

VISIT TO THE TOMB OF WHITEFIELD.

"*Mighty through God.*"—Paul.

XON a late journey through New-England, I stopped at Newburyport to see the tomb of Whitefield. The visit will always be memorable to me. It suggested reflections impressive and profitable. Whitefield's name belongs to Methodism; his partial separation from Wesley was a misfortune, but his life was spent in the same great evangelical movement. We must not forget that he belonged to the "Oxford Club;" that he was the first of the little band that carried the true light into the coal mines of Kingswood, and the first who had the courage to preach in the open air. His stirring eloquence prepared the popular mind for the systematic operations of Methodism in both England and America.

His remains are deposited in a vault under the Federal-street Church—a church in which he had often preached, and in sight of the house in which he expired. As we passed near the altar our attention was arrested by a massive marble cenotaph, erected to his memory by a wealthy gentleman of the town.—The sexton, having lighted his lantern, led us into a little vestry behind the pulpit, in the floor of which is a small trap-door. This he opened, and we descended into a dark apartment, much like a common cellar. On one side of this apartment is a door opening into the vault, which extends under the pulpit. We passed into it. The faint light of our lantern gave a solemn gloom to this dark but hallowed resting-place of the great modern evangelist. Three

coffins lay before us; two containing the remains of ancient pastors of the church. The lid of each was open sufficiently to show the head and chest, and the skeleton faces stared at us with ghastly expression as we held over them our dim light. Our footsteps and our subdued voices called forth a faint and trembling echo, and even this tomb of glorified saints seemed instinct with the gloom and dread of death, reminding us of the doom of the fall.

A slight depth of black mold covered the bottom of Whitefield's coffin, and on this lay the bare bones. I took his skull into my hands, and examined it with intense interest. What thoughts of grandeur and power had emanated from that abode of the mind, and stirred with emotions the souls of hundreds of thousands—emotions which will quicken their immortality? I held it in silence, but my mind ran over the history of the "seraphic man;" and started, and endeavored to solve, a thousand queries the attributes of his character, and the means of his wonderful power. My reflections followed me from the place.—I asked myself what constituted the peculiar efficiency of Whitefield's preaching.

Doubtless, the first, the strongest cause of it, was that remarkable combination of the unction from above, the "Holy Ghost and power," with intense natural sensibility, which distinguished him. He was "full of faith and the Holy Ghost." In him religion was from the time of his conversion to his death a continual impulse; zeal for souls an unbroken spell. All his theological opinions, his ideas of sin and holiness,