

GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

Whitefield was the Prince of English preachers. Many have surpassed him as sermon makers, but none have approached him as a pulpit orator. Many have outshone him in the clearness of their logic, the grandeur of their conceptions, and the sparkling beauty of single sentences; but in the power of darting the gospel direct into the conscience, he eclipsed them all. With a full and beaming countenance, and the frank and easy port which the English people love—for it is the symbol of honest purpose and friendly assurance—he combined a voice of rich compass which would equally thrill over Moorfields in musical thunder, or whisper its terrible secret in every private ear: and to this gainly aspect and tuneful voice he added a most expressive and eloquent action. Improved by conscientious practice, and instinct with his earnest nature, this elocution was the acted sermon, and by its pantomimic portrait enabled the eye to anticipate each rapid utterance, and helped the memory to treasure up the palpable ideas. None ever used so boldly, or with more success, the highest styles of impersonation.—His "Hark! hark!" could conjure up Gethsemane with its faltering moon, and awaken again the cry of horror-stricken Innocence; and an apostrophe to Peter on the Holy Mount, would light up another Tabor, and drown it in glory from the opening heaven. His thoughts were possessions and his feelings were transformations,—and if he spoke because he felt, his hearers understood because they saw. They were not only enthusiastic amateurs, like Garrick, who ran to weep and tremble at his bursts of passion, but even the colder critics of the Walpole school were surprised into momentary sympathy and reluctant wonder. Lord Chesterfield was listening in lady Huntingdon's pew when Whitefield was comparing the benighted sinner to a blind beggar on a dangerous road. His little dog gets away from him when skirting the edge of a dangerous precipice, and he is left to explore the path with his iron-shod staff. On the very verge of the cliff this blind guide slips through his fingers, and skims away down the abyss. All unconscious its owner stoops down to regain it, and stumbling forward—"Good God! he is gone!" shouted Chesterfield, who had been watching with breathless alarm the blind man's movement, and who jumped from his seat to save the catastrophe. But the glory of Whitefield's preaching was its heart-kindled and heart-melting gospel. But for this all his bold strokes and brilliant surprises might have been no better than the rhetorical triumphs of Kirwan and other pulpit dramatists.—He was an orator, but he only sought to be an evangelist. Like a volcano where gold and gems may be darted forth as well as common things, but where gold and molten granite flow all alike in fiery fusion, bright thoughts and splendid images might be projected from his flaming pulpit, but all were merged in the stream which bore along the Gospel and himself in blended fervour. Indeed so simple was his nature, that glory to God and good will to man having filled it, there was room for little more.

Having no church to found, no family to enrich, and no memory to immortalize, he was the mere ambassador of God; and inspired with its genial piteous spirit—so full of heaven reconciled and humanity restored—he soon himself become a living gospel. Radiant with its benignity, and trembling with its tenderness, by a sort of spiritual induction a vast audience would speedily be brought into a frame of mind—the transfusing of his own; and the white furrows on their sooty faces told that Kingswood colliers were weeping, or the quivering of an ostrich plume bespoke its elegant wearer's deep emotion. And coming to his work direct from communion with his Master, and in all the strength of accepted prayer, there was an elevation in his mien which often paralysed hostility, and a self-possession which only made him amidst uproar and fury, the more sublime. With an electric bolt he would bring the jester in his fool's-cap from his perch on the tree, or galvanize the brick-bat from the skulking miscreant's grasp, or sweep down in crouching submission and shame-faced silence the whole of Bartholomew Fair; whilst a revealing flash of sententious doctrine or vivified Scripture would disclose to awe-struck hundreds the forgotten verities of another world, or the unsuspected arcana of their inner man. "I came to break your head, but, through you, God has broken my heart," was a sort of con-

fession with which he was familiar, and to see the deaf old gentlewoman, who used to mutter imprecations at him as he passed along the street, clambering up the pulpit stairs to catch his angelic words, was a sort of spectacle which the triumphant Gospel often witnessed in his day. And when it is known that his voice could be heard by 20,000, and that ranging all the empire, as well as America, he would often preach thrice on a working day, and that he has received in one week as many as a thousand letters, from persons awakened by his sermons; if no estimate can be formed of the results of his ministry, some idea may be suggested of its vast extent and singular effectiveness.—North British Review.

WHO IS TO BLAME?

In a time of religious declension in a church there is some consciousness of wrong among the disciples. Nothing but the very midnight of moral death can prevent this. But the pressure is prevented in individual cases, by the very common conclusion that the chief burden of the guilt belongs somewhere else. Religion is low—Christian privileges thinly attended—no conversions for long periods—the Church diminishing in numbers—sin triumphant on every side, and multitudes crowding the way to death. Heavy responsibility rests somewhere.

It is a convenient thing to lay it upon the pastor. Many do this with very little hesitation. If the pastor was only an able man—or a revival man, or a great preacher, or if he would adopt this measure, or pursue that course, then Jacob would arise. The pastor is known to be good at bearing burdens, and he may as well have this laid upon him, especially as it comforts somebody to place it there.

It is sometimes convenient also to blame the officers of the Church for the low state of Zion. If they were only more experienced men, or more devoted men, or men in some wise different from what they now are, religion would flourish. There is something about them that makes them peculiarly qualified to receive upon themselves the burden which certain disciples find it comfortable to place upon their shoulders.

It is convenient to have some matter of variance among brethren, no matter how small, to make a pack-horse for the guilt arising from the present state of things. Some are forever laying all the blame of Zion's depression, to such facts, when known to exist.—There seems to them no other probable cause. They are assured were this difficulty and that alienation brought to an end, the only barrier to Zion's prosperity would be removed.

It is very comfortable to be able to discern the causes of Zion's low estate elsewhere than in ourselves. To lay sins at one's own door, when a little survey of those around us will furnish plausible reasons for placing the burden on them, is not common to human nature in its present state. To be free from all blame respecting the low condition of religion, and to be able confidently to proclaim where all the responsibility lies, is a matter of no small satisfaction.

But it is this very habit of omitting all survey of our own character, and casting all the burden of guilt on others, that is one of the principal causes of the low state of religion. This screening one's own soul from all responsibility, by encouraging the comforting conclusion that little or no blame rests on himself, but all rests elsewhere, sustains a state of mind utterly delusive in itself, and eminently dangerous to the cause of true piety. Such a soul would not approach God with true humility and brokenness of heart for the effusion of his Spirit. Its temper can hardly be other than this; "I thank the Lord, that I am not as other men." Personal repentance—grief over the state of this person's own heart is out of the question in the nature of the case. He who has laid the burden of Zion's depression on others can have little to do with confession and brokenness of heart. And most feeble will his agency be in promoting the revival of true religion.

Who is to blame? Let the individual who is conscious of religious declension around him knock first of all at the door of his own heart. Let him summon up and review his own religious career, as month after month has been exerting around him upon his fellow men? Let him not inquire what others have done or omitted. Be it there may have been great wrong elsewhere—Has there not been also in his own heart? His chief con-

cern is with himself. He is responsible for no other man's sins. He is best prepared to set about correcting the evils around him who has done the work of correction most thoroughly in his own heart.—N. Y. Recorder.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

The surest and quickest way to obtain riches, happiness, honor, and knowledge, is still the great problem of the day. "If I could only make money," says the young man, his heart swelling at the thought, "I should be perfectly happy. If I could only make money how I should work and toil! Early and late, year in and year out, how I would stick to it!" The art of money-making is, to be sure, generally considered very difficult. The universal belief is, that the avenue to fortune is through long years of patient toil and perseverance. Any mode, therefore, by which the road to riches can be shortened and made accessible to all, will be hailed with universal joy, and pursued with avidity. Such a mode there is, and I am now about to communicate the wonderful secret, to unfold the hidden path. Follow it with ardour, keep it continually in view, and soon you will have riches, happiness, honor and knowledge, no matter how poor, ignorant, and despised you may have previously been.

In money-making, men generally follow the dictates of their own minds and the experience of their predecessors. This is the reason why so few grow rich, and why so many fail. They depend entirely upon their own judgment. God, who made men, and whose judgment is of course far superior to ours, has given a set of directions apparently on purpose to guide men in all their affairs, including the art of making money. This set of directions is so ancient, that somehow we moderns have lost sight of them in practice, and there is hardly an instance of their introduction into the business affairs of the present day. But their having been forgotten does not alter their value. They are as sure, and certainly more necessary now, than when first given. Of their positive truth no one can doubt, for they are inspired of God, and like him, are ever-living and unchangeable. He who desires to adopt the surest and quickest mode of becoming rich, has only to follow them.—Here they are:—

GOD'S DIRECTIONS FOR OBTAINING RICHES, HAPPINESS, HONOR, AND KNOWLEDGE.

- 1. Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.
2. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.
3. Delight thyself in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desires of thy heart.
4. Wait on the Lord, and keep his way, and he shall exalt thee to inherit the land.
5. Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord, that delighteth greatly in his commandments. Wealth and riches shall be in his house.
6. By humility and the fear of the Lord are riches and honor and life.
7. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.

All these rules, together with many other most valuable suggestions, and a large amount of sound, practical advice, intended for every body, and especially useful to all persons who desire to improve their condition, or carry out any other scheme of life, can be had in print at the Society's warehouse, No. 115, Nassau street. They are contained in a neat little pocket volume of several hundred pages, and the price is only twenty-five cents. "Inquire for THE BIBLE." It is even now the cheapest work ever published, and it was the first printed book ever produced. It is also the most ancient work existing; in fact some parts of it were written four thousand years ago, and the most recent part is about eighteen hundred years old. The book has always been considered very precious by every one who has become acquainted with it, and this is probably one of the reasons why it has been so remarkably preserved. Those who have neglected to supply themselves with a copy should get one immediately. Those who really desire to obtain benefit should study it attentively.—New York Sun.

A FEW WORDS TO THE CHRISTIAN.

Christian, do not judge grace to be weaker because the sense of corruption is grown stronger. This is the concomitant of a thriving soul when it is not the increase of sin, but the advance of your love to Christ, that makes you think so.

Take heed thou thinkest not grace decays because thy comfort withdraws. The influence of the sin comes where the light of it is not found; and the actings of grace may be vigorous in thee, when its comforts are feeble.

Take heed thou dost not mistake, and think grace decays, when it may be only thy temptations increase. The same ship that when lightly ballasted and favored with the wind goes mounting, at another time, deeply laden, and going against wind and tide, may move with a slow pace, and yet they in the ship take more pains to make it sail than when it went faster.

But conclude grace is declining in thee: When thou art not so wakeful to discover the encroachments of sin on thee as formerly. At one time we find that David's heart smote him, when he but rent the skirt of Saul's garment. At another time, when his eye glanced on Bathsheba, he takes no such notice of the snare Satan had him in, and so is led on from one sin to another.

When a temptation to sin is discovered, and thou findest thy heart shut up that thou dost not pray against it, or not with that zeal and holy indignation as on former occasions.

When the arguments prevailing most with thee to resist temptation to sin, or to mourn for sin committed, are more carnal and less evangelical than formerly.

When thy heart does not prompt thee with that forwardness as formerly to hold communion with God.

When thou declinest in thy care to perform duties after a spiritual sort.

When thou gettest but little spiritual nourishment from communion with God.

For a cure, renew repentance: Rev. ii. 6, Hos. xiv. 2. Seek faith on the promise of pardon. Back both these with mortification of sin. Be more conversant with the word of God, and the society of the faithful. Be more engaged in meditation and prayer.

DR. CAREY'S HAND-BILL.

This distinguished ornament of the Missionary cause, seemed fitted by nature, to be the pioneer of the gospel in India. His burning love and zeal for the good of the perishing heathen, set on fire the pious minds it came in contact with around him, and he was himself the man whom that love and zeal designated to go to India. Unconquerable perseverance, was a distinguished feature of his character. And another was the power of turning everything to good account in the prosecution of his work.

But to the hand-bill. He landed in India in 1793. Such was his poverty when he arrived, that he was obliged to gain a living by his personal labor; and for this purpose, he offered his services, by a hand-bill to the public, to make and repair shoes. Having been a journeyman shoemaker, he now availed himself of his trade to gain a support. From this humble condition, he rose to the distinguished honor of having occupied the chair of three Professorships of Oriental languages, and of having translated and superintended the publication of the gospel in forty different tongues in the Eastern world.

It is an interesting fact, that when in the height of his honors as the most distinguished linguist and Oriental scholar in that part of the world, he took pleasure in nailing up the original hand-bill against the wall of his study and expatiating on that grace of God that had raised him from so humble circumstances to the station he then occupied.—Boston Rec.

BUNYAN'S INFLUENCE.

Bunyan was buried in Bunhill Fields, where his tomb is often visited. Not long ago, a funeral took place there, which was attended among others, by the celebrated Doctor Maginn, for a long time one of the most brilliant writers of Blackwood's Magazine.—As soon as the ceremony was over, the Doctor said to the sexton, "Grave-digger, show me the tomb of John Bunyan." The grave-digger led the way, and was followed by Maginn, who seemed deeply thoughtful. As they approached the place, the doctor stopped and touching him on the shoulder, said, "Tread lightly!" Maginn bent over the grave for some time in melancholy mood, deeply affected, and exclaimed, in solemn tones, as he turned away,—"Sleep on! thou prince of dreamers!" The "dreamer" had lain there one hundred and fifty years, but no lapse of time has destroyed the spell which he still holds over the strongest minds.