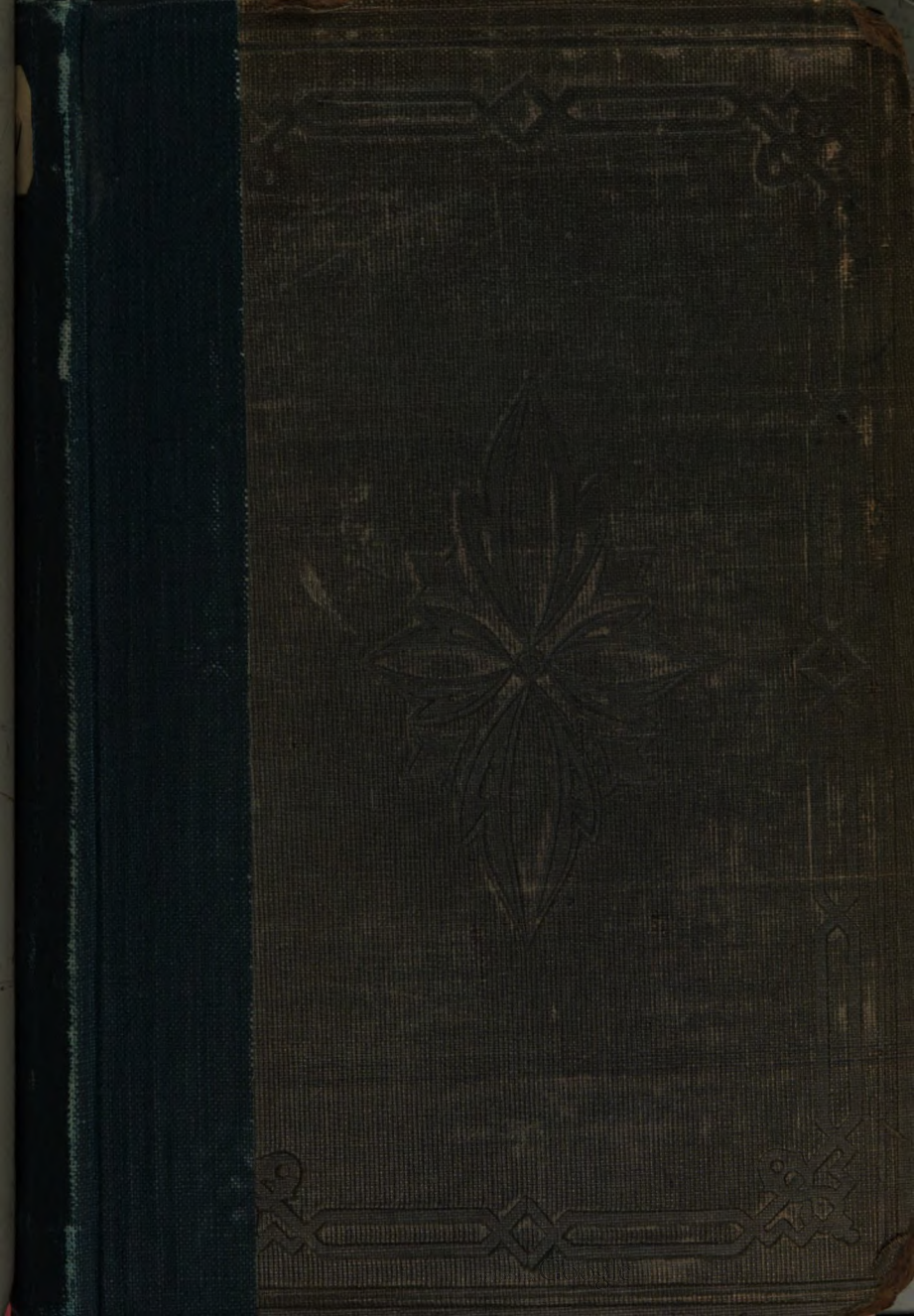

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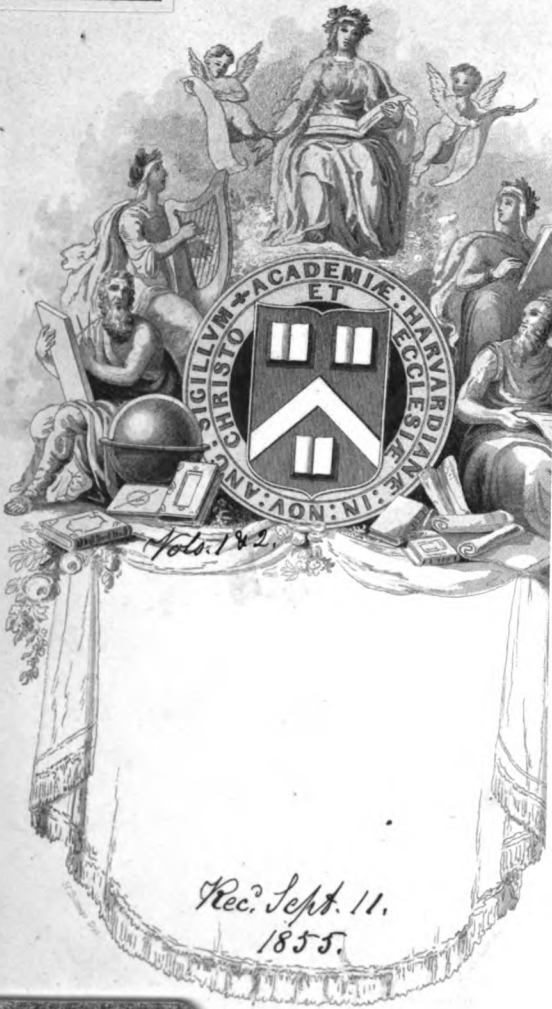
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THE JOURNAL

©

OF

THE REV. CHARLES WESLEY, M.A.,

SOMETIME STUDENT OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.

TO WHICH ARE APPENDED

SELECTIONS FROM HIS CORRESPONDENCE
AND POETRY.

WITH

AN INTRODUCTION AND OCCASIONAL NOTES,
BY THOMAS JACKSON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

We gather up, with pious care,
What happy saints have left behind ;
Their writings in our memory bear,
Their sayings on our faithful mind :
Their works, which traced them to the skies,
For patterns to ourselves we take ;
And dearly love, and highly prize,
The mantle for the wearer's sake.

CHARLES WESLEY.

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JOURNAL

OF

THE REV. CHARLES WESLEY, M.A.,

SOMETIME STUDENT OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.

FROM JANUARY 15TH, 1748, TO NOVEMBER, 5TH, 1756.

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THE JOURNAL

OF

THE REV. CHARLES WESLEY, M.A.

PART XI.

FROM JANUARY 15TH, 1748, TO SEPTEMBER 15TH, 1749.

FRIDAY, January 15th, 1748. I heard more good news from the country, whither we had sent some of our Preachers. At Tyril's-pass and the neighbouring towns there seems to be a great awakening.

Wed., January 20th. Charles Perronet had, without my knowledge, told the Society last night that he intended to go and ask Mr. Cennick if he had any farther pretensions to the house; and if not, he would take it himself for the Society.

Mr. Hanby brought us glad tidings from the country, which made me eager to go with him.

Thur., January 21st. I reproved the Society, who were all melted into tears, especially when I spake of leaving them.

Fri., January 22d. I was troubled to hear one of our children was carried away by the lies of the still brethren. I prayed for her in faith, and was relieved immediately. At night the spirit of contrition fell mightily upon us.

Sat., January 23d. The answer of prayer returned. I met Mrs. M., who humbled herself, asked pardon of God and us, and seemed quite recovered.

Sun., January 24th. I preached Christ crucified at the barn, from, "They shall look upon me, whom they have pierced, and mourn." This scripture was then fulfilled in many.

Tues., January 26th. I met the Society, with the great power and blessing of God in the midst.

Fri., January 29th. I administered the sacrament to an aged woman at Sophy Evans's. It was a solemn season of love.

Fri., February 5th. Mr. Cennick called on me. I asked if he had any hopes of the house. He answered, No. He believed the Trustees would never let it them again. Then, I said, I would; or he should preach in it whenever he pleased. He acknowledged my kindness, and that I had acted fairly throughout this affair.

Sun., February 7th. I expounded wrestling Jacob. Many wept and made supplication to the Angel. I parted from them with regret, though for a few days only; and on

Mon. morning, February 8th, took horse for Tyril's-pass. We overtook a lad whistling one of our tunes. He was a constant hearer, though a Roman, and joined with us in several hymns which he had by heart. Near seven we got, half choked with the fog, to Mr. Force's. The town immediately took the alarm, and crowded in after us. I discoursed on, "A certain man had two sons," &c. These are the publicans that enter before the Pharisees. Never have I spoke to more hungry souls. They devoured every word. Some expressed their satisfaction in a way peculiar to them, and *whistled* for joy. Few such feasts have I had since I left England. It refreshed my body more than meat or drink.

God has begun a great work here. The people of Tyril's-pass were wicked to a proverb; swearers, drunkards, Sabbath-breakers, thieves, &c., from time immemorial. But now the scene is entirely changed. Not an oath is heard, or a drunkard seen, among them. *Aperto vivitur horto*. They are turned from darkness to light. Near one hundred are joined in Society, and following hard after the pardoning God.

Tues., February 9th. I rode to Mr. Jonathan Hanby's at Temple-Macqueteer, seven miles from Tyril's-pass, and pointed several of his poor neighbours to the Lamb of God.

Wed., February 10th. At eight I took horse for Athlone. We were seven in company, and rode mostly abreast. Some overtook us, running in great haste, and one horseman, riding full speed. We suspected nothing, and rode

on singing, till within half a mile of the town. Mr. Samuel Handy and Jonathan Healey happened to be foremost, three or four yards out of the line, though I had led the company till then. We were mounting a little hill, when three or four men appeared at the top, and bade us go back. We thought them in jest, till the stones flew. J. Healey was knocked off his horse with a stone, fell backward, and lay without sense or motion. Mr. Handy, setting spurs to his horse, charged through the enemy, and immediately turned upon them again. There were only five or six ruffians on the spot ; but we saw many gathering to us from all sides.

I observed the man who had knocked down J. Healey striking him on the face with his club ; cried to him to stop, which drew him upon me, and probably saved our brother's life, whom another blow might have dispatched. They had gathered against our coming great heaps of stones, one of which was sufficient to beat out our brains. How we escaped them, God only knows, and our guardian angels. I had no apprehension of their hurting me, even when one struck me on the back with a large stone, which took away my breath.

One struck Mr. Force on the head ; at whom Mr. Handy made a full blow. He turned and escaped part, yet it knocked him down, and for the present disabled him. As often as we returned we were driven off by showers of stones. Some were for returning home ; but I asked if we should leave our brother in the hands of his murderers.

We rode back to the field of battle, which our enemies had quitted, the Protestants beginning to rise upon them. It seems, the Papists had laid their scheme for murdering us at the instigation of their Priest, Father Ferril, who had sounded an alarm last Sunday, and raised his crusade against us. The man who wounded J. Healey was the Priest's servant, and rode his master's horse. He was just going to finish the work with his knife, swearing desperately that he would cut him up, when a poor woman from her hut came to his assistance, and swore as stoutly that he should not cut him up. The man half killed her with a blow of J. Healey's whip, yet she hindered him till more help came. One Jameson, a Protestant, ran in with

a pitchfork, and stuck the Clerk into the shoulder. The bone stopped it. The man made a second push at him, which was broke by Mr. Handy, returned to save his enemy's life. The hedges were all lined with Papists, who kept the field till they saw the Dragoons coming out of Athlone. Then they took to their heels, and Mr. Handy after them. In the midst of the bog they seized the Priest's servant, carried him prisoner to Athlone, and charged the High Constable with him, who quickly let him go. A Protestant met and beat him unmercifully; but he escaped at last, and fled for his life, sorely wounded.

We found J. Healey in his blood at the hut, whither the woman and her husband had carried him. He recovered his senses at hearing my voice. We got him to Athlone, had him blooded, and his wounds dressed. The Surgeon would take nothing for his pains.

The people of the town expressed great indignation at our treatment. The soldiers flocked about us. They had been ordered by their officers to meet and guard us into town. But we came before our time; which prevented them, and our enemies likewise, or we should have found an army of Romans ready to receive us. The country, it seems, knew beforehand of the design; for the Papists made no secret of it. But by the providence of God none of us, or our enemies, lost their lives.

I walked down to the market-house, which was filled by a third of the congregation. I removed to a window in a ruined house, which commanded the market-place. The gentlemen, with the Minister, and above two thousand hearers, gave diligent heed while I strongly invited them to buy wine and milk without money and without price. The congregation waited on us to our inn, and many of them out of town with our trusty soldiers. But first the Minister and Collector came to see us, and inquire after our wounded man; got us to leave information, and promised us justice. The Minister acknowledged it was the doctrine of our own Church, accepted some of our books, and bade us God speed.

We marched very slowly for the sake of our patient, till we came to the field of battle. It was stained with blood abundantly. We halted, and sang a song of triumph and

praise to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Here we sent back our guard, and went on our way rejoicing to Moat.

I proclaimed in the street the faithful saying, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. A few stones were cast, and a drum beat to entertain the ladies. In spite of the genteel devil, some impression was made on the vulgar, as their tears testified.

We rode through the noisy ones to Mr. Handy's. The voice of joy and thanksgiving was heard in his dwelling; and we magnified the God by whom we escape death.

Among my hearers was the mother of my host, who, after a moral life of near eighty years, is now convinced of unbelief, and quietly waiting for the salvation of God.

Thur., February 11th. At Tyril's-pass, our barn was filled at night with high and low, rich and poor, whose curiosity brought them from all parts. I showed them their case and their Physician, in the wounded traveller and good Samaritan. They listened for two hours, and seemed to feel the weight of the word. Counsellor Low followed us home, and had much serious discourse with us.

Fri., February 12th. I spent the morning in conference with the strangers. One, a sensible Roman, seemed satisfied with my answers to his objections; and not far from the kingdom of heaven. Another, who has been a notorious sinner, but a man of reading, went away convinced, and longing to be converted. The Counsellor, we heard, had sat up the whole night searching the Scriptures, if these things be so.

At Mr. Samuel Handy's I invited many to the great supper. Two hours passed unperceived, before I could give over.

Sat., February 13th. A poor publican was drowned in tears, who constantly attends the word of grace, on which all his hopes depend. I preached at Tullamore, on, "O, Israel, thou hast destroyed," &c. They received both the legal and Gospel saying as the truth of God. Many of the soldiers from Dublin followed us into the house, for further instruction; to whom I again declared, "The poor have the Gospel preached unto them." It was a time of refreshing, like one of the former days.

Sun., February 14th. At Philip's-town I expounded the prodigal son. About forty dragoons joined me in singing and conference, both before and after. These are all turned from darkness to light, that they may receive forgiveness.

Mon., February 15th. I visited several at Tyril's-pass, particularly Mrs. Wade, aged ninety-five, who counts all things but loss, so she may win Christ, and be found in him, not having her own righteousness. She has continued in the temple for near a hundred years, and in fasting every Friday. How does this shame the young professors, who say they have faith, yet live in a total neglect of Christ's ordinance! She looks every moment for the seal of her pardon, that she may depart in peace.

The next I saw was a venerable couple indeed; the man ninety-six, the woman ninety-eight. He had rejoiced to hear of the great change wrought in the town; and said, if he could but see us lifting up our hands in prayer for him, he doubted not but the Lord would give him the blessing. Till within these two years, he has worked at his loom. He was in all the actions of the last century,—at the siege of Londonderry, Limerick, &c.; the greatest Tory-hunter in the country; full of days and scars. His wife retains her senses and understanding. She wept for joy while we prayed over them, and commended them to the pardoning grace of God.

Tues., February 16th. I came to Dublin, half dead with the rain and snow.

Sun., February 21st. We had much of our Lord's presence in the word, while the poor blind beggars cried after him on every side. At night, the good Samaritan looked upon us. One testified that her wounds were then bound up.

Mon., February 22d. I visited a poor wretch in Newgate, who is to be burnt next week for coining. The proof against her was not very full; but her life and character cast her. She had lived in all manner of wickedness, and narrowly escaped death before for killing her son-in-law. Justice has now overtaken her, and she cries she is lost for ever. I could not well discern whence her sorrow flowed; but found hope for her in prayer.

Tues., February 23d. She was much the same, but vehe-

mently desired our people's prayers, and told me, had she continued hearing the word, she had never come into that misery ; but her neighbours had laughed her out of it, and now God had left her to herself.

At the barn I expounded the woman with the bloody issue ; and many seemed not only to press, but to touch Him. Their cries pierced the clouds. Three testified that they were healed of their plague. A greater blessing followed us in the Society. Glory be to God who so wonderfully revives his work among us. I trust many shall yet be added to the Church, before we part.

Wed., February 24th. At night we were all melted into tears by our dying Lord's expostulation, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?" and long continued mourning in sight of his cross.

Thur., February 25th. We had wrestled in prayer for the poor criminal, and to-day I plainly saw the answer returned. Her heart was broken in pieces ; she had nothing to plead or pay ; and all her concern was for her soul. She received the word of reconciliation as the thirsty land doth the dew of heaven ; and resolved to spend her last breath in crying after the Friend of sinners.

On Fri. and Sat., February 26th and 27th, I was again with the woman : near twenty of the poor wretches pressed in after me. Her tears and lamentations reached both their hearts and mine.

I met with one who has lately received the atonement, and is continually exercised by the contradiction of *poor* sinners, even her own daughters. They abuse and persecute her, not refraining even from blows ; for "they have nothing to do with works or the law."

Sun., February 28th. I expounded Isai. xxxv., and the word was with power, as at the beginning. Many cried under it, and one woman, "I have found forgiveness this moment!" I spake with her afterwards at our sister Baker's, and she told me, she was just before quite sunk down in sorrow, when a light was darted into her heart. "It set me a trembling," she added ; "and, soon after, a joy came, such as I never felt before. I am quite another creature : I am so light, I cannot express it." Her testimony is the more remarkable, because she can neither write nor read.

I did not wonder, while passing Newgate, that one struck me on my head with a stone. I preached at two and six at the barn. The great blessing came at last. My subject was, the woman washing our Saviour's feet; and never was He more sensibly present with us. A woman could not forbear declaring openly that her faith had saved her.

Mon., February 29th. I received fresh comfort by a letter from a Dissenter, testifying that she had found again, under the word, the peace which she had lost for many years. Every day we hear of more children born; which reconciles us to the contrary wind, though it keeps my brother from us.

I sent a brother to the condemned woman, who told him, she had been visited by a Romish Priest. On his bidding her pray to the Virgin Mary, she answered, "I have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." The Ordinary was also with her for the first time, and she told him the reason of the hope that was in her.

I heard, from the keeper, that a reprieve was come down, and a pardon expected; feared it might stop the work of God in her, and was agreeably surprised to find her full of fear and trouble at the news. "O," said she to me, "I am afraid, if my life be spared, that I shall fall from God. I know He would have mercy on me if I die now." In discoursing farther, I perceived very comfortable signs. Some of her words were, "Two days ago I found such a change, as I cannot describe. My heart is so lightened, my trouble and grief quite gone. And in the night, when I pray to my Saviour, I feel such a strange comfort and confidence as cannot be expressed. Surely God has forgiven me my sins." I believed it, but took no notice, till the work should prove itself; only exhorted her to watch and pray, lest she should fall from those good beginnings.

Tues., March 1st. I met the woman, released from her chains, both soul and body. She threw herself at my feet, and cried, "O, Sir, under God, you have saved my soul. I have found mercy, when I looked for judgment. I am saved by a miracle of mercy."

In the evening I preached on that most important word, "It is finished:" and God set to his seal. One received forgiveness. A man and a woman testified that they had

found it at the last preaching. The power of the Lord was wonderfully in the Society. I asked, "Who touched him?" not doubting but some had then received their cure. One, and another, and another witnessed a good confession. Our sister Blamires declared, with great struggling, that she then found power to believe; and blessed the day that ever she saw my face. Others spake in the same manner; and last, Thomas Barnes told me, he had recovered his pardon while I was repeating, "There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth," &c. The number of the witnesses this night was nine.

Wed., March 2d. At Mrs. Gilmore's, a serious Dissenter, I met three others of the same communion, who had been lately justified under the word.

Sat., March 5th. I showed the poor felons in Newgate what they must do to be saved. One man I have often observed much affected by the word, and extremely officious to wait upon me. This was the executioner, who is half converted by the woman, and shows the most profound reverence for her. I gave him several of our books, which he has read over and over. By profession he is a Papist.

Sun., March 6th. I do not remember when we have had a greater blessing than we had this evening in the Society. Near twenty declared the manifestation of the Spirit then vouchsafed them.

Mon., March 7th. I spoke with eleven of them who had received a clear sense of pardon. Another went to his house justified, when I discoursed on wrestling Jacob.

Tues., March 8th. My brother landed, and met the Society; God confirming the word of His messenger.

Wed., March 9th. I passed a comfortable hour in conference with some others, who have lately stepped into the pool. One was begotten again this evening by the word of His power, Isai. liii.

Thur., March 10th. Three more received their cure.

Fri., March 11th. My text in the morning was, "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come." After great strugglings, one was constrained to cry out, "He is come! He is come! I have him, I have him now, in my heart." A stranger, who stood with his hat on upon the stairs, with all the marks of carelessness, cried out, in great astonishment,

“Lord bless me! what is this?” and ran away as if the avenger was at his heels.

Another testified her having lately found favour, who was, some days since, a grievous sinner,—a common harlot. But she is washed! God grant she may hold out!

Sun., March 13th. In our garden I once more invited them to the great supper. Many tears were shed at parting; yet was it a blessed mourning, because we expect to meet again at the great white throne.

Mon., March 14th. The wind turning full against us, gave me an opportunity of preaching again in Ship-street. I heard that our sister Preston was yesterday delivered of her burden in singing. This evening M. Gilmore received the love of God shed abroad in her heart. A month ago she was a warm opposer, but, venturing out of curiosity to hear me, the Lord applied his word, and stripped her all at once of her self-righteousness, faith of adherence, and good works. She mourned after Him, till now that Jesus has received her among his witnesses.

Sun., March 20th. After a week's confinement through the toothache, at two this day I entered the packet-boat with J. Haughton.

Mon., March 21st. By three we landed at the Head. I passed the night in great pain.

Tues., March 22d. I took horse for our brother Jones's. It was a bright, sunshiny morning; the wind moderate, and in our backs. I came to my guide's by nine, and rode by three to Baladan-ferry, sending J. Haughton forward to Chester. The wind was now higher, and more a-head of us, blowing full in my swollen face. We overfilled the small old boat, so that

*Crepuit sub pondere cymba
Futilis, et multam accepit rimosa paludem.*

We flew on the wings of the wind, till we got to the channel. There the motion was so violent, that my young horse began prancing, and striving to take the water. I held him with the little strength I had; but an oar lying between us, I had no firm footing, and could not command him at arms' length. His unruliness frightened the other horse, who began kicking, and struck our brother down.

I saw the danger, that, if my horse got his foot over the boat, it must overset, and had no strength to hinder it. It came into my mind, "Hath God brought me through the sea to be drowned here?" I looked up, and in that moment the horse stood still, and continued so till we reached the shore.

I went early to bed at Caernarvon, and got a little rest.

Wed., March 23d. I was overruled, by brother Jones, not to set out till past seven. The continual rain and sharp wind were full in my teeth. I rode all day in great misery, and had a restless, painful night at Tan-y-bwlch.

Thur., March 24th. I resolved to push for Garth, finding my strength would never hold out for three more days' riding. At five I set out in hard rain, which continued all day. We went through perils of waters. I was quite gone when we came at night to a little village. There was no fire in the poor hut. A brother supplied us with some, nailed up our window, and helped us to bed. I had no more rest than the night before.

Fri., March 25th. I took horse again at five, the rain attending us still. At eight I was comforted by the sight of Mr. Philips, at Llanidloes. The weather grew more severe. The violent wind drove the hard rain full in our faces. I rode till I could ride no more; walked the last hour; and by five dropped down at Garth. All ran to nurse me. I got a little refreshment, and at seven made a feeble attempt to preach. They quickly put me to bed. I had a terrible night, worse than ever.

Sat., March 26th, and the five following days, I was exercised with strong pain, notwithstanding all the means used to remove it. My short intervals were filled up with conference, prayer, and singing.

Sun., April 3d. Through the divine blessing on the tender care of my friends, I recovered so much strength that I read prayers, and gave the sacrament to the family.

Mon., April 4th. Mrs. Gwynne carried me out in her chair; and I found my strength sensibly return.

Tues., April 5th. She drove me to Builth. I took horse at three. Mr. Gwynne and Miss Sally accompanied me the first hour. Then I rode on alone, weary, but supported. My accommodations at my inn were none of the best. I

lay restless till midnight, expecting to return, as I had promised in case of a relapse. But toward the morning I dropped asleep, and woke much refreshed at five.

Sat., April 9th. In the evening, with God's evident help, I came safe to the Foundry.

Easter-day, April 10th. I joined with my brethren on this and the seven following days, to show forth the Lord's death ; and he never once sent us empty away.

I dined at Counsellor Glanvil's, a brand lately plucked out of the fire.

Thur., April 14th. I met another poor publican, Colonel G., who has just now entered the kingdom, and is brimfull of his first love.

Sat., April 16th. I gave the sacrament to our sister King, inexpressibly happy at the approach of death.

Tues., April 19th. I had communicated my embryo intentions to my brother while in Ireland, which he neither opposed, nor much encouraged. It was then a distant first thought, not likely ever to come to a proposal ; as I had not given the least hint, either to Miss Gwynne or the family. To-day I rode over to Shoreham, and told Mr. Perronet all my heart. I have always had a fear, but no *thought*, of marrying, for many years past, even from my first preaching the Gospel. But within this twelvemonth that thought has forced itself in, "How know I, whether it be best for me to marry, or no?" Certainly better now than later : and if not now, what security that I shall not then? It should be now, or not at all.

Mr. Perronet encouraged me to pray, and wait for a providential opening. I expressed the various searchings of my heart in many hymns on the important occasion.

Fri., April 22d. Mrs. Colvil was at the chapel. I discoursed on the Pharisee and publican. The divine power and blessing made the word effectual, and broke down all before it.

Wed., April 27th. My text was, "There be many that say, Who will show us good?" &c. The Lord was mightily present in his awakening power.

Fri., April 29th. Mrs. Rich carried me to Dr. Pepusch, whose music entertained us much, and his conversation more.

Sun., May 1st. The cup of blessing was the communication of His blood, the bread broken of his body, to his disciples at the chapel.

Thur., May 5th. I baptized Elis. Cart in the river at Cowley ; and she washed away all her sin and sorrow.

Tues., May 10th. I came to Bristol, bruised a little with a fall.

Fri., May 20th. At the watchnight I discoursed on Jacob wrestling with the Angel ; and many were stirred up to lay hold on the Lord, like him.

Sun., May 22d. The whole multitude wept to hear how Jesus loved them, while I urged his passionate question, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?"

Thur. afternoon, May 26th. I set out for London, and on Saturday reached it. The first good news I heard from M. Boulton, that our old friend Mrs. Sparrow is at last departed in the Lord.

Tues., May 31st. I attended her mortal part to the grave.

Sun., June 5th. I fulfilled my friend's last request, by preaching her funeral sermon, on Micah vii. 8 : "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy : when I fall, I shall arise ; when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me." I spoke as freely of her faults as virtues : her love of the world, and final victory over it. The hearers appeared deeply affected.

Fri., June 10th. I returned to Bristol.

Sun., June 12th. I preached to several thousands in the orchard, with great strength, both of body and spirit.

Thur., June 16th. I visited the brethren in Cardiff, Lanmase, Cowbridge, &c., and exhorted them to strengthen the things that remain.

Mon., June 20th. I returned with Kitty Jones to Bristol. Mr. Gwynne and Miss Sally were got there a little before me ; till,

Sat., June 25th, I carried them to see my Christian friends, my principal ones especially at Kingswood.

Sun., June 26th. In the word, and sacrament, and love-feast, the Lord made our souls as a watered garden.

Tues., June 28th. Quite spent with examining the classes, I was much revived in singing with Miss Burdock and Sally.

Thur., June 30th. I was comforted in all our trials by that blessed promise, "The third part I will bring through the fire."

I set out with Mr. Gwynne and his daughter, to visit the church in London. I preached at Bath with great liberty, and carried away our faithful sister Naylor.

Sat., July 2d. I lodged my fellow-travellers in the Foundery.

Sun., July 3d. I took the field, and was not sent a warfare on my own cost.

At the chapel I preached, "I reckon the suffering of the present time not worthy to be compared," &c. Both now and at night we had a great spirit of contrition among us.

Tues., July 5th. I carried my guests to Mrs. Blackwell and Dewal at Lewisham; and thence to my most worthy friend in Shoreham.

Fri., July 15th. My text at the watchnight was, "I say unto all, Watch." Great reverence we felt in the presence of our Lord.

Mon., July 18th. I baptized good old M. Pearce by immersion, at four in the morning.

Tues., July 19th. I rose at three, and called our friends. The Lord sent us a great deliverance, as a token for good. Mary Naylor had shut the door of their bed-chamber, and left the key in the inside. Sally wanted something out, which M. Naylor would have put her by; but, on Sally's still desiring it, she called the man to break open the door. He said, he would go see his horses, and come. She insisted upon his doing it just then, which he did; and they found the sheet on fire, through Molly's dropping the snuff of a candle. Had the man stayed, the whole Foundery might have been in a flame.

I set out at four with Mr. Gwynne and Sally. At eleven, in Windsor, my horse threw me with violence over his head. My companion fell upon me. The guardian angels bore us in their hands, so that neither was hurt. I saw the Castle and Palace, with insensibility. No sight, we trust, will satisfy us, but that of Moses from Mount Pisgah. By seven we came to Reading; and I preached in great bodily weakness.

Wed., July 20th. My old desire of escaping out of life possessed me all day. By three we got to Oxford; walked about the Colleges; met a poor Servitor of St. John's, James Rouquet, who is not ashamed to confess Christ before men. I preached in the evening on, "Ye are my witnesses," and lodged with our old friend Mr. Evans.

Thur., July 21st. I gave the sacrament to Mrs. Neal, (one who received the atonement in reading my sermon before the University,) and had sweet fellowship with our Lord and his members.

Fri., July 22d. At five I took horse with Mr. Gwynne, Sally, and M. Boulton. We reached Cirencester before two. I preached in a yard from, "The redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with songs," &c. I was pierced through with desires of complete redemption, which broke out in tears and words, that affected them in like manner. I could gladly have dropped the body in that hour.

Sat., July 23d. I set out at half-hour past four; rode four miles, when Mrs. Boulton's horse, walking on the plainest ground, fell, and broke her arm. We carried her to an inn just by, and sent J. Griffith back for a Surgeon. By seven we left her, her arm set, and her mind stayed on Christ, and came to Bristol in the cool of the evening.

Sun., July 24th. I rose from my boards at four. I carried Sally to Kingswood. I began the sacrament with fervent prayer and many tears, which almost hindered my reading the service. I broke out into prayer again and again. Our hearts were all as melting wax. I administered to our sisters Robertson and Nutter, sorely bruised by an overturn into a pit; yet they would not lose the sacrament.

I received letters from Cork, loudly calling me thither. My heart was at once made willing, and I had my commission. We joined in earnest prayer for success. I preached a third and a fourth time in the shell of our house, with supernatural strength.

Tues., July 26th. I dined at the Fish-ponds with faithful Felix Farley. At night I preached in the orchard to many serious souls. There was a coach with Mrs. Knight, Miss Cheyne, Mr. Edwin, and Sir William Bunbury. The latter challenged me for his old school-fellow, in the

face of the sun, and was not ashamed to join heartily in our Hymns.

Wed., July 27th. They attended again, while I expounded the good Samaritan.

Thur., July 28th. I waited upon Miss Cheyne first, and then on Mrs. Knight, at the Wells. Both assented to the truth. The latter sent for her brother, my old friend Robinson, of Christ-Church. He called me to defend the lay-Preachers, and would fain have brought me to confess we *sent* them. I declared the matter of fact, that, when God had sent any one forth, and owned him by repeated conversions, then we durst not reject him. He talked with great candour, and remains of his old kindness for me.

Fri., July 29th. I preached over against the Assembly-room, to the most polite audience I have ever been honoured with. The ladies in their coaches were surprisingly patient, while I told them "one thing is needful." A servant who behaved rudely, Sir W. Bunbury seized, and delivered over to a Constable. Some young officers made a disturbance, whom I rebuked and silenced.

I ran with fresh strength to the shell of our room, and continued preaching, singing, rejoicing till midnight.

Sun., July 31st. I baptized a woman in Kingswood, and trembled at the descent of the Holy Ghost. All present were more or less sensible of it, especially the person baptized. We joined in the Lord's supper, and had his never-failing presence. So again at our first lovefeast in the new room. For two hours we were sensible of Christ in the midst.

Mon., August 1st. We set out at five for Garth ; lodged at Abergavenny.

Tues., August 2d. In the afternoon Mrs. Gwynne received us with a cordial welcome.

Thur., August 4th. I rode with Sally to the Wells, and preached, in their Assembly-room, to the Gentry, Clergy, and others ; inviting them to the superlative happiness of religion.

Sun., August 7th. Maesmynis church being too narrow, I preached in the church-yard the promised Spirit of grace and supplication. His comforts refreshed our souls, and more abundantly still in the sacrament that followed.

Mon., August 8th. Mr. Gwynne, with Miss Sally and Betsy, accompanied me as far as Llanidloes. I preached with great enlargement. The poor people received the word with tears of joy. I parted with tears from my dearest friends, and rode on with Mr. Philips to Machynlleth.

Tues., August 9th. From three in the morning till eight at night, I was on the road. I had sweet fellowship with my friends in prayer.

Wed., August 10th. I left Caernarvon at five. I found the boat just going off, full of unruly oxen. I waited an hour for its return, which I passed in earnest prayer for my friends. Near seven I landed in a strange, intricate country, where I could procure no guide, or direction, as often as I lost my way. At last Providence sent me one that understood English, and rode several miles out of his way, to put me in mine. I gave him some advice and books, both which he thankfully received.

I continued in the right road while it was impossible to get out of it, and no longer. I blundered on through the sands, especially some near the town, where, if the sea had been out, I should have ended all my journeya. I passed by several ships, and across the Channels, till my horse, without my care or counsel, brought me to Holyhead soon after two.

Here I heard, the boat went off at ten this morning. It was a trial of my patience, and I almost wished I had stayed with my friends, rather than wait here till Saturday, the soonest that any packet can go. The boats are all on the other side.

I quickly saw God's design. He has found me time for retirement, in which I can both write and pray for those who are to me as my own soul.

The hour of prayer I passed among the rocks, presenting my friends at the throne. Towards six I sunk to sleep, the body pressing down the soul; but still my fellowship with them was not interrupted. A few neighbours joined us at my private lodgings, in family prayer.

Thur., August 11th. I passed the day in my Prophet's chamber, or closet among the rocks. Only in the evening I walked up the mountain, and wandered in a wilderness of rocks with my inseparable friends.

Fri., August 12th, was another solid day, which I spent in retirement; only allowing half an hour, after public worship, for Mr. Ellis, the Minister, in provoking each other to love and good works.

Sat., August 13th. I took boat in a very rough sea, which washed us throughly, while toiling to come up with the vessel. At eleven we set sail. God sent us a wind out of his treasury, the fairest we could have, which by nine brought us smoothly and safely into Dublin-bay.

Sun., August 14th. At five I walked to the preaching-room, and gave them a welcome word of exhortation. Great was our rejoicing, and mutual faith, and fellowship in the Spirit.

I met them again, and my brother, at St. Patrick's. The number of communicants was much increased since my departure. I preached in our garden at two. The power of the Lord was present as at the beginning.

I met all the lively Society, to our mutual consolation: consolation which words cannot express.

Mr. Lunel could not be satisfied without my lodging under his roof. I mourned with him that mourned under Ezekiel's trial: "Son of man, behold, I take away the desire of thine eyes with a stroke." She died triumphant. He lost his Benjamin too; the child accompanying the mother to paradise.

Tues., August 16th. I reproved the slack, and encouraged the orderly walkers. Their prayers, I trust, will follow me to Cork.

Wed., August 17th. I set out in the hard rain. My horse, the roughest I ever rode, shook all the strength out of me before I got to Tyril's-pass. There our sister Fourer and the rest received me right gladly. I preached on the blood of sprinkling, and met the poor neglected Society. Our Preachers had all left them for Cork; where is now the widest door.

Thur., August 18th. I rode to Balliboy, where an hospitable Quaker received us with open arms. I broke through my great reluctance, and preached, in his house, the atoning Lamb of God. He opened my mouth, and the hearers' hearts.

Fri., August 19th. It rained the whole day. The road

was one continued quagmire. I made an hard shift to reach Roscrea by ten. Some of the town caught me leaving it, and demanded their debt of the Gospel. A mixed crowd of Papists and Protestants filled the market-house. I called them (never with more authority) to Jesus Christ : then rode on in the rain, rejoicing with my dropping companion. By nine we hardly reached Cashel.

Here we met with poor entertainment, having no way to dry our clothes. I put off my great coat, and got a little sleep.

Sat., August 20th. I rose cheerfully between two and three ; put on my clothes, wet and weighty enough. We had some intervals of fair weather, and got, by seven in the evening, to Cork. I was wishing for rest at some private house, when Mr. Harrison, the printer, came, and invited me to his. I took a sweat, and rose at my usual time.

Sun., August 21st. At five I found a congregation of some thousands on the marsh, and spoke from Luke xxiv. 46, 47 : " Thus it is written, and thus it behoved Christ to suffer," &c. They devoured every word with an eagerness beyond description. I advised them all to go to their several places of worship, and went myself to Christ-church. It is the largest church in Cork, yet quite full. The communion kept us till near ten.

Much good has been done already in this place. Outward wickedness has disappeared, outward religion succeeded. Swearing is seldom heard in the streets ; the churches and altars are crowded to the astonishment of our adversaries. Yet some of our Clergy and all the Catholic Priests take wretched pains to hinder their people from hearing us.

At five I took the field again ; but such a sight I have rarely seen ! Thousands and thousands had been waiting some hours, Protestants and Papists, high and low. The Lord endued my soul, and body also, with much strength to enforce the faithful saying, " that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." I cried after them for an hour, to the utmost extent of my voice, yet without hoarseness or weariness. The Lord, I believe, hath much people in this city. Two hundred are already joined in a Society.

Mon., August 22d. The congregation was on the marsh

before me, near three thousand loving, listening, unawakened souls, whom I urged to repent, that their sins might be blotted out.

At present we pass through honour and good report. The chief persons of the town favour us. No wonder then that the common people are quiet. We pass and reap the streets, pursued by their blessings only. The same favourable inclination is all round the country. Wherever we go, they receive us as angels of God. Were this to last, I would escape for my life to America.

Many are turned from their outward sins, and, if they went no farther, the saints of the world would like them well enough. When the power of godliness, the forgiveness of sins, the gift of the Holy Ghost, is preached, many will fall off. But as yet the work is very superficial. Not one justified person have I yet found.

Passing by the marsh at five, I saw hundreds waiting there for the word ; and was told it was their custom from the beginning ; and that last Sunday many were there from one in the morning.

I declared, with divine assistance, "One thing is needful." The sin-convincing Spirit was present. He struck the hard rock, and the waters gushed out. The assizes brought many strangers. I did not spare them, and they bore my plainness of speech. Several of the better sort, particularly two Justices, thanked and wished me success.

Tues., August 23d. I laboured to convince my hearers of unbelief. More and more are awakening out of sleep. In the evening near a dozen Clergymen attended. I would all our brethren would do us the same justice of hearing before they judge us.

Wed., August 24th. By a Clergyman's advice, I went to wait on the Bishop. He was not at his palace. The house-keeper begged a few words with me. She trembled exceedingly, and struggled to speak ; and at last told me her whole life. From twelve years old she had had violent conflicts with the old murderer. She seemed a chosen vessel, one who, like Obadiah, had served God from her youth. I told her what she wanted, even faith and forgiveness. She received my saying with all readiness of mind ; begged me to let her have the prayer I used for

her; wept and rejoiced; and sent me away with many thanks and blessings.

In the evening I expounded blind Bartimeus, to as genteel an audience as I have ever seen. Several Ministers of all denominations, the Governor's lady, and many strangers attended out of various motives. The word did not return void. Some of the Clergy acknowledged it was the truth.

I designed to have met about two hundred who have given in their names for the Society, but such multitudes thronged into the play-house, that it occasioned great confusion. I perceived it was impracticable, as yet, to have a regular Society.

Thur., August 25th. Here is indeed an open door, such as was never set before me till now. Even at Newcastle the awakening was not so general. The congregation last Sunday was computed above ten thousand. As yet there is no *open* opposition, though the people have had the word two months. Nay, it is not impossible but their love may last two months longer, before any number of them rise to tear us in pieces.

I met a neighbouring Justice, and had much serious conversation with him. He seems to have a great kindness for religion, and determined to use all his interest to promote it. For an hour and an half I continued calling the poor blind beggars to Jesus. They begin to cry after him on every side; and we must expect to be rebuked for it.

Fri., August 26th. I spake severally with the candidates for a Society. All seem awakened; none justified: but who hath despised the day of small things? This is, I doubt not, the seed of a glorious church.

I waited on the Bishop at Riverstown, and was received with great affability by himself and family. After dinner I rode back to Cork. I drank tea with some well-disposed Quakers, and borrowed a volume of their dying sayings: a standing testimony that the life and power of God was with them at the beginning; as it might again, were they humble enough to confess their want.

Sat., August 27th. I had much discourse with Mr. C., a sensible, pious Clergyman, one after my own heart in his love to our desolate mother. He is clear in the doctrine of faith. He gave me a delightful account of the Bishop.

Yet I do not find it good for me to be countenanced by my superiors. It is a snare and burden to my soul. All day long I was bowed down by my late conversation, and stripped of every good desire, especially of preaching. Sometimes our waiting on great men *may* do good, or prevent evil. But how dangerous the experiment! How apt to weaken our hands, and betray us into an undue deference and respect of persons! The Lord send to them by whom He will send; but hide me still in disgrace or obscurity.

I was set upon in the street by a Romish Priest, for words which, *he was told*, one of our Preachers spoke against him. I tried to undeceive him; but he was too loud, and too fond of showing his learning, (as far as Latin went,) to hear reason. However, we parted without coming to blows.

Sun., August 28th. From the early sacrament I went to Mr. H., an *honest Attorney*; and with him to Passage, five miles from Cork. There Justice P. received us, and used all his authority with others to do the same. He sent word to the Romish Priest, "that, if he forbade his people hearing me, he would shut up his mass-house, and send him to jail for one year at least." Several of the poor Romans ventured to come after the Justice had assured them he would himself take off the curse their Priest had laid upon them. I exhorted all alike to repentance toward God, and faith in Jesus Christ; and staked my own salvation upon it, that he who believes, whether Papist or Protestant, shall be saved.

I hastened back to the marsh. On seeing the multitudes, I thought on that of Prior,

"Then, (baseness of mankind!) then of all these
Whom my dilated eye with labour sees,"

how few will own God's messengers when the stream turns! Now they all received me with inexpressible eagerness. I discoursed on the good Samaritan, and took occasion to vindicate the Methodists from that foulest slander,—that they rail against the Clergy. I enlarged on the respect due to them; prayed particularly for the Bishop; and laid it on their consciences to make mention of them in all their prayers.

I had appointed part of the Society to meet me in a private house; but the people so crowded in, there was no room for me. Their love at present as effectually prevents our assembling, as their hatred will by and by.

Tues., August 30th. Mr. Stockdale drove me to Rathcormuck. Mr. Lloyd, the Minister, offered me his church; but agreed with me that I had better preach out, or I should lose all the Papists. They flocked with the Protestants to the market-house, where I strongly urged them to repentance and the obedience of faith. The great man of the place and his lady employ all their authority to promote true vital Christianity. The Romish Priest is so intimidated, that he dares not forbid his people hearing us. Were every Magistrate in Ireland like this, what a multitude of poor Catholics might be turned from darkness to light!

Wed., August 31st. In conference, I found one who had received forgiveness in the sacrament. Two or three more have been justified under the word. Another last Monday.

I passed an useful hour with Mr. C. He rejoiced at my having preached in his parish last Sunday. If our brethren were like-minded, how might their hands be strengthened by us! But we must have patience, as he observed, till the thing speaks itself, and, the mist of prejudice being removed, they see clearly that all our desire is the salvation of souls, and the establishment of the Church of England.

I talked with a poor innocent girl, who constantly hears the word, but in great fear of the Priest. I hope in a little time she will be bold to judge for herself, and save her own soul, without asking any man's leave.

I invited many sinners at the marsh to Him who has promised them the rest of pardon, holiness, heaven. They seem to taste the *good* word. One told me, after it, that, from the time I spake to her at the palace, she had expected the blessing every moment; and was sure, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that she should have it. "I seem," said she, "to be laying hold on Christ continually. I am so light, so happy, as I never was before. I waked, two nights ago, in such rapture of joy, that I thought, 'Surely this is the peace they preach.' It has continued ever since. My eyes are opened. I see all things in a new light. I

rejoice always." Is not this the language of faith, the cry of a new-born soul? I prayed over her that the Lord might confirm it; and was greatly comforted with her consolations.

Thur., September 1st. I met the infant Society for the first time in an old play-house. Several were there from two in the morning. One received forgiveness in Jonathan Reeves's first prayer. Our Lord's presence consecrated the place. I explained the nature of Christian fellowship. God knit our hearts together in the desire of knowing Him.

The people are now ripe for the Gospel, which I therefore preached, from Isai. xxxv., to the poor hungry mourners. I heard that one received the atonement on Monday. Behold, a troop cometh! The angel is come down, the water is troubled, and many are just stepping into the pool.

I spoke with some, who told me they had wronged their neighbours in time past, and now their conscience will not let them rest, till they have made restitution. I bade them tell the persons injured, it was this preaching compelled them to do justice.

One poor wretch told me, before his wife, that he had lived in drunkenness, adultery, and all the works of the devil, for twenty-one years; had beat her every day of that time, and never had any remorse till he heard us; but now he goes constantly to church, behaves lovingly to his wife, abhors the thing that is evil, especially his old sins. This is one instance out of many.

An Alderman heard me to-night in a covered chair. I met part of the Society, who are fully convinced that, without present forgiveness, they cannot be saved.

I called on Mr. C., who told me he had had a great battle with his brethren, who confidently averred, "affidavit was made of that wicked brother of mine running away with another man's wife at Athlone." I rejoiced at the report, as a sign that the god of this world is alarmed for his kingdom in danger. How will he and his servants rage by and by! Hitherto they seem asleep: but the witnesses of Jesus are rising to rouse them.

Walking to the marsh, I overtook Mrs. N., who broke out into strong confession of the faith she received yesterday morning under the word. I marvel not that her daughter

says "she is gone distracted." You might as well stop the tide as her testimony. She rides on the high places of the earth. She speaks in the plerophory of faith ; she lives in the spirit of triumph. One of her expressions was, "I do not walk, but fly ; and seem as if I could leap over the moon."

The marsh was covered with high and low, rich and poor. The Gospel had free course ; not a word returned empty.

One followed and told me, "he had found the Lord in the word this morning."

I had much discourse with the young woman above-mentioned ; and found she was in Christ before me ; but her not using my expressions hindered my perceiving it. Some of her words were, "From the time you spake to me of forgiveness, I have been praying for it day and night, in continual joy. I am inexpressibly happy. All my temptations are gone. I tread on all the power of the enemy.

"From twelve years old I have walked with God, and found him in all my ways, in every place, and business, and company. In all my words I find him prompting me. From my infancy he has been my guide and instructor. When I would have spoken to the Bishop or others, he checked me with that thought, 'I will bear all my burdens till the Lord himself delivers me.' Many things he has taught me to pray for, which I did not myself understand at the time of my asking, nor fully till the answers came.

"I have been urged with that question, 'Could you die for the Gospel of Jesus Christ?' and when I would have put it by, it still followed me, and the Lord insisted upon my answer. While I have sat at work, it came into my mind, '*These fingers will never corrupt in the grave : I must die for the truth!*' I replied, 'But how can it be, Lord ? We are all Christians. Who is there to persecute us now ?' This thought pursues me still, that I am to suffer for my Saviour ; and I should *grudge* the dying in my bed."

I never felt more powerful, piercing words : they brought their own evidence, and left me no room to doubt God's special love to this soul. They also confirmed my continual expectation of sufferings.

Sat., September 3d. My text was, "I, even I, am he that

blotteth out thy transgressions, for my own sake." I felt, as it were, their spirits sink under the word of grace.

From six to eight I attend those that would speak with me. The first who accosted me was a poor soldier, with, "O, Sir, I have found the blessing!" I asked, "What blessing?" "Why, the blessing you preach,—the forgiveness of my sins." "How do you know that?" "I am sure of it; I cannot doubt of it; I feel it in my heart." "When and how did you receive it?" "Yesterday morning under the word. I strove, and strove hard, before I could lay hold on it. But at last I did venture upon Christ: I *put on boldness*, and did believe; and that moment all my sins were taken away,—as you would take the coat from my back. I went home rejoicing, and told my wife, and persuaded her to believe like me. She fell a-crying and praying for an hour together; and then she got it too. My mother is not far from it; only for fear of one sin she dares not venture."

His artless confession was confirmed by his wife, who has found the pearl at the same time with him. His brother found it last Sunday. Joyce Baily informs me, she received the blessing yesterday morning through the Spirit applying that word, "Ask, and it shall be given you."

I exhorted some of the Society, and found them all on full stretch after Christ.

Sun., September 4th. I expounded the prodigal son to thousands of listening sinners, many of whom, I am assured, are on their return, and will never rest, till they rest in the arms of their Father.

Mon., September 5th. More, I hear, are added to the church. Two at the sacrament yesterday; two in the Society. One overtook me going to the cathedral, and said, "I have found something in the preaching, and cannot but think it is forgiveness. All my sins sunk away from off me in a moment. I can do nothing but pray, and cry, 'Glory be to God!' I have such a confidence of his love as I never knew. I trample all sin and sorrow under my feet." I bade him watch and pray, and expect greater things than these.

Our old master the world begins to take it ill that so many desert and clean escape its pollutions. Innumerable

stories are invented to stop the work, or rather repeated, for they are the same we have heard a thousand times, as well as the primitive Christians,—“all manner of wickedness is acted in our Society, except the eating of little children.” My advice to our people is, “Answer them not a word.”

The Romish Priests go more secretly to work, deterring their flock by the penalty of a curse. Yet some venture to hear us by stealth.

I took horse for Bandon, with my loving Lawyer, and his wife, who has lately received Christ, as her language and life declare.

On the road I made the following hymn, for the Roman Catholics in Ireland :—

“Shepherd of souls, the great, the good,
Thy helpless sheep behold,
Those other sheep dispersed abroad,
Who are not of this fold.
By Satan and his factors bound
In ignorance and sin,
Recall them through the Gospel sound,
And bring the outcasts in.

“Strangers, alas! to thee and peace,
They cannot find the way,
But wander in the wilderness,
And on the mountains stray.
Why should they faint, unsaved, unsought,
With sure relief so nigh?
Why should the souls, whom thou hast bought,
For lack of knowledge die?

“Cast up, cast up an open road,
The stumbling-block remove,—
The sin that keeps them back from God,
And from thy pardoning love.
The hinderer of thy word restrain,
The Babylonish Beast,
The men who sell poor souls for gain,
Or curse whom thou hast bless'd;

“Those blinded leaders of the blind,
Who frighten them from thee,
And still bewitch the people's mind
With hellish sorcery:
Pierced with thy Spirit's two-edged sword,
They shall no more deceive;
Simon himself at thy great word
Shall tremble and believe.

“ Who lead their followers down the way
To everlasting death,
Confound, convert, and pluck the prey
Out of the lion's teeth.

The simple men, of heart sincere,
Who would receive thy word,
Bring in, thy blessed word to hear,
And own their bleeding Lord.

“ If thou wilt work a work of grace,
Who shall the hinderer be ?
Shall all the human hellish race
Detain thy own from thee ?
Shall Satan keep, as lawful prize,
A nation in his snare ?
Hosts of the living God, arise,
And try the force of prayer !

“ The prayer of faith hath raised the dead,
The' infernal legions driven,
The slaves from Satan's dungeon freed,
And shut and open'd heaven.
Our faith shall cleave the triple crown,
Shall o'er the Beast prevail ;
And turn his kingdom upside down,
And shake the gates of hell.

“ Come, then, the all-victorious Name,
Jesus, whom demons flee,
Redemption in thy blood proclaim,
And life and liberty.
Satan and all his hosts confound,
Burst ope the dungeon door ;
Deliverance preach to spirits bound,
And pardon to the poor.

“ These poor for whom we wrestle still,
A blind, deluded crowd,
Bring to the word, and wound and heal
Through thy stoning blood.
We will not let thee go, unless
The captives thou retrieve ;
Now, Lord, with true repentance bless,
And help them to believe.

“ To thee with boldness we look up,
For all these sons of Rome ;
We ask in faith, and, lo, a troop,
A troop of sinners come !
As flocking doves to thee they fly,
For refuge and for rest ;
They hasten to their windows nigh.
And shelter in thy breast.

“The things which we desired, we have ;
 To sin and Satan sold,
 A nation call, like us, and save,
 And make us all one fold,
 One house, one body, and one vine,
 One church, through grace forgiven ;
 By perfect love to angels join,
 And waft us all to heaven.”

By ten we came to Bandon, a town of Protestants only. Several Papists from the neighbourhood attended me to the market-house. I stood on a scaffold, and called, to about a thousand wild, gaping people, “Behold the Lamb of God,” &c. Four Ministers confessed it was the truth. All seemed hugely pleased, and rejoiced that I should preach again in the evening at the other end of the town.

The whole town was then gathered together, with many out of the country. My text was, “I send thee to open their eyes, to turn them from darkness to light.” Three of the Ministers were present again, and the Provost, or Governor of the town, with many of the better sort, in the opposite houses. I was enabled to speak closely, both to Pharisees and publicans. Many of the latter wept.

Tues. morning, September 6th. Between four and five, I was surprised to find as numerous an audience as last night's. I breakfasted with the only family of Quakers in the town. They behaved with that love and zeal which we meet with in all *the Friends*, till their worldly-wise and envious brethren pervert them, and make their minds evil affected towards us. Two men from Kinsale came to press me thither. I expounded the prodigal son, but could not get through half of it. They drank in every word.

In the evening I began again with a sore throat, an heavy heart, and a feeble body. To them that have no might, God increaseth strength. For an hour and an half I strongly called the weeping prodigals to their heavenly Father. Many Romans were present, and others who had not been near a church for years.

Wed., September 7th. I spent an hour in the town-hall with some hundreds of them, in prayer and singing. They were impatient to have a Society, and to take the kingdom of heaven by violence. I commended them to the grace of God, and departed, laden with their blessings.

I rode to Kinsale with my trusty Lawyer, and at noon walked to the market-place. The windows were filled with spectators rather than hearers. Many wild-looking people stood with their hats on in the street. The boys were rude and noisy. Some well-dressed women stood behind me, and listened. My text was, "Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in the poor, the lame," &c. I did most earnestly invite them all to the great supper. It was fallow ground; yet the word was not all lost. Several settled into serious attention. Others expressed their approbation: a few wept.

I was followed to my lodgings by a *devout* soldier, one of our Society in Dublin, who keeps his integrity. Some others called, and convinced me God hath not left himself without witness in this place.

In the evening the multitude so trod on one another, that it was some time before they could settle to hear. I received a blow with a stone on the side of my head, and called on the person to stand forth, and, if I had done him any wrong, to strike me again. This little circumstance increased their attention. I lifted up my voice like a trumpet, and showed the people their transgressions, and the way to be saved from them. They received my saying, and spake well of the truth. A sudden change was visible in their behaviour afterwards; for God had touched their hearts. Even the Romans owned "none could find fault with what the man said." Only one did most bitterly curse me, and all that should ever pray for me.

Thur., September 8th. The rain drove us to the market-house, a far more convenient place for preaching. I was surprised to find such a multitude in such weather. They sank down on every side into a just sense of their wants.

The next time, several of the better rank of Romans came to hear for themselves, and a whole army of soldiers. All were profoundly silent as soon as I opened my mouth in the words of our dying Lord, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?" The love of Christ crucified bore down all before it.

A lady of the Romish Church would have me to her house. She assured me the Governor of the town, (called the Sovereign,) as soon as he heard of my coming, had

issued out orders that none should dare disturb me ; that a gentleman, who offered to insult me, would have been torn to pieces by the Romans, had he not fled for it ; and that the Catholics, in general, are my firm friends.

It is worth observing, that in Kinsale I am of every religion. The Presbyterians say I am a Presbyterian ; the church-goers, that I am a Minister of theirs ; and the Catholics are sure I am a good Catholic in my heart.

I returned to Cork. Here the witnesses increase, so that we lose count of them.

Fri., September 9th. I got the whole morning to myself, and my beloved friends in Wales. I had sweet fellowship with them in reading their letters, and saw them, as it were, all about me at the throne of grace.

Sat., September 10th. A man and his wife laid hold on me, and said, "We have followed you from Bandon to Kinsale and hither ; and if we had not found you here, our hearts are so warm toward you, we would have followed you to Dublin, and all the world over." They so urged me to come once more to Bandon, that I could not refuse. Some from Middleton and Youghal pressed me to them also.

In conference, I met a gentlewoman, who has lately received forgiveness, when she was scarcely seeking it.

I preached, at the south prison, "What must I do to be saved?" and made a collection for the prisoners.

I prayed a second time with Sally Gwynne, a sincere mourner, just ready for *the consolation*.

I met the extraordinary young woman, strong in the Lord, impatient to sell all. I charged her to continue in her calling, and wait upon Him for direction.

Sun., September 11th. I heard a plain, useful sermon at St. Peter's, against judging. Such crowds at church and sacrament were never seen before ; so immediately is the Gospel the power of God saving from sin. Multitudes, from their first hearing it, left off to do evil, and learnt to do well.

I was much refreshed by part of the Bishop of Exeter's late charge to his Clergy,—worthy to be written in letters of gold :—

"My brethren, I beg you will rise up with me against

only moral preaching. We have been long attempting the reformation of the nation by discourses of this kind. With what success? Why, with none at all. On the contrary, we have very dexterously preached the people into downright infidelity. We must change our voice; we must preach Christ and him crucified. Nothing but the Gospel is, nothing will be found to be, the power of God unto salvation, besides. Let me, therefore, again and again request, may I not add, *let me charge you*, to preach Jesus, and salvation through his name; preach the Lord who bought us; preach redemption through his blood; preach the saying of the great High Priest, 'He that believeth shall be saved.' Preach repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ."

Mon., September 12th. I got to Bandon by eleven. My poor woman and her husband soon found me out, and carried me to their house in triumph. The neighbours flocked in, and we had indeed a feast of love. A prodigal came, who had been a monster of wickedness for many years; but is now returned to his Father. So are more of the town, who were wicked to a proverb.

I spake with a woman whom the word has wounded, and convinced that God is among the Protestants. She was bred a Protestant, but turned young to the Romans, and has continued with them these twenty years. She told me, she never could rightly believe that any man could forgive her her sins; but Jesus Christ has the power, she is persuaded, and therefore returns to those who preach forgiveness in His blood.

I invited above four thousand sinners to the great supper. God hath given them the hearing ear. I went to Mrs. Jones's, a widow-gentlewoman, as teachable as a little child; determined to promote the work of God to the utmost of her power. All in the place seem like-minded, —except the Clergy. O why should they be the last to bring home their King?

It grieved me to hear the poor encouragement given last Sunday to the crowds that flocked to church; which some of them had never troubled for years. We send them to church to hear ourselves railed at, and, what is far worse, the truth of God.

Tues., September 13th. We parted with many tears and mutual blessings. I rode on to Kinsale. Here, also, the Minister, Mr. P., instead of rejoicing to see so many publicans in the temple, *entertained* them with a railing accusation of me, as an impostor, incendiary, and messenger of Satan. Strange justice, that Mr. P. should be voted a friend of the Church, and I an enemy, who send hundreds into the Church, for him to drive them out again!

At noon I discoursed on the prodigal son. Many approved by silent tears. I could not dismiss them without a word of advice, how to behave toward their enemies, persecutors, and slanderers.

Thur., September 15th. After proclaiming liberty to the captives at Cork, I took horse for Middleton; preached there at noon to an attentive congregation, who pressed me much to come again.

I rode on to Youghal, a sea-port town, twenty Irish miles from Cork. I went forth to the strand. A wild multitude following, almost crowded me and one another to death. While I described our Lord's passion, the waves subsided, the noise ceased, and they earnestly listened to His last dying cries. The Minister (as well as people) testified his satisfaction, saying, as I am told, "These gentlemen have done a great deal of good. There is need enough of them in Youghal."

I lodged at Mr. Price's, a friendly Dissenter, who, with his family, received me cordially for my work's sake.

Fri., September 16th. The rain quickened our pace to Middleton. Here my audience was thrice as numerous as yesterday. The town-hall could not contain them. All listened to their own history in the prodigal, and begged hard for a continuance of the Gospel.

The power of the Lord was present in the Society at Cork. I marvel not that Satan so hates it. We never meet but some or other is plucked out of his teeth.

Riding, with the wind and rain in my face, has brought back my old companion the toothache. I feared it would hinder my taking leave of the people; but let my Lord look to that.

Sat., September 17th. After a restless night of pain, I rose to confer with those that desired it. A woman testi-

fied that the Lord had spoke peace to her trembling soul at the sacrament ;—Thomas Warburton, that faith came by hearing ; and now he hates all sin with a perfect hatred, and could spend his whole life in prayer.

Stephen Williams witnessed that, "Last night I found my heart burdened and bursting in your prayer ; but I repeated after you, till my speech was swallowed up. Then I felt myself as it were fainting, falling back, and sinking into destruction ; when on a sudden I was lifted up, my heart was lightened, my burden gone, and I saw all my sins at once, so black, so many, but all taken away. I am now afraid of neither death, devil, nor hell. I am happier than I can tell you. I know God has for Christ's sake forgiven me."

Two others, in whom I found a real work of grace begun, were Papists till they heard the Gospel ; but are now reconciled to the church, even the true, invisible church, or communion of saints, with whom is forgiveness of sins. A few of these lost sheep we pick up, but seldom speak of it, lest our own good Protestants should stir up the Papists to tear us in pieces.

At Mr. Rolt's, a pious Dissenter, I heard of the extreme bitterness of his two Ministers, who make it their business from house to house to set their people against the truth, and threaten all that hear us with excommunication. So far beyond the Papists are these *moderate men* advanced in persecution.

Sun., September 18th. I rose, as I lay down, in pain, which confined me the whole day. I prayed God to suspend it, if it was his will I should speak an useful word at parting with his people. I went to meet them at five, for a few minutes. The marsh was quite covered. Above ten thousand, as was supposed, stood fixed in deep attention. Not a breath was heard among them all. I faintly read my text, Acts ii. 42 : "And they continued steadfastly in the Apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers." They observed my weakness, and prayed me strong. I urged them to walk as the first followers of Christ. My words sunk into their hearts, and melted them into tears. For two hours we wept and rejoiced together ; commended each other again and again to God.

I mentioned with honour the behaviour of our own Clergy ; not one of whom has publicly spoke the least word against us. I had told them before, and now I told them again, that persecution will arise because of the word. Great confidence and love the Lord gave me for them ; and we parted most triumphantly, with the voice of joy and thanksgiving.

Mon., September 19th. I rose at two, refreshed as with wine, and set out with Robert Swindells. My pain was kept off by the prayer of those I left behind. I reached Cashel by night. Our host, a serious Roman, and his neighbour, an hearty, loving Quaker, made us forget our journey.

Tues., September 20th. I reached T—— by nine. I met several Clergy, who were attending the Archbishop, come to confirm. I preached at my inn-door. The people behaved better at the end than the beginning.

I found the twelve miles to Roscrea good six hours' riding ; the rain attending us all the way. At five we came to Mr. White's, sated with travelling ; but I had not time to rest, the people demanding me. My knees and eyes failed me, so that I could neither stand nor see. I leaned on a door, and called, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by ?" The word was not weak, like me.

Wed., September 21st. By four we got to Mountmelick. I preached in the market-house to a crowd of poor, convinced sinners ; could mention nothing but pure promises. They received the word as souls gasping for God.

Thur., September 22d. I took in thirty new members. I rode to B——, at the pressing instance of a Clergyman, who met, carried me home, and, after fairly proposing his objections, and attending to my answers, allowed me to speak with great closeness and particular application.

By four we came to Mr. Jackson's, in Birr. I preached "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." The power of the Highest overshadowed us. One gentlewoman sunk down at Jesus's feet. Most seemed affected.

Fri., September 23d. I talked with my host's brother, a publican indeed ! a monster of wickedness lately, but now so changed, that all the town is alarmed by it. At five I preached in a barn of Mr. Wade's, near Aghrim ; seldom

with greater power. I left a young woman in the pangs of regeneration.

Sat., September 24th. By one the Lord brought us safe to our beloved brethren in Athlone. No Father Ferril, or his volunteers, withstood our entrance. The door is wide opened, at the expense of one life indeed, if not more; for the first news I heard was, that the poor big-bellied woman who covered J. Healey from his enemy, is lately dead of the blows she then received.

I preached in the market-house, and met the Society in a barn, which a well-disposed Roman lends us, to the great dissatisfaction of his fellows. Our poor lambs were all in tears, mourning after Jesus.

Sun., September 25th. I examined each of the Society, who make upward of two hundred. A soldier followed, and told me, that "while I was talking to them, an horrible dread overwhelmed him; he *knew* I was a servant of God; saw himself as called to the bar; felt the burden of all his sins; shook, every bone of him, and trembled exceedingly, for fear of God's judgments." I could not hinder his falling down again and again at my feet, under such piercing apprehensions of God, the righteous Judge, as made me envy his condition.

I accepted of an invitation from the Rev. Mr. T., and comforted the mourners at the market-house, by all the precious promises of the Gospel, summed up in Isai. xxxv.

I dined with Mr. R., a gentleman of the Romish persuasion till he heard my brother; since which, both he and his house, with several others, are come over to the Church of England, and, what is far better, to the power of godliness.

In the evening preaching the great blessing came. The cries of the wounded spirits cannot be described. The place rung with loud calls for "mercy, mercy!" I concluded, and began again, and again; then sung, and prayed, and sung, not knowing how to give over.

Mon., September 26th. I took my leave in those solemn words, which reached their hearts: "And now, brethren, I commend you to God," &c. At three I came safe to our dear friends at Tyril's-Pass. It should not be forgot, that

the condemned soldier told me at parting, that the Lord had absolved him.

Tues., September 27th. I found much life in applying those words, "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock." I took horse for Dublin. Young Mr. Wade accompanied me three or four miles. His mother died last week in peace. He is swiftly following her, through the last stage of a consumption; has not yet attained, but *knows* he shall not depart till his eyes have seen *His* salvation. I commended him to the Lord Jesus, and appointed to meet him next in paradise. I rode on alone, yet not alone. My noon-hour of prayer refreshed my spirit. My absent friends were never *less* absent. I came before night to Dublin.

Wed., September 28th. I breakfasted with M. Folliard, whom I left mourning, and found rejoicing in Christ her Saviour. The Society is in a flourishing condition. I spent from twelve to one as usual, in our garden, with my Christian friends. They never fail to meet me at the throne, in my retirement.

Fri., September 30th. At night our Lord pierced many hearts with his dying cries. Two received faith; many a deeper sense of his love.

Sat., October 1st. It was the first time of my meeting the bands. The Lord was with us, and we rejoiced unto him with reverence.

Sun., October 2d. One received the blessing under the word. As soon as the Society was met, the fire was kindled. Three or four testified the grace of our Lord, which they then first experienced. A poor revolter, who, like Demas, had forsaken us, stealing in this evening, found mercy unexpected. His servant at the same time *felt* her sins forgiven, and gave God the glory. So did two or three more. Eight or nine confessed their faith openly. I believe all present rejoiced either in hope or in possession of their Saviour.

Fri., October 7th. I met at Mr. Lunell's an old Dutch Quaker, who seemed to have deep experience of the things of God. At two Mr. Lampe and his wife called, and were overjoyed to see me. I cannot yet give up my hope, that they are designed for better things than feeding swine; that is, entertaining the gay world.

Sat., October 8th. The wind brought in a packet-boat, then sunk away into a dead calm. However, we attempted at night to get out to sea: the particulars I sent to a friend:—

“Holyhead, October 10th.

“My very dear Brother,—I did not tell you at parting, that I never had a stronger apprehension of evil near. On Saturday evening, half-hour past eight, I entered the small boat. We were two hours getting to the vessel. There was not then water to cross the bar; so we took our rest till eleven on Sunday morning. Then God sent us a fair wind, and we sailed smoothly before it five knots an hour. All things promised a speedy, prosperous passage; yet still I found *the* burden upon my heart, usual in times of extreme danger.

“Towards evening the wind freshened upon us, and we had full enough of it. I was called to account for a bit of cake I had eat in the morning, and thrown into violent exercise. Up or down, cabin or deck, made no difference. Yet in the midst of it I perceived a distinct and heavier concern for I knew not what.

“It was now pitch-dark, and no small tempest lay upon us. The Captain had ordered in all the sails. I kept mostly upon deck till half-hour past eight; when upon my inquiry he told me, he expected to be in the harbour by nine. I answered, we would compound for ten. While we were talking, the mainsail, as I take it, got loose, and flew overboard as if it would drag us all after it; the small boat at the same time, for want of fastening, fell out of its place. The Master called, ‘All hands upon deck,’ and thrust me down into the cabin. Within a minute we heard a cry above, ‘We have lost the mast!’ A passenger ran up, and brought us worse news, that it was not the mast, but the poor Master himself, whom I had scarcely left, when the boat, as they supposed, struck him overboard. From that moment he was seen and heard no more. My soul was bowed before the Lord. I knelt down, and commended the departing spirit to His mercy in Christ Jesus. I adored His distinguishing goodness. ‘The one shall be taken, and the other left.’ I thought of those lines of Young:—

'No warning given! unceremonious death!
A sudden rush from life's meridian joys,
A plunge opaque beyond conjecture!'

"The sailors were so confounded they knew not what they did. The decks were strewed with sails, boat, &c.; the wind shifting about; the compass they could not get at; nor the helm for some time. We were just on the shore, and the vessel drove where or how they knew not. One of our cabin-passengers ran to the helm, gave orders as Captain till they had righted the ship. But I ascribe it to our invisible Pilot, that we got safe to the harbour soon after ten. The storm was so high, we doubted whether any boat would venture to fetch us. At last one answered, and came. I thought it safer to lie in the vessel, but one calling, 'Mr. Wesley, you must come,' I followed, and by eleven found out my old lodgings at Robert Griffith's."

Mon., October 10th. I blessed God that I did not stay in the vessel last night. A more tempestuous one I do not remember. I wrote a thanksgiving hymn:—

"All thanks to the Lord,
Who rules with a word
The' untractable sea,
And limits its rage by his steadfast decree:
Whose providence binds
Or releases the winds,
And compels them again
At his beck to put on the invisible chain.

"Even now he hath heard
Our cry, and appear'd
On the face of the deep,
And commanded the tempest its distance to keep:
His piloting hand
Hath brought us to land,
And, no longer distress'd,
We are joyful again in the haven to rest.

"O that all men would raise
His tribute of praise,
His goodness declare,
And thankfully sing of his fatherly care!
With rapture approve
His dealings of love,
And the wonders proclaim,
Perform'd by the virtue of Jesus's name!

" Through Jesus alone
 He delivers his own,
 And a token doth send
 That his love shall direct us, and save to the end :
 With joy we embrace
 The pledge of his grace,
 In a moment outfly
 These storms of affliction, and land in the sky."

At half-hour past nine I took horse with my host, in a perfect hurricane. We were wet through in less than ten minutes ; but I rode on, thankful that I was not at sea. By one I reached the Bull's Head ; paid off my extorting guide, and trusted Providence to conduct me over the Welsh mountains. I rode near three miles before my genius for wandering prevailed. Then I got out of the way to Baladon-Ferry, but was met by a Welsh child, and set right again. Near five I entered the boat with a Clergyman, and others, who crowded our small, crazy vessel. The water was exceeding rough, our horses frightened, we looking to overset every moment. The Minister acknowledged he was never in the like danger. We were half-drowned in the boat. I sat at the bottom with him and a woman, who stuck very close to me, so that my swimming would not have helped me. But the Lord was my support, and I cried out to my brother Clergyman, "Fear not. *Christum et fortunas vehis!* The hairs of our head are all numbered. Our Father sits at the helm."

Our trial lasted near half an hour. Then we landed, wet and weary, in the dark night. The Minister was my guide to Caernarvon ; and by the way entertained me with the praises of a lay-Preacher he had lately heard, and talked with. He could say nothing against his preaching, but heartily wished him ordained. His name, he told me, was Howel Harris. He carried me to his own inn, and at last found me out, which increased our intimacy.

Tues., October 11th. I set out at break of day ; missed my way as soon as I could, but quickly recovered it. I rode on with a cheerful heart in the bright, sunshiny day, to a small village three miles beyond Tan-y-Bwlch. From three to nine I enjoyed myself in solitude.

Wed., October 12th. I set out at six ; got to Dolgelly by nine. I took a guide for the first hour, and then came

by myself triumphantly to Machynlleth. Here I got another guide, who soon led me out of all way. We wandered over the mountains at random, and I was quite reconciled to the thought of taking up my lodging there. But Providence sent us directors again and again, when we most wanted them. We rode down such precipices, that one false step would have put an end to all our journeys; yet the Lord brought us through all, and by seven we rejoiced to find ourselves in Llanidloes.

Thur., October 13th. Soon after five I set out in the dark with a brother, who by eight delivered me over to Mr. Edwards, Curate of Rhayader. He could get no horse for love or money, and therefore waited on me on foot to Garth. I met our dearest friends there by twelve, in the name of the Lord, and rejoiced and gave thanks for his innumerable mercies. At seven I preached with life and faith, and at ten rested from my labours.

Fri., October 14th. I rested the whole day, only riding out for an hour, to pray by a sick, helpless publican. I preached morning and evening to the family; I hope not in vain: but I miss my Cork congregation.

Sat., October 15th. Mr. Williams read prayers at Llan-saintfraid; I preached from Matt. xi.: "Come unto me, all that are weary," &c. We were all in tears after Him, who promises us rest. An happier time have I not known, no, not at Cork, or Bandon. I returned with the night to Garth.

Sun., October 16th. I preached there at eight, and in Maesmynis church at eleven. It was a solemn season of love; and yet more so at the sacrament. At Builth I published the end of Christ's coming; namely, "that they might have life." I preached a fourth time, at Garth, and set the terrors of the Lord in array against the unawakened.

Mon., October 17th. I rode with Mr. Gwynne to Builth, and, preaching there at noon, returned to our little church at Garth.

Tues., October 18th. I rode to Maesmynis with most of the family, and enforced those triumphant words of the departing Apostle, "I have fought a good fight," &c. Great consolation was thereby administered to us. Forty sincere souls, whom the storm could not discourage, joined

in receiving the Lord's supper. It was a passover much to be remembered. All were melted down in prayer. We were not unmindful of our absent brethren, or of those that travel by water. The church about us was rocked by the tempest; but we had a calm within. O that it might last till we all arrive at the haven! I preached the third time at Builth, and once more at Garth.

Wed., October 19th. I preached again in Llansaintfraid church, and took leave of our family in the evening.

Thur., October 20th. I set out with brother Philips in the dark and rain. We had not rode a quarter of a mile before I was struck through with pain as with a dart. Whether it was the rheumatism in my shoulder, or what else, I know not; but it took away my breath in an instant, and stopped my progress. I lay some time on my horse, unable to bear the least motion; but determined not to turn back till I fell off. In a few minutes I could bear a foot-pace, and then a small trot. As the rain increased my pain decreased. I was quickly wet to the skin; but some fair blasts dried me again, and in five hours I got well to Bwlch.

After an hour's rest I took horse again, and came swiftly to Usk, before five. We went early to bed; rose at three the next morning.

Fri., October 21st. We set out soon after five, and by eight were brought safe to the New Passage; were from ten to twelve crossing, and came to Bristol between one and two.

I called on Mrs. Vigor, uncertain if she was escaped out of the body. I found her (or rather her shadow) still in the vale, and was much comforted by her calm desire of dissolution. She has no doubt of God's finishing his work in her soul before he calls her hence; but he has, I am persuaded, more work for her to do.

I passed the afternoon among my friends, who are much alive unto God. I called on a listening audience, "Rejoice with me, for I have found the sheep that was lost;" and we did rejoice with all the angels in heaven, over our younger brethren in Ireland.

Sat., October 22d. I rode over to our children in Kingswood, and was much comforted by their simplicity and love.

At night the Leaders brought me a good report of the church in general. They walk as becometh the Gospel.

Sun., October 23d. Our Lord met us at his own table, and our souls lay low and happy at his feet.

In the Society the Lord comforted us on every side. It was like one of the former days. We were brought a large step on our journey to Sion.

Mon., October 24th. I met the select band for the first time. The cloud overshadowed us, and we all said, "It is good to be here."

I rode to Coleford under a great burden. What would I not have given to escape preaching? but as soon as I opened my mouth the skies poured down righteousness. In the Society we seemed all rapt up. A cloud of witnesses arose. Five or six received forgiveness, and testified it. We rejoiced with joy unutterable. My body was quite spent. Mr. Philips did not much commend our accommodations. Our chamber looked very ghastly, scarce affording a Prophet's furniture: our bed had but one thin quilt to cover us.

Tues., October 25th. I rode to Paulton, where my horse cast me to the ground with such violence, as if I had been shot out of an engine. I lay breathless for some time. They set me on the horse, and led me to Bristol; got a Surgeon to dress my arm and hand, which were much bruised, and my foot crushed.

Wed., October 26th. I woke with a stiff neck and aching bones, which did not interrupt my business, public or private. I preached at night with enlargement of heart.

Thur., October 27th. I preached at five with some pain in my breast, which wears off more and more.

Wed., November 2d. At sister Perrin's the Spirit helped our infirmities in mighty prayer, and filled us with divine confidence. I had then no doubt, even of my own perseverance.

Fri., November 4th. I imparted my design to Mrs. Vigor, who advised me with all the kindness and freedom of a Christian friend.

Mon., November 7th. I had tender sympathy with a sick, absent friend, Mrs. B. L., and much of the divine presence in praying for her.

Thur., November 10th. I expounded Isai. xxxv. at the Foundry, and lost all my burdens among my brethren.

Fri., November 11th. My brother and I having promised each other, (as soon as he came from Georgia,) that we would neither of us marry, or take any step towards it, without the other's knowledge and consent, to-day I fairly and fully communicated every thought of my heart. He had proposed three persons to me, S. P., M. W., and S. G.; and entirely approved my choice of the last. We consulted together about every particular, and were of one heart and mind in all things.

Sat., November 12th. I waited on Dr. Cockburn, who paid me £50, part of the legacy which my old friend Mrs. Sparrow left me.

Mon., November 14th. I rejoiced over our sister Peters, whose spirit was on the wing for paradise.

Wed., November 16th. At the hour of intercession the Lord looked upon us, and we lay a long time at his feet weeping.

Mon., November 21st. I set out with Mr. Waller for Bristol; and on Wednesday met our Lord there, in the midst of his disciples.

Fri., November 25th. I visited our sister Amos, supposed to be near death. Her joy was so great, the earthen vessel could scarce contain it. Her love and thanks and blessings on me lifted up my hands and heart. I offered up myself, with my absent friends, in fervent, faithful prayer.

Mon., November 28th. I rode to Cardiff.

Tues., November 29th. Mr. James overtook us at Fonmon. Both at Cardiff and here, I was much assisted in preaching.

Thur., December 1st. I rose at two, and, after prayer, set out with Mr. James. The moors were almost impassable; yet we got to Brecon soon after three.

Fri., December 2d. By nine I found them at Garth, singing, and was most affectionately received by all, especially Mrs. Gwynne.

I advised with Sally how to proceed. Her judgment was, that I should write to her mother.

While the family was at dinner, I got some of *my* flock together, Miss Betsy, Molly Leyson, B. Williams, and

faithful Grace Bowen, with whom I spent a comfortable hour in prayer. In the evening I pressed upon them, with much freedom, that blessed advice, "Acquaint thyself now with God, and be at peace."

Sun., December 4th. I rode with Sally and Betsy to Maesmynis. Our Lord administered strong consolation to our souls by the word and sacrament. At Builth, also, we were all melted into tears. I preached at Garth with the same blessing. I took farther counsel with Sally, quite above all guile or reserve. I was afraid of making the proposal. The door of prayer was always open.

Mon., December 5th. I spake with Miss Becky, who heartily engaged in the cause, and at night communicated it to her mother, whose answer was, "she would rather give her child to Mr. Wesley than to any man in England." She afterwards spoke to me with great friendliness above all suspicion of underhand dealing; (the appearance of which I was most afraid of;) said, she had no manner of objection but "want of fortune." I proposed £100 a year. She answered, her daughter could expect no more.

Wed., December 7th. I preached twice a day, and never with more liberty.

Thur., December 8th. I was a little tried by the brutishness of my friend Philips, who got my advocate, M—n, over to his side. But their buffetings did me no great harm.

Mr. Gwynne leaving the whole to his wife, I talked the matter fully over, and left it wholly with her to determine. She behaved in the most obliging manner, and *promised her consent*, if I could answer for £100 a year.

Fri., December 9th. I prayed and wept over my dear Miss Becky, in great pain. She begged me not to leave them to-morrow.

Sat., December 10th. Mr. Philips called me, whom I mildly put by. I preached the next day, with great utterance and emotion. I talked once more with Mrs. Gwynne, entirely open and friendly. She promised to tell me if any new objection arose, and confessed, "I had acted like a gentleman in all things."

Mon., December 12th. I took a cheerful leave, and set out with Harry and Mr. Philips, somewhat milder. His only concern now was for the people. Them, also, I told

him, my brother and I had taken into the account, and I had taken no one step without my brother's express advice and direction. We lodged at Usk.

Tues., December 13th. I rejoiced with my Christian friends in Bristol.

Thur., December 15th. I preached at Bath, in my way to London.

Fri., December 16th. Soon after four I set out with Mr. Jones, in thick darkness and hard rain. We had only one shower; but it lasted from morning till night. By half-hour past eight we got, in sad plight, to Calne; left it within an hour, as wet as we came to it, sore against my companion's will, who did not understand me when I told him, "I never slack my pace for way or weather." In a quarter of an hour we were wet from head to foot, the rain driving in our faces. On the Downs the storm took my horse off his legs, and blew me from his back. Never have I had such a combat with the wind. It was labour indeed to bear up against it.

"No foot of earth unfought the tempest gave."

Many times it stopped me as if caught in a man's arms. Once it blew me over a bank, and drove me several yards out of the road before I could turn. For a mile and an half I struggled on, till my strength was quite spent. There was little life in either me or my companion when we came to Hungerford. We dried ourselves, and I scarcely persuaded him to go on to Newbury. There I was forced to leave him, and push forward to Woolhampton by seven.

Sat., December 17th. I took horse at four, by starlight. Such cheerfulness of heart, such a sense of joy and thankfulness, I have seldom known. For five hours I quite forgot my body. T. Hardwick met me at Maidenhead, with a post-chaise, and carried me to Brentford, when my last reserve of strength was gone. By four I found my brother at the Foundry, and rejoiced his heart with the account of my prosperous journey.

He had advised me to make the experiment directly, by going to Garth, and talking with Mrs. Gwynne. Her negative (or his, or Sally's) I should have received as an

absolute prohibition from God. But hitherto it seems as if the way was opened by particular Providence.

Mon., December 19th. So my wise and worthy friend * at Shoreham thought, when I communicated to him the late transactions. As to my own judgment, I set it entirely out of the question, being afraid of nothing so much as of trusting my own heart.

Wed., December 21st. I talked with Mr. Blackwell, who very freely and kindly promised to assist in the subscription of £100 a year. I thought it better to be obliged for a maintenance to ten or a dozen friends, than to five hundred or five thousand of the people.

In the morning I discoursed on Thomas's confession, "My Lord, and my God;" and in the evening on the divine testimony, "This is my beloved Son," &c. Great life and power accompanied and applied the word.

Fri., December 23d. I visited our brother White, who has again found mercy on his death-bed, which is to him a triumphal chariot.

Christmas-day. We rejoiced in the glad tidings, "To us is born a Saviour;" and yet more in the sacrament were filled with all peace and joy in believing.

Tues., December 27th. One received the pardoning love of God under the word this morning.

Fri., December 30th. I met Mr. Blackwell with my brother, who proposes £100 a year to be paid me out of the books.

Sat., December 31st. The more I pray, the more assured I am, God will not suffer the blind to go out of his way. He was with us at his own table, in solemn power. My ministrations were never more lively, never more blessed to my own and the people's souls.

I married T. Hardwick and Sally Witham. We were all in tears before the Lord.

I rejoiced to hear of our brother White's translation. I described it in the following hymn:—

"O what a soul-transporting sight
 Mine eyes to-day have seen,
 A spectacle of strange delight
 To angels and to men!

* The Rev. Vincent Perronet.—EDIT.

Nor human language can express,
 Nor tongue of angels paint,
 The vast mysterious happiness
 Of a departing saint !

“ See there, ye misbelieving race,
 The wisdom from above !
 Behold in that pale, smiling face
 The power of Him we love.
 How calmly through the mortal vale
 He walks with Christ his guide,
 And treads down all the powers of hell,
 And owns the Crucified !

“ Where is the King of terrors ? where
 The pomp of deadly pain ?
 A child of God his frowns can dare,
 And all his darts disdain :
 ‘ The King of fears,’ he gently cries,
 ‘ Can never frighten me,
 Who grasp through death the glorious prize
 Of immortality.

“ ‘ The life which in my spirit dwells
 He never can destroy ;
 And all the pain my body feels
 Is swallow’d up in joy.
 Jesus doth all my burdens bear :
 And gladly I commend
 The objects of my latest care
 To my eternal Friend.

“ ‘ Whate’er ye ask, whate’er ye want,
 My Lord shall richly give :
 The blessing of a dying saint
 On all your souls I leave.
 Come, follow to that happy place,
 Our Master’s joy to see ;
 For O ! in one short moment’s space,
 Ye all shall rest with me.

“ ‘ Rejoice, my friends, I go before,
 To meet my happy doom,
 And tell them on the heavenly shore,
 Ye all are hastening home.
 For me my Father’s chariot waits,
 I see the flaming steeds,
 And lo ! the everlasting gates
 Lift up their pearly heads !

“ ‘ The blessed messenger is sent,
 To lead me to the throne,
 Above that starry firmament,
 Above that glimmering sun.

- The angel beckons me away,
 To fairer worlds on high :
 And let me now the call obey,
 And lay me down, and die.
- “ At this thrice welcome time of grace,
 When God for me was born,
 Made ready for his kind embrace,
 My spirit shall return.
 To-day I shall with rapture see
 The Child to mortals given,
 And kiss the' incarnate Deity,
 And keep the feast in heaven.
- “ Even now the earnest he reveals
 Of my eternal rest,
 The' immeasurable comfort swells
 This weak, transported breast :
 My body falls, my soul wants air,
 And gasps for its remove,
 So much of heaven I cannot bear,
 I am too full of love.'
- “ Thrice happy soul ! by special grace
 So highly favour'd here,
 To sound in death the Saviour's praise,
 And breathe the Comforter :
 On earth to' enjoy the blissful sight
 To dying Stephen given,
 And see the Lord enthroned in light,
 And see his opening heaven.
- “ That heavenly bliss, when language fails,
 His every look displays,
 And every smile divinely tells
 The raptures of the place :
 The glory, while he lays it down,
 Shines through the sinking clay,
 And lo ! without a parting groan,
 The soul ascends away !
- “ Without a groan the Christian dies !
 But not without a word :
 On me, on me, he loudly cries,
 To meet our common Lord.
 He calls me by my worthless name,
 My soul he beckons home ;
 And lo ! in Jesu's hands I am,
 And lo ! I gladly come !
- “ Witness my undissembled tears,
 If here I wish to stay,
 Or rather to shake off my fears,
 And corruptible clay :

Witness the Searcher of my heart,
Whose absence I bemoan,
And pine and languish to depart,
And struggle to be gone.

“ Lord, if thou didst indeed inspire
Thy servant's dying breast,
And fill him with thine own desire,
That I with thee might rest ;
Thine own desire in me fulfil,
And perfect love dispense,
And freely my backslidings heal,
And now transport me hence.”

Tues., January 3d, 1749. My brother wrote as follows to Mrs. Gwynne. I enclosed it in my own, and sent both letters, after offering them up to the divine disposal.*

I buried Alexander White, and preached on, “ I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course,” &c. We were all partakers of His joy.

Mon., January 9th. I visited sister Smith, sick and in pain ; but her pain was swallowed up in love. “ Were I to choose,” said she, “ I should choose death : but let my Lord choose for me. I want nothing but his love.”

Fri., January 13th. I read, undisturbed, a letter from Mrs. Gwynne, dissatisfied with my brother's proposal. I visited Mr. Ferronet the next day. He has indeed acted the part of a father : another proof whereof is this letter of his to Mrs. Gwynne :—

“ Shoreham, January 14th, 1749.

“ Madam,—As the trouble of this proceeds from the most sincere friendship, I have reason to believe you will easily excuse it.

“ Give me leave then, Madam, to say, that if you and worthy Mr. Gwynne are of opinion that the match proposed by the Rev. Mr. Charles Wesley be of God, neither of you will suffer any objections, drawn from this world, to break it off. Alas, Madam ! what is all this world, and the glories of it ? How little does the world appear to that mind, whose affections are set on things above ! This state

* A blank space is here left in the original manuscript, but the letter is not inserted. From subsequent statements it appears that it contained Mr. John Wesley's proposal to Mrs. Gwynne, that he would secure to his brother Charles the sum of one hundred pounds *per annum*, from the profits of their books.—EDIT.

is what I trust you are seriously seeking after. I am sure it is a state worth every Christian's seeking after, and what every Christian must seek after, if ever he hopes to get to heaven.

"I have a daughter now designed for a pious gentleman, whose fortune is not half that of our friend's; and yet I would not exchange him for a Star and Garter. I only mention this that I might not appear to offer an opinion which I would not follow myself.

"However, I have been hitherto speaking as if Mr. Wesley's circumstances really wanted an apology: but this is not the case. The very writings of these two gentlemen are, *even at this time, a very valuable estate*; and when it shall please God to open the minds of people more, and prejudice is worn off, it will be still much more valuable. I have seen what an able bookseller has valued a great part of their works at, which is £2,500: but I will venture to say, *that this is not half their value*. They are works which will last and sell while any sense of true religion and learning shall remain among us. However, as they are not of the same nature with an estate in land, they cannot be either sold or pledged without the most manifest loss and inconvenience.

"I shall trouble you, Madam, no farther, than only to add, that from the time I had the pleasure of seeing Miss Gwynne at my house, I have often had her upon my mind. I then perceived so much grace and good sense in that young lady, that, when this affair was first mentioned to me, I could not help rejoicing at what promised so much happiness to the church of God.

"May that God, in whose hands are the hearts of the children of men, direct all of you in such a manner as may tend to the promoting His honour, and the kingdom of His dear Son. I am, with great respect to worthy Mr. Gwynne, yourself, and good family, Madam,

"Your very sincere and affectionate friend and servant,

"VINCENT PERRONET."

Mon., January 23d. I received letters from Garth, consenting to our proposals.

Sat., January 28th. I married William Briggs and Eliz. Perronet; who seem quite made for each other.

Tues., January 31st. I found life and comfort in the small remnant at Deptford.

Tues., February 14th. I was assisted to preach twice a day, the last fortnight ; and pitied an unhappy friend for her confident assertion, that the Lord is departed from me. Let the rest of her words and actions be buried in eternal oblivion.

At four this morning I set out for Garth, with my brother and Charles Perronet. At Kensington my horse threw me. My foot hung by the spur. My company were gone before ; when a servant flew to my help, and I rose unhurt.

Wed., February 15th. I dined at the Rector of Lincoln's. I waited on our Dean and others ; all extremely civil.

Fri., February 17th. Our wanderings through the bogs, &c., ended at eight in the evening. Sally met me, before I entered the house, with news that her brother was come, and very vehement against the match ; yet he received us with great courtesy.

Sat., February 18th. Mrs. Gwynne was extremely open and affectionate ; has fought my battles against her own relations, particularly her son, who has behaved very violently towards her. Miss Becky told him, he might think it a great honour done him by my proposal. Mrs. Gwynne, my brother, and I, had a conference. He repeated his proposals, and agreed to make them good ; being entirely reconciled to the settlement, for which Mr. Gwynne and Mr. Perronet were to be the Trustees.

Sun., February 19th. I returned to Garth from the sacrament at Maesmynis. Mr. H. Gwynne was very obliging. I drove his father to church, where we heard a good sermon. I had a conference with my brother and Sally. She promised to let me continue my vegetable diet and travelling.

Mon., February 20th. Mr. H. Gwynne was now as affable as the rest ; said he had nothing to object, and behaved as if his heart was entirely turned towards us.

Tues., February 21st. My brother and Charles Perronet left us. I stayed a week longer, preaching twice a day.

Sun., February 26th. Mrs. Gwynne assured me, she should not change ; talked freely of our marriage, and

would have got me to promise not to go again to Ireland. But Sally would not let me, saying, she should be glad herself to visit the many gracious souls in that country.

Mon., February 27th. I commended them once more to God, and took horse with Harry. It rained all day, yet we reached Usk by night; and the next morning breakfasted at Bristol.

Fri., March 3d. I met George Whitefield, and made him quite happy by acquainting him with my design.

Mon., March 6th. I mentioned it to the select band, desiring their prayers, not their advice.

Fri., March 10th. I prayed by happy Sally Huntington. The approach of death has put all her troubles to flight.

Miss Burdock, to whom I told my affair, expressed the strongest approbation. We had a very solemn watch-night.

Thur., March 16th. I rode with Charles Perronet, in a day and an half, to London. I expounded, in bodily weakness, Hab. iii. : "Though the fig-tree shall not blossom," &c. The power of the Lord was present, and great love we felt towards each other.

Sat., March 18th. Returning from Shoreham, I narrowly escaped being crushed to death by a dray on London bridge.

Sun., March 19th. An extraordinary blessing attended the word preached both at the chapel and every other place. In the sacrament I was constrained to pray again and again, with strong cryings and tears. So it was every day of this *great and holy week*.

Easter-day, March 26th. The convincing and comforting Spirit reached our hearts, both in the word and sacrament.

In the evening I took my leave of the Society, who express a general satisfaction in my intentions. Surely, both Jesus and his disciples are bidden.

Wed., March 29th. Having, by the help of Mr. Lloyd and his Lawyers, settled everything to Mrs. Gwynne's wish, I set out at three, with Charles Perronet, for Bristol, in my way to Wales. I lodged the first night at Oxford.

Thur., March 30th. I took horse again at seven, and God prospered our journey to Cirencester. I expounded Rom. viii. 32, and met the Society, to our mutual comfort.

Fri., March 31st. My text in the morning was, "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek the things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God." He strongly drew our hearts after him, as the tears of many testified.

I stopped to pray by an aged woman, who lay a-dying, and knew not God. She then received faith to be healed. By two we came to Felix Farley's, and soon after to Kingswood, where we found our beloved sisters Murray and Davey, who joined us in prayer and joyful thanksgiving.

Sat., April 1st. Just as we were setting out for Wales, my brother appeared full of scruples, and refused to go to Garth at all. I kept my temper, and promised, "if he could not be satisfied there, to desist." I saw all was still in God's hands, and committed myself to Him.

Sun., April 2d. The Lord opened my mouth to apply those weighty words, "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek the things which are above."

I had wrote our friends notice, that I should be at Cardiff to-morrow, and on Tuesday or Wednesday at Garth. But I found my brother had appointed to preach in several places till Friday; which I did not take kindly.

Mon., April 3d. He seemed quite averse to signing his own agreement: yet at five we set out with an heavy heart. Our brother Thomas met us on the Welsh side. Before five I came, weary, faint, oppressed to Cardiff, and lay down, being unable to stand.

Tues., April 4th. I met Mr. Hodges at Fonmon. He asked me, "My brother, what are you seeking in this thing? Happiness? Then you will be sadly disappointed. If an help and comfort only, look up to God, and he will surely give it you."

I heard my brother at the Castle, and again in the morning.

Wed., April 5th. I lodged with him at Lantrissant.

Thur., April 6th. I was his hearer at five, and nine, and twelve, in Aberther church. By seven we got to Brecknock. An hour after, Mr. James came. I waited with him on Mr. Williams, the Surrogate, for a licence. He was extremely civil; refusing his fees from a brother Clergyman.

Fri., April 7th. I rose at four, and got an hour for prayer and the Scripture. That word in particular came with power to my heart, "Thus saith the Lord, If my covenant be not with day and night, and if I have not appointed the ordinances of earth and heaven; then I will cast away the seed of Jacob, and David my servant,—for I will cause their captivity to return, and will have mercy upon them."

I came to Garth by nine; found them at breakfast; almost equally welcome to all. We talked over matters with Mrs. Gwynne; and all my brother's fears were scattered. We read over the settlement. Mrs. Gwynne proposed a bond, till it could be signed. My brother signed the bond; Miss Becky and Miss Musgrave witnessed it.

We crowded as much prayer as we could into the day.

Sat., April 8th.

"Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky."

Not a cloud was to be seen from morning till night. I rose at four; spent three hours and an half in prayer, or singing, with my brother, with Sally, with Beck. At eight I led MY SALLY to church. Her father, sisters, Lady Rudd, Grace Bowen, Betty Williams, and, I think, Billy Tucker, and Mr. James, were all the persons present. At the church-door I thought of the prophecy of a jealous friend, "that if we were even at the church-door to be married, she was sure, by revelation, that we could get no farther." We both smiled at the remembrance. We got farther. Mr. Gwynne gave her to me (under God): my brother joined our hands. It was a most solemn season of love! Never had I more of the divine presence at the sacrament.

My brother gave out the following hymn:—

"Come, thou everlasting Lord,
By our trembling hearts adored;
Come, thou heaven-descended Guest,
Bidden to the marriage-feast!

"Sweetly in the midst appear,
With thy chosen followers here;
Grant us the peculiar grace,
Show to all thy glorious face.

“ Now the veil of sin withdraw,
Fill our souls with sacred awe,—
Awe that dares not speak or move,
Reverence of humble love.

“ Love that doth its Lord descry,
Ever intimately nigh,
Hears whom it exults to see,
Feels the present Deity.

“ Let on us thy Spirit rest,
Dwell in each devoted breast ;
Thou with thy disciples sit,
Thou thy works of grace repeat.

“ Now the ancient wonder show,
Manifest thy power below ;
All our thoughts exalt, refine,
Turn the water into wine.

“ Stop the hurrying spirit's haste,
Change the soul's ignoble taste ;
Nature into grace improve,
Earthly into heavenly love.

“ Raise our hearts to things on high,
To our Bridegroom in the sky ;
Heaven our hope and highest aim,
Mystic marriage of the Lamb.

“ O might each obtain a share
Of the pure enjoyments there ;
Now, in rapturous surprise,
Drink the wine of Paradise ;

“ Own, amidst the rich repast,
Thou hast given the best at last ;
Wine that cheers the host above,
The best wine of perfect love ! ”

He then prayed over us in strong faith. We walked back to the house, and joined again in prayer. Prayer and thanksgiving was our whole employment. We were cheerful without mirth, serious without sadness. A stranger, that intermeddled not with our joy, said, “ It looked more like a funeral than a wedding.” My brother seemed the happiest person among us.

Sun., April 9th. We all partook of the Lord's supper ; and our souls were satisfied with his comforts. I spent good part of the day in writing letters : heard my brother at night.

Mon., April 10th. At four my brother took his leave of us. I passed the day in prayer, chiefly with my dearest friend. In the afternoon Mr. Gwynne, of Glanbran, came to visit them. He took no notice of me, or I of him. I explained at night the happiness of religion from Prov. iii., and invited them to partake of it.

Tues., April 11th. I rode with Mr. Philips to Builth. The Lord applied his most precious promise, "I will pour out the Spirit of grace and supplications."

I discoursed at Garth, with delightful enlargement, on "the one thing needful."

Sun., April 16th. I preached constantly the last week at Garth; only once at Lansaintfraid. I carried my beloved Sally to Maesmynis. We had sweet fellowship in the sacrament and in prayer. I rode on to Lansaintfraid, and preached a third time at Garth, with a close application on watching unto prayer.

Mon., April 17th. The Lord was never more with me, than he was at Builth, while I spake from those words, "These are they that came out of great tribulation." All the hearers were in tears: but it was a blessed mourning.

Thur., April 20th. I took my leave of Garth in those words of our Lord, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

Fri., April 21st. I took horse with Sally, Betsy, and my father. We slept at Abergavenny.

Sat., April 22d. I cheerfully left my partner for the Master's work, and rode on with Harry to Bristol. We made so much haste, that I left all my strength behind me. I was glad to go to bed, as soon as I came in.

Sun., April 23d. Dr. Middleton sweated, blooded, vomited me. Yet on Monday I attempted to preach; but my body failed.

Wed., April 26th. I received strength to urge my hearers to come boldly to the throne of grace. The word was quick and powerful. I had a second blessing among the bands.

Thur., April 27th. I had prayer for a blessing upon the word this day, and God heard and answered, while I expounded John xvii. There was scarce a soul present that was not broken down.

Fri., April 28th. Some letters from Garth brought life with them. I prayed and wept over the beloved writers.

In the evening I proceeded in my exposition of John xvii. And still our Lord owned the words for his.

Sat., April 29th. "They that seek me early shall find me." This word was made good to the morning audience.

Sun., April 30th. We had a solemn, joyous sacrament in Kingswood. At Conham I thundered, "O ye dry bones, hear ye the word of the Lord."

Mon., May 1st. Never, since I preached the Gospel, have I been more owned and assisted of God, than now. He is always with me in the work of the ministry; therefore I live by the Gospel.

Thur., May 4th. I preached at Cirencester and Oxford, in my way to London; which I reached on Saturday afternoon.

Sun., May 7th. At the chapel my subject was, "The end of all things is at hand;" at the Foundery, "Thou shalt show me the path of life." The word was really a means of grace to our souls. I met the Society in very great love; which was only increased by my change of condition. I am married to more than one, or one thousand, of them.

Mon., May 8th. I found a blessing in examining the classes. I left out a careless girl; and her mother came abusing me with horrid oaths and curses. Satan, I perceived, did not like our work.

I heard, in the evening, that old Mr. Adams had brought two Constables for me. The poor men were hugely civil and hugely frightened; said, they would not see me, but I might send bail. J. Healey had threatened him in the morning, if he forced his way into the house again, to put him in the bathing-tub. I had shut the door upon him. Justice Fielding had very wisely granted him a warrant against me.

I chose to have a hearing of it directly, and went with Mr. Perronet, Hoy, Windsor, Briggs, and John, to the next Justice, Mr. Withers. He received us with great civility; said, "I am sorry, gentlemen, this has happened; but assure you, you shall have no farther trouble, only your bail." On mentioning Adams, "What!" cried he, "that

old man who makes disturbance in the streets? I saw him yesterday raising a riot, and he commanded me to attend him in the name of the Lord. I wonder my brother Fielding would grant a warrant to such a madman. He did not consider the consequence." After ten Mr. Adams came. The Justice examined the warrant particularly, and showed it was no assault; asked, "Did they threaten your life?" "No; but Healey threatened to duck me," said the old man; abused the Justice, told him I had bribed him, and would have been sent to Newgate for so saying, had we not interposed.

The Justice assured us he would take care of him, if ever he molested us more; made the Clerk give back his fees; marked the warrant, "Litigious, malicious, vexatious, false;" discharged the bail, and promised us all the assistance in his power on all occasions.

Fri., May 12th. I waited on him again, hearing Adams had got me presented at Hick's-hall. The Justice said I need give myself no trouble about it: he should be there himself. The next day the bill was thrown out.

Whitsunday, May 14th. I preached the promise of Christ and the Father, with the demonstration of that Spirit; and received it *partly* with the sacrament. Our brother Thompson partook with us, and declared "he was in heaven!"

Tues., May 16th. A woman, in baptism, received both the outward visible sign, and the inward spiritual grace.

Fri., May 19th. I joined in the Lord's supper with our happy dying sister Kempthorn.

Mon., May 22d. I left London at two in the afternoon, and came to Bath on Tuesday evening.

Thur., May 25th. My exhortation was blessed to the Society at Bristol. On mention of the persecution in Cork, a spirit of sympathy ran through all our hearts.

Sat., May 27th. I hired a small house, near my worthy friend Vigor's, such an one as suited a stranger and pilgrim upon earth.

Sun., May 28th. We had a glorious time at Kingswood, never better.

Mon. afternoon, May 29th. At Mrs. Dicken's in Bath, I met Miss Stonehouse, the sister of my old friend. Shall I

ever meet my poor dear George again? I preached to a very fine audience, whom I did not spare.

Fri., June 2d. I took horse at two, and got to Hereford by one. At half-hour past three my beloved Sally, with Mrs. Gwynne and her sister Peggy, found me at the Falcon. We sang, rejoiced, and gave thanks till Mr. and Mrs. Hervey came. After dinner we drank tea at their house, and went to see the cathedral. I wanted work; but there was no door opened.

Sat., June 3d. I carried my companion to Ludlow, to which the family lately removed. My mother and sisters Becky, Betsy, Baldwin, received me as I expected. Brother Duke and the Captain could not be civiler.

Sun., June 4th. The pulpit was refused me; but not the sacrament. In the afternoon the boys began gathering, and throwing eggs and stones. Mr. Gwynne sent for the Bailiff, who himself fetched the refractory Constable, and seized the ringleader of the mob. This quelled the increasing riot.

I preached with tolerable quiet on, "Repent, and believe the Gospel."

Mon., June 5th. With more enlargement, and to a better behaved congregation, from, "Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh," &c. I stood at the door; got one stone at last.

Tues., June 6th. I drove my wife to visit Captain Baldwin, and very gently overturned without hurting her in the least. My hearers at night were very tumultuous; yet could do no mischief.

Thur., June 8th. I preached at the market-place in Leominster, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?" All appeared quite eager to hear. I exhorted about forty serious people in an house at Ludlow to work out their salvation; and the blessing of the Lord was with us.

Fri., June 9th. I rode with Sally to Leominster, and expounded Isai. lv. in the market-place. The Minister was there again: all serious, some visibly affected. Dr. Young entertained us till we got to Coleford, late at night. It was fair-time. With difficulty we got a private lodgings.

Sat., June 10th. We came by noon to our dear M. Vigor's. The Lord welcomed us there, and at night among the Leaders, with the blessing of peace.

Sun., June 11th. I preached first in the streets, and then at Kingswood. My partner and all present rejoiced in the Consolation of Israel.

Tues., June 13th. I felt every word I spoke this morning. What comes from the heart usually goes to the heart.

Wed., June 14th. I threw away some advice on an obstinate Preacher ; (J. Wh. ;) for I could make no impression on him, or in any degree bow his stiff neck.

Thur., June 15th. I spake in conference with a woman admitted lately among the witnesses of pardoning love. At night I preached "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." Most of the congregation were in tears ; many cried after Him ; some even fainted under the sense of his love.

Mon., June 19th. I found much life in the select band. J. Jones was carried out in fervent prayer for my partner and me.

I carried her to Captain James, where Miss Burdock helped to increase our joy in the Lord.

Fri., June 23d. I expounded Moses's wish at the watch-night ; and the Lord came down into many faithful hearts.

Sat., June 24th. We waited on Dr. Middleton, who received us very cordially. All look upon my Sally with my eyes.

Wed., June 28th. I read the Society an account of the persecution at Cork. All were inflamed with love, grief, pity. We parted in the spirit of prayer.

Thur., June 29th. I carried my companion by Bath, to Seen. Many listened to the word of grace.

Fri., June 30th. We lodged six miles short of Marlborough.

Sat., July 1st. She was quite spent with heat and fatigue, when J. Healy and T. Hardwick met us at Salt-hill, with two chaises. Between eight and nine we got to our lodgings in Moorfields. Who should wait at M. Boults to receive us, but Mrs. — ? as if she came to atone for her past misbehaviour, like cursing Shimei meeting David.

Sun., July 2d. The chapel was excessively crowded, while our Lord applied his own saying, "Behold, I stand

at the door, and knock," &c. Many heard, and testified that they heard, His voice. Satan came with the sons of God, in the shape of an old perjured enthusiast. I ordered him (Mr. Adams) to be taken quietly out of the church whenever he appeared to disturb the work of God. Colonel G—— was weak enough to be offended, and went out too; but the Lord did not depart.

He was with us again in his word, "O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself;" and at our feast of love.

Wed., July 5th. God, by his word this morning, ministered strong consolation to those in the wilderness.

Thur., July 6th. I disowned J. Healy before the Society, for beating the poor old madman.

Sat., July 8th. Mr. Perronet having come to see my partner, to-day we returned with him to Shoreham. There I left her with such as knew her value, and hastened back to meet the penitents.

Sun., July 9th. I closed the busy, blessed day with Dr. Young and faithful John Downes.

Mon., July 10th. I dined with the Preachers, and was troubled at J. Wh.'s obstinacy. He is gone to the north, expressly contrary to my advice. Whither will his wilfulness lead him at last?

Thur., July 13th. I fetched my feeble companion from Shoreham.

Fri., July 14th. Returning from the watchnight, I found her extremely ill.

Wed., July 19th. I gave the sacrament to our old sister Batchelor, rejoicing in pain and sickness. I found brother Pike still happier, because nearer the haven where he would be.

Thur., July 20th. At Ned Perronet's I met Mrs. Vazeille, a woman of a sorrowful spirit.

Sun., July 23d. I preached a funeral sermon over sister Bouquet and brother Pike, departed in the Lord; and added a seasonable word at their graves.

Mon., July 24th. I was riding over Hounslow-heath with my wife behind me, when an highwayman crossed the road, passed us, and robbed all the coaches and passengers behind us. By Wednesday evening God blessed our coming in to Bristol.

Sat. afternoon, July 29th. Mr. B——n, with a troop of his friends, came to visit us at our lodgings in Stokescroft. Poor N. S.,* at the sight of so many predestinarians, fell into a transport of passion and grief. I tried to pacify her with counsel and prayer. At night we were honoured with a crowd of the great vulgar; between forty and fifty of them in their coaches.

Sun., July 30th. Our worthy brother Grimshaw assisted at Kingswood, and partook of our feast.

I preached, in a field near Lawrence-hill, the word of power and truth and reconciliation.

At the Society we seemed filled with the spirit of love and of prayer.

Thur., August 3d. Our conference this week with Mr. Whitefield and Mr. Harris came to nought; I think, through their flying off.

Fri., August 4th. I kept a watchnight; but dismissed the people at ten, as an alarm was gone forth of the colliers rising.

Sat., August 5th. I gave the sacrament to a dying sister, unjustified till very lately; now ready for the Bridegroom: then to Sarah Perrin, desiring neither life nor death, but that God might be magnified.

Sun., August 6th. With my partner, and all our Kingswood children, I was exceedingly comforted at the Lord's table, my mouth being opened in strong exhortation and fervent prayer.

Mon., August 7th. At six I took horse with Sally for Ludlow; and T. Butts, and Captain James, my brother, and Grace Murray overtook us before we reached the Passage. Near nine we took up with a sorry lodging two miles short of Hereford.

Tues., August 8th. I dined with our hospitable friends in Ludlow.

Wed., August 9th. Several of the gentry listened to my brother at night.

Thur., August 10th. My brother having signed the settlement, set out at four with Grace Murray and James Jones. T. Butts and I took horse at six. It rained all day. I preached at Evesham with much life; the next

* Nancy Stafford, the sister of Mrs. Vigor.—EDIT.

evening met my brother and G. M., who came through Birmingham to Oxford; and on

Sat., August 12th, I attended him to London.

Tues., August 15th. We had the satisfaction of two hours' conference at Mr. Watkins's, with that loving, mild, judicious Christian, Dr. Doddridge.

Tues., August 22d. I preached at Evesham with great effect.

Wed. afternoon, August 23d. I rejoiced to find Sally and the rest well at Ludlow. I continued with them a week, preaching the Gospel with little fruit.

Wed., August 30th. At nine I set out with Sally, Becky, Betsy, and Peggy. I preached in Leominster, from Isai. lxi., with a blessing, even the blessing of the Gospel. We lay at Hereford; whence Becky returned home.

Thur., August 31st. We lodged at Thornbury.

Fri., September 1st. By eleven we saluted our friend Vigor. I saw my house, and consecrated it by prayer and thanksgiving. I spent an hour at the preaching-room in intercession. I began the hour of retirement with joint prayer. Alone, I was in some measure sensible of the divine presence. I opened the book on those words, "While they spake, Jesus stood in the midst of them, and said, Peace be unto you." At six our first guests, Mrs. Vigor and her sisters, passed an useful hour with us. I preached on the first words I met, Rom. xii. 1: "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice," &c. The power and blessing of God was with us. Half-hour past nine I slept comfortably in my own house, yet not my own.

Sat., September 2d. We had family prayer at eight. I began the New Testament. I passed the hour of retirement in my garden, and was melted into tears by the divine goodness.

Sun., September 3d. Sally accompanied me to our feast in Kingswood. Poor Betsy was kept away by illness.

Mon., September 4th. I rose with my partner at four. Both under the word and among the select band, we were constrained to cry after Jesus with mighty prayers and tears.

We sang this hymn in my family:—

- “ God of faithful Abraham, hear
 His feeble son and thine,
 In thy glorious power appear,
 And bless my just design :
 Lo ! I come to serve thy will,
 All thy blessed will to prove ;
 Fired with patriarchal zeal,
 And pure primeval love.
- “ Me and mine I fain would give
 A sacrifice to Thee,
 By the ancient model live,
 The true simplicity ;
 Walk as in my Maker’s sight,
 Free from worldly guile and care,
 Praise my innocent delight,
 And all my business prayer.
- “ Whom to me thy goodness lends
 Till life’s last gasp is o’er,
 Servants, relatives, and friends,
 I promise to restore ;
 All shall on thy side appear,
 All shall in thy service join,
 Principled with godly fear,
 And worshippers divine.
- “ Them, as much as lies in me,
 I will through grace persuade,
 Seize, and turn their souls to Thee
 For whom their souls were made ;
 Bring them to the’ atoning blood,
 (Blood that speaks a world forgiven,)
 Make them serious, wise, and good,
 And train them up for heaven.”

In the evening was that word fulfilled, “ Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out,” by the reception of a poor sinner to the favour of God in Christ Jesus.

Thur., September 7th. As often as I minister the word, our Lord ministers his grace through it. He blessed me also in private, as well as family, prayer, and conference with my Christian friends ; in a word, whatsoever I do prospers.

Sun., September 10th. There was a multitude of guests at our Lord’s supper ; and none of them, I would hope, sent empty away.

Fri., September 15th. My throat grew worse and worse, so that I could not preach in the evening.

PART XII.

FROM OCTOBER 22D, 1749, TO AUGUST 13TH, 1754.

SUNDAY, October 22d, 1749. I rode with Mr. Waller and my family to Kingswood. After the sacrament, we found the usual spirit of prayer.

Wed., October 25th. Among my hearers to-day at Bath, were a son of Lord Chief Justice Lee, my old schoolfellow, Sir Danvers Osborn, and Lord Halifax. They behaved decently, and were particularly taken with the singing. In the evening God sent forth his awakening power, and his fear fell on all that heard the word.

Thur., October 26th. I visited my house in peace.

Wed., November 8th. I set out for London, with my brother and Ned Perronet. We were in perils of robbers, who were abroad, and had robbed many the night before. We commended ourselves to God, and rode over the heath, singing.

Fri., November 10th. We kept a joyful watchnight at the Foundery.

Sun., November 12th. I heard that our sister Somerset was gone to glory.

God, who giveth power to them that faint, was with my mouth, and strengthened me to preach the word with success.

Fri., November 17th. I examined the classes; and returned in great bodily pain to Bristol.

Fri., December 1st. I hardly reached my own house, quite exhausted as I was with pain of body and vexation of spirit.

I had little power for several days, and less inclination to preach. My greatest comfort was the conversation of a few faithful friends, such as M. Vigor, S. Perrin, M. Davis, and Suky Burdock.

Mon., December 18th. My birthday. FORTY years long have I now grieved and tempted God, proved him, and seen his works. I was more and more sensible of it all day, till I quite sunk under the burden.

Sun., December 24th. I preached with a little strength; exhorted the Society with more.

Christmas-day. The room was full as it could contain.

We rejoiced from four to six, "that to us a Son is born, to us a Child is given."

I received the sacrament at the college. In the evening, all were melted down at our solemn love-feast.

Mon., January 1st, 1750. At four in the morning our room was excessively crowded, while I proclaimed the Gospel year of jubilee. We did not part without a blessing.

Fri., January 12th. I preached (with the old power) on, "Said I not unto thee, if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldst see the glory of God?" Generally, my hands hang down, and I am so feeble in mind, that I cannot speak.

Sun., January 14th. The Spirit helped our infirmity at Kingswood sacrament. A daughter of our brother Grimshaw's was just departed in the Lord; being perfected in a short space.

Wed., January 31st. We were waked at two by a clap of thunder, unusually loud and terrible. My partner was much frightened.

Thur., February 1st. I walked with her to Dr. Middleton's. The rain a little quickened our pace.

Sat., February 3d. She miscarried.

Sun., February 4th. I brought my friend Grimshaw home with me, comforted for his happy daughter. I had unlooked-for life in preaching.

Thur., February 8th. There was an earthquake in London.

Tues., February 13th. I preached with a little strength at Bearfield; and the next day with more at Freshford. The spirit of the people helped me. An old lady of fourscore received me into her house. We spent the time in prayer and singing. Stephen Naylor, a poor backslider, had another call to repentance, and seemed resolved to close with it. I invited, at night, many burdened souls to Christ, and his healing power was greatly present, and refreshed every weary spirit.

Sun., February 18th. I carried my sister Betsy to Kingswood; where the Lord visited us again, and feasted us at his table.

Mon., February 19th. My wife had recovered strength

for her journey. We set out with our sisters Betsy and Peggy ; could not reach Newnham passage till past seven. It was then quite dark : the boat on the other side refused to come over. We were got to the edge of the bank, the usual place of embarking, when Providence sent a man to stop us. He informed us that the rains had choked up the river with two banks of sand, and where we were going was all quicksands. We followed him, with great difficulty, to another part of the river. My horse sunk up to the shoulders ; but, with a violent plunge, struggled out. The boatmen at last took pity on us ; came over, and with much pains carried us into the boat, and landed us safe on the opposite shore.

By Wed. noon, February 21st, God conducted us safe to Ludlow. For the five following days I received fresh strength for the work, and rejoiced in some measure that the Gospel had free course.

Tues., February 27th. I preached in their new room at Evesham ; and not without a sensible blessing. I met my brother the next day at Oxford.

Thur., March 1st. I rode to London. Ned Perronet supplied me with a lodging.

Sun., March 4th. I visited old Lydia White, on her death-bed. She accosted me, "Thou blessed of the Lord, art thou come ? I did not expect to see my dear Minister till we met in paradise. You and your brother are the instruments of my salvation. I have known the grace of the Lord Jesus long ago : now I am entering into his glory. He has told me so. I am full of his joy now." Her words strengthened my hands, as I found at the chapel, speaking on those words, "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation." They sunk into many hearts.

Mon., March 5th. I prayed by my sister Wright, a gracious, tender, trembling soul ; a bruised reed, which the Lord will not break.

Fri., March 9th. Many flocked to the morning word ; and were yet more stirred up thereby. I have scarce ever seen so many at intercession. At the chapel I preached on the occasion, from Psalm xlvi., with very great awakening power.

Sat., March 10th. I expounded Isai. xxiv., a chapter I

had not taken much notice of, till this awful providence explained it : "Behold, the Lord maketh the earth empty, and maketh it waste, and turneth it upside down, and scattereth abroad the inhabitants thereof. The foundations of the earth do shake. The earth is utterly broken down, the earth is clean dissolved, the earth is moved exceedingly. The earth shall reel to and fro like a drunkard, and shall be removed like a cottage ; and the transgression thereof shall be heavy upon it ; and it shall fall, and not rise again."

I prayed by our sister Lewis, quietly expecting her release. I preached at Snowfields, and urged them to enter into the Rock, now the Lord is risen to shake terribly the earth.

Sun., March 11th. My spirit and many others' seem revived by the late judgment. The word is with the accustomed power, both at London and Deptford, and wherever I minister it.

Wed., March 14th. I found my sister Wright very near the haven ; and again on Sunday the 18th, yet still in darkness, doubts, and fears, against hope believing in hope.

I preached to a vast attentive multitude over our brother Hoy's grave. As he lived the life, he died the death, of the righteous. O might my last end be like his !

Wed., March 21st. At four I called on my brother Wright, a few minutes after her spirit was set at liberty. I had sweet fellowship with her in explaining at the chapel those solemn words, "Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself ; for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended." All present seemed partakers both of my sorrow and my joy.

Mon., March 26th. I followed her to her quiet grave, and wept with them that wept.

Wed., April 4th. I saw several happy souls, in spite of their feeble, sick, or pained bodies. One I visited yesterday, died in the faith soon after.

Fear filled our chapel, occasioned by a prophecy of the earthquake's return this night. I preached my written sermon on the subject, with great effect, and gave out several suitable hymns. It was a glorious night for the disciples of Jesus.

Thur., April 5th. At four I rose after a night of sound sleep, while my neighbours watched. I sent an account to M. G., as follows :—

“The late earthquake has found me work. Yesterday I saw the Westminster end of the town full of coaches, and crowds flying out of the reach of divine justice, with astonishing precipitation. Their panic was caused by a poor madman’s prophecy: last night they were all to be swallowed up. The vulgar were in almost as great consternation as their betters. Most of them watched all night: multitudes in the fields and open places: several in their coaches. Many removed their goods. London looked like a sacked city. A lady, just stepping into her coach to escape, dropped down dead. Many came all night knocking at the Foundery-door, and begging admittance for God’s sake. Our poor people were calm and quiet, as at another time.”

Sat., April 7th. I visited a dying sister, speechless, yet full of earnest love, as her looks and signs confessed. Among the penitents, our Lord visited us in a spirit of prayer and contrition.

Sun., April 8th. I buried our brother Somerset, who came to the grave as a ripe shock of corn in its season. He has now overtook his companion, and death can no more separate them.

Mon., April 9th. I visited Mrs. C., at St. Anne’s-hill; much delighted with the wood, much more with the company. I did not think there was any such creature upon earth, as a girl of twelve years old without guile and without vanity.

Another was gathered into the garner. I buried her earthly part, for a short season.

Sun., April 15th. I met Mr. Salmon’s “Foreigner’s Companion through the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford,” printed 1748, and made the following extract, p. 25 :—

“The times of the day the University go to this church, are ten in the morning, and two in the afternoon, on Sundays and holidays, the sermon usually lasting about half an hour. But when I happened to be at Oxford, in 1742, Mr. Wesley, the Methodist, of Christ-Church, entertained his audience two hours, and, having insulted and abused all

degrees, from the highest to the lowest, was in a manner hissed out of the pulpit by the lads."

And high time for them to do so, if the historian said true; but, unfortunately for him, I measured the time by my watch, and it was within the hour: I abused neither high nor low, as my sermon, in print, will prove; neither was I hissed out of the pulpit, or treated with the least incivility, either by young or old.

What then shall I say to my old high-Church friend, whom I once so much admired? I must rank him among the apocryphal writers, such as the judicious Dr. Mather, the wary Bishop Burnet, and the most modest Mr. Oldmixon.

Fri., April 20th. I found my Sally well among her friends at Ludlow. She rejoiced my heart with her account of M. Leyson, whom she saw triumphant in her last hour. Here is another blessed soul gone to paradise with a good report of us.

I continued ten or eleven days, mostly preaching every night and morning, here or at Leominster. The latter part of the time a prisoner of pain.

Wed., May 2d. I took horse at three, and came, weary, to Bristol by night.

Fri., May 4th. Hearing the Moravians had been soliciting some of our children, I exhorted them, this evening, to "put on the whole armour of God;" and his power was present to confirm the souls of the disciples.

Sun., May 6th. The Lord was with us as in the former times, both at the sacrament and while I applied to thousands that word, "Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee."

Sun., May 13th. I baptized Hannah, M. Gibe's maid; and the whole congregation with her were conscious of the descent of the Spirit, who bears witness with the water.

Tues., May 15th. I set out with Mrs. Vazeille, &c., for Ludlow, and the next day saluted our friends there. During our nine days' stay, they showed her all the civility and love that they could show: and she seemed equally pleased with them.

Thur., May 24th. My Sally was so very ill in the evening, that I gave up the hope of her company to town; but the next morning,

Fri., May 25th, she would go, notwithstanding we all dissuaded her. At eight we mounted; had fair weather after last night's excessive rain. She mended every stage. I preached in the evening at Worcester.

Sat., May 26th. Our brother Watson met us with a chaise, and carried Mrs. Vazeille and Sally to M. Keech's in Evesham, by noon. Mr. Waller and I rode by them. I preached with life and liberty.

Sun., May 27th. I accepted the Mayor's offer of the Town-hall. The door was quite open. Many gentry and others listened to the word of life. So again in the evening. I rejoiced with the Society, whose enemies God has made to be at peace with them.

Mon., May 28th. We saw Blenheim in our way to Oxford. Our old friend Mr. Evans received us with his wonted hospitality.

Tues., May 29th. I showed Mr. W. and Mrs. Vazeille the buildings and gardens. I gave the sacrament to M. Neal, a true daughter of affliction, and preached again at night.

Wed., May 30th. We had a long day's journey to St. Anne's. It was past nine before we got under shelter. Mrs. Rich was there, who, with our old friends, received us gladly.

Thur., May 31st. Mr. W. and Mrs. Vazeille went to town.

Sat., June 2d. We took up our quarters for eight or nine days at Mrs. Vazeille's.

Mon., June 4th. I preached at the chapel with the usual blessing.

Thur., June 7th. I carried Sally to see our old friends at Newington-green. It is remarkable that the first time Mrs. Stotesbury ever saw her, she said within herself, "That person is to be my Minister's wife."

Mon., June 11th. I paid our friends at St. Anne's a short visit, and returned the next day.

Wed., June 13th. I fetched back my hostage from Chertsey.

Mon., June 18th. I called on M. Dewal at Croydon, and drove on to Westerham, where we met an hearty welcome from Mr. Waller's mother and sister Dudley. I walked in Mr. Turner's, and then in General Campbell's, gardens

He appeared, carried us into his house, and entertained us with great courtesy.

Tues., June 19th. I rode back to the Foundery, and read the letters.

Thur., June 21st. I took horse at three, and *waked* them at Westerham. I passed the day with them in the gardens, reading, singing, and conversing.

Fri., June 22d. I met a daughter of my worthy old friend Mr. Erskine, at the Foundery. She was deeply wounded by the sword of the Spirit; confessed she had turned many to Deism, and feared there could be no mercy for her.

Sat., June 23d. A woman whom I baptized perceived her sins to be then washed away.

I found much of the spirit of contrition among the penitents.

Sun., June 24th. My text was, "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith the Lord;" and his consolations were not small with us. At the sacrament they abounded. Poor Mrs. C—— told me, she was "in an agony."

I believe God owned me more this day on account of one who, in an abusive letter, had affirmed, that the Lord was departed from me.

Thur., June 28th. I prayed by our faithful brother H——, just departing in the Lord, and to him.

Fri., June 29th. The scriptures for the day were much blessed to my comfort. My mouth and heart were both opened to preach the word. The presence of the Lord made it a solemn sacrament.

I visited the widow (Hogg) in her affliction, and tried to turn it into the right channel. We continued in watching and prayer till one.

Mon., July 2d. I buried our late brother Hogg, and preached at his grave to a countless multitude on, "These are they that came out of great tribulation," &c. The Lord gave me utterance, and them the hearing ear.

Mon., July 9th. I administered the sacrament to a dying believer, lately called; but now made equal to them that have borne the heat and burden of the day.

Wed., July 11th. I preached a written sermon at Spital-fields, on my beloved friend and brother Hogg. The

chapel was crowded, and the house of mourning was turned to an house of great rejoicing.

Mon., July 16th. I rode to St. Anne's, and returned in such a storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, as I hardly remember to have seen out of America.

Wed., July 18th. I had the satisfaction of bringing back to Mr. Erskine his formerly disobedient daughter. She fell at his feet. It was a moving interview. All wept. Our heavenly Father heard our prayers.

I preached immediately after, on, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." We had a double blessing and power. Poor Jane Cox said, she was even compelled to receive Christ.

Fri., July 20th. We kept a solemn watchnight at Spitalfields.

Sun., July 22d. After evening service I set out with Robert Windsor; got two or three hours' rest at Mr. Manning's; and,

Mon., July 23d, breakfasted with Mr. Evans in Oxford. I lodged at Worcester; and, by eight on Tues. morning, July 24th, found Sally well at Ludlow. Every evening we retired to pray together; and our Lord's presence made it a little church.

Sat., July 28th. I wrote to M. Gwynne, earnestly beseeching her to do all in her power to reconcile her son and daughter.

Tues., July 31st. The word I preached this day at Leominster was accompanied with the power and blessing of God.

Tues., August 7th. At seven I set out with Sally for Bristol, without the consent of the rest. It rained small rain till we came to Leominster; and so most of the way to Ross.

Wed., August 8th. It rained hard soon after we set out; but quickly gave over. We had a rough, dangerous passage at Frommelow. We dined at Cambridge inn, and had a trying journey, "driven by the wind, and battered by the rain." Sally was frightened with the thunder, which often forced us to trees and huts for shelter. Yet at seven, by the assistance of God, we entered our own house in peace.

Fri., August 10th. Sally accompanied me in my visits to the sick.

Sun., August 12th. The Lord met us, who remembered him in his ways.

Mon., August 13th. I met my sister Hall in the churchyard, and carried her to the room. I had begun preaching, when Mr. Hall walked up the room, and through the desk, and carried her off with him. I was somewhat disturbed; yet went on.

Wed., August 15th. He came up again, calling me by my name. I fled, and he pursued; but could not find me in my lurking-place.

Tues., August 28th. Many rejoiced in hope, our Lord applying that precious promise, "I will allure her, and will bring her into the wilderness, and will speak comfortably unto her."

Sat., September 1st. I finished Rapin's history, which has cured me, in some degree, of the prejudices of education.

Sun., September 2d. I baptized Hannah Skinner. He remembered His promise, "Lo, I am with you."

Tues., September 4th. I carried Sally to Mr. Haynes. I preached with an enlarged heart, as I always do at Wick.

Wed., September 5th. My worthy friend Mr. Evans looked upon us in his return to Oxford.

Sun., September 9th. I proclaimed, to a great multitude in the orchard, "Christ the way, the truth, and the life;" and left, I humbly hope, a blessing behind me.

Mon., September 10th. I set out with Sally, and parted; she for Ludlow, I for London; where I arrived on Wednesday morning.

Thur., September 13th. I met my brother and the Stewards.

Fri., September 14th. I met James Hervey at the Tabernacle, and in the fellowship of the Spirit of love.

Sun., September 16th. A great number of communicants perceived the Lord present. He gave us his blessing at our lovefeast also. I was restless all night, through a boil rising on my neck.

Mon., September 17th. I rose at two, and set out for the north. Beyond Islington my mare threw and fell upon

me. I held on as far as St. Alban's, and was then forced to lie down ; yet could not sleep, day or night.

Tues. afternoon, September 18th. With much difficulty I got back to London.

Fri., September 28th. I continued in great pain for several days, till the boil broke.

I passed three days at Newington-green, and found benefit by my physic and fresh air. Mr. Waller and his sisters frequently called, and rejoiced with the church in our house.

Sun., October 7th. I got out to the chapel on this and every Lord's day ; the rest of the month confined to the house mostly. Dr. Wathen attended me constantly, till both my neck and swollen hand were quite well.

Mon., October 29th. I set out with Mr. Waller and Bridgin ; slept the first night at Oxford, the second at Moreton.

Wed., October 31st. By ten I came to Evesham, and had great comfort in praying over our sick brother Watson. I lodged at Worcester, and was refreshed with the little handful at sister Blackmore's.

Thur., November 1st. I preached in Ludlow, where I stayed the whole month, exercised by severe and unexpected trials. One night (November 28th) Mr. W—— fell into convulsions, through the distractions of his mind. I was on the point of following him. Betsy and Juggy fainted away. Confusion reigned throughout the family.

Sat., December 1st. I rode out with Miss Becky, to meet Mrs. Allen and M. Dudley, and brought them to Ludlow.

Sun., December 2d. I encouraged a poor girl to seek for her cure from Him who had wounded her. She has the outward mark too ; being daily threatened to be turned out of doors by her master, a great swearer, and strict Churchman ; a constant communicant, and habitual drunkard.

Tues., December 4th. Mr. W.'s wedding-day. How unlike my own ! I rose, after a sleepless night, in the spirit of heaviness. I prayed for them and with them. Soon after eight they were married ;

“ And 't was my ministry to deal the blow ! ”

Fri., December 7th. I left the house of woe, and the next day rejoiced to find myself among my friends at Bristol.

Sun., December 9th. I visited my sick friends; four of them in the triumph of faith. Sister Page was almost overpowered: she had desired to live only to see me. She began recovering from our praying together.

The Society seemed filled with consolation. It was a glorious time, and made me forget my late sorrows and sufferings.

Mon., December 10th. I visited our sister Arnett, aged eighty-six, just ripe for glory; and a child of brother Walcam's, departing in the spirit of praise and love.

Sun., December 16th. Two went home from the word justified.

Sun., December 23d. I gave a close exhortation to the Society, which seemed to sink into every heart.

Tues., Christmas-day. I rejoiced from four to six, with as many as our room could contain; then rode to Newbury with T. Hamilton. Eating immediately, he fainted away. I found myself a-going, and prevented it by a vomit.

Thur., December 27th. I did not reach the Foundery till eleven. I found Sally at Mrs. Allen's.

Fri., December 28th. I officiated at Spitalfields chapel. One received forgiveness with the sacrament.

Tues., January 1st, 1751. I began the new year as usual, with the voice of joy and thanksgiving.

Wed., January 2d. I visited a sick believer, who talked of death as of going to sleep. "When I think of the grave," said she, "I think it is a sweet, soft place; but my spirit shall mount above."

Mr. W— having always insisted on our sojourning with him a while, when he should have an house of his own, I carried Sally thither, to her two inseparable sisters, Betsy and Peggy.

Fri., January 4th. I spent the evening at Mrs. Colvil's, and left my partner there.

Sun. afternoon, January 6th. M. C. and Mrs. D. brought her me back. We had the pleasure of frequent visits from them.

Sun., January 13th. I preached at Hayes church, morn-

ing and evening, on, "Come unto me, all that labour," and, "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away," &c. They were patient, at least, of the truth. I rode back to town.

Mon., January 14th. Mr. W.'s three sisters were at our family prayers; in which I was even overwhelmed with their burden, and constrained to warn them with tears and vehement expressions of my fear and sorrow. The arrows of conviction pierced one of their hearts. The others were rather confounded than alarmed.

Sun., January 27th. I preached at the Foundery with great severity.

Wed., January 30th. I got an hour's very useful conversation with Lady Piers.

Sat., February 2d. My brother, returned from Oxford, sent for and told me *he was resolved to marry!* I was thunderstruck, and could only answer, he had given me the first blow, and his marriage would come like the *coup de grace*. Trusty Ned Perronet followed, and told me, the person was Mrs. Vazeille! one of whom I had never had the least suspicion. I refused his company to the chapel, and retired to mourn with my faithful Sally. I groaned all the day, and several following ones, under my own and the people's burden. I could eat no pleasant food, nor preach, nor rest, either by night or by day.*

Sun., February 3d. I gave the sacrament, but without power or life. I had no comfort in it, no singing between, no prayer after, it.

Thur., February 7th. My excessive cough helped to pull me down; and then a sore throat. My companion sympathized with me too sensibly.

Thur., February 14th. She was often in great pain, especially to-day. I watched by her in great distress, but could not remove her pain by sharing it. I sent for Mr. Watlen, who prescribed what gave her immediate relief. I gave God, who heareth prayer, the glory.

Sun., February 17th. I dragged myself to the chapel, and spoke on those words, "Thy sun shall no more go down," &c. The whole congregation seemed infected by

* For an account of the probable reasons for Mr. Charles Wesley's opposition to his brother's marriage, the reader is referred to the *Life of the Rev. Charles Wesley*, vol. i., pp. 565—569.—EDIT.

my sorrow : both under the word, and at the sacrament, we wept and made supplication. It was a blessed mourning to us all.

At the Foundery I heard my brother's apology. Several days afterwards I was one of the last that heard of his unhappy marriage.

Mon., February 18th. I carried Sally out of the confusion to M. Colvil's.

Sun., February 24th. After sacrament, Mr. Blackwell fell upon me in a manner peculiar to himself, dragging me to my dear sister.

Wed., February 27th. My brother came to the chapel-house with his wife. I was glad to see him ; saluted her ; stayed to hear him preach.

Sat., March 9th. I felt great emotion in the word, both morning and evening.

Fri., March 15th. I called on my sister ; kissed and assured her I was perfectly reconciled to her, and to my brother.

Mon., March 18th. I finished Marcus Antoninus, having learnt from him, I hope, some useful lessons, particularly not to resent, not to revenge myself, not to let my peace lie at the mercy of every injurious person.

Tues., March 19th. I brought my wife and sister together, and took all opportunities of showing the latter my sincere respect and love.

Thur., March 21st. At four in the morning I met the watchman, who told me the first news of the Prince's death.

Mon., March 25th. I visited one on his death-bed, who had been converted from Deism, and washed in the blood of *his* Redeemer.

Tues., April 9th. I spent a week with M. Colvil, and Miss Degge, chiefly in reading, singing, and prayer.

Sat., April 13th. I passed the evening with Sally at Mr. Ianson's, and saw the Prince's funeral pass. The house was full of strangers. We joined in many suitable hymns, till near midnight.

Mon., April 16th. I heard Lovybond preach, most miserably. By how many degrees are such Preachers worse than none !

Sun., April 21st. God was present in the word and sacra-

ment, as in the months that are past, when the candle of the Lord was upon our heads.

Thur., April 25th. Our Lord again confirmed his word : "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer," &c.

Fri., April 26th. After intercession, I met J. Hutchinson, and engaged him for the next day : then laboured to stir him up to do the first works.

Sun., April 28th. I buried our sister Pocock, a silent, secret, unpretending Christian, who died the death, as she lived the life, of the righteous. I strongly warned the bands against sin and apostasy.

Tues., April 30th. I took horse in the afternoon, Mr. Lloyd and Sally in the chaise, and lodged at T. Hardwick's.

Wed., May 1st. I rode to Lewisham, and thence to the Foundry ; went to bed ill.

Thur., May 2d. I returned to Sally at Brentford.

Fri., May 3d. I set out with her for St. Anne's, but was driven back by the rain.

Sat., May 4th. I carried my companion thither, and rode back to town.

Sun., May 5th. My subject was, "In me ye shall have peace ;" and He did even in that hour extend to us peace like a river. In the afternoon I rode to St. Anne's.

Mon., May 6th. Mr. Lloyd paid us a visit. We passed our time no less usefully than agreeably, in reading and singing. He and I witnessed to Mrs. C.'s will.

Wed., May 8th. I set out in a post-chaise for Bristol. I heard, in passing Reading, that our friend Mr. Richards was departed in peace. I lay at Newbury the first night ; the second at Calne ; and on

Fri., May 10th, I came safe with Sally to Charles-street. Our friends Vigor, Davis, &c., were there to welcome us. We were much drawn out in prayer.

Sun., May 12th. I was, with Sally at Kingswood, greatly quickened by that promise, "The third part I will bring through the fire." In the sacrament we were swallowed up in the spirit of prayer. I met my sister at the Horse-fair, and behaved to her *as such*. I gave an earnest exhortation to repentance.

Tues., May 14th. I showed her, both at my own house, and the houses of my friends, all the civility in my power.

Fri., May 17th. The congregation was melted into blessed mourning, through the word.

Sun., May 19th. I preached out to a vast multitude on, "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory;" was carried out to the unawakened wholly. The Society seemed much alive to God.

Wed., May 22d. I rode with Sally to Wick, and received the never-failing blessing.

Thur., May 23d. Returning by the widow Jones's, I asked her daughter at the door how she was. "Just alive," she answered me, "and no more." I lighted, and prayed over her earnestly with tears, as sent to minister the last blessing to an old friend, torn from us by false brethren. She was full of hope and love and prayer for me, and of desire to be dissolved. I went on my way rejoicing.

Tues., May 28th. My very good old friend M. Cradock came to see me, with Mrs. Motte. We sang, and conversed, and prayed, (particularly for their Lady,) as in the former days.

In the evening, Mrs. Jones, of Fonmon, called, and told me her Ladyship would be very glad to see me.

Thur., May 30th. Sally resolved to bear me company to Newcastle. *Deus vertat bene.* I wrote to John Bennet to meet us.

Sat., June 1st. In the fear of God, and by the advice of my friends, I went once more to visit L. H. She expressed great kindness toward me, as did all the family; spoke much and well of sufferings, &c. My heart was turned back again, and forgot all that is past. The Spirit of love is a Spirit of prayer, and sealed the reconciliation.

Sun., June 2d. I baptized Sarah and Eliz., a Quaker and a Baptist, before a full congregation. All were moved by the descent of that Spirit: many wept, and trembled, and rejoiced. The persons baptized, most of all.

Mon., June 3d. My wife accepted her Ladyship's invitation, and went with me to see her. We employed an hour or two in very useful conversation, and singing, and prayer. Our old friend appeared as such; seemed taken with Sally,

and said, "Mrs. Wesley, I will come to see you:" appointed the next day.

Tues., June 4th. Instead of proceeding in Ezekiel, I expounded Heb. x. 38: "Now the just shall live by faith; but if he draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him." I saw the reason with Mr. Hall. He came up toward the desk. Mr. Hamilton stopped him. I gave out an hymn. He sang louder than us all. I spoke sharply of his apostasy, and prayed earnestly for him; desired their prayers for me, lest, after preaching to others, I myself also should be a castaway. He walked away, turned back, threatened. The people were all in tears, and agony of prayer.

I spent an hour in prayer with our sisters Perrin, Design, Robertson, T. Hamilton, and Charles Perronet, making particular mention of my brother and L. H. From five to seven, she and her daughters spent the time with us.

Sun., June 9th. At eight in the evening I preached with life and freedom to a great multitude at Point's-Pool.

Mon. afternoon, June 10th. I preached at sister Crocker's, on, "God, having raised up his Son Jesus, sent him to bless you," &c.

Tues., June 11th. Our sister Selby brought me a letter from our brother Pearce, at Bradford, pressing me to bring James Wheatley thither, to answer for some horrible practices of his.

Wed., June 12th. I rode to Bradford; talked with our brother Pearce, then with M. Bradford, and another of the abused persons. I preached on, "Having our conversation honest among the Gentiles."

Thur., June 13th. I preached close and severe warnings. I advised Jo. Hewish to leave off preaching; which he promised to do. I talked with more persons whom James Wheatley had treated in the same vile manner; met the rest at Wick, in all seven. What they told me, they repeated more at large to Sarah Perrin and M. Naylor. I prayed, with strong faith and tears, by our mournful, dying brother Cottel.

I rode to Freshford, and urged them to come boldly to the throne of grace. The Lord was with my mouth.

Fri., June 14th. I kept the hour of intercession at Bris-

tol ; bowed down under the mighty hand of God. I carried James Wheatley to my house, and set before him, in tender love and pity, the things which he had done. At first he was stubborn and hard ; but relented afterwards, seemed willing to confess ; satisfied of my good will.

Sun., June 16th. I baptized a young Quaker at Kingswood ; and then we all joined in the Lord's supper. He was mightily present in both sacraments ; and afterwards gave me words to shake the souls of those that heard.

Mon., June 17th. Sally set out for Ludlow.

Wed., June 19th. I carried my brother home ; offered to join with him heartily and entirely. I consulted what to do with Wheatley.

Thur., June 20th. I got Wheatley again to my house, and talked with him as he was able to bear.

Fri., June 21st. I administered the sacrament to L. H., Sarah Perrin, &c., under a deep and solemn awe of the divine presence.

I found my sister in tears ; professed my love, pity, and desire to help her. I heard her complaints of my brother, carried her to my house, where, after supper, she resumed the subject, and went away comforted.

Sat., June 22d. I passed another hour with her, in free, affectionate conference ; then with my brother ; and then with both together. Our explanation ended in prayer and perfect peace.

Sun., June 23d. L. H., with M. Edwin and M. Knight, desired admittance to our lovefeast. My mouth was opened in exhortation and prayer. Afterwards I introduced my sister to her L—— and the rest, who received her with great friendliness.

Tues., June 25th. My brother and I carried James Wheatley, at his own request, to Bearfield. M. Deverel and S. Bradford proved their charge to his face. He pleaded guilty ; yet justified himself. I walked with him apart : he threatened to expose *all* our Preachers ; who, *he said*, were like himself. I conferred with my brother, and drew up our resolution in writing, that he should not preach. Wheatley absolutely refused to submit. We reasoned with him in vain. He insisted on preaching occasionally in our Societies.

I transcribed the declarations taken from their mouths.

Wed., June 26th. With L. H., S. Perrin declared the matter. She much approved of what had been done, strengthened our hands, proposed writing to Wheatley herself. She was quite cordial to advise, and to bear our burden. We were enabled to pray earnestly for the divine direction and blessing.

Thur., June 27th. We talked again with stiff-necked James; but prevailed nothing. He was resolved to preach; neither would he discover which of the Preachers it was whom, he *said*, he knew to be a gross sinner.

I communicated with my brother and sister, at L. H.'s.

Fri., June 28th. James Wheatley having, to screen himself, traduced all the Preachers, we had him face to face with about ten of them together; and T. Maxfield first, then each of the others, asked him, "What sin can you charge me with?" The accuser of the brethren was silent in him, which convinced us of his wilful lying. However, it put my brother and me upon a resolution of strictly examining into the life and moral behaviour of every Preacher in connexion with us; and the office fell upon me.

Sat., June 29th. I set out for this purpose, Fr. Walker and S. Perrin accompanying me. I lodged at Ross that night. I overtook Sally the next day at Ludlow, by two; unhurt by the incessant rains.

I preached to as many as the hall and parlour could contain. They seemed increased in earnestness as well as number. I found unexpected life and comfort among them; and the following evening had still more reason to hope, that my past labour has not been in vain.

Fri., July 5th. Between six and seven I set out with S. Perrin, my wife, and sister Beck, and honest Fr. Walker. Coming to Worcester in the afternoon, we heard, the rioters had been at the room on Monday evening, in expectation of me, and made great disturbance. I doubted all along whether I had any business here at this time; yet, at the desire of the poor people, I went to their room at seven. Almost as soon as I began the mob interrupted; but, in spite of their lewd, hellish language, I preached the Gospel, though with much contention. They had no

power to strike the people as usual; neither did any molest us in our way home.

Sat., July 6th. We were hardly met, when the sons of Belial poured in upon us, some with their faces blacked, some without shirts, all in rags. They began to "stand up for the Church," by cursing and swearing, by singing and talking lewdly, and throwing dust and dirt all over us; with which they had filled their pockets, such as had any to fill. I was soon covered from head to foot, and almost blinded. Finding it impossible to be heard, I only told them I should apply to the Magistrates for redress, and walked up stairs. They pressed after me, but Mr. Walker and the brethren blocked up the stairs, and kept them down. I waited a quarter of an hour; then walked through the midst of them to my lodgings, and thence to the Mayor's.

I spent an hour with him, pleading the poor people's cause. He said, he had never before heard of their being so treated; that is, pelted, beat, and wounded, their house battered, and windows, partitions, locks broke; that none had applied to him for justice, or he should have granted it; that he was well assured of the great mischief the Methodists had done throughout the nation, and the great riches Mr. Whitefield and their other teachers had acquired; that their societies were quite unnecessary, since the Church was sufficient; that he was for having neither Methodist nor Dissenter.

I easily answered all his objections. He treated me with civility and freedom, and promised, at parting, to do our people justice. Whether he does or not, I have satisfied my own conscience.

At ten we took horse for Tipton-green. Our brother Jones gave me a melancholy account of the Society at Wednesbury, which, from three hundred, is reduced to seventy weak, lifeless members. Those who had borne the burden and heat of the day, and stood like a rock in all the storms of persecution, were removed from their steadfastness, and fallen back into the world, through vain janglings. Well had it been for them if the predestinarians had never come hither.

Sun., July 7th. I preached out to a numerous congrega-

tion, whom I could not look upon without tears. My text was Rev. iii. 3: "Remember therefore how thou hast received and heard, and hold fast, and repent." Out of the abundance of my heart my mouth spake, and called them back to their first love and first works. It was a solemn season of sorrow. The Lord, I trust, knocked at many hearts, which will hear his voice, and open to him again. He stirred up the faithful remnant to pray for their backsliding brethren; and their prayers shall not return empty.

Another hour I employed in earnestly exhorting the Society to repentance.

Mon., July 8th. I preached at five with much freedom, and hope of their recovery. In the afternoon the Curate met me; a well-disposed youth, just come from College; where his Tutor, Mr. Bentham, gave him an early prejudice for true religion. He invited me to his lodgings, joined with us in serious conversation and singing, and seemed ready for all good impressions.

At six I preached, on Bromidge-heath, to a multitude of the poor, who heard me gladly; and knew not when to leave off.

Tues., July 9th. The many hearers at Dudley seemed to drink in every word.

Wed., July 10th. I exhorted them at Wednesbury to "lay aside every weight," &c. I joined with the brethren in fervent prayer for a general revival.

Thur., July 11th. I examined the classes, and rejoiced to find them all orderly walkers. I received some backsliders upon trial; and prayed by a sick sister, quietly waiting for full redemption.

I dined in Darlaston, at our brother Jones's uncle's. The master was gone to his house not made with hands, and left a good report behind him. He was a good and hardy soldier of Jesus Christ, bold to confess Him before men; for whose sake he suffered the loss of all things, and continued faithful unto death. The people are a pattern to the flock:

"Meek, simple followers of the Lamb;
They live and speak and think the same."

By their patience and steadfastness of faith, they have conquered their fiercest adversaries. God gives them rest, and

they walk in his fear and comforts, increasing daily both in grace and number.

I preached to most of the town, and pressed them to "come boldly to the throne of grace." My spirit was greatly assisted by theirs. Those without seemed all given into my hands. The Society was all in a flame of love. They made me full amends for my sorrow at Wednesbury.

Fri., July 12th. I took my leave of them at Wednesbury, exhorting them to "continue in the Apostles' doctrine, and in fellowship," &c. S. Perrin met, and found much grace among, the women. Half a dozen more wandering sheep I gathered in, and restored to their brethren. I preached at Birmingham to several of the better rank, who received the word with a ready mind.

Sat., July 13th. At morning and at noon my mouth was opened to make known the mystery of the Gospel.

Sun., July 14th. I examined the Society, who adorn the Gospel of Christ. I heard a good sermon at church, about using the world as not abusing it; but, alas! it supposed the congregation to be Christians.

I preached at five before brother Bridgin's door. We expected a disturbance; but the power of the Lord was over all.

The cloud stayed on the assembled Society. The word of exhortation went from my heart to theirs. The Spirit helped us to pray, especially for some at Bristol; and our souls were like a watered garden.

Mon., July 15th. At five I took horse with our brother Bridgin, an old disciple past eighty. I lay at Duffield.

Tues., July 16th. At two I rejoiced to meet some of our dear children in Sheffield. I encouraged them by that most glorious promise, "Behold, He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him." The door has continued open ever since Mr. Whitefield preached here, and quite removed the prejudices of our first opposers. Some of them were convinced by him, some converted, and added to the church. "He that escapes the sword of Jehu shall Elisha slay."

Wed., July 17th. I preached at Rotherham, and met, to my comfort, several solid believers. I talked severally with the growing Society. I returned, and preached in

the streets at Sheffield, without life or power, to a wild, tumultuous rabble. I was equally dead at the Society.

Thur., July 18th. I rode toward Barley-hall. I baited three hours at our sister Booth's, and laboured all the time to strip an old, self-righteous Pharisee. At last our Lord got himself the victory. We left her in tears and deep convictions. A greater miracle of grace than the conversion of a thousand harlots!

I dined at Barley-hall with our dear sister Johnson, a widow indeed, and her six sons and daughter, all believers. I had heard at Sheffield, that the Society here was come to nothing. Yet the word was attended with the blessing which never failed me in this place, and I felt the Lord was not departed. I was still more agreeably surprised in examining the Society, to find near seventy earnest souls, most of them believers, and grown in grace. But who can stand before envy? The Preacher that brought up an evil report of them, had it from some of Sheffield, who, through prejudice and jealousy, would always hinder our preaching at this place. How cautious should we be in believing any man! I marvel not now that my mouth was stopped at Sheffield.

Fri., July 19th. I preached once more to this lively, loving people, and left them sorrowful, yet rejoicing. We had a pleasant ride to Wakefield, where our brother Johnson received us joyfully. He himself was sick of a fever; but the Lord makes his bed, and he waits upon Him, without trouble, care, or choice.

By five we were welcomed to Leeds by our sister Hutchinson and others. I preached at eight, to many more than the house could hold. The Lord gave us a token for good.

Sat., July 20th. The Leaders informed me that, of the two hundred and fifty members of the Society, every one could challenge the world, "Which of you convinceth me of sin?"

I visited a faithful brother, whose wife and sister were drawing back. We laboured to restore them, in the spirit of meekness, and the Lord added weight to our words. They departed for awhile, we trust, that we might receive them again for ever.

At eight I preached the Gospel to a multitude of poor

sinner, unfeignedly poor, and hungering after righteousness.

Sun., July 21st. I preached, in the shell of our house, on Zech. iv. : "The hands of Zerubbabel have laid the foundation," &c. I rode to Birstal, where John Nelson comforted our hearts with his account of the success of the Gospel in every place where he has been preaching, except Scotland. There he has been beating the air for three weeks, and spending his strength in vain. Twice a day he preached at Musselburgh, to some thousands of *mere* hearers, without converting one soul.

I preached at one, to a different kind of people. Such a sight have I not seen for many months. They filled the valley and side of the hill, "as grasshoppers for multitude." Yet my voice reached the most distant, as I perceived by their bowing at the holy Name. Not one appeared unconcerned. I directed them to "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." God gave me the voice of a trumpet, and sent the word home to many hearts.

After evening service I met them again, but much increased, and lifted up my voice to comfort them by the precious promises; which were then fulfilled in many. The eyes of the blind were opened, the ears of the deaf unstopped, the lame men leaped like harts, and the tongue of the dumb sang.

The Society, collected from all parts, filled their new room; whom I earnestly exhorted to walk as becometh the Gospel.

Tues., July 23d. I showed the believers at Leeds how they ought to walk, from, "Ye are the salt of the earth," &c. In the evening I preached repentance and forgiveness, in the name of Jesus, to a mixed multitude of rich and poor.

I visited a sick sister, destitute of all things, yet triumphing over want, sickness, death.

Wed., July 24th. I preached at Woodhouse, faint and ill, as before a fever. So I told Sally, yet strove to hold up, till I had wrote, with many tears, to my dear J. Hutchinson. At eight the fever came.

Thur., July 25th. I was carried to Miss Norton's, who quitted her house for us and Sarah Perrin.

Fri., July 26th. John Nelson assured me, that above

seventy had died in triumph, out of Birstal Society only.

Sun., July 28th. My fever increasing, I judged it incumbent on me to leave my thoughts concerning the work and instruments, and began dictating to Sarah Perrin the following letter.*

Mon., July 29th. Dr. Milner constantly attended me. I had some discourse with Paul Greenwood, an Israelite indeed; glad to work with his hands, as well as to preach.

Thur., August 1st. M. Polier, a Minister from Switzerland, was brought to me by my Doctor. He inquired thoroughly into our affairs. I told him all I knew of the Methodists, with which he appeared fully satisfied. He seemed a man of learning and piety. In the evening we were strangely drawn out in prayer for him.

Fri., August 2d. I had missed my fit through taking the bark.

Sat., August 3d. I was enabled to ride out, and to confer with the Preachers and others.

Sun., August 4th. I found my strength sensibly increase in the fresh air. I spent an hour with the women Leaders, and appointed them to meet as a band.

Mon., August 5th. I went to the room, that I might hear with my own ears one, of whom many strange things had been told me. But such a Preacher have I never heard, and hope I never shall again. It was beyond description. I cannot say he preached false doctrine, or true, or any doctrine at all, but pure, unmixed nonsense. Not one sentence did he utter that could do the least good to any one soul. Now and then a text of Scripture, or a verse quotation, was dragged in by head and shoulders. I could scarce refrain from stopping him. He set my blood galloping, and threw me into such a sweat, that I expected the fever to follow. Some begged me to step into the desk, and speak a few words to the poor dissatisfied hearers. I did so, taking no notice of Michael Fenwick.

I talked closely with him, utterly averse to working, and told him plainly he should either labour with his hands, or preach no more. He hardly complied, though he confessed

* Here a blank occurs in the manuscript. The letter has not been preserved.—EDIT.

it was his ruin, his having been taken off his business. I answered I would repair the supposed injury, by setting him up again in his shop. Thomas Colbeck brought Eleazer Webster to me. I spoke in vain to a self-hardened slave of sin, and silenced him.

Tues., August 6th. I prayed with the Society, in solemn fear of God present. It seemed as if He spoke with an articulate voice, "Return unto me, and I will return unto you." My faith was greatly strengthened for the work. The manner and instruments of carrying it on I leave entirely to God.

Wed., August 7th. I took horse for Newcastle with Sally, Sarah Perrin, Miss Norton, and William Shent. We could get no farther than Toplift: found an aged woman reading Kempis; asked her the foundation of her hope. She simply answered, "A good life." I endeavoured to teach her better, and preached Christ the Atonement, as the only Foundation. She received my saying with tears of joy. We joined in fervent prayer for her. All the family seemed much affected. I found myself refreshed in body as well as soul, and easily rode on to Sandhutton.

We were no sooner in the house, than it began to pour down, and continued raining till we set out next morning.

Thur., August 8th. We rested at Durham.

Fri., August 9th. By noon our travels ended at Newcastle. My companions are better both in mind and body for their long journey.

I preached, but very feebly, on, "The third part I will bring through the fire." Preaching, I perceive, is not now my principal business. God knoweth my heart, and all its burdens. O that he would take the matter into his own hand, though he lay me aside as a broken vessel!

Sun., August 11th. I felt the fever hanging about me all day, notwithstanding the bark which I continue taking. The Society appeared lively and solid. I vehemently exhorted them to watch and pray, as well for the labourers as themselves, that none of us might bring a reproach upon the Gospel.

Mon., August 12th. I had much discourse with a brother from Scotland, who has preached there many weeks, and not converted one soul. "You may just as well preach

to the stones," he added, "as to the Scots." Yet, to keep my brother's word, I sent William Shent to Musselburgh. Before he went he gave me this memorable account of their late trial at Leeds :—

"At Whitecoat-hill, three miles from Leeds, a few weeks since, as our brother Maskew was preaching, a mob arose, broke the windows and doors, and struck the Constable, Jacob Hawley, a brother. On this we indicted them for an assault ; and the ringleader of the mob, John Hillingworth, indicted our brother the Constable, and got persons to swear the Constable struck him. The Grand Jury threw out our indictment, and found that against us. So we stood trial with them on Monday, July 15th, 1751, and the Recorder, Richard Wilson, Esq., gave it in our favour, with the rest of the court. But the foreman of the jury, Matthew Priestly, with two others, Richard Cloudsley and Jabez Bunnil, would not agree with the rest, being our avowed enemies ; the foreman Mr. Murgatroyd's great friend and champion against the Methodists.

"However, the Recorder gave strict order to a guard of constables to watch the jury, that they should have neither meat, drink, candles, nor tobacco, till they were agreed in their verdict. They were kept prisoners all that night and the next day, till five in the afternoon, when one of the jury said, he would die before he would give it against us. Then he spoke closely to the foreman concerning his prejudice against the Methodists, till at last he condescended to refer it to one man. Him the other charged to speak as he would answer it to God in the day of judgment. The man turned pale, and trembled, and desired another might decide it. Another, (Jo. Hardwick,) being called on, immediately decided it in favour of the Methodists. After the trial, Sir Henry Ibison, one of the Justices, called a brother, and said, 'You see God never forsakes a righteous man : take care you never forsake Him.'

"While the trial lasted, hundreds of our enemies were waiting for the event, who showed by their fierceness what they designed, had we lost our cause. They intended to begin with pulling down our house : but thanks be to God, who hath not delivered us over as a prey into their teeth.

"The Judge of the court was Richard Wilson, Esq., Re-

corder of Leeds : the Justices, J. Frith, Mayor, Alderman Micklethwait, Alderman Denison, Alderman Sawyer, A. Smith, A. Brooks : Jury, Matthew Priestly, Richard Cloudsley, Jabez Bunnil, H. Briscoe, W. Wormill, Richard Cockell, Joseph Naylor, Joseph Inkersley, George Dixon, Richard Sharp, W. Upton, and Joseph Hardwick. Four witnesses against, six for, us."

Tues., August 13th. I rode with my little family to Sunderland. I examined the Society of about a hundred, most of whom received the atonement in meeting their classes ; an argument for such meetings that I cannot get over. At seven I preached in a large convenient room, filled with attentive souls, on whom I called, "Behold the Lamb of God," &c. For an hour and a half my strength held out.

Wed., August 14th. At nine I set out, and, in half an hour's riding, overtook a woman and girl leading an horse. She begged us to help them up, and forward them on their way. We did so ; but the horse turned with them again, and rode back toward Sunderland. We had the riders to pick up again, and remount. Their horse we put between us ; but he broke through a gap, and galloped back. When he had shook them off, he stood still. I bade my companion take up the girl behind him, hoping the horse would carry the woman alone ; but in vain, though we all beat the poor beast to drive him on : he kicked and flounced, till he had dismissed his rider. I then said, "Surely, good woman, God withstands you. You are going somewhere contrary to His will. I can compare your horse to nothing but Balaam's ass. What can be the meaning of it?" She answered, "Sir, I will tell you all ; for there must be something extraordinary in the great pains you have taken for me. That child I had by a gentleman, who promised me marriage, but since married another, because richer than me. I am going to try if he will do anything for the child and me : but I fear it is not pleasing to God." I asked what she had to live upon. She told me she was married to a blacksmith, had a child by him, and it was but low with them. I advised her to take God's warning, and utterly renounce the first wicked man ; to spend the rest of her days in repentance, and working out her salva-

tion ; gave her something, and recommended her to a sister in Sunderland. She seemed overwhelmed with joy and gratitude, mounted with her child, and the horse carried them quietly home.

Fri., August 16th. I heard J. J., the drummer, again, and liked him worse than at first. He might perhaps have done good among the soldiers ; but to leave his calling, and set up for an Itinerant, was, in my judgment, a step contrary to the design of God, as well as to his own and the church's interest.

At seven I walked toward Ewe's Bourn to meet the classes ; but my strength totally failed me by the time I got to Sandgate ; where I rested at a brother's, till I had recovered strength to return.

At three I was sent for by the jailer's wife to a poor wretch under sentence of death, for murdering his own daughter of fourteen. Never have I spoke to a more hardened, ignorant, stupid sinner. He utterly denied the fact. I prayed for him, but with little hope.

After preaching at the Orphan-House, I commended him to the prayers of the congregation ; and we found free access to the throne.

At my next visit I perceived little change in him ; only he suffered me to speak, and said nothing of his innocency.

Sun., August 18th. I heard Jonathan Reeves at Sheephill, and added a few words in confirmation of his. I returned to Newcastle comforted.

I preached in great weakness. At our love-feast the spirit of supplication was given, and the poor murderer brought to our remembrance. I have not been more refreshed for this many a day.

Tues., August 20th. I preached in the prison, on, "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law," &c. Still I could not discern any signs of true repentance in the poor man, though he is to die to-morrow. He persists in his innocence, but confesses he deserves far worse punishment at the hands of God. I prayed over him with tears, and told him our next meeting would be at the judgment-seat.

I was ready to wonder why Providence had directed me to him, and engaged his people to pray for him ; when one informed me that, while I was earnestly praying for him

in the congregation, a woman had received forgiveness. Many other good ends may be answered, which we do not know; at least our prayer shall turn again into our own bosom. At night I was drawn out again in prayer for him, and continued instant therein for half an hour. The people were deeply affected. It is impossible for so many prayers to be lost.

Wed., August 21st. The first news I heard this morning from Jonathan Reeves was, that he had been, with J. Downes and others, visiting the poor malefactor, and they verily believed he had found mercy. He told them his heart was so light, he could not express it, and he was not in the least afraid to die. Two days before, Jonathan Reeves had talked an hour and an half with him, and put him in great fear; but now he appeared quite calm and resigned, and so continued to the last moment.

I took horse at nine for Horsley, leaving Jonathan to attend the execution, and bring us word. He overtook us in the afternoon with the same account of his convert, who showed all the marks of repentance and faith in death.

I passed the afternoon with Mr. Carr, a young Minister from Scotland, and our brother and sister Ord from Hexham. I preached at seven, quite overcome with the heat. By noon I returned to Newcastle.

Fri., August 23d. I spake with our brother Allen, an Exhorter, whom one would fain have persuaded to forsake his business. I persuaded him to continue in it.

Sat., August 24th. At one I set out with Sally, Sarah Perrin, Miss Norton, &c. I preached, at Durham, repentance and faith in our Lord Jesus.

Sun., August 25th. We communicated at the Abbey. I preached in a yard, to many quiet hearers, "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world," &c. : enlarged much at the Society.

Mon., August 26th. We lodged at Thirak.

Nov., 29th, 1753. Between nine and ten Lady Huntingdon surprised us by bringing Mrs. Galatin to see us. She had met her at Bath, and conducted her to our house with the mournful news of my brother's danger. I concluded, from several letters last received, and mentioning his reco-

very and design of officiating at the chapel, that he was out of all danger; but Mrs. Galatin assured us, she thought he would have expired at the altar last Sunday.

Mr. Sims, a Clergyman, followed Lady Huntingdon; full of his first love. We joined in the Lord's supper, and found much power to pray, particularly for my brother.

At two, as Mr. Hutchinson and I were setting out, we were met by a letter from Mr. Briggs, informing me, that I must make haste if I would see my brother alive. This made us all renew our entreaties to Mr. Hutchinson not to accompany me, lest he should retard me in my journey; but he would not be dissuaded, resolving, if I left him behind, to follow me in a post-chaise. I was therefore forced to take him, but sorely against my will, in a chaise, to Bath. We got to Mrs. Naylor's with the night. He could not sleep for cold.

Fri., November 30th. We prayed with great earnestness for my brother. My heart was melted into warm desires of his recovery. Between seven and eight we set forward in a post-chaise, and came safe to Newbury before night.

Sat., December 1st. My companion was strengthened to set out again before seven. Soon after four we were brought safe to M. Boul't's. She had no expectation of us, and was therefore quite unprepared. I had no other place to lodge my poor friend than the noisy Foundery. He had not more sleep than I expected.

Sun., December 2d. The first news I heard last night, in Moorfields, was, that my brother was something better. I rode at nine to Lewisham; found him with my sister and Mrs. Blackwell and Mrs. Dewal. I fell on his neck, and wept. All present were alike affected. Last Wednesday he changed for the better, while the people were praying for him at the Foundery. He has rested well ever since: his cough is abated, and his strength increased. Yet it is most probable he will not recover, being far gone in a galloping consumption, just as my elder brother was at his age.

I followed him to his chamber, with my sister, and prayed with strong desire, and a good hope of his recovery. All last Tuesday they expected his death every hour. He expected the same, and wrote his own epitaph:—

Here lieth

THE BODY OF JOHN WESLEY,

A BRAND, NOT ONCE ONLY, PLUCKED OUT OF THE FIRE.

HE DIED OF A CONSUMPTION IN THE FIFTY-FIRST YEAR
OF HIS AGE,

LEAVING, AFTER HIS DEBTS WERE PAID, NOT TEN POUNDS
BEHIND HIM :

PRAYING,

God be merciful to me an unprofitable servant !

He desired this inscription, if any, should be put upon his
tomb-stone.

He made it his request to his wife and me, to forget all that is past ; which I very readily agreed to, and once more offered her my service, in great sincerity. Neither will I suspect hers, but hope she will *do* as she *says*.

I have been generally blamed for my absence in this time of danger. Several asked, "Does Mr. Charles know of his brother's illness?" and were answered, "Yes, yes ; many have informed him." All my correspondents agreed in their accounts that my brother was much better ; of which his ministering last Sunday at the chapel left me no doubt. Then they might have apprized me of his danger ; but none thought of me till Tuesday, when they looked for his death every hour. He had ordered letters to be wrote by Charles Perronet to the Preachers, to meet on the 21st instant ; but not a word of notice was sent to me. Now I hear, several letters were wrote to me on Tuesday night ; but I have left them unreceived at Bristol.

I attended my brother while he rode out for the air, and was surprised to see him hold out for three quarters of an hour, and even gallop back the whole way.

In the afternoon I met the Leaders, and spoke them comfort ; then called on my patient, John Hutchinson, whose journey has done him more good than harm.

My text at the Foundery was 1 John v. 14, 15 : "And this is the confidence that we have in Him, that, if we ask anything according to His will, he heareth us : and if we know that he hear us whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of him."

Whether the congregation received benefit, I know not, being myself confused and overwhelmed with trouble and sorrow.

God made me to the Society, I trust, a son of consolation. I showed them the cause of my brother's danger, even our unprofitableness, and the nation's rejecting his testimony. I strongly exhorted them to repent, and do their first works, and *on no other condition* to hope for my brother's recovery. I told them, I was persuaded his time was come, and he would have died now, had not the prayer of faith interposed, and God commanded the shadow to go backward ; that still his life was altogether precarious, and they must wrestle on, before the decree brought forth, for a full reverse of the sentence. In prayer God gave us strong cries and tears, and consolation of hope.

The whole Society appear alive, so stirred up, so zealous, so prayerful as I never knew. Many backsliders are returning to us. Many secret friends now show themselves. The strangers stop us in the streets with their inquiries, and the people in general seem to find out the value of a blessing they are going to lose.

I carried Mr. Hutchinson to a quieter lodging, which the friendly Mr. L—— offered us at his house. John Jones, come post from Bristol, spent the useful evening with us, and then slept with me at the Foundery.

Mon., December 3d. I was at a loss for a subject at five, when I opened the Revelation, and, with fear and trembling, began to expound it. Our Lord was with us of a truth, and comforted our hearts with the blessed hope of his coming to reign before his ancients gloriously. Martin Luther, in a time of trouble, used to say, "Come, let us sing the forty-sixth Psalm." I would rather say, "Let us read the Revelation of Jesus Christ." What is any private or public loss, or calamity ; what are all the advantages Satan ever gained or shall gain, over particular men or churches ; when all things, good and evil, Christ's power and Antichrist's, conspire to hasten the grand event, to fulfil the mystery of God, and make all the kingdoms of the earth become the kingdoms of Christ ?

I asked each of the select band whether they could pray in faith for my brother's life. God has kept them all in

darkness and suspense. Those who have most power with Him have received no certain answer, being constrained to give him up *first*, if haply they may then receive him again as from the dead. Some have told me, it was parting with a right eye, with one much dearer to them than their natural father. Many have found strong, increasing hope of his recovery; and a few, whose experience I less depend on, are confident of it.

I called on loving, faithful D. P., and then visited my patient at Mr. L.'s. With him I stayed till near one, the time I had appointed for prayer at the Foundery. Many faithful souls then joined me in behalf of my brother, or rather, of the Church and nation. Neither was our Lord absent. Great comfort and confidence we received, that all shall work together for good, even the glory of God and furtherance of the Gospel.

From intercession I waited on my sister to Dr. Fothergill; who is much pleased with his patient's present case, and greatly approves of his hastening to the Hotwells at Bristol. To-morrow afternoon he promises to visit him at Lewisham.

The rest of the day I passed with John Hutchinson.

Tues., December 4th. I proceeded in the Revelation, and found the blessing promised to those who read or hear the words of that book. From six to seven I was employed with the Preachers in prayer, for my brother and the Church.

I told the Society on Sunday night, that I neither could nor would stand in my brother's place; (if God took him to himself;) for I had neither a body, nor a mind, nor talents, nor grace for it.

This morning I got the long-wished-for opportunity of talking fully to him of all which has passed since his marriage; and the result of our conference was perfect harmony.

Mrs. Dewal and Blackwell observed, what a fair opportunity my wife might have had for inoculating with her sister. I answered, that I left every one to his own conscience; but, for my part, I looked upon it as taking the matter out of God's hands; and I should choose, if it depended on me, to trust her entirely to Him.

Before five I returned to the Foundery, and found two

letters from Lady Huntingdon ; the first informing me, they apprehended my wife was taken ill of the small-pox, as soon as I left her ; the second, that it was come out, and the confluent kind.

She had been frightened (after my departure) with one's abruptly telling her, my brother was dead, and sickened immediately.

I immediately consulted Mr. L., who advised me to fly where my heart directed. "But what can I do with Mr. Hutchinson?" "Take him with you by all means." I went, and made him the offer.

I preached on, "Let not your hearts be troubled ; in my Father's house are many mansions," &c. I met good old Mr. P——, and informed him of my journey.

Wed., December 5th. At five I found John Hutchinson, after a restless night, as the troubled sea.

Thur., December 6th. I came to Bristol by four. I found my dearest friend on a restless bed of pain, loaded with the worst kind of the worst disease. Mrs. Vigor and Jones were ministering to her day and night. S. Burges, a most tender, skilful Christian woman, was her nurse. Dr. Middleton has been a father to her. Good Lady Huntingdon attends her constantly twice a day, having deferred her journey to her son on this account.

She had expressed a longing desire to see me, just before I came, and rejoiced for the consolation. I saw her alive ; but, O, how changed ! The whole head faint, and the whole heart sick ! From the crown of the head to the soles of her feet there is no soundness. Yet, under her sorest burden, she blessed God that she had not been inoculated ; receiving the disease as immediately sent from Him.

I found the door of prayer wide open, and entirely acquiesced in the divine will. I would not have it otherwise. God choose for me and mine, in time and eternity ! *

Mon., July 8th, 1754. At four I took horse for Norwich with my brother, Charles Perronet, and Robert Windsor. We were in fear for my brother, lest the heat of the journey should be too great for him ; but the rain which God sent down all yesterday had laid the dust, and cooled the air.

* No account has been preserved of Mr. Charles Wesley's labours from this period till July 8th, 1754.—EDIT.

The clouds also were ordered to attend us all the day ; so that we had an easy and pleasant ride to Braintree.

Tues., July 9th. Still God in the weather favoured us, and brought us safe to Bury, and ten miles beyond it.

Wed., July 10th. Our leisurely travelling allowed us many hours for writing. Between seven and eight we set out, and by eleven reached Attleborough. Here our brother Edwards met us with a chaise, which brought us in the evening to Captain Galatin's, at Lakenham, a mile and a half from Norwich.

The Captain brought us news that the whole city was in an uproar about poor Mr. Wheatley, whose works of darkness are now brought to light, whereby the people are so scandalized and exasperated, that they are ready to rise, and tear him to pieces. We do not, therefore, wonder that the Clergy are not forward to show their friendly inclinations towards us. Yet one has sent us a civil message, excusing his not visiting us till the tumult is over.

Thur., July 11th. Captain Galatin dined with the Mayor, a wise, resolute man, who labours for peace, but greatly apprehends the rising of the people. We thought it best to lie by till the storm should a little subside. Still the waves rage horribly. The streets ring all day with James's wickedness. From morning till night (the Captain informs us) the Mayor has been employed in taking the affidavits of the women whom he has tried to corrupt. These accounts are printed, and carried about the city.

What could Satan or his apostles do more to shut the door against the Gospel in this place for ever? Yet several came to us, entreating us to preach ; and at night a great number were gathered together to hear us. The advertisement we had printed here last year, disclaiming Mr. Wheatley, did much good, and, with the blessing of God, helped the people to distinguish. Our host, also, has assured the Mayor, Mr. Wheatley is no Methodist, or associate of ours ; and the Clergy, as well as people in general, are sensible of our inviolable attachment to the Church.

Fri., July 12th. We continued in our retreat, transcribing the Notes,* and leaving God to work, and prepare the way at Norwich.

* The Rev. John Wesley's Notes on the New Testament.—EDIT.

Wed., July 17th. Yesterday a lady sent my brother an invitation to preach in her great room, at the window, whence he might be heard by those without. But to-day an Alderman, threatening a prosecution, has made her draw back. I walked to Lakenham, and stopped my brother. The rest of the day we spent in transcribing.

Thur., July 18th. Word was brought us that the gentlemen were much displeased at their disappointment last night. At six in the evening we went forth. My text was, "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." The people were amazingly serious. All behaved with the utmost decency. It is evidently the Lord's doing!

Some of the fiercest persecutors are our fastest friends, and constantly attend the word. Many appear affected under it. Not one dares open his mouth against it, as yet.

My brother recapitulated and confirmed my sayings. In the mouth of two witnesses every word was established.

Fri., July 19th. At four my brother, by the advice of Charles Perronet, set out with him for Bristol. By how strange a providence has he been brought hither, that he might be sent hence to the Hotwells, the only probable means of restoring his health!

I preached at five from Hosea xii. 9: "O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself; but in me is thy help." Still their patience of the truth continues, or even increases. Near a thousand we have every morning. One man, after I had concluded, spoke a rude word, which drew upon him the general indignation.

At night I had multitudes of the great vulgar, as well as the small, to hear me, with three Justices, and nine Clergymen. The Lord opened my mouth to convince them of sin; and many, I am persuaded, felt the sword of the Spirit in the word.

Sat., July 20th. I declared, to a more numerous audience, it being market-day, "Ye have sold yourselves for nought; and ye shall be redeemed without money." The butchers were continually passing; yet all was quiet till I had done.

I forgot to mention that, on Thursday morning, James Wheatley overtook me and Charles Perronet in our way to Lakenham. I would hope he intended to pass by us,

but Charles looking back, and spying him, forced him to stop, and speak to us. He asked me how I did ; to which I made no answer. Charles cried out, " Ride on, James, ride on ; do not talk to us. I pray God, give you repentance." He asked me how my brother did ; but still I said nothing. Then, recovering himself, he said, " And God give you repentance, Mr. Perronet." I bade Charles turn back, and leave him ; which he did ; being grieved at the hardness of his heart.

I passed the day at Lakenham, as usual.

Sun., July 21st. My audience at seven was greatly increased. I spoke from the three first verses of Isai. lxi. ; but dwelt upon those words, " He hath sent me to preach the glad tidings to the meek," or " poor." I laboured, as all the past week, to bring them to a sense of their wants ; and to this end I have preached the law, which is extremely wanted here. They have been surfeited with smooth words and flattering invitations. The greater cause have we of wonder and thanksgiving, that they can now endure sound and severe doctrine.

I received the sacrament again from the Bishop's hands, among a score communicants. If the Gospel prevail in this place, they will find the difference by and by. I went to St. John's, and thence to the street. It rained all the time that I was declaring the office of Christ in his own words, Isai. lxi. ; yet none departed. My congregation was lessened by the weather ; but those who did attend were serious, and seemed to receive the word as a thirsty land the showers.

Mon., July 22d. The rain hindered my preaching. God is providing us a place, an old large brewhouse, which the owner, a Justice of Peace, has reserved for us. He has refused several ; always declaring he would let it to none but Mr. John Wesley. Last Saturday, Mr. Edwards agreed to take a lease for seven years ; and this morning Mr. S—n has sent his workmen to begin putting it into repair. The people are much pleased at our taking it. So is not Satan, and his Antinomian apostles.

My brother's prophecy is come true,—that all our caution and tenderness towards them will not hinder their saying all manner of evil of us. The only curse I have had be-

stowed on me in Norwich, was by a *good* woman of Mr. Wheatley's Society : several of which are, I doubt not, gracious souls, in whose shame and sorrow I sincerely sympathize. Others *show* what manner of spirit they are of by tearing their *supposed* enemies to pieces. They have already found out, that it is I and our little Society of eighteen have set the people against poor Mr. Wheatley ; and I am come hither with my brother to execute the design we and Mr. Keymar laid against him in London. I trust our few children will take my counsel, not to answer them a word ; not to meddle with their distractions ; but to stand still.

Tues., July 23d. At five I declared the end of our Lord's coming, even that they might have life, and have it more abundantly. The seriousness of the people deepens at every discourse. Some called on me to inquire after Mr. C.'s character, concerning which I could say nothing.

I met Mr. S. at the house, which is at present a mere heap of rubbish, without walls, without roof, floor, doors, or windows. What will this chaos produce ? I think it no bad omen that it was originally a foundery.

I wrote all day at Mr. Edwards's. I hear the blasphemy of the multitude. Their mouths are full of vile expressions :

“ Offence and torture to the sober ear.”

Woe unto the man that gives occasion to the enemy to speak reproachfully !

At seven I expounded the barren fig-tree, to a people who, notwithstanding all their stumbling-blocks, can endure sound doctrine.

Wed., July 24th. I preached the Gospel from Isai. xliii. 22, &c. Three from the tabernacle called with an invidious, vain design.

My congregation at night was considerably increased by the market-folk out of the country. I preached repentance from Rev. i. 7 : “ Behold, he cometh with clouds ; and every eye shall see him,” &c. The Lord opened my mouth to convince. His word begins to sink into their hearts. Many were in tears on every side. Toward the close, a huge man tried to ride up to me ; but the people interposed again and again, till a serious stout man took and led his

horse away, and kept the poor drunkard at a due distance. Some in the public-house behind me were noisy and troublesome, on whom I turned, and recommended them to the prayers of the congregation. Satan often shows his willingness and inability to hurt or hinder us. In spite of all, the Gospel has free course, and gains daily on the hearers' hearts.

Thur., July 25th. The rain drove me into brother Edwards's. Only the sincere and serious attended. The poor have a right to the Gospel. I therefore preached Christ crucified to them, from Zech. xii. 10. They did in that hour look on him they had pierced, and mourn; particularly one hardened rebel, (that was,) who was in tears the whole time.

Yesterday a woman came to me to ask my pardon for having railed at me, or rather at Mr. Edwards, while passing her. She belonged to the tabernacle. I commended her ingenuousness, wished all her Society like her, and gave her a book. From this many stories were made. I think it best to have no communication at all with Mr. Wheatley, or any of his followers, neither to mention, neither to think, of him, any more than if there was no such sinner upon earth.

I passed the day at Lakenham. At seven I preached to a mixed multitude of good and bad. Some of the baser sort talked lewdly and blasphemously, till I turned and set the terrors of the Lord in array against them. No wonder the slaves could not face me. The words directed to them made many a *sincere* heart tremble. I went on with more power than ever. So immediately did God bring good out of evil. The number of mourners increases. By and by they will be ripe for the Gospel.

Fri., July 26th. I enforced, on many listening souls, our Lord's most important words, "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find."

I enjoyed my long-sought solitude all day at Lakenham.

Tues., July 30th. I preached at five from Isai. xxxv., and found my mouth opened, as well as the hearers' hearts. The more Satan rages, the more our Lord will own and bless us. A poor rebel, at the conclusion, lifted up his voice; for whom I first prayed, and then, turning full upon

him, preached repentance and Christ to his heart. I desired him to turn his face toward me; but he could not. However, he felt the invisible chain, which held him to hear an offer of grace and salvation. I have great hopes that Satan has lost his slave. Some have assured me they saw him depart in tears. I began once more transcribing Dr. Young's Night Thoughts. No writings but the inspired are more useful to me. At St. Peter's I heard a very innocent sermon on public worship. There is no railing at present in any of the churches.

The Bishop of Exeter's letter was cried about the streets all day. We prayed, and went forth at seven, expecting Satan's appearance. A multitude attended to Hosea xiv. 1: "O Israel, return unto the Lord; for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity. Take with you words," &c. My heart was much enlarged. A very few showed their willingness to disturb, but were soon suppressed. I did not spare them; and the Lord gave weight to His word. I plainly perceive there is no strength nor counsel against the Lord.

Many persons there doubtless are in this great city, who would fain stop the course of the Gospel, and drive it out. Several complain that their fellows will not suffer them to persecute. To say nothing of the Clergy, can Mr. Taylor's* followers digest our doctrine of original sin? Can either the Pharisees or Sadducees, with which this place abounds, wish us success? Here are swarms of Papists and Antinomians, who bear us equal good-will. And all Christ's enemies have a sword put into their hands by that wretched man.† It is Satan's and his interest that the world should look upon us as all alike. And with this view, no doubt, the Rev. Mr. — published his scandals of my brother. But he may find himself mistaken. It is too gross to pass even at Norwich. The Clergy, I hear, declare they are satisfied of Mr. John Wesley's unexceptionable character; and the generality of the people are much displeased at the nonsensical tale.‡

* Dr. John Taylor, then resident in Norwich, whose treatise on Original Sin was answered by the Rev. John Wesley.—EDIT.

† James Wheatley.—EDIT.

‡ This appears to refer to the idle tale which the Bishop of Exeter published about this time, and which some Rev. gentleman reprinted at Norwich.—EDIT.

Wed., July 31st. I expounded Isai. xxxii. 1, 2, to a quiet, attentive congregation, who constantly attend, about two hundred of whom seem more and more to know their wants.

At night I laid the axe to the root, and showed them their actual and original corruption from Rev. iii. 17: "Thou sayest, I am rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked." The strong man was disturbed in his palace, and roared on every side. My strength increased with the opposition. A gentleman on horseback gnashed upon me with his teeth; but my voice prevailed, and they retreated to their strong hold, the alehouse. There with difficulty they procured some butchers to appear in their quarrel; yet they had no commission to approach till I had done. Then in the last hymn they made up to the table with great fury. The foremost often lifted up his stick to strike me, being within his reach; but he was not permitted. I stayed to pray for them, and walked quietly to my lodgings. Poor Rabshakeh muttered something about the Bishop of Exeter, but did not accept my invitation to Mr. Edwards's.

I am persuaded more good has been done to-night, than by any of my former discourses. The concern and love of the people for me is much increased by my supposed danger.

We joined together in prayer and thanksgiving, as usual, and I slept in peace.

Thur., August 1st. My morning congregation made me ample amends for last night's tumult; they were so serious, and so affected with the word, Matt. xi. 5: "The blind receive their sight," &c.

When I gave notice of preaching in the evening, I did not know what a riotous day it is. Yet after prayer I went forth, to keep my word, and see if the Lord had any work for me. The hill was covered with drunkards and rioters; but we saw the hand of God turning them aside, and keeping them at a distance. My subject was, "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" The congregation looked like sheep in the midst of wolves; but the wolves had a bridle in their mouths, and could not hurt or disturb the serious. Satan must

rage ; for his kingdom suffers loss. Many followed me home, with whom I spent some time in prayer.

By the time that the streets are too hot to hold us, we hope our house will be ready.

Fri., August 2d. I spoke comfortably to the sincere from Matt. v. 3, &c. : "Blessed are the poor in spirit : for theirs is the kingdom of heaven," &c. A gentleman faced me while I brought all the threatenings of God's word to bear upon him. He often changed colour, in spite of all his diabolical resolution. The poor people were not ashamed to *show* their concern. They felt the word, if he did not, and were melted down through his obduracy.

I am at a loss for a church, Squire D—— having sent his servant to forbid my preaching any more under his wall. I thought of removing my pulpit to Mr. Edwards's door ; but Providence ordered otherwise, by sending such violent rain to-day as flooded the street around us, and filled it up with mud.

It being the fair day, we had a large company of drunkards to wait upon us at seven o'clock. I stood under a window of the Bull. Satan quickly sent me two of his drunken champions, who did all in their power to interrupt me. Their heads were just as high as mine, and one laid his mouth to my ear, and talked almost the whole time. I was forced, in my own defence, to speak as loud and as fast as I could. And they had no power to disturb me, while I applied the most blessed promise, Isai. xxxv. 10 : "The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come with songs unto Zion." Many experienced the power of the Gospel, preached with much contention. The wild beasts of the people were quite tame, while I passed through the midst of them.

Sat., August 3d. I preached Christ the way, and the truth, and the life, with great enlargement, the people assisting me. They seem a people ready prepared of the Lord. He was with us this morning of a truth.

Sun., August 4th. I met the Society at five, with some new members, or rather candidates ; for such I esteem them all. I exhorted them to walk unblamable in all the commandments and ordinances. We had sweet fellowship in singing and prayer.

At seven I expounded blind Bartimeus; and the Lord bowed their hearts who heard. We never had so large a morning congregation, or so serious. The answers of prayer come back upon us. Surely God hath much people in this city.

I breakfasted at Mrs. Overton's, on whose ground Mr. Wheatley's first tabernacle was built. She has offered herself as a candidate of Society, having stayed in the other till sin forced her out. They are above measure displeased with her. She regards it not, but follows on to know the Lord.

I communicated at the cathedral. An elderly Clergyman pointed me at the table to where the Ministers were. The number of communicants begins to increase: a sign we do not make a separation, as a zealous advocate for the Church charged me in going home. I set him right, and he was in a good measure appeased.

Poor James has given them cause for suspicion. He too came to the cathedral at first, as my opponent told me, and pretended to bring others, till he had got so much hold of them as to take them all from it, and turn them Dissenters. How has he increased our difficulties! But the power and blessing of God can set all right.

I met the Society again after dinner, and strongly exhorted them to bring forth fruits meet for repentance.

I was in great heaviness till five, and then invited a huge multitude to the great supper, Luke xiv. 16, &c., and gave an historical account of the Methodists. Some thought our congregation larger than any before, and more serious. A few ragged drunkards stood at a distance, but were not suffered to make a noise till I had done. Then they lifted up their voice, which made me begin again. I exhorted, sang, prayed, and exhorted again. It was a glorious opportunity. Thanks be to God, who gives us the victory.

Our house was crowded afterwards. For an hour I spoke, sang, prayed after God. A fair prospect we have of a flourishing Society, such as shall not be ashamed to speak with their enemies in the gate. Every soul present, I am persuaded, felt the nearness of our Lord.

Mon., August 5th. That scripture was fulfilled, "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice,

and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with me." We knew not how to part: though we never part now without a blessing. Five more gave in their names as candidates for the Society. Two had belonged to it formerly in London and Newcastle. Last night a poor backslider came to me with tears of sincere remorse. He had run well, been a Leader in London, but forsaken the fountain of living water. The Lord has sent after the one lost sheep. I have a hope that he will rise again, to fall no more.

To-day I heard that as soon as I had named my subject yesterday morning, blind Bartimeus, some went away, crying they had heard enough of him from Wheatley. Poor James had attempted that history, and made a lame piece of work, and many others, which straitens me much. I cannot yet preach of my favourite texts, because he has. He has, as much as in him lay, poisoned the fountain, debased the language of God, hardened the people's hearts, palled their spiritual appetite, and made them even loathe religion and all that belongs to it. Their natural prejudices against the truth are increased. What mountains are these in the way to Christ! They can never flow down but at His presence.

I dined at Lakenham, and returned with Mrs. Galatin to Norwich. Mrs. Overton, a sincere follower after Christ, drank tea with us. We had hardly time for a prayer before we went forth. A gentleman had been with me yesterday, desiring me to vindicate him from the aspersion of disturbing me in preaching. For his satisfaction I preached, contrary to my design, on the hill. The rioters were there in great numbers. I called them to repentance; but they stopped their ears, and ran upon me, casting dirt and stones, &c. I stood it for three quarters of an hour; but it was fighting with beasts. None of us were hurt by their violence, but several frightened. The rebels followed me departing. I turned and faced them. They fled when none pursued. The poor women had the worst of it. The lewd sons of Belial are furnished with weapons enough from the tabernacle, and talk as inspired by their father. Our people were a good deal discouraged, fearing it will grow worse and worse. (We have a Butler here also, a ring-

leader of the rioters.) I endeavoured to hearten them, and exhorted them to greater diligence in prayer. Prayer is our only refuge; and if our hands be steady, Israel shall prevail.

Tues., August 6th. I was forced to rise at two by the cramp, and could not sleep afterwards. At five many sincere souls were comforted by the voice of the good Shepherd: "Fear not, little flock: it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

Wed., August 7th. I preached from, "Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God?" &c.

At seven God, in answer to our continual prayer, opened the door in spite of all the powers of darkness. Preaching to this people is indeed threshing the mountains: yet several of them show great hunger for the word.

Thur., August 8th. Our morning hour is always peaceable, and attended with the blessing of the Gospel. The house is filled with the sincere, and the half-awakened listen without.

Mrs. Bridgham called, and warned me of the dear hearers, (as Mr. Wheatley's Society are called,) some of whom she knew intended to come, pretending to condemn him, that they might ensnare me in my words.

I preached a little after six this evening, according to my notice in the morning, and so disappointed most of the rioters. One drunkard was sent to molest us; but the bridle was in his as well as his master's mouth. Many felt the meaning of those awful words, Phil. ii. 9, 10: "Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name: that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in the earth, and things under the earth."

We afterwards returned thanks in the house, and earnestly prayed for the course of the Gospel: as we always do, both before and after preaching.

Fri., August 9th. I rose soon after four. At five the Lord was mightily with us, to confirm his word, Matt. i. 21: "He shall save his people from their sins." Mrs. Br., Mrs. G., with our brother and sister Edwards, joined me in praise and prayer till near seven: a custom we hope, with God's help, to continue.

At six a tumultuous crowd surrounded me, while I cried aloud, "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord," &c. Satan visibly laboured in his children to hinder the Gospel; which yet they could not hinder. A poor harlot shrieked out for the first quarter of an hour incessantly. I could hear no word but Wheatley. I turned toward her, and pressed her to enter the kingdom, with her sister harlots; but she did not care to show her face. We heard no more of her. Her allies stood motionless till I dismissed them.

A huge, black, grisly man followed me into the house, whom I took for a collier. He told me he was a tinker, T. Boulton by name, had been in all Mr. Wheatley's riots, and fought for him forty times; that, understanding I should settle here, he came to offer me his service; and would henceforward fight for me. I thanked him for his non-necessary kindness, gave him a word of advice, and a book; and he went away highly satisfied.

I hear it was he that drove away the noisy harlot.

We rejoiced, as usual, in giving God the glory for his overruling providence.

I should not forget, that this morning Mr. — had the modesty to pay us a visit. Mrs. Edwards opened the door, and, seeing him, without speaking a word, bad or good, shut it again.

Sat., August 10th. The Lord prospered his word preached to many listening souls, from Heb. iv. 14—16.

Sun., August 11th. I walked to Norwich by five, and met the Society, to our mutual comfort. At seven our street was filled from end to end. I strongly preached God in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself. He stood by his ambassador, and bowed the hearts of all that heard. We never yet had so open a door. Two or three of the tabernacle mocked at the beginning; but the stream carried them also away before it. This hour and a half has made us amends for our troubles and buffetings. We acknowledged God hearing prayer. Our brethren at London have surely wrestled for us, and prevailed.

We had double the number of communicants at the cathedral. All who are healed by our ministry show

themselves to the Priest, and enter into the temple with us.

I wonder we should miss so long so convenient a place for preaching as our own street is. The Foundery shuts us up at one side, and Mr. Edwards's and his neighbours' houses on the other. Above three thousand may conveniently stand about the door, and twice as many at the end of Hog-hill. Every place was crowded in the evening, while I enforced the faithful and acceptable saying, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. His power beat down all opposition, and cleared his own way into their hearts. All seemed melted down, or broken to pieces, either by the fire or the hammer. The Gospel had **FREE COURSE**; the word was glorified, and ran very swiftly. Let all who prayed for its success give God praise, and pray on: so shall it mightily prevail over this great wicked city.

Some of the best of the parish, as well as strangers, joined with us for an hour longer in prayer and thanksgiving. I enforced upon them, by particular and close application, both my morning and evening discourse. Such conversation, I find, is more useful than even preaching itself. The Lord was evidently with us in his convincing power.

Mon., August 12th. The house was crowded, both within and without, while I expounded Mark ii. 1, &c., the Lord confirming his word.

Tues., August 13th. I walked to Norwich. Many seem ready to close with Christ, and to come at his call, weary and heavy laden. The more disposed they are to receive the Gospel, the more he opens my mouth to make it known.

At Lakenham I visited, with Mrs. Galatin, a poor creature, lately delivered of a bastard child, and now swiftly hastening to eternity. Neither she, nor the woman who received her into her house, can read. We talked much to little purpose. Only she seemed thankful for the pains we took with her, and desirous we should come and pray with her again.

I got a useful hour in the evening for conversation and prayer with our awakening neighbours.

PART XIII.

FROM SEPTEMBER 17TH, 1756, TO NOVEMBER 5TH, 1756.*

FRIDAY, September 17th, 1756. At seven I left Bristol, with John Downes, and came to Walbridge by two. In the evening several attended the word, and seemed stirred up to watch and pray. I spake to each of the little steady Society. Forty-three have kept together for years, under the care of our brother Watts. There are no disputes or disorders among them. I added a few words, exhorting them to continue steadfast in the communion of the Church of England. We were much refreshed, and parted in great love.

Sat., September 18th. I set out at six, and in three hours reached Cheltenham. The twelve miles thence to Evesham cost us near six hours; but we rode the short, that is, the Vale, way; and have taken our leave of it for ever. By four we got, weary enough, to Mr. Canning's. The preaching-room was full. I exhorted them to watch and pray always, that they might be counted worthy to escape all these things which shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of man. Again at seven next morning, and at five in the evening, they received my saying, the Lord applying his own word, both to awaken and to confirm.

I went to church morning and afternoon, and, between the services, visited three or four of the Society, who had been disabled, by age and infirmity, from assembling with their brethren; and were therefore neglected, as not belonging to them. I wrote their names again in the Society-book, with Mr. Canning's family, and J. Watson's, who seemed all resolved to do the first works.

I did not forget to confirm the brethren in their calling; that is, to live and die in the Church of England.

Mon., September 20th. After commending them to God, and to the word of his grace, we rode with our loving guide, J. Watson, toward Birmingham. At Studley he left us, full of his former zeal, and resolved to carry fire among his neighbours of the village to which he is removed.

* It is to be regretted that, from August 13th, 1754, to September, 1756, no record of Mr. Charles Wesley's labours has been preserved.
—EDIT.

About two we got to Birmingham, and soon after heard at the door Mr. Ianson's voice. He brought life with him. As a watchman of Israel, I warned a numerous audience of the sword coming. The word seemed to sink into their hearts.

I had not time to meet the Society, but, in conversing with several, I conceived fresh hopes that they will at last become a settled people. Some, who had forsaken us, I received in again.

Tues., September 21st. The Lord gave us a parting blessing. Mr. Ianson's chaise kept pace with us to Ashley, where our brother Adams received us joyfully. The wild beasts here are tamed at least, if not converted. None molested while I pointed them to "the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world." We prayed earnestly for the conversion of these hardened sinners. I was comforted with the little company of twenty-one, who meet to build up each other. Great life and love was in the midst of them.

Wed., September 22d. I warned them of the impending judgments, and left them standing on the watch-tower. We passed a profitable hour at Donington-Park, with Mr. H. Mr. Ianson attended us five or six miles on our way to Nottingham, which we reached by two. I spent the afternoon in taking down the names of the Society, and conversing with them. We rejoiced to meet once more after so long a separation. My subject, both at night and in the morning, was, "I will bring the third part through the fire." It was a time of solemn rejoicing. There had been, twelve months ago, a great revival and increase of the Society: but Satan was beginning again to sow his tares. My coming at this season will, I trust, be the means of preventing a division.

Thur., September 23d. It rained hard all night. John Downes's lame horse detained him at Nottingham, by which the poor people got another sermon. At seven I set out in the rain with a blind guide, who at last blundered out his way to Sheffield. Here also I delivered my own soul, and the people seemed awakened and alarmed. I spake plainly and lovingly to the Society of continuing in the Church; and, though many of them were Dissenters and predestinarians, none were offended.

Fri., September 24th. I had left William Shent sick in Charles-street ; but, to my great surprise, entering brother Green's at Rotherham this morning, the first person I set eyes on was William himself. The Sunday after I left him he had had another fit of his ague ; yet on Monday morning he *would* needs mount his horse, and ride homeward. He had only one visit from his ague on the road, and grew stronger and stronger by virtue of prayer, more than of physic.

When I was last here the Society were on the brink of a separation, through a party for Mr. Wh—— and Mr. Edwards. They proposed it to honest Mr. Cousins, whose opposing quashed it at that time. I then advised them to go to church. The weak and wavering were confirmed ; three or four of the others offended, and said, "I made the church Christ." After preaching as awakening as I could, I plainly told the Society, that "there was no salvation *out of the church ;*" that is, out of the mystical body of Christ, or the company of faithful people. When I had fully explained myself on this head, we were all of one mind and heart. They then *suffered* the word of exhortation, and were even glad when I said unto them, "Let us go into the house of the Lord."

Sat., September 25th. I encouraged them by that precious promise, "I will bring the third part through the fire ;" and parted in great love. At eight I preached on the same subject at Barley-hall ; and found there the never-failing blessing. I rode on with William Shent, who was threatened last night with the return of his fever. I was at a loss for a companion to York, when, in passing through Hunslet, one called after me. I turned, and saw Mr. Crook,* who told me Dr. Cockburn was at his house, and had waited for me this week, to carry me to York. We lighted, and spent a delightful hour with the Doctor (my old schoolfellow) and him, both in their first love ; both full of life, and zeal, and simplicity. Mr. Crook pressed me to assist him at the morning sacrament.

Sun., September 26th. At seven I preached to the people at Leeds, on, "Thy kingdom come." The disciples lifted up their heads. I walked with Dr. C—— to Hunslet.

* The Curate of Hunslet. — EDIT.

Mr. Crook insisted on my preaching ; which I did again, from the same words. His congregation seemed to make no opposition to the truth. There were hundreds of communicants, mostly of Mr. Crook's awakening.

We passed an hour and an half at his house, with the voice of joy and thanksgiving. Then he pressed me into the service again. His church, which holds nearly as many as our preaching-house, was filled from end to end. At his desire, I preached on those words, "His blood be on us, and on our children." Our Lord turned the curse into a blessing.

I doubted my strength, yet set out for Leeds. The room was excessively crowded, both within and without. I was very faint, as I mentioned my text,—“When these things begin to come to pass, then look up,” &c. My little strength I increased by using it; and the word refreshed both soul and body. The hearers were variously affected. O that all may be found watching!

I could speak of nothing but love in the Society; for I felt nothing else. Great was our rejoicing over each other. Satan, I believe, has done his worst, and will get no farther advantage by exasperating their spirits against their departed brethren. They were unanimous to stay in the Church, because the Lord stays in it, and multiplies his witnesses therein, more than in any other Church in Christendom.

Mon., September 27th. I was surprised at the numbers that flocked to the early preaching, and eagerly received that saying of our Lord, “Behold, I come as a thief: blessed is he that watcheth and keepeth his garments.”

I breakfasted with Miss Norton, and found nothing in my heart towards her but love. She was not so evil-affected towards her forsaken brethren as I expected. Nothing can ever bring such as her back, but the “charity which hopeth all things, beareth all things, endureth all things.”

Several came to confer with me, particularly Benjamin S. I had great satisfaction with him. While we were drinking tea at a brother's, Mr. Edwards found me out. We talked freely and lovingly, till the time of preaching. I walked with him to the house. Mr. Crook was another of my hearers. My text was, “His blood be on us, and

on our children." The power of the Lord was present more than yesterday. I went to the Church-prayers, with several who have been long dealt with to forsake them utterly. They will stand the firmer, I hope, for their shaking.

Tues., September 28th. I set out with the Doctor and William Shent for York. The rain brought back poor William's ague. I preached from Hab. iii. 2: "O Lord, revive thy work." The crowd made our room excessively hot; but that did not hinder their attention.

Wed., September 29th. Our Preacher stationed here had quite left off preaching in the morning. Many told me I could not get a congregation at five: but I found it otherwise. The room was almost full while I explained, "Being made free from sin, and become the servants of God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life." I insisted largely on freedom from sin, as the lowest mark of faith, and the necessity of labouring after holiness. The hearers appeared much stirred up.

I spent the day in conferring with all comers. The Doctor's house was open to all, and his heart also; his whole desire being to spread the Gospel.

Thur., September 30th. My subject was John v. 14: "Afterward Jesus findeth him in the temple, and said unto him, Behold, thou art made whole: sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee." I warned them against that sweet doctrine, "Once in grace, always in grace," but not in a controversial way; pointed out some of the infinite ways, whereby they might forfeit their pardon. I exhorted them to go to church, that they might be found of Jesus in the temple; and, above all, to pray always, that that word might be written on their hearts, "Go and sin no more."

The day was well spent in making up a difference which the sower of tares had occasioned among the principal members of the Society.

Between six and seven I got the Society together, with many out of the country, and for two hours showed them how they ought to walk. They gladly received instruction.

Fri., October 1st. I preached again to the awakened, and perceived the word take place. I breakfasted with T.

Brook, who has once more left the brethren. I went with him to the minster which he constantly frequents. I met, at his house, Miss T——, earnestly seeking salvation. The means of awakening her was Theron and Aspasio.

I heard that the young woman who cried out last night under convictions, was the same hour delivered into the glorious liberty of God's children.

I passed an hour at Mr. D.'s, and answered his candid objections. I had an opportunity of vindicating my old friend Benjamin Ingham. It is hard a man should be hanged for his looks,—for the *appearance* of Moravianism. Their spirit and practices he has as utterly renounced as we have: their manner and phrase cannot so soon be shaken off.

I found out *Mercy Bell*, and had sweet fellowship with her. I marvel not that the Friends (so fallen from their first simplicity) cannot receive her testimony.

We had a most triumphant watchnight. I began between seven and eight. The enemy did not like our employment, and stirred up his servants without to interrupt us; but our voices prevailed. We sung the "Hymns in a Tumult," with great calmness and consolation. Mr. Williamson's maid was deeply wounded. The shout of a King was in the midst of us; and the people thought it full early to part at eleven.

Sat., October 2d. The whole day was spent in singing, conference, and prayer. I attended the choir service. The people there were marvellously civil, and obliged me with the anthem I desired, Hab. iii., "a feast for a King," as Queen Anne called it. Mr. Williamson walked with me to his house in the face of the sun. I would have spared him; but he was quite above fear. A pious, sensible Dissenter clave to us all day, and accompanied us to the preaching. I discoursed on my favourite subject, "I will bring the third part through the fire." We glorified God in the fire, and rejoiced in hope of coming forth as gold.

Sun., October 3d. From five till near eight I talked closely with each of the Society; then, on Mr. W——n's request, preached on the ordinances from Isai. lxiv. 5: "In those is continuance, and we shall be saved." I dwelt longest on what had been most neglected,—family prayer,

public prayer, and the sacrament. The Lord set to his seal, and confirmed the word with a double blessing. I dismissed them at nine. Our Preachers had often kept them till near ten, and thereby hindered their going to church.

I received the sacrament at the minster. It was a solemn passover. They were forced to consecrate twice, the congregation being doubled and trebled through my exhortations and example. Glory be to God alone! I found great faith to pray for him that consecrated; and heard afterwards that it was Mr. B.; one who had known the Methodists from their rise at Oxford, and was no enemy to them. I expect (if I hold out myself) to meet that soul in paradise.

I went to Mr. W——n's church. He read prayers as one that felt them, and then beckoned me. According to our private agreement, I stepped up into the pulpit, when no one expected it, and cried, to a full audience, "The kingdom of God is at hand; repent ye, and believe the Gospel." They were all attention. The word did not return void, but accomplished that for which it was sent. Neither is he that planted anything, neither is he that watereth.

Dr. Cockburn carried me in his chair to Acomb. I lost my voice in the rain, and could not, without much straining, cry, "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world." A Clergyman and the gentry of the place were present. The rain dispersed us in half-an-hour. I attempted to meet the Society at York, but could not speak to be heard. We got thereby a longer evening at the hospitable Doctor's. Mr. W. and his family, &c., were helpers of our joy.

Mon., October 4th. I took my leave in the words of the Apostle, "The grace of God which bringeth salvation hath appeared unto all men, teaching us," &c. From hence I strongly pressed the obedience of faith. We parted in body only.

Through God's blessing on my week's stay among them, I hope, 1. Peace and love are restored; 2. They will recover their rising at five; 3. They are brought back again to church, and sacrament, and family prayer.

Dr. Cockburn and his lady attended me to Tadcaster, where I found both voice and strength to point many earnest souls to the all-atoning Lamb. The gentry listened as well as the poor. Both dismissed me with blessings.

It rained as soon as we took horse. We were quickly wet to the skin, the high wind driving the storm full in our faces. I was most concerned for poor William Shent, and forced him to stop at the first house. There I reproved a countryman for swearing, and gave a word of advice, which was kindly taken. We took refuge again at Seacroft; and enjoyed the last fair hour which brought us to Leeds by two.

I renewed my strength against preaching-time; after which I met the Leaders, and earnestly exhorted them to set a pattern to the flock.

Tues., October 5th. At five I preached in William Shent's shop. I breakfasted at Miss Norton's. There Mr. Edwards* assured me he "had never *desired* any one of our children to leave us." Doubtless they did it of their own mere motion: no one ever dealt or took any pains with them about it. No one ever spoke against the Church to unhinge them. They dropped into his mouth, (as our first children into the Count's,) without his ever suspecting it.

If he has robbed us of our children, I bless God to find he has not robbed us of our peace and love. He several times expressed his readiness to preach in our Societies. I only answered, the people could not trust him, that he would not do in every place as he has done in Leeds.

I endeavoured to treat him with due respect and love, according to our rule, "If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men."

I passed the day at Mr. Crook's, who told me his experience. I cannot doubt of his having known the pangs of the new birth. Our brethren question it, because he does not use all their phrases, and cannot follow all their violent counsels. I begged him to do nothing rashly; least of all, to go from his post, preaching everywhere like us.

I drank tea at a sister's, who has been as the troubled sea ever since the separation; and as rough towards all, espe-

* Mr. Edwards left the Methodist ministry, and formed an Independent church in Leeds, of which he became the Pastor.—EDIT.

cially her husband, as Mr. Edwards is smooth. I laboured to quiet her; and she was sensible of the great advantage Satan had gained over her. Alas for the man by whom the offence cometh!

I walked to Hunslet with William Shent, and heard Mr. Crook expound in the church. I dined with him, and was provoked by his zeal. Returning, I found — at my lodgings, and threw away some words on one, wiser in his own eyes than seven men that can render a reason. He entirely justified Mr. Edwards: therefore I can have no confidence in him, that he will not do, were it in his power, as Mr. Edwards has done.

Henry Thornton came to spend an hour or two with us, and we sharpened each other's countenance.

At six I met the Leaders, and inquired into the behaviour of each member of the Society. Upwards of forty Mr. Edwards has carried off; but not by *desiring* any to leave us. I carried them with me to prayers, and wished them to follow my example, by carrying the whole Society to church with them.

I returned to the room, and explained the believer's privilege, 1 Peter i.: "Kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation."

Thur., October 7th. After a most tempestuous night, I preached to a few, whom the hurricane could not keep from the word.

I had more talk with —, who frankly confessed, "if any of our Societies should desire him to take charge of them, as a distinct body, he should not refuse them." I told him plainly, that the ground of all such designs was pride: but my words were spoken into the air.

After church I set out in a storm for Seacroft; and rode on to Aberford. My old friend Mr. Ingham was labouring in the vineyard; but I had the happiness to find Lady Margaret at home, and their son Ignatius. She informed me that his round takes in above four hundred miles; that he has six fellow-labourers, and one thousand souls in his Societies, most of them converted. I sincerely rejoiced in his success. Ignatius would hardly be pacified at my not preaching. We passed an hour and an half very profitably, and set out again. The rain met and drove us to a tree for

shelter. We narrowly missed several heavy showers, and got safe back to Seacroft before night.

Soon after, our dearest brother Grimshaw found us, and brought a blessing with him. I preached from Luke xxi. : "Take heed to yourselves," &c. ; and farther enforced our Lord's warning on the Society. I strongly exhorted them to continue steadfast in fellowship with each other, and the whole Church of England. Our hearts were comforted and knit together.

Fri., October 8th. We had another blessed hour with them, before we left this lively people. I continued till one in conference with my worthy friend and fellow-labourer,—a man after my own heart ! whose love of the Church flows from his love of Christ. With such may my lot be cast in both worlds !

We spent an hour in intercession for the Church and nation. I exhorted the many persons present to continue instant in this prayer, and mark the answer and the end.

I rode with my faithful brother Grimshaw to Bramley. I preached in a large barn (now a convenient chapel) to a multitude of serious souls, who eagerly received our Lord's saying, "Look up, and lift up your heads," &c. They all seemed broad awake, when I called again in the morning, (Saturday, October 9th,) "Watch ye, therefore, and pray always," &c. Their spirit quickened mine. We had sweet fellowship together. I have no doubt but they will be counted worthy to escape, and to stand before the Son of man.

Returning to Leeds, I met my brother Whitefield, and was much refreshed by the account of his abundant labours. I waited on him to our room, and gladly sat under his word. I preached myself at Rothwell. Their large house was full, though it was an harvest-day. I warned them of the impending storm, with much freedom and faith for the sincere ; concluding with a warm exhortation to continue in the ship.

Sun., October 10th. From Isai. lxiv. 5, "In those is continuance, and we shall be saved," I earnestly pressed the duties of constant communicating, of hearing, reading, practising the word, of fasting, of private, family, and public prayer. The Society I advised to continue in fel-

lowship, and never more give place to the sower of tares, the divider of the brethren. I spoke healingly of the breach ; told them how to behave toward Mr. Skelton,* and the rest who have rose up to draw away disciples after them ; and insisted on that apostolical precept, "Let all your things be done in charity." I did not mention the author of the late division, being convinced he left us for bread.

The Spirit of love and union was in the midst of us. I came to Birstal before noon. My congregation was less by a thousand or two, through George Whitefield's preaching to-day at Haworth. Between four and five thousand were left to receive my warning from Luke xxi. After church we met again. Every soul seemed to hang on the word. Two such precious opportunities I have not enjoyed this many a day. It was the old time revived. A weighty spirit ran through the congregation ; and they stood like men prepared to meet the Lord.

Mon., October 11th. After preaching at five to this solid people, I returned to Leeds, and spent an hour with the Leaders. They informed me that my late exhortations have stopped some who were on the point of going over to Mr. Edwards's Society, and brought others back to the Church-ordinances. A woman, in particular, after hearing me on Sunday morning, went to church, which she had long forsaken, and received a manifestation of Jesus Christ in the prayers. I earnestly pressed them to recommend to their brethren, both by advice and example, the neglected duties of family and public prayer ; and to watch over the flock with all diligence.

Hearing Mr. Whitefield and Mr. Grimshaw were returning to our watchnight, I waited for them at their lodgings, with zealous, humble, loving Mr. Crook. It rained so hard, that Mr. Whitefield was agreeably surprised at eight to find our house as full as it could cram. They forced me to preach first ; which I did from Zech. xiii. : "The third part I will bring through the fire." My brother George

* Charles Skelton was another of the Methodist Preachers, who at this time formed an Independent church out of the Methodist Societies, of which he became the Pastor. He settled in Southwark.
—EDIT.

seconded me in the words of our Lord: "I say unto all, Watch." The prayers and hymns were all attended with a solemn power. Few, if any, I hope, went unawakened away.

Tues., October 12th. I took my leave of Leeds in prayer at William Shent's. Some having ascribed the division to him, I examined that matter to the bottom, having talked largely with all parties, especially Miss Norton and Mr. Edwards himself. Upon the whole, I am convinced that the ground of all was, Miss Norton's hatred to William Shent. This induced her to draw away Mr. Edwards from us. He could not resist the temptation of a certain provision for his family. Interest blinded his eyes, so that the means to his end seemed right and honest to him, though base and treacherous to us. As for William Shent, I do not find he did more than every upright man would have done on the occasion. He watched to counteract them who were daily seducing our children. He gave early notice to my brother of their design, and thereby drew all their resentment upon himself; as every honest Preacher will *qui cum ingeniis confictatur ejusmodi*. Since the separation (Mr. Edwards's friend informed me) he has behaved with such mildness and discretion, as has kept the rest of the flock together, when violence or harsh treatment might have scattered them all.

I preached in Wakefield at ten, to a quieter audience than I have ever met with there.

I took a friendly leave of Miss Norton, who assured me some of our ablest Preachers were entirely in Mr. Edwards's interest. *Nec nihil, nec omnia*.

I rode to Joseph Bennet's, near Dewsbury, and preached very awakingly to a mixed, attentive congregation. My vehement exhortation to the Society was on the usual subject, "Continuance in the word," and in prayers, family and public. I passed the evening with Jonas E—d. I would gladly part with five hundred Methodists, to be ordained, and useful like him.

Wed., October 13th. The word at Birstal was clothed with power, both to awaken and to confirm. My principal concern is for the disciples, that their houses may be built on the rock, before the rains descend. I hear in most

places the effect of the word ; but I hearken after it less than formerly, and take little notice of those who say they receive comfort, or faith, or forgiveness. Let their fruits show.

I preached at night, and rejoiced in steadfast hope of being brought through the fire.

Thur., October 14th. I baptized a Dissenter's child, and set out with faithful Titus Knight for Halifax. A mixed multitude listened to the word : "When thy judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness." I have not found so great freedom in any place as this, where I expected least.

I set out in hard rain for Bradford. My subject there was Hab. iii. 2: "O Lord, revive thy work," &c. Many Dissenters were present: some of them, I believe, were reached; for I spake in irresistible love, and warned them to flee from the wrath to come.

Fri., October 15th. After preaching, I gathered into the fold a wandering sheep, whom J. Wh—d's pride and folly had scattered. Having lost her first love, she married an unconverted man; whereupon the Society gave her up for lost. I rejoiced to find her miserable in prosperity, and restless to recover her only happiness.

I found comfort in the first lesson at church. (Wisdom v.) I could be glad to attend the public prayer constantly, for my own, as well as for example's sake.

The preaching-house was filled with those that came from far. Our Lord did not send them empty away. A girl of fourteen (who had walked from Birstal) told me, she seemed carried under the word, as out of the body. What to call the manifestation of the Spirit then given her, time and temptation will show.

Near two hours more we rejoiced at a primitive love-feast.

Sat., October 16th. I breakfasted again with my lost sheep that is found, for whose sake chiefly I believe myself sent to Bradford. Last night at the love-feast she recovered her shield. I took my leave of the brethren in that promise, "He that endureth to the end, the same shall be saved." I rode with faithful Thomas Colbeck to Keighley.

I found at four a large, handsome room well filled. I

did my office as a watchman, and delivered my own soul. Mr. Grimshaw assisted at the Society. I recommended family-religion with all my might. For near an hour and an half the cloud stayed on the assembly.

Sun., October 17th. We had no room to spare at six in the morning, while I commended them to God, and to the word of his grace. I preached a second time at Haworth, (Mr. Grimshaw reading prayers,) from Psalm xli. 8: "O come hither, and behold the works of the Lord, what destruction he hath brought on the earth. He maketh wars to cease in all the world," &c. My mouth was opened to declare the approaching judgments, and the glory which shall follow, when the Lord is exalted in all the earth. The church, which had been lately enlarged, could scarce contain the congregation; who seemed all to tremble at the threatenings, or rejoice in the promises, of God.

We had a blessed number of communicants, and the Master of the feast in the midst. I prayed and exhorted afterwards. Our hearts were lifted up to meet Him in his glorious kingdom.

After an hour's interval we met again, as many as the church-walls could contain; but twice the number stood without, till the prayers were over. Then I mounted a scaffold, and, lifting up my eyes, saw the fields white unto harvest. We had prayed for a fair day, and had the petitions we asked. The church-yard, which will hold thousands, was quite covered. God gave me a voice to reach them all. I warned them of those things which shall come to pass, and warmly pressed them to private, family, and public prayer; enlarged on the glorious consequences thereof, even deliverance from the last plagues, and standing before the Son of man. I concluded, and began again; for it was an accepted time. I do not remember when my mouth has been more opened, or my heart more enlarged.

A young Preacher of Mr. Ingham's came to spend the evening with me at Mr. Grimshaw's. I found great love for him, and wished all our sons in the Gospel were equally modest and discreet.

Mon., October 18th. He accompanied us to Heptonstal; where I preached at ten on Isai. lxiv. 5: "In those is continuance, and we shall be saved." I was very faint when

I began: the more plainly did it appear that the power was not of man, but of God. I warned them of the wiles of the devil, whereby he would draw them away from the Church, and the other means of grace. I spake as the oracles of God, and God gave testimony, bowing the hearts of all present, except a few bigoted Baptists. We went on our way rejoicing to Ewood.

There the hard rain cut short my discourse from Ezek. ix. Mr. Allen could not leave us yet; but rode with us next morning (Tuesday, October 19th) as far as Gawksholm. I stood on a scaffold at the foot of a *Welsh* mountain, having all the people in front, and called, "Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world." The word was as a two-edged sword. I knew not then, that several Baptists were present, a carnal, cavilling, contentious sect, always watching to steal away our children, and make them as dead as themselves. Mr. Allen informed me that they have carried off no less than fifty out of one Society, and that several Baptist meetings are wholly made out of old Methodists. I talked largely with Mr. Grimshaw, how to remedy the evil. We agreed, 1. That nothing can save the Methodists from falling a prey to every seducer but close walking with God, in all the commandments and ordinances, especially the word and prayer, private, family, and public; 2. That the Preachers should be allowed more time in every place, to visit from house to house, after Mr. Baxter's manner; 3. That a small treatise be written, to ground and preserve them against seducers, and lodged in every family.

We came to Bolton with the night. Above forty of this poor shattered people still keep together. Many of those without flocked to the word. In great bodily weakness I warned them to fly to the city of refuge; tried to calm the spirits of our children; and we were comforted together through hope of our Lord's appearing.

Wed., October 20th. I talked kindly to poor J. Whitford, who seemed quite sick of his separate congregation, so headstrong and untractable; so like their humble slave and teacher! His principles as well as spirit have cut off his retreat;

— *Vestigia nulla retrorsum,*

when once a Methodist Preacher has abused both ours and our children's confidence, by setting up for himself. This he could never think of, till the salt had lost its savour.

The rain quickened our pace to Manchester. I took up my lodgings at Mr. Philips's. My subject at night was, "When these things begin to come to pass, then look up." Many Arian and Socinian Dissenters were present, and gnashed upon me with their teeth, while I preached the coming of Jesus Christ, the one eternal self-existing God, to take vengeance on them, and on all his enemies, who would not have him to reign over them.

Thur., October 21st. I finished my discourse to our Lord's disciples. I parted with my right hand, my brother and bosom-friend, Grimshaw. I breakfasted at Mrs. F.'s, and rejoiced to find that, though she had left us, she had not utterly forsaken God. Her soul has suffered loss; yet her good desires remain. Here my old friend J. Bolton found me out, and confirmed his love to me.

From church I went to dine with our sister Rider, still waiting for the Consolation of Israel. I drank tea with Dr. Byrom, and was hard put to it to defend my brother's book against Mr. Law. We got at last to a better subject, and parted, not without a blessing.

At night I discoursed on Titus ii. 11. I spoke close and home on practical faith and relative duties; but more closely still to the Society.

It seems the famous Mr. Roger Ball is now among them, picking up their pence and their persons. They were smit with admiration of so fine a man, (Thomas Williams himself was nothing to him,) and invited him to settle with them. Another new Preacher they have also got, a young Baptist, who is gathering himself a meeting out of them, like the Baptist teachers who have borrowed so many of Mr. Grimshaw's children. Our Society in Manchester was upward of two hundred; but their itching ears have reduced them to half the number.

To these I showed the melancholy state of the members of the Established Church, who are the most unprincipled and ignorant of all that are called Protestants; and therefore exposed to every seducer who thinks it worth his while to turn them Dissenters, Moravians, or Papists. I

told them, "Of all the members of the Church of England the poor Methodists are most exposed, because serious, and therefore worth stealing; and of all the Methodists those of Manchester are in the greatest danger, because the most unsettled and unadvisable." I challenged them to show me one Methodist who had ever prospered by turning Dissenter. I asked, what would become of them when my brother should die; whether they would not then be scattered, and broken into twenty sects, old and new. To prevent this, I advised them, 1. To get grace, or the love and power of God, which alone could keep and stablish their hearts; 2. To continue in all the means of obtaining this, especially the word, and prayer of all kinds; to read the Scriptures daily; to go constantly to church and sacrament.

I make more allowance for this poor shattered Society, because they have been sadly neglected, if not abused, by our Preachers. The Leaders desired me not to let — come among them again; for he did them more harm than good, by talking in his *witty way* against the Church and Clergy. As for poor —, he *could* not advise them to go to church, for he never went himself; but some informed me, that he advised them *not* to go. When we set the wolf to keep the sheep, no wonder that the sheep are scattered.

Our brother Johnson tells me, since he sent the people back to church, two have received forgiveness in the prayers there; and two more in the sermon of a Church Minister. There are now three sound Preachers in these parts. If they continue steadfast, they may undo the great evil which the unsound Preachers have done, and confirm our children in their calling.

I cannot leave them in so unsettled a condition; and therefore intend, with God's leave, to spend another week among them. I talked with the Leaders, and earnestly pressed them to set an example to the flock, by walking in all the commandments and ordinances.

I wrote my thoughts to my brother as follows:—

"Mr. Walker's letter deserves to be seriously considered. One only thing occurs to me now, which might prevent in great measure the mischiefs which will probably ensue after our death; and that is, *greater, much greater delibera-*

tion and care in admitting Preachers. Consider seriously, if we have not been too easy and too hasty in this matter. Let us pray God to show us, if this has not been the principal cause, why so many of our Preachers have lamentably miscarried. Ought any new Preacher to be received before we know that he is grounded, not only in the doctrines we teach, but in the discipline also, and particularly in the communion of the Church of England? Ought we not to try what he can answer a Baptist, a Quaker, a Papist, as well as a Predestinarian or Moravian? If we do not insist on that *σφοδρῆ* for our desolate mother as a pre-requisite, yet should we not be well assured that the candidate is no enemy to the Church?

“Is it not our duty to stop J. C., and such like, from railing and laughing at the Church? Should we not now, at least, shut the stable-door? The short remains of my life are devoted to this very thing, to follow our sons (as C. P. told me we should you) with buckets of water, to quench the flame of strife and division, which they have or may kindle.”

Fri., October 22d. After preaching I talked with several of the Society, particularly a young woman, who seemed quite overwhelmed with the love of Christ, which she received yesterday in private prayer. I went to St. Anne's prayers, and thence to the room. We began our first hour of intercession. Many more than I expected were present. I gave an exhortation, showing the end of our meeting every Friday, as Englishmen and members of the Church of England, to deprecate the national judgments, and to pray for the peace of Jerusalem. I have rarely known so solemn an assembly. They were pleased to hear, that we design to continue meeting every week.

I went thence to seek that which was lost, poor H. O. He made me very happy by his misery, and restlessness to return. Once more, I trust, there will be joy in heaven over him.

I began in the evening to expound the whole armour of God, Eph. vi. After I had done, the famous Mr. Ball lifted up his voice; and a magnificent voice it was. I bade our people depart in peace, which they did. The enemy roared some time in the midst of the room, (not congrega-

tion,) threatening me, for scandalizing him, and depriving his family of their bread. I believe he is defrauded of his prey through my coming *in ipso temporis articulo*, when he promised himself a good provision out of our Society. No wonder Satan rages at his disappointment.

I met the Society in calm love. There was no farther need of my mentioning Satan's apostle; for he has sufficiently showed himself. The snare is thereby broken, and the simple souls delivered. I lovingly exhorted them to stand fast in one mind and one spirit, in the old paths or ways of God's appointing. Henceforth they will not believe every spirit. The Lord stablish their hearts with grace!

Experience convinces me more and more, that the Methodists can never prosper, or even stand their ground, unless they continue steadfast in the ordinances. The Society here used to be scattered on the Lord's day in the fields, or sleeping in their houses. This invited all the beasts of the forest to devour them. Suffice the time that is past. We are not ignorant now of Satan's devices.

Sat., October 23d. I proceeded to expound the whole armour of God. We were a little too early for Mr. Ball and his friends, two of whom last night had laid violent hands on me. One *was* a sister of ours till her curiosity betrayed her into the hands of Mr. Ball.

I breakfasted at brother Barlow's, and rejoiced in the remembrance of his blessed sister, now in glory. For seven years she adorned the Gospel in all things.

I took horse with brother Philips for Hatfield, which we reached by one. The sun shone all day without a cloud, to the great comfort of the poor husbandmen. I found at Hatfield just such a family as *was* once at Fonmon-castle. The master indeed was absent, but had left word that his church and house expected me.

I preached at seven to an house-full of the parishioners, on, "Repent ye, therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out," &c. I did not spare them. They bore my plain speaking. The awakened were much comforted.

The voice of joy and thanksgiving is in the habitations of the righteous. I thought I was got back to Mr. Jones's

castle. We continued our triumph two hours longer, and could hardly part at last, and not without grudging our bodies their necessary rest.

Sun., October 24th. I spent from seven to eight in advising and praying with the sincere, whom Mr. B—— has divided into classes like ours. I read prayers at ten, and preached the one thing needful. The Lord filled my mouth with awakening words. I never spake more convincingly. All seemed to feel the sharp two-edged sword.

The church was fuller than was ever known in a morning; but in the afternoon it was crowded every corner of it. I tasted the good word while reading it. Indeed the Scripture comes with double weight to me in a church. If any pity me for my bigotry, I pity them for their blind prejudice, which robs them of so many blessings.

My text was Lam. i. 12: "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold," &c. The love of Christ crucified melted many hearts. I addressed myself by turns to the unawakened, the sincere, and the backsliders. For an hour God enabled me to speak with convincing and comforting power. After the Psalm I began again, and recapitulated the whole. Why does God always accompany the word with a double blessing when preached in the church? Is it a sign that he is leaving or that he is returning to it? I have never been more assisted since I left Bristol, than in this church, and Mr. Crook's, and Mr. Williamson's. Those of the Methodist Preachers who have faith and patience, may, by and by, have all the churches in England opened to them. I got another blessed, lively hour with the Society. Then my whole stock of strength was exhausted.

Mon., October 25th. From six to seven I warned and exhorted them with many tears, tasting the bitterness of life, and the various evils we are still to be brought through. By eleven I returned to Manchester.

Here I rejoiced to hear of the great good Mr. Whitefield has done in our Societies. He preached as universally as my brother. He warned them everywhere against apostasy; and strongly insisted on the necessity of holiness *after* justification, illustrating it with this comparison: "What good would the King's pardon do a poor malefactor dying

of a fever? So, notwithstanding you have received forgiveness, unless the disease of your nature be healed by holiness, ye can never be saved." He beat down the separating spirit, highly commended the prayers and services of our Church, charged our people to meet their bands and classes constantly, and never to leave the Methodists, or God would leave them. In a word: he did his utmost to strengthen our hands, and deserves the thanks of all the churches, for his abundant labour of love.

I consulted the Leaders what could be done for this unstable people. Richard Barlow and the rest ascribed their fickleness to their neglect of the means, particularly going to church; "and when we advised them to it, they would answer us, 'The Preachers do not advise us to go, neither do they go themselves.'" Nay, some spoke against it, even those we most confided in. My brother and I must wink very hard not to see the hearts of such men.

Tues., October 26th. My former friend Mr. Clayton read prayers at the old church, with great solemnity.

I spent the day in writing letters at sister Fanshaw's, whom I have received again into the fold. She had never left us in heart; but the cares of the world interrupted her outward fellowship. She seems now resolved to live and die with the poor afflicted people of God.

I made up a quarrel of many months' standing between two sisters. The occasion of it was absolutely nothing. Such is the subtlety of our adversary!

After preaching I examined three of the most wavering classes, and persuaded all, except the Dissenters, to go back to church and sacrament. The treacherous dealers have dealt very treacherously. Even *before* our departure the grievous wolves are entered in, not sparing the flock. How much more, *after* our departure, will men arise of ourselves, speaking perverse things, to draw away disciples after them!

Wed., October 27th. I preached from Rom. vi. 22: "But now being made free from sin, and become the servants of God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life." The Lord confirmed his word with a double blessing.

I went, with J. Haughton, to the old church, as usual. I preached at six; then met, and lovingly reprov'd, the

Society. I talked with more of the classes, and could find only two who would not take advice. Amalek had smote the hindmost : so I let Amalek take them, at least while they prefer Mr. Ball to all the Methodists. The rest, a few Dissenters excepted, determined to live and die with us in the communion of the Church of England.

Thur., October 28th. Mr. Fanshaw dragged his feeble body to the early preaching. After all his wanderings and backslidings, we have received him again, as we trust, for ever.

I preached at noon near Davy-Hulme, with great enlargement, to a simple-hearted people, who made me some amends for my long exercise at Manchester.

I passed the remainder of the day with some Manchester friends, who are not of the Society. The unsteadiness of our children has kept many from venturing among us.

I began our watchnight exactly at seven, and concluded a quarter before eleven. Hereby we had more time with less inconvenience ; and the whole congregation stayed from first to last. I expounded the ten virgins. The solemn power of God rested upon us. It was one of the happiest nights I have known.

I was constrained to write the following letters :—

TO MR. GRIMSHAW.

“ Manchester, October 20th.

“ I COULD not leave this poor shattered Society so soon as I proposed. They have not had fair play from our treacherous sons in the Gospel ; but have been scattered by them as sheep upon the mountains. I have once more persuaded them to go to church and sacrament, and stay to carry them thither the next Lord’s day.

“ Nothing but grace can keep our children, after our departure, from running into a thousand sects, a thousand errors. Grace, exercised, kept up, and increased in the use of all the means, especially family and public prayer, and sacrament, will keep them steady. Let us labour, while we continue here, to ground and build them up in the Scriptures, and all the ordinances. Teach them to handle well the sword of the Spirit, and the shield of faith. Should I live to see you again, I trust you will assure me, there is not a member of all your Societies but reads the

Scripture daily, uses private prayer, joins in family and public worship, and communicates constantly. 'In those is continuance, and we shall be saved.'

“TO MY BELOVED BRETHREN AT LEEDS, &c.

“GRACE and peace be multiplied! I thank my God, on your behalf, for the grace which is given unto you, by which ye stand fast in one mind and in one spirit. My Master, I am persuaded, sent me unto you at this time to confirm your souls in the present truth, in your calling, in the old paths of Gospel-ordinances. O that ye may be a pattern to the flock for your unanimity and love! O that ye may continue steadfast in the word, and in fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers, (private, family, and public,) till we all meet around the great white throne!

“I knew beforehand that the Sanballats and Tobiahs would be grieved when they heard there was a man come to seek the welfare of the Church of England. I expected they would pervert my words, as if I should say, ‘*The Church could save you.*’ So, indeed, you and they thought, till I and my brethren taught you better, and sent you *in* and *through* all the means to Jesus Christ. But let not their slanders move you. Continue in the old ship. Jesus hath a favour for our Church; and is wonderfully visiting and reviving his work in her. It shall be shortly said, ‘Rejoice ye with Jerusalem, and be glad with her, all ye that love her: rejoice for joy with her, all ye that mourn for her.’ (Isai. lxvi. 10, &c.)

“Blessed be God, ye see your calling. Let nothing hinder your going constantly to church and sacrament. Read the Scriptures daily in your families, and let there be a church in every house. The word is able to build you up; and if ye watch and pray always, ye shall be counted worthy to stand before the Son of man.

“Watch ye, therefore, stand fast in the faith, quit yourselves like men, be strong: let all your things be done in love. I rejoice in hope of presenting you all in that day. Look up, for your eternal redemption draweth near.”

As the people here leave work at twelve, we pitched upon that hour for our intercession. Many flocked to the

house of mourning ; and again the Lord was in the midst of us, making soft our hearts, and helping our infirmity to pray. We never want faith in praying for King George, and the Church of England.

I recovered another straggler ; as I do every day. The enemy has had a particular grudge to this Society. His first messenger to them was a *still sister*, who abounded in visions and revelations. She came to them as in the name of the Lord, and forbade them to pray, sing, or *go to church*. Her extravagance at last opened their eyes, and delivered them from the snare of mysticism. Then the Quakers, the predestinarians, the dippers, desired to have them to sift them like wheat. They were afterwards thrust sore at by Mr. Bennet, Williams, Wheatley, Cudworth, Whitford, Ball. It is a miracle that two of them are left together ; yet, I am persuaded, the third part will be brought through the fire.

I examined more of the Society. Most of them have known the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ : several received it at church ; one in the Litany, another in the Lord's Prayer. With that word, "Thy kingdom come," Christ came into his heart. To many he has been made known in the breaking of bread.

Sat., October 30th. I dined with my candid friend and censor Dr. Byrom. I stood close to Mr. Clayton in church, (as all the week past,) but not a look would he cast towards me ;

"So stiff was his parochial pride,"

and so faithfully did he keep his covenant with his eyes, not to look upon an old friend when called a Methodist.

Sun., October 31st. I spake from five to seven with the rest of the classes. I left out Richard Glover, with his second wife, whom he has married, contrary to my advice, when his first was scarce cold in her grave. This scandalous practice, seldom named among the Heathen, should never be tolerated among Christians. I refused tickets to James and Eliz. Ridgworth, till they should have enough of Mr. Ball. All the others were willing to follow my advice, and go constantly to church and sacrament. The Dissenters I sent to their respective meetings.

At seven I found freedom to explain and enforce Isai. lxiv. 5 : " In those is continuance, and we shall be saved." It struck eight before I had got half through my subject.

I breakfasted with a wanderer, and brought him back to his brethren. We were all at the old church ; heard a good sermon from Mr. Clayton on constant prayer ; and joined to commemorate our dying Lord. Mr. M——, the senior Chaplain, sent for me up to the table, to administer first to me, with the other Clergy. I know not when I have received a greater blessing. The addition of fourscore communicants made them consecrate twice or thrice. A few of our Dissenting brethren communicated with us, and confessed to me afterwards, that the Lord met them at his table. It was a passover much to be remembered. We renewed our solemn covenant with God, and received fresh strength to run the race set before us.

I dined at Adam Oldham's. The first *was* become last ; but is now, I hope, becoming first again. I re-admitted both him and his wife into the Society, with several others, who were fallen off.

From the new church I walked to our crowded room ; and once more *preached up* the ordinances. Now the long-delayed blessing came : the skies as it were poured down righteousness. The words I spoke were not my own ; therefore they made their way into many hearts.

I received double power to exhort the Society, (now upwards of one hundred and fifty members,) and *believed for them* that they will henceforth walk in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless.

Mon., November 1st. I met about a score of the Dissenters at four, and administered the Lord's supper, to the great consolation of us all.

I took my leave in the promise we wait for, " I will bring the third part through the fire ;" and left a blessing behind me. Mr. Phillips attended me as far as Stone. The heavens smiled upon us all day.

Tues., November 2d. I took horse at seven, and came safe by two to my old friend Francis Ward, in Wednesday.

At night I enforced the divine counsel, Isai. xxvi. 20 : " Come, my people, enter thou into thy chambers, and shut

thy doors about thee : hide thyself as it were for a little moment, until the indignation be overpast. For, behold, the Lord cometh out of his place to punish the inhabitants of the earth for their iniquity."

I found much freedom of love among my oldest children, and they readily received my warnings ; which I repeated the next morning (Wednesday, November 3d) from Psalm xlvi. I employed the morning in visiting the sick and shut up. Three or four stragglers I gathered in. I comforted our sister Spittle, left with five small children by her husband, who was lately killed in a coal-pit, by the earth falling in. No death could be sudden to him. John Eaton was killed by falling into a pit. His daughter Edge told me, she was warned by a repeated dream of his death ; and begged him in vain not to go out that morning.

While I was talking with her, a woman came in, and accosted me in such a bold, violent manner, that I told her I did not like her spirit. This raised and called it forth. She quickly *showed* herself a Nicolaitan, by her boisterous, shocking Antinomian *assurance*. I told her she was a false witness for God ; to which she horribly answered, "If I am a liar, God himself is a liar." I shut up the discourse with, "Get thee behind me, Satan !"

I was much assisted, both at one and at seven, to warn many listening souls of the flood coming. There was great life in the Society. *All* the first, I am confident, shall not become last.

Thur., November 4th. I left that promise upon their hearts, "I will bring the third part through the fire ;" and took horse with James Jones. I encouraged the remnant at Birmingham with the same words ; and rode on to Worcester.

About a score I had left here some years ago ; twelve of whom are fallen off to the Quakers, seeking the living among the dead. I described the last times to between forty and fifty at our sister Blackmore's ; and it was a solemn time of refreshing.

Fri., November 5th. I set out before day with faithful John Dornford. We lodged at Cambridge inn ; and, by eleven on Saturday morning, November 6th, God brought me safe to my friends in Bristol.

THE REV. CHARLES WESLEY'S ACCOUNT OF HIS TWO SONS.

CHARLES was born December 11th, 1757. He was two years and three quarters old, when I first observed his strong inclination to music. He then surprised me by playing a tune readily, and in just time. Soon after, he played several, whatever his mother sung, or whatever he heard in the streets.

From his birth she used to quiet and amuse him with the harpsichord; but he would never suffer her to play with one hand only, taking the other and putting it on the keys, before he could speak. When he played himself, she used to tie him up by his back-string to the chair, for fear of his falling. Whatever tune it was, he always put a true bass to it. From the beginning he played without study, or hesitation; and, as the learned declared, perfectly well.

Mr. Broadrip * heard him in petticoats, and foretold he would one day make a great player. Whenever he was called to play to a stranger, he would ask, in a word of his own, "Is he a musicker?" and if answered, "Yes," he played with all readiness.

He always played *con spirito*. There was something in his manner above a child, which struck the hearers, whether learned or unlearned.

At four years old I carried him with me to London. Mr. Beard † was the first that confirmed Mr. Broadrip's

* His name is spelled Broderip in the Dictionary of Musicians, two volumes, 8vo., London, 1825. He is there said to have been of Bristol, and "was a good composer of Protestant church music."
—EDIT.

† He was an English singer of great celebrity, having a rich tenor voice. His second wife was the daughter of Mr. Rich, the patentee of Covent-garden theatre. The mother of this lady, it will be recollected, received the truth under Mr. Charles Wesley's ministry, and was long his personal friend. In this way the introduction of young Wesley to the great professional vocalist is easily accounted for (Dictionary of Musicians).—EDIT.

judgment of him, and offered to get him admitted among the King's singing-boys; but I had then no thoughts of bringing him up a musician.

A gentleman carried him next to Mr. Stanley,* who expressed his pleasure and surprise at hearing him, and declared he had never met one of his age with so great a propensity to music. The gentleman told us he never before believed what Handel used to tell him of himself, and his own love of music, in his childhood.

Mr. Madan † presented my son to Mr. Worgan, ‡ who was extremely kind to him, and, as I then thought, partial. He told us he would prove an eminent master, if he was not taken off by other studies. He frequently entertained him on the harpsichord. Charles was greatly taken with his bold, full manner of playing, and seemed even then to catch a spark of his fire.

At our return to Bristol, we left him to ramble on till he was near six. Then we gave him Mr. Rooke for a master: a man of no name, but very goodnatured; who let him run on *ad libitum*, while he sat by, more to observe than to control him.

Mr. Rogers, the oldest organist in Bristol, was his first and very great friend. He often set him upon his knee, and made him play to him, declaring he was more delighted to hear him than any of his scholars, or himself.

I always saw the importance (if he was to be a musician) of placing him under the best master that could be got, and

* John Stanley, bachelor of music, lost his sight when he was two years old, by falling on a marble hearth with a china bason in his hand. Few professors have spent a more active life in every branch of his art than this extraordinary musician, who was not only a most neat, pleasing, and accurate performer, but a natural and agreeable composer, and an intelligent instructor. (Dictionary of Musicians.)
—EDIT.

† Minister of the Lock Hospital.—EDIT.

‡ Worgan was a doctor of music, and was greatly admired, both as an organist and composer. As his body was carried for interment into the church of St. Mary Axe, London, "Mr. Charles Wesley, one of his favourite pupils, played the *Dead March in Saul* on the organ; and the instrument, which in the doctor's time had fascinated thousands, thundered forth a volley, as its unconscious master descended into the grave."—EDIT.

also one who was an admirer of Handel, as my son preferred him to all the world. But I saw no likelihood of my being ever able to procure him the first masters, or of purchasing the most excellent music, and other necessary means of acquiring so costly an art.

I think it was at our next journey to London, that Lady Gertrude Hotham heard him with much satisfaction, and made him a present of all her music. Mrs. Rich had before given him Handel's songs; and Mr. Beard, Scarlatti's Lessons, and Purcell. Sir Charles Hotham was particularly fond of him; promised him an organ, and that he should never want any means or encouragement in the pursuit of his art. But he went abroad soon after, and was thence translated to the heavenly country.

With him Charles lost all hope and prospect of a benefactor. Nevertheless, he went on with the assistance of nature, and his two favourite authors, Handel and Corelli, till he was ten years old. Then Mr. Rogers told me it was high time to put him in trammels; and soon after, Mr. Granville at Bath, an old friend of Handel's, sent for him. After hearing him, he charged him to have nothing to do with any great master; "who will utterly spoil you," he added, "and destroy anything that is original in you. Study Handel's Lessons, till perfect in them. The only man in London who *can* teach you them is Kelway; * but he *will* not, neither for love nor money."

Soon after we went up to town. Charles, notwithstanding Mr. Granville's caution, had a strong curiosity to hear the principal masters there. I wanted their judgment and advice for him. Through Mr. Bromfield's recommendation, he first heard Mr. Keeble, (a great lover of Handel,) and his favourite pupil Mr. Burton. Then he played to them. Mr. Burton said "he had a very brilliant finger:" Mr. Keeble, that "he ought to be encouraged by all the lovers of music; yet he must not expect it, because he was not born in Italy." He advised him to pursue his studies of Latin, &c., till he was fourteen, and then to apply himself in earnest to harmony.

* Joseph Kelway was the organist of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. His playing was so excellent, that Handel is said to have often gone to the church for the purpose of hearing him.—EDIT.

Mr. Arnold * treated him with the utmost affection ; said, he would soon surpass the masters ; and advised him not to confine himself to any one author, but study what was excellent in all.

Dr. Arne's † counsel was, like Mr. Keeble's, to stay till he was fourteen, and then deliver himself up to the strictest master that could be got.

Vento confessed "he wanted nothing but an *Italian* master."

Giardini, urged by Mr. Madan, at last owned "the boy played well ;" and was for sending him to Bologna, or—Paris !

They all agreed in this, that he was marked by nature for a musician, and ought to cultivate his talent. Yet still I mistrusted them, as well as myself, till Mr. Bromfield carried us to Mr. Kelway. His judgment was decisive, and expressed in more than words ; for he invited Charles to come to him whenever he was in London, and generously promised to *give* him all the assistance in his power.

He began with teaching him Handel's Lessons ; then his own, and Scarlatti's, and Geminiani's. For near two years he instructed him gratis, and with such commendations as are not fit for me to repeat. Meantime Charles attended the oratorios and rehearsals, through the favour of Mr. Stanley, and invitation of Mr. Arnold.

As soon as he was engaged with Mr. Kelway, his old friend Mr. Worgan kindly offered to take him without money, under his auspices, (as he expressed himself,) and to train him up in his art. Such a master for my son was the height of my ambition ; but Mr. Kelway had been beforehand with him.

Mr. Worgan continued his kindness. He often played, and sung over to him, whole oratorios. So did Mr. Battishill. Mr. Kelway at one time played over to him the *Messiah*, on purpose to teach him the time and manner of

* Dr. Samuel Arnold is well known to have been one of the most eminent musical composers of his age. He is the author, among other publications, of four volumes of cathedral music.—EDIT.

† Dr. Thomas Augustus Arne was bred to the profession of the law, which he early quitted for music, and was long one of the most popular composers of the age in which he lived. He died in the year 1778.—EDIT.

Handel. For three seasons Charles heard all the oratorios, comparing the performers with each other, and both with Mr. Worgan and Mr. Kelway.

He received great encouragement from Mr. Savage. Mr. Arnold was another father to him. Mr. Worgan gave him many lessons in thorough-bass and composition. Mr. Smith's curiosity drew him to Mr. Kelway's to hear his scholar, whom he bade go on and prosper, under the best of masters. Dr. Boyce came several times to my house to hear him; gave him some of his own music, and set some hymns for us; asked if the King had heard him; and expressed much surprise when we told him, No. His uncle enriched him with an inestimable present of Dr. Boyce's Cathedral Music.

It now evidently appeared that his particular bent was to church-music. Other music he could take pleasure in, (especially what was truly excellent in the Italian,) and played it without any trouble; but his chief delight was the oratorios. These he played over and over from the score, till he had them all by heart, as well as the rest of Handel's music, and Corelli, and Scarlatti, and Geminiani.

These two last years he has spent with his four classical authors, and in composition. Mr. Kelway has made him a player, that is certain; but he knows the difference betwixt that and a musician; and can never think himself the latter, till he is quite master of thorough-bass.

Several have offered to teach it him. One eminent master, (besides Mr. Worgan,) equally skilled in Handel's and the Italian music, told me, he would engage to make him perfect master of harmony in half a year. But as I waited, and deferred his instruction in the practical part, till I could find the very best instructor for him, so I keep him back from the theory. The only man to teach him that, and sacred music, he believes to be Dr. Boyce.

EXTRACT OF A JOURNAL RELATIVE TO MR. KELWAY AND CHARLES.

MONDAY, August 14th, 1769. At one Mr. Bromfield met us at Mr. Kelway's house, having promised my son the hearing of him. He highly entertained us with one of

Handel's lessons, and one of his own. Then he made Charles play. Some of the words wherein he expressed his surprise were, "I never saw one carry his hand so well. It is quite a picture. It is a gift from God. How would Handel have shook his sides, if he could have heard him!"

He confirmed the advice Mr. Granville had given him at Bath: "Let him have no great master. B—— or A—— would ruin him."

At parting he said, "Come to me as often as you will, whenever you are in town; and I will assist you all I can." He stroked, embraced, and praised him immoderately, and appointed him to come on Monday.

Mon., August 21st. Mr. Kelway gave him his first lesson, (the first of Handel's,) and much commendation. "You have a better hand," said he, "than any of the masters. They would hurt instead of helping you. B—— or A—— would utterly spoil you in one month."

Thur., August 24th. He was quite pleased with his scholar; warned him against Handel's enemies, and modern musicians; said to me, "If any great master had taught him one year, it would cost me two to unteach him those lessons."

He made him a present of his own Sonatas, with Handel's Overtures, and Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater*.

Thur., September 14th. Mr. Kelway to Charles: "You will be an honour to me. Handel's hands did not lie on the harpsichord better than yours." [His word was, "Not so well."]

Mon., September 18th. Kelway to Charles: "Was you my own son, I could not love you better. Go on, and mind none of the musicians, but Handel. You should not hear others. Come to me, and I will instruct you the best I can. You have a divine gift."

To me he said, "There are not two masters in town can play these two adagios. One cannot hear him play four bars without knowing him to be a genius. He has the very spirit of Scarlatti."

Thur., September 21st. While Charles was playing, he cried out, "It is here,—in his heart, or he could not play thus." Then, starting up, "I will maintain it, before all the world, that there is not a master in London can play

this sonata as he does. The King would eat up this boy. I *must* carry him some morning to St. James's. I am greatly obliged to Mr. Bromfield for bringing him to me. He need not (as Mr. Keeble told him) study eight hours a day. Let him only go on as he has begun, and he will soon excel them all. I have no trouble in teaching him : it is pure pleasure." To him he said, "My dear, let not the world debauch you. Some decry music for being old. They may as well object to an antique statue, or painting. But B., and A., and G., have cut the throat of music : true music is lost."

Mon., September 25th. "Handel once asked me, 'Mr. Kelway, why don't you keep company with other musicians?' 'Nay, Mr. Handel,' said I, 'why don't you?' He replied, 'Because I don't care to dirty myself.'"

To me Mr. Kelway said, "You must take great delight in this boy. I am sure he is of a sweet disposition. His very soul is harmony." "All that I can say of him," said I, "is, that you have him uncorrupted." "Uncorrupted!" answered he : "he is purity itself : he is a miracle!" To him, "You will not be vain, my dear : it is a divine gift ; and I hope you will make a proper use of it."

While he went on playing, Mr. Kelway said, "He teaches me my own music." To him, "My dear boy, I will do for you all in my power ; first, for Mr. Bromfield's sake ; then for your sake, and my own. I am better pleased to teach you for nothing, than if I had ever so much money with you."

"You are to uphold music. Not one of my scholars could have learned that in a year, which you have learned in ten lessons." A gentleman (Mr. Brown) coming in, and hearing him, cried, "Why, the boy *feels* every note." He then shook him by the hand, with, "Go on, young gentleman ; and, by and by, you will be one of the first masters."

Thur., September 28th. Mr. Worgan came to meet us, at a friend's in the city. After hearing Charles play, he generously said, "I will take him, from this time, under my own auspices, and *freely* teach him all I know myself." I should have thankfully accepted of his offer, had not Mr. Kelway been beforehand with him.

Mon., October 2d. I mentioned this to Mr. Kelway, and asked his leave to tell Mr. Worgan the only reason for my not closing with so advantageous an offer; namely, Mr. Kelway's having made it first. He gave me full permission to tell him, or whomever I pleased, that he taught my son gratis. Again, with warm affection, he warned Charles against the moderns.

Thur., October 12th. Some of his words were, "Never have I met one who played with such spirit! Charming boy! I defy any master in London to play like him." For his encouragement, he promised to get a fine old harpsichord of Mahew's fitted up for him; and then to give him his choice, of that, or of his own, a concert; the clearest and sweetest instrument I ever heard.

Mon., October 23d. "Dear boy! He treats me with my own music. I wish Handel and Geminiani were now alive: they would be in raptures with him."

Thur., October 26th. "He will bring my music into vogue. It cannot be played better."

Mon., November 6th. "It is delightful! it is admirable! it is perfect singing! Dear jewel! Charming boy! I never heard any one play with such feeling." Then he talked of leaving him his successor,—or words to that effect.

Tues., November 21st. "Here sit I, for my amusement. He makes me delight in my own music."

Tues., November 28th. "Handel used to say, 'These ignorant fellows, after my death, will murder my music.' Geminiani made me swear to rescue his from them.

"It is the greatest pleasure to instruct this boy. He will keep up my music when I am gone. I shall leave my stamp upon him. I shall make him the depository of my skill."

Tues., December 5th. "The King has asked after him again. I told His Majesty, he had learned more in four months than any other would in four years. He asked me, if he intended to make music his profession. I answered, no; and that he did not want anything," &c.

To me Mr. Kelway said, "He will keep alive my music. He will be hated by all the masters. I loved music when young; but not so well as he does. One would think he had been the composer of this. He gives the colouring; the nice touches and finishing-strokes are all his own. I love

him better and better. He has it from God. He is an heaven-born child."

Tues., December 12th. "This boy consoles me. He raises my spirits whenever I hear him. He has more taste and feeling than all our band."

Fri., December 29th. "He plays this [K.'s sixth sonata] beyond all that I could have hoped." To my sister he observed, (as, before, to others,) "It is the gift of God. No man in London can play like him. What colouring! What lights and shades! I could cry to hear him."

Tues., January 2d, 1770. "Handel used to tell me, 'The musicians are all impostors.' Geminiani said, he studied Corelli every day of his life; and that *one particular song* in Otho he could play from morning till night."

Fri., January 5th. "He is an old man at the instrument. He is not a boy." To Mr. M——n he said, "He is the greatest genius in music I have ever met with."

Fri., January 12th. Charles was so transported in playing, that, as he afterwards told me, he did not know where he was, or that there was any person in the room but himself.

Tues., January 16th. "Sir," said Kelway to me, "you have got a Scarlatti in your house, as well as the King of Spain. Never have I heard a boy play with such spirit and feeling. Here sit I, to hear myself. I never took such pleasure in my own music. His play is a cordial to me. He will be the restorer of music. Miss B. asked me, 'What shall I give him, for playing to me?' I answered her, 'Yourself.' How would Handel and Geminiani have embraced him! I love him, Sir, as well as you can do."

Wed., February 7th. "He is Scarlatti all over. Play thus, my dear boy, and revenge my quarrel. He plays as well as me already."

Wed., February 21st. Mr. Kelway coming to my house, to teach Miss Hill and Charles, I paid him forty-five guineas, for an harpsichord of Mahew's. Miss B., he told us, was to have given fifty guineas for it; but he favoured Charles.

Wed., March 7th. In walking with Mr. Kelway from my house, I asked him whether, on our return to Bristol,

I should not have Mr. Br—— to my son. He answered, "No. He can learn nothing from B., though B. may from him. If any man would learn to play well, let him hear that boy. Miss Hill does not know what an advantage she has in hearing him. I can find no fault with him."

Sat., April 7th. We took our leave of Mr. Kelway, who has now bestowed upon Charles sixty-five lessons.

Thur., February 7th, 1771. The day after my return to London, I waited upon Mr. Kelway, who received me with great kindness, and appointed Charles to come on Saturday following.

Sat., February 9th. Charles played over his Sonatas. His master was much pleased to find, that, in ten months' absence, he had forgot nothing.

Fri., March 15th. While Charles was playing, Mr. Kelway surprised me, by saying, "He plays my Lessons better than I can."

Tues., April 2d. "Now he never can be spoiled by the fashionable music.

"If they never should sell, yet I am glad I published my Sonatas, for his sake. There is no man can play them like him."

Fri., April 5th. Walking about, as delighted with his pupil, at last he stopped, made him a low bow, and said, "Sir, you do me great honour. It puts me into a good humour to hear you."

Fri., April 12th. "There is no music in London like this boy's play. There is not a man in Italy can play so well. It is not I, Charles, but God who has given it you; and I heartily thank you for this lesson: it composes and makes me happy."

Fri., May 24th. I paid Mr. Kelway six guineas for twelve of his second set of Sonatas, which Charles impatiently waits for.

Tues., May 28th. Charles was happy in making his master so; but Mr. Kelway was very angry at G——i, for his cool approbation of his scholar. "G——i does not so much as know what is in this boy; neither does any master in London."

Wed., July 3d. Mr. Kelway gave him his hundred and fourth lesson; which makes a year complete. "No other,"

he assured me, "could have learnt so much in many years. People," he added, "would not believe it, unless he had a particular account of the Lessons." This, therefore, at his request, I gave him, extracted from my Journal.

Glorying in his scholar, he said, "They say I cannot communicate my skill: but I dare maintain, there is not such a player as this boy in England; nor yet in France, or Spain, or Italy." He could carry it no farther, unless he had repeated his former words to Mr. Bromfield: "That there was not such another boy upon earth." *Abi, patris-sas*; more than even the father himself.

Wed., July 10th. "It would be worth the masters' while to pay this boy for playing to them. If Mansoli was here, he would eat him up."

Wed., August 7th. Mr. Kelway began teaching him Geminiani's Lessons for the Harpsichord; having, he thinks, made him perfect in Scarlatti's music.

Wed., August 28th. "Geminiani, if now alive, would carry this boy with him everywhere. He plays quite as well as I."

Wed., September 11th. I carried Mr. Russel, the painter, to Mr. Kelway. He told me afterwards, that he knew the finest passages by the change of Charles's colour. Mr. Kelway, being asked to play, said, in jest, "How shall I play after my scholar?" However he did play, and most inimitably.

Sat., September 28th. Again he said, "If Handel and Geminiani were alive, they would be mad at hearing this boy."

Wed., October 9th. Pointing to Geminiani's picture, he said, "O what would that man have said, if he could have heard Charles! No man in London can play this prelude."

Wed., October 23d. "No one can play this prelude like him; no, not I myself." He added, as in a rapture, "This is too much to bear!"

ACCOUNT OF CHARLES WESLEY.

PRINTED IN THE PHILOSOPHICAL TRANSACTIONS OF THE
YEAR 1781.

BY DAINES BARRINGTON.

CHARLES * was born in Bristol, December 11th, 1757. He was two years and three quarters old, when I first observed his strong inclination to music. He then surprised me by playing a tune on the harpsichord readily, and in just time. Soon after, he played several, whatever his mother sung, or whatever he heard in the streets.

From his birth she used to quiet and amuse him with the harpsichord; but he would not suffer her to play with one hand only, taking the other and putting it on the keys, before he could speak. When he played himself, she used to tie him up by his back-string to the chair, for fear of his falling. Whatever tune it was, he always put a true bass to it. From the beginning he played without study or hesitation; and, as the masters told me, perfectly well.

Mr. Broadrip † heard him in petticoats, and foretold he would one day make a great player. Whenever he was called to play to a stranger, he would ask, in a word of his own, "Is he a musicker?" and if answered, "Yea," he played with the greatest readiness.

He always played *con spirito*. There was something in his manner above a child, which struck the hearers, learned or unlearned.

At four years old I carried him with me to London. Mr. Beard was the first who confirmed Mr. Broadrip's judgment of him, and kindly offered his interest with Dr. Boyce, to get him admitted among the King's boys; but I had then no thoughts of bringing him up a musician.

A gentleman carried him next to Mr. Stanley, who expressed much pleasure and surprise at hearing him, and declared he had never met one of his age with so strong a propensity to music. The gentleman told us, he never

* I was favoured with this account of his eldest son, by the Rev. Mr. Charles Wesley.

† Organist at Bristol.

before believed what Handel used to tell him of himself, and his own love of music, in his childhood.

Mr. Madan presented my son to Mr. Worgan, who was extremely kind, and, as I then thought, partial, to him. He told me he would prove an eminent master, if he was not taken off by other studies. Mr. Worgan frequently entertained him with the harpsichord. Charles was greatly taken with his bold, full manner of playing, and seemed even then to catch a spark of his fire.

At our return to Bristol, we left him to ramble on till he was near six. Then we gave him Mr. Rooke for a master, a man of no name, but very good-natured; who let him run on *ad libitum*, while he sat by, more to observe, than to control, him.

Mr. Rogers, the oldest organist in Bristol, was one of his first friends. He often set him on his knee, and made him play to him, declaring he was more delighted in hearing him than himself.

What follows contains the strongest and fullest approbation of Mr. Charles Wesley's manner of playing on the organ, by the most eminent professors; to which commendation they, who have the pleasure of hearing him at present, will give the most ample credit.

I received the following account of his son Samuel from the Rev. Mr. Charles Wesley:—

Samuel was born on St. Matthias's day, February 24th, 1766, the same day which gave birth to Handel, eighty-two years before. The seeds of harmony did not spring up in him quite so early as in his brother; for he was three years old before he aimed at a tune.* His first were, "God save great George our King," Fischer's Minuet, and such like, mostly picked up from the street-organs. He did not put a true bass to them till he had learned his notes.

* His mother, Mrs. Wesley, however, has given me the following most convincing proof that he played a tune when he was but two years eleven months old, by producing a quarter guinea, which was given to him by Mr. Ady, for this extraordinary feat, wrapped in a piece of paper, containing the day and year of the gift, as well as the occasion of it. Mrs. Wesley had also an elder son, who died in his infancy, and both sung a tune, and beat time, when he was but twelve months old.

While his brother was playing, he used to stand by, with his childish fiddle, scraping and beating time. One, observing him, asked me, "And what shall this boy do?" I answered, "Mend his brother's pens." He did not resent the affront as deeply as Marcello did: so it was not indignation which made him a musician.*

Mr. Arnold was the first who, hearing him at the harpsichord, said, "I set down Sam for one of my family." But we did not much regard him, coming after Charles. The first thing which drew our attention was, the great delight he took in hearing his brother play. Whenever Mr. Kelway came to teach him, Sam constantly attended, and accompanied Charles *on the chair*. Undaunted by Mr. Kelway's frown, he went on; and when he did not *see* the harpsichord,† he crossed his hands on the chair, as the other on the instrument, without ever missing a time.

He was so excessively fond of Scarlatti, that if Charles ever began playing his lesson before Sam was called, he would cry and roar as if he had been beat. Mr. Madan, his godfather, finding him one day so belabouring the chair, told him he should have a better instrument by and by.

I have since recollected Mr. Kelway's words, "It is of the utmost importance to a learner *to hear the best music*;" and, "If any man would learn to play well, let him hear Charles." Sam had this double advantage from his birth. As his brother employed the evenings in Handel's Oratorios,

* This alludes to a well-known story in the musical world. Marcello, the celebrated composer, had an elder brother, who had greatly distinguished himself in this science; and being asked what should be done with little Marcello, he answered, "Let him mend my pens;" which piqued the boy so much, that he determined to exceed his elder brother.

† Incredible as this may appear, it is attested by the whole family; and that he generally turned his back to his brother while he was playing. I think, however, that this extraordinary fact may be thus accounted for: There are some passages in Scarlatti's Lessons which require the crossing of hands (or playing the treble with the left, and the bass with the right); but as what calls for this unusual fingering produces a very singular effect, the child must have felt that these parts of the composition could not be executed in any other way. It is possible, indeed, that he might have observed his brother crossing hands at these passages, and imitated him by recollecting that they were thus fingered.

Sam was always at his elbow, listening and joining with his voice. Nay, he would sometimes presume to find fault with his playing, when we thought he could know nothing of the matter.

He was between four and five years old when he got hold of the Oratorio of Samson, and by that alone taught himself to read words. Soon after he taught himself to write. From this time he sprung up like a mushroom; and, when turned of five, could read perfectly well, and had all the airs, recitatives, and choruses of Samson, and the Messiah, both words and notes, by heart.

Whenever he heard his brother begin to play, he would tell us whose music it was, whether Handel, Corelli, Scarlatti, or any other, and what part of what lesson, sonata, or overture.

Before he could write, he composed much music. His custom was to lay the words of an Oratorio before him, and sing them all over. Thus he set (extempore for the most part) Ruth, Gideon, Manasses, and the Death of Abel. We observed, when he repeated the same words, it was always to the same tunes. The airs of Ruth, in particular, he made before he was six years old; laid them up in his memory till he was eight; and then wrote them down.

I have seen him open his Prayer-Book, and sing the *Te Deum*, or an anthem from some psalm, to his own music, accompanying it with the harpsichord. This he often did, after he had learnt to play by note, which Mr. Williams, a young organist of Bristol, taught him between six and seven.

How and when he learnt counterpoint, I can hardly tell; but, without being ever taught it, he soon wrote in parts.

He was full eight years old, when Dr. Boyce came to see us, and accosted me with, "Sir, I hear you have got an English Mozart in your house: young Linley tells me wonderful things of him." I called Sam to answer for himself. He had by this time scrawled down his Oratorio of Ruth. The Doctor looked over it very carefully, and seemed highly pleased with the performance. Some of his words were, "These airs are some of the prettiest I have seen. This boy writes by nature as true a bass as I can do

by rule and study. There is no man in England has two such sons," &c. He bade us let him run on *ad libitum*, without any check of rules or masters.

After this, whenever the Doctor visited us, Sam ran to him with his song, sonata, or anthem, and the Doctor examined them with astonishing patience and delight.

As soon as Sam had quite finished his Oratorio, he sent it as a present to the Doctor, who immediately honoured him with the following note :—

“ TO MR. SAMUEL WESLEY.

“ DR. BOYCE's compliments and thanks to his very ingenious brother-composer, Mr. Samuel Wesley, and is very much pleased and obliged by the possession of the Oratorio of Ruth ; which he shall preserve, with the utmost care, as the most curious product of his musical library.”

For the year that Sam continued under Mr. Williams, it was hard to say which was the master, and which the scholar. Sam chose what music he would learn, and often broke out into extempore playing, his master wisely letting him do as he pleased.

During this time, he taught himself the violin : a soldier assisted him about six weeks, and, some time after, Mr. Kingsbury gave him twenty lessons. His favourite instrument was the organ.

He spent a month at Bath, while we were in Wales ; served the Abbey on Sundays ; gave them several voluntaries ; and played the first fiddle in many private concerts.

He returned with us to London greatly improved in his playing. There I allowed him a month for learning all Handel's Overtures. He played them over to me in three days. Handel's Concertos he learned with equal ease, and some of his Lessons, and Scarlatti's. Like Charles, he mastered the hardest music, without any pains or difficulty.

He borrowed his Ruth to transcribe for Mr. Madan. Parts of it he played at Lord Le Despenser's, who rewarded him with some of Handel's Oratorios.

Mr. Madan now began carrying him about to his musical friends. He played several times at Mr. Wilmot's, to many of the nobility, and some eminent masters and judges of music. They gave him subjects and music which he had

never seen. Mr. Burton, Mr. Bates, &c., expressed their approbation in the strongest terms. His extemporary fugues, they said, were just and regular, but could not believe that he knew nothing of the rules of composition.

Several companies he entertained for hours together with his own music. The learned were quite astonished. Sir John Hawkins cried out, "Inspiration! inspiration!" Dr. C—— candidly acknowledged, "He has got that which we are searching after;" although at first, out of pure good-nature, he refused to give him a subject. An old musical gentleman, hearing him, could not refrain from tears.

Dr. Burney was greatly pleased with his extemporary play, and his pursuing the subjects and fugues which he gave him; but insisted, like the rest, that he must have been taught the rules.

Mr. S. and Mr. Burney expressed the same surprise and satisfaction. An organist gave him a sonata he had just written, not easy, nor very legible. Sam played it with great readiness and propriety, and better (as the composer owned to Mr. Madan) than he could himself.

Lord Barrington, Lord Aylsbury, Lord Dudley, Sir Watkin W. Wynne, and other lovers of Handel, were highly delighted with him, and encouraged him to hold fast his veneration for Handel and the old music. But old or new was all one to Sam, so it was but good. Whatever was presented, he played at sight, and made variations on any tune; and, as often as he played it again, made new variations. He imitated every author's style, whether Bach, Schobert, Handel, or Scarlatti himself.

One showed him some of Mozart's music, and asked him how he liked it. He played it over, and said, "It was very well for one of his years."

He played to Mr. Kelway, whom I afterwards asked what he thought of him. He would not allow him to be comparable to Charles; yet commended him greatly, and told his mother, it was a gift from heaven to both her sons; and as for Sam, he never in his life saw so free and *dégagé* a gentleman! Mr. Madan had often said the same, that Sam was everywhere as much admired for his behaviour as for his play.

Between eight and nine he was brought through the

small-pox, through Mr. Bromfield's assistance; whom he therefore promised to reward with his next oratorio.

If he loved anything better than music, it was regularity. He took to it himself. Nothing could exceed his punctuality. No company, no persuasion, could keep him up beyond his time. He never could be prevailed on to hear any opera or concert by night. The moment the clock gave warning for eight, away ran Sam in the midst of his most favourite music. Once he rose up after the first part of the Messiah with, "Come, mamma, let us go home, or I shall not be in bed by eight."

When some talked of carrying him to the Queen, and I asked him if he was willing to go, "Yes, with all my heart," he answered; "but I won't stay beyond eight."

The praises bestowed so lavishly upon him did not seem to affect, much less to hurt, him; and whenever he went into the company of his betters, he would much rather have stayed at home; yet when among them, he was free and easy; so that some remarked, "he behaved as one bred up at court, yet without a courtier's servility."

On our coming to town this last time, he sent Dr. Boyce the last anthem he had made. The Doctor thought, from its correctness, that Charles must have helped him in it; but Charles assured him that he never assisted him, otherwise than by telling him, if he asked, whether such or such a passage were good harmony. And the Doctor was so scrupulous, that when Charles showed him an improper note, he would not suffer it to be altered.

Mr. Madan now carried him to more of the first masters. Mr. Abel wrote him a subject, and declared not three masters in town could have answered it so well.

Mr. Cramer took a great liking to him, offered to teach him the violin, and played some trios with Charles and him. He sent a man to take measure of him for a fiddle; and is confident a very few lessons will set him up for a violinist.

Sam often played the second, and sometimes the first, fiddle, with Mr. Treadway, who declared, "Giardini himself could not play with greater exactness."

Mr. Madan brought Dr. N—— to my house, who could not believe that a boy could write an oratorio, play

at sight, and pursue any given subject. He brought two of the King's boys, who sang over several songs and choruses in Ruth. Then he produced two bars of a fugue. Sam worked this fugue very readily and well, adding a movement of his own, and then a voluntary, on the organ, which quite removed the Doctor's incredulity.

At the rehearsal at St. Paul's, Dr. Boyce met his brother Sam, and, showing him to Dr. H., told him, "This boy will soon surpass you all." Shortly after, he came to see us, took up a *Jubilate* which Sam had lately wrote, and commended it as one of Charles's. When we told him whose it was, he declared he could find no fault in it; adding, there was not another boy upon earth who could have composed this; and concluding with, "I never yet met with that person who owes so much to nature as Sam. He is come among us, dropped down from heaven."

*Ore puer, puerique habitu, sed corde sagaci.
Æquabat senium.*—SILIUS ITALICUS, lib. viii.

"In looks and garb a boy; in judgment sage
Beyond his years, and wise as hoary age."

I HAD first an opportunity of being witness of Master Samuel Wesley's great musical talents at the latter end of 1775, when he was nearly ten years old.

To speak of him first as a performer on the harpsichord, he was then able to execute the most difficult lessons for the instrument at sight; for his fingers never wanted the guidance of the eye, in the most rapid and desultory passages. But he not only did ample justice to the composition in neatness and precision, but entered into its true taste, which may be easily believed by the numbers who have heard him play extemporary lessons in the style of most of the eminent masters.

He not only executed crabbéd compositions thus at sight, but he was equally ready to transpose into any keys, even a fourth;* and if it was a sonata for two trebles and a

* Most musicians, when they transpose, conceive the succession of notes to be written in a clef in which they have been used to practise, as the bass clef, tenor clef, &c.; but the transposition of a

bass, the part of the first treble being set before him, he would immediately add an extemporary bass and second treble to it.

Having happened to mention this readiness in the boy to Bremner, (the printer of music in the Strand,) he told me that he had some lessons, which were supposed to have been composed for Queen Elizabeth, but which none of the harpsichord masters could execute, and would consequently gravel the young performer. I, however, desired that he would let me carry one of these compositions to him, by way of trial, which I accordingly did; when the boy immediately placed it upon his desk, and was sitting down to play it; but I stopped him, by mentioning the difficulties he would soon encounter, and that therefore he must cast his eye over the music before he made the attempt.

Having done this very rapidly, (for he is a devourer of a score, and conceives at once the effect of the different parts,) he said, Bremner was in the right, for that there were two or three passages which he could not play at sight, as they were so queer and awkward; but that he had no notion of not trying; and though he boggled at these parts of the lesson, he executed them cleanly at the second practice.

I then asked him how he approved of the composition; to which he answered, "Not at all, though he might differ from a Queen; and that attention had not been paid to some of the established rules." He then pointed out the particular passages to which he objected, and I stated them to Bremner, who allowed that the boy was right; but that some of the great composers had occasionally taken the same liberties.

The next time I saw Master Wesley, I mentioned Bremner's defence of what he had blamed; on which he immediately answered, that "when such excellent rules were broken, the composer should take care that these licences produced a good effect; whereas these passages had a very bad one." I need not dwell on the great penetration,

fourth belongs to no clef, except that which the Italians term *mezzo soprano*, or an intermediate clef between the treble and counter-tenor, and which, not being ever marked in our compositions, cannot be fancied by an English performer, when he is obliged to transpose a fourth.

acuteness, and judgment, of this answer. Lord Mornington, indeed, who hath so deep a knowledge of music, hath frequently told me, that he always wished to consult Master Wesley upon any difficulty in composition, as he knew no one who gave so immediate and satisfactory information.

Though he was always willing to play the compositions of others, yet for the most part he amused himself with extemporary effusions of his own most extraordinary musical inspiration, which unfortunately were totally forgotten in a few minutes; whereas his memory was most tenacious of what had been published by others.

His invention in varying passages was inexhaustible; and I have myself heard him give more than fifty variations on a known, pleasing melody, all of which were not only different from each other, but showed excellent taste and judgment.

This infinite variety probably arose from his having played so much extempore, in which he gave full scope to every flight of his imagination, and produced passages which I never heard from any other performer on the harpsichord.

The readiness of his fingering what was most difficult to be executed on the instrument, and in the only proper manner, was equal to his musical fancy; of which I will mention the following proof:—

Since the comic Italian operas have been performed in England, there is frequently a passage in the bass which consists of a single note, to be, perhaps, repeated for two or three bars at quick and equal intervals, and which cannot be effected on the harpsichord by one finger, as any common musician would attempt to do it, but requires a change of two.

I laid an opera song before Master Wesley with such a passage, and, happening to be at the other end of the room when he came to this part of the composition, I knew from the execution that he must have made use of such a change of two fingers, the necessity of which that eminent professor of music, Dr. Burney, had shown me. On this I asked him from whom he had learnt this method of fingering; to which his answer was, “from no one; but that it was impossible to play the passage with the proper effect in any other manner.”

In his extemporary compositions, he frequently hazarded bold and uncommon modulations, so that I have seen that most excellent musician, Mr. Charles Wesley, his elder brother,* tremble for him. Sam, however, always extricated himself from the difficulties in which he appeared to be involved in the most masterly manner, being always possessed of that serene confidence which a thorough knowledge inspires, though surrounded by musical professors, who could not deem it arrogance.

And here I will give a proof of the goodness of his heart, and delicacy of his feelings.

I had desired him to compose an easy melody in the minor third, for an experiment on little Crotch; and that he would go with me to hear what that very extraordinary child was capable of. Crotch was not in good humour, and Master Wesley submitted, among other things, to play upon a cracked violin, in order to please him; the company, however, having found out who he was, pressed him very much to play upon the organ, which Sam constantly declined. As this was contrary to his usual readiness in obliging any person who had curiosity to hear him, I asked him afterwards what might be the occasion of his refusal; when he told me, that he thought it would look like wishing to shine at little Crotch's expense.

Every one knows that any material alteration in the construction of an organ, which varies the position of certain notes, must, at first, embarrass the player, though a most expert one. I carried Sam, however, to the Temple-organ, which hath quarter-notes, with the management of which he was as ready as if he had made use of such an instrument all his life. I need scarcely say how much more difficult it must be to play passages which must be executed, not by the fingers, but the feet. Now the organ at the Savoy hath a complete octave of pedals, with the half-notes; on which part Sam appeared as little a novice

* Mr. Charles Wesley hath composed some singular pieces for two organs, which would have great merit if performed by others, but have still more so when executed by the two brothers, as they are so well acquainted with each other's manner of playing, and are so amazingly accurate in the precision of their time. Such as have heard the two Pla's in duets for the hautboys, may well conceive the effect of these compositions from the Wealeys.

as if he had been accustomed to it for years. Nay, he made a very good and regular shake on the pedals, *by way of experiment*; for he had too much taste and judgment to suppose that it would have a good effect.

He was able to sing at sight (which commonly requires so much instruction, even with those who are of a musical disposition) from the time of first knowing his notes. His voice was by no means strong; and it cannot yet be pronounced how it may turn out. His more favourite songs were those of Handel, composed for a bass voice, as, "Honour and arms," &c.*

He has lately practised much upon the violin, on which he bids fair to be a capital performer. Happening one day to find him thus employed, I asked him how long he had played that morning. His answer was, "Three or four hours; which Giardini had found necessary."

The delicacy of his ear is likewise very remarkable, of which I shall give an instance or two.

Having been at Bach's concert, he was much satisfied both with the composition and performers; but said, "The musical pieces were ill-arranged, † as four had been played successively, which were all in the same key."

He was desired to compose a march for one of the regiments of guards; which he did to the approbation of all who ever heard it; and a distinguished officer of the royal navy declared, that it was a movement which would probably inspire steady and serene courage when the enemy was approaching.

As I thought the boy would like to hear this march performed, I carried him to the parade at the proper time, when it had the honour of beginning the military concert. The piece being finished, I asked him whether it was executed to his satisfaction; to which he replied, "By no means;" and I then immediately introduced him to the band, (which consisted of very tall and stout musicians,)

* Having heard him sing, "Return, O God of hosts," and an Italian air, since this sheet was in the press, I can now venture to pronounce, that his voice is a pleasing counter-tenor, and that his manner is excellent. Without any practice, also, he hath acquired an even and brilliant shake.

† It is supposed that this was a mere accident in the person who made out the musical bill of fare.

that he might set them right. On this, Sam immediately told them that they had not done justice to his composition; to which they answered the urchin, with both astonishment and contempt, by, "Your composition!" Sam, however, replied, with great serenity, "Yes, my composition;" which I confirmed. They then stared, and severally made their excuses, by protesting that they had copied accurately from the manuscript which had been put into their hands. This he most readily allowed to the hautboys and bassoons, but said it was the French horns that were in fault; who making the same defence, he insisted upon the original score being produced, and, showing them their mistake, ordered the march to be played again, which they submitted to with as much deference as they would have shown to Handel.

This concert of wind instruments begins on the parade, about five minutes after nine, and ends at five minutes after ten, when the guard proceeds to St. James's.

I stayed with him till this time, and asked him what he thought of the concluding movement; which, he said, deserved no commendation, but that it was very injudicious to make it the finishing piece; because, as it must necessarily continue till the clock of the Horse-Guards had struck ten, it should have been recollected, that the tone of the clock did not correspond with the key-note of the march.

I shall now attempt to give some account of this most extraordinary boy, considered as a composer; and, first, of his extemporary flights.

If left to himself, when he played on the organ, there were oftener traces of Handel's style, than any other master; and if on the harpsichord, of Scarlatti. At other times, however, his voluntaries were original and singular.

After he had seen or heard a few pieces* of any composer, he was fully possessed of his peculiarities, which, if at all striking, he could instantly imitate at the word of

* I asked him once to imitate Lord Kelly's style. This he declined, as he had never heard any composition of his Lordship's, except the Overture to the Maid of the Mill, which he highly approved of, however, for its brilliancy and boldness.

command, as well as the general flow and turn of the composition. Thus I have heard him frequently play extemporary lessons, which, without prejudice to their musical names, might have been supposed those of Abel, Vento, Schobert, and Bach.

But he not only entered into the style of the harpsichord masters, but that of solo players on other instruments.

I once happened to see some music wet upon his desk, which, he told me, was a solo for a trumpet. I then asked him if he had heard Fischer on the hautboy, and would compose an extempore solo, proper for him to execute. To this Sam readily assented, but found his little legs too short for reaching the swell of the organ, without which the imitation could not have its effect. I then proposed to touch the swell myself, on his giving me the proper signals; but to this he answered, that I could neither do this so instantaneously as was requisite, nor should I give the greater or less force of the swell (if a note was dwelt upon) which would correspond with his feelings. Having started this difficulty, however, he soon suggested the remedy, which was the following:—

He stood upon the ground with his left foot, while his right rested upon the swell; and thus literally played an extemporary solo, *stans pede in uno*; the three movements of which must have lasted not less than ten minutes, and every bar of which Fischer might have acknowledged for his own. Every one who hath heard that capital musician, must have observed a great singularity in his cadences, in the imitation of which, Sam succeeded as perfectly as in the other parts of the composition. After this, I have been present when he hath executed thirty or forty different solos for the same instrument, to the astonishment of several audiences, and particularly so to that eminent performer on the hautboy, Mr. Simpson.

Having found that the greater part of those who heard him would not believe but that his voluntaries had been practised before, I always endeavoured that some person present (and more particularly so if he was a professor) should give him the subject upon which he was to work; which always afforded the convincing and irrefragable

proof, as he then composed upon the ideas suggested by others; to which ordeal, it is believed, few musicians in Europe would submit. The more difficult the subject, (as, if it was two or three bars of the beginning of a fugue,) the more cheerfully he undertook it, as he always knew he was equal to the attempt, be it never so arduous.

I once carried that able composer, Mr. Christopher Smith, to the boy, desiring that he would suggest the subject; which Sam not only pursued in a masterly manner, but fell into a movement of the minor third, which might be naturally introduced. When we left Mr. Wealey's house, Mr. Smith, after expressing his amazement, said, that what he had just heard should be a caution to those who are apt to tax composers as plagiarists; for though he had wrote on the same subject, and the music had never been seen by any one, this wonderful boy had followed him, almost note by note. Baumgarten found the same, upon a like trial of what he had never communicated to any one.

I can refer only to one printed proof of his abilities as a composer, which is a set of Eight Lessons for the Harpsichord, and which appeared in 1777, about the same time that he became so known to the musical world, that his portrait was engraven, which is a very strong resemblance. Some of these lessons have passages which are rather too difficult for common performers; and therefore they are not calculated for a general vogue.

His father, the Rev. Mr. Wesley, will permit any one to see the score of his Oratorio of Ruth, which he really composed at six years old, but did not *write* till he was eight. His quickness, in thus giving utterance to his musical ideas, is amazingly great; and, notwithstanding the rapidity, he seldom makes a blot or a mistake.

Numbers of his other compositions, and almost of all kinds, may be likewise examined; particularly an anthem on the following words, which I selected for him, and which has been performed at the Chapel-Royal, and St. Paul's:—

1. "O Lord God of hosts, how long wilt thou be angry at the prayer of thy people?"
2. "Turn thee again, O Lord, and we shall be saved."

3. "For thou art a great God, and a great King above all gods."

This first part of this anthem was composed for a single voice ; the second, a duet, for two boys ; and the third, a chorus. With regard to the merits, I shall refer to that most distinguished singer of cathedral-music, the Rev. Mr. Mence, who has frequently done it ample justice.

APPENDIX,

CONTAINING

SELECTIONS FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF
THE REV. CHARLES WESLEY.I.—*To the Rev. George Whitefield.*

Bristol, September 1st, 1740.

MY DEAREST BROTHER AND FELLOW-LABOURER IN THE GOSPEL,—You will sing, rejoice, and give thanks, for the divine goodness towards me. God has lifted me up from the gates of death. For this month past he has visited me with a violent fever. There was no human probability of my surviving it; but I knew in myself I should not die. I had not finished my course, and scarce begun it. The prayer of faith prevailed. Jesus touched my hand, and immediately the fever departed from me.

I am now slowly recovering my strength, can walk cross my room; but I have no use of my hand or head yet. I wait on the Lord, and shall renew my strength. I shall renew my original strength, and be filled with the spirit of power, of love, and of a sound mind. Even so; come, Lord Jesus.

The great work goes forward maugre all the opposition of earth and hell. The most violent opposers of all are our own brethren of Fetter-lane, that were; for we have gathered up between twenty and thirty from the wreck, and transplanted them to the Foundery. The remnant has taken root downward, and borne fruit upwards. A little one is become a thousand. They grow in grace, particularly humility, and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus. The enemy has thrust sore at them, and the little flock here. Most of them he has desired to have, that he might sift them as wheat; but very few have fallen away. This, too, is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.

Innumerable have been the devices of Satan to scatter this little flock. The roaring lion is turned a still lion,

and makes havock of the church by means of our spiritual brethren. They are indefatigable in bringing us off from our "carnal ordinances," and speak with such wisdom from beneath, that, if it were possible, they would deceive the very elect.

The Quakers, they say, are exactly right; and, indeed, the principles of the one naturally lead to the other. For instance, take our poor friend Morgan. One week he and his wife were at J. Bray's, under the teaching of the still brethren. Soon after, he turned Quaker, and is now a celebrated Preacher among them. All these things shall be for the furtherance of the Gospel.

You will justly expect some account of your own household. But what shall I say concerning them? I must either deceive or grieve you; but you have a right to the simple truth. Your mother continues dead in sin, yet well affected towards us. Your sister (God help her! God convert her!) is far, very far, from the kingdom of heaven. She has forsaken the word, and servants, and Ministers of Christ, put herself out of the bands, and is the worst enemy they have. Her complaints, that the Methodists were burdensome to her, forced me, after paying for my board, to hasten to my lodging at the new room. But this is a trifle: it is her own private behaviour, and her carriage towards the church of God, I totally condemn. Once my brother, a second time I, saved her from a destructive marriage. She miserably deceives her own soul, saying, "Peace, peace," when there is no peace. All that I say she puts by with, "What! you would drive me to despair or madness, as you did such a one. I am resolved you never shall." Poor unhappy woman! I do not ascribe all this to herself. Infinite pains have been taken with her to set her against my brother and me.

I know not what to do with her, or for her, and had long since given her up, had she not been the sister of my friend; neither could I say, till I had given you this sad account, *Liberavi animam meam.*

These things, I believe, are suffered for the exercise of your faith and patience. May your prayers be more prevalent, and your labours more effectual, for her conversion, than ours have been!

That the enemy should separate us, I nothing wonder, when he has so laboured to alienate you; but hear with your own ears, and I defy him and all his devices. My brother has been most grossly abused: his behaviour (if I may be a witness) has been truly Christian. All the bitterness his opposers have shown, and the woes and curses they have denounced against him, have never provoked him to a like return, or stirred his temper, or impaired his charity; much less are we cooled in our affection towards you, by all the idle stories we hear of your opposition to us.

Well-meaning Mr. Seward has caused the world to triumph in our supposed dissensions, by his unseasonable journal. Your zealous, indiscreet friends, instead of concealing any little difference between us, have told it in Gath, and published it in Askelon; but I trust, by our first meeting, all will know that those things whereof they were informed concerning us are nothing, while we stand fast in one mind and in one spirit, striving together for the faith of the Gospel. This is of the last importance to the cause we maintain, which suffered so much, as you well observe, by the dissensions of the first Reformers. Erasmus gave that as a reason why he would not turn Protestant,—the Protestants could not agree amongst themselves. Their divisions stopped the work of God then, and in the next age destroyed it. O my friend, if you have the glory of God and the salvation of souls at heart, resolve, by the divine grace, that nothing upon earth, or under the earth, shall part us. God increase the horror he has given me of a separation! I had rather you saw me dead at your feet, than openly opposing you. Should that ever be, (but I am confident it never shall be,) I would adopt that noble saying of Calvin, *Etsi me Lutherus centum diabolos nuncupaverit, ego illum nihilominus agnoscam et diligam ut ministrum et angelum Dei.*

All the lovers of discord, I trust, shall be confounded, even those, of whatever denomination, who, through fondness for their own opinion, would destroy the work of God. Many, I know, desire nothing so much as to see George Whitefield and John Wesley at the head of different parties, as is plain from their truly devilish pains to effect it; but be assured, my dearest brother, our heart is

as your heart. O may we always thus continue to think and speak the same things! May you, my brother, and I, especially, be all one, and made perfect in one! When God has taught us mutual forbearance, long-suffering, and love, who knows but he may bring us into an exact agreement in all things? In the meantime, I do not think the difference considerable. I shall never dispute with you touching election; and if you know not yet to reconcile that doctrine with God's universal love, I will cry unto him, "Lord, what we know not, show thou us;" but never offend you by my different sentiment.

My soul is set upon peace, and drawn out after you, by love stronger than death. It faints (in this bodily weakness) with the desire I have of your happiness. You know not how dear you are to me; not dearer, I will be bold to say, to any of your natural or spiritual relations.

Endorsed by Charles Wesley, "Sept. 1st, 1740, Mine to G. Whitefield, labouring for peace."

II.—*To Ebenezer Blackwell, Esq.**

St. Ives, July 29th, 1746.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—In vain does your silence forbid my writing again to one whom I love so well. Besides, it is but charity now you have lost your wife. I have wrote to her (or, which is the same, to Mrs. Dewal) at Bristol. My heart's strongest desire is, that ye may both experience and adorn the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Till then you cannot be happy: you know and feel that you cannot. Those passions of anger, pride, &c., now in your heart, will lead you a weary life, till the love of Christ sift them out. O that he might come suddenly to his temple, and make your heart an house of prayer and praise!

You must let me know how the travellers fare, and direct at Mr. Kinsman's, near Martin's Gate, Plymouth. It would do you good to see how mightily the word grows and prevails in these parts. Pray for us always.

Last week I narrowly escaped transportation.

Farewell, in the love of our great Master.

* A London banker, whose country house was at Lewisham. Mrs. Dewal, who is often named in this correspondence, was a member of Mr. Blackwell's family.—EDIT.

Jesus, thou all-redeeming Lord,
 Who preacheest still the Gospel word,
 In these thy Spirit's days;
 My helpless soul with pity see,
 And set me now at liberty,
 By justifying grace.

Where two or three thy presence claim,
 Assembled in thy saving name,
 Thy saving power is near:
 Sure as thou art in heaven above,
 Thou, in the Spirit of thy love,
 And God in thee, art here.

See, then, with eyes of mercy, see,
 My desperate grief and misery,
 My sore distress and pain;
 In all the impotence of sin
 My fallen soul for years hath been,
 And bound with Satan's chain.

My strong propensity to ill,
 My carnal mind and crooked will,
 To only evil prone;
 My downward appetites I find,
 My spirit, soul, and flesh inclined
 To earth, and earth alone.

Myself, alas! I cannot raise,
 Or lift my heart in prayer or praise;
 O rectify my will!
 I own, cut off from human hope,
 To lift a fallen spirit up,
 With man impossible.

But, O! thou seest my desperate case,
 Pronounce the word of pardoning grace,
 And call me, Lord, to thee;
 Inspeak the power into my heart,
 And say, "This moment loosed thou art
 From thine infirmity."

Lay but thine hand upon my soul,
 And, instantaneously made whole,
 My soul by faith shall rise;
 Shall rise by faith, and upright stand,
 And answer all thy just command,
 With all its faculties.

Straight as the rule, the written word,
 My soul, in righteousness restored,
 Thine image shall retrieve,
 (That ancient rectitude divine,)
 And bright in thy resemblance shine,
 And to thy glory live.

A child of faithful Abraham, I
 On thy redeeming love rely,
 For life and liberty ;
 And ought I not the grace to' obtain,
 Released from sin and Satan's chain,
 Who trust on only thee ?

Thine, Jesus, thine alone, I am,
 And *ought* I not my Lord to claim,
 With all thy righteousness ?
 I ought, I DO, thy love receive ;
 And now thou *DOST* my sins forgive,
 And bid my bondage cease.

The Sabbath of my soul I see,
 The day of Gospel liberty,
 No more enthral'd, oppress'd ;
 And, lo ! in holiness I rise,
 To claim the rest of paradise,
 And heaven's eternal rest.

III.—*To the Same.*

Newcastle, November 10th, 1746.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—I have been hindered hitherto from thus saluting you in the love of Christ Jesus ; but my heart is with you always, and I trust to see you one day at his right hand. Travelling, examining Societies, and nursing sick friends, have quite swallowed up this present month. God has prospered me in all things hitherto. Bodily weakness and pain I reckon prosperity to my soul. My principal patient, Mr. Perronet, has been ill and well of the small-pox, within the space of a fortnight ; and the Lord has wrought as quick a work in his soul. He has found what you seek ; has not a moment's doubt of his acceptance ; for his believing heart overflows with love to *his* Saviour. He joins with me in best respects to your dear wife and you ; and desires your prayers for his perseverance.

O my friends, how do I long to rejoice over *you* as now I rejoice over him ! A soul triumphing in its first love is a spectacle for men and angels ! It makes me forget my own sorrows, and carry the cross of life without feeling it. The Lord come quickly to my poor, weak friend Blackwell ! Indeed you are weak, and He knows it, and loves you, and will soon visit you with his salvation.

IV.—*To the Same.*

Newcastle, December 11th, 1746.

THIS is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith; and I *shall* hear my dear friend Blackwell say, "Thanks be to God, who giveth *me* the victory through *my* Lord Jesus Christ." God has undoubtedly begun his gracious work in your soul, and is ready (but waits for your hearty concurrence) to carry it on, and perform it. Cannot you hear him say this moment, "Zaccheus, make haste and come down; for to-day I must abide at thy house?" O receive, receive him gladly, while he comes to be guest with a man that is a sinner! You are not indeed worthy that he should come under your roof; neither can you ever prepare your own heart to admit him. All you can do is, not to hinder; not to keep him out, by willingly harbouring any of his enemies, such as worldly, proud, or angry thoughts or designs. My dear brother, whenever any such arise, do not justify yourself, or say, "I do well to be angry, peevish, stubborn," &c. Judge yourself, and you shall not be judged of the Lord. Humble yourself under his mighty hand, and he shall exalt you in due time. He that humbleth himself shall be exalted; and God has promised you this preparation of the heart, which is of him. His work is before him. Every valley shall be exalted, (all the abjectness of your unbelieving heart,) and every mountain and hill made low, (all the haughtiness and pride of your spirit,) and the crooked shall be made straight, (your crooked, perverse will,) and the rough places plain, (your rugged, uneven temper,) and *then* the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and we all shall see it together; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. Mr. P—— joins in hearty love and thanks for your kind concern for him. He grows apace, is bold as a lion, meek as a lamb, and begins to speak in this Name to the hearts of sinners. Poor Mr. R—— has got an hook within him, which shall bring him at last to land. Meantime, I believe, with you, even his struggling in the net shall work together for good, and spread the Gospel. I shall hope for another line from Change-Alley before I leave this place. The Lord be the strength of your life, and your portion for ever!

Tell Mrs. Dewal not to mind that envious gentleman who slandered Lampe. His tunes are universally admired here among the musical men, and have brought me into high favour with them.

Farewell.

V.—*To the Same.*

Dublin, September 17th.

DEAR SIR,—Can you stand safe on shore, and see us in the ship, tossed with tempest, and not pity us? Let your compassion put you upon constant prayer for the little persecuted flock in this place. We live literally by (the prayer of) faith. The Journal contains a few particulars. Please to let my brother have it when read.

Here are very many who long to hear the word, but are kept away by fear. Neither is their fear groundless; for, unless the Jury find the bill against the rioters, murder there will surely be; and if it begin, it will not end with us.

I cannot repent of my coming hither in such a dangerous season, nor am I very anxious about the event. The hairs of my head are all numbered; and if my Master has more work for me, I shall certainly live to do it.

You must send me a line of answer; and be very particular as to your own welfare, and that of your best earthly friend, and Mrs. Dewal. I often think of you all, and pray God to make us perfect in one.

If the door should be opened here, you shall know further of our affairs. If we are only beat a little, or a great deal, it will not be worth your while [to know].

You will not forget my most affectionate respects to our friend at Lewisham.

The Lord keep up in you, and increase, that restless hunger after righteousness, till you are filled with all the fulness of God!

VI.—*To the Same.*

Kinsale, September 8th.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER,—Rejoice with me, for I have found the sheep that was lost; and not one only, but a whole flock. The harvest truly is plenteous; and these

fields are white unto harvest. High and low, rich and poor, *approve*, and many *taste*, the good word of grace.

This place was fallow ground. I preached yesterday for the first time, and cried again, in the market-place, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." This morning God struck the hard rock, and the waters flowed. Follow us with your prayers, that in every place the word may have free course, and God may be glorified in the conversion of sinners.

I passed three days of this week at Bandon, a large town of all Protestants, and they all stretched out their hands unto the pardoning God. Cork is all on fire for and with the Gospel. Multitudes would there be added to the church, if we had but a place to preach in. The weather will quickly drive us out of the field; but we have no winter quarters. A friendly Quaker offers us ground to build on. Our well-wishers have begun a subscription. *Your* vote and interest is desired. And pray pack up my brother also, and send him over by the first ship.

On Monday se'nnight I propose to leave Cork, and travel through the country Societies to Dublin, and thence through Wales to London. My heart is got thither before me. I do not know exactly where it is, because I do not know where Mrs. B. and M. D. are, and our other friends, beloved in the Lord.

You will excuse Irish paper, &c. Remember us in all your prayers. May the great grace of God, justifying and sanctifying, be upon you all, and confirm your souls, and seal you to that joyful day! So prays your faithful brother, friend, and servant,

C. WESLEY.

VII.—*To the Same.*

Dublin, Saturday, October 10th.

DEAR SIR,—I did not think of writing to you this post, having wrote at large to Mrs. Dewal; but am constrained by a strange interposition of Providence on our behalf. At my first coming here, I may truly say, "No man stood with me; notwithstanding the Lord stood with me." We were so persecuted, that no one in Dublin would venture to let us an house or room; but now their hearts are turned,

as in a moment, and we have the offer of several convenient places. Those who know me may be sure I will do nothing on my own judgment, because, like Socrates, I know my own ignorance. But the learned, in worldly matters, assure us we have a very advantageous offer made us of an house and garden, of which I have wrote to my brother, and Mr. Perronet to his friends. If any of them, therefore, should bring you the purchase-money we have sent for, I must desire you to send me a bill for it immediately; as likewise for the £20, which you need not mention if you have not. I shall make no apology for giving you all this trouble, having at all times and occasions found you so ready to help the helpless, and that for the best reason.

If mine to you did not miscarry, I suppose your answer is now upon the road. I am a little impatient to know how your dearest earthly friend takes her loss; although I cannot doubt her patience and resignation. The Lord sanctify all his dispensations to you, and bless you to each other, both in time and eternity.

It would be a real satisfaction to me to have a line from you now and then, which I would return you twenty for one. God has laid you both on my heart, and I rejoice in hope of meeting you on the other side of time. It seems long to that day; and nothing could make life tolerable, but our seeing the travail of our soul, the pleasure of the Lord prospering in our hand. O my dear friend, work for God, before the night cometh. Labour for the meat that endureth to life eternal. With all thy gettings, get wisdom. Make friends of the mammon of unrighteousness. Lay up treasure in heaven. Let the Master, when he cometh, find you watching.

Forget not to pray for your faithful and affectionate,
C. WESLEY.

VIII.—*To the Same.*

Bristol, April 29th, 1749.

DEAR SIR,—Just on the wing, I send you a hasty line of thanks for your last. A man of business, and consequently hurry, like you, can scarce believe me, or I would assure you I have not felt the least hurry or discomposure of mind for some time before, and ever since, my marriage;

which I esteem as a signal favour from God, and a token of good to come. His grace, I am now persuaded, is alike sufficient for us in all conditions. Without that we must perish in whatsoever estate, and with that we are safe in the lions' den, or in the fiery furnace. You should not expect that example in me, a novice, which I may justly look for in you, who have so long experienced the honourable estate. Let us pray for each other, that the Lord would make us such as we ought to be. My heart is always with you, and your dear partner, and our friend Mrs. D. Meet me in the name of the Lord at his altar, to-morrow se'night. I earnestly commend you all to his peculiar care.

Farewell.

IX.—*To the Same.*

Bristol, September 4th, 1749.

DEAR SIR,—Your bill we received, and thank you for that, and very many other kindnesses. My wife joins in cordial love to our friends at Lewisham; and would gladly accompany me to town a month hence, if her strength permitted. But she is now tied to her house and sisters. Two of them we have with us in our convent. How the great world and we shall agree, I cannot say, but shall see by and by. If they pour in upon us so as quite to swallow up our time, I shall run away outright, to London, Cornwall, Newcastle, Ireland, or America.

You old housekeepers will smile at my fears; but you know how to pity me too. I wish you could come, and put us in a way. Is it not possible for you to make a holiday by and by? We live in hopes of seeing you, and dear Mrs. Blackwell, and Mrs. Dewal, under our roof. Think of it, and tell me when we may expect you.

That question is ever upon my heart, "What shall I do to make the most of a short life?" I see and feel the necessity and wisdom of redeeming the time; for the night cometh, when no man can work. Help me, my friend, by your prayers, as I desire to help you. O that we may both secure that one thing needful; that, when we fail on earth, we may be received into the everlasting habitations!

X.—*To the Same.*

Sheffield, Sunday morning, October 8th, 1749.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I snatch a few moments before the people come, to tell you what you will rejoice to know,—that the Lord is reviving his work as at the beginning; that multitudes are daily added to his church; and that G. W., and my brother, and I, are one, a threefold cord which shall no more be broken. The week before last, I waited on our friend George to our house in Newcastle, and gave him full possession of our pulpit and people's hearts; as full as was in my power to give. The Lord united all our hearts. I attended his successful ministry for some days. He was never more blessed or better satisfied. Whole troops of the Dissenters he mowed down. They also are so reconciled to us, as you cannot conceive. The world is confounded. The hearts of those who seek the Lord rejoice. At Leeds we met my brother, who gave honest George the right hand of fellowship, and attended him everywhere to our Societies. Some at London will be alarmed at the news; but it is the Lord's doing, as they, I doubt not, will by and by acknowledge. My dear friends Mrs. B. and D. shall have the full account not many days hence, if the Lord bless my coming in as he has blessed my going out. On the next Lord's day I shall rejoice to meet you at his table. Remember, at all times of access, your faithful and affectionate servant in the Gospel,

C. W.

*Letters addressed by the Rev. Charles Wesley to his Wife.**

XI.

The Foundery, May 15th.

GRACE, grace be unto you; even the former and the latter rain, the first gift and second benefit. "What you have

* For a few years after his marriage, Mr. Charles Wesley continued his itinerant ministry; but afterwards he divided his labours principally between London and Bristol. His family lived many years in Bristol, but at length removed to London, where they remained till the time of his death. He was therefore often absent from them for several weeks together; and hence the letters which he addressed to his wife, and which have been preserved, are very numerous. Few of the letters in the following selection are given

already, hold fast till I come," saith the Author of faith, and Finisher.

Yesterday was a day of Pentecost indeed. At four in the morning we began our triumph, and held on till night. I preached, prayed, rejoiced, the two first hours. At seven Mr. Green preached in the fields. I made another attempt to find your cousin Lloyd; but could not stay for his rising. By nine I found the chapel crowded. Mr. Thomson, a Minister from Cornwall, assisted, with Mr. Green and Meriton. I declared "the promise of the Father;" God setting to his seal. To any but you I durst not tell how strangely I was carried out, for fear of pride. Never was my mouth more opened to make known the mystery of the Gospel. In the sacrament, Mr. Thomson cried to me, "This is heaven! I could not bear any more." Our Lord did indeed remember His word; and we felt the Comforter sent in His name.

At five I called, to a vast multitude in the high-ways, "Jesus stood and cried, If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink." God set before me an open door; and the word did not return void. His presence was greatly with us at our general love-feast. We were not unmindful of our absent companions. It was a primitive assembly; and we all rejoiced in the God of all grace and consolation.

Monday morning. I took sweet counsel with our select brethren, how to make the most of a short life. In mine, I want more action and more retirement, and acquainted them with my resolution to appropriate all my mornings to study or self-improvement, and all my afternoons to visiting from house to house. We applied to our Lord for strength to fulfil the desires He gave us; and I am persuaded, as to myself, that my latter end will be better than my beginning.

I called on Mr. Witham, and found his brother and sister Hardwick, just returned from Hereford. Many kind

entire, many of them containing things of local and domestic interest, which, if published, would occupy much space, and be of little or no public utility. Not many of the letters, it will be observed, are fully dated. It is difficult, therefore, to ascertain even the years in which they were severally written.—EDIT.

salutations they send my dearest Sally, as does Mrs. Downing, two Miss Hardys, and more than I can afford room for. All join in the vain inquiry, when you come to town.

I waited the fourth time on Mr. Lloyd, and caught him at last. He received me with the utmost civility, or kindness, rather; furnished me with franks, for which I made bold with my mother's name. He showed me the first draught of the settlement, and will get it engrossed for me to bring to Ludlow. He heard nothing before of your removal, or Mr. G.'s illness. I hastened to the chapel, and discoursed from Matt. vii. 7: "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find," &c. If God gave me greater utterance than I can remember, let him be praised more fervently, more incessantly, than ever. I was quite overwhelmed with gratitude for his goodness toward me. At the altar we continued our joy before the Lord; and the never-failing spirit of supplication carried us out for our own nation, and all mankind. I only wanted the "desire of my eyes" to be there present. Such my God has made you, and commanded me to love you next to himself.

The Foundery, Monday afternoon.

Yours I have just received, and bless God for our dear father's recovery, and your continued health.

Let not your dear mother hurry in the least on my account. Her time is mine. I shall bring only a servant with me, faithful N. Salthouse, and possibly bring Mrs. V. and Davy, when my brother returns. He goes on and prospers.

I am infinitely obliged to *your* worthy mother, whom I cannot call *mine*, without a conscious check, that I do not deserve the honour; but I will endeavour to be less undeserving of her regard, and depend on God alone to make me a comfort to her.

Pray for our happy meeting in the name, and Spirit, and love of Christ Jesus. To Him I commend you with all my soul. O when shall I love you as He his church?

XII.

London, May 13th.

MY MOST BELOVED FRIEND,—Before now you know the Lord has blessed my going out and my coming in among this gracious people. I believe you shall still be carried

above the world, above the tempter, above sin; but am grieved that I cannot pray for you more fervently, more continually. God, I trust, has a work for you and us to do in Ludlow, or his providence would not have called you thither. One end of our meeting is evident already,—our mutual support and comfort. Never had I a greater appetite for labour, or more life in performing it. After receiving a letter from you, I always find a double blessing in the word, or whatever ordinance succeeds. So it was last night in a most remarkable manner. We shall both rejoice (I cannot doubt of it) at our union here, throughout all eternity.

Blessed be God, who has heard our prayers for your dearest father. It is my delight, as well as duty, to pray for him always; and I trust our Lord will confirm his health, both of soul and body, for the work which is yet appointed for him to finish.

On Monday or Tuesday se'nnight my resolution continues of leaving London, and pursuing my first design, of setting out from Bristol on the 29th, unless orders from you retard me. The Lord sanctify our meeting in *his* time, and preserve us unblamable until his last appearing!

Farewell.

Till I have talked with my mother and you, I know not whether you yourself will accompany me to Bristol, till my brother waits upon you thither. I need not tell you, this shall be just as *you* please.

XIII.

Moorfields, April 10th, Easter-day.

My prayer for my dearest partner and myself is, that we may know Him, and the power of his resurrection.

The Lord (we found this morning) is risen indeed! At the table we received the Spirit of prayer for my dear desolate mother, the Church of England. O pray for the peace of Jerusalem! they shall prosper that love her.

One desired to return thanks for the seal of forgiveness, received under my word on Thursday night.

Do not neglect your short-hand; do not neglect your music; but, above all, do not neglect your prayers.

My love to S. Gwynne, and our other friends. Poor

disconsolate Mr. Belson greets you, and J. Boulton sends her *duty*.

My heart is with you. I want you every day and hour. I should be with you always, or not at all; for no one can supply your place.

Adieu.

XIV.

Tuesday night.

DEAR SALLY,—On Wednesday morning I shall probably, *most* probably, see you; but I dare not set my heart upon it, lest my eagerness should cause a disappointment.

Yesterday I passed at St. Anne's, where we wanted nothing but you. Mr. Bridgen set out with me at three in the morning. We dodged most of the showers; but the thunder and lightning kept us in awe all day. At six we drank tea, in our return, with Sally Hardwick, when I dropped asleep, and caught a cold that stiffened my whole frame. By ten I reached my lodgings. I rose this morning at five, and washed away my complaints in a bath, near the Foundery, which I make use of almost every day.

Never was I more satisfied with your absence, than during this scorching weather; but I almost envy you in your cool hall at Ludlow. All yesterday was storm and tempest. The thunder almost deafened us. My eyes still ache with the lightning.

I have just been reading the letters,* and praying for you. We had a blessed opportunity. Remember me at five.† I am weary of my own unprofitableness, and ashamed that I have been of so little use to my dearest Sally. It is well you have one Friend who *may* be depended on. To Him I constantly commend you.

Our sister Lambert sends her love.

Farewell.

XV.

Friday night, London.

CAN I *threaten* my bosom-friend with any evil? No; but I sometimes *mind* her of that blessed day when we

* It was the practice of the Wesleys, and also of their friend Whitefield, to read extracts from their religious correspondence to their congregations.—EDIT.

† The recognised hour of secret prayer.—EDIT.

shall put off these tabernacles. But I do not think we shall be long divided. Yet if it gives you pain, I shall endeavour to forbear.

Has our dear Molly got the start of us both? I expect the next post will bring me news of her triumphant departure. If she is yet in the body, tell her my spirit is with her spirit, never to be divided. If she has taken her flight, in a few moments we shall overtake her.

On Wednesday afternoon our cousin Betty was to visit me at the chapel. I called first on her, and found her confined to her bed by a fever. We had much close talk. When I asked her why she was so afraid to die, and why she hoped to be saved, she gave me the usual answer, "Because I never committed any *great* sin, and because I have *done* my best," &c. I soon beat her out of her plea, and showed her the true way of salvation. She made very little opposition, and seemed desirous to know Jesus Christ.

Yesterday I saw her again, and left her a guinea. I have wrote to her mother, and to ours. Mrs. Dudley will be able, I hope, to get her a place, if she recovers; which is most probable. She must make me amends for the (short) loss of her sister.

I have not heard from my brother since he left Bristol. Probably he is detained at the Head.

You will (for you only can) make my love acceptable to your brother and sister.

I fear you have lately been in great trouble, from the extraordinary depression I have felt all this day. Surely you have cause of rejoicing in our happy friend.

For can we mourn to see
Our fellow-prisoner free?

If she *is* in Abraham's bosom, she is there as our forerunner. The Lord prepare my better soul and me for our translation! Then farewell, sin and pain! Then all our souls shall be love, and all our business praise!

XVI.

March 29th.

MY BELOVED SALLY,—Go to Garth in the strength of the Lord, that you may return the sooner.

More than half the time of our separation is elapsed. Do not you sometimes reckon how many days before we meet again? God's blessing on my labours here could alone reconcile me to so long an absence.

Last Monday I followed *our* happy sister to her grave.* Her husband is inconsolable, not knowing Jesus Christ. I was much affected by his saying, with tears, "he hoped I should not forsake him now my sister was dead." He *makes bold* to send his love to you.

Another bids me "give my tenderest love to my dearest child, and tell her, I bear her continually upon my heart." At this I rejoice, because he is a man whose prayer avails much. His whole family send greeting. Possibly Charles may meet me at Ludlow.

I shall bring a servant with me: Salthouse, if he can be spared; or honest Giles, if Harry will take pity on him, and lick him a little into shape. He had a wonderful deliverance the other night, when five rogues seized him crossing the fields, and were about to rob, if not murder, him. He prayed them, in his simple manner, to let him alone, when one of them held up his lantern to his face, and cried, "I believe he is a Wesley; he has a very innocent look: let him go, let him go;" which accordingly they did, and he walked quietly home.

How many of Lampe's tunes can you play? I am offered an exceeding fine harpsichord for sixteen guineas! What encouragement do you give me to purchase it for you?

The alarm here continues and increases, through the daily accounts we receive of more earthquakes. I am printing more hymns and a sermon on the occasion. Next Sunday I expect strength to administer the sacrament at both chapels. I trust my ever-dearest Sally finds her strength and health confirmed. Wait upon the Lord, and you shall renew your spiritual strength also. I most earnestly commend your soul and body to his preserving care, who has loved you with an everlasting love, and prepared a kingdom for you from the foundation of the world.

Salute in my name all our Christian friends; above all, our dearest F. and M. Jesus be with you always!

* Mrs. Wright.—EDIT.

XVII.

Frith-street, near Seven-Dials, April 16th.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—We go on well. I administered the sacrament yesterday morning at five in Spitalfields, and here at nine. The Lord was comfortably with us. A third time I preached to a vast congregation at the Foundery, and bestowed an hour or two on the whole Society. They are in no manner of danger of loving me too little. We had a blessed time of it, which so renewed my bodily strength, that I walked on harts' feet to Mr. Ianson's, he, his wife, and a troop accompanying us. Many kind inquiries, be sure, there were after you and your *family*. I preached at five this morning, and had a good number of communicants. B. Wright and his sister salute you. Him I shall probably bring with me to Bath; but *more* probably Robert Windsor. On this day three weeks we propose taking horse, not without hopes of meeting you at Bath. You might write, like me, without waiting for who wrote last. My stay at Bristol will be very short; yet my stay may be longer at Brecknock. But observe, we come and go *together*; therefore give our friends no expectation of my leaving you behind me. Look you to nurse Sen- nick. As much air and sunshine as you please, but not a grain of salt or a bit of meat, for Jacky.

Sarah Middleton is gone home rejoicing. I expect the particulars soon.

I have met Lady Piers at my host's. She bids me say to you in her name everything that is kind. I must break off. The Lord bless you with the spirit of grace and supplications!

Adieu.

Our good friend at Cl—— shares in all *our* blessings. The Lord is with us of a truth.

XVIII

Seven-Dials, Monday night, September 22d.

MY MOST DEAR SALLY,—You cannot but be satisfied with my present employment, whereby my own and the hearts of many are comforted. My friend approves himself *my*

friend. I have none like-minded, with whom to trust you. His affection for you will not end with my life.

On Wednesday last I drove Mr. Lepine to Margate, over a delightful bowling-green, as you will allow by and by. Dudy Perronet was more rejoiced at the sight of me than I can tell you. For above two hours she walked about to show me the country, the cliffs, the machines for bathing. She is risen, like Venus from the sea, so healthy and handsome, you would scarcely know her again.

I regretted my notice for officiating at Spitalfields, which alone hindered my bestowing a fortnight on my carcass. Nothing but the *cure* of all evils will prevent my bathing there next season. You would bear me company, if you was not afraid of losing your rheumatism. Multitudes wash away your complaint with the salt-water.

Charles was my companion to Chatham. I preached there at night, and prayed in the morning, Friday, September 19th. My comrade opened all his *great designs* to me on the road. My confidence in him is small; my love great. He is quite happy in the recovery of what he never lost,—my very hearty good-will towards him and his family.

We dined with them at Deptford. His father, mother, and sisters attended my preaching. Our room was crowded. With great enlargement I explained the testimony of Jesus, and answer of his church: "Surely I come quickly. Amen, even so, come, Lord Jesus." The poor people were overjoyed to see and hear me once more. It is four years since I preached there last.

Saturday, September 20th, was all swallowed up in transcribing my Journal. At eight in the evening I met the people crowding to *our lecture* at the Foundery (the meeting of the penitents, it was called). Now all sorts come, whether in the Society or out of it.

Sunday, September 21st. The congregation at Spitalfields were, I had almost said, too many for me. Two hours were well employed with the communicants; the greatest number of them I ever remember. The spirit of supplication was poured out, which renewed my strength of body. I took coach for my brother Wright's, whom I found, with surprise, on a sick, perhaps death, bed. He is struck down

by the dead-palsy ; longed, above all things, for my coming ; rejoiced and wept to see me. His stubborn heart was much softened by the approach of death. Now he is a poor sinner indeed, full of horror and self-condemnation, yet not without hope of mercy.

I read prayers at the chapel, and preached on Mary's good part. Had you seen us together, you would not fear my suddenly parting from this loving people. I met the Society, and strongly exhorted them to the obedience of faith. I prayed again with my poor penitent ; and left him a little more easy and composed.

I went to bed at the chapel-house, but could not sleep : rose at twelve, and lay down again, till a messenger called me, between one and two, to my brother. He told me he was dying ; that his feet were dead already ; was perfectly sensible ; told me, before his wife, how he had settled his affairs ; (not enough to her advantage, I think ;) expressed a good hope and earnest desires for one, one only thing ; wished for the voice of a trumpet, to warn all mankind not to walk in the paths wherein he had walked ; made me witness of his reconciliation with his wife ; and said, he expected to die at four or five.

I spoke comfortably to him of Jesus, our Atonement, our Peace, our Hope ; prayed with free access, as we did last night in the Society ; saw no symptoms of immediate death, yet would not lessen his apprehension of it ; waited, with Mr. Brogden, for Dr. Ross's coming ; who came at last, and ordered him more blisters on his legs, &c.

I preached at five to a numerous congregation, and prayed with confidence for a Christless dying sinner. I slept till eight ; prayed with him, then a little better, yet more sorrowful and contrite ; breakfasted with Mrs. Jaques, and came hither to converse with my own Sally.

Going out this morning, I cast mine eye on that remarkable scripture, Isai. i. : "Therefore saith the Lord, the Lord of hosts, the mighty One of Israel, Ah, I will ease me of mine adversaries, and avenge me of mine enemies : and I will turn my hand upon thee, and purely *purge away thy dross*, and take *away all thy tin*."

I carried my sister Hall to dine with Mrs. Webb, and thence rode to Little Chelsea, to visit our brother Cowper,

in a mad-house. His madness is (if such there be) diabolical. He has not spoke for these four months. But the deaf and dumb devil was disturbed by our prayers, and forced to say, "Charles, thou art a Priest of Baal : I do not receive thee." I told him, "Satan, thou art a liar, and knowest I am a Priest of God, a servant of Jesus Christ. And this poor soul shall know it, when thou art cast out by our prayers." This you may keep to yourself. I shall never print it in my Journal.

After preaching at the chapel, I obeyed a summons from Mrs. Rich, and found her with our friends from the Hill. Much talk we had of you, &c. The particulars expect in my next.

Goodnight.

XIX.

London, August 17th.

I OFTEN reflect on that hard saying, "Son of man, behold, I take away the desire of thine eyes with a stroke;" and ask myself, Could I bear Ezekiel's trial? Whether I shall ever be called to it, God knoweth; for known unto Him are all his works. But it is far more probable that my beloved Sally will see many good days in the vale, after my warfare is accomplished, and my weary soul at rest. Here indeed we have laid the foundation of an eternal friendship, and hasten to our consummation in bliss above. Till then we scarcely begin to know the end of our meeting upon earth. O that we may fully answer it, by helping each other on to heaven, and by bringing very many with us to glory!

God, I humbly hope, will hear my prayers, and give me to find you well on Wednesday. On this day se'nnight, at twelve, I have appointed to preach in Leominster. Please to send them notice, if opportunity serves. I fully designed to bring Salthouse with me; but he cannot leave the books at this time, without great loss, and disappointment of my subscribers. But be not frightened, as if I should come alone. Mr. Waller guards me the first day's journey, and some friends from Worcester I expect to meet me at Evesham. Besides, and above all, you know the ministering spirits will wait upon me, if you ask their Master to send them.

From Ludlow to Bristol, I presume you will spare us Harry, or some other; and I depend upon our sister's company, according to promise. I must be in Bristol the last day of this month. Observe, I give you legal notice, that you may order your matters accordingly. My heart is with you, and your dear worthy parents and relations. Blessed be God, that they are mine also. O that we all may be joined to the Lord, and one spirit with Him!

My brother is deeply engaged with his classes; but salutes you in great love. God owns and blesses him much. Last Sunday was a time of great refreshing. Many here inquire after you, out of true affection, and bewail your settling in Bristol.

Thursday afternoon.

Yours of August 13th has just now brought me the mournful news of your increasing illness. Yet would I say, "It is the Lord; let him do as seemeth him good." Still my hope of you is steadfast, that hereby you shall be partaker of his holiness, who in tenderest love chastens you for your good. And you may be bold to say, "When He has tried me, I shall come forth as gold."

Thursday night.

I am just returned from Lewisham, where Mrs. Dewal joined in an hymn for you, and sends her kindest love. On Monday, she and Mr. and Mrs. Blackwell travel to Oxford; so that I am in no danger of wanting company so far.

How has God dealt with our poor dear M. L.? I shall think it long till you inform me. Neither can I let go my hope of seeing you better, if not quite recovered, on Wednesday. It would break my heart to leave you behind me, even at Ludlow, while compelled to Bristol myself.

I hope to reach the Hundred house by ten on Wednesday, and do not despair of meeting there some kind guides to Ludlow. Part of an hymn I send, without time to finish it:—

See, gracious Lord, with pitying eyes,
Low at thy feet a sufferer lies,
Thy fatherly chastisement proves,
And sick she is whom Jesus loves.

Thy angels plant around her bed,
 And let thy hand support her head ;
 Thy power her pain to joy convert,
 Thy love revive her drooping heart.

Thy love her soul and body heal,
 And let her every moment feel
 The' stoning blood by faith applied,
 The balm that drops from Jesu's side.

My time is out. Farewell, and a thousand times farewell, in the Lord, thy peace, thy strength, thy life eternal !

XX.

London, September 26th.

REJOICE with your companions, my dearest Sally ; for the kingdom of God is at hand. Yesterday we knew and felt it. Such a pouring out of the Spirit at the sacrament, I think, I never remember. The word was sharper than a two-edged sword ; but after the communion,

“ All the temple flamed with God ! ”

It was an evident answer of our prayers on Saturday evening, for a double portion of the heavenly manna on the Lord's day. At the Foundery He confirmed the word again ; and in the Society we worshipped God in spirit and in truth. No words can express our sense of His nearness. From six till eight we rejoiced greatly ; yet trembled before the Lord. Be sure we did not forget our absent friends. But none of you were absent. Our assembly was made up of the Head and members, even the whole church, militant and triumphant.

Wednesday, Four in the Morning.

I could not get one half-hour last night to finish this. The day I spent at Deptford, where I opened their new preaching-house. It holds about six hundred ; but was full without as within, and the Lord set before me an open door. I returned to town, and preached, and met the Lord with the Leaders. Were you in a condition to travel, it would be well worth your while to come up to London, for your share of our blessings. But as you cannot, you shall have your share without it.

I breakfasted yesterday with a lady in the Tower, who much importuned me to bring you, to make her house your

home. It stands on the Parade. Only your company could make it pleasanter. More candidates for you I meet with daily. When God's time is fully come, you will have choice of lodgings here.

I have been afraid for some time, that I must borrow another week ; but God will shine upon my path, and convince me more clearly of his will concerning me.

Mrs. Blackwell challenged me last night at the Foundery, and strongly invited me to Lewisham. He that can refuse her, can refuse any one. I have no desire to be teased again by her lovely help-mate.

Remember me to hearty John Nelson. I wish him good luck in the name of the Lord.

It was ill-judged in me, and *looked* unkind, to mention my dying to you, in your circumstances. But I shall not die the sooner for thinking of it.

I am much more likely to faint in the fiery trial than you ; but I trust we shall find our strength as our day, and His grace sufficient for us both.

The *old man* will *rise* sometimes against an injurer. We must pray him down again ; and believe the Lord can and will thrust out our worst, our inbred enemy, and say, "Destroy !"

Mr. Madan is ordained Priest.

Remember me to all friends. The Lord be your strength and everlasting comfort !

XXI.

MY EVER-DEAREST SALLY,—Your illness would quite overwhelm me, were I not assured that it shall work together for your good, and enhance your happiness throughout all eternity. How does this assurance change the nature of things !

Sorrow is joy, and pain is ease,
If Thou, my God, art here !

The slightest suffering (received from Him) is an inestimable blessing ; another jewel added to our crown. Go on, then, my faithful partner, doing and suffering His blessed will, till, out of great tribulation, we both enter His kingdom, and His joy, and His glory everlasting.

I do not doubt your punctually observing your good and wise mother's advice, both in this and all things; and I rejoice in hope of finding you, on Wednesday se'nnight, well in all senses.

Will ~~you~~ allow me to own I envy poor happy M. L——, if the time of her departure is indeed at hand? Surely she is taken from the evil to come; and we shall find her again in the New Jerusalem, where is no more death, or curse, or pain, or sighing; but all tears are wiped away from our eyes.

Yesterday my brother and I passed with our friends at Shoreham. All inquired after you in the kindest manner; but Mr. Perronet's language concerning *his daughter*, would lose much by my repetition. They all join with us in most affectionate salutation. So do Mrs. Blackwell, and Mrs. Dewal, and Grace Murray, and T. Butts, and many more than I have room to mention.

XXII.

The Foundery, December 1st.

MY DEAREST SALLY,—God has conducted us hither through an easy, prosperous journey. My companion is better for it, not worse. But, first, you expect news of my brother. He is at Lewisham, considerably better, yet still in imminent danger, being far gone, and very suddenly, in a consumption. I cannot acquit my friends of unpardonable negligence, since not one of them sent me word of his condition, but left me to hear it by chance. I hasten to him to-morrow morning, when I have stationed my patient at Mrs. Boulton's. To-night he lodges in the green room; I in S. Aspernal's.

Send this immediately to S. Jones, and bid her see to it, that Wick be not neglected on Monday night. I passed my word that I or John Jones should preach there. Frank Walker, or whoever supplies our place, must inform them, that we hasten to see my brother before he dies.

Our tenderest love to dear Bell, S. Vigor, T. Hamilton, John James, &c. If my brother recovers, his life will be given to our prayers. Pray always, and faint not.

Farewell.

XXIII.

London, December 3d.

DEAREST SALLY,—I hope you have recovered your fright. My brother may live if he hastens to Bristol. Prayer is made daily by the church to God for him; yet no one, that I can find, has received his petition. Whether he comes or not, I am stationed here till after Christmas.

We performed our journey most successfully: without one quarrel. One we narrowly escaped, through my returning the watch. The first night he passed (rather than slept) at the noisy Foundery. Last night Mr. Lloyd hardly prevailed on him to spend in Devonshire-square, where he would be heartily welcome while he stays in town; but cannot be persuaded to accept of our friend's offer. Whether he will have patience to wait here for my return to Bristol, or send up for Bell, and go to die at Leeds, a little time will show.

My brother entreated me, yesterday, and his wife, to forget all that is past on both sides. I *sincerely* told him I would, for his as well as Christ's sake. My sister said the same.

Mr. Blackwell assures me Mr. L.'s security is unquestionable. What say you to Mr. Ianson's immediately settling the affair? Write by the first post to me at the Foundery. Mrs. B. and D. send you a loving heart. They have but one, you know, between them.

My patient sends the best love he can afford, both to Bell, and you, and Jacky. Remember us to our worthy friend Mrs. Galatin, who is now, I hope, your guest. Do not let her go back to Clifton.

Salute M. Vigor in my name, and T. H., and J. James, and Sarah Jones, and all friends. Dudy Perronet salutes you in great love, as does Mr. Lloyd. I am going to consult Dr. Fothergill; shall see Betsy, the first friend I see *purposely*.

Next Friday we spend in prayer for my brother, meeting at five, seven, ten, and one. Join all who love him for his work's sake.

My love to dear George, if with you. What news from Wales? Pray always, and faint not.

M. Naylor has or will send you six guineas. Observe, we lose a guinea a week, till the security and trust are settled.

You may pay Sarah and Molly, if they desire it.

I have no time for idleness. All my brother's business lies on me.

Comfort poor Bell, if with you still : if not, write comfort to her at Bath.

J. Jones is come, and well. My love to Frank Walker. Who is your Chaplain? When none is near, you should read prayers yourself, as my mother, and many besides, have done.

Be much in private prayer. What the Lord will do with me I know not ; but am fully persuaded I shall not long survive my brother.

It is strange I cannot find the settlement. I certainly copied it for my brother, at Bristol, and left the original there. Look for it in your drawers. We shall take a bond meanwhile.

Farewell.

XXIV.

Lakenham, August 3d.

MY BEST-BELOVED SALLY,—This is the last you will receive till I hear from you. You may suppose me a little anxious for an answer to my last. If your heart persuades you to leave father and mother, nurse and sisters, for me, lose no time ; but take two days for your journey to Bristol. Thence, after you are sufficiently rested, the machine brings you to London, and the Norwich coach hither. Change of air, I believe, will help, not hurt, you ; and your being with me will, I trust, be good for your soul. This last month has been the best time I have spent for some years ; and I long to have my dearest Sally partaker of my every spiritual blessing. Surely we shall meet for the better, and be brought, through our meeting, some steps forward on our way to the heavenly country. I can *almost promise* you more of my company here, than you could have anywhere else, as I have several useful books to read over, and defer it till you come. Yet observe, I leave you to your free choice, because I mistrust whatever is *my doing*.

Pray earnestly to God for direction, that *his* will, not mine, may be done, in you and by you. Becky, I am sure, will rather hasten you to me. See my Lady, who is recovering her late sickness, Mrs. Greenfield, and, if you can, Miss Degge. I need not desire you not to lose time when coming to your ever-faithful

C. W.

M. Galatin longs to see you. The Lord bless your going out and your coming in! He will give his angels charge over you.

Farewell.

XXV.

Norwich, August 29th.

MY DEAREST OF FRIENDS,—Are you indeed so near me as London? or does Charles Perronet only flatter me? In your last you expected to reach Mrs. Boulton's by Saturday. I shall lose no time, but take horse on Monday morning, and, with the blessing of God, seize you on Tuesday evening at your lodgings.

Every hour of every day you are laid upon my heart; so that I make mention of you in *all* my prayers. I cannot doubt but our next will be our happiest meeting. You *will* allow time for private prayer, while in London. My heart is with you and dear Betsy. The Lord Jesus keep and water you every moment!

You will not be sorry to hear that Charles Perronet has behaved exceeding well of late, so as to retrieve my love. More of this when we meet. Remember me to all friends.

J. Haughton preached last night and this morning, no man forbidding him. I can safely trust these few sheep with him, while I am employed in their service at London.

Pray for my prosperous journey.

XXVI.

Leeds, September 25th.

THE blessing of the Gospel be upon my best-beloved friend. Yesterday morning I was startled at the sight of William Shent's ghost in Rotherham. He was got thither before me, and the better for his journey. He returns you

his best thanks and love, for your care of him ; and desires you to thank the Doctor for him, and M. Vigor, and all friends. My love you will add, without my bidding.

My Journal, if I can get time to transcribe it, will bring you the particulars of our successful travels, which ended here this evening ; (for the present at least ;) but on Tuesday I propose accompanying Dr. Cockburn to York. He has waited here this week on purpose. You may direct your two next hither.

The fever is much abated in this place. Time enough to talk of my return, after my visits to York, Haworth, Manchester, &c. I dare not so much as think of it yet.

Mr. Smith should have been more punctual. If I live to see him at the Doctor's, well.

If your motions depend on Mrs. Gwynne's, you will be as uncertain as the wind. I should be glad to hear that you had fastened some good impressions on her.

Honest brother Downes I left to preach at Rotherham.

Put them in mind of us at Clifton. I believe the Lord will find me good work, and strengthen me to go through with it.

My love to Suky, and M. James's family, and our other Christian friends. The Lord stir you up to be much in prayer ! And when it is well with you, think of me.

Monday morning.

Be not backward to borrow what money you want, if our rents from Wales linger.

Yesterday I had the honour of preaching twice in a church, with good effect. Twice more at Leeds, and assisting in the sacrament, and exhorting the Society, filled up my blessed day.

Tell my Lady I had sweet fellowship with her little church at Ashby, and was with her in her garden and house. Mr. Ingham is from home ; yet I hope shortly to deliver my letter to Lady Margaret. Mrs. Grinfield must not forget her promised journey with *us* in the spring.

Once more, may the presence of our Lord supply all my Sally's wants.

Farewell in Him.

XXVII.

[York.]

MY VERY DEAR SALLY,—You have fast hold of many hearts in this place ; and the Lord hath, in this city, much people. I return to Leeds, Birstal, Haworth, &c., next week : but I must see the people here once more ; for the Lord hath prepared them for himself. What say you to promoting a very good work, by spending the winter here among us ? Your head-quarters are in Dr. Cockburn's most convenient house. Him and his wife I can safely commend to you : they are people after our own heart. Write me your answer by the first post, and W. Shent shall fly to fetch you. I myself would come to meet you more than half way, even to Evesham, if need be. Coals are very cheap. We keep excellent fires. Come in the name of the Lord, as an help meet for me. Ask counsel of Him. Talk and pray with Lady H. My love to all. Jesus be your guide and your portion !

Farewell.

XXVIII.

January 7th, 1754-5, Brecon, three o'clock.

'Tis finish'd, 'tis done !
 The spirit is fled,
 The prisoner is gone,
 The Christian is dead !
 The Christian is living,——

and we shall live also, when we have shook off this body of death, and overtaken our happy, happy friend in paradise.*

I rode hard to see her before her flight ; but it is my loss, not hers, that the chariot carried her up last Thursday. I only write in utmost haste, to assure my best-beloved friend that I am perfectly well, and all our friends here. More in my next. Salute our friends in both squares.

Farewell in Christ.

* Mrs. Grace Bowen, Mrs. Wesley's nurse. A fine character of her is given by Mr. Charles Wesley in his Funeral Hymns.—EDIT.

Hail the *sad*, memorable day,*
 On which my Isaac's soul took wing!
 With us he *would* no longer stay;
 But, soaring where archangels sing,
 Join'd the congratulating choir,
 And swell'd their highest raptures higher.

His soul, attuned to heavenly praise,
 Its strong celestial bias show'd;
 And, fluttering to regain its place,
 He broke the cage, and reach'd his God:
 He pitch'd in yon bright realms above,
 Where all is harmony and love, &c.

Imperfect.

XXIX.

Brecon, January 10th.

My dearest Sally would be greatly comforted to hear what I hear hourly of our translated friend. She insisted on Becky's rejoicing, as soon as she should be safe landed; which checked her sorrow indeed; and God has farther comforted her through my coming. But my Sally, I fear, wants me on the same occasion. Yet why should I fear your self-love should get the better of your love and desire of a friend's happiness? Her last human desire was to see you and me; but this also she gave up a week before her departure; and lay rejoicing and praising God, and blessing all about her with her prayers and counsels.

Some weeks before, she said to your sisters, "You may think it delusion, but I do really enjoy at times such joy as is unutterable and full of glory." Expect more particulars in the hymns I am making for her.

Poor Becky has lost her only friend. She and I are very happy together; and the Society are in a flourishing way. Yesterday I spent an hour with Howel Harris, to our mutual satisfaction. His soul is, after all, alive to God, and put life into me. Monday I spend with him and his wife; who was ready to eat me up for joy.

To-morrow I dine at Garth; on Sunday preach at Built, Maesmynis, another church in the way hither, and here at night. This people will not let me be idle; and I do not

* The first anniversary of the death of his first-born, an infant, aged one year, four months, and seventeen days.—EDIT.

much desire it. To-morrow J. Jones returns to Bristol. On Tuesday I follow. We had a tedious passage of three hours on the water. It is well you was not with us. How fare you at the Square? how fare our friends? My best love, and in the best (that is, *your own*) manner, to the Colonel, and M. G., and M. D., and Miss Derby. You have perfected her in English by this time, I nothing doubt. I suppose you are thinking ere now to remove. In the latter end of this month, I hope to find you well in D. S. When come our friends to Bath? My father, mother, and Becky, &c., salute them most affectionately. The Lord have you always in his keeping!

Farewell.

Friday, one o'clock.

I am just come from preaching to the prisoners. Your last refreshed me with the news of your tolerable health, the rheumatism excepted. M. Gumley is very kind and obliging. But you have a share of her heart, as well as her bed. She keeps good hours, I thought, whatever the *young rakes* do. I am sorry there are no signs, as yet, of their decamping. If you think of me, I am not behind with you. Only our *happy friend* shares my best thoughts with you. She has fought the good fight, and finished her course with joy. I am half impatient to be with her.

On Thursday I propose writing to you from Bristol. My letter may welcome you to your old lodgings. Direct your next to me at Bristol. Once more I commend you to our everlasting Friend.

XXX.

Brecon, Tuesday, January 14th, 1755.

MY DEAREST SALLY,—I hope you have left your cough behind you. Grosvenor is not half so agreeable to our taste and constitution as Devonshire square. I leave this place to-morrow, having made the most of my short time. B. Howel was very civil to me at Garth; Lady R. not uncivil. I preached on Sunday in two churches; had a miserable ride over the hill to Brecon, drowned and drunk with rain, &c.; but received no hurt. Yesterday I spent mostly at Trevecka. God has not rejected his old servant there. He joins with his wife in cordial love to us both.

Touching this family, I cannot say much. Poor Becky

would be glad to escape from among them. The little Society is her chief comfort. The grand preliminary will, I hope, be settled to our satisfaction ; then you may depend upon her, when a tender, faithful nurse is needed.

Your old nurse and friend requires our congratulation, not condolence. She lies close to dear Molly Leyson. Peggy, and Jacky also, are of the party above. They are singing together, and pitying *us*. I think it long ere I overtake and join them. Hold out faith and patience a little longer, and we shall all meet around the throne.

My love to Mr. Lloyd, if returned. You should comfort poor Betsy. Perhaps the inclosed may help. *We ought to* rejoice, that is certain ; but self-love hinders. Remember me to Mr. Montague, and Jane Hands, and S. Boulton, and all inquirers. Your cloak I shall remember to bring ; but what occasion can you have for pumps ? My best respects and thanks to our friends, whom you have left, or are leaving. I will not despair of seeing them in Charles-street before the spring. The Lord shall order all things.

Farewell in Him.

XXXI.

Hatfield, October 12th—23d, 1756.

BLESSED be the day on which my dearest Sally was born ! It has been continual sunshine ; the fairest, calmest, brightest day, since I left you in Bristol. Such may all your succeeding ones be ; at least may you enjoy that "perpetual sunshine of the spotless mind." The Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon you while you are reading this, and put gladness in your heart ! May you taste the powers of the world to come, and be partaker of the Holy Ghost !

XXXII.

Sunday afternoon, December 7th.

MY DEAREST SALLY,—My brother tells me the French are expected every hour, by General Hawley, in battle array, &c. ; that the Government have not the least doubt of the invasion, but will do their best to repel force by force.

I question whether my brother's soldiers, with all his pains and haste to train them up, will not be too *tardy* to rescue us.

Great things have been done for Lisbon. A ship was immediately sent off with thousands of barrels of flour; another from Falmouth, laden with herrings, pickaxes, &c.; a man-of-war to guard the port and ruins, &c.

On the day of the earthquake, they were to have had an "act of faith," that is, a bonfire of the poor Jews and heretics. All the English, therefore, went out of town, as usual, and so escaped.

You may direct for me at Mr. Wright's, plumber, in Frith-street, Soho, Westminster, till farther orders.

The Lord bless and preserve my dearest of friends!

XXXIII.

Leeds, April 29th.

To my dearly beloved partner, grace, mercy, and peace, from God the Father, and Christ Jesus our Lord!

You thought it long till you heard from me again. I made such short stages (as much to save my horse as myself) that I did not reach this place till yesterday. At Birmingham, Sheffield, Barley-hall, and Leeds, are many kind inquirers after you; too many to name. I told them my hopes of your continued welfare. Their prayers for you will come back in the time of need. Moderate travelling I find good for me; having never had better health since you knew me. I look every post for a good account of my Sally. This evening I expect to find my brother at Birstal. I pity his poor wife, if now upon the road. There she is likely to stick till the warm weather comes. The roads are almost impassable for wheels. May I wish you joy of Betsy and Becky's company? Remember the conclusion of my last.

I am going to breakfast with Miss Norton, who is as far from the spirit of my *best friend*, as east from west. What shall you and I do to love her better? "Love your enemies" is with man impossible: but is anything too hard for God? I fear you do not *constantly* pray for her. I *must* pray, or sink into the spirit of revenge.

Miss Norton is very much at your service; but flies from her house before the face of my sister. She retreats to Wakefield, before the Conference, for an obvious reason.

H. Thornton and his wife, &c., &c., &c., send cordial

greeting ; and poor, old, declining Mrs. Hutchinson. I have been crying in the chamber whence my J. H. ascended. My heart is full of him, and I miss him every moment : but he is at rest.

Could not you make interest for the £10 due upon the bond? Money we must get by some lawful means, or debt will stare me in the face.

Are you much in private prayer?

Adieu.

XXXIV.

Rotherham, Friday afternoon.

I SNATCH a few moments before the congregation comes to salute my dearest Sally in the love that never faileth. Last Saturday afternoon, after my brother and I had settled everything in the four preceding days, on my way to Wakefield, I met my good angel and sister. I have done her honour before the people, and behaved (though I say it) very much like a gentleman ; only that I took a French leave this morning, that is, left Leeds without telling either her or her husband.

I trust my Sally is more than patient of my absence. You should rejoice that my Lord continues to use me. May his presence make you infinite amends !

Miss Norton sends her respects. She loves none of the Methodists but Mr. Edwards—and me.

I left the brethren in Conference. Yet I do not repent my trouble. You will be content to wait a little for particulars. All agreed not to separate. So the wound is healed—slightly. Yet some good news I may bring you from Leeds, if we live a month longer.

I want to hear that your sisters are both with you. If not, it is your own fault, or theirs. Three weeks I am fast at London ; then we may meet, all four of us, in Charles-street, if the Lord permit.

Keep exact count of your falls !

Here is sister Green waiting upon us, and walking about, (a fortnight after she was brought to bed,) as if nothing ailed her. The Lord can make hard things easy for you also.

On Wednesday night I was assisted in preaching in a

wonderful manner. The subject was, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

The Lord be your peace and strength!

Farewell.

XXXV.

London, July 1st.

My dear partner will look for me at the heels of my letter. Yesterday I saw Mrs. Bird. At her baptism she was quite overpowered, and struck speechless. Now she tells me, in going home that night, such joy sprang up in her heart, as she never felt before; a joy unspeakable and full of heaven. It lasted all night. She could have rejoiced to give up her spirit then, knowing she should be saved eternally. Since then she has been frightened at the withdrawing, or at least abatement, of her happiness. I told her she must expect temptation, as well as comfort; and our Lord's own baptism was immediately followed by temptation. She grows in grace. Her husband, a poor backslider, is much stirred up. They earnestly invite you to their house in town or country. Mrs. Hogg joins: she also is awakened, by a loud and extraordinary call, to prepare for her dissolution.

Yesterday I visited our loving Mrs. Hervey, who breathes nothing but love to you. I spent two hours with Mrs. and Mr. Venn. The former stands her ground as yet.

I have already seen cause for rejoicing in my longer continuance here.

XXXVI.

Westminster, Friday, December 26th.

My beloved friend would rejoice to be among us; for the Lord is with us of a truth. The word never returns void. This morning I preached on Stephen praying for his murderers; and pressed his example upon the hearers, feeling, at the time, that I could myself love my worst enemy.

How safe and happy should we always be, if incapable of resentment! How open to misery, till we come to this! I want to *see* an injury done myself or friends, without *feeling* it; or rather, to feel it in a way of sorrow and compassion, not of anger or revenge. Why should I be as

the troubled sea, through the breath of every injurious person? My peace has too long laid at another's mercy. The Lord arm us both with that love which beareth all things, hopeth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things!

J. Jones returns with W. Hall, &c., by Saturday fortnight, January 10th, the day of *our* meeting, I hope and pray. If the marriage is on New-Year's Day, I trust to set out for Dornford on the 5th instant; to rest there two days; and by Saturday evening to claim my counterpart in Charles-street.

Friday night. M. Ross, with whom I dined, salutes you. The Doctor also is well, and their very fine boy. It is worth your while to make a journey to town, on purpose to see him. Remember me to *our* Dr. M.

Keep *all* Farley's newspapers against I come.

Your letters are *all* received.

We must not despair yet of setting my brother right, and, through him, the Preachers.

XXXVII.

The Foundery, June 27th.

MY DEAREST OF FRIENDS,—Happy, happy Mr. Parkinson! I feared he would take his flight before I saw him. Yet I seem to feel he blessed me at his death. Let my last end be like his! Comfort his poor sister, till I come.

I parted with Miss Bosanquet, Mrs. G., and Miss Edwards, to-day, at the Lord's supper. It was a feast indeed! We called on our absent friends to be partakers.

On this day se'nnight, before nine at night, I trust to embrace my Sarah and Charles.

God carry on the work of healing in our sister's body as well as soul!

I have been burying an old sinner of fourscore, unawakened till she came to die. How different is the death of the righteous, yea, of all the children whom God hath given us!

You will expect another letter before we meet. The Lord be in the midst of us! We shall think of you this evening.

Farewell in the love of Christ Jesus.

XXXVIII.

London, Easter-eve, April 14th, 1752.

MAY the choicest blessing of God go along with these lines, and meet you well at Ludlow! On Friday I trust He will grant me my heart's desire, even the sight of one I love *next* to Himself. I am apt to believe you left our happy friend waiting still for the consummation of her happiness. She may hover some time at the gate of paradise. I cannot oppose her wish for nurse and you to go with her, if I might make the third. But my best-beloved friend has many happy days yet to employ in that service which is perfect freedom.

O what great troubles has He showed you; and yet did He turn and refresh you, and brought you up from the depth again! He will also bring you to great honour, and comfort you on every side. And if He makes me an instrument, I cannot but be comforted myself.

My strength is as my day. Last Wednesday I caught a crick in my neck, by visiting B. Leyson in the rain. But I stayed at home all Thursday, and lost it again.

George Whitefield has took off great part of my labour. I let him preach yesterday at the chapel, Seven-Dials, reserving myself for the watchnight; in consideration whereof, we had service this morning an hour later. These things I mention in proof of my great carefulness; and in hope you will follow a good example.

My "sure-footed mare" gave me no fall, notwithstanding your malicious supposition. You would do well, instead of affronting her, to find a better; but that I neither expect nor desire. Only I would exchange her for one, or two, good chaise-horses.

I saw cousin Betty to-day. She sends her love and duty; continues extremely weak, but cheerful, and not a little pleased with her new acquaintance. I shall leave her in good hands.

Sister Davis sends her tenderest love to you all; so does Dudy Perronet, &c., &c.

You will remember the travellers on Wednesday; and look for no more news of me till you see me.

The Lord be your happiness always!

London, April 14th, 1752.

DEAR SISTER BECK,—I am happy in the expectation of seeing you on Friday afternoon, and our dearest father, at the Hundred house. By ten I expect to be there myself. If the way and weather allure you, it will be a very agreeable surprise to me to find more of you there. But I depend, with God's leave, to see A. Leyson, sisters, brother, cousin, well before sun-set.

Dr. Wathen has found me a full week's employment with his physic. Then to Bristol for a week, and so back again to Ludlow.

I commend you all to Him who alone can make you happy. This is the end of all my designs, desires, and intercourse with you, that you and I may find all the fulness of God in Christ Jesus.

XXXIX.

Moorfields, July 29th.

MY dearest Sally's letter I waited for till past nine last night, fretting at your supposed neglect; till John was pleased to remember it lay in his pocket, since two in the afternoon. I read and dreamt of it all night. In my dream I met Charley, walking about as stoutly as his mother can do. I fear my dream will not be out for one while. I feel a degree of thankfulness for his being better, and Sally also. She *should* take after me, as she is to be *my* child. Charley you *need* not chastise too severely, if he is indeed so easy to be managed; but I a little doubt a son of mine. You will find by and by he has a will of his own. Persuade him, and you need never compel him. If he will lead, 'tis pity he should drive. Yet I doubt our skill in discerning their tempers so soon.

Mr. Maxfield cannot assist me on Sunday, because he is always at the opposite chapel.

Mr. Lindsey and you were brought to my remembrance, I believe, immediately by the Spirit of supplications.

Mr. Phene (or rather Finne) is the King of Prussia's Chaplain. He left me with great reluctance of love, and is gone with a good report of us to his master.

Neither money nor letter from Brecon is—hard, shall I say, or unkind? Get Beck to stand our friend.

I shall look after my books myself at my return. J. Jones I cannot lean upon.

You and the other objectors do not understand those lines.

“A transcript of the One in Three,”

is the definition of man unfallen, and of man restored to the divine image. The expression is Mr. Law's, not mine; who proves a trinity throughout all nature.

Mrs. Davis coming to London,—for what? To die, without a friend near her? Her foes are those of her own household.

My love to Miss Furly, and her maid, and all friends.

I have been extremely careful of myself this last week, and kept mostly at home. Miss Chambers was my physician. This morning Mrs. Dobinson and she carried me to the chapel, where I read best part of the service, preached for above half-an-hour with great freedom, administered the sacrament to upwards of six hundred; and found myself better at the end than the beginning.

Mrs. Venn I carried to dinner at Mrs. Wright's. She has stood her ground against the whole religious world, and her husband at their head; neither can she yet give up her love, her special love, for the Methodist people and Ministers. She tenderly salutes you, whom she despairs of seeing again in the flesh. I am far from confident of seeing her myself; but I trust to find her again in that day, among the children whom God hath given us.

Doubting my strength, and fearful of a relapse, I got a Preacher to supply my place at the chapel this afternoon, and rode with Mrs. Venn to Cheapside. There she left me in body, not in heart, and I called at Mrs. Dobinson's, drank tea, and crept to my lodgings. W. Perronet sits by, and speaks very affectionately of you and yours, both children and neighbours.

I have made the worst of my disorder, lest you should think me wanting in my intelligence. Be you as faithful concerning your own health and the children's. One, and another, and another give me presents for Charley; but no body takes any notice of poor Sally. Even her godmother *seems* to slight her.

I am ashamed of sparing myself this evening, finding

such superfluity of bodily strength. If you do not commend me very much, I shall hardly do so another time.

Is there anything in London which you want? I hope, in a few weeks, to leave this place for Bristol. But my condition is almost as precarious as the nation's.

The Lord of hosts be with you, the God of Jacob be your refuge!

Farewell.

XL.

London, March 17th.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,—Grace and peace be multiplied upon you and yours, who are mine also. One letter in a week does not half satisfy me, under your absence. I count the days since we parted, and those still between us and our next meeting. Yet I dare not promise myself the certain blessing, so many are the evils and accidents of life. *Accidents* I should not call them; for God *ordereth* all things in heaven and earth. Who knows his will concerning this wicked city? or how near we may be to the fate of Lima or Port-Royal? Blessed be God, many *consider* in this day of danger and adversity. The Bishop of London has published a seasonable, solemn warning. Our churches are crowded as at the beginning. Last night I preached, for the first time, at the French chapel in Spital-fields, my scruples being at last removed. It was full as it could hold. "The poor have the Gospel preached unto them," was my text; and the Lord was with us of a truth.

I preached again this morning on, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in the time of trouble: therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the hills be carried into the midst of the sea." The poor weavers, English and French, filled the place, and heard me gladly. Here is surely a door, great and effectual, and, as yet, *not* many adversaries. I must endeavour to keep up the awakening by preaching every morning of next week: then I shall probably go for two or three days to Canterbury, carrying Dudy Perronet behind me instead of —.

Not a word of your music! That is a bad sign; a sign of idleness, I fear. When you would have me look out after a harpsichord for you, you will tell me so. Last night

Charles P— set out for Bristol, to see my brother before he departs for Ireland. Dudy and Ned *pine* after you. We *must* bestow a month or two on them at Canterbury. M. Stotesbury, Blackwell, Dewal, and many others, express great love to you, not for my sake, but your own, or rather His to whom you belong.

XLI.

THURSDAY, June 28th. I called to see sister Pearson, speechless and expiring. At the name of Jesus she recovered her speech and senses. I asked, "Are you afraid to die?" "O no," she answered; "I have no fear: death has no sting: Jesus is all in all."

How did I even contend to lay
My limbs upon that bed!
I ask'd the angels to convey
My spirit in her stead.

Friday, June 29th. I preached on, "Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona," &c., with great liberty of heart and speech. I administered to a few solid souls. The Lord was very nigh.

Saturday, June 30th. From conferring with our Preachers, I took my progress to Betsy, M. Carteret, M. Gumley, Mr. Romaine, and B. Butcher. I found the greatest blessing at the last house—of God.

I met near two thousand of the Society at the Foundery, and rejoiced as in the months that are past, when the candle of the Lord was upon our head.

Monday, July 2d. I passed two useful hours at Miss Bosanquet's. Eight orphans she has taken to train up for God. I dined at B. Hammond's, and walked with Peggy Jackson and Nancy to a poor backslider, rejoicing and triumphing over death and hell. I picked up a stray sheep, and delivered him into the hands of his old Leader, brother Parkinson. I walked home, near three miles.

Adieu.

XLII.

The Foundery, July 24th.

MY MOST BELOVED FRIEND,—Our last Lord's day deserves to be had in remembrance. I read the whole service,

except the first lesson ; preached near an hour from Isai. xxvi. 20 : "Come, my people, enter into thy chambers," &c.; and never with greater enlargement. After the sacrament we could have prayed for ever. The Spirit rested upon us, and it seemed as if every soul was a watered garden.

Although the number of communicants was so great, I dismissed them at one ; laid hold on Miss Wells, and carried her to dine with me at sister Phip's ; and then to S. Boul't's and the Foundery. There, again, my mouth was opened to warn and to encourage. My subject was, "If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land : but if ye refuse and rebel, ye shall be devoured by the sword : for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." In the Society I was unexpectedly *required* to pray for Mr. Lindsey, for Mr. Waller, and for a friend in Bristol, and her two children. Those prayers were *given*, and therefore *sealed*, prayers. We continued in fellowship and in prayers till eight. Then I was less weary than in the morning.

The pain in my face, which began to revisit me yesterday, was carried off this night. I rose with it on Monday morning ; yet it did not hinder my expounding Psalm xlvi., and meeting the select band. I rode over to Low-Leyton, and spent an agreeable day with loving Lady Piers and courteous Mr. Howard ; both of them full of kind inquiries concerning you and your family. In the evening I met, on the road, my friend Mr. Lloyd, and rode another hour with him. Mr. Phene took his last leave of me, full of gratitude, both to me and our children ; who, out of their little, have contributed £60 for the relief of our distressed brethren in Germany ; besides five guineas for himself. The Lord Jesus be your portion, and bless you and yours for ever !

Adieu.

XLIII.

London, May 30th.

ONCE more I write to communicate my great satisfaction in seeing the Colonel and his partner in perfect health on English ground. They both salute my beloved friend in cordial affection. I shall have all their history on Satur-

day. My time till then will be wholly taken up at our new chapel and Mr. Madan's. (By the way, he has great hopes of making a proselyte of me.)

The Doctor drives me out of town as much as possible. If the Lord give strength, I am willing to go to Yorkshire, or Newcastle, or anywhere, to spread the glad tidings. The worst circumstance is, that I can so seldom hear from you.

Farewell in Christ.

XLIV.

Westminster, February 18th and 19th.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,—M. Galatin sends her hearty love. The Major desires to be "*kindly remembered* to you;" and again he *gives his love*. I send his words, which you ought to value, as he never deals in *formal* salutations.

Yesterday morning my text was, "Learn of me." The great Prophet was in the midst of us, applying his own word. He is never absent from his supper. Our hearts were warmed by his presence, and drawn out in mighty prayer for our Church and nation, and all mankind.

Mr. Fletcher read prayers again in the afternoon. I testified, "If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." Our chapel was crowded as on the fast-day. Lady Huntingdon, Lady Gertrude, M. Carteret, and a multitude of strangers attended. I continued my discourse for a whole hour, the Lord being my strength, and giving me utterance.

In the Society we were greatly refreshed and quickened.

Tuesday night.

I dined at Lady Huntingdon's, with Miss Shirley and Mr. Jones. The latter I came to talk with; but I only saw him with my eyes. Just before dinner we were alarmed with the chimney being on fire. Lady Huntingdon very calmly ordered a wet blanket to be applied close to the chimney, so as quite to exclude the air. It quenched the fire instantaneously.

After dinner Lord Huntingdon came, and I went. I expected a lift in Mr. Jones's coach, but was forced to walk it the whole way hither. I am a good deal tired; shall drink a good draught of whey, and go to bed early.

The Lord bless my dearest Sally and Charles!

Adieu.

My kindest love to Mr. and Mrs. Stonehouse. Send word how she is. M. Grinfield I shall answer soon.

XLV.

Knightsbridge, July 25th.

MY BELOVED FRIEND,—Yesterday I dined at M. Heritage's, with Miss Darby and Billy Ley. Ask Mr. Brown, Mr. Rouquet, and whom else you meet, if they can get him a curacy at or near Bristol.

I walked with him to the Lock, where Mr. Madan sincerely desired and pressed me to preach, but in vain. If I cannot do the poor rich people good, I would not hinder him from doing it. I attended an hour to the singers, and heard Mr. Madan for another hour or more, on searching the Scriptures. His chapel is always crowded, and many souls will doubtless be saved through his ministry. He showed me a young woman lately acquitted of murdering her child, though the fact was undeniable. She seems now under deep convictions.

I got a good deal of rest last night; breakfasted this morning with M. Gumley, who made me an offer of Drayton living, in Oxfordshire, the drunken Incumbent being near death. I neither refused nor accepted it; for I had not consulted you.

I dined at Miss Gideon's. We spent half an hour before dinner in the best way. She is setting out for Brighthelmstone, weak in body as weak can be; but strong in faith working by love. The Gospel Ministers have thrown away upon her much pains to alienate her from my brother and me. She is too humble to imbibe their envious spirit.

Comfort poor S. Pownal. My brother writes, he will give her £5 till she can provide for herself. A poor recompence! It is pity our friends could not find out something for her.

Sunday afternoon.

I preached in the morning on, "I will bring the third part through the fire;" and many rejoiced for the consolation. We had a vast number of communicants, and the spirit of supplications abundantly poured out.

XLVI.

Devonshire-square, September 13th.

How fares my dearest Sally? and her companions, and host and hostess? I think it long since I saw you; but it must be longer still before we meet again. On Thursday I went to bed at seven, and slept away my headache. Yesterday I visited Islington and the Green. All vacant hours I employ in transcribing my own important history. To-morrow I preach for the first time. On Monday I take horse for Canterbury.

How does your *Rector* perform? If he will not be your Chaplain at night, I must desire and insist on you, Beck, and Suky's praying *together*, both morning and evening. Speak to this in your next, and rejoice me by telling me, *It is done*.

Sunday afternoon.

Such a multitude of communicants I have not seen for months past. I was much assisted in preaching on, "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come," &c. It is plain my work is not yet over. The congregation were almost all in tears. We made intercession at the sacrament, or, rather, the Spirit for us, and for all who *did run* well, especially the first labourers. I only wanted you to be a partaker.

I walked and rode back with my brothers Kedden and Waller, to Betsy. I called, two minutes before preaching, on Mrs. W——, at the Foundery; and in all that time had not one quarrel. My subject was, "He who testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly. Amen, even so, come, Lord Jesus." The Foundery was never fuller, and the word never more effectual.

Monday morning, four o'clock.

I took my leave of Mr. Lloyd, setting out for Derby, and I for Canterbury. Charles Perronet attended me to Greenwich, where I breakfasted, with his mother and sister. We have had much talk together. You are not afraid that he has got within me. I do not trust myself to him, or any man, absolutely; for, in a small measure, I know what is in man. I took off the burden I had laid on him by my late letters, and really believe they did him service. He thanked me, asked my pardon, and has been in high spirits ever since.

I crept on, singing or making hymns, till I got unawares to Canterbury. M. Galatin came to welcome me immediately, and Mr. Phene, E. Perronet, &c. They all require *you*. I, too, should be glad to have you always at my elbow ; but I dare not let loose my wishes, or choose for myself, till the will of Providence appears. Our first thing temporal is, to get out of debt, which is impracticable if we kept house the approaching winter. To-morrow I go to Margate, and should willingly bestow a fortnight there upon my crazy carcass ; but I must officiate at Spitalfields on Sunday next. Should I then return hither, I could still be with you before my Lady.

Tuesday afternoon.

I have just seen the King, who looks quite hearty : so tell that King-killer, Mr. S. Also, that it is a bad year for hops ; consequently, a good time for getting off his old ones.

I dined with Major Galatin, who sends his love, and desires, with his wife, to see you.

The post is going. Direct to the Foundery. Sally Clay will deliver my letters into my own hands.

How long did M. Naylor stay with you ?

It is good for me to be here, or wherever the Lord finds me employment. Mr. Lloyd visits you in his return. I commend you all to the grace of our Lord Jesus.

Farewell.

O THOU whose pitying love relieves
The traveller fallen among thieves,
 Stript, wounded, and half-dead ;
To all the life of faith restore
My friend, who needs thy aid the more,
 The less he asks thy aid.

Caught by the men who steal for God,
The fiends in hunting souls employ'd,
 Too long he slumbering lay :
But Thou hast shared the hunters' spoils,
Dissolved the charm, and burst the toils,
 And claim'd thy lawful prey.

Yet, still unconscious of its wound,
His spirit is not quite unbound,
 From *all* delusion free :
The thieves have left their prey behind,
Naked, insensible, and blind,
 And destitute of Thee.

Robb'd, in that dark Satanic hour,
 Of all his ministerial power,
 The man who ran so well ;
 His work, alas ! hath suffer'd loss ;
 He is not, Lord, what once he was,—
 A flame of heavenly zeal.

A watchman in our Church he *was*,
 Exceeding jealous for thy cause,
 And for thy glorious Name,
 A chosen instrument of Heaven,
 To pluck poor souls, by grace forgiven,
 From the *eternal* flame.

Raised up by Thee he seem'd to stand,
 Protector of a guilty land ;
 Our hopes were built on him,
 As equal to the *righteous ten*,
 As planted in the gap between,
 Our Sodom to redeem.

How is the fervent zeal grown cold,
 The wine with water mix'd, the gold
 With nature's base alloy !
 How hath thy messenger denied
 His heavenly call, and turn'd aside,
 And cast his sword away !

But thou canst yet his zeal revive,
 Canst stir him up to fight and strive,
 As in those happy days,
 To prove thy good and perfect will,
 To own, and zealously fulfil,
 The counsels of thy grace.

O would'st Thou, in this gracious hour,
 Renew, and give him back his power,
 His wisdom from above,
 His simple faith, and tender fear,
 His filial piety for *HER*,
 Whom more than life I love.

O might my dearest charge be his !
 My ceaseless prayer for *Sion's* peace,
 Now let it answer'd be.
 Shepherd divine, I ask no more,
 This Pastor to our Church restore,
 And take my soul to Thee ! *

* This hymn relates to the Rev. George Stonehouse, who had formerly held the vicarage of Islington, and engaged Mr. Charles Wesley as his Curate. Having embraced the tenets of the "still ones," as they were called, he resigned his living and ministry, and spent the remainder of his life in ease and inactivity. For some

XLVII.

The Foundery, May 10th.

I HAD not time last post to tell my dearest Sally what comfort I had in doing the last office to an old child of mine, who came this week to the grave as a ripe shock of corn.

From her grave I hastened to preach our Lord's ascension; and we shared in His triumph, and rejoiced in hope of receiving all the gifts He has received for us.

Our meeting of the Leaders was a most solemn assembly. The Lord is surely teaching us how to worship Him. All perceived they were met in his name. All were bowed down at his feet. His Spirit made intercession for us and for you. For one blessed hour our flesh did indeed keep silence before Him.

This morning I strongly insisted upon selling all, if we would buy the pearl.

Mr. Venn breakfasted with me at M. Boul't's, and comforted my heart, by assuring me that Mr. Madan is entirely clear of predestination; that one Mr. Hawes, an Hutchinsonian, preaches, in a church in Oxford, Christ crucified, with amazing success, both townsmen and gownsmen flocking in crowds to hear him.

I administered the sacrament to one who has been long confined to his restless bed of pain and death; but happy in the midst of all his sufferings, and patiently waiting for the consummation of his bliss.

I dined at Mr. Lloyd's, who again pressed me to return to my old lodgings, so much quieter than the neighbourhood of St. Luke's Hospital.

My next stage was to brother Hammond's, a poor wandering sheep that did run well for years, but left *us* upon his marriage, and Christ too. The last time I was in town, I persuaded him (after twelve years' interruption) to come to Spitalfields chapel. He came, and the Lord laid hold of him again, and brought him back to the fold. Since

time he was either a resident in Bristol, or a frequent visitor there; for he is often referred to in Mr. Charles Wesley's correspondence. The hymn was probably sent to Mrs. Wesley for the purpose of being placed in the hands of this unfaithful man.—EDIT.

then he has constantly attended every ordinance with his old companions ; and we have, I trust, received him again for ever.

XLVIII.

The Foundery, September 21st.

MY DEAREST OF FRIENDS,—You will learn obedience by the things you suffer. Jacky's loss, and Patty's, and Grace Bowen's, &c., are to prepare you for mine. Me you will outlive many years, I am persuaded, in spite of the warning, as you call it, or the idle trick of the enemy, as I think it. Had it been from a good spirit, I know, after my last prayer, it would have been repeated. But make all the use of it you can, and let it stir you up to more constant prayer. Why do you leave Mrs. Gausson out of your "kind remembrance?" You have no friend loves you better. Poor Betsy should come, whether to Bath or Bristol, as soon as able ; and doubtless they will lose no time in sending her.

Yesterday I dined with Mr. Madan and Mr. Romaine, and had much fellowship with them in prayer. Both send greeting.

The Lord is wonderfully with us. His word is a two-edged sword. I preach every morning to a crowded audience. Last night the divine presence overwhelmed us, while I met the Leaders : our flesh did indeed keep *silence* before Him. In family prayer, a poor girl (Mrs. W.'s servant) cried out in the pangs of the new birth. We wrestled for her in prayer : I look for the answer of peace every hour. You can hardly believe how quiet and comfortably we live in this house.

I hope Mrs. W—— keeps her distance. If malice is stronger in her than pride, she will pay you a mischievous visit. Poor Mr. Lefevre breakfasted with me this morning, and lamented that he cannot love her. Blessed be God, I can, and desire to love her more. What is her debt of one hundred pence to ours of one hundred thousand talents?

My work calls me. The Lord bless my beloved Sally with a praying, loving heart !

XLIX.

London, July 5th.

MY BELOVED SALLY,—Take the continuation of my own history first, and then my answer to yours.

On Tuesday I breakfasted with Mr. Romaine and his wife, who were very loving and open. He expects to be thrust out of the churches soon. Mr. George Rutt, my guide, entertained me for an hour afterwards with his lovely children.

At six I read the letters to a full audience, and dwelt mostly on our blessed Thomas Walsh. It was a time much to be remembered.

I prayed with the Leaders, and pleaded for our sinful land. It was near ten before I got to rest.

Yesterday I breakfasted with our afflicted friend, Lady Huntingdon, and joined heartily in her sorrow for the loss of that lovely creature at Clifton, of whom the world was not worthy.

I breakfasted to-day at the Foundery, not with my best friend, whom I have not yet had the happiness to see.

My brother's last helps me to see a little before me. He consults me, whether it would not be best to have the Conference here. I shall advise him to it. It will be the second week in August. Then I might see you the sooner, after spending some weeks at Margate. This would I do, if the Lord permit. Say nothing yet of these matters.

We have great cause of thankfulness for Charley, and Sally too, though she miss this opportunity of the measles. If I stay away half a year, I presume the boy would be able to walk at my return, with a little help.

Though it cures all diseases, I doubt if electrifying would cure old age.

“Mr. Ireland apprehends no danger,” nor any worldly man, except our governors. Do not you hope or flatter *yourself* that it is a false alarm. If Providence does not interpose, Jerusalem is ruined.

Take care the spirit of the world, which is the spirit of slumber and fatal security, does not seize upon you. No power less than that which defeated the Spanish armada, will rescue England now. You will see my thoughts (but

not mine only) in a penny hymn-book I shall publish against our fast.

You may safely direct to me at the Foundery, only not omitting Charles, nor mentioning my best friend.

Bonner's Hall, three in the afternoon.

I have been dining here at Mrs. Barnes's, with Thomas Maxfield and his wife. It is now above *five weeks* since I saw my dearest Sally, or her children, and will be more than five weeks longer, if not double the time, before I must hope for that happiness again. How does your money hold out? As for me, I spend none, and have none to spend. Yet I want nothing but the grace of Christ Jesus.

The Lord will order all things; particularly when it is best for our meeting.

May you now and always find your happiness in Him!

L.

Dean's-court, February 27th.

MY DEAREST CREATURE,—I got an hour or two with my brother, in the way to Lady Huntingdon's. Here we took sweet counsel together, till our brethren the Clergy came. Mr. Whitefield, Romaine, Jones, Venn, Downing, Maxfield, and a few sisters, joined to *do this*; and the Lord met us at His table. Lord and Lady Dartmouth told me good news of Lady Robert, whom we fervently prayed for, and for our trembling sisters, whose hour approaches, and for the Clergy, &c., &c. All the Ministers prayed in turn. It was a most blessed time of refreshment.

We dined at Mr. Madan's, who took us in his coach. Becky is singing to her guitar; Betty working. I must break off to drink my tea, and away. Direct your next to M. Galatin's. My love to all friends. The Lord make you once more a joyful mother! Fear not. He hears our prayers; and you are safe in His hands.

I should tell you, my brother preached, and won all our hearts. I never liked him better, and was never more united to him, since his unhappy marriage.

LI.

Thursday morning.

I AM going to the Land's-End. Follow me with your prayers. I miss you every hour, which is not your case as to me. You have Beck to supply my place, to say nothing of Grace Bowen, and her *young Minister*.

Let us never rest till we experience all the fulness of Christ Jesus.

LII.

Barnstaple, September.

My dear Sally waits for the continuation of my history. I think it left off on Saturday morning September 2d. After preaching, I breakfasted at one Miss Parkhouse's, a simple, zealous disciple in her first love.

I spent the day in my Prophet's chamber, and preached again at night with more enlargement.

Sunday, September 3d. My text in the morning was, "In these is continuance, and we shall be saved." Almost all the Society met me at the Lord's table. The Minister administered to me first, as if he wanted to gain the hearts of our people. Our room was too narrow for us in the evening; so we borrowed the market-house, which is capable of holding thousands. Thousands attended gladly, while I explained and applied, "The poor have the Gospel preached to them." My mouth was opened to make known the mystery of salvation by grace. Another lively hour I passed with the Society, and with all our absent-present brethren. I believe ye had a good time at Bristol and London; for we seemed all to drink into one spirit.

Monday, September 4th. After preaching and breakfast, I set out at eight with a guide for Barnstaple, the weather flattering us with a fair day. I rode a Spanish pace for the first mile; then the sky was overcast, and the rain returned. My companion would have enticed me on; but I turned my mare's head, and marched back as sober and contented as you could wish. There were scattered showers most of the day. I got two more opportunities of preaching, and,

Tuesday, September 5th, I took horse at seven to make a second effort. The clouds gathered, and kept us in awe

for the two first hours. To escape a shower, we baited at a little alehouse, gave a word of advice to the poor ignorant landlord and his daughter, and went on our way (and a vile one it was) without any more rain, till we came, between twelve and one, to North-Moulton, twenty measured miles from Tiverton.

I dined on a dish of tea, which I had taken care to bring with me, and shut myself up till night. Mr. Robarts was the first that planted the Gospel in this place. The Squire and Minister, as usual, were the chief persecutors. Both people and Preacher were cruelly treated; but conquered all by love and patience. The captain of the mob cut his own throat; but lived long enough to repent, and ask pardon of the poor injured people. I preached to them the pure Gospel, with more comfort and life than I have felt since I left Bristol. Not a word seemed lost upon them. The seed fell upon good ground.

I had a feast with them, so I wanted none elsewhere. My friendly old host gave us the best he had; but the bacon and ham were such that my teeth could not penetrate them. However, our clean, warm bed made us amends.

Wednesday, September 6th. I found the room full at five, and exhorted them to come boldly to the throne for mercy and grace. My throat was a little sore through last night's straining. I applied a flannel plaster, (some of what you furnished me with,) and watched my time for setting out. Twice or thrice I ordered the horses back to the stable, as the clouds gathered again. At last we mounted, and rode through the town, *almost*; for near the end of it the rain began, and drove me back. I made another attempt, and got so far as to cut off my own retreat. We were got half way to South-Moulton, three measured miles from North-Moulton, when the rain forced us through. I stood up in my stirrups, and ventured a trot. We put in at a brother's in the town, till it was fair; then rode on towards Barnstaple, ten miles distant. In less than two miles' riding, an heavy shower drove us to seek shelter at an alehouse: two miles farther a second storm threatened to wet us to the skin. We fled toward the park-keeper's lodge, near Lord Fortescue's: the woman invited us in. My mare took possession of the porch. Our hostess had

just lost her husband. I gave something to one of her four little children, and a word of advice to the widow. We had only one more bait in the way to Barnstaple, which we reached by noon.

I changed my clothes at a public-house, opposite to Mr. Earle's, who set out in the morning, I heard, for the country. When I inquired after my niece at her house, they informed me she was brought to bed on Sunday of a still-born son. I was unwilling to let her know of my coming for fear of hurrying her; but the nurse would tell her, and she immediately sent for me up. The last time I had seen her was at Tiverton, seventeen years ago, just after her father's death. She was then twelve years old. I knew her by him. She perfectly remembered me, and was overjoyed at the sight of me. Three years she had lived with her mother; five years more with a Clergyman's daughter, who made a gain of her, and might have ruined her, if Mr. Earle had not been sent by Providence to her rescue. She has borne eight children, all dead but one girl. Two years ago she was delivered of a dead child; and the next day, her son, of seven years old, a most promising child, was taken from the evil. She has known affliction, and it has not been lost upon her. I forced myself away from her in a quarter of an hour, to spare her weakness.

By this time Mr. Earle was returned, hearing accidentally of my arrival. Your letter had given the first alarm. He was most hospitably glad to see me, (the first of his wife's relations on the father's side,) and sent over for my things. I was much pleased with him, (as frank and open as his father-in-law,) and more with his little girl. She is past seven, full of life and sense, and as fond of me, in an hour's acquaintance, as I of her.

I made several short visits to Phil the elder, who was never so well in any labour as this. I was astonished to see her, comparing her with you; though she is very far from a strong woman; about as thin and *handsome* as her father. Imagine you saw me between my child and grandchild, and bring us all three with a wish to Bristol. She was very inquisitive after her aunt there, and her small cousin. We are very happy together. She gathers strength every hour; she *says*, through the sight of me.

Friday night.

I have now had several conferences with my niece and her husband, and several walks with him. Their frights and prejudices vanish apace. They even venture to take the lion by the beard. I pray with the family morning and evening; and am quite convinced God has sent me to this house.

My sister passed her three years of widowhood in an house by herself, pining continually after her old companion, till she overtook him in paradise. She died in perfect peace. So did her mother, past fourscore, a little after her. Her departure was quite triumphant. Such, I trust, will be the end of my Sally's parents; such your end and mine!

If our dear Mrs. Davis is come to *die* with us, give my love and blessing to her, and tell her I hope to share in her triumph over our last enemy, and to follow her shortly, if it be our Lord's will that I should see her safe landed before me.

Remember me to all friends, particularly John Nelson, and M. Vigor, Grinfield, Furley, Brown, James, Stonehouse. Direct your next to me at Tiverton. Next week I expect to spend thereabouts. The nearer I come, the plainer I shall see my way to Bristol, which I do not hope to reach before the end of the month. My niece sends her affectionate duty to you, and is quite ready (were she able) to accept of your invitation. Next summer, if we live so long, I have half promised to *fetch* her to you.

This country is worse than Wales for posts. I suppose a letter from you is waiting for me at Tiverton. Send me word when my brother revisits you.

I dreamt last night that Sarah had let Charles fall and killed him. You will look to him, I think; but, for his sake and mine, look to yourself also, and bring, through the divine blessing upon your carefulness, the little embryo to light.

My mare had not one stumble the whole journey. Mrs. and Mr. Earle greet you, and Captain James also, though he served them a trick when last here, promising his company, but not performing.

May the Lord bless my dearest Sally! May the good Shepherd gently lead her, and carry her and her ewe-lamb in his bosom!

Adieu.

LIII.

Barnstaple, September 10th.

MY DEAREST PARTNER,—I am got into a conjurer's circle, or enchanted castle, and can find no way out. The stronger my niece grows, the more conversible, and harder to be left. I have been deeply engaged in my brother's manuscript poems; but want time to copy them. However, one I send you as a sample.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS CHILD.

Adieu, my Nutty, dearly bought!
 I envy thee, but pity not;
 Happy the port betime to gain,
 Secure from shame, and guilt, and pain.
 No lover false thy youth beguiled,
 No wicked and unthankful child
 Tortured with grief thy riper years,
 Or crush'd with woes thy hoary hairs.
 O blest, beyond misfortune blest,
 And safe in never-ending rest!
 Let me, if not for thee, my dear,
 Drop for myself a secret tear:
 For me, my best of life-time knows
 Decreasing friends, and growing foes;
 To those whom most I wish'd to please,
 The cause of pining and disease;
 Alive, in storms and tempests toss'd;
 And dead—perhaps for ever lost.
 If doom'd to feel eternal pain,
 Never to meet with thee again,
 Though midst the pangs of stinging thought,
 And bodings of despair, if aught
 Could make me pleased with life to be,
 'Tis, that I being gave to thee.

You will see how exactly this suits me, if you only put *Patty* instead of *Nutty*. I cannot but believe it will not be long before I overtake my brother. Therefore was I constrained to come hither at this time, as a debt I owed him. I shall last as long as I can, that you may be assured of, seeing it is my duty to God and you.

For my sake you must be equally careful. Woe be to you, if I find you fallen away! If you starve yourself, you starve my child, unborn. Charles I am under no concern for.

The people of this place are abundantly civil, not excepting even the Clergy. I am invited by them also, but decline visiting, as I can neither smoke, nor drink, nor talk their language. Yesterday I could not refuse drinking tea with an old friend and relation of my brother and sister, whose grandfather, like mine, was turned out on St. Bartholomew's day. She and several others much desire to hear me preach; but preaching is not my present business.

I have been at church, but not much edified. O what a famine of the word! How long shall God's people perish for lack of knowledge!

This day three weeks I hope to pass with my dearest Sally, Becky, and Betsy, to *say* nothing of Charley, as I *think* nothing of him. Yet if he has got a tooth, tell me so in a line to Tiverton.

Phil dined up with us, in her chamber. She sends her duty and love, longing to see you. Providence will, I believe, bring you together, although I see not when or how.

I am engaged by promise to bestow.....upon the Societies at and near Tiverton. Another week I allow for my journey thence to Bristol: two days it will cost me to get to Tiverton from this place.

You will be glad to hear I have quite recovered my first day's ride, and am now doubly careful not to *run* into the same inconvenience. My few remaining days I would willingly spend in peace and retirement, and

Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore
Of that vast ocean I must sail so soon.

My Sally will help me forward. O let us be diligent to be found of Him in peace, without spot, and blameless.

Adieu.

LIV.

Tiverton, September 12th.

MY DEAREST CREATURE,—Yesterday morning I hardly tore myself from poor Phil. Her husband walked with me a mile, and parted with tears. He also has a very tender heart. They will not be easy till we meet again, either at Bristol or Barnstaple.

They forced a servant upon me as far as North-Moulton, fifteen miles from B. We marched with great deliberation;

and whenever we ventured upon a trot, I rode standing. The afternoon was all my own. At night I declared the end of our Lord's coming,—*that we might have life*. The door was again wide open. I bestowed an hour upon my host and his family, in singing, conference, and prayer.

Tuesday morning. I rose at four, preached at five, set out after breakfast, and reached this place, twenty miles from North-Moulton, by one.

LV.

London, Moorfields, January 3d, 1760.

My dear Sally's wish has been often mine,—to have died in my infancy. I escaped many such thoughts last Saturday, by forgetting it was my birth-day till night, when Mr. Fletcher's prayer put me in mind of it. Yesterday I dined alone with my faithful friend, and yours, Lady Huntingdon, and passed the evening with her in close conference. We could not part till past eleven. I have not had such a time this many a month.

This morning I breakfasted at Lady Piers's, and dined at Mr. Lloyd's, with Mrs. Gumley and Miss Derby. The length of the entertainment, and very trifling conversation, tired me to death. I am escaped hither to write to my beloved partner.

Next to feeling Christ present, the most desirable state is *to feel Christ absent*. This we often do. O that we did it always!

You are not too old to be cured of the rheumatism, if you have resolution to use the remedy,—of constant exercise. I threaten you hard, if we live over the winter, and I get a sure horse to carry double or treble.

Can the boy walk? It is a question often asked me. You will tell me when his face is well, and how Sally continues. I presume you now begin seriously to think of weaning her.

What says Mr. Hooper to my coming to pray with his wife, before she takes her flight?

How is Mrs. Arthurs?

My love to F. Vigor, and all others. You *see* what haste I am in. To the Lord I commend you and yours.

Adieu.

Mr. Caslon told me, he had wrote to Mr. Farley, that he could not send him the Syriac types, till he informed him how many of every letter he wanted.

I must desire you yourself to take one hundred of the Earthquake Hymns out of my study, and give them to Mr. Francis Gilbert, to bring *me* when he returns.

LVI.

Saturday evening, M. Boul't's, March 15th, 1760.

I was just going to seal my letter when your last few welcome lines arrived. Mr. Berridge is almost as old as me, but deeply exercised, and highly favoured; yet he dares not say he is justified. I am willing to receive light from whatever instrument; neither does it show our doctrine false, but only unguarded. We did not always divide the word rightly. We laid more stress upon the verbal than the real testimony; and often set believers down for unbelievers, and the contrary. God has remarkably owned the word since Mr. Fletcher and I changed our manner of preaching it. Great is our confidence towards the mourners, who are comforted on every side.

“You *believed* his love to you.” And why should you not believe it still? Since that time He has given you ten thousand fresh proofs of it. “I have appeared unto thee of old,” He saith; “I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee.” Those drawings, if you follow them, will lead you into the holiest. You have met with unskilful guides. You needed never to let go your comforts. You might have held them fast till you embraced the promises in all their fulness. Now therefore return to your first love. Believe, Jesus Christ loved you, and will love you to the end. In calm confidence expect the pardon sealed; and, when it is so well with you, remember me.

I am assured, beyond all doubt, that if I hold out to the end, I shall present you as my crown in that day. Therefore did our Lord join us upon earth, that we may continue one with and in Him through all eternity.

LVII.

Moorfields, March 17th.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,—I come to unbosom myself to you. Yesterday I rose with a mountain upon me. My soul was as gloomy as the weather. I feared Heaven frowned upon my design to warn our children at night against a separation; and therefore sent the rain to hinder their meeting me.

I had no relief among the Preachers, but found J. Jones and I could not yet be spared from London; and my first work seems to be securing the people here.

My Curate I sent to help Mr. Maxfield. Just before I began reading prayers, the sun broke out, and unexpectedly promised a bright day. May the Sun of righteousness arise too!

I discoursed, to the unjustified wholly, from Isai. xxxv. They, I believe, received encouragement; but my soul still groaned under its burden. Yet was I greatly assisted to pray, and plead at the altar, for our Jerusalem.

I dined at M. Bird's: had scarcely got to my lodgings, when I was sent for to the Foundery. There I found sorrowful Lady Huntingdon and Miss Shirley, just come from their hardened kinsman in the Tower.* His brother from Ireland has been with him; but fears there will be no remorse, till he is condemned to die, unless the prayers of God's faithful people reach his heart. On Friday, therefore, we shall keep a fast for this very end. Give Mr. Gilbert notice to join us. We propose to allow perhaps half-an-hour longer after the morning-preaching; to meet again at nine, and at the usual hour of intercession. Let us agree, touching this thing, to ask God in the name of Jesus to give this most desperate wretch repentance unto life.

We spent from three to five in prayer and conference. Then I endeavoured to strengthen the weak hands, by saying to them of a fearful heart, "Be strong, fear not; your God will come and save you." Never did my Master assist me more. It was near half-hour past six before I

* Earl Ferrers, who had murdered Mr. Johnson, his steward.—
EDIT.

had delivered my message. Poor Miss Shirley was lifted up out of the deep; and, I humbly hope, very many beside.

I walked to Spitalfields chapel, still under my burden; but there it left me, after I had delivered my own soul, by warning the people in strong faith and love. I read the Reasons against leaving the Church, enforcing each; then my hymns; and then prayed *after* God. A spirit of unanimity breathed in all, or most of, our hearts. Great confidence I felt, that they will be none otherwise minded than myself; that they are determined to live and die in their calling.

I told them, my brother and I had agreed that I should warn them after this manner, and reprint his Reasons for each of our children's preservation. I did not speak a disrespectful word of the lay-Preachers.

I met the select band, when all seemed satisfied with our last night's assembly. Several seconded my word; especially old, honest, hearty Mr. Watkins.

I bestowed another hour on the Preachers, who *seem* (for I see not their hearts) like-minded. J. Murlin I cannot but believe sincere. I have sent up for Paul Greenwood.

I breakfasted at Peggy Jackson's, who hugs me as a man after her own heart. So does her sister, and all the *old* women of the Society. I hope my brother will never call for a poll. If he does, he will miss the principal of the flock. Many of them have assured me, if he leaves the Church, he will leave them also.

Monday night.

I called on our dear, sick friend Lady Piers, almost fainting under her burden of pain: left her relieved by prayer, and found my beloved brother Shirley* and his sister at Paddington. We mourned and rejoiced together from two till five. The door of prayer was wide open. Surely that murderer will be given to us. Help together by your prayers, private and public.

You will excuse my not filling the paper, as usual. I trust your next will bring good news of my little Sally, as well as of her brother, after whom here is great inquiry.

* The Hon. and Rev. Walter Shirley, the brother of the Earl.—
EDIT.

You must give the people a sight of him this summer, or they will not be satisfied.

I commend you all three to the constant protection of Almighty Love.

Farewell.

LVIII.

London, March 18th, 1760.

BLESSED be God, of whom cometh salvation! My dear partner's and her children's deliverance will occasion many thanksgivings to God. I receive the account just as I am going to read the letters. The great congregation will gladly join us in praises to the God of our refuge, and our merciful God.

I shall not be quite recovered till I hear from you again, that ye are all perfectly well, nay, and better for your fright. The good effects designed you by it must never wear off. It is another added to ten thousand proofs, that the hairs of our head are all numbered. Let us give ourselves up entirely to our constant Saviour.

I have not time to answer your letters, much less N. and F. Gilbert's, and S. Ryan's. My love to them, and all our friends.

I have read the letters, and *seen* the cordial love our people bear us, expressed in their earnest thanksgivings. Write again and again, after my example. The Lord continue your Guardian! His angels encamp round about you; and Himself is your wall of brass.

Adieu.

LIX.

Park-street, April 5th, 1760.

My beloved partner should have been with us yesterday; the grand day of atonement. My morning subject was, "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world." He was evidently set forth as crucified, both in the word and sacrament. Mr. Shirley offered to assist me; but I thought it best to spare him. Mr. Maxfield's help was sufficient.

From half-hour past one to half-hour past two, I improved the time in conversing with Mr. Shirley and his sister. Then many met me in the chapel, to join in prayer

for the murderer. Till four, we continued looking upon Him whom we had pierced. I never remember a more solemn season.

I carried my two friends to Mrs. Herritage's, where Mr. Fletcher helped us to pray for poor Barabbas, as he calls him. Again the Spirit made intercession for him with groans unutterable.

From seven till half-hour past ten our watchnight lasted. My text: "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold, and see," &c. The word was sent, I believe, to many hearts. Mr. Fletcher seconded it. We both prayed *after* God, particularly for the criminal. The chapel was excessively crowded, and therefore very hot. Miss Shirley carried me to my lodgings. It was past eleven before John Fletcher and I got to rest.

This morning I bestowed an hour on Miss Boys, and left her in a good humour. John Fletcher picked me up at the Colonel's. We passed two blessed hours with our lately sick friend. She rejoiced to hear it is not improbable that you may visit us for a few weeks; and renewed her pressing invitation. All I could promise was, that if you came, you would perhaps spend a night or two with her.

From her we walked to Miss Shirley's, at Marybone. She carried us to a sick woman, who used to hear Mr. Whitefield. I found her dying without Christ; and preached pure Gospel to the poor. She believes He will come and save her: therefore she cannot die unsaved.

I prayed again at Miss Shirley's, and hastened hither, according to appointment. Mrs. Galatin soon joined issue with me about your coming. She objected to Mr. Lloyd's, M. Boulton's, Waller's, and Hammond's house, because so far from Park-street. Lady H.'s she is sure you would not like. Mrs. Herritage's she advises you to; and so should I, when you visited this end of the town. She says she could carry you and your son to her country-house, a delightful place, ten miles from London, to spend a few days there whenever you pleased. Me she disposes of upon my own mare.

You see I am pleased with the subject. Yet my will lies at His feet who orders all things well.

As I shall probably take much more public care upon me

than I have ever done heretofore, my office will require me to spend more time in town, *perhaps to settle here*. But this we shall never do, unless it is manifested to us that this is the will of God concerning us. The extraordinary expense would not deter me; for I can trust God to make that up.

Miss Boys gave me half a guinea to-day for the "Reasons;" and Miss Shirley a guinea for my Hymn-book. Many would gladly purchase my stay here. Our friends at Bristol are not like-minded, excepting Mr. Durbin *only*.

Jermyn-street, Saturday night.

I dined with M. Galatin alone; prayed and sang with the family; drank tea with my hostess; began an hymn for my dearest friends, as follows:—

God, be mercifully near,
Object of my father's fear;
Me into thy favour take,
Me preserve for Jesu's sake.

With thy kind protection blest,
Calm I lay me down to rest;
All I have to thee resign,
Lodge them in the arms divine:

Her, my dearest earthly friend,
To thy guardian love commend;
Day and night her Keeper be,
Knit her simple heart to thee.

Make the little ones thy care;
Bear them, in thy bosom bear;
Mark'd with the good Shepherd's sign,
Keep my lambs for ever thine, &c.

I may send the rest in my next. It is time to bid you good night. Mr. Fletcher, just come, begs me not to forget minding you of him. He is a great comfort and help to me. My love to J. Jones. Send me a long letter by him. The Lord be your Lord and God for ever!

LX.

Seven-Dials, April 11th, 1760.

MY DEAREST OF CREATURES,—I am straitened that I cannot get more time for writing to one I love to think on. Yesterday evening I buried my brother Ellison. S. Macdonald, whom he was always very fond of, prayed by him, in his last moments. He told her he was not afraid to die,

and believed God for Christ's sake had forgiven him. I felt a most solemn awe overwhelming me, while I committed his body to the earth. He is gone to increase my father's joy in paradise ; who often said, every one of his children would be saved, for God had given them all to his prayer. God grant I may not be the single exception !

I preached, at the chapel, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." Many, I doubt not, experienced Him to be such. I met the Leaders, and our Lord in the midst. We concluded our prayers with intercession for the murderer.

Christopher's-alley, Saturday evening.

J. Downes met Mr. F. and me at P., with my Lady, just going out to Lord Ferrers's mother. She informed us, she saw several signs of relenting in him ; but would not have it mentioned till we saw the end. His brother, poor man, attends him to his trial. We joined in prayer with her, and for her, &c., after she left us.

I dined at Lady Piers's, who laments her not having an house to accommodate you. You would dislike M. Boults least of any that are offered. But you would rather sit still in Charles-street, I believe, than come to the best house in London. Upon reading your letters again, I observe you article for "staying all the day-time with Charley,"—but rather for "coming up without him." Now, you may be sure, wherever we can carry him, we shall, to secure a double welcome. But you would not visit London to sit still in the house all the time, and not visit your friends. Were this the case, you might as well be at Bristol for them. I should be very uneasy at your coming, if you came with mistrust and reluctance. At present, something is wanting, to make plain your way, and the will of God, concerning our meeting.

Mrs. Durbin is in a blessed state, a state of salvation, go when she will, with or without a testimony. God will infallibly finish the work He has begun and carried on in her soul for so many years, whether she does or does not declare it to her friends. It is the ignorance of man alone that could doubt of such a person's final happiness. The Spirit of the Lord is not bound by *our* marks and signs of grace, or saving faith.

I am convinced innocency itself, *if trusted in*, is a grand hinderance of our salvation ; but that is neither her case nor yours. You will most surely experience the love of Christ, and that long before you depart in Him. You have slackened in your pursuit of it, or you would have enjoyed it long ago. Begin again, in the name of the Lord, and follow on, follow hard after Him, till you are bold to say, " Lord, thou knowest all things ; thou knowest that I love thee."

If Mr. Jones does not return before the trial, I know not what we shall do. Several witnesses, I hear, are to be examined about his Lordship's lunacy, which may protract the trial some days. I am condemned to go through it, and fear I shall have little time for writing. Do not you omit writing on that account, or for want of franks. Your letters will come safe to John's hands at the Foundery.

You will not mistake my tenderness for indifference. The greatest earthly blessing I could obtain, were a sight of you and your children ; but I should buy it too dear, if you came unwillingly. Therefore do as you find best in your own heart. Come with Charley, or without him, or not at all. Your will I shall receive as the will of Providence.

Perhaps your sisters, when they come, may help you to determine. I will endeavour to call at Mr. Waller's on Monday, for intelligence.

I think on you at all times, and in all places, especially when it is well with us. A few days will show whether I have any business at Norwich. Continue to pray for me, and I will pray (my best) for you.

Farewell.

LXI.

Jermyn-street, April 17th, 1760.

I CANNOT forbear writing to my dearest partner, although I did not design it before Saturday ; but you will be apt to fear the worst concerning me. Yesterday morning I walked at six to Mr. Ianson's, with my friend F. My heart was overwhelmed with sorrow : not in my own will did I enter the place of judgment. George Whitefield, his wife, and a truly good woman, one Mrs. Beckman, sat next us. We

waited till half-hour past eleven before the Lords came. They entered with the utmost state: first the Barons, then the Lords, Bishops, Earls, Dukes, and Lord High Steward. The solemnity began with reading his commission; after which he took his place, a step beneath the throne. Most of the royal family, the Peeresses, and chief gentry of the kingdom, and the foreign Ambassadors, present, made it one of the most august assemblies in Europe. The pomp was quite lost upon me.

Next, I think, were read the bills from the country, and indictment against Lord Ferrers, who was summoned to the bar. He was brought in by the Deputy-Governor of the Tower, preceded by the axe. He knelt down at the bar, till the Lord High Steward bade him rise. His indictment was read; to which he pleaded Not Guilty. Then the King's Counsel, the Attorney General, opened the charge against him, which was a repetition of the indictment, and the proofs thereof, with little, if any, exaggeration. The witnesses were called to prove it,—the three maids who deposed they heard the pistol go off, and saw Mr. Johnson on his knee, and then on the bed, wounded, &c. His daughter's testimony was much fuller; and the Surgeon's proved the murder premeditated, with the most horrid circumstances of aggravated malice and cruelty. A collier, who seized my Lord, concluded. Their testimonies perfectly agreed. The Judge asked the prisoner, after each deposition, whether he would ask the witness any questions. He asked two or three, which I thought trivial.

At first he seemed undaunted; but as the proofs came up stronger and fuller, he lost his courage, and sunk visibly down into the lowest dejection. By a quarter before three the King's Counsel finished their proof; and I believe there was not a single person in the court but believed the prisoner guilty. The particulars are too long to send you, and you will see them at large in the trial, when printed.

My Lord High Steward then called upon him to make his defence. He appeared in the utmost confusion, and said he was not prepared; must advise with his Counsel, and begged longer time. Some of the Lords, particularly Lord Mansfield, (that is, the famous Murray,) and Lord Hardwicke, desired he might explain a little the nature of

his intended defence, that they might know whether it was reasonable to give him longer time. He could not satisfy them; said the circumstance he was in made him incapable, and the indisposition of his mind, or his family complaint. He was understood to mean his lunacy; although he could hardly speak through fear and perturbation. Lord Ravensworth, his only friend, except Lord Talbot, spoke in his behalf. Others replied, till they cried, "Adjourn." Then the Lords withdrew for above an hour; and, returning, required him to proceed directly to his defence.

He had often declared, that he would much rather die than allow himself to be out of his senses; but skin for skin, and all that a man hath will he give for his life. His pride was come down so far as to call witnesses of his lunacy. The two first deposed in general only, without being able to name any particular facts or words, in proof of his being disordered. When the King's Counsel came to cross-examine them, they were so baffled and confounded, that they contradicted themselves, recanted every shadow of proof they had brought, and proved the prisoner in his senses beyond all doubt.

It was now seven o'clock, and the Lords adjourned again. We waited some time, and then departed ourselves. I was never so weary in my life: my companion in the same condition. Yet God remarkably answered my prayer in the morning, and kept off the gout, so that I have not been so free from that pain any one day since I came to London.

Soon after eight we were glad to go to bed, after prayer for the poor, unhappy criminal.

This morning we were in the hall again by six, and expected the Lords till near twelve. They came, and heard more witnesses of the lunacy, till near three. Poor Lord Ferrers was compelled to question them himself, and even his own brothers. Mr. Shirley, the Clergyman, spake most for his service; and the King's Counsel could not invalidate anything he said. But, alas! neither his nor Dr. Monro's testimony came up to the point, or proved any real act of madness.

The prisoner concluded his defence with a paper read by the Clerk, wherein he said all for himself that could be said. Then the Solicitor-General recapitulated all, answered the

prisoner's witnesses, and demonstrated his guilt and wilful murder.

The Court adjourned, and in half-an-hour returned, all but the Bishops, who are never present in condemning. The Lord High Keeper asked the Lords whether he should recapitulate the whole again, as usual, or whether they would go immediately to give their vote. They all agreed to the latter. Then he solemnly asked them, one by one, beginning with the youngest Baron, "My Lord such an one," (suppose William, Earl of Dartmouth,) "what says your Lordship? Is Lawrence Earl Ferrers guilty, or not guilty, of the felony and murder laid to his charge?" The Lord, laying his hand on his breast, answered, "Guilty, upon my honour."

I counted one hundred and six who gave this answer, among them Lord Talbot, the prisoner's friend, and Lord Westmoreland, his father-in-law; and, last of all, the Lord High Steward himself. Then the poor criminal was sent for, and, kneeling at the bar, heard from the Judge the unanimous judgment of all his peers, that he was guilty of felony and murder.

My heart, and most others, bled for him. We expected the Judge would immediately pass sentence, when he called, "Adjourn," probably to give the criminal a few more hours of life.

Soon after five we left the court for Mr. Ianson's, and walked thence to our lodgings, nothing near so weary as yesterday, as you may judge by the length of this. Tomorrow, I suppose, we shall hear the sentence pronounced, which will soon after be executed.

Mrs. Herritage salutes you. You are obliged to her for many franks. Perhaps I shall borrow this letter of you for a while. The Lord bless you and your little ones!

Farewell in Christ.

LXII.

Thursday evening, May 15th, 1760.

MY DEAREST SALLY,—I have finished my travels for to-day, having been near six hours in the saddle. Hereby you perceive my strength is increased; yet the burning in my breast continues, and my restlessness at night.

I may now explain my rough handling through the Doctor's medicine ; but you must not tell him. I observed to J. Downes, before I took it, that the most kind and skilful Physician could not, at one hundred miles' distance, know whether his medicine would kill or cure. I had a presage of the event. No sooner had I taken it, than it spread a flame throughout my body. Nature struggled against it for awhile, but could not throw it off. Near eleven at night I was forced to alarm the family. Mrs. Boulton thought I was dying. J. Downes ran for Mr. Emery. I was all over in convulsions. He told me, he supposed it was a medicine Dr. M. usually gave me, or he should not have given me more than a fourth of it. By one I got relief through excessive sweating, and felt easier in my breast ; but did not think it safe to take another draught.

I was thankful that you was not with me ; and you will be thankful that the danger is past.

Yesterday I rode with J. D. to Paddington, which refreshed both body and soul. Our friend is much worse than me ; but not half so willing to use the means of recovery. I returned very leisurely to dinner with Mr. Judd, at Hoxton, the last house next the fields. He pressed me to lodge there, and to bring you up too for the same purpose. It is a pretty, quiet country house, in a garden. I know one I should prefer ; but cannot follow my own inclinations. Many disagreeable things would drive me hence : a dog next door that wakes me as soon as I drop asleep, and barks most of the night ; the coursing of the rats, &c., &c. Mrs. Boulton is as tender as can be, and keeps off many of my tiresome visitants.

Mr. Blackwell came to see me, and urged me to consult Dr. Fothergill. I did so this morning. He told me, Dr. M.'s dose of camphire was enough for four doses : prescribed ; appointed me a regimen ; but, above all, to ride continually ; and, as soon as able, to go to Bath, and drink the waters in small quantities ; meanwhile to lay out of town.

In compliance with this last advice, I intend to sleep (at least, to lodge) to-night at Mr. Judd's.

The Lord bless you with all his blessings !

Adieu.

LXIII.

Westminster, Whitsunday, 1760.

MY DEAREST SALLY,—This I once called the anniversary of my conversion. Just twenty-two years ago I thought I received the first grain of faith. But what does that avail me, if I have not the Spirit now? “I account that the long-suffering of the Lord is salvation;” and would fain believe He has reserved me so long for good, and not for evil.

Eleven years ago He gave me another token of His love, in my beloved friend; and surely He never meant us to part on the other side of time. His design in uniting us here was, that we should continue one to all eternity.

I had not time to be particular yesterday. In the morning I rode to Paddington; passed near two hours with our most intimate friends, and loving Mr. Shirley; spent two hours more in gentle riding. At Hyde-park Gate a gentleman called after me. I stopped, and Sir Charles Hotham ran up to my horse, and saluted me with the same joy as if returned from the dead. At two I dined, with Mr. Shirley and Fletcher, at the widow Herritage’s; drank tea at M. Carteret’s, and prayed all of us according to God.

A French author I am reading has rebuked my unwillingness to accept of obligations, and convinced me that the root thereof is pride.

Do not think because I got little rest last night, that therefore I am in pain. My breast is tolerably easy; my stomach quite so. Our friends at St. James’s-place pity you exceedingly, as supposing you more uneasy at Bristol than you would be here.

I designed to have assisted at the chapel this morning; but want of sleep altered my resolution; and I lay down in church time, and slept two hours.

The Lord Jesus speak it into your inmost soul, “I am the way, the truth, and the life!”

LXIV.

London, May 22d, 1760.

MY DEAREST PARTNER,—I am much behind-hand in my own history. I took horse at nine, on Sunday morning, and narrowly escaped a storm, by taking shelter at the

Green. I stayed writing there to you till the weather cleared up; drank a full glass of my Madeira, (which I always carry about with me,) and ventured forth. Half way betwixt Newington and London, the storm of hail and rain caught me. I made as much haste as I durst to Mr. Lloyd's, where I drank another draught of wine, and after dinner walked safely to M. Boults's.

I found the difference of the air by my restlessness at night.

On Monday morning I waited again on Dr. Fothergill, who ordered me to continue the medicine and riding till I got strength for my journey to Bath. Two hours' exercise in the morning, and one or two in the afternoon, he said, was better than more.

I rode to Lewisham, and found our dear Mrs. Dewal just lifted up from the gates of death. She has been confined as long as I have, and, it seems, with much the same disorder. For some days none expected her life. She was quite calm and happy. Dr. Robinson told her, she must go to Bath if she would live. I had two blessed hours with her and her friend; then an hour or more with M. Downing. He came in, and brought me an invitation from Lord and Lady D——.

Returning to his neighbour's, I found Mr. B—— and Dr. Robinson, who repeated his advice to Mrs. Dewal, and gave the same to me, that we should drink the Bath waters. It rained every now and then; but I took my time, and provisionally got to Bishopsgate-street before the rain came down.

I lodged again in Moorfields; but got little rest. Dr. Fothergill ordered me to sleep out of town as much as I could. Mrs. Galatin called, and much importuned me to spend a few days at Ham, fifteen miles from hence. I could not yet undertake so long a journey, especially in unsettled weather. Besides, my shyness of giving trouble or receiving obligations increases daily; and at Mrs. Galatin's I should be quite out of the way of both nurse and 'pothecary.

I had engaged myself on Tuesday to dine with Miss Darby: the rain deterred me; when Mr. Lloyd sent his chariot. I accepted his kindness, and gave her an oppor-

tunity of opening all her complaints. I met Dr. Ford, who confirmed the others' advice, of Bath; and went from me to press the same upon Lady Huntingdon. She must go to Bath soon, or to paradise.

All yesterday I was shut up by the rain, the effect of which I felt in the night; and was forced to drink a draught of wine, to keep my stomach free.

This morning the weather and I are mended.

I think to lodge this evening out of town, and hope to recover the strength I have lost through my confinement here.

My eyes were affected before I took Dr. M.'s medicine; but more since.

Our sick friend of P. is happy indeed. I am willing to live, only because I am unfit to die. It is well for me if I am saved by fire, like the backslider you write of. Our sisters I very seldom see, as I cannot go to them. My love to B. Spenser and all inquirers.

What news of Charley's double teeth? You say nothing of your own health; and I fill whole letters with mine. The Lord be your strength and peace!

Adieu.

LXV.

Jermyn-street, May 24th, 1760.

MY BEST OF FRIENDS,—Yours, received yesterday at Hoxton, has obliged me more than words can express. I hope to answer it next post. At present I shall only desire you to look out for a good servant. I shall return to you most willingly, as soon as the Lord gives me back sufficient strength. I cannot live in London, because I cannot live without sleep. These two last nights I have recovered the strength at Hoxton which I lost in Christopher's-Alley. Mr. and Mrs. Judd would be quite happy to see you in their little hut. Mrs. Carteret and Cavendish also, whom I have just left, send their cordial love, and pressing invitation to town. If you *chuse* to spend a fortnight hereabouts, while I was recruiting, it might establish your health, as well as mine; and we might fill the machine back with Mr. and Mrs. Maxfield. But this I submit entirely to you, wishing you the guidance of God's Spirit in all things.

Farewell, my dearest partner. Your cheerful compliance with my weakness will not lose its reward. Meantime, let me assure you, you will rejoice that you trusted me in this thing, when you know all my reasons. The Lord bless you and yours for ever!

LXVI.

London, Sunday evening. (1764.)

MY DEAR SALLY,—Is my own history worth sending you? So you think, and therefore I send it. On Friday I breakfasted with the Preachers at the Foundery. They seem of one heart and mind. I carried Mr. James, &c., to dine with our happy friends Mr. and Mrs. Moss, who would give half their kingdom for a sight of you and your children. The afternoon we passed among the tombs. In my return I called on my beloved son Osgood, who is swiftly declining, and ripening for glory. I sympathized with him most sensibly; but wished for his spirit of humility and love.

Yesterday my Doctor flattered, without hurting, me; for I did not believe a word he said, feeling the contrary every day and hour. The rain confined me best part of the day, and drove Mr. James home. They and their landlady are much pleased with each other.

Sunday, May 13th, I preached at the chapel from, "God sent his Son Jesus to bless you;" and stayed two hours longer at the table. We dined at M. Herritage's, where your absence spoiled our cheer. I could not throw off the burden, having left you in so poor and low a way. May you find the God that heareth prayer a very present help in time of trouble!

If I may believe the brethren who came to me in the evening, the word in the morning did not return empty; but I took no comfort from it myself. I have frightened Mrs. Foottit, by talking of running back to Bristol.

Monday, May 14th, I watched my opportunity between the showers, for calling on Betsy, whom I found about the house, gathering strength and spirits. They all send their love. I dined at home, with our Bristol friends; tea at R. Moss's. I began the New Testament at the chapel, expounding, "He shall save his people from their sins."

My audience was made up of our own, and Mr. Whitefield's, and Mr. Madan's hearers. I kept them near an hour, and rode home weary enough. Nothing but your letter could have refreshed me.

Tuesday, May 15th. One George Stephens has given me half a guinea, for his wife in the Horse-fair. Send it to Mrs. Sprag. Her husband will remit it to the good woman; and I will return it you by Mr. James. I shall send you a fresh supply, I hope, before your money is out. If you must borrow, borrow not of Miss Furly or Mr. James; but of M. Vigor or Nancy. I have been forced to bespeak a coat; and shall want an hat, shoes, &c. My creditors must wait for their money.

Tell Mrs. Madern I have talked fully with Mrs. Parker, who gives me a good account of her husband. I am to dine with them on this day se'nnight: then she shall hear more.

I breakfasted near S. Boulton, who declines fast. I visited Mr. Matthews, still nearer the haven. The first warm weather will probably waft him home.

I called at Mr. Blackwell's, who was not returned from Lewisham. There his wife has been long confined to her bed, by a sore leg. I dined with cordial B. Butcher, and hastened home to answer your last.

To hear that "you are tolerably well," does me more good than anything I have met with in London. "To be set free from all the tender ties of nature, you scarce expect." And who, in his senses, would wish you so to be? "Without natural affection," is the character of an Heathen. But may not natural affection become inordinate? You are not in danger of the defective, but of the excessive, extreme.

God alone can make us happy.

"Who builds on less than an immortal base,
Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to death."

"Acquaint thyself now with Him, and be at peace."

Direct to C. W., at the Foundry. Never omit the Christian name.

Thursday. Isaac sends his love; as does M. Herritage, and a hundred more.

Tell me faithfully how you are, and continue. I dine to-day at B. Kemp's, and preach at the Foundry, if enabled. Remind the Preachers to pray for me in the Society. The Strength and Consolation of Israel be yours!
Adieu.

LXVII.

NEAR THIS PLACE ARE DEPOSITED THE REMAINS OF
MRS. CHARITY PERRONET,
LATE WIFE OF THE REV. MR. VINCENT PERRONET,
VICAR OF THIS PARISH.

She was daughter of Thomas Goodhew, of London, Esq.,
And of Mrs. Margaret Goodhew, his wife.
Her soul was translated out of this vale of sorrow and suffering,
February 5th, 1763, in the 74th year of her age.
The all-wise God, for reasons infinitely wise,
Had long held her in the furnace of spiritual affliction,
Where she deeply mourned the want of Christ.
But after the Lord had tried his dear servant, even as gold is tried,
And had humbled her to the very dust;
He then exalted her to that kingdom of bliss and glory,
Where all tears are for ever wiped from her eyes.
Reader, if thou thus mourn,
Thou also shalt be comforted.

Jermyn-street, June 7th.

I AM just arrived here from Shoreham, and not quite choked with the dust. My history, I think, left off before last Sunday. It was the Lord's day indeed. My subject at Spitalfields, "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms. And He shall thrust out the enemy from before thee, and say, Destroy." From hence I strongly preached the great salvation: too great for my dear partner to believe; yet she may obtain it before me, who am first convinced of it in my understanding. It should seem I spoke as the oracles of God, by the abundant testimony He gave to the word of his grace. For near an hour he opened my mouth to declare the mystery of the Gospel, so as I have seldom spoken. A thousand hearers, I believe, would have ventured their lives on the truth of my report.

We had near twelve hundred communicants. I prayed (in faith, I hope) for the eight children appointed unto death on Wednesday next. The Spirit did surely help our

infirmities; and the consolations of God were not with us.

Several testify their having received the love of Christ under the late preaching. If it be so, they will show it by keeping his commandments.

I lately blamed Mr. Venn for his long sermon, and at the Foundery I preached one of near an hour and an half long, to above five thousand listening souls. (Five or six hundred more it is supposed to hold since the alterations.) My subject was, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." I was much drawn out, you may suppose, by my keeping the people so long.

Tuesday, June 6th, I rode with B. Butcher and Collison to Shoreham. By the way, we breakfasted at Greenwich with B. Dornford, once a witness of his own perfection, but now very tame and sober-minded. A serious Dissenter and his wife joined us in singing and prayer. Then we went on our way rejoicing.

In my other letter you see my reception at Shoreham. This morning Jack Perronet accompanied me to B. Stanforth's, in Greenwich. His wife is just ready for the Bridegroom. We met for the better here also.

I got an hour with dear M. Blackwell, almost recovered of her long lameness.

Here is a fresh demand for my S. Hymns.

Adieu.

LXVIII.

Woodsclose, Clerkenwell, Mr. Evans's, Jeweller,

July 12th, 1766.

MY DEAREST OF FRIENDS,—Rejoice in our prosperous journey hither, and let S. Vaughan rejoice. The Captain I left well an hour ago, at Hyde-park-corner, where my host and faithful Sam Franks met me with a coach. The first person I met here was Beck, with good news of all well at Oddy's-row. I dine there on Monday: have just time to send love to my Charles, Sally, and Samuel, with M. Vigor, James, and all friends; and to charge you, and Isaac through you, to send Charles out on horseback every day; and, as soon as she can go, Sally also. Fail not, as you value their lives. Carry or send Sally to Cottam, if

Tell ^{to-day} your frequent visits of her there will do you no harm. Bid Isaac write me word how his journey agreed with him. My love to him and Mr. Helton, who must write to me. Remember me to Mr. Durbin. Bid the Preachers pray for me. The Lord bless you, and keep you, and lift up the light of his countenance upon you, and be gracious to you, for his mercy's sake!

My love to Mr. Rook. He will surprise me by Charles's progress at my return.

Adieu.

LXIX.

MY DEAR SALLY,—My friends are of my mind,—that it is pity I should be here without my family, because none else can so well and so naturally care for me, although every one is ready to make my stay convenient to me. At present, I look no farther than Bristol and Michael's-hill. Perhaps I may live to see you settled there; perhaps not. You will find a few sincere friends after me, in Mr. James, M. Vigor, Mr. Butcher, Collinson, and Kemp. My work, I very well know, keeps me alive, more than it wears me out. That and my life will probably end together. It is superfluous, yet I cannot help cautioning you about Charles, (and Sally too,) to take care he contracts no acquaintance with other boys. Children are corrupters of each other. Mr. Stokes's son is, he assures me, hitherto uncorrupted.

I allow Charles these three weeks to master the Overture in Rodelinda, always submitting to Mr. Rook's better judgment. Perhaps I may bring his pupil some fresh music. Sally's present I cannot forget.

I hope you have seen Miss Bosanquet.

Is Isaac returned? Have you seen Foot's house, and liked it? Our friends here only wait to know that some house or other is, or may be, taken. Then they will *show* themselves. What says friend Vigor to your mounting the hill? I shall not dislike our being farther removed from the Room. The Lord will order all things.

My brother, I presume, will *look* upon you on Wednesday se'night, in his flight to the Land's-end. He is an astonishing youth, and may be saluted, like the Eastern Monarchs, "O King, live for ever."

The Foundery, August 19th, 1766.

Yesterday I passed at Ham, with our dear Colonel, his partner, and Miss Bradshaw. He seems swiftly declining, and ripening for glory. God may rebuke the nightly fever, and restore his strength. If he and we live to another year, we shall most probably see and receive him on Michael's-hill.

I visited Mrs. Whitefield, a little better. She expresses great love to you and me. George preaches himself to death.

Send Mr. Pine word he may trust Mr. Smart with an hundred of my sets at a time, and no more. He has not used me well, by making me wait so long for the twenty-four.

LXX.

London, August 21st, 1766.

MY DEAR SALLY,—What news of Sammy's invisible tormentors? All flesh is grass, you see in him. When his teeth break out, he may recover his strength and looks, and be the finest child in Bristol, till more teeth pull him down.

Last night my brother came. This morning we spent two blessed hours with G. Whitefield. The threefold cord, we trust, will never more be broken. On Tuesday next my brother is to preach in Lady Huntingdon's chapel at Bath. That and all her chapels (not to say, as I might, herself also) are now put into the hands of us three.

It is agreed that I stay here till Monday three weeks. Then (that is, September 15th) I hope to take coach with Miss Darby, and embrace you all on the 16th.

I call most days at Islington. Betsey is better and better, but has not recovered her strength. The rest are all well.

My brother and sister will call on you, I presume, next Wednesday. She continues quite placid and tame. You can be courteous without trusting her.

Let Mr. James know how long my stay here will be, and desire him to write when he has any intelligence to communicate. He is too prudent to show any forwardness for the house; and too friendly to lose time about it, especially as it will so much encourage the subscribers here, to hear

an house is actually secured. I should have his list of subscribers, if any are added, to show ours.

No news by last post from Bristol. I shall want £30 added to buy £1000 stock, and have but £20 towards it; but God will provide. Ask Mr. James if you or he can make more of your money. Ask Mr. Stokes (if accessible) the same question. My blessing to the dear children. I long to see them, and their mother also. In Jacky's cries with his teeth, I often hear Sammy's. The Lord Jesus hear, and preserve, and bless you all!

LXXI.

London, September 7th, 1766.

MY DEAREST SARAH,—You will catch our joy at the rebound. At Spitalfields this morning, I testified, “Repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.” He never fails to confirm this doctrine. After the sacrament, I was carried out in prayer, particularly for our dear Colonel Galatin, hastening to his Father's house, for poor deluded Mrs. G——, and for that proudest, stubbornest of men, T. M. Our absent friends were brought to my remembrance, with all our brethren and companions in tribulation; and I seemed to have faith for every soul of them, that not one would be found among the goats in that day.

Dined, a troop of us, at Mr. Judd's. Thence I walked to Lydia Vandom's, and gave her the sacrament. Mrs. Ratcliff was there, a lady from Bath, begotten again in an hymn of mine. She had heard me that evening, and, in deepest distress, when she came home, opened on those words,—

Who is the trembling sinner, who,
That owns eternal death his due?
Waiting his fearful doom to feel,
And hanging o'er the mouth of hell?

Peace, troubled soul, thou need'st not fear,
Thy Jesus saith, “Be of good cheer.”
Only on Jesu's blood rely;
He died, that thou might'st never die.

The Spirit applied the word “Thy Jesus” to her heart, and assured her God, for his sake, had forgiven her. She continued unspeakably happy for two years, and is still

among the children. She keeps her chariot merely to attend the preaching. We had great fellowship together in singing and prayer.

I drank tea with Nanny Hervey, where I found two of my eldest children, full of faith and love.

For an hour and a quarter I continued exhorting, comforting, and praying with the Society, who quite filled the Foundery. It was the best meeting since I came to town. Our children I remembered in an accepted time, and wrestled in faith for the condemned malefactors.

September 8th.

I breakfasted with Miss Hardy, not finding G. Whitefield at his chapel, according to his appointment. I rode in the rain to the Tabernacle, just as he was stepping into his chaise. I dined at Mr. Duplex's with B. Ley, &c., and took sweet counsel about—what you will know at Bristol. I took the opportunity of a fair blast to take my leave of them at Islington. I had wrote and got them lodgings at Margate, and found them a Christian family for companions. The maid's fever retards them at present. I rarely miss a day seeing them. Islington is next to Charles-street.

Tuesday, September 9th.

Many thanksgivings-bills were put up on Sunday night, for grace received at the chapel in the morning. Among others, one poor, simple woman of eighty-seven was filled with the Comforter. Some of her words were, "The Lord has put such faith into me, as I never had before, and I love him with all my soul, and heart, and lungs." B. Kemp, who gave me the relation, believes she is clearly justified. Seldom or never do I hear of any such good by my ministry at Bristol.

This morning I spent an hour in friendly, close conference with G. Whitefield, who is treated most magnificently by his own begotten children, for his love to us. I breakfasted with Miss Marsh, where we never part without a blessing. I called, as usual, on our friends at Islington, who are still wind-bound by the sickness of the maid. My love to all.

Farewell in Christ.

LXXII.

Lovel's-court, Tuesday night.*

FATHER, not as I will, but as thou wilt. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven! Let my dearest companion in trouble offer up this prayer with as much of her heart as she can: and God, who knoweth whereof we are made, and considereth that we are but dust, will, for Christ's sake, accept our weakest, most imperfect, desires of resignation. I know, the surest way to preserve our children, is to trust them with Him who loves them infinitely better than we can do. I received your trying news at nine this morning; walked directly with my sympathizing friend F—— to take a place. All full, but the Bath coach for to-morrow. I shall come thereby somewhat later to my beloved Sally, and Charley, and his sister. But the Lord is with you already; the Lord is with you always. This has been a solemn day. You must not deny my love to my sweet boy, if I am enabled to resign him for his heavenly Father to dispose of. I cannot doubt His wisdom or goodness. He will infallibly do what is best, not only for our children, but for us, in time and eternity. Be comforted by this assurance. Many mourn with, and pray for, you and your little ones. I shall tread on the heels of my letter, if the Lord prosper my journey. He comes with me. Let us confidently expect Him, the great Physician of soul and body. Peace be with you! May the Lord Jesus himself speak it into your heart, "My peace I give unto you!"

LXXIII.

July 16th, 1768.

MY DEAREST SALLY,—Our preparation could not save the first Jacky, because God had prepared a better thing for him. The means may keep Samuel with us. Let us be thankful that he still holds up. If he should have the distemper soon, I believe it will only lessen his beauty. I long to see him and you; but fear I must be detained

* This letter appears to have been sent to Mrs. Wesley in July, 1768, on the occasion of the death of her son, John James, aged seven months.—EDIT.

another week in town. On Monday Mr. Kemp, and Beck, and I go to see an house at Hackney, and another at Newington, either of which he thinks will suit us exactly. If Beck and I are of the same judgment, we shall take it. On Tuesday, and not before, I can receive M. Hall's two years' interest at the bank. One year I have advanced. Mr. Kemp and others have persuaded me immediately to call in the £400. Mr. L. had paid the interest to the last of this month, and promises me the principal in a few days. Mr. Fellows, a friend of Mr. Kemp's, will take it directly, and give us five per cent., and unquestionable security. Our money in J. D.'s hands is quite safe. I now know his affairs to the bottom. So tell that kind croaker, W. E., whose over-great anxiety for us I take kindly.

Write again, about Samuel particularly. Yesterday I dined at Islington, and shall on Monday again. Last night I was with the Committee, who are entirely devoted to our service. My brother himself is quite pleased with our having an house near London. So are all the people, which I need not tell you. On Thursday night the Foundery was crowded with serious hearers of every sort. My subject, "He is able to save to the uttermost all that," &c.

Last Wednesday I was at L. Robert's, and walked with her over all her gardens, the pleasantest I have seen. Charles and Sally would be transported with them. I have as good as promised to bring you thither.

My brother wants me to meet him at the Conference. My first business is to carry you to Wales; but, first of the first, to visit you, if the Lord permit, at Bristol.

I finish this at Léwisham. Our beloved M. Blackwell wishes you all happiness, from her sick bed of pain. She is come very near the crisis, yet resigned and happy. Such may I be, when in her circumstances! The Lord bless and preserve you all!

Adieu.

LXXIV.

London, June 18th.

My beloved Sally has occasioned me much uneasiness by her last; neither shall I rest, till I have better news. If your fever is not gone, you must send for Dr. Wood-

ward ; and if you neglect to do it, I must come and fetch him to you. Your critical illness perplexes me greatly. I should never have come hither, had I not depended upon you to follow me. I cannot think of staying here without you. Yet God prospers my labours as at the beginning of my course. Perhaps it is a blaze before death. I preached last night from Psalm xxiii., to my own astonishment, when the hour was past. My vehemence occasioned my bleeding at the nose for a long time. None but you *can* take care of me. Last Wednesday night I was near two hours speaking of blessed Mr. Grimshaw. The chapel was crowded with attentive hearers. I am to preach twice to-morrow, again on Tuesday evening, a funeral sermon on Thursday, &c.

I *will* hope the best, till your next comes.

My love to the children, and all friends.

My dearest friend, farewell.

Ask Mr. Sheen if he has sent the books to Madeley.

LXXV.

Westminster, June 29th.

MY DEAR SALLY,—Trust in the Lord for yourself and children. They are in safe hands : the hairs of their heads, as well as ours, are all numbered. If they live, they will live to see troublous times. Yet I do not wish them taken from the evil, because that evil may be softened, and moderated to you, through their partaking.

I sit waiting for news like old Eli, yet not trembling for the ark. That the Lord will take care of, I nothing doubt. All I meet with have great faith for-the cause and people of God.

Yesterday I preached at the Foundery with great freedom, and prayed among the bands with far greater. We did not forget you. You will soon receive the answer.

Saturday night.

I got two hours this morning with Lady Huntingdon, and dined with her, and Mr. Madan, and Jones. All expect the French. Admiral Rodney is gone to burn their broad-bottomed vessels, or die in the attempt. He desired the King, in case he fell, to take care of his widow and family. £200,000 has been expended on the French boats

at Havre de Grace and Dunkirk. Each carries three hundred men, and is so contrived as to land their men on horseback. In five hours they may reach the Sussex coast. Last Sunday night twelve of a society of ours there were seized, and carried on board the vessels that guard the coast. Their prayers may do good service.

My brother writes, that I should give notice to all our Society to spend Wednesday, July 11th, in fasting and prayer, that God may be entreated for the land. Tell John Jones, and let him tell others. I write to Ireland this post.

No letter from you can I yet lay hands on, though I have sent message after message to the Foundery and Mr. Boul't's. When you cannot write, you should get J. Jones, or some other, at least, to inform me whether the children are dead or alive.

On Thursday Mr. Madan and his wife set out for Clifton. He will pay you an early visit. I cannot answer for her. If she *should* favour you with her company, you will show her how she ought to behave in her own house.

Is poor Lady Hotham still alive?

The post is going. The strength and consolation of Israel be yours!

Farewell, my dearest Sally.

You fear God, and *need* fear nothing else.

LXXVI.

Moorfields, Sunday night.

My dearest Sally's letter did not reach me till this morning. I was in hopes the worst was over with Charles. The hooping-cough does not always accompany the measles, and will not, I trust, in his case. The girl may not have them at all. However, expect them, and expect both the children to be brought safe out of them.

If you can cast all your care upon Him who careth for you, you need not wean your daughter. Heathenish anxiety would hurt you both; but surely you may trust our Lord so far, that He will take the best care *He can* of you and yours.

We have good times here, that is certain, and the better for the nearness of the French.

I read part of the prayers, and preached on Psalm xxix. two last verses: "The Lord sitteth above the waterflood, the Lord remaineth a King for ever. He shall give strength unto his people, he shall give his people the blessing of peace." I was so full of matter, I scarce know what I said. The Lord owned his word. Great was our confidence in his faithful mercies, his Almighty love.

I continued instant in prayer for near half-an-hour after the sacrament. We wrestled for our Israel, and all the reformed churches. I could not help praying in a particular manner for the brave Admiral, who is gone to sacrifice his life, if need be, for his King and country. The whole congregation, I believe, were sensible of the divine presence; but it was not, in my apprehension, like last Sunday.

Neither Mr. Carty nor I can guess what I ought to do, if the French were landed. It will be showed me in that day.

My brother is alarmed by false intelligence,—that we have only eleven thousand soldiers in all England: my oracle, the Colonel, reckons upon seventeen thousand: but the matter will not be determined by numbers. If the French land, and the Lord of hosts is with us, they will make more haste back than they came with. I know not why it is that I do not fear them more. I usually am most afraid *before* the danger. Perhaps the dread and the evil may now come together. However, we shall keep them off by prayer as long as we can.

I read prayers and preached again. My subject was, "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people." He did administer his abundant consolations. I prayed with great earnestness for the nation; if with great faith also, we shall know by and by.

Mrs. Galatin just now informs me, that yesterday's express has thrown the Council into the utmost alarm and hurry. The Colonel could not learn particulars. Even the Lords of the Bedchamber are ignorant of the secret. It is supposed that news is come of the embarkation of the French. At present the wind is against them; and if God is against them too, what signify all their designs and threatenings?

I hastened in a coach to meet the Society at the Foun-

dery. We continued together praying and pleading for our country till near eight. Had you been with us, I think your fears of the Papists would have been abated. We seemed all to be got into our strong city, whose walls and bulwarks are salvation.

I bestowed an hour on my parting friend Madan, and commended him to the grace of God in prayer. He is happy to carry his family with him. When shall I see mine again? I hope the storm, if it should come, will not separate us long.

He informed me of that blessed soul Lady Hotham's release. What particulars do you hear? I prayed fervently for the poor desolate mourners; and would write, if I hoped any words of mine could comfort them.

It is now near five whole weeks since I saw you and your children. Nothing could pacify me in my banishment but the will of God confining me here. It is still more doubtful whether I shall attend the Conference. The Lord direct me and you in all things, and preserve the little ones!

Monday night.

LXXVII.

London, July 7th.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,—Can you cast all your care upon Him who careth for you and your little ones? If I could not trust Him with you, I should be much uneasy. Is Sally sickened yet? I should not be very sorry, or very anxious, if she was. She cannot have the distemper at a better time.

An express is come, that Admiral Rodney has set fire to Havre de Grace, and burnt some of the broad-bottomed boats. If the news is confirmed, and not aggravated, it may retard the designed invasion. That it is designed in earnest, no man in his senses can doubt of. On Wednesday afternoon we met, in the Borough, some prisoners in coaches strongly guarded. They were Frenchmen, caught a-sounding our coasts. I have looked for good from Admiral Rodney, ever since we were so drawn out in prayer for him.

Give J. Jones the inclosed against the fast-day. He has,

I presume, increased your church on Wednesday evening. Tell him I have wrote to Mrs. Arthurs, entreating her not to harbour that proud, idle, mischievous fool, who wrote to *ask* my brother's advice, whether he should leave his business, but did not *stay* for it. My brother has wrote, through me, to forbid him. If, therefore, he does not return to his shop immediately, I will turn him out of the Society. So let J. Jones assure him from me; and bid him charge Mrs. Ryan and Mr. Baynes not to harbour him in either house, without an express order from my brother.

We have just heard of another embarkation of eighteen thousand French coming upon us from another quarter. But if God be for us, who can be against us? and that He is for us, is past a doubt with those that have His mind. I fear nothing so much as my own heart; yet I daily find God is greater than my heart. Let us pray the best we can, and expect the fulness of the promise.

Saturday night.

No letter from Sally concerning herself and children! You want, it seems, to try my patience. I will be even with you, and try your courage, by informing you (but the information comes from Charles Perronet) that the people of Canterbury are in the utmost confusion, the men all up in arms, the women all screaming, through a sudden alarm and panic that the French are seen off Dover. It is a false alarm, that is certain, or it would have been here before any private letter. I think I must steal away to you to be quiet; for Mr. Ireland and Dr. Middleton have *insured* you and Bristol.

Get a friend to write when you cannot, or I shall have no rest in my spirit.

The Lord bless you with his peace!

Adieu.

LXXVIII.

Monday night.

My dear Sally's letter is this moment delivered. Blessed be God, who holds your soul in life! Send out your daughter as soon as you safely can; and let not Charles lose a day for riding. Nanny is best out. Samuel, I think, will escape this bout. My love to children and friends. Encourage Charles in writing, riding, and music.

As to the last, he needs no spur, but attention only. His first letter will be an answer to mine.

God has met us with a blessing here. Yesterday my subject at Spitalfields was, "Let us therefore come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy," &c. The chapel was crowded. The spirit of love rested on us. B. Richardson assisted me to administer to above twelve hundred communicants. We prayed *after God* for ourselves and brethren. It was one of the old days at the Foundery, where I exhorted the Society, for above an hour, to humility and love. I am (would you think it?) high in their favour.

Suffer me to boast a little. Never did the people seem to love me better, or I them. They are brethren who dwell together in unity. I was feasted all Sunday long. B. Evans, my host, and his wife do their utmost to make my lodging agreeable. It is a most delightful place, in the air, and clean as a Friend's house. Beck is in love with it. Poor Mrs. Foottit begged me with tears to sleep at her house, when at their end of the town. S. Herritage, and Hannah, and S. Macdonald, Kemp, and five hundred more, inquire and salute you in increasing love.

Nanny White remembers you in her dying prayers.

Farewell in Christ.

LXXIX.

London, January 5th.

My dear Sally's letter, this moment received, has awakened all my love and concern for our dearest boy. But I hope you will have the comfort, while reading this, to see him as well as you wish. If not, (and the Lord is pleased to try us farther,) let us remember we are not our own; neither are our children. The most likely way to keep them is, to give them up in the spirit of daily sacrifice. I know not what God will do with them; only I know He will do what is best, whether that be to take them early or late to paradise.

Every illness he has will be, in your apprehension, the small-pox. I do not think he will have it till he has all his teeth. If your uneasiness for him continues, you must pity and wean his sister.

Did I tell you how comfortably we began the new year? At the chapel and Foundery my text was, "Account that the long-suffering of our Lord is salvation." He opened my mouth wonderfully. In the breaking of bread He was, I am persuaded, made known to many. Thence I went to Mr. Ianson, and gave the sacrament to his family. Sir Thomas's love for me is beyond description: almost as vehement as poor J. Hutchinson's. After dinner I rode to the Foundery.

I lately met Lord Huntingdon and Lady Selina at their mother's. He could not forbear his impious talk. I stopped his mouth without convincing him.

Last night we kept a triumphant watchnight at the Foundery, and parted soon after ten.

This morning our little church met at Paddington. The Head was present indeed! Great blessings will come out of this meeting.

I dined at Lady Piers's; and, having sent away my horse, walked home by the New-Road. How sensibly have I renewed my strength! Three miles' walking tires me less than half a mile did four months ago. The means which God has blessed to the recovery of my strength, was my daily riding.

Send me, with the Earthquake Hymns, one hundred on the Invasion. Mr. Francis Gilbert will bring them.

On Monday my brother returns, and puts an end to our holidays. I am going to print my Hymns for Children.

Yesterday I dined at Mr. Romaine's, who was very cordial. His wife has a great desire to be acquainted with you.

We shall think of you to-morrow. The Lord remembers you always; for He has graven you on the palms of His hands. Fear not. You and your little ones are safe in His hands.

Farewell in Him.

I depend on constant intelligence concerning Charley, till *you* think him out of danger. Poor Lady Robert is quite miserable, lest her children should live to be wicked. From this fear I am at present delivered; being assured, if I will give God leave to resume my children in their infancy, He either will so resume them, or bring them up for Himself.

LXXX.

Seven-Dials, February 15th.

MY DEAREST PARTNER,—Abide under the shadow of the Almighty. Let us trust Him for each other. He never faileth them that seek Him. “And whoso putteth his trust in the Lord, mercy embraceth him on every side.”

At one, yesterday, my host took me in his chariot to Lady Huntingdon’s. Not finding her, we drove on to Major Galatin’s. Here we dined and drank tea. She carried me to the chapel. Mr. Simpson read prayers: I preached, from, “And the Spirit and the bride say, Come,” &c. Great power was with the word. Many cried after Christ; yet not so as to disturb us. I was much refreshed myself.

I stayed till nine, conversing with M. Galatin and W. Perronet. I lodged (rather than slept) at the chapel-house. An old woman’s hooping-cough made me keep a watch-night against my will.

I breakfasted this morning with W. Wright’s poor widow and Betty Duchesne; then found my friend in New Norfolk-street. Our joy at meeting was equal. We soon got to her Isaac; and my soul was all sympathy.

“On friends deceased full heartily we wept,”

and prayed, too, according to God. Before twelve she carried me to Sir Charles Hotham, just snatched again from the brink of the grave. Young Lady Hotham, Lady Gertrude, Miss Molly, with M. Carteret, and Cavendish, joined me in fervent prayer and love.

And now let me inquire concerning our son Charles, “the last, not least in love.” How many more teeth can he show? Can you bear to hear him in the night, and not rise to—help him? No: but to hurt yourself. Can you forbear listening after his cries, or hearing them in your dreams? Mrs. G——n drank *her* son’s health to-day, and wished it too, and his and his mother’s company. Many are of her mind.

My heart is with you all, and yet in the work here. I

trust the Lord sent me hither. Help together by your prayers.

Be very particular about yourself. To-morrow I take up my abode in Park-street. The Lord be your strength and peace !

Adieu.

LXXXI.

London, Wednesday, August 13th.

My dear creature would commend my care of myself if she knew it. I am looking towards Bristol, and counting the hours till we meet. By your next, I expect the news of Sammy's first teeth appearing ; of Charles's and Sally's continued health, and progress in their respective learning. He is a long time learning one solo, and wants me to hear him *more diligently*. Poor M. Stonehouse will, I hope, be brought to my remembrance in a time when we may be heard. Not finding Lady Huntingdon this morning, who was returned to Sussex, I rode on to M. Rich's, and spent two more agreeable hours with her and M. White, &c. I dined with several of the brethren and their wives, at B. Butcher's. The voice of praise and thanksgiving was heard in the midst of us. I got half an hour with humble, loving, zealous Mr. Downing, at M. Broughton's, and returned to my company.

Snow's-Fields, Wednesday night.

I am just come down from the pulpit. We have been very happy. Time fails : the bearer, our new schoolmaster for Kingswood, waiting for this.

The Lord bless you all !

Farewell.

LXXXII.

Westminster, July 19th.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,—Yesterday morning I traced Mrs. G.'s intelligence, through Miss Bradshaw and Mrs. Allen, to the fountain-head, *my best friend*. I do not wonder that my poor brother trembles and quakes at the thought of coming to London. Immediately after the Conference I think of scampering away to Margate. The sea would save me, I believe, a painful winter, if I live so long.

I rode to Brentford, and preached to many very hungry souls. I supped at a neighbour's, and slept—I should say, lodged—at a sister's, who made over her bed and *companions* to me. They put me in mind of Cornwall. I *rose* this morning at four: I cannot say *awoke*; for the *lops* forbad my sleeping. I preached with great freedom. I conversed an hour with some of the congregation.

The Lord bless and keep you all under the shadow of His wings!

Adieu.

LXXXIII.

Bristol, June 22d.

MY DEAREST SALLY,—God brought us safe to this place in seventeen hours. Dr. Drummond assures me, he has great hopes of our dear friend James's getting through his fever. He himself has no concern for body, life, or family: all his cry is after Jesus. His partner is amazingly supported. He was overwhelmed with thankfulness at my coming.

This morning, between two and three, he sent for me, being in an agony of pain and prayer. Never did I hear such petitions for mercy. We continued praying till six. Then the fever abated. He is now sweating, and easy. The Doctors hope it will be the last attack, so violent. More in my next.

I stay by him day and night. My whole business is to pray for him.

My love to children and friends. Bid Mr. Richardson tell the people my engagement here, and stir them all up to help together by their prayers. I may write to him next.

Farewell in Christ.

LXXXIV.

London, August 9th.

MY DEAR SALLY,—As Charles "is as fit to be trusted with the care of himself as I am," you will not scruple to trust us both here in the spring, if we live so long, that he may accept of M. Rich's invitation to all the oratorios. My hostess takes the utmost care of me. I dined to-day at

Chelsea, where Mrs. Rich and all the family expressed great love for you. So did Lady Huntingdon, Lady Gertrude, and Lady Anne, in the morning. I drank tea at Islington. To-morrow I hope to labour again, having done nothing for above this week.

My brother's next determines my stay here. M. Davis I left tolerably easy, at Islington. Mr. Ireland, if I can catch him, may bring you some tea. I have got such a present for Sally as I shall not tell you ; but such a present as will make her quite happy. I hope Sammy's teeth appear. Molly sends her love to Charles ; so does the whole family to you all. When Isaac returns, you will have my letters sooner. Meantime, your patience will increase by exercise. Remind Mr. James of writing. Mr. Collinson and my friends here assure me, it will greatly encourage subscribers, if there *is* a particular house pitched upon to purchase. Perhaps my Bristol friends cannot find one out, because my Master is providing me one elsewhere. The Lord bless and preserve you all !

Adieu.

LXXXV.

London, August 25th.

MY DEAR SALLY,—Send for Mrs. Bird, and tell her, her husband here is dangerously ill of a fever ; so that we have very little hope of his getting over it : but he casts his soul entirely upon Christ, and leaves us no doubt, go when he will, of his eternal happiness. His brother and sister take the greatest care of him. I often pray with him ; and yesterday, at the sacrament, with the company of faithful people. God will surely be magnified, either by his life or by his death.

Mr. Rook is very kind in riding with his pupil. His pupil, if he lives, will not be ungrateful. To-morrow three weeks I hope to find you all well, and to see Sammy's first teeth, and to hear Sally read, and Charles both read and play his new lesson, with all the old ones.

Read this paragraph to Mr. James.

Mr. Marriott, a brother and broker, informs me, that I must add £40 to your £1000 to buy £1000 stock in the Fours ; that in fourteen years the interest will be but three

per cent. ; that it is better to lay out the money in the three per cents. : but he would advise us not to buy any stock at present ; but rather to get a good land-security of five per cent. Mr. Stokes is the man, with Mr. James, to consult in this matter. Send me yours and their determination ; for your money will be paid in before September 13th.

Last Friday I dined with my brother, at George's chapel. Mrs. Herritage was mistress, and provided the dinner. Hearty Mr. Adams was there ; and, to complete our band, Howel Harris. It was indeed a feast of love. My brother and George prayed : we all sang an hymn in the chapel.

At six I heard my brother at Spitalfields, instead of preaching myself, which would do less good than my appearing with him. You cannot think what general satisfaction it gave, the sight of us both in the Foundery pulpit on Thursday, in our habits.

On Saturday we dined all three at Silas Told's, whom we made quite happy thereby.

Sunday, I breakfasted with gracious Miss Hardy. I heard my brother preach, morning and afternoon. The chapel was never fuller. We both prayed at the table for George Whitefield, and all the labourers, &c. I mentioned Solomon Bird. It was a sealed prayer.

We dined at Mrs. Wills's, who testified great love for you, and desire to see you. After preaching, my brother and sister set off for Brentford, and Mr. and Mrs. Blackwell for Lancashire. The former pair you will see on Wednesday ; the latter, probably a month hence.

Mr. Ley has missed of Mr. Chapman's curacy. Try all your interest to get him another, considering, a good curacy will draw after it a good wife.

My business here is to get you an house. In order to this, I must have a list of your subscribers. I have objected to Mr. Blackwell here, to Lord Dartmouth, and every *rich* person I am supposed to be acquainted with. None but my own children have a right to supply my necessities.

You are very sparing of your lines ; but not willing I should follow your example. What shall I bring you from London within my power ? How has your money

held out? The Lord be your peace and portion, and the children's also. Would they be glad to see me?

Fare ye well in Christ.

LXXXVI.

London, May 26th.

TO-DAY Mrs. Gumley told me she has refused several who would have taken her house; that all is ready for you, even small beer; that she will not put up the bill again, till next post brings your final resolution.

Now, in gratitude to her, and to put ourselves in the way of Providence, I make you this offer: Come by the first returned chaise, yourself and family, if you please, directly to Isleworth. I shall hardly leave this place before October. Perhaps I may visit you now and then at your country-house, and, when I no longer drink the waters, stay with you there.

Now, do just what you please: I consent to it. The Lord direct you in this and in all things!

If you come, God will provide.

It was worth my while to have travelled hither from Bristol, for one only thing, of which more in due time.

Farewell.

LXXXVII.

Chesterfield-street, March 30th.

FRESH air is the best restorative (when ye are able to take it) both for you and Samuel. We live in hopes of hearing, by your next, that your head, and his looks, spirits, stomach, are set to rights. Last Thursday I quite lost my voice. It returned yesterday, and will suffice, I trust, for to-morrow. We dined on Thursday with mine and Charles's very good friends, Mr. and M. Worgan. He declares that Charles will soon be the first player in England. Kelway, I told you, prefers his playing to his own. He has all possible advantages, and rejoices to make use of them. I suffer a little by the long, sharp winter; he not at all. You may direct his letters to me. My blessing and love to his brother and sister.

M. Gumley has left this house quite complete. I want nothing but money to *keep* it. Then you could not refuse

to bring me yourself and children, whom I long to see more than Charles *can* do.

Farewell, my dearest of all.

P.S. The first hundred, or even fifty, pounds that is given me, expect a bill to bring you up.

The last time Charles was with K. he played him one of his sonatas so perfectly well, that his master started up, made him a very low bow, thanked him, and declared, "There is no master in London can play that lesson so well."

LXXXVIII.

Brewer-street, May 16th, 1771.

My dear partner's last I expected, knowing we have both your head and heart on our side. I want country air to perfect my recovery. Charles cannot be better. We rejoice in hope of seeing you all next week. On what day? By what carriage?

We saw with our eyes the cleanness of the streets, and dryness of the house; from which we are come hither to dinner.

Mrs. Ashlin thinks the person now employed in airing the beds, &c., would be a very proper servant. She is cleanly, sober, diligent, an hearer of the word, though not in Society. We shall keep her to keep up the fires, to keep the windows open, and to lie in the beds. When you come, you will do as you like.

Our love to dearest M. Vigor, and her sisters, and her blessed, though disconsolate, friend. I nothing doubt our meeting again, unless I escape first. I must write the oftener.

Morse will take good care of the harpsichord; but who of the cat? If you cannot leave him in safe hands, Prudence must bring him up in a cage; and if I finish my course here, I may bequeath him to Miss Darby.

My love to Mr. Edwards, and desire him to send me pounded saltpetre, enough for four quarts of water.

Sammy has not acknowledged my letter to him. I shall answer Sally's by word of mouth.

If I remember, I paid Patty up to last Christmas. My book will prove it.

Bring the scores and Miss Freeman's books, and your accounts and receipts since we parted.

You will find the key of my book-case in one of the drawers of the bureau. Write again. This is probably my last. If any letters for you come, let Mrs. Vigor receive and open them. I am stepping into the pulpit. The Lord bless and prosper you and yours in all things!

Good old J. Boulton is ready to depart; yet hopes with her for another sight of you.

The Foundery, Thursday evening.

LXXXIX.

Litchfield-street, Sunday.

My dear friend will be glad to hear we have had a feast of fat things this morning. I am just come from preaching holiness for an hour, and administering to a multitude of communicants.

My Doctor gave me full instructions last night. Islington-waters he forbids. Steel would be fatal, he says, and certainly throw me into a dropsy. My body requires a quite different regimen from what it did last year, and, with good management, (if you believe him,) may last these dozen years. He will hardly cheat me into hope of many months longer; yet I may live to hear Charles talk Latin and Greek.

Send immediately to Mr. Sheen, and tell him here is a hue and cry after Tims, and another boy, lately sent to Kingswood. How could the masters be so stupid as not immediately to send the parents word, that their children are safe received?

It is observable what some tell me, that on Thursday night, after my preaching poverty of spirit, such a spirit of humility fell upon the bands at their meeting, as had not been known for months or years past. Every mouth was stopped. They lay low in the dust before the Friend of sinners, ashamed and confounded at His presence. One of Mr. Maxfield's Society, after hearing me, cried out, "This poverty of spirit will destroy all *our* perfection."

It is surprising, the readiness of the witnesses to receive my sayings. I do not despair of their all coming right at last.

XC.

Fifth week, Wednesday, September 1st.

My dear Sarah is, I suppose, by this time looking for my return; and I have nothing against it, although many press me to continue longer here. This people think they cannot do enough for me. Yesterday my barber put a new wig on my head, ordered by I know not who. My brother offers to take me to London with him in October, through Portsmouth, Sarum, Winchester, &c.; but I cannot keep pace with him, and have therefore refused his kindness. Next Sunday he preaches at Bath, and gives notice of my officiating on Sunday se'nnight, September 12th. By Saturday 18th I hope to find all well in Chesterfield-street; particularly poor Charles.

His father is now *poor* Charles *too*, through the same complaint. I am now almost well again. So is my brother.

I carried him this morning a poor stray sheep, whom I have lately found, (Stephen Maxfield,) who has been wandering above thirty years in the wilderness. My brother has again taken him into the fold.

Your two last notes are just arrived. The Doctor who cured me of my dysentery, contradicted the vulgar error, that a flux should not be stopped at first. I shall get rid of mine as soon as I can, and, with Dr. Spence's leave, advise Charles to do the same.

I have no time for Journal, and no materials, as I do next to nothing.

Mrs. Weale I met just now, recovered, and appointed a time for breakfasting with her.

Patience Ellison, strayed to the Calvinists, I carried to my brother, and made them friends.

We dined yesterday, a troop of us, with my brother at our head, with John Ellison. I am ashamed, not of him, but of his train of Preachers, and of his short stay.

Sam should answer his uncle's kind letter.

To-day we dined at Mr. Durbin's. My friends are so troubled at my feasting on dry bread, that I think it better to refuse their invitations, till I can again eat up all their victuals.

My dear M. Purnel is in town. I passed an hour with her yesterday at her sister Dreyer's; whose daughter has been rashly and foolishly read out of the Society, for not doing what she *could* not do,—meet her class. How many of the sheep have been thus scattered!

Adieu.

XCI.

Bristol, October 4th, 1777.

I CANNOT yet inform my dear partner when we are likely to meet, for more reasons than one. My pain is brought back through my packing yesterday. If it increases, travelling will be impossible. But I think to-morrow's work will be my protection. I got little rest last night after preaching. T. Lewis takes care to send me home in a coach. Who would take so much thought for me in London?

My brother has lent me his chaise to London; but his man Jesse is gone to see his friends at Salisbury, and not yet returned. The horses are good for nothing without the driver.

When do your children return home? I shrink at the thought of having my horse from the Foundery; but I have no choice. Charles's age, as well as price, will keep him from many scholars. He can no more depend on his great friends than on Mr. Madan.

I have been often ready to repent my having stayed behind you, for the sake of one who will never thank me, if I laid down my life for him. I have certainly put my life in my hand; and (would you think it?) I am stopped again in this place, to save him a second time. This will be explained when we meet.

Saturday night.

No news of Jesse. My pain is much abated. I am nursing myself up for to-morrow. Love and blessing to Sam. Love to the other house. The Lord be your shield! Goodnight at eight; for I am just going to bed.

XCII.

Newbury, August 17th, 1778.

MY DEAR PARTNER,—I served West-street chapel yesterday afternoon, and lodged at S. Barr's. Soon after five this morning my brother and Dr. Coke took me up, and brought me hither. To-morrow evening I expect to sleep at Nancy Chapman's.

You read in the papers poor Mr. Toplady's death, and the Duke of Ancaster's. Last Friday Mrs. Judd departed in perfect peace. I send a few lines to her inconsolable partner.

My brother intends to call on the family at Guildford, on his way back to London. Possibly I may introduce him. Meanwhile they have my heart.

I have wrote word to Mr. Madan of your resolution, to spend Wednesday with him; but *first* promise myself a letter from you. This will, perhaps, find you returned to Guildford. Send me the history of the day.

On Wednesday my youthful brother sets out for Cornwall. He seems as active and zealous as ever. Lizzy Ellison he is sending to keep school in Yorkshire. N. Lambert, I doubt not, will be soon provided for. She is a serious, solid, deserving girl. How unlike her cousin! I wish you would write immediately to Mrs. Mitz, and employ her to get her, if she can, a good place, which will be better and safer than business.

Poor Simpson called at our house in our absence, and expected the maids to keep him. They civilly told him it was not in their power.

My brother's Curate from Ireland, Mr. Abraham, is come. He is very sincere and devoted, but almost as feeble in body as Mr. Richardson.

Write and give Mr. Atlay notice on what day and what hour John must wait at our house for your return with the little horse.

Bristol, Tuesday, three in the afternoon.

My journey has cost me just twelve shillings, the price of our last chaise. All the rest my fellow-travellers paid.

You, or Charles, or Sally, or Sam, may write me a letter every post; and, if you can get franks, more than one may write at a time.

Fail not, whenever I write, to salute in my name the whole Russel family, and Lady Gatehouse's.

P.S. Sam Farley has reached the neighbourhood of America. Write soon and often to your invariable friend,
C. W.

Assure me Sam rides every day, Charles rises at six, Sally at seven, her mother before eight; and that my scholars go on with their Latin, at least do not stand still.

XCIH.

Bristol, September 22d, 1778.

MY DEAREST SARAH,—S. Stafford informed me of Mr. Reeves's departure last night. All his hope, he said, was in his Redeemer, that he would save him, as he did the penitent thief.

I creep along the streets, tottering over the grave. My strength seems to abate daily, perhaps through my long walks.

This course of vanity almost complete,
Tired in the field of life, I hope retreat
In the still shades of death: for dread, and pain,
And grief shall find their shafts elanced in vain,
And their points broke, retorted from the head,
Safe in the grave, and free among the dead!

Wednesday evening.

In my way from Mr. Lediard's to Mr. Hopkins's this morning, I very narrowly escaped being crushed to death by a waggon. There was room enough between the wall and waggon for me to pass, when I observed, within two yards of the wheel, the waggoner drove nearer the wall. I perceived, if I advanced a step, I must be crushed, and in that moment sprang back, and ran over the fellow. Had I beat him down, he knew he deserved it, and worse; for he plainly designed to run over me.

I dined with my brother and his Preachers at Mr. Hopkins's, whose son and four daughters adorn the Gospel. He himself, in Mr. Lediard's judgment, is the honestest man in Bristol. After dinner I called again on Mr. Lediard and his son, for whose sake I had taken so long a walk, and incurred so much danger. They both disappointed me; so I give up my pupil entirely.

At friend Farley's your last found me. I did suppose you had not time to answer my last packet. Your only way is to begin in time, and send me, without scruple, as many single letters as you please.

October 5th, we set out post for Sarum, and spend two days there. Thence by Winchester we pass through Guildford to London, which we hope to reach by Friday afternoon. If the fair weather continues, I could attempt riding to Wycombe on Saturday, and return with you all the beginning of the week.

You do not consider that my brother's motions direct mine. A whole week at least we should allow Sam at Oxon, if we see another summer.

You forget that I did not expect an end of your Chancery suit till the days of your children's children. But ye have a better and more enduring substance. Wishing you the earnest of it in your hearts, I commend you all to God in Christ.

September 24th.

XCIV.

Bristol, September 7th.

SUNDAY, September 6th, I rode with my brother in his chaise to Kingswood, and had a feast indeed with our beloved colliers.

Sam will have many more escapes. Great will be his trials; but the Lord will deliver him out of all. Sally must buy experience and heedfulness by a few more falls. I have received a very good letter from her.

I did not think to tell you, yet I will, (not to frighten you, but to increase your thankfulness,) that last week, as I was quietly walking my horse, he fell down, all four, with me, and on me, as I thought, till I rose covered with dust, but not at all hurt. Miss Morgan was with me. I left her at the Fish-ponds, and walked contented home. N.B. I shall never more ride that beast.

My brother is set out for the country Societies. My brother says Sally was much awakened, while she met some of her equals here. Pity we could not find her suitable companions in London. Among the serious she would be serious, and more.

Sam wants more pains to be taken with him. If I should not live to help him, it will lie all upon you. Make him a living Christian, and he will never wish to be a dead Papist.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—Send me a letter in the enclosed frank, and a punctual account of your proceedings, readings, composings, &c. Your aunt Waller will help you to some thin paper, in which you, and your brother and mother, may write at once.

What do you understand by that scripture phrase, “God gave him favour in the sight of—such an one?” Does it not teach you to refer *all* good to God? He raises us up friends, and expects our thankful acknowledgment of it. Such is Lady Gatehouse, Mr. Barrington, and others. And if God be for us, who can be against us? “Acquaint thyself now with Him, and be at peace;” that is, know God, and be happy.

You must give my very kindest love to all and every one of our family at Tarriers. Look out for a fair opportunity of visiting his Lordship. Perhaps you may get a scholar by it. Sam also should go, in gratitude as well as interest, and oblige my Lord to the best of his power.

On this day month I hope to set out with my brother for London. Your mother tells me Sam is very seriously inclined. You and your sister must increase my satisfaction on his account. My father I have heard say, “God had shown him he should have all his nineteen children about him in heaven.” I have the same blessed hope for my eight.

His blessing be upon you all!

To his son Charles.

XCV.

Bristol, August 30th, 1782.

DEAR CHARLES,—If any man would learn to pray, (the proverb says,) let him go to sea. I say, If any man would learn to pray, let him think of marrying; for if he thinks aright, he will expect the blessing and success from God alone; and ask it in frequent and earnest prayer. Hitherto, my dear Charles, your thoughts of marriage have not made

you more serious, but more light, more unadvisable, more distracted. This has slackened my desire to see you settled before I leave you. You do not yet take the way to be happy in a married state: you do not sufficiently take God into your council.

No one step or action in life has so much influence on eternity as marriage. It is an heaven or an hell (they say) in this world; much more so in the next. The angel in Watts's ode,—

“Mark, said he, that happy pair!
 Marriage helps religion there;
 Where kindred souls their God pursue,
 They break with double vigour through
 The dull, incumbent air.”

In order to your social happiness, make God your friend. Be in earnest to serve and please Him. You began well, by rising at six. Your plea, of the necessity sometimes of sitting up late, will not serve you. Never sit up late, but when you cannot help it; and resolve to get an habit of rising. I must own I have no heart or hope, till you recover your rising.

We expected to hear from you all before now. I defer writing to Mr. Barham, till you tell me you have sent the instrument to Mr. Grinfield, at Ely-house, No. 9. What account can you give of your scholars? of your Deptford excursion? of your friend at court, the Doctor? of Mrs. Mitz, and of Miss Carr? the last, not least in love. Your mother joins in love to them and you, not forgetting sister Hall, (and my brother-poet.)

Saturday, August 31st.

I called this morning on Wasbro. He has lost both his brothers. But “the hand of the diligent maketh rich.” Yesterday he taught twenty-nine scholars. He has fitted up a room for you, whenever you are disposed to come and teach him harmony gratis. His son he promises you on your own terms. David Williams sends you his daughter only.

Sunday morning, September 1st.

Yours came last night. I am going to preach at Temple church. To save your honour, you should never promise

to play at any church, till you know the organ. I should be of your party, if in town, when you entertain his Lordship.

I refer you and Sam to your mother for particulars of the ghost, which I have quite forgot already.

M. Staffords, Mr. Lediard's family, &c., salute you. His son is entering into orders, with as little thought as men enter the state of marriage.

You have now had a taste of a churchwarden's feast. What have you lost by not having been at an hundred such feasts? The world live to eat: we eat to live. The more experience you gain, the more clearly you will be convinced, that the way of the world, in most things, is just the reverse of what is right, and wise, and good.

My respects to the Doctor.* God have you in His keeping!

Your affectionate father, C. W.

XCVI.

Bristol, August 14th, 1786.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—You are *right* in keeping up your interest with Dr. W. You are *kind* in excusing his and your other Doctor's vanity. It would be intolerable for you to cast the first stone at either.

Modesty, you allow, becomes a mathematician, but not a musician; but you had better be a Newton in music, and leave others to commend you. You are too humble. Swift, you know, was too proud to be vain.

Self-love is not in itself sinful. There is a right and just self-love, which sets a man upon securing his only true (that is, his eternal) happiness. This self-love, my dear Charles, is at present dormant in you; but, I hope, it will wake, before my eyes are closed.

Do not defer beginning, "because you cannot be equal to me." You may be, if you please, *Tydidēs melior patrē*. You certainly may follow me to paradise.

My dearest Sally may write without putting *me* to any expense. You hear seldomer from me, to avoid postage. Last night my old troublesome companion, lumbago, paid me a visit before the time. It is well if he does not lay an

* Dr. Shepherd, of Windsor.

embargo upon me, or possibly hasten my return home to be nursed. I took to the house, if you remember, in October last. The winter, if I reach it, will most probably lay me up.

I am the more willing to stay here as long as I can, because I do not flatter myself with the hope of seeing my Bristol friends again in the body. My love to Sam, and tell him, whenever he sells his organ, I expect to have the refusal, or first offer. I will give him as much, or more, for it than any other bidder. So he needs not sell it for an old song.

I hope he continues to ride daily ; but one thing he still lacks, to make him happy, or tolerably easy. He cannot believe *me*. So he must find it out as he can.

I leave Sally to give you our history.

Tuesday morning, August 15th. I rose without my lumbago.

Adieu.

To his Daughter.

XCVII.

London, April 8th, 1773.

DEAR SALLY,—Go to bed at nine, and you may rise at six with ease. It is good for soul, body, and estate, to rise early.

I allow you a month longer to get the Fourth Night-Thought by heart.

Return our love to M. Vigor, Jenkins, Farley, and all inquirers.

Can you begin the day better than with prayer and the Scripture ?

What benefit have you reaped from your band ? the knowledge of yourself, or the desire to know Jesus Christ ?

Samuel owes me a letter. It is in his power to write very soon, and very well. Many here inquire after you both, particularly Miss Littlehales, who sends her love. Give mine to Mr. Lediard and M. Webb, to Miss Durbins and Hill.

We want you to keep our house. How go you on in arithmetic ? God teach you so to number your days, that you may apply your heart unto wisdom !

XCVIII.

Marybone, October 11th, 1777.

MY DEAR SALLY,—I greatly miss you here, yet comfort myself with the thought that you are happy in your friends at Guildford. For their sake, as well as yours, I am content to want you a little longer ; but hope nothing will hinder our meeting on Friday next.

I think you may avail yourself of my small knowledge of books and poetry. I am not yet too old to assist you a little in your reading, and perhaps improve your taste in versifying. You need not dread my severity. I have a laudable partiality for my own children. Witness your brothers, whom I do not love a jot better than you ; only be you as ready to show me your verses as they their music.

The evenings I have set aside for reading with you and them. We should begin with history. A plan or order of study is absolutely necessary. Without that, the more you read, the more you are confused, and never rise above a smatterer in learning.

Take care you do not devour all Mr. Russel's library. If you do, you will never be able to digest it. Your mother joins in love to Charles and you, and all your hospitable friends. When shall we see Mr. John Russel ?

I am almost confined with a swelled face. It will probably subside before your return. Direct a few lines for me at the Foundery, whence my horse is brought every morning. If Charles does not make more haste, Sam will overtake him in Latin. Till twelve I dedicate to all three. Wishing you the true knowledge and the true happiness, I remain,

My dear Sally's father and friend,

C. WESLEY.

XCIX.

BOTH my dear Sally's letters I have received, and rejoice that you have so soon recovered your fall. If it was occasioned by the narrow fashionable heels, I think it will be a warning to you, and reduce you to reason. Providence

saved you from a like accident at Guildford. Beware the third time!

That you gained by the despised Methodists, if nothing more,—the knowledge of what true religion consists in; namely, in happiness and holiness; in peace and love; in the favour and image of God restored; in paradise regained; in a birth from above, a kingdom within you; a participation of the divine nature. The principal means or instrument of this is faith; which faith is the gift of God, given to every one that asks.

The two grand hinderances of prayer, and consequently of faith, are self-love and pride: therefore our Lord so strongly enjoins us self-denial and humility.

“If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me.” And, “How CAN ye believe who RECEIVE HONOUR one of another, and seek not the honour which cometh from God ONLY?” Here, you see, pride is an insurmountable obstacle to believing. Yet the desire of praise is inseparable from our fallen nature. All we can do, till faith comes, is not to seek it; not to indulge our own will; not to neglect the means of attaining faith and forgiveness, especially private prayer, and the Scripture.

My brother thinks you was in some measure awakened while you met in a band. Great good may be got by Christian fellowship, or (if ye are unequally yoked) great evil. I left you entirely to yourself here, being always afraid you would meet some stumbling-block in the Society, which might give you an (unjust) prejudice against religion itself.

You will be glad to communicate any good news you hear of Miny Dyer. I should be so sorry to lose her.

We have many friends while we do not need them. Not that I question the sincerity of any of our London friends, or am insensible of their late civilities to you. Your hosts at Wimbledon are truly obliging. Mr. Bankes must give me leave to canvass Dr. Lloyd at my return, and try if he cannot get employment for him. I am too selfish to wish him banished to Wales. We must detain him among us, to do him good; and first to teach him a habit of sleeping and rising *early*. I have made a convert

here of Miss Chapman's boarder, Miss Morgan, who goes to bed at ten, and rises at six. This good beginning has led her into a regular improvement of all her time. She accompanies me in my daily rides; she follows the plan of study which I have given her; she has got a good part of Prior's Solomon by heart. I am now teaching her short-hand; as she is as willing to receive help and instruction as I am to give it.

Why am I not as useful to my own daughter? You have a thirst after knowledge, and a capacity for it. Your want of resolution to rise, and to study regularly, has discouraged me. Carry but these two points, and, behold, I am entirely at your service. Whether your brothers go on or stand still, I would go on constantly in assisting you. I would read something with you every day, and do what good I can for the little time I shall be with you.

Your Ode on Peace I have corrected, at least, if not amended. You must begin immediately to be regular, to be diligent, to be tightly. Thomas a Kempis, I think, you would now relish, and Law's Serious Call. Your first hour, remember, is always sacred.

Follow Miss Morgan's example. Be as glad of my help as if I was not your father. If I live another year, I can communicate to you sufficient knowledge to go on without me. It might be of great use to you, if I read the Night Thoughts with you, and pointed out the passages best worth your getting by heart. You may take your turn of riding with me, (a dress might be procured,) and then we should have many a learned conference.

Was I to finish my course at this time and place, my dear Sally would be sorry she has made no more use of me. Ye might certainly more avail yourselves of my knowledge and dear-bought experience. I could, at least, save you abundance of needless trouble and pains, merely by directing you what to read, and what to pass over. Meantime, commit to your memory the following lines:—

“ Voracious Learning, often over-fed,
Digests not into sense its motley meal.
This forager on others' wisdom leaves
His native farm, his reason, quite untill'd.
With mix'd manure he surfeits the rank soil,
Dung'd, but not dress'd, and rich to beggary;

A pomp untameable of weeds prevails :
Her servant's wealth encumber'd Wisdom mourns."

I am writing this at Mr. Lediard's, who salutes you (and his wife likewise) with great, not mere, civility. Every day I have endless inquiries after you.

You will make yourself, I doubt not, as agreeable as you can to our hospitable friends. Tell them my heart is often with them. Perhaps I may give it your host under my own hand. Dying men, they say, are prophets. I seem to foresee his future usefulness. May his latter end be better than his beginning! his last works more than first! You may read, if you please, to him and his partner, the description of religion in the beginning of this. I would not that you or they should rest short of it. Wishing you all which Christ would have you to be, I remain,
My beloved Sally's faithful friend and father,

CHARLES WESLEY.

Miss Wesley, at the Rev. Mr. Bankes's, Wimbledon Common, Surrey.

C.

Bristol, October 1st, 1778.

MY DEAR SALLY,—Your friends and ours at the Common have laid us under great obligations. I wish I could return them, by persuading *her* to seek till she finds the pearl, which is constant happiness; and by persuading *him* to give himself up entirely to One whose service is perfect freedom, and whose favour and love is heaven in both worlds.

I never thought the bands would suit you. Yet many of them possess what you are seeking. You also shall bear witness of the power, the peace, the blessedness of heart-religion: you also shall know the Lord, if you follow on to know Him.

Other knowledge is not worth your pains. Useful knowledge (as distinguished from religious) lies in a narrow compass, and may be soon attained, if your studies are well guarded and well directed. We must have a conference on this subject. We may also read your verses together. They want perspicuity, which should be the first point; but they are worth correcting.

2 B 2

All your powers and faculties are so many talents, of which you are to give an account. You improve your talent of understanding when you exercise it in acquiring important truth. You use your talent of memory aright, when you store it with things worth remembering; and enlarge by using and employing it. You should therefore be always getting something by heart. Begin with the first book of Prior's Solomon, the Vanity of Knowledge. Let me see how much of it you can repeat when we meet.

Miss Hill is likely now to be a good fortune. You need not envy her, if you are a good Christian. Seek first the kingdom, and all these things shall be added unto you. Charles has a turn to generosity; Sam to parsimony. You must balance them both. Or you may follow your mother's and my example, and keep in the golden mean.

There are many useful things which I can teach you, if I live a little longer. But I dare never promise myself another year. You know, I suppose, that October 9th I hope to reach Chesterfield-street. Your aunts allure me the next day to Tarriers, that I may spend two or three days with them, before I carry your mother and brothers home. It is utterly uncertain *how* I shall be after my long journey.

Your mother and you, I presume, have settled the time of your return. We shall all rejoice in Mr. and Mrs. Bankes, our near neighbours for the winter. Before it is over, some providential opening will determine his work and place. Say what you please for me to him and his amiable partner. I take it for granted, you have gained the children's hearts. If her parents would trust her to us, your brothers might help Miss B. on in music. Of which he and I must talk together shortly.

Miss Morgan is gone to Wales, full fraught with knowledge; which she may be safely trusted with, for she knows Jesus Christ and Him crucified. There poor Prior came short: therefore his Solomon makes so melancholy a conclusion.

Probably I have taken my last leave of Bristol. Certainly I shall never more be separated eight weeks from my family. I half repented my leaving you last Thursday night, which I spent in pain, and three days more in con-

finement. I am nourishing myself up for a journey with my philosophical brother. Joseph attends us, and will look after my dearest Sally's loving father and friend,

C. WESLEY.

CI.

London, June 14th, 1780.

MY DEAR SALLY,—Who gives you favour in the sight of your friends? I need not tell you. But you know not who is your friend till you stand in need of one.

The roaring of the waves is ceased; but the agitation continues. If God had not rebuked the madness of the people at the very crisis, London had now been no more.

No wonder your mother was terrified, when I was *proscribed* as a Popish Priest,—for I never signed the petition, or ranked among the patriots.

The den of lions is as safe a place as any. London, Wales, Wick, is alike; for “the Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge.”

I leave you safe in the everlasting arms.

Were I like Nehemiah, I would say, “Should such a man as I flee?” Our faith will be put to the trial on Monday; but God has given a token to them that fear Him. Next week perhaps I may see my way.

Adieu.

WRITTEN ON THURSDAY, JUNE 8TH, 1780.

*Quis cladem illius noctis, quis funera fando
Explicet?—VIRG.*

SAVIOUR, thou dost their threatenings see,
Who rage against our King and Thee,
Nor know Thy bridle in their jaws
Restrains the friends of Satan's cause,

As in religion's cause they join,
And blasphemously call it Thine,
The cause of blind fanatic zeal,
Rebellion, anarchy, and hell.

See, where the' impetuous waster comes,
Like Legion rushing from the tombs!
Like stormy seas, that toss, and roar,
And foam, and lash the trembling shore!

Havock! the' infernal leader cries;
Havock! the' associate host replies;

The rabble shouts, the torrent pours,
 The city sinks, the flame devours !
 A general consternation spreads,
 While furious crowds ride o'er our heads ;
 Tremble the powers Thou didst ordain,
 And rulers bear the sword in vain.
 Our arm of flesh entirely fails,
 The many-headed Beast prevails,
 Conspiracy the state o'erturns,
 Gallia exults, and London burns !
 Arm of the Lord, awake ! put on
 Thy strength, and cast Apollyon down !
 Jesus, against the murderers rise,
 And blast them with thy flaming eyes :
 Forbid the flood our land to' o'erflow,
 Tell it, "Thou shalt no farther go."
 Thy will be done, Thy word obey'd,
 And here let its proud waves be stay'd !

Salute the whole family in our name ; and tell your host I wait for his leave (signified in a few lines) to write again.

CII.

Blackheath, July 17th, 1783.

DEAR SALLY,—I am just come, with your particular friend and admirer, Captain Swanwick, from that most amiable of men, Lord Dartmouth.

You have cause to be alarmed for our dear Miss Freeman. I always feared the Bath would do her a mischief. Its waters are not of a neutral kind. Bathed in or drank, without great judgment and discretion, they do more harm than good. One honest Physician there is in that place, whom she may safely consult, Dr. Harrington. When she is here, we should strongly recommend Dr. Turner, as the first man of the faculty for hitting the patient's case, and for healing with very little physic. I have reason to praise one who, under God, has added thirty years to my life.

I do not wonder at your partiality for Bristol. Had Thomas Lewis lived, I should have passed my last days, and laid my bones, there. And still I hanker after it : but your brothers forbid ; and your mother must look after them in London.

M. Chapman and M. Morgan are just what I wish you to be. Why should you not? He who made them what they are, is as willing to effect the same change in you. I can see no farther than you into your future motions. You are called at present to wait upon her, and do her all the services in your power.

One who has Christ dwelling in his heart, carries his heaven about him everywhere. Then all places are the same.

New Chapel, July 18th.

We passed yesterday (an happy day!) at Mr. Smith's, in Peckham. His whole family would please you. Was you here, I would find some means of introducing you to several families, from whom you might gain much good.

Friday evening.

Returning from Pimlico, your letter meets us, announcing Miss Freeman's and your return to town. Give our respects, and desire Miss Freeman to be so kind as pay your expenses hither, which I will thankfully repay when we have the pleasure of meeting.

God send you a prosperous journey to

Your loving father,

C. W.

To Miss Briggs.

CIII.

Chesterfield-street, November 7th, 1782.

MY DEAR SISTER,—In all your afflictions we have been afflicted; and comforted, at the same time, with your consolations. That blessed saint* left a blessing behind her, on you and us, and all who were so happy as to know her here. She and my dearest Will are now rejoicing together, and waiting for us to join in the triumph.

I cannot help congratulating you on your late wonderful escape. One who was capable of such base behaviour, could never have made you happy. God had prepared some better thing for you, even to assist the ministering spirits in attending a most venerable heir of salvation. You see more and more into the divine counsels; and we shall know more hereafter.

* Miss Perronet.—EDIT.

My partner joins in cordial love to yourself and family. I have one favour to ask of you, which is, to inform me of dearest Mr. Perronet's health. Direct to the New Chapel; and when you visit London, look upon your old, useless, yet loving servant,

CHARLES WESLEY.

CIV.

Chesterfield-street, December 9th, 1782.

My dear Miss Briggs's letter gave me great satisfaction. You are taught of God to make the right use of all your troubles, losses, and sufferings. They will more and more yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness. All the fault I find with your letter is, that it is scarcely legible by my old eyes. You do not consider, that I am almost as old as your most venerable grandfather, whom I esteem as the Archbishop of the Methodists. How wonderfully he writes at ninety! You must cherish him with your tenderest care; and he may yet live for years, to deal his blessings among us. I depend on you for constant intelligence.

Where is your uncle Ned? Does he ever visit or write to you? I retain all my old love for him, and trust he will be given at last to his blessed father's prayers.

My wife and daughter salute you in the right love, and will sincerely rejoice to see you or your sister, or any of your friendly family. That the Lord Jesus may fill you with all His fulness, is the earnest prayer of, my dear Betsy, your old loving, but useless, servant in the Gospel,

CHARLES WESLEY.

CV.—*To Mr. Churchey, at the Hay.*

Bristol, September 22d, 1775.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I wish the success of your book may exceed your most sanguine wishes. Should we live to see Wales again, we shall contrive to spend a few days with you: but I cannot look beyond another winter. The earthquake brought to my mind those lines of Young:—

“The earth is gone
On which we stood, Lorenzo! While thou may'st,
Provide more firm support, or sink for ever!”

Let us build our house on the Rock, and our foundation stands sure.

My partner joins in loving salutation of your whole self. We remove soon to London. My brother is here in perfect health. Direct to me at the Foundery, and let me know how your little Society goes on. May they, like the first Christians, "continue steadfast in the Apostles' doctrine, and in fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers!"

Continue your prayers, a very little longer, for, dear Sir, your loving brother and servant in the Gospel.

CVI.—*To Mr. Kelway.*

November 23d, 1776.

DEAR SIR,—The joy I felt at seeing you on Monday somewhat resembled the joy we shall feel when we meet again without our bodies. Most heartily do I thank God that He has given you a longer continuance among us; and, I trust, a resolution to improve your few last precious moments. *We* must confess, at *our* time of life, that "one thing is needful," even to *get ready for our unchangeable eternal state*. But what is that readiness or meetness?

You are convinced of my sincere love for your soul, and therefore allow me the liberty of a friend. As such I write, not to teach you what you do not know, but to stir up your mind, by way of remembrance, and exhort both you and myself,

"Of little life the most to make,
And manage wisely your last stake."

When God came down from heaven to show us the way thither, you remember his first words: "The kingdom of God is at hand: *repent* ye, and *believe* the Gospel." He himself declares, "The kingdom of God is within you; even righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost:" and assures us, every one that seeks, finds it; every one that asks, receives it.

"Him hath God exalted, to *give* both repentance and remission of sins:" faith also is the gift of God, through Jesus Christ, its Author and Finisher.

The true *repentance* is better felt than described. It

surely implies a troubled and wounded spirit, a broken and contrite heart. It is what the publican felt when he could only cry, "God be merciful unto me a sinner;" what Peter felt when Jesus turned and *looked* on him; and what the trembling jailer felt when he asked, "What must I do to be saved?"

By this brokenness of heart our Saviour prepares us for divine faith and present pardon, sealed upon the heart, in peace which passes all understanding, in joy unspeakable and full of glory, and in love which casts out the love of sin, especially our bosom sin, our ruling passion, whether the love of pleasure, of praise, or of money.

Now, my dear Sir, this meetness for heaven is what I must earnestly wish you and myself, even repentance, faith, and love: and all things are now ready for you. One look of Jesus Christ can break your heart this moment, and bind it up by faith. One day is with Him as a thousand years: and He is still the Man who receiveth sinners; "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

"I will pardon those whom I reserve," is His own promise; and for this gracious end He has reserved you, and held your soul in life for above seventy years; for this end He has delivered you in innumerable dangers, blessed you with innumerable blessings; and for this end, I humbly hope, His providence brought you acquainted with, dear Sir,

The faithful servant and friend of your soul,

C. W.

SELECTIONS FROM THE POETRY
OF
THE REV. CHARLES WESLEY,
ILLUSTRATIVE OF HIS
JOURNAL AND CORRESPONDENCE.

POETRY

OF

THE REV. CHARLES WESLEY.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT JONES, ESQ.,

OF FONMON-CASTLE, IN GLAMORGANSHIRE, SOUTH WALES.

THIS was he whom we had sometimes in derision and a proverb of reproach. We fools accounted his life madness, and his end to be without honour. How is he numbered among the children of God, and his lot is among the saints!—Wisdom v. 3—5.

AND is he gone to his eternal rest,
So suddenly received among the blest?
Yet will I make his fair memorial stay,
Bring back his virtue into open day,
The sinner, convert, friend, and dying saint display. }

Soon as the morn of opening life begun,
His simpleness pursued a God unknown;
Giver of life, the all-alluring Dove,
Did on his soul with early influence move,
Brooding He sat; infused the young desire, }
Kindled the ray of pure ethereal fire, }
And bade him to his native heaven aspire. }

But soon the morning vapour pass'd away,
His goodness melted at the blaze of day;
By pleasures charm'd he leap'd the sacred fence;
The youth out-lived his childish innocence,
Plunged in a world of fashionable vice,
And left his God, and lost his paradise.
Dead while he lived, in sin and pleasure dead,
Long o'er the world's wide wilderness he stray'd,

Eager imagined pleasures to pursue,
 Tired with the old, yet panting after new,
 He hurried down the broad frequented road, }
 Unconscious in the shade of death abode,
 Forgot, but never dared to scorn, his God. }

Ah! what avail'd him then the gentle mind,
 By schools instructed, and by courts refined?
 The winning mien, the affable address,
 And all his nature, all his art to please?
 In vain he shone with various gifts endow'd,
 Friend to the world, and enemy to God;
 In vain he stoop'd in trifles to excel,
 (Gay withering flowers that strew the way to hell!)
 Generous, alas! in vain, and just, and brave,
 While awed by man, and to himself a slave;
 A steward to his fellow-servants just,
 But still he falsified his Master's trust;
 To them their several dues exact to' afford,
 Their own he render'd them, but robb'd his Lord,
 O'erlook'd the great concern, the better part,
 Lived to himself, and gave the world his heart.

Who then the gracious wonder shall explain,
 How could a man of sin be born again?
 Roused from his sleep of death, he never knew
 To fix the point from whence the Spirit blew,
 So imperceptibly the stroke was given,
 The stroke divine that turn'd his face to heaven.
 The Saviour-God, by tender pity moved,
 Observed his wandering sheep, and freely loved;
 Him blind and lost with gracious eye survey'd,
 And gently led him to the secret shade;
 Led him a way that Nature never knew,
 And from the busy, careless crowd withdrew,
 To serious solitude his heart inclined,
 Tired with the noise and follies of mankind, }
 Impatiently resolved to cast the world behind. }

The power unseen which bade his wandering
 cease,
 Follow'd, and found him in the wilderness;
 Gave him the hearing ear, and seeing eye,
 And pointed to the blood of sprinkling nigh,

(That blood divine which makes the conscience
clean,

That fountain open'd for a world of sin,)
Call'd him to hear the Name to sinners given,
The only saving Name in earth or heaven.

So when the first degenerated man
Far in the woods from his Creator ran,
Mercy pursued, his fugitive to seize,
And stopp'd his trembling flight among the trees ;
" Where art thou, man ?" he heard his Maker say,
Calm-walking in the cool decline of day ;
Aghast he heard ; came forth with guilty fear,
And found the Bruiser of the serpent near ;
Received the promise of his sin forgiven,
And for an Eden lost an antepast of heaven.

Hail, Mary's Son ! Thy mercies never end,
Thy mercies reach'd and saved my happy friend.
He felt the' atoning blood by faith applied,
And freely was the sinner justified,
Saved by a miracle of grace divine,—
And O, my God, the ministry was mine !
I spake through Thee the reconciling word,
Meanest forerunner of my glorious Lord :
He heard impartial ; for himself he heard ;
And weigh'd the' important truth with deep regard :
The sacred leaves, where all their God may find,
He search'd with noble readiness of mind,
Listen'd, and yielded to the Gospel call,
And glorified the Lamb that died for *all* ;
Gladly confess'd our welcome tidings true,
And waited for a power he never knew,—
The seal of all his sins through Christ forgiven,
With God the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

The Lord he sought allow'd his creature's claim,
And sudden to his living temple came ;
The Spirit of love (which, like a rushing wind,
Blows as he list, but blows on all mankind)
Breathed on his raptured soul : the sinking clay
O'erwhelm'd beneath the mighty comfort lay ;
While all-dissolved the powers of nature fail,
Enter'd his favour'd soul within the veil,

The inner court with sacred reverence trod,
And saw the' Invisible, and talk'd with God.

Constrain'd by ecstasies too strong to bear,
His soul was all pour'd out in praise and prayer ;
He heard the voice of God's life-giving Son,
While Jesus made the' eternal Godhead known,
Received the living faith by grace bestow'd ;
" And verily," he cried, " there is a God,
I know, I feel, the word of truth divine ;
Lord, I believe thou art,—for thou art mine."

So when the woman did of Jesus tell,
The God of Jacob found at Jacob's well,
Eager the common benefit to' impart,
" Come, see a man that told me all my heart ;"
The men of Sychar came ; received her word,
But hung upon their dear redeeming Lord :
" Now we believe," they cried, " but not through
thee ;

Our ears have heard the' Incarnate Deity :
The glorious truth assuredly we find,
This is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of mankind."

Thrice happy soul, whom Jesus gave to know
Eternal life, while sojourning below !
Thou didst the gift unspeakable receive,
And humbly in the Spirit walk and live ;
Thou didst the hidden life divine express,
And evidence the power of godliness ;
Thou didst with all thy soul to Jesus turn,
His Gospel-truth with all thy life adorn,
Thy goods, thy fame, thine all to Jesus give,
Sober and righteous here and godly live ;
With utmost diligence his gifts improve,
And labour to be perfected in love.

His word subdued at once the carnal will,
The sea subsided, and the sun stood still ;
No more in thee the waves of passion roll,
Or violate thy calm, unruffled soul :
The leopard fierce is with the kid laid down,
The gentle, childlike spirit leads thee on ;
Intent on God thy single heart and eye,
And, " Abba, Father," now is all the cry.

Yes, thou hast chose at last the better part,
And God alone hath all thy simple heart.

Wholly devoted now to God alone,
Thou mourn'st the days for ever lost and gone ;
Gay youthful days of vanity and vice
Thou seest confounded—vile in thy own eyes ;
Pardon'd, yet still persisting to lament
Thy fortune, time, and talents all misspent ;
A sinner self-condemn'd, and self-abhorr'd,
But wondering at the goodness of thy Lord ;
He saw thee in thy blood, and bade thee live ;
Yet still thyself thou never couldst forgive.

Resolved each precious moment to redeem,
To serve thy God, and only live to Him,
Through all at once thy constant virtue broke,
Cast off the world, and sin, and Satan's yoke ;
The steadfast purpose of thy soul avow'd,
Confess'd the Christian, and declared for God.

O what a change was there ! The man of birth
Sinks down into a clod of common earth ;
The man of polish'd sense his judgment quits,
And tamely to a madman's name submits ;
The man of curious taste neglects his food,
And all is pleasant now, and all is good ;
The man of rigid honour slights his fame,
And glories in his Lord and Master's shame ;
The man of wealth and pleasure all foregoes,
And nothing but the cross of Jesus knows ;
The man of sin is wash'd in Jesu's blood ;
The man of sin becomes a child of God.

Throughout his life the new creation shines,
Throughout his words, and actions, and designs :
Quicken'd with Christ, he sought the things above,
And evidenced the faith which works by love,
Which quenches Satan's every fiery dart,
O'ercomes the world, and purifies the heart.

Not as uncertainly the race he ran ;
He fought the fight, nor spent his strength in vain :
Foes to the cross, themselves let others spare,
At random run, and idly beat the air,

As bondage each divine command disclaim ;
 A truer follower of the bleeding Lamb,
 He bore the burden of his Lord, and died
 A daily death with Jesus crucified.
 He cheerfully took up his Master's yoke,
 Nor e'er the sacred ordinance forsook,
 Nor dared to cast the hallow'd cross away,
 Or plead his liberty to disobey :
 Under the law to Christ, he labour'd still
 To do and suffer all his Father's will :
 Herein his glorious liberty was shown,
 Free to deny himself, and live to God alone.

In fastings oft the hardy soldier was ;
 Patient and meek he grew beneath the cross ;
 He kept his body down, by grace subdued,
 The servant to his soul, and both to God.
 No delicate disciple he, to shun
 The cross, and say, " My Saviour all hath done ;"
 No carnal Esau, to despise his right,
 And damn his soul to please his appetite :
 Suffice the season past that, dead to God,
 He glided down the easy, spacious road ;
 A willing alien from the life divine,
 Lived to himself, and fed on husks with swine :
 The times of ignorance and sin are past,
 The son obeys his Father's voice at last,
 All heaven congratulates his late return,
 Angels and God rejoice, and men and devils mourn.

Mourn the good-natured, soft, voluptuous crowd,
 Whose shame their boast, whose belly is their God,
 Who eat, and drink, and then rise up to play,
 And dance and sing their worthless lives away,
 Harmless ; of gentle birth ; and bred so well,
 They here sleep out their time,—and wake in hell.

These thoughtless souls his happy change deplored,
 And cursed the men that call'd him to his Lord ;
 The troublers of a quiet neighbourhood,
 The cruel enemies to flesh and blood,
 Who vex the world, and turn it upside down,
 And make the peer as humble as the clown.

His bleeding Lord engross'd his whole esteem,
 Where Jesus dwells there is no room for them :
 His house no more the scene of soft excess,
 Of courtly pleasures, and luxurious ease ;
 No longer doth their friend like Dives fare,
 No drunken hospitality is there,
 No revellings that turn the night to day,
 (Harmless diversions—from the narrow way !)
 No midnight dance profaned the hallow'd place,
 No voice was heard, but that of prayer and praise.

Divinely taught to make the sober feast,
 He pass'd the rich, and call'd a nobler guest ;
 He call'd the poor, the maim'd, the lame, the blind,
 He call'd in these the Saviour of mankind ;
 His friends and kinsmen these for Jesu's sake,
 Who no voluptuous recompence could make ;
 But God the glorious recompence hath given,
 And call'd him to the marriage-feast in heaven.

Ye men that live in riotous excess,
 And loosely take your pleasurable ease,
 Rich to yourselves, the bright example view
 Of one, who once forgot his God like you,
 But wisely grieved for sins and follies past,
 Sprang from the world, and won the race at last.
 How did his soul for you in secret mourn,
 And long, and pray, and weep for your return !
 How did he supplicate the throne above,
 That you, even you, might taste the Saviour's love,
 Might listen to the truth, your vileness own, }
 Pursue the way of peace ye have not known, }
 Renounce the world, and live to God alone ! }
 O might the scales fall from your blinded eyes !
 O that some prodigal would now arise,
 Accept the pardoning grace through Jesus given,
 And turn, and gladden all the host of heaven !

Sinners, regard your friend who speaks, though dead ;
 In his, as he in Jesu's, footsteps tread :
 After the Lamb he still rejoiced to go,
 He lived a guardian angel here below.
 A father of the poor, he gave them food,
 And fed their souls, and labour'd for their good ;

The little church in Jesus who believed,
 Into his house, his arms, his heart received ;
 With these he humbly search'd the written word,
 Talking with these, he communed with their Lord,
 Studied the sacred leaves, by day and night
 His faithful counsellor and sole delight.
 He made them all his own with happy art,
 And practice copied them into his heart :
 Still in the steps of Abraham's faith he trod,
 He and his house would only serve their God.

The worth domestic let his consort tell
 Of one who loved so wisely and so well !
 Who help'd her all for Jesus to forego,
 And cherish'd her as Christ his church below,
 Explain'd the glorious mystery divine,
 How God and man may in one spirit join,
 How man the joys of heaven on earth may prove ;
 The sacred dignity of nuptial love :
 Clearly in him the sameness all might see,
 Of nuptial love and spotless purity.

Nor less the exemplary father shone :
 Freely to God he render'd back his own,
 Devoted all to Him, his children, wife,
 Goods, fame, and friends, and liberty and life.
 He taught his children in their earliest days
 To love their God, and lisp their Saviour's praise.
 No modern parent he, their souls to sell,
 In sloth and pride to train them up for hell,
 To' infuse the stately thought of rank and birth,
 And swell the base-born potsherds of the earth,
 The lust of praise, and wealth, and power to' inspire ;
 To raise their spirit and their torment higher,
 And make them pass to Moloch through the fire. }

Watchful the heavenly wisdom to instil,
 He gently bent their soft, unbiass'd will,
 Woo'd them to seek in God their happiness ;
 Loving, yet wise, and fond without excess ;
 Simple like them, and innocent, and mild,
 The father is himself a little child.
 He saw himself by his great Maker seen,
 And walk'd with God while sojourning with men ;

His filial awe and whole deportment show'd,
 He saw the' Invisible, and walk'd with God :
 Trembled his soul at the minutest fault,
 And felt the torture of an idle thought.
 Still he beheld the presence of his Lord,
 In all events the hand divine adored ;
 In smallest trivial things his watchful eye
 Designs of heavenly wisdom could descry ;
 Nothing he deem'd beneath His guardian care,
 In whom we always live, and move, and are, }
 Who screens our naked head, and numbers every hair. }

Such was the man by men and fiends abhorr'd !

A true disciple of his much-loved Lord,
 A valiant soldier in his Captain's cause,
 A cheerful sharer of his Saviour's cross,
 A faithful follower of the bleeding Lamb,
 A glad partaker of His glorious shame,
 A confessor and witness for his God,
 Against the world, the' intrepid champion stood ;
 Bold in the faith his Master to confess,
 He dared the world of Jesu's enemies,
 Satan and all his powers at once defied ;
 Who fear'd his God could nothing fear beside.

Against the storm he turn'd his steady face,
 And calmly triumph'd, and enjoy'd disgrace ;
 A gazing-stock to the lewd, godless throng,
 The fool's derision, and the drunkard's song.
 Yet neither smiles nor frowns his soul could shake,
 Or move the " madman " for his Master's sake ;
 Though Pharisees and Sadducees combined,
 And all his friends and all his kinsmen join'd
 To scoff the man who " meanly fear'd " his God ; }
 He knew not to confer with flesh and blood, }
 But cheerfully took up, nor ever felt, the load : }
 Harder than flint or adamant his brow,
 Unruffled then, and unconcern'd as now,
 On all their vain contempt he still look'd down,
 From faith to faith, from strength to strength, went on, }
 And bore the cross that led him to the crown ; }
 The scandal of his Lord with joy he bore,
 And still the more despised, superior rose the more.

'Twas thus the royal saint, by God approved,
 His Master own'd, and honour'd whom he loved ;
 Stripp'd of his robes, and in his handmaids' sight,
 He danced before the ark with all his might ;
 He danced, unawed by Michal's scornful eye,
 And calm return'd the resolute reply,
 " To serve my God, to do my Maker's will,
 If this be vile, I will be viler still."

The horrid crew that dare their Lord deny,
 Bold to dethrone the filial Deity,
 Where JONES appear'd, their blasphemies forbore,
 And silently confess'd him conqueror.
 Nor less resolved 'gainst those the champion stood,
 Who scorn the purchase of their Saviour's blood,
 Deny the Spirit now to sinners given,
 The life begun on earth that ends in heaven.
 With deep concern and bleeding heart he view'd
 The general dire apostasy from God ;
 He heard the rod divine, with sacred fear,
 And trembling foresight of destruction near ;
 Long'd that we all might see the out-stretch'd hand,
 The sword impending o'er a guilty land,
 Might timely all remember whence we fell,
 Return with contrite heart and earnest zeal,
 Confess the faith which God vouchsafes to' approve, }
 Before his wrath our candlestick remove, }
 Do the first works, and feel the former love. }

He mark'd the city of our God laid low,
 And wept in deep distress for Sion's woe :
 It pitied him to see her in the dust,
 Her lamp extinguish'd, and her Gospel lost ;
 Lost to the rich, and great, and wise, and good,
 Poor guilty enemies to Jesu's blood,
 Who quench the last faint spark of piety,
 Yet cry, " The temple of the Lord are we !"
 Pleaders for order they who all confound,
 Pillars who bear our Zion—to the ground,
 Her doctrines and her purity disclaim,
 Our Church's ruin, and our nation's shame ;
 Leaders who turn the lame out of the way,
 Shepherds who watch to make the sheep their prey,

Preachers who dare their own report deny,
 Patrons of Arius' or Socinus' lie,
 Who scoff the Gospel truths as idle tales,
 Heathenish Priests, and mitred infidels!

Nor did he let his censure wildly fall,
 Or for the sake of some reproach them all :
 He knew with wiser judgment to revere,
 And vindicate the sacred character ;
 The sacred character remain'd the same,
 Untouch'd and unimpeach'd by private blame ;
 Though Deists blind and sectaries agree
 To brand the heaven-descended ministry ;
 Nor God nor man the bold revilers spare,
 To' accuse the followers with their Lord they }
 dare,

For Judas fill'd an apostolic chair.

This duteous son his piety retain'd,
 Nor left his mother by her children stain'd ;
 Dishonour'd by her base degenerate sons,
 The pure and apostolic Church he owns ;
 Her sacred truths in righteousness he held,
 Her Articles and Creeds *not yet* repeal'd,
 Her homilies, replete with truth divine,
 Where pure religion flows in every line :
 Those heavenly truths while two or three maintain'd,
 By them he vow'd in life and death to stand :
 By them in life and death he nobly stood,
Tenacious of the faith, and obstinately good.
 He never left the ship by tempest toss'd,—
 Or say, she now is dash'd against the coast ;
 To save a few he spent his pious pains,
 Stay'd by the wreck, and gather'd her remains.
 My brother here, my friend indeed thou wert,
 A man—a Christian after my own heart !
 For this I envy thee, while others blame,
 And strangers brand thee with a bigot's name ;
 Glorious reproach ! If this be bigotry,
 For ever let the charge be fix'd on me ;
 With pious JONES and royal CHARLES may I
 A martyr for the Church of England die !

Nor did his zeal for her his love restrain,
 His love descending like the genial rain,
 And shining, like the sun, on every soul of man,
 Free as its source it flow'd, and unconfined,
 Embracing and o'erwhelming all mankind ;
 Nor sin nor error could its course preclude ;
 It reach'd to all, the evil and the good,
 His Father's children all, and bought with Jesu's
 blood.

The men of narrow hearts, who dare restrain
 The grace their Saviour did for all obtain,
 ("Free sovereign grace," who cry, perversely free,
 "For us, thou reprobate, but not for thee :
 Millions of souls the Lord of all pass'd by,
 Who died for all, for them refused to die ;
 To us, and none but us, He had respect,
 He died for the whole world—of us elect,")
 These wretched men of sin with grief he view'd,
 He loved these strangers to his Saviour's blood,
 A restless, carnal, bold, licentious crowd,
 Bitter, implacable, perverse, and proud,
 Stubborn, stiff-neck'd, impatient of restraint,
 A tribe of Priests unholy and unsent,
 Whose lives their arrogant conceit disprove ;
 Vain, sinful boasters of electing love ;
 To evil sold, they *will* believe a lie,
 And advocates for sin they live and die.

Yet these, even these, his pity knew to bear,
 With all their long impertinence of prayer,
 Their factious party-zeal, their teaching pride,
 Their fierce contempt of all mankind beside ;
 His love the mantle o'er their folly spread,
 His candid love a just exception made,
 O'erjoy'd to see a few of heart sincere,
 As burning and as shining lights appear,
 To find a Whitefield and an Harris *here!*

True piety impartial to commend,
 He dared to call a Calvinist his friend ;
 His love indifferent did to all abound,
 He bow'd to Jesu's Name wherever found :

Some good he found in all, but grieved to see
 The world combine, the brethren disagree.
 Ah, Lord, regard in him thy Spirit's groan,
 And haste to perfect all thy saints in one!

Divinely warn'd to meet the mortal hour,
 And tread the path his Saviour trod before ;
 Without surprise the sudden call he heard,
 Always alike for life or death prepared ;
 With calm delight the summons he received,
 For well he knew in whom he had believed ;
 He knew himself with Christ for ever one,
 (The Lamb that died for all his sins to' atone,) }
 And welcomed death, whose only sting was gone : }
 The foe to nature, but a friend to grace,
 The king of terrors with an angel-face !
 He smiled as the swift messenger drew near, }
 With steadfast faith, and love that cast out fear, }
 Look'd through the vale, and saw his Lord appear. }

But, O ! what words the mighty joy can paint,
 Or reach the raptures of a dying saint ?
 See there ! the dying saint, with smiling eyes,
 A spectacle to men and angels lies !
 His soul from every spot of sin set free,
 His hope is full of immortality :
 To live was Christ to him, and death is gain ;
 Resign'd, triumphant in the mortal pain,
 He lays his earthly tabernacle down,
 In confidence to grasp the starry crown ;
 Saved to the utmost *here* by Jesu's grace,
 " I here," he cries, " have seen His glorious face."

Nor even in death could he forget his own ;
 Still the kind brother, and the pious son,
 Loved his own flesh, when ready to depart,
 And, lingering, bore them on his yearning heart :
 His last desire, that they might take the prize,
 That they might follow him to paradise.
 Witness the prayers, in which with God he strove,
 Witness the labour of his dying love,
 The solemn lines he sign'd as with his blood,
 That call'd and pointed to the' atoning God.

O Saviour, give them to his dying prayer,
 Snatch them from earth, for heavenly joys prepare,
 And let the son salute the mother there !

In sure and steadfast hope again to find
 The dear-loved relatives he left behind,
 Children and wife he back to Jesus gave,
 His Lord, he knew, could to the utmost save :
 Himself experienced now that utmost power,
 And clapp'd his hands in death's triumphant hour ;
 " Rejoice, my friends," he cries, " rejoice with me,
 Our dying Lord hath got the victory ;
 He comes, He comes ! this is my bridal day,
 Follow with songs of joy the breathless clay,
 And shout my soul escaped into eternal day ! "

A dying saint can true believers mourn ?
 Joyful they see their friend to heaven return ;
 His animating words their souls inspire,
 And bear them upwards on his car of fire :
 His looks, when language fails, new life impart ;
 Heaven in his looks, and Jesus in his heart ;
 He feels the happiness that cannot fade,
 With everlasting joy upon his head,
 Starts from the flesh, and gains his native skies ;
 Glory to God on high !—the Christian dies ;
 Dies from the world, and quits his earthly clod,
 Dies, and receives the crown by Christ bestow'd,
 Dies into all the life and plenitude of God !

O glorious victory of grace divine !
 Jesu, the great redeeming work is thine :
 Thy work revived, as in the ancient days,
 We now with angels and archangels praise :
 Thine hand unshorten'd in our sight appears,
 With whom a day is as a thousand years ;
 We see and magnify thy mercy's power,
 That call'd the sinner at the' eleventh hour,
 Cut short the work, and suddenly renew'd,
 Sprinkled and wash'd him in thy cleansing blood,
 And fill'd in one short year with all the life of God.
 Received on earth into thy people's rest,
 He now is number'd with the glorious blest,

Call'd to the joys that saints and angels prove, }
 Triumphant with the first-born church above, }
 He rests within thy arms of everlasting love. }

Ye fools that throng the smooth, infernal road,
 And scorn the wisdom of the sons of God,
 Censure whom angels, saints, and God commend,
 Madness account his life, and base his end ;
 Tread on his ashes still, ye ruffians, tread,
 By venal lies defame the sacred dead,
 With Satan still your feeble malice show,
 The last poor efforts of a vanquish'd foe,
 To' arraign a saint deceased profanely dare, }
 But look to meet him at the last great bar, }
 And horribly recant your hellish slanders there ! }

Or rather now, while lingering justice stays,
 And God in Jesus grants a longer space,
 Repent, repent ; a better path pursue, }
 Choose life, ye madmen, with the happy few, }
 The life your Saviour's death hath bought for you. }
 Why will you die, when God would have you live ?
 Would all mankind abundantly forgive ?
 Invites you all to choose the better part,
 And ever cries, " My son, give me thy heart." }
 He bids you in his servant's footsteps tread,
 He calls you by the living, and the dead,
 Awake, and burst the bands of nature's night,
 Rise from your graves, and Christ shall give you light ;
 While yet He may be found, to God draw nigh, }
 Heaven without price, and without money, buy, }
 And as the righteous live, and as the righteous die. }

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. MR. JOHN
 MERITON,

AUGUST 10TH, 1753.

AND hath he bow'd his head,
 And render'd up the ghost,
 So quietly escaped, and fled
 To that immortal host ?

2 D 2

With them our songs we join,
 And solemnly proclaim
 The victory of love divine,
 The triumph of the Lamb.
 The Lamb of God alone
 Supplied his Spirit's might,
 Through which our fellow-soldier won
 The good though doubtful fight ;
 Through which the' afflicted man,
 On sovereign mercy cast,
 Rode out the storm of sin and pain,
 And landed safe at last.
 Long was he toss'd below
 On life's tempestuous sea,
 Born to a double share of woe,
 And weight of misery ;
 Tortured by cruel fears,
 By flattering hopes deceived,
 He wander'd through the vale of tears,
 And rather died than lived.
 The soul is now at rest,
 The exile roams no more ;
 Of his inheritance possess'd,
 On that celestial shore :
 A lot that cannot fade,
 A life that cannot die,
 An house by hands immortal made,
 A mansion in the sky.
 Jesus, take all the praise,
 The praise is all thy due ;
 And save us by the word of grace,
 And make us conquerors too :
 The word thy servant spoke,
 And found its saving power,
 Let us believe, obey, and look
 For death's triumphant hour.
 O that we then like him
 Might quietly resign
 The souls thou suffer'dst to redeem,
 Into those hands of thine !

O that we then might prove,
 Like him, the crowning grace,
 And join our glittering friends above
 In everlasting lays!

ON THE DEATH OF WESTLEY HALL,*

AGED FOURTEEN.

PART I.

WHERE is the fair Elysian flower,
 The blooming youth that charm'd our eyes?
 Cut down, and wither'd in an hour!

But now transplanted to the skies,
 He triumphs o'er the mouldering tomb,
 He blossoms in eternal bloom.

Nor did he perish immature,
 Who starting won the short-lived race;
 Unspotted from the world, and pure,
 And saved, and sanctified by grace;
 The child fulfils his hundred years,
 And ripe before his God appears.

Witness his one extreme desire,—
 To live, if spared, for God alone;
 But rather with the tuneful choir,
 To join the souls around the throne:
 He grasps on earth the prize above,
 And all his soul is prayer and love.

When reason fled the rack of pain,
 Love still defied the torturer's power;
 Love, deathless love, doth still remain,
 And consecrates his dying hour,
 And wafts him to his native place,
 And crowns his brow with golden rays.

Ascending to that world of light,
 He quits our dreary vale of death,
 But drops his mantle in his flight,
 His blessing on his friends beneath;

* The author's nephew, and son of an apostate Clergyman.—
 EDIT.

Thrice happy, if his virtue's heirs,
If given to his dying prayers!

Happy whoe'er his wants supplied,
Or served an heir of glory here ;
Happy the souls to thine allied,
That saw their shining pattern near ;
Happy the mates thou leavest below,
If wise, with thee, their God to know.

But chiefly blest the womb that bare,
The paps that nursed, a child like thee,
A child of providence and prayer,
Ordain'd his Father's face to see,
To' enjoy His love, to chant His praise,
In rapturous, everlasting lays.

'Tis done, the soul is enter'd there,
Where kindred saints and angels join :
We cast away our mournful care,
We bow and bless the will divine :
Let God resume whom God had given,
And take us after him to heaven.

PART II.

Rest, happy saint, with God secure,
Lodged in the bosom of the Lamb ;
Thy joy is full, thy state is sure,
Through all eternity the same ;
The heavenly doors have shut thee in,
The mighty gulf is fix'd between.

Thy God forbade the son to bear
The father's wickedness below ;
And, O ! thou canst not suffer there
His foul reproach, his guilty woe ;
His fearful doom thou canst not feel,
Or fall, like him, from heaven to hell.

That tender sense of infant grace,
(Extinct in him,) which dwelt in thee,
Nor sin, nor Satan, can efface :
From pain and grief for ever free,

Thou canst not now his fall deplore,
Or pray for one that prays no more.

Yet may thy last expiring prayer
For a lost parent's soul prevail,
And move the God of love to spare,
To' arrest him at the mouth of hell :
O God of love, thine ear incline,
And save a soul that once was thine.

Thou didst his heaven-born spirit draw,
Thou didst his childlike heart inspire,
And fill with love's profoundest awe ;
Though now, inflamed with hellish fire,
He dares thy favourite Son blaspheme,
And hates the God that died for him.

Commission'd by the dying God,
Blest with a powerful ministry,
The world he pointed to Thy blood,
And turn'd whole multitudes to Thee ;
Others he saved, himself a prey
To hell, an hopeless castaway.

Murderer of souls, Thou know'st, he lives,
(Poor souls for whom Thyself hast died,)
His dreadful punishment receives,
And bears the mark of sullen pride ;
And furious lusts his bosom tear,
And the dire worm of sad despair.

Condemn'd like haggard Cain to rove,
By Satan and himself pursued,
Apostate from redeeming love,
Abandon'd to the curse of God ;
Thou hear'st the vagabond complain,
Loud-howling, while he bites his chain.

But O, thou righteous God ! how long
Shall thy vindictive anger last ;
Canst Thou not yet forgive the wrong,
Bid all his penal woes be past ?
All power, all mercy, as Thou art,
O break his adamant heart !

Before the yawning cavern close
 Its mouth on its devoted prey,
 Thou, who hast died to save thy foes,
 Thy death's omnipotence display ;
 And snatch from that eternal fire,
 And let him in thine arms expire.

A PRAYER FOR A DYING CHILD.

FATHER, Lord of earth and heaven,
 Spare, or take, what thou hast given ;
 Sole disposer of thine own,
 Let thy sovereign will be done.

When thou didst our Isaac give,
 Him we trembled to receive,
 Him we call'd not ours, but thine,
 Him we promised to resign.

Lo, we to our promise stand,
 Lo, we answer thy demand ;
 Will not murmur or complain,
 If thou claim thine own again.

Life and death depend on thee,
 Just and good is thy decree ;
 Safe in thy decree we rest,
 Sure whatever is, is best.

Meekly we our vow repeat,
 Nature *shall* to grace submit ;
 Let him on the altar lie,
 Let the victim live, or die.

Yet thou know'st what pangs of love
 In a father's bosom move ;
 What the agony to part,
 Struggling in a mother's heart.

Sorely tempted and distress'd,
 Can we make the fond request ?
 Dare we pray for a reprieve ?
Need we ask that he may live ?

God we absolutely trust,
 Wise, and merciful, and just ;
 All thy works to thee are known,
 All thy blessed will be done.

If his life a snare would prove,
 Rob us of thy heavenly love,
 Steal our hearts from God away,
 Mercy will not let him stay.

If his life would matter raise
 Of thine everlasting praise,
 More his Saviour glorify,
 Mercy will not let him die.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.*

PART I.

DEAD, dead ! the child I loved so well !

Transported to the world above !

I need no more my heart conceal ;

I never dared indulge my love :

But may I not indulge my grief,

And seek in tears a sad relief ?

Mine earthly happiness is fled,

His mother's joy, his father's hope ;

O had I died in Isaac's stead !

He should have lived, my age's prop,

He should have closed his father's eyes,

And follow'd me to paradise.

But hath not Heaven, who first bestow'd,

A right to take His gifts away ?

I bow me to the sovereign God,

Who snatch'd him from the evil day ;

Yet nature *will* repeat her moan,

And fondly cry, " My son, my son ! "

Turn from him, turn, officious thought !

Officious thought presents again

The thousand little acts he wrought,

Which wound my heart with soothing pain :

His looks, his winning gestures, rise,

His waving hands, and laughing eyes.

* The author's first-born, who died in his childhood.—EDIT.

Those waving hands no more shall move,
 Those laughing eyes shall smile no more ;
 He cannot now engage our love,
 With sweet insinuating power,
 Our weak, unguarded hearts ensnare,
 And rival his Creator there.

From us, as we from him, secure,
 Caught to his heavenly Father's breast,
 He waits, till we the bliss insure,
 From all these stormy sorrows rest,
 And see him with our angel stand,
 To waft and welcome us to land.

PART II.

FAREWELL, (since Heaven ordains it so,)
 Farewell, my yearning heart's desire !
 Stunn'd with the providential blow,
 And scarce beginning to respire,
 I own, and bow me in the dust,
 My God is good, and wise, and just.

He justly claims the first-born son,
 Accepts my costly sacrifice ;
 Dearest of all his gifts but one,
 At his command the victim dies :
 He but resumes what He had given,
 He takes my sacrifice to heaven.

His wisdom timed the lingering stroke,
 The mother first resolved to save ;
 The mother left, the child He took,
 Nor let them share a common grave ;
 And still my better half survives ;
 Joseph is dead, but Rachel lives.

His goodness towards us all design'd,
 To save us from a world of care ;
 He knew his pleading Spirit's mind,
 He heard in me his Spirit's prayer,
 And kindly hasten'd to remove
 The object of my fatal love.

The Searcher of my heart can tell
 How oft its fondness I withstood ;
 When forced a father's joy to feel,
 I shrunk from the suspected good,
 Refused the perilous delight,
 And hid me from the pleasing sight.

The labour of my aching breast,
 The racking fears, to God are known ;
 I could not in his danger rest,
 I trembled for my helpless son :
 But all my fears for ever cease,
 My son hath gain'd the port of peace.

The travail of my soul is past,
 Severer than the mother's throes ;
 For, lo ! my child is born at last,
 The glorious life of angels knows ;
 He bursts yon ambient azure shell,
 He flies from us, with God to dwell.

Look down, thou happy spirit, look down,
 An eye of pitying love let fall
 On us, who long to share thy crown ;
 Who for that spotless mantle call,
 In which thou shalt for ever shine,
 That robe of righteousness divine.

Great King of saints, to Thee alone
 For mercy and for grace we pray :
 Thy glorious grace hath saved the son,
 The parents next to heaven convey,
 Thy power and goodness to adore,
 Where death and parting is no more.

PART III.

JESUS, our sure support thou art,
 Our only hope in deep distress ;
 Thy comforts calm the troubled heart,
 And, cheer'd by thy victorious grace,
 The mourner gives her wailings o'er,
 And Rachel weeps her loss no more.



O might thy love our loss repair,
 This mountain-load of grief remove!
 The burden we with patience bear,
 But cannot rest without thy love ;
 But, till we hear thy pardoning voice,
 We cannot in thy will rejoice.

If Thou hast wrought us, Lord, to this,
 If now thy chastening hand we see,
 Which strips us of our creature-bliss,
 To make us seek our bliss in thee ;
 On us thy pardoning love bestow,
 And bless us with that heaven below.

If Thou hast torn our child away,
 To make thyself the larger room,
 No longer, gracious Lord, delay ;
 But to thy drooping servants come,
 And take up all this aching void,
 And fill our happy souls with God.

PART IV.

WHY should our hearts for ever bleed,
 Why should we still as hopeless mourn ?
 The child is safe, the child is dead,
 And never shall to us return ;
 But we to him shall soon arise,
 And clasp the saint in paradise.

Who, weeping, build our infant's tomb,
 With joy we hasten to our own :
 That happiest day will quickly come,
 When we shall lay our burden down ;
 When loosed from earth our souls shall soar,
 And find—whom we shall lose no more.

No human heart can e'er conceive
 The transports of our meeting there,
 Where pure departed spirits live,
 Where one we fondly deem'd our heir,
 To full angelic stature grown,
 Inherits an immortal crown.

Arrived above, the stranger stands,
 Encompass'd with acclaiming choirs ;
 He hears, and waves his plausive hands,
 Transported with the harpers' lyres ;
 Expands his tuneful soul to prove
 The' harmonious powers of heavenly love.

And can we wish him doom'd again
 To childish ignorance and fears,
 Obnoxious to disease and pain,
 Imprison'd in our vale of tears,
 Exposed to all we dread beneath,
 Passion, and sin, and second death ?

Ah, no ! we would not have him back,
 But soon ourselves to him remove,
 While, meet his glory to partake,
 And perfected in patient love,
 We see with ravish'd hearts and eyes
 The loss which brought us to the skies.

PART V.

ANGELS, rejoice ! a child is born,
 Into your happier world above !
 Let poor short-sighted mortals mourn,
 While on the wings of heavenly love
 An everlasting spirit flies,
 To claim his kindred in the skies.

His few sad days of guiltless pain
 Are all irrevocably gone ;
 Escaped from earth without a stain,
 My heart's desire, my darling son,
 Hath first attain'd his endless rest,
 Hath reach'd his heavenly Father's breast.

And shall I for his bliss repine,
 And shall I for his absence grieve ?
 Or rather bless the choice divine,
 With awful joy and thanks receive
 The period of my countless cares,
 The answer of my thousand prayers !

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My prayers are seal'd, my child is fled,
 Is safe on that eternal shore :
 No longer I his dangers dread,
 The poisonous world's bewitching power,
 The charms of sin, the tempter's art,
 The fondness of a parent's heart.

No more my eyes with tears o'erflow,
 No more in deep distress I pray,
 " Ah ! save my child from endless woe,
 Ah ! take him from the evil day,
 Nor let the man his God deny,
 Nor let him live to sin, and die."

Who fill'd me with those jealous fears,
 Who arm'd my heart with sad mistrust,
 The God of love hath seen my tears,
 And never *can* the child be lost,
 Whom God hath found, and claim'd for His,
 And snatch'd to everlasting bliss.

PART VI.

'Tis finish'd, all his course of pain !
 'Tis finish'd, all our task of care !
 We turn us to our rest again,
 In solemn praise, and humble prayer ;
 For, lo ! our awful office ends,
 For, lo ! our sacred charge ascends !

The child, of whom we seem bereaved,
 Whom feeble flesh would still deplore,
 Our heavenly Father hath received,
 And kindly bids us weep no more,
 But cheerfully his loan resign,
 And leave him in the arms divine.

Father, we make thy deed our own,
 Submissive to thy wisest choice ;
 Though nature give a parting groan,
 Our spirits *shall* in Thee rejoice,
 And thankfully at last approve
 The' appointment of Eternal Love.

'Twas Love ordain'd so short a date,
 So light a load of penal pain,
 And hence the favourite of fate
 Put on, and burst, his fleshly chain ;
 Received, and, rendering up his breath,
 Retired into the shades of death.

But we by faith's illumined eye
 Beyond the cloud of death behold
 A sun in yon eternal sky,
 Which gilds, and turns the cloud to gold ;
 And in that golden light I see
 The child that owed his birth to me.

In a new world of light and bliss,
 An angel now our child appears ;
 His joy hath made our sorrow cease,
 His looks have dried our selfish tears,
 His looks, where heavenly glories shine,
 And call us to the sight divine.

Father of lights, and God of love,
 Thy call we joyfully obey,
 And hasten to our friends above,
 Who for their old companions stay ;
 Till all before thy face shall meet,
 And find in thee our heaven complete.

PART VII.

BLESSING, and love, and thanks, and praise,
 Wisdom, and majesty, and power,
 And riches, more than earth can raise,
 To God, who, at the destined hour,
 Hath singled out our only son,
 And caught an infant to His throne.

The Lord our favour'd child hath blest
 Above what we could ask or hope ;
 Hath far exceeded our request,
 And fill'd our largest wishes up
 With more than nature dared require,
 Or a fond parent's heart desire.

We rashly for our offspring claim
 The goods which foolish mortals prize,—
 Beauty, and health, and power, and fame ;
 We wish them great, and rich, and wise,
 With pleasures crown'd, and long to live
 In all the bliss which earth can give.

But see, whom God hath made *His* heir,
 Adorn'd with each celestial grace !
 His features how divinely fair !
 How full of heaven his blooming face !
 And what shall mar that heavenly bloom,
 Where pain and death can never come ?

With glory deck'd, and clothed with power,
 On Kings the pitying saint looks down ;
 For who can tell his gracious store,
 Or count the jewels of his crown ?
 Bright as ten thousand stars they shine,
 And purchased all by blood divine.

With pure superior wisdom fraught,
 He fathoms the angelic minds,
 Prevents the quickest glance of thought,
 And truth by intuition finds ;
 He comprehends the One in Three,
 He sounds the depths of Deity.

Knowledge, and power, and glory meet,
 To' enhance his happiness and joy ;
 His joy unutterably great,
 His happiness without alloy,
 His pleasures spiritual and pure,
 Immortal as their source endure.

Happy, and wise, and great, and good,
 In fashion like his Maker found,
 With heavenly faculties endued,
 With all divine perfections crown'd ;
 And long as God His throne maintains,
 The heir with Christ triumphant reigns.

PART VIII.

FATHER, in Thee our hearts confide,
 And wait thine utmost word to feel ;
 Have we not been by trouble tried ?

Now let it answer all thy will ;
 Now let it yield, with vast increase,
 The peaceful fruit of righteousness.

Beneath thy chastening hand we stoop,
 And pour out our sad souls in prayer,
 Prostrate, till mercy lift us up,

Till Thou thy righteousness declare :
 To Thee by deep affliction driven,
 We cry, to know our sins forgiven.

Come, to thy drooping servants, come,
 Thou God of reconciling grace,
 Pierce through, dispel, this guilty gloom,
 Unveil the brightness of thy face ;
 And while these clouds of grief remove,
 Appear, the pardoning God of love.

We will not let our sorrow go,
 Till Thee our God we apprehend :
 Ah ! wouldst Thou now the grace bestow,
 Into our hearts the comfort send,
 The peace that pain and loss defies,
 The life divine that never dies.

In us thy pardoning love reveal ;
 And when we feel the blessing given,
 Our tongues thy pardoning love shall tell,
 Shall spread the news through earth and heaven,
 " The Lord hath caught away our son,
 And given us in exchange his own."

FOR A BACKSLIDER (MR. JOHN HUTCHINSON)
 NEAR DEATH.

BOWELS of compassion, sound
 In answer to our cry :
 Let thy balmy grace abound,
 Before our brother die.

Bleeding Lamb, thy blood impart,
To sign a burden'd soul's release ;
Whisper love into his heart,
And bid him die in peace.

Sinner's Advocate, appear,
In all thy wounds confess'd,
Now his fainting spirit cheer,
And calm his troubled breast :
Jesu, show thine healing art,
And give his tortured conscience ease,
Whisper love into his heart,
And bid him die in peace.

Do not, Lord, for ever chide
With one, who was thy son :
Mercy cries, " Be pacified,
For all that he hath done."
Though he did from Thee depart,
With pity see his last distress ;
Whisper love into his heart,
And bid him die in peace.

If Thou all his ways hast seen,
Since first from Thee he ran ;
If thy hand hath kept him in,
And fenced him round with pain ;
If thy rod hath made him smart,
And still corrects his frowardness ;
Whisper love into his heart,
And bid him die in peace.

Let the punishment suffice
He hath already borne ;
Now, to bless his closing eyes,
Thou lovely Lamb, return :
Ere the soul and body part,
Again thy lawful captive seize ;
Whisper love into his heart,
And bid him die in peace.

Lord, we will not cease to pray,
We will not let thee go,
Till Thou take his sins away,
And wash him white as snow ;

Bless him, ere he hence depart,
 With pardon and salvation bless ;
 Whisper love into his heart,
 And bid him die in peace.

In this acceptable hour
 Thy pardoning grace reveal,
 If the prayer of faith hath power
 A sin-sick soul to heal :
 If the same Thou always art,
 Make all thy gracious fulness *his*,
 Whisper love into his heart,
 And bid him die in peace.

Son of God, come down, come down,
 And tell him all thy name,
 That we all around thy throne
 Thy glories may proclaim ;
 That we never more may part,
 Partakers of thy heavenly bliss,
 Whisper love to *every* heart,
 And bid *us* die in peace.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. JOHN HUTCHINSON,

JULY 23D, 1754.

GLORY, and thanks, and praise,
 To Him who reigns above,
 The God of unexampled grace,
 Of unexhausted love ;
 Whose Spirit, often grieved,
 Hath all long-suffering shown,
 And now to paradise received
 His poor rebellious son.

His son (and mine) is fled
 Beyond the reach of sin ;
 The everlasting doors, display'd,
 Admit the wanderer in :
 Shout, all ye heavenly choir,
 The doubtful conflict past !
 My son is scarcely saved by fire,
 But he *is* saved at last.

'Scaped from a life of pain,
 Disburden'd of his load,
 The struggling soul hath burst its chain
 Of *peevish* flesh and blood :
 Safe to the haven brought,
 Where storms can never come,
 And every folly, every fault,
 Is buried in his tomb.

The pain, whose lingering strife
 And frequent impulse tore
 The wasted seats of irksome life,
 Shall never vex him more ;
 Nor love's severe excess,
 Nor anger's furious start,
 Can his indignant spirit oppress,
 Or rend his frantic heart.

The tyrannizing power
 Of his own wayward will,
 The buffetings of sin are o'er,
 The stubborn pulse is still ;
 Jesus hath heard our prayer,
 And caught him to his breast,
 And lull'd the self-tormentor there
 To everlasting rest.

Omnipotent to save,
 Thou didst thine arm reveal,
 And on the margin of the grave
 All his backslidings heal :
 "Thou didst thy blood impart,
 To sign his soul's release,
 And whisper love into his heart,
 And bid him die in peace."

Our hearts with hopes and fears,
 Dying, he chills and warms,
 The sad, desponding sinner cheers,
 The confident alarms :
 Left to the tempter's power,
 He cries to all, "Beware,"
 But, pardon'd at his latest hour,
 Prohibits our despair.

Instructed from above,
 Let us the warning take,
 Nor ever, Lord, abuse thy love,
 Or Thee or thine forsake :
 Ah ! rather now receive
 The purchase of Thy blood,
 Than let us live to tempt or grieve
 The patience of our God.

In self-mistrusting fear,
 Thy mercy we implore,
 To keep us, till our conflicts here
 Triumphantly are o'er :
 Ah ! make us better, Lord,
 And take us at the best,
 Meet to receive our full reward,
 In love's eternal feast.

ANOTHER.

WHY should my tears for ever flow ?
 Why should I wail the close of woe,
 The end of misery ?
 His real life doth still remain,
 Nothing is dead but grief and pain,
 But that which wish'd to die.

My HUTCHINSON himself survives ;
 He lives, to God he greatly lives !
 The' imperishable part
 Is rapt beyond our world of care ;
 Yet now by faithful love I bear
 His image on my heart.

I see the generous friend sincere ;
 His voice still vibrates in my ear,
 The voice of truth and love !
 It calls me to put off my clay,
 It bids me soar with him away
 To fairer worlds above.

Not even in death his friendship dies :
 With grateful pity and surprise
 I ask, How can it be ?

Loosen'd from all he leaves behind,
Yet still, (unutterably kind !)
Yet still—he cleaves to me.

On me he rests his dying head,
And, catching, grasps a broken reed,
But will not let me part,
Till Jesus visits him again,
By nobler love dissolves the chain,
And vindicates his heart.

Soon as the heavenly Guest arrives,
No more he fondly pants and strives
To' entwist his soul with mine :
He shakes me off, and then his clay,
He gives me up—and dies away
Into the arms divine.

Departed hence in perfect peace,
He loves me now without excess,
Or passionate alloy ;
Serene, he waits my spirit's flight,
To range with his the plains of light,
And climb the mount of joy.

Reposed in those Elysian seats,
Where Jonathan his David meets,
Our souls shall soon embrace,
The utmost power of friendship prove,
Commenced on earth, matured above,
In ecstasies of praise.

How shall we sing and triumph there,
Our dangers and escapes compare,
Our days of flesh and woe !
How comprehend the plan divine,
And sweetly in His praises join,
Through whom we met below !

Through whom in paradise we meet,
Great Author of our joy complete,
Thee, Jesus, we proclaim,
While all the saints stand listening round,
And all the realms of bliss resound
Salvation to the Lamb.

The Lamb hath brought us through the fire,
 The Lamb shall raise our raptures higher,
 When all from earth are driven ;
 Our glorious Head shall cleave the skies,
 And bid his church triumphant rise
 From paradise to heaven.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. GRACE BOWEN,
 JANUARY 2D, 1755.

PART I.

STAY, thou triumphant spirit, stay,
 And bless me e'er thou soar'st away,
 Where pain can never come.
 In vain my call ; the soul is fled,
 By Israel's flaming steeds convey'd
 To her eternal home.

Yet lo, I now the blessing find,
 The legacy she left behind,
 Fruit of her latest prayer :
 The answer in my heart I feel,
 This fresh supply of heavenly zeal,
 To live and die like her.

She lived to serve the God unknown,
 And following in a land not sown,
 A thorny wilderness,
 Beneath the yoke of legal fear
 She labour'd hard, with heart sincere,
 To buy the Saviour's peace.

Faithful she then in little was,
 And zealous for religion's cause,
 To please the Lord most high
 In serving man she humbly sought,
 But blindly by her duties thought
 Herself to justify.

Yet when she heard the Gospel-sound,
 That grace doth more than sin abound,
 That pardoning grace is free,

She cast her righteous rags aside,
 She closed at once with Christ, and cried,
 "He bought the peace for me!"

From hence the fight of faith began,
 From hence in Jesu's steps she ran,
 Nor e'er disgraced the cause ;
 Meek follower of the patient Lamb,
 She prized His honourable shame,
 And gloried in His cross.

By all the rage of fiends and men,
 (The vehement stream, the beating rain,)
 Assail'd on every side ;
 Nor men nor fiends her firmness shock,
 The house was built upon a rock,
 And every storm defied.

What tongue her hidden worth can tell,
 Her active faith, and fervent zeal,
 And works of righteousness ;
 Her thirst and reverence for the word,
 Her love to those who loved her Lord,
 Or but desired His grace ?

She loved them both in word and deed,
 O'erjoy'd an hungry Christ to feed,
 To visit Him in pain ;
 Him in his members she relieved,
 And freely as she first received,
 Gave Him her all again.

How did her generous bounty deal
 The widow's scanty oil and meal,
 A treasure for the poor !
 A treasure spent without decrease,
 As miracle revived to bless
 The consecrated store.

But who can paint the strong desire,
 The holy heaven-enkindled fire
 That glow'd within her breast,
 To' insure the bliss of friends and foes,
 To save the precious souls of those
 She ever loved the best ?

Witness, ye children of her prayers,
 Ye objects of her tenderest cares,
 Into her bosom given ;
 Did not her yearning bowels move,
 With more than a maternal love,
 To train you up for heaven ?

Can you her artless warmth forget,
 Her eager haste to turn your feet
 Into the narrow road ;
 Her counsels kind, her warning fears,
 Her loud protests, or silent tears,
 Whene'er ye stray'd from God ?

She took your guardian angel's part,
 She watch'd the motions of your heart,
 To pride and pleasure prone ;
 For you she spent her latest breath,
 And urged you both in life and death
 To love the Lord alone.

PART II.

O LET me on the image dwell,
 The soul-transporting spectacle
 On which even angels gaze !
 An hoary saint mature for God,
 And shaking off the earthly clod,
 To see His open face.

The happiest hour is come at last,
 When, all her toils and conflicts past,
 She shall to God ascend ;
 Worn out and spent for Jesu's cause,
 She now takes up her latest cross,
 And bears it to the end.

Summon'd before the throne to' appear,
 She meets the welcome messenger,
 Array'd in mortal pain ;
 Her only fear lest flesh and blood
 Should sink beneath the sacred load,
 Or weakly once complain.

But Christ, the object of her love,
 Doth with peculiar smiles approve,
 And all her fears control ;
 With glory gilds her final scene,
 And not a cloud can rise between,
 To hide Him from her soul.

As a ripe shock of corn brought home,
 Behold her in due season come
 To claim her full reward !
 Smiling and pleased in death she lies,
 With eagle's eyes looks through the skies,
 And sees her heavenly Lord.

The sight her ravish'd spirit fires,
 Her panting, dying breast inspires,
 And fills her mouth with praise ;
 She owns the glorious earnest given,
 The hidden life breaks out, and heaven
 Resplendent in her face.

Fill'd up with love and life divine,
 The house of clay, the earthly shrine,
 Dissolves, and sinks to dust ;
 Without a groan the body dies,
 Her spirit mounts above the skies,
 And mingles with the just.

With mix'd concern her flight we view,
 With joy the' ascending pomp pursue,
 Yet for *our* loss distress'd :
 Our bosom friend from earth is flown,
 A mother of our Israel gone
 To her eternal rest.

Yet still to us she speaks, though dead ;
 She bids us in her footsteps tread,
 As in her Saviour's she ;
 And, O that we like her may prove
 Our faith unfeign'd, and genuine love,
 And meek humility.

Who live her life, her death shall die :
 Come, Lord, our hearts to certify
 That we the prize shall gain ;

Soon as we lay the body down,
That we shall wear the' immortal crown,
And in thy glory reign.

ON THE DEATH OF LADY HOTHAM,

JUNE 30TH, 1756.

PART I.

FATHER, thy righteous will be done !
To make thy righteous will our own,
We patiently resign
The object of our softest care,
The daughter of our faith and prayer,
The dearest gift divine.

Unworthy of the blessing lent,
Her, from our bleeding bosom rent,
For ours no more we claim ;
Whom mortals could not duly prize,
Join'd to her kindred in the skies,
And married to the Lamb.

Her lovely excellence is fled,
And leaves the dead to' intomb the dead,
To' embalm them with our tears :
And, lo, with softest pensive pace,
We measure out our mournful days,
Till Israel's car appears.

The car that carried up our friend,
The flaming host, shall soon descend,
Our spirits to remove ;
There we again our friend shall find,
In love indissolubly join'd
To her who reigns above.

Through Him who call'd her up to reign,
We too the' immortal crown shall gain,
On patient faith bestow'd ;
We trust the Lamb shall bring us through,
And ~~hasten to~~ the blissful view
Of a ~~resting~~ God.

Till then, disdaining all relief,
 And brooding on our sacred grief,
 We inwardly endure
 The pangs of loss, the lingering smart,
 The anguish of a broken heart,
 Which only heaven can cure.

Help us, thou heavenly Man of woe,
 Unwearied in thy steps to go,
 To mix our tears with thine,
 To drink thine agonizing cup,
 To fill thine after-sufferings up,
 And die the death divine.

We only fear to *lose our loss* ;
 The burden of our heaviest cross
 Through life we fain would bear ;
 Would feel the ever-recent wound,
 And weeping at thy feet be found,
 And die lamenting there.

PART II.

STILL let us on her virtue gaze,
 With sad delight and wonder trace
 The favourite of the skies, '
 The child that lives her hundred years,
 An hoary saint to God appears,
 And fill'd with glory dies.

Her from the birth the Lord did draw ;
 His Spirit with meek, obedient awe
 Her tender soul endow'd ;
 He fix'd the principle within,
 The love of truth, the dread of sin,
 The hunger after God.

While nature's will remain'd alive,
 He never ceased to check and strive,
 And heavenly power impart ;
 Her heart from evil he withheld,
 Till love divine the world expell'd
 For ever from her heart.

Thenceforth, entirely ruled by grace,
 She swiftly ran her heavenly race,
 A secret saint unknown ;
 Stranger to pride and selfish art,
 In singleness of eye and heart
 She lived to God alone.

Whoe'er beheld, pronounced her blest ;
 Her walk on earth the lamb confess'd,
 The wisely simple dove,
 The soul composed in Jesu's peace,
 That only languish'd to possess
 The fulness of His love.

Unconscious of the love bestow'd,
 Whence all her words and actions flow'd,
 She made her humble moan ;
 Hid from herself by grace divine,
 How sweetly did she wail and pine
 To find the God unknown !

Known by her God, and well approved,
 His servants for His sake she loved,
 His messengers received ;
 From death to life her passage show'd,
 By owning all who own'd her God,
 And in His Spirit lived.

For them she toil'd with Martha's hands,
 Yet listening for her Lord's commands,
 Of Mary's part possess'd,
 Till Jesus call'd her at His feet,
 Spake her glad soul for glory meet,
 And caught her to His breast.

PART III.

Go, blessed saint, to Jesus go,
 Transported from the vale below,
 Thou canst not quite depart ;
 Thy fair memorial stays behind,
 Thy lovely portraiture we find
 Engraven on our heart.

The friend by grace and nature dear,
 The cordial friend, doth still appear,
 Though ravish'd from our sight ;
 On earth a guardian angel found,
 Diffusing bliss to all around,
 And ministering delight.

As born her relatives to please,
 Her own delight, and choice, and ease,
 She cheerfully denied ;
 Servant of all, rejoiced to stoop,
 Fill'd each domestic duty up,
 And every part supplied.

But shining in her properest sphere,
 (The sacred, social character,)
 The mystery she display'd
 Of Jesus by His church adored,
 While next to Christ her earthly lord
 She loved, revered, obey'd.

She more than shared his woe and weal,
 Attentive to his safety still,
 Engross'd by *his alone*,
 Her time, her thoughts, her health she gave,
 Till, his far dearer life to save,
 She sacrificed her own.

'Twas aim'd at him the deadly dart,
 But, glancing, miss'd his fearless heart,
 And pierced her faithful side :
 Eager her consort to redeem,
 She sicken'd and declined for him,
 For him she droop'd and died.

Conscious of dissolution near,
 Above all pain, regret, and fear,
 Her paradise restored
 She found with Jesus in her heart,
 And calmly languish'd to depart,
 And see her heavenly Lord.

“ Ready to fly this moment home
 If Thou, my Saviour, bidd'st me
 Me if Thou wilt receive,

Poorest of all thy creatures me ;
 And surely now thou say'st, with Thee
 I shall for ever live."

She spake, and by her looks express'd
 The glorious everlasting rest
 To saints triumphant given ;
 Glided in ecstasies away,
 And told us, through her smiling clay,
My soul is fled to heaven !

PART IV.

THEN let us look with comfort up,
 Not sorrowing as bereft of hope,
 But bow'd by God's decree :
 Father, thy love, severely kind,
 Calls off our hearts from earth to find
 Their bliss complete in Thee.

From her and every creature torn,
 Bless'd with the privilege to mourn,
 In calm submission kept ;
 Soften'd, we feel the sacred woe,
 Which God himself vouchsafed to know,
 And weep as Jesus wept.

His tears relieve our mournful pain,
 His word, "Your friend shall rise again,"
 Puts every care to flight :
 Thou wilt, O God, fulfil His word,
 And bring her back, with Christ our Lord,
 And all the saints in light.

Her soul we shall embrace once more,
 (How changed from her we knew before,
 The Godhead's earthly shrine !)
 Distinguish'd by peculiar rays,
 The image shining on her face,
 The glorious Name divine.

Met in those permanent abodes,
 Secure we live the life of gods,
 Of bliss without alloy :

No pining want, or soft excess,
 No tender tear to damp our peace,
 Or death to kill our joy.

Sorrow, and sin, and death are dead,
 And sighing is for ever fled,
 When life's last gasp is o'er ;
 When that celestial port we gain,
 Sickness, infirmity, and pain,
 And parting is no more.

O that we all were landed there !
 We only wait till Christ prepare
 His dearly purchased bride.
 Come, Lord, and change and take us hence,
 And give us an inheritance
 Among the sanctified.

We know Thou wilt not long delay
 To bear our ready souls away ;
 And when we meet above,
 Our full inheritance be Thou ;
 But bless us with the earnest now,
 The seal of perfect love.

PART V.

O WONDROUS power of Jesu's grace,
 Who sends an angel from His face
 With ministerial aid !
 By faith in brightest glory seen,
 She pours the balm of comfort in,
 And heals the wound she made.

The blessed spirit enthroned above
 (Whom far beyond ourselves we love,
 Soon as her bliss appears)
 Scatters the gloom of nature's grief,
 Brings irresistible relief,
 And dries our selfish tears.

Her bliss no pause nor period knows,
Her bliss our ravish'd heart o'erflows ;
 The heavenly drop we feel

Is more than thousand worlds can give :
Who then shall all her joy conceive,
Or all her raptures tell ?

So wholly form'd for social love,
Her union with the spirits above
What angel can declare ?
Her joy, amidst the virgin-choir,
To mark a saint in white attire,
To clasp a sister there !

With her to range the' eternal plains ;
To catch the harpers' sweetest strains,
And match them with her own ;
Pursue the living water's course,
Or trace the river to its source,
And drink it at the throne.

There, there the ecstasy is full,
While, wide expanding all her soul,
The Godhead she receives ;
Enjoys the' unutterable grace,
Beholds without a veil His face,
Beholds His face and lives.

For this on earth she could not rest,
(With every other blessing blest,)
Or in His gifts delight ;
Not holiness itself could sate
The spirit constrain'd in bliss to wait,
Without that blissful sight.

But, gaining now whom she requires,
She all her infinite desires
Lets loose on Him alone ;
She plunges in the crystal sea,
Lost in the depths of Deity,
With God for ever one !

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. L——,*

JULY 6TH, 1756.

PART I.

AH! lovely Christ-like soul, adieu,
 Darling of every heart that knew
 Thy short-lived excellence!
 Rest in the bosom of thy God,
 Who just to gazing mortals show'd,
 And snatch'd the wonder hence.
 Unworthy of her longer stay,
 Forbid to plead, forbid to pray,
 We mournfully resign
 Our friend, so suddenly removed;
 We render to her Best-beloved
 The heavenly loan divine.
 But *need* we now our grief conceal,
 Forced in the tenderest nerve to feel
 The universal loss?
 We *cannot* curb our swelling sighs,
 Or stop the fountains of our eyes,
 Remembering what she *was*.
 She *was* (let all her worth confess,
 Let all her precious memory bless,
 And after her aspire!)
 A burning and a shining light—
 She *was*—to gild our land of night,
 And set our world on fire.
 She *was* (what words can never paint)
 A spotless soul, a sinless saint,
 In perfect love renew'd;
 A mirror of the Deity,
 A transcript of the One in Three,
 A temple fill'd with God;
 The witness of His hallowing grace,
 Talk'd with her Maker face to face,
 And, mark'd with His new name,
 His nature visibly express'd,
 While all her even life confess'd
 The meekness of the Lamb.

* Probably Mrs. Lefevre.—EDIT.

Blest with His lowly, loving mind,
 One with the Friend of human kind,
 In all His steps she trod ;
 In doing good, and bearing ill,
 Fulfill'd her heavenly Father's will,
 And lived and died to God.

Eager to drink His deepest cup,
 She fill'd her Lord's afflictions up,
 Together crucified ;
 To nature's will entirely dead,
 She languish'd till she bow'd her head,
 And with her Saviour died.

Like Him, her *thirty years and three*
 She finish'd on the sacred tree,
 In sacrificial prayer ;
 Calmly, without a lingering sigh,
Dismiss'd her spirit to the sky,
 And clasps her Jesus there.

PART II.

O THAT the child of heavenly light
 Might drop her mantle in her flight,
 Her lamb-like spirit leave !
 On us let all her graces rest,
 To meeken every troubled breast,
 And teach us how to grieve.

Happy, could we the secret find,
 Like her in all events resign'd,
 To gain by every loss ;
 Our sharpest agonies to' improve,
 Esteem our Master's lot, and love,
 And glory in, His cross.

Master, on us, even us, bestow
 Like precious faith, Thyself to know ;
 Fulfil our heart's desire,
 Daily in all her steps to tread ;
 And let us in the garden bleed,
 And on the mount expire.

Like her, who now, supremely blest,
Enjoys an everlasting rest,

 We fain on earth would be ;
As harmless as that gentlest dove,
As simplified by humble love,
 As perfectly like Thee.

O were it, Lord, on us bestow'd,
The love that in her bosom glow'd,
 The love invincible ;
The love that turns the other cheek,
The love inviolably meek,
 That bears and conquers all !
Made ready here, by patient love,
For sweetest fellowship above
 With our translated friend,
Give us through life her spirit to breathe,
Indulge us then to die her death,
 And bless us with her end.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. MERCY THORNTON,

MARCH 1ST, 1757.

THE' Almighty will be done,
Who justly claims His own !
Sister, daughter, friend, farewell !
Caught up to thy great reward,
To the bliss ineffable,
 To the bosom of thy Lord.

Beyond our vale of woe,
Detach'd from all below,
Long thy gracious soul aspired
After His beloved embrace,
Restlessly its God required,
Gasp'd to see His glorious face.

No *new-made* Deity
He show'd Himself to thee :
Jesus, Jah, Jehovah, came,
Pleased His nature to impart,
Told thee His mysterious name,
Breathed His Spirit into thy heart.

Through His own Spirit's power,
 Thou didst thy Lord adore,
 With unborrow'd glories bright,
 Dwelling in an earthly clod,
 God of God, and Light of Light,
 Christ the one eternal God.

God over all supreme,
 Almighty to redeem,
 The first self-existing Cause,
 Him thou didst divinely know,
 Daily triumph in His cross,
 Humbly in His footsteps go.

Thy meat was to fulfil
 Thy heavenly Father's will :
 Sent to do His will alone,
 O, how swiftly didst thou move,
 Eager, yet composed, to run
 All the course of patient love !

In meek and quiet peace,
 Thou didst thy soul possess ;
 Far from every wild extreme
 Thy substantial piety :
 Never could the world blaspheme,
 Never scoff the truth for thee.

Close follower of the Lamb,
 Whose love the world o'ercame,
 Them thou didst, like Him, oppose,
 Conquering all their ill with good,
 Melting down the Saviour's foes,
 Foes that trampled on His blood.

The men who dare disown
 God's co-eternal Son,
 Meet and ready to depart,
 Didst thou not their burden bear ?
 Grieved for them thy bleeding heart,
 Sigh'd for them thy dying prayer.

That latest labour o'er,
 Thy spirit strives no more ;

Finish'd her great work of love,
 Lo, she quits the house of clay,
 Claps her wings, and soars above,
 Mingles with eternal day!

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. MARY NAYLOR,

MARCH 21ST, 1757.

PART I.

BUT is the hasty spirit fled?
 But hath my friend inclined her head,
 And laid her burden down?
 Dead, dead to man, to God she lives,
 And from her Saviour's hands receives
 The never-fading crown.

Away, my tears and selfish sighs!
 The happy saint in paradise
 Requires us not to mourn;
 But rather keep her life in view,
 And still her shining steps pursue,
 Till all to God return.

Her life from outward evil free,
 From every gross enormity,
 Her life of nature was.
 Harmless she pass'd her *time to play*,
 Stranger to Christ, the living way,
 Regardless of His cross.

But when she heard the Gospel sound,
 The seed received in the good ground,
 The heart-engrafted word,
 Produced an hundred-fold increase,
 And, join'd to Jesu's witnesses,
 She gloried in *her* Lord.

With joy she flew her all to sell,
 Borne on the wings of rapid zeal,
 Impatient of delay;
 Away she cast, with eager strife,
 Kindred, and friends, and more than life,
 She cast her fame away.

Where Satan keeps his gaudy throne,
 Firm as the righteous Lot, alone
 Against the world she stood,
 The cross endured, the shame despised,
 And only sought, and only prized,
 The praise that comes from God.

When men and fiends against her rose,
 Could all her fierce opprobrious foes
 Her steadfast faith o'erturn?
 A follower of the patient Lamb,
 The hatred she with love o'ercame,
 And triumph'd in the scorn.

Her solid piety unfeign'd,
 A witness from her foes obtain'd,
 And forced them to confess,
 "Where faith appears with virtue crown'd,
 Religion pure on earth is found,
 And all her paths are peace."

PART II.

LONG in those peaceful, pleasant ways
 She walk'd, she ran the Christian race,
 With *never-slackening* care ;
 Studious her talents to improve,
 She lived a life of faith and love,
 Of holiness and prayer.

The weightier matters of the law
 With single eye she clearly saw,
 Nor overlook'd the less :
 Her tithe of mint she gladly paid,
 But the main stress on mercy laid,
 And truth and righteousness.

The golden rule she still pursued,
 And did to others as she would
 Others should do to her :
 Justice composed her upright soul,
 Justice did all her thoughts control,
 And form'd her character.

Her morals, O thou bleeding Lamb,
 Forth from that open fountain came,
 That wounded side of thine ;
 Thy love of equity she caught,
 Thy Spirit in her spirit wrought
 The righteousness divine.

Thenceforth an Israelite indeed,
 By child-like innocency led,
 And ignorant of art,
 She her integrity approved,
 To God and man ; the truth she loved,
 And spoke it from her heart.

To falsehood an eternal foe,
 The fair pretence, the specious show,
 The gross and colour'd lie ;
 Darkness she never put for light,
 Evil for good, or wrong for right,
 Or fraud for piety.

Through all her words the soul within,
 The honest, artless soul, was seen,
 Ingenuous, pure, and free ;
 Candour and love were sweetly join'd
 With easy nobleness of mind,
 And true simplicity.

Inspired with godliness sincere,
 She had her conversation here,
 No guile in her was found :
 Cheerful and open as the light,
 She dwelt in her own people's sight,
 And gladden'd all around.

PART III.

MERCY, that heaven-descending guest,
 Resided in her gentle breast,
 And full possession kept ;
 While listening to the orphan's moan,
 And echoing back the widow's groan,
 She wept with them that wept.

Affliction, poverty, disease,
 Drew out her soul in soft distress,
 The wretched to relieve :
 In all the works of love employ'd,
 Her sympathizing soul enjoy'd
 The blessedness to give.

Her Saviour in His members seen,
 A stranger she received Him in,
 An hungry Jesus fed,
 Tended her sick, imprison'd Lord,
 And flew in all His wants to' afford
 Her ministerial aid.

A nursing-mother to the poor,
 For them she husbanded her store,
 Her life, her all, bestow'd ;
 For them she labour'd day and night,
 In doing good her whole delight,
 In copying after God.

But did she then herself conceal
 From her own flesh? or kindly feel
 Their every want and woe?
 'Tis *Corban this*, she never said ;
 But dealt alike her sacred bread,
 To feed both friend and foe.

Free from the busy worldling's cares,
 Who gathers riches—for his heirs,
 Who hoards what God hath given ;
 Fast as the Lord her basket bless'd,
 Fast as her well-got wealth increased,
 She laid it up in heaven.

Witness, ye servants of the Lord,
 Ye Preachers of the joyous word,
 Constrain'd with her to' abide :
 With Lydia's open house and heart,
 Glad of her carnal things to' impart,
 She all your wants supplied.

Surely ye judged her faithful *then* ;
 And did she not through life remain
 By the same?

Her even soul to heaven aspired,
 The only mind of Christ desired,
 The tempers of the Lamb.

PART IV.

THOUGH envy foul its poison shed,
 To blast the venerable dead,
 With base reproach to load,
 She did not lose her pious pains ;
 Her judgment with her Lord remains,
 Her work is with her God.

She never left her former love,
 Her zeal, or boldness to prove
 Triumphant wickedness :
 Since first she knew the Crucified,
 She never cast her shield aside,
 Or forfeited her peace.

Constant, unwarp'd from first to last,
 She kept the faith, and held it fast,
 From sin and error free,
 Contending for the faith *alone*,
 The name inscribed in the white stone,
 The *life* of piety.

While others spent their strength for nought,
 For trifles she no longer fought,
 For *human* rules or rites ;
 Her soul the *Shibboleths* disdain'd,
 By rigid novices maintain'd,
 And smooth-tongued hypocrites.

With ease her quick-discerning eyes
 Look'd through the *soft* and thin disguise,
 The *meek* and *humble* veil :
 Beneath the *superficial* grace,
 She knew the lurking fiend to trace,
 The rage and pride of hell.

Yet neither earth nor hell could move
 Her firm, unconquerable love
 To Jesus and his flock :

Her faith did all assaults endure,
 And stood, like its foundation sure,
 Establish'd on a rock.

She loved, but lean'd no more on, man,
 A broken reed, an helper vain ;
 People and Ministers,
 Men of like passions, she beheld,
 Their faults and weaknesses conceal'd,
 And help'd them by her prayers.

Their Master she revered in them,
 With grateful love, and high esteem,
 Rejoiced their work to own ;
 But only Christ *her Lord* allow'd,
 And with entire devotion bow'd
 To Jesu's name alone.

PART V.

FREE from that partial blind respect,
 Which marks the favourite of a sect,
 Implicitly resign'd ;
 With *others'* eyes she scorn'd to see,
 And stretch'd her arms of charity,
 Ingrasping all mankind.

In love and every grace she *grew*,
 As nearer her departure drew ;
 The active, restless soul
 From strength to greater strength went on,
 Swifter and swifter still she run,
 To reach the heavenly goal.

She lived a burning, shining light,
 With never-fading lustre bright,
 With never-cooling love :
 Meet for the infinite reward,
 Expecting to receive her Lord
 And Bridegroom from above.

He came, and warn'd her to depart,
 He knock'd at her attentive heart,
 And fitted for the sky ;

She open'd to her welcome Guest,
 With eager, instantaneous haste
 She gat her up, to die.

To die, her only business then,
 The meed of all her toils to gain,
 Made ready long before,
 She flies to lay her body down,
 And pain, and sin, and grief are gone,
 And suffering is no more.

"Nothing," she cries, "can shake my peace,
 My body or my soul distress,
 Or tempt me once to fear ;
 My full salvation is wrought out,
 I cannot mourn, I cannot doubt,
 For Christ and heaven is here.

"Not in my helpless self I trust,
 But on my faithful Lord and just
 In life and death depend ;
 Secure of everlasting bliss,
 Into those gracious hands of His
 My spirit I commend."

She speaks, and bows her willing head,
 She sinks among the' immortal dead,
 Without a lingering groan ;
 Meek, as the Lamb of God, departs,
 And carries up our bleeding hearts
 To that eternal throne.

PART VI.

THERE with the virgin-choir she sits,
 And Jesus her appeal admits
 From man's unrighteous bar :
 He kept her faithful unto death,
 And with a never-fading wreath
 Rewards his servant there.

Go, envious fiend, and force her down ;
 Go, pluck the jewels from her crown,
 And lessen her reward :

Pollute by thy opprobrious praise,
 Or tear her from that blissful place,
 Or part her from her Lord.

The sacrilegious hope is vain
 Her spotless purity to stain,
 Her heavenly joy to' impair ;
 The saint, whom erring saints disown,
 Shall smile on a superior throne,
 And brighter glories wear.

Yes, happy soul, so closely press'd
 On earth, in heaven, to Jesu's breast,
 With Him thou reign'st above ;
 Beyond our censure, or our praise,
 Enthroned where purest seraphs gaze,
 In all the heights of love.

How far below thy dazzling sphere
 Shall all thy blushing foes appear,
 If finally forgiven !
 O might thy censurers, and I,
 Obtain the grace, like thee, to die,
 And kiss thy feet in heaven !

Saviour, regard my vehement prayer,
 Who only canst my loss repair,
 And solid comfort send ;
 Send down thy likeness from above,
 And, in that spirit of meekest love,
 O give me back my friend !

I loved her for Thy sake alone,
 For on her soul Thine image shone ;
 Ah ! wouldst Thou, Lord, impress
 The heavenly character on mine,
 And fill my heart with peace divine,
 And joy and righteousness !

O might I of thy follower learn
 The calm and genuine unconcern
 For human praise or blame,
 The patient faith, the even mind,
 The love unconquerably kind,
 The meekness of the Lamb !

I want—to love my foes, like her,
 Nor shrink from Satan's messenger,
 Nor turn my face aside ;
 But silently enjoy the loss,
 The shame, the wrong, and hug the cross
 With Jesus crucified.

I want (alas, Thou know'st my heart !)
 As safe and sudden to depart,
 As meet Thy face to see ;
 I groan my happier friend to' o'ertake,
 And give my gasping spirit back,
 And die like her—and Thee.

ANOTHER.

SHE flies ! the soul as lightning flies,
 She mounts exulting to the skies,
 Beyond the reach of death and pain,
 And never shall she sin again.

Possess'd of that for which alone
 We daily toil, and suffer on ;
 In exile pine, in prison sigh,
 And languish till allow'd to die.

In prayer and praise we lift our voice,
 In joy lament, in grief rejoice ;
 By sinking rise, by losing gain,
 And endless life by death obtain.

This dying life shall soon be past,
 (A moment cannot always last,)
 And He who set our partner free,
 Shall quickly send for you and me.

E'en now the heavenly convoy waits ;
 Open, ye everlasting gates,
 Redeem'd from earth, escaped from sin,
 Receive the weary exiles in.

We, after our translated friend,
 Out of the wilderness ascend,
 Enter into the heavenly rest,
 And meet her—on the Saviour's breast.

ANOTHER.

SHOUT, ye heirs of sure salvation,
Love's accomplish'd sacrifice !
See, our partner in temptation
On the wings of angels flies !
Join the convoy,
Swell the triumph of the skies.

He, who set His love upon her,
Doth for His beloved send,
Crowns her with immortal honour,
Glorious joys that never end :
Saints and angels
Praise our everlasting Friend.

Christ, the Friend of sinners, bought her,
Her, and all our ruin'd race :
Now He up to heaven hath caught her,
Now He in her sight displays
All His goodness,
All the beauties of His face.

Token of our own translation
Her translation we receive,
Earnest of our full salvation,
While He doth His Spirit give :
Hallelujah !
We, like her, with God shall live.

God, our soul's eternal Lover,
Calls us to His courts above ;
Round us now our angels hover,
Us our guards shall soon remove,
There to banquet
On His everlasting love.

Haste, ye ministerial spirits,
Thither bear us on your wings,
Where our friend her crown inherits,
Where our old companion sings,
Bows to Jesus,
King of all the heavenly kings.

Jesus, now assume Thy power,
 Alpha and Omega be,
 Now let every knee adore,
 Every eye Thy kingdom see,
 With thine ancients
 Reign through all eternity.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. ANNE WIGGINTON,
 APRIL 24TH, 1757.

PART I.

WHAT shall we say ? it is the Lord !
 His name be praised, His will be done !
 Bereaved by His revoking word,
 We meekly render Him His own,
 And faultless mourn our partner fled,
 Our friend removed, our Dorcas dead.
 A Christian good, without pretence,
 A widow by her works approved,
 A saint indeed is summon'd hence,
 To triumph with her Best-beloved,
 In whom she found acceptance here,
 And *show'd* her faith by humble fear.
 By works of righteousness she show'd
 The gracious principle within,
 By reverence for the things of God,
 By deadness to the world and sin,
 By laying up her wealth above,
 By all the toils of patient love.
 Memorial of her faith unfeign'd,
 As incense sweet, before the throne,
 Did not her prayers and alms ascend,
 And bring the heavenly herald down ?
 Did she not for the Preacher call,
 With news of pardoning grace for all ?
 What though she in the desert pined,
 And languish'd for the light in vain,
 Her soul, obedient and resign'd,
 Did darkly safe with God remain,

Who led His trembling servant on,
 And bless'd her in a path unknown.
 Unconscious of the grace received,
 She mourn'd, as destitute of grace,
 A pattern to believers lived,
 And labour'd on with even pace,
 Possess'd of Mary's better part,
 And Martha's hands, and Lydia's heart.
 No noisy self-deceiver she,
 No boaster vain of faith untried :
 Her own good deeds she could not see,
 But wrought, and cast them all aside ;
 And, when her glorious race was run,
 Complain'd, " She never yet begun."

PART II.

Soon as the warning angel came,
 That call'd her up to worlds on high,
 Meek as a death-devoted lamb,
 Yet starting, as unfit to die,
 Her nature's frailty she confess'd,
 And sunk upon her Saviour's breast.
 He own'd the soul so dearly loved,
 And, cutting short His work of grace,
 Her sins insensibly removed,
 Made meet at once to see His face ;
 And, lo ! her latest fears are o'er,
 And pain and suffering is no more.
 One only labour yet remains,
 Her genuine faith to justify,
 One only care the spirit detains,
 When wing'd, and ready for the sky :
 That agony of love unknown,
 That cry in death, " My son, my son !"
 Can she her sucking child forget,
 In travail for his soul so long ?
 Discharging nature's double debt,
 She warns him with a faltering tongue ;
 She wins him by her latest breath,
 The mother of his soul in death.

By all the powers of love pursued,
 To Christ with holy violence driven,
 She claims him for the Saviour-God,
 She turns and lifts his heart to heaven :
 In faith's almighty arms she bears,
 And crowns her counsels with her prayers.

In vain her strength and language fail,
 Speechless she urges her request,
 She *will* with the God-Man prevail :
 And now of all her wish possess'd,
 Smiling, she looks Him back the praise,
 And heaven is open'd in her face.

Those heavenly smiles distinctly tell
 The rapturous bliss her spirit feels,
 The glorious joy unspeakable,
 Which Christ to dying saints reveals ;
 The sight which none can here conceive,
 The sight which none can see and live.

Like Moses on the mountain laid
 With longing looks, and ravish'd eyes,
 She sees the Saviour's arms display'd,
 She sees His open face, and dies !
 Drops at His kiss the mortal clod,
 And plunges in the depths of God.

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. MR. JAMES
 HERVEY,

DECEMBER 25TH, 1758.

PART I.

HE'S gone ! the spotless soul is gone
 Triumphant to his place above ;
 The prison walls are broken down,
 The angels speed his swift remove,
 And shouting on their wings he flies,
 And HERVEY rests in paradise.

Through the last dreadful conflict brought,
 Which shook so sore his dying breast,
 Far happier for that bitter draught,
 With more transcendent raptures blest,
 He finds for every patient groan
 A jewel added to his crown.

Saved by the merit of his Lord,
 Salvation, praise to Christ he gives,
 Yet still his merciful reward
According to his works receives ;
 And with the seed he sow'd below,
 His bliss eternally shall *grow*.

Redeem'd by righteousness divine,
 In God's own portraiture complete,
 With brighter rays ordain'd to shine,
 He casts his crown at Jesu's feet,
 And hails Him sitting on the throne,
 For ever saved by grace alone.

PART II.

FATHER, to us vouchsafe the grace,
 Which brought our friend victorious through :
 Let us his shining footsteps trace,
 Let us his steadfast faith pursue,
 Follow this follower of the Lamb,
 And conquer all through Jesu's name.

Through Jesu's name, and strength, and word,
 The well-fought fight our brother won ;
 Arm'd with the Saviour's blood and sword,
 He cast the dire accuser down,
 Compell'd the aliens to submit,
 And trampled flesh beneath his feet.

In vain the Gnostic tempter tried
 With guile his upright heart to' ensnare ;
 His upright heart the fiend defied :
 No room for sin when Christ was there ;
 No need of *fancied* liberty,
 When Christ had made him truly free.

Free from the law of sin and death,
 Free from the Antinomian leaven,
 He led his Master's life beneath,
 And, labouring for the rest of heaven,
 By active love, and watchful prayer,
 He show'd his heart already there.

How full of heaven his latest word !
 " Thou bidd'st me now in peace depart ;
 For I have known my precious Lord,
 Have clasp'd Thee, Saviour, in my heart,
 My eyes Thy glorious joy have seen,"
 He spake, he died, and enter'd in.

O might we all, like him, believe,
 And keep the faith, and win the prize !
 Father, prepare, and then receive
 Our hallow'd spirits to the skies,
 To chant, with all our friends above,
 Thy glorious everlasting love.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. MARY STOTESBURY,

MARCH 17TH, 1759.

FRIENDLY, faithful soul, adieu,
 Join'd to those escaped before !
 Thou hast gain'd the port in view,
 Thou hast reach'd the happy shore :
 Thee released we cannot mourn,
 Lighten'd of thine earthly load,
 Dead—or rather truly *born*,
 Dead to man, thou livest to God.

Thou art gone to thy reward,
 Follow'd by thy works of love,
 By the servants of thy Lord,
 All whose hearts are fix'd above ;
 Us, who saw thy walk below,
 Us, who seek thy place on high,
 Study in thy steps to go,
 Long like thee to live and die.

Calmly didst thou run thy race,
 Steadily thine end pursue ;
 All the fruits of righteousness
 Proved thy faith divinely true :
 Happy thou for Christ prepared,
 Found, when all thy work was past,
 Watching to receive thy Lord,
 Blameless, and in peace at last.

Fruit of Jesu's lips and prayer,
 Peace thy parting soul attends ;
 All thy dying words declare
 Life begun that never ends :
 "Blest be God, for ever blest,
 God of my salvation still !
 I am enter'd into rest,
 Pardon on my heart I feel.

"What a gracious God is ours !
 How Almighty to redeem !
 Blessings on His own He showers,
 Grace alone proceeds from Him ;
 He can only good ordain :
 This in life and death I prove ;
 Happy I, though full of pain,
 Fuller still of joy and love.

"Him for everything I praise,
 Every benefit divine,
 Chiefly for His pardoning grace ;
 Life, eternal life, is mine !
 Yes, I know, the heavenly Lamb,
 Whom I gladly die to see,
 He hath register'd my name,
 Fitted up the house for me.

"Thither on *that 'pointed morn,*
 By His Spirit signified,
 I shall to my Lord return,
 I His pure, unspotted bride :
 Lo, the Bridegroom from above
 Comes my spirit to receive !
 Lo, I die, to meet my LOVE,
 Die, eternally to live."

ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMAS WALSH,
APRIL 8TH, 1759. AGED TWENTY-EIGHT.

PART I.

GOD of unfathomable grace,
Unsearchable to mortal sight,
Faithful and just are all thy ways,
Whatever is from Thee is right :
In wisdom and mysterious love,
Thou hast revoked the blessing given ;
Thy will be done beneath, above,
Thy name adored in earth and heaven.

A zealous instrument of good,
A vessel fit for use divine,
Thy mercy on thy church bestow'd,
And gave the burning light to shine :
Thy grace had first prepared his heart,
Dispell'd the Babylonish gloom,
And bid his early youth depart
The camp of Antichristian Rome.

Drawn by a secret power he flew,
Nor stay'd to prop the Papal throne,
The truth determined to pursue,
And panting for a God unknown :
By works of legal righteousness
He blindly sought the grace to' obtain,
But could not find the paths of peace,
But labour'd through the fire in vain.

While thus he toil'd, a sudden cry
Proclaim'd the' approaching multitude :
They told of Jesus passing by,
Of free redemption in His blood :
Upstart'd, like the beggar blind,
He sprang the healing touch to meet,
Cast all his filthy rags behind,
And groan'd for faith at Jesu's feet.

The' incarnate God his sight restored,
With faith the heart-felt pardon gave,
And raised him up to preach his Lord,
So willing all mankind to save :

By Christ Himself ordain'd, and sent
 An herald of redeeming grace,
 Eager to the highways he went,
 And fill'd the land with Jesu's praise.

But, lo! the soul-ensnaring fiend,
 Soon as the stripling's course began,
 Urged him for trifles to contend,
 And turn'd aside to janglings vain.
 Not long; for soon his upright heart
 Retrieved its momentary loss,
 Resolved its utmost powers to' exert,
 And only glory in the cross.

His course impetuous who can tell,
 While battling with the' infernal foe?
 He puts forth all his strength and zeal,
 He spends his life at every blow;
 Or fierce on the Philistines flies,
 Compels the captives to come in,
 Spoils Satan of his lawful prize,
 And tears them from the toils of sin.

Refreshing, soft, as vernal showers,
 His word on weary sinners falls,
 Or like the rapid torrent pours,
 While souls to Jesu's blood he calls:
 With strength and utterance from above,
 Drives on the saints through grace forgiven,
 To scale the mount of holiest love,
 To seize the brightest throne in heaven.

PART II.

WHILE Christ with all his heart he sought,
 And all his gifts from Christ received,
 A witness of the truths he taught,
 A pattern to the flock he lived;
 Them by his bright example led
 The power of godliness to prove,
 In word, in converse, and in deed,
 In faith, in purity, and love.

Did he not labour day and night,
 In ministerial works employ'd ?
 His sweet relief, his whole delight,
 To search the oracles of God,
 To listen at the Master's feet,
 To catch the whispers of His grace,
 And long for happiness complete,
 And gasp to see His open face.

Did he not triumph in the cross,
 Its prints as on his body show,
 Lavish of life for Jesu's cause,
 Whose blood so free for him did flow ?
 He scorn'd his feeble flesh to spare,
 Regardless of its swift decline,
 His single aim, his ceaseless prayer,
 To' attain the righteousness divine.

Impatient to be truly great,
 Ambitious of a crown above,
 He coveted the highest seat,
 He ask'd the grace of perfect love :
 He ask'd, alas ! but knew not then
 The purport of his own desire,
 How deep that cup of sacred pain,
 How searching that baptismal fire !

The Lord allow'd his bold request ;
 The servant *is* call'd forth to share
 That anguish of a wounded breast,
 Those pangs which only God could bear ;
 Who drank, in his sad days of flesh,
 The potion by his Father given,
 And bids his members feel afresh
 The fierceness of the wrath of Heaven.

A taste of that mysterious cup
 His faithful follower now received,
 And fill'd his Lord's afflictions up,
 While grief beyond conception grieved :
 His agonizing *soul* sweat blood,
 With Christ he fainted on the tree,
 And cried in death, " My God, my God !
 Ah ! why hast thou forsaken me ? "

Tried to the last, but not forsook,
 But honour'd with distinguish'd grace,
 Heavenward he cast a dying look,
 And saw once more his Saviour's face :
 " He's come, my Well-beloved," he said,
 " And I am His, and He is mine !"
 He spake ; he gazed ; and bow'd his head,
 And sunk into the arms divine.

Shout all the first-born church above,
 His full triumphant entrance there ;
 Shout all on earth, whom Jesu's love
 Hath call'd His cross and crown to share :
 Our calling, Lord, we calmly see,
 Our burden joyfully sustain,
 And die through one dark hour with Thee,
 With Thee eternally to reign.

ANOTHER.

GLORY, and thanks, and love,
 And everlasting praise,
 Ascribe to God, who reigns above,
 Supreme in power and grace ;
 To His co-equal Son,
 The dear-bought sinner's Friend,
 Jesus, who freely loves His own,
 And loves them to the end ;

To God the Comforter,
 The earnest and the seal,
 The witness of our sonship here,
 The gift unspeakable :
 To the great triune God,
 Be ceaseless honours given,
 Till Christ, descending on the cloud,
 Turns all our earth to heaven.

He bids us now partake
 Our fellow-servant's bliss,
 Whose soul returns in safety back
 From life's tempestuous seas ;

Who, driven and toss'd no more,
 No more o'erwhelm'd, oppress'd,
 Claps his glad wings, escaped to shore,
 To the Redeemer's breast.

He sees the trial *past*,
 He leaves the storm behind,
 To his triumphant Head at last
 Inseparably join'd :
 Shout all the hosts above,
 When Jesus saith, " Well done,"
 And deigns His servant's faith to' approve,
 And seats him on the throne.

Thanks be to God who gave
 The victory and the prize !
 Join all who own His power to save
 The triumph of the skies.
 The church of the first-born,
 To them by faith we come,
 And conquerors of the world return
 To our celestial home.

We know in whom we trust,
 We haste to His embrace,
 Mix'd with the spirits of the just,
 The perfected in grace ;
 Their ripest joy to share
 Exulting we ascend,
 And grasp our old companions there,
 And our eternal Friend.

ANOTHER.

'Tis finish'd, 'tis past,
 His conflict below,
 The sharpest and last
 He ever shall know !
 The fiery temptation
 Hath spent all its fires,
 The heir of salvation
 With triumph expires.

The buffeting fiend
Who push'd him so sore,
And bruised to the end,
Shall bruise him no more :
He trod on his bruiser,
And more than subdued
Our hellish accuser
Through Jesus's blood.

Depress'd by the cross,
He mounted the higher,
He left all his dross
And tin in the fire :
He brought by his mourning
The Comforter down,
And Jesus returning
Presented the crown.

All praise to the Lord,
All praise is His due ;
His merciful word
Is tried, and found true :
Who His dereliction
On Calvary bear,
And share His affliction,
His kingdom shall share.

O Saviour, to Thee
Our souls we commend,
If, nail'd to the tree,
We bleed to the end :
We bear the full anguish,
The uttermost load ;
But give us to languish
And suffer like God.

Remember us then,
And answer our call,
When turning with pain
Our face to the wall ;
In trouble stand by us,
Till all is o'erpast,
And chasten and try us,
But save us at last.

ON THE DEATH OF DR. MIDDLETON,

DECEMBER 16TH, 1760.

PART I.

GLORY to the Redeemer give,
 The glory of a soul brought home ;
 Our friend, for whom we joy and grieve,
 Is to the' eternal garner come.
 Like a ripe shock of corn laid up,
 In season due, for God mature,
 He kept the faith, held fast his hope,
 And made his crown through sufferings sure.

Let infidels and Heathen mourn,
 Hopeless to see their dead restored ;
 We *feel* him from our bosom torn,
 But calmly say, "It is the Lord !"
 In pity of His creature's pain,
 Whom God had to the' afflicted given,
 He justly claims His own again,
 And takes to his reward in heaven.

Let us the shining path pursue,
 And, following him, to God ascend,
 His bright example keep in view,
 His useful life and blessed end.
 He lived a life of faith unfeign'd,
 His rigid virtue unsubdued,
 His strict integrity maintain'd,
 And boldly own'd—he fear'd a God.

O when shall we his equal find,
 To all so just, to all so dear !
 The pious son, the husband kind,
 The father good, the friend sincere !
 Not David loved his friend so well,
 Loath from his Jonathan to part,
 Or served him with so warm a zeal,
 Or held him in so fond a heart.

Yet in no narrow bounds confined,
 His undisguised affection flow'd :
 His heart, enlarged to all mankind,
 Render'd to all the love he owed :
 But chiefly those who loved his Lord,
 Who most of Jesu's mind express'd,
 Won by their lives without the word,
 He cherish'd in his generous breast.

Cover'd with honourable shame,
 He mark'd the poor afflicted few,
 The faithful followers of the Lamb,
 In life and death to Jesus true :
 Rejected and despised of men,
 He heard the saints departing sing ;
 He saw them smile in mortal pain,
 And trample on the grisly king.

While weeping there the sinner lay,
 Asunder sawn by hopes and fears,
 He cast, as filthy rags, away,
 The righteousness of seventy years :
 Loathsome, and foul, and self-abhorr'd,
 Full of all sin, void of all good,
 His soul at the last gasp implored
 One drop of that atoning blood.

Nor yet the peaceful answer came ;
 His spirit, to the utmost tried,
 Must suffer all his guilty shame,
 Condemn'd, and scourged, and crucified ;
 Must all his Saviour's sorrows share,
 And cry, as bleeding on the tree,
 As in the depths of self-despair,
 " My God hath quite forsaken me ! "

" Not so," replied the Father's love,
 And Jesus in his heart reveal'd ;
 He felt the comfort from above,
 The Gospel grace, the pardon seal'd :
 How strange that instantaneous bliss,
 While to the brink of Tophet driven,
 Caught up, as from the dark abyss,
 He mounted to the highest heaven !

PART II.

“HE’S come, He’s come, in peace and power,
 The agony,” he cries, “is past !
 Call’d at my life’s eleventh hour,
 But call’d I surely am, at last :
 I now in Christ redemption have,
 I feel it through the sprinkled blood,
 And testify His power to save,
 And claim Him for my Lord, my God !

“My God to me His grace hath given,
 Hath with the sense of pardon blest ;
 I taste anticipated heaven,
 And happy in His favour rest.
 No evil now but pride I fear,
 For God in Christ is reconciled :
 My heart is fix’d, I find Him here,
 The witness that I am His child.

“What is redemption unpossess’d ?
 Poor reasoning soul, to Jesus bow ;
 Thy pardon seek, like me, distress’d,
 And find it, a mere sinner, now !
 Ah, who the blessing will embrace,
 The tidings of great joy believe ?
 Or, urged, accept the proffer’d grace
 As freely as my Lord would give ?

“To-day, while it is call’d to-day,
 Ye all my happiness may prove :
 Discharged when I had nought to pay,
 I go to thank my Lord above :
 Through the dark vale of death I go,
 Whom Jesus to Himself doth bring,
 And triumph o’er my vanquish’d foe,
 A feeble foe without a sting.”

’Twas thus the dying Christian spoke,
 Conqueror of death, and hell, and sin,
 While every accent, every look,
 Confess’d the heavenly change within.

How patient now, and meek, and mild,
 That spirit which man could never tame ;
 As loving as a little child,
 As gentle as a harmless lamb !
 That all might Jesu's witness hear,
 Might own his Lord in him reveal'd,
 His reason, as his conscience, clear,
 Its office to the last fulfill'd :
 " But what are nature's gifts," he cried,
 " If Jesus was not pleased to' impart,
 To a poor sinner justified,
 The comfort of a praying heart ?"
 Yet, ready to depart in peace,
 He must a further test sustain,
 The last good fight of great distress,
 And suffer more with Christ to reign.
 Roused by his spirit's new-born cry,
 Satan and all his hosts assail :
 In vain to shake his faith they try :
 The Rock 'tis built on cannot fail.
 Mercy prolong'd his dying hours,
 That, wrestling with the hellish foe,
 With principalities and powers,
 He might his utmost Saviour know ;
 Might act his faith in Jesu's blood,
 Hold fast his adamant shield,
 And see the' accusing fiend subdued,
 With all his fiery darts repell'd.
 The tempter ask'd and urged in vain,
 " Hath God indeed thy sins forgiven ?"
 " He hath ! He hath ! in mortal pain
 I cleave to Christ, my life, my heaven !
 Jesus, thou seest my sprinkled heart ;
 My faith in power almighty stands ;
 Thou wilt not let the' accuser part,
 Or pluck my soul out of thy hands.
 " The purchase of thy death I am ;
 On this, my only hope, depend ;
 Look on thy hands, and read my name,
 And keep me faithful to the end.

I do, I do, believe in thee,
 Thou know'st the grace by thee bestow'd ;
 I plunge me in the purple sea,
 I bathe me in my Saviour's blood.

" I will, I will, on Jesus trust,
 I cannot doubt his changeless love ;
 The fiend hath made his parting thrust,
 But could not from my Rock remove.
 My Saviour would not quit His own,
 And, lo, in death I hold Him fast ;
 Having my latest foe o'erthrown,
 I stand,—and all is well at last."

One only task is yet behind,
 To bless us with his parting breath,
 With love unutterably kind,
 With love surviving time and death :
 Ready to quit the house of clay,
 He leans on a beloved breast,*
 And sinks in friendship's arms away,
 And finds his everlasting rest.

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. WILLIAM GRIMSHAW.

THANKS be to God, whose truth and power
 And faithful mercies never end ;
 Who brings us through the mortal hour,
 And bids our spotless souls ascend !

Thanks be to God, the God of love,
 The Giver of all-conquering grace,
 Who calls our friend to joys above,
 And shows him there His open face.

The God whom here his faith beheld,
 The Father's fulness in the Son,
 He sees, in glorious light reveal'd,
 And shouts, and falls before the throne.

* Dr. Robertson.

We, Saviour, at Thy footstool lie,
 Thy creatures purchased by Thy blood,
 And "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
 In honour of the Triune God ;
 With angels and archangels join,
 With all the ransom'd sons of grace,
 Extol the Majesty Divine,
 And breathe unutterable praise.
 We praise Thy constancy of love,
 Which kept its favourite to the end ;
 Which soon shall all our souls remove,
 Who trust in our Eternal Friend.
 To us, who in Thy blood believe,
 The world, the fiend, and sin tread down,
 Thou wilt the final victory give,
 And then the bright triumphant crown.

ANOTHER.

How happy the dead, who Jesus adored !
 The soldier is freed, and rests with his Lord :
 His warfare is ended, his labours are o'er,
 The soul is ascended, and death is no more.
 The ripe shock of corn, corruption defies,
 The spirit is borne to God in the skies ;
 The partner of Jesus looks down from above,
 Lamenting he sees us with pity and love.
 My father, my guide, (our Israel may say,)
 Is torn from our side, is ravish'd away !
 A Prophet's translation we justly deplore,
 With calm lamentation and weeping adore.
 Devotion in tears expresses its love,
 Till Jesus appears, our souls to remove :
 The loss of a Stephen we greatly bewail :
 He triumphs in heaven ; we mourn in the vale.
 We mourn, but as men rejoicing in hope,
 To see him again, together caught up ;
 Our great consolation, when Jesus comes down,
 The heirs of salvation with glory to crown.

O Saviour, descend, no longer delay,
 Our sufferings to end, and bear us away,
 Where death cannot sever, or sorrow molest,
 Thy people for ever reposed on Thy breast!

ON THE DEATH OF * * *.

Go, bless'd spirit, from earth set free!
 Thou shalt not leave us long behind,
 Who, calmly hastening after thee,
 And copying out thy Saviour's mind,
 Like thee with swift obedience move,
 To seize the crown of perfect love.

Thou couldst not rest among *the dead*,
 In chains of education bound;
 But, following TRUTH, where'er it led,
 And listening to the Gospel sound,
 Thy simple heart obey'd His call,
 And found the God who died for all.

A witness of His boundless love,
 Which wills that every soul should live,
 Thou didst the general blessing prove,
 The universal grace receive,
 The rapturous sense of sin forgiven,
 The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

By that unerring Spirit led,
 Thou didst the Christian rite require:
 The Spirit show'd thy farther need
 Of water, though baptized with fire;
 He drew thee to the hallow'd stream,
 Though all thy soul was plunged in Him.

Who could forbid the outward sign
 When God had given the inward grace?
 Obedient to the word divine,
 Glad to fulfil all righteousness,
 Thou found'st thy Lord again reveal'd,
 And gloriedst in thy pardon seal'd.

Didst thou not walk with Christ in white?
 Didst thou not keep thy garments pure?
 The virtue of that heavenly rite,
 The Spirit, made thy goings sure,
 And hid thee in the Saviour's breast,
 And fitted for eternal rest.

Soon as the warning angel came,
 Thy convoy to that world unknown,
 Thy soul, a follower of the Lamb,
 Rejoiced to lay its burden down,
 To pay Him back His dying love,
 And do His will like those above.

No earthly wish detains thee here,
 Nor friends, by more than flesh allied,
 Dearer than life, yet not so dear
 As Him, who calls thee to His side,
 And claims thy spotless spirit for His,
 And crowns thee with immortal bliss.

Blest be the love that led thee on,
 And saved throughout from first to last!
 Saviour, on Thy dear love alone
 In life and death our souls we cast;
 Till, ripe for heaven, we take our flight,
 And clasp again our friends in light.

ON THE DEATH OF MISS M. L—N.

FLY, happy spirit, fly
 Beyond this gloomy sky!
 Thee our prayers no more detain,
 Thee our grief recalls no more;
 Leave a while thy friends in pain,
 Land on that eternal shore.
 'Tis done, the soul is fled,
 The earthy part is dead!
 Dead is that which wish'd to die,
 That which gall'd the soul within,
 Dead the sense of misery,
 Dead the seed of death and sin.

No pangs of loss or care
 Shall now thy bosom tear ;
 Anguish and severe disease,
 Agony and death are past ;
 Now the weary is at peace,
 Peace which shall for ever last.

Yes, thou hast found an home
 Where want can never come :
 Nabal cannot drive thee thence,
 From thy bosom friends disjoin :
 Sure is that inheritance,
 Spite of hell for ever thine.

Exposed to want and woe
 By thine own flesh *below*,
 Will thy relatives above
 Thee by their unkindness grieve ?
 Angels cannot scorn thy love,
 God cannot *His* daughter leave.

Thou *hast*, from earth convey'd,
 A place to lay thy head :
 Lull'd on thy Redeemer's breast,
 We cannot lament for thee,
 Thee in God supremely blest,
 Blest through all eternity.

Yet on thy virgin-bier
 We drop a tender tear ;
 For ourselves, alas ! we mourn,
 Still by various sorrows pain'd,
 Still by furious passions torn,
 'Midst the toils of hell detain'd.

When, dearest soul, shall we
 Escape, and follow thee,
 Meekly bow our dying head,
 Gladly from our labour cease,
 Ready for the bridegroom made,
 Ripe for everlasting bliss ?

Bridegroom of souls, reply,
 And bring redemption nigh ;

Object of our glorious hope,
 Come and change our faith to sight,
 Come and take Thy mourners up,
 Rank us with Thy saints in light.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. JOHN MATTHEWS,
 DECEMBER 28TH, 1764.

PART I.

BLESSING, and thanks, and power, and praise,
 Jesus is worthy to receive,
 Who keeps His saints throughout their days,
 And doth the final victory give!
 He hath His faithful mercies shown
 To him whose loss we now deplore,
 Safe enter'd on that land unknown,
 To weep, and fret, and die no more.

A servant in his earliest years,
 After the hidden God he grieved,
 Till from his Saviour's messengers
 The welcome tidings he received.
 His alms and prayers were not in vain,
 But rose acceptable to heaven;
 And God assured the pious man
 His sins were all through Christ forgiven.

O what a mighty change was wrought,
 By Jesus in his heart reveal'd!
 'Tis past the reach of human thought,
 That peace which spake his pardon seal'd:
 As quite exempt from sin and care,
 He feasted with the saints above;
 And all his life was praise and prayer,
 And all his soul was joy and love.

Long he on Tabor's top abode,
 His Pattern there, and patient Head,
 The perfect way through sufferings show'd,
 And to the cross His follower led:

'Twas there he learnt with Christ to die,
 And daily languish'd on the tree,
 And echoed back the plaintive cry,
 "Why hath my God forsaken me?"

Yet not forsook, but sorely tried,
 But pain'd throughout the evil day,
 And fashion'd like the Crucified,
 He never cast his shield away :
 Chose in the furnace of distress,
 Kept by the power of Jesu's name,
 He highly prized the passive grace,
 And praised his Saviour in the flame.

Witness his old companions there,
 How close in Jesu's steps he trod,
 The man of diffidence and prayer,
 The humble upright man of God !
 Happy if all their faith could prove
 Like him, like him their Lord confess,
 By every work of genuine love,
 By mercy, truth, and righteousness !

A doer of the word he heard,
 He *lived* an Israelite unseen,
 And always bless'd, who always fear'd,
 Not the reproach, but praise, of men :
 Not all the visits from his Lord,
 The favours or the grace bestow'd,
 Could tempt to one vain-glorious word,
 Or make him witness, "I am good !"

PART II.

NOR less the Christian husband shone ;
 With steady, strong affection kind,
 Wisdom and love he join'd in one,
 The Pastor's and the father's mind :
 A drop from the pure fount above
 Did all his heart and life o'erflow,
 Whose only labour was to prove
 How Jesus loved His church below.

Freely his all for her he gave,
 (Whom mercy had on him bestow'd,)
 Her soul, her precious soul to save,
 And without spot present to God :
 For this alone he toil'd and lived,
 Her burdens on himself to take,
 Kindly in her afflictions grieved,
 And suffer'd all things for her sake.

Oppression laid *her* iron yoke,
 By Satan's choicest messenger,
 And bruised with many a cruel stroke,
 And gall'd his generous soul sincere :
 In wrongs that might the wise confound,
 His Father's gracious hand he sees,
 Nor murmurs at the treacherous wound,
 But still maintains his soul in peace.

The tempter all his wiles essay'd
 A servant of the Lord to' o'erthrow :
 His eye, in garb angelic clad,
 Discern'd the soft malicious foe :
 The most perverse of human race
 Might, leagued with hell, his caution try ;
 He never to the fiend gave place,
 Or once believed their smoothest lie.

His love endured the fiery test ;
 Unfeign'd, impartial, unconfined,
 His love received the worst and best,
 As due to all the ransom'd kind :
 If some well-meaning kindness show,
 If others spitefully entreat,
 He could not recollect a foe,
 A friend he never could forget.

His friends and partners in distress
 With warmest gratitude he held :
 Affliction could not make it less,
 When all the powers of nature fail'd :

Worn out with lingering, lasting pain,
Ready, and longing to depart,
In confidence to meet again,
He bore them on his faithful heart.

The object of his kindest love
His Father to the utmost tries,
And calls a favourite child to prove
A thousand deaths before he dies ;
The strength, but not the joy, of grace,
He doth in largest measure give ;
Yet still He seems to hide His face,
And still He seems His own to leave.

Did such a soul the witness want,
Though not in formal words express'd ?
He knew his Father's love would grant
Whate'er His wisdom counted best :
He cannot once distrust that care,
Throughout his life of mercies shown,
Or doubt his sure admission there
Where Jesus prays before the throne.

His soul doth on the Rock remain,
Within the veil his anchor's cast,
Through many a night of hallow'd pain,
Till pain extreme hath brought the last :
He now on Christ his life relies,
Nor can the King of terrors fear,
While calm in Mercy's arms, he cries,
"The Lord preserves, for ever near!"

Nor yet the Lord His light imparts,
Or comes on His own work to shine ;
Nor yet the sinner saved exerts
That act of reflex faith divine :
While ready for celestial bliss,
His gasping soul on Christ he stays,
But never challenges for his
The perfect or the pardoning grace.

Above all sin, and doubt, and fear,
 While proved with agonies unknown,
 To faith's Almighty Finisher
 He cleaves by naked faith alone :
 Stranger to sensible delight,
 Still his own grace he cannot see ;
 'Tis hidden from a sinner's sight,
 Whose soul is all humility.

Come, see in this pale shadowy form
 A spectacle to gods and men,
 And learn from a frail dying worm
 The wonders of the world unseen !
 His flesh, and heart, and spirit faints,
 His life is all conceal'd above :
 Here is the patience of the saints !
 Here is the power of perfect love !

Poor, meek, and patient to the end,
 One even man in life and death,
 He doth the humble grace commend,
 And breathes it with his latest breath :
 " My dearest friends, whom now I leave,
 Your charity in prayer be show'd,
 Lest I at last my soul deceive,
 Or vainly think that I am good."

He speaks, and, yielding up the ghost
 Without a parting sigh or groan,
 Escorted by the' angelic host,
 Appears before the' eternal throne !
 He still instructs us how to live,
 Our Saviour how to testify,
 Till all his fulness we receive,
 And perfected through sufferings die !

PART III.

O THAT a portion of his grace
 Might on his old companions rest,
 Who the same precious Christ embrace,
 With pardon and salvation blest !

O that his meek and lowly mind,
 His wise discerning love were given
 To men, instructors of the blind,
 Our patterns and our guides to heaven !

We want the spirit of humble fear,
 Our fleshly confidence to stay,
 Lest, swift to speak, and slow to hear,
 We swerve from the celestial way ;
 In error's endless mazes rove,
 As fancy, self, and Satan guide,
 And take our grace for perfect love,
 When Jesus sees it perfect pride.

Jesus, thy Ministers inspire,
 Thy people, with the knowing zeal,
 We then shall quench wild nature's fire,
 And Satan's flaming darts repel ;
 Retract our confidence in men,
 (The men we worshipp'd heretofore,)
 No more on verbal goodness lean,
 And trust to broken reeds no more.

O that we might our faith sincere
 By doing, not by talking, show ;
 (While all the fruits of grace appear,
 And tell the tree on which they grow ;)
 Our Saviour, not ourselves, commend,
 His sole perfections testify,
 Or bid the world our works attend,
 And hearken to our life's reply !

Partakers of Thy nature made,
 Thy tempers, Lord, we long to' express,
 And show, throughout our lives display'd,
 The power of real godliness ;
 As followers of the silent Lamb,
 To breathe Thy meek humility,
 And always feel, " I nothing am,
 But a poor worm redeem'd by Thee."

What have I else whereof to boast ?
 A sinner by myself undone,
 And still without Thy mercy lost,
 I glory in Thy cross alone ;
 Conform'd to my expiring Head,
 I share Thy passion on the tree ;
 And now I to the world am dead,
 And now the world is dead to me.

As pilgrims to the world unknown,
 Acknowledged by the sinners' Friend,
 Jesus, the Lover of Thine own,
 Wilt Thou not love us to the end ?
 No help in our weak selves we have,
 But in Thy strength and yearning zeal,
 Mere sinners by Thy blood to save,
 And stamp us with Thy Spirit's seal.

In lowly confidence divine,
 That Thou wilt never let us go,
 We now into Thy hands resign
 Our souls, so dearly bought below :
 With Thee we trust them to that day,
 When, summon'd from the flesh, we part,
 And drop our corruptible clay,
 And soar to see Thee as Thou art.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. JOHN BOULT,

NOVEMBER 1ST, 1771, AGED SEVENTY-EIGHT.

THANKS be to God in Christ, who gives
 A dying worm the' immortal prize,
 As a ripe shock of corn receives,
 And stores our brother in the skies !

Found in the paths of righteousness,
 Our Lord hath crown'd his hoary hairs,
 And parting hence in perfect peace,
 He now the wreath triumphant wears.

The good and faithful servant, bless'd
 With hope and patience to the end,
 Doth now from all his labours rest,
 And sees his everlasting Friend.

His faith was swallow'd up in sight,
 Soon as he laid the body down ;
 His works pursue the saint in light,
 To' adjust the measure of his crown.

His crown of life shall soon be ours,
 Built on the sole Foundation sure,
 Who serve our God with all our powers,
 And faithful unto death endure :

Who now with humble zeal go on,
 Our faith's integrity to prove,
 The race prescribed with patience run,
 And walk in all the works of love.

Then let us steadily pursue
 Our comrades in distress and pain,
 And fight, like them, our passage through,
 Like them the purchased prize obtain :

Press on to perfect holiness,
 Instant in never-ceasing prayer,
 By force the heavenly kingdom seize,
 And find SALVATION FINISH'D there !

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. ANNE DAVIS,

NOVEMBER 5TH, 1775.

GLORY to God on high !
 The God whom saints adore
 Hath caught our partner to the sky,
 And sorrow is no more :
 The long, dark hour is past,
 And, lo, to sight restored,
 She gains the dazzling prize at last,
 And SEES her smiling Lord.

To Thee, O Christ, to Thee,
 Subject of all our songs,
 Giver of life and victory,
 The grateful praise belongs :
 With those that never die,
 The church enthroned above,
 Poor worms of earth, we magnify
 Thy dear redeeming love.
 On us the grace be shown,
 Which saved our happy friend ;
 Saviour and lover of Thine own,
 O love us to the end !
 Let us Thy gracious power
 Throughout our lives proclaim,
 Kept in the adamant tower
 Of thy almighty Name.
 Then, when thy work is wrought,
 And faith hath pass'd the fire,
 Receive our souls, so dearly bought,
 To that immortal choir ;
 Wash'd in the' atoning blood,
 Brought through the crimson sea,
 To spend, in praises of our God,
 A blest eternity.

ON THE DEATH OF PRUDENCE BOX,

JANUARY 9TH, 1778, AGED THIRTY-EIGHT.

He's come to set the prisoner free,
 The dear Redeemer's come
 To give the final victory,
 And take His servant home ;
 To wipe the sorrow from her eyes,
 To end her mourning days,
 And show her soul the glorious prize
 In His unclouded face.
 Long in the toils of death she lay,
 Nōr fear'd the ghastly king,
 When Christ had borne her sins away,
 And spoil'd him of his sting ;

2 κ 3

Yet still she drank the bitter cup
 Of grief and pain extreme,
 And fill'd her Lord's afflictions up,
 And *tasted* death with Him.

Seeing the great Invisible,
 Her Saviour and her Friend,
 She suffer'd all His righteous will,
 And suffer'd to the end :
 Through a long vale of misery,
 She walk'd with Christ her Guide,
 And, bleeding on the hallow'd tree,
 Confess'd the Crucified.

With all the Spirit's powers she pray'd,
 With infinite desire,
 To bow her weary, fainting head,
 And suddenly expire :
 The agonizing prayer was heard
 For everlasting peace ;
 Yet still her faithful Lord deferr'd
 To sign her soul's release.

He holds her still in life detain'd,
 Her ripen'd grace to prove,
 Her steadfast hope, and faith unfeign'd,
 And all-victorious love ;
 To emulate His sacrifice,
 Obtain a richer crown,
 And point us to the opening skies,
 And pray the Saviour down.

“ Unutterable things I see !
 That purchase of Thy blood,
 That place Thou hast prepared for me !
 Come, O my God, my God !
 I dare not murmur at Thy stay ;
 But to depart is best :
 Come, O my Saviour, come away,
 And take me into rest !

“ Now, Lord, into Thy hands receive,
 That Thee my soul may bless,
 Entirely love her God, and live
 To Thine eternal praise.”

She speaks,—and hears the answering word,
 “Come up, my spotless bride ;”
 And angels waft her to her Lord,
 And seat her at His side.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. HANNAH DEWAL.

PART I.

FAREWELL, thou best of friends, farewell ;
 (Since God revokes His richest loan ;)
 Return, with kindred souls to dwell,
 As pure and upright as thine own.
 No longer could our prayers detain
 The pilgrim from her heavenly rest :
 Go, blessed saint, with Jesus reign,
 And lean for ever on His breast.
 In hope to share thine happiness,
 We check the' unruly, selfish sigh,
 Restraining nature's soft excess,
 The tears commanding from our eye.
 When Jesus to Himself doth take
 A vessel of His glorious love,
 'Tis sacrilege to wish her back,
 To rob the sanctuary above.
 Yet should we on her memory dwell,
 The pattern fair she left behind,
 Her genuine faith and temper'd zeal,
 Her noble, free, Berean mind ;
 Her diligence to search the word,
 “If man his pardon'd sin may know ;”
 She sought till there she found her Lord,
 And held and never let Him go.
 On Him she fix'd her single eye,
 And steady in His steps went on,
 Studious by works to testify
 The power of God in weakness shown.
 A quiet follower of the Lamb,
 She walk'd in Him she had received,
 And more and more show'd forth His name,
 And more and more like Jesus lived.

No sudden fits of transient love,
 No instantaneous starts, she knew ;
 But show'd her heart was fix'd above,
 And poorer still and poorer grew.
 The seed increased, she knew not how,
 Nor aim'd her Saviour's work to' explain,
 Nor tempted *Him* by nature's Now,
 But waited all His mind to gain.

Transparent as the crystal stream,
 Her life in even tenor flow'd ;
 Careful to be, and not to seem,
 Whate'er she was, she was to God.
 Superior to reproach and praise,
 By no fantastic impulse driven,
 As unperceived she ran her race,
 As rapid as the orbs of heaven.

Thither her God-like spirit soar'd,
 Above all pride, all wrath, all fear ;
 She triumph'd with her glorious Lord,
 Yet suffer'd with His members here.
 At every shape of woe distress'd,
 How did her yearning bowels move !
 Soft pity fill'd her generous breast,
 And mix'd the eagle with the dove.

For friendship form'd, her constant heart
 With pure, intense affection glow'd ;
 She could not give her friend a part,
 Because she gave the whole to God.
 Her friend she clasp'd with love entire,
 Enkindled at the Saviour's throne,
 A spark of that celestial fire,
 A ray of that eternal Sun.

Could actions, words, or looks express
 How warm, how boundless, her esteem ?
 Her soul's delight to' oblige and please,
 Bliss to impart her joy supreme.
 Say you, who shared that angel here,
 Whom neither life nor death disjoin,
 Was ever transport more sincere ?
 Was ever friendship more divine ?

PART II.

CELESTIAL charity expands

The heart to all our ransom'd race ;
 Though knit to one in closest bands,
 Her soul doth every soul embrace.
 She no unkind exception makes,
 A childlike follower of her God ;
 The world into her *heart* she takes,
 The purchase dear of Jesu's blood.

She loved even that most straiten'd sect
 Who every other sect disown,
 Who all beside themselves reject,
 As heaven were bought for them alone :
 With noble frankness she confess'd
 Good out of Babylon might come,
 And cherish'd in her candid breast
 The warmest partisan of Rome.

But, number'd with the British sheep,
 She prized and held the blessing fast,
 Resolved her privilege to keep,
 Till all the storms of life were past :
 She kept the faith at first received,
 (Nor fiercely judged who turn'd aside,)
 A daughter of our Zion lived,
 A mother of our Israel died.

Warn'd of her dissolution near,
 By waning strength and lingering pain,
 She bless'd the welcome messenger ;
 (To live was Christ, to die was gain ;)
 Made ready for her heavenly Lord,
 Who came His servant to release,
 Her lamp with holiness was stored,
 Her spirit kept in perfect peace.

She cast the tempting fiend behind,
 Who preach'd, in her last sacred hours,
 " Now, now believe again, and find
 Sensations new and rapturous powers."

In vain to instantaneous pride
 He urged a saint of Christ possess'd ;
 With ease she turn'd the dart aside,
 And closer clave to Jesu's breast.

Her humble confidence she held,
 Built on a Rock that could not move,
 And, conscious of her pardon seal'd,
 And fill'd with purity of love,
 The world with wide-spread arms embraced,
 Partaker of her Saviour's mind,
 And, dying, all her soul confess'd
 Alike drawn out to all mankind.

Her convoy to those endless joys,
 While Israel's flaming guard attends,
 The precious moments she employs
 In dealing blessings to her friends ;
 In counsels kind as each had need,
 In witnessing the truth of grace,
 While angels crowd around her bed,
 And heaven is open'd in her face.

" My Master calls : at His command,
 Joyful I drop this earthy clod ;
 My roll I carry in my hand ;
 'Tis written, sign'd, and seal'd with blood :
 My way," she cries, " is strew'd with flowers ;
 A pleasant path before me lies,
 And leads to amaranthine bowers,
 And leads to Christ in paradise."

When language fail'd, her silence spoke
 In meekest majesty of love ;
 On opening heaven she fix'd her look,
 Like angels worshipping above :
 Full of unutterable awe,
 Her look the' Invisible declared,
 As bringing, in the sight she saw,
 Her weighty crown, her vast reward.

That vision of the One in Three
 Sweetly dissolves the human shrine,
 It swallows up mortality,
 In joy ineffably divine :
 That sight, too strong for life to bear,
 Her true eternal LIFE displays,
 And, eagle-like, she cleaves the air,
 And mingles with the glorious blaze.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. ELIZABETH
 BLACKWELL,

MARCH 27TH, 1772.

PART I.

GOD of all power, and truth, and love,
 Whose faithful mercies never end,
 Thy longing servant to remove,
 Who dost the flaming convoy send ;
 Help us Thine attributes to praise,
 Help us Thy follower to pursue,
 Till all obtain the crowning grace,
 Till all with her Thy glory view.

Ere yet she into being came,
 Thou didst Thy favourite handmaid choose,
 Thy love inscribed her with Thy name,
 And mark'd the vessel for Thy use :
 With tender, gracious awe inspired,
 With innocence and purity,
 God, above all, the child desired,
 And gave her simple heart to Thee.

Her pious course with life began,
 Call'd by the consecrating rite,
 In wisdom's pleasant paths she ran,
 And served her Maker day and night :
 Watchful to keep her garments clean,
 Glad to frequent the hallow'd place,
 She never left her God for sin,
 Or wholly lost that earliest grace.

While, zealous for Thy righteous law,
 She her integrity maintain'd,
 Thou didst her trembling spirit awe,
 And bless with lowliness unfeign'd :
 No pharisaic pride or scorn
 Could harbour in her bosom find,
 Her virtue into poison turn,
 Or taint so pure and good a mind.

Touching the legal righteousness,
 While blameless in Thy sight she lived,
 Thee she confess'd in all her ways,
 And all her good from Thee received ;
 Faithful even then, she flew to tend,
 Where'er distress'd, the sick and poor,
 Rejoiced for them her life to spend,
 And all Thy gifts through them restore.

Did not her alms and prayers arise,
 Memorial sweet, before Thy throne ?
 Grateful, accepted sacrifice,
 They brought the Gospel-blessing down :
 To one who Thee sincerely fear'd,
 Thou didst the Comforter impart :
 The herald spake ; the grace appear'd,
 And stamp'd salvation on her heart.

Her unopposing heart received,
 With meekness, the ingrafted word,
 With reverential joy believed,
 And sunk before her smiling Lord :
 Reciprocal affection moved,
 And wonder ask'd, " How can it be ?
 Hath God so poor a creature loved,
 Or bought so mean a worm as me ?"

PART II.

COMMENCES now the Christian race,
 The conflict good, the life conceal'd,
 The' eternal God, replete with grace,
 JESUS is to her soul reveal'd :

Translated into wondrous light,
 Humbly assured of sin forgiven,
 She goes in peace, she walks in white,
 And close pursues her Guide to heaven.

Exulting with her Head to rise,
 She seeks the things conceal'd above,
 For joy sells all, the jewel buys,
 The heavenly treasure of His love ;
 Jesus alone resolved to gain,
 And, crucified with Jesus here,
 The finish'd sanctity to' attain,
 The lowliness of filial fear.

Fear to offend or God or man
 In all her conversation shines,
 While, following the Redeemer's plan,
 She carries on His great designs :
 Watchful immortal souls to win,
 The God supreme she dares commend,
 Constrains the outcasts to come in,
 And shows them their expiring Friend.

By wisdom pure and peaceable,
 By the meek Spirit of her Lord,
 She knows the stoutest to compel,
 And sinners wins without the word :
 They see the tempers of the Lamb,
 They feel the wisdom from above,
 And bow, subdued, to Jesu's name,
 As captives of resistless love.

Witness, ye once to evil sold !
 Witness her kind parental zeal,
 Thou wanderer of the Romish fold,
 Pursued so long, and loved so well !
 Saved by her prayers, through Jesu's blood,
 Thy endless debt make haste to pay ;
 Go, meet her at the throne of God,
 Her crown and glory in that day.



Witness, ye souls to her allied,
 Her humble walk with God below ;
 She ne'er look'd back, or lost her Guide,
 Or started like a broken bow ;
 She ne'er forsook her former love,
 Or wander'd in the wilderness,
 But labour'd on her faith to prove
 By power, and purity, and peace.

Her living faith by works was shown :
 Through faith to full salvation kept,
 She made the sufferer's griefs her own,
 And wept sincere with those that wept :
 Nursing the poor with constant care,
 Affection soft, and heart-esteem,
 She saw her Saviour's image there,
 And gladly minister'd to Him.

How did she entertain the spies,
 By fervent prayer their labours speed,
 Bring down the Spirit's fresh supplies,
 And more than share their every deed !
 To spread Jehovah's gracious word,
 To do His will, her pleasant meat,
 And serve the servants of her Lord,
 And wash an old disciple's feet !

PART III.

For converse form'd by art divine,
 For friendship delicate as pure,
 Did she not all with ease resign,
 To make another's bliss secure ?
 On him by heavenly grace bestow'd,
 Her generous heart entire she gave ;
 And, charged with the behests of God,
 She only lived his soul to save.

As born her earthly lord to please,
 Studious of his content alone,
 Dispersing virtuous happiness,
 She made his every wish her own :

As in their heavenly Bridegroom's sight
 The church their vows with rapture pay,
 Her duty minister'd delight,
 Her joy and glory was to' obey.

God's image she in man revered,
 And honour'd all the ransom'd race ;
 Thrice happy soul, who always fear'd,
 Whose love did the whole world embrace !
 So humble, affable, and meek,
 Her gentle, inoffensive mind,
 None ever heard that angel speak
 A railing speech, or word unkind.

Upright she walk'd in open day,
 Free as the light, on all she shone,
 In sight of Him whose eyes survey
 The secret wish to man unknown :
 Whene'er her pleasing voice we heard,
 We saw her thoughts spontaneous rise,
 Whose heart in every word appear'd,
 Whose generous soul abhorr'd disguise.

Even as life the heavenly flame
 In all her words and actions burn'd,
 While still, invariably the same,
 Her sweetness all estates adorn'd :
 Strangers with loving awe confess'd
 The ministerial spirit below,
 And every charm'd spectator bless'd,
 And lived and died without a foe.

PART IV.

Soon as the' appointed sickness came,
 And *promised* her departure near,
 She welcomed death in Jesu's name,
 Nor weakly dropp'd a lingering tear.
 Let those lament with conscious dread,
 Who teach, "Ye must in darkness die :"
 She knew her Advocate had sped ;
 Her place was ready in the sky.



“ How can I doubt my blissful end,
 How can I tremble to remove,
 When Jesus, my almighty Friend,
 Is the great God of truth and love ?
 Him, God supreme for ever blest,
 Sole self-existing God, I own,
 Who purchased my eternal rest,
 And calls me up to share His throne.

“ Surrounded by His power I stand,
 Whom day and night His mercies keep ;
 He holds me in His chastening hand ;
 He gives to His beloved sleep :
 While in His mercies I confide,
 He keeps my soul in perfect peace ;
 He comforts me on every side,
 And pain is lost in thankfulness.

“ Who for so poor a creature care,
 My friends, are with His kindness kind ;
 My burdens for His sake they bear ;
 The Fountain in the stream I find :
 I magnify my Saviour's name,
 I praise Him with my parting breath,
 And, sinking into dust, proclaim
 The everlasting arms beneath.”

In words like these the dying saint
 Her humble confidence express'd,
 Or calmly sigh'd her only want,
 And languish'd for that endless rest :
 Rest after toil and pain, how sweet
 To souls whose full reward is sure ;
 Who their last wish, like her, submit,
 Like Jesus, to the end endure !

Enduring, with that patient Lamb,
 The' appointed years of sacred woe,
 She comes as gold out of the flame,
 To triumph o'er her mortal foe :
 Sweet peace, and pure celestial hope,
 And humble joy, the bride prepare,
 While, waiting to be taken up,
 She whispers soft her final prayer.

The witness which through life she bore,
 When now made ready to ascend,
 Loving, and meek, resign'd, and poor,
 She bears consistent to the end :
 No sudden starts, with nature mix'd,
 No violent ecstasies of grace,
 Her eye on Him, her heart is fix'd,
 And silence speaks her Saviour's praise.

Exempt from nature's agonies,
 Who now is able to conceive
 What with her closing eyes she sees ?
 She cannot bear the sight and live :
 In sweet communion with her God,
 She glides insensibly away,
 Quietly drops the smiling clod,
 And mingles with eternal day !

PRAYER FOR MR. BLACKWELL, DEPARTING,

APRIL 21st, 1782.

SUN of righteousness, appear,
 Faith's almighty Finisher ;
 Life in death, Thyself reveal,
 Save the soul Thou lovest so well.

One Thou hast so dearly bought,
 One who hath his Saviour sought,
 Mindful of Thy promise past,
 O be found of him at last !

Ere the soul and body part,
 If Thou shine into his heart,
 Light he in Thy light shall see,
 Glories of eternity.

Conscious of his pardon seal'd,
 Happy in his Lord reveal'd,
 Pain and death he then shall prove
 Swallow'd up in joy and love.

Good Physician, show Thine art,
 Gilead's bleeding balm impart ;
 On his gasping soul arise,
 Light of life that never dies.

Bid him from this moment be
 One, for ever one, with Thee ;
 Ready for his purchased place,
 Take him up to see Thy face.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. EBENEZER
 BLACKWELL,

APRIL 21st, 1782.

PART I.

HAPPY the follower of his Lord,
 Call'd, and indulged in Him to die,
 To gain a full immense reward,
 Bestow'd by Jesus in the sky !
 He rests from all his labours there,
 Pursued by all his works of love,
 And waits for us the joy to share,
 Triumphant with our friends above.

Then let us cheerfully pursue
 Our comrade to that heavenly land,
 And keep, like him, our end in view,
 And love, like him, our Lord's command :
 Obedient both in word and deed,
 By works his genuine faith he show'd,
 Rejoiced in Jesu's steps to tread,
 And spent his life in doing good.

Affliction's kind, unfailing friend,
 He wisely used his growing store,
 And prized his privilege to lend
 To God—by giving to the poor.
 The Lord His liberal servant bless'd,
 Who paid Him back the blessings given ;
 And still, the more his wealth increased,
 More treasure he laid up in heaven.

Through life inviolably just,
 He his integrity maintain'd,
 Most strictly faithful to his trust,
 An upright man of truth unfeign'd :
 His roughly honest soul abhorr'd
 The polish smooth, the courtier's art,
 While, free from guile, in every word
 He spoke the language of his heart.

Who always liberal things devised,
 By liberal things he firmly stood,
 Sincerely loved his friends, and prized,
 Their burdens bore, and sought their good :
 But chiefly those to Jesus dear,
 Who travell'd to the land of rest,
 As brethren intimately near,
 He cherish'd in his generous breast.

A man of passions like to ours,
 For years he groan'd beneath the load,
 And wrestled with the adverse powers,
 And look'd to the atoning blood :
 The blood, which once his pardon bought,
 Did here the contrite sinner save ;
 And all his faults are now forgot,
 Are buried in his Saviour's grave.

PART II.

On earth he drank the deepest cup
 Of sharp but consecrated pain,
 And fill'd his mournful measure up,
 And suffer'd with his Lord to reign ;
 Meekly the sudden call obey'd,
 His willing spirit to resign ;
 And only for his Saviour stay'd,
 To finish His own work divine.

The souls whom most he prized below,
 The dearest partners of his heart,
 Free and detach'd, he let them go,
 Resign'd, and ready to depart.

'Tis all his gasping soul's desire,
 To find his place prepared above,
 And keep, with that enraptured choir,
 A Sabbath of eternal love.

His prayer is heard, and, saved at last,
 He drops the gross, corporeal clay ;
 The dreary, doleful vale is past,
 And opens into glorious day :
 Past are his days to feel and mourn,
 Accomplish'd is the warfare here ;
 His Father wills him to return,
 And Israel's fiery steeds appear !

Triumphant while his soul ascends,
 By ministerial spirits convey'd,
 The numbers whom his grateful friends
 He by the' "unrighteous mammon" made,
 With kindred saints and angels bright,
 In shining ranks expecting stand,
 And, shouting, all the sons of light
 Receive and welcome him to land !

Happy the souls he leaves behind,
 If, following him, as he his Lord,
 As meek, as lowly, and resign'd,
 They hear the last transporting word !
 If ready through their Saviour's love,
 When all the storms of life are o'er,
 As safe and sudden they remove,
 And grasp their friend to part no more !

To ask his death shall I presume ?
 Saviour, in me thyself reveal,
 And grant me, when my hour is come,
 His penitence and faith to feel :
 Thou seest the wish of this weak heart,
 His cup of torture to decline ;
 And let me then, like him, depart,
 And let his final state be mine !

ON BEING DESIRED TO WRITE AN ELEGY
FOR MRS. HANNAH BUTTS.

CAN I describe a worth like thine,
Transcript of excellence divine,
Though friendship urge, and love demand,
The tribute of so mean a hand ?
Thy loveliness from far I see,
Thy height of Christian dignity,
But fail to utter *that* thou art,
Or show thine image in my heart.

Could I like rapid Young aspire,
Transported on his car of fire,
Or flow with academic ease,
Smooth as our own Isocrates,*
Beautiful words I could not find
Expressive of so fair a mind ;
But want an angel's tongue to paint
The glories of an humble saint.

O were they all on me bestow'd,
The form and lineaments of God,
His image on thy soul impress'd,
His love that fill'd thy faithful breast !
How gladly then would I ascend
With thee, to view our heavenly Friend ;
In rapturous strains His praise repeat,
And sing triumphant at thy feet !

FUNERAL HYMN.

HARK, hark ! 'tis a voice from the tomb,
" Come, mourner," it cries, " come away !
The grave of thy children has room
To rest thee beside their cold clay :
Thy burden of sorrow lay down,
Escape to the harbour so nigh ;
Thy course of affliction is run,
And Mercy permits thee to die !"

* The Rev. James Hervey.

The hope of a sudden release,
 The token for good I receive,
 The blissful assurance of peace,
 Which Jesus is ready to give :
 It reaches a soul in the deep,
 It points to that heavenly shore ;
 And there I no longer shall weep,
 And there I shall suffer no more.

ANOTHER.

Most gentle of all the soft kind,
 I cannot allow thee to part,
 So deeply engraven I find
 Thy form on my desolate heart !
 Still, still the desire of my eyes,
 The bright apparition I see ;
 It beckons me up to the skies,
 It waits—to be happy with me !

Thy voice ever-sounding I hear :
 The harmony lulls me to rest ;
 It speaks my deliverance near,
 It calms my tumultuous breast ;
 It bids me a moment endure,
 Resign'd in affliction and pain,
 To make my inheritance sure,
 A share of her glory to gain.

O could I attain to the grace
 That richly resided in thee,
 A number of sorrowful days
 Would seem but a moment to me :
 So swiftly I then should remove,
 Where sorrow and sighing are o'er,
 And find my companion above,
 And meet to be parted no more.

O Jesus, in pity appear,
 Thy peace to a mourner impart,
 Thy kingdom of righteousness here,
 And whisper it into my heart ;

Partaker at last of my hope,
 With mercy a sinner embrace,
 And out of the valley take up,
 And bless with the sight of *Thy* face.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. HANNAH BUTTS.

PART I.

HAPPY, pure, impassive soul!
 Ended are thy mournful days;
 She hath reach'd the heavenly goal,
 She hath won the glorious race,
 'Scaped out of the stormy deep,
 Angels welcome her to shore:
 For ourselves, alas, we weep,
 Not for her, who weeps no more.

Early from our vale of tears
 Snatch'd by her Redeemer's love,
 Ripe for God, she now appears
 With the spotless church above;
 Mix'd with that triumphant choir,
 Still the pitying saint looks down,
 Bids us after her aspire,
 Win the fight, and claim the crown.

In the morning of her day,
 Call'd to seek a hidden God,
 Cheerful she pursued her way,
 In the paths of duty trod,
 (Guided by parental hands,
 Stranger then to Christ her peace,)
 Ran the way of His commands,
 Follow'd after righteousness.

One of those distinguish'd few
 From their childhood sanctified,
 Wash'd by Christ, she never knew
 When the blood was first applied;
 Favour'd of the Lord, and bless'd,
 Nothing could His handmaid say,
 Only by her life confess'd
 He had borne her sins away.

Silent follower of the Lamb,
 Him in deed and truth she loved,
 Prized the odour of His name,
 Never from His statutes roved,
 Track'd the footsteps of His flock,
 With His poor disciples stay'd,
 Follow'd by their guardian Rock,
 Safe in His almighty shade.

Humble, like her Lord, and meek,
 Did she not herself abase?
 Swift to hear, and slow to speak,
 Still she chose the lowest place,
 Glad to be accounted least;
 Each she to herself preferr'd,
 Far beyond her fellows bless'd,
 Always bless'd who always fear'd.

PART II.

WALKING in her house with God,
 Portion'd with the better part,
 She her faith by actions show'd,
 Martha's hand and Mary's heart:
 Labouring on from morn to night,
 Still she offer'd up her care,
 Pleasing in her Saviour's sight,
 Sanctified by faith and prayer.

Taught of God himself to please,
 Daily she fulfill'd His word,
 In her meanest services
 Ministering unto the Lord;
 Happy if her constant smile
 Might but ease the sufferer's load,
 Soften a companion's toil,
 Win her little ones to good.

Gently she their will inclined,
 Diligent her house to build,
 Wisely, rationally kind,
 With divine discretion fill'd:

Far removed from each extreme,
 Conscious why her babes were given,
 Heirs of bliss, she lived for them,
 Lived to train them up for heaven.

Principled with faith unfeign'd,
 Bless'd with Jesu's quiet mind,
 Every part she well sustain'd,
 Bright in every function shined :
 Simple love, with lowly fear,
 Kept possession of her breast,
 Made her every act appear
 Wisest, virtuousest, best.

PART III.

BORN that others might rejoice,
 Sweetly she their cares beguiled ;
 Listening to her tuneful voice,
 Grief was hush'd, and Anguish smiled :
 Clouds she scatter'd with her eye,
 Welcome as the peaceful dove ;
 Vanquish'd by her soft reply,
 Nabal melted into love.

More esteem'd as nearer view'd,
 More beloved as longer known,
 Good, without pretension good,
 Smooth and swift her race she run ;
 Patiently her soul possess'd,
 When His blessings she restored,
 God in every stroke confess'd,
 Meekly own'd, " It is the Lord ! "

Witness, her companions here,
 How she wail'd her infants dead ;
 You who saw her tenderest tear,
 When her dearest comforts fled !
 Did she not the murmurer shame,
 Teach the sufferer to submit,
 Bless her great Redeemer's name,
 Weep in silence at His feet ?

Smiling on His mourner there,
 Ready all her tears to dry,
 Israel's Strength and Comforter
 Whisper'd her deliverance nigh :
 Messenger of lasting peace,
 Pain, immortalizing pain,
 Hastens to her soul's release,
 Gives her back her babes again.

Anguish if her Lord employs,
 Shall she not His choice approve ?
 Mark'd for everlasting joys,
 Summon'd to her place above ;
 Happy in the arms of death,
 Lo ! the heavenly victim lies,
 Rachel gasping out her breath,
 Finishing her sacrifice !

LIFE is to her rescue come,
 In her mortal pangs sustains ;
 By the Fruit of Mary's womb,
 She the full salvation gains :
 Every promise is fulfill'd,
 Every grace and blessing given ;
 Now the glorious heir is seal'd,
 Ripe for all the joys of heaven.

Heaven expanded in her heart,
 Love ineffable, divine,
 Makes the soul and body part,
 Swells and bursts the earthly shrine :
 Wafted by the' angelic powers,
 In an ecstasy of praise,
 To her Saviour's arms she soars,
 Finds His throne, and SEES HIS FACE !

A PRAYER FOR MRS. VIGOR, WHEN HER SON WAS IN THE SMALL-POX.

JESUS, regard a mother's sighs !
 Her Isaac on the altar lies,
 Her loved and only son ;

As struggling in the toils of death
 He lies,—as gasping out his breath,
 His last expiring groan !

With pity mark her silent tears,
 Her pious prayers, and tender fears
 To' oppose Thy sovereign will ;
 Her wish with meekness to submit,
 And weep, afflicted, at Thy feet,
 Till Thou Thy mind reveal.

Obedient to the word divine,
 She would her more than life resign ;
 If Thou her son demand,
 Forbid on earth his longer stay,
 And take him from the evil day
 To that celestial land.

If Thou hast work prepared for him,
 Thou canst, almighty to redeem,
 Both soul and body save ;
 Canst stop the spirit in its flight,
 Arrest him at the gates of light,
 And snatch him from the grave.

Now, Lord, a gracious token give,
 And let us with the parent grieve,
 Resign'd to Thy decree,
 Calmly, like her, expect to prove
 The' appointments of Almighty Love,
 And leave our all to Thee.

Thy love must send whate'er is best ;
 Grant or deny her fond request ;
 O give her back her son,
 Or to Thy mercy's arms receive,
 And bid him in Thy glory live
 Partaker of Thy throne.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. ELIZABETH VIGOR.

FAREWELL, my best, my happiest friend !
 Resign'd I let thee go before :
 I see the flaming host descend,
 Thy convoy to the heavenly shore ;

And Love supports thy languid head,
And Jesus smooths thy dying bed.

Go, claim thy full, immense reward,
In mansions of eternal rest ;
With transport find thy place prepared,
And lean on thy Redeemer's breast ;
And sink in the divine embrace,
And see the glories of His face.

I trust *thy* utmost Saviour's love
Shall soon to me the victory give,
While thou, and all my friends above,
Your partner saved with shouts receive,
And, mix'd with that angelic band,
Conduct and welcome me to land.

Come Thou, our longing hearts' desire,
The number of Thy saints complete,
To raise their speechless raptures higher,
To fall triumphant at Thy feet,
With Father, Son, and Spirit one,
To reign on Thy eternal throne.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. DOROTHY HARDY.

FAREWELL, thou once a sinner,
Sad daughter of distress !
Thy suffering faith's Beginner
Confers the final peace ;
The God of consolation
Is to thy rescue come,
And, crown'd with full salvation,
Receives His exile home.

With songs of pure thanksgiving
We trace thee to the skies,
No longer dead, but living
The life that never dies :
Thy days of sin and mourning
Are finish'd all and past,
Thy joy with Christ returning
Eternally shall last.

Where now are all thy fears
 That God would never see
 Thy unavailing tears,
 Or mark thy misery ;
 Would never more forgive thee,
 Or for His outcast care,
 But quite reject and leave thee,
 Expiring in despair ?

Where now thy lamentations
 Of every comfort fled,
 Thy friends and fond relations
 Enroll'd among the dead ?
 Thy friends again have found thee,
 Where each to each is known,
 And shouting saints surround thee
 On a superior throne.

Thy more enduring treasure
 Thou hast obtain'd above,
 And riches beyond measure
 In thy Redeemer's love :
 No sacrilegious spoiler
 Shall those possessions share,
 No treacherous keen reviler
 Afflict thy spirit there.

The mourner there rejoices,
 The weary are at rest,
 And sweet celestial voices
 Record the Ever Blest :
 Jesus, they all adore Thee
 In ecstasies of praise,
 Or sink in floods of glory
 Before Thy dazzling face.

ON THE DEATH OF COLONEL GALATIN.

In the mansions of the blest,
 Where the weary are at rest,
 Far from earth and sin removed,
 Can I mourn whom best we loved ?

Yes ; though now his spirit reigns,
Stranger to our griefs and pains,
Still remembering what he was,
Calmly sad, we feel our loss ;

By our old companion left,
Of our bosom-friend bereft,
Gentle, generous, and sincere,
Galatin demands the tear.

We ourselves, not him, deplore,
Safe on the eternal shore,
Safe, where all his sorrows end,
Safe with his redeeming Friend.

Jesus cheer'd the sinner here,
Show'd himself the Comforter,
Saved the penitent forgiven,
Bare his ransom'd soul to heaven.

We, alas, remain below,
Pilgrims in a vale of woe,
Banish'd from our native place,
Wandering o'er the wilderness.

Thorns and briars our spirits wound,
Lions roar, and wolves surround ;
Troubled, destitute, distress'd,
On this earth we cannot rest :

Burden'd with a load of clay,
Struggling to escape away ;
For our absent Lord we sigh,
For our country in the sky.

Lord, while after Thee we mourn,
Comfort us with Thy return ;
Saviour of the chosen race,
Come, and all our sorrows chase.

Bring the heavenly city down,
Bring the patient victor's crown ;
Son of God, on earth appear,
King of saints triumphant here !

FOR A DYING FRIEND, MR. ABRAHAM BROWN.

STRICKEN with the stroke of death,
 Jesus, save my gasping friend ;
 Kindly catch his parting breath,
 Bless him with a peaceful end ;
 Death be endless life begun,
 Bliss obtain'd and glory won.

One is as a thousand days,
 As a thousand years to Thee :
 O cut short Thy work of grace ;
 Ripe for full felicity,
 Ready with Thyself to live,
 Now his spotless soul receive.

O cut short Thy work in mine ;
 Mine, most gracious Lord, prepare,
 Purchase dear of blood divine,
 Let me all Thine impress bear,
 All Thy great salvation see :
 Send the chariot now for me.

Dying once to die no more,
 Might I, like my friend, aspire,
 On the wings of angels soar,
 Added to the tuneful choir,
 Mingled with the saints above,
 Lost in harmony and love !

ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMAS WALLER,
 IN HIS THIRTIETH YEAR, MAY 11TH, 1781.

PART I.

THE' eternal Mind at last is known,
 The Will omnipotent obey'd,
 The Father hath call'd home His son,
 And number'd with the' immortal dead !
 Redeem'd from earth, the' unspotted youth
 Hath join'd the virgin-choir above,
 And sees unveil'd the God of truth,
 And triumphs in his Saviour's love.

Not of the world, while here he lived,
 A stranger to its hopes and fears,
 With reverence he rejoiced and grieved,
 Resign'd throughout his thirty years :
 From vice and every great offence
 By grace miraculous secured,
 He kept his childish innocence,
 And faithful unto death endured.

A daily death through life he died,
 In weakness, weariness, and pain,
 By many a sharp affliction tried,
 His faith did every cross sustain :
 What but the' Invisible display'd
 Could bear him through the fiery test,
 While still he look'd to God for aid,
 And God in all his ways confess'd ?

So modest, diffident, and meek,
 So small and mean in his own eyes,
 Did not his life and actions speak
 An humble soul, without disguise ?
 Let others of their virtue tell,
 Their knowledge, or superior grace,
 His good he studied to conceal,
 And only sought his Maker's praise.

Religion undefiled and true
 In works of charity is shown :
 'Twas thus his loving heart we knew,
 Who made the sufferer's griefs his own ;
 So swift to succour the distress'd,
 So wise and tender to reprove,
 He clasp'd a sister to his breast
 With more than a fraternal love.

His soul in pure affection flow'd
 To all by nature's ties endear'd ;
 Freely he paid the debt he owed,
 The friend in every act appear'd ;

The warmth of piety unfeign'd,
 The flame of love unquenchable,
 That in his grateful bosom reign'd,
 Let an afflicted parent tell.

For her a suffering life he lived,
 For her a daily death he died,
 With all her pains and sorrows grieved,
 On all her crosses crucified ;
 Willing for her on earth to stay,
 And want his place above prepared,—
 But, call'd at last, he drops his clay,
 And mounts, and gains a full reward.

PART II.—THE MOTHER'S.

STILL let me his remembrance bless,
 Still on his dearest image dwell,
 Indulge my sorrow's soft excess,
 And weep o'er one I loved so well !
 Flow fast, and never cease to flow,
 Those streams of unforbidden tears,
 Till He who shares His creature's woe,
 The Comforter in death appears.

He knows the texture of my heart,
 Remembers that I am but dust,
 So loath, alas, with that to part
 Which nature loves and prizes most !
 Partner of all my good and ill,
 My friend, my bosom-friend, he was,—
 In anguish exquisite I feel,
 I feel the' unutterable loss !

Yet for myself, not him, I grieve,
 By Mercy's sudden stroke removed
 Beyond the reach of pain to live,
 Safe in the arms of his Beloved :
 He looks with pity from the skies,—
 His happiness my grief suspends,
 Crown'd with the life that never dies,
 Possess'd of joy that never ends.

Contemplating his bless'd estate,
 I hasten to my endless home,
 And lighter feel the' afflictive weight
 Which sinks my flesh into the tomb :
 The sense of his transcendent bliss
 With comfort soothes this aching breast,
 Commands these storms of grief to cease,
 And lulls my sorrowing soul to rest.

 Not without hope henceforth I mourn ;
 (Since Thou, my God, wouldst have it so ;)
 He never shall to me return,
 But I ere long to him shall go :
 Thou wilt cut short my mourning days,
 Thou wilt my longing soul prepare,
 To see with him Thy heavenly face,
 And grasp my son triumphant there !

ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMAS LEWIS,

APRIL, 1782.

**THEE, Lord, in all events we praise !
 With wisdom, faithfulness, and grace
 Thou dost Thy gifts dispense ;
 Thou dost Thy benefits revoke,
 And by an unexpected stroke
 Transport our brother hence.**

**How many whom Thy judgments call,
 As sudden, not as safely, fall !
 He falls again to rise,
 By instantaneous grace removed,
 He falls asleep in his Beloved,
 And wakes in paradise !**

**For this habitually prepared,
 Death could not find him off his guard,
 A man who daily died,
 A stranger in the vale of tears,
 Whose life for more than forty years
 Confess'd the Crucified.**

His life the proof substantial gave,
 And witness'd Jesu's power to save
 The sinner here forgiven,
 While firm in the old paths he stood,
 Redeem'd the time by doing good,
 And laid up wealth in heaven.

Rugged howe'er his manners seem'd,
 His manners were by all esteem'd,
 Who truth preferr'd to art ;
 His hands for Esau's hands were known,
 His voice bewray'd the favourite son,
 And Jacob's honest heart.

His heart, as tender as sincere,
 Melted for every sufferer,
 And bled for the distress'd,
 (Where'er he heard the griev'd complain,)
 And pity for the sons of pain
 Resided in his breast.

A father to the sick and poor,
 For them he husbanded his store,
 For them himself denied ;
 The naked clothed, the hungry fed,
 Or parted with his daily bread
 That they might be supplied.

But chiefly who in Christ believed,
 For them, into his heart received,
 He naturally cared,
 His faith's integrity to prove,
 By labours of unwearied love
 To gain a full reward.

A steward just, and wise, and good,
 Through life against the men he stood,
 Who basely sought their own ;
 He dared their practices condemn,
 Yet not an enemy to them,
 But to their deeds alone.

Sin, only sin, his soul abhorr'd,
 A follower of his righteous Lord,
 Till all his toils were past :

And, lo, the hoary saint ascends,
 And, gather'd to his heavenly friends,
 Obtains the prize at last.

Thanks be to God, through Christ, His Son !
 Thy power is on our brother shown,
 Thy truth and constant love :
 Thou dost the final victory give,
 And more than conqueror receive
 To rapturous joy above.

O that the friends he leaves beneath
 Might live his life, and die his death,
 For glory as mature,
 Partakers with the sons of light,
 And reap the pleasures in Thy sight,
 Which evermore endure !

ON THE DEATH OF MR. LAMPE.

'Tis done ! the Sovereign will 's obey'd,
 The soul, by angel-guards convey'd,
 Has took its seat on high ;
 The brother of my choice is gone
 To music sweeter than his own,
 And concerts in the sky.

His spirit, mounting on the wing,
 Rejoiced to hear the convoy sing,
 While harping at his side :
 With ease he caught their heavenly strain,
 And smiled and sung in mortal pain,
 He sung, and smiled, and died.

Enroll'd with that harmonious throng,
 He hears the' unutterable song,
 The' unutterable name :
 He *sees* the Master of the choir,
 He bows, and strikes the golden lyre,
 And hymns the glorious Lamb.

He hymns the glorious Lamb *alone* ;
 No more constrain'd to make his moan
 In this sad wilderness,
 To toil for sublunary pay,
 And cast his sacred strains away,
 And stoop the world to please.

Redeem'd from earth, the tuneful soul,
 While everlasting ages roll,
 His triumph shall prolong ;
 His noblest faculties exert,
 And all the music of his heart
 Shall warble on his tongue.

O that my mournful days were past !
 O that I might o'ertake at last
 My happy friend above ;
 With him the church triumphant join,
 And celebrate in strains divine
 The majesty of love !

Great God of love, prepare my heart,
 And tune it now to bear a part
 In heavenly melody :
 " I'll strive to sing as loud as they,
 Who sit enthroned in brighter day,"
 And nearer the Most High.

O that the promised time were come !
 O that we all were taken home
 Our Master's joy to share !
 Draw, Lord, the living vocal stones,
 Jesus, recall Thy banish'd ones,
 To chant Thy praises there.

Our number and our bliss complete,
 And summon all the choir to meet
 Thy glorious throne around ;
 The whole musician-band bring in,
 And give the signal to begin,
 And let the trumpet sound.

ON THE DEATH OF DR. BOYCE,

FEBRUARY 7TH, 1779.

FATHER of harmony, farewell !
 Farewell for a few fleeting years !
 Translated from the mournful vale,
 Jehovah's flaming ministers
 Have borne thee to thy place above,
 Where all is harmony and love.

Thy generous, good, and upright heart,
 Which sigh'd for a celestial lyre,
 Was tuned on earth to bear a part
 Symphonious with the heavenly choir,
 Where Handel strikes the warbling strings,
 And plausive angels clap their wings.

Handel, and all the tuneful train,
 Who well employ'd their art divine
 To' announce the great Messiah's reign,
 In joyous acclamations join,
 And, springing from their azure seat,
 With shouts their new-born brother greet.

Thy brow a radiant circle wears,
 Thy hand a golden harp receives,
 And, singing with the morning stars,
 Thy soul in endless raptures lives,
 And hymns, on the eternal throne,
 Jehovah and His conquering Son.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. WILLIAM KINGSBURY,

FEBRUARY 8TH, 1782.

AND is he then set free,
 The child of misery ?
 Free from sin, and want, and pain,
 Safely lodged in Abraham's breast ;
 There the wrong'd no more complain,
 There the weary are at rest.

Born to distress and woe,
 Inured to grief below,
 Toiling hard for scanty bread,
 Scanty bread he could not find,
 Not a place to lay his head,
 Not a friend in all mankind.

By his own flesh forsook,
 With want and sickness broke,
 Charity's cold hand at last
 Necessary food supplied ;
 Wanting then the power to taste,
 Meekly he sunk down and died.

But, lo, he lives again,
 A new immortal man ;
 Blest with Lazarus he lives,
 With the tuneful choir above,
 Good, not evil, things receives,
 Fruits of his Redeemer's love.

Happy at last might I
 As meek and lamb-like die,
 Gladly reach Immanuel's land,
 Meet for heavenly concerts made,
 By the bright angelic band
 To my Father's arms convey'd.

With those redeem'd of old,
 In life's fair book enroll'd,
 Saviour, tune and take my soul,
 With that double choir to meet ;
 There the harmony is full,
 There the triumph is complete !

ON THE DEATH OF MR. CHARLES WORGAN.

BLOOMING innocence, adieu,
 Lovely, transitory flower !
 Faded is thy youthful hue,
 Ended is thy morning hour ;
 Death hath closed thy sleeping eyes,
 Opening them in paradise.

Ravish'd hence by sovereign love,
 Wing'd with empyrean fire,
 Soars thy soul to joys above,
 Mingled with the' immortal choir,
 Hears the music of the spheres,
 All those heavenly harpers hears.

Happy harmonist, to thee
 Sovereign love assigns a place,
 Crowns thy spotless purity,
 Decks thy head with brighter rays,
 Bids thee join the virgin throng,
 Chant the' inimitable song.

Hastening through this mortal vale,
 Lo, we after thee aspire,
 Where thou dost their triumph swell,
 Raise their highest raptures higher ;
 Sing the glorious One in Three,
 Shout through all eternity.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. MARY HORTON,
 MAY 4TH, 1786, AGED THIRTY-FOUR YEARS.

PART I.

It is the Lord, whose will is done,
 He to the end hath loved His own,
 And now required His bride ;
 Who went her mansion to prepare,
 Hath brought her home, His joy to share,
 And triumph at His side.

Her mourning days are finish'd soon,
 Her sun of life gone down at noon ;
 But why should we complain,
 That Mercy hath abridged her years,
 And snatch'd her from our vale of tears,
 In endless bliss to reign ?

To keep her here in vain we strove :
 She mounts ! she claps her wings above !
 She grasps the glittering prize !

In answer to our mended prayers,
 Enjoying, with salvation's heirs,
 The life that never dies.

And can we now our loss regret,
 Or wish to tear her from her seat,
 Where high enthroned she sings?
 No: rather let us strive to' increase
 The cloud of Jesu's witnesses,
 When death to glory brings.

Pursuing her, as she her Lord,
 And labouring for a full reward,
 Our friend we soon shall join;
 The praise of *our* salvation give
 To Him that doth for ever live,
 And to the Lamb divine.

Hastening the universal doom,
 O wouldst Thou, Lord, Thy power assume,
 And bring the kingdom down;
 The number of Thy saints complete,
 And us, through patient faith made meet,
 With joy eternal crown!

PART II.

O THAT our residue of days
 We all might spend in prayer, and praise
 For our translated friend,
 Contemplating her converse here,
 Her course of piety sincere,
 And her consistent end!

Her piety with life begun,
 Worshipper of the God unknown,
 She trembled and adored;
 Kept, by her parents' hallow'd cares,
 From sin, the world, and Satan's snares,
 And nurtured for the Lord.

Allured by His preventient grace,
 Even she walk'd in pleasant ways,
 Far from the thoughtless crew;

A stranger to their hopes and fears,
Remembering, in her tenderest years,
Her Maker and her God.

In wisdom as in years she grew,
Nor selfish guile, nor evil knew,
Nor gay Diversion's round :
Like Eve in her Creator's sight,
Her innocent and pure delight
She in a garden found.

Her precious hours employing there
In useful works, and praise, and prayer,
She prized her happy lot :
Her cup of earthly bliss run o'er,
Yet still she sigh'd for something more,
And sought she knew not what.

She knew not, till the God unknown
Had drawn her, weary, to His Son,
The Lord her righteousness ;
Who paid *her* ransom on the tree,
From all iniquity to free,
And save a world by grace.

Jesus beneath the fig-tree saw
His handmaid, labouring by the law
Herself to justify ;
And show'd Himself the way to God,
And graciously the gift bestow'd,
Which she could never buy.

The harmless youth who freely loved,*
He her sincerity approved,
And touch'd her simple heart ;
She then with Lydia's ease believed,
A pardon seal'd with joy received,
And Mary's better part.

Yet, though her choice was still to sit
Delighted at the Master's feet,
And listening to His word,

* In the Gospel, Mark x. 21.

She ran the way of His commands,
 And minister'd, with Martha's hands,
 To all that served her Lord.

Her genuine faith by works was known,
 Her light, with spreading lustre, shone
 Impartial, unconfined ;
 Her meat and drink His will to do,
 And trace His steps, and close pursue
 The Friend of human kind.

PART III.

SAY, ye companions of her youth,
 With what sincerity* and truth,
 How free from fear and shame,
 Christ and His members she confess'd,
 And through a blameless life express'd
 The tempers of the Lamb.

How did she put His bowels on,
 And answer every plaintive groan
 Of poverty and pain !
 In sad variety of grief
 The wretched sought from her relief,
 Nor ever sought in vain.

She flew preventing their request,
 To seek and succour the distress'd,
 The reconciling word,
 The balm of Gilead, to pour in,
 Comfort and soothe the bruised by sin,
 And lead them to their Lord.

Guide to her natural allies,
 Endear'd yet more by gracious ties,
 She urged them on to show
 Their faith by every righteous deed,
 And close in all the steps to tread
 Of God reveal'd below.

From those who did her Father's will,
 A thought she knew not to conceal,
 Incapable of art ;

Bless'd with a child's simplicity,
 While, cheerful as the light and free,
 She pour'd out all her heart.

When call'd the mystery to explain
 Of two in Christ, no longer twain,
 A figure of His bride,
 The meaning of the nuptial sign,
 The sacred ordinance divine,
 She show'd exemplified.

To whom her plighted faith she gave,
 She with entire affection gave,
 Nor e'er resumed a part ;
 Yet Jesus above all adored,
 Still rendering to her heavenly Lord
 An undivided heart.

When God, to prove her love sincere,
 A sacrifice than life more dear,
 Did for her children call,
 Her children freely she resign'd,
 Bereaved, yet happy still to find
 That Christ was all in all.

PART IV.

SHE thus, adorning every state,
 Did with His true disciples wait
 The Saviour from above :
 Death could not find her off her guard,
 By prayer habitually prepared,
 By humble, active love.

Her life a testimony true
 That heaven was always in her view,
 Till earthly scenes were past,
 That here she had not long to stay,
 Who lived as every well-spent day
 Were destined for her last.

Ready for her celestial home
 Whene'er the messenger should come,
 Her Lord was sure to find

His handmaid in His work employ'd,
 Who long had given up all for God,
 And cast the world behind.

Unwarn'd of her release so near,
 Insensible of pain or fear,
 She needed not to know
 The moment fix'd for her remove ;
 She could not doubt her Saviour's love,
 Or dread a stingless foe.

The tyrant was not worth a thought,
 When Christ had her salvation wrought,
 Had wholly sanctified ;
 When (half her race of glory run)
 He sent Elijah's chariot down,
 He came to fetch His bride.

Like Moses caught to His embrace,
 Dissolved by His *discover'd* face,
 Whom only she desired ;
 The race she in a moment won,
 And calm, without a lingering groan,
 In Jesu's sight expired.

Yet, mindful of her friends below,
 Stronger than death her love to show,
 By a divine decree,
 Indulged to comfort them that mourn'd,
 She stopp'd the flaming car, and turn'd,
 And shouted VICTORY !

PART V.

O God, who dost the victory give,
 The thanks of every heart receive,
 Through thy beloved Son,
 Who dost, for our Redeemer's sake,
 Vile, sinful worms vouchsafe to make
 The partners of Thy throne.

The grace which saved our happy friend,
 Which made her faithful to the end,
 And deck'd her head with rays,

We shall for us sufficient prove,
 And strive, in humble fear and love,
 To perfect holiness.

Who did for her the kingdom buy,
 Jesus, for us went up on high,
 Our purchased thrones to claim ;
 The same our Advocate with Thee,
 The same our trust Thy face to see,
 Through that almighty Name.

Father, we on that Name depend :
 Send, then, for us, the convoy send,
 For all with Jesus one ;
 Consummate us in heavenly bliss,
 And by Thy glorious saints increase
 The glory of thy Son.

AN ELEGY ON THE LATE REV. GEORGE
 WHITEFIELD, M.A.,

WHO DIED SEPTEMBER 30TH, 1770, IN THE FIFTY-SIXTH
 YEAR OF HIS AGE.

AND is my WHITEFIELD enter'd into rest,
 With sudden death, with sudden glory, blest ?
 Left for a few sad moments here behind,
 I bear his image on my faithful mind ;
 To future times the fair example tell 5
 Of one who lived, of one who died, so well ;
 Pay the last office of fraternal love,
 And then embrace my happier friend above.
 O Thou who didst, in our degenerate days,
 This chosen vessel for Thy glory raise, 10
 My heart with my companion's zeal inspire,
 And touch *my* lips with the celestial fire,
 That, while Thy servant's labours I record,
 Sinners may see, and magnify, his Lord,
 Bow to the saving Name, and thankful own 15
 The good on earth perform'd is wrought by God alone.
 His sovereign grace vouchsafed a worn to choose,
 The vessel fitting for the Master's use ;

- God from the womb set for Himself apart
 A Pastor fashion'd after His own heart ; 20
 Infused the infant-wish, the warm desire, }
 To minister like that angelic choir, }
 And bade his simple soul to heaven aspire. }
- Awed and delighted with a God unknown,
 By glimpses of His face led gently on, 25
 The powerful, sweet attraction he pursued,
 And fear'd the crowd, and sigh'd for solitude ;
 His sins and wants in secret to declare,
 Or wait for blessings in the house of prayer,
 Devotion by the altar-fire to raise, 30
 And join the first-born church in solemn songs of praise.
- But now the Lord, who sends by whom He will,
 Ready His own great purpose to fulfil,
 Inclined the creature's heart as passive clay,
 And pointed out his providential way 35
 To learning's seats, for piety design'd,
 For knowledge sound, with pure religion join'd,
 Schools of the Prophets' sons, and well employ'd,
 When training servants for the courts of God.
- 'Twas there he dared his father's God pursue, 40
 Associating with the derided few,
 Who, newly started in the Christian race,
 Were blindly following after righteousness,
 Outcasts of men, and fools for Jesu's sake :
 He long'd their glorious scandal to partake, 45
 Courageously took up the shameful cross,
 And, suffering all things in the Saviour's cause,
 Vow'd to renounce the world, himself deny,
 And, following on with them, with them to live and die.
- Can I the memorable day forget, 50
 When first we by divine appointment met ?
 Where undisturb'd the thoughtful student roves,
 In search of truth, through academic groves ;
 A modest, pensive youth, who mused alone,
 Industrious the frequented path to shun, 55
 An Israelite, without disguise or art,
 I saw, I loved, and clasp'd him to my heart,
 A stranger as my bosom-friend caress'd,
 And unawares received an angel-guest.

- Mark'd for an angel of the church below, 60
 Must he not first severe temptation know,
 Fly from the flaming mount with guilty awe,
 And quake to hear the thunders of the law,
 The' accuser's cruel buffetings sustain,
 Still of unconquerable sin complain, } 65
 With cries and tears that seem'd to flow in vain ? }
 Long in the fire, long in the desert tried,
 He daily languish'd, and he daily died ;
 Long by the spirit of fear in prison bound,
 Groan'd for relief, yet no deliverance found ; 70
 Till, quite forsaken both of man and God,
 And fainting underneath corruption's load,
 His fastings, prayers, and struggles he gave o'er,
 Sunk in despair, and gasp'd for help no more.
 Then, in the last extreme of hopeless grief, 75
 Jesus *appear'd*, and help'd his unbelief,
 Infused the faith which did his sins remove,
 Assured his heart of God's forgiving love, }
 And fill'd with glorious joy, the joy of saints above. } 80
 Who but the souls that savingly believe,
 The raptures of a faithful soul conceive ?
 The joy unspeakable, the love unknown,
 The peace he felt, is understood by none,
 By none but those who know their sins forgiven,
 Through God the Holy Ghost come down from 85
 heaven.
- Born of the Spirit now, divinely led,
 He hastes in his dear Saviour's steps to tread,
 Eager his faith's sincerity to prove
 By all the works of piety and love ;
 Fruits of repentance first, and legal fear, 90
 They now the genuine marks of grace appear,
 Their own superior principle maintain,
 And justify his faith to God and man.
 While listening to forlorn affliction's cries,
 Swift to assist on wings of love he flies, 95
 Help to the sick and needy prisoners gives,
 And more than their external wants relieves ;
 Alarms the souls that sleep secure in sin,
 Till urg'd the one great business they begin,

Instructs them how to' escape the judgment nigh : 100
 "Ye must be born again, or dead for ever die!"

Nor let the scrupulous sons of Levi fear
 He thus invades the sacred character ;
 Thus every candidate should first be tried
 In doing good, in Jesu's steps abide, 105
 Then exercise aright the Deacon's powers,
 Son to his church, as WHITEFIELD was to ours.

Moved by the Holy Ghost to minister,
 And serve His altar, in the house of prayer,
 Though long resolved for God alone to live, 110
 The outward call he trembled to receive,
 Shrunk from the awful charge, so well prepared,
 The gift by apostolic hands conferr'd,
 And cried, with deep, unfeign'd humility,
 "Send, Lord, by whom thou wilt, but send not
 me." 115

Yet soon he bows before the will divine,
 Clearly demonstrating its own design ;
 Call'd by a Prelate good, no more delays
 To' accept with awe the consecrating grace,
 And offers up, through the Redeemer's blood, 120
 His body, spirit, soul, a sacrifice to God.

He now begins, from every weight set free,
 To make full trial of his ministry ;
 Breaks forth on every side, and runs, and flies,
 Like kindling flames that from the stubble rise ; 125
 Where'er the ministerial Spirit leads,
 From house to house the heavenly fire he spreads,
 Ranges through all the city-lanes and streets,
 And seizes every prodigal he meets.

Who shall the will and work divine oppose ? 130
 His strength with his increasing labour grows :
 Workman and work the' Almighty hath prepared,
 And, sent of God, the servant must be heard,
 Rush through the opening door, on sinners call,
 Proclaim the truth, and offer Christ to all. 135

"Sound an alarm, the Gospel-trumpet blow,
 Let all their time of visitation know :
 'The Saviour comes,' you hear His herald cry ;
 'Go forth and meet the Friend of sinners nigh !'"

- Roused from the sleep of death, a countless crowd 140
 (Whose hearts like trees before the wind are
 bow'd,
 As a thick cloud that darkens all the sky,
 As flocking doves that to their windows fly)
 Press to the hallow'd courts, with eager strife,
 Catch the convincing word, and hear for life. 145
 Parties and sects their endless feuds forget,
 And fall and tremble at the Preacher's feet ;
 Prick'd at the heart, with one consent inquire,
 "What must we do to' escape the never-dying fire?"
 Made apt to teach, he points them out the way, 150
 And willing multitudes the truth obey ;
 He lets his light on all impartial shine,
 And strenuously asserts the birth divine ;
 The Spirit freely given to all who claim
 That promised Comforter in Jesu's name ; 155
 The pardon bought so dear, by grace bestow'd,
 Received through faith in the atoning blood.
 While yet he speaks the Lord himself comes down,
 Applies and proves the gracious word His own,
 The Holy Ghost to thirsty souls imparts, 160
 And writes forgiveness on the broken hearts.
 But, lo ! an ampler field appears in view,
 And calls His champion forth to conquests new :
 Nor toils nor dangers can his zeal repress,
 Nor crowds detain him by his own success : 165
 In vain his children tempt him to delay,
 With prayers and tears invite his longer stay,
 Or ask, as sharers of his weal or woe,
 To earth's remotest bounds with him to go :
 He leaves them all behind at Jesu's word, 170
 He finds them all again in his beloved Lord.
 See, where he flies ! as if by Heaven design'd
 To' awake and draw our whole apostate kind !
 He takes the eagle's with the morning's wings,
 To other worlds the great salvation brings, 175
 As sent, with joyful news of sins forgiven,
 To every ransom'd soul on this side heaven !
 With ready mind the' Americans receive
 Their angel-friend, and his report believe ;

- So soon the servant's heavenly call they find, 180
 So soon they hear the Master's feet behind :
 He comes—to wound, and heal! At His descent
 The mountains flow, the rocky hearts are rent ;
 Numbers, acknowledging their gracious day,
 Turn to the Lord, and cast their sins away, 185
 And faint and sink beneath their guilty load
 Into the arms of a forgiving God.
 His Son reveal'd they now exult to know,
 And after a despised Redeemer go,
 In all the works prepared their faith to prove, 190
 In patient hope, and fervency of love.
- How blest the messenger whom Jesus owns !
 How swift with the commission'd word he runs !
 The sacred fire shut up within his breast
 Breaks out again ; the weary cannot rest, 195
 Cannot consent his feeble flesh to spare,
 But rushes on, Jehovah's harbinger :
 His one delightful work and steadfast aim
 To pluck poor souls as brands out of the flame,
 To scatter the good seed on every side, 200
 To spread the knowledge of the Crucified,
 From a small spark a mighty fire to raise,
 And fill the continent with Jesu's praise.
- What recompence for all his endless toil ?
 The Master pays him with a constant smile, 205
 With peace, and power, and comforts from above,
 Grace upon grace, and floods of rapturous love.
 When often spent and spiritless he lies,
 Jesus beholds him with propitious eyes, }
 And looks him back his strength, and bids arise, } 210
 Sends him again to run the lengthen'd race,
 Prospers his work, and shines on all his ways.
- The man of God, whom God delights to' approve
 In his great labours of parental love,
 Love of the little ones,—for these he cares, 215
 The lambs, the orphans, in his bosom bears ;
 Knowing in whom he trusts, provides a place,
 And spreads a table in the wilderness ;
 A father of the fatherless, supplies
 Their daily wants—with manna from the skies, 220

In answer to his prayer so strangely given,
His fervent prayer of faith that opens heaven.

What mighty works the prayer of faith can do !
The good of souls, and Jesus, in his view,
He sees the basis sure, which cannot fail, 225
Laid by the true divine Zerubbabel ;
The rising house built up by swift degrees,
The crowning-stone brought forth with shouts he
sees :

The Lord hath finish'd what his hands begun,
Ascribe the gracious work to grace alone. 230

The house is built ; and shall not God provide ?
Plentiful help pours in on every side
From hearts inclined the hungry lambs to feed,
By Him, who satisfies the poor with bread ;
Whose blessing makes the earth her riches yield, 235
The wilderness become a fruitful field,
Bids golden harvests round His house arise,
And turns a waste into a paradise.

With heart enlarged, with confidence increased,
In all his purposes and labours blest, 240
The steward wise, and faithful to his trust,
Gives God the praise, and sinks into the dust,
And cries, o'erwhelm'd his Master's smile to see,
"O when shall I begin to live for Thee !"

More grace is on the humble man bestow'd, 245
More work on him that loves to work for God ;
By whose supreme decree and kind command
He now returns to bless his native land,
(Nor dreads the threatenings of the wintry deep,
Or all its storms, with Jesus in the ship,) 250
To see how the beloved disciples fare,
Fruits of his toil, and children of his prayer,
A second Gospel benefit to' impart,
And comfort and confirm the faithful heart.

So the first Missioners in Jesu's name 255
Went forth, the world's Redeemer to proclaim,
The crucified, supreme, eternal God,
The general peace and pardon in His blood ;
From clime to clime the restless heralds run,
To make their Saviour through the nations known, 260

Planted in every place, to serve their Lord,
 -A living church, and water'd by the word,
 While Heaven was pleas'd their ministry to bless,
 And God bestow'd the thousand-fold increase.

But shall my partial, fond presumption dare
 A stripling with Apostles to compare? 265

Their powers miraculous he dared not claim,
 Though still his Gospel and his God the same.
 Commission'd by his God, the word of grace
 (Where'er the Lord an open door displays) 270

Freely as he receives he freely gives,
 And, daily dying, by the Gospel lives ;
 Renews his strength, renews his prosperous toil
 In every corner of our favour'd isle,
 And publishes salvation to the poor, 275
 And spreads the joyous news from shore to shore.

For, when the rich a proffer'd Christ reject,
 And spurn the Preacher with his odious sect,
 Out of their temples cast, he straight obeys,
 Goes forth to all the hedges and high-ways, 280
 Arrests the most abandon'd slaves of sin,
 And forces the poor vagrants to come in,
 To share the feast for famish'd souls design'd,
 And fill the house enlarg'd for all the sinful kind.

How beauteous on the mountain-tops appear 285
 The feet of God's auspicious messenger,
 Who brings good tidings of a world forgiven,
 Who publishes a peace 'twixt earth and heaven,
 And cries to Zion, "He that purged thy stains,
 Thy Saviour-God and King, for ever reigns !" 290

Soon as he thus lifts up his trumpet-voice,
 Attentive thousands tremble or rejoice :
 Who faithfully the welcome truth receive,
 Rejoice, and closer to their Saviour cleave :
 Poor Christless sinners, wounded by the word, 295
 (Lively and sharper than a two-edged sword,
 Spirit and soul almighty to divide,)
 Drop, like autumnal leaves, on every side, }
 Lamenting after Him they crucified ! }
 While God inspires the comfort or the dread, 300
 Wider and wider still the cry is spread,

- Till all perceive the influence from above,
 O'erwhelm'd with grief, or swallow'd up in love.
- What multitudes repent, and then believe,
 When God doth utterance to the Preacher give ! 305
 Whether he speaks the words of sober sense,
 Or pours a flood of artless eloquence,
 Ransacks the foul apostate creature's breast,
 And shows the man half devil and half beast,
 Or warmly pleads his dear Redeemer's cause, 310
 Or pity on the poor and needy draws :
- "The Deist scarce from offering can withhold,
 And misers wonder they should part with gold :"
 Opposers, struck, the powerful word admire
 In speechless awe, the hammer and the fire, 315
 While WHITEFIELD melts the stubborn rocks, or breaks,
 In consolation or in thunder speaks.
- From strength to strength our young Apostle goes,
 Pours like a torrent, and the land o'erflows,
 Resistless wins his way with rapid zeal, 320
 Turns the world upside down, and shakes the gates of hell !
- Such for a length of years his glorious race
 He ran, nor e'er look'd back, or slack'd his pace ;
 Starting afresh, on this alone intent,
 And straining up the steep of excellent, 325
 Forgetting still the things already done,
 And reaching forth to those not yet begun,
 Eager he press'd to his high calling's prize,
 By violent faith resolved to scale the skies, }
 And apprehend his Lord in paradise. } 330
- Through his abundant toils, with fix'd amaze,
 We see revived the work of ancient days ;
 In his unspotted life with joy we see
 The fervours of primeval piety :
- A pattern to the flock by Jesus bought, 335
 A living witness of the truths he taught,
 Meek, lowly, patient, wise above his years,
 Redeem'd from earth, with all their hopes and fears,
 Not to the vain desires of men he lived,
 Not with delight their high applause received, 340
 But praised the Lord for what His grace had done,
 And simply lived to serve His will alone.

The heavenly principle of faith within,
 The strong divine antipathy to sin,
 The Spirit's law, the meek engrafted word, 345
 The vital knowledge of an heart-felt Lord,
 The nature new, the' incorruptible seed,
 Its power throughout his life and actions spread,
 And show'd the man regenerate from above,
 By fraudless innocence and childlike love. 350

For friendship form'd by nature and by grace,
 (His heart made up of truth and tenderness,)
 Stranger to guile, unknowing to deceive,
 In anger, malice, or revenge to live,
 He lived, himself on others to bestow, 355
 A ministerial spirit while here below,
 Beloved by all the lovers of his Lord,
 By none but Satan's synagogue abhorr'd.

Nor did their fierce abhorrence always last :
 When on the right the Gospel net he cast, 360
 The powerful charms of soft persuasion tried,
 And show'd them their Redeemer's hands and side,
 Love irresistible they could not bear,
 Or stand against the torrent of his prayer ;
 By bleeding love their hatred he o'ercame, 365
 And seized the lawful spoils in Jesu's name.

Betwixt the mountain and the multitude,
 His life was spent in prayer and doing good :
 To search the sacred leaves his soul's delight,
 And pray them o'er and o'er by day and night, 370
 To wrestle on for faith and faith's increase,
 To follow after peace and holiness,
 At Jesu's feet to catch the quickening word,
 And into nothing sink before his Lord.

Though long by following multitudes admired, 375
 No party for himself he e'er desired ;
 His one desire to make the Saviour known,
 To magnify the name of Christ alone :
 If others strove who should the greatest be,
 No lover of pre-eminence was he, 380
 Nor envied those his Lord vouchsafed to bless,
 But joy'd in theirs as in his own success,

- His friends in honour to himself prefer'd,
 And least of all in his own eyes appear'd. 385
- When crowds for counsel or relief applied,
 No surly rustic he, with cruel pride
 To bid the sorrowful intruders wait,
 Or send the suppliants weeping from his gate ;
 But ever listening to the wretch's call,
 Courteous, and mild, and pitiful to all. 390
- No Prophet smooth to men of high estate,
 No servile flatterer of the rich or great,
 Their faults he dared with freedom to reprove,
 The honest freedom of respectful love,
 And sweetly forced their consciences to own 395
- He sought not theirs, but them, for Jesu's sake alone.
- To all he render'd what to all he owed,
 Whose loyalty from true religion flow'd :
 The man of one consistent character,
 Who fear'd his God, he *must* his King revere : 400
- Fix'd as a rock, for all assaults prepared,
 No sly seducers found him off his guard,
 But miss'd their aim to fix the factious brand
 On faithful men, the quiet in the land. 405
- Single his eye, transparently sincere
 His upright heart did in his words appear ;
 His cheerful heart did in his visage shine ;
 A man of true simplicity divine,
 Not always as the serpent wise, yet love
 Preserved him always harmless as the dove : 410
- Or if into mistake through haste he fell,
 He show'd what others labour to conceal.
 Convinced, no palliating excuses sought,
 But freely own'd his error, or his fault,
 Nor fear'd the triumph of ungenerous foes, 415
- Who humbler from his fall, and stronger, rose.
- When Satan strove the brethren to divide,
 And turn their zeal to—" Who is on my side ?"
 One moment warm'd with controversial fire,
 He felt the spark as suddenly expire, 420
- He felt revived the pure ethereal flame,
 The love for all that bow'd to Jesu's name,

Nor ever more would for opinions fight
 With men whose life, like his, was in the right.
 His soul disdain'd to serve the selfish ends 425
 Of zealots, fierce against his bosom-friends :
 (Who urged him with his bosom-friends to part,
 Might sooner tear the fibres from his heart :)
 He now the wiles of the accuser knew,
 And cast him down, and his strongholds o'erthrew, 430
 With each partition-wall by men design'd
 To put asunder those whom God had join'd.

How have we heard his generous zeal exclaim,
 And load with just reproach the bigot's name !
 The men by sameness of opinion tied, 435
 Who their own party love, and none beside ;
 Or, like the Romish sect, infallible,
 Secure themselves, and send the rest to hell !
 Impartial, as unfeign'd, his love o'erflow'd
 To all, but chiefly to the house of God ; 440
 To those who thought his sentiments amiss—
 O that their hearts were half as right as his,
 Within no narrow party-banks confined,
 But open, and enlarged to all mankind !

Lover of all mankind, his life he gave, 445
 Christ to exalt, and precious souls to save :
 Nor age nor sickness could abate his zeal
 To feed the flock, and serve the Master's will.
 Though spent with pain, and toils that never ceased,
 He labour'd on, nor ask'd to be released ; 450
 Though daily waiting for the welcome word,
 Longing to be dissolved, and meet his Lord,
 Yet still he strangely lived, by means unknown,
 In deaths immortal, till his work was done,
 And wish'd for Christ his latest breath to spend, 455
 That life and labour might together end.

What after God he asks can God deny ?
 Ripe for the summons, " Get thee up, and die,"
 Mature in grace, and ready to depart,
 The Spirit cries, all-powerful in his heart, 460
 " O that to-day might close my ministry !
 O that I might to-day my Saviour see !"

- He speaks—and dies! transported to resign
 His spotless soul into the hands divine!
 He sinks into his loving Lord's embrace, 46
 And sees his dear Redeemer face to face!
 O what a God is ours! so true and just
 To all that in His faithful mercies trust!
 Our kind, omnipotent, eternal Friend,
 Who freely loved, and loves us to the end! 470
 He now receives His honour'd servant up,
 Nor lets us grieve, as Heathen without hope,
 Like them who *lose* their friends at death, like
 them
 Who never knew our Lord and God supreme;
 With whom the spirits of the righteous rest, 47
 Till all the church are gather'd to His breast.
 Even now the cordial hope my sorrow cheers,
 And stops the current of these needless tears:
 Shall I a momentary loss deplore,
 Lamenting after him that weeps no more? 480
 What though, forbid by the Atlantic wave,
 I cannot share my old companion's grave?
 Yet at the trumpet's call my dust shall rise,
 With his fly up to Jesus in the skies,
 And live with him the life that never dies. } 485
 O could I first perform my Master's will,
 Faithful in little, and His work fulfil,
 Like him I mourn, a steward wise and good,
 Pursuing him, as he his Lord pursued!
 O had he dropp'd his mantle in his flight! 490
 O might his spirit on all the Prophets' light!
 But vain the hope of miracles to come;
 There's no Elisha in Elijah's room.
 Yet, lo! the Lord our God for ever lives,
 And daily by His word the dead revives; 495
 His Spirit is not restrain'd, but striving still,
 And carrying on His work by whom He will.
 He wills us in our partner's steps to tread;
 And, call'd and quicken'd by the speaking dead,
 We trace our shining pattern from afar, 50
 His old associates in the glorious war,

Resolved to use the utmost strength bestow'd,
 Like him to spend and to be spent for God,
 By holy violence seize the crown so nigh,
 Fight the good fight, our threefold foe defy,
 And more than conquerors in the harness die. } 505

Jesus, preserve, till Thou our souls receive,
 And let us in Thy servant's spirit live!
 Thy Spirit breathed into his faithful breast,
 Be it in every labourer's life express'd, 510

In all our works, and words, and tempers seen,
 Unbounded charity to God and men,
 The meek humility, the fervent zeal,
 All-patient hope, and faith invincible,
 Faith in its primitive simplicity, 515
 Faith to walk on, till we depart, in Thee.

Through Thee approaching now the gracious throne,
 Our instant prayer, an echo of Thine own,
 We offer up, with all the faithful race,
 For all the foes and strangers to Thy grace, 520
 The fallen Church, in whose defence we stand,
 To ward Thy judgments from a guilty land,
 Till, wrestling on, the praying few prevail,
 And life and mercy turn the hovering scale.

O that the prayer of faith might now return! 525
 O that a nation, of Thy Spirit born,
 Might rise Thy witnesses in this their day,
 And multitudes of Priests the truth obey!

The last, alas, in every age to bring
 Back to their hearts their long-neglected King! 530

Yet now let all believe at Thy command,
 And spread the Gospel faith through every land,
 Till every heart and tongue Thy Name confess,
 And the whole earth's renew'd in righteousness,
 O'erflow'd with love, a paradise restored, 535

For ever fill'd with Thee, the GLORY OF THE LORD!

PART II.

COMMEMORATIVE HYMN.

PART I.

MERCIFUL God, what hast Thou done,
 What hast Thou borne, for me,
 For me, Thy most rebellious son,
 From earliest infancy ?
 The patience of Thy richest grace
 Throughout my life I prove,
 And measure back the endless maze
 With wonder, grief, and love.

Soon as my power of acting came,
 I spake and acted sin,
 But felt at once in fear and shame
 The Spirit's check within :
 I felt the point of anger's thorn,
 With daily guilt defiled,
 By passion and by conscience torn,
 A wretch while yet a child.

Bolder I with my fellows *grew*,
 Nor yet to evil *ran*,
 But envied those who dared break through,
 And copy lawless man :
 From parents' eye far off removed,
 I still was under Thine,
 And found, for secret sin reprov'd,
 The government divine.

Thou wouldst not suffer me to rest,
 When deviating from right,
 But visitedst my childish breast
 With trouble or delight :
 So often grieved, Thy Spirit strove,
 And kept my soul in awe,
 Or drew me, with the cords of love,
 Without the fiery law.

Without the law I lived awhile,
 Till the commandment came,
 And stirr'd me up, by virtuous toil,
 To hide my vicious shame ;
 To' establish my own righteousness,
 " Controller of the skies,"
 And make with Thee my labour'd peace,
 And *purchase* paradise.

Thine eye beneath the fig-tree saw
 My self-disguising strife,
 And sent the thunders of Thy law
 To slay my *righteous* life :
 The sin-convincing Spirit blew
 My leafy veil aside,
 My vain self-confidence o'erthrew,
 And blasted all my pride.

O what a cruel war ensued,
 What grief, and shame, and pain !
 I only fought to be subdued,
 And rose—to fall again :
 A thousand vows I fondly made,
 A thousand vows I broke,
 O'erpower'd by sin, and captive led,
 Yet not of Thee forsook.

Thy mercy bade my strugglings cease,
 And, bursting *then* the snare,
 Sent forth out of the dark abyss
 The prisoner of despair :
 I thank'd my God, with pardon bless'd,
 Through Jesu's blood applied,
 So instantaneously released,
 So freely justified !

PART II.

HERE let me pause, and fix mine eye
 On that mysterious grace ;
 Unseen, unfelt, it *still* was nigh
 Throughout my youthful days :

Glory to God alone I give!
 Instructed from above,
 Father, I now with joy perceive
 The wisdom of Thy love.

How has Thy love contrived to keep
 From sin's abhorr'd extreme,
 Till waken'd out of nature's sleep,
 And virtue's golden dream!
 How strangely didst Thou hedge me in,
 So prone to every vice,
 And damp my eager love of sin
 By sacred cowardice!

Thy mercy placed my parents good
 As guardian angels near,
 And with Thy flaming sword they stood,
 To' inspire me with Thy fear:
 The voice which cried in them, "Beware,"
 I now revere as Thine;
 Not kept from ill by human care,
 But Providence divine.

What but a miracle of grace
 Could keep my soul within
 The mouth of hell, the murderer's ways,
 The public schools of sin;
 Where troops of young corrupters tried
 In wickedness to' excel,
 Lewdness their vile delight, and pride
 Their boasted principle?

I found Thy hand, again beset,
 And saved by grace alone,
 Where learning keeps its loftiest seat,
 And hell its firmest throne:
 Satan and sloth had smooth'd my way
 To pleasure's paradise;
 Yet still I paused, afraid to stray,
 Or plunge the gulf of vice.

How wisely timed the help that came
 In my extremity,
 And bade the Law its prisoner claim,
 And shut me up for Thee!
 Within the iron walls immured,
 I now Thy goodness bless,
 By servile fear for years secured
 From my own wickedness.

Loosed from the chains of unbelief,
 From legal bondage freed,
 I felt the joy that follow'd grief,
 And love that banish'd dread:
 To me, beneath the wrath of God,
 The pardoning grace how sweet,
 When, bruised to death by Moses' rod,
 I fell at Jesu's feet!

Still at His feet I humbly own
 Thy uniform design,
 The Spirit of fear and love was one,
 Was given to make me Thine:
 Wherefore with reverend joy I praise
 Thine all-redeeming plan,
 The various wisdom of Thy ways,
 And charity to man.

WRITTEN JANUARY 7TH, 1768.*

SOLEMN, memorable day
 That snatch'd my darling son away!
 Calm I welcome thy return,
 Which summons me again to mourn,
 After a sad length of years
 To pour again my selfish tears,
 To bleed with undiminish'd smart,
 And feel the recent wound of heart.

* The anniversary of the death of his eldest child, whose name was John.—EDIT.

Time may gently bring relief,
 Assuage or cure a common grief :
 I no end of sorrow see,
 Till harbour'd in eternity :
 Then, my God, and not before,
 My penal woes shall all be o'er,
 And gloomy sorrow flee away
 At the first dawn of endless day.

Now, accepting my distress,
 I suffer out my evil days ;
 Softly toward the tomb I tread,
 Myself lamenting, not the dead,
 Till my life in death appears,
 And Jesus, banishing my fears,
 Cheers by the beauties of His face,
 O'erwhelms me with the glorious blaze.

A MOTHER'S THANKSGIVING FOR THE DEATH
 OF HER CHILD.*

ALL praise to God on high,
 Who sets His heart on man,
 And beckons from the sky,
 And bids him turn again,
 Gathers unto Himself his breath,
 And blesses by an early death.
 Even now His arms receive
 The spirit of my child ;
 He gave him to believe,
 He *show'd* him reconciled,
 Cut short the sudden work of grace,
 And caught him up to see His face.
 The hallowing Spirit's prayer
 Breathed from his sprinkled heart,
 And cried, " The new-born heir
 Is ready to depart !"
 And blessings on his friends approve
 The faith that sweetly works by love.

* These verses, in all probability, were written for the use of Mrs. Hall, on the occasion of the death of her son Westley Hall. See 305.—EDIT.

His faith is lost in sight,
 His prayers are lost in praise,
 Amidst the saints in light
 He sings the Saviour's grace,
 Which strangely kept his conscience clean,
 Unspotted in a world of sin.

So early to remove,
 And quit the vale of tears,
 A miracle of Love,
 Throughout his *fourteen* years,
 Preserved his sacred innocence,
 And snatch'd him uncorrupted hence.

Who kept his garments white,
 Hath call'd him to a crown,
 And, lo, from Sion's height
 The happy spirit looks down ;
 Beyond the range of fiends removed,
 Took from a world he never loved.

He cannot love it now,
 Or feel its poisoning power,
 To Satan's image bow,
 Whom all mankind adore,
 Worship the learn'd or scarlet beast,
 Or seek in creature good his rest.

Nor Pleasure soft can soothe
 His unsuspecting heart,
 Or tempt his heedless youth
 From Jesus to depart,
 Nor Grandeur turn his steps aside,
 That stately littleness of pride !

He cannot now aspire,
 With a malicious joy,
 (While envious passions fire
 The fond applauded boy,)
 Or cloak his honourable shame
 With emulation's specious name.

Ambition in his breast
 Shall never, never glow,
 In garb angelic dress'd,
 And deified below ;
 It issued from the dark abodes,
 " The glorious fault of devil-gods ! " *

The soul superior soars
 To heaven's unfolding scene ;
 The everlasting doors
 Receive the stranger in ;
 And angels hail the new-born heir,
 And kindred saints salute him there.

A royal coronet
 Upon his head they place,
 With stars of glory set,
 And pearls of heavenly grace ;
 They robe him in his milk-white vest,
 And deck him for the marriage-feast.

They bring his golden lyre,
 And, lo, he strikes the strings,
 Amidst the' angelic choir
 The song of Moses sings :
 The' angelic choir transported prove
 Diviner joys and stronger love.

He lives to die no more,
 He reigns above the sky ;
 And I the blessing bore,
 A joyful mother, I
 My darling son have freely given,
 To' exalt the happiness of heaven.

* This line was evidently intended to be a censure upon the thoroughly unchristian sentiment of Pope, who describes the pride, by which a part of the angels fell, as

" The glorious fault of angels and of gods ; "

thus commending the sin which God punished by casting them down to hell.—EDIT.

WRITTEN ON A JOURNEY IN PERIL OF
ROBBERS.

SAVIOUR, thy promised aid I claim
In danger's threatening hour ;
I run for shelter to thy Name,
My adamantine Tower :
While underneath Thy wings I rest,
My sure defence I have ;
For who or what can e'er molest
Whom God resolves to save ?

The man who truly fears his God,
Hath nothing else to fear :
Thy providence marks out my road,
Thy glory guards my rear ;
I journey on, with flaming bands
Begirt on every side ;
The angels bear me in their hands,
And Jesus is my Guide.

The sons of violence surround
My sacred paths in vain ;
By my unseen Protector bound,
They cannot break their chain :
Legions of fiends before Him fly,
Nor dare His charge assail ;
He scatters evil with His eye,
He frowns them back to hell.

Lord, I with thankfulness adore
Thy providential care,
And still Thy promised help implore
In never-ceasing prayer :
Before me still, my Saviour, go,
And lead me by Thy grace ;
But turn on Sion's top, and show
Me all Thy glorious face.

WRITTEN AFTER DELIVERANCE FROM A
POPISH AMBUSH AND ASSAULT NEAR
ATHLONE.

ALL-CONQUERING King,
Thy triumph we sing,
Redeem'd from the foe,
We publish our mighty Redeemer below ;
The' omnipotent Name
Of Jesus proclaim,
And joyfully raise
Our voices and hearts in a concert of praise.

From the malice of men,
Thou hast saved us again,
And broken the snare,
And scatter'd the folk that delighted in war :
Athirst for our blood
In ambush they stood,
Our lives to surprise,
And hurry us hence to our friends in the skies.

The' idolatrous Priest *
Their purpose had blest ;
And, arm'd with *his* zeal,
And inspired with the tenderest mercies of hell,
They rush'd on their prey,
The victims to slay,
And accomplish their doom,
And offer us up to the Moloch of Rome.

But God on the throne
Protected His own ;
The danger to ward,
He planted around an angelical guard :
Their wings were outspread,
And cover'd our head ;
Their arms were beneath,
And bore us aloft from the weapons of death.

* Father Ferril.

All glory to God,
 All honour and laud
 To our conquering King,
 Whom Lord of the heavenly armies we sing :
 His servants are ours,
 The angelical powers ;
 And now they attend,
 And assist at the concert that never shall end.
 With angels above
 We sing of Thy love,
 With saints in the vale
 Thy unsearchable riches of mercy we tell :
 Till, admitted among
 The glorified throng,
 We look on Thy face,
 And eternity spend in a rapture of praise.

THANKSGIVING FOR THE SUCCESS OF THE
 GOSPEL IN IRELAND.

Rise, ye ransom'd sinners, rise,
 Friends and neighbours, to the skies ;
 Ye by Jesu's blood brought near,
 Ye to Jesu's Father dear ;
 Sing with me, give thanks, rejoice ;
 Make to God a cheerful noise ;
 I the wandering sheep have found,
 Earth and heaven with praise resound !

I, (yet, O, not I, but HE
 Through my weakest ministry,)
 On the brink of the great deep,
 Jesus found His wandering sheep :
 Who their heavenly Owner was,
 HE hath mark'd them with His cross ;
 HE who paid their price of old,
 Now hath brought them to His fold.

Jesus, God o'er all supreme,
 We ere long shall reign with Him,
 In celestial glory stand
 With the sheep at His right hand ;

Join the bright angelic throng,
 Shout the new triumphant song,
 Face to face our Shepherd see,
 Gaze to all eternity !

OCCASIONED BY AN IRISH JUDGE SENTENCING ME IN MY ABSENCE TO TRANSPORTATION.

JOIN, all the friends of Jesus, join
 Your full, exulting hearts with mine ;
 With mine your joyful voices raise,
 Attuned to our Redeemer's praise,
 Who crowns us still with victory,
 And now delights to honour me !

Me He hath counted for His name
 Worthy to suffer wrong and shame ;
 Condemn'd for publishing my Lord,
 Proscribed for ministering His word ;
 Untried, unheard, to exile driven,
 'Gainst all the laws of earth and heaven.

Vainly in our protection join
 The laws, both human and divine,
 While those who fill the Judge's chair
 To' abuse their dread commission dare ;
 Our helpless innocency sell,
 To glut the priestly rage of hell.

But God in our defence shall stand,
 And shield us with His own right hand ;
 The Lord, whom on our side we have,
 Shall from unrighteous Judges save,
 His injured messengers confess,
 And give His suffering people peace.

Wherefore of Him His people boasts,
 The Prince of peace, the Lord of hosts ;
 Our Strength, and Confidence, and Tower,
 Our Light in Satan's darkest hour,
 Our Glory in reproach and shame,
 Our Guide and Saviour in the flame.

Bound every heart which Christ inspires,
 And praise Him, praise Him in the fires ;
 Him walking in the furnace scan,
 Whose form is as the Son of Man ;
 And triumph like the faithful three,
 And shout our guardian Deity.

Blessing and thanks to God most high,
 And love, and might, and majesty ;
 Ascribe salvation to the Lamb ;
 The Spirit of power and grace proclaim ;
 The great Three-One let all things praise
 In glorious, everlasting lays !

AFTER PREACHING IN A CHURCH.

JESU, accept the grateful song,
 My wisdom and my might,
 'Tis Thou hast loosed the stammering tongue,
 And taught my hands to fight.

Thou, Jesus, Thou my mouth hast been ;
 The weapons of Thy war,
 Mighty through Thee, I pull down sin,
 And all Thy truth declare.

Not without Thee, my Lord, I am
 Come up into this place ;
 Thy Spirit bade me preach Thy name,
 And trumpet forth Thy praise.

Thy Spirit gave me utterance now,
 My soul with strength endued,
 Harden'd to adamant my brow,
 And arm'd my heart with God.

Thy powerful hand in all I see,
 Thy wondrous workings own ;
 Glory, and strength, and praise to Thee
 Ascribe, and Thee alone.

Gladly I own the promise true
 To all whom Thou dost send :
 " Behold, I always am with you,
 Your Saviour to the end."

Amen, amen, my God and Lord,
If Thou art with me still,
I still shall speak the Gospel-word,
My ministry fulfil.

Thee I shall constantly proclaim,
Though earth and hell oppose,
Bold to confess Thy glorious Name,
Before a world of foes.

Jesus, the Name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky ;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

Jesus, the Name to sinners dear,
The Name to sinners given ;
It scatters all their guilty fear,
It turns their hell to heaven.

Balm into wounded spirits it pours,
And heals the sin-sick mind ;
It hearing to the deaf restores,
And eye-sight to the blind.

Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head,
Power into strengthless souls it speaks,
And life into the dead.

O that the world might taste and see
The riches of His grace !
The arms of love which compass me
Would all mankind embrace.

O that my Jesu's heavenly charms
Might every bosom move !
Fly, sinners, fly into those arms
Of everlasting love !

The Lover of your souls is near,
Him I to you commend,
Joyful the Bridegroom's voice to hear,
Who calls a worm His friend.

He hath the bride, and He alone,
 Almighty to redeem ;
 I only make His mercies known ;
 I send you all to Him.

Sinners, behold the Lamb of God,
 On Him your spirits stay ;
 He bears the universal load,
 He takes your sins away.

His only righteousness I show,
 His saving grace proclaim ;
 'Tis all my business here below
 To cry, " Behold the Lamb ! "

For this a suffering life I live,
 And reckon all things loss ;
 For Him my strength, my all I give,
 And glory in His cross.

I spend myself, that you may know
 The Lord your Righteousness ;
 That Christ in you may live and grow,
 I joyfully decrease.

Gladly I hasten to decay,
 My life I freely spend,
 And languish for the welcome day,
 When all my toil shall end.

Happy, if with my latest breath
 I might but gasp His name,
 Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
 " Behold, behold the Lamb ! "

AFTER PREACHING TO THE STAFFORDSHIRE COLLIERIES.

LIFT up your eyes, ye sons of light,
 Triumphant with my Lord and me ;
 Look on the fields, and see them white,
 Already white to harvest see.

Moved by the Spirit's softest wind,
 The sinners to their Saviour turn ;
 Their hearts are all as one inclined ;
 Their hearts are bow'd as waving corn.

The reaper, too, receives his hire,
 Fill'd with unutterable peace ;
 But farther still his hopes aspire,
 And labour for eternal bliss.

Till God the full delight reveals,
 And all the mighty joy is given,
 The earnest in his heart he feels,
 A glorious antepast of heaven.

The ripest fruit he gathers there,
 The fulness of his vast reward,
 Ordain'd the sower's joy to share,
 And reign triumphant with his Lord.

Herein the faithful word is shown,
 Its just accomplishment we see,
 " Another reaps what one hath sown :"
 The proverb is fulfill'd in me.

Sent forth I am to reap the field,
 On which I had no pains bestow'd ;
 My Lord broke up the ground, and till'd,
 And sow'd it with the seed of God.

Enter'd into his work I am ;
 Not unto me the praise is due,
 Not unto me ; I all disclaim ;
 God, only God, is kind and true.

Who wrought the work shall have the praise ;
 Jesus hath labour'd for our good ;
 He purchased all the fallen race ;
 He water'd all the earth with blood.

His grace hath brought salvation nigh ;
 His grace hath roll'd away the stone ;
 And now He hears these sinners cry,
 And deeply for redemption groan.

He hears, and He will soon redeem ;
 Then let us all our voices raise,
 Worship and strength ascribe to Him,
 And might, and majesty, and praise.

Honour, and endless thanks, and love,
 And glory be to Jesus given,
 By saints below, and saints above,
 By all in earth, and all in heaven.

AFTER PREACHING TO THE NEWCASTLE
 COLLIER.

Ye neighbours and friends of Jesus, draw near,
 His love condescends, by titles so dear,
 To call and invite you His triumph to prove,
 And freely delight you in Jesus's love.

The Shepherd who died His sheep to redeem,
 On every side are gather'd to Him
 The weary and burden'd, the reprobate race,
 And wait to be pardon'd through Jesus's grace.

The publicans all, and sinners, draw near ;
 They come at His call, their Saviour to hear,
 Lamenting and mourning their sin is so great,
 And, daily returning, they fall at His feet.

The poor and the blind, the halt and the lame,
 Are willing to find in Jesus's name
 Their help and salvation, which still they receive :
 There 's no condemnation for them that believe.

The drunkards and thieves and harlots return ;
 For Him that receives poor sinners they mourn :
 The common blasphemer on Jesus doth call,
 His loving Redeemer, who suffer'd for all.

The outcasts of men their Saviour pursue ;
 In horror and pain the profligate crew
 Cry out for a Saviour, a Saviour unknown,
 And look to find favour through mercy alone.

They seek Him, and find, they ask and receive
 The Friend of mankind, who bids them believe ;
 On Jesus they venture, His gift they embrace,
 And forcibly enter His kingdom of grace.

The blind are restored through Jesus's name,
 They see their dear Lord, and follow the Lamb ;
 The halt, they are walking, and running their race ;
 The dumb, they are talking of Jesus's praise.

The deaf hear His voice and comforting word,
 It bids them rejoice in Jesus their Lord :
 " Thy sins are forgiven, accepted thou art !"
 They listen, and heaven springs up in their heart.

The lepers from all their spots are made clean ;
 The dead by His call are raised from their sin ;
 In Jesu's compassion the sick find a cure,
 And Gospel salvation is preach'd to the poor.

To us and to them is publish'd the word ;
 Then let us proclaim our life-giving Lord,
 Who now is reviving His work in our days,
 And mightily striving to save us by grace.

O Jesus, ride on till all are subdued ;
 Thy mercy make known, and sprinkle Thy blood ;
 Display Thy salvation, and teach the new song
 To every nation, and people, and tongue !

ANOTHER.

GLORY to Christ be given,
 By all in earth and heaven !
 Christ, my Prophet, Priest, and King,
 Thee with angel-choirs I praise,
 Joyful hallelujahs sing,
 Triumph in Thy sovereign grace.

Thou hast the hungry fill'd,
 Thou hast Thy arm reveal'd :
 Thou in all the Heathen's sight
 Hast Thy righteousness display'd,
 Brought immortal life to light,
 Ransom'd whom Thy hands have made.

Even now, all-loving Lord,
 Thou hast sent forth Thy word ;
 Thou the door hast open'd wide,
 (Who can shut Thy open door ?)
 I the grace have testified,
 Preach'd Thy Gospel to the poor.

Thy goodness gave success,
 And bless'd it with increase.
 Not to me, of Adam's race
 Worst and vilest : not to me !
 Thine is all the work of grace,
 All the praise be paid to Thee.

Still at Thy feet I lie,
 The chief of sinners I :
 Let me but acceptance find,
 Let me but Thy love partake ;
 Save me, Saviour of mankind,
 Save me for Thy mercy's sake.

On Thee for help I call,
 Without Thy help I fall,
 Fall a final cast-away :
 O forbid, forbid it Thou ;
 Snatch me from the evil day ;
 Save me, or I perish now !

O that even I might share
 The blessings I declare,
 Taste the glorious Gospel-grace,
 Rise from sin for ever free,
 See in holiness Thy face,
 Live by faith, and die in Thee !

O that the hour were come
 Which calls my spirit home !
 O that I my wish might have,
 Quietly lay down my head,
 Sink into an early grave,
 Now be number'd with the dead !

Give me that second rest,
 And take me to Thy breast :

Only let me cease from sin,
 Then the welcome summons send :
 Bid me now be pure within,
 Bid my useless warfare end.

A man of sin and strife,
 I want no longer life :
 Heavenward all my hope aspires,
 Full of immortality ;
 Jesus, Thee my soul requires,
 Gasps to be dissolved in Thee.

Yet do I this resign,
 Thy will be done, not mine :
 So I may but serve Thy will,
 Lengthen out my wretched span ;
 Let me bear my burden still,
 Bear my sin, and drag my chain.

Still let me preach Thy word,
 The prisoner of the Lord ;
 Fully my commission prove,
 Till the perfect grace I feel,
 Saved and sanctified by love,
 Stamp'd with all Thy Spirit's seal.

Then, Lord, when pure in heart,
 O let me then depart,
 With my children see Thy face,
 (Children whom the Lord hath given,)
 Take above the meanest place,
 Least of all the saints in heaven.

ANOTHER.

Who are these that come from far,
 Swifter than a flying cloud ?
 Thick as flocking doves they are,
 Eager in pursuit of God :
 Trembling as the storm draws nigh,
 Hastening to the place of rest,
 See them to the windows fly,
 To the ark of Jesu's breast !

Who are these, but sinners poor,
 Conscious of their lost estate ;
 Sin-sick souls, who for their cure
 On the good Physician wait ;
 Fallen, who bewail their fall,
 Proffer'd mercy who embrace,
 Listening to the Gospel-call,
 Longing to be saved by grace ?

For his mate the turtle moans,
 For his God the sinner sighs :
 Hark the music of their groans,
 Humble groans that pierce the skies !
 Surely God their sorrows hears,
 Every accent, every look,
 Treasures up their gracious tears,
 Notes their sufferings in His book.

He who hath their cure begun,
 Will He now despise their pain ?
 Can He leave His work undone,
 Bring them to the birth in vain ?
 No ; we all who seek shall find,
 We who ask shall all receive,
 Be to Christ in spirit join'd,
 Free from sin for ever live.

BEFORE PREACHING IN CORNWALL.

TRUE Witness of the Father's love,
 Celestial Messenger divine,
 Come in Thy Spirit from above,
 The hearts which Thou hast made incline
 Thy faithful record to receive,
 That all may hear Thy voice and live.

Send forth the everlasting word,
 The word of reconciling grace,
 That all may know their bleeding Lord,
 The freely-proffer'd gift embrace,
 Hang on the all-atoning Lamb,
 And bless the sound of Jesu's name.

Jesu, Thou only hast the key,
 Open the great effectual door ;
 Extend Thy line from sea to sea,
 And glorify Thy mercy's power ;
 Redeem the wretched slaves of sin,
 And force Thy rebels to come in.

Now to Thy yoke their spirits bow ;
 Thy way into their hearts prepare ;
 Be present with Thy servants now,
 With me, Thy meanest messenger,
 Who humbly at Thy bidding come,
 And call my fellow-exiles home.

Fisher of men, ordain'd by Thee,
 O might I catch them by Thy love !
 Thy love be first bestow'd on me ;
 And while the pleasing power I prove,
 My tongue shall echo to my heart,
 And tell the world how good Thou art.

Teach me to cast my net aright,
 The Gospel-net of general grace ;
 So shall I all to Thee invite,
 And draw them to their Lord's embrace ;
 Within Thine arms of love include,
 And catch a willing multitude.

O might I every mourner cheer,
 And trouble every heart of stone,
 Save, under Thee, the souls that hear,
 Nor lose, in seeking them, my own,
 Nor basely from my calling fly,
 But for Thy Gospel live and die.

ANOTHER.

UNCHANGEABLE, Almighty Lord,
 The promise of Thy help I claim,
 Intrusted with the Gospel-word,
 I look to find Thee still the same.

To me Thy powerful presence show,
 As when through Thee, in ages past,
 His net the human fisher threw,
 And caught three thousand at a cast.

Long the lost souls of men I sought,
 Through a dark, dismal, legal night ;
 Yet nothing found, myself untaught
 To cast the Gospel-net aright.

But let the terrors of Thy law,
 The wrath, the curse, at last remove,
 While with the cords of love I draw,
 The' allurements of Thy pardoning love.

Give me to catch them by Thy grace,
 Thy grace for every sinner free ;
 Incline their willing hearts to' embrace
 Pardon, and life, and heaven in Thee.

Speak but the word of grace and power,
 And, lo, at Thy benign command,
 I draw them to the' eternal shore,
 And bring them to the heavenly land.

AFTER PREACHING.

Nor unto me, O Lord,
 Not unto me, the praise,
 If I with power have spoke Thy word,
 And testified Thy grace.
 Thou didst the power bestow,
 Thou didst Thy servant find,
 And raise, and send me forth to show
 Thy love to all mankind.

Thy messenger of peace,
 I have to sinners shown
 The blood that sign'd their souls' release,
 And did for all atone :
 Thy Spirit the word applied,
 And witness'd with the blood ;
 And many a sprinkled rebel cried,
 " Thou art my Lord, my God ! "

Thou only didst reveal
 How good in Christ Thou art,
 And powerfully the message seal
 On the believing heart :
 Thine is the work of grace ;
 Lord, I the whole disclaim ;
 All glory, love, and thanks, and praise,
 Be paid to Jesu's name !

Jesu, to Thee alone
 I would the glory give ;
 O may I never seek my own,
 Or praise from man receive !
 Thou wilt, I firmly trust,
 My feeble heart secure,
 Exclude the sacrilegious boast,
 And keep my conscience pure.

While, with a single eye,
 I at Thy glory aim,
 Thy love shall set me up on high,
 In honour of Thy name ;
 Until I take my place
 Among the saints above,
 A witness of Thy heavenly grace,
 Thy everlasting love.

FOR THE PERSECUTED.

MASTER, we call Thy word to mind ;
 Thy truth and faithfulness we find
 Our sure support and stay :
 The time is come by Thee foretold,
 Like sheep we are to slaughter sold,
 And made to wolves a prey.

The world, who take Thy name in vain,
 Afflict our shrinking flesh with pain,
 Our feeble spirits grieve :
 The Christian world, with furious zeal,
 Out of their synagogues expel,
 And murmur that we live.

They load us with reproach and shame,
 As loathsome heretics disclaim,
 And from Thine altars chase ;
 Assured they do Thee service good,
 And merit much, who shed the blood
 Of such a poisonous race.

Because our God they have not known,
 Nor Thee, His meek, pacific Son,
 They all these evils do ;
 Born of the flesh, with cruel scorn
 They vex us of the Spirit born,
 And would to death pursue.

In every place, in every age,
 The restless persecutors' rage
 Continues still the same :
Reform'd in show, refined in ill,
 The heathen world is heathen still,
 And *Christian* but in name.

Beneath their anger's utmost weight
 We rise, we glory in their hate,
 That token of Thy love :
 Thou, Lord, hast said it must be so,
 And, lo, through great distress we go
 To greater joys above.

ANOTHER.

REJOICE, ye happy saints,
 Who only Jesus know,
 Whom vice and folly paints
 As monsters here below ;
 Rejoice in the divine applause,
 The honour from above,
 And glory in your Master's cross,
 And triumph in His love.

Ye wise and pious few,
 Whose names the world blaspheme ;
 They therefore know not you,
 Because they know not Him :

Strangers, approved of God alone,
 To all their wrongs submit,
 And let them spurn, and tread you down
 As clay beneath their feet.

'Tis thus ye learn to be
 True followers of the Lamb,
 Who died upon the tree,
 That ye might do the same :
 With humble thankfulness receive
 The scandal of the cross,
 The grace not only to believe,
 But suffer for His cause.

By fools accounted mad,
 Of His reproach possess'd,
 He bids your hearts be glad,
 Your Lord declares you bless'd :
 Exult in your despised estate,
 Enjoy the token given ;
 For, O, beyond conception great
 Is your reward in heaven !

ANOTHER.

HEAR, O thou Strength of Israel, hear
 Thy poor afflicted people's cry ;
 From Satan and his legions near,
 To Thee our only help we fly ;
 All human confidence resign,
 Nor trust in any arm but Thine.
 Not one of all the rich, or great,
 Or noble, on our side is seen ;
 They shrink to bear Thy cross's weight,
 They seek the praise that comes from men ;
 Thine honour sell to save their own,
 And leave us to our God alone.

Exposed we seem to Satan's will,
 As sheep 'midst ravening wolves we lie ;
 Our foes have learnt the art to kill ;
 By legal wrong they doom to die
 The faithful followers of our Lord,
 And slay them as with Ammon's sword.

In haste to fill their measure up,
 And bring Thy plagues on all the race,
 Their ears against Thy calls they stop,
 Reject the Gospel of Thy grace ;
 Slaughter against Thy people breathe,
 And drag Thy messengers to death.

But wilt Thou not Thy cause maintain,
 The helpless, injured people right ?
 Yes, Lord, our faith shall not be vain ;
 Our faith in all Thy saving might
 Shall bring the promised succours down,
 And win the fight, and take the crown.

Thou wilt, we steadfastly believe,
 Thy glorious arm at last display,
 Out of the toils of hell retrieve,
 And take us for Thy lawful prey ;
 Call home Thy flock to exile driven,
 And lead us to Thy fold in heaven.

ANOTHER.

JESU, the growing work is Thine,
 And who shall hinder its success ?
 In vain the alien armies join,
 Thy glorious Gospel to suppress,
 And vow, with Satan's aid, to' o'erthrow
 The work Thy grace revives below.

The wary world, as Julian wise,
 Wise with the wisdom from beneath,
 Awhile its milder malice tries,
 And lets these mad enthusiasts breathe !
 Breathe to infect their purest air,
 And spread the plague of virtue there.

Wondering the calm despisers stand,
 And dream that *they* the respite give ;
 Restrain'd by Thine o'erruling hand,
 They kindly suffer us to live ;
 Live to defy their master's frown,
 And turn his kingdom upside down.

Still the old dragon bites his chain,
 Not yet commission'd from on high ;
 Rage the fierce Pharisees in vain ;
 " Away with them ! " the zealots cry ;
 And hoary Caiaphas exclaims,
 And Bonner dooms us to the flames.

But our great God, who reigns on high,
 Shall laugh their haughty rage to scorn,
 Scatter their evil with His eye,
 Or to His praise their fierceness turn
 While all their efforts to remove
 His church shall stablish her in love.

Yes, Lord, Thy promise-word is true,
 Our sacred hairs are number'd all ;
 Though earth and hell our lives pursue,
 Without Thy leave we cannot fall ;
 And, if Thou slack the murderer's chain,
 We suffer but with Thee to reign.

Our sufferings shall advance Thy cause,
 And blunt the persecutor's sword,
 Dispread the victory of Thy cross,
 And glorify our conquering Lord ;
 Evil shall work for Sion's good ;
 Its seed is still the martyr's blood.

FOR THE BRETHERN AT WEDNESBURY.

DEAR dying Lamb, for whom alone
 We suffer pain, and shame, and loss,
 Hear Thine afflicted people groan,
 Crush'd by the burden of Thy cross ;
 And bear our fainting spirits up,
 And bless the bitter, sacred cup.

Drunkards, and slaves of lewd excess,
 Bad, lawless men, Thou know'st, we lived :
 The world and we were then at peace,
 No devil his own servants grieved ;
 Evil we did, but suffer'd none ;
 The world will always love its own.

But now we would Thy word obey,
 And strive to' escape the wrath divine ;
 Exposed to all, an helpless prey,
 Bruised by our enemies and Thine,
 As sheep 'midst ravening wolves we lie,
 And daily grieve, and daily die.

Smitten, we turn the other cheek,
 Our ease, and name, and goods forego,
 Help, or redress, no longer seek
 In any child of man below :

The powers Thou didst for us ordain,
 For us they bear the sword in vain.

But wilt Thou not at last appear,
 Into Thine hand the matter take ?
 We look for no protection here,
 But Thee our only refuge make ;
 To Thee, O righteous Judge, appeal,
 And wait Thine acceptable will.

Thou wilt not shut Thy bowels up,
 Or justice to the' oppress'd deny ;
 Thy mercy's ears Thou canst not stop
 Against the mournful prisoners' cry,
 Who ever make our humble moan,
 And look for help to Thee alone.

Then help us meekly to sustain
 The cross of man's oppressive power,
 To slight the shame, endure the pain,
 And calmly wait the welcome hour
 That brings the fiery chariot down,
 And whirls us to our heavenly crown.

FOR THE BRETHREN AT DEVIZES.

Jesus of Nazareth, look down
 On those Thou call'st Thy flesh and bone,
 Thy suffering members here :
 Arise, in our defence arise,
 And now, in all the Heathen's eyes,
 On Israel's part appear.

Thy weakest confessors defend,
 And let them on Thyself depend
 For help in their distress :
 Support, confirm the feeble mind,
 And keep them all on Thee reclined,
 And keep in perfect peace.

Let none forsake the fold, and fly,
 Let none through fear their Lord deny,
 But stand the fiery hour ;
 The greatness of Thy mercy prove,
 The truth of Thy redeeming love,
 And all-sufficient power.

Let none unwarily give place
 To Satan, with his angel-face,
 And yield their souls to sell ;
 To sell their conscience and their God,
 Or, weary, leave the narrow road,
 And go for ease—to hell.

Still may they on the world look down,
 Superior to its smile or frown,
 Its threats and promises ;
 The tempter tread beneath their feet,
 And Thee, where Satan keeps his seat,
 In life and death confess.

Now, Saviour, now their fears remove ;
 The sense of Thy forgiving love
 Abundantly impart
 To all whose sacred load we feel ;
 The prayer of faith this moment seal
 On every panting heart.

FOR ONE IN PRISON.

O SAVIOUR of sinners distress'd,
 The sighs of Thy captive attend,
 And succour, and set him at rest,
 And ransom his soul to the end :

Our brother, whose burden we bear,
 Whom into Thy hands we resign,
 Preserve with Thy tenderest care,
 And seal him eternally Thine.

Afflicted, and hated of men,
 Of Thee and Thy servants beloved,
 We see him with pity and pain
 From all his companions removed ;
 Whom present in spirit we find,
 Him absent in body we mourn,
 And long to be perfectly join'd,
 And pray for his happy return.

O Father, who hearest the prayer,
 Presented in Jesus's name,
 The peaceable answer declare,
 Confirm'd in the blood of the Lamb ;
 We pray Thee, for Jesus's sake,
 The prisoner of Jesus retrieve,
 And give us His confessor back,
 And all to Thy glory receive.

ANOTHER.

HEAR, O Lord, the ceaseless prayer
 The suffering members groan :
 Lo ! we all the burden bear,
 And grieve the grief of one :
 Pray we, Jesus, in Thy name,
 Give him to Thy church restored,
 Him whom now by faith we claim,
 The prisoner of the Lord.

All together bound in him,
 We for deliverance cry :
 Thou art mighty to redeem,
 Thy help is ever nigh :
 Who against Thy power can stand ?
 Jesu, Lord, the matter take
 Into Thine almighty hand,
 And send our brother back.

Now into his dungeon shine,
 And sweeten his distress ;
 Fill his heart with love divine,
 And keep in perfect peace ;
 Let his mind on Thee be stay'd,
 Lull him in Thy arms to rest ;
 Bid him lean his weary head
 On his Redeemer's breast.

Keep him till the' appointed hour,
 Thy glory to display,
 Then put forth Thy kingly power,
 And make an open way ;
 From his sins and bonds release,
 Stamp him with the stamp divine,
 Thou Thy lawful captive seize,
 And seal him ever Thine.

THANKSGIVING FOR AN ESCAPE FROM BEING
 CRUSHED TO DEATH.

NOVEMBER 8TH, 1782.

THEE, Father, I praise,
 Almighty in grace,
 Through Jesus my Lord
 Thy power be acknowledged, Thy mercy adored !
 In dangers and snares
 Thou number'st my hairs,
 Thy wings are outspread,
 My soul to defend, and to cover my head.

When destruction was nigh,
 I was under Thine eye ;
 When the ruin came down,
 Unconscious of harm, and unhurt, I went on :
 Without Thy decree
 No evil could be,
 And, restrain'd by Thy will,
 Death himself had no power, or commission, to kill.

Reserved by the love
 Of my Saviour above,

Thy servant I am,
 Thy kingdom to spread, and to hallow Thy name :
 Thee in Jesus to know,
 And publish below
 Thy unspeakable grace,
 Which abolishes death, and redeems our whole race.

 For this at Thy feet
 Expecting I sit,
 Till Thy counsel Thou show,
 And discover the work Thou wouldst have me to do :
 Whatsoever it be,
 Let me do it to Thee,
 And Thy blessing receive,
 And an heir of Thy kingdom eternally live.

FOR CONDEMNED MALEFACTORS.

FAITHFUL and true, Thy word we plead,
 Met in Thy name to intercede
 For these sad sons of woe,
 Cut off by man, to death consign'd,
 And, justly swept from earth, to find
 Severer pangs below.

 With Sinai's thunderings, Lord, begin
 To rouse the stupid slaves of sin,
 To' o'erwhelm with guilty shame :
 Put them in fear ; Thy wrath reveal ;
 Shake o'er the opening mouth of hell,
 And scorch them with the flame.

 Conviction's sharpest arrows dart,
 And pierce their adamant heart,
 Who now to falsehoods fly ;
 That when their lies are swept away,
 Cut off from all resource, they may
 To Thee for refuge hie.

 Soon as Thou hear'st their contrite moan,
 "Save, or, eternally undone,
 We die the second death ;"

O let them call Thy death to mind,
 And, sinking into Tophet, find
 Thy mercy's arms beneath !

ANOTHER.

SAVIOUR and Friend of all mankind,
 Seize the lost sheep for whom we pray ;
 Thou on the brink of Tophet find,
 And take in death their sins away.

If mercy hath excepted none,
 Why may not all Thy mercy prove ?
 Why may not all their Saviour own,
 Dear objects of Thy dying love ?

Eternal death must be their doom,
 Unless the vilest may find grace ;
 But in Thy loving heart is room
 For Adam's whole devoted race.

Willing and strong to save Thou art :
 Life we for every soul desire ;
 O let not one, not one depart,
 Cursed into everlasting fire !

That fire for devils was prepared,
 But man was made to reign with Thee :
 By all-redeeming mercy spared,
 Let these Thy heavenly kingdom see.
 Mix'd with the sheep at Thy right hand,
 Let these Thy heavenly kingdom share ;
 Let these at Thy tribunal stand,
 And hear their joyful sentence there !

ANOTHER.

RETURN'D into Thy kingdom, Lord,
 For good remember me,
 And tell a penitent restored,
 I soon shall be with Thee.

The offering of a broken heart
 Thou never wilt despise,
 But, while my soul and body part,
 Accept the sacrifice.

My spirit humbly I commend
 To Thy redeeming care,
 My last important moments spend
 In penitence and prayer.

And if I may not testify
 On earth my sins forgiven,
 Yet I, the poorest outcast, I
 May praise Thy love in heaven.

ANOTHER.

O LET the prisoners' mournful sighs
 Come up before Thy gracious throne,
 Mix'd with the blood and dying cries
 Of Jêsus, Thy beloved Son!

Father, regard His powerful prayer,
 Who, hanging on the shameful tree,
 Doth all our sins and sorrows bear;
 And look through Jesu's wounds—on me!

On us, the outcasts of mankind,
 Who judge ourselves not fit to live,
 Yet mercy hope from Thee to find,
 Through Him that gasp'd in death, **FORGIVE!**

Hear Him, my Advocate with Thee,
 Him and the blood of sprinkling hear;
 He pour'd out all that blood for me;
 He doth before Thy throne appear!

For us He in Thy presence stands,
 For us He prays the ceaseless prayer,
 Points to His side, and lifts His hands,
 And shows our names engraven there!

Lo! on Thy Son our souls we cast,
 And, trusting what He asks shall be,
 And dying penitent at last,
 We leave our cause to Him and Thee!*

* These prayers were answered, Thursday, April 28th, 1785, on nineteen malefactors, who all died penitent. "Not unto me, O Lord; not unto me!"

INSCRIPTION UPON THE TOMBSTONE WHICH COVERS THE FAMILY
GRAVE OF MR. CHARLES WESLEY, IN THE BURYING-GROUND
OF ST. JAMES'S CHURCH, BRISTOL.

Sacred to the Memory of John, Susannah, Mary, and
John James, infant children of the late Rev. Charles Wes-
ley, M.A., of Christ's College, Oxford, and of Sarah his
wife; and also of their daughter Sarah Wesley, who de-
parted this life on the 19th of September, 1828, aged
sixty-eight years.

Hosanna to Jesus on high,
Another has enter'd her rest;
Another is 'scaped to the sky,
And lodged in Immanuel's breast.
The soul of our sister is gone
To heighten the triumph above,
Exalted to Jesus's throne,
And clasp'd in the arms of His love.

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