

England, he returned to Savannah, and sailed for England, where he arrived safely after a short passage.

He soon commenced travelling extensively, and preached to very numerous congregations in England and Scotland. In Edinburgh the churches were at his service, but as they could not hold half the people who assembled, he preached twice a-day in the orphan-house park, and nearly every sermon afforded new evidence that the Gospel is the power of God to salvation.

Having preached in most of the towns and cities in Scotland, and collected a handsome sum for his orphan house, he left Edinburgh for London, and on his way married Mrs. James, a pious widow lady, to whom he was previously engaged.

In London his zeal and success were greater, if possible, than ever. He writes thus in April, 1742: "Our Saviour is doing great things for London daily. I sleep little, eat little, and am constantly employed from morning till midnight, and yet my strength is daily renewed. O free grace! It fires my soul, and makes me long to do something for Jesus."

From compassion to souls Mr. Whitefield now ventured to take a very extraordinary step. It had been the practice for many years past, during the holydays, to erect booths in Moorfields for stage-players, mountebanks, puppet shows, &c., which were attended by vast numbers of the lower classes of people. Here he determined to erect the Gospel standard; and on Whit-Monday, at six o'clock in the morning, attended by a large congregation of praying people, he commenced divine service. The multitudes, who had assembled for their usual diversions, flocked around him, and he addressed them from John iii. 14.—"They gazed—listened—and wept; and many were stung with pungent conviction for their past sins.

Thus encouraged he preached again at noon: and on observing him mount a stand on the opposite side of the field, thousands to whom a merry-andrew was trumpeting deserted him, and crowded to hear the Gospel. But this so enraged the keepers of the booths, whose receipts had been much less that day than usual, that when he preached again in the evening they procured a merry-andrew, and placing him on a man's shoulder, he was carried near the stand, and attempted to lash Mr. Whitefield with a heavy cart-whip.—Soon afterward they got a recruiting sergeant, with his drum, to pass through the congregation; but Mr. Whitefield desired the people to make way for the king's officer, which was quietly done. These efforts failing, a large body on the opposite side of the field, raising a great pole for their standard, advanced at the sound of the drum in a very threatening manner to the skirts of the congregation. Here they quarrelled among themselves, threw down their standard, and went their way.

Mr. Whitefield continued religious services at this time about three hours, singing when the noise of the mob was too great to admit of preaching. On concluding these exercises, he retired to his house of worship, where crowds assembled for the purposes of devotion. "We are determined," says he, "to pray

down the booths, but, blessed be God, more substantial work was done. I believe I received, at a moderate computation, a thousand notes from persons under conviction, and soon after upward of three hundred were received into society in one day. Some I married who had lived together without marriage. One had exchanged his wife for another, and given fourteen shillings. Numbers that seemed to have been bred up for Tyburn, were at that time plucked as brands from the burning."

Soon after this he embarked a second time for Scotland, where great numbers received him very joyfully.—At Cambuslang, in the west of Scotland, an astonishing awakening took place among the people. A description will be best given in his own words:—

"Persons from all parts flocked to see, and many from many parts went home convinced and converted to God. A hill near Cambuslang seemed to be formed by Providence for containing a large congregation. Peoplesat unwearied to hear sermons until two o'clock in the morning, disregarding the weather. You could scarce walk a yard but you must tread upon some, either rejoicing in God for mercies received, or crying out for more.—Thousands and thousands have I seen melted down by the word and power of God."

The following months found Mr. Whitefield as diligent, laborious, and successful as usual; itinerating to different parts of the country, and preaching "Jesus and him crucified."

On one of his tours, while at Plymouth, four gentlemen came to the house of one of his particular friends, and with much apparent kindness inquired after him and the place where he lodged. Soon afterward he received a letter, informing him that the writer was the nephew of Mr. S—, an attorney in New York; and that he had had the pleasure of supping with him at his uncle's house, and desiring his company to sup with him and a few more friends at a public house. Mr. Whitefield sent him for an answer, that it was not customary for him to sup abroad at a tavern; but he should be glad of the gentleman's company at his lodging.—He accordingly came and supped, but was observed to look round him frequently, and to be very absent. At last he took his leave, and returned to his companions at the tavern. Being interrogated what he had done, he replied, that he had been used so civilly, that he had not the heart to touch him. Upon which another of his companions, a lieutenant of the navy, laid a wager of ten guineas that he "would do his business for him." His companions, however, took away his sword. It was midnight; and Mr. Whitefield having preached to a large congregation, and visited some French prisoners of war, had retired to bed, when the landlady informed him that a gentleman wished to speak with him. Supposing it was some person under conviction, he requested him to be invited to his room. The gentleman came and sat down by the bed-side, congratulated him on the success of his ministry, and expressed much regret in being detained from hearing him. Soon after he broke out into the most abusive language, and in a cruel and cowardly manner beat him in bed. The landlady and

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