

ten or twelve verses were written ; two of which were these :  
(Which I transcribed thence from his own hand-writing :)

Death could not a more sad retinue find ;  
Sickness and pain before, and darkness all behind !

*Sun.* APRIL 3, and every day in this great and holy week, we had a sermon and the holy communion.

*Mon.* 4.—I began learning Spanish, in order to converse with my Jewish parishioners ; some of whom seem nearer the mind that was in Christ than many of those who call him Lord.

*Tues.* 12.—Being determined, if possible, to put a stop to the proceedings of one in Carolina, who had married several of my parishioners without either banns or licence, and declared, he would do so still, I set out in a sloop for Charlestown. I landed there on Thursday, and related the case to Mr. Garden, the Bishop of London's Commissary, who assured me, he would take care no such irregularity should be committed for the future.

*Sun.* 17.—Mr. Garden (to whom I must ever acknowledge myself indebted for many kind and generous offices) desiring me to preach, I did so, on these words of the Epistle for the day : " Whatsoever is born of God, overcometh the world." To that plain account of the Christian state which these words naturally led me to give, a man of education and character seriously objected, (what is indeed a great truth,) " Why, if this be Christianity, a Christian must have more courage than Alexander the Great."

*Tues.* 19.—We left Charlestown ; but meeting with stormy and contrary winds, after losing our anchor, and beating out at sea all night, on Thursday, the 21st, we with some difficulty got back into Charlestown harbour.

*Fri.* 22.—It being the time of their annual Visitation, I had the pleasure of meeting with the Clergy of South Carolina ; among whom, in the afternoon, there was such a conversation for several hours on " Christ our Righteousness," as I had not heard at any Visitation in England, or hardly on any other occasion.

*Sat.* 23.—Mentioning to Mr. Thompson, Minister of St. Bartholomew's, near Ponpon, my being disappointed of a passage home by water, he offered me one of his horses, if I would go by land, which I gladly accepted of. He went with me

twenty miles, and sent his servant to guide me the other twenty to his house. Finding a young Negro there, who seemed more sensible than the rest, I asked her how long she had been in Carolina: She said, two or three years; but that she was born in Barbadoes, and had lived there in a Minister's family from a child. I asked whether she went to church there. She said, "Yes, every Sunday,—to carry my mistress's children." I asked, what she had learned at church. She said, "Nothing; I heard a deal, but did not understand it." But what did your master teach you at home? "Nothing." Nor your mistress? "No." I asked, "But don't you know, that your hands and feet, and this you call your body, will turn to dust in a little time?" She answered, "Yes." "But there is something in you that will not turn to dust, and this is what they call your soul. Indeed, you cannot see your soul, though it is within you; as you cannot see the wind, though it is all about you. But if you had not a soul in you, you could no more see, or hear, or feel, than this table can. What do you think will become of your soul when your body turns to dust?" "I don't know." "Why, it will go out of your body, and go up there, above the sky, and live always. God lives there. Do you know who God is?" "No." "You cannot see Him, any more than you can see your own soul. It is He that made you and me, and all men and women, and all beasts and birds, and all the world. It is He that makes the sun shine, and rain fall, and corn and fruits to grow out of the ground. He makes all these for us. But why do you think He made us? What did He make you and me for?" "I can't tell." "He made you to live with himself above the sky. And so you will, in a little time,—if you are good. If you are good, when your body dies, your soul will go up, and want nothing, and have whatever you can desire. No one will beat or hurt you there. You will never be sick. You will never be sorry any more, nor afraid of any thing. I can't tell you, I don't know how happy you will be; for you will be with God."

The attention with which this poor creature listened to instruction is inexpressible. The next day she remembered all, readily answered every question; and said, she would ask Him that made her, to show her how to be good.

*Sun.* 24.—I preached twice at Ponpon chapel, on the thirteenth chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians. O how

will even those men of Carolina, who come eight, ten, or twelve miles to hear the Gospel, rise in judgment against those who hear it not, when it is preached at their own doors!

*Wed. 27.*—I came to Mr. Belinger's plantation at Chulifinny, where the rain kept me till Friday. Here I met with an half Indian, (one that had an Indian mother and a Spanish father,) and several Negroes, who were very desirous of instruction. One of them said, "When I was at Ashley-Ferry, I went to church every Sunday; but here we are buried in the woods. Though if there was any church within five or six miles, I am so lame I cannot walk, but I would crawl thither."

Mr. Belinger sent a Negro lad with me to Purrysburg, or, rather, to the poor remains of it. O how hath God stretched over this place "the lines of confusion, and the stones of emptiness!" Alas for those whose lives were here vilely cast away, through oppression, through divers plagues and troubles! O earth! how long wilt thou hide their blood? How long wilt thou cover thy slain?

This lad too I found both very desirous and very capable of instruction. And perhaps one of the easiest and shortest ways to instruct the American Negroes in Christianity, would be, First, to inquire after and find out some of the most serious of the planters. Then, having inquired of them which of their slaves were best inclined and understood English, to go to them from plantation to plantation, staying as long as appeared necessary at each. Three or four gentlemen at Carolina I have been with, that would be sincerely glad of such an assistant, who might pursue his work with no more hinderances than must everywhere attend the preaching of the Gospel.

*Sat. 30.*—I came to Savannah, and found my little flock in a better state than I could have expected: God having been pleased greatly to bless the endeavours of my fellow-labourer, while I was absent from them.

*Wed. MAY 18.*—I discovered the first convert to Deism that, I believe, has been made here. He was one that for some time had been zealously and exemplarily religious. But indulging himself in harmless company, he first made shipwreck of his zeal, and then of his faith. I have since found several others that have been attacked. They have, as yet, maintained their ground; but I doubt the devil's apostles are too industrious to let them long halt between two opinions.