

illumination, says our author, seen in all lands and all time lights up the dark past with gleams of radiance from on high. Under this heavenly glow have sprung up the unknown virtues, the purer aspirations, the heroic deeds, the sweet affections, the humble prayers, the unseen patience under suffering, the faithfulness which no dangers could shake, and the love which the waters of death could not quench—all that is best in human life and which no historian or poet has recorded. All these have been stimulated among the non-Christian races by faith in an unknown God and by union with Him.

*The Life of the Rev. George Whitefield, the Prince of Pulpit Orators, the Secret of his Success and Specimens of his Sermons.* By the Rev. A. S. BILLINGS. 8vo, pp. 437. Philadelphia: P. W. Ziegler & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

A few years ago the present writer made a pilgrimage to the tomb of the Rev. George Whitefield in the Presbyterian Church in the town of Newburyport, Mass. A large marble cenotaph, with an inscription commemorates the labours of the great evangelist, his 18,000 sermons, his thirteen voyages across the Atlantic, his frequent journeyings—from New Hampshire to Georgia. The monument is crowned with a flaming heart—a fitting symbol of the quenchless zeal of the earnest-souled preacher. Going into a vestibule behind the pulpit, the sexton raised a trap-door and descended by a short stairway into a small brick vault. As he lighted a gas jet three wooden coffins became visible; two on the brick floor, the third lay 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. 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."

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.

George Whitefield was the flame of fire sent to light the minds and warm the hearts of Christian millions at a time when the Church was dead to its earthly mission. The Whitefield flame burst like a glory from the sky upon a startled world. His life was so eventful as to read like a romance. Its activities were startling, its conquests miraculous. Never before nor since has one man been able to make acres of people hear his preaching and feel as if the lips of the Lord were open. He walked earth like a conquering king and vast audiences bowed before him, paying the homage of their tears. Whole cities were moved by his eloquence. States and countries awoke from spiritual lethargy at sound of his mighty voice and thrilling exhortations.

In preparing the life of this "Prince of Pulpit Orators," the author has made an extremely readable and fascinating book. It traces the boy from infancy to that meteoric