

truth he speaks. His early home, an inn at Bristol, his early life spent in low occupations among low companions, his one great gift, suited, one would have thought, more to a theatre than a pulpit. But his whole heart is on fire with the love of Christ and the love of perishing immortal men and women. And he has the great gift of making people listen to the message of God's infinite grace. The message does the rest. And *what* it does, Kitty, I can hardly write of without tears.

"He tells people all over the world—morning, noon, and night, every day of his life—duchesses, wise men, colliers, and outcasts (as he told me), that we have a great burden on our hearts; and we know it. He tells us that burden is *sin*; and whether we knew it or not before, we know, when he says so, it is true. He weeps and tells us that unless that great burden is lifted off *now*, it will never be lifted off, but will crush us down and down forever; and half his audience weep with him. He tells us it *can* be lifted off *now, here, this instant*; we may go away from that spot, unburdened, forgiven, rejoicing, reconciled to God, without a thing in time or eternity to dread any more; the burden of terror exchanged for an infinite wealth of joy, the debt of guilt into a debt of everlasting gratitude. And then, just as the poor stricken hearts before him, each hanging on his eloquent words as if he were pleading with each alone, begin to thrill with a new hope; he shows us *how* all this can be. He shows us (or God reveals to us), Christ, the Lamb of God, the Son of God fainting under the burden of our sin, yet bearing it all away. And we forget Mr. Whitefield, the congregation, time, earth, ourselves, everything but the Cross, to which he has led us, but that suffering, smitten, dying Saviour at whose feet we stand.

"Kitty, I believe Mr. Whitefield has brought this unutterable joy to thousands and thousands, and that he lives for nothing else but to bring it to thousands more. And this whole generation must pass away before his sermons can be coolly criticised, or his name uttered in any large assembly of Christian people without bringing tears to many eyes.

"Before finishing, I must tell you of a conversation which took place to-day.