

vault. As he lighted a gas jet three wooden coffins became visible; two on the brick floor, the third laid across the others. The topmost one was that of George Whitefield. The upper part of the cover of each coffin was hinged, and could be turned back, revealing the dessicated skeleton within. That of Whitefield was in an excellent state of preservation, considering that for more than a century it has slumbered in that narrow vault. By a custom "more honoured in the breach than the observance," the visitor is permitted to take the skull in his hand and moralize—Hamlet-wise, if he like—upon this memento of mortality. I did not avail myself of the privilege—it seemed to me a sort of sacrilege—but I laid my hand reverently upon the noble brow which had been the home of such burning and soul-stirring thoughts. As one stands by that open coffin and gazes on the mouldering remains of the mightiest of modern preachers, thoughts of the greatness and littleness of man fill the soul. Of him who once flamed like a seraph through two hemispheres, and swayed the thousands who hung upon his speech as the wind the waving grass, naught earthly remains save this handful of dust.* But this we felt was not Whitefield. This was the mere tabernacle of the holy and consecrated soul, which, having proclaimed like an angel the everlasting Gospel on earth, now "adores and burns before the throne."

I like not this custom of exposing the bones of the prince of preachers. It savours of Protestant relic-worship. It may lead to morbid sentimentality. The sexton stated that a celebrated revivalist, when holding services recently in the church, used to go down every night near midnight, and, in spite of remonstrance, taking the skull in his hand, maunder about "dear George Whitefield."

A little box lying on the coffin has a curious history. Some relic-monger by stealth abstracted a bone of the fore-arm and conveyed it to England. Twenty years after, stung by compunction, on his death-bed, he gave direction that it should be restored. So the sexton explains that, while Whitefield crossed the Atlantic thirteen times, his arm crossed it fifteen times.

In the chapel above are portraits of all the pastors of the church,

**Expende Hannibalem : quot libras in duce summo
Invenies?*