

*Heaven the Residence of the Saints.*

A  
S E R M O N

Occasioned by the sudden and much lamented DEATH of the

Rev. GEORGE WHITEFIELD, *A.M.*

Chaplain to the RIGHT HONOURABLE the  
Countess of HUNTINGTON.

DELIVERED AT THE

Thursday Lecture at Boston, in *America*,  
*October 11, 1770.*

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By EBENEZER PEMBERTON, *D.D.*  
Pastor of a Church in *Boston*.

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To which is added,  
An ELEGIAC POEM on his DEATH,  
By PHILLIS,  
A NEGRO GIRL, of Seventeen Years of Age,  
Belonging to Mr *J. Wheatley* of *Boston*.

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BOSTON, Printed: LONDON, Reprinted,

For E. and C. DILLY in the Poultry;  
And Sold at the CHAPEL in Tottenham-Court Road,  
And at the TABERNACLE near Moorfields.

M.DCC.LXXI.

[ Price SIXPENCE. ]

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I ST PETER I. 4.

*To an Inheritance—reserved in Heaven for you.*

THE Desire of Happiness is common to all intelligent Beings : It is so interwoven in the Constitution of human Nature, that it can never be separated from it: It animates the Prince upon the Throne, and the Peasant in his humble Cottage: It springs up in our Breasts in the early Dawn of Life, it attends us in our maturer Age, it does not desert us at the Gates of Death, but accompanies us through every Period of our Existence.

We all desire to be happy — But the greatest part of Mankind know not where this Blessing is to be obtained. They erect their Altars to imaginary Idols, and seek Satisfaction in sensual Indulgencies, which inevitably disappoint their Expectations.

The Complaints of all Ages are sufficient to convince us, that this Earth is not the Place where Happiness is to be found. Its brightest Days are shaded with melancholly Clouds: Its sweetest enjoyments are infected with many bitter Ingredients: Its highest Pleasures afford only a transient Flash of Delight, and frequently end in Satiety and Disgust.

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We find by constant Experience, that the Scenes of the present Life are perpetually varying: A Succession of Hopes and Fears, of Joys and Sorrows, attends us from the Cradle to the Grave.

Must we then renounce all Hopes of Happiness for ever, and resign ourselves up to a dark and inconsolable Despair? No! The CREATOR and FATHER of the Universe has not consigned Man, his favourite Offspring, to unavoidable Misery: *He is the Rewarder of them that diligently seek Him.* He has provided an Happiness for them beyond the Dominion of Death. The present Life is the Infancy of our Being; if we improve it aright, we shall shortly attain to *the Stature of perfect Men in CHRIST JESUS*, and enter upon a nobler State of Existence. While upon Earth, we inhabit a Valley of Tears; but Heaven is the Seat of unmingled Felicity and Joy.

This Hope, the Apostle sets before the primitive Christians, to support them under their distinguishing Trials, to animate them to the zealous Discharge of the various Duties of the Christian Life; *Blessed be God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant Mercy, hath begotten us again to a lively Hope, by the Resurrection of Jesus Christ from the Dead: To an Inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away; RESERVED IN HEAVEN FOR YOU.*

In speaking to the Words of my Text, I shall show,—That Heaven is the appointed Residence  
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of the People of GOD in a future World: And then take a View of some of the magnificent Descriptions which are given of Heaven in the Word of GOD.

FIRST, I am to show, that Heaven is the appointed Residence of the People of GOD in a future World.

They *have here no continuing City*. Heaven is the Place designed for their eternal Abode: Into this Place the penitent Thief was translated immediately after he expired upon the Cross: Our blessed LORD, amidst the Agonies of dissolving Nature, addresses him in Language becoming the PRINCE OF LIFE; *This Day thou shalt be with me in Paradise*. Into this delightful Abode, the Spirit of departed *Lazarus* was conveyed by ministering Angels. No sooner was he delivered from the Sorrows of this mortal State, but he was admitted to the Refreshments of ABRAHAM'S Bosom.

The Spirits of just Men, while upon Earth, reside in Tabernacles of Clay, which must shortly be resolved into their original Dust. But they have *a Building not made with Hands, eternal in the Heavens*. Even while they dwell in this the Land of their Pilgrimage, they *seek a better, even an heavenly Country*. GOD, who condescends to stile himself their FATHER and their FRIEND, will not disappoint those Hopes, which are founded on the Promises of his Word, but will exceed their largest Expectations.

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The enlivening Prospect of an Entrance into this happy Place, reconciled Saint PAUL to the Thoughts of his approaching Dissolution: He desired *to be absent from the Body, that he might be present with the LORD.*

When our divine Master took an affectionate Farewel of his favourite Apostles, He comforted them with this kind and condescending Promise; *I go to prepare a Place for you; I will come again and receive you to myself; that where I am, ye may be also.*

We know, that when our blessed LORD had finished his Work upon Earth, He was received into the highest Heavens; in the View of his astonished Disciples, attended with a radiant Guard of Angels, He entred into the Courts above, *to appear for us in the Presence of God. Him must the Heaven of Heavens receive until the Times of the Restitution of all Things (a).* If then the Souls of departed Saints are to be with CHRIST, as we are assured by the unerring Oracles of Truth, they must be received into Heaven: For this is the Place where our blessed Redeemer resides; from thence he issues out his authoritative Orders, and governs the Worlds of *Nature and Grace*, for the Advantage of his Church.

SECONDLY, We now proceed to take a View of some of the magnificent Descriptions that are given us of Heaven in the Word of GOD.

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(a) Acts iii. 21.

We are indeed, at present, too distant from this superior World to form an adequate Idea of its Excellency and Glory. It is in a great measure an unknown Country: Its Glories are covered with a Veil; they are only discovered by an Eye of Faith. Let us extend our View to the utmost Limits of our present Capacity, we shall form as defective Conceptions of these exalted Regions, as a Man confined all his Days to a solitary Dungeon, could of the Pomp and Grandeur of the most magnificent Palace. But, blessed be God, though we are not capable of a full View, we may take a distant Prospect of the heavenly World. We are not left intirely in the Dark; we may form some faint Conception of the Happiness of those who are admitted into it.

The SON OF GOD descended from Heaven *to bring Life and Immortality to Light*. He has given us such an Account of this unseen State, as is adapted to our present Situation and Circumstances. Enough is discovered to inspire us with ardent Desires after it, and engage us to the most active and earnest Endeavours to prepare for it. Though we must pass through the Shades of Death before we enter into this Land of Life and Light; yet we may view it as described in the sacred Scriptures. While travelling through this dark and uncomfortable Desert, we are permitted to behold, as in a Landscape, the promised *Canaan*.

The strongest Images are employed to shadow out its invisible Glories. The Charms of Nature  
and

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and Art are described in Strains of the sublimest Eloquence, to give us the most lively Prospect of the Happiness of its glorified Inhabitants.

It is represented as *a City*,—not like those erected by human Hands, which are often disturbed by intestine Divisions, and destroyed by hostile Neighbours: But *a City* founded upon an immoveable Basis, *whose Maker and Builder is God*. Its Citizens are for ever exempted from the Assaults of Pain, the Ravages of War, and the Fury of the Elements. It is free from those melancholly Accidents which have often depopulated the most flourishing Communities, and transformed the superb Palaces of Princes into Heaps of Ruin. Into this City entreth nothing that defileth or distresseth its Inhabitants. *There is no Night, for the Presence of the Lord God Almighty enlighteneth it.* The Beams of his blessed Countenance form a perpetual and unclouded Day.

But further, to give us the most exalted Idea of the Dignity and Privileges to which the Righteous are advanced, they are represented as possessing *a Kingdom*; a Kingdom is the utmost Wish of ambitious and aspiring Mortals. To enjoy this, they form the most artful Intrigues, encounter the most formidable Dangers, wade through Fields of Blood, and often sacrifice the Lives of their dearest Friends. If they succeed to the Extent of their Wishes, how often are earthly Kingdoms undermined by secret Treachery, or overthrown by open Violence? The Crowns of Princes are  
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lined with Thorns; their distinguished Heads become the Marks against which the Shafts of Envy and Malice are perpetually discharged: Their Administration is rendered uneasy by popular Discontents, and the public Tranquillity destroyed by Schemes of Ambition and Avarice.

But the Kingdom of the Just is at all Times free from these disagreeable Circumstances. There *the LORD GOD omnipotent reigneth*: The most consummate Wisdom, impartial Justice, condescending Goodness, are displayed in every Part of the divine Government. Universal Love reigns in every Breast. The Laws of Peace, Order and Harmony, are invariably observed through all the heavenly Mansions.

Heaven is called *the Kingdom of God*; because it is the chosen Residence of the supreme Monarch of the Universe. Here he has erected his Throne, and fixed the Seat of his eternal Empire. Here he appears in the Grandeur and Majesty of a God, and displays the awful and amiable Perfections of his Nature. His Smiles perpetually irradiate these Regions. A Sense of his Love diffuses unutterable Joy to all the Subjects of his extensive Dominion. Myriads of adoring Seraphs surround his Throne, and with the Voice of Triumph celebrate the Honours of their KING. Clothed with the Charms of unfading Beauty, possessed of angelic Strength and Vigour, they stand before Him in shining Ranks, and with quick Obedience perform his sovereign Orders.

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The Spirits of departed Saints immediately become Members of this pure and perfect Society, are admitted to the same Dignity, partake of the same Joys, and with unutterable Transport join in the same Hallelujahs. The Rays which continually proceed from the SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS, spread Life and Joy through every Part of this holy Community. All that die in the Faith of God's Elect, are appointed to dwell in this Kingdom, and are the Favourites of the KING of Kings. They all share in its Honours, Riches and Delights. They are adorned with the Title of *Kings and Priests unto God*. In this Character *they stand before the Throne of God, and serve him Day and Night*. Clothed with the unspotted Robes of the Mediator's Righteousness, they shine with transcendent Glory. Each wears a *Crown* upon his Head, to intimate the Honour to which he is advanced: All have *Palms in their Hands*, as Ensigns of Victory and Triumph. What is the Splendor of an earthly Court, when compared with the dazzling Lustre in which the SONS OF GOD appear *in the Kingdom of their Father?*

I add, the Habitation of the Righteous is not only described as a Place of Dignity, but Pleasure. To guard against the imaginary Dream of a *Mahometan* Paradise, its Pleasures are represented as pure and spiritual; such as exalt our Natures, and form us to a Resemblance of the Great FATHER of our Spirits.

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## OF THE SAINTS. 11

In this celestial Paradise, ample Provision is made to supply the Wants, satisfy the Desires, complete the Happiness of the illustrious Residents. They are freed from those Disorders of Body, those Distresses of Mind, which attend us through every Stage of our Pilgrimage upon Earth. None of the *Inhabitants say they are sick*: They flourish in immortal Youth and Vigour. The reviving Presence of God banisheth all Sorrow from their Breasts, and his own kind Hand *wipes all Tears from their Eyes. The LAMB, which is in the midst of the Throne, feeds them with the heavenly Manna, and leads them to Fountains of living Waters.* Then shall be fulfilled in the sublimest Sense that consolatory Promise, *Behold, the Tabernacle of God is with Men; He will dwell with them, and they shall be his People; and God himself shall be their God (b).* This contains every thing which is requisite to complete and perpetuate our Happiness; an Happiness superior to our largest Desires; an Happiness which surpasses our highest Imaginations.

### APPLICATION.

This Discourse will naturally lead us to many profitable REFLECTIONS: The Time will permit me to mention only two.

*First,* Hence we see the astonishing Folly of those who attach their Affection to the Vanities

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(b) Rev. xxi. 3.

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of the present Life, and neglect the Glories of a future World.

Who can behold, without a Mixture of Compassion and Grief, inconsiderate Mortals seeking Happiness where it is not to be found, and after a thousand Disappointments, pursuing a deluding Phantom? Captivated with pleasing Dreams, they despise the only Felicity of a rational and immortal Mind: With unceasing Toil, they ransack the whole Creation in search of something which will satisfy their Desires, and in every Place they meet with *Vanity* and *Vexation*. To use the Language of Inspiration, *they spend their Money for that which is not Bread; and their Labour for that which satisfieth not* (c). To increase their Unhappiness, they often mistake a fatal Poison for an agreeable Enjoyment: With eager Haste they take down the intoxicating Draught, which consigns them over to Death and Misery. They vainly expect to be happy, in a World that lies under the Curse of the ALMIGHTY, and stupidly neglect that World, where Blessedness flows in an uninterrupted Stream, *and makes glad the City of God*. Happiness is purchased for us by the *Son of God*, and the Gospel invites us to secure this inestimable Gift. But alas! Men are so infatuated, that they choose to walk in the prohibited Paths of Vice, though they lead to Hell; and are unwilling to observe the appointed road of Duty, though it conducts us safely to the Glories

(c) Isai. lv. 2.

ries of Heaven. They remain the voluntary Slaves of Satan, when they might appear in the Character of the Sons of God. They wallow in those fordid Lusts which they enjoy in common with the Beasts that perish, and despise the Dignity and Blessedness of the Angels of Light.

How awfully is human Nature degraded from its primitive Rectitude! How astonishing is the Madness of Mankind! The Service of God is neglected, that we may follow the Dictates of Appetite and Passion: Heaven is undervalued for the transitory Delights of Earth. The Man who loses a Kingdom, that he may spend his Time in trifling Amusements; the Man who forfeits an immense Estate for a momentary Pleasure, is not guilty of that Extremity of Folly, as the Wretch who forfeits the Favour of God that he may enjoy the smiles of the World, and excludes himself the Joys of Paradise, that he may live without restraint in the Pömps and Delicacies of the present Life. What is the Grandeur of a Monarch! What the Wealth of the *Indies*! What the Pleasures of the most prosperous Sensualist! when compared with the unfading Honours, the incorruptible Treasures, the transporting Delights, which are reserved for the People of God? What Darkness veils the Understanding! What Stupidity possesses the Minds of Men! that they *prefer the Things which are seen and temporal, to the Things which though unseen are eternal?*

Consider,

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Consider, O Sinner! though the Objects of Sense may now captivate your Heart, and render you inattentive to the most important Interests; in a little Time your Folly will be manifest before the assembled Worlds of Angels and Men. Covered with unutterable Confusion, you will be obliged to confess the Absurdity and Extravagance of your Conduct. With what Amazement will you view this Earth, the Seat of all your Joys, become a Sacrifice to the Wrath of an avenging God! What Agonies must you feel, when those brutal Satisfactions, for which you have forfeited the Joys of the divine Presence, shall escape from your Embraces for ever? With what Terror must you behold a despised and insulted SAVIOUR descend from Heaven, in the Majesty and Glory of an Almighty JUDGE? With what Regret, will you see the Patriarchs and Prophets, and all the Saints and Servants of God, rejoicing in the Kingdom of their Father; while you are condemned to *Blackness of Darkness for ever?*

Let the Consideration of these Things awaken you out of your Security, and excite you to *flee from the Wrath to come*. Give all Diligence to be found of your Judge in Peace; that when this lower World shall be enwrapt in Flames, and all its admired Glories vanish into Smoke, you may possess *an Inheritance, incorruptible and undefiled, that fadeth not away, reserved in Heaven for you.*

Secondly,

*Secondly*, How unbecoming is it for the Heirs of Heaven to imitate the manners of this corrupted Earth?

Shall the Sons and Daughters of the most High God act and live like the Children of this World? Shall they who are appointed *to inherit all Things*, incessantly toil for those Enjoyments *which perish in the using*? Is it not below the Dignity of a Christian, to indulge the least Attachment to the criminal Pleasures of Sin and Sense? Is it not a Disgrace to our Character, to pursue the Honours and Advantages of this Life, by the low and unmanly Arts of Fraud and Falshood? Shall not the Candidates for an unfading Crown, look down with a generous Contempt upon the infamous Practices of Insincerity and Ingratitude? Shall they who are destined to enjoy a Kingdom, be solicitous to obtain the Favour and Applause of mistaken and misguided Mortals? Shall they who have an unperishing Treasure in Heaven, meanly stoop to grovel in the Dust of the Earth, to obtain those Riches which are destroyed by a thousand Accidents? Shall they who expect shortly to be admitted into the pure and perfect Society of Saints and Angels, be fond of those glittering Trifles, those defiling Amusements, which form the Happiness of Men who live *without God, without Christ, and without Hope in the World*? No: if we are fellow-Citizens with the Saints, and belong to the Household of God; it becomes us *to have our Conversation in Heaven, from whence*

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whence we look for the great God, our Saviour. We should imitate his instructive Example, who for the Joy set before him endured the Cross, despising the Shame: With unreluctant Chearfulness, we should trace the most thorny Road, which leads to the Seats of Bliss: With undaunted Fortitude, we should disdain the Frowns and Flatteries of the World, when they divert us from the Path of Duty: With unfainting Patience, we should pass through the Trials and Tribulations of the present State; *Knowing that our light Afflictions, which are but for a Moment, work for us a far more exceeding and eternal Weight of Glory* (d). If by the sovereign Appointment of Heaven we are called to suffer the Loss of all Things in the Cause of our adorable Master, we may chearfully make the Sacrifice: What is the Wrath of Man, in Comparison with the Wrath of an omnipotent God? Men may persecute us to Death, but the Grave places us beyond the Reach of their Cruelty and Malice: They may dismiss us from an uneasy World, but they cannot exclude us the Delights of Paradise: They may remove us from this *Valley of Tears*; but this will introduce us into *the Joy of our Lord*. *Blessed are the Dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth; Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their Labours, and their Works do follow them* (e).

This

(d) 2 Cor. iv. 17.

(e) Rev. xiv. 13.

This naturally leads me to speak of my deceased Friend and Dear Brother, the Rev. Mr GEORGE WHITEFIELD, whose sudden and lamented Death occasioned the present Discourse. I am not fond of funeral Panegyrics, which are oftener adapted to flatter the Dead than instruct the Living. But where Persons have been distinguishingly honoured by Heaven, and employed to do uncommon Service for God's Church upon Earth, it would be criminal Ingratitude to suffer them to drop into the Dust without the most respectful Notice: *The Memory of the Just is blessed!* Posterity will view Mr WHITEFIELD, in many Respects, as one of the most extraordinary Characters of the present Age. His zealous, incessant and successful Labours, in *Europe* and *America*, are without a Parallel.

Devoted early to God, he took Orders as soon as the Constitution of the Established Church in *England* allowed. His first Appearance in the Work of the Ministry was attended with surprising Success. The largest Churches in *London* were not able to contain the Numbers that perpetually flocked to hear his awakening Discourses. The Crouds daily encreased. He was soon forced into the Fields, followed by Multitudes, who hung with silent Attention upon his Lips, and with Avidity received the Word of Life. The Spirit of God, in uncommon Measure, descended upon the Hearers. The Secure were awakened to a salutary Fear of Divine  
C Wrath;

Wrath; and inquiring Minds were directed to JESUS the only Saviour of a revolted World. The Vicious were visibly reclaimed, and those who had hitherto rested in a *Form of Godliness*, were made acquainted with the *Power of a Divine Life*. The *People of God* were refreshed with the Consolations of the blessed Spirit, and rejoiced to see their exalted MASTER *going on from Conquering to conquer*; and Sinners of all Orders and Characters bowing to the Scepter of a crucified Saviour.

His Zeal could not be confined within the *British Islands*: His ardent Desire for the Welfare of immortal Souls conveyed Him to the distant Shores of *America*. We beheld, a new Star arise in the Hemisphere of these Western Churches, and its salutary Influences were diffused, through a great Part of the *British Settlements* in these remote Regions. We heard with Pleasure from a Divine of the Episcopal Communion, those great Doctrines of the Gospel which our venerable Ancestors brought with them from their native Country. With a Soul elevated above a fond Attachment to instituted *Forms and Ceremonies*, he inculcated that pure and unadulterated Religion, for the Preservation of which our Fathers banished themselves into an uncultivated Desert. In his repeated Progresses through the Colonies, he was favoured with the same Success which attended him on the other side of the *Atlantic*. He preached from

Day

Day to Day in thronged Assemblies; yet his Hearers never discovered the least Weariness, but always followed Him with increasing Ardour. When in the Pulpit, every Eye was fixed on his expressive Countenance; every Ear was charmed with his melodious Voice; all sorts of Persons were captivated with the Propriety and Beauty of his Address.

But it is not the fine Speaker—the accomplished Orator—that we are to celebrate from the sacred Desk: These engaging Qualities, if not sanctified by Divine Grace, and consecrated to the Service of Heaven, are *as the sounding Brass and the tinkling Cymbal*. When misimproved, instead of conveying Happiness to Mankind, they render us more illustriously miserable.

The Gifts of Nature, the Acquisitions of Art, which adorned the Character of Mr WHITEFIELD, were devoted to the Honour of God, and the Enlargement of the Kingdom of our divine REDEEMER.—While HE preached the Gospel the Holy Ghost was sent down to apply it to the Consciences of the Hearers; the Eyes of the Blind were opened, to behold the Glories of a compassionate Saviour; the Ears of the Deaf were unstopped, to attend to the Invitations of incarnate Love; the Dead were animated with a divine Principle of Life; many in all Parts of the Land *were turned from Darknes to Light, and from the Power of Satan unto God*. Those Doctrines which we had been instructed in from our

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Infancy by our Faithful Pastors, seemed to acquire new Force, and were attended with uncommon Success when delivered by Him. His Discourses were not trifling Speculations, but contained the most interesting Truths : They were not an empty Play of Wit, but solemn Addresses to the Hearts of Men.

To convince Sinners that they were *by Nature Children of Wrath*; by Practice Transgressors of the Divine Law; and in Consequence of this, exposed to the Vengeance of offended Heaven; to display the transcendent Excellency of a Saviour, and persuade awakened Minds to confide in his Merits and Righteousness, as the only Hope of a guilty World; to Impress upon the Professors of the Gospel the Necessity, not only of an outward Reformation, but an internal Change, by the powerful Influences of the Spirit; to lead the Faithful to a zealous Practice of the various Duties of the Christian Life, that they may evidence the Sincerity of their Faith, and *adorn the Doctrine of God their SAVIOUR*; these were the reigning Subjects of his Pulpit Discourses.

If Sinners were converted, if Saints were built up in Faith, Holiness and Comfort, He attained his utmost Aim.

He was no contracted Bigot, but embraced Christians of every Denomination in the Arms of his Charity, and acknowledged them to be the Children of the same Father, Servants of the same

same Master, Heirs of the same undefiled Inheritance.

That I am not complimenting the Dead, but *Speak the Words of Truth and Soberness*, I am persuaded I have many Witnesses in this Assembly.

He was always received by Multitudes with Pleasure, when He favoured these Parts with his Labours; but he never had a more obliging Reception than in his last Visit. Men of the first Distinction in the Province, not only attended his Ministry, but gave him the highest Marks of their Respect. With what Faithfulness did he *declare unto us the whole Counsel of God?* With what Solemnity did he reprove us for our increasing Degeneracy? With what Zeal did He exhort us, *To remember from whence we were fallen, and repent and do our first Works, lest God should come and remove our Candlestick out of its Place?*

Upon every Occasion He expressed an uncommon Concern for our Civil as well as Religious Privileges, the dear-bought Purchase of our HEROIC ANCESTORS. With what Fervency did He pray that they might be transmitted entire to the most distant Posterity? He embraced every Opportunity, in public and private, to persuade us to lay aside our party Prejudices and Passions, that with undivided Hearts we might unite in every proper Method to secure our future Prosperity.

Animated

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Animated with a Godlike Design of promoting the temporal and spiritual Happiness of Mankind, after the Example of his Divine Master, *He went about doing Good.* In this he persevered with unremitting Ardour and Affiduity till Death removed him to *that Rest which remains for the People of God.* Perhaps no Man, since the Apostolic Age, preached oftener, or with greater Success\*.

\* As a Specimen of his indefatigable Labours in the Work of the Ministry, I set down an Account of the Sermons he preached after his Arrival at *New-Port, Rhode-Island*, to the Time of his Death.

He sailed from *New-York*, Tuesday July 31, P.M. Arrived at *Newport*, Friday August 3, A.M.

| Preached |                  | Preached |                   |
|----------|------------------|----------|-------------------|
| August   | 4. New-Port      | August   | 24. Boston        |
|          | 5. New-Port      |          | 25. Boston        |
|          | 6. New-Port      |          | 26. Medford       |
|          | 7. New-Port      |          | 27. Charles-Town  |
|          | 8. New-Port      |          | 28. Cambridge     |
|          | 9. Providence    |          | 29. Boston        |
|          | 10. Providence   |          | 30. Boston        |
|          | 11. Providence   |          | 31. Roxbury-Plain |
|          | 12. Providence   | Sept.    | 1. Milton         |
|          | 13. Attleborough |          | 2. Roxbury        |
|          | 14. Wrentham     |          | 3. Boston         |
|          | 15. Boston       |          | 5. Salem          |
|          | 16. Boston       |          | 6. Marblehead     |
|          | 17. Boston       |          | 7. Salem          |
|          | 18. Boston       |          | 8. Cape-Ann       |
|          | 19. Malden       |          | 9. Ipswich        |
|          | 20. Boston       |          | 10. Newbury-Port  |
|          | 21. Boston       |          | 11. Newbury-Port  |
|          | 22. Boston       |          | 12. Rowley        |
|          | 23. Boston       |          | 13. Rowley        |

From

If we view his private Character, he will appear in a most amiable point of Light. The polite Gentleman; the faithful Friend; the engaging Companion; above all, the sincere Christian, were visible in the whole of his Deportment.

With large Opportunities of accumulating Wealth, he never discovered the least Tincture of Avarice. What he received from the Kindness of his Friends, he generously employed in Offices of Piety and Charity. His benevolent Mind was perpetually forming Plans of extensive Usefulness. The ORPHAN-HOUSE, which many Years

From the Thirteenth of *September* to the Seventeenth he was detained from Public Service by a severe Indisposition.

Preached  
Sept. 17. Boston  
18. Boston

Preached  
Sept. 19. Boston  
20. Newton

The 21st of *September* he departed from *Boston* upon a Tour to the Eastward, pretty much indisposed.

Preached  
Sept. 23. Portsmouth, New-  
Hampshire  
24. Portsmouth  
25. Portsmouth

Preached  
Sept. 26. Kittery  
27. Old York  
28. Portsmouth  
29. Exeter.

In this last Place he preached in the Morning in the open Air to accommodate the Multitudes that came to hear him, no House being able to contain them: He continued his Discourse an Hour and Fifty-five Minutes, was greatly fatigued, and in the Afternoon sat out for Newbury-Port, where he arrived that Evening, went early to Bed, it being Saturday Night, intending to Preach the next Morning. He awaked several times in the Night, and complained much of a Difficulty of Breathing: At Six o'Clock on the Lord's-Day Morning he expired in an Asthmatic Fit, and entered upon an everlasting SABBATH,  
Sept. 30, 1770.

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Years ago he erected in *Georgia*, and the COLLEGE he was founding in that Province at the Time of his Death, will be lasting Monuments of his Care, that RELIGION and LEARNING might be propagated to future Generations.

In the midst of these generous Projections of public Utility, the commissioned Angel was dispatched to dissolve the vital Tie which detained him upon Earth, and permit the enlarged Mind to ascend its native Skies, his Death was sudden, but not by him undesired. He often uttered an ardent Wish, *to be absent from the Body, that he might be present with the Lord.* He has finished his Work, and we doubt not has received the Approbation of his MASTER and JUDGE: *Well done, thou good and faithful Servant; enter Thou into the Joy of THY LORD!*

He had a quick Transition from the Labours of the Church upon Earth, to the sublimer Services of the heavenly Sanctuary; he is separated from the Society of his Friends below, but united to the nobler Society of *Angels, Arch-angels, and the Spirits of just Men made perfect.* View him then, not as perishing in the Dust of Death, but entered into a World of Glory. Behold him worshipping before the Throne of God, not with a Company of frail and imperfect Mortals, but *with the general Assembly and Church of the First-born*; shining in the unspotted Robes of Holiness;

Holiness; uniting in their Hosannahs, and partaking of their Triumphs.

If you ask, *What is this illustrious Company, and from whence do they come?* I answer, in the Words of the *Angel* in the Vision of *St John*, *These are they which come out of great Tribulation, and have washed their Robes, and made them white in the Blood of the LAMB.*

I have not, my Brethren, drawn an imaginary Portrait, but described a Character exhibited in real Life. I have not mentioned his natural Abilities, which were vastly above the common Standard: I have not spoken of the Improvements he made in human Learning, in one of the most celebrated Universities in the World: I consider him principally in the Light of a Christian, and a *Minister* of JESUS CHRIST, in which he shone with a superior Lustre, as a Star of the first Magnitude.

After all, I am not representing a perfect Man; there are Spots in the most shining Characters upon Earth. But this may be said of Mr WHITEFIELD with Justice, that after the most public Appearances for above *thirty Years*, and the most critical Examination of his Conduct, no other Blemish could be fixed upon him, than what arose from the common Frailties of human Nature, and the peculiar Circumstances which attended his first Entrance into public Life.

D

The

## 26 HEAVEN THE RESIDENCE

The Imprudencies of unexperienced Youth, he frequently acknowledged from the Pulpit with a Frankness which will for ever do Honour to his Memory. He took care to prevent any bad Consequences that might flow from his unguarded Censures in the early Days of his Ministry. The longer he lived, the more he evidently increased in *Purity of Doctrine*, in *Humility*, *Meekness*, *Prudence*, *Patience*; and the other amiable Virtues of the *Christian Life*.

We are now called to remember, not only his pathetic Discourses, but his excellent Example; we are to follow him, *as far as he followed CHRIST*, the only unspotted Pattern of Perfection.

His sudden Death calls aloud upon All to prepare for that great Event, which must decide our Destiny for ever. From the silent Grave, he seems to address us in the awakening Language of our LORD to his own Disciples: *Watch ye, therefore, for ye know not when the Master of the House cometh; at Even, or at Midnight, or at the Cock-crowing, or in the Morning; lest coming suddenly, he find you sleeping. And what I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch(a).*

The solemn Calls, the faithful Reproofs, the compassionate Invitations, you have heard from this deceased *Servant of CHRIST*, will aggravate your Condemnation, if you die in Impenitence, or Infidelity.

Be

(a) Mark xiii. 35—37.

Be persuaded then to trifle no longer with your immortal Welfare: Be awakened by the Word and Providence of God, without Delay, to prostrate yourselves at the Feet of our ALMIGHTY SAVIOUR; and accept of the Offers of reconciling Grace: Then, when delivered from *the Burden of the Flesh*, you will be united, with all who are departed, in the Faith of God's *Elect*; and with them *inherit a Kingdom, prepared for you from the Foundation of the World.* Amen.

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## An ELEGIAC POEM

On the DEATH of that celebrated Divine, and eminent  
Servant of JESUS CHRIST, the Reverend and Learned

Mr GEORGE WHITEFIELD,

Chaplain to the RIGHT HONOURABLE the  
Countess of HUNTINGTON, &c.

Who made his Exit from this transitory State, to dwell in the  
celestial Realms of Bliss, on LORD'S Day, 30th Sept. 1770.  
when he was seized with a Fit of the Athma, at *Newbury-  
Port, near Boston, New-England.*

In which is a Condolatory Address to his truly noble Benefactress  
the worthy and pious Lady HUNTINGTON; and the Orphan  
Children in *Georgia*, who, with many Thousands are left,  
by the Death of this great Man, to lament the Loss of a  
Father, Friend, and Benefactor.

By PHILLIS,

A Servant Girl of Seventeen Years of Age, belonging to  
Mr J. WHEATLEY of *Boston*:

She has been but Nine Years in this Country from *Africa*.

HAIL happy Saint on thy immortal Throne!  
To thee Complaints of Grievance are unknown;  
We hear no more the Music of thy Tongue;  
Thy wonted Auditories cease to throng.  
Thy Lessons in unequal'd Accents flow'd;  
While emulation in each Bosom glow'd,  
Thou didst, in Strains of Eloquence refin'd,  
Inflame the Soul and captivate the Mind.  
Unhappy we, the setting Sun deplore,  
Which once was splendid, but it shines no more.  
He leaves this Earth for Heaven's unmeasur'd Height;  
And Worlds unknown receive Him from our Sight:  
There WHITEFIELD wings with rapid Course his Way,  
And sails to Zion thro' vast Seas of Day.

When

304 A POEM on the Death

When his *Americans* were burden'd fore,  
 When Streets were crimson'd with their guiltless Gore,  
 Unrival'd Friendship in his Breast now strove;  
 The Fruit thereof was Charity and Love  
 Towards *America*---Couldst thou do more  
 Than leave thy native Home, the *British* Shore,  
 To cross the great *Atlantic's* wat'ry Road,  
 To see *America's* distress'd Abode?  
 Thy Prayers, great Saint, and thy incessant Cries,  
 Have pierc'd the Bosom of thy native Skies!  
 Thou, Moon, hast seen, and ye, bright Stars of Light,  
 Have witness been of his Requests by Night.  
 He pray'd that Grace in every Heart might dwell:  
 He long'd to see *America* excel;  
 He charg'd its Youth to let the Grace Divine  
 Arise, and in their future Actions shine;  
 He offer'd THAT he did himself receive,  
 A greater Gift not GOD himself can give:  
 He urg'd the Need of HIM to every one;  
 It was no less than GOD's co-equal SON.  
 Take HIM, ye wretched, for your only Good;  
 Take HIM, ye starving Souls, to be your Food.  
 Ye Thirsty, come to this Life-giving Stream:  
 Ye Preachers, take him for your joyful Theme:  
 Take HIM, "my dear *Americans*," he said;  
 Be your Complaints in his kind Bosom laid:  
 Take HIM, ye *Africans*, he longs for you;  
 Impartial SAVIOUR, is his Title due;  
 If you will choose to walk in Grace's Road,  
 You shall be Sons, and Kings, and Priests to GOD.

Great

Great COUNTESS \*! we *Americans* revere  
 Thy Name, and thus condole thy Grief sincere:  
 We mourn with thee, that TOMB obscurely plac'd,  
 In which thy Chaplain undisturb'd doth rest.  
*New-England*, sure, doth feel; the ORPHAN's Smart  
 Reveals the true Sensations of his Heart:  
 Since this fair Sun withdraws his golden Rays,  
 No more to brighten these distressful Days,  
 His lonely *Tabernacle* sees no more  
 A WHITEFIELD landing on the *British* Shore:  
 Then let us view Him in yon azure Skies:  
 Let every Mind with this lov'd Object rise.  
 No more can he exert his lab'ring Breath,  
 Seiz'd by the cruel Messenger of Death.  
 What can his dear *America* return,  
 But drop a Tear upon his happy Urn?  
 Thou, Tomb, shalt safe retain thy sacred Trust,  
 Till Life Divine re-animates his Dust.

\* The Countess of HUNTINGTON.

F I N I S.

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