

and an excellent one of Whitefield ; also the following autograph letter, which I do not think has ever been printed before :—

DEAR—, I have just learned that you are married, and therefore take this opportunity to write and wish you much joy. That you may both live together as heirs of the grace of life, and after death be translated to the marriage supper of the Lamb in heaven, is the prayer of your friend and brother, for Christ's sake,

GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

A path through the church-yard leads to the house in which the prince of preachers died. As he retired to his chamber on the last evening of his life, so many were desirous of hearing him, that he stood upon the stairs with his candlestick in his hand, and addressed them with much fervour till the candle burned low in its socket—like the lamp of his life then flickering to extinction. During the night his spirit passed away—“he was not, for God took him.”

Next door is the house in which William Lloyd Garrison, the great apostle of anti-slavery, was born, and opposite is the house in which the first number of the *Liberator* was printed.

In a small chamber, friendless and unseen,
Toiled o'er his types one poor, unlearned young man,
The place was dark, unfurnished, and mean,
Yet there the freedom of a race began.

WITH CHRIST.

WHEN I grow weary, sad, and worn,
Thinking of what my spirit's borne,
Fearing for what it has to bear,
With which no sympathy can share,
I then to Christ draw nearer.

For when I thus beside Him stand,
And take in faith His loving hand,
A greater strength springs up within—
A sweet relief from conscious sin—
With Him my path is clearer.

O ! sweet security of peace,
Until this soul on earth shall cease,
May it in love draw daily nearer,
May it in faith come daily clearer,
And Thou to me grow daily dearer.