

ready to put it on your head, amidst an admiring throng of saints and angels. But I, poor I, that have been waiting for my dissolution these nineteen years, must be left behind to grovel here below. Well, this is my comfort,—it cannot be long ere the chariots will be sent for worthless me. If prayers can detain them, even you, reverend and very dear sir, shall not leave us yet; but if the decree has gone forth, that you must now fall asleep in Jesus, may he kiss your soul away, and give you to die in the embraces of triumphant love. If in the land of the living, I hope to pay my respects to you next week. If not, reverend and very dear sir, F-A-R-E-W-E-L-L! My heart is too big;—tears trickle down too fast,—and I fear you are too weak for me to enlarge. May underneath you be Christ's everlasting arms! I commend you to his never-failing mercy; and am, very dear sir, your most affectionate, sympathising, and afflicted younger brother in the Gospel of our common Lord,

“G. WHITEFIELD.”

Having collected twenty poor children, whom he designed to place in his orphan house, he sailed on his fifth voyage for America in March, 1754. The ship put into Lisbon, where he remained several weeks. While here he had an opportunity of witnessing several disgusting exhibitions of ignorance and superstition. The following extracts from his letters describe some of them:—

“Not long after my arrival at my lodgings, I saw a company of priests and friars, bearing lighted wax tapers, and attended by various sorts of people, some of whom had bags and baskets of victuals in their hands, and others carried provisions on their shoulders, or on sticks between two. After these followed a mixed multitude, singing with a very audible voice, and addressing the Virgin Mary in their usual strain, ‘Ora pro nobis!’ (Pray for us.)”

Two things occurred to make these disgusting pageants more frequent at this time; the season of Lent, and an excessive drought, which threatened the entire destruction of vegetation.

A second procession he describes as composed of “Carmelite friars, the parish priests, and a great number of brothers of the order, who walked two by two, in different habits, holding long and very large lighted wax tapers in their hands. Amidst these was carried upon eight or ten men's shoulders, a tall image of the Virgin Mary in a kind of man's attire. I think she had a very fine white wig on her head, a dress she often appears in, and was much adorned with jewels and precious stones. At some distance from the lady, under a large canopy of state, and supported by eight or ten persons, came a priest, holding in his hand some noted relic. After him followed several thousands of people, joining with the friars, and singing ‘Ora pro nobis’ all the way.

“Still the rain was denied, and still the processions continued. At last the clouds began to gather, and the mercury in the barometer fell very much. There was brought out a wooden image, which they say never failed. It was called ‘The Lord of the Passion.’ It was the figure of our blessed Lord, clothed in purple

and crowned with thorns. Upon his shoulders he bore a large cross, under the weight of which he was represented as stooping, till his body was bent almost double. He was brought out from the Le Gras convent with very great pomp, and placed in a large cathedral church. He was attended by many noblemen, and thousands of spectators, of all ranks and stations, who crowded from every quarter, and in their turn were admitted by the guards within the rails to perform their devotions. This they did by kneeling and kissing the heel of the image, by putting their left and right eye to it, and then touching it with their beads. This scene was repeated for three days successively, and during all this period the church was thronged with people. The third day in the forenoon it rained, and soon after the image was conducted home in as great splendour, and with greater rejoicings than when it was brought forth.

He soon witnessed another exhibition, of which he says: “An intelligent Protestant who stood near me was my interpreter of the dumb show as it passed along. I say *dumb show*, for you must know that it was made up of waxen or wooden images, carried on men's shoulders through the streets, and designed to represent the life and death of St. Francis, the founder of one of their religious orders. They were brought up from the Franciscan convent, and were preceded by three persons in scarlet habits, with baskets in their hands, in which they received the alms of the spectators for the benefit of the poor prisoners. After these came two little boys in party-coloured clothes, with wings fixed on their shoulders in imitation of little angels. Then appeared the image of St. Francis, very gay and beau-like, as he used to be before his conversion. He was next introduced as under conviction, and consequently stripped of his finery. Soon after this was exhibited an image of our blessed Lord himself, in a purple gown, and long black hair, with St. Francis lying before him to receive his immediate orders. Then came the Virgin Mary with Christ her son at her left hand, and St. Francis making obeisance to both. Here he made his first appearance in his friar's habit, with his hair cut short, but not as yet shaved on the crown of his head. After a little space followed a mitred cardinal gaudily attired, and before him lay St. Francis almost prostrate, in order to be confirmed in his office. Soon after this he appears quite metamorphosed into a monk, his crown shorn, his habit black, and his loins girt with a knotted cord. Here he prays to our Saviour hanging on a cross, that the marks of the wounds in his hands, feet, and side, might be impressed on the same parts of his body. The prayer is granted, blood comes from the hands, feet, and side, and the saint with great devotion receives impressions. Upon this he begins to do wonders, and therefore in a little while he is carried along as holding up a house which was just falling. At length the holy father died, and is brought forth lying in his grave. But lo! the briars and nettles under which he lay are turned into fine fragrant flowers. After this he is borne along upon a bier covered with a silver pall, and four friars lamenting over him. He

then appears in power, for he people out of as you may w and took hold geous friar, u of the holy er winged boys, voured Francis

With the f ters during his

“No clock noon, and se streets all the noon we got t ago an extra was the cruci partly by dur in a large chu Beato. Seve whom I was t the morning. Protestant or church, but v the whole per fore the curta high scaffold, hind with pu hibited to our length, crowr tween two sig two thieves.

At a little c image of the of willow-wc she had a wir cross, in a m man's clothes not far off stc loved disciple vesture, with cross, his har

“On each two sentinels beards; and formidable, v suppose him the scene: came out al boys, two at in his hand, After about: heard near th I saw four lo ladder on the more with la spices, &c. tatives of N a signal give scaffold; bu the watchful made a pass