I could never venture

to represent you as indifferent to them, when I read your com-

mendation of his sermon for its excellence and oratory, and re-

member the low, incoherent stuff I used to hear him utter at

Kennington Common.

"Whilst I continued oppressed and hurt with these reflec-

tions, your excellent sermon for the County Hospital came in to

my relief. The piety, the justness of the sentiments and argu-

ments, the manly, graceful diction, and the benevolent spirit

that runs through the whole of it, both amazed and charmed

me. It must have extorted from any heart less acquainted with

your disposition for public usefulness than I am, a devout eja-

culation, that God would never permit such talents to come

under a wrong direction, or suffer the disadvantages they must

necessarily submit to, if engaged amongst men of weak heads

and narrow, gloomy sentiments, who may and ought to be pitied

and prayed for, and better informed, as opportunity allows, but

whom no rules of piety or prudence will oblige us to make our

friends and confidants.

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"There are letters shown about town, from several ministers

in the west, which make heavy complaints of the disorders occa-

sioned 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 minis-

ters 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.

Whether you are aware of this I know not; and I am sure, if I

did not esteem it a mark of sincere friendship, I would not give

you the uneasiness of hearing it."

The answer to this letter Doddridge preserved, and I would

perpetuate.

TO NATHANIEL NEAL, ESQ.

"I am truly sorry that the manner in which I spoke of Mr.

Whitefield in my last should give you uneasiness. I hope I did

not assert his sermon to have been free from its defects; but I

must be extremely prejudiced indeed, if it were such 'wild, in-

coherent stuff,' as you heard on Kennington Common. Nor does

it seem at all difficult to account for this; for that preached

here, which, I believe, was one of his more elaborate and, per-

haps, favourite discourses, might deserve to be spoken of in a

different manner. What I then said, proceeded from a princi-

ple 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 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.

Nor did I, indeed, imagine my character to have been of such

great importance in the world, as that this little incident should

have been taken so much notice of. I believe the true reason

is, that for no other fault than my not being able to go so far as

some of my brethren into the new ways of thinking and speak-

ing, I have long had a multitude of enemies, who have been

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watching for some occasion against me; and I thank God, that

they have hitherto, with all that malignity of heart which some

of them have expressed, been able to find no greater!

"As for you, dear Sir, I must always number you among my

most affectionate and faithful friends; and though the human

heart is not so formed that it is agreeable to hear ourselves

spoken of with disrespect, yet I am well assured that the writing

the information you gave me was among the instances of your

greatest kindness. You know, Sir, that a fear to offend God,

by doing as most self-prudent people do, has generally been

esteemed a weakness: and my conscience testifies that those

actions of mine which have been most reproached, have pro-

ceeded from that principle. It is impossible to represent to you

the reason, at least the excuse, I have had, and esteemed a

reason, unless I could give you an account of the several cir-

cumstances in which I have successively been placed for these

few past years. If I could, I believe you would be less inclined

to blame me than you are; though I am sensible your censures

are very moderate, when compared with those of many others.

"I had, indeed, great expectations from the methodists and

Moravians. I am grieved, from my very heart, that so many

things have occurred among them which have been quite unjus-

tifiable: and I assure you faithfully, they are such as would have

occasioned me to have dropped that intimacy of correspondence

which I once had with them. And 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 coelesti choro.' I shall al-

ways be ready to weigh whatever can be said against Mr.

Whitefield, as well as against any of the rest: 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, 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 that bears up the whole interest of religion among

us. And if this moderation of sentiment towards him will not

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appease my angry brethren, as I am sensible it will not abate

the enmity which some have, for many years, entertained to-

wards me, I must acquiesce, and be patient till the day of the

Lord, when the secrets of all hearts shall be made manifest; in

which, I do from my heart believe, that with respect to the part

I have acted in this affair, I shall not be ashamed.

"I had before heard from some of my worthy friends in the

west of the offence which had been taken at two of my pupils

there, for the respect they showed 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. Some of these, who were the most abandoned

characters in the place, are now become serious and useful Chris-

tians; and he himself has honoured his profession, when to all

around him he seemed on the borders of eternity, by a behaviour

which, in such awful circumstances, the best of men might wish

to be their own. Mr. Fawcett labours likewise at Taunton;

and his zeal, so far as I can judge, is inspired both with love

and prudence. Yet I hear these 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 when

these things will end: in the meantime, I am as silent as I can

be! I commit the matter to God in prayer, and earnestly beg

his direction, that he would lead me in a plain path. Sometimes

I think the storm will soon blow over, and that things will re-

turn again to their natural course. 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. It is really, Sir,

with some confusion that I read your encomium upon my ser-

mon: I am sensible it is some consolation to me, amidst the

uneasiness which, as you conclude, other things must give me.

I hope our design will go on, though it has not at present the

success I could have wished. The dissenters do their part, but

I am sorry to say the neighbouring clergy are exceedingly defi-

cient in theirs." Doddridge.

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Neal was not the only person of influence amongst the dis-

senters who was alarmed at Doddridge's liberality. Dr. Jen-

nings assailed him for prefacing a book of Mason's; by which

"his friends were given by name,” he says, "to be baited by

the methodists, — as their opposers." At the same time, also,

Mr. Blair wrote to him, begging his opinion of Whitefield — "a

man," he says, "more railed at by some, and idolized by others,

than any person I ever knew in my life." His friend Barker

also told him, that he had thought it "needful to warn his hearers

to avoid the errors" of Whitefield and his followers. So little

did good men appreciate or understand Whitefield at this time!

CHAPTER XI.

WHITEFIELD’S DOMESTIC LIFE.

It is, indeed, almost a misnomer, to call Whitefield's conjugal

life, domestic. His engagements, like Wesley's, were incom-

patible with domestic happiness, — as that is understood by do-

mestic men. Accordingly, their kind and degree of home

enjoyment he neither expected nor proposed to himself. All

that he wanted was, a help meet, who could sympathize in his

absorbing public enterprises, as well as in his personal joys and

sorrows; and a home, where he might recruit after labour and

exhaustion. And such a wife and a home he deserved, as well

as needed. He mistook sadly, however, when he sought for

such a wife in the ranks of widowhood, then. There were no

missionaries' widows "in these days." A young female, of

eminent piety and zeal, might have fallen in with his habits and

plans, and even found her chief happiness in sustaining his

mighty and manifold undertakings, like Paul's Phoebe: but a

widow, who had been "a housekeeper" (her own) "many

years," and that in the retirement of Abergavenny, in Wales,

could hardly be expected to unlearn the domestic system of

the country, nor to become a heroine for the world. Both

Whitefield and Wesley forgot this obvious truth, and married

widows.

How much Wesley smarted for this oversight, is as proverbial

as it is painful. Mrs. Whitefield had none of Mrs. Wesley's

faults. She had, however, no commanding virtues, running in

grand parallel with any of the noble features of her husband's

character; and thus, because she was not prominently a help to

him, she seems to have been reckoned a hinderance, by the

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gossips and busybodies who watched Mrs. Wesley. These, in

their fears for their own "dear minister's comfort," watched

Mrs. Whitefield also, lest he should be made as unhappy as his

old friend!

The tattle of such spies is beneath contempt. It has, how-

ever, found some countenance from a quarter which no impar-

tial judge can overlook or underrate. Cornelius Winter, in the

letters which form the substance of his "Life," by Jay of

Bath, has said expressly, that Whitefield "was not happy in

his wife;" that "she certainly did not behave as she ought;"

and that "her death set his mind much at rest." Now, what-

ever this sweeping charge means, it came from a man of the

highest character. Of Cornelius Winter, Matthew Wilks used

to say, "I am never in this man's company without being re-

minded of Paradisaical innocence." Rowland Hill also, al-

though he did not give Winter credit for all the candour Jay

has done, did not hesitate to say of him, that "he would make

the worst devil of any man in the world;" meaning, that he

was the most unlike the devil. All this is so true, — that Win-

ter's account of Mrs. Whitefield has acquired currency, although

it is neither confirmed nor illustrated by a single document or

line from any other writer, so far as I can learn. It will, no

doubt, surprise some, however, who have formed their opinion

of her from this single source, to be informed that Winter's

opportunity of knowing her, from personal observation, was

very short. Whitefield was married to her before Winter was

born. She died in 1768. Now Winter says, that Berridge in-

troduced him to Whitefield by letter, in February, 1767. Jay's

Life of Winter. And even then, he did not become "one of the

family" until his "fidelity was proved." Thus he had not two

years to judge; and even this brief space occurred when Mrs.

Whitefield was breaking down. Unless, therefore, he received

his information from Whitefield himself, (and he does not say

so,) Winter must be deemed, for once, rash, at least.

This is a painful conclusion; but it is inevitable, except on

the supposition that the sweeping charge was made against her

by her husband. But his first report of her is, that "Mrs.

James," although "once gay, is now a despised follower of the

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Lamb." Gillies. In like manner, throughout a long series of

his letters, he uniformly styles her his "dear partner," or

"dear fellow-pilgrim," or "dear yoke-fellow," or "dear wife."

He also tells with evident delight, how she assisted the sailors

to make cartridges, when their vessel was preparing for battle,

on the voyage to America. He also praises her as his "ten-

der nurse," whilst he was ill at Toronto. He often joins her

name with his own, in sending salutations to Lady Huntingdon,

Mr. Hervey, and other dear friends. In July, 1768, he writes

thus from Edinburgh, "tender love to all, particularly to my

dear wife." In the same month (she died in August) he writes

to another friend, "My wife is as well as can be expected. Both

of us descending, in order to ascend,

'Where sin, and pain, and sorrow cease,

And all is calm, and joy, and peace.'"

Is it likely that the man who wrote thus of his wife, from first

to last, would have said of her afterwards to Winter, a com-

parative stranger, what would have warranted Winter to throw

so dark a cloud over her memory?

I have given Winter credit for a longer opportunity of ob-

serving her, than he himself pretends to have had. "Thrice,"

he says, "it pleased the Lord to lay him upon a bed of sick-

ness," after he became one of the family. Then, "eight

months" of his short opportunity were spent in Bristol, for the

recovery of his health. This is not all the subtraction to be

made from the time. "A second visit to Bristol held four

months." Besides, when he returned to London, he had to

bury the dead at Tottenham Court chapel." Jay’s Life.

Now certainly, whatever may be thought of Winter's high cha-

racter, it is impossible to attach much importance to his facili-

ties for observation: they were both few and small; and he

ought to have said so, instead of leaving the fact to be thus

found out by comparing scattered dates, and calculating long

intervals of absence.

A great deal, indeed, may be learnt in a short time, in any

family, where all is not right between husband and wife; and if

Winter, whilst a bachelor, had all those delicate and noble per-

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ceptions of conjugal love, which he exemplified when he became

a husband, long observation was not necessary in order to en-

able his fine eye to see exactly how matters stood between Mr.

and Mrs. Whitefield.

I have felt it to be my duty to scrutinize this only recorded

stigma upon Mrs. Whitefield; — not because I question the

general truth of it, so far as Winter was a witness, — but be-

cause it passes for more than I think he ever intended. The

Whitefields, so far as I can judge, neither lived nor loved like

Mr. and Mrs. Winter. They were not unhappy in the sense

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley were so; but still their communion of

spirit, or oneness of soul, was not what Cornelius Winter nor I

could conscientiously call domestic happiness.

I say this, because I cannot forget the strangeness, to say the

least, of Whitefield's text, when he preached his wife's funeral

sermon. It was, — "For the creature was made subject to

vanity; not willingly, but by reason of Him who hath subjected

the same in hope," Rom. viii. 20. Gillies. Now, even if he

dwelt upon the context, there was still an implication, anything

but complimentary to her memory. In like manner, his letter

to Torial Joss on her death, is more pious than tender: — "The

late very unexpected breach is a fresh proof that the night soon

cometh when no man can work. Pray, where may find that

great promise made to Abraham, after Sarah's death? May it

be fulfilled in you, whilst your Sarah is yet alive! Sweet be-

reavements, when God himself fills up the void. I find it so."

Letters. There was no promise, great or small, given on that

occasion.

On the other hand, I find a letter a year after her death, in

which he says to a friend, "I feel the loss of my 'right hand '

daily; but right hands and right eyes must be parted with for

Him, who doeth all things well." Letter 1406. This acknow-

ledgment Winter had access to when he said that her death set

Whitefield's "mind much at rest." He might also have read,

as well as myself, the following references to the early and mid-

dle parts of their domestic history. Whitefield wrote thus

from on board the Wilmington, in 1744: "All except myself

seem ready for fire and smoke. My wife, after having dressed

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herself to prepare for all events, set about making cartridges, —

whilst the husband wanted to go into the holes of the ship,

hearing that was the chaplain's usual place." -- After recovering

from an attack of colic, which seemed likely to terminate in

mortal convulsions, at York, in the same year, he sang with

gratitude,

"My wife and friends stood weeping by,

In tears resolved to see me die."

In a subsequent letter, he bears testimony to her usefulness

and zeal: "My dear wife is fully employed in copying my let-

ters. We do not, however, forget our dear London and Eng-

lish friends. We pray for them often, and cannot help wishing

some may come over into this delightful wilderness (Pisca-

taqua); it is a fruitful field." In 1747, he wrote from Charles-

ton to Wales, " My dear yoke-fellow is in Georgia. Blessed be

God, she is well, and prospers in soul and body. We hope to

live and have our hearts warmed with our Welch friends ere

we go hence and be no more." In the same year he wrote thus

of her to a friend, "We lead a moving life, but I trust we move

heavenward." "We are more than happy." "We go on like

two happy pilgrims, leaning on our Beloved." In 1748, when

he sailed from Bermudas to England, he wrote, "I intend to

return to beloved America next year, which is one reason why

I leave my dear yoke-fellow behind. Oh that I knew how it was

with her! But I see God will make those he loves to live by

faith and not by sense." In 1749 he says, "We are both well,

and surrounded with mercies on every side: — only ungrateful,

ill, and hell-deserving I, want a grateful and humble heart!"

At a later period, 1754, 1 find him writing from Lisbon thus:

“You will not forget to visit my widow-wife! Blessed be God,

her Maker is her Husband; and ere long we shall sit down to-

gether, at the marriage-supper of the Lamb." In 1756, he

says, "I have no thoughts at present of her ever seeing the

orphan-house again. We shall ere long see heaven. Some ante-

pasts of it we are favoured with already." Letters.

But enough, more than enough, is now presented, to prove

that Winter's unqualified statements were unwarranted. I

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must, however, add, that they are to me unaccountable, unless

he meant only the period whilst he was a witness of the White-

field family, and unless he made his own experience the standard

by which he tried their conjugal love; and this he has not said.

I must, therefore, leave the case of Whitefield versus Winter to

the verdict of time.

Whitefield's marriage did not interrupt his work, nor damp

his ardour. In a few days after, his success in Wales made

him exclaim, "God has been pleased to work by my hands

since I have been here. O stupendous love. O infinitely con-

descending God! "He was married on the 11th of November,

1741, and before the end of the month he was electrifying Bris-

tol, as in the days of old. "We have a growing church" here

again. It had been checked for a time by the breach between

Wesley and Cennick. "Yesterday, and several other times,

the Lord hath filled many as with new wine. Sometimes I have

scarce known whether I have been in the body or out of the

body. It is a good thing to know how to manage a manifesta-

tion aright; nature so frequently and artfully blends with grace!

The more grace I receive, the more I desire to lie as a poor,

very poor sinner at the feet of the wounded Lamb."

In this spirit he came to Gloucester, "where, by a particular

providence," one of the churches was again opened to him; St.

John's. The old incumbent, who had been his "grand op-

poser" formerly, was dead; and the new minister had not taken

possession of the pulpit; and, therefore, the churchwardens paid

their townsman the compliment of a church to preach in, be-

cause he was newly married. He preached twice on the sab-

bath "with unspeakable power;" and then upon "a hill six

miles off," and at night at Stroud. There was, he says, "a new

awakening, and revival of the work of God." "We shall never

know," he exclaims, "what good field preaching has done, till

we come to judgment."

At Stroud and Painswick he flew as on eagles' wings, he says,

"with wondrous power, and every sermon was blessed."

Whilst thus darting off every now and then from his home, he

sent word to Gilbert Tennent, that Mrs. Whitefield, although

neither "rich in fortune, nor beautiful in person, was a true

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child of God,' who would not "for the world hinder him in

God's work." "The Lord hath given me a daughter of Abra-

ham," he says to another American friend.

In February, 1742, Whitefield returned to London, where

"life and power soon flew all around" him again; "the Re-

deemer getting himself victory daily in many hearts." The

renewed progress of the gospel at this time in London, he calls

emphatically, "the Redeemer's stately steps.'' Well he might;

for during the Easter holidays, "Satan's booths " in Moor-

fields poured out their thousands to hear him. This deter-

mined him to dare all hazards on Whit-Monday, the great gala-

day of vanity and vice there. Gillies' account of this enterprise,

although not incorrect nor uninteresting, is very incomplete,

considering the fame of the feat at the time. The following

account is from the pen of Whitefield himself; and written

whilst he was reporting, at home and abroad, his marriage.

"For many years, from one end of Moorfields to the other,

booths of all kinds have been erected for mountebanks, players,

puppet-shows, and such like. With a heart bleeding with com-

passion for so many thousands led captive by the devil at his

will, on Whit-Monday, at six o'clock in the morning, attended

by a large congregation of praying people, I ventured to lift up

a standard amongst them in the name of Jesus of Nazareth.

Perhaps there were about ten thousand in waiting, not for me,

but for Satan's instruments to amuse them. — Glad was I to find,

that I had for once as it were got the start of the devil. I

mounted my field pulpit; almost all flocked immediately around

it. I preached on these words, ‘As Moses lifted up the serpent

in the wilderness, so shall the Son of man be lifted up,' &c.

They gazed, they listened, they wept; and I believe that many

felt themselves stung with deep conviction for their past sins.

All was hushed and solemn. Being thus encouraged, I ven-

tured out again at noon; but what a scene! The fields, the

whole fields seemed, in a bad sense of the word, all white, ready

not for the Redeemer's, but Beelzebub's harvest. All his

agents were in full motion, drummers, trumpeters, merry-an-

drews, masters of puppet-shows, exhibiters of wild beasts,

players, &c. &c. all busy in entertaining their respective audi-

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tories. I suppose there could not be less than twenty or thirty

thousand people. My pulpit was fixed on the opposite side,

and immediately, to their great mortification, they found the

number of their attendants sadly lessened. Judging that, like

Saint Paul, I should now be called as it were to fight with

beasts at Ephesus, I preached from these words: 'Great is

Diana of the Ephesians.' You may easily guess, that there

was some noise among the craftsmen, and that I was honoured

with having a few stones, dirt, rotten eggs, and pieces of dead

cats thrown at me, whilst engaged in calling them from their

favourite but lying vanities. My soul was indeed among lions;

but far the greatest part of my congregation, which was very

large, seemed for a while to be turned into lambs. This en-

couraged me to give notice that I would preach again at six

o'clock in the evening. I came, I saw, but what — thousands

and thousands more than before, if possible, still more deeply

engaged in their unhappy diversions; but some thousands

amongst them waiting as earnestly to hear the gospel.

This Satan could not brook. One of his choicest servants

was exhibiting, trumpeting on a large stage; but as soon as the

people saw me in my black robes and my pulpit, I think all to

a man left him and ran to me. For a while I was enabled to

lift up my voice like a trumpet, and many heard the joyful

sound. God's people kept praying, and the enemy's agents

made a kind of a roaring at some distance from our camp. At

length they approached nearer, and the merry-andrew (attend-

ed by others, who complained that they had taken many pounds

less that day on account of my preaching) got up upon a man's

shoulders, and advancing near the pulpit attempted to slash me

with a long heavy whip several times, but always with the vio-

lence of his motion tumbled down. Soon afterwards they got

a recruiting serjeant with his drum, &c. to pass through the

congregation. I gave the word of command, and ordered that

way might be made for the king's officer. The ranks opened,

while all marched quietly through, and then closed again.

Finding those efforts to fail, a large body quite on the opposite

side assembled together, and having got a large pole for their

standard, advanced towards us with steady and formidable steps.

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till they came very near the skirts of our hearing, praying, and

almost undaunted congregation. I saw, gave warning, and

prayed to the Captain of our salvation for present support and

deliverance. He heard and answered; for just as they ap-

proached us with looks full of resentment, I know not by what

accident, they quarrelled among themselves, threw down their

staff and went their way, leaving, however, many of their com-

pany behind, who, before we had done, I trust were brought

over to join the besieged party. I think I continued in praying,

preaching, and singing (for the noise was too great at times to

preach) about three hours.

“We then retired to the Tabernacle, with my pockets full of

notes from persons brought under concern, and read them amidst

the praises and spiritual acclamations of thousands, who joined

with the holy angels in rejoicing that so many sinners were

snatched, in such an unexpected, unlikely place and manner, out

of the very jaws of the devil. This was the beginning of the

Tabernacle society. — Three hundred and fifty awakened souls

were received in one day, and I believe the number of notes ex-

ceeded a thousand; but I must have done, believing you want

to retire to join in mutual praise and thanksgiving to God and

the Lamb.

"Fresh matter of praise; bless ye the Lord, for he hath

triumphed gloriously. The battle that was begun on Monday,

was not quite over till Wednesday evening, though the scene

of action was a little shifted. Being strongly invited, and a

pulpit being prepared for me by an honest quaker, a coal mer-

chant, I ventured on Tuesday evening to preach at Mary le Bow

Fields, a place almost as much frequented by boxers, gamesters,

and such like, as Moorfields. A vast concourse was assembled

together, and as soon as I got into the field pulpit, their coun-

tenances bespoke the enmity of their hearts against the preacher.

I opened with these words — 'I am not ashamed of the gospel of

Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one

that believeth.' I preached in great jeopardy; for the pulpit

being high, and the supports not well fixed in the ground, it

tottered every time I moved, and numbers of enemies strove to

push my friends against the supporters, in order to throw me

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down. But the Redeemer stayed my soul on himself, therefore

I was not much moved, unless with compassion for those to

whom I was delivering my Master's message, which I had reason

to think, by the strong impressions that were made, was welcome

to many. But Satan did not like thus to he attacked in his

strong holds, and I narrowly escaped with my life: for as I was

passing from the pulpit to the coach, I felt my wig and hat to

be almost off. I turned about, and observed a sword just touch-

ing my temples. A young rake, as I afterwards found, was de-

termined to stab me, but a gentleman, seeing the sword thrust-

ing near me, struck it up with his cane, and so the destined

victim providentially escaped. Such an attempt excited abhor-

rence; the enraged multitude soon seized him, and had it not

been for one of my friends, who received him into his house, he

must have undergone a severe discipline. The next day, I re-

newed my attack in Moorfields; but, would you think it? after

they found that pelting, noise, and threatenings would not do,

one of the merry-andrews got up into a tree very near the pulpit,

and shamefully exposed himself before all the people. Such a

beastly action quite abashed the serious part of my auditory;

whilst hundreds of another stamp, instead of rising to pull down

the unhappy wretch, expressed their approbation by repeated

laughs. I must own that, at first, it gave me a shock. I

thought Satan had outdone himself. But, recovering my spirits,

I appealed to all, since they had now such a spectacle before

them, whether I had wronged human nature, in saying, after

pious Bishop Hall, 'that man, when left to himself, was half a

beast and half a devil;' or, as the great Mr. Law expressed

himself, ‘a motley mixture of beast and devil.'

"Silence and attention being thus gained, I concluded with

a warm exhortation, and closed our festival enterprises in read-

ing fresh notes that were put up, praising and blessing God,

amidst thousands at the Tabernacle, for what he had done for

precious souls, and on account of the deliverances he had wrought

out for me and his people. I could enlarge; but being about

to embark in the Mary and Ann for Scotland, I must hasten

to a close: but I cannot help adding, that several little boys and

girls who were fond of sitting round me on the pulpit, while I

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preached, and handing to me people's notes, though they were

often pelted with eggs, dirt, &c. thrown at me, never once gave

way; but, on the contrary, every time I was struck, turned up

their little weeping eyes, and seemed to wish they could receive

the blows for me. God make them in their growing years great

and living martyrs for him, who out of the mouths of babes and

sucklings perfects praise!" Letters.

In this way Whitefield signalized his marriage; verifying to

his wife the assurance he had given her, that he would not

preach a sermon less, nor travel a mile fewer, than formerly.

And she had no occasion to regret, that he did not take her

with him in his short excursions around London; for, however

good a rider he was, he was a bad driver. The first time he

took her out in a chaise, he drove into a ditch. "My wife," he

says to a friend, "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 inadvertency, into a ditch. Finding that we

were falling — she put her hand across the chaise, and thereby

preserved us both from being thrown out. The ditch might be

about fourteen feet deep; but, blessed be God, though all that

saw us falling, cried out. They are killed, yet, through infinite

mercy, we received no great hurt. The place was very narrow

near the bottom, and yet the horse went down, as though let

down by a pulley. A stander-by ran down and catched hold of

its head, to prevent its going forwards. I got upon its back,

and was drawn out by a long whip, whilst my wife, hanging be-

tween the chaise and the bank, was pulled up on the other side

by two or three kind assistants. Being both in a comfortable

frame, I must own, to my shame, that I felt rather regret than

thankfulness in escaping what I thought would be a kind of a

translation to our wished-for haven. But, O amazing love ! we

were so strengthened, that 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 confinement for

some time, I intend making a short excursion, and then you

may expect further news."

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It must not be supposed that the chaise was his own. He

was so poor, at this time, that he had to borrow furniture for his

house. This may surprise some; but it is only too true. "I

thank you a thousand times for your great generosity," he writes

to a friend, "in lending me some furniture; — having little of

my own. I know who will repay you." Lett. 546.

Even this is not all the fact concerning his poverty. Almost

immediately after the baptism of his son, he wrote to the same

friend, "My dear wife and little one will come to Gloucester,

for I find it beyond my circumstances to maintain them here.

But why talk of wife and little one? Let all be absorbed in

the thoughts of the love, sufferings, free and full salvation of

the infinitely great and glorious Emmanuel. In respect to

other things, at present, this is the habitual language of my

heart,

‘Thy gifts, if called for, I resign;

Pleased to receive, pleased to restore.

Gifts are thy work. It shall be mine,

The Giver only to adore.'"

It was well he was thus minded; for he had soon to give up

his Isaac. The journey to Gloucester proved fatal to the child:

and yet, how slightly he refers to the poverty which rendered

that journey necessary! His narrative of the event is very

touching, in all respects.

"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 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 ambitious of having a son of my own so divinely

employed, Satan was permitted to give me some wrong im-

pressions, 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 hap-

pened according to the predictions; and my wife having had

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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 confinement, 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 for 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, are all their fond, and, as the event hath proved,

their ill-grounded expectations 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 lit-

tle house of my own, 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 inquired

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 preach-

ing till the child was buried; but I remembered a saying of

good Mr. Henry, 'that weeping must not hinder sowing,' and

therefore preached twice the next day, and also the day follow-

ing; on the evening of which, just as I was closing my sermon,

the bell struck out for the funeral. At first, I must acknow-

ledge, 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 worked toge-

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ther 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 part-

ing 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 pro-

phet said, 'the Lord had hid from him;' and the woman's

answer likewise 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 satis-

faction. I immediately preached upon the text the day follow-

ing at Gloucester, and then hastened up to London, preached

upon the same there; and though disappointed of a living

preacher by the death of my son, yet I hope what happened be-

fore his birth, and since at his death, hath taught me such les-

sons, as, if duly improved, may render his mistaken parent more

cautious, more sober-minded, more experienced in Satan's de-

vices, and consequently more useful in his future labours to the

church of God. Thus, 'out of the eater comes forth sweet-

ness.' 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."

Happily for himself, Whitefield had the prosecution of the

Hampton rioters to provide for at this time. This compelled

him to bestir himself in visiting and corresponding, in order to

obtain money to meet the expenses of the trial. He took a right

view of that outrage when he said, "much depends on our get-

ting the victory." Colonel Gardiner (now his friend) entered

into this view of the case, and sustained him. So did many

other influential men. A lady, also, in Wales, subscribed five

pounds towards the expenses. The Welch Association were

“Very generous, according to their circumstances;" and the

Tabernacle friends had "a glorious fast, at which they collected

above sixty pounds" for the assistance of their suffering brethren

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at Hampton. The following is his own account of "The Oc-

casion, Process, and Issue of the Trial at Gloucester, March

3, 1743."

"On Thursday evening I came hither from the Gloucester

assizes, where I have been engaged in a trial between some of

those who are called methodists, and some violent rioters.

Perhaps this news may a little startle you, and put you upon

inquiry (as it hath done some others) 'How we came to go to

law with our adversaries, when it is our avowed principle to

suffer patiently for the truth's sake?' I will tell you, my dear

friend: though perhaps there is nothing in the world more

abused than the law, and there are very few that go to law out

of a proper principle; yet we hold that there is a proper use of

it, and the law is good when used lawfully. Whether or no we

have used it lawfully in the present case, I shall leave my

friend to judge, after I have told him the motives that induced

us to engage in it. — The methodists, you know, are every where

accounted enthusiasts, in the worst sense of the word; but

though they are accounted such, yet they would not be enthu-

siasts in reality. Now we look upon it to be one species of en-

thusiasm, to expect to attain an end without making use of

proper means. We also think that believers should be very

careful not to be fond of suffering persecution, when they may

avoid it by making application to the high powers. We are

likewise of opinion, that good Christians will be good subjects,

and consequently it is their duty, as much as in them lies, to

put a stop to everything in a rightful way, that may prove de-

structive to the king or the government under which they live.

Christian ministers, in particular, we think, ought to consider

the weakness of people's grace, and, in pity to precious souls,

do what they can to remove everything out of the way that

may discourage or prevent poor people's hearing the everlasting

gospel. These considerations, my dear friend, for some time

past, have led me to examine whether the methodists in general

(and I myself in particular) have acted the part of good sub-

jects, and judicious Christian ministers, in so long neglecting to

make an application to the superior courts, and putting in exe-

cution the wholesome laws of the land, in order to prevent those

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many dreadful outrages which have been committed against us.

I need not descend to particulars. Our Weekly History is full of

them; and before that came out, several of our brethren, both

in England and Wales, have received much damage from time

to time, and been frequently in great hazard of their lives.

Wiltshire has been very remarkable for mobbing and abusing

the methodists; and, for about ten months last past, it has also

prevailed very much in Gloucestershire, especially at Hampton,

where our friend Mr. Adams has a dwelling-house, and has

been much blessed to many people. This displeased the grand

enemy of souls, who stirred up many of the baser sort, privately

encouraged by some of a higher rank, to come from time to

time, in great numbers, with a low-bell and horn, to beset the

house, and beat and abuse the people.

"About the beginning of July last, their opposition seemed

to rise to the highest. For several days they assembled in

great bodies, broke the windows, and mobbed 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 ad-

versaries. Once, when I was there, they continued from four

in the afternoon till midnight, rioting, giving loud huzzas, cast-

ing dirt upon the hearers, and making proclamations, ‘That no

anabaptists, presbyterians, &c, should preach there, upon pain

of being first put into a tan-pit, and afterwards into a brook.'

At another time they pulled one or two women down the stairs

by the hair of their heads. And on the 10th of July they came,

to the number of near a hundred, in their usual way, with a

low-bell and horn, about five in the afternoon, forced into Mr.

Adams's house, and demanded him down the stairs whereon he

was preaching, took him out of his house, and threw him into a

tan-pit full of noisome things and stagnated water. One of our

friends named Williams asking them, ‘If they were not ashamed

to serve an innocent man so?' they put him into the same pit

twice, and afterwards beat him, and dragged him along the

kennel. Mr. Adams quietly returned home, and betook him-

self to prayer, and exhorted the people to rejoice in suffering

for the sake of the gospel. In about half an hour they came

to the house again, dragged him down the stairs, and led him

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away a mile and a half to a place called Bourn Brook, and then

threw him in. A stander-by, fearing he might be drowned,

jumped in and pulled him out; whereupon another of the

rioters immediately pushed him into the pool a second time,

and cut his leg against a stone, so that he went lame for near

a fortnight. Both the constable and justices were applied to,

but refused to act, and seemed rather to countenance the mob-

bing, hoping thereby methodism (as they called it) 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 fear-

ing to assemble on account of the violence of the mob.

“Upon my return to town, I advised with my friends what to

do. We knew we wanted to exercise no revenge against the

rioters, and yet we thought it wrong that the gospel should be

stopped by such persons, when the government under which we

lived countenanced no such thing; and also that it was absurd

to thank God for wholesome laws, if they were not to be made

use of. We knew very well, that an apostle had told us, that

magistrates were ordained for the punishment of evil-doers;

and that they bear not the sword in vain. We were also fear-

ful that if any of our brethren should be murdered by future

riotings, (as in all probability they might,) we should be acces-

sary to their death, if we neglected to tie up the rioters' hands,

which was all we desired to do. Besides, we could not look

upon this as allowed persecution, since it was not countenanced

by the laws of the land, and we might have redress from these

rioters and inferior magistrates, by appealing to Caesar, whose real

friends and loyal subjects we judged ourselves not to be, if we

suffered his laws to be publicly trampled underfoot by such

notorious rioting; and which, though begun against the metho-

dists, might terminate in open rebellion against King George.

For these and such like 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 Sun-

day, July 10th, when they put Mr. Adams and Williams into

the tan-pit and brook. But before this was done, I wrote a let-

ter to one whom they called Captain, desiring him to inform his

associates, ‘That if they would acknowledge their fault, pay for

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curing a boy’s arm, which was broken the night I was there,

and mend the windows of Mr. Adams's house, we would readily

pass all by; but if they persisted in their resolutions to riot,

we thought it our duty to prevent their doing, and others re-

ceiving, further damage, by moving for an information against

them in the King's Bench.' I also sent a copy of this letter to

a minister of the town, and to a justice of the peace, with a let-

ter to each from myself: but all in vain. The rioters sent me

a most insolent answer, wrote me word, 'They were in high

spirits, and were resolved there should be no more preaching in

Hampton.' Finding them irreclaimable, we moved the next

term for a rule of court in the King's Bench, to lodge an in-

formation against five of the ringleaders, for the outrage com-

mitted, violence offered, and damage done to Mr. Adams and

Williams, on Sunday, July 10th. The rioters were apprized of

it, appeared by their counsel, and prayed the rule might be en-

larged till the next term. It was granted. In the mean while

they continued mobbing, broke into Mr. Adams's house one

Saturday night at eleven o'clock, when there was no preaching,

made those that were in bed get up, and searched the oven, cel-

lar, and every corner of the house, to see whether they could

find any methodists. Sometime 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 accusations by

twenty-six affidavits; and the defendants making no reply, the

rule was made absolute, and an information filed against them.

To this they pleaded not guilty; and, according to the method

in the Crown Office, the cause was referred to the assize held

at Gloucester, March 3d. Thither I went, and on Tuesday

morning last the trial came on. It was given out by some,

that the methodists were to lose the cause, whether right or

wrong. And I believe the defendants depended much on a

supposition that the gentlemen and jury would be prejudiced

against us. We were easy, knowing that our Saviour had the

hearts of all in his hands. Being aware of the great conse-

quences of gaining or losing this trial, both in respect to us and

the nation, we kept a day of fasting and prayer through all the

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societies both in England and Wales. Our Scotch friends also

joined with us, and cheerfully committed our cause into His

hands by whom kings reign and princes decree justice. We

had about thirty witnesses to prove the riot and facts laid down

in the information. Our counsel opened the cause (as I heard,

being not present when the trial begun) with much solidity and

sound reasoning: they showed, 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. One of them in particular, with great gravity, reminded

the gentlemen on the jury of the advice of Gamaliel, a doctor

of the law, recorded Acts v. 38, 39, "Refrain from these men,

and let them alone; for if this counsel, or this work, be of men,

it will come to nought; but if it be of God, ye cannot over-

throw it, lest haply ye be found even to fight against God.”

Our witnesses were then called. I came into court when the

second witness was examining. Mr. Adams and four more

(three of which were not called methodists) so clearly proved both

the riot and the facts laid to the charge of the defendants, that

the judge was of opinion there needed no other evidence. The

counsel for the defendants then rose and exerted a good deal of

oratory, and I think said all that could well be said, to make

the best of a bad matter. One urged, that we were enthu-

siasts, and our principles and practices had such a tendency to

infect and hurt the people, that it was right, in his opinion, for

any private person to stand up and put a stop to us; and who-

ever did so, was a friend to his country. He strove to influ-

ence the jury, by telling them, that if a verdict was given

against the defendants, it would cost them two hundred pounds;

that the defendants' rioting was not premeditated; but, that

coming to hear Mr. Adams, and being offended at his doctrine,

a sudden quarrel arose, and thereby the unhappy men were led

into the present fray, which he could have wished had not hap-

pened; but however it did not amount to a riot, but only an as-

sault. Their other counsel then informed the jury, that they

would undertake to prove that the methodists began the tumults

first. He was pleased also to mention me by name, and ac-

quainted the court, that Mr. Whitefield had been travelling

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from common to common, making the people cry, and then

picking their pockets, under pretence of collecting money for

the colony of Georgia; and knowing that Gloucestershire was

a populous country, he at last came there. 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. He added, that there had lately been such a mobbing

in Staffordshire, that a regiment of soldiers was sent down to

suppress them; insinuating that the methodists were the au-

thors; that we had now another cause of a like nature de-

pending in Wiltshire; and that we were not of that mild, pacific

spirit as we would pretend to be. — This, and much more to the

same purpose, though foreign to the matter in hand, pleased

many of the auditors, who expressed their satisfaction in hear-

ing the methodists in general, and me in particular, thus lashed,

by frequent laughing. The eyes of all were upon me. Our

Saviour kept me quite easy. I thought of that verse of Horace,

‘--Hic murus aheneus esto,

Nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa.’

Tertullus's accusing Paul came also to my mind, and I looked

upon myself as highly honoured in having such things spoken

against me falsely for Christ's great name's sake. To prove

what the defendants' counsel had insinuated, they called up a

young man, who was brother to one of the defendants, and one

of the mob. He swore point blank, that Mr. Adams said,

if people went to church they would be damned; and if they

would come to him, he would carry them to Jesus Christ. He

swore also, that the pool into which Mr. Adams was thrown,

was no deeper than half way up his legs. He said first, that

there were about ten of them that came to the house of Mr.

Adams; and then he swore that there were about threescore.

He said, there was a low-bell, and that one of the defendants

did ask Mr. Adams to come down off the stairs, but that none

of them went up to him; upon which Mr. Adams willingly

obeyed, went with them briskly along the street, and, as he

would have represented it, put himself into the tan-pit and

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pool, and so came out again. He said also some other things;

but throughout his whole evidence appeared so flagrantly false,

that one of the counsellors said, it was enough to make his

hair stand on end. The judge himself wished he had had

so much religion as to fear an oath. So he went down in dis-

grace. Their second evidence was an aged woman, mother to

one of the defendants. She swore that her son did go up

the stairs to Mr. Adams, and that Mr. Adams tore her son's

coat, and would have broken his neck down-stairs. But she

talked so fast, and her evidence was so palpably false, that she

was sent away in as much disgrace as the other. Their third

and last evidence was father to one who was in the mob, though

not one of the defendants. The chief he had to say was, that

when Mr. Adams was coming from the pool, one met him, and

said, 'Brother, how do you do?' Upon which he answered,

that he had received no damage, but had been in the pool,

and came out again. So that all their evidences, however con-

trary to one another, yet corroborated ours, and proved the riot

out of their own mouths. The book was then given to a justice

of the peace, who had formerly taken up Mr. Cennick for

preaching near Stroud, and had lately given many signal proofs

that he was no friend to the methodists. But he intending to

speak only about their characters, and the counsel and judge

looking upon that as quite impertinent to the matter in hand,

he was not admitted as an evidence. Upon this, his Lordship,

with great candour and impartiality, summed up the evidence,

and told the jury, that he thought they should bring all the

defendants in guilty; for our evidences had sufficiently proved

the whole of the information, and also that the riot was preme-

ditated. He said, that, in his opinion, the chief of the de-

fendants' evidence was incredible; and that, supposing the me-

thodists were heterodox, (as perhaps they might be,) it belonged

to the ecclesiastical government to call them to an account;

that they were subjects, and riotous men were not to be their

reformers. He also reminded them of the dreadful ill conse-

quences of rioting at any time, much more at such a critical

time as this; that rioting was the forerunner of, and might end

in, rebellion; that it was felony, without benefit of clergy, to

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pull down a meeting-house; and, for all he knew, it was high

treason to pull down even a brothel. That this information

came from the King's Bench; that his Majesty's justices

there thought they had sufficient reason to grant it; that

the matters contained in it had been evidently proved before

them, and consequently they should bring all the defendants

in guilty. Upon this the jury were desired to consider of

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 defend-

ants were guilty or not.

"Whereupon, in a few minutes, they gave a verdict for the pro-

secutors, and brought in all the defendants, ‘guilty of the whole

information lodged against them.' I then retired to my lodg-

ings, kneeled down, and gave thanks with some friends to our

all-conquering Emmanuel. 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

after they had taken proper refreshment sent them home re-

joicing. In the evening I preached on those words of the

psalmist, 'By this I know that thou favourest me, since thou

hast not suffered mine enemy to triumph over me.' God was

pleased to enlarge my heart much. I was very happy with my

friends afterwards, and the next morning set out for London,

where we have had a blessed thanksgiving season, and from

whence I take the first opportunity of sending you as many par-

ticulars of the occasion, progress, and issue of our trial, as I can

well recollect. What report his Lordship will be pleased to

make of the case, and how the defendants will be dealt with,

cannot be known till next term; when I know I shall apprize

you of it, as also of our behaviour towards them. — In the mean

while let me entreat you to give thanks to the blessed Jesus in

our behalf, and to pray that his word may have free course, may

run and be glorified, and a stop be put to all such rebellious

proceedings." The Trial, in a Letter to a Friend.

Whitefield had also at this time to put some writers as well

as rioters upon their defence. An anonymous pamphlet, "On

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the Conduct and Behaviour of the Methodists,” had obtained

no small sanction from the bishops. Indeed, the bishop of Lon-

don was reported to be the author of it. The object of it was,

to prove the methodists to be dangerous to both church and

state, and to obtain an Act of Parliament against them, which

would stop their field preaching and conventicles, or compel

them "to secure themselves by turning dissenters." The Toler-

ation Act, it argued, did not permit their irregularities: and

besides, they were enthusiasts! Parts of this pamphlet seem

to have been printed and handed about secretly at first, as

feelers of the pulse of the religious societies. Strict injunctions

were given to everyone who was intrusted with any of them,

"not to lend them, nor let them go out of his hands." White-

field, however, obtained a sight of them; and finding that they

contained not only charges against himself, but a deep design

against religious liberty, he advertised in the newspapers, and

demanded their speedy publication, that he might answer them

before he went to America. He followed up this advertisement

by a private letter to the bishop of London. "My Lord, sim-

plicity becomes the followers of Jesus Christ, and therefore I

think it my duty to trouble your Lordship with a few lines, con-

cerning the anonymous papers which have been handed about

in the societies. 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 how to an-

swer them. A sight also of one of the copies, if in your Lordship's

keeping, would much oblige." His Lordship sent word by the

bearer, that Whitefield should "hear from him;" but he forgot

his promise. Whitefield heard from the printer, not from the

prelate. "Sir, my name is Owen. I am a printer in Amen

Corner. I have had orders from several of the bishops to print

for their use, such numbers of the ‘Observations’ (with some few

additions) as they have respectively bespoken. I will not fail

to wait on you with one copy, as soon as the impression is

finished." Owen kept his word. He did not venture, how-

ever, to put his name on the title page of the pamphlet, "to let

the world know where, or by whom, it was printed." "It came

into the world," says Whitefield in a letter to the bishop, "like

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a dropt child, that nobody cares to own. And, indeed, who can

be blamed for disowning such a libel? A more notorious libel

has not been published." Lett.

Whitefield was fully justified in branding the pamphlet thus.

It charged the methodists with making "open inroads on the

national constitution;" with pretending to be "members of the

national church;" with being "open defiers of government,"

as well as breakers of "the canons and rubrics." His answer

to this, Whitefield addressed, very properly, to "The bishop

of London, and the other bishops concerned in the publica-

tion" of such charges; taking for his motto the appropriate

words, "False witnesses did rise up: they laid to my charge

things I knew not." They did not sit down so easily as they

rose up! They told the religious societies, clandestinely, that

methodism was unlawful; and Whitefield told the world, openly,

that this mode of attack was "like Nero setting fire to Rome,

and then charging it on the Christians." "I cannot think," he

says, "that such a way of proceeding will gain your Lordships

any credit from the public — or any thanks from the other

bishops who have not interested themselves in this affair, and

who, I believe, are more noble than to countenance the publi-

cation of any such performance."

This bold retort upon anonymous slanderers, astounded both

the slaves and the sycophants of "superiors." Prebendary

Church, the vicar of Battersea, was horrified to find the heads

of the church made accountable for a libel they had adopted,

if not indorsed. This is the worthy to whom Bolingbroke said,

"Let me tell you seriously, that the greatest miracle in the

world is, the subsistence of Christianity, and its preservation as

a religion, when the preaching of it is committed to the care of

such unchristian wretches as you." This tremendous rebuke

does not, I think, imply all that the word wretch means. It

refers to principles, not to morals. I am led to this conclusion,

because Whitefield treats Church respectfully, in answering his

pamphlet, and because the following is the true account of the

prebendary's interview with the peer. Church found Boling-

broke reading Calvin's Institutes, one day, and was surprised.

"You have caught me," said the viscount, “reading John Cal-

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vin. He was, indeed, a man of great parts, profound sense,

and vast learning. He handles the doctrines of grace in a very

masterly manner." (Strange language from Bolingbroke! But

he had been hearing Whitefield at Lady Huntingdon's the week

before.) "Doctrines of grace!" exclaimed Church, "the doc-

trines of grace have set all mankind by the ears." "I am sur-

prised," said Bolingbroke, "to hear you say so, who profess to

believe and preach Christianity. Those doctrines are certainly

the doctrines of the Bible; and if I believe the Bible I must

believe them." Then came the well-known rebuke I have

quoted. This is the anecdote, as the Countess of Huntingdon

was wont to tell it; and she had it from the lips of Bolingbroke.

Toplady,

I would not have referred to the prebendary or his pamphlet,

had he not become the scape-goat for the bishops he vindicated.

There is quite as much of the gospel in his letter to White-

field, as in their charges to their clergy. The only thing

amusing in Church's letter is its conclusion. He charges

Whitefield with glaring inconsistency, in blaming the clergy

for non-residence. "You have been more culpable than any of

them," he says, in reference to Whitefield's residence at Georgia.

He then proceeds to count the times, and the length of each

time, that Whitefield was at his post. This was pitiful; know-

ing as he did why the chaplain of the colony travelled. Well

might Whitefield say, in answer to this charge, "I wish every

non-resident could give as good an account of his non-residence,

as I can give of mine. When I was absent from my parishioners,

I was not loitering nor living at ease, but 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 to lay up a fortune for

myself and my relations." Letter to Church.

Whitefield's letter to the bishops called forth another cham-

pion of the clandestine papers; a Pembroke College man, who

called himself "a gentleman," although he took a motto from

that vilest of all vulgar books, "The Scotch Presbyterian Elo-

quence." He did not fail in imitating his original. He finds

in Whitefield's letter, instead of "the arguing of the true saint,

the wheedling of the woman; the daring of the rebel; the pert-

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ness of the coxcomb; the evasions of the Jesuit; and the bitter

maliciousness of the bigot. He classes him with Bonner and

Gardiner, as "a fire-brand minister of wrath;" and with Crom-

well, whom he calls "the Whitefield of the last century."

Why? Because he "artfully compounded churchmen and dis-

senters." "It will be an eternal monument of your disgrace,"

he says, "that dissenters lived peaceably, according to the na-

tional constitution, and preached in licensed places, until you

poisoned and corrupted them, by your evil communications."

Would he had! But unfortunately for the dissenters then,

Whitefield's influence had brought only two into the fields, as

fellow-helpers with him in the gospel.

He does not appear to have noticed this Pembroke gentle-

man; but he renewed his attack upon the bishops, when he

went to sea. On his voyage, he wrote a second letter to them.

They had made the anonymous pamphlet their own, by printing

and circulating it at their own expense; and he held them ac-

countable for its doctrines as well as its politics. It had im-

pugned justification by faith, and he stretched them on Luther's

rack; and on what must have been more annoying to their

Lordships, the fact, that this doctrine was singled out by Ed-

ward VI. and Elizabeth, to be principally taught to the people;

"First, because it is the chiefest cause and means of our peace

with God; second, that ministers might go with a right-foot

(ορθοποδεῖν) to the gospel; third, because it is the best way ‘to

discover and suppress Romish antichrist;' and fourth, because

such bishops as do, by terms of error, schism, or heresy, hin-

der this main light of God's word from the people, are the

chiefest traitors in the land; traitors to God, traitors to their

king, traitors to their own souls and bodies, and traitors to the

whole country." Homily. Gibson remembered this homily

when he said, "Justification by faith alone is asserted in the

strongest manner by our church:" but he forgot it when he

added, "I hope our clergy explain it in such a manner, as to

leave no doubt whether good works are a necessary condition of

being justified in the sight of God." Pastoral Letter.

From this vantage ground, Whitefield assailed both Chil-

lingworth and the author of "The Whole Duty of Man," as

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traitors to this "articulus stantis aut caudentis ecclesia." The

latter, he said, had shown only "Half the Duty of Man;” and

the former had made "universal obedience" a necessary con-

dition of justification. In like manner, whilst he begged par-

don of the public for saying that Tillotson knew no more of the

gospel than Mahomet, (a comparison, by the way, which he

had borrowed,) he repeated, that "the good archbishop, in turn-

ing people's minds to moral duties, without turning them to the

doctrine of justification by faith," erred from the faith.

"Incidit in Scyllam, qui vult vitare Charibdin."

He did not embarrass their Lordships less on the subject of re-

generation. Their adopted champion had said, "If there be

such a thing — as a sudden, instantaneous change." "If there

be," says Whitefield; "does he not lay an axe to the very root

of the baptismal office? If the child be actually regenerated,

when the minister sprinkles it, the change must be instantaneous

and sudden. If there be any such thing! Do your Lordships

assent thereto? An instantaneous change is the very essence of

baptismal regeneration, — that Diana of the present clergy."

He concludes this bold appeal thus, “If the whole bench of

bishops command us to speak no more of this doctrine, we take

it to be an ungodly admonition. Whether it be right in the

sight of God, to obey man rather than God, — judge ye!"

Second Letter.

These were the public affairs which diverted Whitefield from

his private sorrows. The off-hand and unceremonious style in

which they are told, can only offend those who venerate titles

more than truth. It may be vastly unpolite to treat bishops in

this straightforward way, when they pervert the gospel: it is,

however, apostolical to pay neither deference nor respect to an

angel, if he preach "another gospel" than Paul's. This Gather-

cole affair of the bishop of London cannot be too bluntly told,

if such affairs are to be put down. Binney told the last one so

well, that there will be fewer Gathercoles patronized in the

next century.

CHAPTER XII.

WHITEFIELD AT CAMBUSLANG.

Whitefield went in the power of the Spirit from the Pentecost

at Moorfields, to the Pentecost at Cambuslang and Kilsyth, in

Scotland. His return to the north was, however, wormwood

and gall to some of the Associate Presbytery. Adam Gibb,

especially, signalized himself on the first Sabbath of Whitefield's

labours in Edinburgh, by publishing a "Warning against coun-

tenancing his ministrations." This pamphlet is so strange, and

now so rare, that I must preserve some specimens of it, as me-

morials of the provocation as well as opposition given to White-

field by the seceders of that day. Most cheerfully, however, do

1 preface them with Fraser's declaration, that "the violence then

discovered by individual members of the Presbytery, has not

only been sincerely deplored by their successors in office; but

that they themselves lived to repent of the rancour into which

the heat of controversy had at first betrayed them." Even

Gibb, it is said, wished, on his death-bed, that no copies of his

pamphlet were on the face of the earth; and said, if he could

recall every copy he would burn them. My copy was presented

by Dr. Erskine to Dr. Ryland, who wrote the following note

upon it, — "A Bitter Warning against Mr. Whitefield, by Mr.

Gibbs, the Seceder. He became more moderate afterwards,

and spoke respectfully of Mr. Hervey's writings, and Mr.

Walker's of Truro." I am quite willing that these facts should

be borne in mind, whilst the following astounding charges are

read.

"This man (‘Mr. George Whitefield') I have no scruple to

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look upon as one of the false Christs, of whom the church is

forewarned, Matt. xxiv. 24. It is no unusual thing with him,

in his journals, to apply unto himself things said of and by the

Christ of God." — "I look upon him, in his public ministrations,

to be one of the most fatal rocks whereon many are now split-

ting." — "That he is no minister of Christ, appears from the

manner wherein that office he bears is conveyed to him. He

derives it from a diocesan bishop, who derives his office from the

king, and the king professes not to be a church officer." — "Mr.

Whitefield, in swearing the oath of supremacy, has sworn that

Christ is not supreme and sole Head of the church. He will not

allege that he hath yet vomited that spiritual poison." — "His uni-

versal love proceeds on the erroneous and horrid principle, that

God is the lover of all souls, and the God of all churches." — "The

horror of this is still more awful, because he hales in our Lord

and his apostles to patronize this catholic spirit." — "He breaks

off a piece of the glass of truth, and turns his back on the re-

mainder: thus, though he hold up that piece of the glass, I say,

before his face, he cannot see the true Christ, because his back

is toward Him. So then, the doctrine of grace Mr. Whitefield

retains, cannot possibly discover the true Christ, because his

back is toward him, in flouting away the doctrine that discovers

Christ a King of a visible kingdom." — "The doctrine of grace,"

he publishes, "is carried off from its true posture, connexion,

and use, and applied to a diabolical purpose; viz. to create a

Christ in people's imaginations, as a competition with the true

Christ." — "The horror of this scene strikes me almost dumb.

I must halt, and give way to some awful ideas that I cannot

vent in language.

‘Obstupui, steteruntque comae, et

Vox faucibus haesit!'" —

"The proper and designing author of his scheme, is not Mr.

Whitefield, but Satan: and thus our contendings against Mr. W.

must be proportioned, not to his design, but Satan's; while

hereof he is an effectual though blinded tool." — "As for the

gentleman himself, while he is under a very ruinous delusion,

and thereby gathering upon him his own blood, and the blood

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of multitudes, this his condition loudly requires the pity of all

that know him. And I know of no way wherein this can be

rightly exercised, without avoiding company with him, that he

may be ashamed, 2 Thess. iii. 14. In this manner it is, that we

are called to exercise love to his person, and desire of his reco-

very: for as his unwarrantable and woeful ministrations must

be idolatrous, so idolaters (Whitefield's!) slay their own chil-

dren." — "The complex scheme of Mr. W.'s doctrine is diaboli-

cal, as proceeding through diabolical influence, and applied to a

diabolical use, against the Mediator's glory and the salvation of

men." — "What shall be the procedure of God in such a dis-

mal case? Can His justice sleep now? No!" — "Forasmuch

as Mr. Whitefield's followers do, as such, seek after a Christ,

convictions, and conversions, that are really idols, it is therefore

to be fearfully expected, that God will, in judgment, answer them

accordingly, and send them an idol Christ, and idol conversions,

according to their lust. God's great executioner, Satan, must

be employed in the producing of such effects. He will ape the

work of God's Spirit." — "The doctrine of impressions, which

Mr. W. is at pains to teach, is a very necessary part of Satan's

doctrine." — "Hence Satan, while kindling men's fancies, must

carry them out under strong and blind impulses, frights, freaks,

raptures, visions, boastings, blunders, &c."

All this, as it stands here, seems mere rant and raving. In

the pamphlet, however, it is blended with much acute reasoning

upon the subject of the Kingship of Christ. Gibb's grave charge

against Whitefield was, that he preached Christ only as a Sa-

viour: not meaning, however, that he did not enforce holiness

of life; but that he taught a latitudinarian scheme of church

polity, the tendency of which was, to "make men sceptics as to

the discipline and government of the house of God." And there

is some truth in this. Whitefield knew little and cared less

about the visible form of the kingdom of Christ in the world.

All his concern was, to see His spiritual kingdom set up in the

hearts of individuals. But whilst it is well that this was his

chief object, it was well too that others laid more stress than

himself upon church government. Gibb laid too much; but

Whitefield went to an equally unscriptural extreme. Accord-

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ingly, Whitefield's societies, in general, subsided into other

churches; especially in America.

It must not be supposed, that Gibb predicted the scenes of

Cambuslang or Kilsyth. It was cheap prophesying on July 23rd,

1742, that a lying spirit, working by "the foreigner,” (White-

field,) would produce "strong impulses, frights, freaks, and

visions." The effects, thus exaggerated, had begun at Cam-

buslang in the winter of 1741, under the ministry of M’Cullock,

the pastor of the parish. "His hearers, in considerable num-

bers, were on different occasions so violently agitated, while he

preached regeneration, as to fall down under visible paroxysms

of bodily agony. But nothing can be more certain, than that

the unusual events had been a subject of general observation

and inquiry, for many months before Whitefield had ever been

at Cambuslang. It is impossible to identify their commence-

ment with his labours, by any fair examination of the facts as

they occurred." Sir Henry Moncrieff Welwood’s Life of Dr.

Erskine.

Whitefield did not lessen the effect, however, when he went;

and thus Gibb's tirade, being well timed to Whitefield's visit,

seemed prophecy; for the warning and the work came before

the public at large together. It was this coincidence that gave

so much point and currency amongst the seceders, to the prover-

bial maxim, that "the wark at Caumuslang was a wark of the

deevil.” Seceders were not the only persons, however, that said

that Whitefield cast out devils by the power of Beelzebub.

Bishop Lavington concludes his examination of the enthusiasm

of methodists thus: "If there be any thing in it exceeding the

powers of nature; anything beyond the force of distemper, or

of imagination and enthusiasm artfully worked up; anything

beyond the reach of juggle and imposture; (which I take not

upon me to affirm or deny;) in that case, I see no reason against

concluding, that it is the work of some evil spirit; a sort of ma-

gical operation, or other diabolical illusion." Lavington, p.

398. Polwheles Ed. Again: “We know that in the latter days,

demons should be the authors of many surprising things; God

permitting Satan to work upon the affections of false prophets

and evil men." Ibid. 217. Thus prelate and presbyter were

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equally vulgar and virulent upon this subject; and, therefore,

ought to be placed together at the bar of posterity.

Thus caricatured and denounced, Whitefield came to Cam-

buslang; a parish four miles distant from Glasgow. He came

by the special invitation of Mr. M’Cullock, the minister of the

parish, to “assist at the sacramental occasion, with several wor-

thy ministers of the church of Scotland." Gillies says, "he

preached no less than three times upon the very day of his

arrival, to a vast body of people, although he had preached that

same morning at Glasgow. The last of these exercises he began

at nine at night, continuing until eleven, when he said he had

observed such a commotion among the people, as he had never

seen in America. Mr. M'Cullock preached after him, till past

one in the morning; and even then they could hardly persuade

the people to depart. All night in the fields might be heard the

voice of praise and prayer."

Whitefield said to a friend, before going to this sacramental

service, "I am persuaded I shall have more power — since dear

Mr. Gibb hath printed such a bitter pamphlet." He did not

miscalculate. " On Saturday," he says, "I preached to above

twenty thousand people. In my prayer the power of God came

down and was greatly felt. In my two sermons, there was yet

more power. On Sabbath, scarce ever was such a sight seen in

Scotland. There were undoubtedly upwards of twenty thousand

people. A brae, or hill, near the manse of Cambuslang, seemed

formed by Providence for containing a large congregation.

Two tents were set up, and the holy sacrament was administered

in the fields. The communion table was in the field. Many mi-

nisters attended to preach and assist, all enlivening and enlivened

by one another.

"When I began to serve a table, the power of God was felt

by numbers; but the people crowded so upon me, that I was

obliged to desist, and go to preach at one of the tents, whilst

the ministers served the rest of the tables. God was with them

and with his people. On Monday morning I preached to near

as many as before: but such a universal stir I never saw before!

The motion fled as swift as lightning, from one end of the audi-

tory to another. You might have seen thousands bathed in

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tears. Some at the same time wringing their hands, others

almost swooning, and others crying out, and mourning over a

pierced Saviour.

"But I must not attempt to describe it. In the afternoon

the concern again was very great. Much prayer had been pre-

viously put up to the Lord. All night, in different companies,

you might have heard persons praying to and praising God.

The children of God came from all quarters. It was like the

passover in Josiah's time. We are to have another sacrament,

in imitation of Hezekiah's passover, in about two or three

months. The Messrs. Erskines and their adherents (would

you have thought it?) have appointed a public fast, to humble

themselves, among other things, for my being received in Scot-

land, 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!" Letters.

Before the next sacrament he was suddenly taken ill. The

efforts and the excitement overcame him for a short time. "My

friends thought I was going off: but how did Jesus fill my heart!

To-day I am, as they call it, much better. In the pulpit, the

Lord out of weakness makes me wax strong, and causes me to

triumph more and more." — "I feel the power of His precious,

live-giving, all-atoning blood more and more every day. I was

happy when in London. I am ten times happier now. The

Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

When the second sacrament came, the scenes of the first were

renewed. "Mr. Whitefield's sermons," says Mr. M’Cullock,

“were attended with much power; particularly on Sabbath night

about ten. A very great but decent weeping and mourning was

observable throughout the auditory. While serving some tables,

he appeared to be so filled with the love of God, as to be in a

kind of transport. This second occasion did, indeed, much excel

the former, not only in the number of ministers and people, but,

which is the main thing, in a much greater increase of the power

and special presence of God. The lowest estimate of numbers,

with which Mr. Whitefield agrees, and he has been used to great

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multitudes, makes them upwards of thirty thousand. The

number of communicants appears to have been about three

thousand. Some worthy of credit, and that had opportunities to

know, give it as their opinion, that such a blessed frame fell upon

the people, that, had they possessed means to obtain tokens,

(tickets of admission to the sacrament,) there would have been

a thousand more." Robes Narrative. "Some who attended,

declared they would not for a world have been absent from this

solemnity. Others cried, 'Now let thy servants depart in peace,

since our eyes have seen salvation here.' Others wishing, if it

were the will of God, to die where they were attending God in

his ordinances, without ever returning to the world." Ibid.

It will be seen from these extracts that Whitefield did not ex-

aggerate the power under which he spoke, although he states it

in strong terms. Again, therefore, let him bear witness. "Such

a commotion, surely, was never heard of, especially at eleven at

night. For about an hour and a half, there was such weeping,

so many falling into deep distress, as is inexpressible. The

people seem to be slain by scores. They are carried off, and

come into the house, like soldiers wounded and carried off a field

of battle. Their cries and agonies are exceedingly affecting."

This occurred at the first sacrament. Of the second he says,

“People sat unwearied till two in the morning. You could

scarce walk a yard, without treading on some, either rejoicing

in God for mercies received, or crying out for more. Thousands

and thousands have I seen, before it was possible to catch it by

sympathy, melted down under the word and power of God."

Letters.

Sir Henry Moncrieff Welwood, in his Life of Dr. Erskine,

says, "From this time (Whitefield's visit) the multitudes who

assembled were more numerous than they ever had been, or

perhaps than any congregation ever before assembled in Scot-

land. The religious impressions made on the people were

apparently much greater, and more general."

These were engrossing scenes. They did not, however, divert

Whitefield from any of the ordinary duties of life or godliness

at the time. Some spy did, indeed, insinuate that he gave but

little time to secret devotion at night, after preaching. In an-

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swer to this charge, he said, "I think not my spirit in bondage,

if through weakness of body, or frequency of preaching, I can-

not go to God at my usual set times. It is not for me to tell

how often I use secret prayer. If I did not use it, — 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. God knows my heart: I would do everything I

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 that are

waiting for an occasion to find fault. Let my Master speak for

me." Letters.

He redeemed time to write the following letter to his mother,

also, from Cambuslang: — "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 my house affords, as long as

you please. If need was, indeed, 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. Oh may I sit with you in

the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens! Ere long

your doom, honoured mother, will be fixed. You must shortly

go hence and be no more. Your only daughter, I trust, is now

in the paradise of God. Methinks I hear her say, ‘Come up

hither.' I am sure Jesus calls you by his word. May His Spirit

enable you to say, ‘Lo, I come.' — Oh that my dear mother may

be made an everlasting monument of free and sovereign grace!

How does my heart hum with love and duty to you? Gladly

would I wash your aged feet, and lean on your neck, and weep,

and pray until I could pray no more."

Besides this, and many other private letters, he wrote fre-

quently to his coadjutors at the Tabernacle, and to his managers

at Georgia. Indeed, at this time, his responsibilities for the

orphan-house pressed heavily upon his spirits. "I yet owe

upwards of £250 in England, and have nothing towards it. How

is the world mistaken about my circumstances! Worth nothing

myself, — embarrassed for others, — and yet looked upon to flow

in riches! Our extremity is God's opportunity." So it was!

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Before he left Scotland he could say, "Blessed be God, I owe

nothing now in England on the orphan-house account. What

is due is abroad. At Edinburgh I collected £128; at Glasgow

£128; in all about £300. Since I have been in England, we

have got near £1500. The Lord will raise up what we further

need."

Thus no relative duty was neglected, notwithstanding the

multiplicity of his public engagements. He even found time

at Cambuslang (just the spot for the task!) to write his letter,

entitled " A Vindication and Confirmation of the Remarkable

Work of God in New England; being remarks on a late

pamphlet, entitled. The State of Religion in New England,

since the Rev. G. Whitefield's arrival there; in a Letter to a

Minister of the Church of Scotland." This pamphlet, like

Gibb's "Warning," was intended to depreciate both Whitefield

and his work in Scotland. In answering it, however, he wisely

left the work at Cambuslang to vindicate itself, and confined

his explanations to New England; that the revivals there might

in nowise depend upon those in Scotland for their justification.

He also proved pretty fully, although without bringing home

the fact to any one, that the pamphlet was altered in Scotland,

to suit a purpose. And there are dates of Scotch publications

in it, which could not have been known in Boston, when it was

written. Hence he asks, "How could that gentleman (the au-

thor) see at Boston on May 24th, that Edwards' Sermon was

reprinted in Scotland; which was not done till June following?

I myself was chiefly concerned in publishing it."

Besides the great awakening at Cambuslang at this time,

there was another similar at Kilsyth, which Whitefield visited

also. As might be expected, both were misrepresented by

formalists and bigots. The seceders, Whitefield says, "Taking

it for granted that God had left the Scotch established church

long ago, and that he would not work by the hands of a curate

of the church of England, condemned the whole work as the

work of the devil; and kept a fast throughout all Scotland to

humble themselves, because the devil was come down in great

wrath; and to pray that the Lord would rebuke the destroyer —

for that was my title." Oliphant’s Memoirs.

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The Associate Presbytery, in their hot zeal to depreciate the

conversions, confounded them, like Lavington, with the extra-

vagance of fanatics and impostors, Camizars, and the first

quakers. They issued from Dunfermline an Act of Presbytery

anent a public fast, of which Mr. Robe of Kilsyth says, "It is

the most heaven-daring paper that hath been published by any

set of men in Britain these three hundred years past." This is

a bold charge. It was not, however, advanced in a bad spirit;

as the following appeals and explanations abundantly show,

“My dear brethren, (of the Secession,) my heart's desire and

prayer to God for you is, that he may open your eyes to see

the many mistakes you labour under. "Whatever bitter names

you give us, and however you magnify yourselves against us,

we take all patiently; and there are thousands of witnesses

that we return you blessing for cursing. We would lay our

bodies as the ground, and as the street, for you to go over, if it

could in the least contribute to remove your prejudices, and

advance the kingdom of our dear Redeemer."

This is humble and earnest pleading; and so far as the word

“we” includes Mr. Robe and the leaders of the revival, the

pleading is honest. It must not, however, be considered as a

specimen of the spirit of the clergy, in general, towards the

seceders. This being understood, I proceed with the appeal. —

“You declare the work of God to be a delusion, and the work

of the grand deceiver. Now, my dear brethren, for whom I

tremble, have you been at due pains to know the nature and

circumstances of this work?" (Their Act was issued whilst the

work was going on.) "Have you taken the trouble to go to any

of these places, where the Lord has appeared in his glory and

majesty? Have you so much as written to any of the ministers

to receive information of it ? Is it not amazing rashness, with-

out inquiry or trial, to pronounce that a work of the devil,

which, for any thing you know, may be the work of the infinitely

good and holy Spirit?"

"My dear brethren, can you find in your hearts, after all the

prayers you have put up in public and private for the outpour-

ing of the Spirit upon this poor church and land, to deny that it

is He, when he is come? — Will ye be so fearless, can you be

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so cruel to thousands of perishing sinners, who begin to fly to

Jesus Christ as a cloud and as doves to their windows; as in

the most solemn manner, with lifted up eyes and hands, to pray

that there may be a restraint upon the influences of the Holy

Spirit, and that this outpouring of His grace may be withdrawn,

and not spread over the length and breadth of the land?"

Rohe’s Preface.

It is impossible not to ask, and that with strong emotion too,

after reading such remonstrances, — how could such good men

as the Erskines withstand these appeals? Now it is not easy

to explain this anomaly, without seeming to palliate its enor-

mity. It admits, however, of some explanation. The Ers-

kines, on raising the standard of Reformation in Scotland,

planted it upon the mount of the solemn league and covenant;

arguing, that God would carry on his work only "in a way of

solemn covenanting," as in the days of their "reforming fore-

fathers." R. Erskine, on Witnessing for God. With this prin-

ciple, Whitefield had no sympathy; for, whether right or wrong,

he did not understand it. He would not therefore submit to it.

The reformers also laid it down as a maxim, "that little truths"

(at such a time) were "like the little pinnings of a wall, as ne-

cessary as the great stones," that it was "a false conversion,"

which "draws men off from any of the ways of God;" that

"aversion from, and opposition to, the testimony of the time,”

was opposing God. Ralph Erskine's Sermons, 2nd vol. folio.

All this, as they understood it, Whitefield rejected; and there-

fore they rejected him, and defamed his principles, in order to

defend their own. "I shall show you, in eight or ten particu-

lars," said Ralph in a sermon, "what another God, and what

another Christ, is appearing in the delusive spirit of this time,

brought in by the instrumentality of the foreigner (Whitefield);

of whom we had some grounds for very favourable thoughts

and expectations, till we understood him more fully, and found

him in several respects a stranger to our God, and setting up

another God." Sermons, folio.

The chief ground of this charge, however hollow, is plausible.

The Associate Presbytery were asserting the legislative su-

premacy of Christ, as King of Zion. The evils they were con-

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tending against in the kirk, had grown out of a long disregard

to this sacred principle. Now Whitefield sided with the minis-

ters who, however good in other respects, did not "testify"

against the violations of this principle; but against the Seces-

sion who avowed and advocated it. Hence, he was identified

and denounced with the enemies of church reform. He had

joined their ranks, and therefore he had to share in their re-

buke, as well as to suffer for mortifying the Presbytery. It was

thus the Erskines were tempted to oppose and impugn the re-

vivals at Cambuslang and Kilsyth. These revivals checked

the kind of reformation, which the Erskines were chiefly plead-

ing for. They saw and felt this, and hence they said, "Satan

seems content that Christ should preach, providing He do not

reign nor rule; knowing that his doctrine will not be long un-

corrupted, if His government can be overturned." Sermons.

"The power and policy of hell is at work, to bring any attempt

at reformation under contempt." Ibid. Thus the seceders

could not imagine that anything could be another work of

God, which was visibly and virtually hindering that work of

God which they had so solemnly espoused, and which was so

much needed at the time. It became, therefore, a solemn duty,

as they supposed, to pour contempt and obloquy upon conver-

sions, which were pouring doubt upon the necessity and value

of church reform. "That must be a wrong conversion," says

Ralph, "that hath no tendency to the public good, but a ten-

dency to oppose a public reformation." Sermons.

The depicting power also of Whitefield's oratory, so unlike

Scotch reasonings, gave the Erskines another handle against

him. Cornelius Winter says of him, "It was not without great

pathos, you may be sure, he treated upon the sufferings of the

Saviour. He was very ready at that kind of painting, — which

frequently answered the end of real scenery. As though Geth-

semane were within sight, he would say, stretching out his

hand, — 'Look yonder! What is it I see? It is my agonizing

Lord!' And, as though it were no difficult matter to catch

the sound of the Saviour praying, he would exclaim, ‘Hark,

hark! — do you not hear?' You may suppose that as this oc-

curred frequently, the efficacy of it was destroyed: — ‘but, no;

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though we often knew what was coming, it was as new to us as

though we had never heard it before." Jay’s Life of Winter.

Such painting Ralph Erskine had witnessed, and the effect of it

upon the people led him to say, "They see a beautiful and glo-

rious person presented to their imagination, or to their bodily

eye. What a devil, instead of Christ, is this!" "Never, I

think, did Satan appear as an angel of light, so evidently, as in

the delusive spirit now spreading." Sermons.

On the other hand. Robe and some of his brethren founded a

theory upon the vivid images thus produced; and argued that

“imaginary ideas of Christ as man, belonged to saving faith;

or at least, were helpful to the faith of His being God-man."

Fraser. Ralph Erskine replied to this theory, in a work, en-

titled, "Faith no Fancy, or a Treatise of Mental Images."

Well might Fraser say of this book, "it is not every where

level to mere ordinary capacities." It is not, indeed! It proves,

however, that the author was a man of extraordinary capacity;

and could be as much at home amongst the depths of metaphysics

as amongst the heights of poetry or devotion. It is said, that

Reid found in this work the principles on which he afterwards

built his System of the Philosophy of the Human Mind. If he

did, happily he did not draw the spirit of his philosophy from it.

The treatise certainly displays "an extraordinary degree of

metaphysical acuteness:" but if it prove anything against such

mental images as Whitefield created, and Robe commended, it

stultifies the author's "Gospel Sonnets;" for they are "cham-

bers of imagery." It is not necessary to illustrate this retort,

to those who have read both the poetry and the philosophy of

Ralph Erskine; and the point of it could not be explained to

those who have not read both. Suffice it to say, that his son-

nets refute his system, and have survived it, although they are

often as fantastical as they are devotional.

It is amusing to read the charges and disclaimers of the parties

in Scotland, upon the subject of religious liberty. The Asso-

ciate Presbytery gravely charged the revivalists in the kirk

"with pleading for a boundless toleration and liberty of con-

science:" no great crime, as we now judge. Not so, however,

did the revivalists of that day deem it. The imputation roused

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then, however, the Scotch blood of even the kind-hearted and

liberal Robe. "Where and when did we that?" he exclaims.

"I know none of my brethren ever did it: and I am so far con-

scious of my innocence, that I insist upon your making your

charge good. If you do not, as I am sure you cannot, it is no

pleasure to me, that you give reason to the world to reckon you

slanderers.” How true it is, that nations are

"slowly wise, and meanly just;"

and that even good men are seldom wiser than their times!

Whitefield's visits would have been a blessing to Scotland, had

they led to nothing but a canvassing of the rights of con-

science; for he was far ahead of both parties on the subject of

religious liberty.

Another handle against the Cambuslang and Kilsyth revivals,

was, the physical effects of the awakening. “We have convul-

sions instead of convictions," said Erskine. He might and

ought to have known, that this was not true of one in six of the

converts. “They are greatly mistaken, who imagine, that all

those who have been observably awakened, have come under

faintings, tremblings, or other bodily distresses. These have

been by far the fewest number." Robe. Notwithstanding this

assurance from the principal witness, the Erskines went on to

confound the exceptions with the rule, in these conversions.

Even in 1765, the editor of Ralph's Sermons kept up this mis-

representation, and said, in a note, "the subjects of the extra-

ordinary work" were "strangely agitated by strong convulsions,

fearful distortions, foamings, and faintings." This is caricature,

not history. In 1742, the instances of "conversion carried on

in a calm, silent, quiet manner, for six months, are the more

numerous and unquestionable." Robe, Whitefield's visit oc-

curred in this period. Besides, even Ralph Erskine himself

could not always prevent, though he reproved, “clamorous

noise," under his own ministry. Faith no Fancy. Appendix

to Preface. But these effects have been sufficiently explained

in the American department of this volume.

It would be wrong, after having quoted so often from Ralph

Erskine's Sermons, were I not to say even of the sermons which

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are most disfigured with tirades against Whitefield and the re-

vivals, that they are full of evangelical truth, and flaming with

love to immortal souls, and as faithful to the conscience, as any

that Whitefield preached at Cambuslang. Indeed, had they

been preached on the brae-head, at the great sacrament there,

Erskine would as surely have "slain his hundreds," as White-

field did "his thousands."

CHAPTER XIII.

WHITEFIELD ITINERATING.

On returning from Cambuslang to London, Whitefield found,

says Gillies, "the Tabernacle enlarged, and a new awakening "

begun. As might be expected, he was just in the right spirit

for turning both facilities to the best account. Remembering

the unction he enjoyed in Scotland, he wrote to a friend on

arriving at London, "I feel it — I feel it now, and long to preach

again!" When he did, he soon had occasion to inform one of

his Cambuslang companions, "Our glorious Emmanuel blesses

me in like manner, now he has brought me to England."

This flourishing state of the Tabernacle society, now equally

large and harmonious, enabled him to forget all his old griev-

ances, and to renew his wonted spirit towards the Wesleys.

They were then triumphing gloriously at Newcastle, and he

"heartily rejoiced" in their success. He wrote to one of their

friends thus: — "I am dead to parties now, and freed from the

pain which, on that account, once disturbed the peace of my

soul. I redeem time from sleep rather than your letter should

not be answered."

His letters at this time are full of a holy impatience to get

out of his "winter-quarters," pleasant as they were, and to en-

ter upon a "fresh campaign." His old friends in the country,

and especially in Wales, were crying out for him, to do there

what he had done in Scotland. He could not, however, gratify

them at once. Persecution had begun to harass some of his

coadjutors in Wales and Wiltshire; and therefore he kept upon

his vantage ground in London, to expose and defeat it. Ac-

cordingly, he appealed thus to the bishop of Bangor, on behalf

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of Cennick, who had been "shamefully used" in that diocese:

"In Wales they have little fellowship meetings, where some

well-meaning people meet together, simply to tell what God

hath done for their souls. In some of these meetings, I believe,

Mr. C. used to tell his experience, and to invite his companions

to come and be happy in Jesus Christ. He is, therefore, indicted

as holding a conventicle; and this, I find, is the case of one if

not two more. Now, my Lord, these persons, thus indicted,

as far as I can judge, are loyal subjects to his Majesty, and true

friends to, and attendants upon, the church of England service.

You will see by the letters (I send with this) how unwilling

they are to leave her. And yet, if all those acts against per-

sons meeting to plot against church and state, were put in ex-

ecution against them, what must they do? They must be

obliged to declare themselves dissenters. I assure your Lord-

ship it is a critical time for Wales. Hundreds, if not thousands,

will go in a body from the church, if such proceedings are coun-

tenanced, I lately wrote them a letter, dissuading them from

separating from the church; and I write thus freely to your

Lordship, because I would not have such a fire kindled in or

from your Lordship's diocese." To this letter the bishop re-

turned a prompt and polite answer, promising to hear both sides.

What he did eventually, I know not. However, six months

afterwards, Whitefield found some difficulty, though he carried

his point, in preventing a separation from the church in Wales;

as we shall soon see.

The next case of persecution which he had to resist, came

to him from Wiltshire. It was of a kind not altogether cured

by another century of "the march of intellect." It was this:

"The ministers of Bramble, Segery, Langley, and many others,

have strictly forbidden the overseers and churchwardens to let

any of the C s (Cennickites?) have anything out of the

parish; and they obey them, and tell the poor, if they cannot

stop them from following any other way (than the church!)

they famish them. Several of the poor, having large fami-

lies, have already been denied any help. Some, out of fear, de-

nied they ever came, (to the conventicle,) and others have been

made to promise they will come no more; whilst the most part

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come at the loss of friends and all they have. When the offi-

cers threatened some to take away their pay, they answered, "If

you starve us we will go; and rather than forbear, we will live

on grass like kine."

These facts, in this form, Whitefield submitted to the bishop

of Old Sarum; telling his Lordship plainly, that if C--- left the

church, "hundreds would leave it with him." The effect, as

usual, is not known. The only thing certain is, that both per-

secution and petty annoyance went on in most quarters.

Whitefield having done what he could by letters, left Lon-

don to visit these disturbed districts, and attend the associa-

tions of the Welch methodists. On his way he preached at

Hampton Common, to about "twelve thousand." Gillies does

not mention the occasion. It was this. "A man was hung in

chains,” there, that day. "A more miserable spectacle," says

Whitefield, "I have not seen. I preached in the morning to a

great auditory, about a mile off 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

and staid to hear; but through misinformation, kept on the top

of the hill while I preached at the bottom."

From this he went to Dursley, one of the seats of persecu-

tion, to dare the consequences; but although the mob had

taken down an itinerant on the Sabbath before, "no one was

permitted to touch or molest" him. "The word came (upon

them) with a most gloriously convincing power." He then

went to his Tump again at Hampton. "I cannot tell you," he

says, "what a solemn occasion that was! They do, indeed,

hang on me to hear the word. It ran, and was glorified.

Preaching in Gloucestershire now, is like preaching at the

Tabernacle."

After preaching at Bristol and Bath, he went to Waterford

in South Wales, and there presided at the First Association of

the Welch Calvinistic Methodists. All who know how much

Wales owes to the meetings of this union, and how often and

signally they have been Pentecostal scenes, well accounting for,

if not excusing, the shouts of "Gogunnyant, bendyitti,” will

learn with pleasure that Whitefield "opened the Association."

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Gillies. "I opened, with a close and solemn discourse on

walking with God. Afterwards we betook ourselves to business;

settling the affairs of the societies, till about two in the morn-

ing." Next day, they sat till midnight. "All acknowledged

God was with them." Thus began that which eventually im-

mortalized Bala (bach!) and sainted Charles.

In the spirit of this meeting he went to Cardiff, and again

made "the greatest scoffers quiet." But at Swansea, the effect

was so great, that he wrote off to a friend after preaching,

"Swansea is taken! I never preached with a more convincing

power. Free grace forever!" From this he went to Caer-

marthen, and preached from "the top of the Cross." The

great sessions were then sitting. "The justices," he says, "de-

sired I would stay till they rose, and they would come. Ac-

cordingly, they did, and many thousands more, and several

people of quality." He was still more pleased, however, with

an audience "of several thousand souls at Jefferson," because

they were "very like the Kingswood colliers; and at Llassivran,

because he had, "as it were, a Moorfields congregation," and

chiefly, because "Jerusalem sinners bring most glory to Christ."

Whilst thus in what he calls "a new and very unthought-of

world," a clergyman in the neighbourhood of Larn preached

against him by name on the Sabbath day, much and violently.

This defeated its own purpose. To his surprise, on crossing the

ferry at Larn, one vessel fired a salute, and several hoisted their

flags as tokens of respect and welcome.

During this itineracy in Wales he travelled, he says, "four

hundred miles in three weeks, spent three days in attending two

associations, preached about forty times, visited about thirteen

towns, and passed through seven counties." Lett. 514. At the

close of this tour, his first question to himself was, "Where shall

I go next?" He was at a loss to determine. "A visit to York-

shire would be very agreeable. Perhaps Exeter and Cornwall

may be the next places. That is dry ground. I love to range in

such places." He determined, however, to make, first, one more

attack upon the prince of darkness in Moorfields. This he did;

and one of its effects was, that he was enabled to remit £25 to

Georgia, in addition to £100 sent out by his brother's ship a lit-

310 Whitefield's life and times.

tie before. "Grace, grace,” he exclaims in his letter to Haber-

sham, "I have paid all that is due in England, and have sent you

£25 by the bearer. God willing, I will remit you more soon."

After a few weeks, he left London again for Gloucestershire,

to “strengthen the persecuted," or to share the brunt with Cen-

nick, of whom he was very fond. He thus describes him at this

time: "He is truly a great soul! one of those weak things,

which God has chosen to confound the strong. Such a hardy

worker with his hands, and hearty preacher at the same time, I

have scarce known. All call him a second Bunyan." Having

countenanced and consoled Cennick, he went to Bristol. On

his arrival he learnt that the king had fought and conquered in

Germany. Whitefield did not know before, that George had

joined the army. He, therefore, said, with his characteristic

simplicity and loyalty, "I had observed for some time past, when

praying for him, that, whether I would or not, out came this

petition, — Lord, cover thou his head in the day of battle. While

praying, I wondered why I prayed so; not knowing he was gone

to fight. This gave me confidence." Lett, 124. He had need

of it; for his own day of battle was at hand. A letter came to

him from his itinerant at Hampton, urging him to place himself

in the breach. The appeal, as will be seen, was not likely to be

lost on Whitefield. "On sabbath morning," says the writer,

"about twenty of the society met. In the afternoon, the mob

came to my house, demanding me to come down. I asked, by

what authority they did so? They swore they would have me.

Then said I, you shall, so they took me to the lime-pit, (for

skins,) and threw me in. But oh, what a power of God was on

my soul I thought, with Stephen, the heavens opened to my

sight, and the Lord Jesus was ready to receive me. I believe

my undaunted courage shook some of them. I told them, I

should meet them at the judgment-seat, and then their faces

would gather paleness. They let me out, — and I came home

and prayed with the people who were there. After that, I ex-

horted. And when I was concluding, the mob came again, and

took me to a brook to throw me in there. They told me, they

would let me go, if I would forbear preaching for a month. I

would make no such promise. So forward I went. One of them

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threw me in, and I went to the bottom, but came up again, with

my hands clasped together. I did not desire to come out until

they fetched me. Accordingly, in jumped one or two of them,

and took me out. But then, one maliciously and cowardly pushed

me in again, and much cut and bruised one of my legs against

a stone. Some of the others were going to throw him in for

doing so. I came home talking with them. Many seemed to

repent of what they had done, and promised to molest me no

more. The chief says, he will in nowise touch me again. Many

advise us to prosecute them: but if they are quiet, I am con-

tent, and can say from the heart, 'Father, forgive them.' I

should be glad if you would be here next Sunday." Thomas

Adams.

Whitefield was soon on the spot! "On Thursday I came

here, and expected to be attacked; because I had heard that

the mob had threatened that, if ever I came there again, they

would have a piece of my black gown to make aprons with. No

sooner had I entered the town, but I heard and saw 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

glass-plat. I finished just as the ringleader of the mob broke

in upon us. One of them called me coward. I then went to the

house and preached on the stair-case, to a large number of seri-

ous souls: but the troublers in Israel soon came in to mock and

mob us. But, feeling what I never felt before, as I have very

little natural courage, — strength and power from above, — I leaped

down-stairs; and all ran away before me. However, they con-

tinued making a noise about the house till midnight; abusing

the poor people as they went home, and, as we hear, they broke

one young lady's arm in two places.

"Hearing that two or three clergymen were in the town, one

of whom was a justice of the peace, (query, of the war?) I went

to them: but, alas, — they laid the cause of all the grievance at

my door; but, by the help of my God, I shall persist in preach-

ing, and in encouraging those to do so, who are moved by the

Holy Ghost. As I came out from the clergymen, two of the

unhappy mobbers were particularly insolent, and huzzaed us out

of town. Let us ‘rejoice and be exceeding glad,' for now, I

312 Whitefield's life and times.

humbly hope, I begin to be a disciple of Jesus Christ, since to

suffer for Him is given unto me."

Whitefield had to "appeal unto Caesar" for justice, in this

case. The trial of the Hampton rioters came on very soon after

the sudden death of his only son; and as the preparation and

bustle of the affair diverted him somewhat from brooding upon

his loss, I have connected the report with his domestic life.

About this time, a motion was made at one of the associations

in Wales, whilst Whitefield was present, to separate from the

established church. This grieved him much, although it was

made only by "a few contracted spirits," as he calls them.

“By far the greater part most strenuously opposed it," and

agreed to go on as usual, because they enjoyed such "great

liberty under the mild and paternal government of his Majesty."

Thus, with all his attachment to the church, Whitefield was too

honest to ascribe any of his liberty to her government. His

definition of liberty, at this association, is characteristic of him-

self and his coadjutors; — "the privilege of ranging up and down,

preaching repentance to those multitudes, who come neither to

church nor meeting, but who are led from curiosity to follow us

into the fields;" — a privilege, which very few exercise now, how-

ever many would contend for it. The crushing of Sidmouth's

bill was not followed by much field preaching.

In the course of his itineracy this year, Whitefield visited

Exeter twice, and created a stir which turned the bishop into

a pamphleteer. Lavington had heard of the "enthusiasm of

the methodists," and now he saw it. It drew ten thousand of

his flock out to Southern Bay, and several of his clergy out of

their stalls into the fields, to hear Whitefield. Some of the

latter, however, "went off," when " the Lord made way for

himself into the hearts of the people." Having introduced this

leaven into the city, Whitefield left it to ferment for two months,

and then returned, determined to be "all heart and all humility,

at the same time." The result was, "the common people began

to feel, and even some of the polite were much affected," although

in the fields. This will account for Lavington's tirades against

itinerant preaching. The bishop had the insolence to insinuate,

though not the boldness to say, that the methodist preachers.

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“as well as St. Anthony, were attended with a sturdy set of fol-

lowers, as their guards, armed with clubs under their clothes,

menacing and threatening such as should dare to speak lightly

of their apostle. I have often heard it affirmed," In the same

mean spirit Lavington chose to forget, that itineracy had been

practised by other churches than St. Anthony's. Knox provided

for it in Scotland, in his "First Book of Discipline." Queen

Elizabeth appointed twelve, to travel continually. By the way,

who pockets the salary of the church-itineracy now; for the

work is neglected? Whitefield knew both the legitimacy of

his office and the need of it; and therefore persisted in Exeter,

until the bishop saw nearly "a third part of the city" attending

on "the word preached" in the fields; and until he himself

could say, "I am here, as in Scotland and New England. Praise

to free grace! Here is work enough for months. The weather

is favourable: range, therefore, I must and will!" Lett.

On the morning of the last day of his visit, he went to Ottery

to preach in the market-place: but just as he named his text,

the bells rang. He then went to the fields, and the people ran

after him "in droves." On his way, one of the clergymen, with

the same zeal as the bell-ringers, questioned his authority, and

denounced the meeting as illegal and as a riot. “I answered

him pertinently, as I thought, and showed my authority by

preaching from these words, 'Go ye into all the world, and

preach the gospel to every creature.'"

Next day he went to Biddeford, and was much pleased to

find there a clergyman, nearly eighty years of age, who had lately

preached three times in one day, and rode forty miles: but says

Whitefield, "he is not above one year old in the school of Christ."

"Dear Hervey," he says, "laid the blessed foundation, whilst a

curate here." Such was the "Edinburgh-like" effect of a sermon

in the dissenting chapel, that he wrote off to the Tabernacle,

"I cannot think of nestling in London. I am more and more

convinced, that I should go from place to place." Accordingly,

instead of nestling, he flew into Cornwall, and alighted once again

in a church, at St. Gennis. "Many, many prayers," it seems,

"had been put up by the good rector and others, for an out-

pouring of God's blessed Spirit." — "They were answered.

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Arrows of conviction fled so thick and fast, and such a universal

weeping prevailed from one end of the congregation to the other,

that good Mr. J could not help going from seat to seat

to comfort the wounded souls." After preaching some time in

Cornwall thus, he said, "But I must away to Biddeford, just to

give Satan another stroke, and then return the way I came to

the great metropolis."

It was now winter; "but the Lord," he says, "warms my

heart." In this spirit he came to Birmingham. There he

heard of the mobs which had been stirred up at Wednesbury,

against the Wesleyans, by a sermon in the church; of which

Wesley says, "I never heard so wicked a sermon, delivered with

such bitterness of voice and manner." Its effect, as is well

known, was almost murder. Ill as Adams was treated at Hamp-

ton, it was mercifully, compared with the fiend-like assault upon

Wesley. Whitefield went to Wednesbury, and was well received.

"I cannot tell you," he says, “what a sweet melting time there

was. Many were in tears." Next day, however, whilst preach-

ing at Mare Green, in the neighbourhood, "several clods were

thrown," one of which fell on his head, and another struck his

fingers, whilst he was praying. He then returned to Birming-

ham, and preached to many thousands on a common, with

great effect. When he went on the ground, a regiment of

soldiers were exercising; but the officers, when they saw him,

dismissed them, and promised that there should be no dis-

turbance.

Whitefield closed this itineracy by a visit to his old friend

Mr. Williams of Kidderminster. In his house, he recognised

“a sweet savour," amongst the visitors, "of good Baxter's

doctrine, works, and discipline, remaining until this day." That

savour he did not find in Baxter's church; its bells were rung

whilst he was preaching; and that by men who “had promised

not to do so."

On his return to London, Whitefield had to sustain the loss

of his child, to prosecute the Hampton rioters, and to answer

some pamphlets, as well as to prepare for revisiting America. In

June, 1744, he engaged his passage from Portsmouth; but the

captain of the vessel refused to let him on board, when the time

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to sail came, lest he should "spoil the sailors." He had, there-

fore, to go to Plymouth for a vessel.

Whilst at Plymouth, he had a very narrow escape from being

murdered. On the night of his arrival, a hear and drum were

paraded on the ground where he was expected to preach. He

did not, therefore, preach that night. Next night he did; and

after returning to his inn, some ruffians, under the pretence of a

"hue-and-cry" warrant, broke into his room, and insulted him.

This led him to remove to private lodgings. Again he preached

and visited the French prisoners, without any thing happening

to awaken fear or suspicion. That night, however, his landlady

informed him, that "a well-dressed gentleman desired to speak

with him." — "Imagining," he says, "that it was some Nicode-

mite, I desired him to 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 from being detained from hearing me.

He then asked me if I knew him? I answered, no. He re-

plied, his name was Cadogan. I rejoined, I had seen one Mr.

Cadogan, formerly an officer at Georgia, about a fortnight ago

at Bristol. Upon this, he immediately rose up, uttering the

most abusive language; calling me dog, rogue, villain; and beat

me most unmercifully with his gold-headed cane. As you know

I have not much natural courage, guess how surprised I was!

Being apprehensive that he intended to shoot or stab me, I

underwent all the fears of a sudden, violent death.

"It providentially happened, that my hostess and her daughter,

hearing me cry 'murder,’ rushed into the room, and seized him

by the collar. However, he immediately disengaged himself

from them, and repeated his blows upon me. The cry of ‘mur-

der' was repeated; which putting him in some terror, he made

towards the chamber-door, from whence the good woman pushed

him down-stairs.

"At the bottom, a second cried out, 'Take courage, I am

ready to help you.' Accordingly, whilst the other was escaping,

he rushed up; and, finding one of the women coming down, he

took her by the heels, and threw her upon the stairs, by which

her back was almost broken. By this time, the neighbourhood

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was alarmed. Unwilling to add to it, I desired the doors to be

shut, and retired to rest."

This mysterious affair Whitefield did not prosecute for, al-

though much urged to do so. "I am better employed," he says,

"being greatly blessed in preaching the gospel. I was well

paid for what I had suffered; curiosity having led, perhaps,

two thousand more than ordinary to see and hear a man that

had like to have been murdered in his bed. Thus all things

work for the furtherance of the gospel.

‘Thus Satan thwarts, and men object,

And yet the thing they thwart, effect.'"

The only explanation of this outrage that I know of, only

rendered it more mysterious. “I had," he says, "some parti-

cular information about the late odd adventure. It seems, four

gentlemen came to the house of one of my friends, kindly in-

quiring for me; and desiring to know where I lodged, that they

might come and pay their respects. He directed them. Some

time afterwards, I received a letter, informing me that the writer

was a nephew to Mr. S , an eminent attorney at New York;

that he had the pleasure of supping with me at his uncle's house;

and 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 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; and I observed that he looked around

him frequently, and seemed very absent. But having no sus-

picion, I continued in conversation with him and my other

friends, until we parted.

"This, I now find, was to have been the assassin. On being

interrogated by his companions, on his return to the tavern,

about what he had done, he answered, that being so civilly used

he had not the heart to touch me. Upon which, as I am in-

formed, 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 saw and

felt only the weight of his cane."

The deserved odium of this dastardly attack must be equally

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divided between England and America. That the volunteer

assassin was an American, there can be no more doubt, than

that the bravo was an Englishman. Whitefield could not have

mistaken the former. Indeed, it was "out of respect" to the

uncle in New York, that he welcomed the nephew without

hesitation.

He availed himself adroitly of the notoriety thus given to

him in Plymouth, to divide public attention with the bishop of

the diocese, who was there at the time confirming. "Could

you think it," he says, "I have been preaching a confirmation

sermon? Do you ask me where? In a quakers field. As I saw

thousands flocked to the church to have the bishop's hand im-

posed upon them, I thought it not improper to let them have a

word of exhortation suitable to the occasion."

This confirmation sermon produced one good effect, equal at

least to any that resulted from the confirmation itself. The

late Rev. Henry Tanner, then a young man, and a ship-builder,

had just come to Plymouth, in search of employment at the

dock. Whitefield's powerful voice from the field arrested his

attention, and that of his fellow-workmen. They deemed him

mad, and determined to capsize him from his block. Nor was

this all: they went, not only to throw him down from his stand,

but with their pockets full of stones, “to injure the mad parson."

Dr. Hawker' s Life of Tanner.

Tanner's resolution failed him, when he saw Whitefield with

open arms and gushing tears, entreating "poor, lost sinners" to

come to Christ. He went home much impressed, and resolved

to hear the preacher again next evening. He did. The text

was, "Beginning at Jerusalem." Whitefield "depicted the

cruel murder of the Lord of life" there. Then, turning to the

spot where Tanner stood, he said, "You are reflecting on the

cruelty of these inhuman butchers, who imbrued their hands in

innocent blood." At this moment his eye fell upon Tanner, and

his lips said, "Thou art the man." The convicted sinner was

forced to cry, "God be merciful to me." Whitefield saw the

effect, and met the emotion with a burst of tenderness which

cheered the penitent. Another sermon, on Jacob's vision of

the Bethel ladder, led Tanner up to the Lamb slain in the

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midst of the throne, and thus gave him both joy and peace in

believing.

The advances he made, from this time, in religious knowledge

and experience, were great and rapid. They eventually en-

couraged and enabled him to preach the everlasting gospel to

others. This he did with such success, that even Dr. Hawker

(that strange compound of spirituality and absurdity) acknow-

ledges, that Tanner seldom preached "one sermon in vain."

Tanner's frequent prayer was, that he might die in his Master's

work. His petition was granted. He broke down in the pulpit,

before he could finish his sermon; and soon fell asleep in Jesus.

Life by Hawker,

This was not the only good effect of Whitefield's detention at

Plymouth. Some of the very persons who opposed him at first,

offered him "a piece of ground, surrounded with walls, for a

society house." No wonder: for he came from the docks every

evening, “with great companies, singing and praising God."

Letters. As he was now about to leave for America, he com-

municated the glad tidings of this new opening to Cennick; and

wrote to those who had most influence over him — "Brother

Cennick must come to these parts soon." One thing he wrote

for his encouragement was, that the ferrymen, who were like

Levi at the receipt of custom, would take nothing of the multi-

tude who came to hear him preach. They said, "God forbid

that we should sell the word of God." Thus preserved and

blessed, he embarked for America with two New England

friends.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHITEFIELD ITINERATING IN AMERICA.

1744.

“In the beginning of August, 1744, Whitefield embarked,

though in a poor state of health; and after a tedious passage of

eleven weeks, arrived at York." Gillies. He sailed from Ply-

mouth, with nearly a hundred and fifty ships, under several con-

voys. It was, however, "full six weeks" before they reached

the Western islands. This was owing to the want of wind.

When the wind did spring up, one of the vessels, which missed

stays, drove right upon his ship; striking her mainsail into the

bowsprit. Whitefield's vessel, being large, sustained little dam-

age; but the other received a blow, which disabled and well

nigh sunk her. The cries and groans of her crew, he says,

"were awful!"

He had been singing a hymn on deck when the concus-

sion took place. This fact, with the news of the concussion,

was communicated to the convoy. It drew out, he says, the

remark, "This is your praying, and be damned! with many

sayings of the like nature." He adds, "this, I must own, shocked

me more than the striking of the ship." It did not, however,

stop nor intimidate him. “I called my friends together, and

broke out into these words in prayer; God of the sea, and God

of the dry land, this is a night of rebuke and blasphemy. Show

thyself, O God, and take us under thine own immediate protec-

tion. Be thou our Convoy, and make a difference between

those who fear thee, and those that fear thee not."

Providence soon made a difference! Next day, a "violent

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Euroclydon arose," which "battered and sent away our convoy,

so that we saw him no more all the voyage." Letters. White -

field, at first, thought this "no loss:" but when two strange sail

appeared in the distance, and preparation was made for action,

by mounting guns, slinging hammocks on the sides of the ship,

and encircling the masts with chains, he (being “naturally a

coward," as he says) found it "formidable" to have no convoy.

The vessels were, however, only part of their own fleet. This

was a pleasant discovery to more than the skulking chaplain in

the holes of the ship. "The captain, on clearing the cabin, said,

‘After all, this is the best fighting.' You may be sure I con-

curred, praying that all our conflicts with spiritual enemies

might, at last, terminate in a thorough cleansing, and an eternal

purification of the defiled cabin of our hearts." Letters.

No other accident occurred during the voyage. Its tedious-

ness overcame his patience, however, when he saw the port. In

order to land a few hours sooner than the vessel, he went on

board a smack in the bay; but darkness coming on, she missed

her course, and was tossed about all night. Unfortunately, too,

she had no provisions, and he was so hungry that he "could

have gnawed the very boards." Besides this, he was suffering

from "nervous cholic." Altogether he was thoroughly morti-

fied, until a man, lying at his elbow in the cabin, began to talk

of "one Mr. Whitefield, for whose arrival the new lights in New

England " were watching and praying. "This," he says,

“made me take courage. I continued undiscovered; and in a

few hours, in answer, I trust, to new-light prayers, we arrived

safe."

He was received at York by a physician, once a notorious

deist, who had been converted under his ministry. This was a

signal providence: for in about half an hour after he entered the

doctor's house, he became racked with cholic, and convulsed

from the "waist to the toes." A "total convulsion" was appre-

hended by the physician. He himself dreaded delirium, and

implored his weeping wife and friends not to be "surprised if

he uttered anything wrong." Both fears, however, were soon

allayed: but he was brought so low, that he could not "bear

the sound of the tread of a foot, or the voice of friends." Four

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days elapsed before nature could be relieved; and for weeks he

had to be carried like a child. The fact is, he had eaten

"eagerly " of some potatoes, during his gnawing hunger on

board the smack, and they had remained on the stomach undi-

gested. They were not even "discoloured" when they were

removed.

When Whitefield recovered, the excellent though eccentric

Moody, the minister of York, called upon him, and accosted him

thus: "Sir, you are first welcome to America; secondly, to

New England; thirdly, to all faithful ministers in New Eng-

land; fourthly, to all the good people in New England; fifthly,

to all the good people of York; and sixthly and lastly, to me,

dear Sir, less than the least of all." This welcome was followed

by an urgent request for a sermon. Whitefield hesitated for a

time; but "good old Mr. Moody" did not give him the benefit

of his own favourite maxim, "When you know not what to do,

— you must not do you know not what." This, however, he

did. He preached, and immediately after went over the ferry

to Portsmouth. As might be expected, he caught cold, and was

again brought to the gates of death. Three physicians attended

him during the night.

With his usual simplicity, he says, "My pains returned; but

what gave me most concern was, that notice had been given of

my being to preach next evening. I felt a divine life distinct

from my animal life, which made me, as it were, laugh at my

pains, though everyone thought I was taken with death.

My dear York physician was then about to administer a me-

dicine. I, on a sudden, cried out, Doctor, my pains are sus-

pended: by the help of God, I'll go and preach, — and then come

home and die! With some difficulty I reached the pulpit. All

looked quite surprised, as though they saw one risen from the

dead. Indeed, I was as pale as death, and told them they must

look upon me as a dying man, come to bear my dying testimony

to the truths I had formerly preached to them. All seemed

melted, and were drowned in tears. The cry after me, when I

left the pulpit, was like the cry of sincere mourners when attend-

ing the funeral of a dear departed friend. Upon my coming

home, I was laid on a bed upon the ground, near the fire, and

322 Whitefield's life and times.

I heard them say, 'He is gone!' But God was pleased to order

it otherwise. I gradually recovered."

Gillies has added to this account an interesting anecdote,

from some of Whitefield's papers. "A poor negro woman insisted

upon seeing the invalid, when he began to recover. She came

in, and sat down on the ground, and looked earnestly in his face.

She then said, in broken accents, 'Massa, 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 some more

poor negroes.' I prayed to the Lord that, if I was to live, this

might be the event." Gillies.

He thought himself "dying indeed," when he was laid near

the fire, after preaching. But when he recollected "the life and

power which spread all around," whilst "expecting to stretch

into eternity," he said, "I thought it was worth dying for a

thousand times!" In three weeks after, he was able to go to

Boston, though still very weak. His arrival was announced

thus in Prince's Christian History: "The Rev. George White-

field 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 which he has been able to preach in several

of our largest houses of public worship, with great and growing

success. He comes with the same extraordinary spirit of meek-

ness, sweetness, and universal benevolence, as before. In oppo-

sition to the spirit of separation and bigotry, he is still for hold-

ing communion with all protestant churches. In opposition to

enthusiasm, he preaches a close adherence to the Scriptures, and

the necessity of trying all impressions by them, and of rejecting

as delusions whatever is not agreeable to them. In opposition to

antinomianism, he preaches up all kinds of relative and religious

duties — though to be performed in the strength of Christ; and

in short, the doctrines of the church of England, and of the first

fathers of this country. As before, he applies himself to the

understanding of his hearers, and then to their affections. And

the more he preaches, the more he convinces people of their

mistakes about him, and increases their satisfaction." Prince.

This defence was not needless at the time. Both calumny and

caricature had been busy at Boston against Whitefield. Har-

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vard College, and half-penny squibs, called “testimonies,"

united against him. A good old puritan of the city said of the

testimonies, "they do not weigh much:" this was equally true

of the more learned charges from the college. Accordingly

neither weighed with the public. They soon offered to build

for Whitefield "the largest place of worship that was ever seen

in America." This he declined. He did not decline, however,

when the people voted him into the pulpits of their "shy pas-

tors." This led him to say, in reference to the old joke, "that

the lord brethren of New England could tyrannize as well as the

lord bishops of Old England," — "Well is it at present, that the

people are lord brethren; for they have passed votes of invita-

tion to me to preach in the pulpits!" Had he been himself at

the time, however, he would have gone into the fields.

The coolness and shyness of many ministers did not surprise

him now. When he was the guest of Governor Belcher, on his

former visit to Boston, he quite understood the "civil nod" of

the clergy, at table; and said, at the time, “many who are now

extremely civil, will turn out my open and avowed enemies."

They did; and he said now, "I have been no false prophet."

Still he felt the difference, when the clergy, "freed from re-

straints, appeared in *puris naturalibus*." Letters. He found

that "the good old man (Moody) judged too much by his own

honest feelings," when he welcomed him "to all the faithful

ministers of New England." But Whitefield soon forgot all

who forgot him at Boston, when the high sheriff, who was once

the leader of the persecution, began to hear him, and especially

when his "spiritual levees," for the awakened, became crowded.

At one of them, a very singular Bostonian visited him; — a man

of ready wit and racy humour, who delighted in preaching over

a bottle to his boon companions. He had gone to hear White-

field, in order to get up a new "tavern harangue:" but when he

had caught enough of the sermon for his purpose, and thus

wanted to quit the church for the inn, "he found his endeavours

to get out fruitless, he was so pent up." Whilst thus fixed, and

waiting for "fresh matter of ridicule," he was arrested by the

gospel. That night he went to Prince, full of horror, and longing

to beg pardon of Whitefield. Prince encouraged him to visit

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the preacher. Whitefield says of him, "by the paleness, pen-

siveness, and horror of his countenance, I guessed he was the

man of whom I had been apprized. ‘Sir, can you forgive me?'

he cried, in a low but plaintive voice. I smiled, and said, 'Yes,

Sir, very readily.' ‘Indeed you cannot,' he said, 'when I tell

you all.' I then asked him to sit down; and judging that he

had sufficiently felt the lash of the law, I preached the gospel

unto him." This, with other remarkable conversions, gave in-

creased energy and influence to his preaching in Boston. "My

bodily strength," he says, "is recovered, and my soul more than

ever in love with a crucified Jesus!"

At this time, the Cape Breton expedition was committed to

his friend Colonel Pepperell; the first and last native of New

England created a baronet of Great Britain. For his success

at the siege of Louisburgh, which led to this unusual honour,

Pepperell was not a little indebted to Whitefield. He gave him

a rallying motto for his flag, and preached to his soldiers before

they embarked. It is painful to recollect this patronage of war

by a minister of peace! He himself did not easily get over his

scruples of conscience. His friend Sherbourne, the commissary

of the war, had to tell him, that if he refused men would not

enlist. This made him "sleep and pray" on the subject. It

was, however, Lady Pepperell who vanquished him, by assuring

him, that "God enabled her to give up the general to the ex-

pedition, for His glory, and the good of the country." He

preached on the surrender of Louisburgh. So also did Mr.

Prince. The latter published his sermon. Alas, both have had

too many imitators!

Whitefield was now himself again, and began to move south-

ward, hunting for souls. On his way to Philadelphia, he had

the privilege (to him unspeakable!) of preaching by an inter-

preter "to some converted Indians, and of seeing nearly fifty

young ones in one school, learning the Assembly's Catechism."

This was at one of Brainerd's stations; and thus doubly inter-

esting to him.

His reception at Philadelphia was very flattering. The place

erected for him on his former visit was flourishing, and its ma-

nagers offered him £800 a year, with liberty to travel six months

Whitefield's life and times. 325

a year wherever he chose, if he would become their pastor.

This pleased him, although he declined the offer at once. He

was more pleased, however, to learn, that after his former visit

there were so many under "soul-sickness," that even Gilbert

Tennent's feet were blistered with walking from place to place

to see them.

When he went into Virginia, he was agreeably surprised to

find "a fire kindled" there, by a volume of his sermons, which

had been brought from Glasgow to Hanover. "It fell into the

hands of Samuel Morris," says Whitefield: "he read and found

benefit. He then read them to others. They were awakened

and convinced. Other labourers were sent for, and many, both

whites and negroes, were converted to the Lord." Gillies.

Whitefield's version of this event is too brief. The following

version is from the lips of Morris himself, in 1751 . It was taken

down by Mr. Davies of Hanover, his minister. "In 1740,

Whitefield preached at Williamsburgh; but, we being sixty

miles distant, he left the colony before we could hear him. I

invited my neighbours, in forty-three, to hear a book of his ser-

mons. A considerable number met to hear, every sabbath, and

on week days. My dwelling-house soon became too small to

contain the people; whereupon we determined to build a meet-

ing-house, merely for reading; for, having never been accus-

tomed to social extempore prayer, none of us durst attempt it.

Many were convinced of their undone condition, and could not

help crying out and weeping bitterly.

"When the report was spread abroad, I was invited to several

places, at a distance, to read these sermons; and by this means

the concern was propagated. About this time, our absenting

ourselves from the established church, contrary, it was said, to

the laws of the land, was taken notice of, and we were called

upon to say what denomination we belonged to? We knew but

little of any, except quakers, and were at a loss what name to

assume. At length, recollecting that Luther was a noted re-

former, and that his books had been of special service to us, we

called ourselves Lutherans; and thus we continued till Provi-

dence sent us that zealous and laborious minister, Mr. Robinson.

Afterwards Mr. Roan came, speaking pretty freely about the

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degeneracy of the clergy. I was tried for letting him preach in

my house. Afterwards, I was repeatedly fined in court for ab-

senting myself from church. Messrs. Tennent and Blair then

visited us. When they were gone, 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 church people, who received the gospel more

readily from him, than from ministers of the presbyterian deno-

mination." Morris' s Narrative. In 1747, there were four

chapels in and around Hanover, which had sprung from the

"mustard seed" of sermons taken in short-hand from White-

field's lips at Glasgow.

Amongst the converts in this quarter, who saw Whitefield,

was deaf and dumb Isaac Oliver. He had been so from his

birth. And yet he could represent the crucifixion with such sig-

nificant signs, that anyone could understand his meaning. He

could also converse in signs at home, about the love of Christ,

until he was transported to rapture, and dissolved in tears.

Many incredible things are told of Oliver. It is evident, how-

ever, that he was, what he was called, "a miraculous monument

of Almighty grace." It is enough to say, in proof of this, that

Blair, of Fog's Manor, thought him "truly gracious." Robin-

son, the first minister of the Hanover Lutherans, (as they called

themselves,) seems unknown by American biography. And yet

his success in Kent county, and Queen Anne's, was astonishing.

“Oh, he did much in a little time," says Davies to Bellamy;

“and who would not choose such an expeditious pilgrimage

through the world?" In Maryland also, about Somerset coun-

ty, there was "a most glorious display of grace" under his

ministry.

Many instances of his former usefulness came under White-

field's notice in New England. He was much pleased with a

negro, who had been his chaise-driver, when he first visited

Cambridge. The negro had been allowed to hear him in the

college! The sermon was an invitation to the "weary and

heavy laden." It took such a hold upon poor Sambo, that he

repeated it in the kitchen, when he came home. Cooper, of

Boston, was so satisfied with his conversion, and Whitefield so

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pleased with it, that Sambo was soon admitted to the Lord's

table.

Another "brand plucked from the burning" ought not to be

forgotten. A son of Mackintosh, the rebel consigned to per-

petual imprisonment by George I. had settled in New England.

One of his daughters, a lady of fortune, heard Whitefield at

Prince's meeting in Boston. She was arrested and won. She was

soon ripe for heaven. On her death-bed, she cried out for her

soul-friend, Mr. Whitefield; but soon stopped, saying, "Why

should I do so? He is gone about his Master's work, and in a

little time we shall meet to part no more." Whitefield had a

high opinion of her piety; and his interest in her was enhanced

by a signal escape from some bribed ruffians, who attempted to

transport her and her sister to Scotland, that their uncle might

seize on an estate of a thousand a year. Hist. Col.

There were at this time not less than twenty ministers, in the

neighbourhood of Boston, who did not hesitate to call White-

field their spiritual father; thus tracing their conversion to his

ministry. One of them, who went merely to "pick a hole in

his coat," (to find fault,) said, "God picked a hole in my heart,

and afterwards healed it by the blood of sprinkling."

Although Whitefield travelled eleven hundred miles during

this itineracy in America, I have found it impossible to trace

him much, except by letters, which merely state his health or

his happiness: and even his letters, at this time, are both few

and brief. They leave, however, a conviction, that he was in-

clined, as Gillies says, "to return no more to his native coun-

try." New England had evidently won his heart, and for a time

almost weaned him from Old England and Scotland too. When

he left it for North Carolina, he said, "God only knows what a

cross it was to me to leave dear New England so soon. I hope

death will not be so bitter to me, as was parting with my friends.

Glad shall I be to be prayed thither again, before I see my

native land! But future things belong to God. I would just

be where He would have me, although in the uttermost parts of

the earth. I am now hunting for poor lost sinners in these

ungospelized wilds."

This expression, "hunting for souls," occurs so often in

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Whitefield's American letters, that I long thought it was his

own, from his fondness of it. I am now inclined to think that

he borrowed it from Brainerd's converted Indians; some of

whom were very zealous to win the souls of other red men.

But however this may be, the expression is common still amongst

the Indians. An old hunter once said to me, "When my

soul was caught by Jesus Christ, I gave up the chase of beasts

to hunt for more souls to Jesus. The old traders called me an

idle fellow; but I knew better, and hunted for my new Master."

This was Whitefield's favourite work. "I would not but be

thus employed," he says, "for millions of worlds!"

He did not, however, forget Bethesda. When he had pleaded

its cause over New England, he visited it, and added a Latin

school to the orphan-house. His South Carolina friends also

enabled him to purchase a plantation in aid of it, "of six hun-

dred 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 corn, rice, and everything necessary for provisions,"

— except slaves! They gave him only one.

Having found Bethesda prosperous, he started for Maryland,

where he found "thousands who had never heard of redeeming

grace." This roused him anew. "The heat tries my wasting

tabernacle," he said, "but, through Christ strengthening me, I

intend persisting until I drop." He did persist, although some

discouraged him; and he had soon to say, in answer to their

question, — "Have Marylanders also received the grace of God?"

— "Amazing love, Maryland is yielding converts to Jesus. The

gospel is moving southward. The harvest is promising. The

time of singing of birds is come." His circuit in this quarter

extended over three hundred miles, besides some visits in Penn-

sylvania. The secret of this mighty effort was this — "thousands

and thousands are ready to hear the gospel, and nobody goes

out scarcely but myself. Now is the time for stirring. The

time for sitting is coming; in no meaner place (O amazing love!)

than at the right hand of the Lamb of God. Let us see what

we can do for precious and immortal souls." It was such con-

siderations as these, that inspired Whitefield, and determined

him "to die fighting."

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After this tour he went to Philadelphia, much exhausted.

But still he preached, although his convulsions returned, and

the "whole frame" of his "nature seemed to be shocked.”

"I have,” he says, "almost always a continual burning fever.

With great regret I have omitted preaching one night, (to

oblige my friends,) 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. Next Monday

I purpose to set out for New York, to see if I can gain strength.

It is hard work to be silent: but I must be tried every way."

On his arrival at New York, he said, "I am as willing to

hunt for souls as ever. I am not weary of my work." Next

day he was at his work again! "I have preached to a very

large auditory, and do not find myself much worse for it." He

did so again with success. Then he said, "I shall go to Bos-

ton like an arrow out of a bow,” if Jesus strengthen me. I am

resolved to preach and work for Him until I can preach and

work no more. I have been upon the water three or four days,

and now eat like a sailor.” He went to Boston, and there con-

gregations were larger than ever; and what was better, "ar-

rows of conviction fled and stuck fast, and opposers' mouths

were stopped." This good news he sent to Tennent, in order

to tempt him to make "another trip" there; adding, "I am

determined to die fighting, though it be on my stumps.” He

had just heard of the sudden, but happy, death of his aged and

excellent friend Dr. Colman.

In these journeyings and vicissitudes, Whitefield never forgot

the Wesleys. They had sent him word, that they were "more

moderate with respect to sinless perfection," than when he left

England; and he returned the compliment by assuring them,

that he would "never preach for or against reprobation."

Someone had written to him charges against Charles Wesley.

He immediately sent word to him of them; adding, "I do not

believe them. Love thinks no evil of a friend. Such are you

to me. I love you most dearly."

He returned again to Maryland; and as his New York friends

were anxious about his health, he wrote to them from Bohe-

mia. In one of these letters, to an aged veteran whom he

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could not expect to see again, he says, (referring to the Jewish

tradition,) "Honoured Sir, may He who kissed away the soul

of his beloved Moses, appoint a Joshua to succeed you, when

He calls you up into the mount to die." His own health was

still very fluctuating, even when he reached North Carolina.

"I am here," he says, "hunting in the woods, these ungospel-

ized wilds, for sinners. It is pleasant work, though my body is

weak and crazy. But after a short fermentation in the grave,

it will be fashioned like unto Christ's glorious body. The

thought of this rejoices my soul, and makes me long to leap

my seventy years! I sometimes think all will go to heaven be-

fore me. Pray for me as a dying man; but oh 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." At this time, a very

little riding fatigued him much, and thus his progress was both

slow and painful. He preached, however, with great power;

cheered from stage to stage by the hope that the conversion of

"North Carolina sinners would be glad news in heaven."

In the autumn of 1747, he sailed again for Georgia. From

this time, until he went to Bermudas for a change of climate, in

1748, I am unable to trace him.

The only thing melancholy in this sketch of Whitefield's his-

tory in New England, during his visit, is, the conduct of the

president and professors of Harvard College; and that was

worse than it appears from the anecdotes I have told. They

published a testimony against him, in which they said, "We

look upon Mr. Whitefield as an uncharitable, censorious, and

slanderous man." In proof of this, they refer to his monstrous

reflections on Archbishop Tillotson; whom, they say. Dr. In-

crease Mather called "great and good." They forgot to say,

that Mather, whilst he spoke highly of Tillotson's character

and spirit, "constantly warned the students against his books."

They testified against his extempore preaching also, "because

it is impossible any man can manage an argument instructive to

the mind, or cogent to the reasonable powers," thus. He

meekly said, "Indeed, gentlemen, I love study, and delight to

meditate. Preaching without notes costs as much, if not more,

close and solemn thought, as well as confidence in God, than

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with notes." They had also the audacity to say, "that it is

not unlikely, indeed to be suspected, that he is an antinomian;"

yea, "stronger in the antinomian scheme than most of the pro-

fessors of that heresy." In answer to this charge he appealed,

as he well might, to the tenor and tendency of his preaching,

and reminded them that the *lapsus linguae* from which they

argued had been retracted publicly before they wrote.

His "itinerant way of preaching" comes in, as might be ex-

pected, to be testified against in the "strongest" language of

the learned doctors. They define an itinerant to be "one that

stands ready to preach the gospel to any congregation that may

call him." Whitefield says at once, — "I own the charge. Were

not Knox, Welch, Wishart, and several of the good old puri-

tans, itinerant preachers?"

They also repeated the charge of Clap, of Yale College, that

he came into New England "to turn out the generality of their

ministers, and to replace them with ministers from England,

Ireland, and Scotland." "Such a thought," Whitefield says,

"never entered my heart; neither, as I know of, has my

preaching any such tendency." This solemn denial ought to be

held decisive on this point. I did not know of it when I wrote

the account of his interviews with Jonathan Edwards.

Their closing charge against Whitefield was, that "the

coming in of hot men, disturbing the churches, was wholly

owing to his influence and example." This refers, of course, to

the Tennents, — and the heat of their memory is not yet ex-

hausted in America! Gilbert Tennent will be remembered

and revered, long after all the cold men of Harvard are forgot-

ten. As Whitefield said, "thousands will thank him for coming

into New England, through all the ages of eternity." Having

said this, he left the cold men in his own way: — "if pulpits

should be shut, the fields are open, and I can go without the

camp. This I am used to, and glory in. If I have done your

society any wrong in my journal, I ask forgiveness. If you

have injured me in the testimony you published against me, (as

I really think you have,) it is forgiven already, without asking."

Letter to Harvard College, Cambridge.

Whilst in New England, Whitefield wrote his letter on the

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bishop of Litchfield's charge to his clergy. This charge was

delivered in 1741, but not published until 1744. It was, there-

fore, a deliberate attack on methodism. Indeed, in a subse-

quent charge, printed in 1746, now before me, his Lordship re-

fers his clergy to it; assuring them, that "if the false doctrines

of the methodists prevail, they must unavoidably create a

general disorder in our constitution; and if so, favour the re-

turn of popery itself." The bishop. Dr. Smalbroke, was a bet-

ter scholar than this prophecy indicates. He had grappled with

Whiston, on Arianism; with Bentley, on the authority of the

primitive Complutensian; and with Woolston, on miracles. It

was not, however, a very formidable matter to grapple with him,

when the subject was the grace of the Holy Spirit. Smalbroke

certainly believed that there is a Holy Ghost; but no one could

well believe less about His work and witness.

It will hardly be credited now, but it is only too true, that a

bishop preached, and his clergy called for, the publication of

the following sentiments: — "The indwelling and inward wit-

nessing of the Spirit, are all extraordinary gifts, belonging only

to apostolical and primitive times; and consequently all preten-

sions to such favours in these last days, are vain and enthu-

siastical." The Spirit spoken of as helping our infirmities in

prayer, "was the Spirit acting in the inspired person, who had

the gift of prayer, and who in that capacity prayed for the whole

assembly. It is he (not the Holy Spirit) that maketh inter-

cession with God for private Christians" with groanings which

cannot be uttered! The Searcher of hearts "knowing the

mind of the Spirit," means that "God knows the intentions of

the inspired" prayer-leader! Preaching in "the demonstration

of the Spirit," means no more than proving "Jesus to be the

Messiah, by proofs out of the Old Testament," and by miracles!

No wonder Whitefield could not forget these perversions of

truth and soberness in America. They haunted him on his

voyages, and whilst he was hunting in the woods. He sent

over an answer to the charge, addressed to the clergy who call-

ed for its publication; not to the bishop, "because I hear," he

says, "that he is very aged."

I wish I could say, that either the episcopal bench, or the

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dissenting boards had answered it also. They knew better than

Whitefield, that Smalbroke, although an old man, was a sturdy

polemic, and in no danger of death or illness from hard blows.

But the bench slumbered. They could worry Whitefield or

Wesley for an extravagant word; but they would not even bark

when a bishop sapped the very vitals of Christianity. Pope cer-

tainly knew his men when he said,

"A saint in crape, is twice a saint in lawn."

A man in lawn then, might say almost anything with impunity,

if it was only well said, or argued with a show of learning.

Happily, it is not so now. Such a theologian as Smalbroke

would not be left to the lash of methodists or dissenters; he

would be chastised by some of his own clergy, or rebuked by

some of the bench. It is needless to analyze or characterize

Whitefield's answer to the bishop. It is enough to say, that it

is full of the great doctrines of the Reformation. Even where

it pleads for too much of the direct witness of the Spirit, it is

more than excusable; for had not Whitefield and the Wesleys

said both strong and startling things on this subject, when both

the work and witness of the Spirit were denied and denounced

from "high places," those in low places would not have listened,

or not brought “a pressure from without" upon the hierarchy.

CHAPTER XV.

WHITEFIELD IN BERMUDAS.

The isles of Bermuda are more associated in the public mind

with the memory of good Bishop Berkeley, and the poetry of

Waller, than with Whitefield. They were probably indebted to

Berkeley's example for Whitefield's visit.

In 1721, the "Vatiessa" of Swift bequeathed her fortune to

Berkeley. This was soon followed by his deserved elevation to

the deanery of Derry — worth eleven hundred pounds per an-

num. Never was preferment better bestowed. He had long

cherished the design of evangelizing the American Indians, by

means of a college in the Bermudas. Now, he issued proposals

for it in London; offering to resign his preferment, and to de-

vote his life to the instruction of young Americans, and stipu-

lating for only a hundred a year to himself. This noble disin-

terestedness won patronage at first. Government gave him a

grant of £10,000; and he sailed to carry his plans into effect.

He was not sustained by the ministry, however, in the way he

expected. He, therefore, made presents of his library to the

clergy of Rhode Island, and to Yale College. To the latter,

although not at all episcopalian, he gave a thousand volumes,

besides his estate at Newport, where he wrote his "Minute

Philosopher."

Berkeley then returned to Ireland, and in 1773 was made

bishop of Cloyne. It is almost impossible, in the presence of

these facts, to remember either his Platonism or his idealism.

He was a great and a good man. Atterbury might well say of

him, "So much understanding, so much knowledge, so much

innocence, and such humility, — I did not think had been the

portion of any but angels, till I saw this gentleman."

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These facts, as well as the climate, drew Whitefield to Ber-

mudas, where he met with the kindest reception, and for about

a month preached generally twice a day, traversing the island

from one end to the other. His activity, treatment, and success,

will best appear from the following extracts from his manuscript

journal of that period.

“The simplicity and plainness of the people, together with

the pleasant situation of the island, much delighted me. The

Rev. Mr. Holiday, minister of Spanish Point, received me in a

most affectionate christian manner; and begged I would make

his house my home. In the evening I expounded at the house

of Mr. Savage, at Port Royal, which was very commodious;

and which also he would have me make my home. I went with

Mr. Savage, in a boat lent us by Captain, to the town of

St. George, in order to pay our respects to the governor. All

along we had a most pleasant prospect of the other part of the

island, but a more pleasant one I never saw. One Mrs. Smith,

of St. George's, for whom I had a letter of recommendation

from my dear old friend, Mr. Smith of Charlestown, received

me into her house. About noon, with one of the council, and

Mr. Savage, I waited upon the governor. He received us cour-

teously, and invited us to dine with him and the council at a

tavern. We accepted the invitation, and all behaved with great

civility and respect. After the governor rose from table, he

desired, if I stayed in town on the Sunday, that I would dine

with him at his own house.

"Sunday, March 20. Read prayers and preached twice this

day, to what were esteemed here large auditories, — in the morn-

ing at Spanish Point church, and in the evening at Brackish

Pond church, about two miles distant from each other. In the

afternoon I spoke with greater freedom than in the morning; and

I trust not altogether in vain. All were attentive — some wept. I

dined with Colonel Butterfield, one of the council; and received

several invitations to other gentlemen's houses. May God bless

and reward them, and incline them to open their hearts to re-

ceive the Lord Jesus! Amen and Amen!

"Wednesday, March 23. Dined with Captain Gibbs, and

went from thence and expounded at the house of Captain

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F--le, at Hunbay, about two miles distant. The company

was here also large, attentive, and affected. Our Lord gave me

utterance. I expounded on the first part of the 8th chapter of

Jeremiah. After lecture, Mr. Riddle, a counsellor, invited me

to his house; as did Mr. Paul, an aged presbyterian minister, to

his pulpit; which I complied with, upon condition the report was

true, that the governor had served the ministers with an injunc-

tion that I should not preach in the churches.

"Friday, March 25. Was prevented preaching yesterday by

the rain, which continued from morning till night; but this af-

ternoon, God gave me another opportunity of declaring his eter-

nal truths to a large company at the house of one Mr. B— s,

who last night sent me a letter of invitation.

"Sunday, March 27. Glory be to God! I hope this has

been a profitable sabbath to many souls; it has been a pleasant

one to mine. Both morning and afternoon I preached to a large

auditory, for Bermudas, in Mr. Paul's meeting-house, which I

suppose contains about four hundred. Abundance of negroes,

and many others, were in the vestry, porch, and about the

house. The word seemed to be clothed with a convicting power,

and to make its way into the hearts of the hearers. Between

sermons, I was entertained very civilly in a neighbouring house.

Judge Bascom, and three more of the council, came thither, and

each gave me an invitation to his house. How does the Lord

make way for a poor stranger in a strange land! — After the

second sermon, I dined with Mr. Paul; and in the evening ex-

pounded to a very large company at Counsellor Riddle's. My

body was somewhat weak; but the Lord carried me through, and

caused me to go to rest rejoicing. — May I thus go to my grave,

when my ceaseless, uninterrupted rest shall begin!

''Monday, March 28. Dined this day at Mrs. Dorrel's,

mother-in-law to my dear friend the Rev. Mr. Smith; and

afterwards preached to more than a large house full of people,

on Matthew ix. 12. Towards the conclusion of the sermon, the

hearers began to be more affected than I have yet seen them.

Surely the Lord Jesus will give me some seals in this island!

Grant this, O Redeemer, for thy infinite mercy sake!

"Thursday, March 31. Dined on Tuesday, at Colonel Cor-

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busiers, and on Wednesday, at Colonel Gilbert's, both of the

council; and found, by what I could hear, that some good had

been done, and many prejudices removed. Who shall hinder,

if God will work? Went to an island this afternoon, called

Ireland, upon which live a few families; and to my surprise,

found a great many gentlemen, and other people, with my

friend Mr. Holiday, who came from different quarters to hear

me. Before I began preaching, I went round to see a most re-

markable cave, which very much displayed the exquisite work-

manship of Him, who in his strength setteth fast the mountains,

and is girded about with power. — Whilst I was in the cave,

quite unexpectedly I turned and saw Counsellor Riddle, who,

with his son, came to hear me; and whilst we were in the boat,

told me that he had been with the governor, who declared he

had no personal prejudices against me — and wondered I did not

come to town, and preach there, for it was the desire of the

people; and that any house in the town, the court-house not

excepted, should be at my service. Thanks be to God for so

much favour! If his cause requires it, I shall have more. He

knows my heart; I value the favour of man no further than as

it makes room for the gospel, and gives me a larger scope to

promote the glory of God. There being no capacious house

upon the island, I preached for the first time here in the open

air. All heard very attentive; and it was very pleasant after

sermon to see so many boats full of people returning from the

worship of God. I talked seriously to some in our own boat,

and sung a psalm, in which they readily joined.

"Sunday, April 3. Preached twice this day at Mr. Paul's

meeting-house, as on the Sabbath, but with greater freedom

and power, especially in the morning; and I think to as great,

if not greater, auditories. Dined with Colonel Harvy, another

of the council — visited a sick woman, where many came to

hear — and expounded afterwards to a great company, at Cap-

tain John Dorrel's, Mrs. Dorrel's son, who, with his wife, cour-

teously entertained me, and desired me to make his house my

home. — So true is that promise of our Lord's, that whosoever

leaves father and mother, house or lands, shall have in this life

a hundredfold, with persecution, and in the world to come, life

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everlasting.' Lord, I have experienced the one: in thy good

time grant that I may experience the other also!

"Wednesday, April 6. Preached yesterday at the house of

Mr. Anthony Smith, of Baylis Bay, with a considerable degree

of warmth; and rode afterwards to St. George's, the only town

on the island. The gentlemen of the town had sent me an in-

vitation by Judge Bascom; and he, with several others, came

to visit me at my lodgings, and informed me that the governor

desired to see me. About ten I waited upon his Excellency,

who received me with great civility, and told me he had no ob-

jection against my person, or my principles, having never yet

heard me; and he knew nothing in respect to my conduct in

moral life, that might prejudice him against me; but his in-

structions were, to let none preach in the island, unless he had

a written license to preach somewhere in America, or the West

Indies; at the same time he acknowledged that it was but a

matter of mere form. I informed his Excellency that I had

been regularly inducted to the parish of Savannah; that I was

ordained priest by letters dimissory from my lord of London,

and under no church censure from his Lordship; and would

always read the church prayers, if the clergy would give me the

use of their churches. — I added further, that a minister's pulpit

was looked upon as his freehold, and that I knew one clergy-

man who had denied his own diocesan the use of his pulpit.

But I told his Excellency, I was satisfied with the liberty he

allowed me, and would not act contrary to his injunction. I

then begged leave to be dismissed, because I was obliged to

preach at eleven o'clock. His Excellency said he intended to

do himself the pleasure to hear me. At eleven the church bell

rung. The church Bible, prayer book, and cushion, were sent

to the town-house. The governor, several of the council, the

minister of the parish, and assembly-men, with a great number

of the town's people, assembled in great order. I was very

sick, through a cold I caught last night; but read the church

prayers. The first lesson was the 15th chapter of the 1st book

of Samuel. I preached on those words, "Righteousness ex-

alteth a nation." Being weak and faint, and afflicted much

with the head-ache, I did not do that justice to my subject I

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sometimes am enabled to do; but the Lord so helped me, that,

as I found afterwards, the governor and the other gentlemen

expressed their approbation, and acknowledged they did not ex-

pect to be so well entertained. Not unto me. Lord! not unto

me, but unto thy free grace be all the glory!

"After sermon. Dr. F\_\_bs, and Mr. P\_\_t, the collector,

came to me, and desired me to favour them and the gentlemen

of the town with my company to dinner. I accepted the invi-

tation. The governor, and the president, and Judge Bascom

were there. All wondered at my speaking so freely and fluently,

without notes. The governor asked, whether I used minutes?

I answered. No. He said it was a great gift. At table, his Ex-

cellency introduced something of religion, by asking me the

meaning of the word hades? Several other things were started

about free will, Adam's fall, predestination, &c. to all which

God enabled me to answer so pertinently, and taught me to

mix the utile and dulce so together, that all at table seemed

highly pleased, shook me by the hand, and invited me to their

respective houses. The governor, in particular, asked me to

dine with him on the morrow; and Dr. F--bs, one of his

particular intimates, invited me to drink tea in the afternoon.

I thanked all, returned proper respects, and went to my lodgings

with some degree of thankfulness for the assistance vouchsafed

me, and abased before God at the consideration of my unspeak-

able unworthiness. In the afternoon, about five o'clock, I ex-

pounded the parable of the prodigal son to many people at a

private house; and in the evening had liberty to speak freely

and closely to those that supped with me. Oh that this may

be the beginning of good gospel times to the inhabitants of this

town! Lord, teach me to deal prudently with them, and cause

them to melt under thy word!

"Friday, April 8. Preached yesterday with great clearness

and freedom, to about fourscore people, at a house on David's

Island, over against St. George's Town — went and lay at Mr.

Holiday's, who came in a boat to fetch me — and this day I

heard him preach and read prayers; after which I took the sa-

crament from him. Honest man! he would have made me ad-

minister and officiate; but I chose not to do it, lest I should

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bring him into trouble after my departure. However, in the

afternoon, I preached at Mr. Todd's, in the same parish, to a

very large company indeed. The Lord was with me. My heart

was warm — and what went from the heart, I trust went to the

heart; for many were affected. Oh that they may be converted

also! Then will it be a good Friday, indeed, to their souls.

"Sunday, April 10. Dined and conversed yesterday very

agreeably with Judge Bascom, who seems to have the greatest

insight into the difference between Arminian and Calvinistical

schemes, of any one I have met with upon the island. — In the

afternoon, I visited a paralytic; and this day preached twice

again at Mr. Paul's meeting-house. The congregations were

rather larger than ever, and the power of God seemed to be

more amongst them. I think I see a visible alteration for the

better every Lord's day. Blessed be God! — In the evening I

expounded at Mr. Joseph Dorrell's, where I dined, to a very

large company; then went to his kinsman's, my usual lodging

on Saturday and Sunday evenings; who with his wife and other

friends, seemed kinder and kinder daily. Good measure, press-

ed down, and running over, may the Lord, both as to spirituals

and temporals, return into all their bosoms.

“Saturday, April 16. Preached since Lord's day at five

different houses, to concerned and affected congregations, at

different parts of the island; but was more indisposed one night

after going to bed, than I had been for some time. On two of

the days of this week, I dined with the president, and Captain

Spafford, one of the council, both of whom entertained me with

the utmost civility.

"Sunday, April 17. Still God magnifies his power and

goodness more and more. This morning we had a pleasing sight

at Mr. Paul's meeting-house. I began to preach, and the peo-

ple to hear and be affected as in days of old at home. Indeed,

the prospect is encouraging. Praise the Lord, O my soul! —

After preaching twice to a large congregation in the meeting-

house, I, at the desire of the parents, preached in the evening a

sermon at the funeral of a little boy, about five years of age.

A great number of people attended, and the Lord enabled me

so to speak, as to affect many of the hearers. Blessed be the

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Lord for this day's work! Not unto me, O Lord! not unto me,

but unto thy free grace be all the glory!

"Sunday, April 24. The last week being rainy, I preached

only five times in private houses; and this day but once in the

meeting-house; but I hope neither times without effect. This

evening expounded at Counsellor Riddle's, who, with the other

gentlemen, treat me with greater respect every day. Colonel

Gilbert, one of the council, has lent me his horse, during my

stay; and Mr. Dorrell, this morning, informed me of a design

the gentlemen had, to raise a contribution to help me to dis-

charge my arrears, and support my orphan family. Thanks be

given to thy name, O God! Thou knowest all things; thou

knowest that I want to owe no man anything, but love; and

provide for Bethesda, after my decease. Thou hast promised

thou wilt fulfil the desire of them that fear thee. I believe.

Lord, help my unbelief, that thou wilt fulfil this desire of my soul.

Even so. Amen.

"Saturday, April 30. Preached since Lord's day two funeral

sermons, and at five different houses in different parts of the

island, to still larger and larger auditories, and perceived the

people to be affected more and more. Twice or thrice I preach-

ed without doors. Riding in the sun, and preaching very ear-

nestly, a little fatigued one; so that this evening I was obliged

to lie down for some time. Faint, yet pursuing, must be my

motto still.

"Sunday, May 1. This morning, was a little sick; but I

trust God gave us a happy beginning of the new month. I

preached twice with power, especially in the morning, to a very

great congregation in the meeting-house; and in the evening,

having given previous notice, I preached about four miles dis-

tant, in the fields, to a large company of negroes, and a number

of white people who came to hear what I had to say to them.

I believe, in all, near fifteen hundred people. As the sermon

was intended for the negroes, I gave the auditory warning, that

my discourse would be chiefly directed to them, and that I

should endeavour to imitate the example of Elijah, who, when

he was about to raise the child, contracted himself to its length.

The negroes seemed very sensible and attentive. When I

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asked, if they all did not desire to go to heaven? one of them,

with a very audible voice, said, 'Yes, sir.' This caused a little

smiling; but, in general, everything was carried on with great

decency; and I believe the Lord enabled me so to discourse, as

to touch the negroes, and yet not to give them the least um-

brage to slight or behave imperiously to their masters. If ever

a minister, in preaching, need the wisdom of the serpent to be

joined with the harmlessness of the dove, it must be when dis-

coursing to negroes. Vouchsafe me this favour, O God, for thy

dear Son's sake!

"Monday, May 2. Upon inquiry, I found that some of the

negroes did not like my preaching, because I told them of their

cursing, swearing, thieving, and lying. One or two of the

worst of them, as I was informed, went away. Some said, they

would not go any more. They liked Mr. M\_\_r better, for

he never told them of these things; and I said, their hearts

were as black as their faces. They expected, they said, to hear

me speak against their masters. Blessed be God, that I was

directed not to say anything, this first time, to the masters at

all, though my text led me to it. It might have been of bad

consequences, to tell them their duty, or charge them too

roundly with the neglect of it, before their slaves. They would

mind all I said to their masters, and, perhaps, nothing that I

said to them. Everything is beautiful in its season. Lord,

teach me always that due season, wherever I am called, to give

either black or white a portion of thy word! However, others

of the poor creatures, I hear, were very thankful, and came home

to their masters' houses, saying, that they would strive to sin

no more. Poor hearts! These different accounts affected me,

and upon the whole, I could not help rejoicing, to find that their

consciences were so far awake.

"Saturday, May 7. In my conversation these two days, with

some of my friends, I was diverted much, in hearing several

things that passed among the poor negroes, since my preaching

to them last Sunday. One of the women, it seems, said, 'that

if the book I preached out of was the best book that was ever

bought at London, she was sure it had never all that in it

which I spoke to the negroes.' The old man, who spoke out

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loud last Sunday, and said, 'yes,’ when I asked them whether

all the negroes would not go to heaven? being questioned by

somebody, why he spoke out so? answered, ‘That the gentle-

man put the question once or twice to them, and the other fools

had not the manners to make me any answer; till, at last, I

seemed to point at him, and he was ashamed that nobody should

answer me, and therefore he did.' Another, wondering why I

said negroes had black hearts; was answered by his black

brother thus; 'Ah, thou fool! dost thou not understand it?

He means black with sin.' Two more girls were overheard by

their mistress talking about religion: and they said, ‘They

knew, if they did not repent, they must be damned.' From all

which I infer, that these Bermudas negroes are more knowing

than I supposed; that their consciences are awake, and conse-

quently prepared, in a good measure, for hearing the gospel

preached unto them.

"Sunday, May 8. This also, I trust, has been a good sab-

bath. In the morning I was helped to preach powerfully to a

melting, and rather a larger congregation than ever, in Mr.

Paul's meeting-house; and in the evening, to almost as large a

congregation of black and white as last Sunday in the fields,

near my hearty friend, Mr. Holiday's house. To see so many

black faces was affecting. They heard very attentively, and

some of them now began to weep. May God grant them a

godly sorrow, that worketh repentance not to be repented of!

“Friday, May 13. This afternoon preached over the corpse

of Mr. Paul's eldest son, about twenty-four years of age; and

by all I could hear, and judge of by conversing with him, he

did indeed die in the Lord. I visited him twice last Lord's

day, and was quite satisfied with what he said, though he had

not much of the sensible presence of God. I find he was a

preacher upon his death-bed: for he exhorted all his companions

to love Christ in sincerity; and blessed his brother and sister,

and, I think, his father and mother, just before his departure.

A great many people attended the funeral. I preached on

Luke viii. 13, 'And when the Lord saw her, he had compassion

on her, and said unto her. Weep not.' Many were affected in

the application of my discourse; and, I trust, some will be in-

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duced, by this young man's good example, to remember their

Redeemer in the days of their youth. Grant it, O Lord, for

thy dear Son's sake.

"Sunday, May 15. Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that

is within me, praise his holy name! This morning I preached

my farewell sermon at Mr. Paul's meeting-house — it was quite

full; and, as the president said, above one hundred and fifty

whites, besides blacks, were round the house. Attention sat

on every face; and when I came to take my leave, oh! what a

sweet, unaffected weeping was there to be seen everywhere! I

believe there were few dry eyes. The negroes, likewise, without

doors, I heard weep plentifully. My own heart was affected;

and though I have parted with friends so often, yet I find every

fresh parting almost unmans me, and very much affects my

heart. Surely, a great work is begun in some souls at Bermudas.

Carry it on, O Lord! and if it be thy will, send me to this dear

people again. Even so. Lord Jesus. Amen!

"After sermon, I dined with three of the council, and other

gentlemen and ladies, at Captain Bascom's; and from thence

we went to a funeral, at which Mr. M---r preached; and after

that, I expounded on our Lord's transfiguration, at the house of

one Mrs. Harvey, sister to dear Mr. Smith, of Charlestown.

The house was exceeding full, and it was supposed above three

hundred stood in the yard. The Lord enabled me to lift

up my voice like a trumpet. Many wept. Mr. M---r re-

turned from the funeral with me, and attended the lecture; as

did the three councillors, with whom I conversed freely. May

God reward them, and all the dear people of the island, for those

many favours conferred on me, who am the chief of sinners, and

less than the least of all saints!

"Sunday, May 22. Blessed be God! the little leaven thrown

into the three measures of meal, begins to ferment, and work

almost every day for the week past. I have conversed with

souls loaded with a sense of their sins; and, as far as I can judge,

really pricked to the heart. I preached only three times, but

to almost three times larger auditories than usual. Indeed the

fields are white ready unto harvest. God has been pleased to

bless private visits. Go where I will, upon the least notice,

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houses are crowded, and the poor souls that follow, are soon

drenched in tears. This day I took, as it were, another fare-

well. As the ship did not sail, I preached at Somerset in the

morning to a large congregation in the fields; and expounded

in the evening at Mr. Harvey's house, round which stood many

hundreds of people. But in the morning and evening, how did

the poor souls weep! Abundance of prayers and blessings were

put up for my safe passage to England, and speedy return to

Bermudas again. May they enter into the ears of the Lord of

Sabaoth! With all humility and thankfulness of heart, will I

here, O Lord, set up my Ebenezer; for hitherto surely thou hast

helped me! 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, indeed. The inhabitants

seem to be plain and open-hearted. They have loaded me with

provisions for my sea-store; and in the several parishes, by a

private voluntary contribution, have raised me upwards of one

HUNDRED POUNDS 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, or too

much beholden, in my absence. Blessed be God, for bringing

me out of my embarrassment by degrees! May the Lord reward

all my benefactors a thousandfold! I hear that what was given,

was given exceedingly heartily; and people only lamented that

they could do no more."

Transmitting to Georgia the contributions he had received,

and fearing a relapse if he had returned to America in the heat

of the summer; and also being much pressed to return to Eng-

land, Mr. Whitefield took his passage in a brig, and arrived safe,

in twenty-eight days at Deal; and the next evening, July 6, he

came to London, having been absent near four years.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHITEFIELD RANGING.

In 1748, after an absence of four years, Whitefield returned to

his native land; not exactly from choice, but because he was

afraid to risk his restored health in America again, during the

heat of July. He embarked at Bermudas in June, on board

the Betsey; and lived, as he expresses it, "like people that

came from the continent, not from an island — so bountiful were

his friends." His appetite was, however, somewhat spoiled one

day. The Betsey was chased by a large French vessel, and

shot at thrice. "We gave up all for lost! We were almost

defenceless. I was dressing myself to receive our visitors. In

the mean time our captain cried, 'The danger is over.' The

Frenchman turned about and left us. In the Channel we expect

such alarms daily."

During the voyage he abridged, and endeavoured to gospelize,

Law's "Serious Call;" and finished a revisal of his own jour-

nals: but he was not allowed to preach on board. This, he

says, "may spare my lungs, but it grieves my heart." It seems

he could not write with much composure. The reason he

assigns for this is, "We have four gentlewomen on board; so you

may guess how it is!"

His own private review of his sayings, doings, and writings,

up to this time, I have recorded in “The Specimens of White-

field," at the close of this volume. It is equally humble and

honest; and it led to many improvements in his conduct and

spirit towards the opponents of truth and godliness.

The prospect of home led him naturally to anticipate the

pleasure of seeing his aged and beloved mother. He had been

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so long absent, and she was so poor, that he did not know, when

he wrote, where she resided. He added to the prayer for her,

“Oh that I may see you laden with holiness, and bearing fruit

in old age," the request, "Let me know whether you stand in

need of anything." There was a contemporary clergyman of

notoriety, Sterne, who could weep over a dead ass, and a caged

starling, who neither prayed nor felt for his aged mother, al-

though she was in distress: but Sterne was a wit, not a

methodist!

On his arrival in London, Whitefield was welcomed by thou-

sands, with a joy which well-nigh overcame them and himself

too. One cause of this joy was, that a large church was open to

him on his return. It was St. Bartholomew's, where he had a

thousand communicants on the first Sabbath, besides "multitudes

flocking to hear." How different from the reception he met

with on his former return from America. The fact is, both he

and the Wesleys were now wiser men.

He was not, however, without his cares on this occasion.

His outward affairs were "far behindhand." Antinomianism had

“made sad havoc" in the religious societies, during his absence.

"I came," he says, "at a critical juncture." One of the hyper par-

ty threatened to rival him in Moorfields — a sphere which these

zealots have seldom coveted. Whitefield sent him word, — "The

fields are no doubt as free to you as to another. God send you

a clear head and a clean heart. I intend preaching there on

Sunday evening." He did; and found "Moorfields as white to

harvest as ever." In other respects, also, he had soon the satis-

faction of seeing "things take a good turn" in London.

At this time he renewed his intimacy with Hervey, who was

now popular as a writer; and that not undeservedly. It has

been fashionable, of late, to denounce his florid style: and, so

far as this prevents Hervey from becoming a model to young

preachers or imaginative writers, it is a good fashion. It is,

however, bad, so far as it prevents the young from reading his

works, or from yielding to their inspiration. They cannot be

read without interest by the young. Both the "Meditations"

and "Theron and Aspasio" have an irresistible charm to them.

They lay hold upon the heart at once, and are never forgotten.

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The secret of this fascination is, their sympathy with visible

nature, as young eyes see it, and young hearts enjoy it. Hervey

reflects the heavens and the earth to them, in the broad and

brilliant forms which haunt their own dreams. Who does not

remember this? True; we cease to read Hervey, and learn to

find fault with his style: but, which of us would have relished

or read, in early life, the chaster works on piety, which now

charm us? Even our taste for the simple is the reaction of the

gorgeous. I owe this passing tribute to Hervey. My love of

nature was made religious by him. And, had I never tried to

imitate him, I should never have formed a puritanical style for

myself.

The second reformation in this country owes much to Hervey.

He was the Melancthon of it, by his writings. They suited, as

Whitefield says of them, "the taste of the polite world." They

refined the taste of the methodists also. The former read them,

because they were flowery; the latter, because they were savoury.

The one looked at grace, through their medium, with less pre-

judice; the other at nature, with more delight than formerly.

Whitefield saw this twofold influence of Hervey's works, and

wisely said nothing against their style, when they were submitted

to his revision.

Amongst all Whitefield's converts, no one has been more

useful than Hervey, as a writer. That he was one of them is

certain, although seldom remembered, In a letter to White-

field, he says, "Your journals and sermons, and especially that

sweet sermon, on ‘What think ye of Christ?' were a mean of

bringing me to the knowledge of the truth." Brown's Memoirs

of Hervey. This will account for the deference he paid to his spi-

ritual father, and for the eulogium he pronounced on him at Dod-

dridge's: "I never beheld," he said, "so fair a copy of our Lord;

such a living image of the Saviour; such exalted delight in God;

such unbounded benevolence to man; such steady faith in the

divine promises; such fervent zeal for the divine glory; and all

this, without the least moroseness of humour, or extravagances

of behaviour; but sweetened with the most engaging cheerful-

ness of temper, and regulated by all the sobriety of reason and

wisdom of Scripture: insomuch, that I cannot forbear applying

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the wise man's encomium on an illustrious woman, to this emi-

nent minister of the everlasting gospel — 'Many sons have done

virtuously, but thou excellest them all.'"

It was not in return for this compliment, but before it, that

Whitefield introduced Hervey's works into America, and re-

joiced in their popularity. "The author," he said, "is my old

friend; a most heavenly-minded creature; one of the first me-

thodists, who is contented with a small cure, and gives all he

has to the poor. We correspond with, though we cannot see,

each other." Gillies says, that Whitefield left a blank in his

manuscripts thus, — "Here a character of Hervey;" and adds,

"What a pity he did not write it down!" Doddridge also was

not ashamed to preface a work of Hervey's, although Warburton

called it a weak rhapsody, and said it would degrade the

Doctor.

At this time his acquaintance with the Countess of Hunting-

don commenced. She had engaged Howel Harris to bring him

to Chelsea, "as soon as he came ashore." He went and preached

twice in her drawing-room, in a manner that determined her to

invite some of the nobility to hear him.

As she had, from this time, much influence upon his future

movements, the following masterly sketch of her history and

character will tell best here. It is by a descendant of Dod-

dridge, who hates Calvinism.

"The Right Honourable Selina Countess Dowager of Hunt-

ingdon, second daughter, and one of the coheiresses of Wash-

ington, second Earl of Ferrars, was born August 13th, 1707, and

married in the year 1728, to Theophilus Earl of Huntingdon, by

whom she had issue four sons and three daughters: of these,

only one, the Countess of Moira, survived their mother, whose

death occurred in 1791, at the age of eighty-four, and after a

widowhood of forty-five years.

"Upon the decease of her mother, the Countess of Moira

received an accession to her income of fifteen hundred pounds

per annum, and her son. Lord Rawden, a bequest of two thou-

sand two hundred pounds. Lady Huntingdon also left an an-

nuity of a hundred a year to her friend Lady Ann Erskine, and

the sum of four thousand pounds to be disposed of in charitable

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gifts, at the direction of the Earl of Dartmouth, Sir Richard

Hill, and her chaplain, Mr. Haws. The residue of her fortune

was bequeathed for the support of sixty-four chapels, which she

had contributed to establish throughout the kingdom.

"Few characters have been more erroneously estimated by

the world than that of Lady Huntingdon. She was, in fact,

neither the gloomy fanatic, the weak visionary, nor the abstracted

devotee, which different parties have delighted to paint her.

"The circumstance of her having forbade the publication of

her papers, and her retired mode of life, for even her charities

were principally distributed through the medium of her chap-

lains, were the causes which baffled the curiosity of those who

felt desirous of discovering the motives which could tempt a

woman to resign the allurements of station, and to devote, in

addition to what is mentioned in her will, at least a hundred

thousand pounds, given during her life, for the extension of pe-

culiar religious opinions, without any view towards that personal

distinction which has been too often a leading inducement with

the founders of new sects.

"In the absence of circumstantial detail, all that remains is to

collect the few personal traits which are here and there acci-

dentally mentioned, and to unite them with facts of public noto-

riety. Having thus combined these scattered rays, their con-

densed light at once reveals the actual character of this remark-

able woman; and we perceive her peculiarities to have arisen

from the blight of domestic sorrow, acting upon a mind swayed

to a great extent by the imagination, and, therefore, highly

susceptible of religious impressions.

"In the spring day of her life, there was little to distinguish

Lady Huntingdon from the many charming and intelligent young

women who ever grace the courtly circle in which she moved.

She was naturally gay, and the quickness of her disposition ren-

dered her sprightly and amusing; but it does not appear that

her gaiety tended towards dissipation, or that her conversational

talents amounted to wit. How far her religious education had

been attended to is not indicated, but there is no reason to sur-

mise that it was defective; and had not her maternal and con-

jugal affections suffered from the shock of family bereavements.

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her character would probably have remained not less worthy,

but far less remarkable, than it is at present.

"The loss of children, and the death of her lord, which occurred

before the charms of existence had with her been subdued by

the lapse of time, gave a blow to the elasticity of her mind from

which it never recovered. When the first paroxysm of grief had

subsided, her exhausted feelings naturally sought a refuge in

devotion; and it is only to be regretted that under the melan-

choly impressions of the period, her mind the more deeply im-

bibed the Calvinistic tenets." (Not exactly!)

"An affecting incident shows that at this time she still re-

tained the fond recollections of human regard in all their wonted

intensity. Lady Huntingdon had a fine bust of herself placed

upon the tomb of her deceased husband; and it is but justice to

observe, that the widowed bosom in which his memory was en-

shrined ever remained as cold to earthly passion, as the insen-

sible marble, whose gentle smile, amid the symbols of death,

seemed eloquent with immortality.

"For some years the religious views of Lady Huntingdon

were those of the church of England; she was pious and bene-

volent in an eminent degree, as her letters in this work evince,

but her sentiments were unmarked by peculiarity. As might,

however, have been expected, the spirit-stirring eloquence of

Whitefield caught her attention, and she became one of his most

determined proselytes; and, doubtless, felt delighted to obtain

so important a witness to a reality of her election. Be this as it

may, under his influence, although she never renounced the doc-

trines of episcopacy, yet she embraced sectarian views incompa-

tible with its practice and well-being; she endowed chapels, and

sanctioned an independent form of worship.

"Of the results to which her conduct, in such respects, was

likely to lead, she was doubtless unconscious, and, in fact, acted

from the impressions produced upon her mind by the interested

parties around her. She was, indeed, so much the child of

emotion, that she is related to have described herself as like a

ship before the wind, carried on by an impulse she could not

resist or describe.”

“The influence of Whitefield and his friends over the mind

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of Lady Huntingdon, was most apparent from the year 1748,

when he became her chaplain. That influence was, however,

so guardedly employed, that the natural vigilance of her charac-

ter was fully exercised in plans for the propagation of the highly

Calvinistic ideas she had espoused. It was not until the year

1768, that she opened her ‘college’ near Talgarth, in South

Wales, ‘for the education of serious and godly young men, and

such as she believed had a divine call.’ Besides this academy,

the whole expense of which she defrayed, she was deeply inter-

ested in the missionary schemes then in motion; and that she

might the better uphold the cause, reduced her style of living far

below what her station in society demanded; and even exhausted

her income to such an extent, that she was not able to afford

charitable relief in some cases of the utmost necessity, that were

brought under her notice.

"Her death occurred on the 17th of June, 1791, and was

marked with the serenity of the Christian, and the humble con-

fidence of a saint. As the awful moment was approaching, she

said, ‘My work is done; and I have nothing to do but to go to

my Father.' (This was her Calvinism!)

"The romantic turn of her feelings was as strongly marked

during her last illness, as in any former period of her life. She

desired that her remains might be dressed in the suit of white

silk which she wore at the opening of the chapel in Goodman's

Fields; and in speaking of death, said, ‘It was like putting off

her cloak.' When the blood-vessel burst, which was the com-

mencement of her illness, on being asked how she did, by Lady

Ann Erskine, she observed, ‘I am well — all is well — well forever!

I see, wherever I turn my eyes, whether I live or die, nothing

but victory.' And a day or so before her decease, she remarked,

‘The Lord has been present with my spirit this morning in a

remarkable manner: what He means to convey to my mind, I

know not; it may be my approaching departure. My soul is

filled with glory; I am in the element of heaven.'" Humphries.

Such was Lady Huntingdon. She soon brought around

Whitefield some of the stars of the court. Chesterfield and

a whole circle of them attended, and having heard once, desired

they might hear him again. "I, therefore, preached again," he

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says, "in the evening, and went home, never more surprised at

anything in my life. All behaved quite well, and were in some

degree affected. The Earl of Chesterfield thanked me, and said,

'Sir, I shall not tell you what I shall tell others, how I approve

of you;' or words to this purpose. At last Lord Bolingbroke

came to hear; sat like an archbishop, and was pleased to say,

I had done great justice to the divine attributes in my dis-

course. (Hume also was present.) Soon afterwards, her Lady-

ship removed to town, where I generally preached twice a week,

to very brilliant auditories. Blessed be God, not without effec-

tual success on some." Gillies. Bolingbroke invited White-

field to visit him; which he did, and found him both candid

and frank. And the impression made upon him, may be judged

by his saying to the Countess, "You may command my pen

when you will. It shall be drawn in your service. For, admit-

ting the Bible to be true, I shall have little apprehension of

maintaining the doctrines of predestination and grace, against

all your revilers." All the nobility also accepted, with pleasure

and surprise, copies of Whitefield's sermons. On recording this,

he says, "Thus the world turns round! In all time of wealth,

good Lord, deliver me." Lord Bath and others had given him

money for the orphan-house. One of the Prince of Wales's

favourites, a privy counsellor of the king of Denmark, and seve-

ral persons of rank, dined and drank tea with him.

The manner in which he refers to this introduction amongst

the great, has been quoted against him as a proof of vanity.

Why should it? True; he says in his letters to Wesley, and

other private friends, “the noble, the mighty, the wise, have

been to hear me." These are also the very words which

Lady Huntingdon employed in her letters to Doddridge, at the

time. Was she vain or flattered, because she rejoiced that a

door was opening for "the nobility to hear the gospel?" Be-

sides, this new sphere did not divert him from any of his old

work, nor at all change his spirit or purposes. At the very

crisis of this elevation, he said to Wesley, "My attachment

to America will not permit me to abide long in England.

If I formed societies, I should but weave a Penelope’s web. I

intend, therefore, to go about preaching the gospel to every

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creature." Accordingly, he was off to Scotland in a few

days.

On his arrival at Edinburgh, he found a Moorfields congre-

gation, as to numbers, to welcome him. At Glasgow also, the

prospects were still more encouraging. Many at both places

came to inform him of their conversion, on his former visits.

Cambuslang also kindled again. All this was too much for

some of the kirk folks, now that the Seceders were quarrelling

amongst themselves. The synod of Glasgow and Ayr debated

a motion, "tending to prohibit ministers from employing White-

field;" — because he was a priest of the church of England;

because he had not subscribed the formula; because the scheme

of the orphan-house was chimerical, and the money collected for

it not fully accounted for! The first count in the indictment is

not so heavy now. Dr. Chalmers is the champion of the Eng-

lish priesthood. The charge was better met, however, by the

clergyman who said at the synod, "If Bishop Butler, Sherlock,

or Seeker, were in Scotland, I should welcome them to my pul-

pit; and in this, I should imitate Rutherford, as firm a presby-

terian as any of us, who employed Usher. There is no law of

Christ, and no act of assembly, prohibiting me to give my pul-

pit to any episcopal, or anabaptist, or independent minister, if

of sound principles in the fundamentals of religion. Our church

expressly enjoins. Art. 13, that great tenderness is to be used to

foreign protestants." Gillies.

Whitefield's personal character was nobly and indignantly vin-

dicated by Dr. Erskine. He appealed to the affidavit of the magis-

trates of Georgia, in the Philadelphia Gazette, in proof of the ho-

nest application of the money collected for the orphan-house; and

cried shame upon presbyterians, who could object to Whitefield

as a "suspended minister," whilst his only fault was, refusing to

"use the communion-book in a presbyterian chapel." The result

of the debate was, "the decent burial of the motion." It

was, however, supported by thirteen. Twenty-seven voted for

employing Whitefield in the pulpits of the kirk. Gillies says

truly, "Upon the whole, the attacks informed the synod of the

falsehood of many aspersions thrown out against him: and thus

what was intended for his reproach, turned out to his honour."

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Whitefield himself says of these conclaves. "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. If my enemies show themselves, I am persuaded

Jesus will bless me to his people more and more." Amongst

the charges then advanced against him, in order to injure him

in the estimation of the poor, one was, that he was sent and paid

by government to preach against the Pretender. This charge

came with an ill grace from both the Kirk and the Secession.

Both preached against the Pretender, as much as he did; with

only this difference, that the former had pay and the latter

thanks, while he had neither.

It was, I think, about this time, that Whitefield had another

interview with Ralph Erskine. Their last was in 1750. It was

short, but affecting. On parting, Erskine embraced him and

said, "We have seen strange things." They had both seen strange

things! Whitefield had seen himself traduced by ministers

of a kirk, which had gladly played him off against the Secession:

and Erskine had seen himself excluded by the presbytery of

Dunfermline, whilst his own son, John, sat in judgment upon

him. It is not true that John pronounced the sentence of ex-

communication on his father. Gibb did that. It is, however,

true, that the good old man said, "It was a sword piercing

my heart, to see Johnny sitting with them." Erskine and

Whitefield might well embrace as brethren after these strange

things. Erskine' s Life. This reconciliation went no further.

The other Seceders kept up the old clamour against him, be-

cause he did not "preach up the covenant;" and he gave his

old answer, "I preach up the covenant of grace."

Notwithstanding all these attempts to lower him in public

estimation, his old friends in Scotland stood by him. The godly

ministers not only encouraged his attempts to serve the New

Jersey college; but also entered into his spirited (though im-

prudent) design of turning the orphan-house into a college.

On his return to London, he resumed his lectures at Lady

Huntingdon's to the "great ones," as he calls them. Thirty,

and sometimes sixty, persons of rank attended, although the

newspapers were full of “strange lying accounts” of his recep-

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tion in Scotland. He availed himself of this influence, to for-

ward his intended college: for which his plea was, — "If some

such thing be not done, I cannot see how the southern parts will

be provided with ministers; for all are afraid to go over." On

this ground he appealed to the trustees of Georgia; reminding

them that he had expended £5000 upon the orphan-house; beg-

ging them to relieve it, as a charitable institution, from all quit-

rent and taxes; and especially to allow him slaves. "White

hands,'' he said, had left his tract of land uncultivated.

Whilst thus pleading for his own seminary, he did not forget

New Jersey. He wrote to Mr. Pemberton, "If you or some

other popular minister come over, and make an application in

person, a collection might be recommended by the general as-

sembly, and large contributions be raised from private persons.

If one of the Indians was brought over, — and a proposal made to

educate some of the converted Indians in the college, — it would

certainly be of service." Thus he had our best missionary plans,

as well as spirit, a century ago.

Having set these schemes on foot, he went to Bristol; and

attended the sacrament at the cathedral next day. The bishop,

he says, "behaved respectfully" to him. He visited also his

old tutor, now one of the prebendaries, and met with the old

kindness of Oxford. Those who have had a kind tutor will quite

understand the following account of the interview. "I told him,

that my judgment (as I trust) was a little more ripened than it

was some years ago; and that as fast as I found out my faults,

I should be glad to acknowledge them. He said, the offence of

the governors of the church would lessen and wear off, as I grew

moderate.'' Whitefield did not tell the Doctor how little he

cared for such moderation as the governors of that day required:

but he wrote to Lady Huntingdon, on the subject of their fa-

vour, — "I am pretty easy about that! If I can but act an honest

part, and be kept from trimming, I leave all consequences to

Him who orders all things well."

On his return to London, he found his assemblies at the

Countess's "brilliant indeed,"and Bolingbroke still one in

them. It was now winter, and some of his noble friends from

Scotland joined them. He felt not only deep interest in Boling-

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broke, but had much hope of him at one time; owing to his

declared satisfaction with the doctrines of grace. "Who knows,"

he says, "what God may do?" If Bolingbroke was hoaxing

Whitefield, it is to his everlasting disgrace. If he was not, it

was no small item in his advantages, that God gave him a place

in Whitefield's heart and prayers. The place he held there,

had proved the means of salvation to many. Two or three of

the nobility were won to Christ at this time.

Still, they could not keep him from itinerating. In a few

weeks he was at Bristol again. “I long to take the field," he

said to the Countess; and he did not take it in vain. "There

was a great stirring among the dry bones at Kingswood and

Bristol. Many new converts were won. One of them was a

counsellor, who was so much affected, that his style of counsel-

ling others to hear Whitefield, led his wife to suspect him of

madness.

At Plymouth also, where he had so many enemies formerly,

he found a Tabernacle had been built in his absence, to which

he was welcomed. He became the guest of a married couple,

who claimed him as their spiritual father. Plymouth, he says,

"seems quite a new place to me." He was much amused there

to learn, that he had been called a Roman catholic. “If I am

a Roman catholic," he said, "the pope must have given me a

large dispensation."

The "married couple" were the Kinsmans; soon the useful,

as well as the intimate, friends of Whitefield. Mr. Kinsman

became a popular preacher at the Tabernacle in London. He

preached the first sermon in the present Tabernacle. His fame

and success at Bristol were such that Whitefield was in the

habit of calling Bristol, "Kinsman's America;" in allusion to

his own foreign labours. His eloquence also must have been

considerable; for Shuter, the comedian, was fond of hearing

him. Poor Shuter once told Kinsman a sad story. He had

been acting Falstaff in London so often, that the physicians

ordered him to Plymouth for change of air. Kinsman too had

been sent home, after a hard campaign at the Tabernacle. Both

had been wrought out. "Had you died," said Shuter, "it

would have been in the service of the best of masters; but had

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I, it would have been in the service of the devil. O Sir, do

you think I shall ever be called again? I certainly was — whilst

studying my part in the park; and had Mr. Whitefield let me

come to the sacrament with him, I never should have gone back

again. But the caresses of the great are insnaring. Poor

things! they are unhappy, and they want Shuter to make them

laugh. O Sir, for such a life as yours. But when I have you

I shall be Richard the Third again. That is what they call a

good play; as good as some sermons. And there are some

striking moral things in it. But, after it, I shall come in again

with my farce, ‘A Dish of all Sorts,' and knock all that on the

head. Fine reformer's we are!"

It was on Shuter, as Ramhle, that Whitefield fixed his eye

one morning at Tottenham Court, while inviting sinners of all

classes to Christ, and said, — “And thou, poor Ramble, who

hast long rambled from Him, come thou also. Oh, end thy

ramblings, and come to Jesus." Cornelius Winter says,

“Shuter was exceedingly struck, and coming unto Whitefield

said, — ‘I thought I should have fainted, how could you serve

me so? '" At Plymouth also, when asked if he was a methodist,

he said, "Mine is a fine method, is it not? A methodist! no;

I wish I was. If any are right, they are."

Whitefield found in Plymouth and its neighbourhood many

proofs, that his former visit had been very useful. Next to the

conversion of Kinsman, no case pleased him so much as that of

a young man, "now a preacher," who had then ascended a tree,

to hear and mock. His levity had drawn the notice of White-

field, who exclaimed, “Come down, Zaccheus, come down, and

receive the Lord Jesus Christ. The word was backed with

power. He heard, came down, believed, and now adorns the

gospel." Letter to Lady Huntingdon.

He had also the pleasure, at this time, to administer the sa-

crament to a whole family, "who had no pastor." "It was an

affecting sight," he says; — "two parents presenting two daugh-

ters and a son, in the most solemn manner, for the first time,

to be communicants. I received them with all joy."

It was not all sunshine, however, in Devonshire. He was

rudely treated at Tavistock. The rabble brought a bull and

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dogs, and created much disturbance whilst he was praying.

He managed, however, to preach down the uproar. At Exeter,

also, a man came prepared to knock him on the head with a

stone, whenever the sermon should furnish an offensive ex-

pression. He stood with the stone in his hand. He could find

no fault. The sermon soon interested him so, that the stone

dropped from his hand. Then his heart melted. After the

service he went to Whitefield, and said with tears, "Sir, I

came to break your head; but God has given me a broken

heart."

Whitefield now returned to London in high health, after an

itineracy in the west of 600 miles. He came back, however,

"with a kind of fear and trembling," lest his health should

break down in the city, and thus unfit him "to speak to the

great and the noble, so as to win them to Jesus." But he soon

rid himself of this fear, by his old maxim, "I throw myself

blindfold into my Master's hands." The bishop of Exeter's

pamphlet also, "The Enthusiasm of the Methodists and Papists

compared," came out at this time, and created a stir, which

helped him to forget his fears. He began immediately to an-

swer it, and made greater efforts than ever to ingratiate the

truth with the aristocracy. But this kind of work did not

suit him.

He was equally out of his element at his own desk, and in

Lady Huntingdon's drawing-room. Accordingly, in a month,

he was too ill to hold a pen. He therefore started off on a new

itineracy; and by the time he reached Portsmouth, he was him-

self again. The night after his arrival, he preached to many

thousands; and with such power, in spite of disturbance, that

the chief opposer was conquered, and received him into his

house with tears of shame and joy. Indeed, many who, a few

days before, had been speaking all manner of evil of him, were

soon urgent with him to prolong his visit. But Wales was wait-

ing for him, and he could not stay long.

In the Principality he had soon the pleasure, as in the days of

old, to see “Jesus riding on in the chariot of the everlasting gos-

pel." He now found all towns open, and all justices and magis-

trates civil. On some occasions his audience amounted to twenty

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thousand persons. He himself computed the whole number he

addressed, in eight Welch counties, at more than a hundred

thousand; and adds, "I think we have not had one dry meet-

ing." So complete was his ascendancy in Wales now, that

"not a dog stirred a tongue," during his circuit of eight hun-

dred miles. From this vantage ground, he made a powerful

appeal to Hervey, in the hope of drawing him into the fields.

"Had you seen the simplicity of so many dear souls, I am per-

suaded you would have said. Sit anima mea cum methodistis.”

But Hervey was too weak for field work. Whitefield himself

broke down after this mighty effort, and was for some days at

"the gates of the grave."

He returned to London to welcome his wife home from Ber-

mudas. On her arrival he learned that his character had been

aspersed in the island by one of the clergy. But whilst he did

not overlook this calumny altogether, he merely sent out the

following answer; "I am content to wait until the day of judg-

ment for the clearing up of my character; and after I am dead,

I desire no other epitaph than this, — Here lies George White-

field. What sort of a man he was, the great day will discover. "

He then arranged his London affairs, and started again for the

fields.

On his arrival at Bristol, he was told that the bishop of W.

(Wells ?) had charged him with perjury at the pump-rooms.

The bishop had not, however, used the word perjury. He had

only left others to give a name to his picture of violated ordi-

nation vows. Indeed, the question had a parliamentary settle-

ment on both sides. Whitefield said, that he vowed to obey

only "godly admonitions." And the bishop meant "nothing

personal."

In a few days after, Whitefield set out for Exeter, by way of

Wellington. At this time he does not appear to have known

Darracott, whom he afterward designated, — "The Star of the

West;'' transferring the title from its first owner, Hieron. In-

deed, he would have rode through Wellington without stopping,

had not a woman recognised him in the street. She implored

him to alight, and give the people a sermon. When he com-

plied, she soon spread the news, and "a great company" came

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to hear him. He was so pleased, that he preached next day to

a still larger audience. It does not appear that Darracott at-

tended either sermon. He made ample amends, however, af-

terwards.

One reason of Whitefield's visit to the west, at this time, was

(although perhaps he hardly acknowledged it to himself to see

how his letter to the bishop of Exeter had been received. He

found, in his own circle there, that it had been "much blest."

He learnt, also, that “my lord of Exeter had said, he wrote

like an honest man, and has recanted several things;" but,

added Lavington, "he goes on in the same way yet." He did.

He went to Exeter, and appeared in the fields again. The

bishop, therefore, threatened another pamphlet. Lavington

could do more against methodists than write. About this time,

he threatened to strip the gown from one of his own clergy, who

was methodistical, and countenanced Whitefield. The bishop

was saved the trouble. That moment the clergyman stripped

himself, saying, "I can preach the gospel without a gown;"

and retired. Lavington was then glad to "send for him, and

soothe him:" but he indemnified himself for this condescension,

by publishing immediately the second part of his "Enthusiasm

compared." Whitefield had good reason, as well as great pro-

vocation, to say of both parts, "The bishop has served the me-

thodists, as the bishop of Constance served John Huss, when he

ordered painted devils to be put round his head, before burning

him." He did not answer him. He did better. He went to

Exeter, accompanied by a rural dean, to preach the gospel as

usual; and divine influence accompanied the word. "This,"

he says, "is, I think, the best way to answer those who oppose

themselves." He preached there twice on the same day. In

the evening, the bishop and several of his clergy stood near to

him, and saw ten thousand people awe-struck by his appeals.

They saw also three large stones thrown at his head in suc-

cession, by a furious drunkard, — one of which cut him deeply;

but neither the high priest nor his Levites interfered, although

one of their own parishioners also was felled to the ground at

the same time. Letter to Lady H.

Next week he returned to London, and found some of the

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pious peeresses waiting to receive the sacrament from him. He

spent a few days at home, and then started off for Yorkshire.

There he,visited Grimshaw, at Haworth, and administered the

sacrament to above a thousand communicants in the church.

When he preached, the churchyard was crowded. On a future

occasion, when preaching in the church, he had such a high

opinion of the pastor, that he took for granted the piety of the

flock. "No, no. Sir," said good Grimshaw aloud, “the half of

them are not converted by the grace of God. Speak to them

faithfully." It is easy to conceive the effect of such an appeal

on Whitefield. It was just the kind and manner of appeal, to

set him on fire. It would have disconcerted almost any other

man; but it was vantage ground to him.

He went from Haworth to Leeds, at the invitation, he says,

"of one of Mr. Wesley's preachers, and by all his people." He

was also introduced into their pulpit at Newcastle, by Charles

Wesley, who, meeting him by the way, turned back to accom-

pany him. This gratified him so much, that he preached four

times in their rooms at Newcastle; but he was obliged, at last,

to go into the open air, to meet the crowds. At Leeds both

the crowds and the commotion were immense. So much so,

that he returned back upon it, after visiting some other parts of

Yorkshire and Lancashire.

During this tour, he won to Christ many of the men, who

laid the foundations of not a few of the flourishing churches in

these counties. He met, however, with as much "rude treat-

ment," here and there in both, as sent him home praying, "Lord,

give me a pilgrim heart, for my pilgrim life."

On his arrival in London, he found many urgent invitations

awaiting him from Ireland; and the Cork riots had awakened

his sympathies for the sufferers; but although he used his influ-

ence on their behalf with the great, and sent them word of this,

he was afraid lest a visit might be deemed an intrusion upon the

Wesleyan sphere. Besides, the primate of Ireland wished to

give him preferment; a thing he did not wish for.

He was now "in winter quarters;" but he was not idle nor

useless. To use his own words, "the glory of the Lord filled

the tabernacle, and the shout of a King was in the camp," from

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week to week. "Thousands, thousands crowded to hear."

Every day, also, he heard of instances of conversion. One in-

stance pleased him very much. It was that of a boatswain, who

before hearing him, knew no more about divine truth, "than the

whistle he blew on board." He particularizes also a boy of eleven

years of age, a woman of eighty, and a baker, who had been "a

Jerusalem sinner."

At this time, his intended college occupied much of his atten-

tion. He wrote in all directions, in order to make friends to

the plan. His usual appeal was, "We propose having an aca-

demy or college at the orphan-house. The house is large; it

will hold a hundred. My heart, I trust, is larger, and will hold

ten thousand."

Still, his heart was in America. London did not, he says,

"agree with his outward man." "Ranging seems my pro-

vince; and methinks I hear a voice behind me saying, This is

the way, walk in it. My heart echoes back. Lord, let thy pre-

sence go along with me, and then send me where thou pleasest."

That America would have pleased himself best, is evident from

the following apostrophe, "In the midst of all, America, dear

America! is not forgotten. I begin to count the days, and to

say to the months, “Fly fast away, that I may spread the gospel

yet once more in dear America!'" This is delightful. It must

be gratifying to American Christians to be thus reminded of the

place which their country held in Whitefield's heart a century

ago. It is gratifying to me to tell them, that we did not learn

from Whitefield, but from the revivals and missionary spirit in

their own churches, to say, "America, dear America." When

will they fulfill our joy, and be likeminded with us on the subject

of slavery? Surely no one will quote Whitefield against us!

Another object lay near to Whitefield's heart. It was during

this winter's quarters, that he formed the design of identifying

Lady Huntingdon with his societies — the only plan he ever laid

for perpetuating them. He saw her a Dorcas, at "that dead

place" — Ashby Place, and felt that she might and ought to be

a Phoebe. She had used her influence, at his solicitation, with

the court and the government, on behalf of the sufferers in the

Cork riots; and had readily patronized such poor or persecuted

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ministers, as he brought under her notice. All this, and the

want of a leader, led him to seek her patronage, especially for

his societies in the west end of the town.

How he opened the subject to her, I have been unable to dis-

cover. It does not seem, however, to have been ill received:

for she desired the public prayers of the Tabernacle for herself

at the time; — (not, of course, in reference to this matter;) — and

Whitefield read that part of her letter to the people, and in-

formed her, that "thousands heartily joined in singing the fol-

lowing verses for her Ladyship:"

"Gladly we join to pray for those

Who rich with worldly honour shine,

Who dare to own a Saviour's cause,

And in that hated cause to join:

Yes, we would praise Thee, that a few

Love Thee, though rich and noble too.

"Uphold this star in thy right hand,

Crown her endeavours with success;

Among the great ones may she stand,

A witness of thy righteousness.

Till many nobles join thy train,

And triumph in the Lamb that 's slain."

All this was in bad taste on both sides, however well meant

or meekly taken. In the same letter, he said to her, "A leader

is wanting. This honour hath been put upon your Ladyship

by the great Head of the church: an honour conferred on few;

but an earnest of one to be put on your Ladyship before men

and angels, when time shall be no more. That you may every

day add to the splendour of your future crown, by always abound-

ing in the work of the Lord, is the fervent prayer of."

How much "leader" means, in this document, or how far, if

at all, it refers to the Tabernacle, I cannot judge.

In the midst of all these attentions from and to nobility,

Whitefield did not forget nor overlook his aged mother. A

woman had neglected to procure for him some things he had

ordered for her. A week's delay was thus occasioned. The

moment he discovered this, he wrote, "I should never forgive

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myself, was I, by negligence or any wrong conduct, to give you

a moment's needless pain. Alas, how little I have done for you!

Christ's care for his mother excites me to wish I could do any

thing for you. If you would have anything more brought, pray

write, honoured mother!"

On this occasion he reminded her of his age. "To-morrow, it

will be thirty-five years since you brought unworthy me into

the world. Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes foun-

tains of tears, that I might bewail my barrenness and unfruitful-

ness in the church of God." About the same time he wrote

thus to Lady Huntingdon, "Next Saturday I am thirty-five

years old: I am ashamed to think how little I do or suffer

for Christ. Fye upon you, fye upon me!"

These anecdotes are, I know, little; but they reveal much of

Whitefield's real character: and surely his deep self-abasement

before God, may be allowed to balance his self-complacency in

the patronage of the countess and her "elect ladies." His

compliments to them admit of no excuse. They are almost as

many and fulsome, as the flatteries which used to be addressed

to the royal and noble patrons of Bible Societies. Those who

remember that incense, and the assemblies which offered it, will

hardly wonder, however much they deplore, that a poor method-

ist burnt more incense to rank, than was wise or seemly.

Whitefield was not constitutionally humble, bold, or unam-

bitious. It took "twice seven years" of "pretty close intimacy

with contempt,” he says, to make contempt an "agreeable com-

panion" to him. Like Paul, he had to learn contentment. "I

did not like to part with my pretty character at first. It was

death to be despised; and worse than death to think of being

laughed at by all. God knows how to train us up gradually for

the war. He often makes me bold as a lion; but I believe

there is not a person living more timorous by nature. I find,

a love of power sometimes intoxicates even God's dear children.

It is much easier for me to obey than govern. This makes me

fly from that which, at our first setting out, we are too apt to

court. I cannot well buy humility at too dear a rate." Letters.

At this time, Whitefield was not unknown at court, nor his

elect ladies unnoticed by the king. On one occasion. Lady

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Chesterfield appeared in a dress, “with a brown ground and sil-

ver flowers," of foreign manufacture. The king came up to her,

smiling significantly. He then laughed aloud, and said, — “I

know who chose that gown for you, — Mr. Whitefield: I hear

you have attended on him for a year and a half." Her Lady-

ship confessed she had, and avowed her approbation of him.

She also regretted deeply afterwards, that she had not said more

whilst she had such an opportunity. The secretary of state

also assured him, that "no hurt was designed by the state" to

the methodists. He had gone to the secretary, accompanied

by a dissenting minister, Mr. G. (query Dr. Gifford?) to "open

the case" of the Irish brethren. The outrages committed upon

them, brought him nearer to the dissenters and the Wesleyans.

They had now a common cause. Accordingly, he was invited

to preach in the Wesleyan chapel. Mr. Wesley read the prayers

for him; and next time Whitefield read them, before Mr. Wes-

ley preached, and then united with him in administering the

sacrament. This delighted him much. "Oh for love and gra-

titude!" he exclaims, — "I have now preached thrice in Mr.

Wesley's chapel, and God was with us of a truth."

He was now tired of London, and relapsing into his old com-

plaints. The fact is, he had grown field-sick; for that was his

home-sickness. Accordingly, he started for the west of Eng-

land again, and although rain and hail pelted him in his field

pulpits, he preached "about twenty times in eight or nine days."

The moment he was in his own element, he saw everything in

his old lights. Hence he says, " 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.'

My heart echoes back. Lord Jesus, help me to do or suffer thy

will. When thou seest me in danger of nestling, — in pity — in

tender pity, — “put a thorn in my nest, to prevent me from it."

Whilst at Bristol, Charles Wesley talked with him about

preaching in the new Wesleyan room; but it does not appear to

have been much desired. Accordingly, Whitefield says, "I

said but little!''' He found, however, a larger sphere. He was

allowed to preach from the window of Smith's Hall, and thus

many thousands heard him.

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From Bristol he went to Wellington, and became the welcome

guest of Darracott, whom he calls "a flaming and successful

preacher of the gospel." Good Darracott had just lost three

lovely children. Two of them had died on "the Saturday even-

ing before the sacrament: but," says Whitefield, "weeping did

not prevent sowing. He preached the next day, and administered

as usual. Our Lord strengthened him; and, for his three natural,

gave him above thirty spiritual, children; and he is likely to

have many more. He has ventured his little all for Christ:

and, last week, a saint died who left him and his heirs £200 in

land. Did ever any one trust in God, and was forsaken?"

This interview with Darracott, who had also suffered much

reproach in the service of Christ, and an interview with Pearsall

of Taunton, who had been a preacher of righteousness before

Whitefield was born, had an inspiring influence upon him. "I

began to take the field again at his dwelling," he says, "for the

spring! I begin to begin to spend and be spent for Him who

shed his own dear heart's blood for me. He makes ranging

exceedingly pleasant. I want more tongues, more bodies, more

souls, for the Lord Jesus. Had I ten thousand, — He should

have them all." In this state of mind he visited many parts of

Devonshire and Cornwall. At Gwinnop, he preached to a large

audience, although the clergyman had preached a virulent ser-

mon against him in the morning. This worthy had said on

Saturday, "Now Whitefield is coming — I must put on my old

armour." He did. Whitefield says, "It did but little execu-

tion, because not Scripture-proof; consequently, not out of

God's armoury. I preached to many thousands. The rain drop-

ped gently upon our bodies, and the grace of God seemed to fall

like a gentle dew, sprinkling rain upon our souls." Thus in

Cornwall, "an unthought-of and unexpectedly wide door" was

opened. He preached in many churches, and the power of God

came down so, that even the ministers were overcome. Such

was the flying of doves to their windows there, that he ceased

for a time to long for the wings of a dove to flee away to America.

He returned to London much improved in health and spirits;

and, having rested a few days, he visited Doddridge and Her-

vey, in order to promote a public subscription for the New

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Jersey college. Doddridge entered warmly into the plan; nobly

hazarding all the consequences of associating with the man whom

the Coward trust despised. Whitefield appreciated his kind-

ness: "I thank you a thousand times," he says, "for your

kindness, and assure you it is reciprocal. Gladly shall I call

upon you again at Northampton." In this letter, he informed

the Doctor, that Lady Huntingdon was to write to him that

night, and thus playfully prepared him for her news: “She is

strangely employed now. Can you guess? The kind people of

Ashby stirred up some of the baser sort to riot before her Lady-

ship's door, whilst the gospel was preaching. Some of the peo-

ple narrowly escaped being murdered, in their way home. The

justice has ordered to bring the offenders before him." To her

Ladyship he said on this occasion, "I trust you will live to

see many of these Ashby stones become children to Abraham."

Soon after this he went again into Yorkshire. At Rother-

ham, he says, "Satan rallied his forces. The crier was em-

ployed to give notice of a bear-baiting. You may guess who

was the bear! However, I preached twice. The drum was

heard, and several watermen attended with great staves. The

constable was struck, and two of the mobbers apprehended, but

rescued afterwards. But all this does not come up to the kind

usage of the people of Ashby!" Sheffield and Leeds, he found

to be a new and warmer climate. Lancashire, however, he still

found to be but cold to him. All was quiet at Manchester, and

he humbly hoped "some had enlisted;" but no great impres-

sion was made, although thousands attended. Liverpool he did

not visit, at this time. At Bolton, a drunkard stood up to

preach behind him; and the wife of the person who lent him

the field, twice attempted to stab the workman who put up the

stand for him. This roused him, and he bore down all oppo-

sition by a torrent of eloquence, which quite exhausted him. In

the night, however, some of the Boltoners got into the barn and

stables where his chaise and horses were put up, and cut both

shamefully. This he called, "Satan showing his teeth."

From this quarter, he went into Cumberland; new ground to

him. At Kendal, "such entrance was made as could not have

been expected." The impression was so great under his first

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sermon, that he could not forget it when he left, and therefore

he returned to confirm ''the souls of the disciples." At Ulver-

ston, also, much good was done. “There," he says, "Satan

made some small 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."

Further particulars of this northern itineracy would only

present similar alternations of insult and success. He preached

“above ninety times, and to a hundred and forty thousand

people," on this route from London to Edinburgh, where he

arrived in the beginning of July.

"He was received," says Gillies, "as usual, in the most tender

and loving manner; preaching generally twice a day to great mul-

titudes, whose seriousness and earnest desire to hear him, made

him exert himself beyond his strength." "By preaching always

twice," (he says,) "and once thrice, and once four times, in a day,

I am quite weakened; but I hope to recruit again. I am burn-

ing with a fever, and have a violent cold: but Christ's presence

makes me smile at pain, and the fire of His love burns up all

fevers whatsoever."

Whitefield's own estimate of this visit to Scotland, was very

high. He says, "I shall have reason to all eternity to bless

God for it. I have reason to think that many are under con-

victions, and am assured of hundreds having received great

benefit and consolation. Not a dog moved his tongue all the

while I was there, and many enemies were glad to be at peace

with me. Oh that I may spring afresh!"

On his return to London, he was received with great joy both

at the Tabernacle and West-Street. During his stay, Hervey

came up on a visit, and resided with him, and Wesley met with

them occasionally. As may be supposed, they had much "sweet

fellowship." But even that could not divert him from the fields

long. It was now autumn; and, therefore, he resolved to work

hard before going into winter quarters. Chatham owes much to

this resolution! The awakening produced by his visit he calls

"as promising a work as in almost any part of England." It re-

acted also upon Sheerness. There a few pious people won the con-

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fidence of good Shruhsole, and drew him on step by step to read

and pray amongst them, until he became a minister, although

without relinquishing his office in the dock-yard. In reference

to this, he said, "I am accounted a phenomenon, there never

having been a preaching master mast-maker before. However,

I know there has been a preaching Carpenter, of the most ex-

alted rank, and this blessed person I am resolved, by the grace

of God, to imitate while I live." He did. Mr. Shrubsole wrote

a "Pilgrim's Progress," in which he has drawn the character

of Whitefield with great accuracy, and sustained it with much

effect, under the name, Fervidus. He wrote also an elegy on White-

field's death, quite equal to any thing of the kind which appeared

on that occasion. His "Pilgrim, or Christian Memoirs," pre-

sents, perhaps, a fairer and fuller view of the state of religion in

England at this time, than any other contemporary book. I hope

it is not out of print! It was the first book which drew my at-

tention to the Times of Whitefield. It was lent to me, whilst a

student at Hoxton College, by the late W. Shrubsole, Esq. of

the Bank of England; the son of the author, in every sense,

and one of my earliest and kindest friends, when I was "a

stranger in a strange land." I never enter the Bank of Eng-

land, without remembering with a thrill of grateful emotion, the

sweet evenings I spent there in his chambers, and in his family

circle! There I obtained my first glimpses of English society,

(and I shall never forget them,) on my arrival in the metropolis

from the mountains and solitudes of Aberdeenshire. I feel

young again in recording this fact. There I heard, for the first

time, instrumental music and musical science combined with

divine worship; and now I never hear them, without remem-

bering how all my Scotch prejudices against this combination

were charmed away at the Bank chambers of Mr. Shrubsole.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHITEFIELD IN IRELAND.

Whitefield's connexion with Ireland was too slight to impress

any character upon the religion of the country, or even to give

an impulse to it. His preaching won souls; but it set in mo-

tion no evangelizing enterprise, except the itineracy of the cele-

brated John Cennick, who obtained for the methodists in Ire-

land the nick-name of swaddlers, by a Christmas sermon. His

text was, "Ye shall find the babe, wrapped in swaddling clothes,

lying in a manger." A catholic who was present, and to whom

the language of Scripture was a novelty, says Dr. Southey,

"thought this so ludicrous, that he called the preacher a swad-

dler, in derision; and this unmeaning word became the nick-

name of the methodists, and had all the effect of the most op-

probrious appellation." It had indeed! When persecution arose

against the Wesleys and their adherents, the watchword of the

mob was, "Five pounds for a swaddler's head!" "Anti-swad-

dlers" was a name chosen for themselves, by the popish party,

and even avowed by them at the trial of the rioters. A public

notice was posted up at the Exchange, with the writer's name

affixed to it, in which he offered to head any mob that would

pull down any house that should harbour a swaddler. And

houses were demolished, and much furniture destroyed. Nor

was this all. In Cork, Butler's mob fell upon men and women,

old and young, with clubs and swords, and beat and wounded

them in a dreadful manner. Even the mayor told one of the

complainants, whose house was beset and about to be pulled

down, that if he would not "turn the preachers out," he must

take whatever he might get. The sheriff also sent a poor

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woman to Bridewell, for expressing regret at seeing the vagabond

ballad-singer, Butler, going about in the dress of a clergyman,

with the Bible in one hand, and ballads in the other. Moore's

Life of Wesley. Mr. Wesley himself describes, what he calls,

"Cork persecution," thus; — "breaking the houses of his Majes-

ty's protestant subjects, destroying their goods, spoiling or

tearing the very clothes from their backs; striking, bruising,

wounding, murdering them in the streets; dragging them

through the mire, without any regard to age or sex; not sparing

even those of tender years; no, nor women, though great with

child; but, with more than pagan or Turkish barbarity, de-

stroying infants that were yet unborn."

These enormities were well-nigh over before Whitefield visit-

ed Ireland. The higher powers had interfered, when they found

that the lower were nearly as low as Butler. Whitefield found

the benefit of the shield which Wesley so much needed, and so

nobly won. He had, however, preached in Ireland before

Wesley visited it; which was in 1747. In 1738, Whitefield

touched there, on his return from America, weak and weary,

after a tedious and famishing voyage. When he landed from

the vessel, "we had," he says, "but half a pint of water left,

and my stomach was exceeding weak through long abstinence.

Most of us begin to be weak, and look hollow-eyed. My clothes

have not been off, except to change, all the passage. Part of

the time I lay on open deck, part on a chest, and the remainder

on a bedstead covered with my buffalo's skin." He was wel-

comed at a "strong castle," where, he says, "I asked the ser-

vant for water, and she gave me milk, and brought forth butter

in a lordly dish. And never — did I make a more comfortable

meal!"

After resting for a day or two at Kilrush to renew his

strength, he went to Limerick, where the bishop. Dr. Burs-

cough, received him with much hospitality and candour. His

Lordship requested him to preach in the cathedral on Sunday,

and on parting with him kissed him, and said, "Mr. Whitefield,

God bless you; I wish you success abroad; had you staid in

town, this house should have been your home." This welcome

was the more gratifying, because his sermon had agitated the

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people. In walking about the town next day, "all the inha-

bitants,” he says, "seemed alarmed, and looked most wishfully

at me as I passed along." The contrast in his circumstances,

also, affected him very deeply. "Good God!" he exclaims,

"where was I on Saturday last? In hunger, cold, and thirst-

ing; but now I enjoy fullness of bread, and all things convenient

for me. God grant I may not, Jeshurun-like, wax fat, and

kick! Perhaps it is more difficult to know how to abound, than

how to want."

From Limerick he went to Dublin, where he preached twice

in the churches; the second time to such a rivetted crowd, that

he calls it, "like a London congregation." Here also the

bishops were neither afraid nor ashamed of him. The primate

of all Ireland invited him to dinner, and told him that he heard

of him from Gibraltar. The bishop of Londonderry also was

equally kind. Whitefield felt all this deeply, and rejoiced with

trembling. "Dearest Jesus," he exclaims, "grant me humility;

so shall thy favours not prove my ruin."

Such was his first reception in Ireland. His second, in 1751,

although upon the whole favourable, was not "like unto it."

He was now a field preacher, and just hot from Wales, where

he had been preaching twice a day, over a space of 500 miles.

He began his labour in Dublin, and found at once large con-

gregations hearing, "as for eternity." In Limerick and Cork,

also, his commanding eloquence overawed the old persecutors.

The public cry was, "Methodism is revived again;" but it was

the signal of welcome, not of war, as formerly. At this time he

was both very weak in body, and subject to daily vomiting.

During this visit, he preached eighty times, and with great suc-

cess. "Providence," says he, "has wonderfully prepared my

way, and overruled everything for my greater acceptance.

Everywhere there seems a shaking among the dry bones, and

the trembling lamps of God's people have been supplied with

fresh oil. The word ran and was glorified." "Hundreds,"

says Dr. Southey, "prayed for him when he left Cork; and

many of the catholics said, that, if he would stay, they would

leave their priests."

One cause of Whitefield's popularity at this time was, that

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he meddled not with Irish politics. "He condemned all poli-

tics,” says Dr. Southey, "as below the children of God:" but

why did the Doctor add, "alluding, apparently, to the decided

manner in which Wesley always inculcated obedience to govern-

ment as one of the duties of a Christian; making it his boast,

that whoever became a good methodist, became at the same

time a good subject." Was Whitefield less loyal than Wesley?

When? Where? Not in Ireland certainly. I have now be-

fore me the letter which justifies the Doctor in hinting that

Whitefield "seems to have regarded the conduct of Wesley and

his lay-preachers," in Ireland, "with no favourable eye." But

why should this be interpreted to mean their politics chiefly, or

at all? Dr. Southey quotes from Whitefield, as if he had said

that “some dreadful offences had been given" by the Wes-

leyans; and argues as if they had been political offences.

Whitefield himself says, "I find, through the many offences

that have lately been given, matters (among the methodists)

were brought to a low ebb; but now the cry is, 'Methodism is

revived again.' Thanks be to God, that I have an opportunity

of showing my disinterestedness, and that I preach not for a

party of my own, but for the common interest of my blessed

Master. Your Ladyship" (the letter is to Lady Huntingdon)

"would smile to see how the wise have been catched in their

own craftiness." Now this justifies the hint, that Whitefield

"seems to have regarded their conduct with no favourable eye."

Indeed, it is the severest thing I know of, that he says in con-

nexion with Wesley's name, — “for that he meant him, by the

wise caught in their own craftiness," is obvious. It is not "ap-

parent," however, that he alluded to "the decided manner in

which Wesley inculcated obedience to government." That, in

fact, was not a matter of policy, but of vital principle, with

Wesley and Whitefield too. Wesley had, however, lines of

policy, which Whitefield was jealous of, and opposed to, not

without reason.

Whitefield's last visit to Ireland was in 1757, when he nearly

lost his life, after preaching at Oxminton Green. This was

popish outrage. The church was not unfriendly to him. In-

deed, one of the bishops said to a nobleman, who told White-

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field, "I am glad he is come to rouse the people." Even the

primate solicited him to "accept of some considerable church

preferment, which he declined." De Courcy.

"Preferments, honours, ease, he deemed but loss,

Vile and contemptible, for Jesus' cross:

Inur'd to scandal, injuries, and pain,

To him to live was Christ; to die was gain."

De Courcy's Elegy,

His own narrative of the outrage is as interesting as it is cir-

cumstantial. — "Many attacks have I had from Satan's children,

but yesterday you would have thought he had been permitted

to give me an effectual parting blow. I had once or twice ven-

tured out to Oxminton Green, a large place like Moorfields,

situated very near the barracks, where the Ormond and Liberty

boys, that is, the high and low party boys, generally assemble

every Sunday, to fight each other. When I was here last, the

congregations were very numerous, and the word seemed to

come with power, and no noise nor disturbance ensued. This

encouraged me to give notice, that I would preach there again.

I went through the barracks, the door of which opens into the

Green, and pitched my tent near the barrack walls — not doubt-

ing 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 molestation; only now and then

a few stones and clods of dirt were thrown at me.

"It being war time, I exhorted, as is my usual practice, my

hearers, not only to fear God, but to honour the best of kings

and after sermon, I prayed for success to the Prussian arms.

All being over, I thought to return home the way I came; but,

to my great surprise, access 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, &c. Finding me unat-

tended, (for a soldier and four methodist preachers, who came

with me, had forsook me and fled,) I was left to their mercy.

But 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 made me reel backwards and forwards, till I

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was almost breathless, and all over a gore of blood. My strong

beaver hat served me as it were for a scull cap for a while; but

at last it was knocked off, and my head left quite defenceless.

I received many blows and wounds; one was particularly large,

and near my temples. I thought of Stephen, and as I believed

that I received more blows, I was in great hopes that like him

I should be despatched, and go off in this bloody triumph to the

immediate presence of my Master. But providentially a minis-

ter's house lay 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 having broke

part of the boards of the pulpit into large splinters, they beat

and wounded my servant grievously in his head and arms, and

then came and drove him from the door. For a while I con-

tinued speechless, panting for, and expecting every breath to

be my last. Two or three of the hearers, my friends, by some

means or other, got admission, and kindly with weeping eyes

washed my bloody wounds, and gave me something to smell to

and to drink. 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. W 's place; some advised one thing, and some

another. At length, a carpenter, one of the friends that came

in, offered me his wig and coat, that I might go off in dis-

guise. I accepted of and put them on, but was soon ashamed

of not trusting my Master to secure me in my proper habit,

and threw them off with disdain. I determined to go out

(since I found my presence was so troublesome) in my proper

habit; 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, though threatened every

step of the ground. 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 Chris-

tian surgeon was ready to dress our wounds, which being done,

I went into the preaching-place, and after giving a word of ex-

hortation, joined in a hymn of praise and thanksgiving to Him

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who makes our extremity his opportunity, 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 hath often

made preachers. That I may be thus revenged of them, is my

hearty prayer."

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHITEFIELD’S CHARACTERISTIC SAYINGS.

1734 TO 1745.

Contentment. "I find all uneasiness arises from having a

will of my own; therefore I would desire to will only what God

wills."

Condition. "Alas! that anyone should inquire after such

a wretch as I am. As for my quality; I was a poor, mean

drawer (tapster); but, by the grace of God, I am now intended

for the ministry. As for my estate; I am a servitor. And as

to my condition and circumstances; I have not (of my own) where

to lay my head. But my friends, by God's providence, minister

daily to me: and, in return for such unmerited, unspeakable

blessings, I trust the same good Being will give me grace to

dedicate myself without reserve to his service — to spend and be

spent for the welfare of my fellow- creatures, and in endeavour-

ing to promote the gospel of his Son as much as lieth in my poor

power." Whitefield's early purpose turned out an accurate

prophecy! He became what he wished to be, and did what he

designed.

Humility. "Catch an old Christian without humility — if you

can! It is nothing but this flesh of ours, and those cursed seeds

of the proud apostate, which lie lurking within us, that make us

think ourselves worthy of the air we breathe. When our eyes

are opened by the influence of divine grace, we then shall begin

to think of ourselves 'as we ought to think;' even that Christ is

all in all, and we less than nothing."

Inexperience. "Oh let us young, inexperienced soldiers, be

always upon our guard. The moment we desert our post, the

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enemy rushes in: and if he can but so divert our eyes from look-

ing heavenward, (often,) he will soon so blind us, that we shall

not look towards it at all. A great deal may be learnt from a

little fall."

Example. "The degeneracy of the age is not the least ob-

jection against advances in piety. It is true, indeed, that in-

stances of exalted piety are rarely to be met with in the present

age: one would think, if we were to take an estimate of our

religion from the lives of most of its professors, that Christianity

was nothing but a dead letter. But then — it is not our religion

but ourselves that is to blame for this."

Such were some of Whitefield's "first principles," when he

began to study at Oxford. How well they lasted, and how much

they influenced him, all through life, will appear equally from

his history, and from their frequent recurrence in other and

more powerful forms, in this sketch of his governing maxims.

The sketch itself I have made with some care, in order to illus-

trate both his talents and piety; that those who speak of him,

may judge of him from his "sayings," as well as from his "do-

ings." Had Dr. Doddridge reviewed the following Miscellany

of Whitefield's maxims, he would have retracted the charge of

"weakness" he made against him, and heightened all his eulo-

giums on the piety and zeal of his friend. But Doddridge saw

Whitefield chiefly, if not only, when Whitefield had preached

away all his strength and spirits, in "the great congregations,"

and could speak only of his work and warfare. Thus he judged

of his talents, as a Scotch minister did of his devotion, when he

was jaded by hard labour. Posterity will now judge of both

for themselves, — from the following specimens of both.

Self-renunciation. "What is there so monstrously terri-

ble in a doctrine, that is the constant subject of our prayers,

whenever we put up that petition, ‘Thy will be done on earth as

it is in heaven?' The import of which seems to be this, — that

we do everything God wills, and nothing but what he willeth;

that we do those things he willeth, only because he willeth. This

cannot, indeed, be done in a day. We have not only a new house

to build up, but also an old one to pull down."

Temptation. “We find our Saviour was led into the wil-

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derness before he entered upon his public ministry: and so must

we too, if we would tread in his steps."

Prayers requested. "If Pauncefort's petitions for me should

run in this manner, I should be thankful: — That God should

finish the good work he has begun in me; that I may never seek

nor be fond of worldly preferment; but may employ every mite

of those talents it shall please God to intrust me with, to His

glory and the church's good; and likewise, that the endeavours

of my friends to revive pure religion in the world, may meet with

proper success."

Consecration. "I can call heaven and earth to witness, that

when the bishop laid his hand upon me, I gave myself up a mar-

tyr to him who hung upon the cross for me. Known unto him

are all future events and contingencies: I have thrown myself

blindfold and I trust without reserve, into His almighty hands."

First Sermon. "It was my intention to have at least a hun-

dred sermons with which to begin my ministry: I have not a

single one by me, except one which I sent to a neighbouring

clergyman — to convince him how unfit I was to take upon me

the important work of preaching. He kept it a fortnight, and

then sent it back with a guinea for the loan; telling me he had

preached it morning and evening to his congregation, by divid-

ing it."

Reproach. "Strange, that any one should let a little re-

proach deprive them of an eternal crown! Lord, what is man!

In a short time we shall have praise enough. Heaven will echo

with the applause given to the true followers of the Lamb."

A Wife's Portrait. “I live in hopes of seeing you and your

wife again (growing in grace) in England. You told me, she

desired I would draw her picture; but, alas! she has applied to

an improper limner. However, though I cannot describe what

she is, I can tell what she ought to be: — Meek, patient, long-

suffering, obedient in all things, not self-willed, not soon angry,

no brawler, swift to hear, slow to speak, and ready to every good

word and work. But I can no more; I dare not go on in telling

another what she ought to be, when I want so much myself;

only this I know, when possessed of those good qualities before-

mentioned, she will then be as happy as her heart can wish."

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Miracles. "What need is there for them, now that we

see greater miracles every day done by the power of God's

word? Do not the spiritually blind now see? Are not the spi-

ritually dead now raised, and the leprous souls now cleansed,

and have not the poor the gospel preached unto them? And if

we have the thing already, which such miracles were only in-

tended to introduce, why should we tempt God in requiring fur-

ther signs? He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

Warning. "God forbid I should be called, at the great day,

to say, that my dear Mr. put his hand to the plough and

turned back unto perdition. Good God! the thought strikes

me as though a dart was shot through my liver. Return, re-

turn. My dear friend, I cannot part from you forever. Do not

speak peace to your soul, when there is no peace. Do not turn

factor for the devil. Do not prejudice or hurt my brother, and

thereby add to the grief you have already occasioned."

Zeal. "I love those that thunder out the word. The chris-

tian world is in a deep sleep. Nothing but a loud voice can

awaken them out of it."

Zeal and Prudence. "Had we a thousand hands and tongues,

there is employment enough for them all: people are every where

ready to perish for lack of knowledge. As the Lord has been

pleased to reveal his dear Son in us, oh let us stir up that gift of

God, and with all boldness preach him to others. Freely we

have received, freely let us give: what Christ tells us by his

Spirit in our closets, that let us proclaim on the house-top. He

who sends will protect us. All the devils in hell shall not hurt

us, till we have finished our testimony. And then if we should

seal it with imprisonment or death, well will it be with us, and

happy shall we be evermore! But the proof of our sincerity

will be when we come to the trial. I fear for no one so much

as myself."

Impatience. "I want to leap my seventy years. I long to

be dissolved, to be with Christ. Sometimes it arises from a fear

of falling, knowing what a body of sin I carry about me! Some-

times from a prospect of future labours and sufferings, I am out

of humour, and wish for death as Elijah did. At others, I am

tempted, and then I long to be freed from temptations. But it

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is not thus always: there are times when my soul hath such

foretastes of God, that I long more eagerly to be with him; and

the frequent prospect of the happiness which the spirits of just

men made perfect now enjoy, often carries me, as it were, into

another world."

Bunyan. “And oh what sweet communion did he enjoy in

Bedford gaol! I really believe a minister will learn more by

one month's confinement, than by a year's study."

Blasts. "The light that has been given us, is not to be put

under a bushel, but on a candlestick. Satan, indeed, by blasts

of persecution, will do all he can to put it out. If our light be the

light of Christ, those blasts will only cause it to shine the brighter."

Friends. "Nothing gives me more comfort, next to the

assurance of the eternal continuance of God's love, than the pleas-

ing reflection of having so many Christian friends to watch with

my soul. I wish they would smite me friendly, and reprove me

oftener than they do; I would force my proud heart to thank

them."

Candour. “Success I fear elated my mind. I did not be-

have towards you, and other ministers of Christ, with that hu-

mility which became me. I freely confess my fault; I own my-

self, to be but a novice. Your charity, dear Sir, will excite you

to pray that I may not through pride fall into the condemnation

of the devil. Dear Sir, shall I come out into the world again

or not? Must I venture myself once more among firebrands,

arrows, and death? Methinks I hear you reply, ‘Yes, if you

come forth in the strength of the Lord God, and make mention

of his righteousness only.' It is my desire so to do. I would

have Jesus all in all. Like a pure crystal I would transmit all

the light he poureth upon me."

Humility, “If possible, Satan will make us to think more

highly of ourselves than we ought to think. I can tell this by

fatal experience. It is not sudden flashes of joy, but having

the humility of Christ Jesus, that must denominate us Chris-

tians. If we hate reproof, we are so far from being true fol-

lowers of the Lamb of God, that in the opinion of the wisest of

men, we are brutish."

Ingenious Fidelity. " The principles which I maintain.

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are purely Scriptural, and every way agreeable to the Church of

England Articles. What I have been chiefly concerned about

is, lest any should rest in the bare speculative knowledge, and

not experience the power of them in their own hearts. What

avails it, Sir, if I am a patron for the righteousness of Jesus

Christ in behalf of another, if at the same time I am self-

righteous myself? I am thus jealous, I trust with a godly

jealousy, because I see so many self-deceivers among my ac-

quaintance. There is one in particular, (whom I love, and for

whom I most heartily pray,) who approves of my doctrine, and

hath heard it preached many years past, but I could never hear

him tell of his experiences, or of what God has done for his

soul. He hath excellent good desires and intentions, but I think

he wants something more: Lord, for thy infinite mercy's sake,

grant he may know himself even as he is known! I need not

tell Mr. D who this dear friend is — you are intimately

acquainted with him; you love him as you do your own heart;

you are never out of his company. O dear Sir, be not angry.

Methinks I hear you, by this time, making an application, and

saying, 'Then I am the man.' True, dear Sir, I confess you

are. But love, love for your better part, your soul, your pre-

cious soul, this love constrains me to use this freedom. You

are more noble than to take it ill at my hands: I could not bear

even to suspect that you deceived yourself, dear Sir, and not

tell you such a suspicion was in my heart. That God may

powerfully convince you of self-righteousness, and clothe you

with the righteousness of his dear Son; that he may fill you

with his grace, and thereby fit you for, and at last translate you

to, his glory, is the hearty prayer of,

Dear Sir,

your most obliged and affectionate friend,

and humble servant,

G. W.'

Catholicity. "I wish all names among the saints of God

were swallowed up in that one of Christian. I long for pro-

fessors to leave off placing religion in saying, 'I am a church

man, I am a dissenter.' My language to such is, Are you of

Christ? If so, I love you with all my heart.'"

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Self-Knowledge. "My heart is like Ezekiel's temple, the

further I search into it, the greater abominations I discover;

but there is a fountain opened for sin and all uncleanness."

Godly Jealousy. "There is nothing I dread more than

having my heart drawn away by earthly objects. — When that

time comes, it will be over with me indeed; I must then bid

adieu to zeal and fervency of spirit, and in effect bid the Lord,

Jesus to depart from me. For alas, what room can there be for

God, when a rival hath taken possession of the heart? My

blood runs cold at the very thought thereof. I cannot, indeed

I cannot away with it."

Wonder. "As for my own part, I often stand astonished

at the riches of free distinguishing grace, and I often feel my-

self so great a sinner, that I am tempted to think nothing can

be blessed which comes from such unhallowed hands and lips;

but yet the Lord is with me, and attends his word with mighty power."

Assurance. "The root of the matter is twisted round every

faculty of the soul, which daily is supported with this assurance,

that Christ can no more forsake the soul he loves, than he can

forsake himself."

Confession. "All that people do say of me, affects me but

little; because I know worse of myself than they can say con-

cerning me. My heart is desperately wicked. Was God to

leave me I should be a remarkable sinner."

Zeal. "Nature would sometimes cry out, 'Spare thyself;'

but when I am offering Jesus to poor sinners, I cannot forbear

exerting all my powers. Oh that I had a thousand lives; my

dear Lord Jesus should have them all."

Affliction. "Well may God afflict me; I richly deserve

it; and when he brings me low, nothing grieves me so much, as

to think that I should be so froward, as to oblige the God of love

to strike me with his rod. But, oh the goodness of the Lord!

His rod, as well as staff, do comfort and build up my soul. I

would not but be tried for ten thousand worlds. Blessed be God,

I am enabled to clasp the cross, and desire to glory in nothing more."

Luther. "I find Luther's observation to be true: ‘Times

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of reformation are times of confusion;' as yet the churches in

America are quiet, but I expect a sifting time ere long."

America. "I am more and more in love with the good old

puritans; I am pleased at the thoughts of sitting down hereafter

with the venerable Cotton, Norton, Elliot, and that great cloud

of witnesses, which first crossed the western ocean for the sake

of the gospel, and the faith once delivered to the saints. At

present, my soul is so filled, that I can scarce proceed."

Parliament. "Though I scarce know an oak from a hickory,

or one kind of land from another, I am subpoenaed to appear

before parliament, to give an account of the condition of the

province of Georgia, when I left it."

Assurance. "As for assurance, I cannot but think all who

are truly converted must know that there was a time in which

they closed with Christ: but then, as so many have died only

with an humble hope, and have been even under doubts and

fears, though they could not but be looked upon as Christians,

I am less positive than once I was, lest haply I should condemn

some of God's dear children. The farther we go in the spi-

ritual life, the more cool and rational shall we be, and yet more

truly zealous. I speak this by experience."

Holy Fire. "I desire that none of my wildfire may be

mixed with the pure fire of holy zeal coming from God's altar.

I think it my duty to wait, to go on simply in preaching the

everlasting gospel, and I believe we shall yet see the salvation of God."

Field Preaching. "Everyone hath his proper gift. Field

preaching is my plan. In this I am carried as on eagles' wings."

Pharisees. "I find no such enemies to the cross of Christ, as those   
who keep up the form of religion, and are orthodox in their notions,   
but are ignorant of an experimental acquaintance with Jesus."

Punning. “Once in my sermon I said, 'Oh that New Eng-

land was full of new creatures!'"

Catholic Spirit. "I talk freely with the Messrs. Wes-

ley, though we widely differ in a certain point. Most talk of

a catholic spirit; but it is only till they have brought people

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into the pale of their own church. This is downright secta-

rianism, not Catholicism. How can I act consistently, unless I

receive and love all the children of God, whom I esteem to be

such, of whatever denomination they may be? Why should we

dispute when there is no probability of convincing? I think

this is not giving up the faith, but fulfilling our Lord's new

command, 'Love one another;' and our love is but feigned,

unless it produces proper effects. I am persuaded, the more

the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts, the more all nar-

rowness of spirit will subside and give way: besides, so far as

we are narrow-spirited, we are uneasy. Prejudices, jealousies,

and suspicions make the soul miserable, so far as they are en-

tertained."

Zeal. "Those who are not solidly established in the love

of God, will fall too much in love with the outward form of their

particular church, be it what it will. But as the love of God

gets the ascendency, the more they will be like him and his

holy angels, and consequently rejoice when souls are brought to

Jesus, whatever instruments may be made use of for that pur-

pose. If therefore some that you and I know, are too confined

(as I believe is too much the case); if they do not preach more

frequently, and abound more in good works; I think it is for

want of having their hearts more inflamed with the love of God,

and their graces kept in more constant exercise. To stir up

the gift of God that is in us, is an apostolical injunction; and

if we do not keep upon our watch, we shall fall into a false still-

ness. Nature loves ease; and as a blind zeal often prompts us

to speak too much, so tepidity and lukewarmness often cause us

to speak too little. Divine wisdom alone is profitable to direct;

and I would be very cautious how I speak, lest I should take

too much upon me."

Bigotry. "Disputing with bigots and narrow-spirited people

will not do. I intend henceforward to say less to them, and

pray more and more to our Lord for them. 'Lord, enlarge

their hearts,' is my continual prayer for such, who are so strait-

ened in their own bowels. Blessed be God, this partition-wall

is breaking down daily in some of our old friends' hearts in

London. I exhort all to go where they can profit most. I

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preach what I believe to be the truth, and then leave it to the

Spirit of God to make the application. When we have done

this, I think we have gone to the utmost bounds of our com-

mission."

Life and Death. "'Why are you reconciled to life?' Be-

cause I can do that for Jesus on earth, which I cannot do in

heaven: I mean, be made instrumental in bringing some poor,

weary, heavy laden sinners to find rest in his blood and right-

eousness; and, indeed, if our Saviour was to offer either to take

me now, or to stay only to take one sinner more, I would desire

to stay to take him with me."

Devotion. "Morning and evening retirement is certainly

exceeding good; but if through weakness of body, or frequency

of preaching, I cannot go to God in 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 soul, which by the divine blessing I

daily enjoy. If the work of God prosper, and your hands be-

come more full, you will then, dear Sir, know better what I

mean. But enough of this. God knows my heart; I would do

everything I possibly could to satisfy all men, and give a rea-

son of the hope that is in me with meekness and fear; but I

cannot satisfy all that are waiting for an occasion to find fault:

our Lord could not; I therefore despair of doing it."

But a Sinner. "You are but a sinner, and Jesus died for

sinners. Come and welcome to Jesus Christ."

God's Work. "I have been faulty in looking too much to

foreign help, and despising that which God had given me.

When our Lord was to feed the multitude, he would not create

new bread, but multiplied the loaves that were already at hand.

'Ye need not send them away, give ye them to eat,' said he:

so say I to my dear brethren at the Tabernacle. Work with

the materials you have. In doing the work, God will teach

you how to do it. Experience will grow up with the work

itself. Thus God hath dealt with me, and so he continues to deal."

Luther and Calvin. "Mr. Wesley I think is wrong in

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some things, and Mr. Law wrong also; yet I believe that both

Mr. Law and Mr. Wesley, and others, with whom we do not

agree in all things, will shine bright in glory. It is best there-

fore for a gospel minister, simply and powerfully to preach those

truths he has been taught of God, and to meddle as little as

possible with those who are children of God, though they should

differ in many things. This would keep the heart sweet, and at

the same time not betray the truths of Jesus. I have tried both

the disputing and the quiet way, and find the latter far prefer-

able to the former. I have not given way to the Moravian

brethren, or 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. I pray you, for

Christ's sake, to take heed lest your spirit should be imbitter-

ed, when you are speaking or writing for God. This will give

your adversaries advantage over you, and make people think

your passion is the effect of your principles. Since I have been

in England this time, Calvin's example has been very much

pressed upon me. You know how Luther abused him. As we

are of Calvinistical principles, I trust we shall, in this respect, imitate   
Calvin's practice, and show all meekness to those who may oppose."

Poverty. "How is the world mistaken about my circum-

stances: worth nothing myself, embarrassed for others, and yet

looked upon to flow in riches! Our extremity is God's op-

portunity."

Head and Heart. "Though principles are not to be rested

in, yet it is a good thing to have a clear head as well as a clean

heart. Some people make nothing of principles; but why are

they so zealous in propagating their own."

Judging. "Do not think that all things the most refined

Christian in the world does, is right; or that all principles are

wrong, because some that hold them are too imbittered in their

spirits. It is hard for good men, when the truths of God are

opposed, to keep their temper, especially at the first attack.

Nothing but the all-conquering blood of the dear Redeemer

can destroy the wildfire in the heart."

Usefulness. "I have the pleasure often to go without the

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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 love. He has

brought mighty things to pass here, and gotten himself the vic-

tory in many hearts. I trust there is not a day passes but some

poor creature or another is plucked as a brand out of the burn-

ing. I wish I could hear God was more in the camp."

Persecution. "I had once the honour of being publicly ar-

raigned, for not reading the Common Prayer in a meeting-

house. At another time, I was taken up by a warrant for cor-

recting a letter wherein were these words, 'Shall our clergy

break the canons?' The prosecutions were unjust; but there is

our glory. I remember when Socrates was about to suffer, his

friends grieved that he suffered unjustly. What! says he, would

you have me suffer justly?' If we are buffetted for our faults,

and take it patiently,' says a greater than Socrates, 'we are not

to glory; but if we are reproached for Christ, and suffer as

christians, happy are we.' I think our present sufferings are

for him."

Self-Knowledge. ''I know what a dreadful thing it is, to

carry much sail without proper ballast, and to rejoice in a false

liberty. Joy floating upon the surface of an unmortified heart,

is but of short continuance. It puffs up, but doth not edify. I

thank our Saviour that he is showing us here more of our hearts,

and more of his love."

Christ's Library. "Oh that I could lie lower! then should I

rise higher. Could I take deeper root downwards, then should

I 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 Jesus. Blessed be his name for what he has

given me already. Blessed be his name, that out of his fullness

I receive grace for grace. Oh that my heart was Christ's

library! I would not have one thief to lodge in my Redeemer's

temple. ‘Lord, scourge out every thief,' is the daily language

of my heart. The Lord will hear my prayer, and let my cry

come unto him."

Maxim. "When I discover a new corruption, I am as thank-

ful as a sentinel keeping watch in a garrison, would be at spying

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a straggling enemy come near him. I stand not fighting with

it myself in my own strength, but run immediately and tell the

Captain of my salvation. By the sword of his Spirit, he soon

destroys it, and makes me exceeding happy. This is what I call

a simple looking to Christ. I know of no other effectual way

of keeping the old man down, after he has gotten his deadly

blow."

Melancthon. "As Luther said to Melancthon, 'Nimis es

nullus.’ You are kept in bondage by a false humility. It is

good to see ourselves poor, and exceeding vile; but if that sight

and feeling prevent our looking up to, and exerting ourselves

for, our dear Saviour; it becomes criminal, and robs the soul of

much comfort. I can speak this by dear-bought experience.

How often have I been kept from speaking and acting for God,

by a sight of my own unworthiness! but now I see that the

more unworthy I am, the more fit to work for Jesus, because he

will get much glory in working by such mean instruments; and

the more he has forgiven me, the more I ought to love and serve

him. Fired with a sense of his unspeakable loving-kindness, I

dare to go out and tell poor sinners that a Lamb was slain for

them; and that he will have mercy on sinners as such, of whom

indeed I am chief."

Whitefield's Tump. "I preached to about ten thousand on

Hampton Common, at what the people now call Whitefield's

Tump, because I preached there first. I cannot tell you what a

solemn occasion that was. I perceive a great alteration in the

people since I was in these parts last. They did indeed hang

on me to hear the word. It ran and was glorified."

Rams' Horns. "The rams' horns are sounding about Jeri-

cho; surely the towering walls will at length fall down. But

we must have patience. He that believeth, doth not make

haste. The rams' horns must go round seven times."

Jerusalem Sinners. "I purpose 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."

Orphan School. "I think I could be sold a slave to serve

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at the galleys, rather than you and my dear orphan family should

want."

Old Cole. "I must acquaint you of the following anecdote

of the old Mr. Cole, a most venerable dissenting minister, whom

I was always taught to ridicule, and (with shame I write it) used,

when a boy, to run into his meeting-house, and cry, Old Cole!

old Cole! old Cole! Being asked once by one of his congrega-

tion, what business I would be of? I said, 'A minister, but I

would take care never to tell stories in the pulpit, like the old

Cole.' About twelve years afterwards, the old man heard me

preach in one of the churches at Gloucester; and on my telling

some story to illustrate the subject I was upon, having been

informed what I had before said, made this remark to one of his

elders, 'I find that young Whitefield can now tell stories, as

well as old Cole.' Being affected much with my preaching, he

was as it were become young again; and used to say, when

coming to and returning from Barn, 'These are days of the Son

of man indeed!' Nay, he was so animated, and so humbled,

that he used to subscribe himself, my curate, and went about

preaching after me in the country, from place to place. But one

evening, whilst preaching, he was struck with death, and then

asked for a chair to lean on till he concluded his sermon, when

he was carried up-stairs and died. O blessed God! if it be

thy holy will, may my exit be like his!" The Tump at Hamp-

ton had been Cole's stand before it was called Whitefield's

Tump.

Party. "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, according to the present temper of my

mind, could be content that the name of George Whitefield

should die, if thereby the name of my dear Redeemer could be

exalted. Indeed, I am amazed that he employs me at all. But

what shall we say? He hateth putting away, therefore I am

not consumed. Grace, sovereign, free grace! shall be all my

song."

Behind the Curtain. "Satan hath desired to have you,

that he may sift you as wheat; but surely Jesus prays for you,

though as it were behind the curtain."

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The Rod. "O happy rod,

That brought me nearer to my God.

I think I can say, it is good to bear the yoke of affliction in

youth. It teaches one to keep silence, and weans us from a too

great attachment to all sublunary enjoyments. I have a few

strokes of my Father's rod from time to time, as well as you.

But I find that his rod as well as his staff do comfort. I am a

naughty child, and want much correction; but he that wounds,

heals also, and in glory we shall find, that his loving correction

hath made us great. O glory! It is yonder in view; Jesus

stands at the top of the ladder to receive us into it."

Colonel Gardiner. "The noble Colonel Gardiner once

wished me 'a thriving soul in a healthy body.' Or however

it may be with the one, I earnestly pray that the other may

prosper. Sickness is often made use of as a means, in the hands

of an all-gracious Father, to ripen our graces and fit us for hea-

ven. Through grace, I can say it is good for me to be sick,

though I am afraid I am too impatient to be gone. Well! He

that Cometh, will come, and cannot tarry long: till then may I

be resigned, and work the works of him that sent me whilst it

is day, before the night cometh when no man can work."

Resignation. "My schemes are so frequently disconcerted,

that I would willingly put a blank into his hands, to be filled up

just as he pleases. But this stubborn will would fain avoid

swallowing some wholesome bitter-sweets, which the all-gracious

Physician reaches out unto me. Nevertheless, through grace,

the prevailing language of my heart is, 'Not my will, but thine

be done.'"

Candour. "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. Wildfire has been mixed

with it, and I find that I frequently wrote and spoke in my own

spirit, when I thought I was writing and speaking by the assist-

ance of the Spirit of God. I have likewise too much made in-

ward impressions my rule of acting, and too soon and too ex-

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plicitly published what had been better kept in longer, or told

after my death. By these things I have given some wrong

touches to God's ark, and hurt the blessed cause I would defend,

and also stirred up needless opposition. This has humbled me

much since I have been on board, and made me think of a say-

ing of Mr. Henry's, 'Joseph had more honesty than he had

policy, or he never would have told his dreams.' At the same

time, I cannot but bless, and praise, and magnify 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, for giving me to see and confess, and I hope in some de-

gree to correct and amend, some of my mistakes."

Popularity. "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."

Nobility. "Paul preached privately to those that were of

reputation. This must be the way I presume of dealing with

the nobility, who yet know not the Lord. Oh that I may be

enabled, when called to preach to any of them, so to preach as

to win their souls to the blessed Jesus."

To Dr. Doddridge. "The Moravians first divided my fa-

mily, then my parish at Georgia, and after that the societies

which, under God, I was an instrument of gathering. I suppose

not less than four hundred, through their practices, have left

the Tabernacle. But I have been forsaken otherwise. 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. Thus blessed

Paul was served; thus must all expect to be treated who are of

Paul's spirit, and are honoured with any considerable degree of

Paul's success. But I have generally observed, that when one

door of usefulness is shut, another opens."

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Samuel. "'Surely' (says the prophet that was sent to anoint

one of Jesse's sons) 'the Lord's anointed is before me.' He

guessed several times; but always guessed wrong, till little

David was sent for, who was thought nothing of. And if a pro-

phet was mistaken, when thus sent in a peculiar manner, and,

no doubt, particularly engaged in prayer for direction, is it any

wonder, that we should find ourselves mistaken in many things,

even when we have been most earnest with God for guidance and

direction? God often guides us by disappointments."

Secrets. "You know me too well to judge I have many

secrets. May the secret of the Lord be with me! and then I

care not if there were a window in my heart, for all mankind to

see the uprightness of my intentions."

Maxim. "Like a pure crystal, I would transmit all the glory

God is pleased to pour upon me, and never claim as my own

what is his sole property."

Angels. "As we advance in the divine life, we shall be more and

more conformed to those ministering spirits, who, though waiting

on us below, do always behold the face of our heavenly Father above."

Luther. "How was Paul humbled and struck down before

he was sent forth to preach the everlasting gospel! Prayer,

temptation, and meditation, says Luther, are necessary ingre-

dients for a minister. If God teach us humility, it must be

as Gideon taught the men of Succoth, by thorns."

Blossoms. "I have always found awakening times like spring

times; many blossoms, but not always so much fruit."

Popularity. "You judge right, when you say, 'It is your

opinion, that 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 po-

pularity 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? Oh that the Lord Jesus may thrust

out many, many labourers into his harvest! Surely the time

must come, when many of the priests also shall be obedient to

the word. I wait for thy salvation, O Lord!"

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Compliment. "Luther observed, that 'he was never em-

ployed in any new thing, but he was beset with some tempta-

tions, or visited with a fit of sickness.' I only wish I could bear

it for your Ladyship; but then your crown would not be so

bright, nor the inward purity of your heart so great."

Nature. "Nature is a mere Proteus, and till renewed by the Spirit  
of God, though it may shift its scene, will be only nature still."

A pretty Character. "I wish the beloved physician was

more reconciled to the cross. I am persuaded, let him say what

he pleases, that a too great attachment to the world makes him

reason as he does in many things. Well, — ‘he is in good hands.

He must either come or be dragged to the cross. That pretty

character of his must be crucified and slain; and, as well as

others, he must be content (as Mr. Gurnall expresses it) to

go to heaven in a fool's coat.'"

The King. "Lately his Majesty, seeing Lady Chesterfield

at court with a grave gown, pleasantly asked her, ‘whether Mr.

Whitefield advised her to that colour.' Oh that all were clothed

in the bright and spotless robe of the Redeemer's righteousness!

How beautiful would they then appear in the sight of the King

of kings!"

Self-knowledge. "Oh that I may learn from all I see, to

desire to be nothing; and 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 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 govern, and that it is much safer to

be trodden underfoot, than to have it in one's power to serve

others so. This makes me fly from that which, at our first set-

ting out, we are too apt to court. Thanks be to the Lord of all

lords for taking any pains with ill and hell-deserving me! I can-

not well buy humility at too dear a rate."

The Hollow Square. "As long as we are below, if we have

not one thing to exercise us, we shall have another. Our trials

will not be removed, but only changed. Sometimes troubles

come from without, sometimes from within, and sometimes

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from both together. Sometimes professed enemies, and some-

times nearest and dearest friends, are suffered to attack us.

But 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. Let

who will thwart, desert, or overreach, whilst I am in this strong

hold, all their efforts, joined with the prince of darkness, to dis-

turb or molest me, are only like the throwing chaff against a

brass wall."

A GOOD Soldier. "I am called forth to battle; remember

a poor cowardly soldier, and beg the Captain of our salvation,

that I may have the honour to die fighting. I would have all

my scars in my breast. Methinks, 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.— And yet, alas! — Well

— nil desperandum Christo duci.''

Preachers. "It has long since been my judgment, that it

would be best for many of the present preachers to have a tutor,

and retire for a while, and be content with preaching now and

then, till they were a little more improved. Otherwise, I fear

many who now make a temporary figure, for want of a proper

foundation, will run themselves out of breath, will grow weary

of the work, and leave it."

Heaven. "Oh what amazing mysteries will be unfolded,

when each link in the golden chain of providence and grace

shall be seen and scanned by beatified spirits in the kingdom of

heaven! Then all will appear symmetry and harmony, and

even the most intricate and seemingly most contrary dispensa-

tions, will be evidenced to be the result of infinite and consum-

mate wisdom, power, and love. Above all, there the believer

will see the infinite depths of that mystery of godliness, ‘God

manifested in the flesh;' and join with that blessed choir, who,

with a restless unweariedness, are ever singing the song of Moses

and the Lamb."

The Scotch. "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, turn to every passage when I am expounding,

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and hang as it were upon me, to hear every word, is very en-

couraging."

Letters. "I must have *aliquid Christi* in all my letters."

Uprightness. "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 strip-

pings I have met with: it is good for me that I have been sup-

planted, despised, censured, maligned, judged by, 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 ever-

lasting righteousness, and to be content that He, to whom all

hearts are open, and all desires are known, now sees, and will

let all see hereafter, the uprightness of my intentions towards

all mankind."

Unbelief. "Unbelief is the womb of misery, and the grave

of comfort. Had we faith but as a grain of mustard seed, how

should we trample the world, the flesh, the devil, death, and

hell under foot! Lord, increase our faith! I know you say.

Amen. Even so. Lord Jesus, Amen and Amen!"

Policy. "Worldly wise men, serpent like, so turn and wind,

that they have many ways to slip through and creep out at,

which simple-hearted, single-eyed souls know nothing of, and if

they did, could not follow after them. Honesty is the best

policy, and will in the end (whether we seek it or not) get the

better of all."

Such was the progress of Whitefield's opinions and maxims,

during the first ten years of his ministerial life. I need not say,

that these samples are not from his sermons. They are all spe-

cimens of the spirited hints he was scattering over the world by

his letters and conversation.

CHAPTER XIX.

WHITEFIELD REVISITING.

It was a maxim with Whitefield to return back in a few days,

if possible, upon new spots where his first or second sermon had

made a visible impression. On the same principle, he often

revisited the chief scenes of his early labours; "confirming the

souls of the disciples," and confronting his enemies. In refer-

ence to his avowed converts, he cherished much godly jealousy

as well as brotherly love. He did not, like one of his friends,

pretend to "know when persons are justified." "It is a lesson,"

he says, "I have not yet learnt. There are so many stony-

ground hearers which receive the word with joy, that I have de-

termined to suspend my judgment, till I know the tree by its

fruits." In like manner, when he reports individual cases of

sudden arrest under the gospel, it is common for him to say, "I

shall wait, until we see how the physic works."

Thus whilst he had other reasons which compelled him to

travel and revisit much, he was also impelled by solicitude for

the steadfastness and consistency of his widely scattered con-

verts. He would have looked well to the state of his herds and

flocks, (although perhaps not so well,) had he had no orphan-

house to sustain, and no college in contemplation. Witness his

countless letters! What are they in general, but the overflow-

ing of his pastoral love and watchfulness for and over the souls

whom he deemed committed to his charge?

In this spirit he left Ireland\* to revisit Scotland in 1751, to

talk "with the winter as well as with the summer saints." He

landed at Irvine, where he preached before the magistrates, at

their own request. Next day the whole city of Glasgow was

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moved at his coming. “Thousands attend every morning and

evening. They seem never to be weary. I am followed more

than ever. Scotland seems (still) to be a new world to me. To

see the people bring so many Bibles, and turn to every passage

as I am expounding, and hang upon me to hear every word, is

very encouraging." He abruptly breaks off this letter to the

Countess by saying, "I could enlarge, but am straitened. Some

ministers wait for me." These were Mac Laurin, Scott, Mac

Culloch, &c. who delighted to visit him at his friend Niven’s,

near the Cross, after the labours of the day. Mac Laurin was

both the guardian and champion of his reputation, in public

and private; and therefore gave Whitefield no rest, nor himself

either, until he cleared up all flying reports. He would get at

the facts of the case, even if he tried his friend's patience.

Whitefield often smiled at the Scotch scrutiny of this great and

good man. It left no stone unturned, when there was a calumny

to overturn, or a mistake to rectify.

It was not, however, for this purpose chiefly that these good

men sought his company. They admired and enjoyed his con-

versational talents. These were sprightly, and could be hu-

moursome; and as he thought aloud, and had seen much of real

life, his company was equally instructive and enlivening, espe-

cially over his light supper. He then unbent the bow of his

spirit, until it cooled from the friction of the burning arrows he

shot during the day. A seat at Niven's table was then an

honour, as well as a privilege. Gillies says truly, "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."

He was much pleased to find, while at Glasgow, that Din-

widdie, the brother-in-law of Mac Culloch of Cambuslang, had

been appointed governor of Virginia. This had an important

bearing on the work Whitefield began there. He himself states it

thus. "In that province, there has been for some years past a

great awakening, especially in Hanover county, and the coun-

ties adjacent. As the ministers of the establishment did not

favour the work, and the first awakened persons put themselves

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under the care of the New York synod, the poor people were

from time to time fined, and very much harassed, for not at-

tending on the church service: and as the awakening was sup-

posed to be begun by the reading of my books, at the instiga-

tion of the council a proclamation was issued out to prohibit

itinerant preaching. However, before I left Virginia, one Mr.

Davies (afterwards President) was licensed, and settled over a

congregation. Since that the awakening has increased, so that

Mr. D writes, "that 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 of 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, I believe no friend to

the dissenters. The late lieutenant-governor was like-minded.

I therefore think that Mr. D 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 dis-

senting protestants enjoy in our native country. This I am

persuaded your brother-in-law will be glad to secure them."

On revisiting Edinburgh, the only thing he did deplore was,

that Mr. Wesley intended to "set up societies " in Scotland,

upon his own plan. This he thought "imprudent;" and he

said so. He had before warned Wesley, that the Scotch did

not want him; that neither his sentiments nor his system would

suit the north, even if he preached "like an angel." Wesley

would not believe this, and tried both; but the experiment, for

him, was a complete failure. And it deserved to be so, so far

as he conducted it; for he libelled and caricatured the people.

True; they heard him coldly: not more so, however, than his

own people at the Foundery would have listened to one of the

Cambuslang Calvinists. Besides, his very resolution to avoid

all controversial points, was, however well meant, unwise, in a

country where he was so well known to be an Arminian. It

created suspicion, if not disgust, when they found that he kept

back his notorious peculiarities. The people would have listen-

ed to them, and disputed them one by one with him, and counted

him a “pawky chiel” had he come off with the best of the argu-

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ment. But he was silent, and they suspected him of blinking

the questions at issue between them. This is the real secret

of Wesley's failure. His very candour seemed artifice to the

Scotch.

So far, they misunderstood him, and thus did him injustice.

He also misunderstood and misrepresented them. They were

not "unfeeling multitudes," because he could not move them.

The same multitudes had wept and rejoiced under Whitefield's

preaching. He could bring them out on week days, as well as

on Sabbath, although Wesley found his congregation "miserably

small," and said it verified what he had often heard, "that the

Scotch dearly love the word of the Lord on the Lord's day.”

For, what did Whitefield's week-day congregations verify? At

this time, as well as formerly, he had to say, "I now preach

twice daily to many thousands. Many of the best rank attend.

O Edinburgh, Edinburgh, surely thou wilt never be forgotten

by me! The longer I stay, the more eagerly both rich and

poor attend on the word preached. Perhaps, for near twenty-

eight days together, in Glasgow and Edinburgh, I preached to

near 10,000 saints every day." In like manner, when he took

his leave at Glasgow, "numbers set out from the country, by

two or three o'clock in the morning."

Whitefield left Scotland in the autumn, to revisit Georgia;

becoming again, as he calls himself, "a floating pilgrim.'' In-

deed, he was fit for nothing but floating at the time. He had

been much reduced at Edinburgh by vomitings of blood; and

though his journey to London recruited him somewhat, he went

on board the Antelope very weak. His voyage was, however,

short and easy; and he arrived at Georgia in good health. His

spirit also was much cheered by the flourishing condition of the

orphan-house, and the flattering prospect of a college, now made

plausible by the grant of a tract of excellent land. But whilst

enjoying all this, he heard of the death of Dr. Doddridge at

Lisbon, and started off to his old work with new diligence. He

says, "Dr. Doddridge I find is gone. Lord Jesus, prepare me

to follow after! I intend to begin; for as yet I have done no-

thing. Oh that I may begin in earnest. It is a new year. God

quicken my tardy pace, and help me to do much work in a little

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time. This is my highest ambition." Under this impulse he

revisited South Carolina. He durst not, however, risk the heat

of the summer in America, and therefore he returned to England

in the spring.

Whilst resting for a little in London, he revised some of

Hervey's manuscripts. This he called, on his own part, "hold-

ing up a candle to the sun." With his usual tact, however, he

foretold their fate. "Nothing but your scenery can screen you.

Self will never bear to die, though slain in so genteel a man-

ner, without showing some resentment against its artful mur-

derer." But reviewing did not suit him: he rose up from his

desk, exclaiming, "Oh that I could fly from pole to pole, pub-

lishing the everlasting gospel!" Even the transfer of Georgia

from trustees into the hands of government, at this time, and

all the prospects which the change opened for the colony, could

not detain him in London.

He was invited to revisit Ireland; but as it was for the pur-

pose of organizing the Calvinistic methodists, he refused. "I

hate to head a party. It is absolutely inconsistent with my

other business to take upon me the care of societies in various

parts." He, therefore, revisited Bristol, where he preached

nine times in four days, to congregations almost equal in num-

bers to his Moorfields audiences. "Old times revived again.

Much good was done. The last evening it rained a little, but

none moved. I was wet, and contracted a cold and hoarseness;

but I trust preaching will cure me again." It did. In the

course of the next fortnight, he preached twenty times, and tra-

velled three hundred miles on horseback, in Wales. He also

attended an association, at which nine clergymen, and nearly

forty other labourers, were present. His interview with these

brethren was inspiring as well as refreshing to him. "All was

harmony and love." He left them, more resolved than ever, to

"expose the wine and milk of the gospel to sale," and to ex-

postulate with sinners to "come down to the price, and be willing

to be saved by grace."

On his return to London he wrote, amongst many other let-

ters, one to Dr. Franklin, Franklin, as well as Hume, admired

him; and for much the same reason, — his genius and power as

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an orator. They cared about equally little for the grand Truth

which fired his eloquence, and made him wise to win souls. It

is painful to state this, but it is only too true. Franklin was,

indeed, friendly to the moral and philanthropic tendency of

Whitefield's doctrine, and had abandoned the rabid infidelity

of Shaftesbury and Collins: but still, all the Christianity he put

into his own epitaph, was only the hope of a resurrection; and

all he put into his confession, a few weeks before his death, in

answer to President Stiles, was, that he had doubts as to the

divinity of Jesus of Nazareth, and thought his system of reli-

gion, although the best, not free from "various corrupting

changes." In this opinion, he claimed kindred with most of

the dissenters in England! To the credit of Dr. Priestley, he

contradicted Franklin, and set the Americans right on this

point.

Whitefield tried to set Franklin right upon a more important

point; that divine change of heart, without which no man can

enter heaven. “I find," he says, "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 impor-

tant and interesting study, and when mastered will richly an-

swer and repay you for all your pains. One at whose bar we

are shortly to appear, hath solemnly declared that without it we

cannot enter 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." This honest

letter ought to have delighted the philosopher in his closet, even

more than the eulogium he heard whilst standing behind the

bar of the House of Lords, when Chatham said of him, "Frank-

lin is one whom Europe holds in high estimation, for his know-

ledge and wisdom; one who is an honour, not to the English

nation only, but to human nature."

The American Biographical Dictionary has done all it

honestly could, to rescue the memory of this great patriot from

the charge of being "friendly to infidelity." It quotes an in-

stance in which he rebuked a youth, who was treating religion

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as a vulgar prejudice, and who had appealed to him for coun-

tenance. Franklin said emphatically, "Young man, it is best

to believe." Hume once said to La Roche, "Oh that I had

never doubted." Such expressions prove nothing, but the sus-

picions of the sceptical. Besides, there could have been no re-

ligious tone about Franklin, if a raw witling could thus have

dared to appeal to him against religion.

The most ingenious vindication of him I have ever seen, is

in the sketch of his history in the American National Portrait

Gallery: — "With such a life as Franklin led, we should, per-

haps, offer an injury to religion, in supposing him, as some have

done, an enemy to its prevalence, or a stranger to its benign in-

fluence." This is plausible, but hollow. His life in Paris will

not sustain the argument. True; he said there, that his suc-

cess as a negociator would have convinced him of the being

and government of a Deity, had he ever before been an atheist.

Equally true it is, however, that, as a philosopher, he was often

the companion of both atheists and infidels. Besides, what was

he upon his death-bed? The best said of him then is, "that

he was afraid he did not bear his pains as he ought," and was

grateful for the many blessings he had received from the Su-

preme Being, who had raised him from "a humble origin to such

consideration among men.” In a word, he was not so unchris-

tian in his creed as unitarians: he only doubted, what they deny,

the divinity of the Saviour.

Franklin died in 1790. Whitefield's letter to him was in

1752. Their acquaintanceship seems to have commenced when

the claims of the orphan-house were first pleaded in Philadel-

phia. Then Franklin, although he approved of the object, re-

fused to contribute to it, when applied to in private, because he

disapproved of the situation. He went to hear Whitefield,

therefore, resolved to give nothing. He had, however, in his

pocket, a handful of copper, three or four dollars, and five pis-

toles in gold. As the sermon began to kindle, Franklin began

to soften, and was willing to give the copper. The next stroke

won the silver; and the finishing stroke was so admirable, he

says, "that I emptied my pocket wholly into the collector's dish

— gold and all." This is a good story; but he tells a still bet-

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ter one of his friend Hopkinson. He had gone empty-handed,

that he might be sure to give nothing. But he was melted too,

and tried to borrow money of a quaker. The quaker's answer

was, "At any other time, friend, I would lend thee freely: but

not now; for thee seems to me to be out of thy right senses."

This is unlike a quaker! And it was unlike a Christian, for

Franklin to say, "The request was fortunately made to perhaps

the only man in the company, who had the firmness not to be

affected by the preacher."

It is no pleasure to me to write thus. Franklin was White-

field's friend, and the friend of liberty and humanity; but his

half-homage to Christianity should be rejected by her friends.

She needs not the compliments of almost Christians. Indeed,

they only tend to prevent inquirers from becoming altogether

like Paul. It is all very well, when infidelity is to be put down,

to appeal to the great cloud of scientific, philosophical, and poet-

ical witnesses, who have complimented Revelation; but when

Christianity is to be enforced, it is worse than useless to appeal

to great names who only believed the half of it. What minister

would tell young men, that they might safely stop at the points

where such doubters as Franklin stood still? Not any "able

minister of the New Testament." Let Unitarianism take (and

welcome!) all the philosophers and poets she can prove to have

been Arians.

With what satisfaction the mind turns from such men, to fol-

low Whitefield to Lutterworth, where he was drawn by the

magnetic memory of Wycliffe, on his way from London to visit

Scotland again! There, a protestant is at home. The interest

of this hallowed spot was, if possible, enhanced to Whitefield —

at least he was prepared to enjoy it — by meeting on the way to

it one of Doddridge's students, who had been converted at

Olney, four years before, from a "bitter scoffer," to be a young

evangelist. He felt this to be a call to "go forward" in his

work. He did; and preached "twice in the famous Wycliffe's

parish "with such effect, that, before he reached Scotland, he

received a letter, informing him that he had won souls in the

reformer's parish. How enviable his associations with Lutter-

worth! My own were sadly disturbed, when I passed through

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it. I had watched the morning-star from the window of the

mail, as it lingered and smiled over the tower of the church;

and had pleased myself all night long with the hope of being

able to "drink of the brook" into which Wycliffe's ashes were

thrown. The guard, however, would not allow me to run down

the hill, whilst the horses were changing. I was more than

mortified; but he was inexorable. When, lo, he discovered

that one of the fresh horses wanted a shoe; and there was no

other horse in the stable. "Call the blacksmith," he cried in

thunder. Off I ran that moment, down the hill, rejoicing in the

accident. I leaped the hedge, and reached the brook. Alas,

it was covered with yeasty scum from the dye-houses, or manu-

factories, upon its banks. I could not drink! It was then only

three o'clock in the morning. I tasted the water, however, by

laving up a handful where the slime was least offensive. My

reader will pardon this digression, when he remembers old Ful-

ler's climax. This brook conveyed the ashes of Wycliffe into

the Avon; the Avon into the Severn; and the Severn into the

main sea; and thus the reformer's ashes became emblems of his

doctrine, which shall spread from the rivers to the ends of the

earth.

Whitefield's associations were less sublime at Leicester. He

had turnips thrown at him, whilst preaching his first sermon.

At his second, however, "all was hushed," and he "heard

afterwards that good was done." Then he revisited Newcas-

tle; and there he was, "as it were, arrested to stay." Accord-

ingly, he preached four times, and "a whole shower of blessings

descended from heaven on the great congregation." This led

to a second arrest, and the shower was repeated. I use his own

strong language concerning Leicester and Newcastle, because

he afterwards told Lady Huntingdon that he had received

"brave news" from both places.

These arrests by the way, made him due in Scotland. His

invitations to revisit Edinburgh and Glasgow, had been very

strong; and he was nothing loth to comply. "I love state too

well, especially in Scotland, not to take it upon me as often as

possible," by mounting "my despised throne." There is truth

as well as playfulness in this confession. Whitefield did love a

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little state now and then; — who does not? Edinburgh was his

throne, and coronets graced it. None of these things, however,

estranged or diverted him from humbler spheres, or lessened

his interest in "men of low estate." Accordingly, his letters

to the Countess at this time, whilst they report briefly the

"abundance of the better sort," who came out to hear him

twice a day, in common with the multitude, dwell chiefly upon

the case of a poor highland schoolmaster, who had been very

useful amongst the young Gaels; and upon the claims of a poor

student, who had not the means of finishing his ministerial edu-

cation. In none of his letters at this time, is there any refer-

ence to the personal honours paid to him, although they were

neither few nor small. What he mentions with most compla-

cency, is, an account he had received of "a dozen young men,

that were awakened" under his ministry, "ten years ago," and

who were now useful preachers. This was emphatically good

news to Whitefield; for although he was not far-sighted, he

saw clearly all the bearings of his own favourite maxim, that

“every student's name is legion;” "catching him is catching

thousands; helping him, helping many."

This maxim (in a better form) deserves the consideration

and adoption of both ministers and wealthy Christians. Who

can calculate how many souls have been won, or what trains of

good have been set in perpetual motion, by the young men,

whom the Thorntons, and especially the Simeons and Wilsons,

of England, the Haldanes of Scotland, and the Bethunes of

America, took by the hand, and sustained at college? The re-

flection of that good is already bright upon "the sea of glass

before the throne," and it will increase in space and splendour

there until the end of time, and then "shine as the stars for

ever and ever." Go thou, and do likewise! Or if unable to

bear the entire expense of a student, unite some of your friends

with you. In like manner, each of the voluntary churches in

large towns should sustain a young evangelist. I have tried

the experiment, and my little flock have always come to my

help.

To the poor student who applied to him for advice. White-

field wrote, "God willing, I shall not be unmindful of you."

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Like myself, he had neither silver nor gold enough of his own;

but he had friends, and he pleaded the case with them. He seems

also, whilst in Edinburgh, at this time, to have aimed much to

catch students; many of whom from the classes, as well as from

the divinity hall, came daily to hear him. This was the case at

Glasgow, when he revisited it. There, indeed, his audiences

were even greater than at Edinburgh.

An event had occurred at the General Assembly this year,

which called forth Whitefield's characteristic vein of humour.

The assembly had deposed Gillespie, the founder of the Relief

Presbytery. "I wish Mr. Gillespie joy," he said: "the pope

is turned presbyterian. How blind is Satan! What does he

get by casting out Christ's servants? I expect great good will

come out of these confusions. Mr. Gillespie will do more good

in a week now, than before in a year." Whitefield's jokes are

not two-edged swords, which cut both ways at once: but if his

sarcasm against the Secession cut deep, this one against the

Kirk cut deeper. The Babel story, and the Babylon story,

therefore, if told at all again, should be told together, in justice

to Whitefield's impartiality. Both, however, had better be

dropped, when the Assembly and the Synod contend at all.

On leaving Scotland, Whitefield revisited several of his old

stations in Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Cheshire, in a state of

mind so heavenly and absorbed, that he scarcely knew at times,

he says, "whether he had been in heaven or on earth." During

three weeks of such preaching, he "never had more encourage-

ment, since the Lord of the harvest sent him out. A gale of

divine influence everywhere attended it." This does not rest

on his own testimony only. His Leeds friends brought him

back from Sheffield again, "to make hay while the sun shone."

It was now November: but the weather was "uncommonly

favourable;" and, therefore, he thought it "a pity to go into

winter quarters, whilst work could be done in the fields." He

was, however, driven in soon by rain and sickness. He expect-

ed death in the coach, between Northampton and London.

When he reached home, he found his wife had almost as much

need of a nurse as himself. Next day, however, he set himself

to reconsider the claims of Ireland, and again refused to go over

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to head a party. In a few days, also, he resumed his corre-

spondence with Hervey; and in a week, he was absorbed with

the affairs of Georgia; writing now a short letter to a manager

of the orphan-house, and anon a long one to “dear Nat.” one

of the orphans. By December, he was "longing to range York-

shire again, and to revisit Leeds." Night nor day, he could not

forget the scenes he witnessed there, although he was now hear-

ing "every day of fresh awakenings" in the Tabernacle.

At this time, Charles Wesley consulted him on a delicate

subject — separation from John; some of whose measures he

could not fall in with. His letter I have never seen. It em-

barrassed Whitefield. He knew not what to say. Something,

however, rendered it necessary for him to say, that he thought

John "still jealous" of him and his proceedings. But lest this

should injure John with Charles, he said also, "The connexion

between you and your brother hath been so close, — 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 have seen an end of all perfection!

More might be said were we face to face." Wesley was some-

what jealous of Whitefield at this time. A new Tabernacle was

now on the carpet; and for a long time the nobility had smiled

on Whitefield. Wesley felt this. He could have taken their

smiles more coolly than Whitefield; but he could not sustain

their neglect philosophically. It was, however, the contrast, not

the loss, that mortified him.

When Whitefield agreed to the plan of a new Tabernacle,

he resolved, he says, "on the principle that burnt children

dread the fire, not to begin till he had £1000 in hand, and

then to contract at a certain sum for the whole." His

fingers had been burnt at Bethesda; and he told his friends so.

They took the hint, and soon raised upwards of £900; and by

the time the foundation-stone was laid, the contributions amount-

ed to £1100. Whitefield himself laid the stone, 1st March,

1753, on the old spot, and preached from Exod. xx. 24.

To the credit of the Wesleys, his kind but honest letter to

Charles not only prevented their rupture, but also led to a loan

of their Spitalfields' chapel, when the old Tabernacle was pulled

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down. Whitefield returned this compliment, by remonstrating

with one of his preachers against giving offence or creating

jealousies amongst the friends of Wesley.

When the time of the year came, that he could sing, "Lo, the

winter is past," he quitted winter quarters. "The time of the

singing of birds and the voice of the turtle in the land," called

forth his voice too. He revisited Norwich for a few days in

April. He says, that he "triumphed there in spite of all oppo-

sition." What the opposition was I do not know. One part of

the triumph Whitefield did not know on earth. The late Ful-

ler of Kettering was wont to tell the following anecdote, which

he had from the lips of the person. A young man who had gone

out in the morning on a frolic, with a party of his companions,

would have his fortune told by a gipsy they met. She predict-

ed for him a good old age, and lots of children and grandchil-

dren. He believed the prophecy, and resolved to store his

mind with such knowledge as would make young folks like an

old man. "Let me see," he said, "what I can acquire first?

O, here is the famous methodist preacher, Whitefield; he is to

preach to-night, they say; I will go and hear him." From these

strange motives, he really went to hear. The sermon was on

John's appeal to the Sadducees and Pharisees, to "flee from the

wrath to come." "Whitefield," said he, "described the Saddu-

cean character: but that did not touch me. Then the Phari-

saic: that shook me a little. At length he abruptly broke off

— then burst into a flood of tears — then lifting up his hands,

he cried with a loud voice, O my hearers! the wrath is to come

— the wrath is to come! These words sunk into my heart like

lead in the waters. I wept. I went alone. These words fol-

lowed me wherever I went. For days and weeks I could think

of little else but the awful words, 'The wrath is to come — is to

come.'" Fuller said, the young man became "a considerable

preacher."

Whitefield's work and reward during his revisits in 1753, were

much as usual for him; — like that of nobody else. I can scarcely

believe my own eyes, as I read the distances, dates, and numbers

of his audiences, in his memoranda; connected as these are

with frequent and even startling attacks of sickness. If he had

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not eagle's wings, his strength was certainly renewed like the

eagle's, even in a physical sense.

Having opened the new Tabernacle, and preached in it for a

short time, ("weeping in secret," however, to get back to York-

shire,) he set out again for the north. Some of his Leeds con-

verts met him by the way, to hurry him off from Sheffield. He

would stop at Rotherham, however, because the insults he had

formerly received there, had tempted him to return no more.

Then, he thought no good was done. Now, he found the chief

family of his "bitter persecutors" converted to God, and ready

to welcome him under their roof. He became their guest.

Rotherham had signalized itself by hostility to Whitefield.

Both his person and character had been assailed there; and by

none more than the late Thorpe of Masborough, then a young

man. He was in the habit of meeting his boon companions in

the alehouse, to mimic Whitefield, and turn religion into mock-

ery. One evening Thorpe and three others laid a wager, which

of them could imitate him in the highest style, at an off-hand

sermon, from the first text which should turn up on opening

the Bible. The buffoonery of the three soon failed, and Thorpe

sprung on the table, saying, "I shall beat you all hollow." The

Bible was handed to him. He opened it at random. His eye

fell on the words, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise

perish." He uttered them without fear or hesitation. But that

moment his conscience smote him. It burst into flames. It

compelled him to preach repentance to himself and all the club.

He went on in spite of himself, until his own hair stood on end

with horror, and all the bacchanals were blanched with terror.

Not a word was said of the wager when he came down. He

walked out in awful silence. Soon after this he joined the

Wesleyans, and was sent out by Wesley himself as a preacher,

who wisely stationed him at Rotherham. He afterwards became

an independent.

When Whitefield arrived at Leeds, he found that neither

reports, nor his own hopes of his past success, were exaggerated.

Twenty thousand assembled to hear him on the Sabbath, and

many fruits of his former ministry were presented to him. Such

was his elevation of soul now, that he saw nothing impossible,

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which it was proper to attempt by the preaching of the gospel;

for even York could not resist the fascination of his field preach-

ing. The methodist thinned out the Minster, and overawed

the mob. Indeed, so great was his success at this time in York-

shire, that he exceedingly regretted his engagement to visit

Scotland. He had heard that "poor Scotland was dead” again,

notwithstanding the power of the revivals; and, therefore, he

was afraid to breathe a cold atmosphere, now that he was on fire

amidst "a people full of fire," and enjoying "perpetual Cam-

buslang seasons." He kept his promise, however; and found

Scotland not so dead as it was reported. Both the rich and the

poor thronged to hear him twice every day at Edinburgh.

"Attention sat upon all faces, and friends came round like bees,

importuning him to stay another week." It was the same at

Glasgow. There, the owner of the play-house was made so un-

easy by a sermon against theatrical amusements, that he pulled

the roof off the building, to put an end to them so far as he was

concerned. This was laid hold of by Whitefield's enemies, and

held up as the act of his mobs. He says, "The devil owed me

a grudge for speaking against the play-house." That grudge

appeared in the following form, in the Newcastle Journal: "We

are informed, that Mr. Whitefield, the itinerant, being at Glas-

gow, and preaching near the play-house lately built, influenced

the mob so much against it, that they ran directly from before

him, and pulled it down to the ground. Several of the rioters

are since taken up, and committed to gaol." This was all a lie.

The "lately built " house was only a temporary booth, supported

by the old walls of the bishop's palace; — a strange spot, it will

be said, for a theatre. Perhaps not, in Scotland! I recollect,

however, to feel it more than strange at Chester, to find that

part of the abbey had been turned into a theatre! I shrunk

from the desecration, notwithstanding all my Scotch prejudices.

Whitefield came back upon York and Leeds, on leaving Scot-

land; and again what he saw and felt "was inexpressible."

The parting at Leeds was so overpowering, that he did not re-

cover the shock for some time. At Haworth also, they had a

sacrament at which thirty-five bottles of wine were used. What

a day for good Grimshaw! I say good; for with all his eccen-

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tricities, he was a noble-minded man. He made the wilderness

blossom as the rose around him. And God did not forget his

labours of love. His prodigal son was restored to him in heaven.

This young man was reclaimed; and said on his death-bed,

"What will my father say, when he sees me in heaven?"

Altogether, this was, perhaps, Whitefield's most successful

campaign in England, although I am unable to illustrate it by

a detail of facts. In the space of three months, he travelled

about "twelve hundred miles, and preached a hundred and

eighty sermons, to many, very many thousands of souls."

"The partings" in Yorkshire, he says, "nearly killed me."

He does not write thus, except when parting from those he

hoped to meet in heaven. Whenever he speaks strongly of suc-

cess, I have found that he had strong reasons. Ordinary suc-

cess never inflames nor inflates his language.

Having rested a few days in London, he started again, to make

the most of the autumn, whilst it lasted. He went first into

Northamptonshire, where "a new scene of usefulness opened"

to him. It was the season of their feasts in that county. He

says, in his own off-hand style, "If I mistake not, some of their

feasting was spoiled." He did not mistake. I once saw a ve-

nerable patriarch there, sitting smoking his evening pipe under

a hoary sycamore, who remembered having seen Whitefield at

this time. He had no recollection of the sermon; but his eye

brightened, when he told me, how the people made him and the

other boys keep quiet. My friend, George Bennet, Esq. the

missionary traveller, will recollect this scene under the sycamore

tree, near Long Buckbey. We must, however, have loved the

old man, even if he had not seen Whitefield; for, like Simeon,

he had seen Jesus.

On leaving Northamptonshire, Whitefield revisited Birming-

ham; and there "souls fled to the gospel like doves to their

windows." At Gornall, (a place I have already described,) he

heard of "a whole company," who had been "awakened by

reading his sermons." But conversions were not his only reward

in this quarter. Many aged believers blessed him. One said

to him, "I was comforted when you were here last, and now I

can go more cheerful to heaven." Another, who had been long

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a pilgrim, said, on first hearing him, "Why, this is just the old

story of fifty-five years ago." Upon the whole, he was much

cheered by his success in Staffordshire. He would not, however,

give his judgment upon it, until he came, as he expresses it, "to

cross-plough the ground again."

He now went into Cheshire, where his “way was prepared "

by the usefulness which had sprung from his books. Accord-

ingly, at Chester a great concourse, together with some of the

clergy, attended; and the most "noted rebel in the town" was

so alarmed under the sermon, that he could not sleep night or

day for some time afterwards. At Wrexham, however, and at

Nantwich, he was stoned whilst preaching; but, providentially,

he "got off pretty free," although some of his friends were

"much pelted." "I met," he says, "with a little rough treat-

ment" (he calls it apostolic treatment in one letter); "but what

have pilgrims to expect better in the wilderness." He found

better at Liverpool. There another convert, won by his printed

sermons, met him on landing, and took him home, and convened

great numbers to hear him.

It was now November, and he returned to London; but not

for winter quarters. In a few days, he was in his "native coun-

ty," at the house of a "nineteen years' friend," one of the al-

dermen of Gloucester. That house, he says, was made a Bethel

to him; and never before had he such "freedom" in preaching

to his townsmen. Altogether, this new freedom was "so pleas-

ant" to him, that he resolved to take Gloucestershire again on

his way home. On his arrival in Bristol, he found his usual

welcome, and what surprised him more — that not a few of "the

quality, and one of Caesar's household, wished to hear him at his

brother's great house." He preached to them twice. On the

Sabbath following, he opened the new Tabernacle at Bristol.

"It is large," he says, "but not half large enough. Would the

place contain them, I believe as many would attend as in London."

It was now cold weather; but he was unwilling to return to

his metropolitan nest. "Winter quarters!" — he says, "the

word winter almost shocks me." He, therefore, went into

Somersetshire. How much he enjoyed this detention from

London, and the work that detained him, let the following fine

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memorial tell: "At seven in the evening I preached in the

open air, to a great multitude. All was hushed, and exceeding-

ly solemn. The stars shone exceedingly bright. Then, if ever,

I saw by the eye of faith Him who calleth them all by their

names. My soul was filled with a holy ambition, and I longed

to be one of those, who shall shine as the stars forever and

ever. My hands and my body were cold; but what are out-

ward things, when the soul within is warmed by the love of

God. Oh that I may die in the field." The scene of this apos-

trophe I once visited. The air was equally cold — the stars

equally bright — all nature the same; but there was no White-

field! I had only fifty persons to preach to. However, my

"soul within" was not cold.

Whilst thus reluctant to give in, Whitefield heard of the ill-

ness of Wesley, and forgot everything but his dying friend.

The disease was said to be "galloping consumption," and he

threw up all his engagements, and hastened to London. He

also wrote to both brothers, before he could set out. To "poor

Mr. Charles," he wrote thus: "The Lord help and support you.

A wife, a friend, a brother, all ill together! Well, this is our

comfort — all things shall work together for good to them that

love God. May a double spirit of the ascending Elijah descend

and rest upon the surviving Elisha! To-morrow I leave Bristol."

The letter from which these lines are transcribed, enclosed

one to Wesley himself, written, as Whitefield says, out of the

fulness of his heart. "The news and prospect of your ap-

proaching dissolution hath quite weighed me down. I pity my-

self and the church; — but not you. A radiant throne awaits

you, and ere long you will enter into your Master's joy. Yon-

der He stands with a massy crown, ready to put 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 until the chariots will be sent

even for worthless me. If prayers can detain you — even you

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

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land of the living, I hope to pay my last respects to you next

week. If not — farewell! My heart is too big. Tears trickle

down too fast. And I fear you are too weak for me to enlarge.

May underneath you be Christ's everlasting arms. I commend

you to his never-failing mercy, and am your most affectionate,

sympathizing, and afflicted younger brother in the gospel."

Well might, and well did, Wesley say, in his funeral sermon

for Whitefield, "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." Funeral Sermon,

Whilst Wesley continued in danger, Whitefield remained in

almost agonizing suspense; "praying and inquiring, inquiring

and praying again, and always dreading to hear the worst." It

was, however, his friend's usefulness to the church and the

world, which made him thus solicitous; for when he heard that

his lungs were injured, he said to Lady Huntingdon, "I cannot

wish him to survive his usefulness. It is poor living to be

nursed." At this time a storm of persecution broke upon some

quarter of his vineyard, and an appeal was made to his sympa-

thy by the sufferers. He did sympathize with them; but told

them, "should the present illness of dear Mr. Wesley issue in

his death, that will be a storm of a far more threatening na-

ture." Happily for the world and the church, Wesley was

spared nearly forty years longer.

Whitefield was cheered in his winter quarters this year, by

the visit of his friends Tennent and Davies of America, who

had come over to collect for the college of New Jersey. He

entered with all his soul into their object, and threw all his in-

fluence upon their side. He also obtained, in prospect of his

return to Georgia, “twenty-two prizes,” as he calls the orphans,

whom he had selected to go with him. He then prepared to sail.

The next chapter contains his own account of Lisbon; and is

worthy of deep notice at this time, whilst popery is softened by one

class of politicians, and libelled (if that be possible) by another.

It is curious, that living popery made Whitefield forget,

during his visit, dead Doddridge, at Lisbon; at least, I have

found no letter yet that shows any visit to his tomb.

CHAPTER XX.

WHITEFIELD IN LISBON.

1754.

“The following letters were written about a twelve month ago,

and are now sent into the world at the earnest desire of many.

If an infinitely condescending God shall vouchsafe to bless the

perusal of them, to excite in any, either at home or abroad, a

more obediential and zealous thankfulness for the civil and reli-

gious liberties we enjoy; or make them any way instrumental in

stirring up my fellow-protestants and dear countrymen to exert

themselves more vigorously, at this critical juncture, against

those who, if conquerors, would quickly rob us of those inva-

luable blessings, I shall not repent that the publication of them

was consented to by, courteous reader, thy willing servant, for

Christ's sake, G. W.

"By this time, I suppose, you have heard of my having been

at Lisbon, and are wondering what led me thither, especially

since my last informed you of my intention to go to Georgia by

way of New York, This was really my design at the time of

my writing; but being afterward called by Providence to take

with me several orphan children, I thought it most advisable to

go and settle them, and my other domestic affairs, at the orphan-

house first; that I might visit the northern parts of America

with more ease and freedom in my own mind. — It happened that

the Success, Captain Thompson, bound for Port Royal, South

Carolina, (which is not very far from Georgia,) was then almost

ready to sail. I sent for the owner, and finding that the ship

was to touch at Lisbon to unload some wheat, it occasioned a

little demur; but, upon second thoughts, believing it might be

serviceable to me, as a preacher and protestant, to see something

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of the superstitions of the church of Rome, I took my passage

and embarked in the Success the 7th of March. On the 14th

we reached Cape Finisterre; on the 15th came in sight of the

Burlings; and on the 16th anchored safe before Bellem, about

four miles distant from Lisbon city, the metropolis of Portugal.

As I knew nobody there, and had formed but an indifferent idea

of the inhabitants, from the account that had been given me of

them, I had purposed within myself to keep on board, and go

ashore only now and then in the day-time. But Providence so

ordered it, that a gentleman of the factory, who had heard me

himself, and whose brother had been awakened under my mi-

nistry several years ago, immediately, upon hearing of my ar-

rival, sent me an offer of his house during my stay. I thank-

fully accepted it; and special leave being procured for my going

ashore, I was carried in a chaise and pair from Bellem to Lis-

bon. A new scene, both in respect to the situation of the place,

the fashion of the buildings, and the dress of the inhabitants,

presented itself all the way. But what engaged my attention

most, was the frequency of crucifixes and little images of the

Virgin Mary, and other real or reputed saints, which were placed

almost in every street, or fixed against the walls of the houses

almost at every turning, with lamps hanging before them. To

these I observed the people bow as they passed along; and near

some of them stood several little companies, singing with great

earnestness. This seemed to me very odd, and gave me an idea

of what further ecclesiastical curiosities would probably fall in

my way, if I should be detained any time here. These expecta-

tions were quickly raised; for, not long after my arrival at my

new lodgings, (where I was received and entertained with great

gentility, hospitality, and friendliness,) upon looking out of the

window, I saw a company of priests and friars bearing lighted

wax tapers, and attended by various sorts of people, some of

which had bags and baskets of victuals in their hands, and

others carried provisions upon their shoulders on sticks between

two. After these followed a mixed multitude, singing with a

very audible voice, and addressing the Virgin Mary in their

usual strain, 'Ora pro nobis.' In this manner they proceeded

to the prison, where all was deposited for the use of the poor

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persons confined therein. But a far more pompous procession

of the like nature (as a stander-by informed me) passed by a few

days after. In this there were near three hundred Franciscan

friars, many of which (besides porters hired for the purpose)

were loaded with a variety of food; and those who bore no bur-

den, carried either ladles or spoons in their hands. Sights of

this nature being quite a novelty to me, I was fond of attending

as many of them as I could. Two things concurred to make

them more frequent at this juncture, viz. the season of Lent,

and an excessive drought, which threatened the total destruc-

tion of the fruits of the earth. For the averting so great a judg-

ment, and for the imploring the much-longed-for blessing of

rain, daily processions had been made from one convent or an-

other for a considerable time. One of these I saw. It was

looked upon as a pretty grand one, being made up of the Car-

melite friars, the parish priests, and a great number of what they

call the brothers of the order, who walked two by two in divers

habits, holding a long and very large lighted wax taper in their

right hands. Amidst these was carried, upon eight or ten men's

shoulders, a tall image of the Virgin Mary, in a kind of man's

attire; for I think she had a very fine white wig on her head,

(a dress she often appears in,) and was much adorned with jewels

and glittering stones. At some distance from the lady, under a

large canopy of state, and supported likewise by six or eight

persons, came a priest, holding in his hand some noted relic.

After him followed several thousands, of people, joining with the

friars in singing, ‘*Eandem cantilenam, ora pro nobis*, all the

way. Still rain was denied, and still processions were con-

tinued. At length the clouds began to gather, and the mercury

in the barometer fell very much. Then was brought out a

wooden image, which they say never failed. It was the figure

of our blessed Lord, clothed with purple robes, and crowned with

thorns. I think they call him the Lord of the passion. Upon

his shoulders he bore a large cross, under the weight of which

he was represented as stooping, till his body bent almost double.

He was brought from the Le Grass convent in very great pomp,

and placed in a large cathedral church. Being on board at that

time, I lost this sight; but, the subsequent evening, I beheld the

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Seigneur fixed on an eminence in a large cathedral church, near

the altar, surrounded with wax tapers of a 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 by the guards to come within the

rails and perform their devotions. This they expressed by

kneeling, and kissing the Seigneur's heel, by putting their left

and right eye to it, and then touching it with their beads, which

a gentleman in waiting received from them, and then returned

again. This scene was repeated for three days successively;

and, during all this time, the church and space before it was so

thronged with carriages and people, that there was scarce any

passing. The music on this occasion was extremely soft, and

the church was illuminated in a very striking manner. The

third day in the forenoon it rained, and soon after the Seigneur

was conducted home in as great splendour, and much greater

rejoicing, than when he was brought forth. As my situation

was very commodious, I saw the whole; and afterwards went and

heard part of the sermon, which was delivered before him in the

church to which the Seigneur belonged. The preacher was full

of action; and in some part of his discourse, (as one who under-

stood Portuguese informed me,) pointing to the image, he said,

‘Now he is at rest. He went out in justice, but is returned in

mercy.' And towards the conclusion, he called upon the people

to join with him in an extempore prayer. This they did with

great fervency, which was expressed not only by repeating it

aloud, but by beating their breasts, and clapping their cheeks,

and weeping heartily. To complete the solemnity, immediately

after the delivery of the blessing, all on a sudden, from the place

near which the image stood, there was heard a most soft and

soothing symphony of music; which being ended, the assembly

broke up, and I returned to my lodgings, not a little affected to

see so many thousands led away from the simplicity of the gos-

pel, by such a mixture of human artifice and blind superstition,

of which indeed I could have formed no idea, had I not been an

eye-witness of it myself. This concern was still increased by

what I heard from some of my fellow-passengers, who informed

me, that about eleven one night, after I came aboard, they not

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only heard a friar preaching most fervently before the Seigneur,

but also saw several companies of penitents brought in, lashing

and whipping themselves severely. How little unlike this to

those who cut themselves with knives and lancets, and cried out

from morning till night, ‘O Baal, hear us!' Methinks I hear

you say. And, had I been present, I should have wished for the

spirit of an Elijah to — Hush, my friend — I am content to guess

at the rest till we meet. In the meanwhile, let us comfort our-

selves with this thought, that there is a season approaching,

when the Lord God of Elijah will himself come, and destroy

this and every other species of antichrist, 'by the breath of his

mouth, and the brightness of his appearing,' even by the all-

conquering manifestations of his eternal Spirit. Whether as

men, Christians, and protestants, we have not more and more

reason to pray, night and day, for the hastening on of that glo-

rious and long wished-for period, you will be better able to judge,

when I send you (as I purpose to do, if I have time) a further

account of a Lent procession or two, of which I was also a spec-

tator. At present I can only beg a continual remembrance at a

throne of grace, as being, my dear friend.

"Though some other business demands my attention, yet I

must not forget the promise made you of a further account of

the processions I saw at Lisbon. Some of those already men-

tioned were extraordinary, by reason of the great drought; but

that which is to be the subject of my present letter was an an-

nual one; it being always customary at Lisbon to exhibit some

procession or another every Friday in Lent. An intelligent

protestant who stood near me, was so good as to be my inter-

preter of the dumb show as it passed along — I say dumb show

— for you must know it was chiefly made up of waxen or wooden

images, and carried on men's shoulders through the streets, in-

tending to represent the life and death of St. Francis, the found-

er of one of their religious orders. They were brought out

from the Franciscan convent, and were preceded by three per-

sons 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 parti-

coloured clothes, with wings fixed on their shoulders, in imita-

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tion 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 conse-

quently stripped of his finery. Soon after this was exhibited an

image of our blessed Lord himself, in a purple gown with long

black hair, with St. Francis lying before him, to receive his im-

mediate orders. Then came the Virgin Mother, (horresco re-

ferens) with Christ her Son at her left hand, and St. Francis

making his obeisance to both. Here, if I remember aright, he

made his first appearance in his friar's habit with his hair cut

short, but not as yet shaved in the crown of his head. After a

little space followed a mitred cardinal gaudily attired, and be-

fore him lay St. Francis almost prostrate, in order to be con-

firmed in his office. Soon after this he appears quite metamor-

phosed into a monk, his crown shorn, his habit black, and his

loins girt with a knotted cord. Here he prays to our Saviour

hanging on a cross, that the marks of the wounds in his hands,

feet, and side, might be impressed on the same parts of his

body. The prayer is granted; blood comes from the hands,

feet, and side, and the saint with great devotion receives the

impressions. This was represented by red waxen strings, reach-

ing from those parts of the image to the corresponding parts of

St. Francis's body. Upon this he begins to do wonders; and

therefore in, a little while he was carried along, holding up a

house which was just falling. This miracle they say was per-

formed (if my information be true) at Madrid, but the parti-

culars of its history I have forgotten. At length the father

dies, and is brought forth lying in his grave. But lo! the

briers and nettles under which he lay are turned into fine and

fragrant flowers. After this he is borne along upon a bier

covered with a silver pall, and four friars lamenting over him.

He then appears for the last time, but with an increase of power;

for he was represented as drawing tormented people out of pur-

gatory with his knotted cord, which, as you may well imagine,

the poor souls catched at and took hold of very eagerly. At

length 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-

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favoured Franciscans, with their calceis fenestratis, as Erasmus

calls them; and so the procession ended. Methinks I hear you

say. It is full time. And so say I — for as the sight itself dis-

gusted me, so I am persuaded the bare narration of it, though

ever so short, cannot be very pleasant to you, who I know abhor

everything that savours of superstition and idolatry. We will

therefore take our leave of St. Francis, whose procession was in

the day-time; but I must tell you it is only to inform you of

another of a much more awful and shocking nature, which I

saw afterwards by night. It was about ten o'clock, when being

deeply engaged in conversation with my kind host, in came an

Englishman, and told me in all haste, that he had seen a train

of near two hundred penitents passing along, and that in all pro-

bability I might be gratified with the same sight, if I hastened

to a place whither he would conduct me. I very readily obeyed

the summons, and, as curiosity quickened my pace, we soon

came up with some of those poor creatures, who were then making

a halt, and kneeling in the street, whilst a friar from a high

cross, with an image of our Lord crucified in his hand, was

preaching to them and the populace, with great vehemence.

Sermon being ended, the penitents who had already been preach-

ed to, 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,

more zealous than the rest, before the king's palace, sounded

out the word *penitentia* through a speaking trumpet. The peni-

tents themselves were clothed and covered all over with white

linen vestments, only holes were made for their eyes to peep

out at. All were barefooted, and all had long heavy chains

fastened to their ankles, which, when dragged along the street,

made a dismal rattling: but though alike in dress, yet in other

respects there was great variety amongst them; for some car-

ried great stones on their backs, and others dead men's bones

and sculls in their hands. Some bore large and seemingly very

heavy crosses upon their shoulders, whilst others had their

arms extended quite wide, or carried a bow full of swords with

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the points downwards. Most of them whipped and lashed them-

selves, some with cords, and others with flat bits of iron. It

being a moonshine night I could see them quite well; and, in-

deed, some of them struck so hard that I perceived that their

backs (left bare on purpose to be slashed) were quite red, and

swollen very much by the violence and repetition of the blows.

Had my dear friend been there, he would have joined with me

in saying, that the whole scene was horrible — so horrible, that,

being informed it was to be continued till morning, I was glad

to return from whence I came, about midnight. Had you been

with me, I know you would have joined in praising and grate-

fully adoring the Lord of all lords, not only for the great won-

der of the Reformation, but also for that glorious deliverance

wrought out for us in stopping of our late unnatural rebellion.

Oh with what a mighty Spirit and power from on high, must

Luther, Calvin, Melancthon, Zuinglius, and those glorious Re-

formers, be necessarily endued, who dared first openly to oppose

and stem such a torrent of superstition and spiritual tyranny! —

And what gratitude owe we to him, who, under God, was instru-

mental in saving us from the return of such spiritual slavery,

and such blind obedience to a papal power! To have had a

cardinal for our king — a cardinal, if not born, yet from his in-

fancy nursed up, at Rome — a cardinal, one of whose sons is ad-

vanced to the same ecclesiastical dignity, and both under the

strongest obligations to support the interest of that church

whose superstitions, as well as political state principles, they

have sucked in and imbibed even from their infancy. But,

blessed be God, the snare is broken, and we are delivered. Oh

for protestant practices to be added to protestant principles!

Oh for an obediential acknowledgment to the ever blessed God

for our repeated deliverances! But alas! pardon me, my dear

friend, I stop to weep — adieu — I cannot enlarge, but leaving you

to guess from what source my tears flow, I must hasten to sub-

scribe myself.

"Providence still detains us at Lisbon, and therefore I know

you will be inquiring what more news from thence? Truly, as

extraordinary as ever — for I have now seen the solemnities of a

Holy Thursday, which is a very high day in this metropolis.

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and particularly "remarkable for the grand illuminations of the

churches, and the king's washing twelve poor men's feet. —

Through the interest of a friend I got admittance into the gal-

lery 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 several other parts of the gallery, were sideboards with gold

and silver large basons and ewers most curiously wrought; and

near these a large table covered with a variety of dishes, all

cold, set off and garnished after the Portuguese fashion. Public

high mass being over, his Majesty came in attended with his

nobles, who seemed to me to look like so many Roman senators.

The very act of washing the feet I did not get in time enough

to see; but that being ended, several of the young noblemen

served up the dishes to the king's brother and uncles; these

again handed them to his Majesty, who gave (I think) twelve of

them in all to each poor man. Everything was carried on with

a great deal of decency and good humour. The young noble-

men served very cheerfully, their seniors looked quite pleased,

and the king and his royal relations behaved in a very polite,

easy manner. Upon the whole, though, as you may easily guess,

it was not an exact copy of the tapestry, yet as the poor men's

clothes and food, when sold, came to about ten moidores, and as

there was little mixture of superstition in it, I cannot say but I

was as well pleased with my morning's entertainment as with

anything I had met with since my arrival. I believe the whole

took up near two hours. After dinner we went to see the

churches, but the magnificence and sumptuousness of the furni-

ture, on this occasion, cannot well be expressed. Many of them

were hung with purple damask trimmed with gold. In one of

them there was a solid silver altar of several yards circum-

ference, 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 wax tapers in

them, which, going up by a regular ascent till they formed them-

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selves into a pyramid, made a most glittering and splendid

blaze. The great altars also of the other churches were illu-

minated most profusely, and silver pots of artificial flowers with

a large wax taper between each, were fixed all round several of

them. Between these were large paintings in black and white,

representing the different parts of our Saviour's passion. And,

in short, all was so magnificently, so superstitiously grand, that

I am persuaded several thousands of pounds would not defray

the expenses of this one day. Go which way you would, no-

thing was to be seen but illuminations within and hurry with-

out. For all persons, the crowned heads themselves not ex-

cepted, are obliged on this day to visit seven churches or altars,

in imitation, as is supposed, of our Lord's being hurried from

one tribunal to another before he was condemned to be hung

upon the cross. I saw the queen pass by in great state to visit

three of them. Velvet cushions were carried before her Ma-

jesty, and boards laid along the streets for herself and retinue

to walk upon. Guards attended before and behind, and thou-

sands of spectators stood on each side to gaze at them as they

passed along. Being desirous of seeing the manner of their en-

trance, we got into the last church before they came. It was

that of St. Domingo, where was the gold altar before mentioned,

and at which her Majesty and train knelt about a quarter of an

hour. All the while the Dominican friars sung most sur-

prisingly sweet. But as I stood near the altar over against the

great door, I must confess my very inmost soul was struck with

a secret horror, when, upon looking up, I saw over the front of

the great window of the church the heads of many hundred

Jews, painted on canvass, who had been condemned (by what

they call the Holy Inquisition) and carried out from that church

to be burnt. Strange way this of compelling people to come

in! Such was not thy method, O meek and compassionate

Lamb of God! Thou camest not to destroy men's lives, but

to save them. But bigotry is as cruel as the grave. It knows

no remorse. From all its bitter and dire effects, good Lord, de-

liver us. But to return to the queen — having performed her

devotions she departed, and went in a coach of state, I believe,

directly from the church to her palace, and without doubt suffi-

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ciently fatigued. For, besides walking through the streets to

the several churches, her Majesty also, and the princesses, had

been engaged in waiting upon and washing the feet of twelve

poor women, in as public a manner as the king. In our walk

home we met his Majesty with his brother and two uncles,

attended only with a few noblemen in black velvet, and a few

guards without halberts. I suppose he was returning from his

last church, and, as one may well imagine, equally fatigued with

his royal consort and daughters. When church and state thus

combine to be nursing fathers and nursing mothers to supersti-

tion, is it any wonder that its credit and influence is so diiffusive

among the populace? O Britain! Britain! hadst thou but zeal

proportionable to thy knowledge, and inward purity adequate

to the simplicity of thy external worship, in what a happy and

god-like situation wouldst thou be! Here I could weep again.

Again I leave you to guess the cause; and if I can send you one

more letter of a like nature, before we leave this place, it is all

you must expect from.

"After the news sent you in my last, I thought our Lisbon

correspondence would entirely have been put a stop to. For

upon returning to my lodgings, (as weary, I believe, as others

that had been running from church to church all day,) word was

sent me, that our ship would certainly sail next morning. This

news, I own, was not altogether agreeable to me, because I wanted

to see the conclusion of the Lent solemnities. However, I made

ready; and having despatched my private affairs the over-night,

was conducted very early in the morning, by my kind host,

down to Bellem, where the ship lay. We parted. The wind

promised to be fair; but dying away, I very eagerly went ashore

once more. But how was the scene changed! Before, all used

to be noise and hurry: now, all was hushed and shut up in the

most awful and profound silence. No clock or bell had been

heard since yesterday noon, and scarce a person was to be seen

in the street all the way to Lisbon. About two in the afternoon

we got to the place where (I had heard some days ago) an ex-

traordinary scene was to be exhibited. Can you guess what it

was? Perhaps not. Why, then, I will tell you. It was the

crucifixion of the Son of God, represented partly by dumb im-

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ages, and partly by living persons, in a large church belonging

to the convent of St. De Beato.' Several thousands crowded

into it; some of which, as I was told, had been waiting there

ever since six in the morning. Through the kind interposition

and assistance of a protestant or two, I was not only admitted

into the church, but was very commodiously situated to view

the whole performance. We had not waited long before the

curtain was drawn up. Immediately, upon a high scaffold, hung

in the front with black baize, and behind with silk purple dam-

ask laced with gold, was exhibited to our view 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-weeds. Her veil was purple silk, and she had a wire

glory round her head. At the foot of the cross lay, in a mourn-

ful, pensive posture, a living man, dressed in woman's clothes,

who personated Mary Magdalene; and 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. His eyes were fixed on

the cross, and his two hands a little extended. On each side,

near the front of the stage, stood two sentinels in buff, with

formidable caps and long beards; and directly in the front stood

another yet more formidable, with a large target in his hand.

We may suppose him to be the Roman centurion. To complete

the scene, from behind the purple hangings came out about

twenty little purple-vested winged boys, two by two, each bear-

ing a lighted wax taper in his hand, and a crimson and gold cap

on his head. At their entrance upon the stage they gently

bowed their heads to the spectators, then kneeled and made

obeisance, first to the image on the cross, and then to that of

the Virgin Mary. When risen, they bowed to each other, and

then took their respective places over against one another, on

steps assigned for them at the front of the stage. Opposite to

this, at a few yards distance, stood a black friar, in a pulpit hung

in mourning. For a while he paused, and then, breaking si-

lence, gradually lifted up his voice, till it was extended to a

pretty high pitch, though, I think, scarce high enough for so

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large an auditory. After he had proceeded in his discourse

about a quarter of an hour, a confused noise was heard near the

front great door; and, upon turning my head, I saw four long-

hearded men, two of which carried a ladder on their shoulders,

and after them followed two more with large gilt dishes in their

hands, full of linen, spices, &c. These (as I imagined) were

the representatives of Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea.

On a signal given from the pulpit, they advanced towards the

steps of the scaffold. But upon their very first attempting to

mount it, at the watchful centurion's nod, the observant soldiers

made a pass at them, and presented the points of their javelins

directly to their breasts. They are repulsed. Upon this a let-

ter from Pilate is produced. The centurion reads it, shakes his

head, and, with looks that bespoke a forced compliance, beckons

to the sentinels to withdraw their arms. Leave being thus ob-

tained, they ascend; and having paid their homage, by kneeling

first to the image on the cross, and then to the Virgin Mary,

they retired to the back of the stage. Still the preacher con-

tinued declaiming, or rather (as was said) explaining the mourn-

ful scene. Magdalene persists in wringing her hands, and vari-

ously expressing her personated sorrow; whilst John (seemingly

regardless of all besides) stood gazing on the crucified figure.

By this time it was near three o'clock, and therefore proper for

the scene to begin to close. The ladders are ascended, the

superscription and crown of thorns taken off, long white rollers

put round the arms of the image, and then the nails knocked

out which fastened the hands and feet. Here Mary Magdalene

looks most languishing, and John, if possible, stands more thun-

der-struck than before. The orator lifts up his voice, and al-

most all the hearers expressed concern by weeping, beating their

breasts, and smiting their cheeks. At length the body is gently

let down. Magdalene eyes it, and, gradually rising, receives the

feet into her wide-spread handkerchief; whilst John, (who

hitherto stood motionless like a statue,) as the body came nearer

the ground, with an eagerness that bespoke the intense affection

of a sympathizing friend, runs towards the cross, seizes the upper

part of it into his clasping arms, and, with his disguised fellow-

mourner, helps to bear it away. And here the play should end,

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was I not afraid you would be angry with me if I did not give

you an account of the last act, by telling you what became of the

corpse after it was taken down. Great preparations were made

for its interment. It was wrapped in linen and spices, &c. and

being laid upon a bier richly hung, was afterwards carried round

the churchyard in grand procession. The image of the Virgin

Mary was chief mourner, and John and Magdalene, with a whole

troop of friars with wax tapers in their hands, followed after.

Determined to see the whole, I waited its return; and in about

a quarter of an hour the corpse was brought in, and deposited

in an open sepulchre prepared for the purpose; but not before

a priest, accompanied by several of the same order in splendid

vestments, had perfumed it with incense, sung to and kneeled

before it. John and Magdalene attended the obsequies; but the

image of the Virgin Mary was carried away and placed upon the

front of the stage, in order to be kissed, adored, and worshipped

by the people. This I saw them do with the utmost eagerness

and reverence. And thus ended this Good Friday's tragi-

comical, superstitious, idolatrous droll. A droll which, whilst

I saw, as well as now whilst I am describing it, excited in me a

high indignation. Surely, thought I, whilst attending on such

a scene of mock devotion, if ever, now is the dear Lord Jesus

crucified afresh; and I could then, and even now, think of no

other plea for the poor beguiled devotees, than that which suf-

fering Innocence put up himself for his enemies, when actually

hanging upon the cross, viz. ‘Father, forgive them, for they

know not what they do.’ There was but one thing wanting to

raise one's resentment to the highest pitch, and that was for

one of the soldiers to have pierced the side of the image upon

the cross. This, in all probability, you have heard hath actually

been done in other places, and, with a little more art, might, I

think, have been performed here. Doubtless it would have

afforded the preacher as good, if not a better, opportunity of

working upon the passions of his auditory, than the taking down

the superscription and the crown of thorns, and wiping the head

with a blooded cloth, and afterwards exposing it to the view of

the people; all which I saw done before the body was let down.

But alas! my dear friend, how mean is that eloquence, and how

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entirely destitute of the demonstration of the Spirit, and of a

divine power, must that oratory necessarily be, that stands in

need of such a train of superstitious pageantry to render it im-

pressive! Think you, my dear friend, that the apostle Paul

used or needed any such artifices to excite the passions of the

people of Galatia, amongst whom, as he himself informs us,

'Jesus Christ was crucified, and evidently set forth?' But thus

it is, and thus it will be, when simplicity and spirituality are

banished from our religious offices, and artifice and idolatry

seated in their room. I am well aware that the Romanists deny

the charge of idolatry; but after having seen what I have seen

this day, as well as at sundry other times since my arrival here,

I cannot help thinking but a person must be capable of making

more than metaphysical distinctions, and deal in very abstract

ideas indeed, fairly to evade the charge. If ‘weighed in the

balances of the sanctuary,' I am positive the scale must turn on

the protestant side. But such a balance these poor people are

not permitted to make use of. Doth not your heart bleed for

them? Mine doth, I am sure; and I believe would do so more

and more, was I to stay longer, and see what they call their hal-

lelujah and grand devotions on Easter day. But that scene is

denied me. The wind is fair, and I must away. Follow me

with your prayers, and believe me to be."

CHAPTER XXI.

WHITEFIELD AND THE LONDON MORAVIANS.

Although Whitefield derived neither the good nor the evil

from the Moravians that Wesley did his personal history would

be incomplete, and his Times would lack a slight feature of

their true character, were I to pass over his connexion with that

singular people, — then so ill represented, in some respects, in

London. It is, however, with great reluctance I touch the sub-

ject. I am dissolving (so far) a charm, which has often soothed

and cheered me, when I have been soured or saddened by looking

too closely at human nature. Oh, what have the tyrants of con-

science to answer for! Truly “oppression makes a wise man

mad.” Had the first quakers been free to follow the Lamb by

the lamp of the New Testament, and to reject “Roman can-

dles,” they and their posterity might have been as useful to the

church as they have been to the world. In like manner, had

the Bohemian church not been deprived of Huss and Jerome,

nor denounced for reading Wycliffe, the descendants of her

martyrs might have had no startling singularities of sentiment

or ceremony. The Moravians were drawn into both, because

their fathers were driven into unnatural and trying positions,

which inevitably created fancies, and called forth rhapsodies.

Time, happily, has so pruned both the wild luxuriance and

the worldly policy of Moravianism, that it is almost impossible

to believe now, that Molther ever taught the doctrines, or

Nitschmann ever sung the hymns, or Zinzendorff ever sanction-

ed the practices in London, which Whitefield and Wesley ex-

posed. These things, however, ought not to be forgotten. Their

memory is the safeguard against their recurrence. It is wanted

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too as ballast, by the Moravian church; just as all churches

need to remember the blots upon their escutcheon. Dr. Southey

says, "few religious communities may look back upon their his-

tory with so much satisfaction as the united brethren." This

is true of their general history; but it is equally true that their

vagaries in London did them no credit. These first alarmed,

and then alienated, both Watts and Doddridge, as well as White-

field and Wesley. Doddridge was right too in supposing, that

''they produced the same sentiments in the archbishop of Can-

terbury." Potter could forgive much to a people whom he re-

cognised as an "apostolical and episcopal church;" but he seems

to have doubted eventually, whether Zinzendorff was elected

their bishop, "plaudente toto coelesti choro” At least his arms

were not so “open” to him as at first. And it was well for the

Moravians, that good men both took and sounded an alarm,

from the exposures made by Rimius. It taught them, as Dr.

Southey well says, "to correct their perilous error in time;"

and since, "they have continued not merely to live without re-

proach, but to enjoy in a greater degree than any other sect, the

general good opinion of every other religious community." Both

Wesley and Whitefield contributed not a little to this improve-

ment by the influence they had over Ingham, Dellamotte, and

Gambold, and by their writings. The manner in which White-

field dealt with the subject will be best seen in his own letter to

Zinzendorff.

He remonstrated thus with the Count, as the lord advocate

of the UNITAS FRATRUM. “For these many years past I have

been a silent, and I trust I can say, an impartial, observer of the

progress and effects of Moravianism, both in England and Ame-

rica; but such shocking things have been lately brought to our

ears, and offences have swelled to such an enormous bulk, that

a real regard for my king and my country, and, if I am not

greatly mistaken, a disinterested love for the ever-blessed

Jesus, that King of kings, and the church which he hath pur-

chased with his own blood, will not suffer me to be silent any

longer.

"Pardon me, therefore, my Lord, if at length, though with great

regret, as the Searcher of hearts knows, I am constrained to in-

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form your Lordship, that you, together with some of your lead-

ing brethren, have been unhappily instrumental in misguiding

many real, simple, honest-hearted Christians; of distressing, if

not totally ruining, numerous families; and introducing a whole

farrago of superstitious, not to say idolatrous, fopperies into the

English nation.

"For my own part, my Lord, notwithstanding the folio that

was published (I presume under your Lordship's direction)

about three years ago, I am as much at a loss as ever, to know

what were the principles and usages of the ancient Moravian

church; but if she was originally attired in the same garb, in

which she hath appeared of late amongst many true-hearted,

though deluded protestants, she is not that simple, apostolical

church the English brethren were made to believe about twelve

years ago. Sure I am, that we can find no traces of many of

her present practices in the yet more ancient, I mean the primi-

tive churches, and which we all know were really under an im-

mediate and truly apostolical inspection.

"Will your Lordship be pleased to 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 parti-

cular 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 love-feasts?

"Or do we ever hear, my Lord, of incense, or something like it,

being burnt for Paul, in order to perfume the room before he

made his entrance among the brethren? Or can it be supposed

that he, who, together with Barnabas, so eagerly repelled the

Lycaonians, when they brought oxen and garlands, in order to

sacrifice unto them, would ever have suffered such things to be

done for him, without expressing his abhorrence and detestation

of them? And yet your Lordship knows both these have been

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done for you, and suffered by you, without your having shown,

as far as I can hear, the least dislike.

"Again, my Lord, I beg leave to inquire, whether we hear any

thing in Scripture of elderesses or deaconesses of the apos-

tolical churches 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 Lord-

ship must be sensible this was done in Fetter Lane chapel, for

Mrs. Hannah Nitschman, the present general elderess of your

congregation, with this addition, that all the sisters were seat-

ed, clothed in white, and with German caps; the organ also

illuminated with three pyramids of wax tapers, each of which

was tied with a red riband; and over the head of the general

elderess, 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 devo-

tions, and unscriptural impositions, must they have been ha-

bituated, before they could sit silent and tame spectators of

such an antichristian scene. Surely, had Gideon, though but

an Old Testament saint, been present, he would have risen and

pulled down this, as he formerly did his father's altar. Or had

even that meek man Moses been there, I cannot help thinking,

but he would have addressed your Lordship, partly at least, in

the words with which he addressed his brother Aaron, ‘What

did this people unto thee, that thou hast introduced such super-

stitious customs among them?'

"A like scene to this was exhibited by the single brethren, in

a room of their house at Hatton Garden. One of them, who

helped to furnish it, gave me the following account. The floor

was covered with sand and moss, and in the middle of it was

paved a star of different coloured pebbles, upon that was placed

a gilded dove, which spouted water out of its mouth into a ves-

sel prepared for its reception, which was curiously decked with

artificial leaves and flags; the room was hung with moss and

shells. The Count, his son, and son-in-law, in honour of whom

all this was done, with Mrs. Hannah Nitschman, and Mr. Peter

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Boehler, and some other labourers, were present. These were

seated under an alcove, supported by columns made of paste-

board, and over their heads was painted an oval, in imitation of

marble, containing the ciphers of Count Zinzendorffs family.

Upon a side table, was a little altar covered with shells, and on

each side of the altar was a bloody heart, out of or near which

proceeded flames. The room was illuminated with wax tapers,

and musicians placed in an adjacent apartment, while the com-

pany performed their devotions, and regaled themselves with

sweetmeats, coffee, tea, and wine. After this the labourers de-

parted, and the single brethren were admitted in. I am told,

that most, if not all, of these leading persons were present also

at the celebration of Mrs. Hannah Nitschman's birth-day.

"But this is not all; 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 their properties also? Or

draw in the members of their respective congregations to dis-

pose of whole patrimonies at once, or to be bound for thousands

of pounds more than they well 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 for several years

last past; and that too, at, or very near the time, when, in order

to procure an act in their favour to go abroad, (which now ap-

pears to be rather a scheme to settle at home,) they boasted to

an English parliament, how immensely rich they were.

“Your Lordship cannot but be sensible, that at this present

time you stand indebted to sundry persons to the value of forty

thousand pounds sterling; and unless some of your brethren

had agreed to stay six years for about twenty thousand pounds,

due to them; (though after the expiration of that term, as they

have no security, in all probability they will be just where they

are now;) and if the other creditors also, upon consideration of

some bonds given, and mortgages made for principal and in-

terest, had not agreed to stay four years, for twenty-one thou-

sand pounds more, many of the English brethren, who, out of I

know not what kind of infatuation, have not only given their all,

but have been bound for thousands more than they are able to

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pay, must either have immediately become bankrupts, and

thereby the creditors perhaps not have had a shilling in the

pound, or have been obliged to shut up their shops, go to prison,

or be turned out into the wide world, to the utter ruin of them-

selves and families.

"I have been told of a very singular expedient made use of by

Mr. Peter Boehler, one of the brethren's bishops, in order to

strengthen the faith and to raise the drooping spirits of Mr.

William Bell, who hath been unhappily drawn in (with several

others) to be one of their agents. It was this: It being Mr.

Bell's birth-day, he was sent for from his house in Nevil's Al-

ley, Fetter Lane; but for a while, having had some words with

Mr. Boehler, he refused to come: at length he complied, and

was introduced into a hall, in the same alley, 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

very near, or embracing each other; and out of the clouds was

also represented plenty of money falling round Mr. Bell and the

Saviour. This story appeared to me so incredible at the first

hearing, that, though I could not doubt the veracity of the re-

later, yet fearing he might be misinformed, I sent for him again,

and he assured me, that Mr. Bell told this story himself some

time ago in company, and a person of good reputation of that

company related it to an acquaintance of mine. May God

grant him and all others who have been undesignedly concern-

ed, a more sure and stable prop for their faith, even his own

word, in which he causes his people to trust! Then, and not till

then, even upon the greatest emergency, they may without any

fanciful representations, boldly say, 'Who art thou, O great

mountain? before the Lord Jesus, our all-conquering Zerubba-

bel, thou shalt become a plain.'

"The distress and anguish of mind that hundreds have been

involved in upon this very account, is, I believe, unspeakable.

And the bare reflection upon it, whilst I am writing, makes my

heart almost to bleed within me. Who, who, but themselves,

my Lord, can tell the late perplexity of their minds, who have

been already arrested, or obliged to break off their respective

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partnerships? Or what words can express the great concern

which Mr. Freeman and Mr. Thomas Grace must have been

necessarily under, when they found that bills had been drawn

in their name, unknown to them, to the value of forty-eight

thousand pounds? And how pitiable, my Lord, must the pre-

sent circumstances of young Mr. Rhodes be, who, to stop a

little of the above-mentioned gap, was prevailed on, (your

Lordship knows by whom,) about eighteen months ago, to sell

his estate of above four hundred pounds a year, and went or

was sent off very lately, as I am assured, to France, (leaving a

destitute mother behind him,) and only with twenty-five pounds,

for the payment of which he left his watch, bureau, horse, and

saddle!

"These are but a few instances, my Lord, amongst many, in-

deed, too, too many, that might be given. The brethren's

agents, and those concerned with them, can best tell what hor-

rid equivocations, untruths, and low artifices have been used, to

procure money, at high interest, wherever it was to be had, in

order to keep up the brethren's credit; and in that poor, lame

manner, it hath been kept up for a considerable time. Was the

whole scene to be opened, I believe everyone would be of

opinion, that such an ecclesiastical project never was heard of

before in any part of his Majesty's dominions.

"Of this, my Lord, the Royal Exchange hath long since rung;

and if the same part hath been acted abroad, how many fami-

lies must have been ruined there, and how many more may yet

be ruined, in order to fill up the present English chasm; and

consequently, what loads of guilt must needs lie at the door of

somebody! Surely, the Lord of all lords, whose eyes are like

a flame of fire, and who requires truth in the inward parts,

will one day or other visit for these things, by bringing to light

the hidden things of darkness, and thereby making manifest the

counsels of the heart!

"I need not inform your Lordship, that Babels are generally

suffered to be built pretty high, before God comes down to

confound the language of the builders. If knaves are employ-

ed, (as commonly they are,) God's honour is concerned to dis-

cover them. And if any of his own children are undesignedly

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drawn in, (which is frequently the case,) he, who hath promised

not to suffer them to be tempted above what they are able to

bear, will in mercy, some way or other, rebuke the tempter,

and make a way for them to escape. It is true, this, in public

concerns, may sometimes expose them to a little worldly con-

tempt, and for a while they may seemingly be crushed under

the rubbish of the fallen fabric, but even this shall work toge-

ther for their good; and happy will it be for them, if, after all,

they at length learn this important lesson, 'That it is danger-

ous, upon any pretence whatsoever, to go from the written

word, or give up their consciences to the guidance of any man,

or body of men, under heaven.' This, your Lordship well

knows, is what weak and unstable souls are too apt to do; and

artful and designing men, who are fond of power, especially if

naturally they are of an ambitious turn of mind, easily catch

at the pleasing bait. But honesty, my Lord, will be found to

be the best policy after all; and therefore, God forbid that any

who call themselves the followers of the Lamb, should glory in

anything save the cross of Christ.

"At present, I shall add no more, but earnestly say Amen, to

that part of the brethren's litany, however exceptionable in other

respects, ‘From untimely projects, and from unhappily becom-

ing great, keep us, our good Lord and God!'"

This controversy had one effect, which Whitefield did not an-

ticipate, nor can I fully explain; it led Cennick to quit him, and

to go over to the Moravians: a proof, however, that the Mora-

vians as a body were not perverted by their leaders. A large

party went over with Cennick on this occasion; amongst whom

was Mrs. Greenfield, one of Queen Caroline's ladies. She is

the person called in Whitefield's Letters, “one of Caesar's house-

hold." He visited her at St. James's Palace, and found her

"ready to show out.” Indeed, she had; for the palace was then

ringing about her. But whilst he thought she would make a

glorious martyr, if she stood firm, he saw the peril of her posi-

tion, and said to her friend Lady Huntingdon, "Till Mrs.

Greenfield can meet with company really in earnest, the closer

she keeps to her God and her book the better." She retired

from the court on a pension; and though she joined the Mo-

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ravians, she continued to correspond with Whitefield, and to

hear him at the house of the Countess. She also parted with

her favourite servant, to furnish the Tabernacle house in Bris-

tol with a suitable housekeeper. I ought to add, that White-

field's letter to Zinzendorff "cured many of the fopperies and

faults it exposed."

CHAPTER XXII.

WHITEFIELD'S INFLUENCE IN AMERICA.

FIRST PART.

Whitefield's former visits to America, although not unwel-

come to her spiritual churches, were, in some measure, unsought

for by them, as churches. I mean, he consulted his own sense

of duty, and the interest of his orphan-house, and the urgency

of private friends, rather than public opinion, on either side of

the Atlantic. On the present occasion, besides his ordinary

reasons for ranging America, he had many pressing invitations

"to cross-plough" his old grounds, and to water where he had

planted. He had also a home reason. He wished to come back

upon England and Scotland again, in the power of an American

unction; a savour he had found to be "of life unto life," in all

his movements through his native land. Hence he said on his

voyage, "After a short tour through America, I hope to see my

native country, and begin to begin to ramble after poor sinners

again." It was there he learnt to range, and there he dis-

covered how much he could range, as well as how much good

ranging did; and therefore he was unwilling to forget the lesson.

And no wonder. Had he not hunted in the American woods

and wilds, he would not have done nor dared what he attempted

at home. Indeed, every foreign place was a school, where he

studied for home. And he was an apt scholar. It must have

been a strange place indeed, where Whitefield could pick up

nothing useful. Everywhere his maxim was, "I would fain be

one of Christ's bees, and learn to extract honey from every

flower;" — whilst everywhere his feeling was, "Alas, I am a

drone, and deserve to be stung out of God's hive."

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He arrived in safety with his orphans at Bethesda, after an

easy voyage; and found himself at the head of a family of a

hundred and six members, “black and white” all dependent

upon his personal efforts and influence. But he had no fears.

He regarded his charge as a stewardship of Providence, and

hoped and begged accordingly, nothing doubting. Having

arranged his household, he started to his work, and traversed

Carolina. It was now high summer; and besides the oppressive

heat, "great thunders, violent lightnings, and heavy rains,"

frequently beat upon him as he journeyed from town to town;

but his health improved and his spirits rose, as he advanced.

One reason of this was that he chiefly travelled by night. "In

spite of thunder, lightning, rain, and heat, God is pleased," he

says, "to hold my soul in life, and to let me see his glorious

work prosper in my unworthy hands." One part of this pros-

perity was, the conversion of a clergyman, and the prospect of

a faithful successor to Smith at Charleston — from Bethesda!

This was the first student sent forth from the orphan-house.

I can give no account of him: but he must have had consider-

able ministerial talent, to commend himself to Josiah Smith's

flock. The reader remembers his sermon on Whitefield's

character.

Having "fully preached the gospel" in the regions of Caro-

lina, he went to New York and Philadelphia, and found at both

"prejudices removed, and a more effectual door than ever," for

labour. At this time, however, he seems to have lost his horse;

and thus to have been dependent upon his friends for convey-

ances. He had been so before, and remembered that neither

all horses nor all drivers were alike. To one of his former whips

he wrote, "You must bring a chaise; — I have no horse; — I will

once more venture your throwing me down." This was on the

way to Philadelphia. There he was thrown down suddenly, but

not from a chaise. He was seized "with a violent cholera mor-

hus,” and soon brought to the gates of death. He had, he said,

"all his cables out, ready to cast anchor within the port" of

eternity: but he was soon "at sea again;" although only able to

preach once a day, for some time. When he was himself again,

and looked at the "glorious range for hunting in the American

woods," he was at a loss what hand to go to: “Affection, in-

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tense affection, cries aloud. Away to New England, dear New

England, directly. Providence, and the circumstances of the

southern provinces, point directly to Virginia. "Whilst thus

undecided, he visited his old friend Governor Belcher, and found

him an improved and ripening pilgrim, now willing to depart

and he with Christ. The venerable governor enjoyed this visit

much; and found it as conducive to his own peace, as his patron-

age and state-coach had formerly been to Whitefield's popularity.

It was now the New Jersey commencement, and the president

and trustees of the college presented Whitefield with the de-

gree of M. A. He was pleased with this mark of their respect

from the senate: but much more pleased with the synod of

ministers. "I was much refreshed," he says, "with the com-

pany of the whole synod: 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."

By their counsel he determined to visit New England first,

and to return through Virginia to Georgia; a circuit of about

"two thousand miles;" but not at all intimidating to him. On

looking at it he said, "The Redeemer's strength will be more

than sufficient." President Burr accompanied him to New

England, and saw at Boston, morning after morning, three or

four thousand people hanging in breathless silence on the lips

of the preacher, and weeping silent tears. Whitefield himself

calls it "a lovely scene," and says, he "never saw a more effec-

tual door opened for the gospel." "Sinners have been awak-

ened, saints quickened, and enemies made at peace with me.

Grace, grace! Surely my coming here was of God! Convic-

tions do fasten, and many souls are comforted." Such was the

crowd at the early sermons, that he had to get in at the win-

dows of the chapels, in order to reach the pulpit. In a letter to

the Countess, he says, "At Boston the tide ran full as high as

ever your Ladyship knew it at Edinburgh, or in any part of

Scotland."

Before leaving Boston he heard with unspeakable satisfaction,

that his friend Habersham was appointed secretary to the new

governor of Georgia. “I wish you joy,” he wrote to him,

“of your new honour. May the King of kings enable you to

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discharge your trust as becomes a good patriot, subject, and

Christian. You have now a call, I think, to retire from business,

and to give up your time to the public." His complete triumph

in Boston, opened for him "a wider and wider door" all around.

He hardly knew where to go first, or how to go fast enough, in

order to meet the public demand. He seems on one occasion

to have let down, or over-ridden his horse, in his haste; but he

knew the owner; obtained another; and sent word, "I left the

horse a little lame at Long Island, with one who is called Saint

Dick. All hail such reproach."

On his journey northward, he was able to preach twice or

thrice every day: and his success will be best judged from his

own account, for he never speaks strongly without strong reason.

"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 conquests. A

hundredth part cannot be told. We had scarce one dry meet-

ing." When he came near to Portsmouth, the end of his north-

ern boundary, he was overwhelmed with humility as well as joy,

by the cavalcade which came out to meet and welcome him.

He says of them, they "were too many;" and of the whole ex-

pedition so far, "It seems to me the most important one I was

ever engaged in."

He now turned back, "to preach all the way to Georgia;" a

journey of sixteen hundred miles. This had no terrors to him.

He called it "a ride," and said, "Nil desperandum, Christo

duce, auspice Christo" Little, I regret to say, is to be found

in either his memoranda or letters to illustrate this ride, except

proofs that many of his hearers must have ridden forty or fifty

miles, in order to reach the line of his itineracy. From the

manner also in which he was received at every town, and from

the multitudes who assembled, it is evident that great exertions

had been made to prepare them for his coming, and to enable

him to keep his appointments. This throws no small light

upon the influence he now had in America. It was felt to be

a privilege everywhere, to forward him on his mission, "after

a godly sort," and to telegraph the wilderness before him:

and rich and poor answered the signals; churches and chapels

opened to them.

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When he reached Charleston, he had the pleasure of see-

ing the student from Bethesda ordained there. It does not

appear whether he took any part in the ordination, or not.

He merely says, that it was solemn. He was not less pleased,

however, on this occasion, to find that one of the players of

Charleston had been "snatched as a brand from the burning."

His health failed again now. His old vomitings returned

with violence, and his spirits sunk with his strength. He, there-

fore, embarked for England, in the fond hope that the voyage

would recruit him for his "Father's business;" — for which, he

says, "I am a poor pilgrim, willing to give up all that is near

and dear to me on this side eternity!"

This brief chapter is merely preparatory to one on the same

subject. Whitefield's influence in America would, however,

fill a volume; were it traced in all its bearings and on-goings,

from the first rousing of her churches, down through the pro-

gress of her revivals. This cannot, perhaps, be done by any

British writer. Indeed, it would be imprudent to attempt the

task on this side of the Atlantic. We do not know enough

of the men who caught and carried on the influence which

Whitefield's ministry had upon the public mind; to tell where

their influence began, or where his ended. We should thus be

forever in danger of ascribing too much to him, and too little

to them. We see only the mighty impulses which he gave;

and not the men nor the measures by which they were turned

to immediate account, or transmitted to posterity. For, after

all, they were but impulses on the public mind. They were,

indeed, many, and mighty, and good, and unparalleled: and

just because they were all this, there must have been much of

this goodness and greatness about the agency which wrought

with them and by them. The “action taken upon them,”

(to use an Americanism,) was one chief cause of their ex-

tensive and enduring usefulness. I have not dared, there-

fore, to bring together the proofs of Whitefield's influence in

America, which might be collected and embodied from the

results of all his visits: but have simply given illustrations of

it from two of them; and these, perhaps, not the most in-

fluential.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WHITEFIELD’S PUBLIC SPIRIT.

"On his return from America, the first thing he took notice

of," says Gillies, "was the success of religion in his native

country." He was delighted to find "the poor methodists as

lively as ever; the gospel preached with power in many churches;

some fresh ministers almost every week determining to know

nothing but Jesus Christ, and him crucified; and many at

Oxford awakened to the knowledge of the truth."

Almost the first thing he did on his arrival, was, to use his

influence with the Marquis of Lothian, for a diploma to his

friend President Burr of New Jersey. His Lordship applied to

the university of Edinburgh; and the senate consented at once;

requiring only "an account of Mr. Burr's literature." This

Whitefield sent to the Marquis; assuring him, that the favour

done to the president would "endear" his Lordship to "the

good people in America." I suppose the degree of D. D. was

sent, seeing it was thus readily promised: it is not noticed,

however, in the "American Biographical Dictionary." There,

the president is styled Mr. Burr, to the end of the chapter.

How is this? Was the diploma lost, or not sent out? Or, was

the president too modest to adopt the title? I put this ques-

tion, because all the American diplomas, which are not acknow-

ledged in this country, are neither lost nor unappreciated. They

are not all used; but none of them are lightly esteemed by their

possessors. They never can be so, unless the future issue of

degrees becomes promiscuous: and America will surely respect

herself too much to permit this.

Whitefield had at the Tabernacle, on his return, what he

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calls "golden seasons;" but by this time there were other cler-

gymen in London, who preached the gospel faithfully; and as

that was the only thing he cared for, it made, he says, his "call

to go abroad still more clear." Indeed, so little did he like

London as a sphere of labour, and so much did he judge of

spheres by their destitution, that he wished to return to America

this year, without ranging England or Scotland. Hence he

says, "Methinks I could set out for America to-morrow, though

I have not yet entered upon my country range." Lett. 1534.

But if he loved America most, England loved herself more,

and drew him with "the cords of love," into Gloucestershire

and Bristol again. He went also to open the Norwich Taber-

nacle, at the request of the Countess; and there he so turned

the tide out of the Wesleyan channels, that he deemed it neces-

sary to apprize his friend Wesley of the fact, and to assure him

that there were no party designs on foot. At first, and for a

long time, the Norwich Tabernacle was distinguished amongst

the Countess's chapels, as one of the most promising. In 1777,

the Hon. Walter Shirley spent some time at it, and had eight

hundred communicants in fellowship. He said of them, "Their

experience, lives, and conversation are so excellent, that there

is nothing like it in the whole kingdom." This once flourish-

ing place the trustees have managed to break up. In 1836, the

great body of the congregation retired to another sanctuary.

When Whitefield returned to London, he was goaded by not

a few, to engage in controversy with the Wesleys again. His

measures at Norwich seem to have been misrepresented to them.

Instead, however, he preferred to wait until he could converse

with Wesley " face to face." "I have no time for controversy,"

he says. He redeemed time, however, at this crisis, to write a

grateful letter to his old tutor at Oxford; begging his prayers,

and blessing him for his instructions and counsels.

At this time, the encroachments of the French upon the

British colonies in America, awakened his jealousy. He saw

more than civil liberty at stake. He trembled for the ark of

God. Accordingly, when he heard that his old friend Colonel

Pepperell was in the field again to resist the enemy, he wrote to

Lady P. an inspiring letter; and one to the colonel, challenging

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him to meet him often at the throne of grace, in prayer for suc-

cess against "popish tyranny and arbitrary power." In like

manner, when he set out on his northern tour, he carried this

subject with him, like his shadow, through Yorkshire and Lan-

cashire. "At this time," he says, "next to Jesus, my king and

country were upon my heart. I hope I shall always think it my

bounden duty, next to inviting sinners to the blessed Jesus, to

exhort my hearers to exert themselves against the first ap-

proaches of popish tyranny. Oh that we may be enabled to pray

and watch against antichrist in our hearts; for there, after all,

lies the most dangerous man of sin."

With all his partiality, indeed love, to Leeds, Whitefield was

sadly disconcerted there, when he found that his friends, with-

out his knowledge, had built a large chapel. He saw at a

glance that it would create an "awful separation amongst the

societies;" and lost no time in writing off to Wesley, that they

might try to prevent a breach. Both the plan and the spirit

of this undertaking so vexed him, that he exclaimed, "Oh

this self-love — this self-will — is the devil of devils." This he

wrote to Lady Huntingdon; a proof that party was not their

object.

During two months, he preached twice or thrice a day, to

still greater numbers than before; inviting them to Christ, and

“exhorting them to pray for King George, and the dear friends

in America.” On his return to London, he heard that the

American ladies were making the soldiers' coats; and he wrote

off immediately to urge his own female friends there, to be

"some of the most active in this labour of love."

Notwithstanding his immense labours on this tour, he grew

fat: but it was disease, not strength. Sore throat set in, and

was followed by an inflammatory quinsey, which assumed almost

a fatal aspect. One physician prescribed "silence and warmth;"

and he promised to be "very obedient." He was so for a few

days. Then another physician prescribed a “perpetual blister;”

this proposal roused him, and he soon tried his old remedy, —

"perpetual preaching." It was, of course, painful; but he said,

"When this grand catholicon fails, it is all over with me." In

this, he judged aright of his own constitution.

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Whilst compelled to take "the medicine of silence'' the sad

news of the earthquake at Lisbon arrived. At the time, it was

doubtful whether death or life would be the issue of the quinsy:

but he forgot his own sufferings, when told of the public cala-

mity: "Blessed be God," he said, "I am ready; I know that

my Redeemer liveth. Oh that all in Portugal had known this!

Then, an earthquake would only be a rumbling chariot, to carry

the soul to God. Poor Lisbon! how soon are thy riches and

superstitious pageantry swallowed up! "One almost regrets

that Whitefield was unable to preach on this catastrophe. His

vivid recollections of Lisbon, with his deep sense of its super-

stitions, would have enabled him to render the scene visible to

the eye, as well as overpowering to the heart and conscience.

This reflection just reminds me, that I have seen nothing in all

his memoranda or letters, of his own well-known heroism at the

time of the earthquake in London. He preached then in the

parks at midnight to trembling thousands; and presented to

them, in his own composure, a sublime illustration of "the peace

which passeth all understanding." So did Charles Wesley at

the Foundery. I quite agree with Watson, that it is difficult to

say which was the nobler spectacle, Charles Wesley in the

chapel, or Whitefield in the open air, at midnight; and both

triumphing in God, whilst the earth shook and trembled! How

could methodism fail to commend itself then to the public mind?

Doddridge also signalized himself in London, by a sermon on

the earthquake, which produced a thrilling effect amongst the

dissenters. One of its fruits was, the formation of "The Lon-

don Religious Book Society," by Benjamin Forfitt, Esq.; then

a British though not a Foreign Bible Society; for its object was

"to distribute Bibles, Testaments, and other books, gratis,

among the poor, and particularly to send such books to the

country." That this society originated from the sermon is

evident from Forfitt's letter to the preacher: "If the world

receives any advantage from this design, I think it is indebted,

under God, to Dr. Doddridge for it; as the sacred fervour

which animated your addresses from the pulpit, when last in

town, kindled a spark of the same benevolence to the souls of

men, in the breast of one, who could no longer retain his desires

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of usefulness within the compass of his own small abilities, with-

out exciting others to the same views." Doddridge's Diary,

vol. iv. 192.

In the winter of 1755, Whitefield was applied to by his

friends, who resided near the theatres, to preach regularly at a

chapel they had licensed in Long Acre. It was hazardous

ground; but he did not hesitate a moment. He engaged to

"preach twice a week, and read prayers." On the first night

the chapel was overflowing. Hundreds went away, who could

not get in. But he was soon disturbed. "The sons of Tubal

and Cain," as he called the rioters, serenaded him every night

with "bells, drums, clappers, and a copper-furnace,” as a kettle-

drum. These men were hired by subscription, although some

of them were soldiers, to annoy and insult him. It became,

therefore, necessary to arrest some of them as rioters. These

the bishop of B-- sent for, and inquired of them, where

Whitefield lived? This surprised him; for he thought his

"house pretty public.” This bishop, however, neither knew it,

nor the law of the land; for he sent him a prohibition, although

the chapel was duly licensed, and unconsecrated.

Whitefield took the episcopal "bull by the horns at once;"

but with the greatest courtesy. He began by telling the bishop,

"I thought I might innocently preach the love of a crucified

Redeemer, — and, for His sake, 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." He ended by telling his Lordship, ''I

hope you will not look upon it as contumacy, if I persist in pro-

secuting my design, till I am more particularly apprized wherein

I have erred. I trust the irregularity I am charged with (if

called to answer for it) will appear justifiable to every lover of

English liberty; — and, what is all to me, be approved at the

awful and impartial tribunal of the great Shepherd and Bishop

of souls." Whilst waiting for an answer to this letter. White-

field took up the case of the persecuted French protestants, and

collected £80 for them at the Tabernacle. He had likewise

the gratification of finding that one of the subscribers to the riots

had been arrested by the gospel at Long Acre, and was now

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weeping to see him. A once "confirmed deist," also, had be-

come "as a little child."

The next time Whitefield preached in Long Acre, "all was

hushed;" and he publicly ascribed the peace to the bishop's

intervention. It was only a pause in the storm. The rioters

contented themselves with making "odd noises" in an adjoin-

ing house, whilst a scaffold was preparing for the full flourish

and chorus of "such instruments of reformation" as "a copper-

furnace, bells, drums, clappers, marrow-bones and cleavers, and

large stones of a pound weight to break the windows." This

volley was planted and played off against the chapel, in the yard

of his Lordship's overseer, by some of his Lordship's vestry and

parishioners. This fact Whitefield told him, Lett, 1122, 1124;

and added, "C., one of your Lordship's relations, can acquaint

you with many more particulars; and if you would be so good

as ride to C.'s house, you would see such a scaffold, (if not taken

down,) and such costly preparations for a noise upon it, that

must make the ears of all that shall hear it to tingle. I have

only one favour to beg of your Lordship, that you will send to

the gentlemen, as they are your parishioners, and desire them

henceforward to desist from such riotous and dangerous pro-

ceedings." — “Indeed, my Lord, it is more than noise. It de-

serves no milder a name than premeditated rioting."

His Lordship's answer to these appeals seems to have been

respectful to Whitefield, but useless to the occasion. He quoted

canons, instead of quelling the riots; and threw doubts upon

the lease and license of the chapel, instead of displacing the

overseer of the parish. He had admonished some of the rioters,

whilst they merely serenaded the congregation; but when they

"sadly wounded" some of the hearers, he sailed out of the dif-

ficulty upon a raft of canonical technicalities. But he mistook

his man, when he quoted canons and Scripture to stop White-

field from preaching the gospel. He told him at once, that the

former were mere "*bruta fulmina*" which ought to be set at

defiance, like the *withs* of the Philistines, whenever they stood

in the way of "preaching against sin, the pope, and the devil."

That, he declared he would do, at all hazards of pains and pe-

nalties. And as to the apostolical canon against trenching on

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another man's line of things, Whitefield reminded him of the

welcome Philip Henry had from the vicar at Broad Oaks, to

"throw a handful of seed," now and then, into his field; "there

is work enough for us both:" "this I humbly conceive is the

case, not only of your Lordship, but of every minister's parish

in London, and every bishop's diocess in England."

This faithful appeal to principle and conscience, did not pre-

vent Whitefield from clearing up to his Lordship the legal

claims of the chapel to protection. It had been regularly li-

censed in the Commons for a dissenting minister, Barnard; and

the certificate was in the hands of Culverwell. To these men

he referred the bishop. The "unhallowed noises" went on,

however, and lives were endangered by the stones thrown in at

the windows; one of which nearly struck Whitefield himself.

He now felt that private letters were merely child's play, when

public liberty and safety were thus outraged; and therefore he

apprized the bishop, that he would throw the whole affair before

the world. His Lordship thought, that this implied the pub-

lication of his letters; and claimed his privilege as a peer, to

prevent it. He had no occasion. Whitefield was a gentleman,

as well as a Christian. He therefore made a final appeal to the

bishop for protection, and told him he would trouble him no

more.

The outrages went on, and became so flagrant, that prosecu-

tion seemed inevitable, and was contemplated. When the

rioters heard of this, they threatened his life. One man went

up to him in the Tabernacle pulpit; and others sent him

menacing letters, "denouncing a certain, sudden, unavoidable

stroke, unless he desisted from preaching, and from pursuing

the offenders by law." One of these letters he sent to the

government; who at once offered a reward and his Majesty's

pardon to anyone who would discover the writer. This pleased

him of course; but it also embarrassed him. "My greatest

distress is," he said to Lady Huntingdon, "to act so as to avoid

rashness on the one hand, and timidity on the other." For his

own sake, he would not have stirred in it; but viewing it as

"the cause of civil and religious liberty," he wisely let the law

take its course, at the hazard of his own life by assassination.

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The preparations for bringing the matter into the King's Bench

seem, however, to have stopped the evil.

The annoyances at Long Acre led him to plan Tottenham

Court chapel. The sabbath after he had taken the ground, he

obtained nearly £600 towards the building. He intended to

put it under the protection of Lady Huntingdon; but found, on

consulting Doctors' Commons, that “no nobleman could license

a chapel” for himself, if the public were to be admitted to it.

It was begun in May, and opened in November, 1756, and

licensed "as the other houses" of prayer.

Having laid the foundation of Tottenham Court, and shown

himself again at Long Acre to the enemy, Whitefield went to

Bristol; but not to rest, although the cares and labours of the

winter and spring had nearly worn out both his strength and

spirits. Still he preached as usual in that quarter, and then

returned to London "to keep Pentecost at Long Acre;" that no

one might suspect him of having been "frightened away."

After visiting Kent, he set out again for Scotland, preaching by

the way to still greater audiences than ever. At Leeds and

York, he found "many trophies of redeeming love," which had

been won at former visits. Such was the effect of two sermons

he now preached at Burstall, that "several hundreds rode eight

miles" with him in the evening, "singing and praising God.”

Lett. 1146.

At Edinburgh, Whitefield received more than his usual wel-

come. Politicians now thronged to hear him, and the news-

papers lauded him, for his spirit-stirring exposures of "popish

tyranny and arbitrary power." He preached twice every day

in the Orphan Hospital Park, and blended with almost every

sermon rousing appeals to the protestantism, courage, and loy-

alty of the Scotch. He also pleaded the cause of the poor

Highlanders at the close of one sermon, and collected £60 for

them.

On his way back to London, he had at Leeds what he calls

"the Welch night;" a meeting peculiarly solemn and refresh-

ing. After it, he braced his nerves by a tour of mountain-

preaching, in company with his friend Grimshaw. But it was

now late in October, and as he found "these cold countries

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bringing on his last year's disorder,” and being (he says signi-

ficantly) "grown very prudent” he came to London to open

Tottenham Court chapel. He had, however, another errand to

London. The new governor of Georgia had sent for him from

the north, to consult with him before sailing. He met him,

and was so much delighted, that he wrote off to Bethesda to

prepare them for a state visit. "Waited upon his Excellency,

and gave him, and all whom he pleases to bring, an invitation

to Bethesda. Dear Mrs. C. will make proper provision." This

was not all. He wanted to have military honours paid to the

governor. "Have you persons enough to exercise before him?

Can they receive him under arms?" Whitefield was thinking

of his intended college, whilst thus ingratiating himself with

the governor.

At this time Cudworth, (no antinomian, as Moore ignorantly

calls him in his "Life of Wesley,") having embroiled Hervey

with Wesley, wrote a pamphlet against what he calls, "Some

Fundamental Mistakes in Whitefield's Sermons,” and as Her-

vey had allowed him "to put out and put in" whatever he

pleased in his letters to Wesley, he seems to have sought his

sanction to this attack on Whitefield also. Mason charged

him with saying, that Hervey offered to preface the pamphlet.

"This," Whitefield wrote to Hervey, "I as much believe, as

that I am at Rome.” Perhaps he was wrong! The pamphlet

sustained Hervey's own theory of appropriating faith, and set

Marshall against Whitefield; and so far Hervey may have

countenanced Cudworth, who was now the champion of "Theron

and Aspasio." Hervey's posthumous letters do not clear up this

fact. Indeed, Cudworth had too much to do with their publi-

cation to leave any light on the subject! It is, however,

curious, that from this time there is no letter of Whitefield to

Hervey, that I can find; nor any notice in others, of Hervey's

death. But the series of Whitefield's letters, about this time,

is very incomplete. He was now preaching fifteen times a week

in London, and daily occupied with the converts caught in his

"Soul Trap," as some Doctor designated the new chapel. He

welcomed the nickname, and prayed that "Whitefield's Soul

Trap" might catch many wanderers. It nearly caught poor

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Shuter, the player. He always attended at this time, and brought

many with him. Some of the nobility also became stated hearers,

and took seats in the chapel.

In 1757, Whitefield planned his visit to Scotland to fall at the

time of the General Assembly. But before leaving London, he

placed the scheme of his college in the hands of Lord Halifax.

He seems, on his arrival, to have attended the sittings of the

Assembly, and Gillies says, "Perhaps a hundred ministers at a

time attended his sermons." Thirty of the ministers honoured

him with a public entertainment, and Lord Cathcart, his Majes-

ty's commissioner, invited him to his own table. This was

wormwood and gall to the high churchmen. Some of them had

the insolence to remonstrate with Cathcart, on the impropriety

of inviting Whitefield to meet the clergy! "It would give of-

fence" to the church, they said! His Lordship spurned their

paltry "overture with indignation." Gillies. Whitefield preach-

ed, he says, “just fifty times,” on this visit: that was about as

much in a month, as some of these clergymen did in a year!

Such a contrast could hardly endear his company to half-day

labourers.

At Glasgow, Whitefield preached in the High Church yard

with equal success, and collected money for the poor. He then

went to Ireland, and was stoned (as we have seen) on Oxman-

town Green; not, he says, "for speaking against the papists in

particular, but for exciting all ranks to be faithful to King

Jesus, and to our dread sovereign King George;" and because

he prayed for the King of Prussia. In the other parts of Ire-

land he found hunting for souls to be "delightful sport when

the heart is in it." The well-known Edwards of Leeds was

converted under the sermon at Oxmantown Green. The Irish

Liberty Boys used to call him "their swaddling John."

On his return to London, he found that the governor of

Georgia had visited Bethesda, and promised to communicate his

sentiments to Lord Halifax, "concerning its being enlarged in-

to a college:" but the pressure of public affairs deterred him

from applying to the government. There were bad news from

America "about the fleet," and therefore he kept a fast day at

his chapels.

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His health now failed sadly. He was brought to live on the

"short allowance of preaching but once a day, and thrice on the

Sunday:" very short allowance for him! Once, however, he

broke through the restraint, and preached three times on the

success of the King of Prussia; which, he says, "somewhat re-

covered” him, after he had been for a week at the gates of the

grave! He was not able to attempt great things this winter.

Tottenham Court was, however, his Bethel, as he calls it; and

as it was then surrounded by a "beautiful piece of ground," he

formed the plan of an almshouse for twelve "godly widows;"

as "a standing monument that the methodists were not against

good works." This charity he soon carried into effect. His

thoughts, however, were not confined to home. Although

broken down in health and spirits by weakness and want of

rest, he watched the affairs of Prussia with intense interest, and

assured the German protestants, through Professor Franck, that

"we looked on their distresses as our own."

In the spring of 1758, he went into the west of England, and

visited Wales; but he was so feeble, that he could not bear to

drive nor ride in a one-horse chaise. He was obliged to give

it up. The roads shook it, and it shook him nearly to pieces

"Everything," he says, "wearies this shattered bark now!"

A friend interfered, and purchased a "close chaise" for him,

advancing the money until he could conveniently repay it. He

felt this kindness deeply, because by no other means could he

have itinerated. "I would not," he says, "lay out a single

farthing but for my blessed Master: but it is inconceivable

what I have undergone these three weeks. I never was so be-

fore! Oh for a hearse to carry my weary carcass to the wished-

for grave! "During all this tour, he was unable to sit up in

company even once; yet he often preached to ten or fifteen

thousand people, and made their "tears flow like water from the

rock." His views of himself at this time were more than

usually humble; and that is saying a great deal, to those who

have read his letters before this time. He said to Lady Hun-

tingdon, "Oh I am sick — I am sick — sick in body; but infi-

nitely more so in mind, to see so much dross in my soul. Bless-

ed be God, there is One who will sit as a refiner's fire, to purify

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the sons of Levi. I write out of the burning bush. Christ is

there! Christ is there!"

In the summer he went north again; but was often ready

to turn back, through extreme weakness, even before he reach-

ed Northampton. There, however, he "took the field" again.

Preaching in ''Bishop Bunyan's'' pulpit at Bedford, had ral-

lied his spirits. My eye rests at this moment upon a fragment

of that hallowed pulpit; and I hardly know whether it is most

associated in my mind with Bunyan in his strength, or with

Whitefield in his weakness. This I know — I often see them

both leaning over it, and reproving me!

This year, Whitefield lost by death some of his earliest and

dearest friends; Hervey, President Burr, Governor Belcher,

and Jonathan Edwards. Their death, and his own dying life,

made him long "to depart." When he reached Edinburgh, he

expected death after "every sermon." Yet he preached twice

a day in general, and that to immense auditories. On one oc-

casion he collected upwards of £200 for the orphan hospital.

He also preached thanksgiving sermons for the victories at

Crevelt, Cape Breton, and on the defeat of the Russians. He

allowed nothing to escape him unimproved. The races came on

at Edinburgh, and he consented to preach to the people, to “run

the race set before” them.

Well might he say, "This preaching is a strange restorative."

Still, it did restore him. He was unable to visit private friends,

and was adjourning to see them until they met in heaven :

"but," he says, "it will not do! "His health was, in fact, im-

proving by hard labour. He therefore went to Glasgow, and

laboured harder than ever. "I am put out to sea again," he

said; "and if to take some more prizes, I shall rejoice." There

is good reason to believe that he took many in Scotland on this

occasion. One thing which gave him additional influence

amongst the poor in Glasgow, was the zeal with which he plead-

ed the cause of the Highland families, whose fathers were serving

the king in America.

Whitefield never, perhaps, was more overcome than now in

parting from his friends. He called the day of his farewell to

Scotland, the "execution day;" not, however, that he despaired

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of seeing it again; but that his friends were like Paul's at

Miletus. In fact, he was almost himself again, for a little,

when he got into Yorkshire. Then, the idea of winter-

quarters was as painful as ever. He resolved, that nothing

but “change of weather should drive” him into them. He

could not help feeling, however, that he must soon retire

from the fields; and, therefore, he prayed, "Lord, prepare

me for winter trials: they are preparatives for an eternal

summer."

In 1759, Whitefield had the satisfaction to clear off all his

debts for the orphan-house: "Bethesda's God," he said, "lives

forever, and is faithful and all-sufficient." He, therefore,

wished much to visit America; but he could not find supplies

to relieve him from his chapels in London. This pained him.

"Strange!" he says, "that nobody will relieve me, that I may

once more flee to America." No one did, and he returned to

Scotland. He became fat by the way, and his friends congra-

tulated him on the prospect of a new lease of life; but he did

not flatter himself on becoming corpulent: "so did Darracott

a little before he died," he said. It is much to be regretted,

that paintings of Whitefield multiplied at this time. It cannot

be wondered at, because his friends could not but feel that his

life was precarious. Still, these portraits convey no idea of the

man who awed the multitude in Moorfields, and electrified the

nobility at Lady Huntingdon's. Some of them, especially Na-

thaniel Hone's, are faithful likenesses of Whitefield, when dis-

ease made him corpulent; and thus they are the Whitefield

our grandfathers knew: but not the Whitefield of their fathers.

I defy anyone to associate the emotions of the old or of the new

world with the pursy parson of these figures; — all of them

"born out of due season! "Whitefield was "slender in per-

son," until he began to sink in strength. Indeed, were there not

reason to suppose that the first portrait of him was transmuted

by the trade into a Hervey, when "Theron and Aspasio" became

popular, I should have made it the frontispiece to this volume.

It, and the one I have adopted as the medium between the first

and last, are the portraits which Whitefield himself presented

to his friends. In regard to the others he said, he should hate

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himself, if he were "the sour-looking creature" they represent-

ed him to be. Jay’s Life of Winter.

I mention this here, because on his visit to Edinburgh this

year, (I think,) the governors of the orphan hospital had his

likeness taken, and hung up in the hall, as a mark of their

respect and gratitude to him, for the collections he made for

the charity. On this occasion, he collected £215 for the orphan

hospital.

What was thought of his political influence, at this time,

may be best told, perhaps, in the language of the newspapers.

One of them says, "The Rev. Mr. Whitefield has been preach-

ing here and at Glasgow. He has preached nearly a hundred

times; and yet his congregations were always increasing.

Whatever this be owing to — everybody must judge for them-

selves: but it is certain that he continually exerted all his rhe-

toric in stirring up zeal for his God, his king, and his country,

in this time of danger; and he seemed particularly pleased, as

were thousands more, that he had an opportunity of preaching

a thanksgiving sermon to a most thronged auditory, on account

of the glorious victory lately vouchsafed to Prince Ferdinand

over the French." Edin, Aug. 1759.

During this visit to the north, he had an opportunity of de-

monstrating his disinterestedness. A Miss Hunter, "a young

lady of considerable fortune, made a full offer of her estate,

both money and lands, amounting to about £7000." This gift

he promptly refused. Even when it was offered, not for his

own use, but for his orphan-house, he "absolutely refused" it.

Gillies says, he himself had the facts "from undoubted au-

thority." There is a similar anecdote of Wesley, and it is

equally authentic. Indeed, they resembled each other very

much in their disinterestedness; and left all their enemies as

silent on this subject, as Wesley did the Cumberland guide,

who asked him, what he made a year by so many preachings?

Whitefield was not much pleased with the state of religion in

Scotland, on this visit. "It is a dead time indeed," here, he

says; "little or no stirring among the dry bones. I preach —

and people flock — as usual: but Scotland is not London. The

Redeemer is doing wonders there. Every post brings fresh

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good news." He solved this difference to himself by saying,

"God's Spirit blows when and where it listeth;" forgetting

that his own spirit was a little too political, at the time. He

did not suspect this; but he felt that the "languor" of the

north was infectious, and hastened back to London, lest it should

"take hold" on his own “already too languid heart.”

Much of this languor arose from sudden corpulency. That

broke in upon him, he says, "like an armed man." Labour

could not keep it down, nor abstinence check it. This both

pained and alarmed him. "I dread a corpulent body. Oh that

my heart may not wax gross at the same time! I would fain

not flag; but rather begin to begin in the latter stages of my

road." In this spirit he entered upon his winter campaign in

London; during which, he edited a new edition of Samuel

Clarke's Bible, which, next to "holy Henry's," was his favourite

Commentary. It well deserved to be so. It had the joint sanc-

tion of Owen, Baxter, Bates, and Howe. Calamy says, that

the most eminent divines of the church of England also used

it, and that "one of the highest rank recommended it to young

divines at their ordination."

The care and commendation bestowed on Clarke's Commen-

tary, by Whitefield, and the heartiness with which he identified

himself in the preface, as "a small cedar," with "the tall cedars

of our Lebanon," conciliated the dissenters. I mean, — they now

saw that he had "one faith" with themselves and their fathers:

and thus their fears of novelty and fanaticism were allayed.

They now began to read and hear him by the light of a Bartho-

Imnew candlestick. This, and the intimacy he had formed with

Dr. Gilford, whilst memorializing government on behalf of

religious liberty in Ireland, gave him his first hold upon the

confidence of the regular dissenters; and it became a strong

hold, and is likely to be lasting. The manner in which it be-

came strong, is interesting. Whitefield made no advances to

the dissenters, nor they to him. He was no dissenter in theory;

and, in practice, he set Lady Huntingdon against all proposals

for dissenting chapels. But he did not set his converts against

dissent. They were numerous in all quarters of England; and

thus many of them became his "epistles," in dissenting churches;

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for, having to apply for sacramental fellowship, to pastors who

examined both the creed and experience, as well as the moral

character, of communicants, they revealed Whitefield's princi-

ples while stating their own; and thus brought home to the

orthodox pastors and churches the fact, that God had delighted

to honour Whitefield beyond all men. This truth had the force

of truth, amongst all the evangelical nonconformists. Their

churches were strengthened, and their hearts cheered, by the

fruits of his ministry. The consequence has been, that, for half

a century, his name has been associated and enshrined with the

names of their real fathers, as if he had been one of them. No

one would call him a dissenter; but all pious dissenters feel

that he belonged to them: so much ascendency has love to the

image of Christ, above party zeal, in their churches! And this

feeling is the same towards the catholic stars of the establish-

ment. It is not dissenters who distinguish, because of rituals,

between Owen and Hughes, of the Bible Society; Carey and

Heber, of India; Wilberforce and Philip, of Africa; Simeon of

Cambridge and Morrison of China. The church herself, being

the judge, must allow, that her best ministers never live un-

loved, nor die unwept, by the evangelical dissenters. What

bishop, who loves the truth as it is in Jesus, is not as much

loved for the truth's sake, by pious nonconformists, as by pious

churchmen?

In the spring of 1760, Whitefield enlarged his new chapel,

and celebrated the event by collecting upwards of £400 for the

Prussian protestants, who had been stripped and peeled by the

Russians at Costein and Niewmark. Two hundred of this sum he

remitted to Franck; and part of it he kept, until he should hear

"from the Professor himself," how it could be best applied. There

is good reason to suppose, as Gillies says, that Whitefield receiv-

ed the thanks of the king of Prussia for this act. And yet this

was the time chosen by the London stage, to caricature and insult

him! I will not condescend to characterize "The Minor." It is

enough to say, that it was written by the miscreant Foote. He

had mimicked Whitefield, and been applauded for it by the Long

Acre rioters ; and, therefore, Drury Lane employed him to bring

out “The Minor.” Madan remonstrated with Garrick against

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the outrage; but in vain. The fact is, “Whitefield's Soul Trap”

was thinning old Drury. The experiment was tried at Edin-

burgh also, to counteract his influence there. But there it failed.

On the second night of the performance, only ten women were

present. On the following sabbath, the principal clergyman

denounced the outrage on truth and decency. "How base and

ungrateful," said Baines, "is such treatment of the dead!

(Whitefield was then 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." The “Hypocrite” by Isaac Bicker-

steth, was an experiment of the same kind. Cantwell was in-

tended to burlesque Whitefield. If George IV did not know

this, when he commanded the comedy, and "roared and rolled

with immoderate laughter," at Liston in Mawworm, the public

knew it. Preface to Cumberland's edition. The play, how

ever, can neither be acted nor published now, without disclaim-

ing, as "an absurd notion, that Cantwell was intended for Mr.

Whitefield, — that eloquent, pious, though eccentric man."

This sounds well: but the critic forgot, that both his author

and himself connect Cantwell and Mawworm with the Taber-

nacle and Tottenham Court. Whitefield himself cared very

little about the attacks of the theatre. When they began,

he merely said, "Satan is angry. All hail such contempt!"

His autumnal tour in Yorkshire this year brought on a

severe cold, which hung upon him through the winter. At

times he was unable to write a letter. But a destructive fire at

Boston, and the increasing distress of the German protestants,

roused him, and he collected for them in one day nearly £600

in his own chapels. The effort was too much for his strength.

Gillies says, "he grew worse and worse, so that in April 1761,

he was brought to the gates of death." One cause of this was,

that he was much shaken, although not much hurt, on a journey

from Bristol, whilst thus weak. He was returning "post-haste "

to London, and once the chaise was overturned, and once he had

to leap out "though going very fast."

In the midst of these troubles, Berridge of Everton came to

his help: no acquisition, if Dr. Southey be the judge. He says.

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"Berridge was buffoon as well as fanatic." The late Simeon of

Cambridge did not think so, when he preached his funeral

sermon. Clare Hall did not think him either, when it pre-

sented him to the vicarage of Everton. What is meant by his

having been "lately Moderator of Cambridge," (as Whitefield

calls him,) I do not know; but the office is surely proof, that

the officer was neither buffoon nor fanatic. One thing I do

know; — that the memory of Berridge is fragrant throughout

and around Cambridgeshire. That would have been a dark

district but for him, until Simeon arose, so far as the church

was concerned. Even the dissenters in that quarter owe much

of their increase and energy to the influence of Berridge. I,

who care nothing about either church or dissent, any further

than they care for the souls of men, and the supremacy of Christ,

shall never forget the churches or the chapels which owed to

him — the former, their possession of the glorious gospel; and

the latter, their origin and the gospel too. I traced both with

equal patience, and remember them with equal pleasure.

I am not evading the charge of buffoonery, which Southey

has advanced. Berridge was such another wag as Rowland

Hill. He was not, however, such a buffoon as South, nor such

a punster as Dr. Donne, nor such a satirist as Lavington. His

wit never wounded a penitent, nor hardened a sinner. It dis-

turbed many a solemn drone, and mortified the self-righteous;

but it never intimidated the humble, nor led the weak to con-

found methodism with hypocrisy. It was, indeed, unmerciful to

Arminianism, and thus unjust to Wesley. There I loathe as

well as lament it. It is not so inexplicable, however, as it is

unpardonable. Fletcher and Wesley libelled Calvinism, as

heartily as Berridge and Toplady caricatured Arminianism.

The style differs, but the sting is the same. The "Mr. Fry-

hahe" of the Arminian Magazine is just as vile and vulgar a

caricature, as the "old Fox" of the Gospel Magazine. Fletcher's

Royal Proclamation of "free grace and free wrath” dated from

Geneva, and signed by his Majesty's secretaries for the "pre-

destinarian department, Calvin, Crisp, and Rowland Hill, is

quite as indefensible as Toplady 's genealogy of atheism. In-

deed, they are equally disgraceful. Apart, however, from its

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occasional personalities, the wit of Berridge, as a preacher, de-

serves all the benefit of Southey's generous concessions on

Whitefield's occasional playfulness: — "Minds of a certain power

will sometimes express their strongest feelings with a levity,

at which formalists are shocked, and which dull men are wholly

unable to understand. But language which, when coldly repeat-

ed, might seem to border upon irreverence and burlesque, has its

effect in popular preaching, when the intention of the speaker is

perfectly understood: it is suited to the great mass of the people;

it is felt by them when better things would have produced no

impression, and it is borne away when wiser arguments would

have been forgotten." Southey’s Wesley.

Berridge's was just a mind of this "certain" order. Few

men had more right to say to those who did not understand his

vein, — had you been born a wit, you must have borne with

it. He was constitutionally mercurial, and his perfect scholar-

ship as a classic, enabled him to give point to piquant thoughts:

for he was equally familiar with Aristotelian and Aristophanic

Greek; and there will be some buffoonery, whenever the latter

is understood. He did not, however,

"Woo a grin, where he should win a soul."

He often caused a smile, that he might create a tear: a hazard-

ous, if not an unwarrantable, experiment in the pulpit. Row-

land Hill often ventured upon it; but he did not approve of it.

Indeed, he was often surprised, as well as grieved, that he had

created a laugh. He did not suspect, that many of his phrases

were ludicrous. I recollect once, when travelling with him, to

inquire into the truth of certain sallies, I had heard ascribed to

him. He denied the whole of them: but, at the same time, he

told me some that "were true," which, to my Scotch taste, were

even more extravagant than those he disclaimed. But enough

of this: had Berridge been either fanatic or buffoon, Whitefield

would not have called him "an angel of the churches indeed,"

much less employed him as his own substitute at Tottenham

Court, where so many persons of both rank and talent attended.

At this time, Whitefield wished much to go into Scotland

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again; not that he had much hope of recovery, but he thought

that a "desirable place to go to heaven from." He was not

ahle to undertake the journey: he therefore tried the effect of

bathing at Plymouth, and then of the air at Bristol. These

recruited him a little, and "stirred up an ambition to be em-

ployed again;" but his first sermon on his return to London

threw him back. He became exceedingly nervous; a kind of

suffering to which he had formerly been a stranger. Alas, how

many, like myself, will see unutterable emphasis in his simple

account of this: "I now know what nervous disorders are!"

Happy those who can say with him, "Blessed be God, they

were contracted in His service; and I do not repent."

In the autumn he went into Yorkshire, by gentle stages; not

preaching, but "travelling in order to preach;" and his York-

shire friends were considerate enough not to tempt him into the

pulpit often. By the end of October, therefore, he could bear

to ride "sixty miles a day, in a post-chaise, quite well." On

reaching Edinburgh, however, he became much worse. Silence,

"the bitter cup of continued silence," as he calls the medical

prohibition against preaching, was now forced upon him; but

with the assurance, from four of the principal physicians of the

city, that it would recover him. Accordingly, he drunk it for

a month, and then preached once on new-year's day. This en-

couraged him. His nerves also began to brace again by riding;

although he fell off one day, and pitched on his head. He

merely says of this accident, "I had a violent fall upon my

head; but was neither surprised nor hurt."

Having thus preached once without injury, and not being in-

terdicted from preaching again in a week after, at Edinburgh,

he caught at the prospect of resuming his "delightful work"

with rapture. "Who knows, — who knows?" he exclaims, "I

may again see Plymouth!" He was able to return to London,

and his first work there was to read all his letters from the

German protestants, and to consult with Ziegenhagan for their

further relief. But whilst planning for that, he had to bestir

himself again for Georgia. One of his agents had drawn upon

him ; and he was now pennyless, and very unequal to the task

of begging. "How could you," he says to the agent, "draw

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on me for so large a sum as £147? Lord, help me." The Bris-

tol friends had not collected for the German sufferers, and he

carried his case there. Its urgency roused him, and he preach-

ed four or five times a week "without hurt," and with great

success. This wound up his spirit to its old pitch, and led him

to look at the fields again, as his proper sphere. "How gladly,"

he exclaims, "would I bid adieu to ceiled houses and vaulted

roofs? Mounts are the best pulpits, and the heavens the best

sounding-boards. Oh for power equal to my will! I would fly

from pole to pole, publishing the glorious gospel."

On his return to London he was soon overcome by cares and

labour, and obliged to spend the month of June in Holland, in

order to prepare himself for the dog-days at home. The visit

had the desired effect. All his "old times revived again," on

his return to England. But new troubles awaited him. Travel-

ling was essential to his health, and injurious to his chapels:

he had, therefore, to devolve the management of them upon

trustees, and to make the best arrangements he could for their

supply. This he accomplished with great difficulty, and then

started for Scotland; intending to sail from Greenock to Vir-

ginia.

On his way to the north, he wrote, in the intervals of public

labour, his answer to Warburton's attack on methodism; — an

account of which will be found in the chapter "Whitefield and

the Bishops." He intended it to be, in the event of his not

seeing England again, "a parting testimony for the good old

puritans and the free-grace dissenters;" because the bishop had

"sadly maligned them." At Edinburgh he soon broke down

again, and had to drink anew the bitter cup of silence for six

weeks. It restored him, however; and he went in "brisk

spirits" to embark for America.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHITEFIELD'S INFLUENCE IN AMERICA,

SECOND PART.

In June, 1763, Whitefield sailed from Scotland for Rapanach,

in Virginia. The voyage was pleasant, but tedious. He was

twelve weeks on the passage; but it did him good. The length

of time wore out the painful impressions which had been cre-

ated by his solicitude for the Tabernacle and Tottenham Court,

The order and harmony on board, also, added to the bracing

and tranquillizing effect of the voyage. "I enjoyed," he says,

"that quietness which I have in vain sought after for some

years on shore." He had sailed with but little hopes of fur-

ther public usefulness," owing to his asthma: but after being

six weeks at sea, he wrote to a friend, "Who knows but our

latter end may yet increase?" He was, however, afraid of pre-

suming, and added — "If not in public usefulness, Lord Jesus,

let it be in heart-holiness! I know who says. Amen. I add.

Amen and Amen."

On his arrival, he found many Christian friends, of whom he

had "never heard before," waiting to welcome him. They

were the fruits of his former visit to Virginia; and the more

welcome to him, because he was not very sure that he had won

any souls upon the voyage. It was with great difficulty, how-

ever, that he preached to them; his breathing was so bad, al-

though his general health was better. At Philadelphia, also, a

still higher gratification awaited him: not less than "forty new-

creature ministers, of various denominations," visited him;

some of them "young and bright witnesses" for Christ. He

heard, also, that sixteen students had been converted last year,

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at New Jersey college. This was medicine to him for every

thing but his asthma; and even that he tried to forget: for now

the Lutherans in Philadelphia thronged to hear the friend of the

German protestants. Accordingly, he preached twice a week,

and with "remarkable" success amongst all ranks.

He wanted much to go to Georgia; but the physicians ab-

solutely prohibited him, until he should gain strength. He

therefore went to New Jersey college, to fan the flame he

had kindled amongst the students; and had "four sweet sea-

sons" there, which resembled old times. His spirits rose at

the sight of the young soldiers, who were to fight when he fell.

Thus cheered he went on to New York. It was now winter;

and "cold weather and a warm heart" always suited him best.

He therefore was able to preach thrice a week, for seven weeks,

“Such a flocking of all ranks," he says, "I never saw before at

New York." This flocking was not confined to the sanctuary.

Many of the most respectable gentlemen and merchants went

home with him after his sermons, to "hear something more

of the kingdom of Christ." Such was his influence as a philan-

thropist also, that, although prejudices ran high against the

Indians, because of a threatened insurrection in the south, he

collected £120 for the Indian school at Lebanon. This, with

the numerous conversions under his sermons, made him say,

"We are trying to echo back from America the Gogunniant"

of Wales. Thus he found "New York new York indeed" to

him.

Soon after, he visited the Indian school at Lebanon, then

under Dr. Wheelock. The sight of this "promising nursery

for future missionaries," inspired him. All his old plans for its

extension expanded. I am inclined to think, from a full com-

parison of dates, that he arranged on the spot with Wheelock or

Whitaker, the mission of Occum to Britain, on behalf of the

Indian seminary. It was certainly Whitefield's plans and

pledges which brought Whitaker and Occum here; and it was

his influence which won Lord Dartmouth to be the patron of the

college at Hanover, which Wheelock very properly called

"Dartmouth." But this subject will come up again.

In 1764, Whitefield came to Boston, and was "received with

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the usual warmth of affection." Again he saw there "the

Redeemer's stately steps in the great congregation." Small-pox

were, however, raging so in the city, that he deemed it prudent

to move about in the adjacent towns. The Bostonians bore with

this for some weeks: but when they heard that he was likely to

slip off to the south, they brought him back by force. "They

sent," he says, "a gospel hue-and-cry after me, and really

brought me back." It was not so much to their credit, that

they "begged earnestly for a six o'clock morning lecture," when

they got him back. He seems to have been unable to comply

with their cruel request: but he declined with reluctance. He

preached for them, however, thrice a week for some time; and

such was the number of converts discovered after his farewell

sermon, that his friends actually proposed to send after him

a book, full of names of the multitude who were clamorous

for his return, although he was fleeing for his life. The heat

alone had compelled him to leave. It was now summer, and he

began to sink again. What could he do but fly? The good

Bostonians assured him, that their summers had lately become

much cooler than formerly, and that he might safely risk their

dog-days now! He tried to believe them, until he had hardly

breath enough to say farewell. His parting with them tried

him much. "It has been heart-breaking," he says, "I cannot

stand it!" They acted more considerately when his visit com-

menced. Then, "at a meeting of the freeholders and other

inhabitants of the town of Boston, it was unanimously voted,

that the thanks of the town be given to the Rev. George White-

field, for his charitable care and pains in collecting a considerable

sum of money in Great Britain, for the distressed sufferers by

the great fire in Boston, 1760. A respectable committee was

appointed to wait on Mr. Whitefield, to inform him of the vote,

and present him with a copy thereof." Boston Gazette, February,

1764.

Urgency, like that at Boston, was employed with him at New

Haven college. He had preached to the students, and taken

his leave: but such was the impression, that they sent the pre-

sident after him, to entreat for another "quarter of an hour's

exhortation." He complied, of course: and the effect was,

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what he called, "the crown of the expedition." Letters. He

spent the summer in and around New York, without suffering

much from the heat. Often, a hundred carriages might be seen

in the streets, around whatever chapel he preached in. This

pleased him: but twice he got into the fields again; and then

he exclaims, "We sat under the Redeemer's shadow with great

delight."

In September, he went to Philadelphia again; and the effect,

he says, "was great indeed." It made him exclaim, "Grace,

grace!" He was also much gratified at Nassau Hall, where

he preached at Commencement. Both the governor and ex-

governor of the state, with the principal gentlemen of the city,

attended, and the provost of the college read prayers for him.

The trustees also sent him a vote of thanks for his services and

the countenance he gave to the institution. About this time, a

picture of him was taken by an American artist, who could not

finish the drapery, owing to an attack of ague. Whitefield must

have been pleased with it; for he sent it to England to be finished,

and then "hung up in the Tabernacle parlour." There is a

painting there, imperfect in its drapery, which has often as-

tounded me; the figure is so unwieldy, and so unlike all my old

prints. Until this moment, I could not account for its enormous

obesity. It is, I now suspect, the original he sent from Phila-

delphia; for he was then much swollen. He calls it, in his

letter, "my shadow:'' I should like to have seen his smile, when

he used these words! He must have been very ill, if he was

grave then.

He was well enough, however, to cross-plough Virginia again.

During this itineracy, he found here and there, in places as

"unlikely as Rome itself," groups of new lights, formed and led

on by a wealthy planter in the state. This he calls "grace

indeed." They also met him in a body, to identify themselves

publicly with him. The character and result of this camp-

meeting at Lockwoods, I do not know: but such was his own

opinion of the prospects in Virginia at large, that he wrote home

thus: "Surely the Londoners, who are fed to the full, will not

envy the poor souls in these parts. I almost determine to come

back in the spring "to them, from Georgia.

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He spent the winter at Bethesda. How flourishing he found

it, will be best told in his own words. "Peace and plenty

reign at Bethesda. All things go on successfully. God hath

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 immedi-

ately complied with. Both houses addressed the governor in

behalf of the intended college. A warm answer was given;

and I am now putting all in repair, and getting every thing

ready for that purpose. Every heart seems to leap for joy, at

the prospect of its future utility to this and the neighbouring

colonies. He that holdeth the stars in his right hand, will

direct in due time, whether I shall directly embark for Eng-

land, or take one tour more to the northward. I am in delight-

ful winter-quarters (for once!) His Excellency dined with

me yesterday, and expressed his satisfaction in the warmest

terms. Who knows — how many youths may be trained up for

the service of the ever-loving and altogether lovely Jesus?

Thus far, however, we may set up our Ebenezer. Hitherto the

bush hath been burning, but not consumed."

On transcribing this sentence, I was about to say, "Alas,

the consuming fire is kindling;" — when the recollection of Ber-

ridge's opinion on the eventual fate of Bethesda, checked me.

He thought it a good thing that that bush was consumed, and

thus prevented from becoming a nursery for unconverted minis-

ters. But this subject will occur again.

In the spring of 1765, Whitefield began to prepare again for

his “wilderness range." He was tired of "ceiled houses and

crowded tables." These, he says, "I leave to others: a morsel

of bread, and a little bit of cold meat, in a wood, is a most

luxurious repast " to me. He left Georgia, however, with great

regret, on some accounts. It was all alive to hear him. It

was, in his opinion, "such a scene of action" then, that "words

could not express" the facilities for usefulness which it pre-

sented. But both Old and New England were clamorous for

his return to them. All the way from Charleston to Phila-

delphia, the loud and piercing cry was, — "For Christ's sake,

stay, and preach the gospel to us." Even in Charleston, of

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which he often said, its motto is, "Chastened but not changed,”

(referring to its calamitous visitations by storms,) he was de-

tained a week longer than he intended, by the urgency of the

mayor and the principal gentlemen of the town. Indeed, he

calls his parting from it and Bethesda, "affecting, cutting,

and awful." So it was to him everywhere: for he doubted

very much whether it was his duty to move homewards. But

he had laid the foundation of his college, and the superstructure

depended upon his influence at home. Besides, the heat soon

decided the question, when he reached Philadelphia. In a few

days, he could scarcely move. He even dreaded the motion of

a ship, when he was compelled to embark for England; but he

said, "If it shake this tottering frame to pieces, it will be a

trading voyage indeed!" In this spirit he sailed, and reached

home so speedily, that he could hardly believe his own senses,

when he found himself there in twenty-eight days.

In this second illustration, as in the first, of Whitefield's in-

fluence in America, there is (it will be seen) no selection of

facts from any former or subsequent visits; but merely the de-

tails of the moment. I have already stated my reasons for not

going into the general estimate of his influence in the new

world. Let some of my American friends show this out. The

old world, instead of being jealous, will be thankful, to see

Whitefield, as we now see Luther, Knox, and Latimer, in his

own place, amidst the Aarons and Hurs who sustained his

hands, and the Joshuas who carried on his work and warfare. It

is worthy of American Christians, that whilst they would feel at

a loss between two of their patriarchs — one of whom had shaken

hands with George Washington, and the other with George

Whitefield — with which to shake hands first, — they would vene-

rate most a veteran who had known both. Again I tell them,

that I have not dared to do Whitefield full justice, in reference

to their father-land, because I was afraid of doing injustice to

their fathers, who acted with him, and followed after him. I

devolve the duty, therefore, upon America. Let her give

Britain the Transatlantic Life and Times of Whitefield!

CHAPTER XXV.

WHITEFIELD AND THE BISHOPS.

Whitefield's deliberate and final opinion of the episcopate as

an order, or as an office, is very doubtful. Until I read his

solemn declaration to the Erskines, that he would not be epis-

copally ordained again for a thousand worlds, I had seen nothing

to warrant even a suspicion of the kind. Even now I know of

nothing to illustrate that declaration. It is not repeated in any

of his letters. It is not reported in any popular anecdote of his

preaching or conversation. The dissenters had no idea of his

doubts on this head, and his episcopalian friends regarded him

as a sound, although irregular, churchman upon the whole. It

is thus evident that he was very silent upon the subject. Be-

sides, although he was present at several ordinations of another

kind, he took no part in any of them. He preached in the

evening at Deal, after Dr. Gibbons and other ministers had or-

dained a pastor there. He also spent the afternoon with them,

greatly to his own edification, he says. All this is proof that he

did not doubt the validity of their ordination; but not proof

that he preferred their way. The strongest thing I know him

to have said of "that way" is, — "The prayer put up in the very

act of laying on of hands, by Dr. Gibbons, was so affecting, and

the looks and behaviour of those that joined so serious and

solemn, — that I hardly know when I was more struck under

any one's ministration. Several very important questions

were asked and answered before, and a solemn charge given

after imposition of hands." Thus he thought, felt, and wrote,

on this subject, thirty years after what he said to the Erskines

about his own ordination. He showed, however, no preference

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during all that time to either presbyterian or congregational or-

dination. What, therefore, ought we to think of his strong lan-

guage to the Erskines? Was it a hasty assertion never re-

peated? Did he repent of it as a rash saying? With my

knowledge of Whitefield, I cannot think that he kept silence

from either policy or repentance. He had, indeed, no policy

except that of trying to do the greatest sum of good.

My own conviction is, that he had neither fixed nor definite

opinions upon the subject of episcopacy. He was for it and

against it, just as it was for and against the work of evangelizing

the country. He thought highly of episcopal power, when it

aided or protected faithful preaching; and meanly, when it

hindered the gospel. If a bishop did good, or allowed good to

be done, Whitefield venerated him and his office too: but he

despised both, whenever they were hostile to truth or zeal; — I

have no objection to say, whenever they were hostile to his own

sentiments and measures. The question comes thus within a

narrow compass, — Were his measures and sentiments, or those

of the hostile bishops, the more apostolical? Gibson compro-

mised the apostolic doctrine of regeneration; Lavington cari-

catured it; Smallbroke all but denied the work of the Spirit;

and Warburton evaporated divine influence. Whitefield sus-

tained the doctrine of the Reformation on the subject; and

however his modes of expression varied, his invariable meaning

was, that it is Christ in the heart, that is the hope of glory. It

was this apostolic maxim which made him at first, and kept

him to the end, a faithful echo of the supreme oracle, — "Mar-

vel not that I say unto you. Ye must be born again." They

may be prelates, but they are not bishops of the church of

Christ, who either oppose or explain away this oracle. To

honour such masters in Israel, is to dishonour Christ. And as

to respecting their office, notwithstanding their errors, that is

drawing a distinction equally unwise and unwarrantable. What

honest man would respect an unjust judge or an ignorant phy-

sician, because of their professional titles? It is high time to

put an end to this nonsense. Bishop is a name of office in the

Bible, because it is a name of creed and character; and there-

fore ought never to be conceded to any man whose creed and

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character are not apostolical, whoever may confer it upon him.

Ordination can no more make a worldly man a bishop, than a

diploma can make an ignorant man a physician, or a theologian.

Whitefield's sentiments on this subject came out, most fully,

in his exposure of Warburton. He did not spare him, as he

did Smallbroke; for although no match for Warburton as a

scholar or a reasoner, his spirit compelled the wrangler to cal-

culate consequences. I have never seen the original form of

the bishop's pamphlet on the grace of the Spirit; but as sermons,

it is evidently softened and qualified in his works. The me-

mory of Doddridge had, perhaps, some influence upon him.

Not much, however. When I read his letters to Doddridge I

can hardly believe my own recollections of his works; and when

I read his works, I can hardly believe that he wrote the letters.

I regret this discrepancy: for Warburton, if the most "impu-

dent man of the age," was a mighty man of valour, and warred

well against the twin-scepticism of Bolingbroke and Middle-

ton. I select him, therefore, that the point of Whitefield's

argument may be felt. It penetrates “the joints of his

armour,” even.

The following remonstrances are not addressed to the levia-

than of the Legation himself. Whitefield was probably afraid

to put "a hook in his jaws," by a direct effort; and therefore

he caught him with holy guile, by addressing a private friend;

probably Keene, one of the first managers of the Tabernacle.

"However profound and unintelligible our author's comments

may be, yet, when he comes to show the reasonableness and fit-

ness of an abatement or total withdrawment of divine influence

in these last days, he speaks intelligibly enough. 'On the

Spirit's first descent upon the apostles, he found their minds

rude and uninformed, strangers to all celestial knowledge, pre-

judiced in favour of a carnal law, and utterly averse to the dic-

tates of the everlasting gospel. The minds of these he illu-

minated, and, by degrees, led into all truths necessary for the

professors of the faith to know, or for the propagators of it to

teach.' True! Secondly, the nature and genius of the gospel

were so averse to all the religious institutions of the world, that

the whole strength of human prejudices was set in opposition to

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it. To overcome the obstinacy and violence of those prejudices,

nothing less than the power of the Holy One was sufficient.'

Good! 'And, thirdly and lastly, there was a time when the

powers of this world were combined together for its destruc-

tion. At such a period, nothing but superior aid from above

could support humanity in sustaining so great a conflict as that

which the holy martyrs encountered with joy and rapture, the

horrors of death and torment.' Excellent! But what follows? —

According to our author,

“Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis,"

'But now,' (a dreadful but it is!) 'the profession of Chris-

tianity is attended with ease and honour;' and we are now, it

seems, so far from being ‘rude and uninformed, and utterly

averse to the dictates of the everlasting gospel, that whatever

there may be of prejudice, it draws another way. Conse-

quently, a rule of faith being now established, the conviction

which the weight of human testimony, and the conclusions of

human reason, afford us of its truth, are abundantly sufficient to

support us in our religious perseverance; and therefore it must

certainly be a great mark of fanaticism, to expect such divine

communications, as though no such rule of faith was establish-

ed; and also as highly presumptuous or fanatical to imagine,

that rule to be so obscure, as to need the further assistance of

the Holy Spirit to explain his own meaning.'

"This, you will say, my dear friend, is going pretty far; and

indeed, supposing matters to be as this writer represents them,

I do not see what great need we have of any established rule

at all, at least in respect to practice, since corrupt nature is

abundantly sufficient of itself, to help us to persevere in a reli-

gion attended with ease and honour. And I verily believe, that

the deists throw aside this rule of faith entirely, not barely on

account of a deficiency in argument to support its authenticity,

but because they daily see so many who profess to hold this

established, self-denying rule of faith with their lips, persever-

ing all their lives long in nothing else but an endless and insa-

tiable pursuit after worldly ease and honour. But what a total

ignorance of human nature, and of the true, unalterable genius

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of the everlasting gospel, doth our author's arguing discover!

For supposing, my dear friend, that this or any other writer

should undertake to prove, that the ancient Greeks and Romans

were born with sickly, disordered, and crazy bodies, but that

we in modern days, being made of a firmer mould, and being

blessed with the established rules of Galen and Hippocrates,

need now no further assistance from any present physician,

either to explain or apply those rules to our present ails and

corporeal distresses, though we could not, without the help of

some linguist superior to ourselves, so much as understand

the language in which those authors wrote. — Supposing, I say,

any one was to take it into his head to write in this manner,

would he not be justly deemed a dreaming enthusiast or real

fanatic? And yet this would be just as rational as to insinuate

with our author, that we who are born in these last days, have

less depravity in our natures, less enmity to, and less prejudice

against, the Lord Jesus Christ, and less need of the divine

teachings of the Blessed Spirit to help us to understand the

true spiritual meaning of the holy Scriptures, than those who

were born in the first ages of the gospel. For as it was former-

ly, so it is now, the natural man discerneth not the things of

the Spirit; and why? 'Because they can only be spiritually

discerned.' But when is it that we must believe this author?

for, p. 73, he talks of 'some of the first Christians, who were

in the happy circumstance of being found innocent, when they

were led into the practice of all virtue by the Holy Spirit.'

And what occasion for that, if found innocent? But how inno-

cent did the Holy Spirit find them? Doubtless, just as innocent

as it finds us, 'conceived and born in sin.'

"But, by this time, my dear friend, I imagine you would be

glad to know against whom these *bruta fulmina*, this unscrip-

tural artillery, is levelled. Our author shall inform you: "All

modern pretenders to divine influence in general; and you may

be assured, 'the poor methodists (those scourges and eye-sores

of formal, self-righteous, letter-learned professors) in particu-

lar.' To expose and set these off in a ridiculous light, (a

method that Julian, after all his various tortures, found most

effectual,) this writer runs from Dan to Beersheba; gives us

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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, already every

where spoken against, under their feet. In reading this part of

his work I could not help thinking of the papists dressing John

Huss in a cap of painted devils, before they delivered him up

to the secular arm. For our author calls the Rev. Mr. John

Wesley 'paltry mimic, spiritual empiric, spiritual martialist,

meek apostle, new adventurer.’ The methodists, according to

him, are ‘modern apostles, the saints, new missionaries, illu-

minated doctors, this sect of fanatics. Methodism itself is mo-

dern saintship. Mr. Law begat it, and Count Zinzendorff

rocked the cradle; and the devil himself is man-midwife to

their new birth.’ And yet this is the man, my dear friend, who

in his preface to this very book, lays it down as an invariable

maxim, 'That truth is never so grossly injured, or its advo-

cates so dishonoured, as when they employ the foolish arts of

sophistry, buffoonery, and personal abuse in its defence.' By

thy own pen thou shalt be tried, thou hapless, mistaken advo-

cate of the Christian cause. Nay, not content with dressing up

this meek apostle, this spiritual empiric, these new missionaries,

in bear-skins, in order to throw them out to be baited by an ill-

natured world, he proceeds to rake up the very ashes of the

dead; and, like the witch of Endor, as far as in him lies, at-

tempts to bring up and disquiet the ghosts of one of the most

venerable sets of men that ever lived upon the earth; I mean,

the good old puritans: 'For these,' (says our author,) 'who now

go under the name of methodists, in the days of our forefathers,

under the firm reign of Queen Elizabeth, were called pre-

cisians; but then, as a precious metal which had undergone its

trial in the fire, and left all its dross, the sect, with great pro-

priety, changed its name' (a very likely thing, to give them-

selves a nick-name, indeed) 'from precisian to puritan. Then

in the weak and distracted times of Charles I. it ventured

to throw off the mask, and under the new name of inde-

pendent, became the chief agent of all the dreadful disorders

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which terminated that unhappy reign.' So that, according to

this author's heraldic, genealogical fiction, 'methodism is the

younger daughter to independency, and now a methodist is an

apostolic independent,' (God grant he may always deserve such

a glorious appellation,) ‘but an independent was then a Maho-

metan methodist.' Pages 142 — 144. What! an independent

a Mahometan methodist? What! the learned Dr. Owen, the

great Dr. Goodwin, the amiable Mr. Howe, and those glorious

worthies who first planted the New England churches, Maho-

metan methodists? Would to God, that not only this writer,

but all who now profess to preach Christ in this land, were not

only almost, but altogether such Mahometan methodists in re-

spect to the doctrine of divine influence, as they were! For I

will venture to affirm, that if it had not been for such Maho-

metan methodists, and their successors, the free-grace dis-

senters, we should some years ago have been in danger of sink-

ing into Mahometan methodism indeed; I mean, into a Chris-

tianity destitute of any divine influence manifesting itself in

grace and knowledge, and void of any spiritual aid in spiritual

distresses. But from such a Christianity, good Lord, deliver

this happy land! The design our author had in view in draw-

ing such a parallel, is easily seen through. Doubtless, to ex-

pose the present methodists to the jealousy of the civil go-

vernment. For, says he, p. 142, ‘We see methodism at present

under a well-established government, where it is obliged to wear

a less audacious look. To know its true character, we should

see it in all its fortunes.’ And doth this writer then, in order

to gratify a sinful curiosity of seeing methodism in all its for-

tunes, desire to have the pleasure of seeing the weak and dis-

tracted times of Charles I. brought back again? Or dares he

insinuate, that because, as he immediately adds, our country

hath been productive of every strange thing, 'that we are in the

least danger now of any such distracting turn, since we have a

king upon the throne who, in his first most gracious speech to

both houses of parliament, declared he would preserve the Act

of Toleration inviolable? And that being the case, blessed

be God, we are in no danger of any return of such weak and

distracted times, either from the apostolic independents, Maho-

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metan methodists, or any religious sect or party whatsoever.'

My dear friend, 'if this is not gibbeting up names with unrege-

nerate malice, to everlasting infamy.’ I know not what is. But

it happens in this, as in similar cases, whilst men are thus busy

in gibbeting up the names of others, they unwittingly, like

Haman, when preparing a gallows for that apostolic independent,

that Mahometan methodist, Mordecai, all the while are only

erecting a gibbet for their own.

"But, methinks, I see you now begin to be impatient to know

(and indeed I have neither inclination nor leisure at present to

pursue our author any further) who this can be, that takes such

gigantic strides? I assure you he is a perfect Goliath in the

retinue of human learning. — Will you guess? — Perhaps Dr.

Taylor of Norwich. — No — he is dead. Certainly not a church-

man? Yes; a member, a minister, a dignitary, a bishop of the

church of England; — and, to keep you no longer in suspense, it

is no less a man than Dr. Warburton, the author of "The

Divine Legation of Moses," and now William Lord Bishop of

Gloucester. I know you are ready to say, 'Tell it not in Gath,

publish it not in the streets of Askelon.' But, my dear friend,

what can be done? His Lordship hath published it himself:

nay, his book hath just gone through a second impression; and

that you may see and judge for yourself, whether I have wronged

his Lordship or not, (as it is not very weighty,) I have sent you

the book itself. Upon the perusal, I am persuaded you will at

least be thus far of my opinion, that however dectis et tutamen

is always the motto engraven upon a bishop's mitre, it is not

always most certain, though his Lordship says it is, p. 202,

that they are written on every prelate's breast? And how can

this prelate, in particular, be said to be the ornament and safe-

guard of the church of England, when his principles are as

directly contrary to the offices of that church, over which he is

by divine permission made overseer, as light is contrary to dark-

ness? You know, my dear friend, what our ministers are taught

to say, when they baptize: ‘I beseech you to call upon God

the Father, through our Lord Jesus Christ, that of his boun-

teous goodness he will grant to this child that thing which by

nature he cannot have.’ But what says his Lordship? ‘All

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influence exceeding the power of humanity, is miraculous, and

therefore to abate or be totally withdrawn, now the church is

perfectly established.’ What say they when they catechise?

'My good child, know this, that thou art not able to do these

things of thyself, nor to walk in the commands of God, and to

serve him, without his special grace. ‘But what says his Lord-

ship?' A rule of faith being now established, the conviction

which the weight of human testimony, and the conclusions of

human reason, afford, are abundantly sufficient to support us in

our religious perseverance.' What says his Lordship himself,

when he confirms children thus catechised? ‘Strengthen them,

we beseech thee, O Lord, with the Holy Ghost, the Comforter,

and daily increase in them thy manifold gifts and grace, the

spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and

ghostly strength.' But what says his Lordship, when he speaks

his own sentiments? 'All aids in spiritual distresses, as well

as those which administered help in corporeal diseases, are now

abated or totally withdrawn.' What says his Lordship when he

ordains? 'Dost thou trust that thou art inwardly moved by

the Holy Ghost? then, receive thou the Holy Ghost.'

“What says his Lordship, when pronouncing the blessing?

'The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your

hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God.' But

what says his Lordship when retired to his study? 'All super-

natural influence, manifesting itself in grace and knowledge, is

miraculous, and therefore to cease under a perfect establish-

ment.' What says--But I check myself; for the time would

fail me, was I to urge all those quotations that might be pro-

duced out of the articles, homilies, and public offices, to con-

front and invalidate the whole tenor and foundation of his Lord-

ship's performance. But how it is consistent with that wisdom

which is from above, (and by which his Lordship attempts to

arraign, try, and condemn, the Reverend Mr. John Wesley,) to

subscribe to, and make use of, public offices in the church, and

then as publicly deny and contradict them in the press, I leave

to his Lordship's more calm and deliberate consideration. Sure

I am, if weighed in the same balance, his Lordship would be

found equally wanting, at least. Indeed, during the whole trial.

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I could scarcely refrain breaking out into the language of the

eunuch of Queen Candace to Philip the evangelist, 'Speaketh

the prophet this of himself, or of some other man?' I hope,

my dear friend, you know me better than to suspect I thus re-

tort upon his Lordship, in order to throw dust in your eyes, to

prevent your seeing what his Lordship may justly except against

in the conduct of the methodists in general, or in the journals of

the Reverend Mr. John Wesley in particular. Whatever that

indefatigable labourer may think of his, you know I have long

since publicly acknowledged, that there were, and doubtless,

though now sent forth in a more correct attire, there 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 innu-

merable mixtures of corruption which have blended themselves

with my feeble, but, I trust, sincere endeavours, whether from

the press or pulpit, to promote the Redeemer's glory, and the

eternal welfare of precious and immortal souls. And I assure

you, that if his Lordship had contented himself with pointing

out, or even ridiculing, any such blemishes or imprudences, or

yet still more important mistakes, in my own, or any of the

methodists' conduct or performances, I should have stood en-

tirely 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, on account of some unguarded expressions and

indiscretions of a particular set of honest, though fallible, men,

taking occasion to wound, vilify, and totally deny the all-pow-

erful, standing operations of the blessed Spirit, by which alone

his Lordship or any other man living can be sanctified and sealed

to the day of eternal redemption, I must own that I was con-

strained to vent myself to you, as a dear and intimate friend, in

the manner I have done. Make what use of it you please; per-

haps hereafter I may trouble you with some further remarks."

Letter.

It was a significant "sign of the times," that Payne, the ac-

comptant-general of the Bank of England, wrote an answer to

Warburton. I ought also to add, that the bishop could persecute

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as well as rail. This ought to be known; because he appears

somewhat amiable in his correspondence with Doddridge, and

not a little faithful in exposing "the unclean beasts" in his own

ark. Adams of Stinchcombe, near Gloucester, was the friend

of Whitefield and Venn. He was an infirm man, but zealous.

Warburton had been his patron; but when he began to itinerate,

and to preach for Lady Huntingdon at Bath, the bishop insist-

ed, in his own style, upon strict residence at home. "I shall

insist," he says, "upon your constant residence in your parish, —

not so much for the good you are likely to do there, as to pre-

vent the mischief you may do by rambling about to other places.

Your bishop and (though your fanatic conduct has almost made

me ashamed to own it) your patron, W. Gloucester."

Adams remonstrated, and proved that during three years he

had only been three months non-resident. He argued also that

he had accepted Stinchcombe, a living of £36 per annum, in pre-

ference to one of £80, because he was unable to give full ser-

vice. All this was in vain. He was a methodist. Warburton,

therefore, (without a divine legation,) replied, “If I indulged

you in giving your parish only one service on Sunday, I hereby

revoke that indulgence, and insist upon your giving them full

service.” Nichols.

It might have been unsafe then to defy such legates, when

they interdicted itineracy; and even now an infirm man could

do no good by rambling; but let some men of renown take the

field, and their gowns are as safe as any mitre on the bench.

Mitres must now lead on the evangelization of the country, or

follow cardinal's hats to Rome.

CHAPTER XXVI.

WHITEFIELD’S LAST LABOURS AT HOME.

Although Whitefield's last days were not "his best days,"

either at home or abroad, they were both happy and useful days.

The very evening of his life includes more labour and success

than the whole day of ordinary men. After opening the Coun-

tess's chapel at Bath, the care of his own chapels in London

quite absorbed him for some months. He could neither range

nor revisit, because of the difficulty of supplying his pulpits.

Besides, he was too weak "to do now as he had done." He

thought himself fit only to "stand by an old gun or two in a

garrison," instead of leading the battle. But such thoughts

did not last long in his mind. His "old ambition" soon re-

turned, whenever his strength or spirits rallied for a day. A

very slight improvement in his health would make him exclaim,

— "Who knows but this feeble arm may yet be strengthened to

annoy the enemy?"

In the spring of 1766, he was assisted by Occum, the Indian

preacher, who came over with Whitaker, to collect for Dr.

Wheelock's college. He was much pleased with Cecum's spirit,

and with his preaching; for both the noble and the poor heard

him gladly, and contributed liberally. Whitefield threw all his

soul into this enterprise, and nearly a thousand pounds were

soon raised for it. Even the king, through the influence of

Lord Dartmouth, contributed to the fund. Occum, as well as

his object, deserved this welcome. He was a superior man and

a popular preacher in his own country, both in the woods and in

the cities. He died in 1792, at New Stockbridge, and was fol-

lowed to the grave by three hundred weeping Indians.

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In the spring and summer of 1766, Whitefield paid some visits

to Bath and Bristol, for the benefit of the waters, and in the

hope of making excursions. But both the weather and his health

were bad, and he could seldom preach in these cities, except

at six in the morning. But even at that hour he had large

audiences.

Two things pleased him much at this time. He had got

Fletcher of Madely into his pulpits at London, and had formed

an acquaintance with Rowland Hill. Of the former he said,

"Dear Mr. Fletcher is become a scandalous Tottenham Court

preacher." "Were we more scandalous, more good would be

done." Still, "the shout of a King is yet heard in the methodist

camp." This was particularly the case in Bath, before White-

field returned to winter quarters. The nobility crowded to hear

him; and whatever effect his sermons had upon them, many of

the poor were effectually called. Such was, however, the appa-

rent impression on all ranks, that he left Bath, longing and pray-

ing that God would open his way again into all the towns in

England.

This prayer was not granted: but God enabled Whitefield to

quicken the zeal of stronger men. He heard of "four methodist

parsons" being the guests of one of his friends; and exclaimed,

"Four methodist parsons! — it is enough to set a whole king-

dom on fire, when Jesus says, — Loose them, and let them go!"

This message was followed up by an appeal to them, which must

have been felt: — "Indeed and indeed, my dear and honoured

friends, I am ashamed of myself. I blush and am confounded,

so very little have I done or suffered for Jesus! What a poor

figure shall I make amongst the saints, confessors, and martyrs

around His throne, without some deeper signatures of his divine

impress, without more scars of Christian honour! To-morrow

I intend to take the sacrament upon it, that I wilt begin to begin

to be a Christian." It was appeals of this kind, which made the

Romaines and Venns (nothing loth!) bestir themselves; and

which brought around Whitefield the Shirleys and De Courcys

of the time. Another way in which he helped on, at this time,

the work he had begun, was by prefacing a new edition of Bun-

yan's Works; and thus reviving public attention to the old

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puritans, by grouping their names with those of the reformers:

a process equally fair and wise! They libel the reformers, who

think them at all lowered by identifying Owen, Baxter, or Bun-

yan with them. These men dwell in the same mansion in

heaven, with Latimer, Jewel, and Usher. Let, therefore, all

who believe their identity maintain it! The conviction will soon

enthrone itself in the public mind, in spite of all the efforts

made to keep up a distinction. There is no real distinction.

They were only distinct billows of the one sea of protestant

reformation. Their differences were mere foam, which the hal-

cyon wings of time and truth will soon obliterate. Or, if there

be a bench in heaven, Bunyan is an archbishop!

In the spring of 1767, Whitefield visited Cambridge and

Norwich, and preached with something of his old power for

some time. He left London, intending a “large plan of opera-

tions;" but his "inward fever" returned upon him, and check-

ed him. Lady Huntingdon then took him to Rodborough by

easy stages, and he was soon in the fields again. This encou-

raged him to venture into Wales also: for he had great faith in

the "thirty-year-old methodistical medicine," of preaching in

the open air; and the Welch liked him best in that element.

"Thousands on thousands," therefore, now met him around his

“field throne,” and light and life flew in all directions, as in

the days of old. This was, however, more than he could stand

long. Both the work and the reward were too much for his

strength to sustain. He was soon as thankful to be again on

"this side of the Welch mountains," as he had been to get to

"the other side" of them, although they rung with the cry,

"Evermore give this bread of life."

In the summer he returned to London, weak but lively; and

finding that some laymen had not been unacceptable nor unsuc-

cessful in his pulpits, "the itch for itinerating" returned upon

him, he says, to a degree not curable "out of heaven;" and

therefore he prepared to go into Yorkshire again, upon "a

blessed methodist field-street preaching plan." He now pre-

ferred streets to fields; I do not know why. Perhaps he was

afraid of sudden attacks of illness, and wished to be near medi-

cal help. However that may be, he had to exclaim at almost

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every stage, "Old methodism is the thing. Hallelujah! Good

old work — good old seasons." Both were improved at this time

by the company and help of Captain Scott, who often preached

for him.

This Yorkshire tour improved his health, notwithstanding all

the fatigue he went through; because he travelled much, and

always on horseback. He was, therefore, afraid of London,

where he had much labour, and no riding. It tempted him to

nestle, he said; and his favourite maxim was, "No nestling, no

nestling, on this side Jordan." On his arrival at home, he

preached for the Religious Book Society at the Tabernacle, and

afterwards dined with them at Drapers' Hall. On this occasion

(and it was both the first and the last) almost all the dissenting

ministers of London heard him, and met him at dinner. He

was pleased, and they seem to have been so too: for the collec-

tion amounted to £105, and eighty new subscribers were ob-

tained. It is thus unity of heart is produced, by uniting hands

in work which cannot be carried on without peace and good-

will. But for this society, Whitefield and the London ministers,

as a body, would hardly have known each other, except by name.

This fact should not be forgotten by the dissenters. It was at

this door Whitefield and they entered into the fellowship and

unity of the Spirit. And what has been the effect? His me-

mory is an enshrined star, and his name a watch-word, in all

their orthodox churches.

At this time, he had much labour and more care pressing

upon him. The question of his college at Bethesda was coming

to a crisis, and he had a "little college of outcasts" (as he calls

some false and fickle brethren) to reclaim from error and apos-

tasy. In regard to the former, he began by memorializing the

king; informing his Majesty, that there was no seminary for

academical studies southward of Virginia, and thus no stimulus

to improvement in Georgia; that he had expended twelve

thousand pounds upon Bethesda, and thus laid a foundation for

a college, if a charter like that of New Jersey were granted.

He then sent, through Lord Dartmouth, a draught of the char-

ter to the archbishop of Canterbury. His Grace sent it to

the premier; and the premier sent it back, requiring that the

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head of the college should be an episcopalian, and its prayers

established forms: — not very modest requisitions, in a case where

the money came chiefly out of the pockets of American and

British dissenters! Whitefield explained and pleaded this fact,

until his patience was worn out: he then, very properly, begged

leave to inform his Grace, that he would "trouble him no more,

but turn the charity into a more generous and useful channel."

"Accordingly, he resolved," says Gillies, "in the meantime, to

add a public academy to the orphan-house, and wait for a more

favourable opportunity for making a fresh application for a char-

ter upon a broad bottom." That opportunity he never found.

His failure to obtain a charter, however pitiable or paltry in its

causes, cannot surprise those who know the history of the char-

ter of the London university. Nearly a century was required

to make the state wiser than it was in the days of Whitefield;

and even that long period has not improved the liberality of the

church much. Oxford still frowns, and Cambridge does not

smile, upon the call for open doors. There are, however, men

in both universities, who would be glad to see them open; and

men out of both, who will not stop their "Sesame," because a

charter has been won for the London university. In the mean

time, (and I record it with pleasure and gratitude,) a dissenter

may find more than courtesy at the libraries, when he has occa-

sion to visit them for literary purposes. I have found Oxford

"more noble than" Red-cross Street.

Whitefield having failed to obtain a charter for a college

abroad, opened an uncluttered one at home, — Trevecca in

Wales. This was a timely measure; for Oxford had just ex-

pelled six praying students, and thus proved to Lady Hunting-

don that it would be no nursery for the kind of ministers she

wanted. Another college was, also, a practical comment upon

Vice-Chancellor Durell's edict; which was more intelligible to

the heads of houses, than either Whitefield's solemn remon-

strances or the Shaver's sarcastic rebukes. They could com-

prehend a methodist seminary better than methodistical de-

fences of extempore prayer. Whilst, therefore, the spirit-stirring

pamphlets of Whitefield and M'Gowan placed the heads of

houses before the public, as the persecutors of godly students.

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Trevecca placed before them a specimen of reaction which they

had not foreseen.

I am not willing to enter at present upon the history of the

Countess's college. There is now an opportunity of restoring it

to its original purpose and spirit. It ought not to be the least

amongst the schools of the prophets, nor the last in aggressive

evangelization. It ought to have been to Whitefield and its

founder, what Elisha was to Elijah, the heir of both their mantle

and spirit; but it has long had neither. As the college of the

existing “Connexion,” it is, perhaps, all that could be fairly

expected; but as the Whitefield seminary it is nothing. I

could say much on this subject; — and I will say much, should

I be spared to publish The History of Methodism as a Re-

formation, — if nothing is done to give efficiency to Cheshunt.

In the meantime, I not only forbear, but fondly hope that I may

have no occasion to remonstrate. There remains enough of the

Whitefield leaven in the lump, to ferment the whole, if well

managed; and there are some managers Whitefieldian in their

spirit. I charge them, "before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ,

and the elect angels, and many witnesses," to make Cheshunt

what the Countess and Whitefield intended and anticipated!

They expected to hear more of it in heaven — than they have

heard. They ought to have heard more. They shall hear more.

Let their joy be fulfilled soon! It has been too long postponed.

Besides, Cheshunt needs only a commanding man in its theolo-

gical chair, in order to renovate it: and if any minutice of its

old rules stand in the way of such a man, or in the way of stu-

dents, what is a departure from such forms, compared with a

departure from its original spirit and design?

I have a right to be thus explicit on this subject. I am as

responsible for the facts, concerning the original design of this

college, as the trustees are for its funds; and I will deal as

honestly with them. I know that the endowments of Trevecca

died with the Countess. I refer only, therefore, to Cheshunt's

inheritance of what can never die, — the names of Lady Hunt-

ingdon and George Whitefield. These are more precious than

the gold of Ophir, and their possession involves higher and

holier responsibilities than "much fine gold" could bring with

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it. This is my sole reason for speaking at all; and therefore I

have spoken out.

Whilst engaged in maturing the college at Trevecca, and

opening chapels for the Countess, Whitefield lost his wife. On

this subject, I have nothing to add to a former chapter; except

that his own health and spirits declined afterwards. Still he

preached, although often bringing up blood when he came down

from the pulpit.

It will be gratifying to the reader to learn, that Trevecca, so

long holy ground, and so intimately associated with the name

and labours of Howel Harris, is about to become a theological

seminary for the Welsh Calvinistic methodists. Let them

realize the designs of Whitefield! — and do justice to the me-

mory of Harris! Some will watch vigilantly, and I for one, how

his memory is treated, when Trevecca is again made a college.

He belongs too much to the ecclesiastical history of his country,

to be forgotten or misrepresented. This hint will be understood

by my friend John Elias, and not lost, I hope, on some of his

friends in the principality.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WHITEFIELD AND EDMUND-HALL.

The well-known expulsion of six students from Oxford, in

1763, was thus announced in the St. James's Chronicle; — "On

Friday last, six students belonging to Edmund-Hall, were ex-

pelled the University, after a hearing of several hours, before

Mr. Vice-Chancellor and some of the heads of houses, for hold-

ing methodistical tenets, and taking upon them to pray, read,

and expound the Scriptures, and singing hymns in a private

house. The (principal) of the college (Dr. Dixon) defended

their doctrines from the Thirty-nine Articles of the established

church, and spoke in the highest terms of the piety and cxem-

plariness of their lives: but his motion was overruled, and sen-

tence pronounced against them. One of the heads of houses

present observed, that as these six gentlemen were expelled

for having too much religion, it would be very proper to inquire

into the conduct of some who had too little. Mr. (the Vice-

Chancellor) Durell was heard to tell the chief accuser, that the

UNIVERSITY was much obliged to him for his good work!"

The form, as well as the facts, of this Oxford bull, deserves

preservation, because it will be the last of its race: for now,

public opinion would soon expel from the university of Christian

fellowship, any number of heads of houses, who should repeat

this act of tyranny. That great tribunal has just pronounced

the sentence of unqualified condemnation against the late popish

"Oxford Tracts," and neither the chancellor, nor the vice-

chancellor, could obtain, were they to try, any mitigation of the

sentence. The tracts are unprotestant, and, therefore, unpopular.

The hisses and yells of the raw witlings of Oxford against

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dissenters, at the late installation, were the mere ebullitions of

political folly, and prove nothing against the university but the

want of good manners on gala days: whereas the tracts prove

the want of good theology; a defect not so easily remedied as

ill-breeding.

It is one way of remedying both to keep up for a time the

names and the acts of the conclave, who excluded six Oxonians

for extempore prayer, and kept in one who was proved guilty of

ridiculing the miracles of Moses and Christ. Another way

(which I prefer) is, to perpetuate the names of the wise and

good men who protested against these outrages on truth, de-

cency, and consistency. Oxford was never without some Ab-

diels. Her cloud of witnesses is not great; but it is splendid

enough to inspire both hallowed recollections and high antici-

pations. I have felt and enjoyed this whilst musing in her

cloisters and halls. Often have her redeeming spirits gathered

around my own spirit, in such numbers and radiance, that I

forgot everything but the service she had rendered to the Re-

formation, and the power she could apply to the defence and

diffusion of the gospel. Oh that she were wise to win souls!

She has won all kinds of fame, but the immortality of leading on

the evangelization of the world. If I am not her enemy in

writing thus, — then she has no enemies amongst orthodox dis-

senters. Their eyes are upon both universities, not to divide

the popish spoil, nor to divert the national endowments into

sectarian channels or foreign enterprises; but to secure for all

who can pay for it, free access to all the literature and science

of Cam and Isis.

The junto who expelled Matthews, Jones, Shipman, Kay,

Middleton, and Grove, were, Drs. Durell, Randolph, Fothergill,

Nowell, and the senior proctor, Atterbury. They evidently

feared a new edition of Whitefield and Wesley. These men,

who had "turned the world upside down," and the church in-

side out, had begun with reading, praying, and expounding in

private houses; and, if two did so much damage to the old sys-

tem, what might not six do? To prevent this danger, "each

of them, for the crimes above mentioned," was deemed "wor-

thy of being expelled the Hall:" “I, therefore, by my visitorial

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power," said the vice-chancellor, "do hereby pronounce them

expelled." This was the form of the bull!

Middleton, in his "Ecclesiastical Memoir," laments that

“the archives” of Oxford should "preserve the entry of a re-

cord which seemed unsuitable to the character of a great pro-

testant community in the eighteenth century:" but its unsuit-

ableness is just the reason for its preservation. Were it not in

the archives, it would hardly be credited now; and the next

century would deem it a mere calumny.

Amongst the writers who exposed the folly and infamy of this

decree, was Dr. Home, afterwards bishop of Norwich. He

nobly defended the students, whilst Sir Richard Hill lashed,

and M'Gowan shaved, their judges. But neither this defence,

nor that volunteered at the trial by two heads of houses, pre-

vented Dr. Nowell, the principal of St. Mary's Hall, from at-

tempting to justify the expulsion. He had even the effrontery

to plead drunkenness as Welling's excuse for ridiculing the

miracles!

Whitefield rebuked this conclave with much severity; but in

a better spirit than the baronet or the Shaver. His letter to

Durell, on the occasion, is scarce now, and as it is not likely to

be reprinted, I subjoin some specimens of it. They are not,

however, the best as remonstrance, although the best as history.

Whitefield never wrote better than on this occasion.

"It hath gladdened the hearts of many, and afforded matter of

uncommon joy and thanksgiving to the Father of mercies and

God of all consolation, to hear, that for some time past there

hath been a more than common religious concern and zeal for

promoting their own and others' salvation among some of the

sons of the prophets. What a pleasing prospect hath hereby

been opened of a future blessing to the rising generation! A

blessing which we well hoped would be not less salutary and

beneficial to the moral, than the new cruse of salt was to part

of the natural, world, which the prophet Elisha, when com-

plaint was made that the water was naught and the ground bar-

ren, cast into the spring of waters, with a 'Thus saith the Lord,

There shall not be from thence any more dearth or barren land:

so the waters were healed unto this day.'

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"But alas! how is this general joy damped, and the pleasing

prospect almost totally eclipsed, by a late melancholy scene ex-

hibited in that very place, from whence, as from a fountain,

many of their preachers frequently and expressly pray that pure

streams may forever flow, to water the city of the living God.

You need not be told, reverend Sir, what place I mean; it was

the famous university of Oxford. Nor need I mention the

scene exhibited, it was a tribunal, a visitatorial tribunal, erect-

ed in Edmund-Hall. Six pious students, who promised to be

the salt of the earth, and the lights of the world, entire friends

to the doctrines and liturgy of our church, by a citation pre-

viously fixed upon the college door, were summoned to appear

before this tribunal. They did appear; and as some were

pleased to term it, were tried, convicted, and to close the scene,

in the chapel of the same hall, (consecrated and set apart for

nobler purposes,) had the sentence of expulsion publicly read

and pronounced against them.

“So severe a sentence, in an age when almost every kind of

proper discipline is held with so lax a rein, hath naturally ex-

cited a curiosity in all that have heard of it, to inquire of what

notable crime these delinquents may have been guilty, to de-

serve such uncommonly rigorous treatment. But how will their

curiosity be turned into indignation, when they are told, that

they were thus rigorously handled for doing no evil at all, and

that ‘no fault could be found in them, save in the law of their

God?'

“It is true, indeed, one article of impeachment was, ‘that

some of them were of trades before they entered into the uni-

versity.' But what evil or crime worthy of expulsion can there

be in that? To be called from any, though the meanest me-

chanic employ, to the study of the liberal arts, where a natural

genius hath been given, was never yet looked upon as a re-

proach to, or diminution of, any great and public character

whatsoever. Profane history affords us a variety of examples of

the greatest heroes, who have been fetched even from the plough

to command armies, and who performed the greatest exploits for

their country's good. And if we examine sacred history, we

shall find that even David, after he was anointed king, looked back

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with sweet complacence to the rock from whence he was hewn,

and is not ashamed to leave it upon record, that 'God took

him away from the sheep-folds, as he was following the ewes

great with young ones;' and as though he loved to repeat it,

'he took him,' (says he,) ' that he might feed Jacob his people,

and Israel his inheritance.'

“But why speak I of David? when Jesus of Nazareth, David's

Lord and David's King, had for his reputed father a carpenter,

and in all probability, as it was a common proverb among the

Jews, that 'he who did not teach his son a trade, taught him

to be a thief,' he worked at the trade of a carpenter himself.

For this indeed he was reproached and maligned; ‘Is not this,’

said they, 'the carpenter's son?' nay, 'Is not this the carpenter?'

But who were these maligners? The greatest enemies to the

power of godliness which the world ever saw, the scribes and

Pharisees, that ‘generation of vipers,’ as John the Baptist

calls them, who upon every occasion were spitting out their

venom, and shooting forth their arrows, even bitter words,

against that Son of man, even that Son of God, who, to display

his sovereignty, and confound the wisdom of the worldly wise,

chose poor fishermen to be his apostles; and whose chief of the

apostles, though bred up at the feet of Gamaliel, both before

and after his call to the apostleship, laboured with his own

hands, and worked at the trade of a tent-maker.

"If from such exalted and more distant, we descend to more

modern and inferior, characters, we shall find that very late, not

to say our present, times furnish us with instances of some, even

of our dignitaries, who have been called from trades that tended

to help and feed the body, not only to higher employs of a spi-

ritual nature, but even to preside over those that are intrusted

with the care of souls. And who knows but some of these young

students, though originally mechanics, if they had been suffered

to have pursued their studies, might have either climbed after

them to some preferment in the church, or been advanced to

some office in that university from which they are now expelled.

One of the present reverend and worthy proctors, we are told,

was formerly a lieutenant in the army, and as such a military

employ was no impediment to his being a minister or proctor, it

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may be presumed that being formerly of trades could have been

no just impediment to these young men becoming, in process of

time, true gospel ministers and good soldiers of Jesus Christ.

“Their being accustomed to prayer, whether with or without a

form, would by no means disqualify them for the private or pub-

lic discharge of their ministerial functions. For if it did, what

sinners, what great sinners must they have been, who prayed in

an extempore way before any forms of prayer could be printed!

Why also are not some few others expelled for extempore

swearing?" Lett.

Of the six exiles from Edmund-Hall, Erasmus Middleton

was the most distinguished. He was sustained at Cambridge

by Fuller the banker, a dissenter; and ordained in Ireland by

the bishop of Downe. In Scotland, he married a branch of the

ducal family of Gordon. In London, he became curate to Ro-

maine and Cadogan, and compiled his well known "Biographia

Evangelica." The Fuller family presented him, in his old age,

with the living of Turvey in Bedfordshire.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WHITEFIELD’S LAST VOYAGE

Many things conspired to enable Whitefield to embark again

for America, without suspecting that he was not likely to return.

Both his health and spirits were unusually good. He had

often raised his old war-cry, "Field preaching, field preaching

forever!" and followed it up with the shout, "Ebenezer, Hal-

lelujah, Pentecost!" on the spots of his former triumphs. His

chapels in London also were well provided with acceptable sup-

plies, and his affairs at Georgia all prosperous. Indeed, he

appears to have had nothing to vex him but the heavy expense

incurred for coach-hire, in making his last excursions. It had

''mounted very high," he says; "and means must be found to

save the late great expense." This proves that he expected to

return; and none of his letters at the time indicate any misgiv-

ings of heart, or breathe even his usual longing for heaven. "I

am brave as to my bodily health, and have not been in better

spirits for years," is his own account of himself, when he went

on board the Friendship; and of his prospects, he said, "I am

persuaded this voyage will be for the Redeemer's glory, and the

welfare of precious and immortal souls." It was — but not in

the way he anticipated. Cornelius Winter's account of his ge-

neral tone of mind and body agrees, on the whole, with White-

field's own account of himself. He had occasional seasons of

"remarkable lowness and languor," at sea; but he was able to

spend much of his time in close study of the History of Eng-

land, and in preparing sermons; and was in better health at the

end of the voyage, than he had been after the generality of his

former voyages.

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Thus the only thing which really oppressed him, on leaving,

was the pain of parting from his friends for a time. But this

was nothing new with him. What he said now, he had said

often; "Oh these partings! without a divine support they would

be intolerable. Talk not of taking personal leave: you know

my make. Paul could stand a whipping — “but not a weeping

farewell.” Letters.

The parting scene at the Tabernacle and Tottenham Court

was awful, and seems to have been repeated: for he says, in his

own manuscript journal, that he preached on the vision of Ja-

cob's ladder, at both places; and Winter says, that "The Good

Shepherd" was his farewell sermon. Indeed, Whitefield him-

self, in a letter, calls this his "last sermon." Thus there must

have been "more last words " than his journal records. He

himself was "disgusted" with the manner in which this fare-

well sermon was reported and printed. Well he might, as to the

latter, if the first edition was like the second, which is now be-

fore me. Still, with all its faults, it is characteristic; and,

therefore, I will give some specimens of it, as few persons have

ever seen it.

The text is, John x. 27, 28. These words, it will be recol-

lected, were uttered by Christ, at the feast of dedication. "This

festival," says Whitefield, " was of bare human invention; and

yet I do not find that our Lord preached against it. And I

believe, that when we see things as we ought, we shall not en-

tertain our auditories about rites and ceremonies — but about the

grand thing. It is the glory of methodists, that whilst they have

been preaching forty years, there has not been (that I know of)

one single pamphlet published by them about the non-essentials

of religion."

On the words, "My sheep hear my voice, and they follow

me," he says, "There are but two sorts of people. Christ does

not say, Are you an independent, a baptist, a presbyterian, or

are you a church of England man? Nor did he ask. Are you a

Methodist? The Lord divides the whole world into sheep and

goats. O sinners, you are come to hear a poor creature take

his last farewell: but I want you to forget the creature and his

preaching. I want to lead further than the Tabernacle — even

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to mount Calvary, to see with what expense of blood, Jesus

Christ purchased ‘his own.’ Now, before I go any further,

will you be so good, before the world gets into your hearts, to

inquire whether you belong to Christ or not? Surely the world

did not get into your hearts before you rose from your beds!

Many of you were up sooner than usual." (The sermon was

preached at seven o'clock in the morning.) "I hope the world

does not get into your hearts before nine. Man, woman, sinner!

put thy hand upon thy heart, and say, didst thou ever hear

Christ's voice so as to follow him?"

Speaking of the restoration of wandering sheep, he said, "I

once heard Dr. Marryat — who was not ashamed of market-lan-

guage — say at Pinner's Hall, 'God has a great dog to fetch his

sheep back when they wander.' He sends the devil after them,

to bark at them; but instead of barking them further off, he

barks them back to the fold."

On the subject of the ministry, he said, "I am sure I never

prayed so much against my infirmities, as against going into

holy orders so soon. However some may come to preach here

and there, — and I know not how much they are concerned, —

but I am sure it concerned me greatly. I have prayed hun-

dreds of times, that God would not let me go so soon. I re-

member once at Gloucester — I know the room — and I cannot

help looking up at the window, whenever I am there, and going

by: I know the bed-side — I know the floor, on which I have

been prostrate for weeks together, crying, I cannot go; I am a

novice; I shall fall into the condemnation of the devil. Yet I

wanted to be at Oxford. I wanted to stay there three or four

years, that I might make a hundred and fifty sermons at least,

for I wished to set up with a stock in trade. I remember wrest-

ling, praying, groaning, striving with God; and said, I am un-

done, unfit to speak in thy name; my God, send me not. After

I had written to all my friends, to pray against the bishop's

solicitation, these words came into my mind, — 'My sheep hear

my voice, and none shall pluck them out of my hand,' — then I

said. Lord, I will go; “end me when thou wilt.”

The following remarks are very characteristic. "‘None shall

pluck them out of my hand:’ this implies that there is always

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somebody plucking at Christ's sheep. The lust of the flesh is

plucking; the pride of life is plucking; and the devil is con-

tinually plucking at them: but nothing shall pluck them out of

my hands. I have bought them, and am gone to heaven to pre-

pare a place for them." Sermon.

This sermon was preached at the Tabernacle on the morning

of the day he went to Gravesend to embark. The companions

of his voyage were Smith and Cornelius Winter. His own

account of their services to him during the voyage is, "Mr.

Smith hath really behaved very well, and been handy and atten-

tive. The same may be said of Mr. Winter." This he said at

the end of the voyage. Whilst on board, he wrote to a friend,

concerning them, "I only want somebody about me that hath

a little more brains; but we must have our huts in this trying,

imperfect state." This, I have no doubt, contains the real

secret of Rowland Hill's mode of explaining Winter's account of

Whitefield's temper; as "the version of a worthy but weak

man." It is well known by many, that Rowland Hill empowered

me to contradict, with all the authority of his own name. Win-

ter's picture of Whitefield's temper; and to explain it by Win-

ter's want of brains. I have done neither, because very little

historical importance belongs to the knowledge of either party.

Both knew Whitefield late in life, and not long, and only after

his nerves were shattered. Wesley's opinion is of more value

than that of both. He knew him from the beginning, and said

at the end, "How few have we known of so kind a temper!"

Funeral Sermon. Whitefield's temper in his last days was not

so bland as Rowland Hill thought, nor so hasty as Cornelius

Winter said. The former had, therefore, no occasion to refer

the picture drawn by the latter, to mortification. Winter had

brains, as well as fine feelings, whatever might have been the

development of them at sea. The good man was too often sick

there, to be very clever: for it was his first voyage; but White-

field's thirteenth: a fact which quite explains the impatience of

the latter, and the opinions of the former.

I have touched this contested point, because more has been

made of it, on both sides, than was at all necessary. Neither

Hill nor Winter had any personal acquaintance with Whitefield

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until 1767; and he died 1770. This fact should have moderated

the opinions of both. Wilberforce said, without knowing this

fact, "Even Winter's account detracts little from the sum of

Whitefield's excellences." Dr. Reed's epithet at his grave —

"that seraphic man!" will forever absorb both the compli-

ments of Hill and the complaints of Winter; and just because

it is historically true, or borne out by the whole tenor of his life.

These dates give, however, great importance to Winter's

account of Whitefield's preaching: for if it was so commanding

and melting during the few years he heard him, what must it

have been when it awed Moorfields, and agitated Blackheath,

whilst they were thronged with tens of thousands?

I feel reluctant, I confess, to enter upon this last voyage. I

have journeyed so long in vision with Whitefield, and so often

when I could enjoy little else, that I shrink from the near pros-

pect of parting with him. Perhaps my readers share this feel-

ing with me. If so, they will not regret to linger with me,

whilst he was detained on the coast. He was accompanied to

Gravesend by "a very large party, in coaches and chaises; and

next day preached two sermons" there. Not in the church,

however, as formerly. "That was refused to him." Winter.

This fact creates in any mind an association with that church,

which is anything but what I enjoy, when I visit Gravesend.

This is not my fault; nor can other visitors be blamed if they

feel as I do. True; I am thus teaching visitors to recollect the

pitiable fact. I avow the design. This is one way of bringing

into discredit the worse than synagogue bigotry, which excludes

from national churches men who are the glory of the nation.

Shame upon the folly and effrontery which can shut them upon

stars that Christ is not ashamed to hold in his "right hand!"

And equal shame upon any chapel, if such there be, that would

not welcome an evangelical clergyman, even if he were a bishop

or an archbishop, into its pulpit, and at its communion table!

The tide of public opinion is setting in to this point, strongly

and directly; and I, for one, both go with it, and try to help it

on. True; many are trying to turn it. Well; they will only

strengthen it. The tide of public opinion is slow upon eccle-

siastical channels; but then it has no reflux, except to gather

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strength. It can afford to be slow; for it is sure. Let not the

spirit of these remarks be called levelling: it is elevating, if

there be no arbitrary nor unnatural distinctions in the church of

the first-born, in heaven. Besides, who does not see, that the

first bishop who shall preach in a dissenting or methodist cha-

pel, or preside at a missionary sacrament in Zion or Surrey, will

win more golden opinions for his church from all the good and

wise in the world, by that one act of duty, than by a thousand

acts of power? It is in vain now to dream of uniting the three

kingdoms, or any one of them, in the fellowship of one church:

but all protestants may be gradually united in the fellowship of

the Spirit, if their leaders will only set the example.

A specimen of this catholicity occurred at Deal, whilst White-

field's vessel was detained by contrary winds. Dr. Gibbon of

London, and Mr. Bradbury of Ramsgate, had come there to

ordain a student. The Doctor, on hearing that Whitefield was

in the bay, went on board, and spent a day with him. Brad-

bury and the young minister also visited him, and urged him to

be present at the ordination, and to preach after it. He did

both; and as we have seen, with great delight to himself and

others. Winter, who accompanied him, says, "I hope I shall

never forget the solemnities of that day." What would have

been thought of Whitefield had he refused, or of Gibbon and

the dissenters had they not invited him, to be present? Just so

is thought of the exclusives, by the thinkers who are destined to

pilot the church of Christ out of the narrow seas of party, into

the Pacific of catholic communion. Whitefield tells an anec-

dote of Dr. Gibbon's ''warm-hearted" visit to him on board,

which may be applied to good men who forget this. The Doctor

became sea-sick, and was obliged to lie down, for some time, in

the state cabin. "There," says Whitefield, "he learnt more

experimentally to pray for those who do business in the great

waters." Like many others, the Doctor had cared less for

seamen than he ought: but sickness made him sympathizing.

So it is in this matter: something is always occurring in the

exclusive system to sicken good men, and thus to teach them to

pray with the understanding and the heart, "Thy will be done

on earth as it is in heaven." Whoever regrets the frequency of

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that prayer in the church service, I do not. It will pull down

the middle wall of partition soon: and it is, in the meantime,

the protest of the church (however unconsciously) against that

wall. She thus denounces at the font, the altar, and the grave,

her own bigotry.

During the month Whitefield was tossed about on the coast,

he preached whenever he could land, and paid his usual atten-

tions to all on board. The voyage was both long and danger-

ous; but not unpleasant. He arrived at Charleston in such

health, that he preached on the very day he landed. The fact

is, his spirits were elevated by the welcome he received, and

especially by the good news which awaited him from Georgia.

“The increase of the colony was incredible, and the governor,

Wright, had laid the foundation of two wings to the orphan-

house, for the accommodation of students." All this wound up

his hopes and spirits, until he forgot that he was in the body.

And the impulse was both increased and prolonged, when he

saw Bethesda in its glory. The governor, council, and assembly

attended in a body at the academy chapel, to hear him preach

for the college. They then surveyed and approved the new

buildings; each of which was "a hundred and fifty feet long,

and executed with taste, and in a masterly manner." After-

wards the whole party dined with him in the hall of the orphan-

house, "at a handsome and plentiful table;" and testified both

their gratitude and satisfaction. Nor was this all. The com-

mons' house of assembly voted the warmest thanks to him for

his "truly generous and disinterested benefactions to the pro-

vince." Georgia Gazette, All this was done after a sermon,

in which he avowed that, as far as lay in his power, "Bethesda

should always be upon a broad bottom." "All denominations

have freely given," he said; — "all denominations — all the

continent shall receive equal benefit from it." Sermon.

The inspiring effect of all this was, that his health was better

than it had been for many years, and his strength equal to the

task of every-day preaching. His moral strength was such, that

he "annihilated his own name " in the deed of settlement for

the college, that trustees might accept the office of wardens,

“without suffering contempt for being connected with" him!

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Thus it was not pretence, nor mere exclamation, when he said,

years before this time, "Let the name of George Whitefield

perish, if God be glorified." As I have often said, he only spoke

strongly, when words could not fully express all he felt and

meant. But his name will be imperishable, just by the little

care he took to make it so: for he did imperishable work, with-

out calculating upon any lasting reward in this world. No man,

indeed, ever understood less, or proved more, the truth of the

sacred oracle, "He that loseth his life for my sake shall save it."

Bethesda was now to him "a Goshen — a Bethel." He was

almost tempted to say, "It is good to be here;" but he said in-

stead, "No nestling on this side eternity: all must give way

to that divine employ — gospel ranging." This was his resolu-

tion, even while he could say, "Never did I enjoy such domes-

tic peace, comfort, and joy during my whole pilgrimage. It is

unspeakable and full of glory!" Strong as this language is, he

used still stronger on leaving the institution, although fondly

and fully expecting to return to it: "O Bethesda, my Bethel,

my Peniel! My happiness is inconceivable. Hallelujah, Hal-

lelujah! Let chapel — tabernacle — earth — heaven, rebound with

Hallelujah! I can no more. My heart is too big to add more

than my old name, 'Less than the least of all,' G. W." Letters.

The vigour and versatility of his mind, at this time, may be

estimated by the speech, which he wrote for one of the orphans

to deliver, after the sermon before the governor and council. I

venture to ascribe the authorship of it to Whitefield, because

the document was found in his own handwriting, by Dr. Gillies.

This assumption involves, I am aware, the awkward fact, that

he paid some compliments to himself. But the speech would

have been unnatural and unacceptable, if, while complimenting

the patrons of the institution, it had passed by the founder.

Had Whitefield not made the orphan-boy thank him, who else

in the assembly would have accepted public thanks? It is, how-

ever, for its beautiful simplicity I quote the document.

The Orphan's Speech. "When I consider where I stand,

and before whom I am about to speak, no wonder that, previous

to my rising, a trembling seized my limbs; and now, when risen, a

throbbing seizes my heart, and, as a consequence of both, shame

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and confusion cover my face. For what am I, (a poor unlettered

orphan, unlearned almost in the very rudiments of my mother-

tongue, and totally unskilled in the persuasive arts of speaking!)

that I should be called to speak before such a venerable,

august assembly, as is this day convened under Bethesda's roof?

But when I reflect, that I stand up at your command, reverend

Sir, to whom, under God, I owe my little all; and when I fur-

ther reflect on the well-known candour of those that compose

this venerable and august assembly, — my trembling begins to

abate, my throbbing ceases, and a gleam of hope breaks in, that

the tongue of the stammerer will, in some degree, be able to

speak plainly.

"But where shall I begin, and how express the various emotions

that, within the last hour, have alternately agitated and affected

my soul? If the eye, as I have been taught to think, is the

looking-glass of the soul; and if the outward gestures and earnest

attention, are indications expressive of the inward commotions

and dispositions of the human heart; then, a heartfelt compla-

cency and joy hath possessed the souls of many in this assembly,

whilst the reverend founder hath been giving from the pulpit

such a clear, succinct, and yet withal affecting account of the

rise and progress of this orphan-house academy, and of the low

estate of this now flourishing colony, when the first brick of this

edifice was laid. All hail, that happy day! which we now com-

memorate, when about thirty-two years ago, in faith and fervent

prayer, the first brick of this edifice was laid. Many destitute

orphans were soon taken in, and without any visible fund, in the

dearest part of his Majesty's dominions, more than fifty labour-

ers were employed, and honourably paid, and a large orphan-

family, for these many years, hath been supported, clothed, and

brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Oh, could

these walls speak, could every chamber, every corner of this

fabric speak, what agonizing supplications, what inwrought,

energetic prayers would they tell us they had been witness to,

and also of the blessed fruits of which we are now partakers!

Behold! a once infant, deserted, despised colony, not only lifting

up its drooping head, and, in some degree, overtopping, at least

for trade, and increase, and extent of commerce, vying with some

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of its neighbouring provinces. Behold the once despised insti-

tution! (the very existence of which was for many years denied,)

through the indefatigable industry, unparalleled disinterested-

ness, and unwearied perseverance of its reverend founder, ex-

panding and stretching its wings, not only to receive a larger

number of helpless orphans like myself, but to nurse and cherish

many of the present rising generation, training them up to be

ornaments both in church and state. For ever adored be that

Providence, that power and goodness, which hath brought mat-

ters to such a desirable and long-expected issue! Thanks,

thanks be rendered to your Excellency, for the countenance you

have always given to this beneficial plan, for laying the first

brick of yonder wings, this time twelvemonth, and for the favour

of your company on this our anniversary. Thanks to you, Mr.

President, who have long been a fellow-helper in this important

work, and have now the pleasure of seeing the fruit of all your

labours. Thanks to the gentlemen of his Majesty's honourable

council, and to the members of the general assembly, who so

warmly recommended the utility of this institution. Thanks to

you. Sir, who first opened it by preaching. Thanks to you, who

left your native country, and, without fee or reward, have for

many years laboured and watched over us in the Lord. Thanks

to all who have this day honoured us with your presence. And

above all, thanks, more than an orphan tongue can utter, or

orphan hearts conceive, be, under God, rendered unto you,

most honoured Sir, who have been so happily instrumental, in

the hands of a never-failing God, in spreading his everlasting

gospel."

CHAPTER XXIX.

WHITEFIELD AND THE NOBILITY.

Whitefield never sought the patronage of the great, nor ever

employed it for any personal end. To the credit of his first

noble friends, Lothian, Leven, and Rae, they sought his friend-

ship because they admired his talents, and appreciated his cha-

racter. They were won by the preaching which won the multi-

tude; and when they wrote to him, he answered them just as he

did anyone else, who sought his counsel or prayers, courteously

and faithfully. He paid them, indeed, the current compliments

of his times: and if these ever amount to flattery in appearance,

they are followed by warnings which no real flatterer would

have dared to whisper. In his first letters to the Marquis of

Lothian, he said, "You do well, my Lord, to fear, lest your con-

victions should wear off. — Your Lordship is in a dangerous situ-

ation," in the world. "Come, then, and lay yourself at the feet

of Jesus." — "As for praying in your family, I entreat you, my

Lord, not to neglect it. You are bound to do it. Apply to

Christ for strength to overcome your present fears. They are

the effects of pride, or infidelity, or of both." These are not

unfair specimens of Whitefield's correspondence with the Scotch

nobles, who honoured him with their confidence. Upon some

of the English noblemen, who were brought to hear him by

Lady Huntingdon, his influence was equally great and good.

Amongst his friends were, also, "honourable women not a few."

I wish I could say of his compliments to them, all that I have

said of his general influence upon their "order:" but I cannot.

I cannot even qualify, after long rejudging, the opinion I have

given of his letters to them. True; they needed and deserved

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“strong consolation," in order to resist the strong temptations

presented by a frivolous court, a witty peerage, and a learned

bench, in favour of a formal religion. Nothing but "the joy of the

Lord" could have sustained them in such a sphere. Whitefield

judged well, therefore, in not plying the peeresses with the same

warnings he addressed to the peers. Happiness in religion was

the best security for their holiness. They could not be laughed

out of a good hope through grace. Wit and banter may make

the fear of perishing seem a weakness or a fancy; but they can-

not make hope, peace, or joy, seem absurd. Neither the rough

jibes of Warburton, nor the polished sarcasms of Chesterfield

and Bolingbroke, could touch the consciousness of peace in be-

lieving, or of enjoyment in secret prayer, in the hearts of those

peeresses who had found, at the cross and the mercy-seat, the

happiness they had sought in vain from the world. Whitefield

knew this, and ministered to their comfort. What I regret,

therefore, is, that he mingled more compliment with consolation

than was wise or seemly. Each of "the twelve manner" of ripe

fruits on the tree of life, requires to be served up in its own

"leaves;" and needs no other garnishing.

But if Whitefield's letters to the peeresses were not always

manly, his lectures to the "brilliant circle" at Lady Hunting-

don's were evidently as faithful as they were eloquent. The

well-known Countess of Suffolk found them so. Lady Guildford

prevailed on Lady Huntingdon to admit this beauty to hear

Whitefield. He, however, knew nothing of her presence. He

drew his bow at a venture: but every arrow seemed aimed at

her. She just managed to sit out the service, in silence; and

when Whitefield retired, she flew into fury; abused Lady Hun-

tingdon to her face, and denounced the sermon as a deliberate

attack on herself. In vain Lady Betty Jermain tried to appease

the beautiful fury, or to explain her mistake. In vain old

Lady Bertie and the Duchess dowager of Ancaster commanded

her silence. She maintained that she had been insulted. She

was compelled, however, by her relatives who were present, to

apologize to Lady Huntingdon. Having done this with a bad

grace, she left to return no more.

Horace Walpole, unwittingly, has borne testimony to the faith-

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fulness of Whitefield, in the case of Earl Ferrers. "That im-

pertinent fellow,” Whitefield, he says, "told his enthusiasts in

his sermons, that my Lord's heart was stone.” So it was, and

"harder than the nether millstone." He treated Whitefield

courteously; but evinced a reckless contempt for religion.

Walpole's own account of Ferrers proves this.

It would hardly be worthwhile to notice this horrible affair,

were it not for the sake of the striking contrast between White-

field and Theophilus Lindsay, when they successively tried to

comfort Lady Huntingdon under her calamities. Her son had

imbibed the principles of Chesterfield and Bolingbroke; and

her heart brooded in anguish upon his eternal prospects. The

Lindsays suggested to her the possibility of a temporary hell.

Whitefield visited and prayed for her wretched nephew, Ferrers;

but spoke all the truth of his character, and planted no fictions

upon his grave.

Horace Walpole, again unwittingly, bears testimony to the

uniform consistency of Whitefield's creed and character. When

the peace festival was celebrated at Ranelagh, some one asked,

in the clique of wits, (most likely himself,) "Has Whitefield re-

canted?” Lady Townshend replied, "O, no; he has only canted.''

Walpole thought this a happy hit; little dreaming it to be a

compliment to a man, who might have had preferment at the

time, if he would have recanted even his clerical irregularities.

This is the original play upon the words, "cant" and "recant;"

which have lately been so happily applied to an ex-patriot, by

Lord John Russell.

The following anecdote of Whitefield was communicated by

the Countess of Huntingdon to the late Barry, R. A.; and sent

by him to me. I give it in his own words: — "Some ladies called

one Saturday morning, to pay a visit to Lady Huntingdon, and

during the visit, her Ladyship inquired of them if they had ever

heard Mr. Whitefield preach? Upon being answered in the ne-

gative, she said, I wish you would hear him, he is to preach to-

morrow evening at such a church or chapel, the name of which

the writer forgets (nor is it material): they promised her Lady-

ship they would certainly attend. They were as good as their

word; and upon calling on the Monday morning on her Lady-

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ship, she anxiously inquired if they had heard Mr. Whitefield on

the previous evening, and how they liked him? — The reply was,

'O my Lady, of all the preachers we ever heard, he is the most

strange and unaccountable. Among other preposterous things,

(would your Ladyship believe it,) he declared that Jesus Christ

was so willing to receive sinners, that he did not object to receive

even the devil's castaways. — Now, my Lady, did you ever hear

of such a thing since you was born.' To which her Ladyship

made the following reply: ‘There is something, I acknowledge,

a little singular in the invitation, and I do not recollect to have

ever met with it before; but as Mr. Whitefield is below in the

parlour, we'll have him up, and let him answer for himself.'

Upon his coming up into the drawing-room. Lady Huntingdon

said, ‘Mr. Whitefield, these ladies have been preferring a very

heavy charge against you, and I thought it best that you should

come up and defend yourself: they say, that in your sermon last

evening, in speaking of the willingness of Jesus Christ to receive

sinners, you expressed yourself in the following terms, — that so

ready was Christ to receive sinners who came to him, that he

was willing to receive even the devil's castaways.' — Mr. White-

field immediately replied, ‘I certainly, my Lady, must plead

guilty to the charge: whether I did what was right or otherwise

your Ladyship shall judge from the following circumstance. —

Did your Ladyship notice, about half an hour ago, a very modest

single rap at the door? It was given by a poor, miserable-look-

ing, aged female, who requested to speak with me. — I desired

her to be shown into the parlour, when she accosted me in the

following manner: — ‘I believe. Sir, you preached last evening

at such a chapel.' — 'Yes, I did.' — 'Ah, Sir; I was accidentally

passing the door of that chapel, and hearing the voice of some

one preaching, I did what I have never been in the habit of do-

ing, I went in; and one of the first things I heard you say, was,

that Jesus Christ was so willing to receive sinners, that he did

not object to receiving the devil's castaways. Now, Sir, I have

been on the town for many years, and am so worn out in his ser-

vice, 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?' — Mr. Whitefield assured her there was not a doubt of it.

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if she was but willing to go to him. From the sequel it appeared,

that it was the case; and that it ended in the sound conversion

of this poor creature; and Lady Huntingdon was assured, from

most respectable authority, that the woman left a very charming

testimony behind her that, though her sins had been of a crim-

son hue, the atoning blood of Christ had washed them white as

snow."

I shall not soon forget the first use I made of this anecdote.

It was handed to me just as I was about to attend the anniver-

sary of the Female Penitentiary. I told it there, and was pleased,

although in nowise surprised, to see tears flowing down the

cheeks of the noble chairman, and of honourable women not a

few. I mention this fact, because it is only by such facts, that

some minds can be won over to think well of Penitentiaries. I

long questioned their policy. Even when I became one of the

secretaries of the Liverpool Female Penitentiary, I was not sure

that I was doing right. But I soon knew better, when the cor-

respondence of the institution with parents came before me.

Indeed, I owe to the converts in that house of mercy, and espe-

cially to the late Betsy Kenyon, the relief of my own mind from

the haunting suspicion, that it would be impossible to forget,

even in heaven, what certain brands plucked from the burning

had been. I found it impossible, however, to remember, even on

earth, what that wonderful miracle of grace and martyr of suf-

fering had been, although I knew well her former horrible his-

tory. Then understood I the promise, — "They shall be as though

God had not cast them off." Saints and angels will so resemble

each other in the beauty of holiness, that there will be nothing

to distinguish them, but the difference of their new song. I ex-

press, I am quite sure, the cherished recollections of many of the

greatest and best in the land, in thus recording the hallowing

influence of Betsy Kenyon's character and spirit. Her "wings

were covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold."

There ought to be in every large town a female mission, to seek

out and bring home the outcasts.

"A female mission!" Yes; the church of Christ flourished

most when women "laboured" with Paul "in the gospel,"

Phil. iv. 3. He did not, indeed, suffer them to speak in the

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church; but he both employed them to speak out of it, and ap-

plauded their co-operation in spreading the gospel. He has

emblazoned their names, equally with Clement's, "in the book

of life," and in the New Testament. The other apostles also,

and all the primitive churches, gratefully accepted and acknow-

ledged female agency. That agency was prolonged in the Western

church until the eleventh, and in the Eastern until the end of the

twelfth century. The form of prayer used at the ordination of

the deaconness is preserved in the "Apostolic Constitutions."

Are we wiser or stronger than the wise and apostolic master-

builders of the church, that we can evangelize the world with-

out the co-operation which apostles welcomed, and martyrs ho-

noured, and the fathers immortalized? (See Clem. Alexand,

and Tertullian de Virginn.) True, ministers and missionaries

have freer and fuller access now to all classes, than the apostles

and evangelists. Neither the jealousies nor the restraints of

the East, exist in the West. What then? Alas, with all our su-

perior facilities, the gospel is not brought home to all classes!

There are even hinderances to the spread of it in the metropolis,

which no man can surmount. Thousands, yea, tens of thou-

sands, of females in London must perish for lack of knowledge,

unless the agency of widows be employed to pluck the brands

from the burning! To this extent they have been perishing,

and involving, to a still greater extent, the ruin of young men,

for ages. No ministry yet has penetrated the haunts of female

vice, or the hovels of female ignorance. No regular ministry

can reach them effectually. Even Whitefield and Wesley could

only skirt their borders. Public opinion would not sanction any

man to go further at present. It would snatch the cloak of

character from him, even if he kept his innocence like Joseph.

His good would be evil spoken of, were he as pure and prudent

as an angel. Ministers cannot do nor dare all that their Master

did. He could pass, like light, uncontaminated through any

medium. He could defy public opinion, or overpower it, by

miracles, whenever it was shocked at his condescension to "a

woman that was a sinner." No christian man can run such

risks with safety. Only Christian widows can "follow the Lamb

fully in the regeneration of life," in this region of the shadow of

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death: — and they can follow Him, with equal safety and suc-

cess. The apostles of the Lamb knew this, and employed them.

The apostolic churches knew this, and made deaconesses of

many of their holy widows. And Priscilla too, as well as her

husband, was thanked by Paul, in the name of "all the churches

of the gentiles," for her services.

This is not the place to reason this question in. I must, how-

ever, remind the churches of Britain and America, that they

have in the widowhood of their fellowship a sisterhood which

can be safely and efficiently employed in this work. It would

also help many who are "widows indeed," as well as save souls

from death.

It will be seen from the anecdote which led to these remarks,

that Whitefield was not ashamed nor slow to avow, before any

rank, that his commission extended to the chief of sinners.

And it is to the credit of Lady Huntingdon and her pious friends,

that they were not ashamed of the gospel in this form. They

rejoiced in some conversions, — particularly that of Colonel

Gumley, — which astonished Doddridge as much as the conver-

sion of Colonel Gardiner. No wonder, therefore, if Horace

Walpole wondered, when "Gumley became a methodist." The

wit was at his "wit's end;" and could only explain the pheno-

menon by ascribing to Whitefield the fascinations of Garrick.

Even Chesterfield wondered, and offered his chapel at Bretby

Hall, in Derbyshire, to such ministers as Lady Huntingdon might

introduce to it. She soon introduced Whitefield to Bretby;

and he soon rendered the Hall chapel too small. Bretby park

had to accommodate the audience. Whitefield was followed by

Romaine, who was not afield preacher. The crowd had, there-

fore, to catch what they could hear in the court of the hall,

whilst he spoke only from the pulpit. Both preachers were,

however, made very useful on this occasion. Romaine himself

says of it, "We had a most refreshing time; fifteen pulpits open;

showers of grace came down; sinners in great numbers were

awakened, and believers comforted." Letters.

These fifteen pulpits were not open to Whitefield. He was

too irregular for the Derbyshire clergy. He had, however,

roused their people so, that it became good policy to admit

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Romaine. There was also a better reason. It was a new thing

to find Chesterfield patronizing religion; and therefore wise to

make the most of his sanction whilst he was in the humour.

Romaine also did well, in continuing regular. But for that, he

would have been less useful. It enabled him to introduce the

gospel into churches, where there was no leaven in the whole

lump. Even in Derby he found his way into "the great church,"

although "the mayor, and the churchwardens, and the Arian"

clergy, opposed him.

Soon after this. Lady Huntingdon summoned Whitefield and

Romaine to preach at the opening of her chapel in Bath. White-

field complied, of course: but Romaine pleaded off. Not, how-

ever, from any reluctance to preach with his friend. I say de-

liberately — his friend. Romaine gloried in the friendship of

Whitefield, and cheerfully followed him in the chapels of the

Countess. It was the claim of Brighton he pleaded against

Bath. "Why should Bath have all, and poor Brighton none?

I am at your command to go or stay." The fact is, her Lady-

ship had invited all her chief clerical friends to the dedication;

and Romaine thought that he might well be excused, especially

as he was then labouring with great success at Brighton. The

chapel was opened, therefore, by Whitefield, and the rector of

Pewsey, the son of the celebrated Alderman Townsend of Lon-

don. They were soon succeeded by Madan and Romaine.

These services produced a great sensation at Bath. The

chapel itself was attractive. Even Horace Walpole said of it,

"It is very neat, with true gothic windows. I was glad to see

that luxury is creeping on them before persecution. They have

boys and girls with charming voices, that sing hymns in parts.

At the upper end is a broad hautpas of four steps, advancing in

the middle. At each end of the broadest part are two eagles,

with red cushions for the parson and clerk. Behind them rise

three more steps, in the midst of which is a third eagle for a pul-

pit. Scarlet arm-chairs to all three. On either hand a balcony

for elect ladies." Walpole’s Letters.

There was something else which Walpole did not know of; —

a seat for bishops. It was often occupied too! The witty and

eccentric Lady Betty Cobbe, the daughter-in-law of the Arch-

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bishop of Dublin, called this curtained seat "The Nicodemite

corner." She delighted in smuggling in bishops, to see and

hear the methodists, unseen. Dr. Barnard, the Bishop of Derry,

went thus often. It was he who ordained Maxfield to help

Wesley, that that "good man might not work himself to death."

Of this chapel Whitefield says, "It is a beautiful original;

extremely plain, and equally grand." "Dear Mr. Romaine hath

been much owned in" it. In 1766, he and Romaine preached

in it alternately, to splendid audiences. Amongst others who

heard them with profit, was Lady Glenorchy — the Selina of

Scotland; for Lady Huntingdon was her model, although her

biographer seems to have forgotten the fact. She derived great

spiritual benefit, and caught her inspiration in the cause of God

from the example and the chaplains of the countess. It was

through her, also, that Lord and Lady Sutherland were intro-

duced into this circle, when they fled from the grave of their

eldest daughter, to seek relief in the amusements of Bath.

They were led, however, to hear Whitefield, and continued to do

so, until their untimely death. They were in the prime of life:

and their funeral sermon at the chapel drew out all the nobility,

and produced a deep impression. The Duchess dowager of

Sutherland, if alive still, knows that Whitefield ministered to

her suffering parents, when she was an unconscious infant. A

remarkable circumstance aggravated this bereavement to the

family. The death of Lady Sutherland had been concealed

from her mother, and only that of Lord Sutherland communi-

cated. Lady Alva hastened from the north to Bath, to be with

her daughter. She met by the way two hearses, and learnt that

they were carrying Lord and Lady Sutherland to be interred in

the royal chapel at Holyrood. Evan. Reg,

Another impressive scene took place at Bath, on the death

of the Earl of Buchan. "He died," says Whitefield, "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." The coffin was removed

from Buchan House to the chapel, where it lay a week. White-

field preached twice a day, and all the family, besides the other

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rank in the city, attended. The scene must have been solemn at

the funeral service. In the morning the family attended an

“early sacrament, and seated themselves at the feet of the

Corpse,” whilst communicating. This was followed by a special

address to them, and closed by the sublime benediction, "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." They then retired to Lady Hun-

tingdon's house, until eleven o'clock, when the public service

began. The chapel was "more than crowded." "Nearly three

hundred tickets, signed by the young earl, were given out to the

nobility and gentry. All was hushed and solemn. Attention

sat on every face, and deep and almost universal impressions

were made," whilst Whitefield preached the funeral sermon.

"The like scene, and, if possible, more solemn, was exhibited

in the evening," and repeated during five days. He says of it,

"A like I never expect to see on this side eternity! Surely the

death of this noble earl, thus improved, will prove the life of

many." It did. Amongst others who publicly avowed them-

selves, was the young earl. This drew upon him the laugh and

lash of all the wits and witlings of the rooms; but he "stood,

impregnable as a rock."

These were not the first fruits of Whitefield's ministry at

Bath amongst the great. He had often preached to them at

the residence of Lady Gertrude Hotham, the sister of Chester-

field. She was one of his first converts, when he began to preach

at Lady Huntingdon's, in London; and her own eldest daughter

was amongst the first of them at Bath. Miss Hotham died

early, but happy. There is in the second volume of Whitefield's

Letters a beautiful narrative of his last interview with her.

He wanted her not to sit up in bed, whilst he prayed with her,

because she was very weak. "I can rise to take my physic,"

she said; "shall I not rise to pray?" The letter is addressed

to the Countess of Moira, the eldest daughter of Lady Hunting-

don; of whom Horace Walpole says, "The queen of the me-

thodists got her daughter named lady of the bedchamber to the

princesses; but it is all off again, because she will not let her

play cards on Sunday."

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The Countess Delitz, one of the daughters of the Duchess

of Kendal, and the sister of Lady Chesterfield, was another gem

in Whitefield's crown, whom he prized highly. She had much

influence upon her nephew, Sir Charles Hotham, when his ac-

complished wife died suddenly. He had often heard Whitefield

at his mother's house in Bath, and had not drunk the poison of

his uncle Chesterfield: but he was not a decided character,

until he was made a lonely widower. From that time, he defied

all the sneers of the court, and dared "to be singularly good."

He had also some good influence upon the young Earl of Hun-

tingdon, for a time. He was made groom of the bedchamber

to George III.; but he never recovered the shock of his wife's

death. He soon relinquished his office, and died. This was a

severe blow to his mother. Lady Gertrude; now old and lonely.

It led to her own death, in a painful manner. She had been

absorbed whilst reading at night, and the candles set fire to her

head-dress. It spread rapidly to her neck and breast. The

wounds were so many, that it required an hour and a had every

day to dress them. Her composure astonished Adair the sur-

geon. He used to tell her, "that she deserved heaven." This

alone discomposed her. She replied, with holy indignation,

that there was no merit but in Christ; and told Adair, that if

either of them "escaped eternal death," it must be through the

blood and righteousness of the Lamb of God. This account of

her death-bed was given by her friend, the late Lady Maxwell

of Edinburgh.

Such were Whitefield's trophies in the Chesterfield family.

He won souls in it, upon the right hand and the left of the

earl; thus leaving him no excuse for making the exchange of

worlds "a leap in the dark.” His countess made a better

choice. Lady Chesterfield was a natural child of George I.

For years she was a leading star at court, and in all the spheres

of folly. Great, therefore, was their consternation, when they

saw her, after hearing Whitefield, lay all her honours and in-

fluence at the foot of the cross. Even the king forgot royal

decorum so far as to laugh aloud in her face, at the simplicity of

her dress. There was nothing to laugh at in it, but the chaste-

ness of its beauty. Chesterfield himself had bought it at great

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expense on the continent; and the earl had certainly quite as

much taste as the king.

Pulteney, also, the Earl of Bath, and the well-known political

antagonist of Sir Robert Walpole, was deeply impressed under

Whitefield's ministry, at the same time as the Countess of Ches-

terfield. He attended Tottenham Court chapel regularly for

some years, and was a munificent benefactor to the orphan-

house. Both Lady Huntingdon and Lady Fanny Shirley were

his intimate friends. Whatever, therefore, may be thought of

his political character, he must have been rather more than

moral, to have secured their esteem. But amongst the peers,

none stood higher in Whitefield's estimation, for piety or pru-

dence, than Lord Dartmouth. George III. confirmed this

estimate of Dartmouth's character. Queen Charlotte also

thought him "one of the best of men." The king said to Dr.

Beattie, the essayist on Truth, "They call his Lordship an

enthusiast; but surely he says nothing on the subject of religion

but what any Christian may and ought to say." John Newton

thought so. Dartmouth was his patron: and to him he ad-

dressed the first twenty-six letters of the “Cardiphonia.” It

was a fit return. Newton had been refused ordination by the

Archbishop of York: (not a very arch refusal certainly!) and

Dartmouth prevailed on Dr. Green, the Bishop of Lincoln, to

ordain him; and then gave him the curacy of Olney. How

much the church of Christ owes to this act of kindness! New-

ton's early association with the dissenters, and his methodism,

would have shut him out of the church: for it was well known,

that Brewer of Stepney recommended him to the dissenters of

Warwick, on the removal of Ryland, as a probationer. He

preached also in Yorkshire amongst the dissenters. This ac-

counts for the archbishop's refusal. Newton forgot as well as

forgave him; but he never forgot nor concealed his connexion

with Warwick. Long after his settlement at Olney, he often

said, "The very name of Warwick makes my heart leap with

joy. There my mouth was first opened. There I met some

sweet encouragement on my entrance into the ministry." Thus

he loved the people, although he had been an unsuccessful can-

didate. It is well he was so! He would have been lost

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amongst the dissenters. I mean, of course, that his preaching

talents would have given him no distinction amongst them.

Even his pen they did not want. They welcomed his writings,

as they do everything which is spiritual, in common with all

the friends of truth and godliness; but they needed them not

for themselves. They read and praised them, that the church

might profit by them. This is not the case now. Newton is

read by them for their own edification also, and because he was

eminently useful in the church. Then, they read him that he

might be useful, and because there were few Newtons in the

church, and still fewer Dartmouths or Thorntons to patronize

them.

I have already mentioned Dartmouth's patronage of the col-

lege for the American Indians. It is not so generally known,

that he was one of the chief patrons of evangelical preaching

at the Lock chapel in London. He and Baron Smythe gave

the full weight of their rank and influence to that "hill of

Zion," on which the dew of heaven has so often and long de-

scended. That influence was not small. Dartmouth stood

high at court; and Smythe, besides being the son of Leicester's

eldest daughter, was Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer.

Both were the particular friends of Venn also. The latter gave

him the living of Yelling, in Huntingdonshire; and Lady Smythe

bequeathed to his son the advowson of Bidborough, in Kent.

It was thus Lady Huntingdon and Whitefield, leading each

other alternately, and always acting together, drew out and

brought into notice the little, but faithful, band of clergymen,

who became the salt of the church of England. Yes; they

found out and brought forward these good men, and won for

them the patronage which enabled them to do good, as well as

created for them the element in which they lived, moved, and

had their being. They were, indeed, "independent students of

the word of God;" but methodism made them so. This fact is

disputed. It cannot, however, be disproved. Why then should

it be called in question? It is as impossible to separate the

improvement of the church from the direct influence of White-

field and Wesley, as to separate her corruptions from the name

of Laud.

CHAPTER XXX.

WHITEFIELD’S LAST ITINTERACY.

Whilst Whitefield was rejoicing over Georgia, applications

were pouring in upon him from all quarters, to hasten again to

the cities and wildernesses of America. He hardly knew which

call was loudest, or "which way to turn" himself. He went,

however, first to Philadelphia, after having preached the gospel

fully in Savannah. On his arrival he found, he says, "pulpits,

hearts, affections as open and enlarged as ever" towards him.

Philadelphia could not have given him a more cordial welcome,

had she even foreseen that she was to see his face no more: for

all the churches as well as the chapels were willingly opened to

him, and all ranks vied in flocking to hear him. This free

access to the episcopal churches delighted him much, wherever

it occurred. He never fails to record both his gratitude and

gratification, when he obtains, on any tour, access even to one

church. It always did him good too. I have often been struck

with this, whilst tracing his steps. True; he was at home

wherever there were souls around him; but he was most at

home in a church, except, indeed, when he had a mountain for

his pulpit, and the heavens for his sounding-board, and half a

county for his congregation. Then, neither St. Paul's nor

Westminster had any attractions for him. The fact is, White-

field both admired and loved the Liturgy. He had the spirit of

its compilers and of its best prayers in his own bosom, and

therefore it was no form to him. It had been the channel upon

which the first mighty spring-tides of his devotion flowed, and

the chief medium of his communion with heaven, when he was

most successful at Tottenham Court and Bath. All his great

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"days of the Son of Man" there, were associated with the

church service. He was, therefore, most in his element with

it; although he was often equally and more successful without

it. Accordingly, it would be difficult to say, whether the gos-

pel triumphed most, at this time, in the churches or the chapels

of Philadelphia. His prayers for the outpouring of the Holy

Spirit went, in an equally "direct line, to heaven," and were

equally answered, whether with or without book.

He was now in such good health and spirits, that he preach-

ed twice every Sabbath, and three or four times a week, although

the heat was setting in. During an excursion of a hundred and

fifty miles in the province, also, he was able to preach every day,

and to "bear up bravely." Indeed, he was so much "better

than he had been for many years," that he indulged the hope

of returning to Bethesda in the autumn, and of sailing to Eng-

land again.

In this state of mind and body he arrived at New York, and

found not only "congregations larger than ever," but also such

a host of invitations from all quarters, that he sent the bundle

to England as a curiosity. These numerous and loud calls

shook his purpose of returning to Georgia in the autumn. "I

yet keep to my intended plan," he says, but "perhaps I may not

see Georgia until Christmas." A tempting prospect was now

held out to him, — of "fresh work,” at Albany, Great Burring-

ton, Norfolk, Salisbury, Sharon, and New Windsor. This was

rendered irresistible by the offer of Kirkland, the Oneida mis-

sionary, to accompany him, and to take him to "a great con-

gress of the Indians." It does not appear, however, that he

went to the Oneida congress. There are, indeed, the names of

some Indian towns in his notes of this tour, but no mention is

made of Indians.

Whitefield, as might be expected, enjoyed much the scenery

of the Hudson, during his sail to Albany; especially in the

pass between the Catskill mountains, and not less, when he

visited the Cohoes, the falls of the Mohawk, at Schenectady.

At both, he could only exclaim, "O thou wonder-working God!"

(The scenery of America will not long be unknown in Britain. I

have seen Bartlett's glorious sketches of it; and some of the en-

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gravings are now before me, in the same style as those of Beattie's

Switzerland, Scotland, and Waldenses. The verbal descriptions,

likewise, are equally graphic. The religious public here want

such a work, in order to understand and appreciate Reed and

Cox, and in order to sympathize with Washington Irving, in

their enthusiastic admiration of Transatlantic beauty and sub-

limity. I need not say that I am not puffing the work, even

when I add that it is passing through the press under my own

eye. I have all the reward I wish for, in being the first reader

of an illustrative work, worthy of America, and wanted in

Britain. It will enable many, like myself, to trace with the

eyes of the understanding, the steps of Brainerd and White-

field, of Reed and Cox, and of all tourists who are worth

following.)

I am unable to point out Whitefield's route from Albany back

to New York. It embraced a circuit of more than five hun-

dred miles, and occupied him during the whole of the month of

July. All that he himself records of it — and it is the last entry

in his memoranda — is, "Heard afterwards that the word ran

and was glorified. Grace, grace!" His last letter but one to

his friend Keene, is a little more explicit. "All fresh work

where I have been. Congregations have been very large, at-

tentive, and affected. The divine influence hath been as at first.

Oh what a scene of usefulness is opening in various parts of the

new world! Invitations crowd upon me both from ministers

and people, and 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 had sent

me several letters, on hearing I was in the country. 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. An instructive

walk! His heart had been softened before my first visit. — I

went up with him into the cart. He gave a short exhortation.

I then stood on the coffin; added, I trust, a word in season,

prayed, and took my leave. Effectual good, I trust, was done.

Grace, grace!"

From New York he went to Boston, in the middle of Sep-

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tember; and again had to say, "Never was the word received

with greater eagerness than now. All opposition seems to

cease for a while. I never was carried through the summer's

heat so well." All this encouraged him to start again upon

another circuit. He therefore went to Newbury; but was

obliged to return suddenly, in consequence of an attack of

cholera in the night. Still, he was not alarmed for his general

health. He soon rallied again, and set off to New Hampshire,

to "begin to begin," as he said, anew!

I have now to transcribe the last letter he wrote to England.

It is dated from Portsmouth, seven days before he died, and ad-

dressed to his friend Keene, one of the managers of the Taber-

nacle. "My very dear friend, you will see by the many in-

vitations, what a door is opened for preaching the everlasting

gospel. I was so ill on Friday, that I could not preach, although

thousands were waiting to hear. Well; the day of release will

shortly come; — but it does not seem yet; for, by riding sixty

miles, I am better, and hope to preach here to-morrow. I trust

my blessed Master will accept of these poor efforts to serve him.

Oh for a warm heart! Oh to stand fast in the faith, to quit our-

selves like men, and be strong!" This prayer was answered,

but his hope "to see all dear friends, about the time proposed,"

was not realized.

At Portsmouth, however, he preached daily, from the 23rd

to the 29th of September, besides once at Kittery and Old York.

On Saturday morning, September 29, he set out for Boston;

but before he came to Newbury Port, where he had engaged to

preach next morning, he was importuned to preach by the way

at Exeter. At the last he preached in the open air, to ac-

commodate the multitudes that came to hear him, no house

being able to contain them. He continued his discourse near

two hours, by which he was greatly fatigued; notwithstanding

which, in the afternoon, he set off for Newbury Port, where he

arrived that evening, and soon after retired to rest, being Satur-

day night, fully intent on preaching the next day. His rest

was much broken, and he awoke many times in the night, and

complained very much of an oppression at his lungs, breathing

with much difficulty. And at length, about six o'clock on

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the Lord's day morning, he departed this life, in a fit of the

asthma.

Mr. Richard Smith, who attended Mr. Whitefield from Eng-

land to America the last time, and was his constant companion

in all his journeyings while there, till the time of his decease,

has given the following particular account of his death and

interment: —

"On Saturday, September 29, 1770, Mr. Whitefield rode

from Portsmouth to Exeter (fifteen miles) in the morning, and

preached there to a very great multitude, in the fields. It is

remarkable, that before he went out to preach that day, (which

proved to be his last sermon,) Mr. Clarkson, senior, observing

him more uneasy than usual, said to him, ‘Sir, you are more fit

to go to bed than to preach.' To which Mr. Whitefield answer-

ed, 'True, Sir;' but turning aside, he clasped his hands toge-

ther, and looking up, said — 'Lord Jesus, I am weary in thy

work, but not of thy work. 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.' His last sermon was

from 2 Cor. xiii. 5, — 'Examine yourselves, whether ye be in

the faith; prove your own selves: know ye not your own selves,

how that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobates?' He

dined at Captain Gillman's. After dinner, Mr. Whitefield and

Mr. Parsons rode to Newbury. I did not get there till two

hours after them. I found them at supper. I asked Mr. White-

field how he felt himself after his journey. He said, ‘he was

tired, therefore he supped early, and would go to bed.’ He ate

a very little supper, talked but little, asked Mr. Parsons to dis-

charge the table, and perform family duty; and then retired up-

stairs. He said, ‘that he would sit and read till I came to

him,’ which I did as soon as possible; and found him reading

in the Bible, with Dr. Watts's Psalms lying open before him.

He asked me for some water gruel, and took about half his

usual quantity; and kneeling down by the bed-side, closed the

evening with prayer. After a little conversation, he went to

rest, and slept till two in the morning, when he awoke me, and

asked for a little cider; he drank about a wine-glass full. I

asked him how he felt, for he seemed to pant for breath. He

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told me 'his asthma was coming on him again; he must have

two or three days' rest. Two or three days' riding, without

preaching, would set him up again.' Soon afterwards, he asked

me to put the window up a little higher, (though it was half up

all night,) 'for,' said he, ‘I cannot breathe; 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.' I then told him, I was afraid he took

cold in preaching yesterday. He said, 'he believed he had;'

and then sat up in the bed, and prayed that God would be

pleased to bless his preaching where he had been, and also bless

his preaching that day, that more souls might be brought to

Christ; and prayed for direction, whether he should winter at

Boston, or hasten to the southward — prayed for a blessing on

his Bethesda college, and his dear family there — for Tabernacle

and chapel congregations, and all connexions on the other side

of the water; and then laid himself down to sleep again. This

was nigh three o'clock. At a quarter past four he waked, and

said, ‘My asthma, my asthma is coming on; I wish I had not

given out word to preach at Haverill, on Monday; 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 two or three days' ride!'

He then desired me to warm him a little gruel; and, in break-

ing the fire-wood, I waked Mr. Parsons, who thinking I knock-

ed for him, rose and came in. He went to Mr. Whitefield's

bed-side, and asked him how he felt himself. He answered, ‘I

am almost suffocated. I can scarce breathe, my asthma quite

chokes me.' I was then not a little surprised to hear how quick,

and with what difficulty, he drew his breath. He got out of

bed, and went to the open window for air. This was exactly at

five o'clock. I went to him, and for about the space of five

minutes saw no danger, only that he had a great difficulty in

breathing, as I had often seen before. Soon afterwards he

turned himself 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. It was agreed that I should go for Dr.

Sawyer; and on my coming back, I saw death on his face; and

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he again said, ‘I am dying.’ His eyes were fixed, his under lip

drawing inward every time he drew breath; he went towards

the window, and we offered him some warm wine, with lavender

drops, which he refused. I persuaded him to sit down in the

chair, and have his cloak on; 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 time he brought up a considerable quantity

of phlegm and wind. I then began to have some small hopes.

Mr. Parsons said, he thought Mr. Whitefield breathed more

freely than he did, and would recover. I said, ‘No Sir, he is

certainly dying.’ I was continually employed in taking the

phlegm out of his mouth with a handkerchief, and bathing his

temples with drops, rubbing his wrists, &c. to give him relief,

if possible, but all in vain; his hands and feet were as cold as

clay. When the doctor came in, and saw him in the chair

leaning upon my breast, he felt his pulse, and said, ‘He is a dead

man.’ Mr. Parsons said, ‘I do not believe it; you must do

something, doctor!' He said, 'I cannot; he is now near his

last breath.' And indeed so it was; for he fetched but one

gasp, and stretched out his feet, and breathed no more. This

was exactly at six o'clock. We continued rubbing his legs,

hands, and feet, with warm cloths, and bathed him with spirits

for some time, but all in vain. I then put him into a warm

bed, the doctor standing by, and often raised him upright, con-

tinued rubbing him and putting spirits to his nose for an hour,

till all hopes were gone. The people came in crowds to see him:

I begged the doctor to shut the door." Smith.

Thus Whitefield died. I need not the apocalyptic voice from

heaven in order to "write," nor do you in order to exclaim,

“Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth;

Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and

their works do follow them:" but the very readiness with which

we utter all this oracle at his death-bed, should lead us to in-

quire, why we utter only part of it at the death-beds of the

righteous in general. I must for my own sake, if not for your

sake also, meditate on this.

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"In the chamber,

Where the good man met his fate."

I have not often troubled you with formal reflections in this

work. There was no need of them, whilst Whitefield could

speak for himself. But he is now dead; and although "he yet

speaketh” his language needs an interpreter, who understands

both it and the oracle I have just quoted.

The blessedness of dying in the Lord, is a privilege under-

stood and appreciated by all real Christians. Even almost

Christians see, at a glance, how sweet it must be to sleep in

Jesus. Yea, the very Balaams of the church, who love gain

more than godliness, feel what they say, when they exclaim from

time to time, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let

my last end be like his." Accordingly, the oracle, "Blessed

are the dead which die in the Lord," has passed into a proverb;

the truth of which no one doubts, and the sweetness of which all

acknowledge.

It is a remarkable fact, however, that the last clause of that

oracle has not become proverbial, except in its application to

very eminent and useful Christians. We say of all who die in

Jesus, "they rest from their labours:" but of how few we add,

with any great emphasis or emotion, — "their works do follow

them," Rev. xiv. 13. He must have been, if not a second

Whitefield, at least a very devoted man, of whom we say, with

triumph or pleasure, or even without faltering hesitation, "His

works do follow him."

It is worthy of special notice, that this hesitation was fore-

seen, and provided against, when the oracle was first given to

the church. John says, "I heard a voice from heaven saying

unto me. Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord

from henceforth." That heavenly voice, however, said no

more; ventured no further. It was the Holy Ghost who

added the other parts of the oracle: "Yea, saith the Spirit,

that they may rest from their labours; and their works do fol-

low them." Instances of this kind of addition to the amount

or the momentum of an oracle, are not uncommon. Hence

Paul, when warning the Hebrews by the fate of the church in

the wilderness, added to the counsel, "Harden not your hearts,"

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the appeal, "The Holy Ghost saith, To-day if ye will hear his

voice," Heb. iii. 7. In like manner the Saviour when expound-

ing the law on the mount, added to his quotations of the law

his own injunctions; prefaced thus, — "But, I say unto you,"

Matt. V. 20.

Such was the rule, in the revelation of some truths. Its rea-

son is not, however, so easily explained, in the case of the dead,

as in the case of the living. It was a fine measure for giving

effect to the tremendous warnings addressed to the Hebrews, to

make Paul fall back for a time into the shade, until the Holy

Ghost himself said, “I sware in my wrath.” After that, the

apostle's "Take heed, brethren," and his "Let us fear," could

not be wondered at, nor fairly objected to, however solemnly ut-

tered, nor however warmly enforced.

Perhaps this hint will furnish a clue to the reason, why the

Holy Spirit took up the subject of future blessedness, where the

voice from heaven stopped. He confirmed that voice, so far as

it went. "Yea, saith the Spirit," they are blessed who "die in

the Lord." Then he added an explanation of that blessedness,

which comes better from himself, surely, than it could have

come from the lips of either saints or angels in heaven. They,

indeed, could have gone a little further than they did, and might

have said, (the former from their own experience, and the latter

from long observation,) " the dead in Christ rest from their la-

bours:" — but it would hardly have become saints or angels to

complete the explanation of celestial bliss by adding, "their

works do follow the dead which die in the Lord." Indeed, the

more they understood this truth then, the less they would ven-

ture to say about it; — it is so sublime and amazing! Besides,

it was then so new, that no one in heaven could well understand

it. The fruits and effects of the works of those who had slept

in Jesus, were but just beginning to follow them. The reaction

of their works of faith and labours of love, was only coming into

operation on earth; and thus only "a kind of its first-fruits"

had reached heaven; so that even those who had "turned many

unto righteousness," by watching to win souls whilst here, had

no idea then of the number of souls they had won by watching.

They know better now — and they knew soon after the death of

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John, that their labour had not been in vain in the Lord: but

when the apocalyptic oracle was first given, they were not fit to

complete it, either from their own knowledge, or from their own

spirit. I mean — they were too much absorbed with a heaven

all new to them — with their own personal enjoyment — and espe-

cially with the presence of the Lamb slain — to think about their

relative usefulness on earth. They had sung nothing about

their works, and thought nothing about them, in heaven, ex-

cept to blush for their fewness and imperfections; and, there-

fore, they said nothing about the fruits which followed, when

they cried down from their thrones of light and mansions of

glory to John, "Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the

Lord from henceforth." Here they stopped at once. Then,

there was silence in heaven! But the eternal Spirit did not let

the matter rest here. He carried on and completed the revela-

tion of that blessedness. Having “wrought all their works in

them;" having "created them anew in Christ Jesus unto good

works;" and having wrought by them in glorifying Christ on

earth, the Holy Spirit would not, did not, conceal the sublime

fact, that the works of such working men do follow them into

heaven, in their fruits and effects, as surely as their bodies will

follow their souls into heaven.

This is one good reason for the peculiarity of the oracle. It

is not, however, the only one worthy of notice. There is in the

church on earth, something of the same spirit which kept the

church in heaven silent on the subject of works. I am aware

that we have other reasons for saying nothing about our works,

than those had whom John saw. Ours are fewer and feebler

than theirs. Some, indeed, do nothing arduous or expensive in

the service of God, or for the good of mankind. Many only

work enough to prove that they are unwilling to work. But

such, if they are in the church of Christ, are certainly not of it.

On the other hand, however, it is equally true, that in general,

the active, the benevolent, and the enterprising, do not allow

themselves to take any higher views of their best works, de-

liberately, than as proofs of faith, love, or sincerity. If their

well-doing prove that their faith is unfeigned, they are quite

satisfied. Even when they cannot doubt the usefulness of their

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labours of love, nor hide from themselves the fact, that God has

honoured their humble efforts to save some, they are only stirred

up to watch the more, lest after having preached to others, they

themselves should turn out castaways; lest, in keeping the

vineyards of others, their own should be neglected. Yes; it is

this, more than the dread of legality or of self-complacency,

which makes many a faithful servant afraid to call his service,

works. He sees clearly in the best of it, so much that is bad

in manner and worse in spirit, that he is more ashamed of his

good works than Pharisees are of their evil works. "Good "

or "faithful servant," is the last name of a Christian, which he

thinks of appropriating to himself. He is even more than con-

tent, he is grateful, if he can hope to escape the branding name,

"wicked and slothful servant." He well understands and ap-

proves what one of Whitefield's friends, a devoted minister,

said on his death-bed, — "I have been throwing into one heap all

my bad works and my good works, and carrying both to the foot

of the cross."

Thus it is, that the rewardableness of well-doing has hardly

any place in the actuating creed of a real Christian, whatever

theoretic credence he may give to it. He may even be eloquent in

speaking of the works of Paul, Luther, Bunyan, Baxter, White-

field, and Wesley, following them to heaven in forms of good,

and as sources of joy, — and yet be more than silent in his own

case, although quite sure that his own labour has not been in

vain in the Lord.

This is real humility, as well as modesty. Is it, however, as

wise as it is humble; as scriptural as it is modest? Not if

Moses was right in having "respect to the recompence of re-

ward;" not if Daniel was right in saying, that they who turn

many to righteousness shall "shine as the stars forever and

ever;" not if Paul was right in anticipating his converts, as his

crown and joy in the day of the Lord. It will not weaken the

force of this argument to add, — not if Whitefield was right in

keeping before himself and his fellow-labourers the prospect of

presenting many souls before the throne. He "hunted for

souls," as well as watched to win souls, because he allowed him-

self to see — indeed, set himself to study — how the "children"

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God gave him as seals to his ministry, would increase his bless-

edness, when he rested from his labours. There are many fine

specimens of this inspiring hope, in his letters to the Wesleys,

the Tennents, and the Welch itinerants. "I see you with thou-

sands around you in glory," is a frequent appeal to them. And

so distinctly and habitually did he realize this scene, that even

when writing against Wesley, he closed his remonstrance by

saying, — “When I come to judgment, I will thank you before

men and angels for what you have, under God, done for my soul.”

Even all this, however, does not come up to the full import

of "what the Spirit saith unto the churches." His "Yea, their

works do follow them," includes more than the immediate fruits

of their labour. It embraces also all the succession of remote

good which their example, labour, and influence might ori-

ginate and prolong. And, who can calculate or trace out that?

No one understood this arithmetic less than Whitefield. He

was all alive to the immediate numbers he could gather into the

fold of Christ. He even revelled in the prospect of meeting

them on the right hand of the great white throne, and of

spending his eternity with them in heaven; but he did not cal-

culate the consequences of their individual or joint influence

upon their contemporaries, or even upon their posterity. In-

deed, the apostles themselves did not allow their eye to run far

along the line of their remote influence. Even they could not

"look stedfastly to the end." We can see the names of "the

twelve apostles of the Lamb," on the "twelve foundations" of

both the earthly and the heavenly Jerusalem; and can trace

Paul planting and Apollos watering yet; and can hear all the

dead in Christ, still speaking to the living; and thus can un-

derstand how their works are still following them, and will con-

tinue to follow them until the end of time, and even how they

will be their own reward through eternity: but the workmen

could not foresee all this. It only began to break upon these

good and faithful servants, when they entered into the joy of

their Lord; and then, they were so absorbed with the pre-

sence of their Lord himself, that they could not take their

eyes off from Him for a moment, to look at anything beyond

the immediate children they had to present before his throne.

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It becomes the church, however, now that she has the means

of calculating how her well-doing, in the service of God, can

multiply and prolong itself from age to age, as well as spread

itself over the world, — to search out diligently, what is "the

mind of the Spirit," in His "Yea, the works of the dead who

die in the Lord do follow them." The workmen "rest from

their labour;" but their works are kept up, and carried on, and

even carried out, as works which they began: and, therefore,

all the dead in Christ are personally interested in all the good

now doing in the world, and in all the glory which that good is

bringing in to God and the Lamb: for those who rest from

their labours enter into the joy of their Lord, — which is the

many sons He brings to glory.

No one is prepared, or preparing, to enter into the real joy

of heaven, who is doing nothing to win souls to Christ on

earth. No one can die in the Lord, or enter heaven at all,

who has no works to follow him there. No wonder! For no

Christian is so poor, nor so busy, nor so weak, as to be unable

to work for God. The weakest and the poorest are able to do

work which neither earth nor hell can destroy or stop, and which

will be their reward through eternity.

What Christian cannot pray heartily and habitually for the

coming of the kingdom of God? Many of the dead in Christ

could do nothing else for his glory. That was enough, however,

to prepare them to enter into the joy of their Lord; for that

connected them with all the grand instrumentality which saves

souls. This is too little considered. I am not conscious of

being particularly insensible to the natural or the moral sublime;

but I frankly confess, that I see and feel more sublimity in a

vestry prayer meeting for the spread of the gospel, than in the

most splendid meetings in Exeter Hall. I would rather have

been one in the first nameless groups, of two or three, who

meet together in the name of Christ, to pray in the travail of

their souls, that he might "see the travail of His soul and be

satisfied," than have been the inventor of the platform. I feel

much more sure that prayer meetings will prolong themselves,

than that speech meetings will keep their place or their power.

Prayer "shall be made for Christ continually;" and those who

began its concerts in Britain and America, will never be separ-

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ated from its continuance. Their work has been following

them every year since they died, in new and larger meetings

for intercession, and in the answers not only to their own

prayers, but to all the prayers which their example has thus

called forth. They now see the golden censer of the High

Priest waving before the throne with a greater weight of prayer,

and emitting a larger cloud of incense, than it did when they

first entered heaven. They now see the prayers of all saints

setting in, like a spring tide, upon all the channels, coasts, and

bays of the divine purposes; here, floating the smaller vessels

of prophecy over the bar of time; and there, beginning to

heave afloat the largest and the heaviest of the prophetic fleet;

and everywhere rising to the high-water mark of "effectual fer-

vent prayer."

Is not this their work following them? This prayerfulness

in our times was set in motion by their example, just as their

prayerfulness was called forth by the example of the first

prayer-meetings at Jerusalem. Now, you and I can carry on

this good work of intercession and supplication, however little

else we can do. We may be both good and faithful servants in

this department of labour, and thus be prepared to enter into

the joy of our Lord.

It is not splendid works alone, that bring glory to Christ, or

that follow Christians into heaven in forms of reward. The

simple domestic piety of Abraham, Hannah, and Eunice, in

training up their children in the nurture and admonition of the

Lord, was work which, in its influence, is following them stilly

and will follow them until the last pious family on earth com-

plete "the whole family in heaven." For, what pious father or

mother has not been influenced and encouraged by their ex-

ample and success? Thus the father of the Faithful, and the

mothers of Samuel and Timothy, set in motion a system of

parental well-doing, which has never stopped entirely since,

and which will work on until the end of time, and through

eternity be as visible in its effects as the results of the ministry

of reconciliation. O parents, what a work, which would fol-

low you like your shadow, you may do for God, by teaching

your children to love the Saviour! For who can calculate along

the life of posterity, the spreading influence of one pious family.

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or even of one pious child? Only think, — how your own family

may ramify in the next generation, and how it may blend, age

after age, with other families; carrying into them all a sweet

savour of Christ, along with your revered memory, until there

be actually a little nation of your descendants, rejoicing in the

God of their fathers? But neglect your son, or leave your

daughter's principles to chance, and you may set in motion a

course of ruin which shall never stop, and be a fountain which

shall originate a stream of evil and woe, that may run, widening

and wasting, through time and eternity!

In those lights, how infinite are the consequences of Sunday

schools! They are now giving a tone and a character to the

rising generation of the poor, which will tell forever upon the

present and future character of the nation, and also upon the

bliss of heaven. That teaching, when well conducted, is a

work, the fruits of which will follow holy teachers, wherever

they follow the Lamb in heaven. It will never stop, until all

shall know the Lord; and even then, that grand consummation

will be in no small measure the fruit of it; and thus the reward

of all who sow, and of all who reap.

In like manner, you may "work a work" for your neighbor-

hood, which shall impress an imperishable character upon its

habits and spirit. You may make and leave it a nursery for

holiness, from which you may be regaled every year, until the

end of time, even in Paradise, by roses from the wilderness, and

myrtles from the desert. Only sow, plant, and water to the

Spirit, and in due season, and through enduring cycles, you

shall reap, not only life everlasting, but also the full joy of that

life, by entering fully into the joy of your Lord.

This is the right improvement of the death of Whitefield. It

would be as easy to write fine things upon the subject, as to

read them; but I envy not the taste nor the conscience, that

could be satisfied with unpractical truths, at the death-bed of

the most practical man who has appeared since the days of Paul.

I feel that my readers and myself may be Whitefields in some-

thing; and, therefore, I have written, not for fame, but in order

to be useful. Accordingly, although you cannot admire, you

will remember. This is all I want.

CHAPTER XXXI.

WHITEFIELD’S FUNERAL.

Richard Smith's account of the funeral, like that of the death-

bed of Whitefield, needs no commendation; but only some

additions.

"The Reverend Mr. Parsons, at whose house my dear master

died, sent for Captain Fetcomb and Mr. Boadman, and others

of his elders and deacons, and they took the whole care of the

burial upon themselves, prepared the vault, and sent for the

bearers." Smith.

Dr. Gillies says, "Early next morning, Mr. Sherbum of Ports-

mouth sent Squire Clarkson and Dr. Haven with a message to

Mr. Parsons, desiring that Mr. Whitefield's remains might be

buried in his own new tomb, at his own expense: and in the

evening several gentlemen from Boston came to Mr. Parsons,

desiring the body might be carried there. But as Mr. White-

field had repeatedly desired to be buried before Mr. Parsons'

pulpit, if he died at Newbury Port, Mr. Parsons thought him-

self obliged to deny both of these requests."

Parsons, in a note to his funeral sermon, says, “At one o'clock

all the bells in the town were tolled for half an hour, and all the

vessels in the harbour gave their proper signals of mourning.

At two o'clock the bells tolled a second time. At three the

bells called to attend the funeral. The Reverend Dr. Haven of

Portsmouth, and the Reverend Messrs. Rogers of Exeter, Jewet

and Chandler of Rowley, Moses Parsons of Newbury, and Bass

of Newbury Port, were pall-bearers. Mr. Parsons and his fa-

mily, with many other respectable persons, followed the corpse

in mourning.

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“The procession was only one mile, and then the corpse was

carried into the presbyterian church, and placed on the bier in

the broad alley; when Mr. Rogers made a very suitable prayer,

in the presence of about six thousand persons within the walls

of the church, while many thousands were on the outside."

After singing one of Watts's hymns, "the corpse was put into

a new tomb, which the gentlemen of the congregation had had

prepared for that purpose; and before it was sealed, Mr. Jewet

gave a suitable exhortation." Parsons.

"Many ministers of all persuasions came to the house of the

Reverend Mr. Parsons, where several of them gave a very par-

ticular account of their first awakenings under his ministry,

several years ago, and also of many in their congregations,

that, to their knowledge, under God, owed their conversion

wholly to his coming among them, often repeating the blessed

seasons they enjoyed under his preaching: and all said, that

this last visit was attended with more power than any other;

and that all opposition fell before him. Then one and another

of them would pity and pray for his dear Tabernacle and chapel

congregations, and it was truly affecting to hear them bemoan

America and England's loss. Thus they continued for two

hours conversing about his great usefulness, and praying that

God would scatter his gifts and drop his mantle among them.

When the corpse was placed at the foot of the pulpit, close to

the vault, the Rev. Daniel Rogers made a very affecting prayer,

and openly confessed, that under God, he owed his conversion to

the labours of that dear man of God, whose precious remains

now lay before them. Then he cried out, O my father, my fa-

ther! — then stopped and wept, as though his heart would break,

and the people weeping all through the place. — Then he recov-

ered, and finished his prayer, and sat down and wept. — Then

one of the deacons gave out that hymn,

‘Why do we mourn departed friends?' &c.

some of the people weeping, some singing, and so on alternately.

\*This church was then (I hope is now) one of the largest in America.

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The Rev. Mr. Jewet preached a funeral discourse and made an

affectionate address to his brethren to lay to heart the death of

that useful man of God; begging that he and they might be

upon their watch-tower and endeavour to follow his blessed ex-

ample. The corpse was then put into the vault, and all con-

cluded with a short prayer, and dismission of the people, who

went weeping through the streets to their respective places of

abode." Smith.

"The melancholy news of Mr. Whitefield's decease arrived

in London, on Monday, November 5, 1770, by the Boston Ga-

zette, and also by several letters from different correspondents

at Boston, to his worthy friend, Mr. R. Keene; who received

likewise, by the same post, two letters written with his own

hand, when in good health, one seven and the other five days

before his death. Mr. Keene caused the mournful tidings to be

published the same night at the Tabernacle, and the following

evening at Tottenham Court chapel. His next step was to

consider of a proper person to deliver a funeral discourse, when

it occurred to his mind, that he had many times said to Mr.

Whitefield, ‘If you should die abroad, who shall we get to preach

your funeral sermon? Must it be your old friend, the Rev. John

Wesley?’ And his answer constantly was, ‘He is the man.’

Mr. Keene therefore waited on Mr. Wesley, on the Saturday

following, and he promised to preach it on the Lord's day, No-

vember 18, which he did, to an extraordinary crowded and

mournful auditory; many hundreds being obliged to go away,

who could not possibly get within the doors.

"In both the chapel and Tabernacle, the pulpits, &c. were hung

with black cloth, and the galleries with fine black baize. Es-

cutcheons were affixed to the fronts of the pulpits; and on each

of the adjoining houses, hatchments were put up: the motto on

which was — 'Men *vita salus et gloria Christus*.' At the expira-

tion of six months, the mourning in each place of worship, and

the escutcheons in the vestries, were taken down. The hatch-

ments remained twelve months, when one was taken down, and

placed in the Tabernacle, and the other over a neat marble

monument, erected by Mr. Whitefield for his wife, in Tottenham

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Court chapel, with a space left for an inscription respecting

himself after his decease, as he wished to be interred in the same

vault, had he died in England. Accordingly the following

epitaph was written by the Rev. Titus Knight of Halifax, in

Yorkshire."

In Memory of

The Rev. GEORGE WHITEFIELD, A. M.

Chaplain to the Right Honourable the Countess of Huntingdon,

Whose Soul, made meet for Glory,

Was taken to Emmanuel's Bosom,

On the 30th of September, 1770;

And who now lies in the silent Grave, at Newbury Port, near

Boston,

In New England;

There deposited in hope of a joyful Resurrection to Eternal

Life and Glory.

He was a Man eminent in Piety,

Of a Humane, Benevolent, and Charitable Disposition.

His Zeal in the Cause of God was singular:

His Labours indefatigable;

And his Success in preaching the Gospel remarkable and

astonishing.

He departed this Life,

In the Fifty-sixth Year of his Age.

And, like his Master, was by some despis’d;

Like Him, by many others lov'd and priz’d:

But theirs shall be the everlasting crown,

Not whom the world, but Jesus Christ will own.

This tribute is as like Knight, as the following epitaph is like

Dr. Gibbons.

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In Reverendum Virum

GEORGIUM WHITEFIELD,

Laboribus sacris olim abundantem; nunc vero, ut bene speratur

caelestem et immortalem vitam cum Christo agentem,

EPITAPHIM,

(Auctore Thomas Gibbons, S. T. P.)

Electum et divinum vas, "Whitefieldi fuisti

Ingenio pollens, divitiisque sacris:

His opibus populo longe lateque tributis,

Tandem perfrueris laetitia superum

Inque hanc intrasti. Domino plaudente ministrura:

Expertura in multis, assiduumque bonum:

Ecce mea portus, et clara palatia coeli

Deliciis plenis omnia aperta tibi.

Dum matutinam Stellam, quam dulce rubentem!

Vivificos roresque ossa sepulta manent.

TRANSLATION.

A vessel chosen and divine, replete

With nature's gifts, and grace's richer stores,

Thou Whitefield wast: these through the world dispens'd,

In long laborious travels, thou at length

Hast reach'd the realms of rest, to which thy Lord

Has welcom'd thee with his immense applause.

All hail, my servant, in thy various trusts

Found vigilant and faithful; see the ports,

See the eternal kingdoms of the skies,

With all their boundless glory, boundless joy,

Open'd for thy reception, and thy bliss!

Meantime, the body in its peaceful cell.

Reposing from its toils, awaits the star.

Whose living lustres lead that promised morn.

Whose vivifying dews thy moulder'd corse

Shall visit, and immortal life inspire.

The following lines are part of a poem on Mr. Whitefield,

written by a negro servant girl, seventeen years of age, belong-

ing to Mr. J. Wheatley, of Boston. They are better than De

Courcy’s Elegy.

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"He pray'd that grace in every heart might dwell,

He long'd to see America excel;

He charg'd its youth to let the grace divine

Arise, and in their future actions shine.

He offer'd what he did himself receive,

A greater gift not God himself can give.

He urg'd the need of it to every one;

It was no less than God's co-equal Son!

Take Him, ye wretched, for your only good;

Take Him, ye starving souls, to be your food.

Ye thirsty, come to this life-giving stream;

Ye preachers, take him for your joyful theme.

Take Him, my dear Americans, he said,

Be your complaints in his kind bosom laid.

Take Him, ye Africans, he longs for you;

Impartial Saviour, is his title due.

If you will choose to walk in grace's road.

You shall be sons, and kings, and priests to God.

Great Countess! we Americans revere

Thy name, and thus condole thy grief sincere.

New England, sure doth feel; the orphan's smart

Reveals the true sensations of his heart.

His lonely Tabernacle sees no more

A "Whitefield landing on the British shore.

Then let us view him in yon azure skies,

Let every mind with this lov'd object rise.

Thou, tomb, shalt safe retain thy sacred trust.

Till life divine reanimates his dust."

Cowper's tribute to the memory of Whitefield, although well-

known, must not be omitted here.

"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 mentioned 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:

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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 wond'ring eyes.

This more than monster in his proper guise.

He lov'd 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 unbrib'd.

Were copied close in him, and well transcrib'd.

He followed 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.

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 th' offended skies;

And say. Blot out my sin, confess'd, deplor'd.

Against thine image, in thy saint, Lord!"

America did not fail to mark her veneration for Whitefield's

memory. It was not alone at Newbury Port that ''good men

made great lamentation over him." Distant places vied with

both Newbury and London, in this tribute of esteem and sor-

row. Winter says to Jay, “You have no conception of the

effect of Whitefield's death upon the inhabitants of the province

of Georgia. All the black cloth in the stores was bought up;

the pulpit and desks of the church, the branches, the organ-

loft, the pews of the governor and council, were covered with

black. The governor and council, in deep mourning, convened

at the State-house, and went in procession to church, and were

received by the organ playing a funeral dirge. Two funeral

sermons were preached by Mr. Ellington and Zubly." Winter.

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Dr. Gillies has quoted largely from Ellington's sermon. He

did not know that it was composed by Cornelius Winter. "I

was desired to compose" it, says Winter: and he does not add,

that he declined the task. I therefore conclude, that he was

the real author. Indeed, it is like Winter, and creditable to

him, so far as the sentiment and spirit of it go. And it is not

less creditable to Ellington, that he preached the sermon. Very

few clergymen would have consented to utter such truths, at

that time. It is not necessary to repeat these truths here. It

is enough to say, that they were a transcript of the creed and

heart of Cornelius Winter; and thus they are a key to the heart

of Ellington. There is, however, one expression in the ser-

mon, which I hesitate to interpret. "It is well known," Elling-

ton says, that Whitefield "had opportunity long since to enjoy

episcopal emolument." Was it, then, more than a joke, when

the king suggested to the bench, that they ''might stop White-

field's preaching by making a bishop of him?" A bishopric

was, of course, out of the question: but it is quite certain, that

he might have had what De Courcy calls "considerable pre-

ferment," from the court, as well as from the primate of

Ireland.

Dr. Gillies has preserved numerous specimens of the funeral

sermons preached on this occasion, in England and America;

and I could add to them. But they are too many to be record-

ed, and too similar to be distinguished. Their similarity is,

however, their most instructive and interesting characteristic.

It both proves and illustrates the fact, that Whitefield's charac-

ter and career left the same impression upon ministers of dif-

ferent churches, and men of dissimilar talents and temperament.

Wesley and Toplady might have written their sermons at the

same desk, and compared notes before preaching them. Ro-

maine might have exchanged pulpits with Dr. Pemberton of

Boston, and Venn and Newton with Brewer of Stepney, or Dr.

Gibbons. They all bear the same testimony, and breathe the

same spirit, at the grave of Whitefield.

It was not Toplady, but Wesley, that said of him, "His fun-

damental point was. Give God all the glory of whatever is good

in man: set Christ as high, and man as low as possible, in the

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business of salvation. All merit is in the blood of Christ, and

all power in and from the Spirit of Christ." It was not Wesley,

but TOPLADY, that said, "He was a true and faithful son of the

church of England, and invincibly asserted her doctrines to the

last; and that not in a merely doctrinal way — though he was a

most excellent systematic divine; but with an unction of power

from God, unequalled in the present day." It was not a

presbyterian, but Romaine, that said, "Look at the public loss!

Oh what has the church suffered in the setting of that bright

star, which had shone so gloriously in our hemisphere! We

have none left to succeed him; none, of his gifts; none any

thing like him in usefulness." It was not a methodist, but

Venn, that said, "We are warranted to affirm, that scarce any

one of (Christ's) ministers, since the apostles' days, has exceeded,

scarce any one has equalled, Whitefield. For such a life, and

such a death, though in tears under our loss, we must thank

God. We must rejoice — that millions heard him so long, so

often, and to so much good effect.” It was not a dissenter, but

John Newton, that said, "What a change has taken place

throughout the land, within little more than thirty years! The

doctrines of grace were seldom heard from the pulpit, and the

life and power of religion were little known. And how much

of this change (for the better) has been owing to God's bless-

ing on Whitefield's labours, is well known to many who have

lived through this period, and can hardly be denied by those

who are least willing to allow it." Thus contemporary church-

men thought and wrote of their own accord, when Whitefield

died: but since they died, his mighty and happy influence upon

the church may, it seems, "be controverted!" It may: but

the evangelical clergy should remember, that they themselves

are considered by some of their superiors, as proofs of the

mighty influence of Whitefield and Wesley upon the church.

Venn and Sidney forget, that the anti-evangelical party ascribe

to methodism both the rise and progress of evangelical religion

in the church. Thus the blind see clearly what some of "the

children of light try to conceal.

The following letter, written on the death of Whitefield, suits

my limits and design better than formal extracts from the

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funeral sermons. I do not know who was the author of it;

but whoever he was, it will be responded to by all warm hearts.

1771. “A great man is fallen in our Israel — the Rev. Mr.

Whitefield is no more! he has left his charge, his flock, and

gone to mansions of blessedness.

"I may safely say, a great man, a great Christian, a humble

follower of the divine Redeemer, and a zealous defender of the

doctrines of grace, died, when Whitefield closed his eyes. That

voice which was lifted up like a trumpet, and flew around the

sacred roof, proclaiming salvation through the dying Jesus,

teaching a sinful world the Saviour's name, is now lost in per-

petual silence! That man, whose labours in the cause of God

have been more abundant, has ceased from his work. That

eminent minister of the New Testament, that son of thunder to

the careless and secure, that cheering son of consolation to the

weary and heavy laden, who has been distinguished as the happy

instrument of bringing strayed sheep to the fold of God, is gone

to experience the truth of his doctrines; and will one day ap-

pear, with all those who have been savingly brought to the know-

ledge of Jesus by his means, at the right hand of God, to give

an account of the ministry he received from him; and in the

presence of a surrounding world, say, 'Lord, here am I, and the

children thou hast given me.'

“It is an afflictive, awful, and alarming providence to the

church of God. A great light extinguished, a bright star set,

and a numerous people deprived of their pastor. Who shall

supply his place? Who shall, with that pathetic language,

strength of argument, and force of persuasion, compel sinners

to partake of the gospel feast? Who shall animate our asso-

ciations, and diffuse a spirit of candour, charity, and modera-

tion, throughout our assemblies? Who shall declare the glories,

the riches, the freeness, the fulness of that complete salvation

which Messiah finished? Who shall exhort, by precept and

example, to that steady, uniform, constant character, which

adorns the profession of the gospel? Who shall recommend a

life of fellowship and communion with the Father, Son, and

Spirit, as the most desirable blessing, and build up the saints in

their most holy faith? Who shall? — I am stopped by the mouth

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of him who says, ‘Shall I not do what I will with my own? Is

it not my prerogative to take and leave, as seemeth me good?

I demand the liberty of disposing my servants at my own plea-

sure. He hath not slept as others do. It is your's to wait and

trust, mine to dispose and govern. On me be the care of minis-

ters and churches — with me is the residue of the Spirit — I set

my labourers to work, and when I please, I take them to the

rest I have appointed for them. My power is not diminished,

my arm not shortened, my love not abated, and my faithfulness

still the same. I know my sheep, and they shall not stray into

forbidden pastures, for want of a shepherd to feed them with

knowledge and understanding.'

"With these thoughts my passions subside, my mind is soft-

ened and satisfied. But now for the wings of faith and divine

contemplation, to view him among the celestial throng, par-

taking of the happiness, sharing the joys of yonder blissful

regions — ascribing salvation to Him who loved and washed him

in his blood — having on that perfect robe of immaculate right-

eousness, wrought out by the dear Redeemer — having on his

head a crown of never-fading glory, and palms of eternal vic-

tory in his hands — drinking at the fountain-head of blessedness,

and refreshing himself continually at that river which flows in

sweet murmurs from the right hand of the Majesty on high —

for ever out of the reach of scandal and reproach — where ca-

lumny can never penetrate, and the wicked cease from troubling

— where God, even his own God, wipes away all tears from his

eyes — where he will forever bask in the boundless fruition of

eternal love, continually receiving out of the divine fulness, fresh

supplies of glory for glory, from which on earth he had com-

munication of grace for grace — sees the King in his beauty, re-

joices in the beatific vision, follows the Lamb wheresoever he goes

— and with those who are redeemed from among men, rests in

the closest embraces of his Lord.

‘And now his voice is lost in death,

Praise will employ his noblest pow'rs,

While life, or thought, or being last,

Or immortality endures!'

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"Here we must take our leave of the dear departed saint,

till the happy time takes place, when we shall put off this body,

and enter the confines of unmolested joy. And oh! in what

elevation of happiness, and refinement of felicity, shall we awake

up in the likeness and express image of that God, who has loved

us, and called us with an holy calling! Yet let us be persuaded

of this, that when the important period commences, when the

surprising signs, and descending inhabitants of heaven, proclaim

the second coming of our glorious Immanuel — when the heavens

open and disclose his radiant glory, the archangel's trump shall

sound, the Lord himself descend with a shout, and the dead in

Christ arise glorious and immortal — leave corruption, weakness,

and dishonour behind them — we shall with him, and all the

ransomed race, ascend to mansions of glory, bliss, and immor-

tality, and join that universal chorus: —

‘Say, Live forever, glorious King!

Born to redeem, and strong to save:

Then ask the monster, Where 's thy sting?

And where's thy victory, boasting grave?'

"But, my dear Sir, this awful dispensation demands a suit-

able improvement. The death of ministers, and mankind in

general, are so many mementos; — 'Be ye also ready,' is their

solemn language. Come then, O my soul, examine with impar-

tiality thy state. Nothing but an interest in the perfectly

finished, infinitely glorious, and everlastingly sufficient salvation

of Jehovah Jesus, can be of any avail, can be any real ground

of consolation, when the grim tyrant stares thee in the face.

May thy evidence be clear, thy faith strong, and thy hope on

tiptoe; that when the Bridegroom comes, and summons thy at-

tendance, thou mayst with joy answer. Lord, I come.

"Should not the death of one and another of God's people

give fresh wings to our souls, make life less pleasant, and heaven

more desirable — wean our affections from the beggarly enjoy-

ments of time and sense, and make us long to dwell where

Jesus reveals his beauties, glories, and matchless excellence,

face to face? Here on earth we have some faint glimmerings;

and oh! how ought we to prize them, as they are drops from

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the ocean! but the ravishing blaze is reserved for the upper and

better world.

"Though our interviews in the church militant are very

sweet, yet they are very short. The world's ten thousand baits,

the devil's insnaring wiles, but above all, the flesh with its

legions of corruptions, enslave the soul, and deaden our relish

for divine things. O happy day! O blessed hour! when Christ

shall have all his enemies under his feet, and death itself be

swallowed up of life — when we shall get within the enclosures of

the New Jerusalem, and go out no more forever!

"If faithful ministers are so soon removed from us, how

should we prize them while we have them! Oh let us never

give ear to, much less be the means of promoting the malevo-

lent whispers of slander; but esteem them very highly in love

for their work's sake! Should it not be our constant care, and

studious concern, through divine grace, to improve by every

sermon we hear, that the end of all ordinances may be obtained,

even an increase in love to Jesus, and fellowship with him?

That this desirable end may be answered, let us be earnest and

frequent in our address to the throne of grace, for ministers

and people, that God may be glorified by bringing home sin-

ners to himself, and in the edification of saints — that each stone

in the spiritual fabric may be edified and built up upon the

foundation, Christ Jesus, till the top-stone is brought forth with

shoutings, Grace, grace, unto it!

"The clock strikes twelve, and tells me to conclude. But

how can I do it, without commending you to that God, whose

power alone is able to keep you from falling, and at last present

you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding

joy? May he give you continual assurances of his grace, mercy,

and love, in his lower courts, thereby making them a heaven

upon earth; and cause you at last to join the general assembly

and church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven.

This is the hearty, unfeigned, and constant prayer of him, who

is, with great esteem and affection," —

The following eulogium is from the pen of Toplady. "I deem

myself happy in having an opportunity of thus publicly avowing

the inexpressible esteem in which I held this wonderful man;

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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 beside.

"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 disinterest-

edness, and astonishingly extensive usefulness.

"He would never have quitted even the walls of the church,

had not either the ignorance, or the malevolence, of some who

ought to have known better, compelled him to a seeming

separation.

"If the absolute command over the passions of immense au-

ditories, be the mark of a consummate orator, he was the greatest

of the age. If the strongest good sense, the most generous ex-

pansions of heart, the most artless but captivating affability, the

most liberal exemptions from bigotry, the purest and most

transpicuous 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, immovable, always abounding in the works

of the Lord; if a union of the most brilliant with the most

solid ministerial gifts, ballasted by a deep and humbling expe-

rience of grace, and crowned with the most extended success in

the conversion of sinners, and edification of saints, be signatures

of a commission from heaven, George Whitefield cannot but

stand highest on the modern list of Christian ministers.

"England has had the honour of producing the greatest men,

in almost every walk of useful knowledge. At the head of

these are, — Archbishop Bradwardin, the prince of divines;

Milton, the prince of poets; Newton, the prince of phi-

losophers; Whitefield, the prince of preachers."

Strong as this language is, the sober statements of Cornelius

Winter both illustrate and justify it. I therefore shall quote

freely from them in the next chapter. In the meantime, I add

only his opinion of Toplady's compliment. "Whatever invi-

dious remarks they may make upon his written discourses, they

cannot invalidate his preaching. Mr. Toplady called him the

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prince of preachers, and with good reason, for none in our day

preached with the like effect." Jay’s Winter.

Whitefield's successors were very unlike himself, except in

piety and sentiment; and yet they nobly sustained the influence

of both the Tabernacle and Tottenham Court. This was cer-

tainly the more easy, because the stated congregations had never

been accustomed to enjoy much of Whitefield's presence: but

still, it was an arduous task to succeed him. Mr. Wilks was,

however, quite equal to that task. His wisdom kept the flock,

which Whitefield's eloquence won. He knew the way to the

understanding and the conscience, just as well as Whitefield knew

the way to the heart. He could dive as far into men, as White-

field could draw them out of themselves. If the latter could rouse

or melt them, the former could rivet them. If Whitefield made

them feel, Wilks made them think. Mr. Hyatt had more of

Whitefield's tremendous energy. He had, perhaps, all his

thunder, although but little of his lightning or showers. He

was, however, eminently useful in the conversion of sinners. If

Wilks fed the flock, Hyatt guarded and augmented it. In a

word, they were both good shepherds, and each great in his own

way.

The body of Whitefield, like that of Moses, although not hid,

has been the subject of sharp contention, and has called forth

some "railing accusations." In 1790, it was reported in Lon-

don, that "the body was entire and uncorrupted." In 1801,

Mr. Mason of Newbury Port contradicted this, in a letter to

the editor of the Gospel Magazine. "We found the flesh," he

says, "totally consumed," although "the gown, cassock, and

bands, with which he was buried, were almost the same as if just

put into the coffin." Until this contradiction appeared, the

ignorant welcomed a miracle in the case; the scientific referred

it to antiputrescent applications; and the jealous charged the

sexton with supplying fresh bodies from time to time.

The facts of the case are these: In 1784, Mr. Brown of Ep-

ping Forest visited Newbury Port; and, having heard there

that Whitefield's "body was entire," he went, with his wife, to

see it. "A lantern and candle being provided, we descended

into the tomb. Our guide led me to dear Mr. Whitefield's

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coffin. He opened the lid down to his breast. I never felt so

over a corpse! His body was perfect. I felt his cheeks and his

breast: the skin immediately rose after. Even his lips were

not consumed nor his nose. He did not look frightful at all.

His skin was considerably discoloured, blackish, through dust

and age. His gown was not much impaired, nor his wig.

"I turned to look at Mr. Parsons, who died seven years after him:

but there was only a promiscuous show of bones, clean and dry.

"I do but give you the matter of fact. I am well assured the

body of Mr. Whitefield was not embalmed. He particularly

ordered it should not. The body is open to every visitor."

Brown’s Letter.

This looks like truth. Dr. Southey also has quoted from

someone, whom he does not name, the following words, "One

of the preachers told me the body of Whitefield was not yet

putrified; but several other corpses are just in the same state at

Newbury Port, owing to the vast quantities of nitre with which

the earth abounds there." This is quoted to prove, that the

report does not "seem to have originated in any intention to

deceive." Thus there was evidently much truth in it in 1784;

whereas in 1796, when Mason saw the body, it might be equally

true that " the flesh was totally consumed." The skull is, I

understand, very perfect still.

It will surprise and grieve not a few on both sides of the At-

lantic, when I tell them that the bones of Whitefield are not

entire. Part of his rigid arm was sent to this country. I hope

it is not here still. If I thought it were not returned, I should

feel inclined to tell the American ambassador where to find it,

and to urge him to demand it in the name of his country.

About two years ago, a visitor in London invited me to see

"a curiosity, sure to gratify me." He mistook my taste. I

went, and he placed on the table a long narrow box; defying

me to guess its contents. I had no need to guess or hesitate.

I said, "It contains the right arm of George Whitefield, and I

could name both the thief and the receiver. I have known for

ten years that it was in your possession: but my organ of vene-

ration is larger than that of my curiosity; and, therefore, I

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never hinted at my knowledge, although I have often visited

you on the banks of the Thames, and seen all your other memo-

rials of Whitefield, and reciprocated all your other feelings

towards him." I owe it to my friend to add, if the relic be still

in England, that it could not be in better hands than those it

was first committed to. Still, I would, if I could, give "com-

mandment concerning the bones," as solemnly and authorita-

tively as dying Joseph. One thing I promise: I will conceal

the name of the spoiler, (for I have read his letter,) if the spoil

should be returned.

The following inscription was copied by Dr. Reed from the

splendid monument erected by Mr. Bartlett, at Newbury Port,

to the memory of Whitefield.

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.

Reed and Matheson’s Visit.

CHAPTER XXXII.

WHITEFIELDS’ CHARACTERISTICS.

I FORESAW, from the commencement of this work, that I was

incapable of imbodying the character of Whitefield, at the end,

in a form which would satisfy myself. I therefore kept back

nothing, for the sake of final effect; but allowed him, at every step,

to appear all he was at the time and place. His characteristics

have thus come out like the stars, now one by one, and anon in

constellations, and all "in their season." In this form they have

kept alive my own interest in both his Life and Times, whilst

writing these pages; and therefore I see no necessity, and feel

no inclination, to try my hand at a formal portrait. Whitefield

paints himself upon every eye that follows him. The only dif-

ficulty felt in trying to realize this mighty angel of the everlast-

ing gospel, as he flies in the midst of heaven, arises from the

figure he presents in almost all the portraits which have accom-

panied his works hitherto. Indeed, until I saw the full-length

engravings of him, from pictures taken when he was in his

prime, I found it impossible to associate with his form (except

in the case of his uplifted hands and eyes) just ideas of his spirit.

This difficulty is now removed, and by no stratagem. The

portrait in this volume is a faithful copy (except in length and

scenery) of the original engraving, taken from Russell's picture

of him, as he appeared in Moorfields in all his glory.

I have another reason for not trying to imbody the whole

character of Whitefield: it would present an inimitable exam-

ple; and thus defeat one great purpose I had in writing his

life. His image as a whole, is not calculated to multiply itself.

Happily this is not the fact, in regard to some features of it.

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Some of them like queen bees, are each capable of producing

a whole hive. Indeed, it is impossible that any conscientious

minister of the gospel can contemplate Whitefield in this vo-

lume, without setting himself to imitate him in something:

whereas no one would dream of even trying to imitate him in

all things. At least, I never saw the man who could be a second

Whitefield. Rowland Hill was not that. Spencer, from all I

could learn in Liverpool, during eleven years' occupation of his

pulpit, seems to have approached nearest to the pathos and fas-

cination of Whitefield; but he had evidently none of his com-

manding majesty.

I studied Whitefield until I understood him; and therefore,

I have instinctively recognised whatever resembled him, in all

the popular preachers of my time. James, of Birmingham, has

occasionally reminded me of his alternate bursts of tenderness

and terror, in all but their rapidity; Rowland Hill of his off-

hand strokes of power; and Spring, of New York, his off-

heart unction, when it fell like dew, copiously and calmly.

Baptist Noel also has reminded me of this. Robert Newton has

some of Whitefield's oratory, but none of his high passion.

Irving had nothing of him but his voice. Cooper, of Dublin,

when in his prime, and preaching in the open air, has enabled

me to conceive how Whitefield commanded the multitude in

Moorfields. I must add, — although I shall not be generally

understood, — that Williams of the Wern, and my friend Christ-

mas Evans, of Wales, and Billy Dawson of Yorkshire, have

oftener realized Whitefield to me, than any other preachers of

my time: and yet these three men do not resemble him, nor

each other, in mind or body; but they can lose themselves en-

tirely, as he did, in tender and intense love to souls. This is

what is wanted; and it will tell by any voice or style, and from

any eye or stature. Rowland Hill knew and loved one minister

in Scotland — the late Cowie of Huntly — for his resemblance to

Whitefield. I do not wonder at this. It was Whitefield's like-

ness to Cowie, that first won my heart. I saw in the busts, and

read in the books of George Whitefield, the express image of

George Cowie, the pastor of my boyhood. I was not twelve

years old when he died: but the majestic music of his voice is

554 Whitefield's life and times.

yet in my ear, and the angelic benevolence of his countenance

yet before my eye. I could weep yet, as I wept when I did

not understand him. I wept often then because he was bathed

in tears of love. I loved him, because he loved me for my

father's sake, when my father died. He then became a father

unto me. Whether he bequeathed me to Dr. Philip, I do not

know: but I can never forget that in his house Dr. Philip

adopted me. This he did in the true spirit of adoption! I

owe everything, in early life, to this. Even in mature life, I

feel the benefit of it every day.

I must not dismiss this reference to Cowie yet. It will help

not a few to realize Whitefield. I have often roused the vener-

able Rowland Hill, in his old age, from absence and depression,

when he was not likely to be himself in the pulpit, or on the

platform, by a timely reference to "our old friend Mr. Cowie."

This never failed to quicken him. I was to him so associated

with Huntly, that he often called me Mr. Huntly. The public

are thus indebted to me for not a few of Rowland Hill's last

and best eulogiums on Whitefield. He had seen him personi-

fied in Cowie, and I kept the image before the good old man,

whenever I met him in public or private. The secret was this.

The chief cause of Mr. Cowie's excommunication from the anti-

burghers, was his cooperation with Mr. Hill, and itinerants of

his stamp; and I had been Mr. Cowie's little servant on the

day he defended himself before the synod. It was a high day

to me, until I found him condemned. I had carried from his

library to the top of his pulpit stairs, the books he intended to

quote from; and handed them to him as he required them. It

was a long defence; but I felt no weariness, although I did not

understand a word of its real merits. There was Latin in it — and

he had begun to teach me Latin; and thus I expected to under-

stand the speech someday. And then it was a perfect stream

of eloquence, flowing, now softly as the Boggie, and anon impe-

tuously as the Dovern; the rivers which encircle Huntly. I

was sure that nobody could answer him; and so vexed when

they tried, that I could have thrown a book at the head of the

moderator, and even two or three at some other heads of the

synod. True; this was worse than foolish in a boy; but still,

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it was not more foolish than old men flinging censures at the

head of a champion, who was the Whitefield of the north. At

this moment, I do not feel that I was the greatest sinner in that

assembly.

I thus allow my recollections of Cowie to revel in their own

vividness, because they will explain what I have ventured to

call my "knowledge of Whitefield." I mean, that I met in the

sermons and vein of Whitefield, the image of my first friend

and pastor; and Rowland Hill, who knew both parties, attested

the likeness. This fact must be my apology for the many in-

stances in this volume, in which I gossip about Whitefield, as if

I had been brought up at his knee. There is no affectation in

this, whatever flippancy it may have betrayed me into. I have

been all along at homey because in company with Cowie. Be-

sides, only a character which speaks for itself belongs to bio-

graphy; and he is no biographer of it, who does not speak in its

own style.

I have often heard it asked and argued, whether Whitefield

would be popular now, were he alive? The late Dr. Ryland

used to maintain, that he would be as popular as ever! The

Doctor was right, so far as Whitefield's manner and unction

were concerned. Holy energy can never be unpopular. Holy

daring will always wield the multitude. Natural eloquence

will find an echo forever in the human heart, however the truth

it utters may be evaded or disliked. All ministers who cannot

command attention, are unnatural in something. Whitefield's

sermons, however, would not draw out the same crowd, nor the

same classes now, that they did at first. His doctrine, as well

as his manner, was a novelty then, even in London, to the mul-

titude. They had never heard of regeneration but at the bap-

tismal font; and that, told them of its beginning and completion,

in the same breath.

Too little importance, however, has been attached to White-

field's manner of preaching. This is not his fault. He made

no secret of his attention to delivery. He commended the study

of oratory to the American colleges, and provided for it at Be-

thesda, and rebuked the neglect of it at Oxford. He was not

ashamed to quote Sheridan's lectures, in remonstrating with

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Durell. "Sorry am I to find so true what a celebrated orator

takes the liberty of saying in the University of Oxford, if I

mistake not, — That the state of pulpit elocution in general, in

the church of England, is such, that there never was, perhaps,

a religious sect on earth, whose hearts were so little engaged in

the act of worship, as the members of that church. To be

pleased, we must feel; and we are pleased with feeling. The

presbyterians are moved; the methodists are moved; they go

to their meetings and tabernacles with delight. The very

quakers are moved: whilst much the greater part of the mem-

bers of the church of England are either banished from it

through disgust, or reluctantly attend the service as a disagree-

able duty.' Thus far Mr. Sheridan."

Whitefield even quotes Betterton the player, and affirms that

the stage would soon be deserted if the actors spoke like

preachers. "Mr. Betterton's answer to a worthy prelate is

worthy of lasting regard. When asked 'how it came to pass

that the clergy, who spoke of things real, affected the people so

little, and the players, who spoke of things barely imaginary,

affected them so much,' he said, 'My Lord, I can assign but

one reason; we players speak of things imaginary as though

they were real, and too many of the clergy speak of things real

as though they were imaginary.' Thus it was in his, and all

know it is too much the case in our time. Hence it is, that

even on our most important occasions, the worthy gentlemen

concerned in our public churches, generally find themselves more

obliged to musicians than the preachers; and hence it is, no

doubt, that upon our most solemn anniversaries, after long pre-

vious notice has been given, and when some even of our lords

spiritual do preach, perhaps not two lords temporal come to hear

them." — Letter to Durell.

Whitefield's own maxim was, "to preach as Apelles painted,

for ETERNITY." He was first struck with this maxim at the table

of Archbishop Boulter in Ireland, where "the great Dr. De-

lany" said to him, "I wish whenever I go up into a pulpit, to

look upon it as the last time I shall ever preach, or the last time

the people may hear." He never forgot this. He often said,

"Would ministers preach for eternity, they would then act the

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part of true Christian orators, and not only calmly and coolly in-

form the understanding, but by persuasive, pathetic address, en-

deavour to move the affections and warm the heart. To act

otherwise bespeaks a sad ignorance of human nature and such

an inexcusable indolence and indifference in the preacher, as

must constrain the hearers to suspect, whether they will or not,

that the preacher, let him be who he will, — only deals in the

false commerce of unfelt truths

This pointed and perpetual reference to eternity in his preach-

ing, did not divert Whitefield from a due regard to time. He

was an ardent admirer, if not imitator, of the character given

of one of the German Reformers — Bucolspherus, as he calls

him. I do not know him, unless Bucholcerus, the young friend

of Melancthon, (Theat. Vir. Enid. J be referred to; and I doubt

whether it could be said of him, “*Vividus vultus, vividi occuli,*

*vividae manus, denique omnia vivida*.” But whoever he was,

Whitefield recognised a living exemplification of him in some

of the Romish priests at Lisbon. I must go further, and say,

that Whitefield felt it his duty to obey the commands given to

some of the prophets— to smite with the hand, stamp with the

foot, and lift up the voice like a trumpet, as well as to beseech

with tears. Winter says of him, "his freedom in the use of his

passions often put my pride to the trial. I could hardly bear

such unreserved use of tears, and the scope he gave to his feel-

ings; for sometimes he exceedingly wept, stamped loudly and

passionately, and was frequently so overcome, that for a few

seconds, you would suspect he never could recover; and when

he did, nature required some little time to compose herself. I

hardly ever knew him go through a sermon without weeping

more or less, and I truly believe his were tears of sincerity.

His voice was often interrupted by his affections; 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, al-

though your immortal souls are on the verge of destruction;

and, for aught I know, you are hearing your last sermon, and

may never more have an opportunity to have Christ offered to

you.'

"I have known him avail himself of the formality of the judge

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putting on his 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 pro-

nounce sentence!' Then, in a strain of tremendous eloquence,

he would repeat our Lord's words, 'Depart, ye cursed,' and

not without a very powerful description of the nature of that

curse. But it was only by hearing him, and by beholding

his attitude and tears, that a person could well conceive of the

effect."

It deserves special notice that Whitefield, whether he stamp-

ed or wept, whether he seemed a lion or lamb, was uniformly

solemn, and allowed nothing to seem at variance with his deep

solemnity. "Nothing awkward, nothing careless, appeared

about him in the pulpit, nor do I ever recollect his stumbling on

a word. Whether he frowned or smiled, whether he looked

grave or placid, it was nature acting in him." Winter. This

care over his words, tones, and gestures, sustained his own

solemnity, and communicated it to others. They neither saw

nor heard anything to weaken the impression. There was no

levity in his lively sallies, and no dullness in his reasonings, and

no departure from the spirit of his mission even when he used

"market language." He made all modes of address bear upon

solemn effect. For this — "every accent of his voice spoke to

the ear; every feature of his face, every motion of his hands,

every gesture, spoke to the eye; so that the most dissipated and

thoughtless found their attention involuntarily fixed." Gillies.

Even when he created a momentary smile, it was to relieve the

heart from the tension of an ordinary solemnity, that he might

strain it up to an extraordinary pitch.

There was thus much art in Whitefield's preaching: I mean,

the art of studying to be perfectly natural in all things pertain-

ing to real life and godliness. He left nothing to accident that

he could regulate by care, in his delivery. Hence practised

speakers and shrewd observers could tell at once, whenever he

delivered a sermon for the first time. Foote and Garrick

maintained that his oratory was not at its full height, until he

had repeated a discourse forty times. Franklin says, "By hear-

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ing him often, I came to distinguish easily between sermons

newly composed, and those he had preached often in the course

of his travels. His delivery of the latter was so improved by

frequent repetition, that every accent, every emphasis, every

modulation of voice, was so perfectly tuned and well placed, that,

without being interested in the subject, (Franklin-like, alas!)

one could not help being pleased with the discourse: a pleasure

of much the same kind with that received from an excellent

piece of music." Dr. Southey shows that he understands speak-

ing as well as writing, by his remarks on Whitefield's oratory.

— "It was a great advantage, but it was not the only one, nor

the greatest, which he derived from repeating his discourses,

and reciting instead of reading them. Had they been delivered

from a written copy," (only think of Whitefield reading!) "one

delivery would have been like the last: the paper would have

operated as a spell, from which he could not depart; — invention

sleeping, while the utterance followed the eye. But when he

had nothing before him except the audience whom he was ad-

dressing, the judgment and the imagination, as well as the me-

mory, were called forth. Those parts were omitted which had

been felt to come feebly from the tongue, and fall heavily on the

ear; and their place was supplied by matter newly laid in in

the course of his studies, or fresh from the feeling of the mo-

ment. They who lived with him could trace him, in his ser-

mons, to the book which he had last been reading, or the sub-

ject which had recently taken his attention. But the salient

points of his oratory were not prepared passages — they were

bursts of passion, like jets of a Geyser, when the spring is in

full play." Southey’s Wesley.

David Hume beheld one of these jets of the Tabernacle-

Geyser, and wondered, despised, and perished! He pronounced

Whitefield the most ingenious preacher he ever heard; and

said, it was worth going twenty miles to hear him. "Once, after

a solemn pause, he thus addressed his audience: — 'The attend-

ant angel is just about to leave the threshold of this sanctuary,

and ascend to heaven. And shall he ascend and not bear with

him the news of one sinner, among all this multitude, reclaimed

from the error of his ways?' To give the greater effect to this

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exclamation, Whitefield stamped with his foot, lifted up his

hands and eyes to heaven, and cried aloud, 'Stop, Gabriel,

stop, ere you enter the sacred portals, and yet carry with you

the news of one sinner converted to God.'" How gladly Gabriel

would have carried to the throne the news of Hume's conver-

sion, and told it to his mother in her mansion of glory! But

Gabriel did not report Hume's words in heaven, although they

were thus complimentary — "This address was accompanied with

such animated yet natural action, that it surpassed anything I

ever saw or heard in any other preacher." Dr. Southey says,

that this "flight of oratory is not in the best taste." Where

will he find a better? He himself has quoted worse from White-

field, without finding fault. But on a question of taste, I will

not attempt to arbitrate between two historians of acknowledged

tact. This flight of oratory will, however, keep itself for ever

on all the wings of the wind, even if both judges had found fault

with it. It will also be a lasting illustration of the "odd" but

not "unapt" expression of the ignorant man, who said "that

Whitefield preached like a lion;" "no unapt notion," says Dr.

Southey, "of the force, and vehemence, and passion of that ora-

tory which awed the hearers, and made them tremble like Felix

before the apostle."

Such was the manner of the preacher, whose spirit has spoken

for itself throughout all this volume: and I now ask, was that

spirit ever trammelled, cooled, or carnalized, by Whitefield's

attention to the graces of pulpit eloquence? Did the study of

oratory estrange him from his closet, or lessen his dependence

on the Holy Spirit, or divert him from living habitually in the

light of eternity and the Divine presence? No man ever lived

nearer to God, or approached nearer to the perfection of oratory.

He was too devotional to be cooled by rules, and too natural to

be spoiled by art, and too much in earnest to win souls, to neg-

lect system. He "sought out acceptable" tones, and gestures,

and looks, as well as "acceptable words." Was Whitefield

right? Then how many, like myself, are far wrong! Let the

rising ministry take warning! Awkwardness in the pulpit is a

sin — monotony a sin — dulness a sin — and all of them sins against

the welfare of immortal souls. These, be it ever remembered.

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invent too many excuses already for evading the claims of the

gospel: do not, therefore, place yourself, student, among their

reasons for rejecting it. It is as easy to be graceful in gesture,

and natural in tone, as to be grammatical. You would not dare

to violate grammar: dare not to be vulgar or vapid in manner.

Your spirituality of mind is too low, and your communion with

God too slight, and your love of the truth too cold, if they can

be endangered by cultivating an eloquence worthy of the pulpit.

Whitefield's manner fascinated all ranks. I lately visited one

of his converts; now a pilgrim of nearly a century; and a poor

villager, who was never fifty miles from home. I went to see

whether old Father Mead, of Chinnor, in Oxfordshire, could

recognise Whitefield in one of my old prints. To my surprise

the veteran himself was not unlike the portrait. Before opening

it, therefore, I asked him whether he remembered Whitefield's

person? The old man brightened at the question, and said,

"Ay, sure: he was a jolly, brave man; and what a look he had

when he put out his right hand thus, to rebuke a disturber, as

tried to stop him under the pear-tree. The man had been very

threatening and noisy: but he could not stand the look. Off he

rode, and Whitefield said. There he goes: empty barrels make

most din." Father Mead both smiled and wept, as the vision

threw him unconsciously into the very attitude and aspect of the

preacher. I then asked him, whether he ever saw Whitefield

now, in his dreams. He paused as if struck by the question.

At length he said, "No; but he was a jolly, brave man, and

sich a look with him." I then asked if he had ever heard any

preacher since, that reminded him of Whitefield? His speaking

face sparkled as he looked to his own pastor, (who was with me,)

and said, "Some reminds me of George." Whitefield seems

his perpetual day-dream; for, although almost a pauper, he has

not parted with the books which Whitefield wrote or edited. I

found him reading one of them, and singing "of mercy and

judgment."

This little incident will do more than illustrate the emphatic

hints of Cornelius Winter. He characterizes Whitefield's ora-

tory, as we have seen, with great success; as the following spe-

cimens will still further prove.

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As though it were no difficult matter to catch the sound of

the Saviour praying, he would exclaim, 'Hark! hark! do not

you hear him?' — You may suppose that as this occurred fre-

quently, the efficacy of it was destroyed; but, no; though we

often knew what was coming, it was as new to us as though we

had never heard it before.

“That beautiful apostrophe, used by the prophet Jeremiah,

'O earth, earth, earth, hear the words of the Lord,' was very

subservient to him, and never used impertinently.

"He abounded with anecdotes, which, though not always re-

cited verbatim, were very just, as to the matter of them. One,

for instance, I remember, tending to illustrate the efficacy of

prayer, though I have not been able to meet with it in the

English history — it was the case of the London apprentices

before Henry VIII. pleading his pardon of their insurrection.

The monarch, moved by their sight, and their plea, “Mercy!

mercy!” cried, “Take them away, I cannot bear it." The ap-

plication you may suppose was, that if an earthly monarch of

Henry's description could be so moved, how forcible is the sin-

ner's plea in the ears of Jesus Christ! The case of two Scotch-

men, in the convulsion of the state at the time of Charles II.

subserved his design; who, unavoidably obliged to pass some of

the troops, were conceiving of their danger, and meditating what

method was to be adopted, to come off safe: one proposed the

wearing of a scull-cap; the other, supposing that would imply

distrust of the providence of God, was determined to proceed

bare-headed. The latter, being first laid hold of, and being

interrogated, ‘Are you for the covenant?' replied, 'Yes;' and

being further asked, ‘What covenant?' answered, 'The cove-

nant of grace;’ by which reply, eluding further inquiry, he was

let pass: the other, not answering satisfactorily, received a blow

with the sabre, which, penetrating through the cap, struck him

dead. In the application, Mr. Whitefield, warning against vain

confidence, cried, ‘Beware of your scull-caps.’ But here like-

wise the description upon paper, wanting the reality as exem-

plified by him with voice and motion, conveys but a very faint

idea. However, it is a disadvantage which must be submitted

to, especially as coming from my pen.

Whitefield's life and times. 563

''The difference of the times in which Mr. Whitefield made

his public appearance, materially determined the matter of his

sermons, and, in some measure, the manner of his address. He

dealt far more in the explanatory and doctrinal mode of preach-

ing on a sabbath-day morning, than perhaps at any other time;

and sometimes made a little, but by no means improper, show

of learning. If he had read upon astronomy in the course of the

week, you would be sure to discover it. He knew how to con-

vert the centripetal motion of the heavenly bodies to the dispo-

sition of the Christian toward Christ, and the fatal attraction of

the world would be very properly represented by a reference to

the centrifugal. Whatever the world might think of him, he

had his charms for the learned as well as for the unlearned;

and as he held himself to be a debtor both to the wise and to

the unwise, each received his due at such times. The peer and

the peasant alike went away satisfied.

"As though he heard the voice of God ever sounding in his

ears the important admonition, 'Work while it is called today,'

this was his work in London at one period of his life: — After

administering the Lord's supper to several hundred communi-

cants, at half an hour after six in the morning; reading the first

and second service in the desk, which he did with the greatest

propriety, and preaching full an hour, he read prayers and

preached in the afternoon, previous to the evening service, at

half an hour after five; and afterwards addressed a large society

in public. His afternoon sermon used to be more general and

exhortatory. In the evening he drew his bow at a venture, vin-

dicated the doctrines of grace, fenced them with articles and

homilies, referred to the martyrs' zeal, and exemplified the power

of divine grace in their sufferings, by quotations from the vene-

rable Fox. Sinners were then closely plied, numbers of whom

from curiosity coming to hear a sentence or two, were often

compelled to hear the whole sermon. How many in the judg-

ment day will rise to prove that they heard to the salvation of

the soul!

"Perhaps Mr. Whitefield never preached greater sermons

than at six in the morning, for at that hour he did preach, win-

ter and summer, on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and

564 Whitefield's life and times.

Thursdays. At these times his congregations were of the select

description, and young men received admonitions similar with

what were given in the society;\* and were cautioned, while they

neglect the duty required from them under the bond of an in-

denture, not to anticipate the pleasures and advantages of future

life.

“His style was now colloquial, with little use of motion; per-

tinent expositions, with suitable remarks; and all comprehended

within the hour. Christian experience principally made the

subject of Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday even-

ing lectures; when, frequently having funeral sermons to preach,

the character and experience of the dead helped to elucidate the

subject, led to press diligence in the Christian course, to reflect

upon the blessing of faith on earth, and glory in heaven. Mr.

Whitefield adopted the custom of the inhabitants of New Eng-

land 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 — a few compared with the

multitudes, but abstractedly considered, a large and respectable

company. Now ministers of every description found a peculiar

pleasure in relaxing their minds from the fatigues of study, and

were highly entertained by his peculiarly excellent subjects,

which were so suitable to the auditory, that I believe it was

seldom disappointed. It was an opportunity peculiarly suited

to apprentices and journeymen in some businesses, which allowed

of their leaving work sooner than on other days, and availing

themselves at least of the sermon; from which I also occasion-

ally obtained many blessings. Had my memory been retentive,

and I had studiously treasured up his rich remarks, how much

more easily might I have met your wishes, and have answered

\* This society, consisting of several hundreds of widows, married people,

young men, and spinsters, placed separately in the area of the Tabernacle,

used after sermon to receive from Mr. Whitefield, in the colloquial style,

various exhortations comprised in short sentences, and suitable to their

various stations. The practice of Christianity in all its branches, was then

usually inculcated, not without some pertinent anecdote of a character

worthy to be held up for an example, and in whose conduct the hints re-

commended were exemplified.

Whitefield's life and times. 565

the design of this letter! But though I have lost much of the

letter of his sermons, the savour of them yet remains. The pe-

culiar talents he possessed, subservient to great usefulness, can

be but faintly guessed from his sermons in print; though, as

formerly God has made the reading of them useful, I have no

doubt but in future they will have their use. The eighteen

taken in short-hand, and faithfully transcribed, by Mr. Gurney,

have been supposed to do discredit to his memory, and there-

fore they were suppressed. But they who have been accustomed

to hear him, may collect from them much of his genuine preach-

ing. 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." Winter.

After all, the grand secret of Whitefield's power was, as we

have seen and felt, his devotional spirit. Had he been less

prayerful, he would have been less powerful. He was the prince

of preachers without the veil, because he was a Jacob "within

the veil." His face shone when he came down from the mount,

because he had been long alone with God upon the mount. It

was this won for him the title seraphic; not in the scholastic,

but in the angelic sense of the term. But he was a human

seraph; and thus burnt out in the blaze of his own fire. What

then? — he often ascended in it, as the Angel of the covenant

did in the flame of Manoah's sacrifice; and always "did won-

drously,” when he descended. He was so often at the throne,

and always so near it, that, like the apocalyptic angel, he came

down "clothed with its rainbow."

Whitefield's Letters also illustrate both his character and

success, as a minister. They are many, and varied, and easy;

and must have been very useful. Like the bulletins of a gene-

ral, they were chiefly written on the field of battle; and thus

came to his friends associated and enshrined with his victories.

No matter, therefore, what they are as epistolary writing; they

came from "the conquering hero" of the day, to those who

were praying for and expecting him to go on from conquering

to conquer. How gratifying, yea, how inspiring, therefore, the

briefest and baldest of them must have been, as well as the

longest and best, to those who received them! They were all

566 Whitefield's life and times.

proofs to them, that he had them in his heart, and that his soli-

citude and friendship for them followed him like his shadow

wherever he went, and whatever he was doing. This is the true

light in which to read his letters: and in this light, the wonder

is that they are so many and so good! The man is to be pitied

who can criticise them; and so is he who can read them without

being refreshed by them; for they are only surpassed by Luke's

"Acts of the Apostles."

Whitefield's public character was fully sustained by his pri-

vate habits. His vein of humour never betrayed him into

levity, nor his exhaustion into excess, at the social or the do-

mestic table. He sat down often, of course, to sumptuous

tables, whilst travelling. Indeed, he could not avoid a suc-

cession of such feasts. Enemies, however, judged of his eating

by the scale of cooking in the houses of his hosts. His corpu-

lency was thus ascribed to "good living." This needs no refu-

tation, to anyone who understands public speaking. Indulgence

is incompatible with unction, if not with energy also. Corne-

lius Winter has thought proper, however, to defend Whitefield;

and therefore it is my duty to quote the defence: — "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 say cheerfully, ‘How surprised would

the world be if they were to peep upon Dr. Squintum, and see

only a cow-heel upon his table!'" He was, however, a gentle-

man; and, therefore, "whether by himself, or having but a

second, his table must be elegantly spread, though it produced

but a loaf and a cheese." Gillies says, "He was remarkable,

even to a proverb, for moderation in eating and drinking."

This wise attention to etiquette he carried into all his habits.

It was a maxim with him, that a minister should be literally

spotless. "He was neat in the extreme in his person and every

thing about him. He said, he did not think he could die easy

if he thought his gloves were out of their place. Not a paper

might be out of its place, or put up irregularly. Each part of

the furniture also must be in its place before we retired to rest.

There was no rest after four in the morning, nor sitting up after

ten in the evening. He was scrupulously exact to break up

Whitefield's life and times. 567

parties in time. In the height of a conversation I have heard

him say, abruptly. We forget ourselves: come, gentlemen, it is

high time for all good folks to be at home." Jay's Winter.

Gillies, who knew him in his prime, says, "His person was

graceful and well proportioned — ‘his stature above the middle

size — his complexion very fair — his countenance manly. His

eyes were of a dark blue, and very sprightly. He had a squint

with one of them. His deportment was decent and easy, with-

out the least stiffness or formality; and his engaging polite

manner made his company universally agreeable."

Whitefield's last will, also, deserves a place amongst his cha-

racteristics. It was brought from America to England by

Winter. He felt it to be a sacred trust; for during a storm, in

which all the sails were blown away, and all the masts bending,

and all the dead-lights up, his chief earthly "concern was, that

he had Whitefield's will." "I felt sorry," he says, "that by my

being lost, his executors would be kept in suspense." Both ar-

rived safe; but the chief property, Bethesda, was soon destroyed

or alienated. It was, I think, Berridge who said, on hearing of

the extinction of the orphan-house college, that "God set fire to

it, in order to save the founder from becoming the father of a

race of unconverted ministers." This is a just view of its fate:

for, by admitting young men to study for the ministry before

their piety or call was ascertained, it was both unfit and unwor-

thy to be a nursery to the church of Christ.

The following are the documents published by the executors.

"Mr. Whitefield's executors having received the probate of his

will, February 6, 1771, Mr. Keene, who was well acquainted

with the whole of his affairs, published it, with the following

introduction:

"As we make no doubt the numerous friends of the Rev. Mr.

George Whitefield will be glad of an opportunity of seeing a

genuine copy of his last will and testament, his executors have

favoured us with a copy of the same, transmitted to them from

the orphan-house, in Georgia, and which they have proved in

the Prerogative Court of Canterbury. And as it was Mr.

Whitefield's constant declaration, he never meant to raise either

a purse or a party, it is to be remarked, that almost the whole

568 Whitefield's life and times.

sum he died possessed of came to him within two or three

years of his death, in the following manner, viz: Mrs. Thomson,

of Tower Hill, bequeathed him £500; — ‘by the death of his

wife, (including a bond of £300,) he got £700; — Mr. Whitmore

bequeathed him £100; and Mr. Winder, £100. And it is highly

probable, that had he lived to reach Georgia, from his last

northern tour, he would have lessened the above sums, by dis-

posing of them in the same noble and disinterested manner,

that all the public or private sums he has been intrusted with

have been."

"In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, three per-

sons, but one God; I, George Whitefield, clerk, at present

residing at the orphan-house academy, in the province of

Georgia, in North America, being through infinite mercy in

more than ordinary bodily health, and a perfectly sound and

composed mind, knowing the certainty of death, and yet the

uncertainty of the time I shall be called by it to my long-wish-

ed-for home, do make this my last will and testament, in man-

ner and form following, viz.

"Imprimis — In sure and certain hope of a resurrection to

eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ, I commit my body

to the dust, to be buried in the most plain and decent manner;

and knowing in whom I have believed, being persuaded that he

will keep that which I have committed unto him, in the fullest

assurance of faith I commend my soul into the hands of the

ever loving, altogether lovely, never-failing Jesus, on whose

complete and everlasting righteousness I entirely depend for the

justification of my person, and acceptance of my poor, worth-

less, though I trust sincere performances, at that day when he

shall come in the glory of his Father, his own glory, and the

glory of his holy angels, to judge both the quick and dead. In

respect to my American concerns, which I have engaged in

simply and solely for his great name's sake, I leave that build-

ing, commonly called the orphan-house, at Bethesda, in the

province of Georgia, together with all the other buildings lately

erected thereon: and likewise all other buildings, lands, negroes,

books, furniture, and every other thing whatsoever, which I

now stand possessed of in the province of Georgia aforesaid, to

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that elect lady, that mother in Israel, that mirror of true and

undefiled religion, the Right Honourable Selina, Countess dow-

ager of Huntingdon; desiring, that as soon as may be after my

decease, the plan of the intended orphan-house, Bethesda col-

lege, may be prosecuted, if not practicable, or eligible, to pursue

the present plan of the orphan-house academy, on its old found-

ation and usual channel; but if her Ladyship should be called

to enter her glorious rest before my decease — I bequeath all the

buildings, lands, negroes, and everything before mentioned,

which I now stand possessed of in the province of Georgia

aforesaid, to my dear fellow-traveller and faithful, invariable

friend, the Honourable James Habersham, president of his

Majesty's Honourable Council: and should he survive her

Ladyship, I earnestly recommend him as the most proper per-

son to succeed her Ladyship, or to act for her during her Lady-

ship's life-time, in the orphan-house academy. — With regard to

my outward affairs in England; whereas there is a building,

commonly called the Tabernacle, set apart many years ago for

divine worship — I give and bequeath the 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

building, 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, Daniel

West, Esq. in Church Street, Spitalfields, and Mr. Robert Keene,

woollen draper, in the Minories, or the longer survivor of the

two. — As to the monies, which a kind Providence, especially of

late, in a most unexpected way, and unthought-of means, hath

vouchsafed to intrust me with — I give and bequeath the sum of

£100 sterling to the Right Honourable the Countess dowager of

Huntingdon aforesaid, humbly beseeching her Ladyship's ac-

ceptance of so small a mite, as a pepper-corn acknowledgment,

for the undeserved, unsought for honour her Ladyship conferred

upon me, in appointing me, less than the least of all, to be one

of her Ladyship's domestic chaplains.

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"Item — I give and bequeath to my dearly beloved friend, the

Honourable James Habersham aforesaid, my late wife's gold

watch, and £10 for mourning; — to my dear old friend, Gabriel

Harris, Esq. of the city of Gloucester, who received and boarded

me in his house, when I was helpless and destitute, above thirty-

five years ago, I give and bequeath the sum of £50; — to my

humble, faithful servant and friend, Mr. Ambrose Wright, if in

my service and employ, either in England or America, or else-

where, at the time of my decease, I give and bequeath the sum

of £500; — to my brother, Mr. Thomas Whitefield, I give and

bequeath the sum of £50, to be given him at the discretion of

Mr. Robert Keene; — to my brother-in-law, Mr. James Smith,

hosier, in the city of Bristol, I give and bequeath the sum of

£50, and £30 also for family mourning; — to my niece, Mrs.

Frances Hartford, of Bath, I give and bequeath the sum of £50,

and £20 for family mourning; — to Mr. J. Crane, now a faithful

steward at the orphan-house academy, I give and bequeath the

sum of £40; — to Mr. Benjamin Stirk, as an acknowledgment of

his past services at Bethesda, I give and bequeath the sum of

£10, for mourning; — to Peter Edwards, now at the orphan-house

academy, I give and bequeath the sum of £50; — to William

Trigg, at the same place, I give and bequeath the sum of £50;

both the sums aforesaid to be laid out, or laid up for them, at

the discretion of Mr. Ambrose Wright; — to Mr. Thomas Adams,

of Rodborough, in Gloucestershire, my only surviving first fel-

low-labourer, and beloved much in the Lord, I give and bequeath

the sum of £50; — to the Rev. Mr. Howel Davies, of Pembroke-

shire, in South Wales, that good soldier of Jesus Christ; — to

Mr. Torial Joss, Mr. Cornelius Winter, and all my other dearly

beloved, present, stated, assistant preachers at Tabernacle and

Tottenham Court chapel, I give and bequeath £10 each for

mourning; — to the three brothers of Mr. Ambrose Wright, Ann,

the wife of his brother, Mr. Robert Wright, now faithfully and

skilfully labouring and serving at the orphan-house academy, I

give and bequeath the sum of £10 each for mourning; — to Mr.

Richard Smith, now a diligent attendant on me, I give and be-

queath the sum of £50, and all my wearing apparel, which I

shall have with me in my journey through America, or on my

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voyage to England, if it should please an all-wise God to shorten

my days in either of those situations. — Finally, I give and be-

queath the sum of £100 to be distributed at the discretion of

my executors, hereinafter mentioned, for mourning among my

old London servants, the poor widows at Tottenham Court

chapel, and the Tabernacle poor; especially my old trusty, dis-

interested friend and servant, Mrs. Elizabeth Wood. All the

other residue, if there be any other residues of monies, goods,

and chattels, or whatsoever profits may arise from the sale of

any books, or any manuscripts that I may leave behind, I give

and bequeath to the Right Honourable the Countess dowager

of Huntingdon ; or in case of her Ladyship being deceased at

the time of my departure, to the Honourable James Habersham,

Esq. before mentioned, after my funeral expenses and just

debts are discharged, towards paying off any arrears that may

be due on the account of the orphan-house academy, or for an-

nual prizes as a reward for the best three orations that shall be

made in English, on the subjects mentioned in a paper annexed

to this my will. And I hereby appoint the Honourable James

Habersham, Esq. aforesaid, to be my executor in respect to my

affairs in the province of Georgia, and my trusty, tried, dearly

beloved friends, Charles Hardy, Esq. Daniel West, Esq. and

Mr. Robert Keene, to be executors of this my last will and tes-

tament, in respect of my affairs in England, begging each to

accept of a mourning ring.

"To all my other christian benefactors, and more intimate

acquaintance, I leave my most hearty thanks and blessing,

assuring them that I am more and more convinced of the un-

doubted 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

friends, I most freely and heartily forgive them, and can only

572 Whitefield's life and times.

add, that the last tremendous day will only 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."

"This was written with the testator's own hand, and at his

desire, and in his presence, sealed, signed, and deliver-

ed, at the orphan-house academy, in the province of

Georgia, before us witnesses. Anno Domini, March 22,

1770.

Robert Bolton,

Signed, Thomas Dixon,

Cornelius Winter."

"N. B. I also leave a mourning ring to my honoured and

dear friends, and disinterested fellow-labourers, the Rev. John

and Charles Wesley, in token of my indissoluble union with

them, in heart and christian affection, notwithstanding our dif-

ference 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."

"Georgia, Secretary's Office.

"A true copy taken from the original in this office, examined

and certified: and I do further certify, that the same was duly

proved; and the Hon. James Habersham, one of the executors

therein named, was duly qualified as executor, before his Excel-

lency, James Wright, Esq. governor and ordinary of the said

province, this 10th day of December, 1770.

Thomas Moodie, Deputy Secretary."

CHAPTER XXXIIl

WHITEFIELD PREACHING.

This volume would be incomplete, for my purpose, without

some specimens of Whitefield's preaching. That requires to

be illustrated as well as analyzed, now that the man, and his

message, and his success, are fully before us. It is also neces-

sary to preserve some specimens of his sermons in this record of

his life, because his sermons, as such, will hardly perpetuate

themselves. His name may continue to sell them; but even

already they are but seldom read. No minister quotes from

them, except when an anecdote of Whitefield brings in some

stroke of power or pathos; and no student hears or thinks of

them as models. Indeed, they are not models for the pulpit

but when it stands in the fields; and even there, it must be

surrounded by thousands before any man could wield the glit-

tering sword of Whitefield with effect.

Besides; there is not much to be learnt from his sermons

now. Their best maxims are but common-place to us. They

were, however, both new and strange things to the generality

of his hearers. He was as much an original to them, as

Chalmers is to us. And, let it never be forgotten, that White-

field and Wesley common-placed, in the public mind, the great

truths of the Reformation, in simple forms and familiar words.

If they added nothing to the theology of their country that

was either original or valuable, they threw old truths into new

proportions and wide circulation. This is forgotten by those

who say with a sneer, that there is nothing in their sermons.

I have often heard this said, by men who never gave currency

to a single maxim, nor birth to a thought worth preserving.

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574 Whitefield's life and times.

Such critics should be silent. Their newer modes of thinking

and writing will never common-place themselves in the world or

the church!

There is one peculiarity about Whitefield's sermons which

his critics have not pointed out, and which I should like to

commend, if I could do so wisely. I mean, — his modest egotism

in preaching. He is for ever speaking of himself when he

touches any experimental point, or grapples with a difficulty.

Then he opens his own heart in all its inmost recesses, and de-

tails the process by which his own mind was made up; and

both without even the appearance of vanity, or of "a voluntary

humility." It is all done with the artless simplicity of child-

hood. He thinks aloud about himself, only to enable others to

know what to think about their own perplexities, dilemmas, and

temptations. He shows them his own soul, merely to prove

that "no strange thing has befallen" their souls.

Nothing is so unlike Whitefield's egotism, however, as the

whining confessions of a certain clique of preachers, who talk

much about the plagues and lusts of their own hearts. They

are theological Rousseaus or Montaignes, foaming out their

own shame, if not glorying in it. Nothing is so disgusting as

such obtrusive egotism. It is, indeed, unblushing effrontery,

to hawk moral disease thus. Whitefield spoke of himself in

the strong language of the Scriptures; but he did not go into

details when applying it to himself, except in the first sketch of

his life; and that he carefully pruned in a subsequent edition.

The following passage is a fair specimen of his egotism.

"Do not say that I preach despair. I despair of no one, when

I consider how God had mercy on such a wretch as I, who was

running in a full career to hell. I was hasting thither; but

Jesus Christ passed by and stopped me. Jesus Christ passed

by while I was in my blood, and bid me live. Thus I am a

monument of God's free grace; and, therefore, my brethren, I

despair of none of you, when I consider, I say, what a wretch I

was. I am not speaking now out of a false humility, or a pre-

tended sanctity, as the Pharisees call it. No; the truth in

Christ I speak; and therefore, men and devils, do your worst!

I have a gracious Master who will protect me. It is His work

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I am engaged in, and Jesus Christ will carry me above their

rage." Works.

The following extracts will illustrate his vivacity and vehe-

mency, to any one who will consider the scope they afford for

the indulgence of both. It must, however, be borne in mind,

that his face was a language, and his intonation music, and his

action passion. So much was this the case, that Garrick said

of him, he could make men weep or tremble by his varied ut-

terances of the word "Mesopotamia."

Peter on the Holy Mount. “‘Peter said unto Jesus, Mas-

ter, it is good for us to be here: and let us make three taber-

nacles; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias: not

knowing what he said.' Peter, when he had drank a little of

Christ's new wine, speaks like a person intoxicated; he was

overpowered with the brightness of the manifestations. 'Let

us make three tabernacles; one for thee, and one for Moses, and

one for Elias.' It is well added, 'not knowing what he said.'

That he should cry out, 'Master, it is good for us to be here,'

in such good company, and in so glorious a condition, is no

wonder; which of us all would not have been apt to do the

same? But to talk of building tabernacles, and one for Christ,

and one for Moses, and one for Elias, was saying something for

which Peter himself must stand reproved. Surely, Peter, thou

wast not quite awake! Thou talkest like one in a dream. If

thy Lord had taken thee at thy word, what a poor tabernacle

wouldst thou have had, in comparison of that house not made

with hands, eternal in the heavens, in which thou hast long

since dwelt, now the earthly house of the tabernacle of thy

body is dissolved! What! build tabernacles below, and have

the crown before thou hast borne the cross? O Peter, Peter!

'Master, spare thyself,' sticks too, too closely to thee. And why

so selfish, Peter? Carest thou not for thy fellow-disciples that

are below, who came not up with thee to the mount? carest

thou not for the precious souls, that are as sheep having no

shepherd, and must perish for ever, unless thy Master descends

from the mount to teach, and to die for them? wouldst thou

thus eat thy spiritual morsels alone? Besides, if thou art for

building tabernacles, why must there be three of them, one for

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Christ, and one for Moses, and one for Elias? are Christ and

the prophets divided? do they not sweetly harmonize and

agree in one? did they not prophesy concerning the sufferings

of thy Lord, as well as of the glory that should follow? Alas,

how unlike is their conversation to thine! Moses and Elias

came down to talk of suffering, and thou art dreaming of build-

ing I know not what tabernacles. Surely, Peter, thou art so

high upon the mount, that thy head runs giddy.

"However, in the midst of these infirmities, there was some-

thing that bespoke the honesty and integrity of his heart.

Though he knew not very well what he said, yet he was not so

stupid as his pretended successor at Rome. He does not fall

down and worship these two departed saints, neither do I hear

him say to either. Or a pro nobis; he had not so learned Christ;

no, he applies himself directly to the Head, 'he said unto Jesus,

Master, it is good for us to be here.' And though he was for

building, yet he would not build without his Master's leave.

‘Master, let us build.’ or, as St. Mark words it, 'Wilt thou

that we build three tabernacles, one for thee, and one for Moses,

and one for Elias?' I do not hear him add, and one for

James, and one for John, and one for Peter. No, he would

willingly stay out with them upon the mount, though it was in

the cold and dark night, so that Christ and his heavenly at-

tendants were taken care of. The sweetness of such a heavenly

vision would more than compensate for any bodily suffering

that might be the consequences of their longer abode there.

Nay, further, he does not desire that either Christ, or Moses, or

Elias, should have any trouble in building; neither does he

say. Let my curates, James and John, build, whilst I sit idle and

lord it over my brethren; but he says, 'Let us build;' he will

work as hard, if not harder than either of them, and desire to

be distinguished only by his activity, enduring hardness, and

his zeal to promote the welfare of their common Lord and

Master."

Old and Infirm Saints. "Did Moses and Elias appear in

glory? Are there any old saints here? I doubt not but there

are a considerable number. And are any of you afraid of

death? Do any of you carry about with you a body that weighs

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down your immortal soul? I am sure a poor creature is preach-

ing to you, that every day drags a crazy load along. But come,

believers, come, ye children of God, come, ye aged, decrepit

saints, come and trample upon that monster death. As thou

goest over yonder church-yard, do as I know an old excellent

christian in Maryland did; go, sit upon the grave, and medi-

tate upon thine own dissolution. Thou mayst, perhaps, have

a natural fear of dying; the body and the soul do not care to

part without a little sympathy and a groan; but O look yon-

der, look up to heaven, see there thy Jesus, thy Redeemer, and

learn that thy body is to be fashioned hereafter like unto

Christ's most glorious body. That poor body which is now sub-

ject to gout and gravel, and that thou canst scarce drag along;

that poor body, which hinders thee so much in the spiritual life,

will ere long hinder thee no more: it shall be put into the

grave; but though it be sown in corruption, it shall be raised

in incorruption; though it be "sown in dishonour, it shall be

raised again in glory. This consideration made blessed Paul

to cry out, ‘O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is

thy victory?' Thy soul and body shall be united together

again, and thou shalt be 'for ever with the Lord.' Those

knees of thine, which perhaps are hard by kneeling in prayer;

that tongue of thine, which hath sung hymns to Christ;

those hands of thine, which have wrought for God; those feet

which have ran to Christ's ordinances; shall all, in the twinkling

of an eye, be changed ; and thou shalt be able to stand under

an exceeding and an eternal weight of glory. Come then, ye

believers in Christ, look beyond the grave; come, ye dear chil-

dren of God, and however weak and sickly ye are now, say,

Blessed be God, I shall soon have a body strong, full of vigour

and of glory.

"But as this speaks comfort to saints, it speaks terror to sin-

ners, to all persons that live and die out of Christ. It is the

opinion of Archbishop Usher, that as the bodies of the saints shall

be glorified, so the bodies of the damned shall be deformed.

And if this be true, alas! what a poor figure will the fine ladies

cut, who die without a Christ! What a poor figure will the

fine gentleman cut in the morning of the resurrection, that now

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dresses up his body, and at the same time neglects to secure an

interest in Christ and eternal happiness! It is the opinion,

likewise, of Archbishop Usher, that damned souls will lose all

the good tempers they had here; so that though God gave un-

regenerate people a constitutional meekness, good nature, and

courage, for the benefit of the commonwealth; yet, the use of

these things being over, and they having died without Christ,

and it being impossible there will be an appearance of good in

hell, their good tempers will be for ever lost. If this be so it

is an awful consideration; and I think persons who love their

bodies, should also hence take care to secure the welfare of

their souls."

Hear Christ. "Did the Father say, ‘This is my beloved

Son, hear him?' Then let every one of our hearts echo to this

testimony given of Christ, "This is my beloved Saviour. ' Did

God so love the world, as to send his only begotten Son, his

well-beloved Son to preach to us? Then, my dear friends. Hear

Him. What God said seventeen hundred years ago, imme-

diately by a voice from heaven, concerning his Son upon the

mount, that same thing God says to you immediately by his

word, 'Hear him.' If ye never heard him before, hear him

now. Hear him so as to take him to be your Prophet, Priest,

and your King; hear him, so as to take him to be your God

and your all. Hear him to-day, ye youth, while it is called to-

day; hear him now, lest God should cut you off before you

have another invitation to hear him; hear him while he cries,

'Come unto me;' hear him while he opens his hand and his

heart; hear him while he knocks at the door of your souls, lest

you should hear him saying, 'Depart, depart, ye cursed, into

everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.' Hear

him, ye old and grey-headed; hear him, ye that have one foot

in the grave; hear him, I say: and if ye are dull of hearing,

beg of God to open the ears of your hearts, and your blind

eyes; beg of God that you may have an enlarged and a believ-

ing heart, and that ye may know what the Lord God saith

concerning you. God will resent it, he will avenge himself on

his adversaries, if you do not hear a blessed Saviour. He is

God's Son, he is God's beloved Son; he came upon a great

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errand, even to shed his precious blood for sinners; he came to

cleanse you from all sin, and to save you with an everlasting

salvation. Ye who have heard him, hear him again; still go

on, believe in and obey him and by and by you shall hear him

saying, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, receive the kingdom

prepared for you from the foundation of the world.'"

Beseeching Sinners. "O my brethren, my heart is enlarged

towards you. I trust I feel something of that hidden, but power-

ful presence of Christ, whilst I am preaching to you. Indeed,

it is sweet, it is exceedingly comfortable. All the harm I wish

you, who without cause are my enemies, is, that you felt the like.

Believe me, though it would be hell to my soul, to return to a

natural state again, yet I would willingly change states with

you for a little while, that you might know what it is to have

Christ dwelling in your hearts by faith. Do not turn your

backs; do not let the devil hurry you away; be not afraid of

convictions; do not think worse of the doctrine, because preached

without the church walls. Our Lord, in the days of his flesh,

preached on a mount, in a ship, and a field; and I am per-

suaded, many have felt his gracious presence here. Indeed, we

speak what we know. Do not reject the kingdom of God

against yourselves; be so wise as to receive our witness. I can-

not, I will not let you go; stay a little, let us reason together.

However lightly you may esteem your souls, I know our Lord

has set an unspeakable value on them. He thought them wor-

thy of his most precious blood. I beseech you, therefore, O

sinners, be ye reconciled to God. I hope you do not fear being

accepted in the Beloved. Behold, he calleth you; behold, he

prevents and follows you with his mercy, and hath sent forth

his servants into the highways and hedges, to compel you to

come in. Remember, then, that at such an hour of such a day,

in such a year, in this place, you were all told what you ought to

think concerning Jesus Christ. If you now perish, it will not

be for lack of knowledge: I am free from the blood of you all.

You cannot say I have, like legal preachers, been requiring you

to make brick without straw. I have not bidden you to make

yourselves saints, and then come to God; but I have offered

you salvation on as cheap terms as you can desire. I have

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offered you Christ's whole wisdom, Christ's whole righteousness,

Christ's whole sanctification and eternal redemption, if you will

but believe on him. If you say, you cannot believe, you say

right; for faith, as well as every other blessing, is the gift of

God: but then wait upon God, and who knows but he may have

mercy on thee? Why do we not entertain more loving thoughts

of Christ? Or do you think he will have mercy on others, and

not on you? But are you not sinners? And did not Jesus

Christ come into the world to save sinners? If you say you are

the chief of sinners, I answer, that will be no hinderance to your

salvation; indeed it will not, if you lay hold on him by faith.

Read the evangelists, and see how kindly he behaved to his dis-

ciples who fled from and denied him; ‘Go tell my brethren,'

says he. He did not say, Go tell those traitors; but, ‘Go tell

my brethren, and Peter; as though he had said, Go tell my

brethren in general, and poor Peter in particular, ‘that I am

risen:' O comfort his poor drooping heart, tell him I am re-

conciled to him; bid him weep no more so bitterly: for though

with oaths and curses he thrice denied me, yet I have died for

his sins, I am risen again for his justification; I freely forgive

him all. Thus slow to anger, and of great kindness, was our

all-merciful High Priest. And do you think he has changed his

nature, and forgets poor sinners, now he is exalted to the right

hand of God? No, he is the same yesterday, to-day, and for

ever, and sitteth there only to make intercession for us. Come

then, ye harlots; come, ye publicans; come, ye most aban-

doned of sinners, come and believe on Jesus Christ. Though

the whole world despise you and cast you out, yet he will not

disdain to take you up. O amazing, O infinitely condescending

love! even you he will not be ashamed to call his brethren.

How will you escape, if you neglect such a glorious offer of sal-

vation? What would the damned spirits, now in the prison of

hell, give, if Christ was so freely offered to their souls! And

why are not we lifting up our eyes in torments? Does any one

out of this great multitude dare say, he does not deserve damna-

tion? If not, why are we left, and others taken away by death?

What is this but an instance of God's free grace, and a sign of

his good will towards us? Let God's goodness lead us to re-

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pentance! O let there be joy in heaven over some of you re-

penting! Though we are in a field, I am persuaded the blessed

angels are hovering now around us, and do long, 'as the hart

panteth after the water-brooks,’ to sing an anthem at your con-

version. Blessed be God, I hope their joy will be fulfilled.

An awful silence appears amongst us. I have good hope that

the words which the Lord has enabled me to speak in your ears

this day, have not altogether fallen to the ground. Your tears

and deep attention, are an evidence that the Lord God is

amongst us of a truth. Come, ye Pharisees, come and see, in

spite of your fanatical rage and fury, the Lord Jesus is getting

himself the victory. And, brethren, I speak the truth in Christ,

I lie not; if one soul of you, by the blessing of God, be brought

to think savingly of Jesus Christ this day, I care not if my

enemies were permitted to carry me to prison, and put my feet

fast in the stocks, as soon as I have delivered this sermon.

Brethren, my heart's desire and prayer to God is, that you may

be saved. For this cause I follow my Master without the camp.

I care not how much of his sacred reproach I bear, so that some

of you be converted from the errors of your ways. I rejoice,

yea, and I will rejoice. Ye men, ye devils, do your worst: the

Lord who sent will support me. And when Christ, who is our

life, and whom I have now been preaching, shall appear, I also,

together with his despised little ones, shall appear with him in

glory. And then, what will you think of Christ? I know what

you will think of him. You will think him to be the fairest

among ten thousand: you will then think and feel him to be a

just and sin-avenging Judge. Be ye then persuaded to kiss

him lest he be angry, and so you be banished for ever from the

presence of the Lord. Behold, I come to you as the angel did

to Lot. Flee, flee for your lives; haste, linger no longer in

your spiritual Sodom, for otherwise you will be eternally de-

stroyed. Numbers, no doubt, there are amongst you, that may

regard me no more than Lot's sons-in-law regarded him. I am

persuaded I seem to some of you as one that mocketh: but I

speak the truth in Christ, I lie not; as sure as fire and brimstone

was rained from the Lord out of heaven, to destroy Sodom and

Gomorrah, so surely, at the great day, shall the vials of God's

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wrath be poured on you, if you do not think seriously of, and act

agreeably to, the gospel of the Lord's Christ. Behold, I have

told you before; and I pray God, all you that forget him may

seriously think of what has been said, before he pluck you away,

and there be none to deliver you."

Christless Sinners. "My friends, I trust I feel somewhat of

a sense of God's distinguishing love upon my heart; therefore

I must divert a little from congratulating believers, to invite

poor Christless sinners to come to him, and accept of his right-

eousness, that they may have life. Alas, my heart almost bleeds!

What a multitude of precious souls are now before me! how

shortly must all be ushered into eternity! and yet, O cutting

thought! was God now to require all your souls, how few, compa-

ratively speaking, could really say, The Lord our righteousness!

"And think you, O sinners, that you will be able to stand in

the day of judgment, if Christ be not your righteousness! No;

that alone is the wedding garment in which you must appear.

O Christless sinners, I am distressed for you! the desires of my

soul are enlarged. Oh that this may be an accepted time! that

the Lord may be your righteousness! For whither would you

flee, if death should find you naked? Indeed there is no hiding

yourselves from his presence. The pitiful fig-leaves of your own

righteousness will not cover your nakedness, when God shall

call you to stand before him. Adam found them ineffectual,

and so will you. O think of death! O think of judgment!

Yet a little while, and time shall be no more; and then what

will become of you, if the Lord be not your righteousness?

Think you that Christ will spare you? No, he that formed you

will have no mercy on you. If you are not of Christ, if Christ

be not your righteousness, Christ himself shall pronounce you

damned. And can you bear to think of being damned by Christ?

Can you bear to hear the Lord Jesus say to you, 'Depart from

me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and

his angels?' Can you live, think you, in everlasting burnings?

Is your flesh brass, and your bones iron? what if they are? hell-

fire, that fire prepared for the devil and his angels, will heat

them through and through. And can you bear to depart from

Christ? Oh that heart-piercing thought! Ask those holy souls.

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who are at any time bewailing an absent God, who walk in dark-

ness, and see no light, though but a few days or hours; ask them

what it is to lose a sight and presence of Christ? See how they

seek him sorrowing, and go mourning after him all the daylong!

And if it is so dreadful to lose the sensible presence of Christ

only for a day, what must it be to be banished from him to all

eternity?

"But thus it must be, if Christ be not your righteousness:

for God's justice must be satisfied; and, unless Christ's right-

eousness is imputed and applied to you here, you must hereafter

be satisfying the divine justice in hell-torments eternally; nay,

Christ himself shall condemn you to that place of torment. And

how cutting is that thought! Methinks I see poor, trembling,

Christless wretches, standing before the bar of God, crying out.

Lord, if we must be damned, let some angel, or some archangel,

pronounce the damnatory sentence: but all in vain. Christ

himself shall pronounce the irrevocable sentence. Knowing,

therefore, the terrors of the Lord, let me persuade you to close

with Christ, and never rest till you can say, 'The Lord our

righteousness.' Who knows but the Lord may have mercy

on, nay, abundantly pardon, you? Beg of God to give you faith;

and, if the Lord give you that, you will by it receive Christ,

with his righteousness, and his all. You need not fear the great-

ness or number of your sins. For, are you sinners? so am I.

Are you the chief of sinners? so am I. Are you backsliding

sinners? so am I. And yet the Lord, (for ever adored be his

rich, free, and sovereign grace,) the Lord is my righteousness.

Come then, O young men, who (as I acted once myself) are play-

ing the prodigal, and wandering away afar off from your heavenly

Father's house, come home, come home, and leave your swine's

trough. Feed no longer on the husks of sensual delights: for

Christ's sake arise, and come home! your heavenly Father now

calls you. See yonder the best robe, even the righteousness of

his dear Son, awaits you. See it, view it again and again. Con-

sider at how dear a rate it was purchased, even by the blood of God.

Consider what great need you have of it. You are lost, undone,

damned for ever, without it. Come then, poor guilty prodigals,

come home: indeed, I will not, like the elder brother in the

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gospel, be angry; no, I will rejoice with the angels in heaven.

And oh that God would now bow the heavens, and come down!

Descend, O Son of God, descend; and as thou hast shown in ine

such mercy, O let thy blessed Spirit apply thy righteousness to

some young prodigals now before thee, and clothe their naked

souls with thy best robe!"

Pleadings. "My text is introduced in an awful manner,

'Verily I say unto you;' and what Jesus said then, he says now to

you, and to me, and to as many as sit under a preached gospel,

and to as many as the Lord our God shall call. Let me exhort

you to see whether ye are converted; whether such a great and

almighty change has passed upon any of your souls. As I told

you before, so I tell you again, ye all hope to go to heaven, and

I pray God Almighty ye may be all there. When I see such a

congregation as this, if my heart is in a proper frame, I feel

myself ready to lay down my life, to be instrumental only to

save one soul. It makes my heart bleed within me, it makes

me sometimes most unwilling to preach, lest that word that I

hope will do good, may increase the damnation of any, and per-

haps of a great part of the auditory, through their own unbelief.

Give me leave to deal faithfully with your souls. I have your

dead warrant in my hand: Christ has said it, Jesus will stand

to it; it is like the laws of the Medes and Persians, it altereth

not. Hark, O man! hark, O woman! he that hath ears to

hear what the Lord Jesus Christ says, 'Verily I say unto you,

Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall

not enter into the kingdom of heaven.' Though this is Satur-

day night, and ye are now preparing for the sabbath, for what

you know, you may yet never live to see the sabbath. You

have had awful proofs of this lately; a woman died but yester-

day, a man died the day before, another was killed by some-

thing that fell from a house, and it may be in twenty-four hours

more, many of you may be carried into an unalterable state.

Now then, for God's sake, for your own souls' sake, if ye have

a mind to dwell with God, and cannot bear the thought of

dwelling in everlasting burning, before I go any further, silently

put up one prayer, or say Amen to the prayer I would put in

your mouths; ‘Lord, search me and try me; Lord, examine

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my heart, and let my conscience speak; O let me know whe-

ther I am converted or not! 'What say ye, my dear hearers?

what say ye, my fellow-sinners? what say ye, my guilty brethren?

Has God by his blessed Spirit wrought such a change in your

hearts? I do not ask you, whether God has made you angels?

that I know will never be; I only ask you, whether ye have

any well-grounded hope to think that God has made you new

creatures in Christ Jesus? so renewed and changed your na-

tures, that you can say, I humbly hope, that as to the habitual

temper and tendency of my mind, that my heart is free from

wickedness? I have a husband, I have a wife, I have also chil-

dren, I keep a shop, I mind my business; but I love these crea-

tures for God's sake, and do every thing for Christ: and if God

was now to call me away, according to the habitual temper of

my mind, I can say. Lord, I am ready; and however I love the

creatures, I hope I can say. Whom have I in heaven but thee?

whom have I in heaven, O my God and my dear Redeemer,

that I desire in comparison of thee? Can you thank God for

the creatures, and say at the same time, these are not my

Christ? I speak in plain language, you know my way of preach-

ing: I do not want to play the orator, I do not want to be

counted a scholar; I want to speak so as I may reach poor peo-

ple's hearts. What say ye, my dear hearers? Are ye sensible

of your weakness? Do ye feel that ye are poor, miserable, blind,

and naked by nature? Do ye give up your hearts, your affec-

tions, your wills, your understanding, to be guided by the Spirit

of God, as a little child gives up its hand to be guided by its

parent? Are ye little in your own eyes? Do ye think meanly of

yourselves? And do you want to learn something new every

day? I mention these marks, because I am apt to believe they

are more adapted to a great many of your capacities. A great

many of you have not that flowing of affection ye sometimes

had, therefore ye are for giving up all your evidences, and

making way for the devil's coming into your heart. You are

not brought up to the mount as ye used to be, therefore ye con-

clude ye have no grace at all. But if the Lord Jesus Christ

has emptied thee, and humbled thee, if he is giving thee to see

and know that thou art nothing; though thou art not growing

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upward, thou art growing downward; and though thou hast not

so much joy, yet thy heart is emptying to be more abundantly

replenished by and by.

"This may be esteemed as enthusiasm and madness, and as a

design to undermine the established church. No; God is my

judge, I should rejoice to see all the world adhere to her Arti-

cles; I should rejoice to see the ministers of the church of

England preach up those very Articles they have subscribed to;

but those ministers who do preach up the Articles are esteem-

ed as madmen, enthusiasts, schismatics, and underminers of the

established church; and though they say these things of me,

blessed be God, they are without foundation. My dear bre-

thren, I am a friend to her Articles, I am a friend to her Homi-

lies, I am a friend to her Liturgy; and, if they did not thrust

me out of their churches, I would read them every day: but I

do not confine the Spirit of God there ; for I say it again, I

love all that love the Lord Jesus Christ, and esteem him my

brother, my friend, my spouse; aye, my very soul is knit to

that person. The spirit of persecution will never, indeed it will

never make any to love Jesus Christ. The Pharisees make this

to be madness, so much as to mention persecution in a christian

country; but there is as much the spirit of persecution now in

the world as ever there was: their will is as great, but blessed

be God, they want the power; otherwise, how soon would they

send me to prison, make my feet fast in the stocks, yea, would

think they did God service in killing me, and would rejoice to

take away my life."

Mount Moriah. "'They came to the place of which God

had told Abraham. He built an altar there, and laid the wood

in order, and bound Isaac his son, and laid him on the altar

upon the wood.'

"And here let us pause awhile, and by faith take a view of

the place where the father has laid him. I doubt not but the

blessed angels hovered round the altar, and sang, ‘Glory be to

God in the highest,' for giving such faith to man. Come, all

ye tender-hearted parents, who know what it is to look over a

dying child: fancy that you saw the altar erected before you,

and the wood laid in order, and the beloved Isaac bound upon

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it: fancy that you saw the aged parent standing by weeping.

For, why may we not suppose that Abraham wept, since Jesus

himself wept at the grave of Lazarus? Oh what pious, endear-

ing expressions passed now alternately between the father and

the son! Josephus records a pathetic speech made by each,

whether genuine I know not: but methinks I see the tears

trickle down the patriarch Abraham's cheeks; and out of the

abundance of the heart, he cries, ‘Adieu, adieu, my son; the

Lord gave thee to me, and the Lord calls thee away; blessed

be the name of the Lord: adieu, my Isaac, my only son, whom

I love as my own soul; adieu, adieu.' I see Isaac at the same

time meekly resigning himself into his heavenly Father's hands,

and praying to the Most High to strengthen his earthly parent

to strike the stroke. But why do I attempt to describe what

either son or father felt. It is impossible: we may indeed form

some faint idea of, but shall never fully comprehend it, till we

come and sit down with them in the kingdom of heaven, and

hear them tell the pleasing story over again. Hasten, O Lord,

that blessed time! O let thy kingdom come! I see your hearts

affected. I see your eyes weep. And, indeed, who can refrain

weeping at the relation of such a story? But, behold, I show

you a mystery, hid under the sacrifice of Abraham's only son,

which, unless your hearts are hardened, must cause you to weep

tears of love, and that plentifully too. I would willingly hope

you even prevent me here, and are ready to say, 'It is the love

of God, in giving Jesus Christ to die for our sins.' "

Peter. “Spiritual sloth, as well as spiritual pride, helped to

throw this apostle down. The Sun, that glorious Sun of right-

eousness, was now about to enter into his last eclipse. Satan,

who had left him for a season, or till the season of his passion,

is now to be permitted to bruise his heel again. This is his

hour, and now the powers of darkness summon and exert their

strongest and united efforts. A hymn is a prelude to his dread-

ful passion. From the communion-table the Saviour retires to

the garden. A horrible dread, and inexpressible load of sor-

row, begins to overwhelm and weigh down his innocent soul.

His body can scarcely sustain it. See how he falters! See

how his hands hang down, and his knees wax feeble under the

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amazing pressure! He is afflicted and oppressed indeed. See,

see, O my soul, how he sweats ! But what is that which I see?

Blood — drops of blood — great drops of blood falling to the

ground. Alas, was ever sorrow like unto this sorrow! Hark!

what is that I hear? Oh dolorous complaint! 'Father, if it be

possible, let this cup pass from me.' Hark! he speaks again.

Amazing! the Creator complains to the creature; 'My soul is

exceeding sorrowful, even unto death: tarry you here and watch

with me.' And now he retires once more. But see how his

agony increases — hark! how he prays, and that too yet more

earnestly: 'Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from

me.' And will his heavenly Father leave him comfortless?

No. An angel (O happy, highly-favoured angel!) is sent from

heaven to strengthen him. But where is Peter all this while?

We are told that the holy Jesus took him, with James and

John, into the garden. Surely he will not leave his Lord in

such deep distress! What is he doing? I blush to answer.

Alas! he is sleeping: nay, though awakened once by his ago-

nizing Lord, with a Simon Peter, sleepest thou? what!

couldst thou not watch with me one hour?' yet his eyes, not-

withstanding his profession of constancy and care, are heavy

with sleep. Lord, what is man!" Works.

I have now finished my portraiture of Whitefield. It is, I am

aware, not fine; but it is faithful, so far as I know.

THE END.