

by numbers; but the people crowded upon me so that I was compelled to desist, and go and preach at one of the tents while the ministers served the rest of the tables. On Monday morning I preached again to near as many: such a universal stir I never saw before. The emotion fled as swift as lightning from one end of the auditory to the other. You might have seen thousands bathed in tears, some at the same time wringing their hands, others almost swooning, and others crying out and moaning over a pierced Saviour." The cool-headed Scotch divines, unaccustomed to such scenes, wrote a pamphlet to prove they were diabolical, and a day of fasting was actually appointed for his being in Scotland. Such powers of discourse were, perhaps, never before witnessed. An ignorant man once characterized his eloquence aptly, when he said, Mr. Whitefield preached like a lion.

It was, I repeat, this prevalence of mighty feelings, the result of divine grace and natural sensibility, that chiefly constituted his eloquence. He *felt*, and the speaker who feels will make his hearers feel, whatever may be his other deficiencies.

Secondly, he had not only the soul of eloquence, but also the art. Elocution is not eloquence. A speaker may be eloquent without it; he may have it in perfection, and not be eloquent. But Whitefield, while possessing the moral and intellectual elements of the orator, neglected not the practical principles of the art. It is said that he studied and privately practiced the precise rules of public speaking. His gestures are said to have been remarkably

appropriate; those who heard him often, say that each repetition of the same sermon showed a studied improvement, and that several repetitions were necessary to perfect its effect. His voice was laboriously cultivated, and became astonishingly effective. Garrick, who delighted to hear him, said that he could make his audience weep or tremble merely by varying his pronunciation of the word Mesopotamia.

In the third place his style both of language and address, was natural—it perfectly comported with his strong natural feeling. Though he studied the art of eloquence, he was not artificial. The ornate, the florid style, so commonly received in our day as eloquence, was utterly absent in Whitefield. No one, studying his genius, can conceive, for a moment, that it was possible for him to use it. He was too much in earnest, too intent on the object before him. His language was always simple and colloquial, not fitted for books, but, therefore the better fitted for speech, abounding in abrupt transitions, and strongly idomatic—such language as a sincere man would use in earnestly entreating his neighbor to escape some impending harm. Though he did not like his reported sermons, they are evidently fac-similes of his style—direct, abrupt, full of local allusion, and presenting scarcely a single ornamental passage—the very speech of the common people. It would appear homely, even meager, did not the reader supply, in his imagination, the conversational manner, the tears, and the entreating voice of the speaker. Here is an example, taken at random:—