

of the colliers at Kingswood : these, he learned, were very numerous, and so rude and uncultivated that intercourse with them was rather dangerous. They had no place of worship, and often, when provoked, were a terror to the whole city of Bristol. After much prayer and deliberation he went one day to Hannam Mount, and like his Saviour, standing on a hill, addressed about a hundred colliers, from Matt. v. 1, 2, 3. News of this novel proceeding soon spread, and the number increased to near twenty thousand ! The gladness and eagerness with which these poor outcasts, many of whom now for the first time heard the Gospel, listened to his declarations of God's mercy and grace, is above description.

"Having," as he observes, "no righteousness of their own to renounce, they were glad to hear of a Jesus who was a friend to publicans, and who 'came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance.' The first discovery of their being affected was, to see the white gutters made by their tears, which fell plentifully down their cheeks, black as they came out of their coal pits. Hundreds and hundreds of them were soon brought under deep convictions, which, as the event proved, ended in a sound and thorough conversion to God. The change was visible to all, though numbers chose to impute it to any thing rather than to Divine grace. As the scene was new, and I had just begun to be an extempore preacher, it often occasioned many inward conflicts. Sometimes when twenty thousand people were before me, I had not, in my own apprehension, a word to say either to God or to them. But I never was totally deserted. The open firmament above me, the prospect of the adjacent fields, with the sight of thousands and thousands, some in coaches, some on horseback, and some in the trees, and at times all affected and drenched in tears together, to which was sometimes added the solemnity of the approaching evening, was almost too much for me, and almost overcame me."

Thus commenced field preaching, a measure dictated by compassion for perishing sinners, and the necessities of their condition, and which has been owned of God in the conversion of great numbers who otherwise must have lived and died without hope.

An invitation, having been given, Mr. Whitefield now preached in a large bowling green in the city of Bristol, where multitudes thronged to hear the Gospel. People flocked from all quarters under great concern for their souls ; and sometimes he was employed nearly from morning to night in giving instruction and advice, to such as came to inquire how they might escape "the wrath to come ;" and needing more assistance in this great work, and being also determined to complete his orphan-house design, and return again to his retreat in Georgia, he wrote to Mr. John Wesley to come up and prosecute the work thus favourably commenced.

On Mr. Wesley's arrival, Mr. Whitefield took an affectionate leave of his friends in Bristol, and made an excursion to Wales, where he preached to many thousands, although he met with much opposition and many threats ; yet he was assisted to bear it with the

meekness and patience becoming the minister of Jesus Christ.

From Wales he went to his native country, where he was allowed to preach in a church once or twice, but no more. After travelling and preaching in markets, in barns, and on the highways, in various towns and cities, he returned to London. Having obtained the consent of the minister, he here attempted to preach in a church, but in the midst of the prayers the churchwarden came in and forbade his preaching in that pulpit. For peace' sake Mr. Whitefield yielded, and after the communion service was closed he preached in the church-yard.

The privilege of preaching in the churches being now denied him, and his preaching in the fields being attended with a remarkable blessing, he judged it his duty to continue the practice, and accordingly ventured into Moorfields, a place in the suburbs of London, at that time a great resort for the idle and vicious, especially on Sundays and holydays. Public notice having been given, and the thing being new and singular, upon coming out of the coach he found an incredible number of people assembled.

Many had told him that he would never come out of that place alive. He went in, however, between two of his friends, who by the pressure of the crowd were soon separated from him, and were obliged to leave him to the mercy of the rabble. But instead of hurting him, they formed a lane for him, and carried him along to the middle of the field, where a table had been prepared for him, but which had been broken in pieces by the crowd : afterward he was carried back to a wall, from whence he preached without molestation to an exceeding great multitude.

Finding such encouragement, on the evening of the same day he went to Kennington common, a large open place three miles from London, where he preached to an immense crowd of people, who were all attention, and behaved with as much propriety as if they had been in a church.

For several months after this, Moorfields, Kennington common, and Blackheath, were the chief scenes of Mr. Whitefield's labour. At a moderate computation, his congregations in these places often consisted of from ten to twenty thousand ; it is said their singing could be heard two miles off, and his voice reached the distance of a mile from his field pulpit.

(To be continued.)

INTemperance.—Cyrus when a youth, being at the court of his grand-father, Astyages, undertook one day to be the cup-bearer at table. It was the duty of this officer to taste the liquor before it was presented to the king. Cyrus, without performing this ceremony, delivered the cup in a very graceful manner to his grand-father. The king reminded him of his omission, which he imputed to forgetfulness. "No," replied Cyrus, "I was afraid to taste, because I apprehended there was poison in the liquor ; for not long since, at an entertainment which you gave, I observed that the lords of your court, after drinking of it, became noisy, quarrelsome, and frantic. Even you, Sir, seemed to have forgotten that you were a king."—*Xenophon*.