

phia, designing to travel through the northern and eastern provinces during the summer, and to return late in the fall to Georgia. In Philadelphia he had access to all the churches, and here, as well as in New York, which he soon visited, great numbers attended his ministry, and many were converted to God.

Pursuing his tour eastward, he visited and preached with his usual power and success in Boston, and afterward came to York, in the province of Maine. Returning to Portsmouth, he preached daily from the 23d to the 27th of September.

Mr. Whitefield had now nearly finished his course, and was about to receive the reward due to a wise and faithful steward. For the subsequent events in his history we are indebted to an account of his illness and death written by Mr. Smith, who attended him on his last voyage, and was his constant companion up to the time of his decease:—

“On Sunday, September 20, 1770, Mr. Whitefield rode from Portsmouth to Exeter, fifteen miles, in the morning, and preached to a very great multitude in the fields. It is remarkable, that before he went out to preach that day, Mr. Clarkson, observing him to be more uneasy than usual, said to him, ‘Sir, you are more fit to go to bed than to preach.’ To which Mr. Whitefield answered, ‘True, sir,’ but turning aside he clasped his hands together, and looking up, he 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 once more for thee in the fields, seal thy truth, and come home and die.’ His 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?’

“After dinner Mr. Whitefield and the Rev. Mr. Parsons rode to Newburyport. I did not get there till two hours after them, and found them at supper. I asked Mr. Whitefield how he felt after his journey? He replied, he was tired, and therefore he supped early, and should go to bed. He ate very little, talked but little, asked Mr. Parsons to discharge the table and perform family duty, after which he 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 the Bible, with Dr. Watts’ Psalms lying open before him. He asked me for some water gruel, and took about half his usual quantity, and kneeling down by the bedside, closed the evening with prayer.

“After a little conversation he went to bed, and slept till about two in the morning, when he awoke. I asked him how he felt, for he seemed to pant for breath. He replied, his asthma was coming on again, he must have two or three days’ rest; two or three days’ riding without preaching would set him up again.

“Soon afterward he asked me to put the window up a little higher; ‘for,’ said he, ‘I cannot breathe; but I hope I shall be better by and by, and a good pulpit sweat 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 would rather wear out than rust out.’ He then sat up in 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. This was near three o’clock.

“At a quarter past four o’clock he waked and said, ‘My asthma, my asthma is coming on. I wish I had not given out word to preach at Haverhill 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.’ Mr. Parsons now went to his bedside, and asked him how he felt; he answered, ‘I am almost suffocated; I can hardly breathe; my asthma almost chokes me.’ I was then not a little surprised to hear how quick, and with what difficulty he drew his breath. He got up from his bed, and went to the open window for air.

“At five o’clock I went to him, and for five minutes, saw no danger, only that he had great difficulty in breathing, as I had often seen before. Soon afterward he turned himself to me and said, ‘I am dying!’ I said, ‘I hope not, sir.’ He then ran to the other window, panting for breath, but could get no relief. It was agreed I should go for Dr. Sawyer: on my coming back, I saw death on his face, and again he said, ‘I am dying!’ His eyes were fixed; he then went toward the window, and we offered him some warm wine and lavender, which he refused. I persuaded him to sit down and have his cloak on: he consented by a sign, but could not speak.

“When the doctor came in and felt his pulse, he said, ‘He is a dead man!’ Mr. Parsons said, ‘I don’t believe it; you must do something, doctor!’ He replied, ‘I cannot, he is now near his last breath.’ And indeed so it was, for he fetched one gasp, stretched out his feet, and breathed no more. This was exactly at six o’clock.”

The necessary arrangements having been made, the corpse was taken to the Rev. Mr. Parsons’ meeting-house, in Newburyport, and placed at the foot of the pulpit; and after the usual funeral services, which were very interesting and impressive, the deeply affected congregation of six thousand people retired to their homes, weeping as they passed the streets. His remains were deposited in a vault under the pulpit, according to a request made in his last moments.

Soon after intelligence of his death reached London, his old friend, the Rev. John Wesley, agreeably to a wish often expressed by Mr. Whitefield, preached a funeral sermon in both of Mr. Whitefield’s chapels in London, in which he bore honourable testimony to the talents, piety, zeal, and success of this eminent minister of Jesus Christ. In addition to this, many sermons were preached in England and America on the occasion of his decease.

For the gratification of such as would be interested in a description of his person, and a specimen of his style of preaching, we give the following graphic extract, taken from Southey’s Life of Wesley and a work published a few years since:—

“There was nothing in the appearance of this extraordinary man which would lead you to suppose that a Felix would tremble before him. He was some-