sented with the freedom of the towns of Edinburgh, Glas­gow, Aberdeen, Stirling, Paisley, and Irvine.

From Scotland he went at the end of October into Wales, where he married Mrs James, a widow. His mar­riage, like Wesley’s, was not a happy one, and the death of his wife is said by one of his friends to have “ set his mind much at liberty.” Whitefield was irritable, and impatient of contradiction ; and even if his temper had been more happily constituted, his habits of life rendered him unfit for the duties of a husband and a father.

On his return to London, his enthusiasm led him to en­gage in a singular contest with the showmen and others who then exhibited in Moorfields during the Whitsun holi­days, when, he said, Satan’s children kept up their annual rendezvous. “ This,” says Mr Southey, “ was a sort of pitched battle with Satan, and Whitefield displayed some generalship upon the occasion.” Attended by a large con­gregation of “ praying people,” he began at six o’clock in the morning. Thousands who were waiting there for the usual sports all flocked around him. “ Glad was I to find,” says he, “ that I had for once as it were got the start of the devil. Being thus encouraged, I ventured out again at noon, when the fields seemed ali white, ready, not for the Redeemer’s, but Beelzebub’s harvest.” Thinking that, like St Paul, he should now’, in a metaphorical sense, be called to fight with wild beasts, he took for his text, “ Great is Diana of the Ephesians.” “ I could scarce help smiling,” says he, “ to see thousands, when one of the choicest ser­vants of Satan was trumpeting to them, upon observing me in my black robes and my pulpit, all to a man deserting him, and flocking to hear the gospel. But this, together with a complaint that they had taken many pounds less that day than usual, so enraged the owners of the booths, that when I came to preach a third time in the evening, in the midst of the sermon a Merry-Andrew got upon a man’s shoulders, and advancing near the pulpit, attempted to slash me with a long heavy whip several times. Soon afterwards they got a recruiting sergeant with his drums and fifes to pass through the congregation ; but I desired the people to make way for the king’s officer, which was quietly done.” When the uproar became, as it sometimes did, so great as to overpower his single voice, he called the voices of all his people to his aid and began singing ; and thus, what with singing, praying, and preaching, he continued upon the ground till the darkness made it time to break up. So great was the impression produced in this extraordinary scene, that he received 1000 notes from persons under con­viction, and soon after about 350 persons were received into the society in one day.

In August 1744 he embarked a third time for America, where he continued his usual course of itinerant preaching for upwards of three years. On returning to England, after an absence of nearly four years, with a constitution shattered by his incessant labours and the unfavourable climate, he found his congregation at the Tabernacle near­ly dispersed ; and such was the depression of his own cir­cumstances, that he was obliged to sell his household fur­niture to pay his orphan-house debts. But he now obtained an important accession to his cause, and a zealous propagator of his sentiments, from a quarter whence it was least ex­pected, in the person of the countess of Huntingdon. That noble lady, who was, in will at least, as munificent a patron to the followers of Whitefield as the Countess Matilda was to the papacy, invited him to her house at Chelsea as soon as he landed ; and after he had twice officiated there, she wrote to him inviting him again, that some of the nobility might hear him. A large circle attended, among whom were Lords Chesterfield and Bolingbroke. The former complimented the preacher with his usual courtliness ; the latter is said to have been much moved at the discourse. The countess appointed Whitefield one of her chaplains ; and gave most efficient support to the Calvinistic Metho­dists, by building and endowing chapels in various parts of the country, and by erecting a college for training up young men for the ministry. The remaining years of Whitefield’s life were spent in the same incessant labours. He made several voyages to America ; he visited Scotland thrice ; he made a laborious excursion through the west and north of England, preaching, as usual, to immense multitudes ; he visited Ireland twice, and on the second expedition narrowly escaped with his life from the fury of a Roman Catholic mob. It is stated by one who knew him well, that, “ in the compass of a single week, and that for years, he spoke in general forty hours, and in very many sixty, and that to thousands.” These unremitting labours at length exhausted his vigour. On his return from Ame­rica to England for the last time, Wesley was struck with the change in his appearance. “ He seemed,” says he in his Journal, “ to be an old man, being fairly worn out in his Master’s service, though he had hardly seen fifty years.” In 1769 he returned to America for the seventh and last time. His career was now drawing rapidly to a close. An asthmatic complaint had for some time been making inroads upon his constitution. When it first seized him, one of his friends expressed a wish that he would not preach so often, and his reply was, “ I had rather *wear* out than *rust* out.” His death was at last somewhat sudden and unexpected. He arrived at Newbury in New England on the evening of 29th September 1770, with the intention of preaching there the next morning. On retiring to rest, how- ever, he was much disturbed, and complained heavily of an oppression on his lungs. The symptom was fatal, for he ex­pired on the following morning, in the fifty-sixth year of his age. According to his own desire, he was buried before the pulpit, in the presbyterian church of the town where he died.

The character of this zealous and enthusiastic divine, like most others possessing warm friends and bitter ene­mies, has been represented in very different lights. That he had much enthusiasm and some fanaticism in his dispo­sition, is obvious both from his journals and letters. Like Wesley, he magnified the most trifling incidents into mira­culous interpositions in his favour, and lent a ready faith to whatever marvels had a tendency to designate him as the favourite of God, or the peculiar object of Satan’s fury. But in spite of these defects, it cannot be denied that his unwearied diligence in doing good, his zeal for the truth, his piety, his self-denial, his benevolence and boundless charity, justly entitle him to a place among the most dis­tinguished men of his age. Whitefield had neither the in­clination nor the abilities to render himself, like Wesley, the head and absolute ruler of a party ; but he was as supe­rior to his distinguished coadjutor in openness and simpli­city of character, and in the absence of vanity and personal ambition, as he was inferior to him in intellect and learning. Franklin has justly observed, that it would have been for­tunate for his reputation if he had left no written works, for his writings of every kind are below mediocrity ; they afford the measure of his knowledge and of his intellect, but not of his genius as a preacher. Whitefield’s great talent, in fact, was popular oratory ; and though occasionally alloyed with some improprieties, both of language and manner, yet there was in all his discourses a force and vehemence and passion, a fervent and melting charity, and an ear­nestness of persuasion, which produced the most extraor­dinary effect upon all ranks and descriptions of people. Hume pronounced him the most ingenious preacher he had ever heard, and said it was worth while to go twenty miles to hear him. But perhaps the greatest proof of his persuasive powers was when he drew from Benjamin Franklin’s pocket the money which that clear, cool reasoner had determined not to give : it was for the orphan-house at Savannah. “ I did not,” says the American philosopher,