

*Sat. 31.*—We came to Charlestown. The church is of brick, but plastered over like stone. I believe it would contain three or four thousand persons. About three hundred were present at the Morning Service the next day; (when Mr. Garden desired me to preach;) about fifty at the holy communion. I was glad to see several Negroes at church; one of whom told me, she was there constantly; and that her old mistress (now dead) had many times instructed her in the Christian religion. I asked her, what religion was. She said, she could not tell. I asked, if she knew what a soul was. She answered, "No." I said, "Do not you know there is something in you different from your body? Something you cannot see or feel?" She replied, "I never heard so much before." I added, "Do you think, then, a man dies altogether as a horse dies?" She said, "Yes, to be sure." O God, where are thy tender mercies? Are they not over all thy works? When shall the Sun of Righteousness arise on these outcasts of men, with healing in his wings!

*Mon. AUG. 2.*—I set out for the Lieutenant-Governor's seat, about thirty miles from Charlestown, to deliver Mr. Oglethorpe's letters. It stands very pleasantly, on a little hill, with a vale on either side, in one of which is a thick wood; the other is planted with rice and Indian corn. I designed to have gone back by Mr. Skeene's, who has about fifty Christian Negroes. But my horse tiring, I was obliged to return the straight way to Charlestown.

I had sent the boat we came in back to Savannah, expecting a passage thither myself in Colonel Bull's. His not going so soon, I went to Ashley-Ferry on Thursday, intending to walk to Port-Royal. But Mr. Belinger not only provided me a horse, but rode with me himself ten miles, and sent his son with me to Cumbee-Ferry, twenty miles farther; whence, having hired horses and a guide, I came to Beaufort (or Port-Royal) the next evening. We took boat in the morning; but, the wind being contrary, and very high, did not reach Savannah till Sunday, in the afternoon.

Finding Mr. Oglethorpe was gone, I stayed only a day at Savannah; and leaving Mr. Ingham and Delamotte there, set out on Tuesday morning for Frederica. In walking to Thunderbolt I was in so heavy a shower, that all my clothes were as wet as if I had gone through the river. On which occasion I cannot but observe that vulgar error, concerning the hurtful-