

one of the finest collections of curiosities, illustrative of ethnology and natural history, in America. Within half an hour's ride are the birth-place and grave of the philanthropist Peabody, and the noble museum and library which he left his native town.

Portsmouth was settled only three years after Plymouth. It has more quaint old houses than any other town on the coast, having been left almost entirely behind in the march of modern improvement. "Yes," said one of its amphibious inhabitants to the writer, "we are thinking of fencing in the town for a pasture field." Here is the famous old mansion of Governor Wentworth—the story of whose marriage Longfellow tells. Here, too, is published the oldest paper on the continent, dating from 1750.

Of special interest to Methodist tourists is Newburyport. It is an old historic town, characterized chiefly by the stately elms in its quiet streets, and by the air of faded respectability of its ancient mansions, many of which date from colonial times. Here, in a crypt beneath the pulpit of the old Presbyterian Church, rests the remains of George Whitefield, the most zealous evangelist and most eloquent preacher since the days of Chrysostom. I had some difficulty in finding the sexton of the church, and made an appointment to meet him at a quarter to seven in the morning. The church is a large substantial structure of wood, dating from the middle of the last century. It contains a whispering gallery, as perfect as that of St. Paul's, or that of the Duomo of Florence. A low whisper is heard distinctly diagonally across the church, a distance of 120 feet. On the pulpit is a marble tablet, recording the fact that beneath it lie the remains of the Rev. George Whitefield, and of two former pastors of the church. To the left is a large marble cenotaph, with an inscription commemorating 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 was crowned with a flaming heart—a fitting symbol of the quenchless zeal of the earnest-souled preacher. I was shown the old Bible, with its massive covers, which he often used, and which is still in use to-day, and the pulpit from which he often preached.

Going into a vestibule behind the pulpit, the sexton raised a trap-door and descended by a short stairway into a small brick