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OF THE

REV. MR. JOHN WESLEY'S JOURNAL.

FROM MAY 6, 1760, TO OCTOBER 28, 1762.

NUMBER XII.

TO THE READER.

I AM sensible there are many particulars in the ensuing Journal, which some serious persons will not believe, and which others will turn to ridicule. But this I cannot help, unless by concealing those things which I believe it my bounden duty to declare. I cannot do otherwise while I am persuaded that this was a real work of God; and that he hath so wrought this and all "his marvellous works, that they ought to be had in remembrance." I have only to desire, that those who think differently from me, will bear with me, as I do with them; and that those who think with me, that this was the most glorious work of God which has ever been wrought in our memory, may be encouraged to expect to be themselves partakers of all the great and precious promises,—and that without delay,—seeing, "now is the accepted time! now is the day of salvation!"

LONDON, *January 31, 1767.*

JOURNAL

FROM MAY 6, 1760, TO OCTOBER 23, 1762.

Tues. MAY 6.—I had much conversation (at Carrickfergus) with Monsieur Cavenac, the French General, not on the circumstances, but the essence, of religion. He seemed to startle at nothing; but said more than once, and with emotion, “Why, this is my religion: There is no true religion besides it!”

Wed. 7.—I rode to Larn. The rain, which had continued with little intermission for several days, stopped this afternoon; so that I had a very large, as well as serious, congregation: And I spoke to them with the utmost plainness; but I could not find the way to their hearts.

Thur. 8.—We rode over the mountains to Ballymena, and had just passed through the town, when a man came running out of the field, called me by my name, and pressed me much to preach there. But I could not stay, having appointed one to meet me at Portlone; which he accordingly did, and brought me to Mr. Burrows, near Garvah.

Fri. 9.—A little rest was acceptable. *Saturday, 10.* I preached, morning and evening, in Mr. B——’s house, to a well-behaved congregation, though of various denominations; Churchmen, Papists, Presbyterians, Cameronians. One Seceder likewise ventured in; but the moment he heard, “Our Father, which art in heaven,” he ran away with all speed.

Sun. 11.—We had such a congregation in the church as perhaps had not been there in this century; and I believe God reached some of their hearts: Several were in tears. I spoke extremely plain; especially to those who were full of their own wisdom and righteousness.

Mon. 12.—Returning through Ballymena, I preached in the market-house to a large concourse of people; and God was there of a truth. I have found no such spirit in any congregation since I left Dublin. Thence I rode to Moira, and preached to a very civil congregation: But there is no life in them.

Tues. 13.—My Irish horse was thoroughly tired. However, with much difficulty, partly riding, and partly walking, about eight in the evening I reached Coot-Hill. I preached in the House now, and at five in the morning; but at eleven in the market-house, where I delivered my own soul, to most of the Protestants in the town.

Having procured a fresh horse, I rode on to Belturbet, a town in which there is neither Papist nor Presbyterian. But to supply that defect, there are Sabbath-breakers, drunkards, and common swearers in abundance. *Thursday*, 15. We rode through a delightful country to Swadlingbar, famed for its mineral waters. Soon after my new horse began to tire, so that it was with much difficulty I got to Sligo.

Fri. 16.—I walked round the ruins of the abbey, formerly one of the largest in the kingdom. The walls of it are standing, and three sides of the cloisters are entire: But you can scarce tread, either within or without, unless you will step upon skulls or human bones, which are everywhere scattered up and down, as dung upon the earth. Surely no other nation, Christian or Heathen, would endure this!

In the evening the congregation was a little disturbed by two or three giddy Officers. I spoke to them, and they stopped: But they soon recovered their spirits, and behaved as they used to do at church.

Sun. 18.—I preached at nine to a large congregation, who all seemed to hear with understanding. At five in the evening they were not less attentive, though abundantly more numerous. On *Monday* we met, for the last time, between four and five. Many were deeply affected, and all received the word "with all readiness of mind." But which of these will "bring forth fruit with patience?" God only knoweth.

Mon. 19.—We rode to Castlebar, where I preached in the evening. I was particularly concerned for the poor backsliders. It seems as if most of us said in our hearts, "If they have a mind to go to hell, let them go." Not so; rather let us pluck the "brands," willing or unwilling, "out of the burning."

Thur. 22.—I rode to Newport, and preached at seven in the evening. I suppose all the Protestants in the town were present, and many of the Papists, notwithstanding the prohibition and bitter curses of their Priests. So has God spread the line from sea to sea, from Dublin on the east, to this place on the western ocean.

MAY 25.—(Being *Whit-Sunday*.) Mr. Ellison desired me to assist him at the Lord's Supper. *Tuesday, 27.* There was a remarkable trial here:—A Swedish ship, being leaky, put into one of our harbours. The Irish, according to custom, ran to plunder her. A neighbouring gentleman hindered them; and for so doing demanded a fourth part of the cargo: And this, they said, the law allows! But where, meantime, is the law of God?

To hear this cause all the gentlemen of the country were come to Castlebar. It was to be heard in the Court-House where I preached: So they met an hour sooner, and heard the sermon first. Who knows but even some of these may be found of Him they sought not?

Wed. 28.—I rode to Hollymount, and the next day to Aghrim, where were a people alive to God. I told them plainly what things they wanted still: And surely God will supply all their wants.

JUNE 1.—(Being *Trinity-Sunday*.) I preached about nine in the market-house at Athlone, on, "There are three that bear record in heaven,—and these three are one." Afterwards, at the Minister's desire, I read prayers in the church, and in the evening preached on the Connaught side of the river, on, "Ye must be born again." Both Papists and Protestants attended; and some seemed cut to the heart.

Tues. 3.—I met the classes, and was agreeably surprised to find that bitterness against the Church, with which many were infected when I was here before, was now entirely over: Yet the deadness which it had occasioned remained, and I doubt it will not soon be removed.

Fri. 6.—I preached in the evening at Ahaskra, where the bulk of the congregation were Papists. Yet the decency of their behaviour was such as might have made many Protestants ashamed.

Sun. 8.—I rode over to Aghrim again. Understanding the Rector had none to assist in the Service, I offered to read Prayers for him; which he willingly accepted. Immediately after the Church-Service, I preached to a numerous congregation, and returned to Athlone soon enough to speak once more to a large concourse of all ranks and religions. But great part of them were as bullocks unaccustomed to the yoke, neither taught of God nor man.

Mon. 9.—About one I preached at Abidarrig, and then

rode on to Longford. The town was so thronged, by reason of the approaching fair, that we had much ado to pass. But this increased the evening congregation much; among whom was Dr. Hort, then Rector of the parish, a learned, sensible, pious man, and a pattern both for Clergy and laity.

Tues. 10.—I rode to Drumersnave, a village delightfully situated. Almost the whole town, Protestants and Papists, were present at the sermon in the evening; and a great part of them in the morning: But O how few of them will bear fruit to perfection!

At noon William Ley, James Glasbrook, and I rode to Carrick-upon-Shannon. In less than an hour, an Esquire and Justice of the Peace came down with a drum, and what mob he could gather. I went into the garden with the congregation, while he was making a speech to his followers in the street. He then attacked William Ley, (who stood at the door,) being armed with an halbert and long sword; and ran at him with the halbert, but missing his thrust, he then struck at him, and broke it short upon his wrist. Having made his way through the house to the other door, he was at a full stop. James Glasbrook held it fast on the other side. While he was endeavouring to force it open, one told him I was preaching in the garden: On this he quitted the door in haste, ran round the house, and, with part of his retinue, climbed over the wall into the garden; and, with a whole volley of oaths and curses, declared, "You shall not preach here to-day." I told him, "Sir, I do not intend it; for I have preached already." This made him ready to tear the ground. Finding he was not to be reasoned with, I went into the house. Soon after he revenged himself on James Glasbrook, (by breaking the truncheon of his halbert on his arm,) and on my hat, which he beat and kicked most valiantly; but a gentleman rescued it out of his hands, and we rode quietly out of the town.

After preaching to several of the intermediate societies in the way, on *Saturday*, 14, I came to Tyrrel's Pass, and found several of our friends who were come from various parts. *Sunday*, 15. I preached at eight, and at twelve (there being no Service at the church). A heap of fine, gay people came in their post-chaises to the evening preaching. I spoke very plain, but the words seemed to fly over them: "Gallio cared for none of these things."

Mon. 16.—I preached in the evening in the long, shady walk at Edinderry, to such a congregation as had not been seen there for many years. And God gave an edge to his word, both this evening and the next morning. He can work, even among these dry bones.

Wed. 18.—I designed to preach in the market-house at Port-arlington; but it was pre-engaged for a ball. So I preached, and with much comfort, in our own Room; as also, at five in the morning. I preached at ten, for the sake of the Gentry. But it was too early, they could not rise so soon.

In the afternoon I rode to Mount-Mellick. The rain was suspended in the evening, while I exhorted a large congregation to "walk in the old paths." Many Papists appeared to be quite astonished; some of them were almost persuaded to walk therein. The next evening I preached in the market-place, for the sake of the rich, who could hear there without impeachment to their honour. And some were deeply affected. Surely the thorns will not choke all the good seed!

Sat. 21.—The congregation at Tullamore was near as large as at Mount-Mellick. At eight in the morning, *Sunday, 22,* it was much increased, but much more at one. And I have reason to believe, that God at this time touched several careless hearts. I rode from thence to Coolylough, and found a congregation gathered from twenty miles round. It rained when I began to preach; but none offered to go away. And God did indeed "send a gracious rain upon his inheritance," and comforted the souls of his servants.

Mon. 23.—Being the Quarterly-Meeting, the Stewards from all the country societies were present; a company of settled, sensible men. Nothing is wanting in this kingdom but zealous, active Preachers, tenacious of order and exact discipline.

Tues. 24.—I took horse early, and at ten preached at Cloughan, about twenty-four miles from Coolylough. We afterwards rode through Longford; but did not stop, as the day was cool and pleasant. About two we were unawares encompassed with a multitude of Papists, coming out of their mass-house. One of them knowing me soon alarmed the rest, who set up a hideous roar, and drew up in battle-array. But we galloped through them, and went on to Drumersnave, where I preached in the evening, and the next day, *Wednesday, 25,* rode on to Sligo.

Never did I see a fairer prospect of good here. But

blossoms are not fruit. As large, if not a larger congregation than before, was at the market-place in the evening. I was exceeding weary, having rode an extremely dull horse; but I soon forgot my weariness, seeing so many, young and old, rich and poor, receiving the word with all gladness.

Thur. 26.—I preached at five, in a large, commodious Room which has been procured since I was here last. I breakfasted at Mr. A——'s, and dined at Mr. K——'s: But two such families I have seldom seen. They had feared God for many years, and served him in the best manner they knew. Nothing was wanting but that they should hear the "more excellent way," which they then embraced with all their heart.

Fri. 27.—Our morning congregation was doubled. Mr. D—— did not fail to be there, though it seemed strange to him at first, when mention was made of preaching at five in the morning. In the evening we had a still larger congregation, and I believe God applied his word. Some trembled, others wept. Surely some of these shall know there is "balm in Gilead."

Sat. 28.—At five the congregation was larger than ever it had been at that hour. After breakfast I rode out with Mr. K. and Mr. D., who, hearing I was ill-mounted, desired me to make use of one of his horses, during my stay in Ireland.

In the evening (it being market-day, so that the market-house was full of people) I wrote a line to the Colonel, who readily gave me the liberty of preaching in the barrack-yard. He likewise came to hear himself, as did several of the Officers. It was a solemn conclusion of the happiest birth-day which I have known for many years.

Sun. 29.—We had a solemn meeting of the society at five. At eight I preached again in the barrack-yard; and I did not observe a trifle there. They all seemed to hear as for life. To-day I saw an odd instance of the force of example: When we were at church in the morning, scarce any one either sung or stood at the Psalms; so that I was almost alone therein. But in the afternoon almost every one stood up; and most of them sung, or endeavoured so to do. After service I went directly to the market-house, and enforced those solemn words, "What doth the Lord thy God require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

Mr. D— had left us at six in the morning, in order to serve his cure ; but about ten at night he came back, and was with me soon after four, importuning me to stay another day ; but as my journeys were fixed, I could not do that without disappointing several congregations. Now was the general call for the town of Sligo. And many did “ receive the word with joy.” But the greatest part had “ no root in themselves.” What fruit then could be expected from them ?

Mon. 30.—I have rarely seen so heavy rain in Europe, as we had in the way to Tubbercurraugh. I was quickly wet to my toes’ end ; but the day clearing, I was dry again in a few hours. We had a very large congregation at Castlebar in the evening ; and many seemed almost persuaded to be Christians. O what does it avail, *almost* to hit the mark ? *Almost* to escape the damnation of hell ?

Tues. JULY 1.—We took horse about four ; and it was well we did ; for our seven-and-thirty Irish miles, so called, were little less than seventy English. I preached at a friend’s house soon after three ; and then, procuring a fresh horse, about the size of a jackass, I rode on, with more ease than state, to Aghrim.

Wed. 2.—We rode on to Eyrecourt, where many threatened great things ; but all vanished into air. I preached at ten in the Court-house : Col. Eyre was there, and several other persons of fashion. In the evening I preached at Birr, with more satisfaction than for several years ; finding many more alive to God than ever, and provoking one another to love and to good works. I had purposed to set out early in the morning ; but their love constrained me to stay a day longer. So I had leisure to complete the account of the societies. At present the societies in Connaught contain little more than two hundred members ; those in Ulster, about two hundred and fifty ; those in Leinster, a thousand.

Fri. 4.—I took my ease, riding in a chaise to Limerick ; where, on *Saturday, 5*, ten of us met in a little Conference. By the blessing of God, we were all of one mind, particularly with regard to the Church : Even J— D— has not now the least thought of leaving it, but attends there, be the Minister good or bad. On *Tuesday, 8*, having settled all our little affairs, we parted in much love.

Wed. 9.—I rode over to Killiheen, a German settlement, near twenty miles south of Limerick. It rained all the way ;

but the earnestness of the poor people made us quite forget it. In the evening I preached to another colony of Germans, at Ballygarane. The third is at Court-Mattrass, a mile from Killiheen. I suppose three such towns are scarce to be found again in England or Ireland. There is no cursing or swearing, no Sabbath-breaking, no drunkenness, no ale-house, in any of them. How will these poor foreigners rise up in the judgment against those that are round about them!

Fri. 11.—I preached in the new House at Clare, to a genteel congregation. What a contrast between these and the poor people at Killiheen! We had a still more genteel congregation the next morning at nine in the Court-House at Ennis, to whom I spoke with all plainness. I did the same on *Sunday* morning; so if they hear me no more, I am clear of their blood. I took my leave of them at Clare in the afternoon, and in the evening returned to Limerick.

Wed. 16.—I rode to Newmarket, which was another German settlement. But the poor settlers, with all their diligence and frugality, could not procure even the coarsest food to eat, and the meanest raiment to put on, under their *merciful* landlords: So that most of these, as well as those at Ballygarane, have been forced to seek bread in other places; some of them in distant parts of Ireland, but the greater part in America.

Thur. 17.—I met the classes at Limerick, and found a considerable decrease. And how can it be otherwise, when vice flows as a torrent, unless the children of God are all life, zeal, activity? In hopes of quickening them, I preached at seven in the old camp, to more than twice the usual congregation; which the two next evenings was more numerous still, and equally attentive. I was well pleased to see a little army of soldiers there, and not a few of their Officers. Nor did they behave as unconcerned hearers, but like men that really desired to save their souls.

Sun. 20.—I took my leave of that comfortable place, where some thousands of people were assembled. I have seen no such sight since I came to the kingdom. They not only filled all the lower ground, but completely covered the banks that surround it, though they stood as close as possible. I exhorted them to "ask for the old paths, and walk therein," that they might "find rest to" their "souls." We had afterwards a solemn meeting of the society, in confidence that God would revive his work.

Mon. 21.—I left Limerick, and about noon preached at Shronill, near a great house which a gentleman built many years ago: But he cannot yet afford to finish it, having only thirty thousand a year, and some hundred thousands in ready money!

The beggars but a common lot deplore:
The rich-poor man's emphatically poor.

At six I preached at the camp near Caire, to a large and serious congregation of soldiers. Thence we rode on to Clonmell, where I preached, near the barracks, at eight in the morning, to a wild, staring people; but quiet perforce; for the soldiers kept them in awe. We rode in the afternoon to Waterford, where our friends had procured a commodious place, inclosed on all sides. I preached there three evenings, with great hope of doing good. Our large Room was full every morning. O why should we despair of any souls whom God hath made?

Thur. 24.—I looked over that well-wrote book, Mr. Smith's "State of the County and City of Waterford." He plainly shows, that twelve hundred years ago Ireland was a flourishing kingdom. It seems to have been declining almost ever since; especially after it was torn into several independent kingdoms. Thenceforward it grew more and more wild and barbarous, for several hundred years. In Queen Elizabeth's time it began to revive; and it increased greatly both in trade and inhabitants, till the deadly blow which commenced on October 23, 1641. Three hundred thousand Protestants, by a moderate computation, were then destroyed in less than a year; and more than twice as many Papists, within a few years following: Most of these were adults; and this was a loss which the nation has not recovered yet. Nay, it will probably require another century, to restore the number of inhabitants it had before.

Fri. 25.—I preached once more near the barracks in Clonmell, and the next morning took horse at four. About eleven the sun was scorching hot, till a little cloud rose and covered us till we were near Rathcormuck. Here we rested two hours, and then rode on (mostly shaded by flying clouds) to Cork.

Sun. 27.—The House was well filled; but I expect small increase of the work of God till we preach abroad. *Thursday, 31.* I rode to Bandon; but my good old friend, Mrs. Jones,

did not stay for my coming. She was released out of life some weeks ago, in the seventy-second year of her age. I preached, as usual, in the main street, to a large and attentive congregation. And they were nearly doubled the next evening; yet all behaved with the utmost decency. The market obliged me to preach in the House on *Saturday* in the afternoon; a very neat and lightsome building. Having spent the time proposed here, with much satisfaction, in the evening I returned to Cork.

Sunday, AUGUST 3.—I had wrote to the Commanding Officer for leave to preach near the barracks; but he was just gone out of town; so I was obliged once more to coop myself up in the Room. *Monday*, 4. Knowing by the experiment I made two years since, that it was an entertainment above the taste of our evening congregation, I read some select letters at five in the morning, to those who desired to hear them. And many of them were not a little comforted and established in the ways of God.

Thur. 7.—In the afternoon I set out for Kinsale. In the way a violent storm drove us into a little hut, where a poor woman was very thankful for physical advice, and another for a little money to buy her food. The sky then clearing, we soon reached Kinsale, where I preached at six in the Exchange, to a multitude of soldiers, and not a few of the dull, careless townfolk. At five in the morning, it being a field-day, the soldiers could not attend; but I had a large and serious congregation notwithstanding. Surely good might be done here also, would our Preachers always preach in the Exchange, as they may without any molestation, instead of a little, ugly, dirty garret.

About nine, a sharp storm having put an end to their exercise, I went to the soldiers in the field. I stood so near the intrenchments of the fort, that they could hear within as well as without. The sun indeed shone extremely hot on my head; but presently a cloud interposed. And when I began to be chill (for the wind was high and sharp) it removed till I wanted it again. How easily may we see the hand of God in small things as well as great! And why should a little pointless railery make us ashamed to acknowledge it?

In the evening I preached to the usual congregation in the main street at Bandon, on, "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths peace." The congregation was near

twice as large, at five in the morning, as it was last week when I preached an hour later.

Sun. 10.—After preaching at seven, in an house crowded within and without, I left this comfortable place, and went back to Cork. I had a desire to preach abroad in the evening; but the weather would not permit. When the society met, a person hugely daubed with gold thrust violently in. By his appearance I should have judged him to be some Nobleman. But I was afterward informed it was Dr. Taylor.

On *Monday* and *Tuesday* I took an account of the society, and was grieved, though not surprised, to find such a declension. I left two hundred and ninety members: I find only two hundred and thirty-three. And what will the end be, unless those that remain learn to bear one another's burdens? Adding to those in the other provinces about six hundred who are in Munster, the whole number is a little above two thousand.

Our evening congregations this week were smaller than usual; as the Gentry were engaged in a more important affair. A company of players were in town. However, many of them came on *Friday*; for a watch-night was newer to them than a comedy.

Mon. 18.—Being advised from Dublin that Captain Dansey (with whom I desired to sail) would sail on the 19th or 20th, I took horse early, and reached Clonmell between five and six in the evening. I took my usual stand near the barrack-gate; and had abundantly more than my usual congregation, as it was the Assize week, so that the town was extremely full of Gentry as well as common people.

Tues. 19.—We had many light showers, which cooled the air and laid the dust. We dined at Kilkenny, noble in ruins: I see no such remains of magnificence in the kingdom. The late Duke of Ormond's house, on the top of a rock, hanging over the river, the ancient cathedral, and what is left of many grand buildings, yield a melancholy pleasure. Thus

A little power, a little sway,
A sun-beam in a winter's day,
Is all the great and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave!

We lodged at Castle-Dermot, and reached Dublin on *Wednesday*, 20; but Captain Dansey was not to sail this

week. I then inquired for a Chester ship, and found one which was expected to sail on Friday morning: But on *Friday* morning the Captain sent us word he must wait for General Montague. So in the afternoon I rode over to the Skirries, where the packet lay; but before I came thither, the wind, which was fair before, shifted to the east, and blew a storm. I saw the hand of God, and, after resting awhile, rode cheerfully back to Dublin. It being the watch-night, I came just in time to spend a comfortable hour with the congregation. O how good it is to have no choice of our own, but to leave all things to the will of God!

Sat. 23.—The Captain of the Chester ship sent word the General would not go, and he would sail the next morning. So we have one day more to spend in Ireland. Let us live this day as if it were our last.

Sun. 24.—At seven I took leave of my friends, and about noon embarked in the *Nonpareil* for Chester. We had forty or fifty passengers on board, half of whom were cabin passengers. I was afraid we should have an uneasy time, in the midst of such a crowd of Gentry. We sailed out with a fair wind, but at four in the afternoon it failed, and left us in a dead calm. I then made the gentlemen an offer of preaching, which they thankfully accepted. While I was preaching, the wind sprung up fair; but the next day we were becalmed again. In the afternoon they desired me to give them another sermon; and again the wind sprung up while I was speaking, and continued till, about noon, on *Tuesday*, we landed at Parkgate.

Being in haste, I would not stay for my own horse, which I found could not land till low water. So I bought one, and, having hired another, set forward without delay. We reached *Whitchurch* that evening.

Wed. 27.—We breakfasted at *Newport*, where, finding our horses begin to fail, we thought it best to take the *Birmingham* road, that, if they should fail us altogether, we might stay among our friends. But they would go no farther than *Wolverhampton*; so we hired fresh horses there, and immediately set out for *Worcester*. But one of them soon after fell, and gave me such a shock, (though I did not quit my seat,) that I was seized with a violent bleeding at the nose, which nothing we could apply would stop. So we were obliged to go a foot pace for two miles, and then stay at *Broadwater*.

Thur. 28.—Soon after we set out, the other horse fell lame. An honest man, at Worcester, found this was owing to a bad shoe. A smith cured this by a new shoe; but at the same time, by paring the hoof too close, he effectually lamed the other foot, so that we had hard work to reach Gloucester. After resting here awhile, we pushed on to Newport, where I took a chaise, and reached Bristol before eleven.

I spent the two following days with the Preachers, who had been waiting for me all the week: And their love and unanimity was such as soon made me forget all my labour.

Mon. SEPTEMBER 1.—I set out for Cornwall, preaching at Shepton, Middlesey, and Tiverton, in the way. *Wednesday*, 3. I reached Launceston, and found the small remains of a dead, scattered society: And no wonder, as they have had scarce any discipline, and only one sermon in a fortnight. On *Friday*, 5, I found just such another society at Camel-ford. But their deadness here was owing to bitterness against each other. In the morning I heard the contending parties face to face; and they resolved and promised, on all sides, to let past things be forgotten. O how few have learned to forgive “one another, as God, for Christ’s sake, hath forgiven” us!

Sat. 6.—We had an exceeding lively congregation in the evening at Trewalder. Indeed, all the society stands well, and “adorns the doctrine of God our Saviour.” *Sunday*, 7. At eight I preached again, and was much comforted. I then rode to Port-Isaac church, and had the satisfaction of hearing an excellent sermon. After service I preached at a small distance from the church to a numerous congregation; and to a far more numerous one in the town, at five in the afternoon.

In examining this society, I found much reason to bless God on their behalf. They diligently observe all the Rules of the society, with or without a Preacher. They constantly attend the church and sacrament, and meet together at the times appointed. The consequence is, that thirty out of thirty-five, their whole number, continue to walk in the light of God’s countenance.

Mon. 8.—A gentleman followed me to my inn at St. Columb, and carried me to his house, where were three or four more as friendly as himself. One of them rode with me seven or eight miles, and gave me a pleasing account of two young Clergymen, Mr. C—— and Mr. Phelps, who had the

care of three adjoining parishes. Surely God has a favour for the people of these parts! He gives them so serious, zealous, lively Ministers. By these and the Methodists together, the line is now laid, with no inconsiderable interruption, all along the north sea, from the eastern point of Cornwall to the Land's End. In a while, I trust, there will be no more cause on these coasts to accuse *Britannos hospitibus feros*.*

The congregation at St. Agnes in the evening was, I suppose, double to that at Port-Isaac. We had near as many, *Tuesday*, 9, at five in the morning, as the preaching-house could contain. Afterward I examined the society, and was surprised and grieved to find that, out of ninety-eight persons, all but three or four had forsaken the Lord's Table. I told them my thoughts very plain: They seemed convinced, and promised no more to give place to the devil.

Wed. 10.—I had much conversation with Mr. Phelps; a man of an humble, loving, tender spirit. Between him on the one hand, and the Methodists on the other, most in the parish are now awakened. Let but our brethren have "zeal according to knowledge," and few will escape them both.

When I came to St. Ives, I was determined to preach abroad; but the wind was so high, I could not stand where I had intended. But we found a little inclosure near it, one end of which was native rock, rising ten or twelve feet perpendicular, from which the ground fell with an easy descent. A jetting out of the rock, about four feet from the ground, gave me a very convenient pulpit. Here well nigh the whole town, high and low, rich and poor, assembled together. Nor was there a word to be heard, or a smile seen, from one end of the congregation to the other. It was just the same the three following evenings. Indeed I was afraid on *Saturday*, that the roaring of the sea, raised by the north wind, would have prevented their hearing. But God gave me so clear and strong a voice, that I believe scarce one word was lost.

Sun. 14.—At eight I chose a large ground, the sloping side of a meadow, where the congregation stood, row above row, so that all might see as well as hear. It was a beautiful sight. Every one seemed to take to himself what was spoken. I believe every backslider in the town was there. And surely God was there to "heal their backslidings."

* Britons as inhospitable, or cruel, to strangers.—EDIT.

I began at Zennor, as soon as the Church Service ended. I suppose scarce six persons went away. Seeing many there who did once run well, I addressed myself to them in particular. The spirit of mourning was soon poured out; and some of them wept bitterly. O that the Lord may yet return unto them, and "leave a blessing behind him!"

At five I went once more into the ground at St. Ives, and found such a congregation as I think was never seen in a place before (Gwennap excepted) in this county. Some of the chief of the town were now not in the skirts, but in the thickest of the people. The clear sky, the setting sun, the smooth, still water, all agreed with the state of the audience. Is any thing too hard for God? May we not well say, in every sense,

Thou dost the raging sea control,
And smooth the prospect of the deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
Thou mak'st the rolling billows sleep?

Mon. 15.—I inquired concerning the uncommon storm, which was here on March 9, the last year. It began near the Land's End, between nine and ten at night, and went eastward not above a mile broad, over St. Just, Morva, Zennor, St. Ives, and Gwinear, whence it turned northward, over the sea. It uncovered all the houses in its way, and was accompanied with impetuous rain. About a mile south-east from St. Ives, it tore up a rock, twelve or fourteen ton weight, from the top of a rising ground, and whirled it down upon another, which it split through, and at the same time dashed itself in pieces. It broke down the pinnacles of Gwinear church, which forced their way through the roof. And it was remarkable, the rain which attended it was as salt as any sea-water.

At one I preached in Madron parish, and then rode to St. Just. I have not seen such a congregation here for twice seven years. Abundance of backsliders being present, I chiefly applied to them. Some of them smiled at first; but it was not long before their mirth was turned into mourning: And I believe few, if any, went away without a witness from God, that he "willeth not the death of a sinner."

Tues. 16.—At five the Room was near full; and the great power of God was in the midst of them. It was now accompanied with one unusual effect: The mouth of those whom it most affected was literally stopped. Several of them came to

me and could not speak one word; very few could utter three sentences. I re-joined to the society ten or eleven backsliders, and added some new members. Here (as at Port-Isaac, St. Agnes, and St. Ives) we are called to thankfulness; and at most other places, to patience.

All the day it blew a storm; and in the evening, though the rain ceased, the furious wind continued. I ordered all the windows of the preaching-house to be set open, so that most could hear without as well as within. I preached on, "He will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax." And again God applied his word, both to wound, and to heal them that were already wounded.

About this time I wrote the following letter:—

"To the Editor of the London Chronicle.

"SIR,

September 17, 1760.

"As you sometimes insert things of a religious nature in your paper, I shall count it a favour if you will insert this.

"Some years ago I published 'A Letter to Mr. Law;' and, about the same time, 'An Address to the Clergy.' Of the former, Mr. Law gives the following account, in his 'Collection of Letters' lately published:—

"'To answer Mr. Wesley's letter seems to be quite needless, because there is nothing substantial or properly argumentative in it. I was once a kind of oracle to Mr. W——. I judged him to be much under the power of his own spirit. To this was owing the false censure which he published against the Mystics, as enemies to good works.' Pp. 128, 130. 'His letter is such a juvenile composition of emptiness and pertness, as is below the character of any man who had been serious in religion for half a month. It was not ability, but necessity, that put his pen into his hand. He had preached much against my books; and forbid his people the use of them; and for a cover of all this, he promised, from time to time, to write against them; therefore an answer was to be made at all adventures. He and the Pope conceive the same reasons for condemning the mystery revealed by Jacob Behme.' P. 190.

"Of the latter he gives this account:—'The Pamphlet you sent is worse than no advice at all; but infinitely beyond Mr. Wesley's *Babylonish Address to the Clergy*; almost all of which is empty babble, fitter for an old grammarian that was

grown blear-eyed in mending dictionaries, than for one who had tasted of the powers of the world to come.' P. 198.

"I leave others to judge whether an answer to that letter be quite needless or no; and whether there be any thing substantial in it; but certainly there is something argumentative. The very queries relating to Jacob's Philosophy are arguments, though not in form; and perhaps most of them will be thought conclusive arguments, by impartial readers. Let these likewise judge if there are not arguments in it (whether conclusive or no) relating to that entirely new system of divinity which he has revealed to the world.

"It is true, that Mr. Law, whom I love and reverence now, was once 'a kind of oracle' to me. He thinks I am still 'under the power of' my 'own spirit,' as opposed to the Spirit of God. If I am, yet my censure of the Mystics is not at all owing to this, but to my reverence for the Oracles of God, which, while I was fond of them, I regarded less and less; till, at length, finding I could not follow both, I exchanged the Mystic writers for the scriptural.

"It is sure, in exposing the Philosophy of Behme, I use ridicule as well as argument; and yet, I trust I have, by the grace of God, been in some measure 'serious in religion,' not 'half a month' only, but ever since I was six years old, which is now about half a century. I do not know that the Pope has condemned him at all, or that he has any reason so to do. My reason is this, and no other: I think he contradicts Scripture, reason, and himself; and that he has seduced many unwary souls from the Bible-way of salvation. A strong conviction of this, and a desire to guard others against that dangerous seduction, laid me under a necessity of writing that letter. I was under no other necessity; though I doubt not but Mr. Law heard I was, and very seriously believed it. I very rarely mention his books in public; nor are they in the way of one in an hundred of those whom he terms *my people*; meaning, I suppose, the people called Methodists. I had therefore no temptation, any more than power, to forbid the use of them to the Methodists in general. Whosoever informed Mr. Law of this, wanted either sense or honesty.

"He is so deeply displeas'd with the 'Address to the Clergy,' because it speaks strongly in favour of learning; but still, if this part of it is only 'fit for an old grammarian,

grown blear-eyed in mending dictionaries,' it will not follow that 'almost all of it is mere empty babble;' for a large part of it much more strongly insists on a single eye, and a clean heart. Heathen Philosophers may term this 'empty babble;' but let not Christians either account or call it so!"

Wed. 17.—The Room at St. Just was quite full at five, and God gave us a parting blessing. At noon I preached on the cliff near Penzance, where no one now gives an uncivil word. Here I procured an account, from an eye-witness, of what happened the twenty-seventh of last month. A round pillar, narrowest at bottom, of a whitish colour, rose out of the sea near Mousehole, and reached the clouds. One who was riding over the strand from Marazion to Penzance saw it stand for a short space, and then move swiftly toward her, till, the skirt of it touching her, the horse threw her and ran away. It had a strong sulphurous smell. It dragged with it abundance of sand and pebbles from the shore; and then went over the land, carrying with it corn, furze, or whatever it found in its way. It was doubtless a kind of water-spout; but a water-spout on land, I believe, is seldom seen.

The storm drove us into the House at Newlyn also. *Thursday, 18.* As we rode from thence, in less than half an hour we were wet to the skin; but when we came to Penhale, the rain ceased; and, the people flocking from all parts, we had a comfortable opportunity together. About six I preached near Helstone. The rain stopped till I had done, and soon after was as violent as before.

Fri. 19.—I rode to Illogan. We had heavy rain before I began, but scarce any while I was preaching. I learned several other particulars here concerning the water-spout. It was seen near Mousehole an hour before sunset. About sunset it began travelling over the land, tearing up all the furze and shrubs it met. Near an hour after sunset it passed (at the rate of four or five miles an hour) across Mr. Harris's fields, in Camborne, sweeping the ground as it went, about twenty yards diameter at bottom, and broader and broader up to the clouds. It made a noise like thunder, took up eighteen stacks of corn, with a large hay-stack and the stones whereon it stood, scattered them all abroad, (but it was quite dry,) and then passed over the cliff into the sea.

Sat. 20.—In the evening I took my old stand in the main street at Redruth. A multitude of people, rich and poor,

calmly attended. So is the roughest become one of the quietest towns in England.

Sun. 21.—I preached in the same place at eight. Mr. C——, of St. Cubert, preached at the church both morning and afternoon, and strongly confirmed what I had spoken. At one, the day being mild and calm, we had the largest congregation of all. But it rained all the time I was preaching at Gwennap. We concluded the day with a love-feast, at which James Roberts, a tinner of St. Ives, related how God had dealt with his soul. He was one of the first in society in St. Ives, but soon relapsed into his old sin, drunkenness, and wallowed in it for two years, during which time he headed the mob who pulled down the preaching-house. Not long after, he was standing with his partner at Edward May's shop when the Preacher went by. His partner said, "I will tell him I am a Methodist." "Nay," said Edward, "your speech will bewray you." James felt the word as a sword, thinking in himself, "So does *my* speech now bewray *me!*" He turned and hastened home, fancying he heard the devil stepping after him all the way. For forty hours he never closed his eyes, nor tasted either meat or drink. He was then at his wit's end, and went to the window, looking to drop into hell instantly, when he heard those words, "I will be merciful to thy unrighteousness, thy sins and iniquities will I remember no more." All his load was gone; and he has now for many years walked worthy of the Gospel.

Mon. 22.—I preached at Penryu in the evening. It rained before and after, but not while I was preaching. While we were at prayer, a sheet of light seemed to fill the yard, and "the voice of the Lord" was heard over our heads. This fixed the impression they had received upon the minds of many; as if it had said, in express terms, "Prepare to meet thy God!"

On *Wednesday* evening, having (over and above meeting the societies) preached thirty times in eleven days, I found myself a little exhausted; but a day's rest set me up: So on *Friday, 26,* I preached at noon again near Liskeard. In the afternoon we had rain and wind enough; and when we came to Saltash, no boat would venture out: So we were obliged to take up our lodgings there.

Sat. 27.—Finding there was no hope of passing here, the wind being as high as ever, we determined to ride round by

the new bridge. The rain still fell on either side; but for near twenty miles we had not one drop, and not a considerable shower all day. Soon after four in the afternoon we came safe to Plymouth-Dock.

I had but a melancholy prospect here, finding most of the people dead as stones: And when I took an account of the society, only thirty-four, out of seventy, were left. At seven in the evening, and at five in the morning, I strongly exhorted them to return to God. At eight I did the same, and at five in the afternoon; and God made his word as an hammer. At the meeting of the society, likewise, strong and effectual words were given me. Many were convinced afresh; many backsliders cut to the heart: **And** I left once more between sixty and seventy members.

Mon. 29.—Being invited by the Minister of Mary-Week to preach in his church, I crossed over the country, and came thither about four in the afternoon. The congregation was large, considering the weather, and quite attentive and unconcerned. Hence I rode on to Mill-House, and the next day to Collumpton; where, finding the congregation waiting, I began preaching without delay, and felt no weariness or want of strength till I had delivered my message to them.

Wed. OCTOBER 1.—After preaching at five, I examined the society, and found them more alive to God than I had done for many years. About one I preached at Halberton, and at Tiverton in the evening. The next morning I rode to Maiden-Down, where the congregation was waiting for me. About noon I preached at Taunton. The rain lessened the congregation at Bridgewater; a dead, uncomfortable place, at best. About seven we set out thence for Baderipp, in as dark a night as I ever saw: But God gave his angels charge over us, and we dashed not our foot against a stone.

I was surprised to see a congregation at five in the morning, to whom I spoke with much enlargement of heart. About one I preached at Shepton-Mallet, and about seven in the evening at Bristol.

Sun. 5.—I perceived, by the liveliness of the people, that Mr. Gilbert's labour had not been in vain. But I found some exercise too: And this is always to be expected among a large body of people; it being certain that as "all men have not faith," so all believers have not wisdom.

Sun. 12.—I visited the classes at Kingswood. Here only

there is no increase; and yet, where was there such a prospect, till that weak man, John Cennick, confounded the poor people with strange doctrines? O what mischief may be done by one that means well! We see no end of it to this day.

In the afternoon I had appointed the children to meet at Bristol, whose parents were of the society. Thirty of them came to-day, and above fifty more on the *Sunday* and *Thursday* following. About half of these I divided into four classes, two of boys, and two of girls; and appointed proper Leaders to meet them separate. I met them all together, twice a week; and it was not long before God began to touch some of their hearts.

On *Tuesday* and *Wednesday* I visited some of the societies in the country. On *Thursday* I returned to Bristol, and in the afternoon preached a charity-sermon in Newgate, for the use of the poor prisoners.

On the three following days I spoke severally to the members of the society. As many of them increase in worldly goods, the great danger I apprehend now is, their relapsing into the spirit of the world: And then their religion is but a dream.

Wed. 22.—Being informed that some neighbouring gentlemen had declared they would apprehend the next Preacher who came to Pensford, I rode over to give them the meeting: But none appeared. The house was more than filled with deeply attentive hearers. It seems, the time is come at length for the word of God to take root here also.

Fri. 24.—I visited the French prisoners at Knowle, and found many of them almost naked again. In hopes of provoking others to jealousy, I made another collection for them, and ordered the money to be laid out in linen and waistcoats, which were given to those that were most in want.

Sat. 25.—King George was gathered to his fathers. When will England have a better Prince?

Many of us agreed to observe *Friday, 31*, as a day of fasting and prayer for the blessing of God upon our nation, and in particular on His present Majesty. We met at five, at nine, at one, and at half-hour past eight. I expected to be a little tired, but was more lively after twelve at night than I was at six in the morning.

Sat. NOVEMBER 1.—I had the pleasure of spending a little

time with that venerable man, Mr. Walker, of Truro. I fear his physicians do not understand his case. If he recovers, it must be through an almighty Physician.

Mon. 3.—I left Bristol, and took Bath, Bradford, and Frome, in my way to Salisbury, where I spent a day with much satisfaction. *Friday, 7.* I preached about nine at Andover, to a few dead stones; at one in Whitchurch, and in the evening at Basingstoke. The next day, *Saturday, 8,* I was once more brought safe to London.

I spent about a fortnight, as usual, in examining the society; a heavy, but necessary, labour.

Mon. 17.—I sent the following letter:—

“ To the Editor of Lloyd’s Evening Post.

“ SIR,

November 17, 1760.

“ IN your last paper we had a letter from a very angry gentleman, (though he says he had put himself into as good humour as possible,) who personates a Clergyman, but is, I presume, in reality, a retainer to the theatre. He is very warm against the people vulgarly called Methodists, ‘ridiculous impostors,’ ‘religious buffoons,’ as he styles them; ‘saint-errants,’ (a pretty and quaint phrase,) full of ‘inconsiderateness, madness, melancholy, enthusiasm;’ teaching a ‘knotty and unintelligible system’ of religion, yea, a ‘contradictory or self-contradicting;’ nay, a ‘mere illusion,’ a ‘destructive scheme, and of pernicious consequence;’ since ‘an hypothesis is a very slippery foundation to hazard our all upon.’

“ Methinks the gentleman has a little mistaken his character: He seems to have exchanged the sock for the buskin. But, be this as it may, general charges prove nothing: Let us come to particulars. Here they are: ‘The basis of Methodism is the grace of assurance,’ (excuse a little impropriety of expression,) ‘regeneration being only a preparative to it.’ Truly this is somewhat ‘knotty and unintelligible.’ I will endeavour to help him out. The fundamental doctrine of the people called Methodists is, Whosoever will be saved, before all things it is necessary that he hold the true faith; the faith which works by love; which, by means of the love of God and our neighbour, produces both inward and outward holiness. This faith is an evidence of things not seen; and he that thus believes is regenerate, or born of God; and he has the witness in himself: (Call it assurance, or what you please:) The Spirit

itself witnesses with his spirit that he is a child of God. 'From what scripture' every one of these propositions 'is collected,' any common Concordance will show. 'This is the true portraiture of Methodism,' so called. 'A religion superior to this' (the love of God and man) none can 'enjoy,' either in time or in eternity.

"But the Methodists do not hold 'good works meritorious.' No; neither does ours, or any other Protestant Church. But meantime they hold it is their bounden duty, as they have time, to do good unto all men; and they know the day is coming wherein God will reward every man according to his works.

"But they 'act with sullenness and sourness, and account innocent gaiety and cheerfulness a crime almost as heinous as sacrilege.' Who does? Name the men. I know them not, and therefore doubt the fact; though it is very possible you account that kind of gaiety innocent which I account both foolish and sinful.

"I know none who denies that true religion, that is, love, the love of God and our neighbour, 'elevates our spirits, and renders our minds cheerful and serene.' It must, if it be accompanied, as we believe it always is, with peace and joy in the Holy Ghost; and if it produces a conscience void of offence toward God and toward man.

"But they 'preach up religion only to accomplish a lucrative design, to fleece their hearers, to accumulate wealth, to rob and plunder, which they esteem meritorious.' We deny the fact. Who is able to prove it? Let the affirmer produce his witnesses, or retract.

"This is the sum of your correspondent's charge, not one article of which can be proved: But whether it can or no, 'we have made them,' says he, 'a theatrical scoff, and the common jest and scorn of every chorister in the street.' It may be so; but whether you have done well herein may still admit of a question. However, you cannot but wish 'we had some formal Court of Judicature erected,' (happy Portugal and Spain!) 'to take cognizance of such matters.' Nay, *cur optas quod habes?* Why do you wish for what you have already? The Court is erected; the holy, devout play-house is become the house of mercy; and does take cognizance hereof, 'of all pretenders to sanctity, and happily furnishes us with a discerning spirit to distinguish betwixt right and

wrong.' But I do not stand to their sentence; I appeal to Scripture and reason, and by these alone consent to be judged.

"I am, Sir,

"Your humble servant,

"JOHN WESLEY."

Sat. 22.—I was obliged to trouble him with another letter, as follows:—

"SIR,

"JUST as I had finished the letter published in your last Friday's paper, four tracts came to my hands; one wrote, or procured to be wrote, by Mrs. Downes; one by a Clergyman in the county of Durham; the third, by a gentleman of Cambridge; and the fourth, by a member (I suppose, Dignitary) of the Church of Rome. How gladly would I leave all these to themselves, and let them say just what they please! as my day is far spent, and my taste for controversy is utterly lost and gone. But this would not be doing justice to the world, who might take silence for a proof of guilt. I shall therefore say a word concerning each. I may, perhaps, some time say more to one or two of them.

"The letter which goes under Mrs. Downes's name scarce deserves any notice at all, as there is nothing extraordinary in it, but an extraordinary degree of virulence and scurrility. Two things only I remark concerning it, which I suppose the writer of it knew as well as me:—1. That my letter to Mr. Downes was both wrote and printed *before Mr. Downes died*. 2. That when I said, *Tibi parvula res est*, 'Your ability is small,' I had no view to his fortune, which I knew nothing of; but, as I there expressly say, to his wit, sense, and talents, as a writer.

"The tract wrote by the gentleman in the north is far more bulky than this: But it is more considerable for its bulk than for its matter; being little more than a dull repetition of what was published some years ago, in 'The Enthusiasm of the Methodists and Papists Compared.' I do not find the author adds any thing new, unless we may bestow that epithet on a sermon annexed to his address, which, I presume, will do neither good nor harm. So I leave the Durham gentleman, with Mrs. Downes, to himself and his admirers.

"The author of the letter to Mr. Berridge is a more considerable writer. In many things I wholly agree with him, though not in admiring Dr. Taylor. But there is a bitterness

even in him, which I should not have expected in a gentleman and a scholar. So in the very first page I read, 'The Church, which most of your *graceless fraternity* have deserted.' Were the fact true, (which it is not,) yet is the expression to be commended? Surely Dr. G. himself thinks it is not. I am sorry too for the unfairness of his quotations. For instance: He cites me, (p. 53,) as speaking of 'faith shed abroad in men's hearts like lightning.' *Faith shed abroad* in men's hearts! I never used such an expression in my life: I do not talk after this rate. Again, he quotes, as from me, (p. 57,) so, I presume, Mr. W. means, 'a behaviour does not pretend to add the least to what Christ has done.' But be these words whose they may, they are none of mine. I never spoke, wrote, no, nor read them before. Once more: Is it well judged for any writer to show such an utter contempt of his opponents as you affect to do with regard to the whole body of people vulgarly termed Methodists? 'You may keep up,' say you, 'a little bush-fighting in controversy; you may skirmish awhile with your feeble body of irregulars; but you must never trust to your skill in reasoning.' (P. 77.) Upon this I would ask, 1. If these are such poor, silly creatures, why does so wise a man set his wit to them? 'Shall the King of Israel go out against a flea?' 2. If it should happen, that any one of these silly bush-fighters steps out into the plain, engages hand to hand, and foils this champion by mere dint of reason, will not his defeat be so much the more shameful as it was more unexpected? But I say the less at present, not only because Mr. Berridge is able to answer for himself, but because the title-page bids me expect a letter more immediately addressed to myself.

"The last tract, entitled 'A Caveat against the Methodists,' is, in reality, a caveat against the Church of England, or rather, against all the Churches in Europe who dissent from the Church of Rome. Nor do I apprehend the writer to be any more disgusted at the Methodists than at Protestants of every denomination; as he cannot but judge it equally unsafe to join to any society but that of Rome. Accordingly, all his arguments are levelled at the Reformed Churches in general, and conclude just as well, if you put the word Protestant throughout in the place of the word Methodist. Although, therefore, the author borrows my name to wound those who suspect nothing less, yet I am no more concerned

to refute him than any other Protestant in England; and still the less, as those arguments are refuted over and over, in books which are still common among us.

“But is it possible any Protestants, nay, Protestant Clergyman, should buy these tracts to give away? Is then the introducing Popery the only way to overthrow Methodism? If they know this, and choose Popery as the smaller evil of the two, they are consistent with themselves. But if they do not intend this, I wish them more seriously to consider what they do. I am, Sir,

“Your humble servant,

“JOHN WESLEY.”

Mon. 24.—I visited as many as I could of the sick. How much better is it, when it can be done, to *carry* relief to the poor, than to *send* it! and that both for our own sake and theirs. For *theirs*, as it is so much more comfortable to them, and as we may then assist them in spirituals as well as temporals; and for *our own*, as it is far more apt to soften our heart, and to make us naturally care for each other.

Mon. DECEMBER 1.—I went in the machine to Canterbury. In going and returning I read over “The Christian Philosopher.” It is a very extraordinary book, containing, among many (as some would be apt to term them) wild thoughts, several fine and striking observations, not to be found in any other treatise.

Wed. 3.—I rode to Dover. Who would have expected to find here some of the best singers in England? I found likewise what was better still,—a serious, earnest people. There was a remarkable blessing among them, both in the evening and the morning; so that I did not regret the having been wet to the skin in my way to them.

Fri. 12.—Having as far as Hyde-Park-Corner to go, I took a coach for part of the way, ordering the man to stop anywhere at the end of Piccadilly next the Haymarket. He stopped exactly at the door of one of our friends, whose mother, above ninety years old, had long desired to see me, though I knew it not. She was exceedingly comforted, and could not tell how to praise God enough for giving her the desire of her soul.

We observed *Friday*, the 19th, as a day of fasting and prayer for our King and country, and the success of the Gospel: And part of the answer immediately followed, in the remarkable increase of believers, and in the strengthening

of those who had before attained that precious faith, "unto all patience and long-suffering with joyfulness."

Sat. 20.—In the evening I hastened back from Snowsfields, to meet the penitents, (a congregation which I wish always to meet myself,) and walked thither again at five in the morning. Blessed be God, I have no reason or pretence to spare myself yet. I preached a charity sermon in West-Street chapel, both morning and afternoon; but many were obliged to go away, finding it impossible to get in. Is it novelty still which draws these from all parts? No; but the mighty power of God.

To-day I sent the following letter:—

"To the Editor of Lloyd's Evening Post.

"TO MR. T. H., *alias* E. L., &c., &c.

"WHAT, my good friend again! Only a little disguised with a new name, and a few scraps of Latin! I hoped, indeed, you had been pretty well satisfied before; but since you desire to hear a little farther from me, I will add a few words, and endeavour to set our little controversy in a still clearer light.

"Last month you publicly attacked the people called Methodists, without either fear or wit. You charged them with 'madness, enthusiasm, self-contradiction, imposture,' and what not! I considered each charge, and, I conceive, refuted it to the satisfaction of all indifferent persons. You renewed the attack, not by *proving* any thing, but *affirming* the same things over and over. I replied; and, without taking notice of the dull, low scurrility, either of the first or second letter, confined myself to the merits of the cause, and cleared away the dirt you had thrown.

"You now heap together ten paragraphs more, most of which require very little answer. In the first you say, 'Your *foolishness* is become the wonder and admiration of the public.' In the second, 'The *public* blushes for you, till you give a better solution to the articles demanded of you.' In the third, you cite my words, I still maintain 'the Bible, with the Liturgy, and Homilies of our Church; and do not espouse any other principles but what are consonant to the Book of Common-Prayer.' You keenly answer, 'Granted, Mr. Methodist; but whether or no you would not espouse other principles, if you durst, is evident enough from some *innovations* you have already introduced, which I shall attempt to *prove* in the subsequent part of my answer.' Indeed you

will not. You neither *prove*, nor *attempt* to prove, that I would espouse other principles if I durst. However, you give me a deadly thrust: 'You falsify the first Article of the Athanasian Creed.' But how so? Why, I said, 'The fundamental doctrine of the people called Methodists is, *Whosoever will be saved, before all things it is necessary that he hold the true faith.*' Sir, shall I tell you a secret?—It was for the readers of *your* class that I changed the hard word Catholic into an easier.

"In the fourth paragraph you say, 'Did you never use that phrase, *The grace of assurance?*' Never, that I remember, either in preaching or writing; both your ears and eyes have been very unhappy if they informed you I did: And how many soever look either sorrowful or joyful, that will not prove the contrary. 'But produce your texts.' What, for a phrase I never use? I pray you, have me excused. But, (as I said before,) 'from what Scripture every one of my propositions is collected, any common Concordance will show.' To save you trouble, I will for once point out those scriptures. 'Whosoever will be saved must believe.' (Mark xvi. 16; Acts xvi. 31.) 'This faith works by love.' (Gal. v. 6.) It is 'an evidence of things not seen.' (Heb. xi. 1.) 'He that believes is born of God.' (1 John v. 1.) 'He has the witness in himself.' (Verse 10.) 'The Spirit itself witnesses with his spirit, that he is a child of God.' (Rom. viii. 16.)

"In the fifth you say, 'You embrace any shift to twist words to your own meaning.' This is saying just nothing. Any one may say this of any one. To prove it, is another point. In the sixth you say, 'No Protestant Divine ever taught your doctrine of assurance.' I hope you know no better; but it is strange you should not. Did you never see Bishop Hall's Works? Was not he a Protestant Divine? Was not Mr. Perkins, Bolton, Dr. Sibbs, Dr. Preston, Archbishop Leighton? Inquire a little farther; and do not run thus hand over head, asserting you know not what. By assurance, (if we must use the expression,) I mean 'a confidence which a man hath in God, that by the merits of Christ his sins are forgiven, and he reconciled to the favour of God.' Stop! Do not run your head into a noose again. These are the words of the Homily.

"In the seventh you grant, 'that works are not meritorious, unless accompanied with faith.' No, nor then neither. But

pray do not talk of this any more, till you know the difference between meritorious and rewardable; otherwise your ignorance will cause you to blunder on without shame and without end.

“In your eighth you throw out a hard word, which somebody has helped you to, *Thaumaturg*—what is it?—about *Lay Preachers*. When you have answered the arguments in the ‘*Farther Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion*,’ I will say something more upon that head.

“In the ninth you say something, no way material, about the houses at Bristol, Kingswood, and Newcastle; and, in the last, you give me a fair challenge to a ‘*personal dispute*.’ Not so; you have fallen upon me in public; and to the public I appeal. Let all men, not any single umpire, judge whether I have not refuted your charge, and cleared the people called *Methodists* from the foul aspersions which, without why or wherefore, you had thrown upon them. Let all my countrymen judge which of us have spoken the words of truth and soberness, which has reason on his side, and which has treated the other with a temper suitable to the Gospel.

“If the general voice of mankind gives it against you, I hope you will be henceforth less flippant with your pen. I assure you, as little as you think of it, the *Methodists* are not such fools as you suppose. But their desire is to live peaceably with all men; and none desires this more than

“*JOHN WESLEY.*”

About the close of this year, I received a remarkable account from Ireland:—

“*WHEN Miss E*— was about fifteen, she frequently heard the preaching of the *Methodists*, so called; and though it made no deep impression, yet she retained a love for them ever after. About nineteen she was seized with a lingering illness. She then began to wrestle with God in prayer, that his love might be shed abroad in her heart. ‘*Then*,’ said she, ‘how freely could I give up all that is dear to me in this world!’ And from this very time she did not expect, nor indeed desire, to recover; but only to be cleansed from sin, and to go to Christ.

“Some who visited her, said, ‘*O Miss*, you need not fear; your innocence will bring you to heaven.’ She earnestly replied, ‘Unless the merits of Christ plead for me, and his nature be imparted to me, I can never enter there.’ And she was incessantly breaking out into these and the like expressions, ‘*O that I knew my sins were forgiven! O that*

I was born again! My one wish is, to know God, and be with him eternally.'

"She frequently sung or repeated that verse,

O that he would himself impart,
And fix his Eden in my heart,—
The sense of sin forgiven!
How would I then throw off my load,
And walk delightfully with God,
And follow Christ to heaven!

"She had now an earnest desire to see some of the Methodists, and spoke to several, to ask some of those in Tullamore to visit her. At length her importunity prevailed, and James Kelly was sent for. On his coming in, she said, 'I am exceeding glad to see you. I have had a longing desire of it this month past. I believe the power of God is with you. If I had health and strength, there should not be a sermon preached, or a prayer put up, in your preaching-house, but I would be there.'

"I told her, 'I hope the Spirit of the Lord will be your present and eternal Comforter.' She answered, 'I can find no comfort in any thing but in God alone.' While she spoke, her soul was melted down. The love of God was shed abroad in her heart, the tears ran down her cheeks, and she began to rejoice in God exceedingly. Her mother, seeing this, was fully convinced that there was more in religion than she had herself experienced; and began to pray, with many tears, that God would show her his salvation. This so affected me, that I could not refrain from tears myself; so we all wept, and prayed, and sang praise together.

"On my going to her a second time, I found her truly alive to God. 'O,' she said, 'how I have longed to see you, that we may be happy in God together! Come let us sing an hymn.' I gave out,

Of him that did salvation bring,
I could for ever think and sing.

She sung all the time with exceeding joy. Afterwards she said, 'This is a weary world; but I have almost done with it. O how I long to be gone! Some people tell me I may recover; but I do not thank them; I do not count them my friends.' On my saying occasionally, 'There is no satisfaction for sin, but that which Christ has made by his precious blood:' she

answered, 'That is all the satisfaction I want; and I believe he both lived and died for me.'

"After this, she gave a strict charge that none should be admitted to see her but such as could speak for God; saying, 'I do not love to have a word spoken, which is not to edification. O how unsuitable to me, are all things which do not tend to the glory of my God!' On her spitting a large quantity of blood, one said, 'You are in great pain.' She answered, 'I think little of it. My blessed Redeemer suffered greater pain for me.'

"When I stood up to go away, she said, 'I now take my leave of you. Perhaps we may not meet again in this world; but I trust we shall meet in heaven. I am going to God. O may it be soon! I now feel an heaven in my soul.'

"The last time I came was on Sunday, December 14. Hearing she was extremely ill and wanted rest, we did not go up, but after a while began singing below. She immediately heard, sat up in bed, and insisted on our being brought into the room and singing there. Many times she repeated these words, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!' And this she continued to do till, on Wednesday, 17, she resigned her soul into the hands of her dear Redeemer."

JANUARY 2, 1761.—I wrote the following letter:—

"To the Editor of the London Chronicle.

"SIR,

"OF all the seats of woe on this side hell, few, I suppose, exceed or even equal Newgate. If any region of horror could exceed it a few years ago, Newgate in Bristol did; so great was the filth, the stench, the misery, and wickedness, which shocked all who had a spark of humanity left. How was I surprised then, when I was there a few weeks ago! 1. Every part of it, above stairs and below, even the pit, wherein the felons are confined at night, is as clean and sweet as a gentleman's house; it being now a rule, that every prisoner wash and clean his apartment thoroughly twice a week. 2. Here is no fighting or brawling. If any thinks himself ill used, the cause is immediately referred to the Keeper, who hears the contending parties face to face, and decides the affair at once. 3. The usual grounds of quarrelling are removed. For it is very rarely that any one cheats or wrongs another, as being sure, if anything of this kind is discovered, to be committed to a closer confinement. 4. Here is no drunkenness suffered,

however advantageous it might be to the Keeper, as well as the tapster: 5. Nor any whoredom; the women prisoners being narrowly observed, and kept separate from the men: Nor is any woman of the town now admitted, no, not at any price. 6. All possible care is taken to prevent idleness: Those who are willing to work at their callings are provided with tools and materials, partly by the Keeper, who gives them credit at a very moderate profit, partly by the alms occasionally given, which are divided with the utmost prudence and impartiality. Accordingly, at this time, among others, a shoemaker, a tailor, a brazier, and a coachmaker are working at their several trades. 7. Only on the Lord's day they neither work nor play, but dress themselves as clean as they can, to attend the public Service in the chapel, at which every person under the roof is present. None is excused unless sick; in which case he is provided, *gratis*, both with advice and medicines. 8. And in order to assist them in things of the greatest concern, (besides a sermon every Sunday and Thursday,) they have a large Bible chained on one side of the chapel, which any of the prisoners may read. By the blessing of God on these regulations the prison now has a new face: Nothing offends either the eye or ear; and the whole has the appearance of a quiet, serious family. And does not the Keeper of Newgate deserve to be remembered full as well as the Man of Ross? May the Lord remember him in that day! Meantime, will no one follow his example? I am, Sir,

“Your humble servant,

“JOHN WESLEY.”

Mon. 5.—This week I wrote to the author of the “Westminster Journal” as follows:—

“SIR,

“I HOPE you are a person of impartiality; if so, you will not insert what is urged on one side of a question only, but likewise what is offered on the other.

“Your correspondent is, doubtless, a man of sense; and he seems to write in a good humour: But he is extremely little acquainted with the persons of whom he undertakes to give an account.

“There is ‘gone abroad,’ says he, ‘an ungoverned spirit of enthusiasm, propagated by knaves, and embraced by fools.’ Suffer me now to address the gentleman himself. Sir, you may call me both a knave and a fool: But prove me either the

one or the other, if you can. 'Why, you are an enthusiast.' What do you mean by the term? A believer in Jesus Christ? An assertor of his equality with the Father, and of the entire Christian Revelation? Do you mean one who maintains the antiquated doctrines of the New Birth, and Justification by Faith? Then I am an enthusiast. But if you mean any thing else, either prove or retract the charge.

"The enthusiasm which has lately gone abroad is faith which worketh by love. Does this 'endanger government itself?' Just the reverse. Fearing God, it honours the King. It teaches all men to be subject to the higher powers, not for wrath, but for conscience' sake.

"But, 'no power in England ought to be independent of the supreme power.' Most true; yet 'the Romanists own the authority of a Pope, independent of civil government.' They do, and thereby show their ignorance of the English constitution. 'In Great Britain we have many Popes, for so I must call all who have the souls and bodies of their followers devoted to them.' Call them so, and welcome. But this does not touch me; nor Mr. Whitefield, Jones, or Romaine; nor any whom I am acquainted with: None of us have our followers thus devoted to us. Those who follow the advice we constantly give are devoted to God, not man. But 'the Methodist proclaims he can bring into the field twenty-five thousand men.' What Methodist? Where and when? Prove this fact, and I will allow you, I am a Turk.

"'But it is said they are all good subjects. Perhaps they are; because under a Protestant government they have all the indulgence they can wish for.' And do you seriously wish for a Popish government to abridge them of that indulgence? 'But has not a bad use been made of this? Has not the decency of religion been perverted?' Not in the least: The decency of religion is never so well advanced, as by advancing inward and outward religion together. 2. 'Have not the minds of the vulgar been darkened to a total neglect of their civil and social duties?' Just the contrary: Thousands in London, as well as elsewhere, have been enlightened to understand, and prevailed on to practise, those duties, as they never did before. 3. 'Has not the peace of many families been ruined?' The lost peace of many families has been restored. In others, a furious opposition to true religion has occasioned division, as our Lord foretold it would. 4. 'Have not the

circumstances of many industrious tradesmen been hurt? I believe not. I know no instance; but I know an hundred tradesmen in London who began to be industrious since they began to fear God, and their circumstances, low enough till then, are now easy and affluent.

"I am almost ashamed to spend time upon these thread-bare objections, which have been answered over and over. But if they are advanced again, they must be answered again, lest silence should pass for guilt.

"'But how can the government distinguish between tenderness of conscience, and schemes of interest?' Nothing more easy. 'They may withdraw the licenses of such.' Sir, you have forgot the question. Before they withdraw them, they are to distinguish whether they are such or no. And how are they to do this? 'O, it is very easy!' So you leave them as wise as they were before.

"But, 'the Methodist who pretends to be of the Church of England in forms of worship, and differs from her in point of doctrine, is not, let his pretences be what they will, a member of that Church.' Alas, Sir! your friends will not thank you for this. You have broke their heads sadly. Is no man of the Church, let him pretend what he will, who differs from her in point of doctrine? *Au! obsecro; cave dixeris!** I know not but you may stumble upon *scandalum magnatum*:† But stay; you will bring them off quickly. 'A truly good man may scruple signing and swearing to Articles, that his mind and reason cannot approve of.' But is he a truly good man who does not scruple signing and swearing to Articles which he cannot approve of? However, this doth not affect us; for we do not differ from our Church in point of doctrine: But all do who deny justification by faith; therefore, according to you, they are no members of the Church of England.

"'Methodist Preachers,' you allow, 'practise, sign, and swear whatever is required by law;' a very large concession; 'but the reserves they have are incommunicable and unintelligible.' Favour us, Sir, with a little proof of this; till then I must plead, Not Guilty. In whatever I sign or swear to, I have no reserve at all. And I have again and again communicated my thoughts on most heads, to all mankind; I

* Stop, I beseech you, and beware of what you say.—EDIT.

† Libel on persons of exalted rank.—EDIT.

believe intelligibly ; particularly in the ‘ Appeals to Men of Reason and Religion.’

“ But, ‘ if Methodism, as its professors pretend, be a new discovery in religion :’ This is a grievous mistake ; we pretend no such thing. We aver it is the one old religion ; as old as the Reformation, as old as Christianity, as old as Moses, as old as Adam.

“ ‘ They ought to discover the whole ingredients of which their nostrum is composed ; and have it enrolled in the public register, to be perused by all the world.’ It is done. The whole ingredients of Methodism, so called, have been discovered in print over and over ; and they are enrolled in a public register, the Bible, from which we extracted them at first. ‘ Else they ought not to be tolerated.’ We allow it, and desire toleration on no other terms. ‘ Nor should they be suffered to add or alter one grain different from what is so registered.’ Most certainly. We ought neither to add or diminish, nor alter whatever is written in that book.

“ I wish, Sir, before you write concerning the Methodists again, you would candidly read some of their writings. Common report is not a sure rule of judging : I should be unwilling to judge of you thereby.

“ To sum up the matter. The whole ingredients of our religion are, love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, fidelity, meekness, temperance. Against these, I think, there is no law ; and, therefore, I still apprehend they may be tolerated, at least in a Christian country. I am, Sir,

“ Your sincere well-wisher,

“ JOHN WESLEY.”

Fri. 9.—I rode to Sundon, and preached in the evening ; and the next evening at Bedford. *Sunday, 11.* I read Prayers and preached at Everton, both morning and afternoon. *Monday, 12.* I rode to Colchester ; and, after spending two or three comfortable days, on *Friday, 16,* went on to Bury. I would gladly have stayed a day or two here, had it been only on account of the severity of the weather ; but I had work to do elsewhere. So I took horse soon after preaching in the morning, *Saturday, 17,* though as bitter an one as most I have known. I never before felt so piercing a wind as that which met us in riding out of the gate at day-break. To think of looking up was a vain thing : I knew not whether I should not lose one of my eyes. The wind affected it as if I

had received a severe blow ; so that I had no use of it for a time. To mend the matter, having a very imperfect direction, we soon got out of our way. However, we hobbled on, through miserable roads, till about three in the afternoon we got to Norwich.

Sun. 18.—I met the Society in the morning, and many of them went with me to the cathedral. At two we had the largest congregation I ever saw at that hour. At five the House was well filled ; and just as long as I was speaking, all were silent : But when I ceased, the floods lifted up their voice : One would have thought Bedlam was broke loose. And thus it always is ; the custom began in the reign of King Log, and continued ever since. The next evening the same hubbub began again, not among the mob, but the ordinary hearers. I desired them to stop, and reasoned the case with them. The effect was far greater than one could expect. The whole congregation went as quietly and silently away as they use to do at the Foundery in London.

Tues. 20.—I inquired concerning Yarmouth, a large and populous town, and as eminent, both for wickedness and ignorance, as even any sea-port in England. Some had endeavoured to call them to repentance ; but it was at the hazard of their lives. What could be done more ? Why, last summer God sent thither the regiment in which Howell Harris was an officer. He preached every night, none daring to oppose him ; and hereby a good seed was sown. Many were stirred up to seek God ; and some of them now earnestly invited me to come over. I went this afternoon, and preached in the evening. The House was presently more than filled ; and, instead of the tumult which was expected, all were as quiet as at London. Indeed the word of God was quick and powerful among them, as it was again at six in the morning. At eleven I preached my farewell sermon. I saw none that was not deeply affected. O fair blossoms ! But how many of these will “bring forth fruit unto perfection ?”

In the afternoon I rode back to Norwich, and took an account of the society there. I found the persons who professed to meet in class were about three hundred and thirty ; but many of them were as bullocks unaccustomed to the yoke. Where or what will they be a year hence ?

Thur. 22.—We had our first watch-night at the Tabernacle ; at which I could not but observe, though I preached the Law

from the beginning of my sermon to the end, yet many were exceedingly comforted. So plain it is that God can send either terror or comfort to the heart, by whatever means it pleaseth him.

Sunday, 25, was a day of solemn rejoicing. Both at eight, at eleven, at two, and at five, God was eminently present in the congregation; filling their hearts with love, and their mouths with praise.

In some of the following days I visited the country societies. *Friday, 30.* After preaching at the Foundery in the evening, I met the Bands as usual. While a poor woman was speaking a few artless words out of the fulness of her heart, a fire kindled, and ran, as flame among the stubble, through the hearts of almost all that heard: So, when God is pleased to work, it matters not how weak, or how mean, the instrument.

Sat. 31.—I spent an hour with one who was as hot as any of the lambs at the Tabernacle; but she is now a calm, reasonable woman. Indeed God has now breathed a spirit of love and peace into all that remain united together. Those who are otherwise minded have left us.

Sun. FEBRUARY 1.—Many were comforted and strengthened both at the Lord's Supper, and at the evening service. I think all jealousies and misunderstandings are now vanished, and the whole society is well knit together. How long will they continue so, considering the unparalleled fickleness of the people in these parts? That God knows. However, he does work now, and we rejoice therein.

Mon. 2.—I left them with a cheerful heart, and rode on to Lakenheath. The congregation was large, but to this day there was no society. So, after preaching, I explained the nature of a society, and examined those who were willing to join together. Near half of them had known the love of God, and seemed alive to him.

Tues. 3.—About noon I preached at Harston, five miles beyond Cambridge. Here Mr. Berridge's labour has not been in vain. Several have found peace with God; and a more artless, loving people I have seldom seen. They were gathered from all parts. It pleased God to give a manifestation of his love to one woman in the midst of the sermon. She praised God aloud, and inflamed many hearts with love and thankfulness.

In the evening I preached at Melbourn, another small town,

about four miles from Harston. Many from Harston walked thither, and from the neighbouring villages; and surely God was in the midst of them, just as in our Bristol congregations at the beginning.

Hence we rode, on *Ash-Wednesday*, FEBRUARY 4, to Mr. Hicks, who showed me the way to his church, at Wrestlingworth; where I exhorted a large and serious congregation, from the Scripture appointed for the Epistle, to "rend their hearts, and not their garments, and turn unto the Lord their God."

In the evening Mr. Berridge read Prayers, and I preached, at Everton. Few of them are now affected as at first, the greater part having found peace with God. But there is a gradual increasing of the work in the souls of many believers.

Thur. 5.—I called at Barford, half-way to Bedford, and was agreeably surprised to meet J. C., from London, who came to Bedford the day before, and walked over with Mr. Parker. We had a far larger congregation than I expected; and all were deeply serious. I preached at Bedford in the evening, on *Friday* at Sundon, and on *Saturday* returned to London.

Monday, 9, and the following days, I visited the classes. *Friday*, 13, being the General Fast-day, the chapel in West-Street, as well as the rest, was thoroughly filled with serious hearers. Surely God is well pleased with even these outward humiliations, as an acknowledgment that he is the Disposer of all events; and they give some check, if it be but for a time, to the floods of ungodliness. Besides, we cannot doubt but there are some good men in most of the congregations then assembled; and we know, "the effectual fervent prayer" even of one "righteous man availeth much."

This week I published, in the "London Chronicle," an answer to a Tract entitled, "A Caveat against the Methodists." It is here subjoined:—

"To the Editor of the London Chronicle.

"SIR,

February 19, 1761.

"Is it not surprising that every person of understanding does not discern, at the very first view, that the Tract entitled, 'A Caveat against the Methodists,' is, in reality, a Caveat against the Protestants? Do not the arguments conclude, (if they conclude at all,) not against the Methodists only, but against the whole body of Protestants? The names, indeed,

of Mr. Whitefield and Mr. Wesley are used; but this is mere finesse! Greater men are designed, and all along are wounded through our sides.

“I was long in hopes of seeing an answer to this artful performance, from some one of more leisure, as well as abilities; and some whose name would have recommended his work: For that thought has something of truth in it,—

O what a tuneful wonder seized the throng,
When Marlbro's conquering name alarm'd the foe:
Had Whiznowisky led the armies on,
The General's scarecrow name had foil'd each blow.

However, who knows but reason, for once, may be stronger than prejudice? And many may forget my scarecrow name, and mind not who speaks, but what is spoken. I am pleading now, not for the Methodists only, but for the whole body of Protestants; first, for the Church of England; then for the Protestants of every denomination; in doing which I shall first give the substance of each Section of the Romish Tract: Secondly, answer, and retort it upon the members of the Church of Rome. O that this may incite some more skilful advocate to supply my lack of service!

“ ‘SECTION I.

“ ‘The Methodists’ (Protestants) ‘are not the people of God; they are not true Gospel Christians; nor is their new-raised society the true church of Christ, nor any part of it.’ (P. 3.)

“ ‘This is demonstrated by the word of God, marking out the people of God, the true church of Christ, by such characters as cannot agree to the Methodists, or any other new-raised sect or community.’ (Ibid.)

“ ‘The Old Testament is full of prophecies relating to the church: And the New Testament makes glorious promises to it, and gives glorious characters of it.’ (P. 4.)

“ ‘Now all those prophecies, promises, and characters, point out a society founded by Christ himself, and by his commission propagated throughout the world, which should flourish till time should end, ever one, ever holy, ever orthodox; secured against error by the perpetual presence of Christ; ever directed by the Spirit of truth; having a perpetual succession of Pastors and Teachers, divinely appointed and divinely

assisted: But no part of this character is applicable to any new-raised sect, who have no succession from, or connexion with, that one holy society; therefore no modern sect can be any part of the people of God.' (P. 5.)

"I answer, It is true, 'all these promises, prophecies, and characters, point out a society founded by Christ himself, and by his commission propagated throughout the world, which should flourish till time should end:.' And such is the Catholic church, that is, the whole body of men, endued with faith working by love, dispersed over the whole earth, in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. And this church is 'ever one:.' In all ages and nations it is the one body of Christ. It is 'ever holy;.' for no unholy man can possibly be a member of it. It is 'ever orthodox;.' so is every holy man, in all things necessary to salvation: 'Secured against error,' in things essential, 'by the perpetual presence of Christ; and ever directed by the Spirit of truth,' in the truth that is after godliness. This church has 'a perpetual succession of Pastors and Teachers, divinely appointed, and divinely assisted.' And there has never been wanting, in the Reformed Churches, such a succession of Pastors and Teachers; men both divinely appointed, and divinely assisted; for they convert sinners to God: A work none can do unless God himself doth appoint them thereto, and assist them therein; therefore every part of this character is applicable to them. Their Teachers are the proper successors of those who have delivered down, through all generations, the faith once delivered to the saints; and their members have true spiritual communion with the 'one holy' society of true believers: Consequently, although they are not the whole 'people of God,' yet are they an undeniable part of his people.

"On the contrary, the Church of Rome, in its present form, was not 'founded by Christ himself.' All the doctrines and practices wherein she differs from us, were not instituted by Christ,—they were unknown to the ancient church of Christ,—they are unscriptural, novel corruptions; neither is that Church 'propagated throughout the world.' Therefore, if either antiquity, or universality, be essential thereto, the Church of Rome cannot be 'the true church of Christ.'

"Nor is the Church of Rome one; it is not in unity with itself; it is to this day torn with numberless divisions. And

it is impossible it should be 'the one church,' unless a part can be the whole; seeing the Asiatic, the African, and the Muscovite Churches, (to name no more,) never were contained in it.

"Neither is it holy: The generality of its members are no holier than Turks or Heathens. You need not go far for proof of this: Look at the Romanists in London or Dublin. Are these the holy, the only holy church? Just such holiness is in the bottomless pit.

"Nor is it 'secured against error,' either 'by Christ' or 'his Spirit;' witness Pope against Pope, Council against Council, contradicting, anathematizing, each other. The instances are too numerous to be recited.

"Neither are the generality of her 'Pastors and Teachers' either 'divinely appointed' or 'divinely assisted.' If God had sent them, he would confirm the word of his messengers; but he does not; they convert no sinners to God; they convert many to their own opinion, but not to the knowledge or love of God. He that was a drunkard, is a drunkard still; he that was filthy, is filthy still; therefore neither are they 'assisted' by him; so they and their flocks wallow in sin together: Consequently, (whatever may be the case of some particular souls,) it must be said, if your own marks be true, the Roman Catholics in general are not 'the people of God.'"

It may be proper to add here the second section, which is all I had leisure to write, though it was not published till the following week:—

"SECTION II.

"'The Methodist' (Protestant) 'Teachers are not the true Ministers of Christ; nor are they called or sent by him.' (P. 6.)

"'This appears from what has been already demonstrated. For if the Protestants are not the true people of Christ, their Ministers cannot be the true Ministers of Christ.' (Ibid.)

"'Farther, 'The true Ministers came down by succession from the Apostles. But the Protestant Teachers do not. Therefore they are not the true Ministers of Christ.' (Ibid.)

"'All power in the church of Christ comes from him; so that whoever, without a commission from him, intrudes into the pastoral office, is a thief and a robber. Now, the commission can be conveyed but two ways; either immediately from God

himself, as it was to the Apostles, or from men who have the authority handed down to them from the Apostles.

“ ‘But this commission has not been conveyed to Protestant Preachers either of these ways. Not immediately from God himself; for how do they prove it? By what miracles? Neither by men deriving authority from the Apostles, through the channel of the Church. And they stand divided in communion from all Churches that have any pretensions to antiquity. Their doctrine of justification by faith alone, was anathematized at its first appearance, by the undoubted heirs of the Apostles, the Pastors of the Apostolic churches; consequently they are sent by no other but him who sent all the false prophets from the beginning.’ (Pp. 8, 9.)

“ I answer, ‘from what has been already demonstrated,’ that nothing will follow; for you have demonstrated just nothing.

“ Now for your ‘farther’ proof. ‘The true Ministers came down by succession from the Apostles.’ So do the Protestant Ministers, if the Romish do; the English in particular; as even one of yourselves, F. Courayer, has irrefragably proved.

“ ‘All power in the church of Christ comes from him; either immediately from himself, or from men who have the authority handed down to them from the Apostles. But this commission has not been conveyed to the Protestant Preachers either of these ways: Not immediately; for by what miracles do they prove it?’ So said Cardinal Bellarmine long ago. Neither ‘by men deriving authority from the Apostles.’ Read F. Courayer, and know better. Neither are the Protestants ‘divided from’ any ‘Churches’ who have true ‘pretensions to antiquity.’ But ‘their doctrine of justification by faith alone was anathematized, at its first appearance, by the undoubted heirs of the Apostles, the Pastors of the Apostolic Church.’ By the Prelates at the Council of Trent it was; who thereby anathematized the Apostle Paul, to all intents and purposes. Here you throw off the mask; otherwise you might have passed for a Protestant a little longer. ‘Consequently they are sent by no other but him who sent all the false prophets from the beginning.’ Sir, we thank you. This is really a very modest assertion for the subject of a Protestant King.

“ But to turn the tables: I said, ‘If the Romish Bishops do.’ For this I absolutely deny. I deny that the Romish Bishops came down by *uninterrupted* succession from the

Apostles. I never could see it proved; and, I am persuaded I never shall. But unless this is proved, your own Pastors, on your principles, are no Pastors at all.

“But farther: It is a doctrine of your Church, that the intention of the administrator is essential to the validity of the sacraments which are administered by him. Now, are you assured of the intention of every Priest from whom you have received the Host? If not, you do not know but what you received as the sacrament of the altar, was no sacrament at all. Are you assured of the intention of the Priest who baptized you? If not, perhaps you are not baptized at all. To come close to the point in hand: If *you* pass for a Priest, are you assured of the intention of the Bishop that ordained you? If not, you may happen to be no Priest, and so all your ministry is nothing worth: Nay, by the same rule, he may happen to be no Bishop. And who can tell how often this has been the case? But if there has been only one instance in a thousand years, what becomes of your *uninterrupted* succession?”

“This *ad hominem*. But I have a word more *ad rem*. Can a man teach what he does not know? Is it possible a man should teach others what he does not know himself? Certainly it is not. Can a Priest then teach his hearers the way to heaven, marked out in our Lord’s Sermon on the Mount, if he does not know or understand the way himself? Nothing is more impossible. But how many of your Priests know nothing about it! What avails then their *commission* to teach what they cannot teach, because they know it not? Did God then send these men on a fool’s errand? send them to do what they cannot do? O say not so! And what will be the event of their attempting to teach they know not what? Why, ‘if the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the pit.’”

Sat. 21.—I spent some hours with Mr. L. and Mr. P’Anson, in order to prevent another Chancery suit. And though the matter could not then be fully adjusted, yet the suit did not go on.

Tues. 24.—I retired to Lewisham, and transcribed the list of the society. About an hundred and sixty I left out, to whom I can do no good at present. The number of those which now remain, is two thousand three hundred and seventy-five.

Fri. 27.—At twelve I met about thirty persons who had experienced a deep work of God; and I appointed an hour for meeting them every week. Whether they are saved from sin or no, they are certainly full of faith and love, and peculiarly helpful to my soul.

Sun. MARCH 1.—We had a happy love-feast at the chapel. Many of our brethren spoke plainly and artlessly what God had done for their souls. I think none were offended; but many were strengthened and comforted.

Wed. 4.—I was scarce come into the room where a few believers were met together, when one began to tremble exceedingly, and soon after sunk to the floor. After a violent struggle, she burst out into prayer, which was quickly changed into praise. She then declared, “The Lamb of God has taken away all my sins.” She spoke many strong words to the same effect, rejoicing with joy unspeakable.

Fri. 6.—I met again with those who believe God has delivered them from the root of bitterness. Their number increases daily. I know not if fifteen or sixteen have not received the blessing this week.

Mon. 9.—I set out early, and about noon preached at High-Wycombe, where the dry bones began to shake again. In the afternoon I rode on to Oxford, and spent an agreeable evening with Mr. H. His openness and frankness of behaviour were both pleasing and profitable. Such conversation I want: But I do not wonder it is offensive to men of nice ears.

Tues. 10.—We rode to Evesham, where I found the poor shattered society almost sunk into nothing. And no wonder, since they have been almost without help, till Mr. Mather came. In the evening I preached in the Town-Hall. Both at this time, and at five in the morning, God applied his word, and many found a desire to “strengthen the things that remained.” I designed to have rested on *Wednesday*, but finding that notice had been given of my preaching at Stanley, we got thither, through roads almost impassable, about noon, and found more people than the House could contain; so I stood in the yard, and proclaimed free salvation to a loving, simple people. Several were in tears, and all of them so thankful that I could not repent of my labour.

The congregation at Evesham in the evening was thrice as large as the night before. Indeed many of them did not design to hear, or to let any one else hear; but they were over-ruled,

and behaved with tolerable decency, till the service was over : Then they roared amain ; but I walked straight through them, and none offered the least rudeness.

Thur. 12.—About one I preached at Redditch, to a deeply serious congregation ; about seven, in the Room at Birmingham, now far too small for the congregation. *Friday, 13.* Many flocked together at five ; and far more than the Room would contain in the evening. Perhaps the time is come for the Gospel to take root even in this barren soil.

Sat. 14.—I rode to Wednesbury. *Sunday, 15.* I made a shift to preach within at eight in the morning ; but in the afternoon I knew not what to do, having a pain in my side, and a sore throat. However, I resolved to speak as long as I could. I stood at one end of the House, and the people (supposed to be eight or ten thousand) in the field adjoining. I spoke from, “I count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord.” When I had done speaking, my complaints were gone. At the love-feast in the evening, many, both men and women, spoke their experience in a manner which affected all that heard. One in particular said, “For seventeen or eighteen years I thought God had forgotten me. Neither I nor any under my roof could believe. But now, blessed be his name, he has taken me and all my house ; and given me, and my wife, and our seven children, to rejoice together in God our Saviour.”

Mon. 16.—I intended to rest two or three days ; but being pressed to visit Shrewsbury, and having no other time, I rode over to-day, though upon a miserable beast. When I came in, my head ached as well as my side. I found the door of the place where I was to preach surrounded by a numerous mob. But they seemed met, only to stare. Yet part of them came in ; almost all that did (a large number) behaved quietly and seriously.

Tues. 17.—At five the congregation was large, and appeared not a little affected. The difficulty now was, how to get back. For I could not ride the horse on which I came. But this too was provided for. We met in the street with one who lent me his horse, which was so easy, that I grew better and better till I came to Wolverhampton. None had yet preached abroad in this furious town ; but I was resolved, with God’s help, to make a trial, and ordered a table to be set in the inn-yard. Such a number of wild men I have seldom seen ;

but they gave me no disturbance, either while I preached, or when I afterwards walked through the midst of them.

About five I preached to a far larger congregation at Dudley, and all as quiet as at London. The scene is changed, since the dirt and stones of this town were flying about me on every side.

Wed. 18.—By talking with several at Wednesbury, I found God is carrying on his work here as at London. We have ground to hope, one prisoner was set at full liberty under the sermon on Saturday morning; another under that on Saturday evening. One or more received remission of sins on Sunday; on Monday morning another, and on Wednesday yet another believed the blood of Jesus Christ had cleansed him from all sin. In the evening I could scarce think but more than one heard Him say, "I will; be thou clean!" Indeed so wonderfully was He present till near midnight, as if He would have healed the whole congregation.

Thur. 19.—After preaching at Bilbrook I rode on to Burslem, and preached at half-hour past five, in an open place on the top of the hill, to a large and attentive congregation; though it rained almost all the time, and the air was extremely cold. The next morning, (being *Good-Friday*,) I did not preach till eight. But even then, as well as in the evening, the cold considerably lessened the congregation. Such is human wisdom! So small are the things which divert mankind from what might be the means of their eternal salvation!

Sat. 21.—About ten I preached at Biddulph, and about six at Congleton. *Sunday, 22.* About one I preached at Macclesfield, near the preaching-house. The congregation was large, though the wind was sharp. But it was more than doubled after the evening service, while I opened and enforced the solemn declaration, "Him hath God exalted with his own right hand, to be a Prince and a Saviour." In the evening I rode on to Manchester.

Mon. 23.—After preaching at five, I hastened forward, and reached Leeds about five in the evening, where I had desired all the Preachers in those parts to meet me; and an happy meeting we had both in the evening and morning. I afterwards inquired into the state of the societies in Yorkshire and Lincolnshire. I find the work of God increases on every side; but particularly in Lincolnshire, where there has been no work like this, since the time I preached at Epworth on my father's tomb.

In the afternoon I talked with several of those who believe they are saved from sin; and, after a close examination, I found reason to hope that fourteen of them were not deceived. In the evening I expounded the thirteenth chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians, and exhorted all to weigh themselves in that balance, and see if they were not "found wanting."

Wed. 25.—I took horse early, breakfasted with Mr. Venn, and about four in the afternoon came to Stockport. Finding the congregation waiting, I preached immediately, and then rode on to Manchester; where I rested on *Thursday. Friday, 27.* I rode to Bridgefield, in the midst of the Derbyshire mountains, and cried to a large congregation, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." And they did indeed drink in the word, as the thirsty earth the showers. About six I preached at Stockport. Here I inquired after a young man, who was sometime since much in earnest for salvation. But it was not long before he grew quite cold, and left the society. Within a few months after, he left the world, and that by his own hand! The next day I returned to Manchester.

Sun. 29.—We had an uncommon blessing, both morning and afternoon. In the evening I met the believers, and strongly exhorted them to "go on unto perfection." To many of them it seemed a new doctrine. However, they all received it in love; and a flame was kindled, which I trust neither men nor devils shall ever be able to quench.

Tues. 31.—I rode to Altringham. We had four rooms, which opened into each other; but they would not near contain the congregation, so that many were obliged to stand without. I believe many were wounded, and some much comforted. Perhaps this town will not be quite so furious as it has been.

In the evening we had abundance of genteel people at Manchester, while I described faith as "the evidence of things not seen." I left Manchester in the morning, APRIL 1, in a better condition than ever I knew it before; such is the shaking, not only among the dry bones, but likewise among the living souls.

About noon I preached at Little-Leigh and at Chester in the evening. *Thursday, 2.* I rode over to Tattenhall, eight or nine miles from Chester. When we came, the town seemed to be all in an uproar; yet when I began preaching, (in the open air, the House not being large enough to contain one quarter of the congregation,) none opposed, or made the least

disturbance, the fear of God falling upon them. I think Tattenhall will be less bitter for the time to come. Well may Satan be angry with field-preaching!

Fri. 3.—I preached, about one, at Mould, in Flintshire, and was again obliged to preach abroad, though the wind was exceeding rough. All were deeply attentive. I preached in the evening at Chester, and in the morning set out for Liverpool: I came thither (preaching at Warrington by the way) in the evening. The election seemed to have driven the common sort of people out of their senses. But on *Sunday* they were tolerably recovered, and the town looked like itself. I heard two useful sermons at our parish church: One upon, "Follow peace with all men, and holiness;" the other on, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." I pity those who "can learn nothing at church."

Mon. 13.—I left them at Liverpool, a little increased in number, but very considerably in strength; being now entirely united together in judgment, as well as in affection.

About noon, I preached to a serious congregation at Downham-Green, near Wigan; but to a far more serious one in the evening, at Bolton. I find few places like this; all disputes are forgot; and the Christians do indeed love one another. When I visited the classes, on *Wednesday*, 15, I did not find a disorderly walker among them; no, nor a trifler. They appeared to be, one and all, seriously seeking salvation.

Thur. 16.—After preaching at noon, I rode to Lower-Darwen, near Blackburn, where a large congregation behaved with deep seriousness. Leaving honest Mr. Grimshaw to preach in the morning, I set out early, and in the evening reached a little quiet house a few miles beyond Kendal, to which, I believe, we did not come in vain. The man of the house, having been long ill, was thankful for advice with regard to his bodily disorder. And his guests appeared right willing to receive some advice with respect to their souls.

Sat. 18.—We were soon lost on the mountains; but in an hour we found a cottage, and a good woman, who bade her son "take the galloway and guide them to the fell foot." There we met a poor man just coming from a Doctor, who, I think, had quite mistaken his case. Perhaps his meeting us may save his life. He piloted us over the next mountain, the like to which I never beheld either in Wales or Germany. As we

were climbing the third, a man overtook us, who was going the same road. So he accompanied us till we were in a plain, level way, which in three hours brought us to Whitehaven.

Sun. 19.—I preached morning and evening at the Gins, to far more people than the house would have contained. At one I preached in the assembly-room at Workington. The whole congregation behaved well; though I could not perceive that the greater part of them understood any thing of the matter.

Wed. 22.—About noon I preached at Branthwayte, and in the evening at Lorton. Who would imagine that Deism should find its way into the heart of these enormous mountains? Yet so it is. Yea, and one who once knew the love of God is a strenuous advocate for it.

Sat. 25.—As the people at Whitehaven are usually full of zeal, right or wrong, I this evening showed them the nature of Christian zeal. Perhaps some of them may now distinguish the flame of love, from a fire kindled in hell.

Sun. 26.—I preached in the morning at the Gins; in the Room at one; and about five at Cockermouth, on the steps of the market-house. Even the genteel hearers were decent; many of the rest seemed deeply affected. The people of the town have never been uncivil. Surely they will not always be unfruitful.

Mon. 27.—I preached at eight in the market-place at Wigton. The congregation, when I began, consisted of one woman, two boys, and three or four little girls; but in a quarter of an hour we had most of the town. I was a good deal moved at the exquisite self-sufficiency which was visible in the countenance, air, and whole deportment of a considerable part of them. This constrained me to use a very uncommon plainness of speech. They bore it well. Who knows but some may profit?

Before noon we came to Solway-Frith. The guide told us it was not passable; but I resolved to try, and got over well. Having lost ourselves but twice or thrice, in one of the most difficult roads I ever saw, we came to Moffat in the evening.

Tuesday, 28. We rode partly over the mountains, partly with mountains on either hand, between which was a clear, winding river, and about four in the afternoon reached Edinburgh.

Here I met Mr. Hopper, who had promised to preach in the evening, in a large Room, lately an episcopal meeting-house.

Wednesday, 29. It being extremely cold, I preached in the

same Room at seven. Some of the reputable hearers cried out in amaze, "Why, this is sound doctrine! Is this he of whom Mr. Wh—— used to talk so?" Talk as he will, I shall not retaliate.

I preached again in the evening, and the next day rode round by the Queen's Ferry to Dundee; but, the wind being high, the boatmen could not, at least would not, pass. Nor could we pass the next day till between nine and ten. We then rode on through Montrose to Stonehaven. Here Mr. Memis met us; and on *Saturday* morning brought us to his house at Aberdeen.

In the afternoon I sent to the Principal and Regent, to desire leave to preach in the College-Close. This was readily granted; but as it began to rain, I was desired to go into the Hall. I suppose this is full an hundred feet long, and seated all around. The congregation was large, notwithstanding the rain, and full as large at five in the morning.

Sun. MAY 3.—I heard two useful sermons at the kirk, one preached by the Principal of the College, the other by the Divinity Professor. A huge multitude afterwards gathered together in the College-Close; and all that could hear seemed to receive the truth in love. I then added about twenty to the little society. Fair blossoms! But how many of these will bring forth fruit?

Mon. 4.—We had another large congregation at five. Before noon twenty more came to me, desiring to cast in their lot with us, and appearing to be cut to the heart.

About noon I took a walk to the King's College, in Old Aberdeen. It has three sides of a square, handsomely built, not unlike Queen's College in Oxford. Going up to see the Hall, we found a large company of ladies, with several gentlemen. They looked, and spoke to one another, after which one of the gentlemen took courage and came to me. He said, "We came last night to the College-Close, but could not hear, and should be extremely obliged if you would give us a short discourse here." I knew not what God might have to do; and so began without delay, on, "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself." I believe the word was not lost: It fell as dew on the tender grass.

In the afternoon I was walking in the library of the Marischal College, when the Principal and the Divinity Professor came to me; and the latter invited me to his

lodgings, where I spent an hour very agreeably. In the evening, the eagerness of the people made them ready to trample each other under foot. It was some time before they were still enough to hear; but then they devoured every word. After preaching, Sir Archibald Grant (whom business had called to town) sent and desired to speak to me. I could not then, but promised to wait upon him, with God's leave, in my return to Edinburgh.

Tues. 5.—I accepted the Principal's invitation, and spent an hour with him at his house. I observed no stiffness at all, but the easy good breeding of a man of sense and learning. I suppose both he and all the Professors, with some of the Magistrates, attended in the evening. I set all the windows open; but the Hall, notwithstanding, was as hot as a bagnio. But this did not hinder either the attention of the people, or the blessing of God.

Wed. 6.—We dined at Mr. Ogilvy's, one of the Ministers, between whom the city is divided. A more open-hearted, friendly man, I know not that I ever saw. And indeed I have scarce seen such a set of Ministers in any town of Great Britain or Ireland.

At half-hour after six I stood in the College-Close, and proclaimed Christ crucified. My voice was so strengthened that all could hear; and all were earnestly attentive. I have now "cast" my "bread upon the waters:" May I "find it again after many days!"

Thur. 7.—Leaving near ninety members in the Society, I rode over to Sir A. Grant's, near Monymusk, about twenty miles north-west from Aberdeen. It lies in a fruitful and pleasant valley, much of which is owing to Sir Archibald's improvements, who has ploughed up abundance of waste ground, and planted some millions of trees. His stately old house is surrounded by gardens, and rows of trees, with a clear river on one side. And about a mile from his house he has laid out a small valley into walks and gardens, on one side of which the river runs. On each side rises a steep mountain; one rocky and bare, the other covered with trees, row above row, to the very top.

About six we went to the church. It was pretty well filled with such persons as we did not look for so near the Highlands. But if we were surprised at their appearance, we were much more so at their singing. Thirty or forty sung an

anthem after sermon, with such voices as well as judgment, that I doubt whether they could have been excelled at any cathedral in England.

Fri. 8.—We rode to Glammis, about sixty-four measured miles; and on *Saturday*, 9, about sixty-six more, to Edinburgh. I was tired: However, I would not disappoint the congregation; and God gave me strength according to my day.

Sun. 10.—I had designed to preach near the Infirmary; but some of the managers would not suffer it. So I preached in our Room, morning and evening, even to the rich and honourable. And I bear them witness, they will endure plain dealing, whether they profit by it or not.

Mon. 11.—I took my leave of Edinburgh for the present. The situation of the city, on a hill shelving down on both sides, as well as to the east, with the stately castle upon a craggy rock on the west, is inexpressibly fine. And the main street, so broad and finely paved, with the lofty houses on either hand, (many of them seven or eight stories high,) is far beyond any in Great Britain. But how can it be suffered, that all manner of filth should still be thrown even into this street continually? Where are the Magistracy, the Gentry, the Nobility of the land? Have they no concern for the honour of their nation? How long shall the capital city of Scotland, yea, and the chief street of it, stink worse than a common-sewer? Will no lover of his country, or of decency and common sense, find a remedy for this?

Holyrood-House, at the entrance of Edinburgh, the ancient Palace of the Scottish Kings, is a noble structure. It was rebuilt and furnished by King Charles the Second. One side of it is a picture-gallery, wherein are pictures of all the Scottish Kings, and an original one of the celebrated Queen Mary: It is scarce possible for any who looks at this to think her such a monster as some have painted her; nor indeed for any who considers the circumstances of her death, equal to that of an ancient martyr.

I preached in the evening at Musselburgh, and at five in the morning. Then we rode on to Haddington, where (the rain driving me in) I preached between nine and ten in Provost Dickson's parlour. About one I preached at North-Berwick, a pretty large town, close to the sea-shore; and at seven in the evening, (the rain continuing,) in the House at Dunbar.

Wed. 13.—It being a fair, mild evening, I preached near the quay to most of the inhabitants of the town, and spoke full as plain as the evening before. Every one seemed to receive it in love; probably if there was regular preaching here, much good might be done.

Thur. 14.—I set out early, and preached at noon on the Bowling-Green, at Berwick-upon-Tweed. In the evening I preached at Alnwick. *Friday*, 15. Abundance of soldiers came in, on their way to Germany. Many of these attended the preaching, to whom I could not but make a particular application. And who knows, but what they have now heard may stand them in stead in a day of trial?

Sat. 16.—One of our friends importuned me much to give them a sermon at Warksworth. And a post-chaise came for me to the door; in which I found one waiting for me, whom, in the bloom of youth, mere anguish of soul had brought to the gates of death. She told me the troubles which held her in on every side, from which she saw no way to escape. I told her, "The way lies straight before you. What you want is the pure love of God. I believe God will give it you shortly. Perhaps it is his good pleasure to make you, a poor bruised reed, the first witness here of that great salvation. Look for it just as you are, unfit, unworthy, unholy, by simple faith, every day, every hour." She did feel the next day something she could not comprehend, and knew not what to call it. In one of the trials which used to sink her to the earth, she was all calm, all peace and love; enjoying so deep a communion with God, as nothing external could interrupt. Ah! thou child of affliction, of sorrow and pain, hath Jesus found out thee also? And he is able to find and bring back thy husband, as far as he is wandered out of the way.

About noon I preached at Warksworth, to a congregation as quiet and attentive as that at Alnwick. How long shall we forget that God can raise the dead? Were not we dead till he quickened us?

A little above the town, on one side of the river, stands the remains of a magnificent castle. On the other side, toward the bottom of a steep hill, covered with wood, is an ancient chapel, with several apartments adjoining to it, hewn in the solid rock. The windows, the pillars, the communion-table, and several other parts are entire. But where are the inhabitants? Gathered to their fathers, some of them, I hope, in