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THE LIFE

OF THE

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, M. A.

SOME TIME STUDENT OF CHRIST-CHURCH, OXFORD :

COMPRISING

A REVIEW OF HIS POETRY ;

SKETCHES OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF METHODISM ;

WITH

NOTICES OF CONTEMPORARY EVENTS AND CHARACTERS.

BY THOMAS JACKSON.

These abilities are the inspired gift of God, rarely bestowed ; and are of power to allay the perturbations of the mind, and set the affections in right tune ; to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's almightiness, and what he works, and what he suffers to be wrought, with high providence, in his church.—MILTON.

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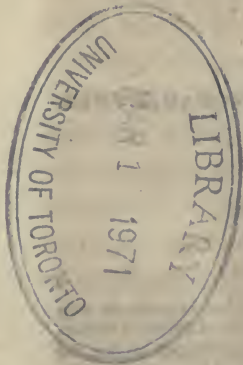
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THE present work makes its appearance at a time when the facts which it develops are of special interest to the church and the world. Any thing calculated to reflect additional light upon the history and times of the Wesleys becomes more important with the lapse of years. For as the magnitude and grandeur of that revival of primitive Christianity which has been the fruit of their labours extend, the various causes in which it had its origin, and to which, under the divine Hand, it owed its efficiency, become matters of increased interest not only to the Christian, but to the philosopher. This fact induced the keen-eyed Southey to make "Wesley and his coadjutors" the subject of a work which, by interesting the reading public, he shrewdly calculated would enhance the amount of his reputation and of his income. But the special emergency which the present work is designed to meet has been occasioned by the productions of a new class of theorists, who have taken their cue from Hildebrand, Loyola, Bancroft, and Laud, and very naturally commenced a crusade against all Protestant Dissenters, and more especially against Methodists. These pseudo-Catholics have thought it a matter of importance to show to the present age the *high-Churchmanship* and the *strict canonical regularity* of the Wesleys. This they have often done at the expense of historical truth. By supposing facts which have no

existence except in their own imagination ; by bringing matters into juxtaposition which are separated by distance of time and by diversity of circumstances ; by viewing facts in an isolated state which can only be understood in their proper connections and relations ; and by misconstruing, either from ignorance or perverseness, the declarations of the Wesleys, and the fundamental principles by which they were actuated from the first, they have laboured hard to prove that the present generation of Methodists have widely and fatally departed from Methodism as it was in the days of its founder. In Mr. Jackson's *Life of Charles Wesley*, we have an ample remedy for the wounds inflicted upon us by these Jesuitical manoeuvrings.

The work in its present form, for circulation in this country, it is hoped, is an improvement upon the original. Though it has been somewhat retrenched, nothing is left out that has been thought to be of material interest to American readers, while occasionally a note of explanation is given for the purpose of obviating obscurities. The present edition is therefore most earnestly and confidently commended to the attention of the American public, with fervent prayer that it may greatly subserve the cause, not merely of Methodism, but of our common Christianity.

GEORGE PECK.

New-York, April 27, 1842.

P R E F A C E.

MORE than fifty years have passed away since the eminent man whose personal history is traced in these volumes finished his ministry and life ; and it will perhaps, to some persons, be a matter of surprise that no previous attempt has been made to give a complete view of his character and eventful career, distinguished as he was by his fidelity and zeal, and still more by his poetic talents. Various causes have led to this delay. The principal one is, that his surviving children, who possessed his papers, carefully concealed them from the eye of those who were the most likely to do justice to his memory. The Methodists were the only people that could be supposed to take a lively interest in his biography ; and as he differed from his brother, and from a large body of the preachers and societies, on questions to which they attached a deep importance, it was probably thought that if a writer could be found who would duly appreciate the opinions and motives of this extraordinary man, the Wesleyan body generally would not give him that place in their esteem to which he is entitled. As an unbending Churchman, it was doubtless supposed that many of the Methodists would cherish toward him an unfriendly feeling, at least till the controversies with which he stood connected should have generally subsided. This was, in all probability, the reason why the family papers were so long kept in entire secrecy.

Miss Wesley died in the year 1828 ; and the most valuable of those papers then became the property of the Wesleyan conference, by purchase from her brother Charles, to whom they belonged, as his father's heir. They were exceedingly numerous, and of very superior importance ; comprehending several volumes of original poetry, in the handwriting of the venerable Charles Wesley, with a large mass of other documents, which not only illustrate the history

of the Wesley family, but also of the religious connection to which the family name is applied. Of these documents the writer of this narrative has availed himself; and hence its copiousness, as compared with the limited accounts of Mr. Charles Wesley that have been previously published.

From several esteemed friends the author has also received valuable assistance in preparing this work for the press. To Miss Tooth, of Stamford-hill, his acknowledgments are especially due. From early life this lady was one of the most intimate friends of Miss Wesley, and her brother Charles. Her father, the late Mr. Samuel Tooth, was for many years the steward of the City-road society, and the personal friend of the Rev. John and Charles Wesley, who were accustomed through him to receive their quarterly salaries. Miss Tooth was possessed of many papers relating to the family of Mr. Charles Wesley, which she kindly placed in the hands of the author; and these, with her verbal communications, have served greatly to enrich his papers.

His cordial thanks are also due to Thomas Marriott, Esq., of London, who for many years has taken a lively concern in every thing relating to the Wesleys, and whose collection of books and papers connected with their history is very extensive. To his liberality several previous publications of a similar description have been indebted; and he has shown equal kindness in reference to the work now before the reader. His books, papers, and memoranda were lent with a cheerful promptitude, which greatly enhanced the favour, and proved that his stores have been amassed not merely for personal gratification, but the public benefit.

The author has also the grateful task of acknowledging his obligations to Mrs. Gidley Howden, of Hoxton-square, and to her excellent sister, Mrs. Nancarrow, of Clapton; who are among the honoured descendants of the Rev. Vincent Perronet, of Shoreham, in Kent; between whom and the Rev. John and Charles Wesley an intimate and confidential friendship long subsisted. They kindly lent several documents relating to their renowned ancestor, who was one of the holiest and best men of his age.

With these materials the author has used his best endeavour to

place before the public a comprehensive and faithful record of one of the most remarkable men the world has ever seen : one of the three devoted and self-denying ministers, by whose instrumentality it pleased God one hundred years ago to begin that revival of decayed piety, the benefits of which are at this day felt in every quarter of the globe.

The publication of this work at the present time is contemplated with the greater satisfaction, because it supplies a fit medium through which to correct several misstatements which have recently been put into extensive circulation. After Lady Huntingdon had adopted the theological views of Calvin, she is well known to have withdrawn from Mr. John Wesley the friendship which she had cherished toward him from the commencement of her religious course, and from which she had derived much spiritual advantage. Greatly was she offended because he declined to follow her example. Her ladyship's biographer inherits her prejudices ; and therefore in the valuable and interesting work which he has published he avails himself of every convenient opportunity of depreciating that eminent man. He is perfectly welcome to entertain his own opinion respecting Mr. Wesley, and is at liberty to defend it by every just means in his power ; but as he has in various instances misrepresented facts, to the injury of the man whom he dislikes, it has been deemed requisite to meet several of his allegations with counter-statements, of the force of which the reader will form his own judgment.

A still greater offender in the same way is the Rev. Edwin Sidney, the biographer of the Rev. Samuel Walker, of Truro, and of the brothers, Sir Richard and the Rev. Rowland Hill. If his statements be correct, Mr. John Wesley was so far from being a man of God, that he was destitute of even heathen honesty. To pass over in silence the bold and palpable calumnies to which he has given currency, would have been inexcusable. Other specimens of his unfair dealing might have been adduced ; but the passages animadverted upon are sufficient to show the faithlessness of his statements respecting the Rev. John Wesley.

There is a propriety in vindicating the character of this great and

good man in the Life of his brother Charles, with whom he was always one in heart. Charles differed from him on some questions affecting the established Church, and freely remonstrated with him ; but he had a perfect conviction of John's uprightness, and would allow no other person to cast a censure upon him.

Within the last few years much has been both said and written concerning Wesleyan Methodism, especially in relation to the Church of England, but often with a very imperfect knowledge of the facts of the case. Upon this subject it is hoped that this volume will serve to correct several mistakes. In what manner the Methodists were led to act independently of the Church's authorities, to open separate places of worship, and administer the sacraments in their own chapels, is here shown. Mr. Charles Wesley, who in theory was a much stricter Churchman than his brother, was the first that administered the holy communion to the Methodists separately. He did this in the school which had been built for the colliers' children at Kingswood, when he and the converted colliers were forcibly repelled from the Lord's table by the clergy of Bristol ; and he continued the practice from that time till the day of his death. Methodism throughout the country, at this day, is but an assimilation to Methodism as it was administered by him in London for nearly half a century.

It has been deemed requisite to state at large Mr. Charles Wesley's strong and persevering opposition to the general administration of the sacraments in the Methodist chapels, and the irrepressible desire for that privilege which prevailed in many of the societies soon after their formation. For more than thirty years Mr. John Wesley resisted this claim, though often, as he confesses, with a doubting conscience ; but at length he clearly saw that the desired boon could not be finally withheld. He therefore conceded the point in some instances to his societies in England ; and he fully yielded to their spiritual necessities and wishes, on this subject, both in America and Scotland. In doing this he deeply grieved his brother ; but so strong was his sense of duty, that he sacrificed his tenderest feelings, and chose rather to wound his most endeared friend than absolutely deny his spiritual children the means of edifi-

cation. His ordinations, viewed in this light, demonstrate the strength of his conviction that he was bound thus far to violate the order of the established Church.

The design of the writer in compiling this volume, and in committing it to the press, is not merely the correction of mistakes in matters of opinion and history, much less the gratification of a vain curiosity by the relation of a series of singular and striking facts, but the advancement of Christian piety. Personal histories more instructive than those of John and Charles Wesley have seldom been offered to the consideration of mankind. They were both religiously educated, strictly moral in their lives, and for many years rigorously exact in the performance of their various duties; yet they felt that they were neither holy nor happy: and never did they attain lasting peace of mind, and power over inward sin, till they sought these blessings in the exercise of a lively faith in the sacrifice of Christ. From that time, till the end of their lives, it was their great business and concern to recommend this salvation as universally attainable by the same means. The nation was deeply sunk in ignorance, profligacy, and irreligion, when they, with their estimable friend Mr. Whitefield, entered upon their wonderful career of apostolic labour. Their strenuous and persevering exertions, accompanied by a large amount of personal sacrifice, were ceaselessly directed, not to party purposes, but to the one object of turning men from sin to holiness. The weapons of their warfare, like those of the apostles, were exclusively spiritual. They conquered the world by the power of truth and love. The doctrine which they constantly preached, and upon which the seal of the divine blessing was visibly impressed, was that of present deliverance from sin, its guilt, and misery, and power, by faith in the Lord Jesus; and ten thousand happy converts, reclaimed from every evil, attested the truth of their report. The singleness of purpose with which these men laboured, the spirit of prayer and of absolute trust in God which marked their entire course, their burning love to Christ, their solemn conviction of the truth of the gospel, their yearning affection for the souls of men, must be apparent to every reader. All these peculiarities of character were a direct effect of

that rich anointing of the Holy One which rested upon them, and which produced in them so striking a resemblance to Him who "had compassion upon the multitudes when they fainted, and were as sheep having no shepherd." It is by a ministry exercised in the same spirit of pious zeal and enterprise that the world will be turned to righteousness.

There never was a time at which it was more needful to inculcate the leading doctrines of the Protestant Reformation, than in the present day, when so many agencies are at work to revive and extend the unscriptural dogmas of Popery. In what manner John and Charles Wesley exerted themselves to counteract this system of spiritual wickedness, both in its theological tenets and its assumption of secular domination, the subjoined narrative declares. They believed the Church of Rome to be the greatest corrupter of evangelical truth, the most formidable enemy to the liberties of mankind, and the most bloody and persecuting power that ever exercised the divine patience and tormented mankind; and therefore the declared object of God's righteous malediction. Faithfully did they labour to counteract the sorceries of Rome, by exciting a spirit of universal inquiry on the subject of religion, and by calling attention from merely outward forms and ceremonies, to the spiritual worship of God. In life and death they declared, with all the confidence that inspiration itself can give, "Circumcision is nothing, and uncircumcision is nothing, but faith that worketh by love."

London May 21st, 1841.

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The first of these is the fact that the...

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It is not surprising that the...

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THE LIFE
OF
THE REV. CHARLES WESLEY, M. A.

CHAPTER I.

CHARLES WESLEY was the youngest son of the Rev. Samuel Wesley, rector of Epworth, in Lincolnshire, and of his estimable wife Susanna. He was born December 18th, 1708; being about sixteen years younger than his brother Samuel, and about five younger than John. His birth was premature; so that at first he appeared rather dead than alive. He neither cried nor opened his eyes, and was kept wrapped up in soft wool until the time at which he should have been born according to the course of nature, when he opened his eyes, and caused his voice to be heard.

The income of the rector of Epworth was comparatively small, and his children were very numerous. Twice the parsonage house was unfortunately burned down, and rebuilt at his own expense. His circumstances, therefore, were painfully embarrassed; and the children were far from having any superfluity of either diet or clothing. The hardy manner in which they were necessarily trained prepared them to contend with the trials of life; and, in the arrangements of a wise providence, fitted John and Charles for the privations and labours which they were destined to endure as itinerant teachers of religion. Their venerable mother, in a letter dated January 20th, 1722, and addressed to her brother, Mr. Samuel Annesley, says, "Mr. Wesley rebuilt his house in less than one year; but nearly thirteen years are elapsed since it was burned; yet it is not half furnished, nor are his wife and children half clothed, to this day."

Perhaps no family in the kingdom was placed under better regulations than the Wesley family at Epworth. The father was a man of great learning, and of studious habits. He also spent much of his time from home, attending the sittings of the convocation in London: so that the care of the children devolved principally upon their excellent mother; a woman of sincere piety, and of a strong and well-cultivated understanding. They were all placed under her tuition;

and the laws by which she governed them reflect the highest honour upon her character. They are thus stated by herself:—

“The children were always put into a regular method of living, in such things as they were capable of, from their birth; as in dressing, undressing, changing their linen, &c. The first quarter commonly passes in sleep. After that, they were, if possible, laid in their cradles awake, and rocked to sleep; and so they were kept rocking, till it was time for them to awake. This was done to bring them to a regular course of sleeping; which at first was three hours in the morning, and three in the afternoon; afterward two hours, till they needed none at all.

“When turned a year old, (and some before,) they were taught to fear the rod, and to cry softly; by which means they escaped abundance of correction they might otherwise have had; and that most odious noise of the crying of children was rarely heard in the house; but the family, usually lived in as much quietness as if there had not been a child among them.

“As soon as they were grown pretty strong, they were confined to three meals a day. At dinner their little tables and chairs were set by ours, where they could be overlooked; and they were suffered to eat and drink (small beer) as much as they would, but not to call for any thing. If they wanted aught, they used to whisper to the maid which attended them, who came and spake to me; and as soon as they could handle a knife and fork they were set to our table. They were never suffered to choose their meat, but always made to eat such things as were provided for the family.

“Mornings they had always spoon-meat; sometimes at nights. But, whatever they had, they were never permitted to eat, at those meals, of more than one thing; and of that sparingly enough. Drinking or eating between meals was never allowed, unless in case of sickness; which seldom happened. Nor were they suffered to go into the kitchen to ask any thing of the servants, when they were at meat. If it was known they did, they were certainly beat, and the servants severely reprimanded.

“At six, as soon as family prayers were over, they had their supper; at seven, the maid washed them; and, beginning at the youngest, she undressed and got them all to bed by eight: at which time she left them in their several rooms awake; for there was no such thing allowed of in our house as sitting by a child till it fell asleep.

“They were so constantly used to eat and drink what was given them, that when any of them was ill, there was no difficulty in making them take the most unpleasant medicine: for they durst not refuse it, though some of them would presently throw it up. This I mention, to

show that a person may be taught to take any thing, though it be never so much against his stomach.

“In order to form the minds of children, the first thing to be done is to conquer their will, and bring them to an obedient temper. To inform the understanding is a work of time, and must with children proceed by slow degrees, as they are able to bear it; but the subjecting the will is a thing which must be done at once; and the sooner the better. For by neglecting timely correction, they will contract a stubbornness and obstinacy which is hardly ever after conquered; and never, without using such severity as would be as painful to me as to the child. In the esteem of the world they pass for kind and indulgent whom I call cruel parents, who permit their children to get habits which they know must be afterward broken. Nay, some are so stupidly fond, as in sport to teach their children to do things which, in a while after, they have severely beaten them for doing. Whenever a child is corrected, it must be conquered; and this will be no hard matter to do, if it be not grown headstrong by too much indulgence. And when the will of a child is totally subdued, and it is brought to revere and stand in awe of the parents, then a great many childish follies and inadvertencies may be passed by. Some should be overlooked, and taken no notice of, and others mildly reprov'd; but no wilful transgression ought ever to be forgiven children, without chastisement, less or more, as the nature and circumstances of the offence require.

“I insist upon conquering the will of children betimes, because this is the only strong and rational foundation of a religious education; without which both precept and example will be ineffectual. But when this is thoroughly done, then a child is capable of being governed by the reason and piety of its parents, till its own understanding comes to maturity, and the principles of religion have taken root in the mind.

“I cannot yet dismiss this subject. As self-will is the root of all sin and misery, so whatever cherishes this in children ensures their after-wretchedness and irreligion. Whatever checks and mortifies it promotes their future happiness and piety. This is still more evident, if we further consider that religion is nothing else than the doing the will of God, and not our own: that the one grand impediment to our temporal and eternal happiness being this self-will, no indulgences of it can be trivial, no denial unprofitable. Heaven or hell depends on this alone. So that the parent who studies to subdue it in his child works together with God in the renewing and saving a soul. The parent who indulges it does the devil's work, makes religion impracticable, salvation unattainable; and does all that in him lies to damn his child, soul and body, for ever.

“The children of this family were taught, as soon as they could

speak, the Lord's Prayer, which they were made to say at rising and bed-time constantly; to which, as they grew bigger, were added a short prayer for their parents, and some collects, a short catechism, and some portion of Scripture, as their memories could bear.

"They were very early made to distinguish the sabbath from other days, before they could well speak or go. They were as soon taught to be still at family prayers, and to ask a blessing immediately after, which they used to do by signs, before they could kneel or speak.

"They were quickly made to understand they might have nothing they cried for, and instructed to speak handsomely for what they wanted. They were not suffered to ask even the lowest servant for aught without saying, 'Pray give me such a thing;' and the servant was chid if she ever let them omit that word. Taking God's name in vain, cursing and swearing, profaneness, obscenity, rude, ill-bred names, were never heard among them. Nor were they ever permitted to call each other by their proper names, without the addition of brother or sister.

"None of them were taught to read till five years old, except Kezzy, in whose case I was overruled; and she was more years learning than any of the rest had been months. The way of teaching was this:—The day before a child began to learn, the house was set in order, every one's work was appointed them, and a charge given that none should come into the room from nine till twelve, or from two till five; which were our school hours. One day was allowed the child wherein to learn its letters; and each of them did in that time know all its letters, great and small, except Molly and Nancy, who were a day and a half before they knew them perfectly; for which I then thought them very dull; but since I have observed how long many children are learning the horn-book,* I have changed my opinion. But the reason why I thought them so then was, because the rest learned so readily; and Samuel, who was the first child I ever taught, learned the alphabet in a few hours. He was five years old on the 10th of February; the next day he began to learn; and, as soon as he knew the letters, began the first chapter of Genesis. He was taught to spell the first verse, then to read it over and over, till he could read it off-hand without any hesitation; so on the second, &c., till he took ten verses for a lesson, which he quickly did. Easter fell low [came late] that year; and by Whitsuntide he could read a chapter very well; for he read continually, and had such a prodigious memory, that I cannot remember ever to have told him the same word twice.

"What was yet stranger, any word he had learned in his lesson he

* A card, containing the alphabet, covered with a transparent piece of horn, through which the child can see his letters, and by which they are kept from being soiled.—*Amer. Ed.*

knew wherever he saw it, either in his Bible, or any other book; by which means he very soon learned to read an English author well.

“The same method was observed with them all. As soon as they knew the letters, they were put first to spell and read one line, then a verse; never leaving till perfect in their lesson, were it shorter or longer. So one or other continued reading at school-time, without any intermission; and before we left school, each child read what he had learned that morning; and ere we parted in the afternoon, what they had learned that day.

“There was no such thing as loud talking or playing allowed of; but every one was kept close to their business for the six hours of school: and it is almost incredible what a child may be taught in a quarter of a year by a vigorous application, if it have but a tolerable capacity and good health. Every one of these, Kezzy excepted, could read better in that time than the most of women can do as long as they live.

“Rising out of their places, or going out of the room, was not permitted, unless for good cause; and running into the yard, garden, or street, without leave, was always esteemed a capital offence.

“For some years we went on very well. Never were children in better order. Never were children better disposed to piety, or in more subjection to their parents, till that fatal dispersion of them, after the fire, into several families. In those they were left at full liberty to converse with servants, which before they had always been restrained from; and to run abroad, and play with any children, good or bad. They soon learned to neglect a strict observation of the sabbath, and got knowledge of several songs and bad things, which before they had no notion of. That civil behaviour which made them admired, when at home, by all which saw them, was, in great measure, lost; and a clownish accent, and many rude ways, were learned, which were not reformed without some difficulty.

“When the house was rebuilt, and the children all brought home, we entered upon a strict reform; and then was begun the custom of singing psalms at beginning and leaving school, morning and evening. Then also that of a general retirement at five o'clock was entered upon; when the oldest took the youngest that could speak, and the second the next, to whom they read the psalms for the day, and a chapter in the New Testament; as, in the morning, they were directed to read the psalms and a chapter in the Old. After which they went to their private prayers, before they got their breakfast, or came into the family.

“There were several by-laws observed among us:

“1. It had been observed that cowardice and fear of punishment often lead children into lying, till they get a custom of it, which they

cannot leave. To prevent this, a law was made, that whoever was charged with a fault, if they would ingenuously confess it, and promise to amend, should not be beaten. This rule prevented a great deal of lying.

"2. That no sinful action, as lying, pilfering, playing at church, or on the Lord's day, disobedience, quarreling, &c., should ever pass unpunished.

"3. That no child should ever be chid or beat twice for the same fault; and if they amended, they should never be upbraided with it afterward.

"4. That every signal act of obedience, especially when it crossed upon their own inclinations, should be always commended, and frequently rewarded, according to the merits of the cause.

"5. That if ever any child performed an act of obedience, or did any thing with an intention to please, though the performance was not well, yet the obedience and intention should be kindly accepted; and the child with sweetness directed how to do better for the future.

"6. That propriety [ownership] be inviolably preserved, and none suffered to invade the property of another in the smallest matter, though it were but of the value of a farthing, or a pin; which they might not take from the owner without, much less against, his consent.

"7. That promises be strictly observed; and a gift once bestowed, and so the right passed away from the donor, be not resumed, but left to the disposal of him to whom it was given; unless it were conditional, and the condition of the obligation not performed."*

The intrinsic value of this document justifies its insertion in this place, notwithstanding its length. Any biographical account of either John or Charles Wesley would be defective, if this plan of their early education were not given. Whatever excellence their characters presented, and whatever benefit the world derived from their example and labours, it is easy to perceive that the foundation of the whole was laid in the instruction which they received from their intelligent and devout mother, and in the salutary discipline to which she subjected them at the outset of life. They were trained to habits of regularity, diligence, order, self-denial, honesty, benevolence, seriousness, and devotion; and well did they, by the grace of the Holy Spirit, reward the pious toil of their accomplished preceptress. To the last moment of her life they paid a profound and filial deference to her judgment. Wherever, therefore, their zeal and usefulness are acknowledged, the godly and enlightened assiduity of their mother, to whom, under God, they were indebted for those habits which qualified them to become a public blessing, should be gratefully remembered, and told for a memorial of her.

* Wesley's Works, vol. iii, pp. 265, 266.

In addition to the religious and scholastic instruction which they daily received, Mrs. Wesley was accustomed, once a week, to converse with each of her children separately, concerning the things of God, and their spiritual interests. "I take such a proportion of time as I can spare every night," says she, in a letter to her husband, "to discourse with each child apart. On Monday, I talk with Molly; on Tuesday, with Hetty; Wednesday, with Nancy; Thursday, with Jacky; Friday, with Patty; Saturday, with Charles; and with Emily and Sukey together on Sunday."

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley, aware of their inability to lay up fortunes for their children, resolved that they should enjoy the advantages of a superior education. The daughters were well instructed by their mother; and their three sons were all graduates of the University of Oxford. Having received the rudiments of learning under his mother's tuition, Charles was sent to Westminster School in the year 1716, being then about eight years of age. John had then been about two years at the Charterhouse School in London, where his proficiency was most encouraging. At Westminster, Charles was placed under the care of his brother Samuel, who was then one of the ushers in that establishment, and, for a time, bore the expense of Charles's maintenance and education. Samuel was an excellent classical scholar, a poet, a wit, and a man of unimpeachable honour and integrity. He was the personal friend of Bishop Atterbury, a prelate of great abilities, of elegant scholarship, and one of the finest writers of the age. The bishop was without restless, aspiring, and disaffected to the house of Brunswick, one of whose princes had been recently placed on the British throne. A bill of pains and penalties was brought into parliament, charging Atterbury with attempts to subvert the reigning dynasty, and to restore to the Stuart family the crown of Great Britain. He solemnly avowed his innocence, and defended himself with extraordinary ability and spirit before the House of Lords. The bill, however, passed, and Atterbury was sent into banishment. Samuel Wesley's love to his friend suffered no abatement in consequence of this act of the legislature. He was therefore naturally suspected of entertaining the bishop's political views; especially as he freely lampooned Sir Robert Walpole, the Whig minister of the day, in several poetic satires. Yet no proof exists that he was opposed to the reigning family; and positive testimony is given, by competent witnesses, especially by his brother John, that his loyalty was unshaken. His father, the rector of Epworth, wrote the first defence of the government of William and Mary that appeared in print after their accession to the throne; and that his son Samuel entertained the father's views concerning the Revolution, is manifest from the following lines, which refer directly to that event:—

“Lo! Orange sails, the prudent and the brave,
 Our fears to scatter, and OUR RIGHTS TO SAVE.
 This Briton’s pen first pleaded William’s cause,
 And pleaded strongly FOR OUR FAITH AND LAWS.”

Samuel Wesley doubtless believed the bishop’s solemn protestations of innocence, which were the more credible, because he was not proceeded against by impeachment, which is the usual mode of bringing traitors to justice. Be this as it may, he was a high and unbending Churchman, steady in his adherence to his principles, and unswayed by the popular voice. He sacrificed his hopes of preferment by an unwavering regard for his exiled friend, and by lashing his friend’s political adversaries. While he succeeded in making his brother Charles an excellent classical scholar, he imbued him also with his own views of Episcopal authority, and of ecclesiastical prerogative.

When Charles Wesley had been about five years at Westminster he was admitted as one of the king’s scholars, and his expenses were borne by the foundation. Being both lively and clever, he was put forward to act dramas; and his progress in learning procured him the favour of his master.

During his stay at Westminster an incident occurred which might have been of the most serious consequence both to himself and the world. Garret Wesley, Esq., a gentleman of large fortune in Ireland, wrote to the rector of Epworth, inquiring whether or not he had a son named Charles; and stating that it was his wish to adopt a youth of that name as his heir. The answer appears to have accorded with his views; for a person in London brought money for Charles’s education for several years. One day another gentleman called upon him, who is supposed to have been Mr. Garret Wesley himself. He talked largely with Charles, and asked if he was willing to accompany him to Ireland. Charles wrote to his father for advice; and the father, who answered immediately, referred the matter to the son’s own choice. Thus left to decide for himself, he resolved to remain in England, and to decline the flattering offer. Mr. John Wesley, who wrote this account a few months before his death, and left it among his manuscripts, calls his brother’s decision “a fair escape.”

The matter was more momentous than even his sagacious mind perceived. Disappointed in this quarter, Garret Wesley offered to bequeath his property to one of his kinsmen, on condition that he should receive the name of Wesley, to which he consented. That kinsman was Richard Colley, who was subsequently known as Richard Colley Wesley. He held the offices of auditor and registrar of the Royal Hospital of Kilmainham, and second chamberlain of the Irish Court of Exchequer. In the year 1734 he was sheriff of Meath; and

he sat for many years in parliament, as representative of the borough of Carysford. He was raised to the peerage, in the year 1747, by George II., under the title of Baron Mornington. This eminent man, who inherited the property in the county of Meath which had been offered to Charles Wesley, was the grandfather of the Marquis Wellesley, and of the duke of Wellington. Of the second Lord Mornington, the father of the duke, we shall have occasion to speak in a subsequent part of this narrative.

Had Mr. Charles Wesley accepted the proposal that was made to him, he would have been far removed from the religious friends who were the instruments of his conversion and subsequent piety; and Richard Colley would never have possessed the property of Garret Wesley. According to all human calculation, therefore, the world would never have enjoyed the benefit of Charles Wesley's ministry; his incomparable hymns would never have been written; the extension of the British empire in India, under the administration of the Marquis Wellesley, might not have taken place; and the general who conquered Napoleon Buonaparte, and thus overthrew one of the greatest tyrannies that ever existed, might never have been born. What a thought, that events so immensely important, and involving the temporal and spiritual interests of millions, should have been contingent upon the volition of an impetuous boy, who was left to decide whether he would remain in England, with the prospect of poverty and labour before him, or go to Ireland to enjoy the luxuries and honour of wealth! That the hand of God was in the determination, none but an infidel can doubt. The youth decided under the secret guidance of divine mercy, exercised not only toward him, but toward the world.

In the year 1726 Mr. Charles Wesley, being about eighteen years of age, removed from Westminster School to the university, being elected to Christ-Church College, Oxford. His brother had lately left the same college, having obtained a fellowship in that of Lincoln. John was now more than ever intent upon the improvement of his time, as his conviction of the importance of personal religion had become very deep and solemn. On removing to Lincoln College, he broke off all connection with light and gay company, declining to return their visits, and resolved, by the grace of God, to be a Christian indeed. This alteration in his views and feelings he states to have been produced by the reading of Bishop Taylor's "Rules and Exercises of Holy Living and Dying;" Kempis's "Christian's Pattern;" and the Rev. William Law's "Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life." From these impressive books he learned that true religion does not consist in orthodox opinions, nor in correct moral conduct, nor in conformity to the purest modes of evangelical worship; necessary as the whole

of these things are in their place ; but in the possession and uninterrupted exercise of the mind that was in Christ. He was anxious, beyond expression, to attain inward and outward holiness as the great end of his being.

At this time Charles was differently minded. For some months after his arrival in Oxford, though moral in his conduct, and very agreeable in his spirit and manners, he was far from being severe and earnest in his application to study ; the strict authority over him which his brother Samuel exercised, as his tutor and guardian, being now withdrawn. To a considerable extent, he was at his own disposal. After a while, however, he became studious ; but his spirit was undevout. "He pursued his studies diligently," says John, "and led a regular, harmless life : but if I spoke to him about religion, he would warmly answer, 'What, would you have me to be a saint all at once ?' and would hear no more."

Such was the state of the two brothers when, in the year 1726, John, having obtained deacon's orders, left Oxford, for the purpose of serving his father in the curacy of Wroote, in Lincolnshire, where he remained nearly three years. It was during this interval that Charles became deeply concerned for the salvation of his soul. While diligently pursuing his studies, a spirit of more than ordinary seriousness came upon him, apparently without the use of any particular means ; and he also earnestly desired to be a spiritual worshipper of God. That he might keep his heart with all diligence, according to the direction of the wise man, he resolved to maintain a strict watch over all its movements, as well as over his words and actions. Apprehending that the keeping of a diary would be likely to further his designs, and knowing that his brother had kept such a record for some years, he wrote to him, requesting his advice on the subject. "I would willingly write a diary of my actions," says he, "but do not know how to go about it. What particulars am I to take notice of? Am I to give my thoughts and words, as well as deeds, a place in it? I am to mark all the good and ill I do ; and what besides? Must I not take account of my progress in learning, as well as religion? What cipher can I make use of? If you would direct me to the same or like method to your own, I would gladly follow it; for I am fully convinced of the usefulness of such an undertaking. I shall be at a stand till I hear from you.

"God has thought fit (it may be to increase my wariness) to deny me at present your company and assistance. It is through him strengthening me, I trust to maintain my ground till we meet. And I hope that, neither before nor after that time, I shall relapse into my former state of insensibility. It is through your means, I firmly believe, that God

will establish what he hath begun in me ; and there is no one person I would so willingly have to be the instrument of good to me as you. It is owing, in great measure, to somebody's prayers, (my mother's, most likely,) that I am come to think as I do ; for I cannot tell myself how or when I awoke out of my lethargy : only, that it was not long after you went away." Such was the manner in which he spoke of himself in the beginning of the year 1729.

No sooner was he concerned for the salvation of his soul, than he became solicitous for the spiritual good of others ; and he soon succeeded in producing in the minds of one or two students the feelings by which he himself was actuated. Writing to his brother, therefore, in May, 1729, he says, " Providence has at present put it into my power to do some good. I have a modest, humble, well-disposed youth lives next me, and have been, thank God, somewhat instrumental in keeping him so. He was got into vile hands, and is now broke loose. I assisted in setting him free, and will do my utmost to hinder him from getting in with them again. He was of opinion, that passive goodness was sufficient ; and would fain have kept in with his acquaintance and God at the same time. He durst not receive the sacrament, but at the usual times, for fear of being laughed at. By convincing him of the duty of frequent communicating, I have prevailed upon both of us to receive once a week." He was, nevertheless, sensible of his need of further spiritual help, and therefore desired his brother's return to Oxford. Hence he adds, " I earnestly long for, and desire, the blessing God is about to send me in you. I am sensible *this* is my day of grace ; and that upon my employing the time before our meeting, and next parting, will in great measure depend my condition for eternity."

It was about this period, and while John was absent from Oxford, that the name of " Methodist" was first given to Charles Wesley and his thoughtful companions. They were diligent and methodical in the prosecution of their studies, and in the improvement of their time ; unusually sober in their spirit and general deportment ; and very regular in their attention to religious duties, particularly the Lord's supper, which they received every week. The consequence was, that their conduct excited general observation ; and a young gentleman, a student of Christ-Church, remarked, " Here is a new set of Methodists sprung up." The name was new and quaint ; so it took immediately ; and the Methodists, though not more than three or four in number, were known all over the university. Mr. John Wesley generally spoke as if he thought that the name was borrowed from a sect of ancient physicians, who were opposed to the Empirics, and who bore this designation on account of the peculiar *method* in which they treated their patients. Yet in his " Character of a Methodist" he speaks doubtfully

on the subject. "This is not a name," says he, "which they take to themselves, but one fixed upon them by way of reproach, without their approbation or consent. It was first given to three or four young men at Oxford, by a student of Christ-Church; either in allusion to the ancient sect of physicians so called, from their teaching, that almost all diseases might be cured by a specific *method* of diet and exercise; or from their observing a more regular *method* of study and behaviour than was usual with those of their age and station." Dr. Bentley uses the word in the first of these senses in his very spirited and energetic "Remarks upon a late Discourse of Free-Thinking." The infidel Collins having said, "Till all agree, I will stand neuter;" the doctor says, "Very well; and till all the world speaks one language, pray be you mute and say nothing. It would be much the wiser way, than to talk as you have done. By this rule, the Roman gentry were to learn no philosophy at all, till the Greeks could unite into one sect; nor make use of any physician, till the Empirics and METHODISTS concurred in their way of practice."

It is, however, a fact, that the name of Methodist, as a religious designation, was not new in England. It was borne by various classes of people in this country before it was applied to Mr. Charles Wesley and his Oxford friends. In a sermon preached at Lambeth in the year 1639, and quoted by Mr. Watson, it is said, "Where are now our Anabaptists, and plain pack-staff METHODISTS, who esteem all flowers of rhetoric in sermons no better than stinking weeds, and all elegances of speech no better than profane spells?" Toward the close of the seventeenth century the term Methodist was also applied to Dr. Daniel Williams, and some other divines among the Nonconformists, on account of the views which they maintained concerning the method of man's justification before God. Their opinions, which were substantially those of Baxter, occasioned a controversy of considerable length and ardour, in which the principal writers were Dr. Williams and Mr. Isaac Chauncy. The questions at issue were at last referred to Bishop Stillingfleet for adjudication. In this controversy a pamphlet was published, bearing the following title:—"A War among the Angels of the Churches: wherein is showed the principles of the New METHODISTS in the great Point of Justification. Also a Form of Prayer according to those principles. With the Orthodox Doctrine about a believing Sinner's actual Justification; wherein is the Countryman's Method represented to view. As also a Form of Prayer for actual Justification according to those principles. By a Country Professor of Jesus Christ. 1693." The nameless author of this tract, though opposed to Dr. Williams and his friends, candidly says, "We would believe that these new Methodist divines intend not what others interpret their notion

unto; for it is evident to us, that their real design is to promote holiness, and not willing to derogate any honour from Christ, and take it to self-righteousness."

"The word," says an anonymous writer of the last century, "is derived from *μεθοδος*, *ratio docendi*, vel *μεθοδικος*, *qui methodum sequitur*, and signifies 'a person who disposes things in a regular manner.' Methodists in botany are persons who study a judicious and nice arrangement of plants. Methodists in the history of medicine were a set of ancient physicians, who adopted and strictly followed certain rules in their diet and practice. Methodists in ecclesiastical history were a set of polemical doctors, who arose in France, in the seventeenth century, in opposition to the Protestants." The Wesleys and their friends at Oxford "were precise in regulating their conduct, and arranging their time: on which account their fellow-collegians cried out, 'They are quite Methodists:;' that is, no man of science can be more exact in methodizing his knowledge than they are in arranging their duties; no careful physician more earnest in regulating the conduct of a patient, that his health be not impaired, than these in regulating their conduct, that neither their religion, their souls, nor their neighbours may suffer. From such an innocent application of a name, formerly applied to physicians, and always, in a qualified sense, to men of science, sprang the denomination which has been given to serious persons of all sects and parties, which, as the dean of Canterbury justly observes, in such cases always signifies what the imposers please to mean."*

The term "Methodists" was also formerly applied to those theologians who describe the work of the Holy Spirit in strict conformity with the doctrine of absolute predestination; or, of God's appointment of men to eternal happiness, by a decree totally irrespective of their personal conduct. Hence, in the year 1741, a volume in opposition to this tenet was published under the title of, "The Use of Reason in Religion, in Answer to the METHODISTS; the Doctrine of Free-Grace being explained in the Medium, according to the Church of England. By G. Nelson, rector of Oakley."

In the sixth edition of Phillips and Kersey's English Dictionary, entitled "The New World of Words," and published in the year 1706, the word METHODIST occurs, and is thus explained: "One that treats of *method*, or affects to be *methodical*."

Mr. Charles Wesley, to whom the name was first applied in its modern acceptation, says, in one of his letters, that it had reference to the strict conformity to the method of study and of practice laid down

* The Account of an Appeal from a Summary Conviction on the Statute of 22 Car. II., c. 1, to the Hon. Court of King's Bench, pp. 52, 53.

in the statutes of the university, at which he and his religious friends professed to aim.

From which of these sources the student of Christ-Church, who gave this name to the serious youths at Oxford, derived the appellation, it is impossible now to determine; nor is the solution of the question of any great importance. Mr. John Wesley turned the word to a good account, when, in the small dictionary which he published about the middle of the last century, he explained it as the designation of
 // “one that lives according to the *method* laid down in the Bible.”

The conduct of Charles Wesley and his companions at this period was the more exemplary, because of the laxity of discipline which then prevailed, and the evils which were springing up in the university. Of these evils infidelity was not the least. Strenuous and successful efforts were made among the members of that learned body to bring the Holy Scriptures into disrepute, and to exalt human reason as in itself a sufficient guide in religion, as well as morality, without any direct revelation from God. The matter at length became so serious, that the authorities deemed it requisite to interfere; and the vice-chancellor, with the concurrence of the proctors and the heads of houses, issued a warning declaration, of which the following is a copy:—

“Whereas there is too much reason to believe that some members of the university have of late been in danger of being corrupted by ill-designing persons, who have not only entertained wicked and blasphemous notions contrary to the truth of the Christian religion, but have endeavoured to instil the same ill principles into others; and, the more effectually to propagate their infidelity, have applied their poison to the unguarded inexperience of less-informed minds, where they thought it might operate with better success; carefully concealing their impious tenets from those whose riper judgments and more wary conduct might discover their false reasoning, and disappoint the intended progress of their infidelity: and whereas therefore it is more especially necessary at this time to guard the youth of this place against these wicked advocates for pretended reason against divine revelation, and to enable them the better to defend their religion, and to expose the pride and impiety of those who endeavour to undermine it: Mr. Vice-Chancellor, with the consent of the heads of houses and proctors, has thought fit to recommend it, as a matter of the utmost consequence, to the tutors of each college and hall in the university, that they discharge their duty by a double diligence, in informing their respective pupils in their Christian duty, as also in explaining to them the articles of religion which they profess, and are often called upon to subscribe, and in recommending to them the frequent and careful reading of the Scriptures, and such other books as may serve more effectually to promote Chris-

tianity, sound principles, and orthodox faith. And further, Mr. Vice-Chancellor, with the same consent, does hereby forbid the said youth the reading of such books as may tend to the weakening of their faith, the subverting of the authority of Scripture, and the introducing of Deism, profaneness, and irreligion in their stead."

The dean of Christ-Church, on some account or other, would not allow this document to be exhibited in the hall of his college. At that time the vice-chancellor little suspected that Almighty God was even then providing among the youths of that university an agency which would for ages offer a determined and effectual resistance to the poison of infidelity, against which his warnings were directed. To this evil in all its forms, whether it be of continental or of home growth, Methodism has ever been a spirited and efficient antidote.

Infidelity was not exterminated in Oxford by this interference of the vice-chancellor. In the beginning of the year 1731-2, the master of University College preached two sermons before the university, which he afterward published, and dedicated to "the younger students in the two universities." In this dedication he says, "You cannot but be sensible, gentlemen, that there is at this time a set of people in the world, *and particularly among ourselves*, who are endeavouring to turn you aside from those ways, and lead you into the crooked ones of vice and irreligion; to serve what ends, except the awkward pleasure of drawing disciples after them, and defending themselves with numbers, I confess I cannot imagine."

While these elements of evil were actively at work in the university, Mr. John Wesley was induced, by the earnest solicitations of Dr. Morley, to resign the curacy which he held under his father, and return to Oxford, that he might undertake the education of some young gentlemen in whose welfare the doctor was deeply interested. He arrived in November, 1729, to the great joy of Charles and his companions; who immediately formed themselves into a society, under John's superintendence, that they might, in a manner more regular and systematic than ever, promote each other's intellectual, moral, and spiritual improvement. Their entire number at first only amounted to four: Mr. John Wesley, who was fellow of Lincoln College; his brother Charles, student of Christ-Church; Mr. Morgan, commoner of Christ-Church, the son of an Irish gentleman; and Mr. Kirkham, of Merton College. They agreed to spend three or four evenings in a week together, in reading the Greek Testament, with the Greek and Latin classics. On the Sunday evenings they read divinity.

At this time Mr. Charles Wesley had just completed his twenty-first year, taken his degree as bachelor of arts, and become a college tutor. Having fairly entered upon the duties of life, his father addressed to

him the following characteristic letter in the month of January, 1730, a few weeks after John's arrival in Oxford:—"I had your last; and you may easily guess whether I were not well pleased with it, both on your account and my own. You have a double advantage by your pupils, which will soon bring you more, if you will improve it, as I firmly hope you will, by taking the utmost care to form their minds to piety as well as learning. As for yourself, between logic, grammar, and mathematics, be idle if you can. I give my blessing to the bishop for having tied you a little faster, by obliging you to rub up your Arabic: and a fixed and constant method will make the whole both pleasing and delightful to you. But for all that, you must find time every day for walking, which you know you may do with advantage to your pupils; and a little more robust exercise, now and then, will do you no harm. You are now launched fairly, Charles. Hold up your head, and swim like a man; and when you cuff the wave beneath you, say to it, much as another hero did,—

*Carolum vehis, et Caroli fortunam.**

But always keep your eye fixed above the pole-star; and so God send you a good voyage through the troublesome sea of life, which is the hearty prayer of your loving father."

The number of Methodists in the university soon began to increase, but not rapidly. In 1730 two or three of Mr. John Wesley's pupils requested permission to meet with them; and afterward one of Charles's pupils. Mr. Benjamin Ingham, of Queen's College, and Mr. T. Broughton, of Exeter, were added to them in 1732. In the spring of the same year they were joined by Mr. Clayton, of Brazennose, and two or three of his pupils. About the same time Mr. James Hervey, of Lincoln College, was permitted to meet with them; and in 1735 Mr. Whitefield, of Pembroke.

The manner in which Mr. Whitefield became connected with the Wesleys he has himself related with great simplicity and frankness. The narrative which he has given of his early life also throws considerable light upon the character of the Oxford Methodists. "Before I went to the university," says he, "I met with Mr. Law's 'Serious Call to a Devout Life,' but had not then money to purchase it. Soon after my coming to the university, seeing a small edition of it in a friend's hand, I soon procured it. God worked powerfully upon my soul, as he has since upon many others, by that and his other excellent treatise, upon 'Christian Perfection.'

"I now began to pray and sing psalms twice every day, besides morning and evening, and to fast every Friday, and to receive the

* "Thou carriest Charles, and Charles's fortune."

sacrament at a parish church near our college, and at the castle, where the despised Methodists used to receive once a month.

“The young men, so called, were then much talked of at Oxford. I had heard of and loved them before I came to the university; and so strenuously defended them when I heard them reviled by the students, that they began to think that I also in time should be one of them.

“For above a twelvemonth my soul longed to be acquainted with some of them; and I was strongly pressed to follow their good example, when I saw them go through a ridiculing crowd to receive the holy eucharist at St. Mary’s. At length God was pleased to open a door. It happened that a poor woman in one of the workhouses had attempted to cut her throat, but was happily prevented. Upon hearing of this, and knowing that both the Mr. Wesleys were ready to every good work, I sent a poor aged apple-woman, of our college, to inform Mr. Charles Wesley of it, charging her not to discover who sent her. She went; but, contrary to my orders, told my name. He, having heard of my coming to the castle, and a parish-church sacrament, and having met me frequently walking by myself, followed the woman when she was gone away, and sent an invitation to me by her, to come to breakfast with him the next morning.

“I thankfully embraced the opportunity; and, blessed be God, it was one of the most profitable visits I ever made in my life. My soul, at the time, was athirst for some spiritual friends to lift up my hands when they hung down, and to strengthen my feeble knees. He soon discovered it, and, like a wise winner of souls, made all his discourses tend that way. And when he had put into my hands Professor Franck’s treatise against the fear of man, and a book entitled ‘The Country Parson’s Advice to his Parishioners,’ (the last of which was wonderfully blessed to my soul,) I took my leave.

“In a short time he lent me another book, entitled ‘The Life of God in the Soul of Man;’ and though I had fasted, watched, and prayed, and received the sacrament so long, yet I never knew what true religion was, till God sent me that excellent treatise by the hands of my never-to-be-forgotten friend.

“At my first reading it, I wondered what the author meant by saying, ‘that some falsely placed religion in going to church, doing hurt to no one, being constant in the duties of the closet, and now and then reaching out their hands to give alms to their poor neighbours.’ Alas! thought I, if this be not religion, what is? God soon showed me: for in reading a few lines further, that ‘true religion was a union of the soul with God, and Christ formed within us,’ a ray of divine light was instantaneously darted in upon my soul; and from that moment, but not till then, did I know that I must be a new creature.

“Upon this I had no rest in my soul till I wrote letters to my relations, telling them there was such a thing as the new birth. I imagined they would have gladly received it; but, alas! my words seemed to them as idle tales. They thought that I was going beside myself.

“From time to time Mr. Wesley permitted me to come to him, and instructed me as I was able to bear it. By degrees he introduced me to the rest of his Christian brethren. They built me up daily in the knowledge and fear of God, and taught me to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

“I now began, like them, to live by rule, and to pick up the very fragments of my time, that not a moment of it might be lost. Whether I ate or drank, or whatsoever I did, I endeavoured to do all to the glory of God. Like them, having no weekly sacrament (although the rubrick required it) at our own college, I received every Sunday at Christ-Church. I joined with them in fasting Wednesdays and Fridays, and left no means unused which I thought would lead me nearer to Jesus Christ.

“Regular retirement, morning and evening, at first I found some difficulty in submitting to; but it soon grew profitable and delightful. As I grew ripe for such exercises, I was from time to time engaged to visit the sick and the prisoners, and to read to poor people, till I made it a custom, as most of us did, to spend an hour every day in doing acts of charity.

“The course of my studies I now entirely changed: whereas before I was busied in studying the dry sciences, and books that went no further than the surface; I now resolved to read only such as entered into the heart of religion, and which led me directly to an experimental knowledge of Jesus Christ, and him crucified. The lively oracles of God were my soul’s delight. The book of the divine laws was seldom out of my hands. I meditated therein day and night; and ever since that, God has made my way signally prosperous, and given me abundant success.

“God enabled me to do much good to many, as well as to receive much from the despised Methodists, and made me instrumental in converting one who is lately come out into the Church, and I trust will prove a burning and a shining light.

“Several short fits of illness was God pleased to visit and to try me with after my first acquaintance with Mr. Wesley. My new convert was a help meet for me in those and all other circumstances; and, in company with him, and several other Christian friends, did I spend many sweet and delightful hours. Never did persons, I believe, strive more earnestly to enter in at the strait gate. They kept their bodies

under, even to an extreme. They were dead to the world, and willing to be accounted as the offscouring of all things, so that they might win Christ. Their hearts glowed with the love of God; and they never prospered so much in the inward man, as when they had all manner of evil spoken against them falsely without.

“Many came among them for a while, who in time of temptation fell away. The displeasure of a tutor, or head of a college; the changing of a gown from a lower to a higher degree; above all, a thirst for the praise of men, more than that which cometh from God, and a servile fear of contempt; caused numbers that had set their hands to the plough, shamefully to look back. The world, and not themselves, gave them the title of ‘Methodists;’ I suppose, from their custom of regulating their time, and planning the business of the day every morning. Mr. John and Charles Wesley were two of the first that thus openly dared to confess Christ. They had the pleasure of seeing the work of the Lord prosper in their hands.

“The first thing I was called to give up for God, was what the world calls my fair reputation. I had no sooner received the sacrament publicly on a week-day, at St. Mary’s, but I was set up as a mark for all the polite students that knew me to shoot at. By this they knew that I was commenced Methodist; for though there is a sacrament at the beginning of every term, at which all, especially the seniors, are by statute obliged to be present, yet so dreadfully has that once-faithful city played the harlot, that very few masters, no undergraduates, except the Methodists, attended upon it.

“Mr. Charles Wesley, whom I must always mention with the greatest deference and respect, walked with me, in order to confirm me, from the church even to the college. I confess, to my shame, I would gladly have excused him; and the next day, going to his room, one of our fellows passing by, I was ashamed to be seen to knock at his door. But, blessed be God, the fear of man gradually wore off. As I had imitated Nicodemus in his cowardice, so, by the divine assistance, I followed him in his courage. I confessed the Methodists more and more publicly every day. I walked openly with them, and chose rather to bear contempt with those people of God than to enjoy the applause of almost-Christians for a season.”

After some time Mr. Whitefield was strongly tempted to entertain the delusion of Quietism; discontinuing his efforts to do good, and his attendance upon the religious meetings of his friends. “Instead of meeting with my brethren, as usual,” says he, “I went out into the fields, and prayed silently by myself. Our evening meeting I neglected also, and went not to breakfast, according to appointment, with Mr. Charles Wesley the day following. This, with many other con-

curing circumstances, made my honoured friend, Mr. Charles Wesley, suspect something more than ordinary was the matter. He came to my room; soon found out my case; apprized me of my danger, if I would not take advice; and recommended me to his brother John, as more experienced in the spiritual life. God gave me, blessed be his holy name! a teachable temper. I waited upon his brother; with whom, from that time, I had the honour of growing intimate. He advised me to resume all my externals, though not to depend on them in the least. From time to time he gave me directions, as my various and pitiable state required. At length, by his excellent advice, and management of me, under God, I was delivered from those wiles of Satan. Praise the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, praise his holy name!"

The conduct of the devout men with whom Mr. Whitefield was connected, considering their age, their circumstances, and the times in which they lived, was very peculiar, and formed a perfect contrast to the laxity of practice and speculation which generally prevailed. They carefully avoided all superfluity of personal expense, that they might have the more to give to the poor: they supported a number of destitute and neglected children at school; they instructed the ignorant, and reproved the wicked, at all opportunities; and for this end, went into the cottages and garrets of the poor, urging them to attend the public worship of God, and supplying them with Bibles, Prayer-books, the Whole Duty of Man, and other religious publications: they regularly visited the prisoners in the common jail, for the purpose of prayer, and religious instruction; Mr. John Wesley preaching to them every sabbath: they assisted each other in their studies, and watched over each other's spiritual interests with affection and fidelity. At the same time they aimed at an elevated standard of holiness, feeling that they ought to be entirely devoted to God. That they might attain to this state, they used frequent fasting, and availed themselves of all the means of grace, particularly the Lord's supper, which they attended every week, regardless of public opinion and example, and unmoved either by the laughter of the profane, or the scorn of infidelity. In going to the weekly sacrament at Christ-Church, and in returning from that sacred service, they often had to make their way through a crowd of people who assembled for the purpose of treating them with insult and ridicule. "I daily underwent some contempt at college," says Mr. Whitefield. "Some have thrown dirt at me."

In visiting prisoners, and poor people in their cottages, Mr. John Wesley acquired that plainness and simplicity of style in which he afterward so greatly excelled. As the learned collegian, he used words of Greek and Latin origin, which the uneducated cottagers did

not understand. He observed that they stared at him, and wondered what he meant. As he spoke to be understood, he soon perceived the necessity of using words to which the common people were accustomed; and he readily perceived that he could do this without offending persons of the most refined taste. Thus was he in a course of preparation for the great work that lay before him.*

* The following scheme of self-examination to which these young men agreed, and which they constantly used, gives a striking view of their spirit, and of the principles by which they were governed.

“SUNDAY.—*Love of God and Simplicity: Means of which are, Prayer and Meditation.*

“1. Have I been simple and recollected in every thing I said or did? Have I (1.) been simple in every thing, that is, looked upon God, my good, my pattern, my one desire, my disposer, Parent of good; acted wholly for him; bounded my views with the present action or hour? (2.) Recollected? that is, has this simple view been distinct and uninterrupted? Have I, in order to keep it so, used the signs agreed upon with my friends, wherever I was? Have I done any thing without a previous perception of its being the will of God? or without a perception of its being an exercise or a means of the virtue of the day? Have I said any thing without it?

“2. Have I prayed with fervour? at going in and out of the church? morning and evening in private? Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, with my friends, at rising? before lying down? on Saturday noon? all the time I am engaged in exterior work in private? before I go into the place of public or private prayer, for help herein? Have I, wherever I was, gone to church morning and evening, unless for necessary mercy? and spent from one hour to three in private? Have I, in private prayer, frequently stopped short and observed with what fervour? Have I repeated it over and over, till I adverted to every word? Have I at the beginning of every prayer or paragraph owned I cannot pray? Have I paused before I concluded in his name, and adverted to my Saviour now interceding for me at the right hand of God, and offering up these prayers?

“3. Have I duly used ejaculations? that is, have I every hour prayed for humility, faith, hope, love, and the particular virtue of the day? considered with whom I was the last hour, what I did, and how? with regard to recollection, love of man, humility, self-denial, resignation, and thankfulness? considered the next hour in the same respects, offered up all I do to my Redeemer, begged his assistance in every particular, and commended my soul to his keeping? Have I done this deliberately, not in haste; seriously, not doing any thing else the while, and fervently as I could?

“4. Have I duly prayed for the virtue of the day? that is, have I prayed for it at going out and coming in? deliberately, seriously, fervently?

“5. Have I used a Collect at nine, twelve, and three? and grace before and after eating? aloud at my own room? deliberately, seriously, fervently?

“6. Have I duly meditated? every day, unless for necessary mercy? (1.) From six, &c., to prayers? (2.) From four to five? What was particular in the providence of this day? How ought the virtue of the day to have been exerted upon it? How did it fall short? (Here faults.) (3.) On Sunday, from six to seven, with Kempis? from three to four on redemption, or God's attributes? Wednesday and Friday, from twelve to one, on the Passion? after ending a book, on what I have marked in it?

“MONDAY.—*Love of Man.*

“1. Have I been zealous to do, and active in doing, good? that is, (1.) Have I embraced every probable opportunity of doing good, and preventing, removing, or

Young men who are thus strict and universally conscientious must of necessity, even in ordinary times, excite great attention; and especially in an age like that of which we are now speaking, when Christianity was by many regarded as a fable, and not a few had adopted the maxim, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." We are not, therefore, surprised to find that the Oxford Methodists were objects both of ridicule and censure, and were known in the university as the Reforming Club, the Godly Club, the Holy Club, Sacramentarians, Bible Moths, Supererogation Men, and the Enthusiasts; so that some of them found it difficult to maintain their ground amidst the raillery and invective with which they were treated. Happily for them, Mr. John Wesley was their leader; and he possessed through life a firmness of purpose in all matters of duty, which no difficulties and discouragements could subdue.

lessening evil? (2.) Have I pursued it with my might? (3.) Have I thought any thing too dear to part with, to serve my neighbour? (4.) Have I spent an hour at least every day in speaking to some one or other? (5.) Have I given any one up till he expressly renounced me? (6.) Have I, before I spoke to any, learned, as far as I could, his temper, way of thinking, past life, and peculiar hinderances, internal and external? fixed the point to be aimed at? then the means to it? (7.) Have I in speaking proposed the motives, then the difficulties, then balanced them, then exhorted him to consider both calmly and deeply, and to pray earnestly for help? (8.) Have I in speaking to a stranger explained what religion is not? (not negative, not external;) and what it is? (a recovery of the image of God;) searched at what step in it he stops, and what makes him stop there? exhorted and directed him? (9.) Have I persuaded all I could to attend public prayers, sermons, and sacraments, and in general to obey the laws of the Church of England, the state, the university, and their respective colleges? (10.) Have I, when taxed with any act of obedience, avowed it, and turned the attack with sweetness and firmness? (11.) Have I disputed upon any practical point, unless it was to be practised just then? (12.) Have I in disputing, (i.) Desired him to define the terms of the question; to limit it; what he grants, what he denies? (ii.) Delayed speaking my opinion? let him explain and prove his? then insinuated and pressed objections? (13.) Have I after every visit asked him who went with me, "Did I say any thing wrong?" (14.) Have I, when any one asked advice, directed and exhorted him with all my power?

"2. Have I rejoiced with and for my neighbour in virtue or pleasure? grieved with him in pain, for him in sin?

"3. Have I received his infirmities with pity, not anger?

"4. Have I thought or spoken unkindly of or to him? Have I revealed any evil of any one, unless it was necessary to some particular good I had in view? Have I then done it with all the tenderness of phrase and manner consistent with that end? Have I any way appeared to approve them that did otherwise?

"5. Has good-will been, and appeared to be, the spring of all my actions toward others?

"6. Have I duly used intercession? (1.) Before, (2.) After speaking to any? (3.) For my friends on Sunday? (4.) For my pupils on Monday? (5.) For those who have particularly desired it, on Wednesday and Friday? (6.) For the family in which I am, every day?"

The censures which were passed upon these young disciples, on account of their efforts to do good, gave them great uneasiness. It was felt that their pious exertions reflected discredit upon the clergy, to whose pastoral care the prisoners and the several parishes of Oxford and its neighbourhood were confided; and the Methodists, most of whom were as yet but undergraduates, and therefore not in holy orders, were condemned as presumptuous and irregular. Wishful to give no just offence, and at the same time to preserve a pure conscience, they consulted the bishop's chaplain, the venerable rector of Epworth, and one or two other clergymen of age and experience. The result was, that they were encouraged to proceed in their labours of zeal and charity. The father of the Wesleys especially, with his characteristic energy and frankness, urged them to perseverance. The inquiries of his sons brought to his remembrance the occurrences connected with his own college life; for he too, when at Oxford, had cared for the souls of felons and convicts. "I visited those in the castle there," says he, "and reflect on it with great satisfaction to this day." He adds, "And now as to your own designs and employments, what can I say less of them than, *Valdè probo?* ["I greatly approve,"] and that I have the greatest reason to bless God, that he has given me two sons together at Oxford, to whom he has given grace and courage to turn the war against the world and the devil, which is the best way to conquer them?"

At a subsequent period he said, "My daily prayers are, that God would keep you humble; and then I am sure that if you continue to 'suffer for righteousness' sake, though it be but in a low degree, 'the Spirit of glory and of God' shall, in some good measure, 'rest upon you.' Be never weary in well-doing. Never look back; for you know the prize and the crown are before you: though I can scarce think so meanly of you as that you would be discouraged with 'the crackling of thorns under a pot.' Be not high-minded, but fear. Preserve an equal temper of mind under whatever treatment you meet with from a not very just or well-natured world. Bear no more sail than is necessary, but steer steady. The less you value yourselves for these unfashionable duties, (as there is no such thing as works of supererogation,) the more all good and wise men will value you, if they see your actions are of a piece; or, which is infinitely more, He by whom actions and intentions are weighed will both accept, esteem, and reward you."

One of the most zealous, charitable, and devout of all the Oxford Methodists was Mr. Morgan. He it was who first visited the felons and debtors in the prison, and the poor in their habitations, and then induced his brethren to follow his example. He used also to collect

together the children of the neglected peasantry in the neighbouring villages, giving them religious instruction, and distributing among them books of piety, with such small sums of money as he had saved, and were at his disposal. Having prevailed upon the little band with whom he was united to join in these honourable labours, he sickened, sunk into a state of deep mental depression, the effect of disease, retired to Ireland, and at length died in great peace and resignation. After his death, his father, who had in his correspondence greatly blamed him for being "righteous overmuch," accused Mr. John Wesley of having contributed to shorten the days of the deceased youth by excessive fasting. Mr. Wesley defended himself very successfully in a letter which he published; and Samuel Wesley, the younger, wrote a spirited poem on the death of Mr. Morgan, in a strain of unqualified eulogy.

Mr. Morgan died on the 25th of August, 1732. The letter which Mr. Wesley addressed to the father of this excellent youth bears the date of October 18th. We may well suppose that a death so peaceful would deeply impress the minds of Mr. Morgan's companions, and stimulate them to a renewed application to that course of pious labour and self-denial upon which they had entered. When the requisite explanations were given, the father of Mr. Morgan was so satisfied with the conduct of the Wesleys, that he placed his surviving son under the care of Charles at Christ-Church. The youth, however, was very different from his deceased brother. He was neither pious nor governable; so that Charles was glad to transfer him to the care of John, who was deemed better qualified to subdue his untractable spirit, and train him to scholarship and virtue.

The year 1735 deprived the Wesley family of its head. The venerable rector of Epworth died on the 25th of April. His sons John and Charles were present; and the scene was one of deep and solemn interest. The aged minister, worn out with domestic care, pastoral duties, and hard study, was cheered and strengthened by the truth and grace of God in his last moments, and presented an edifying example of Christian hope and resignation. His intelligent and pious wife, too, in the prospect of widowhood, when the hour of separation arrived, was calm and submissive. Often had he taught his sons how to live; and now they learned from his example how to suffer and die. They felt deeply; and some years afterward John, when preaching in Georgia, repeated the dying sayings of his father in such a manner as to show that they had made a permanent impression upon his heart.

The fact is, that, at the close of life, the father was far in advance of his sons, both in evangelical knowledge and spiritual attainments. He enjoyed the Christian salvation, the nature and method of which

neither John nor Charles at that time understood. When their views of divine truth were corrected and matured, and the love of God was shed abroad in their hearts by the Holy Ghost which was given unto them—when their preaching produced such mighty effects in every part of the land—they simply taught what their venerable parent experienced and testified upon the bed of death. Mr. John Wesley, therefore, some years afterward, writing to an anonymous opponent, who assumed the name of Smith, says, “My father did not die unacquainted with the faith of the gospel, of the primitive Christians, or of our first reformers; the same which, by the grace of God, I preach, and which is just as new as Christianity. What he experienced before, I know not; but I know that, during his last illness, which continued eight months, he enjoyed a clear sense of his acceptance with God. I heard him express it more than once, although at that time I understood him not. ‘The inward witness, son, the inward witness,’ said he to me; ‘this is the proof, the strongest proof, of Christianity.’ And when I asked him, (the time of his change drawing nigh,) ‘Sir, are you in much pain?’ he answered aloud, with a smile, ‘God does chasten me with pain, yea, all my bones with strong pain; but I thank him for all, I bless him for all, I love him for all!’ I think the last words he spoke, when I had just commended his soul to God, were, ‘Now you have done all.’ And, with the same serene, cheerful countenance, he fell asleep, without one struggle, or sigh, or groan. I cannot therefore doubt but the Spirit of God bore an inward witness with his spirit, that he was a child of God.”

Five days after his father's death, and when the funeral had taken place, Charles addressed the following letter to his brother Samuel:—

“Epworth, April 30th, 1735. Dear Brother,—After all your desire of seeing my father alive, you are at last assured you must see his face no more till he is raised in incorruption. You have reason to envy us, who could attend him in the last stage of his illness. The few words he could utter I saved, and hope never to forget. Some of them were, ‘Nothing too much to suffer for heaven. The weaker I am in body, the stronger and more sensible support I feel from God. There is but a step between me and death. To-morrow I would see you all with me round this table, that we may once more drink of the cup of blessing, before we drink of it new in the kingdom of God. With desire have I desired to eat this passover with you before I die.’

“The morning he was to communicate, he was so exceeding weak and full of pain, that he could not, without the utmost difficulty, receive the elements; often repeating, ‘Thou shakest me; thou shakest me:’ but immediately after receiving, there followed the most visible altera-

tion. He appeared full of faith and peace, which extended even to his body; for he was so much better, that we almost hoped he would have recovered. The fear of death he had entirely conquered, and at last gave up his latest human desires, of finishing Job, paying his debts, and seeing you. He often laid his hand upon my head, and said, 'Be steady.' 'The Christian faith will surely revive in this kingdom. You shall see it, though I shall not.' To my sister Emily he said, 'Do not be concerned at my death. God will then begin to manifest himself to my family.' When we were met about him, his usual expression was, 'Now let me hear you talk upon heaven.' On my asking him, whether he did not find himself worse, he replied, 'O my Charles, I feel a great deal! God chastens me with strong pain; but I praise him for it; I thank him for it; I love him for it.'

"On the 25th his voice failed him, and nature seemed entirely spent; when, on my brother's asking, whether he was not near heaven, he answered distinctly, and with the most of hope and triumph that could be expressed in sounds, 'Yes, I am.' He spoke once more, just after my brother had used the commendatory prayer. His last words were, 'Now you have done all!' This was about half an hour after six, from which time, till sunset, he made signs of offering up himself, till my brother, having again used the prayer, the very moment it was finished he expired. His passage was so smooth and insensible, that, notwithstanding the stopping of his pulse, and ceasing of all sign of life and motion, we continued over him a considerable time, in doubt whether the soul were departed or no. My mother (who, for several days before he died, hardly ever went into his chamber but she was carried out in a fit) was far less shocked at the news than we expected, and told us, that now she was heard, in his having so easy a death, and her being strengthened so to bear it.

"Though you have lost your chief reason for coming, yet there are others which make your presence more necessary than ever. My mother (who will hardly ever leave Epworth) would be exceeding glad to see you as soon as can be. She does not administer, so can neither sue nor be sued. We have computed the debts as near as can be, and find they amount to about one hundred pounds, exclusive of cousin Richardson's. Mrs. Knight, her landlady, seized all her quick stock, valued at above forty pounds, for fifteen pounds my father owed her, on Monday last, the day he was buried; and my brother this afternoon gives a note for the money, in order to get the stock at liberty to sell; for security of which he has the stock made over to him, and will be paid as it can be sold. My father was buried very frugally, yet decently, in the churchyard, according to his own desire. It will be highly necessary to bring all accounts of what he owed you, that you

may mark all the goods in the house, as principal creditor, and thereby secure to my mother time and liberty to sell them to the best advantage. *Chartas omnes et epistolas precipuas appositâ serâ in adventum tuum reservo.**

“If you take London in your way, my mother desires you would remember she is a clergyman’s widow. Let the society give her what they please, she must be still, in some degree, *burdensome* to you, as she calls it. How do I envy you that glorious burden, and wish I could share in it! You must put me in some way of getting a little money, that I may do something in this shipwreck of the family for somebody, though it be no more than furnishing a plank.

“My mother sends her love and blessing. We all send our love to you, and my sister, and Phill, and hope of meeting you all once more at Epworth.

“I should be ashamed of having so much business in my letter, were it not necessary. I would choose to write and think of nothing but my father. Ere we meet I hope you will have finished his elegy. Pray write, if there be time.—I am your most affectionate brother.”

The Life of Mr. Wesley, sen., has been written by the late Dr. Adam Clarke, who, with an assiduity peculiar to himself, has explored almost every accessible source of information, and has done justice to the piety, learning, ministerial fidelity, and uprightness of this venerable man. There is, however, one publication that throws great light upon his character, which appears never to have come under the doctor’s notice. It is a long letter addressed to his curate, and containing directions relative to the various branches of clerical study and duty. The writer makes several statements respecting his own proceedings as a parish priest, and especially his manner of maintaining discipline among his people. In giving his opinion of the principal theological writers whose works should have a place in the clerical library, he introduces several curious and valuable notices concerning the leading men of his times, both Episcopalians and Nonconformists, with whom he was personally acquainted, and whose preaching he had attended. This very rare and interesting tract was published soon after the writer’s death, and with a short preface, which was doubtless written by his son John. The publication is thus referred to in a letter from Samuel Wesley, jun., to Charles, under the date of August 7th, 1737:—“John sent me down one of my father’s ‘Instructions to a Curate;’ but it was so torn in the passage, that good part was not legible. It is odd I should not have that.” This is a sufficient authentication of the book.

* “All papers and letters of importance I have sealed up, and keep till you come.”

The death of a beneficed clergyman is generally the signal for the removal of his family, and often for its dispersion. So it was in the present instance. The rector of Epworth had earnestly requested, in the event of his decease, that his son John would apply for the living. The chief reasons were, that the parishioners were strongly attached to him, and were therefore likely to profit by his ministrations; and that he would thus be able to keep the family together. John, however, was inflexible in his refusal; thinking that he should be more holy and useful as a college tutor than as a parish priest: but the true reason unquestionably was, though it did not appear even to his own mind, that God, in the wise arrangements of his providence, designed him to be, not the instrument of spiritual good merely to a parish, but to the world! The living of Epworth was therefore presented to another person, and the Wesley family was scattered. The widowed mother took up a temporary residence at Gainsborough, with her daughter Emily; and John and Charles returned to Oxford, where they remained till the following year, when they embarked as missionaries for the infant colony of Georgia.

CHAPTER II.

As the history of the Wesleys is intimately connected with the colony of Georgia, a few brief notices concerning that settlement will not be deemed irrelevant in this place. It was formed under the sanction of a royal charter, which was granted in the year 1732, and comprehended the tract of country lying between the rivers Savannah and Alatamaha, on the American continent. The name of Georgia was given to it in compliment to George the Second, under whose auspices it was commenced. The management of the colony was vested in trustees, who were required annually to report their proceedings to the lord high chancellor of England, and the lord chief justice of the court of Common Pleas. The design of the undertaking was two-fold. It was to be an outlet to the redundant population at home, especially of London; and to be an asylum for such foreign Protestants as were harassed by popish persecution. James Oglethorpe, Esq., a military man, who was afterward raised to the rank of general, was made the governor. He was also one of the original trustees, and appears to have taken an active part in obtaining the charter. He was a humane man, public spirited, and of an enterprising character. Among the trustees there were several pious Presbyterians, as well as Churchmen.

The scheme excited great attention at the time, and obtained very encouraging patronage. The parliament voted a sum of money, to enable the trustees to carry their designs into effect. The trustees, who were themselves to receive no pecuniary benefit from the undertaking, called also upon the public for voluntary help. Dr. John Burton, fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, who was one of the trustees, published a discourse in behalf of the project, entitled, "The Duty and Reward of propagating Principles of Religion and Virtue exemplified in the History of Abraham. A Sermon preached before the Trustees for establishing the Colony of Georgia, at their Anniversary Meeting, at the parish church of St. Mary-le-Bow, on Thursday, March 15th, 1732."

"It remains," says the preacher, "that I mention one circumstance relating to the establishment of our colony; and that is, the seasonableness of such a provision in these times; when we hear such complaining in our streets, of many unfortunate, distressed families; when we hear of so many thousand Protestants driven out of their country by the persecution of their popish governors; in the literal sense pilgrims and strangers in the world; and in this respect resembling the circumstances of the wandering patriarch, who is said to have been driven out from Ur of the Chaldees, for not conforming to the idolatry of his superstitious countrymen, the Chaldeans. Such circumstances of distress plead not only for private compassion, but national relief. Acts of humanity and charity to our persecuted brethren will best express the sincerity of our zeal for the reformed religion. Without such expressions, what avails our boasted affection for the Protestant interest, for the Protestant religion? What are all our specious professions, but abused, noisy words, and upbraiding denominations? But if there be any sincerity in our professions, let the effects of it redound to the succour and support of persons groaning under the oppression of our common adversary. Let us rather remember that we are Christians; and that in the great day of retribution, when all personal distinctions and relations cease, our acts of charity will be particularly inquired into, and our good works shall then follow us.

"An opportunity is now offered of conferring at once a double benefit; a benefit both personal and public; both to the poor sufferers, whose necessities we relieve, and to the community, which will reap the benefit of an increasing, industrious people. We at once behold numbers of miserable men destitute of habitations, and an uncultivated country destitute of inhabitants. May this critical coincidence of circumstances be improved to the common advantage!"

Soon after the publication of this sermon there appeared a handsome quarto pamphlet, entitled, "Reasons for establishing the Colony of

Georgia, with regard to the Trade of Great Britain, the Increase of our People, the Employment and Support it will afford to great numbers of our Poor, as well as foreign persecuted Protestants. With some Account of the Country, and the Design of the Trustees. 1733." In this official tract great stress is laid upon the case of foreign Protestants. The writer says,

"As liberty of conscience will be granted, it cannot be doubted but a well-regulated government, in a country so temperate, so pleasant, and so fruitful, will draw thither many of the distressed Saltzburghers, and other persecuted Protestants; and by giving refuge to these, the power and wealth of Great Britain, as a reward for her hospitality, will be increased by the addition of so many religious and industrious subjects.

"The Protestant interest in Europe hath declined very much since the treaty of Westphalia. In France there were several flourishing Protestant churches, which are now entirely destroyed. There were five hundred churches in Poland; but being neither permitted to rebuild or repair the places of assembly, they are now reduced to forty, who are harassed on every pretence, of which Thorn has been a bleeding instance. In Hungary they are at this time depriving the Protestants of their churches; and it is to be feared that a persecution now rages as openly there as ever it did in France. Every one must know, and there can be few but feel, the miseries which the Saltzburghers have lately undergone. Their hardships could only be equalled by their resolution in meeting, and their patience in bearing them. Many of these have been dragged from prison to prison, till they perished by want: the rest, men, women, and children, forced to renounce their faith, or drove vagrants from their country. There have been above twenty-three thousand of these exiles; and by advices received here lately, the number of converts among them to the Protestant religion increases every day.

"In the Palatinate a concealed persecution is on foot. Deux-Ponts, Bergues, Juliers, and all the Palatinate, were formerly under Protestant princes, and are now subject to a zealous Roman Catholic. The head of the house of Saxony, that was formerly the great support of the Protestant interest in Germany, is firmly attached to the Romish religion. The Church of Rome hath also gained the chiefs of many other families in Germany. The preferments in the Teutonic and Maltese orders, the rich benefices, and great ecclesiastical sovereignties, the elective crown of Poland, and the imperial dignity itself, are used by that court to gain or keep the nobility, and even the sovereigns, of Germany dependant upon their supremacy. And when the sovereigns are of their profession, they think they can make more converts in a

day by force, than in whole ages by preaching: for if the prince orders his Protestant subjects to renounce their religion, they must submit, resist, or fly. Resistance is in vain, unless they are assisted by Protestant princes; which these cannot do, without raising a religious war through Europe; which is not to be expected on every oppression for religion, since it could not be procured in the flagrant instances of Thorn and Saltzburgh. They have no remedy, then, but flight. Whither shall they fly? Not to other Roman countries; and the Protestant ones are not capable of giving assistance to a great number. Sweden, the great bulwark of the Protestant religion in the north, having lost all Livonia, and the chief of her corn-bearing provinces, is reduced to a weak condition, and has more men than she can well support, as have many of the Protestant dominions in Germany. Our king, as elector of Hanover, has indeed wisely and generously given reception to a thousand Saltzburghers. The king of Prussia has likewise established some of them in regular colonies on his frontiers; but he has declared he will take no more.

“At a time when the Protestants are so persecuted, how much will it be for our honour, that the crown of England, which in Queen Elizabeth’s reign, and at some times since, has been looked on as the head of the Protestant interest in Europe, should still preserve the same title! And at this time, when his majesty is elector of Hanover, when Holland and Prussia have offered relief to so many of them, how much is our honour concerned, that England should not be the last to open her arms to receive her unhappy brethren, grant them a support, and allow them the valuable privilege of worshipping their great Creator in the way which they think will best secure their interests in eternity! As men, can we refuse them relief? As Christians, can we neglect the offering it?”

These appeals, so honourable to the parties who put them forth, were cordially responded to by the more pious among the people of England. Pecuniary subscriptions, to a considerable amount, with books, and goods of various kinds, were placed, by the charitable and humane, at the disposal of the trustees, for the purpose of enabling them to execute their benevolent plans. Mr. Samuel Wesley, the younger, took a lively interest in this project. In the list of subscribers and benefactors appended to Dr. Burton’s sermon, he appears, not only as a receiver of subscriptions, but as a contributor of £5 5s. He also presented “a pewter chalice and patine for present use in Georgia, until silver ones were had.” His example produced the desired effect. Soon after his pewter communion service had been sent to the place of its destination, he had the gratification of presenting, from “an unknown benefactor, a silver chalice and patine, for the use of the first

church in the town of Savannah." From June, 1732, to June, 1733, the trustees received from the public the sum of £3,723 13s. 7d.; besides large quantities of Bibles, Testaments, books of piety, horn-books, household furniture, &c.

The trustees, having made their arrangements, invited all classes of people to whom emigration was desirable, Roman Catholics only excepted, to avail themselves of the advantages which this new colony offered. The unemployed poor, bankrupts, and such other persons as were in circumstances of hopeless embarrassment, were offered a free passage; and Mr. Oglethorpe, who was to conduct the first embarkation, superintend the formation of the settlement, and be its future governor, was spoken of as a man of almost unexampled kindness and generosity. The climaté was said to be mild and healthy, and the soil rich and productive. Under these circumstances, many poor people, having tasted the bitterness of adversity, and possessing nothing that they could lose, embraced the opportunity of acquiring all the enjoyments of life. On the first day of February, 1732-3,* Mr. Oglethorpe arrived at Georgia with the first company of settlers, consisting of forty families, making upward of one hundred persons; all of whom were brought over and supported at the public charge. The governor applied himself with diligence in apportioning the land among the settlers, and in arranging the plans for building the requisite towns and fortifications for their accommodation, and defence against the Indians and the Spaniards. In the mean while, a vessel with about twenty families of Jews arrived, to all of whom lots of land were assigned. Another vessel came, bringing forty Irish convicts, who had been refused at Jamaica. These also were received; although they were not remarkable for the peaceableness of their habits. They afterward occasioned considerable disturbance in the colony.

After remaining in Georgia about fifteen months, Mr. Oglethorpe returned to England; and the report of success which he gave on his arrival served greatly to increase the popularity of the undertaking. The fame of the colony spread far and wide, and still greater numbers of people, from Germany as well as England, left their homes, and hastened to this desired spot. Among these were persons of some property, who hoped to turn their capital to good account. While the governor was making his arrangements for conducting a second company of emigrants to Georgia, application was made to some of the Oxford Methodists, to settle in the colony as clergymen. Dr. Burton pressed Mr. John Wesley especially to undertake a mission among the Indians in the neighbourhood of the colony. Mr. Oglethorpe well

* Up to the year 1752, the year, in some parts of England began in March, in others in January.—*Amer. Ed.*

knew the sterling worth of the Wesleys, having long been a personal friend of the family. He was a regular correspondent of the rector of Epworth; and two complimentary poems addressed to him are found in the volume which was published by the younger Samuel Wesley. After considerable hesitation, and taking the advice of friends, Mr John Wesley consented to go as a missionary to the Indians; and it was finally arranged that Charles should accompany him, as secretary to the governor. Up to this time, Charles had declined entering into holy orders; but he was now ordained, that he might be able to officiate as a clergyman in the colony, where the spiritual interests of the people had been unavoidably neglected.

The conduct of the two brothers, in tearing themselves away from their friends, and embarking for the distant wilderness, excited great surprise in many quarters, as might be expected. Of the purity of their motives, indeed, no doubt can be entertained. They were both happily and usefully employed as college tutors; and had they sought preferment in the Church, considering their acquirements, talents, and connections, they might doubtless have obtained it. But the fact is, by reading the writings of Mr. Law, and others of a similar kind, they were deeply impressed with the necessity of holiness. According to their apprehensions, true holiness is attained principally by means of sufferings, mental and bodily; and hence they adopted this mode of life, resolved to do and suffer whatever it should please God to lay upon them. Their theological views were not only defective, but erroneous. They understood not the true nature of a sinner's justification before God; nor the faith by which it is obtained; nor its connection with sanctification. Holiness of heart and life was the object of their eager pursuit; and this they sought, not by faith, but by works, and personal austerity, according to the misleading doctrine of Mr. Law. "Our end in leaving our native country," says Mr. John Wesley, "was not to avoid want, (God having given us plenty of temporal blessings,) nor to gain the dung and dross of riches or honour; but singly this,—to save our souls; to live wholly to the glory of God."

Mr. Samuel Wesley, jun., who had from the beginning taken a lively interest in the colony, about the time of his brothers' embarkation published a poem for the furtherance of its objects. Poets are prophets by profession; and Samuel Wesley, while he eulogizes Oglethorpe and his undertaking, prognosticates the future greatness of Georgia. He describes it in distant prospect as a second Britain; and thought that it would, in the mean while, supply the gentlemen of England with wine, and the ladies with silks. In these views he was not singular. Some people from among the Vaudois were carried over, to assist in the breeding and management of silk-worms.

Far different thoughts occupied the minds of the devoted brothers, John and Charles, who embarked as missionaries to Georgia, on board the "Simmonds," Oct. 14th, 1735. Questions of commerce they left to secular men. To raise up a holy people in that distant land was their anxious concern. They were accompanied by Mr. Benjamin Ingham, one of the Oxford Methodists, and by Mr. Charles Delamotte, the son of a merchant in London. The case of this young man was peculiar. Mr. Wesley, in his Journal, says, that he "had offered himself some days before;" but for what purpose, and under what circumstances, the writer's modesty forbade him to state. The fact is, that Delamotte's mind was under deep religious convictions; his heart clave to Mr. Wesley, of whose piety and wisdom he had formed the highest conceptions. When he heard that Mr. Wesley was going as a missionary to Georgia, he could not bear the thought of being separated from him, and therefore requested permission to accompany him as a servant. To this, as might be expected, the parents and friends of the young man were strenuously opposed. His father, who was a man of high respectability, and held the office of a magistrate, offered to settle him in a handsome way of business, if he would remain at home. No persuasions, however, could alter the youth's purpose; so that his parents at length gave a reluctant consent. Charles Delamotte, therefore, went abroad; lived with Mr. Wesley; served him as a son in the gospel; did much good; and endured great hardships for the sake of the Lord Jesus.* He was particularly useful in teaching the children of the settlers, and in serving the poor and afflicted. It is probable that the impressions which led to these results were made upon his mind by Mr. Wesley's preaching in London, when he was there preparing for his mission.

The ship in which the Wesleys embarked contained one hundred and twenty-four persons, men, women, and children, including Mr. Oglethorpe, and twenty-six Germans, members of the Moravian Church, with David Nitschman, their bishop. These pious strangers were going to Georgia, in compliance with the invitation given to persecuted Protestants; that they might there enjoy, in undisturbed tranquillity, their own peculiar religious rites, and extend the blessings of Christian knowledge to the Creek, Chickasaw, and Cherokee Indians. Sixteen of their brethren were already engaged in this enterprise of Christian mercy, having emigrated to Georgia for that purpose during the preceding year, under the guidance of their ministers, Mr. Spangenberg, John Toel-schig, and Anthony Seyffart; and a portion of land had been assigned to them for their occupation. This was the third mission which the Brethren had instituted. They had one in the Danish island of St.

* Whitefield's Journal.

Thomas, and another in Greenland, in successful operation. David Nitschman had been personally concerned in the establishment of that in the West Indies; and for some time had supported himself and his fellow-labourer, Leonard Döber, by working as a carpenter.

The meeting of the Wesleys with this primitive evangelist, and the pious refugees that accompanied him, appeared to be casual; but it was, in fact, one of those providential arrangements from which the most momentous consequences arise. It was from a learned member of the Moravian Church that the two brothers were subsequently taught the all-important doctrine of present salvation from sin by faith in the Lord Jesus: a doctrine to which all their public usefulness is to be distinctly traced; but of which, as yet, they had no just conception. Their intercourse with David Nitschman and his flock, who accompanied them to Georgia, prepared them for the enlightened instructions of Peter Böhler, which they gratefully received on their return to England. Bishop Nitschman, and a few of his German brethren, during the voyage, applied themselves to the study of English. For nothing were the Wesleys more remarkable than for diligence in their sacred calling. They were always employed either in doing or receiving good, according to the degree of religious light which they possessed. No sooner did they commence their voyage, than they entered upon their missionary labours, occupying every hour with some useful work, connected with the great object to which their lives were now devoted. Mr. Ingham and Delamotte were both like minded. From four to five in the morning each member of this exemplary brotherhood used private prayer. From five to seven they read the Bible together, carefully comparing it with the writings of the earliest ages. At seven they breakfasted; and at eight were the public prayers. From nine to twelve Mr. John Wesley learned German, that he might be able to converse with the Moravians; and Mr. Delamotte learned Greek. Mr. Charles Wesley wrote sermons, having been newly appointed to the sacred office; and Mr. Ingham instructed the children of the emigrants. At twelve they met to give an account to one another of what they had done since their last meeting, and of what they designed to do before the next. About one they dined. The time from dinner till four they spent in reading to those persons on board whom each of them had taken in charge; or in speaking to them severally, as need required. At four were the evening prayers; when either the second lesson was explained, or the children were catechised, and instructed before the congregation. From five to six, they again used private prayer. From six to seven, they read, in their several cabins, to two or three of the English passengers. At seven, Mr. John Wesley joined with the Germans in public worship; and Mr. Ingham read between the decks to

as many as were willing to hear. At eight, the little company again met, to exhort and instruct one another; and between nine and ten, retired to rest.

During their stay in the Downs, they went alternately to the other ship that sailed with them, for the purpose of preaching to the people, and of praying with them. They were at length joined by the ship of war which was to accompany them, and were fully ready for their voyage; but being detained by contrary winds, Mr. Charles Wesley complied with the request of the clergyman at Cowes, and preached three or four times in his church; while Mr. John Wesley, Mr. Ingham, and Mr. Delamotte distributed tracts among the more serious part of the congregation.

The deportment of the Moravian Brethren, when on their voyage to Georgia, was truly Christian, and appears to have made a deep impression upon the susceptible and observant minds of the two Wesleys, especially upon that of John. The philosophic mysticism which the brothers had mistaken for Scriptural Christianity left them unacquainted with the peace, the inward purity, the joyous hope, which spring from a lively faith in the sacrifice of Christ. The Moravians exhibited a different spirit. In them were seen meekness, humility, and love, blended with resignation, and a heavenly hope which was unmoved by immediate danger. The contrast was strikingly seen during a storm which came upon them when within about ten days sail of the American continent. The waves of the sea were mighty, and raged horribly. The winds roared; and the ship not only rocked to and fro with the utmost violence, but shook and jarred with so unequal and grating a motion, that the passengers could with difficulty keep their hold of any thing, nor stand a moment without it. Every ten minutes came a shock against the stern or side of the ship, which seemed as if it would dash the planks in pieces. In this state of things, Mr. John Wesley says, "I went to the Germans. I had long before observed the great seriousness of their behaviour. Of their humility they had given a continual proof, by performing those servile offices for the other passengers, which none of the English would undertake; for which they desired and would receive no pay; saying, it was good for their proud hearts; and, their loving Saviour had done more for them. And every day had given them occasion of showing a meekness, which no injury could move. If they were pushed, struck, or thrown down, they rose again and went away; but no complaint was found in their mouth. There was now an opportunity of trying whether they were delivered from the spirit of fear, as well as from that of pride, anger, and revenge. In the midst of the psalm wherewith their service began, the sea broke over, split the main-sail in pieces, covered the ship, and poured in between

the decks, as if the great deep had already swallowed us up. A terrible screaming began among the English. The Germans calmly sung on. I asked one of them afterward, 'Was you not afraid?' 'I thank God, no.' I asked, 'But were not your women and children afraid?' He replied mildly, 'No; our women and children are not afraid to die.'

On Thursday, Feb. 5th, 1736, the "Simmonds" arrived in the Savannah river; and on the following day the passengers landed in America, upon a small uninhabited island. Mr. Oglethorpe led the first company that left the ship, including the Wesleys, to a rising ground, where they all kneeled down to give thanks to God for their preservation. He then took a boat for the settlement of Savannah; and when the rest of the people came on shore, they also were invited to unite in praise and thanksgiving to their almighty Preserver. For about five weeks the Wesleys remained together at Savannah; during which period John had much intercourse with the Moravian Brethren, who had been previously settled there: and his mind was deeply impressed with their pious simplicity, zeal, union, self-denial, diligence, and holy cheerfulness. Whether Charles was equally attentive to their character and order does not appear.

Early in March the brothers were separated; Charles removing to Frederica, in the island of St. Simon, where he was to have the spiritual charge of the people, and where the governor, to whom he was secretary, had fixed his residence. This island is about one hundred miles south of Savannah, where John remained. It is about twenty miles long, and varies from two to five in breadth.

"Tuesday, March 9th, 1736, about three in the afternoon," says Charles, "I first set foot on St. Simon's island; and immediately my spirit revived. No sooner did I enter upon my ministry, than God gave me, like Saul, another heart. So true is that saying of Bishop Hall: 'The calling of God never leaves a man unchanged; neither did God ever employ any one in his service, whom he did not enable to the work he set him: especially those whom he raises up to the supply of his place, and the representation of himself.' The people, with Mr. Oglethorpe, were all arrived the day before.

"The first who saluted me on my landing was honest Mr. Ingham, and that with his usual heartiness. Never did I more rejoice at the sight of him: especially when he told me the treatment he has met with for vindicating the Lord's day: such as every minister of Christ must meet with. The people seemed overjoyed to see me. Mr. Oglethorpe, in particular, received me very kindly.

"I spent the afternoon in conference with my parishioners. With what trembling ought I to call them mine! At seven we had evening prayers in the open air, at which Mr. Oglethorpe was present. The

lesson gave me the fullest direction, and greatest encouragement. At nine I returned, and lay in the boat."

Few men sustaining the clerical office have ever applied themselves with greater assiduity and diligence to the discharge of their duties than Mr. Charles Wesley at this period of his life, or with a more fixed purpose to promote the spiritual good of the people. He conducted four religious services every day, for the benefit of those who chose and had leisure to attend; and he was in the habit of giving an extemporary exposition of the daily lessons at the morning and evening prayer. These services were conducted in the open air when the weather would permit; and as the people had no public clock to guide them, (for as yet they dwelt in tents, having no houses,) nor any "church-going bell" to summon them to their devotions, they were apprized of the hour of prayer by the sound of the drum. Notwithstanding all this application to religion, Charles's mission to Frederica, like that of his brother at Savannah, was in the main a failure; and his life there was little more than one continued course of vexation and sorrow. He laboured with all his might, by private admonition, as well as public worship and instruction, to make the people holy; yet few appear to have attended divine service at all; and fewer still came to the Lord's supper, or were indeed prepared to receive that holy sacrament. The upright among them respected him for his disinterestedness and fidelity; but others formed conspiracies to ruin him with the governor; and attempts were even made to get rid of him by assassination.

The principal cause of his want of success is doubtless to be found in the defectiveness of his theological views, and consequently of his own piety. Several of the sermons which he preached at Frederica are still extant in his own neat and elegant handwriting. The doctrines which they contain are precisely those of Mr. Law. The pleasures of this world are all vain and sinful, and therefore to be renounced; the evils of our nature render us unfit for the service and enjoyment of God, and are to be mortified by fasting, prayer, and a constant course of universal self-denial; we are the creatures of God, and are therefore to devote ourselves to him, in body, soul, and spirit, with the utmost fervour, simplicity, and purity of intention. In these discourses, as in the eloquent volumes of Law, we look in vain for correct and impressive views of the atonement and intercession of Christ, and of the offices of the Holy Spirit. It cannot here be said, "Christ is all, and in all." No satisfactory answer is given to the question, "What must I do to be saved?" Men are required to run the race of Christian holiness with a load of uncanceled guilt upon their consciences, and while the corruptions of their nature are unsubdued by

renewing grace. The preacher has no adequate conception of a sinner's justification before God. He sometimes confounds this blessing with sanctification; and at other times he speaks of it as a something which is to take place in the day of judgment. Never does he represent it as consisting in the full and unmerited forgiveness of all past sins, obtained not by works of righteousness, but by the simple exercise of faith in a penitent state of the heart; and immediately followed by the gift of the Holy Ghost, producing peace of conscience, the filial spirit, power over all sin, and the joyous hope of eternal life. On the contrary, he satisfies himself with reproving the vices and sins of the people with unsparing severity, and with holding up the standard of practical holiness; denouncing the divine vengeance against all who fall short of it; but without directing them to the only means by which they can obtain forgiveness and a new heart. The consequence was, that the more serious part of the people were discouraged; for they were called to the hopeless task of presenting to God a spiritual service, while they were themselves the servants of sin; and of loving him with all their heart, while they were strangers to his forgiving mercy, and laboured under a just apprehension of his wrath. Charles's ministry, like that of his brother, at this time did not embody those great doctrines of the evangelical dispensation which constitute "the truth as it is in Jesus," and upon which the Holy Ghost is wont to set his seal, by making them instrumental in the conversion and salvation of men. The quickening energy of the Spirit, therefore, without which all human efforts are unavailing, was in a great measure withheld. The brothers, with the best possible intentions, laboured to repair the "old garment," by "sewing" upon it "new" and unfulled "cloth," which was stiff and unwrought; but as it neither agreed with the old in colour, nor in quality, it "took from the old, and the rent was made worse." To use another illustration deduced from our Lord, they spent their time and strength in "putting new wine into old" leathern "bottles;" where it no sooner began to ferment than "the bottles were marred, and the wine was spilled."

The ecclesiastical discipline which Charles enforced was rigid and repulsive. He denied the validity of baptism when administered by any except the Episcopal clergy, to whatever section of the universal church the administrator might belong; calling it "lay-baptism," and urging upon those who had received it the necessity of being rebaptized. Healthy children he insisted upon baptizing by trine immersion, plunging them three times into water. It is not surprising that things of this kind shocked the feelings and prejudices of many of the emigrants, and produced in them an indisposition to follow the advices of their spiritual guide.

While his mind was uneasy on account of his want of ministerial success, his outward condition became increasingly painful. The governor was an able man, and generous and persevering; but infallibility of judgment, and absolute command of temper, entered not into the composition of his character. He was passionate and revengeful, and liable to be imposed upon by designing men. When any of the people offended him, his answer generally was, "I will hang you!" very unseemly language for a governor, deriving his authority from the British crown. Among the emigrants at Frederica were some women of lax morality, who were particularly hostile to their clergyman, because of the strictness of his doctrine and discipline, and the faithfulness with which he administered reproof. These mischievous persons, whose revenge knew no bounds, induced their husbands and friends to use their influence with the governor for the purpose of effecting Mr. Charles Wesley's ruin. To get rid of him, after he had been fired at among the trees, the governor was told, that his clerical secretary was secretly stirring up the people to mutiny, and persuading them to leave the colony. Oglethorpe had the indiscretion to believe these idle tales, and, without either inquiring into their truth, or mentioning them to the man who was falsely accused, he adopted such a course of harsh and cruel treatment of Mr. Charles Wesley as was nearly fatal to his life. The innocent and unsuspecting sufferer was saved from impending death by the seasonable interference of his brother, who was fetched from Savannah by their mutual friend Mr. Ingham. The following extracts from Charles's private journal place these transactions in a striking light:—

"March 11th. In the evening I heard the first harsh word from Mr. Oglethorpe, when I asked for something for a poor woman. The next day I was surprised by a rougher answer, in a matter that deserved still greater encouragement. I know not how to account for his increasing coldness. My encouragement was much the same in speaking with M. W., whom I found all storm and tempest. The meek, the teachable M. W. (that *was* in the ship) was now so wilful, so untractable, so fierce, that I could not bear to stay near her. I did not mend myself by stumbling again upon Mr. Oglethorpe, who was with the men under arms, in expectation of an enemy. I stayed as long as I could, however

'unsafe within the wind

Of such commotion:'

but at last the hurricane of his passion drove me away.

"Tuesday, March 16th, was wholly spent in writing letters for Mr. Oglethorpe. I would not spend six days more in the same manner for all Georgia.

"March 18th. I went to my myrtle-walk, where, as I was repeating,

'I will thank thee, for thou hast heard me, and art become my salvation,' a gun was fired from the other side of the bushes. Providence had that moment turned me from that end of the walk which the shot flew through; but I heard them pass close by me.

"March 25th. Mr. Oglethorpe called me out of my hut. I looked up to God, and went. He charged me with mutiny and sedition; with stirring up the people to desert the colony. Accordingly, he said, they had had a meeting last night, and sent a message to him this morning, desiring leave to go; that their speaker had informed against them, and me the spring of all; that the men were such as constantly came to prayers, therefore I must have instigated them; that he should not scruple shooting half a dozen of them at once; but that he had, out of kindness, *first* spoke to me. My answer was, 'I desire, sir, you would have no regard to my brothers, my friends, or the love you had for me, if any thing of this is made out against me. I know nothing of their meeting or designs. Of those you have mentioned, not one comes constantly to prayers or sacrament. I never incited any one to leave the colony. I desire to answer my accuser face to face.' He told me, my accuser was Mr. Lawley, whom he would bring if I would wait here. I added, 'Mr. Lawley is a man who has declared he knows no reason for keeping fair with any man, but a design to get all he can by him; but there was nothing to be got by the poor parsons.' I asked whether he himself was not assured that there were enough men in Frederica to say or swear any thing against any man that should be in disgrace; whether, if he himself was removed, or succeeded ill, the whole stream of the people would not be turned against him; and even this Lawley, who was of all others the most violent in condemning the prisoners, and justifying the officers.* I observed, this was the old cry, 'Away with the Christians to the lions!' mentioned H. and his wife's scandalizing my brother and me, and vowing revenge against us both; threatening me yesterday, even in his presence. I asked what redress or satisfaction was due to my character; what good I could do in my parish, if cut off by their calumnies from ever seeing one half of it. I ended with assuring him I had and should still make it my business to promote peace among all. I felt no disturbance while speaking, but lifted up my heart to God, and found him present with me. While Mr. Oglethorpe was fetching Lawley, I thought of our Lord's words, 'Ye shall be brought before rulers,' &c., and applied to him for help, and words to make my defence.

* The prisoners here referred to were some of the settlers at Frederica, who had been taken into custody for shooting on the sabbath, in violation of the governor's order. Mr. Charles Wesley had been greatly censured for their imprisonment, though he had no concern in it whatever.

“ Before Mr. Oglethorpe returned, I called in upon Mr. Ingham, and desired him to pray for me. Then I walked, musing on the event. Mr. Ingham coming, I related all that had passed. On sight of Mr. Oglethorpe and Lawley he retired.

“ Mr. Oglethorpe observed the place was too public. I offered to carry him to my usual walk in the woods. In our way God put it into my heart to say, ‘ Show only the least disinclination to find me guilty, and you shall see what a turn it will give to the accusation.’ He took the hint, and instead of calling upon Lawley to make good his charge, began with the quarrel in general; but did not show himself angry with me, or desirous ^{to} find me to blame. Lawley, who appeared full of guilt and fear, upon this dropped his accusation, or shrunk it into ‘ my forcing the people to prayers.’ I replied, that the people themselves would acquit me of that; and as to the officers’ quarrel, I appealed to the officers for the truth of my assertion, that I had had no hand at all in it. I professed my desire of promoting peace and obedience; and as to the people, was persuaded their desire of leaving the colony arose from mistake, not malice.

“ Here Mr. Oglethorpe spoke of reconciling matters; bade Lawley tell the petitioners, he would not so much as ask who they were, if they were but quiet for the future. ‘ I hope,’ added he, ‘ they will be so; and Mr. Wesley here hopes so too.’ ‘ Yes, sir,’ says Lawley, ‘ I really believe it of Mr. Wesley, and had always a very great respect for him.’ I turned, and said to Mr. Oglethorpe, ‘ Did not I tell you it would be so?’ He replied to Lawley, ‘ Yes; you had always a very great respect for Mr. Wesley! You told me he was a stirrer up of sedition, and at the bottom of all this disturbance.’ With this gentle reproof he dismissed him; and I thanked him for having first spoken to me of what I was accused, begging he would always do so. This he promised. He then left me, and I was delivered out of the mouth of the lion.

“ I went to my hut, where I found Mr. Ingham. He told me this was but the beginning of sorrows. ‘ Not as I will, but as thou wilt.’ About noon, in the midst of a violent storm of thunder and lightning, I read the eighteenth psalm, and found it gloriously suited to my circumstances. I never felt the Scriptures as now. Now I need them, I find them all written for my instruction and comfort. At the same time I felt great joy in my expectation of our Saviour thus coming to judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed, and God shall make my innocence as clear as the light, and my just dealing as the noon-day. I walked with Mr. Ingham, and read him the history of this amazing day. We rejoiced together in the protection of God, and through comfort of the Scriptures.

“ Meeting with Mr. Hird, I persuaded him to use all his interest with

the people to lay aside all thoughts of leaving the colony. He told me he had assured Mr. Oglethorpe that this was always my language toward him and the rest, and that I had no hand in the late disturbance; but was answered short with, 'You must not tell me that: I know better.'

"After spending an hour at the camp, in singing such psalms as suited the occasion, I went to bed in the hut, which was thoroughly wet with to-day's rain.

"March 29th. Knowing I was to live with Mr. Oglethorpe, I had brought nothing with me from England, except my clothes and books: but this morning, asking a servant for something I wanted, (I think a tea-kettle,) I was told, Mr. Oglethorpe had given orders that no one should use any of his things. I answered, that order, I supposed, did not extend to me. 'Yes, sir,' says she, 'you was excepted by name.' Thanks be to God, that it is not yet made capital to give me a morsel of bread.

"March 30th. Having laid hitherto on the ground, in a corner of Mr. Reed's hut, and hearing some boards were to be disposed of, I attempted in vain to get some of them to lie upon. They were given to all besides.

"March 31st. I begin now to be abused and slighted into an opinion of my own considerableness. I could not be more trampled upon was I a fallen minister of state. The people have found out that I am in disgrace. My few well-wishers are afraid to speak to me. Some have turned out of the way to avoid me. Others desired I would not take it ill, if they seemed not to know me when we should meet. The servant that used to wash my linen sent it back unwashed. It was great cause of triumph my being forbidden the use of Mr. Oglethorpe's things, and in effect debarred of most of the conveniences, if not the necessaries, of life. I sometimes pitied and sometimes diverted myself with the odd expressions of their contempt; but found the benefit of having undergone a much lower degree of obloquy at Oxford.

"April 1st. In the midst of the morning service a poor scoutboat-man was brought in, who was almost killed by the burst of a cannon. I found him senseless and dying. All I could do was to pray for him, and try by his example to wake his two companions. He languished till the next day, and died.

"Hitherto I have been borne up by a spirit not my own; but exhausted nature at last prevails. It is amazing she held out so long. My outward hardships and inward conflicts, the bitterness of reproach from the only man I wished to please,

'down

At last have worn my boasted courage.'

Accordingly, this afternoon, I was forced by a friendly fever to take my bed. My sickness I knew could not be of long continuance; but, as I was in want of every help and convenience, must either shortly leave me, or release me from further suffering.

“In the evening Mrs. Hird and Mrs. Robinson came to see me, and offered me all the assistance in their power. I thanked them, but desired they would not prejudice themselves by taking this notice of me. At that instant we were alarmed with the cry of the Spaniards being come; heard many guns fired; and saw the people fly in great consternation to the fort. I felt not the least disturbance or surprise: bade the women not fear; for God was with us. Within a few minutes news was brought us, that the alarm was only a contrivance of Mr. Oglethorpe, to try the people. My charitable visitants then left me, and soon returned with some gruel, which threw me into a sweat. The next morning they ventured to call again. At night, when my fever was somewhat abated, I was led out to bury the scoutboat-man, and envied him his quiet grave.

“Sunday, April 4th. Many of the people had been ill of the bloody flux. I escaped hitherto by my vegetable diet; but now the fever brought it. Notwithstanding this, I was obliged to go abroad, and preach, and administer the sacrament. My sermon, on ‘Keep innocency, and take heed to the thing that is right, for that shall bring a man peace at the last,’ was deciphered into a satire against Mrs. H. At night I got an old bedstead to lie on, being that on which the scoutboat-man had died.

“April 5th. At one this morning the sand-flies forced me to rise, and smoke them out of the hut. The whole town was employed in the same manner. My congregation in the evening consisted of two Presbyterians and a papist. I went home in great pain, my distemper being much increased with the little duty I could discharge.

“April 6th. I found myself so faint and weak, that it was with the utmost difficulty I got through the prayers. Mr. Davison, my good Samaritan, would often call, or send his wife to tend me; and to their care, under God, I owe my life.

“To-day Mr. Oglethorpe gave away my bedstead from under me, and refused to spare one of the carpenters to mend me up another.

“April 10th. At six Mr. Delamotte and my brother landed; when my strength was so exhausted, I could not have read the prayers once more. He helped me into the woods; for there was no talking among a people of spies and ruffians: nor even in the woods, except in an unknown tongue. He told me that Mr. Oglethorpe received him with abundant kindness. I began my account of all that has passed, and continued it till prayers. It were endless to mention all the scriptures

which have been for so many days adapted to my circumstances ; but I cannot pass by this evening's lesson, Hebrews xi. I was ashamed of having well nigh sunk under mine, when I beheld the conflicts of those triumphant sufferers 'of whom the world was not worthy.'

"Sunday, April 11th. I had just recovered strength enough to consecrate at the sacrament : the rest my brother discharged. We then got out of the reach of informers, and proceeded in my account ; being fully persuaded of the truth of Mrs. W.'s information against Mr. Oglethorpe, Mrs. H., and herself.

"April 14th. By a relation which my brother gave me, of a late conference he had with her, I was again, in spite of all I had seen and heard, half persuaded into a good opinion of Mrs. H. For the lasting honour of our sagacity be it written !

"April 16th. My brother brought me off a resolution, which honour and indignation had formed, of starving rather than ask for necessaries. Accordingly I went to Mr. Oglethorpe, in his tent, to ask for some little things I wanted. The next day my brother and Mr. Delamotte set out in an open boat for Savannah.

"April 24th. At ten I was sent for by Mr. Oglethorpe. He began, 'You know, Mr. Wesley, what has passed between us. I took some pains to satisfy your brother about the reports concerning me, but in vain. He here renews his suspicions in writing. I did desire to convince him, because I had an esteem for him ; and he is just as considerable to me as my esteem makes him. I could clear up all ; but it matters not. You will soon see the reason of my actions.

" 'I am now going to death. You will see me no more. Take this ring, and carry it from me to Mr. Vernon. If there is a friend to be depended upon, he is one. His interest is next to Sir Robert's. Whatever you ask, within his power, he will do for you, your brother, and your family. I have expected death for some days. The letters show that the Spaniards have long been seducing our allies, and intend to cut us off at a blow. I fall by my friends : Gascoin, whom I have made ; the Carolina people, whom I depended upon to send their promised succours. But death is to me nothing. T. will pursue all my designs ; and to him I recommend them and you.'

"He then gave me a diamond ring. I took it, and said, 'Hear what you will quickly know to be true, as soon as you are entered upon the separate state. This ring I shall never make any use of for myself. I have no worldly hopes. I have renounced the world. Life is bitterness to me. I came here to lay it down. You have been deceived, as well as I. I protest my innocence as to the crimes I am charged with ; and take myself to be now at liberty to tell you what I thought never to have uttered.'

“When I had finished this relation he seemed entirely changed, full of his old love and confidence in me. After some expressions of kindness, I asked him, ‘Are you satisfied?’ He replied, ‘Yes, entirely.’ ‘Why, then, sir, I desire nothing more upon earth, and care not how soon I follow you.’ He added, he much desired the conversion of the heathen, and believed my brother intended it. ‘But I believe,’ said I, ‘it will never be under your patronage; for then men would account for it without taking in God.’ He replied, ‘I believe so too:’ then embraced and kissed me with the most cordial affection. I attended him to the scoutboat, where he waited some minutes for his sword. They brought him first, and a second time, a mourning sword. At last they gave him his own, which had been his father’s. ‘With this sword,’ says he, ‘I was never yet unsuccessful.’ ‘I hope, sir,’ said I, ‘you carry with you a better; even the sword of the Lord and of Gideon.’ ‘I hope so too,’ he added.

“When the boat put off, I ran before, into the woods, to see my last of him. Seeing me and two others running after him, he stopped the boat, and asked whether we wanted any thing. Captain Mackintosh, left commander, desired his last orders. I then said, ‘God is with you. Go forth.’ ‘You have,’ says he, ‘some verses of mine. You there see my thoughts of success.’ His last word to the people was, ‘God bless you all!’ The boat then carried him out of sight. I interceded for him, that God would save him from death, would wash out all his sins, and prepare before he took the sacrifice to himself.

“Easter-day, April 25th. The people were alarmed at night by the sight of two great fires on either side of the town, not knowing if they were made by friends or enemies. Next morning news was brought of a boat coming up. Every one seemed under a consternation, though no one but myself was fully apprized of our danger. At night the watch was doubled by Captain Mackintosh. The people being unwilling to comply with his orders, I was forced to tell Mr. Hird, the constable, that there might be danger which Mackintosh alone knew of; and therefore they ought to obey. He promised it for himself and the rest. Though I expected every hour that the Spaniards would bring us the news of Mr. Oglethorpe’s death, yet I was insensible of fear, and careless of the consequence. But my indifference arose from stupidity rather than faith. There was nothing I cared for in life; and therefore the loss of it appeared a trifle.

“April 29th. About half-hour past eight, I went down to the bluff, to see a boat coming up. At nine it arrived, with Mr. Oglethorpe. I blessed God for still holding his soul in life. In the evening we took a walk together, and he informed me more particularly of our past danger. Three great ships, and four smaller, had been seen for three

weeks together at the mouth of the river ; but, the wind continuing full against them, were kept from making a descent, till they could stay no longer. I gave him back his ring, and said, ' I need not, sir, and indeed I cannot, tell you how joyfully and thankfully I return this.' ' When I gave it you,' said he, ' I never expected to receive it again, but thought it would be of service to your brother and you. I had many omens of my death, particularly their bringing me my mourning sword : but God has been pleased to preserve a life which was never valuable to me ; and yet, in the continuance of it, I thank God, I can rejoice.' ' I am now glad of all that has happened here,' [I rejoined,] ' since without it I could never have had such a proof of your affection as that you gave me when you looked upon me as the most ungrateful of villains.' While I was speaking this he appeared full of tenderness, and passed on to observe the strangeness of his deliverance, when betrayed on all sides, without human support, and utterly defenceless. He condemned himself for his anger, (God forgive those who made me the object of it!) which he imputed to his want of time for consideration. [I said,] ' I longed, sir, to see you once more, that I might tell you some things before we finally parted : but then I considered, that if you died, you would know them all in a moment.' ' I know not,' [said he,] ' whether separate spirits regard our little concerns. If they do, it is as men regard the follies of their childhood, or as I my late passionateness.'

" April 30th. I had some further talk with him in bed. He ordered me whatever he could think I wanted ; promised to have me a house built immediately ; and was just the same to me he had formerly been.

" May 3d. The people had observed that I was taken into favour again, which I found by their provoking civilities.

" 11th. I had now so far recovered my strength, that I again expounded the lesson. In the lesson next morning was Elisha encompassed with the host at Dothan. It is our privilege, as Christians, to apply those words to ourselves : ' There be more that be for us, than those that be against us.' God spoke to us yet plainer in the second lesson : ' Behold, I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves,' &c. ' Fear ye not, therefore ; for there is nothing covered that shall not be revealed, and hid, that shall not be known.' In explaining this, I dwelt on that blessed topic of consolation to the innocent, that however he suffers under a false accusation here, he will shortly be cleared at God's righteous bar, when the accuser and the accused shall meet face to face, and the guilty person acquit him whom he unjustly charged, and take back the wickedness to himself. Poor Mrs. W., who was just over against me, could not stand it ; but first turned her back, and then retired behind the congregation."

These extracts, copied from the journal of Mr. Charles Wesley, in his own handwriting, show the situation in which he was placed during his residence at Frederica. The people were unsettled; they were under continual alarms from the Spaniards; many of them were without moral principle, regarded his ministry as an attack upon private character, and acted toward him as spies and informers, with little respect for either truth or probability; his health was not good; he was destitute of almost every personal accommodation, living in a hut, mostly lying upon the ground, conducting public worship sometimes in the open air, under the shade of a tree, and at other times in the place where the public stores were kept: while, at the same time, the governor was capricious, passionate, and under the influence of wicked people. The firing of the gun when he was in the wood, and when the shot came whistling by him, just after he had changed his position, Mr. Charles Wesley believed to be an attempt upon his life; while the act itself was intended to appear as a casualty. Happily for him, he did not long continue in this painful condition, which was rendered doubly distressing by the natural sensitiveness of his mind, and the absence of his friends.

On the 15th of May, some duties connected with his secretaryship called him to Savannah; and from thence he was sent with despatches to England, so that he never again visited Frederica, where he had met with such unworthy treatment. "At four," says he, "I set out for Savannah, whither the Indian traders were coming down to meet me, and take out licenses. I was overjoyed at my deliverance out of this furnace, and not a little ashamed of myself for being so."

Still intent upon the duties of his mission, he says, "Sunday, May 16th, we landed at Skiddoway. I then went round, and asked the few people there were upon the island to come to prayers: which accordingly I read, and preached to about ten, in the guard-room; and promised so to contrive, if possible, that they should be supplied once a month. At four we returned to our boat, and by six reached Thunderbolt; whence I walked the five remaining miles to Savannah. Mr. Ingham, Mr. Delamotte, and my brother, were surprised at my unexpected visit. But it being late, we each retired to his respective corner of the room, where, without the help of a bed, we slept soundly till the morning."

On the following Wednesday Mr. John Wesley embarked for Frederica, to supply his brother's place, and Charles took charge of Savannah. "The hardest duty imposed upon me," says he, "was the expounding the lesson, morning and evening, to one hundred hearers. I was surprised at my own confidence, and acknowledged it not my own. The day was usually divided between visiting my parishioners,

considering the lesson, and conversing with Mr. Ingham, Delamotte, and Appee." The last of these persons was a young Dutchman, of whom we shall hear more in the progress of this narrative.

While the Wesleys and their faithful friend Mr. Ingham were thus labouring with exemplary zeal, their brethren, the Oxford Methodists, continued their religious meetings, and still pursued their plans of spiritual improvement, and of usefulness to others; though some who had belonged to their brotherhood were removed from the university to other fields of pious labour. Mr. Whitefield, who appears to have taken the lead among them, was ordained by Dr. Benson, the bishop of Gloucester, who treated him with great kindness. When he was retiring from the cathedral of that city, where he had been attending divine worship, he says, "One of the vergers called after me, and said the bishop desired to speak with me. I immediately turned back, considering within myself what I had done to deserve his lordship's displeasure. When I came to the top of the palace stairs, the bishop took me by the hand, and told me he was glad to see me; and bid me to wait a little, till he had put off his habit, and he would return to me again. This gave me an opportunity of praying to God for his assistance, and adoring him for his providence over me.

"At his coming again into the room, the bishop told me he had heard of my character, liked my behaviour at church; and inquiring my age, 'Notwithstanding,' says he, 'I have declared I would not ordain any one under three-and-twenty; yet I shall think it my duty to ordain you whenever you come for holy orders.' He then made me a present of five guineas, to buy me a book.

"The only thing now in dispute was, into what part of my Lord's vineyard I should be sent to labour first. God had given me much success in Gloucester; and my friends being desirous of having me near them, I had thoughts of settling among them. But when I came to Oxford, my friends urged several reasons for my continuing at the university. 'The Mr. Wesleys had not long been gone abroad, and now no one was left to take care of the prison affairs,' &c. They further urged, 'That God had blessed my endeavours there, as well as at Gloucester; that the university was the fountain-head; that every gownsmen's name was Legion; and that if I should be made instrumental in converting one of them, it would be as much as converting a whole parish.' At the same time, unknown to me, some of them sent to that great and good man, the late Sir John Phillips, who was a great encourager of the Oxford Methodists; and though he had never seen, but only heard of me, yet he sent word he would allow me thirty pounds a year, if I would continue at the university. Upon this, finding the care of the prisoners would be no more than, under God, I could

undertake with pleasure, and knowing the university was the best place to prosecute my studies, I resolved, God willing, to wait at Oxford a blessing on the first-fruits of my ministerial labours."

Having returned again to Gloucester, two days before the time fixed for the ordination, Mr. Whitefield says, "I waited on the bishop. He received me with much love; telling me he was glad I had come; that he was satisfied with the preparation I had made, and with the allowance given me by Sir John Phillips. 'I had myself,' said he, 'made provision for you of two little parishes; but since you choose to be at Oxford, I am very well pleased. I doubt not but you will do much good.'

"This, I think, was on Friday. The day following I continued in abstinence and prayer. In the evening I retired to a hill near the town, and prayed fervently for about two hours, in behalf of myself, and those that were to be ordained with me.

"On Sunday morning I rose early, and prayed over St. Paul's Epistle to Timothy, and more particularly over that precept, 'Let no man despise thy youth.' When I went up to the altar, I could think of nothing but Samuel's standing a little child before the Lord with a linen ephod. When the bishop laid his hands upon my head, my heart was melted down, and I offered up my whole spirit, soul, and body, to the service of God's sanctuary. I read the gospel at the bishop's command, with power; and afterward sealed the good confession I had made before many witnesses, by partaking of the holy sacrament of our Lord's most blessed body and blood.

"In the afternoon I read prayers to the poor prisoners, being willing to let the first act of my ministerial office be an act of charity. I preached the Sunday following, to a very crowded audience, with as much freedom as though I had been a preacher for some years.

"O the unspeakable benefit of reading to the poor, and exercising our talents, while students at the university! Such previous acts are very proper to prepare us for the work of our Lord, and make us not unapt to teach in a more public manner. It is remarkable that our Lord sent out his apostles on short missions before they were so solemnly authorized at the day of pentecost. Would the heads and tutors of our universities follow his example, and, instead of discouraging their pupils from doing any thing of this nature, send them to visit the sick and the prisoners, and to pray with and read practical books of religion to the poor, they would find such exercises of more service to them, and to the church of God, than all their private and public lectures put together.

"Thus God dealt with my soul. At the same time, by his gracious providence, he supplied me with all things needful for my body also:

for he inclined the bishop's heart to give me five guineas more; and by this time a quarter's allowance was due to me from Sir John Phillips; both which sums put together fully served to defray the expenses of my ordination, and taking my bachelor's degree; which was conferred on me at Oxford the week after my being ordained, when I was about one-and-twenty years of age.

"These changes from a servitor to a bachelor of arts, from a common drawer to a clergyman, were no doubt temptations to think more highly of myself than I ought to think; and some were therefore jealous over me, as I trust they always will be, with a godly jealousy; God, who is rich in mercy, thereby forewarned me of my danger, stirred up my heart to pray against spiritual pride, and kept me (as I hope he will to the end) in some measure always humbled before him.

"Thus did God, by a variety of unforeseen acts of providence and grace, train me up for, and at length introduce me into, the service of his church."*

Some of the facts which Mr. Whitefield has here described with his characteristic frankness and simplicity, are more fully explained in the following extract of a letter which he addressed to his friend Mr. John Wesley in Georgia. It is dated London, Sept. 2d, 1736:—

"Very Dear and Rev. Sir,—Being informed by Mr. Hutton, that a ship would soon sail toward your coasts, I thought it would be unpardonable in me not to write to my spiritual father in Christ. But what shall I begin with first? How shall I have room or time to relate to you a thousandth part of those mercies which God, of his infinite goodness in Christ Jesus, hath conferred upon me since I wrote last? If I mistake not, my last was dated from Gloucester, whence, after the Lord Jesus had made me an instrument of forming a society of some sincere souls, (O free, free grace in Christ Jesus!) God called me to Oxford again. From thence, after a stay of three months, I returned to Gloucester. Directed by divine Providence, accompanied with the earnest solicitations of my friends, I entered into holy orders. O pray, Rev. Sir, that I may be a faithful minister of Christ! You will naturally ask, 'Where hath it pleased God to settle you?' Hear, Rev. Sir, and admire the divine goodness toward the worst of sinners. My friends had laid a plan, and I find since that the bishop had united with them, to have me settled in Gloucester. But I had made it my earnest prayer to Almighty God, through Christ, that I might either not go into orders, or continue at Oxford some time longer, to fit me for the work of the ministry. God was pleased to answer this prayer wonderfully: for,

* A short Account of God's Dealings with the Rev. George Whitefield, A. B., late of Pembroke College, Oxford, pp. 63-71. Edit. 1740.

upon my return to Oxford, most of our friends being called away to other parts of the country, the Lord put it into the heart of our dear friend Mr. Morgan to inform Sir John Phillips of our affairs; who immediately sent me word, that he would allow me thirty pounds a year, if I would continue at Oxford, and superintend the affairs of the Methodists. Providence directed me to accept of his kind offer: accordingly I preach every Sunday to the prisoners; and follow your steps as close as possible.

“I am now at London, supplying the place of dear Mr. Broughton, who is curate at the Tower; he being gone to Dummer, in Hampshire, to assist dear Mr. Hutchins, who is gone to put his brother under the care of pious Mr. Clayton.

“Sir John Phillips is very much in our interest, and a blessed instrument of supplying our wants, and of encouraging us in our weak endeavours to promote the gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. But few friends are left at Oxford; yet the Lord hath given me great encouragement out of his holy word, so that I hope that some gownsmen will yet be added to our number. The greatest opposition comes from the laity at present. Yet there is much good done. Our fellow-students are pretty quiet, though our names stink among them. The Lord make us humble and thankful.

“The stock for the prisoners is put into my hands. The Lord give me wisdom and grace to distribute it as I ought.

“Farewell, Rev. and dear Sir. God be with you and prosper you in all your undertakings. May you be made a happy instrument of converting the Gentiles; and after you have served your blessed Master the appointed time on earth, sit down with him in eternal rest and glory in heaven.”*

These documents show the state of the Methodists at Oxford when the Wesleys were labouring in Georgia; and the manner in which Mr. Whitefield was prepared for that course of public usefulness to which he was called in future life. He evidently cherished toward the devoted brothers, now in a distant land, the most profound and cordial affection. Toward him they manifested the same feeling. While Charles remained in Georgia he wrote to Mr. Whitefield, inviting him, doubtless with the concurrence of John and Mr. Ingham, to come and join them in that colony. This he distinctly states in the poetical letter which he addressed to Mr. Whitefield many years afterward.

“In a strange land I stood,
And beckon'd thee to cross th' Atlantic flood.
With true affection wing'd, thy ready mind
Left country, fame, and ease, and friends behind;

* Supplement to the Methodist Magazine for the year 1797, pp. 8-10.

And eager all Heaven's counsels to explore,
Flew through the watery world, and grasp'd the shore."

While at Frederica, the life of Mr. Charles Wesley, as we have seen, was endangered by fever, and the unkindness of the governor. At Savannah it was once or twice in equal peril from other causes. "July 7th," says he, "between four and five this morning Mr. Delamotte and I went into the Savannah. We chose this hour for bathing, both for the coolness, and because the alligators were not stirring so soon. We heard them indeed snoring all around us; and one very early riser swam by within a few yards of us. On Friday morning we had hardly left our usual place of swimming, when we saw an alligator in possession of it. Once afterward Mr. Delamotte was in great danger; for an alligator rose just behind him, and pursued him to the land, whither he narrowly escaped."

The time now drew near when Mr. Charles Wesley was called to return to England, as the bearer of despatches from the governor to the trustees of the colony. The following are the circumstances connected with his departure from Georgia, detailed by himself:—"July 10th. I was waked by the news my brother brought us, of Miss Bovy's sudden death. It called up all my sorrow and envy. 'Ah, poor Ophelia!' was continually in my mind; 'I thought thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife.' Mr. Appee was just set out for Charleston, [on his way to] Holland; intending to return, when he had settled his affairs, and marry her:—

'But death had quicker wings than love.'

The following evening I saw her in her coffin, and soon after in her grave.

"July 21st. I heard by my brother that I was to set sail in a few days for England.

"July 22d. To-day I got their licenses signed by Mr. Oglethorpe, countersigned them myself, and so entirely washed my hands of the traders.

"July 25th. I resigned my secretary's place, in a letter to Mr. Oglethorpe. After prayers he took me aside, and asked me whether all I had said was not summed up in the line he showed me on my letter:—

Magis apta tuis tua dona relinquo.

'Sir, to yourself your slighted gifts I leave;
Less fit for me to take than you to give.'

I answered, I desired not to lose his esteem, but could not preserve it with the loss of my soul. He answered, he was satisfied of my regard for him; owned my argument drawn from the heart unanswerable;

‘and yet,’ said he, ‘I would desire you not to let the trustees know of your resolution of resigning. There are many hungry fellows ready to catch at the office; and in my absence I cannot put in one of my own choosing; The best I can hope for is an honest Presbyterian, as many of the trustees are such. Perhaps they may send me a bad man; and how far such a one may influence the traders, and obstruct the reception of the gospel among the heathen, you know. I shall be in England before you leave it. Then you may either put in a deputy, or resign. You need not be detained in London above three days; and only speak to some of my particular friends, (Vernon, Hutchinson, and Towers,) to the Board of Trustees, when called upon, and to the Board of Trade. On many accounts I should recommend to you marriage, rather than celibacy. You are of a social temper, and would find in a married state the difficulties of working out your salvation exceedingly lessened, and your helps as much increased.’

“July 26th. The words which concluded the lesson, and my stay in Georgia, were, ‘Arise, let us go hence.’ Accordingly at twelve I took my final leave of Savannah. When the boat put off I was surprised that I felt no more joy in leaving such a scene of sorrows.”

Mr. Charles Wesley was accompanied by his brother in a boat from Savannah to Charleston, a port belonging to the neighbouring colony of Carolina. Thence he intended to embark for England. At Charleston he was pleased to find his friend Appee, in whose company he expected to have an improving and pleasant voyage to Europe; though he was surprised to find that the sudden death of Miss Bovy, from whom Appee had just parted, and to whom he had made a promise of marriage, had apparently made little impression upon the mind of that young Dutchman. Mr. Charles Wesley remained eleven days in Charleston.

CHAPTER III.

ON the 5th of August, 1736, Mr. John Wesley took leave of his brother at Charleston, whence he returned to Savannah; and on the 11th Charles went on board to commence his voyage to England. On his entrance upon the ship, he had a specimen of the treatment which awaited him; but he little suspected the dangers that he would have to encounter. Had it not been for the skill and fidelity of the mate, according to all human probability, the ship and all its hapless inmates must have perished. “I found,” says Mr. Charles Wesley, “the honest captain had let my cabin to another. My flux and fever that

have hung upon me forced me, for some nights past, to go into a bed; but now my only bed was a chest, on which I threw myself in my boots, and was not overmuch troubled with sleep till the morning. What was still worse, I had no asylum to fly to from the captain; the most beastly man I ever saw: a lewd, drunken, quarrelsome fool; praying, and yet swearing continually. The first sight I had of him was upon the cabin-floor, stark naked, and dead drunk."

Toward the end of the month, the perilous situation of the ship's company became apparent. "August 28th," says our voyager, "after a restless, tempestuous night, I hardly rose at eight. Our happier captain, having got his dose, could sleep a day and a night upon the stretch, and defy either pumps or squall to wake him.

"August 30th. At noon we were alarmed by an outcry of the sailors, at their having continued pumping several hours, without being able to keep the water under. They desired the captain to put into some port, before they were got out to sea too far for returning; but he was too drunk to regard them. At five the sailors came down in a body to the great cabin, waked and told him, it was as much as their lives were worth to proceed on the voyage, unless their leaks were stopped: that he remembered it was as much as ever they could do to keep the ship above water in their passage from Boston, being forced to pump without ceasing: that the turpentine fell down upon and choked up the pumps continually; nor was it possible for them to get at it, or to hold out in such continual labour, which made them so thirsty, they could not live on their allowance of water: that they must come to shorter still, through his neglect to take in five more hogsheads of water, as his mate advised him: that he owned they had no candles for half the voyage. On all which accounts they begged him to consider whether their common safety did not require them to put in at some land for more water and candles; and, above all, to stop their leaks. The captain, having now slept out his rum, replied, 'To be sure, the men talk reason;' and, without consulting any of his officers, immediately gave orders to stand away for Boston.

"Sept. 15th. This is the first time I have heard a sailor confess 'it was a storm.' We lay under our mainsail, and let the ship drive, being by conjecture about sixty leagues from Boston, upon George's Bank. though, as we hoped, past the shoals upon it. The captain never troubled himself about any thing; but lay snoring, even in such a night as the last, though frequently called, without ever stirring, either for squalls, soundings, or shoals.

"In the afternoon the mate came down, having sounded, and found forty, and soon after twenty, fathoms; told the captain he apprehended coming into shoaler water still; and therefore it would be necessary

to reef the foresail and mainsail in readiness, that in case we fell foul of the shoals, (being upon George's Bank, and in a storm,) the ship might have headway to get clear again. This the captain absolutely refused; and though told it could do no possible harm, and might be the saving of the ship and us, persisted in his obstinacy; so that the mate left him to sleep, and the ship to take care of itself. But it pleased God to abate the storm, and on Thursday, about twelve, entirely to remove it.

"Sept. 20th. At seven Mr. Graham, the first mate, came to ask for directions, as he constantly does, the captain as constantly shifting him off, and leaving the whole management of the ship to him, or chance, or any body. The conversation being somewhat remarkable, I took it down in short-hand as they were speaking it.

"MATE. Captain Indivine, what would you have us do? What course would you have us steer to-night?

"CAPTAIN. Even what course you will: we have a fair wind.

"M. Yes, sir; and it drives us full upon the land, which cannot be many leagues off.

"C. Then, I think, you had best keep forward.

"M. Would you have us go on all night, and venture running upon the land?

"C. I do'n't know. Go on.

"M. But there are shoals and rocks before us.

"C. Why then, have a good look out.

"M. But you can't see twice the ship's length. What would you order me to do?

"C. These rebels and emissaries have excited you to come to ask for orders. I don't know what you mean.

"M. Sir, nobody has excited me. I come, as it is my duty, to my captain for directions.

"C. Have you a mind to quarrel with me?

"M. I have a mind to know what you will do.

"C. Nay, what will you do, if you come to that?

"M. Am I your captain, or you mine?

"C. I am your captain, and will make you know it, Mr. Man. Do what I order you; for you must and shall.

"M. Why, sir, you order me nothing.

"C. You would not have me come upon deck myself, sure?

"M. If you did, I should not think it would be much amiss. Some captains would not have stirred off deck a moment in such a night as this. Here you lie, without so much as ever once looking out, to see how things are.

"C. Yes, I have been upon deck this very day.

“ M. But you have taken no account of any thing, or given yourself the least trouble about the ship, for many days past.

“ C. It is all one for that. I know where we are exactly.

“ M. How far do you think we may be from land ?

“ C. Why, just thirty-five leagues. I am sure of it.

“ M. How is that possible ? You have taken no observation this fortnight ; nor have we got one these four days.

“ C. No matter for that. I know we are safe.

“ M. Sir, the most skilful sailor alive cannot know it. Be pleased only to declare what you would have done. Shall we sail on ? Shall we lie by ? Shall we alter our course ? Shall we stand in and off ?

“ He went on repeating such questions again and again : but as to giving an answer, the captain chose to be excused ; till the mate quite out of patience, having waited an hour to no purpose, left him ; and the captain concluded with, ‘ Jack, give me a dram.’

“ Sept. 21st. The sailors, who were upon deck all night, saw three large ships, as they supposed, coming out of the bay ; but in vain attempted to speak with them. At three I was waked by a cry of ‘ land !’ The mate said we were just upon it, for he saw the light of the watch-house ; and if they did not tack about immediately, they would be upon the rocks, which lay just before them, under the water. At the same time it blew a storm. The uproar was so great, that it even waked the captain, who started up, ran to his rum, drank a hearty draught, and then looked upon deck ; but, not much liking things there, came down again immediately, cried, ‘ Ay, ay, all will be well ;’ and dropped to sleep again.

“ Sept. 22d. Having sailed some hours without discovering land, we began to think the light which the mate had seen was of some ship, and not the light-house. At two we made land ; which the men soon found to be Cape-Cod, about eighteen leagues from Boston.

“ Sept. 24th. Being within sight of the light-house, at nine in the morning, the pilot came on board. At two I gladly obeyed his hasty summons, and went into his boat, with the other passengers, bidding a hearty farewell to our wretched ship, and more wretched captain ; who for the two last days had, most happily for us, lain dead drunk on the floor, without sense or motion.”

Mr. Charles Wesley remained in Boston, waiting to re-embark, for more than a month. During this time he was treated with great kindness by several respectable residents, whose spiritual benefit he laboured to promote. He preached in two or three of the churches ; and once, in a private company, he was delighted to meet with a lady who had taken her views of religion from the writings of William Law ; his own “ guide, philosopher, and friend.” “ While I was talk-

ing at Mr. Chicheley's," says he, "on spiritual religion, his wife observed that I had much the same way of thinking with Mr. Law. Glad I was, and surprised, to hear that good man mentioned; and confessed, all I knew of religion was through him. I found she was well acquainted with his 'Serious Call,' and has one of the two that are in New-England. I borrowed it, and passed the evening in reading it to the family (Mr. Williams's) where I have been some days. His daughter and he seemed satisfied and affected."

Of the Mr. Chicheley who is here mentioned Mr. Charles Wesley says, "He seems to have excellent natural parts, much solid learning, and true primitive piety: is acquainted with the power, and therefore holds fast the form, of godliness: obstinate as was my father in good, and not to be borne down by evil."

While Mr. Charles Wesley remained at Boston, the illness which he so frequently mentions increased, so as to cause great suffering, and even to endanger his life. He was attended by three or four physicians, one of whom came from Charlestown to afford his advice; yet for some days he obtained little or no relief. At one period of his illness he seems to have been apprehensive that his end was near; and states that, in his extremity, he obtained spiritual strength and comfort in the use of Pascal's prayer in affliction. As the time of embarkation drew near, his friends urged him to give up all thought of proceeding on his voyage till his health was greatly improved. But he was deaf to their entreaties, declaring that nothing but death should hinder him from fulfilling his charge. He was intrusted with important despatches to the trustees of Georgia, in his official character as secretary to the governor, and for Indian affairs; and he would neither commit them to the care of any other person, nor delay the delivery of them himself, whatever might be the effect upon his own life and health. For nothing was he more remarkable than a noble hardihood and daring in all matters that concerned his conscience and duty.

"Oct. 5th. I waked," says he, "surprisingly better, though not yet able to walk. This morning Dr. Greaves came over from Charlestown, to see me; gave me physic and advice, which he likewise left in writing. The same civility I have received from Dr. Gibbons, Dr. Gardener, and others. A little after Mr. Chicheley came, and brought me a summons to go aboard. Mr. Price drove me to the wharf, having called by the way on some of my new friends, from whom I have received all the instances of kindness in their power to show.

"When we came to the wharf, the boat was not ready; so we were forced to wait half an hour in the open cold air. Mr. Chicheley helped me into the boat, and covered me up. In about two hours we reached the ship, and, with Mr. Zouberbuhler, Mr. Appee, Mr. Cutler, and Mr.

Brig, went on board. I laid down in the state-room, less fatigued with the passage than I expected."

During Mr. Charles Wesley's stay in Boston the ship underwent some repairs; and it was now hoped that the voyage to England would not be attended with any of those calamitous results with which the crew and passengers were before threatened. He, however, wisely refused to re-embark if the ship were to be still under the command of Indivine, the notorious drunkard, who had been intrusted with her and the passengers from Charleston. Another captain, therefore, was obtained, of the name of Corney, who appears to have been intelligent and obliging. Yet they had not proceeded far on their way before it was discovered that the vessel was still far from being sea-worthy, and was ill adapted to meet the fierce and terrible storms that awaited them. A correct judgment of their perilous and distressing situation will be best formed from Mr. Charles Wesley's own description, written at the time, and without any reference to publication. His account is concise and forcible; for, like his brother, he was never addicted to verbosity. His concern for the spiritual good of his fellow-passengers is very apparent in the narrative which he has given.

"Oct. 27th. I began public prayers," says he, "in the great cabin. We had seldom any present but the passengers. I had not yet strength to read the lesson, nor attention for any harder study than Clarendon's History. In the night I was much disquieted by the colic.

"Oct. 28th. The captain warned me of a storm approaching. In the evening at eight it came, and rose higher and higher after I thought it must have come to its height; for I did not lose a moment of it, being obliged, by the return of my flux, to rise continually. At last the long-wished-for morning came, but brought no abatement of the storm. There was so prodigious a sea, that it quickly washed away our sheep, and half our hogs, and drowned most of our fowl. The ship had been new caulked at Boston: how carefully, it now appeared; for being deeply laden, the sea streamed in at the sides so plentifully, that it was as much as four men could do, by continual pumping, to keep her above water. I rose and lay down by turns, but could remain in no posture long. I strove vehemently to pray, but in vain. I persisted in striving, yet still without effect. I prayed for power to pray; for faith in Jesus Christ; continually repeating his name, till I felt the virtue of it at last, and knew that I abode under the shadow of the Almighty.

"It was now about three in the afternoon, and the storm at the height. I endeavoured to encourage poor Mr. Brig and Cutler, who were in the utmost agony of fear. I prayed with them and for them.

till four; at which time the ship made so much water, that the captain, finding it otherwise impossible to save her from sinking, cut down the mizenmast. In this dreadful moment, I bless God, I found the comfort of hope, and such joy in finding I could hope, as the world can neither give nor take away. I had that conviction of the power of God present with me, overruling my strongest passion, fear, and raising me above what I am by nature, as surpassed all rational evidence, and gave me a taste of the divine goodness.

“At the same time, I found myself constrained in spirit to bear witness to the truth, perhaps for the last time, before my poor friend Appee. I went to him; declared the difference between him that feareth God, and him that feareth him not; avowed my hope, not because I had attained, but because I had endeavoured; and testified my expectation, if God should now require my soul of me, that he would receive it to his mercy.

“My poor friend was convinced, but stupid; owned the happiness of the most imperfect Christian, a happiness he himself was a stranger to; and therefore, he said, all his refuge was, in the time of danger, to persuade himself there was none. Mr. Cutler frequently calling upon God, to have mercy upon his soul, Appee confessed he greatly envied him, as he had no manner of concern for his own. I advised him to pray. He answered, it was mocking God to begin praying in danger, when he had never done it in safety. I only added, I then hoped, if God spared him now, he would immediately set himself about working out his salvation.

“I returned to Mr. Brig and Mr. Cutler, and endeavoured from their fear to show them their want of religion, which was intended for our support on such occasions; urged them to resolve, if God saved them from this distress, that they would instantly and entirely give themselves up to him.

“The wind was still as high as ever, but the motion rather less violent since the cutting the mast; and we did not ship quite so much water. I laid me down, utterly exhausted; but my distemper was so increased, it would not suffer me to rest. Toward morning the sea heard and obeyed the divine voice, ‘Peace, be still!’

“Oct. 31st. My first business to-day (may it be the business of all my days!) was, to offer up the sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving. Then we all joined in thanks for our deliverance. Most of the day I was on the bed, faint, and full of pain. At night I rose to prayers, but could not read them.

“Nov. 1st. In the afternoon the wind rose, and promised a storm. I endeavoured to prepare myself and companions for it. It did not fail our expectation; but was not so violent as the last. The sea broke

over us every ten minutes ; and the ceaseless noise of the pumps either kept off sleep, or continually interrupted it.

“ Nov. 2d. Still the poor sailors could have no respite ; and as their strength abated, their murmuring increased. At night, when almost exhausted, they were relieved by a calm.

“ Nov. 3d. In the evening the wind arose again, and with that the sea ; which at ten broke in through one of the dark-lights, and filled the great cabin. It was vain to look for rest in such a hurricane. I waited till two in the morning for its abatement, but it continued all the following day in full majesty.

“ Nov. 5th. We met a ship bound for Boston, which had been ten weeks on her passage from Bristol, and forced in the last storm to throw most of her cargo overboard. Being short of provisions, they desired a barrel of beef, which our captain very readily sent them ; (though at the expense of much time and pains ;) and a keg of rum, to encourage the sailors to pump.

“ Nov. 9th. The men came down, and declared, they could keep the water under no longer, it gaining upon them every moment. Therefore they desired the captain would be pleased to lighten the ship. He told them, he knew what he had to do ; bade them return to their pumping ; and ordered others to take in all the sails but the mainsail. He stayed some time, (as he since told us, that he might not discourage us,) and then went up, and as we lay by stopped several leaks upon deck. This did considerable service ; though it was still the constant business of four men to keep the ship from filling.

“ During this time I often threw myself upon the bed, ‘ seeking rest, but finding none.’ I asked of God to spare me a little, that I might recover my strength ; then cast my eye upon the word : ‘ For my namesake will I defer my anger, and for my praise will I refrain from it, that I cut thee not off.’ My soul immediately returned to its rest, and I no longer felt the continuance of the storm.

“ Nov. 13th. Never was calm more seasonable than that which Providence this day sent us. The men were so harassed they could work no longer ; and the leaks increased so fast, that no less than their uninterrupted labour could have kept the vessel from foundering. All hands were now employed in stopping the leaks. The captain himself told us, he had been heartily frightened yesterday with a danger he would now acquaint us with, since it was over,—the total stoppage of one of the pumps. He further informed us that he had stopped several openings in the sides of the ship, wide enough to lay his fingers in ; so that he wondered the poor men had been able to keep her above water : and added, that the utmost he hoped for was, that they might hold out till they could reach some of the western islands.

Just as the men had finished their work, the calm gave place to a fair wind."

Mr. Charles Wesley's voyage from America became less painful as he approached his native land. His health appears to have improved; and the perilous storms which had so greatly distressed him and his fellow-passengers were succeeded by fine weather and fair winds.

One of the most remarkable events connected with his return to England was the disclosure of the real character of Appee, the young Dutchman, of whom frequent mention has already been made. This adventurer, who had resided some time at Savannah, assumed there a very strict profession of religion, and enjoyed the confidence of Mr. John Wesley, to whose rules of holy living he paid a sedulous attention, and was present at every public religious service. He was a man of parts, and of liberal education, so that he was respected by the governor, with whom he was intimate. During Mr. Charles Wesley's residence at Frederica, he was visited by this foreigner, who, having readily discovered Charles's views of episcopacy, professed to be very unhappy on account of his own baptism. As this sacrament had been administered by one of the Dutch clergy, who had only received Presbyterian ordination, Appee said that he could only regard it as lay-baptism, which he believed to be invalid. He therefore applied to Mr. Charles Wesley, as one who had received Episcopal ordination, to baptize him, according to the rites of the English Church. Charles concurred in these principles, but deferred the administration to a future time, having some doubts respecting Appee's preparation for the service; nor does he appear to have ever fulfilled the request of the young foreigner. He was, however, so far impressed in his favour, as to lend him twenty-four pounds, which he needed for present exigences. Appee was now professedly on his way to Holland, to settle his affairs, and was engaged to return with all speed to Georgia, which he really intended never more to see. Having nothing further now either to hope or fear from his friends the two Wesleys, he was no longer under any temptation to conceal his principles, and stood before Charles, as they advanced in their voyage, an infidel, a libertine, a misanthropist, a liar, a thief, a scoffer at religion and morality, whose obscene and ungodly conversation was a source of daily grief and annoyance.

Charles's notices concerning this evil genius are worthy of being placed upon public record, as an exhibition of fallen human nature. They also illustrate, in no small degree, the character of the two brothers. Appee, it will be observed, makes various statements concerning Mr. Oglethorpe; but his testimony is unworthy of credit. It was found that he had propagated the most abominable falsehoods, both at Charleston and Boston, to the disadvantage of Mr. Charles Wesley,

from whom he had received nothing but kindness, and toward whom he was at the time making the strongest professions of personal friendship.

Soon after their departure from Charleston, Mr. Charles Wesley says, in his private journal, "This morning Mr. Appee laid aside his mask. He began telling me all Mr. Oglethorpe had ever said to him, particularly his inmost thoughts of my brother and me. That he ridiculed our pretended fasting in the ship: that he took all my abstemiousness for mere hypocrisy, and put on for fear of my brother; for he saw how very uneasy I was under the restraint: that he much blamed my carelessness, my closeness, my frightening the people, and stirring them up to mutiny, &c.: that he found I apprehended being turned out of my office, and therefore pretended to be weary of it: that, to save my reputation, he had found me an errand to England; but never expected my return, any more than my brother's going to the Indians, which he well knew he never intended; but he would make his own use of him: that he greatly admired his finesse, in offering to go to the Choctaws in all haste, but at the same time procuring the Germans to dissuade him. In a word, he believed him to have a little sincerity, but more vanity: me, to have much vanity, but no sincerity at all.

"I asked Appee whether his judgment was the same. He answered, 'Yes:' that my brother, he believed, was labouring to establish a character for sanctity, was exceeding subtle, keeping me in the dark, as well as all others; yet credulous, and easy to be imposed upon himself: that he pitied his ignorance, in taking him (Appee) to be sincere, particularly in regard to his breaking off with Miss Bovy; which he intended, not in pursuance of *his* ghostly counsel, but of Mr. Oglethorpe's, who told him she was below one of his aspiring genius: that after his fine talk with my brother, he never made the least alteration in his own behaviour, or thought any further about it.

"While he was giving this blessed account of himself, I could not help reflecting on the profound sagacity and spiritual discernment of my brother and myself; particularly *his*, who was born for the benefit of knaves. For my own part, I will ever 'beware of men,' as He who best knows them advises. I will not think all men rogues till I find them otherwise; but I will insist upon a far different probation from what my brother requires, before I take any one into my confidence.

"I next inquired what his thoughts were of me. He frankly replied, he took me to be partly in earnest; but I had a much greater mind to please myself than to please God. Yet as for money I did not much value it; but in my eagerness for pleasure and praise, I was a man after his own heart: that, as I could not hold it, he wished I would leave off my strictness, for I should then be much better company.

“As for himself, he said, his only principle was, an insatiable thirst of glory: that Georgia was too narrow a sphere for him, and that therefore he should never see it more: that he desired my friendship, because I had learning, was sincere, and of his temper; but he should like me much better if I were not a parson. I had before let him into my own affairs, and read him my letter of resignation to Mr. Oglethorpe. His remark upon that was, ‘It is finely calculated for the end you propose,—the engaging Mr. Oglethorpe’s opinion and interest: but he will understand you.’”

This conversation took place on the 26th of August. The following occurred about a month afterward:—“The fineness of the weather invited even Mr. Appee upon deck, who usually disposes of twenty-three of the twenty-four hours in bed. His vanity betrayed him into further discoveries of himself. He laboured to show that the only difference between us lay in externals, through the difference of our education. I had the same vices that he had, but was forced, by the restraints of a narrow education, to dissemble those inclinations which he had given a loose to. The case was the same with my brother; a much better hypocrite, he said, than me, and who would have made an excellent Jesuit. But Mr. Oglethorpe understood him; though, for his own convenience, he would not seem to do so.

“Upon my asking him how he accounted for the great pains my brother had taken with him, he readily answered, that was all grimace. My brother could not but be mightily pleased with the reputation such a convert would gain to his sanctity, which had charms to win over so wild a young gentleman of his parts. ‘But how could you bear him so long, if you had no esteem for him, or regard to his advice?’ ‘Why, it was so new a gratification to me to be thought religious, that I found no difficulty in keeping on the mask; and I had got such a knack of going to prayers and sacrament, that I do not know but I should have been actually caught at last.’”

“While the ship was under repairs at Boston, Appee “gave out that his design in coming to Georgia had been to take charge of the people there; but finding Mr. Oglethorpe just such a genius as himself, he thought his own stay there was not so necessary, but he might safely quit the interest of the colony; which, had it not been to such a hand, he could never have prevailed on himself to do: that at present he was unresolved where to bestow himself; only it should be on that part of mankind which needed him most: that he was going to England about matters of the last importance: two or three letters of no moment, he said, I carried; but all secret despatches to the duke of Newcastle, and other ministers of state, he was charged with. From the court of Great Britain he was to be sent envoy to Spain. His money, a few

hundreds of pounds, he had sent before him to England. To others, he said he had turned it into silver, and freighted Indivine's ship."

The discovery of Appee's character, of course, induced Mr. Charles Wesley to resolve upon breaking off all future intercourse with him. Accordingly, Nov. 23d, says he, "I imparted to Mr. Zouberbuhler my intention of discarding Appee as soon as we landed. He told me, he wondered I had not done it before; for he was such a man, so unprofitable, so pernicious, that he himself would not be bound to go another voyage with him for all the world: that he was so excessively vain, he thought himself admired wherever he came; and I was so fond of him, that, for all my talk of parting, I could not live without him. He added, he was so notorious a liar, that he had long since ceased to believe one word he said; and so utterly irreligious, that it was impossible to make a friend of him. He told me Appee had proffered, if his Spanish embassy failed, to attend him to Switzerland; but he would never more trust such a man near him, or his people: such an abominable liar, scoundrel, and thief; one who had been forced to fly his country, and the pursuit of justice, for robbing his father of three hundred guineas.

"A fair account of my friend Appee, and of the twenty-four pounds I have lent him! That a Dutchman should cheat me is nothing strange; but how did he evade the wary eye of Mr. Oglethorpe? Happy Miss Bovy, to be delivered by death from such a man!"

"*Ecce iterum Crispinus!* [Behold Crispinus again!] Mr. Zouberbuhler came to me full of abhorrence, Nov. 27th. 'That Appee,' said he, 'is a very devil, made up of falseness and lies! He is ever railing against you, behind your back, to the captain and passengers, ridiculing the prayers, &c. He tells the captain, as he did every body at Boston, that you are so ignorant, Mr. Oglethorpe was forced to send him to take care of you. At Charleston he declared in all companies, he was come with full powers to put an end to the dispute between them and Georgia. Last night I overheard him giving a blessed account of you to Mr. Brig.'"

Two days afterward, "while I was walking upon deck," says Mr. Charles Wesley, "Appee came up to me; began with many professions of friendship; hoped all little misunderstandings would be forgot; fell into familiar discourse, as formerly; was sure I should never return to Georgia, where Mr. Oglethorpe would allow none but his creatures, or such as were some way or other subservient to his glory: 'which, take my word for it,' says he, 'is the principle of all his actions, as well as mine. Christianity he has about as much of as myself. I have given him some unanswerable reasons against it!'"

As the vessel drew near the English shore, this wretched man at-

tempted a renewal of his acquaintance with Mr. Charles Wesley. "Appee took me aside once more," says he, "to try his skill upon me; besought me not to alter my behaviour toward him when we should come to land; denied, as ever he hoped for salvation, that he had ever spoke or wrote disrespectfully of me; detested the thought of such treachery, with so many horrid imprecations, as I believed even a Dutchman would have trembled at. The burden of all was, John Bull and Nicholas Frog were too dear friends ever to think of parting. But John Bull begged to be excused. Though I stood in admiration of his parts, I did not choose they should any longer be exercised on me. In vain did he resume our lodging together. I was deaf on that ear, and shifted the discourse, which he still brought back again. 'Well, my dear friend, wherever you are,' said he, 'I will take a lodging next door.'"

Such was the profound deceit of this clever and versatile stranger, who for a time gained the confidence of the Wesleys, and cheated Charles of his money. A confiding simplicity of mind, which suspected evil of no one, is well known to have been a characteristic of Mr. John Wesley; and for that he is censured by his brother, who speaks of him as "born for the benefit of knaves;" yet in this case Charles, with all his shrewdness and suspicion, was the greater sufferer. Serious blame is perhaps not to be imputed to either of them, however they might condemn themselves. It is no dishonour to any man, that he is so far actuated by a generous charity, as to believe that other people are upright and sincere, until they are proved to be base and dishonest.

Further discoveries of Appee's consummate wickedness and ingenuity were made after the parties arrived in London. Young as this faithless man was, he had already been in Surinam, where he had gambled away an estate which was given to him by his father. Other instances of his licentiousness and dishonesty are too gross for description. On his arrival in London he was imprisoned in Newgate for his passage money, of which he attempted to defraud the captain. After his liberation, he stole a watch, and made his escape to Paris. The last time that Mr. Charles Wesley saw him was in the year 1744. He was then a prisoner in the Tower, under sentence of transportation; but for what crime we are not informed. During the interval he had been in the army. On taking leave of this abandoned infidel, Charles gave him kind and faithful advice, and made him a present of some books, hoping that they would not be lost upon him. Appee was to embark the next day for the place of his destination.

On the 3d of December, 1736, Mr. Charles Wesley landed at Deal. As soon as he had left the shattered vessel which conveyed him from

America, and set his foot upon British ground, he kneeled down, under the strong impulse of grateful feeling, and offered thanks to God for his preservation by land and by water, in pain and sickness. He then repaired to an inn, where the rest of the passengers united with him in adoring thankfulness and praise to their almighty Deliverer. From Deal he went by coach to Canterbury; and thence to Sittingbourne, where he spent the night. On the next day he reached London, where he was received with surprise and cordiality; a report having been some time prevalent that the ship in which he was known to have sailed was lost at sea. The first house to which he repaired was that of Mr. Charles Rivington, the bookseller, in St. Paul's Churchyard; between whom and the two Wesleys a very affectionate friendship had for some time subsisted. This gentleman was the publisher of their father's Latin folio on the Book of Job; of his Letter of Advice to his Curate; of John's edition of Thomas à Kempis; and of the Sermon on the Trouble and Rest of Good Men, which John had committed to the press before he went to Georgia. Mr. Rivington took a lively interest in the affairs of the Methodists. "My namesake," says Charles, "was much rejoiced to see me, and gave me great cause of rejoicing by his account of our Oxford friends."

Before he landed, Mr. Charles Wesley addressed a letter to his brother Samuel at Tiverton, who immediately sent him the following welcome to his native country. It was addressed to him "at the Rev. Mr. Hutton's, College-street, Westminster."

"Dec. 7th, 1736. Dear Charles,—This moment almost I received yours. I believe, by the date of it, you may be at London by that time this can get thither. I heartily blessed God for your safe arrival, having heard many flying reports of your being lost; though I never read newspapers, being otherwise, at least, if not better, employed; yet ill tidings would find me out. I fancy you like business no better than I; yet I do not much regret your being employed in it, provided always no part of it relate to your going back to the place from whence you came, since I do not care for two partings. I would not have mentioned this, in the present joy, only I thought it best to declare myself soon enough. I am mightily obliged to Mr. Hutton, who is apprentice to Mr. Innys; for the minute he heard of your arrival at Boston, he sent me word of it, for fear I should give too much credit to the story of your being cast away. I desire you would give my service and thanks to him; and tell him that I take it particularly kindly of him, and was just going to write a letter to assure him of it; but now I have a better way of conveyance. I have had a deliverance from danger lately: God only knows whether as imminent as yours, but I

have been very low. My strength is now returning, almost sensibly; and when I see your face I shall in a more especial manner rejoice for seeing the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living. My mother is here with me. You may easily guess whether she is partaker of the general joy that your little scrip brought along with it. She sends her blessing, and longs to see you. I would certainly have sent you what you mentioned over sea, if I had not heard of your coming over. Nor should I the first time in my life have grudged expense to benefit a friend. I hope you will now be able to fit yourself in London; but if not, come to Tiverton, and see what that affords. You will find me pretty much the same man, though not the same usher, still. I could wish for all our sakes the archi-didascalus had as large an income as the hypo-had. Phill is extraordinary well in her bodily health. My wife has been almost gone during my illness, but begins to pick up again as I recover. I wish she would hold it on, and mend as long and as much as I believe I shall do. We join heartily in love. Little Phill sends her duty. Service to all friends that ask after me. I hope you will keep your holydays here. Where is Mr. Oglethorpe? We are, dear Charles,

“Your faithful and affectionate friends, and brother and sister.”

At the bottom of this brotherly epistle Charles has written, “Faithful and affectionate indeed!” and on the back of it he has inscribed, “*Notus in fratris animâ paterni.* Let my widow preserve this precious relic.”

It was Saturday night when Mr. Charles Wesley arrived in London; and the next morning, in full accordance with his devotional habits, he repaired to St. Paul’s cathedral, where he received the holy communion. After the service he was pleased to hear that Mr. Oglethorpe was daily expected in England. In the course of the day he waited upon “good old Sir John Phillips,” who had kindly supported Mr. Whitefield at Oxford, for the religious benefit of the junior members of the university, and the prisoners. By the pious and venerable baronet, he says that he was “received as one alive from the dead.” He adds, “Here I heard a most blessed account of our friends at Oxford; their increase both in zeal and number. I then hastened to Mr. Vernon, to deliver my letters. He received me very affectionately, and pressed me to live with him during my stay in London.

“While we were talking young Hutton called, having traced me thither, in order to carry me home with him. We took coach for my good old friend and host, his father. I entered with fear and trembling. My reception was such as I expected from a family that entirely loved me, but had given me over for dead, and bewailed me as their own child. A captain had told them that fifty per cent. assurance had been

refused for Indivine's ship; and a report was spread abroad that she had been seen sink to the bottom."

This day his health again failed. The motion of the coach which conveyed him from Sittingbourne to London, and of the coaches in which he was carried first to the house of Mr. Rivington, and then to Mr. Hutton's, occasioned a return of his complaint; so that he was neither able to preach, nor to engage largely in conversation with his admirers. "Many such," he says, "I have gained by Mr. Ingham's magnificent journal. My brother's journal too (the last I hope will ever be sent hither) is in every one's hands."

Two days after his arrival in London he went to his uncle, Mr. Matthew Wesley, a surgeon, who had brought up his sister Martha. Here, he says, "I was equally welcome and unexpected. They told me, my brother Hall was gone to a curacy, very melancholy, and impatient at the mention of Georgia."

For some time he suffered greatly in his health. The medical men who attended him found it difficult to confine him to his room, without which they declared his recovery to be hopeless. Notwithstanding his pain and weakness, his spirit was ardent, and his habits active. He had many duties to discharge, arising out of his official connection with the colony. He was also anxious to do all the spiritual good in his power; as well as to visit his friends both in town and country. In almost every direction he was annoyed by the manuscript journals which his brother and Mr. Ingham had transmitted from Georgia, and which he found the people reading with avidity. On the 15th of December, says he, "I waited upon the trustees at the office. It put me past my patience to hear they were reading Mr. Ingham's and my brother's journals. I was called in, and delivered my letter for the trustees. Lord Carpenter, being in the chair, desired me to speak so that all the gentlemen might hear me. Mr. Towers interposed, and told them I was so weakened by my illness, that I could not speak aloud; and desired me to deliver my papers one by one to be read by Mr. Verelst. At dinner they fell into discourse about the missionaries, whom as yet they mightily commend, and wish for more of them; as that their journals might be forthwith printed, that the world might receive the benefit of their labours."

As his health improved, and his engagements in London became less pressing, Mr. Charles Wesley went to Oxford, where he visited the prisoners, and held various meetings with the junior members of the university, instructing, encouraging, and admonishing them, as their several states required. Soon after he went to Wooton, near Salisbury, on a visit to Mr. Hall, and his sisters, Martha and Kezzy. From Wooton he hastened to Tiverton, to see his brother Samuel and his

family, where he also expected to meet his mother. On his arrival he says, "I ran up stairs to my sister, who received me with tears of joy. I saw Phill next, and last my brother, who seemed at least as well as when he left me at London three years before. I went to comfort my mother, indisposed in her chamber."

While Mr. Charles Wesley was employed in correspondence with his friends, and religious visits, he was not aware that his brother John was on his way to England, having come to the determination of leaving the colony for a time, in consequence of a persecution which was raised against him at Savannah. Of this persecution Charles was aware, having received intelligence of it immediately after his arrival in London. It is not necessary here to enter into the particulars of this case. Some account of it was given by Mr. John Wesley, in his printed Journal, thus inviting the public scrutiny; but his forbearance toward certain parties concerned, who were then living, induced him to suppress some circumstances, the knowledge of which is necessary to a full understanding of the affair. The best account is that which Mr. Moore has given in his *Life of Mr. Wesley*, which shows that the whole proceeding arose out of a design which was formed, and in which Mr. Oglethorpe himself was concerned, to lower the spirituality of Mr. Wesley's character, and place it more on a level with their own. Not that the governor intended to inflict upon Mr. Wesley the injuries that he endured; but he furnished the occasion, of which other persons, less honourable than himself, gladly availed themselves. The principal adversary of Mr. Wesley was Mr. Causton, one of the highest authorities in the colony, next to the governor, but utterly unworthy of that distinction. He had left England in disgrace, having been detected in practising a fraud upon the public revenue. Mr. Oglethorpe made him bailiff, and in his own absence invested him with the supreme authority. The very pompous, harsh, and overbearing manner in which he exercised his powers raised an outcry in the colony, after Mr. Wesley had left; and being also detected in the misapplication of some of the public funds, the governor was compelled to depose him. Such is the testimony of independent witnesses, living on the spot, who themselves were unfriendly to Mr. Wesley; not because they saw in him any thing morally wrong, but because they thought him righteous overmuch. His views of ecclesiastical order led him to trench upon the just rights and privileges of the Dissenters, many of whom were among the settlers: a fault which he afterward very distinctly acknowledged.

The intelligence of the persecution by which he was harassed at Savannah, Mr. John Wesley conveyed in a journal, which he sent to his brother Charles through the medium of their friend Mr. Rivington.

“I read it through,” says he, “without either surprise or impatience. His dropping my fatal letter I hope will convince him of what I never could,—his own great carelessness; and the sufferings that brought upon him, of his inimitable blindness. His simplicity in telling what and who were meant by the two Greek words was *outdoing his own outdoings*. Surely all this will be sufficient to teach him a little of the wisdom of the serpent, of which he seems to be utterly void.”

When Charles wrote these animadversions upon his brother John, and took credit to himself for his superior discernment, he seems to have forgotten the twenty-four pounds of which he had just been cheated by the pious professions of one of the most impudent knaves that ever lived.

Mr. Whitefield, to whom Charles Wesley addressed a letter from Georgia, requesting his assistance there, wrote to Charles in the month of December, declaring his readiness to embark for that colony. This zealous and enterprising man was as prompt in action as he was fluent and impressive in speech. On the 28th of September he says, in one of his letters, “I know not why we go not to Georgia; but there is no likelihood of it yet, as I see. Friends universally dissuade me from going myself; but I hope it will not be long now before we shall launch into the deep.” A month afterward he says, writing from London, “God still works here. The collections for all the charity schools, in all the churches where I preach, are very large. All London is alarmed. Many youths here sincerely love the Lord Jesus Christ; and thousands, I hope, are quickened, strengthened, and confirmed, by the word preached.” November 14th, he says, “I now begin to preach charity sermons twice or thrice a week, besides two or three on Sundays; and sixty or seventy pounds are collected weekly for the poor children. Thousands would come in to hear, but cannot.” On the 23d of December he says, “We sail, God willing, next week. Great things have been done for us here. Perhaps upward of one thousand pounds have been collected for the poor, and the charity schools; and I have preached above a hundred times since I have been here. A visible alteration is made also in hundreds [of people.] Last Sunday, at six in the morning, when I gave my farewell, the whole church was drowned in tears. They wept, and cried aloud, as a mother weepeth for her firstborn. Since that, there is no end of persons coming and weeping, telling me what God has done for their souls. Others, again, beg little books, and desire me to write their names in them. The time would fail me, was I to relate how many have been awakened, and how many pray for me. The great day will discover all.”

A few days afterward he addressed the following letter to his friend Mr. Charles Wesley:—

“Oxon, December 30th, 1736. Dearest Sir,—Last night I returned from a weeping flock at Dummer, and met with a grateful, sweet reception from my Oxon friends. But, alas! how transient are our visits in this life! for to-morrow I purpose, God willing, to set out for Gloucester; or otherwise I shall hardly see the bishop, who, I hope, will contribute something toward assisting the Americans. Add to this, that friends promise not to dissuade me from my enterprise; and I have a brother I believe now there, that comes on purpose to see me; so that all here bid me hasten away. O may such speedy removes teach me to be every moment ready at my blessed Master’s call; and remind me that I have here no continuing city, but seek one to come! I have great reason to bless God (and do you also) for sending me to Dummer: It has, I think, been an excellent preparative for Georgia. It has brought me to live alone, and much improved both my outward and inward man. O may these instances of divine love strengthen my weak faith, and make me ready to follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth! I have wrote to Salmon, and will, God willing, shortly send to H——. No one but myself is ready to go from Oxford. Dear Mr. Hutchings will go hereafter, I believe; but his time as yet is not fully come. If you should be taken off, (and O happy then, dear Mr. Charles!) I trust, notwithstanding, God will give me strength to throw myself blindfold in his hands, and permit him to do with me whatsoever seemeth good in his sight. All friends like the German hymn admirably. Happy shall I be if my lot is cast among such pious souls; but I think God calls me in a particular manner to assist your brother.

“My friend will not take it amiss, if I inquire why he chooses to be secretary to Mr. Oglethorpe; and not rather go where labourers are so much wanted, in the character of a missionary? Did the bishop ordain us, my dear friend, to write bonds, receipts, &c., or to preach the gospel? Or dare we not trust God to provide for our relations, without endangering, at least retarding, our spiritual improvement? But I go too far. *Habe me excusatum*. [Excuse me.] You know I was always heady, and self-willed. I hear you are to be in Gloucester next week. Will dear Mr. Charles take a bed with me at Mr. Harris’s? I believe he will be welcome. You will write next post, if convenient, and direct for me at Mr. Harris’s, junior, bookseller, in Gloucester. All friends here kindly salute and long to see you. Mr. Kinchin is all heart. Dear Mr. Charles, adieu. Let us wrestle in prayer for each other; and believe me to be, dearest sir,

“Your affectionate brother in Christ.

“P.S. Is it expedient to go into priest’s orders? Tell me, that I may acquaint the bishop.”

Such was the state of holy excitement in which this able but youthful minister of the Lord Jesus left his native land. He went on board the ship Whitaker, at Gravesend, where he was met by Mr. Charles Wesley, Westley Hall, and many other friends, who affectionately commended him to the divine mercy and protection.

As Charles was apprehensive at this time that his brother John was still suffering unjustly at Savannah, he addressed to him the following letter of encouragement, which he appears to have brought with him to Gravesend, and committed to the care of their mutual friend. It will be observed, that, although Charles condemned what he considered his brother's indiscretion, he had the fullest confidence in his purity and uprightness.

“College-street, Jan. 2d, 1738. Dear Brother,—From my soul I congratulate you upon the late glorious treatment; nor do I less envy you it. It is *now* that you begin to be a disciple of Christ. I have just read over the returned papers without any emotion, but that of joy. Had I even resolved to have set up my rest here, your present trial would have broke my resolution, and forced me back to America, to partake with you in your sufferings for the gospel. Such you may most assuredly reckon what you now labour under: I should rather say, what you now rejoice and glory in; for it is not the mixture of infirmity that can prevent God's accepting them as endured for his sake. If you have the testimony of a good conscience, your sufferings are interpretatively his; and human wisdom can never dispute you out of it. We know the worldly, and even practically good men, the strangers as well as the enemies to the cross of Christ, observing some failings in God's children, ascribe the whole of their persecutions to *those only*. The scandal of the cross with them is ceased; the reproach of Christ no longer subsists; the contrariety between his light and darkness, between his Spirit and the spirit of the world, is at an end; and our conformity to our persecuted Master is all resolved into *want of prudence*. In vain do we press them with the plain words of Scripture: ‘All that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution;’ ‘The disciple is not above his Master;’ ‘If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you;’ and a thousand others. Experience only can convince them that the sense of these scriptures is literal and eternal. But this I need not tell you. You *know* the absolute impossibility of being inwardly conformed to Christ, without this outward conformity, this badge of discipleship, these marks of Christ. You marvel not, as if some new thing had happened unto you; but rejoice in tribulation, as knowing that hereunto you are called, and can only be made perfect through these sufferings.

“These are the trials that must fit you for the heathen; and you

shall suffer greater things than these. When your name is *by all* cast out as evil, and *it is not fit for such a fellow to live*; when you cannot live among them, but are driven out from your own countrymen; *then* is your time for turning to the Gentiles.

“That time may still be at a great distance. As yet the bridle is in their mouths, and all the arrows they shoot out are bitter words. But stay till those words are credited, and seconded by actions; till he that letteth letteth no longer, but the whole storm burst upon you, and the fiery trial commences; and then will be shown how you have learned Christ, and whether you have chosen to teach him to the heathen.

“You remember the case of *Athanasius contra mundum*. [Athanasius against the world.] The charge brought against him was worth bringing: treason, adultery, and murder, at once! I wonder no more is said against you. The devil himself could not wish for fitter instruments than those he actuates and inspires in Georgia. Whatever he will suggest, they will both say and swear to. But things are not yet ripe on your part. You have but begun the lesson of meekness, and gentleness, and love; and God, in pity to your weakness, has sent you a fellow-labourer, and fellow-sufferer. Here are many now who long to be partakers with you in the sufferings of the gospel. I too would be of the number, and shall follow in sure and certain expectation of your treatment. The fiery furnace, I trust, will purify me; and if emptied of myself, I would defy the world and the devil to hurt me. We would then join in turning the war against them, and make them fear us.”

To this spirited, affectionate, and somewhat mystical letter, which exhibits the defective theology of the writer, Mr. Charles Wesley added the following postscript after his arrival at Gravesend:—

“Gravesend, Jan. 3d. I am here with G. Whitefield, my brothers Hall and Hutton, and many other zealous friends. God has poured out his Spirit upon them, so that the whole nation is in an uproar. Tell dearest Charles Delamotte, that we dined on our way at Dummer, where we found his sisters, brother William, and mother, exceedingly zealous for the Lord of hosts. William has raised up a party for God at Cambridge. They are already stigmatized for Methodists. We see all about us in an amazing ferment. Surely Christianity is once more lifting up its head. O, that I might feel its renovating spirit, and be thereby qualified to diffuse it among others! I trust you pray without ceasing for me. I long to break loose; to be devoted to God; to be in Christ a new creature!”

It is not probable that this letter was conveyed to Georgia. Before Mr. Whitefield had passed the Downs he heard that Mr. John Wesley, whom he was going to assist, had already arrived in England. Mr. Wesley addressed a letter to him, advising him to return. To this

Mr. Whitefield answered, from on board the ship, "Downs, Feb. 1, 1738. I received the news of your arrival (blessed be God!) with the utmost composure; and sent a servant immediately on shore to wait on you, but found you was gone. Since that, your kind letter has reached me. But I think many reasons may be urged against my coming to London. For, first, I cannot be hid, if I come there: and the enemies of the Lord will think I am turning back, and so blaspheme that holy name wherewith I am called. Secondly, I cannot leave the flock committed to my care on shipboard: and perhaps while I am at London the ship may sail. Thirdly, I see no cause for not going forward to Georgia. Your coming rather confirms (as far as I can hitherto see) than disannuls my call. It is not fit the colony should be left without a shepherd. And though they are a stiff-necked and rebellious people; yet, as God hath given me the affections of all where I have been yet, why should I despair of finding his presence in a foreign land?"

With these views Mr. Whitefield pursued his course to Georgia, where he found Mr. Delamotte engaged as a teacher of youth, and greatly endeared to many of the people by his fine spirit, and active benevolence. Mr. Whitefield arrived at Savannah on the 7th of May; and on the 2d of June Mr. Delamotte took his leave of the colony, on his return to his native land. Mr. Whitefield had now been a month in Georgia, had visited the principal places connected with the colony, and conversed with the different parties. He confesses that there were "many divisions among the inhabitants;" and then, with reference to Mr. Wesley and his friend Delamotte, makes the following statement:—"This evening I parted with kind Captain Whiting, and my dear friend Delamotte, who embarked for England about seven at night. The poor people lamented the loss of him, and went to the water-side, to take a last farewell. And good reason they had to do so; for he has been indefatigable in feeding Christ's lambs with the sincere milk of the word; and many of them, blessed be God, have grown thereby. Surely I must labour most heartily, since I come after such worthy predecessors. The good Mr. John Wesley has done in America, under God, is inexpressible. His name is very precious among the people; and he has laid such a foundation, that I hope neither men nor devils will ever be able to shake. O that I may follow him, as he has Christ!"

The mission to Georgia, undertaken by the Wesleys and their friends, excited much attention at the time; and men's minds were affected toward it according to their peculiar religious views and feelings. Among those who regarded it with indifference, if not with dislike, was Mr. Matthew Wesley, the brother of the late rector of Epworth,

and uncle of the brothers who led the way in this enterprise of mercy. Under the date of Dec. 21st, Charles says in his journal, "I dined at my uncle's, who bestowed abundance of wit on my brother, and his apostolical project. He told me, the French, if they had any remarkably dull fellows among them, sent them to convert the Indians. I checked his eloquence by those lines of my brother:—

' To distant realms th' apostle need not roam ;
Darkness, alas ! and heathens are at home.'

He made no reply; and I heard no more of my brother's apostleship."

By several other persons, and some of the highest distinction, this "apostolical project" (for such indeed was its character) was contemplated with lively and joyous interest; so that for several weeks after Charles Wesley's arrival in London he was almost daily employed in answering inquiries concerning it. Among various other persons with whom he had interviews on the subject, besides the gentlemen and the nobility who were officially connected with the colony, were the archbishop of Canterbury, the bishop of London, the bishop of Oxford, Lord Egmont, and Lady Betty Hastings, of pious memory. "At her desire," says he, "I waited upon Lady Betty Hastings. Her inquiries about Georgia were interrupted by the bishop of Gloucester's coming."

It was still Mr. Charles Wesley's intention to return to Georgia; not indeed as secretary to the governor, but as a missionary. In this he opposed the wishes of his venerable mother, who urged him to remain in his native land. He resigned his secretaryship, yet maintained a distinct understanding with the trustees of the colony, that he would go back again; and he did not finally abandon this design till the month of May in the following year, when, at the time of his proposed embarkation, he had a dangerous illness. He has made one entry in his journal relating to the colony, which is highly honourable to the generosity and public spirit of Mr. Oglethorpe, and therefore deserving of a permanent record. Many of the emigrants were destitute both of property and character; and having, in the land of their exile, few of the conveniences and comforts of life, were restless, dissatisfied, and ungovernable; yet one day, after a meeting of the council of trustees had been held, and it was uncertain what would be the future fate of the colony, Oglethorpe declared to Charles, that "if the government had dropped Georgia, he would not let the poor people perish; but sell his estate, which he could do for forty-five thousand pounds, and support them upon the interest."

Three occurrences, of considerable importance to Mr. Charles Wesley, took place near the middle of the year 1737: the death of his uncle, Mr. Matthew Wesley; his introduction to royalty; and his pro-

vidential escape from the hands of a highwayman. They are thus related by himself:—

“June 8th. I called upon my uncle, and found him exceeding ill. June 10th. I found my uncle dying. He pressed my hand; showed much natural affection; and bade me give his love to his sister. June 11th. I heard that my uncle died a little after I left him. June 16th. On Thursday night I attended my uncle to his grave.”

“August 26th. I waited upon his majesty at Hampton-Court, with the Oxford Address, by the advice of Mr. Potter. The archbishop told me, he was glad to see me there. We kissed their majesties’ hands, and were invited to dinner. I left that and the company, and hasted back to town. The next day I waited upon his royal highness, and dined all together at St. James’s.”

“Oct. 11th. I set out [from Oxford] for London. In a mile’s riding my horse fell lame. I sung the ninety-first psalm, and put myself under the divine protection. I had scarce ended, and turned the hut on Shotover-Hill, when a man came up to me, and demanded my money; showing, but not presenting, a pistol. I gave him my purse. He asked how much there was. ‘About thirty shillings.’ ‘Have you no more?’ ‘I will see:’ put my hand in my pocket, and gave him some halfpence. He repeated the question, ‘Have you no more?’ (I had thirty pounds in a private pocket.) I bade him search himself, which he did not choose. He ordered me to dismount, which I did; and begged hard for my horse again, promising not to pursue him. He took my word and restored him. I rode gently on, praising God. My bags, and watch, and gold, the robber was *forced* to leave me. In the evening I reached Westminster.”

About this time he addressed a letter to his friend Mr. Ingham, who had returned from Georgia, and was now in Yorkshire. He received the following stirring reply. It is a fine illustration of the energetic spirit by which the Methodists of that day were actuated, notwithstanding the defectiveness of their theological views.

“Osset, near Wakefield, Oct. 22, 1737. My Dear Brother,—Your letter is just come to my hands. I rejoiced over it, because it came from you. I was afraid you had been almost lost; but since I see you are desirous to make full proof of your ministry, I greatly rejoice. Blessed be the Lord, who by his grace preserves me from falling, amidst the deceitful and alluring, bewitching temptations of worldly preferment. May he still continue his loving-kindness toward you! May he thoroughly settle and establish you! May you have power to overcome the world, the flesh, and the devil, and, like a brave soldier, manfully to fight under Christ’s banners! May your one desire of living be for Christ’s sake, and the gospel’s!

"I have no other thoughts, but of returning to America. When the time comes, I trust the Lord will show me. My heart's desire is, that the Indians may hear the gospel. For this I pray both night and day.

"I will transcribe the Indian words as fast as I can. I writ to Mr. William Delamotte three weeks ago. If he did not receive the letter, it miscarried. I wish you could inform me, that I might write again.

"I have been just now talking to Mr. Godley, curate of Osset. (You know, I believe, that he is mis-named.) I was all on a tremble while I talked to him, and for a good while after. He took my reproof very uneasily. But, however, he trembled as well as me. I have lent him 'The Country Parson' to read; and since he went away I have been praying for him in an agony. I seem to be full of hope, as if God would turn his heart; and O that he may! One of the wickedest women in all Osset is turned since I came down; and I believe she will make a thorough convert. She says she is sure God sent me to turn her heart. To his holy name be the glory. There is another poor soul too here that is under the most severe agonies of repentance. Cease not to pray for these, and the rest of your Christian friends at Osset, who pray constantly for you.

"Last Sunday I preached such a sermon at Wakefield church as has set almost all about us in an uproar. Some say the devil is in me; others, that I am mad. Others say no man can live up to such doctrine; and they never heard such before. Others, again, extol me to the sky. They say it was the best sermon they ever heard in all their life; and that I ought to be a bishop.

"I believe indeed it went to the hearts of several persons; for I was enabled to speak with great authority and power; and I preached almost the whole sermon without book. There was a vast large congregation, and tears fell from many eyes. To-morrow I preach there again.

"Every day I undergo several changes within me. Now I am under sufferings, sometimes just ready to sink; then again I am filled with joy. Indeed I receive so much pleasure in conversing with some Christians here, that I have need of sufferings to counterbalance it. Last Saturday night we were sixteen that sat up till after twelve. We are to meet again to-night, after the rest are gone; and we shall pray for you, and the rest of our Christian friends everywhere. You would think yourself happy to be but one night with us.

"Give my sincere love to Mr. Hutton's family, whom I never forget. Are they all well? The Lord bless them all! Greet brother Whitefield. My heart will be with you on the seas, and everywhere Never be discouraged.

Yours sincerely and affectionately."

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN the Wesleys returned from America their spiritual state was peculiar, and far from being satisfactory to themselves. Their moral conduct was irreproachable; they had an intense desire to please God, by the practice of universal holiness; and, in order to this, they diligently used every means of grace, and submitted to a course of strict self-denial. Yet they felt that they had not attained to the state of holiness which they had long sought, and their consciences were not at rest. Theirs was not the happy religion which is described in the New Testament as having been realized by the whole body of believers, after the Lord Jesus had entered into his glory, and had sent down the Holy Ghost the Comforter to supply his place. Both of them speak of obtaining mental relief in prayer, in reading the Scriptures, and in the celebration of the Lord's supper; but their spiritual enjoyments were not lasting; a cloud rested upon their minds; they were often harassed by unbelief and doubt; and, to a great extent, they were held in bondage by the sin that dwelt in them. At this period of their lives they never speak of the joy which arises from an application of the blood of Christ to the conscience, and from the distinct and abiding witness of the Spirit of God, that they were his adopted children; nor do they ever declare, with the primitive disciples, "The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death." With these essential elements of the Christian character they were as yet unacquainted; but they earnestly desired to know the will of God, that they might obey it; and He who, by the power of his grace, had "wrought them for this self-same thing," mercifully provided for them the necessary light and guidance. Yet God, in his compassionate sovereignty, sent them help from a quarter where their prejudices and habits would not otherwise have suffered them to look for it. The two brothers, high and unbending Churchmen as they were, having received from their teacher, Mr. Law, "the instruction which causeth to err," were providentially brought into intercourse with devout members of the Moravian Church. As Aquila and Priscilla, meeting with Apollos, who at that time "knew only the baptism of John," "taught him the way of the Lord more perfectly," and thus gave a right direction to his eloquence and fervour of spirit; so did these pious strangers communicate to John and Charles Wesley principles of truth, which exerted the most salutary influence upon their hearts, and which in future life formed the principal subjects of their effective ministry. The sons of the Anglican Church were undesign-

edly led to the Moravian Brethren with the plea, "Give us of your oil, for our lamps are gone out."

On his return to England Mr. John Wesley expressed at large the feelings of his burdened mind in his printed Journal. From that affecting record we gather, that with all his sincerity and moral goodness, he had not the filial spirit, nor the power over every sinful affection and habit, which are directly consequent upon the true Christian faith. His feelings were servile. He rather feared God than loved him, and delighted in him; for he was neither saved from the guilty dread of future wrath, nor from the dominion of inward sin.

Charles, though less communicative on the subject, was evidently in a state similar to that of his brother; though he does not seem to have been equally sensible of the manner in which deliverance was to be obtained. He makes no distinct reference to *the faith* by which the conscience is purged from dead works, and the heart purified from sin.

On the 18th of December, 1736, he says, "I began my twenty-seventh year in a murmuring, discontented spirit; reading over and over the third of Job;" and on the 22d of January following he adds, "I called upon Mrs. Pendarvis, while she was reading a letter of my being dead. Happy for me, had the news been true! What a world of misery would it save me!"

While in this state of mind, and about this period of his life, he appears to have written the following "Hymn for Midnight," which is strikingly descriptive of his defective creed and gloomy feelings. He had no hope of permanent happiness, but by the dissolution of his earthly frame.

While midnight shades the earth o'erspread,
 And veil the bosom of the deep,
 Nature reclines her weary head
 And Care respites and Sorrows sleep:
 My soul still aims at nobler rest,
 Aspiring to her Saviour's breast.

Aid me, ye hovering spirits near,
 Angels, and ministers of grace;
 Who ever, while you guard us here,
 Behold your heavenly Father's face!
 Gently my raptured soul convey
 To regions of eternal day.

Fain would I leave this earth below,
 Of pain and sin the dark abode;
 Where shadowy joy, or solid wo,
 Allures or tears me from my God;
 Doubtful and insecure of bliss,
 Since Death alone confirms me his.

Till then, to sorrow born, I sigh,
 And gasp and languish after home ;
 Upward I send my streaming eye,
 Expecting till the Bridegroom come :
 Come quickly, Lord ! thy own receive,
 Now let me see thy face, and live !

Absent from thee, my exiled soul
 Deep in a fleshly dungeon groans ;
 Around me clouds of darkness roll,
 And labouring silence speaks my moans :
 Come quickly, Lord, thy face display,
 And look my midnight into day.

Error and sin and death are o'er,
 If thou reverse the creature's doom ;
 Sad Rachel weeps her loss no more,
 If thou the God, the Saviour, come :
 Of thee possess'd, in thee we prove
 The light, the life, the heaven of love.

To this fine composition his brother afterward gave an evangelical character, by substituting the word "faith" for "death" in the last line of the third stanza. Thus altered, it no longer appears as the desponding language of a real Christian, expecting to be made free from sin and its attendant misery only by the body's dissolution; but as the prayer of a weeping penitent, who is convinced of his guilt and corruption, and is looking for a present deliverance from them through faith in the blood of atonement.

While he was thus "walking in darkness," "under the law," and "feeling after" his Saviour, he had "a zeal for God," which puts to shame the sinful supineness and timidity of many who boast of their greater light. When he travelled in stage-coaches he read pious books to his fellow-passengers, endeavoured to convince all people that religion is an inward and divine principle, and that every one should make it his first and great concern. In private companies he pursued the same course, and often with the happiest results. He was a frequent visitant at the house of the Delamottes, at Blendon, in the parish of Bexley, where he often met the Rev. Henry Piers, the vicar, whom he engaged in spiritual conversation, prayer, and singing psalms and hymns. Here also he was a means of great religious benefit to Mr. William Delamotte, the brother of Charles, then an under graduate of the University of Cambridge. Two of this young gentleman's sisters were so impressed, that their mother, afraid of their conversion, sent them to London, that they might be out of the reach of Charles Wesley's influence. But here, being no longer under her direct control, they had the freest intercourse with him, to their great advantage.

It was not among strangers only that he thus laboured. Various

members of his own family shared in his solicitude. Thus he speaks of his sister Kezzy, when she was visiting the sister of Mr. Gambold, at Stanton-Harcourt:—"Sept. 16th, 1737. I walked over with Mr. Gambold to Stanton-Harcourt. After much talk of their states, we agreed that I should not speak at all to my sister on religion, but only to his. Calling accidentally in the evening at my sister's room, she fell upon my neck, and, in a flood of tears, begged me to pray for her. I did not know but this might be her time, and sat down. She anticipated me, by saying, she had felt here what she had never felt before; and believed now there was such a thing as the new creature. She was full of earnest wishes for divine love; owned there was a depth in religion she had never fathomed; that she was not, but longed to be, converted; would give up all to obtain the love of God; renewed her request with great vehemence, that I would pray for her, often repeating, 'I am weak; I am exceeding weak.' I prayed over her, and blessed God from my heart; then used Pascal's prayer for conversion, with which she was much affected, and begged me to write it out for her.

"After supper (at which I could not eat for joy) I read Mr. Law's account of redemption. She was greatly moved, full of tears, and sighs and eagerness for more. Poor Mrs. Gambold was quite unaffected.

"Sept. 17th. I prayed with Kezz, still in the same temper; convinced that all her misery has proceeded from her not loving God."

With some other members of the family he was not equally successful. Thus he speaks on the 25th of November following:—"At Mrs. Hutton's this evening, my brothers Lambert and Wright visited me." (Lambert had married Miss Anne Wesley; and Wright Miss Meheta-bel.) "The latter has corrupted the former, and brought him back to drinking, after all the pains I have taken with him. I was full, yet could not speak. I prayed for meekness; and then set before him the things he had done, in the devil's name, toward reconverting a soul to him. He left us abruptly. I encouraged poor J. Lambert to turn again unto God."

At this period Mr. Charles Wesley addressed a letter of spiritual instruction to his sister Kezzy, which she answered in the following manner:—

"My Dear Brother,—Though I am very ill, yet nothing can prevent my returning my sincere thanks for your kind letter. My dear brother, you have not a friend in the world that will be gladder to be directed or reproved (in the spirit of meekness) than I shall be. I own it is a great fault; but my mind, and body too, are so much weakened, with

ill usage, that I cannot bear any roughness, without either being angry, or quite dejected. I have not heard from my mother this two months; nor have had any letter or receipt for you. I cannot write to her, because I do not know how to direct. If you can still have patience, and retain any love and tenderness for

‘A weak, entangled, wretched thing,’

you may, by your prayers and direction, add much to the happiness of

“Your sincere friend, and affectionate sister.

“November 15, 1737.”

Mr. Samuel Wesley, of Tiverton, at this time had a very severe illness, from which he recovered slowly. He expected Charles's speedy embarkation for Georgia, and had many fears that he should see him no more. Under the influence of the tender feelings which such a state of things was calculated to inspire, he addressed to him the following epistle:—

“Dear Charles,—Since letters lie so long, (why or wherefore I cannot comprehend,) I will lose no time in writing; though it is the most inconvenient, just now, of the whole week. You may be very sure my sister and I should be glad to see you before you go; and she bid me tell you so; but I believe the *fatum Carthaginis* [fate of Carthage] will hinder. We have naturally less hope of seeing *your return* than before; though we do not despair of either, if you hold your *resolution*. I will not believe you will break it in haste. I have not heard at all from Wiltshire; and my illness has prevented me from writing to my mother, as I proposed.

“I have read Law against the ‘Plain Account,’* borrowing it of my neighbour, Mr. Pyke, the Presbyterian teacher. I think it *an excellent book*. I have seen Hoadley demonstrated heretofore into a Deist, pretty plainly; but I never saw him so thoroughly proved an Atheist. The fall and redemption are exceeding well represented, though some difficulty will always remain in such a subject. As it was in the beginning, I believe it will continue to the end, in another sense. Darkness will be, when the Spirit of God moveth upon the face of the waters. It is enough for us, that we are not concerned to tell how these things be.

“My illness has not been so uninterrupted, but I have been able to read a little between whiles; though I was past writing for a good while together. I have not yet ventured a foot out of my own house; (for I count my school but as a room in it;) but I hope next Sunday I shall be stout enough to ride to church, and stay there without catching

* Bishop Hoadley's “Plain Account of the Lord's Supper;” which was answered by the Rev. William Law.

cold, by the help of a warm Presbyterian cloak, which I have used before upon that occasion.

“Mr. Greenway, my usher, who bore evidence against a young man who was going into orders, for two small faults, Arianism and treason, is to have his final hearing on Wednesday next; and if I am able, I shall not fail to go along with him, to keep him in countenance, which is all I can do.

“I did not think I should have had time to write you so long a letter. The truth is, I have smarted for it. Service to all friends. We join heartily in love. I am, dear Charles,

“Your affectionate and faithful friend and brother.

“Nov. 16, 1737. Tiverton, Devon.”

Bishop Hoadley, who is so severely censured in this letter, was the friend and eulogist of the Arian Dr. Samuel Clarke, the rector of St. James's, Westminster. He was a prelate whose orthodoxy was more than doubtful.

While Mr. Charles Wesley was attentive to the spiritual interests of others, he was not forgetful of his own. He had the highest opinion of William Law, upon whose writings he might be said to meditate day and night. This eloquent but erring man was then resident at Putney, a few miles from London; and, for the purpose of being benefited by his counsel, Charles visited him there on the 31st of August, and the 9th of September, 1737. Mr. Law is said to have been a tall, thin, bony man, of a stern and forbidding countenance; sour and repulsive in his spirit and manner; resembling, in this respect, the religion which he taught. Their interviews led to no beneficial result. They are thus described by Mr. Charles Wesley:—

“I talked at large upon my state with Mr. Law, at Putney. The sum of his advice was, ‘Renounce yourself, and be not impatient.’”

“I consulted Mr. Law a second time, and asked him several questions. ‘With what comment shall I read the Scriptures?’ ‘None.’ ‘What do you think of one who dies unrenewed, while endeavouring after it?’ ‘It concerns neither you to ask, nor me to answer.’ ‘Shall I write once more to such a person?’ ‘No.’ ‘But I am persuaded it will do him good.’ ‘Sir, I have told you my opinion.’ ‘Shall I write to you?’ ‘Nothing I can either speak or write will do you any good.’”

There was more truth in this concluding remark than Mr. Law was aware of. While he avoided all reference to the atonement of Christ, which he appears never to have understood, his advices concerning spiritual religion only tended yet more to lacerate the conscience, and discourage the anxious inquirer. He set his pupils upon the hopeless

task of attaining to holiness while they remained in a state of guilt, and while the regenerating Spirit was therefore uncommunicated.

Happily for Mr. Charles Wesley, by the merciful providence of God, he was brought into intercourse with other men, who were better qualified to instruct him in divine things. The evangelical doctrine of present salvation from sin, through faith in Jesus Christ, was not only held by the Moravian Church, but actually realized by many of its members. Count Zinzendorf had then for some time been a minister in that community, where he had acquired a leading influence; and he was earnestly requested to accept the office of a bishop. Yet he was not satisfied with the ordinations which were practised by his own people. Having doubts respecting their validity, he resolved, before his formal appointment to the episcopate, to consult the heads of the Church of England on the question. For this purpose he left Germany, and, having visited Holland on his way, arrived in London in January, 1737, about seven weeks after Mr. Charles Wesley's return from America. Dr. John Potter, the archbishop of Canterbury, and Secker, the bishop of Oxford, both declared, that, in their judgment, the Moravian ordinations were valid, inasmuch as they were in the regular order of "succession." The count's scruples were therefore removed, great deference being paid to the opinion of the archbishop, because of his accurate and extensive researches into antiquity. On the count's return to the continent, therefore, he was invested with the episcopal character. During his stay in England, he admitted persons who were religiously disposed to attend family worship with him and his household. The consequence was, that some of them were seriously impressed, and requested further spiritual advantages. For their benefit the count drew up the following regulations, to which the little company who were attached to him affixed their signatures:—

"1. We will believe and practise only what is clearly expressed in the Holy Scriptures; and this we will believe and teach, whether it accords with our reason and ideas or not.

"2. We will converse and associate with each other in a simple and childlike manner, and assemble once a week for that purpose; on which occasion we will merely pray, read the Scriptures, and edify ourselves from them, without bringing forward the smallest thing which might occasion dispute or variance.

"3. We will sincerely speak what we think of each other, and not seek to conceal our faults, that no one may think more highly of the other than he deserves.

"4. We will serve each other according to the gifts we possess, and quietly prepare ourselves for promoting the Lord's cause among others.

“ 5. We will not interfere in any religious or ecclesiastical matters, but only attend to three simple things :—To become saved and sanctified by the blood of Jesus, and to love each other cordially.”*

While the count remained in London Mr. Charles Wesley had several interviews with him, which he has thus described in his private journal :—

“ Jan. 19th, 1737. Count Zinzendorf, just arrived from Germany, sent for me. When I came, he saluted me with all possible affection, and made me promise to call every day. From him I went to the bishop of Oxford, where I met with an equally kind reception. He desired me to come as often as I could, without ceremony, or further invitation. We had much talk of the state of religion, and Count Zinzendorf’s intended visit. Their bishops he acknowledged to have the true succession.

“ Jan. 20th. I wrote and delivered my own state in a letter to the count. He sent me to Mr. Oglethorpe, who talked much of the mischief of private journals, all which ought to be published, or never sent. A letter from my brother he read and argued. I could not but think the writer much too free, too bold, too credulous.

“ Jan. 23d. I met Bishop Nitschman at the count’s, and was introduced to the countess : a woman of great seriousness and sweetness. I was present at their public services, and thought myself in a choir of angels.

“ Feb. 1st. I was again with the bishop of Oxford, and told him the bishop of London had declined having any thing to do with Georgia ; and said, it belonged to the archbishop only to unite the Moravians with us. He replied, it was the bishop of London’s proper office ; but bade me assure the count, we should acknowledge the Moravians as our brethren, and one church with ours.

“ Feb. 2d. At nine I was with the count, who seemed resolved to carry his people from Georgia, if they might not be permitted to preach to the Indians. He much pressed me to go with him to Germany ; which I am very willing to do, if I can get clear of the trustees.

“ Feb. 6th. I had much conversation with the count. Some of his words were, ‘ The Christian cannot yield to sin ; cannot long fight against it ; but must conquer it if he will.’ Speaking of his own case, he said, ‘ For ten years past I have not done my own will in any thing, great or small. My own will is hell to me. I can just now renounce my dearest friend, without the least reluctance, if God require it.’ He kissed and blessed me at parting.

“ Feb. 7th. Before I set out for Oxford, I called upon the count, and desired his prayers. He commended himself to our friends there, and

* Spangenburg’s Life of Count Zinzendorf, pp 228, 229.

promised, if any of them would write to him, or the Brethren, they would answer them.

“ Feb. 8th. I came to Oxford, and took up my lodgings with Mr. Sarney. In the evening I met and encouraged our friends by the count's and the Moravians' example. Mr. Kinchin I found changed into a courageous soldier of Christ. I read them my brother's journal.

“ Feb. 12th. By nine at night I got back to the count in London, and consulted him about my journey to Germany.

“ Feb. 20th. Being to set out the next day for Tiverton, I went to take my leave of the count; who invited me again to Germany; bade me not despair; and dismissed me with his blessing. My last words were, *Sit pax vobiscum*: [Peace be with you:] to which he replied, *Et cum spiritu tuo*. [And with thy spirit.]”

From these notices it is manifest that Count Zinzendorf had, to a great extent, commanded the confidence and affection of Mr. Charles Wesley. The spirit and manner of this interesting stranger, the pious cheerfulness of his lady, the holy simplicity and fervour of their worship, all contributed to make an impression upon his susceptible heart. Finding also that the prelates of his own Church acknowledged the Moravian ministers to be in the true “succession,” Charles laid aside all reserve, and disclosed to the count, both in conversation and writing, his most secret thoughts and feelings; at the same time soliciting spiritual counsel. Yet, whether the count did not understand the case thus submitted to him, and therefore gave advice which was inapplicable; or whether he failed in investing his advice, if sound, with due weight and authority, we presume not to determine: certain it is, that he left Mr. Charles Wesley, as he found him, still under the misleading power of William Law's Mysticism, and “ignorant of the righteousness of God.” The anxious inquirer after truth parted from the count in a manner the most affectionate and touching, but without any just conception either of the Christian salvation, or of the faith by which it is obtained.

Count Zinzendorf left England on the 6th of March, having made arrangements with the trustees of Georgia, Mr. Oglethorpe, and the associates of Dr. Bray, for sending Moravian missionaries to Carolina, and the neighbouring settlement of Georgia. On the 20th of May he was ordained to the episcopal office at Berlin, by the two bishops of the Moravian Church, Daniel Ernest Jablonsky and David Nitschman. He subsequently received congratulations from the king of Prussia and the archbishop of Canterbury. “Most sincerely and cordially,” says the primate, “I congratulate you upon your having been lately raised to the sacred and justly-celebrated episcopal chair of the Moravian Church, (by whatever clouds it may be now obscured,) by the grace

of divine Providence, with the applause of the heavenly host: for the opinion we have conceived of you does not suffer us to doubt it. It is the subject of my ardent prayer, that this honour, so conferred, and which your merit so justly entitles you to, may prove no less beneficial to the Church, than at all times acceptable to yourself and yours. For, insufficient as I am, I should be entirely unworthy of that high station in which divine Providence has placed me, were I not to show myself always ready to use every exertion in my power for the assistance of the universal church of God: but to love and embrace, even preferably to others, your Church, united with us in the closest bond of love; having hitherto, as we have been informed, invariably maintained both the pure and primitive faith, and the discipline of the first church; being neither intimidated by dangers, nor seduced by the manifold temptations of Satan. I request, in return, the support of your prayers; and that you will salute in my name your brother bishops, as well as the whole Christian flock over which God has made you an overseer. Farewell. Given at Westminster, the 10th day of July, 1737.”*

One of the first episcopal acts of the count was the ordination of Peter Böhler, whom he sent forth with his blessing as a missionary to Georgia, and to the negroes in Carolina, on the 16th of December following. Böhler was a young man of deep and enlightened piety, and of sound learning, having been educated at the university of Jena, from which he was called to undertake this mission to negro slaves. It was under his instruction, more than that of any other man, that the two Wesleys were made acquainted with the evangelical method of a sinner's justification before God, and deliverance from the power of his evil nature. This very excellent man arrived in England, on the way to his allotted field of labour, early in February, 1738, accompanied by two of his brethren. From the very first his fine spirit, and superior intelligence, appear to have deeply impressed the mind of Mr. John Wesley; who thus speaks of his introduction to him:—“Feb. 7th. A day much to be remembered. At the house of Mr. Weinantz, a Dutch merchant, I met Peter Böhler, Schullius Richter, and Wensel Neiser, just then landed from Germany. Finding they had no acquaintance in England, I offered to procure them a lodging, and did so, near Mr. Hutton's, where I then was. And from this time I did not willingly lose any opportunity of conversing with them while I stayed in London.”

Peter Böhler did not finally leave London till the beginning of May; and during this interval he was very active and zealous in his efforts to do good. As he did not understand English, (for he put himself under

* Crantz's Hist. of the Brethren, translated by La Trobe. Editor's Preface, 1780.

the care of Mr. Charles Wesley, to learn that language,) and appears to have mostly spoken Latin, his sphere of labour was limited; but he made the best use of his opportunities, and his success was great. Count Zinzendorf had prepared his way; and he had the pleasure of seeing a goodly number of people so far brought under the influence of divine truth and grace, that he formed them into a religious society, who agreed to meet once a week for spiritual improvement. They used afterward to assemble in Fetter-lane. He accompanied Mr. John Wesley to Oxford; and wherever he went he was a blessing to the people; labouring with all fidelity and meekness to convince them, that peace of conscience, and holiness of heart, are only attainable by faith in the sacrificial blood of Christ. During Böhler's stay in England, Mr. John Wesley introduced him to William Law. The pious German gives a characteristic account of their interview. He says, "I began speaking to him of faith in Christ. He was silent. Then he began to speak of mystical matters. I spake to him of faith in Christ again. He was silent. Then he began to speak of mystical matters again. I saw his state at once." This state, Böhler declared to be "a very dangerous one."

It appears to have been about this period that the Wesleys published their first Hymn-Book, probably for the use of this society, at its weekly meetings, as well as for private, domestic, and social use; for they were accustomed to devotional singing in their general intercourse with their friends. It is a small duodecimo volume of eighty-four pages, and bears the title of "A Collection of Psalms and Hymns. London: printed in the year MDCCLXXXVIII." It has no printer's name, and no preface, to determine its authorship; but its general cast of sentiment is exactly that of the two Wesleys, just before they obtained the Christian salvation. The hymns are selected from various authors, chiefly Dr. Watts; but some are original, and these they afterward published in their joint names. Five are from the German, and one is from the Spanish. Most of these Mr. John Wesley subsequently inserted in the collection which he formed for the use of the Methodist congregations. With the German and Spanish languages he is well known to have been familiar. When enumerating the advantages which had arisen from his mission to Georgia, he says, "Hereby my passage is opened to the writings of holy men in the German, Spanish, and Italian tongues. I hope too some good may come to others thereby."

Mr. John Wesley has inserted in his published Journal several interesting notices of his interviews with Peter Böhler, and of the manner in which he was led, under the guidance of this intelligent German, to receive the doctrine of present salvation by faith. The

following are selected from the private journal of Charles, who was now at Oxford, where he was joined by his brother John, and their new friend:—

“Feb. 18th. I rode over to Stanton-Harcourt, to see John Gambold and my sister [Kezzy, then on a visit there.] My brother met us. We prayed and sung together. In the evening I prayed at Mr. Sarney’s, with some scholars and a Moravian.” This was doubtless Peter Böhler.

“Feb. 20th. I began teaching Peter Böhler English.

“Feb. 22d. I had some close conversation with Peter Böhler, who pressed upon our scholars the necessity of combining; and instanced in many awakened, but fallen asleep again for want of it. He talked much of the necessity of prayer and faith.

“Feb. 24th. At six in the evening, an hour after I had taken my electuary, the tooth-ache returned more violently than ever. I smoked tobacco, which set me vomiting, and took away my senses and pain together. At eleven I waked in extreme pain, which I thought would quickly separate soul and body. Soon after Peter Böhler came to my bed-side. I asked him to pray for me. He seemed unwilling at first; but beginning very faintly, he raised his voice by degrees, and prayed for my recovery with a strange confidence. Then he took me by the hand, and calmly said, ‘You will not die now.’ I thought within myself, ‘I cannot hold out in this pain till morning. If it abate before, I believe I may recover.’

“He asked me, ‘Do you hope to be saved?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘For what reason do you hope it?’ ‘Because I have used my best endeavours to serve God.’ He shook his head, and said no more. I thought him very uncharitable, saying in my heart, ‘What, are not my endeavours a sufficient ground of hope? Would he rob me of my endeavours? I have nothing else to trust to.’

“By the morning my pain was moderated. Ted Bentham calling then persuaded me to be bled. I continued in great pain. In the evening he brought Dr. Manaton. The next morning I was bled again; and at night, a third time.

“Feb. 26th. Mr. Wells brought my sister Kezzy. Dr. Fruin came. I dictated a letter to Dr. Cockburn, and James Hutton. On Monday evening, Feb. 27th, the scale seemed to turn for life. I had prayed that my pains might not outlast this day, and was answered.

“Feb. 28th. My dear James Hutton came post from London, and brought me Dr. Cockburn’s letter and directions. As soon as I was able, I sent my brother, at Tiverton, the following account:—

“Dear Brother,—I borrow another’s hand, as I cannot use my own.

You remember Dr. South's saying, *I have been within the jaws of Death ; but he was not suffered to shut his mouth upon me.* I ought never to forget it. Dr. Manaton told me, he expected to have found me dead at his second visit. This several remarkable incidents concurred to hinder. I had kept in a week before the pleurisy came, and taken physic twice. At midnight it seized me so violently, that I did not expect to see the morning. In the preceding afternoon I had taken Dr. Cockburn's electuary ; and an hour after was visited with so outrageous a tooth-ache, that it forced me to the abominable remedy of a pipe. This quickly made me discharge my astringent, and in all probability saved my life ; binding medicines being poison in a pleuritic fever. I took my illness for the flux, and so never thought of sending for a physician. T. Bentham fetched him against my will ; and was probably the instrument of saving my life a second time. Dr. Manaton called in Dr. Fruin. They bled me three times, and poured down draughts, oils, apozums, without end. For four days the balance was even. Then, as Spenser says,

‘ I overwrestled my strong enemy ’

Ever since I have been slowly gathering strength ; and yesterday took my first journey to my sister's room ; who has been with me from the beginning, and no small comfort to me.

“ ‘ One consequence of my sickness you will not be sorry for : its stopping my sudden return to Georgia ; for the doctor tells me, to undertake a voyage now would be certain death. Some reasons for *his* not going immediately, my brother will mention to you in person.’ ”

“ Before I was taken ill my brother set out for Tiverton ; but came back, instead of proceeding on his journey ; stayed a week with me ; and then went with Mr. Kinchin to Manchester.”

This statement accords with Mr. John Wesley's printed Journal. The letter just given was addressed to Samuel. John was then on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Hall, at Salisbury, with whom their venerable mother appears to have been residing. It was here that John received intelligence of Charles's situation : he therefore says, under the date of Feb. 28th, “ I saw my mother once more. The next day I prepared for my journey to my brother at Tiverton ; but on Thursday morning, March 2d, a message that my brother Charles was dying at Oxford obliged me to set out for that place immediately.”

During the whole of this very distressing and dangerous illness, Mr. Charles Wesley was favoured with the kind attendance of his sister Kezzy, who, like himself, was supremely anxious to be a Christian indeed. When he began to recover, she became dangerously ill, so that she was placed under the care of a physician. She and her now

partially-recovered brother received the holy communion together almost every day. The two following hymns, which were composed upon this occasion, are not only a fine specimen of his poetic genius, unimpaired by disease, but also a striking description of the state of his heart. They were published in the course of the following year. A part of the second of these hymns is well known; but even that part will be read with superior interest when viewed in connection with the impressive circumstances which called it forth.

WRITTEN IN THE BEGINNING OF A RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

PEACE, fluttering soul! the storm is o'er,
 Ended at last the doubtful strife:
 Respiring now, the cause explore,
 That bound thee to a wretched life.

When on the margin of the grave,
 Why did I doubt my Saviour's art?
 Ah! why mistrust his will to save?
 What meant that faltering of my heart?

'Twas not the searching pain within
 That fill'd my coward flesh with fear;
 Nor conscience of uncancell'd sin;
 Nor sense of dissolution near.

Of hope I felt no joyful ground,
 The fruit of righteousness alone;
 Naked of Christ my soul I found,
 And started from a God unknown.

Corrupt my will, nor half subdued,
 Could I his purer presence bear?
 Unchanged, unhallow'd, unrenow'd,
 Could I before his face appear?

Father of mercies, hear my call!
 Ere yet returns the fatal hour;
 Repair my loss, retrieve my fall,
 And raise me by thy quick'ning power.

My nature re-exchange for thine;
 Be thou my life, my hope, my gain;
 Arm me in panoply divine,
 And Death shall shake his dart in vain.

When I thy promised Christ have seen,
 And clasp'd him in my soul's embrace,
 Possess'd of thy salvation, then—
 Then let me, Lord, depart in peace!

A few days after writing this beautiful hymn, Mr. Charley Wesley poured forth the feelings of his heart in the following sublime and pious strains; the power of which must be felt by every reader of taste and judgment:—

AFTER A RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

AND live I yet by power divine ?
 And have I still my course to run ?
 Again brought back, in its decline,
 The shadow of my setting sun ?

Wond'ring I ask, Is this the breast,
 Struggling so late and torn with pain !
 The eyes that upward look'd for rest,
 And dropp'd their weary lids again !

The recent horrors still appear :
 O may they never cease to awe !
 Still be the king of terrors near,
 Whom late in all his pomp I saw.

Torture and sin prepared his way,
 And pointed to a yawning tomb ;
 Darkness behind eclipsed the day,
 And check'd my forward hopes of home.

My feeble flesh refused to bear
 Its strong redoubled agonies :
 When Mercy heard my speechless prayer,
 And saw me faintly gasp for ease.

Jesus to my deliv'rance flew,
 Where sunk in mortal pangs I lay :
 Pale Death his ancient conquerer knew,
 And trembled, and ungrasp'd his prey !

The fever turn'd its backward course,
 Arrested by almighty Power ;
 Sudden expired its fiery force,
 And Anguish gnaw'd my side no more.

God of my life, what just return
 Can sinful dust and ashes give ?
 I only live my sin to mourn,
 To love my God I only live !

To thee, benign and saving Power,
 I consecrate my lengthen'd days ;
 While mark'd with blessings, every hour
 Shall speak thy co-extended praise.

How shall I teach the world to love,
 Unchanged myself, unloosed my tongue ?
 Give me the power of faith to prove,
 And mercy shall be all my song.

Be all my added life employ'd
 Thy image in my soul to see :
 Fill with thyself the mighty void ;
 Enlarge my heart to compass thee !

O give me, Saviour, give me more !

Thy mercies to my soul reveal :

Alas ! I *see* their endless store,

Yet O, I cannot, cannot *feel* !

The blessing of thy love bestow :

For this my cries shall never fail ;

Wrestling, I will not let thee go,

I will not, till my suit prevail.

I'll weary thee with my complaint,

Here at thy feet for ever lie,

With longing sick, with groaning faint,

O give me love, or else I die !

Without this best, divinest grace,

'Tis death, 'tis worse than death, to live ;

'Tis hell to want thy blissful face,

And saints in thee their heaven receive.

Come then, my hope, my life, my Lord,

And fix in me thy lasting home !

Be mindful of thy gracious word,

Thou, with thy promised Father, come.

Prepare and then possess my heart ;

O take me, seize me from above !

Thee do I love, for God thou art ;

Thee do I feel, for God is love !

On the recovery of his health, Mr. Charles Wesley read the *Life of Mr. Haliburton*, which his brother had just abridged, and published in a cheap form. With the perusal of this tract, he states that he "was greatly moved;" although he was scarcely less tenacious of Law's Mysticism than he had ever been. But the time now drew near when more correct views of divine truth were about to be disclosed to his anxious and inquiring mind. Up to this time the resignation of his secretaryship, though often tendered, had not been accepted; and he still entertained the purpose of returning to Georgia as a missionary, the trustees having voted him fifty pounds as an acknowledgment of his past services. But he was now compelled, by the effects of his late illness, to abandon his design; though Mr. Oglethorpe urged him to retain the office of secretary, and provide a deputy to discharge its duties. The subjoined extracts from his journal show the temper of his mind, and the manner in which he was employed. He had hitherto withstood all the attempts which had been made to convince him that salvation from sin is attainable only by faith. At length, however, he yielded to the power of truth.

"April 15th. Drs. Fruin and Manaton called, and forbade my voyage. Both as physicians and friends, they advised me not to go, but stay at college; since I might, as senior master, expect *offices and preferment*.

“ April 19th. I came up to town, to take my leave of Mr. Oglethorpe, who received me with his accustomed kindness. The next day I had the satisfaction of once more meeting that man of God, Peter Böhler.

“ April 24th. I took a ride to Blendon. In the afternoon we made Mr. Piers a visit; and, returning, found Mr. Broughton and my brother at Blendon.

“ April 25th. Soon after five, as we were met in our little chapel, Mrs. Delamotte came to us. We sung; and fell into a dispute whether conversion was gradual or instantaneous. My brother was very positive for the latter, and very shocking; mentioned some late instances of gross sinners believing in a moment. I was much offended at his worse than unedifying discourse. Mrs. Delamotte left us abruptly. I stayed, and insisted, a man need not know when first he had faith. His obstinacy in favouring the contrary opinion drove me at last out of the room. Mr. Broughton was only not so much scandalized as myself. After dinner, he and my brother returned to town. I stayed behind, and read them the Life of Mr. Haliburton; one instance, but only one, of instantaneous conversion.

“ April 26th. I passed the day at Mr. Piers's, in singing and reading, and mutual encouragement. In the evening we finished Haliburton. The meltingness it occasioned in me (like that before) soon passed away as a morning cloud. Next morning I returned to London.

“ April 28th. No sooner was I got to James Hutton's, having removed my things thither from his father's, than the pain in my side returned, and with that my fever. Toward midnight I received some relief by bleeding. In the morning Dr. Cockburn came to see me; and a better physician, Peter Böhler, whom God had detained in England for my good. He stood by my bed-side, and prayed over me; that now, at least, I might see the divine intention in this and my late illness. I immediately thought it might be, that I should again consider Böhler's doctrine of faith; examine myself *whether I was in the faith*; and if I was not, never cease seeking and longing after it, till I attain it.

“ May 1st. Mr. Piers called to see me. I exhorted him to labour after that faith which he thinks I have, and I know I have not. After receiving the sacrament I felt a small anticipation of peace, and said, ‘ Now I have demonstration against the Moravian doctrine, that a man cannot have peace, without an assurance of pardon. I now have peace, yet cannot say of a surety that my sins are forgiven.’ The next, and several times after, that I received the sacrament, I had not so much as bare attention; God no longer trusting me with comfort which I should immediately turn against himself.”

Under the date of this day, Mr. John Wesley says, “ The return of

my brother's illness obliged me again to hasten to London. In the evening I found him at James Hutton's, better as to his health than I expected; but strongly averse from what he called 'the new faith.' In this state, however, he did not remain; for John adds, "May 3d, my brother had a long and particular conversation with Peter Böhler. And now it pleased God to open his eyes; so that he also saw clearly what was the nature of that one true living faith, whereby alone, through grace, we are saved."

On the day following, May 4th, Mr. John Wesley says, "Peter Böhler left London, in order to embark for Carolina. O what a work hath God begun since his coming into England! Such a one as shall never come to an end till heaven and earth pass away." This declaration seems to be little less than prophetic; and considering the circumstances of the case, it is very remarkable. Perhaps all the persons that were directly influenced by Böhler's instructions scarcely amounted to fifty. His usefulness at this time consisted chiefly in preparing instruments for carrying on the work: and yet the two principal instruments had not obtained the salvation which they sought, and which they were destined to preach.

Charles therefore goes on to say, "For some days following I felt a faint longing for faith, and could pray for nothing else. My desires were quickened by a letter from Mr. Edmunds, seeking Christ as in an agony.

"May 6th. God still kept up the little spark of desire, which he himself had enkindled in me; and I seemed determined to speak of, and wish for, nothing but faith in Christ. Yet could not this preserve me from sin, which I this day ran into with my eyes open: so that after ten years' vain struggling, I own and feel it absolutely unconquerable.

"By bearing witness to the truth before Mrs. Delamotte, Mr. Baldwin, and others, I found my desires of apprehending Christ increased.

"May 11th. I was just going to remove to old Mr. Hutton's, when God sent Mr. Bray to me: a poor ignorant mechanic, who knows nothing but Christ; yet by knowing him knows and discerns all things. Some time ago I had taken leave of Peter Böhler; confessed my unbelief and want of forgiveness; but declared my firm persuasion that I should receive the atonement before I died. His answer was, 'Be it unto thee according to thy faith!'

"Mr. Bray is now to supply Böhler's place. We prayed together for faith. I was quite overpowered, and melted into tears; and hereby induced to think it was God's will that I should go to his house, and not to Mr. Hutton's. He was of the same judgment. Accordingly I was carried thither in a chair.

“ His sister I found in earnest pursuit of Christ ; his wife well inclined to conversion. I had not been here long, when Mr. Broughton called. I hoped to find him altered, like myself. As to Mrs. Turner, he gave her up ; ‘ but for you, Mrs. Bray,’ said he, ‘ I hope you are still in your senses, and not run mad after a faith which must be felt.’ He went on, contradicting and blaspheming. I thought it my duty to withstand him, and confess my want of faith. ‘ God help you, poor man !’ he replied : ‘ if I could think you have not faith, I am sure it would drive me to despair.’ I put all my hopes of ever attaining it, or eternal salvation, upon the truth of this assertion : *I have not now the faith of the gospel.*”

“ As soon as he left us, Mr. Bray read me many comfortable scriptures, which greatly strengthened my desire ; so that I was persuaded I should not leave his house before I believed with my heart unto righteousness.”

The change of Mr. Charles Wesley’s lodgings, as here stated, seemed necessary, both with regard to his personal comfort, and his spiritual interests. From the time at which Samuel left Westminster, whenever John and Charles visited London, the house of Mr. Hutton, a clergyman residing in College-street, Westminster, was their home ; and here they were treated with kindness and hospitality. But the case was now altered. Their host and hostess were exceedingly averse to those evangelical views of conversion, justification, and the new birth, which the brothers entertained. Mr. and Mrs. Hutton had two children, now advanced to years of maturity, both of whom were strongly attached to the Wesleys, and, with them, received the truth as it was expounded by Peter Böhler. This the parents regarded as a great calamity, and were offended beyond endurance. One of their children, James, was a printer and bookseller, whose shop stood a little to the westward of Temple-bar. When Mr. John Wesley abridged the Life of Haliburton, he wished James to print and publish it ; but this his father and mother absolutely forbade him to do, because Haliburton was a Presbyterian, and talked of religious “ experiences.” At the same time, they charged him not to publish any books of a similar kind. Charles was now so far weakened by sickness as to be unable to walk, and was therefore carried from place to place in a chair. While in Georgia, and since his return to England, he had suffered greatly from an exhausting disease ; and the terrible attacks of pleurisy, to which he was still subject, kept him in constant suspense between life and death. While it was thus uncertain whether he could survive many days, his heart was tender ; his spirit contrite, and bowed down under a sense of guilt, corruption, and demerit. He was desirous, above all things, to recover the favour, the peace, and the image of

God, before he went hence to be no more seen. It was natural, therefore, for him to retire from a house where he was likely to be harassed by controversy and opposition, and choose a quiet residence where his religious friends could have free access to him, and where he was likely to have every help and encouragement in obtaining the Christian salvation, which he felt that he did not as yet possess. He speaks of Mr. Bray, to whose house he was carried, as an illiterate mechanic. He was a brazier, who lived in Little-Britain, near Smithfield; but he was a happy believer in the Lord Jesus, living in the spirit of faith and prayer, and holy love; and was able, from his own personal experience, as well as from the sacred volume, to teach even the accomplished collegian "the way of the Lord more perfectly" than he had hitherto known it.

At every opportunity Mr. Bray read the Holy Scriptures to the afflicted and anxious inmate of his family, joined with him in supplication to the Father of mercies, and by his advice and sympathy greatly assisted him in the pursuit of the "one thing needful." Ten days after his removal to the residence of this humble but devout man, Mr. Charles Wesley entered into that state of spiritual liberty and enjoyment which he preferred to every thing else, both in earth and heaven. During this interval he was visited by several persons, some of whom had obtained "the pearl of great price," and others were pressing hard after it; for a spirit of inquiry on the subject of religion was then extensively excited, partly by the recent preaching of Mr. Whitefield; partly by the private labours of Peter Böhler, who had lately left London; and partly by the preaching of Mr. John Wesley, who was admitted into several of the London pulpits, and was followed by immense crowds of people. Among those who visited Charles, at this time, was the learned Mr. Ainsworth, author of the Latin Dictionary which bears his name. He was now venerable through age, and attended the Methodist meetings for prayer and spiritual converse, in the spirit of a little child.

As an illustration of the manner in which Mr. Charles Wesley waited upon God for the gift of faith, and of the salvation connected with it, the following selections from his journal are given:—

"May 12th. I waked in the same blessed temper, hungry and thirsty after God. I began Isaiah, and seemed to see that to me were the promises made, and would be fulfilled; for that Christ loved me. I found myself more desirous, more assured, I should believe. This day (and indeed my whole time) I spent in discoursing on faith, either with those that had it, or those that sought it; in reading the Scriptures, and in prayer.

"I was much moved at the sight of Mr. Ainsworth, a man of great

learning, above seventy, who, like old Simeon, was waiting to see the Lord's salvation, that he might depart in peace. His tears, and vehemence, and childlike simplicity, showed him upon the entrance of the kingdom of heaven.

"In the afternoon I read Isaiah with Mr. Edmunds; saw him full of promises; and that they belonged to me. In the midst of our reading Miss Claggetts came, and asked that they might hear us. We were all much encouraged to pursue the glorious prize, held out to us by the evangelical prophet. When the company was gone, I joined with Mr. Bray, in prayer and the Scripture; and was so greatly affected, that I almost thought Christ was coming that moment. I concluded the night with private vehement prayer.

"May 13th. I waked without Christ; yet still desirous of finding him. Soon after William Delamotte came, and read me the sixty-sixth psalm, strangely full of comfortable promises. Toward noon I was enabled to pray with desire and hope, and to lay claim to the promises in general. The afternoon I spent with my friends, in mutual exhortation to wait patiently for the Lord, in prayer and reading. At night my brother came, exceeding heavy. I forced him (as he had often forced me) to sing a hymn to Christ; and almost thought he would come while we were singing: assured he would come quickly. *At night* I received much light and comfort from the Scriptures.

"May 14th. The beginning of the day I was heavy, weary, and unable to pray; but the desire soon returned, and I found much comfort both in prayer and in the word: my eyes being opened more and more to discover and lay hold upon the promises. I longed to find Christ, that I might show him to all mankind; that I might praise, that I might love him.* Several persons called to-day, and were convinced of unbelief. Some of them afterward went to Mr. Broughton, and were soon made as easy as Satan and their own hearts could wish.

"May 17th. To-day I first saw Luther on the Galatians, which Mr. Holland had accidentally light upon. We began, and found him nobly full of faith. My friend, in hearing him, was so affected as to breathe out sighs and groans unutterable. I marvelled that we were so soon and so entirely removed from him that called us into the grace of Christ, unto another gospel. Who would believe our Church had been founded upon this important article of justification by faith alone! I am astonished I should ever think this a new doctrine; especially while our articles and homilies stand unrepealed, and the key of knowledge is not yet taken away.

"From this time I endeavoured to ground as many of our friends as came, in this fundamental truth,—salvation by faith alone: not an idle,

dead faith ; but a faith which works by love, and is necessarily productive of all good works, and all holiness.

“ I spent some hours this evening in private with Martin Luther, who was greatly blessed to me, especially his conclusion of the second chapter. I laboured, waited, and prayed to feel, ‘ who loved *me*, and gave himself for *me*.’ When nature, near exhausted, forced me to bed, I opened the book upon, ‘ For he will finish the work, and cut it short in righteousness ; because a short work will the Lord make upon the earth.’ After this comfortable assurance that he would come, and would not tarry, I slept in peace.

“ May 18th. In the approach of a temptation, I looked up to Christ, and confessed my helplessness. The temptation was immediately beaten down, and continually kept off, by a power not my own. About midnight I was waked by a return of my pleurisy. I felt great pain, and straitness at my heart ; but found immediate relief by bleeding. I had some discourse with Mr. Bray ; thought myself willing to die the next moment, if I might but believe this : but was sure I could not die till I did believe. I earnestly desired it.

“ May 19th. At five this morning the pain and difficulty in breathing returned. The surgeon was sent for ; but I fell asleep before he could bleed me a second time. I received the sacrament, but not Christ.

“ Mrs. Turner came, and told me I should not rise from that bed till I believed. I believed her saying, and asked, ‘ Has God then bestowed faith upon you ?’ ‘ Yes, he has.’ ‘ Why, have you peace with God ?’ ‘ Yes, perfect peace.’ ‘ And do you love Christ above all things ?’ ‘ I do ; above all things incomparably.’ ‘ Then, are you willing to die ?’ ‘ I am ; and would be glad to die this moment ; for I know all my sins are blotted out ; the hand-writing that was against me is taken out of the way, and nailed to the cross. He has saved me by his death ; he has washed me with his blood ; he has hid me in his wounds. I have peace in him, and rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.’

“ Her answers were so full, to these and the most searching questions I could ask, that I had no doubt of her having received the atonement ; and waited for it myself with a more assured hope. Feeling an anticipation of joy upon her account, and thanking Christ as I could, I looked for him all night, with prayers, and sighs, and unceasing desires.”

Such was the manner in which Mr. Charles Wesley waited upon God for that great change in his state and character, upon which he felt that his peace and safety both in time and eternity depended. He was humble, penitent, teachable, and persevering. He read the Holy Scriptures ; studied the promises of God ; was diligent in prayer, both social and private ; and almost daily received the Lord’s supper. In

obedience to the divine direction, he continued asking, that he might receive; seeking, that he might find; knocking at the door of mercy, that it might be opened; labouring to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, in the earnest hope that the Holy Spirit would impart the full power of faith, and then witness his adoption, and purify his heart.

The frequent returns of his pleurisy, and his very enfeebled state, appear to have alarmed his friends, who began to be apprehensive that his end was near. His brother, therefore, and a few others, met together on Saturday evening, and spent the night in prayer. The next day was Whit-Sunday, on the morning of which he was enabled to believe to the saving of his soul. The great change which then passed upon him, and the circumstances connected with it, he has described in his private journal. The following is his own account:—

“THE DAY OF PENTECOST.

“Sunday, May 21st, 1738. I waked in hope and expectation of His coming. At nine my brother and some friends came and sung a hymn to the Holy Ghost. My comfort and hope were hereby increased. In about half an hour they went. I betook myself to prayer: the substance as follows:—‘O Jesus, thou hast said, *I will come unto you.* Thou hast said, *I will send the Comforter unto you.* Thou hast said, *My Father and I will come unto you, and make our abode with you.* Thou art God, who canst not lie. I wholly rely upon thy most true promise. Accomplish it in thy time and manner.’ Having said this, I was composing myself to sleep, in quietness and peace, when I heard one come in, (Mrs. Musgrave, I thought, by the voice,) and say, ‘In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, arise, and believe, and thou shalt be healed of all thy infirmities!’ I wondered how it should enter into her head to speak in that manner. The words struck me to the heart. I sighed, and said within myself, ‘O that Christ would but speak thus to me!’ I lay musing and trembling; then I rung; and Mrs. Turner coming, desired her to send up Mrs. Musgrave. She went down, and returning, said, Mrs. Musgrave had not been here. My heart sunk within me at the word; and I hoped it might be Christ indeed. However, I sent her down again to inquire, and felt in the mean time a strange palpitation of heart; and said, yet feared to say, ‘I believe! I believe!’

“She came up again, and said, ‘It was I, a weak, sinful creature, that spoke; but the words were Christ’s. He commanded me to say them; and so constrained me, that I could not forbear.’

“I sent for Mr. Bray, and asked him whether I believed. He answered, I ought not to doubt of it: it was Christ that spoke to me. He knew it, and willed us to pray together. ‘But first,’ said he, ‘I will read what I have casually opened upon: *Blessed is the man whose*

transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered. Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile. Still I felt a violent opposition, and reluctance to believe; yet still the Spirit of God strove with my own, and the evil spirit, till by degrees he chased away the darkness of my unbelief. I found myself convinced, I knew not how nor when; and immediately fell to intercession."

The fact is, this plain, illiterate woman, had a deep and solemn conviction that she ought thus to address the afflicted penitent, who was weeping and praying for pardon, peace, and holiness; but recollecting that he was a scholar and a clergyman, she was afraid to do it. She durst not speak to him in this manner face to face, and with difficulty prevailed upon herself to utter these words as she stood upon the stairs. By this humble instrumentality it pleased God to produce in the heart of his servant the vital faith which he so earnestly desired.

"On Sunday morning," says Mr. Charles Wesley, "she took Mr. Bray aside, burst into tears, and informed him of the matter; objecting, she was a poor, weak, sinful creature; and should she go to a minister! She could not do it, nor rest till she did. He asked her whether she had ever found herself so before. 'No, never.' 'Why, then,' said he, 'go. Remember Jonah. You declare promises, not threatenings. Go in the name of the Lord. Fear not your own weakness. Speak you the words. Christ will do the work. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hath he ordained strength.' They prayed together; and she then went up, but durst not come in till she had again prayed by herself. About six minutes after she had left him, he found and felt, while she was speaking the words, that Christ was with us.

"I never heard words uttered with like solemnity. The sound of her voice was entirely changed into that of Mrs. Musgrave. (If I can be sure of any thing sensible.) I rose, and looked into the Scripture. The words that first presented were, 'And now, Lord, what is my hope? Truly, my hope is even in thee.' I then cast down my eye, and met, 'He hath put a new song in my mouth, even a thanksgiving unto our God. Many shall see it, and fear, and shall put their trust in the Lord.*' Afterward I opened upon Isaiah xl, 1: 'Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned: for she hath received at the Lord's hand double for all her sins.'

"I now found myself at peace with God, and rejoiced in hope of loving Christ. My temper, for the rest of the day, was mistrust of my

* Here, and in many other places, Mr. Wesley quotes the Prayer-Book version.—*Amer. Ed.*

own great, but before unknown, weakness. I saw that by faith I stood; and the continual support of faith, which kept me from falling, though of myself I am ever sinking into sin. I went to bed still sensible of my own weakness, (I humbly hope to be more and more so,) yet confident of Christ's protection."

When Mr. John Wesley left the sick-bed of his brother this morning, he went to one of the churches in London, to hear the celebrated Dr. John Heylyn preach; and afterward assisted the doctor in the administration of the Lord's supper, the curate having been taken ill during the service. On leaving the church, says he, "I received the surprising news, that my brother had found rest to his soul. His bodily strength returned also from that hour. 'Who is so great a God as our God?'"

When Mr. Charles Wesley first believed with the heart unto righteousness, his faith was weak; so that, to use his own expressive language, he held the Saviour "with a trembling hand." But by prayer, spiritual conversation, and the practical study of the inspired volume, his confidence waxed stronger, and his evidence of the divine favour became increasingly distinct and vivid. He was now more sensible of his own weakness than he had ever been before, even when sin had the dominion over him. He felt that all his sufficiency was of the Lord; so that he realized the apostolic paradox, "When I am weak, then am I strong." Indeed, the very act of faith is a renunciation of self, and a laying hold upon Christ as our

"strength and righteousness,
Our Saviour, and our all."

Mr. John Wesley was doubtless greatly encouraged, by his brother's happy experience, in the pursuit of the same salvation, for which he had long intensely hungered and thirsted; and with respect to him also the time of liberty drew near. On the day after Charles had found peace, he says, "My brother coming, we joined in intercession for him. In the midst of prayer, I almost believed the Holy Ghost was coming upon him. In the evening we sung and prayed again." They did not pray in vain.

"In the evening" of the following Wednesday, says John, "I went very unwillingly to a society in Aldersgate-street, where one was reading Luther's 'Preface to the Epistle to the Romans.' About a quarter before nine, while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for salvation; and an assurance was given me, that he had taken away *my* sins, even *mine*, and saved *me* from the law of sin and death.

"I began to pray with all my might for those who had in a more

especial manner despitefully used me, and persecuted me. I then testified openly to all there, what I now first felt in my heart. But it was not long before the enemy suggested, 'This cannot be faith; for where is thy joy?' Then I was taught that peace and victory over sin are essential to faith in the Captain of our salvation; but that, as to the transports of joy that usually attend the beginning of it, especially in those who have mourned deeply, God sometimes giveth, sometimes withholdeth, them, according to the counsels of his own will."

Charles was not present at the meeting where his brother entered into the glorious liberty of the sons of God. He was confined to his room in Little-Britain, and had spent the whole day in a most devout and pious manner. "At eight" o'clock, says he, "I prayed by myself for love, with some feeling, and assurance of feeling more. Toward ten my brother was brought in triumph by a troop of our friends, and declared, 'I believe!' We sung the hymn with great joy, and parted with prayer. At midnight I gave myself up to Christ, assured I was safe, sleeping or waking."

"The hymn" which the party sung upon this joyful occasion was doubtless one which Charles has mentioned in his journal, as being written by him two days before, on the subject of his own conversion. He has not stated which of his hymns it was; but the probability is, it was either the thirtieth or the two hundred and first of the [London] Wesleyan Collection. Both these hymns are appropriate, and they were published a few months after the conversion of the brothers. The first of them begins thus:—

Where shall my wondering soul begin?
 How shall I all to heaven aspire?
 A slave redeem'd from death and sin,
 A brand pluck'd from eternal fire,
 How shall I equal triumphs raise,
 Or sing my great Deliverer's praise?
 O how shall I the goodness tell,
 Father, which thou to me hast show'd?
 That I, a child of wrath and hell,
 I should be call'd a child of God,
 Should know, should feel my sins forgiven,
 Bless'd with this antepast of heaven!

The second of these hymns concludes with the following stanzas:—

Long my imprison'd spirit lay
 Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
 Thine eye diffused a quick'ning ray;
 I woke; the dungeon flamed with light;
 My chains fell off, my heart was free,
 I rose, went forth, and follow'd thee.

No condemnation now I dread ;
 Jesus, and all in him, is mine !
 Alive in him, my living Head,
 And clothed in righteousness divine,
 Bold I approach th' eternal throne,
 And claim the crown through Christ my own.

The following fine verses appear to have been addressed by Charles to John, upon the holy and joyous occasion of his acquiring the true Christian faith. They were published during the next year, under the title of

CONGRATULATION TO A FRIEND UPON BELIEVING IN CHRIST.

What morn on thee with sweeter ray,
 Or brighter lustre, ere hath shined ?
 Be bless'd the memorable day
 That gave thee Jesus Christ to find !
 Gave thee to taste his perfect grace,
 From death to life in him to pass !

O how diversified the scene,
 Since first that heart began to beat !
 Evil and few thy days have been
 In suffering and in comfort great :
 Oft hast thou groan'd beneath thy load,
 And sunk—into the arms of God !

Long did all hell its powers engage,
 And fill'd thy darken'd soul with fears :
 Baffled at length the dragon's rage,
 At length th' atoning blood appears ;
 Thy light is come, thy mourning's o'er ;
 Look up ; for thou shalt weep no more !

Bless'd be the Name that sets thee free,
 The Name that sure salvation brings !
 The Sun of righteousness on thee
 Hath rose, with healing in his wings.
 Away let grief and sighing flee ;
 Jesus hath died for thee—for thee !

* * * * *

To the principles which John and Charles Wesley recognised in the act of their conversion, they steadily adhered to the end of their lives. The careful study of the Holy Scriptures, their acquaintance with Protestant theology, and their observation of the work of God in his church, all served to strengthen their conviction that they had not been misled in submitting to the test of experience the doctrine of salvation by faith, which they had first learned from Peter Böhler. They saw with increasing clearness, that the Christian faith which is described in the Acts of the Apostles, and in the apostolical Epistles, is not a mere

assent to the general truth of the gospel, nor a mere belief of its essential doctrines, but a personal trust in the sacrificial blood of the Son of God, exercised in a penitent state of heart, and productive both of peace of conscience, and of inward and outward holiness. This became the principal topic of their ministry; and while its truth was to them matter of personal consciousness, they saw it exemplified in the character of thousands of their spiritual children. It was, in fact, under God, the great secret of their power, both as preachers and writers. Under the divine sanction and blessing, they illustrated, enforced, and defended this doctrine with unexampled energy and effect. It was a happy day, not only to themselves, but for the world, when, after a protracted course of painful preparation, they received this truth, and were qualified to preach it to all men, out of the fulness of a heart purified by faith from its guilt and natural corruption.

For the long space of ten years had Charles been labouring after holiness, without attaining to it; and for the longer space of twelve or thirteen years had John been engaged in the same pursuit, and with the same want of success. They were still in the state which is described in the seventh chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. They were "carnal, and sold under sin." Their struggles to get free from it were powerless and unavailing; so that after a thousand resolutions and efforts, they could only lament, in the bitterness of disappointed hope, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" Now they were translated from the legal to the evangelical state; and could testify with the apostle, "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ: by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God." "The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death." "Ye have not received the spirit of bondage again unto fear; but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father. The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God." "Whom, having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory: receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls." Their friend, the Rev. John Gambold, incumbent of Stanton-Harcourt, and one of their Oxford companions, received the truth at the same time, and through the same instrumentality. Like them, he had long been wandering in the labyrinths of Mysticism, wearying himself for very vanity; and on emerging into light, he appositely denominated the evangelical method of justification by faith, "the sinner's short way to God."

Next to the study of the Holy Scriptures, the Wesleys were esta-

blished in the truth by reading the Homilies of the Church of England. They wondered, as well they might, that they had so long overlooked the obvious meaning of their own formularies. While the doctrine of present salvation from the guilt and power of sin, by faith in the Lord Jesus, meets the wants of fallen man, and is thus of universal application, it is the most effectual antidote to popery; and in this light it was regarded by all the Protestant reformers. Against the advocates of this vital truth, therefore, the papal Council of Trent levelled its bitterest anathemas; and the same important tenet is now assailed by misrepresentation and unmeaning verbiage by the men who are attempting to revive the dogmas of Romanism in the Church of England, and to supersede the Scriptural theology of the Reformation.*

CHAPTER V.

THE day on which Mr. Charles Wesley came to Christ, weary and heavy laden, and found rest to his soul, was unquestionably the most important period of his existence. He then felt that he passed from death unto life. His spiritual enjoyments now began, in all their richness and depth; and he entered upon a course of ministerial usefulness, of which, up to this period, he had no conception. It is easy to trace, in his subsequent spirit and practice, all the Scriptural marks of a renewed nature. His conscience was exceedingly tender. He watched the workings of his heart with unremitting care, fearful lest he should sin against God, by pride, or any other evil temper. The means of grace were his delight; for in the use of them he enjoyed communion with God. Before the end of the month his health was so far improved that he was able to go abroad; and he was then every day an attendant at church, where he received the Lord's supper at every opportunity. He appears indeed to have still communicated with his friends almost daily. The Bible was his constant companion. He read it, and meditated upon it, day and night. In consequence of his

* Allusion is here especially intended to Dr. Pusey's Letter to the bishop of Oxford, and Mr. Newman's Lectures on Justification. The first of these publications contains such misstatements concerning the Wesleyan tenets as it is hard to reconcile with honesty of purpose. As to many passages in the latter of these works, conjectures may indeed be formed respecting their import; but what the author really intended to teach, on the all-important subject of justification before God, it would be difficult to decide. It cannot be here said that the trumpet does not give an uncertain sound. Like the true theologues of the Roman school, the author

"Leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind."

long and severe afflictions, he was, as yet, unable to address large congregations in public; but, like the apostles at Jerusalem, "daily, and in every house," where he could gain access, "he ceased not to teach and preach Jesus Christ." In private companies, where many resorted to him, he read the Scriptures, sung hymns, related his religious experience, and urged upon all the duty and privilege of an immediate application to Christ, in faith, for pardon, and peace, and holiness. Never did he forget the bright and joyous days which immediately followed his espousal to Christ; and every remembrance of them was refreshing to his heart. The most perfect picture of his feelings and character at this period is that which was drawn many years afterward by his own inimitable hand. It was not under the mere influence of a lively and poetic imagination, but of deep and holy feeling, that he thus sung:—

How happy are they who the Saviour obey, &c.

A few extracts from his journal will best show the spirit by which he was actuated; the manner in which he spent his time; the opposition which he had to encounter; the success with which his efforts to convert others were crowned; and the unction from God which rested upon the people around him. Among other persons who received spiritual benefit from his instrumentality at this time, were the learned Mr. Ainsworth, already mentioned; Mr. Piers, the vicar of Bexley; Mr. John Byrom, the poet of Manchester, author of a system of short-hand, who was a member of the University of Cambridge; and different members of the Delamotte family at Blendon.

"May 24th. I was much pleased to-day at the sight of Mr. Ainsworth; a little child, full of grief, and fears, and love. At our repeating the line of the hymn,

'Now descend and shake the earth,'

he fell down, as in an agony.

"May 26th. We joined this morning in supplication for the poor malefactors, while passing to execution; and in the sacrament commended their souls to Christ. The great comfort we found therein made us confidently hope, some of them were received as the penitent thief at the last hour.

"May 27th. I felt a motion of anger from a trifling disappointment; but it was no sooner felt than conquered.

"June 3d. In the evening Mr. Brown, Holland, and others, called. I was very averse to coming among them; but forced myself to it, and spent two or three hours in singing, reading, and prayer. This exercise a little revived me, and I found myself much assisted to pray. We asked particularly that, if it was the will of God, some one might now receive the atonement. While I was yet speaking the words, Mr

Brown found power to believe. He rose, and told me, my prayer was heard, and answered in him. We were all full of joy and thanksgiving. Before we parted, I prayed with Mr. Brown, and praised God, to the great confirmation of my faith. The weight was quite taken off. I found power to pray with great earnestness.

“ June 5th. I waked thankful, with power to pray and praise. I had peace at the sacrament, and some attention in public prayer. In the afternoon I met Mrs. Sims, with Mr. and Mrs. Burton, at Islington. He told me God had given him faith while I was praying the last night; but he thought it would do hurt to declare it then. Upon finding his heart burn within him, he desired God would give him some token of his faith, and immediately opened on, ‘ Let there be light; and there was light.’ We rejoiced together in prayer and singing; and left the rest of the company much stirred up to wait for the same unspeakable gift.

“ June 7th. Returning home, I found Dr. Byrom; and, in defiance of the tempter, simply told him the great things Jesus had done for me and many others. This drew on a full explanation of the doctrine of faith, which he received with wonderful readiness. Toward midnight I slept in peace.

“ June 8th. I took coach for Blendon, with Mr. Bray. I had much talk with a lady about the fall, and faith in Christ. She openly maintained the merit of good works. I would that all who oppose the righteousness of faith were so ingenuous: then would they no longer seek it as it were by the works of the law. Before seven we came to Eltham. In riding thence to Blendon, I was full of delight, and seemed in a new heaven and a new earth. We prayed, and sung, and shouted all the way. We found Miss Betsy and Hetty at home, and prayed that this day salvation might come to this house. In the lesson were these words, ‘ This is the accepted time; this is the day of salvation.’

“ June 9th. I prayed with fervour for the family. The second lesson was blind Bartimeus. In riding to Bexley with Mr. Piers, I spake of my experience with simplicity and confidence, and found him very ready to receive the faith. We spent the day in the same manner; Mr. Bray relating the inward workings of God upon his soul; and I, the great things he had lately done for me, and our friends at London. He listened eagerly to all that was said, not making the least objection; but confessing, it was what he had never experienced. We walked, and sung, and prayed in the garden. He was greatly moved, and testified his full conviction, and desire of finding Christ; ‘ but I must first,’ said he, ‘ prepare myself by long exercise of prayer and good works.’

“At night we joined in prayer for Hetty. Never did I pray with greater earnestness, expecting an immediate answer, and being much disappointed at not finding it. I was in great heaviness for her, and could not sleep till morning. Waking full of desire for her conversion, those words were brought to my remembrance: ‘The Spirit and the bride say, Come; and let him that heareth say, Come; and whosoever will, let him come, and take of the water of life freely.’

“Yesterday Miss Betsy plainly informed me, that after her last receiving the sacrament, she had heard a voice, ‘Go thy way; thy sins are forgiven thee;’ and was filled thereby with joy unspeakable. She said within herself, ‘Now I do indeed feed upon Christ in my heart by faith;’ and continued all the day in the spirit of triumph and exultation. All her life, she thought, would be too little to thank God for that day; yet soon after this it was that the enemy got so great advantage over her, in making her oppose the truth with such fierceness. For many days she did not know that she had in herself demonstration of that she denied. But after we had prayed that God would clear up his own work, the darkness dispersed, and those fears that her conversion was not real, by little and little were all done away.

“June 10th. In the morning lesson was that glorious description of the power of faith, Mark xi, 22–24. We pleaded this promise in behalf of our seeking friends, particularly Hetty and Mr. Piers. He came with his wife. The day before our coming he had been led to read the Homily on Justification, which convinced him, that in him dwelt no good thing. Now he likewise saw that the thoughts of his heart were only evil continually; forasmuch as whatsoever is not of faith is sin. He asked of God to give him some comfort, and found it in Luke v, 23, &c.: ‘Whether is easier to say, Thy sins be forgiven thee; or to say, Rise up and walk?’ This was the very miracle, I told him, from which God had shown his intention to heal me; and it was a sign of the like to be done for him. Mr. Bray moved for retiring to prayer. We prayed again and again, and asked him whether he believed Christ could just now manifest himself to his soul. He answered, ‘Yes.’ We read him the promise made to the prayer of faith. Mr. Bray bade me speak some promise to him authoritatively, and he should find Christ make it good. I had not faith to do it. He made me pray again, and then read the sixty-fifth psalm. I felt every word of it for my friend; particularly, ‘Thou that hearest the prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come. Blessed is the man whom thou chooseth, and receivest unto thee. He shall dwell in thy court, and shall be satisfied with the plenteousness of thy house, even of thy holy temple. Thou shalt show us wonderful things in thy righteousness, O God of our salvation, thou that art the hope of all the ends of the earth.’

“Seeing the great confidence of Mr. Bray, and the deep humility of Mr. Piers, I began to think the promise would be fulfilled before we left the room. My fellow-worker with God seemed full of faith, and of the Holy Ghost; and told him, ‘If you can but touch the hem of his garment, you shall be made whole.’

“We prayed for him a third time, the Spirit greatly helping our infirmities; and then asked if he believed. He answered, ‘Yes:’ the Spirit witnessing with our spirits, that his heart was as our heart. Bray said, ‘I now know of a truth that Christ is in you.’ We were all filled with joy. We returned thanks, and prayed for a blessing upon his ministry; and then brought him down in triumph. Miss Betsy was greatly strengthened hereby, and bold to confess she ‘believed.’ All her speech now was, ‘I only hope that I shall never lose this comfort.’

“The day was spent in prayer and conference. Mrs. Piers was with all ease convinced of unbelief. After supper I discoursed on faith from the lesson. The poor servants received the word gladly.

“June 11th. While Mr. Piers was preaching upon death, I found great joy in feeling myself willing, or rather desirous, to die. After prayers we joined in intercession for Mr. and Mrs. Delamotte; then for poor Hetty. I received much comfort in reading Luther. We took coach for church. In singing I observed Hetty join with a mixture of fear and joy. I earnestly prayed, and expected she should meet with something to confirm her in the service. Both the psalms and lessons were full of consolation.

“We adjourned to Mr. Piers’s, and joined in prayer for a poor woman in despair, one Mrs. Searl, whom Satan had bound these many years. I saw her pass by in the morning, and was touched with a sense of her misery. After pleading His promise of being with us to the end of the world, we went down to her in the name of Jesus. I asked her whether she thought God was LOVE, and not ANGER, as Satan would persuade her. Then I preached the gospel, which she received with all imaginable eagerness. When we had for some time continued together in prayer, she rose up another creature, strongly and explicitly declaring her faith in the blood of Christ, and full persuasion that she was accepted in the Beloved. Hetty then declared that she could not but believe, Christ died for her, even for her. We gave thanks for both with much exultation and triumph.

“After family prayer I expounded the lesson, and going up to my chamber, asked the maid, (Mary,) how she found herself. She answered, ‘O sir, what you said was very comfortable, how that Christ was made sin for me, that I might be made the righteousness of God in him; that is, he was put in my place, and I in his.’ ‘Do you then

believe this, that Christ died for you?' 'Yes; I do believe it; and I found myself as I never did before, when you spoke the word.' 'But do you find within yourself that your sins are forgiven?' 'Yes; I do.' These and the like answers, which she made with great simplicity, convinced me that faith had come to her by hearing. We joined in giving glory to God; for we perceived and confessed, it was his doing. It pleased him likewise to bless me with a deep and hitherto unknown dread of ascribing any thing to myself.

"June 12th. This morning Mrs. Piers told me, she had always doubted her having true faith; but now declared with tears, she was convinced her sins were forgiven, and she did believe indeed. We all went to Mrs. Searl, in strong temptation, nothing doubting but we should see the power of Christ triumphing over that of Satan. The enemy had got no advantage over her, though he had laboured all night to trouble and confound her. As often as she named the name of Jesus, he was repelled, and her soul at peace. We were much edified by her deep humility; and preached the gospel to her and her husband, who received it readily. After prayer she rose with, 'How shall I be thankful enough to my Saviour?' We parted in a triumphant hymn.

"June 13th. Mr. Piers was sent for to a dying woman. She was in despair, 'having done so much evil, and so little good.' He declared to her the glad tidings of salvation; that as all her good, were it ten thousand times more, could never save her: so all her evil could never hurt her; if she could repent and believe; if she could lay hold on Christ by a living faith, and look for salvation by grace only. This was comfort indeed. She gladly quitted her own merits for Christ's. The Holy Ghost wrought faith in her heart, which she expressed in a calm, cheerful, triumphant expectation of death. Her fears and agonies were at an end. Being justified by faith, she had peace with God, and only entered further into her rest by dying a few hours after. The spectators were melted into tears. She calmly passed into the heavenly Canaan, and has there brought up a good report of her faithful pastor, who, under Christ, hath saved her soul from death. These were the first-fruits of his ministry; and I find him strengthened hereby, and more assured that the gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.

"June 14th. After morning prayer in the little chapel, I kept Hannah from going, that we might first pray for her; but we quickly found there was great cause of thanksgiving. She told me she was reading a collect last night, which gave her vast pleasure: 'Almighty God, whom truly to know is eternal life, grant us perfectly to know thy Son Jesus Christ to be the way, the truth, and the life.' 'To be sure, sir,' said she, 'I found myself so easy immediately, that I

cannot tell you.' A few questions fully satisfied us, that she was a true believer.

"On the road I overtook Frank, and asked what he thought of these things. He answered, 'I was greatly delighted with one thing you said, how that Christ was made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him.' Upon further examination, I found him manifestly in the faith. We talked and rejoiced together till we came to Eltham. He there left me, resolved to publish everywhere what great things Jesus had done for him.

"The coach was filled with young ladies. I was forced to leave off reading, that I might interrupt their scandal. At London I was informed that my brother was gone, with Mr. Ingham and Toelchig, to Hernhuth. The news surprised, but did not disquiet, me.

"June 16th. After dinner Jack Delamotte came for me. We took coach; and by the way he told me, that when we were last together at Blendon, in singing,

'Who for me, for me hath died,'

he found the words sink into his soul; could have sung them for ever, being full of delight and joy. Since then he has thought himself led, as it were, in every thing. He feared nothing so much as offending God; could pray with life; and, in a word, found that he did indeed believe in the Lord Jesus. While the coach stopped I got out to reprove a man for swearing. He thanked me most heartily. We took up Hetty at Blendon, and went on to Bexley. The next day we saw and I prayed with Mrs. Searl, to our mutual encouragement. Mr. Searl heard us gladly. The afternoon we passed with our friends at Blendon. Here I was stopped by the return of my pain, and forced to bed. Desires of death continually rose in me, which I laboured to check, not daring to form any wish concerning it. June 18th the pain abated, and the next day left me.

"June 21st. I was concerned at having been here several days, and done nothing. I preached forgiveness to Mr. Piers's man, who seemed well disposed for receiving it by a true simplicity. We prayed together, and went to public prayers. In the second lesson was the paralytic healed. I came home with the Miss Delamottes, Mrs. Searl, and the man, who declared before us all, that God had given him faith by hearing the sick of the palsy healed. We returned hearty thanks. The Lord gave us more matter for thanksgiving at Blendon, where I read my brother's sermon on faith. When it was over, the gardener declared faith had come to him by hearing it; and he had no doubt of his sins being forgiven. 'Nay, was I to die just now,' he added, 'I know I should be accepted through Christ Jesus.'

“June 22d. I comforted Hetty under a strong temptation, because she was not in all points affected like other believers, especially the poor, who have generally a much larger degree of confidence than the rich and learned. I had a proof of this to-day at Mrs. Searl's, where, meeting a poor woman, and convincing her of unbelief, I used a prayer for her, that God, who hath chosen the poor of this world to be rich in faith, would now impart to her his unspeakable gift. In the midst of the prayer she received it; avowed it openly; and increased visibly therein. In the evening we had a meeting at Mr. Piers's. I read my brother's sermon. God set his seal to the truth of it, by sending his Spirit upon Mr. Searl and a maid servant, purifying their hearts by faith. This occasioned our triumphing in the name of Jesus our God.

“June 24th. Riding to Blendon in the morning, I met William Delamotte, just come from Cambridge. He had left town well disposed to the obedience of faith; but now I observed his countenance altered. He had been strongly prejudiced by the good folk at London. At Blendon I found Mrs. Delamotte not over cordial, yet civil. I met letters from my mother, heavily complaining of my brother's forsaking her, and requiring me to accept the first preferment that offered, on pain of disobedience. This a little disquieted me. I was not much comforted by William Delamotte, but extremely moved for him. I could not refrain from tears. His sisters joined us. I began preaching faith and free grace. His objection was, that it was unjust in God to make sinners equal with us, who had laboured perhaps many years. We proposed singing a hymn. He saw the title, ‘Faith in Christ;’ and owned he could not bear it.

“In our way to church I again proclaimed to him the glad tidings of salvation. He was exceeding heavy, and by his own confession miserable; yet could he not receive this saying: ‘We are justified freely by faith alone.’

“June 25th. I stayed to preach faith to Mrs. Delamotte, whom Providence brought home yesterday, I trust for that very purpose. I was so faint, and full of pain, that I had not power to speak; but I had no sooner begun my sermon than all my weakness vanished. God gave me strength and boldness; and after an hour's speaking, I found myself perfectly well. I went and accosted Mrs. Delamotte in her pew: just as shy as I expected. Let it work. God look to the event! After evening prayer she just spake to me. Betsy wondered she could bring herself to it.

“June 26th. I waited upon Mrs. Delamotte, expecting what happened. She fell abruptly upon my sermon, for the false doctrine therein. I answered, I staked my all upon the truth of it. She went on: ‘It is hard, people must have their children seduced in their ab-

sence. If every one must have your faith, what will become of all the world? Have you this assurance, Mr. Piers?' 'Yes, madam, in some degree; I thank God for it.' 'I am sorry to hear it.' One of the company cried, 'I am glad to hear of it; and bless God for him; and wish all mankind had it too.'

"She moved for reading a sermon of Archbishop Sharpe. Mr. Piers read. We excepted continually to his unscriptural doctrine. Much dispute ensued. She accused my brother of preaching an instantaneous faith. 'As to that,' I replied, 'we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard. I received it in that manner; as have above thirty others in my presence.' She started up; said, she could not bear it; and ran out of the house. Will protested against her behaviour. In the beginning I had found the old man rise; but grew calmer and calmer the longer we talked. Glory be to God through Christ! I offered to go; but they would not let me. Betsy went, and at last prevailed upon her to come in. Nothing more was said. At six I took my leave. Poor Hannah and Mary came to the door, and caught hold of my hand. Hannah cried, 'Do not be discouraged, sir: I hope we shall all continue steadfast.' I could not refrain from tears. Hetty came in. I exhorted her to persevere. I took horse. Will seemed much better disposed than his mother. He promised to come and see me the next day. I joined with Mr. Piers in singing,

' Shall I, for fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's course in me restrain?'

and in hearty prayer for Mrs. Delamotte.

"June 27th. William Delamotte came to Mr. Piers's. I was full of hope for him. He told me he had written two sheets against the truth; but in seeking after more texts, he had met one that quite spoiled all: 'Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us.' This convinced him; and immediately he burnt all he had written. I asked what it was he still stuck at. 'Nothing,' said he, 'but God's giving faith instantaneously.' I replied, that alone hindered his receiving it just now; no more preparation being absolutely necessary thereto than what God is pleased to give.

"We went to prayers; pleaded the promises for him with great earnestness and tears: then read 2 Thess. i, 11. I observed the workings of God strong upon him, and prayed again. While we were praying, and singing, and reading, alternately, a poor man, one Mr. Heather, came to talk with me. He had heard and liked the sermon upon faith. I asked whether he had faith. 'No.' Whether forgiveness of sins. 'No.' Whether there was or could be any good in him

till he believed. 'No.' 'But do you think Christ cannot give you faith and forgiveness in this hour?' 'Yes; to be sure he can.' 'And do you believe his promise, that where two of his disciples shall agree upon earth, as touching any thing they shall ask of him, he will give it them?' 'I do.' 'Why, then, here is your minister, and I agree with him to ask faith for you.' 'Then I believe I shall receive it before I go out of this room.'

"We went to prayer directly; pleaded the promise; and, rising, asked him whether he believed. His answer was, 'Yes; I do believe with all my heart. I believe Christ died for my sins. I know they are all forgiven. I desire only to love him. I would suffer any thing for him: could lay down my life for him this moment.' I turned to my scholar, and said, 'Do you now believe that God can give faith instantaneously?' He was too full to speak; but told me afterward, he envied the unopposing ignorance and simplicity of the poor, and wished himself that illiterate carpenter.

"Next day I returned to town, rejoicing that God had added to his living church SEVEN more souls, through my ministry. 'Not unto me, O Lord, not unto me, but to thy name be the praise, for thy loving mercy and for thy truth's sake.'

"June 30th. Thanks be to God, the first thing I felt to-day was a fear of pride, and a desire of love. Betsy Delamotte called, and gave me the following letter from her brother William:—

"Dear Sir,—God hath heard your prayers. Yesterday, about twelve, he put his fiat to the desires of his distressed servant; and, glory be to him, I have enjoyed the fruits of his Holy Spirit ever since. The only uneasiness I feel is want of thankfulness and love for so unspeakable a gift. But I am confident of this also, that the same gracious hand which hath communicated will communicate, even unto the end.

"I am your sincere friend in Christ.

"O my friend, I am free indeed! I agonized some time between darkness and light; but God was greater than my heart, and burst the cloud, and broke down the partition-wall, and opened to me the door of faith.'

"In reading this I felt true thankfulness; and was quite melted down with God's goodness to my friend.

"July 4th. I received a letter from my brother at Tiverton, full of heavy charges. I took coach for Bexley. In the way I was enabled to pray for my brother. I heard a good account of Mrs. Delamotte, that she was almost beaten out of her own righteousness. Honest Frank made one of our congregation this evening, and gave a comfortable account of the little flock at Blendon. I received a fuller from

Hetty, informing me that her mother was convinced of unbelief, and much ashamed of her behaviour toward me.

“ July 7th. Mrs. Delamotte followed me from church ; sent for me down ; hoped she did not interrupt me. Her third sentence was, ‘ Well, Mr. Wesley, are you still angry with me ? ’ ‘ No, madam,’ I answered ; ‘ nor ever was. Before I gave myself time to consider, I was myself so violent against the truth, that I know how to make allowance for others.’ Here we came to a full explanation. I produced the scriptures which prove our justification by faith only ; the witness of the Spirit, &c. By these, and an excellent sermon of Bishop Beveridge on the subject, she seemed thoroughly convinced. All she stuck at was, the instantaneousness of faith ; or, in other words, the possibility of any one’s perceiving when the life of faith first began.

“ She carried me in her coach to Blendon, where the poor servants were overjoyed to see me once more. While we were praying for her, she sent for me up to her closet. I found her quite melted into an humble, contrite, longing frame of spirit. She showed me several prayers, attesting the true faith, especially that of Bishop Taylor :— ‘ I know, O blessed Jesus, that thou didst take upon thee my nature, that thou mightest suffer for my sins ; that thou didst suffer to deliver me from them, and thy Father’s wrath. And I was delivered from this wrath, that I might serve thee in holiness and righteousness all my days. Lord, I am as sure thou didst the great work of redemption for me, and for all mankind, as that I am alive. This is my hope, the strength of my spirit, my joy, and my confidence. And do thou never let the spirit of unbelief enter into me, and take me from this rock. Here will I dwell, for I have a delight therein. Here I will live, and here I desire to die.’

“ She asked me, what she could do more, being convinced of her want of faith, and not able to give it herself. I preached the freeness of the grace, and betook myself to prayer for her, labouring, sighing, looking for the witness of the Spirit, the fulness of the promises, in her behalf. I conjured her to expect continually the accomplishment of the promise, and not think her confessed unworthiness any bar. Next morning I returned to town.

“ July 11th. At Bray’s I found a letter from William Delamotte, and read with joy and thankfulness as follows :—

“ ‘ I cannot keep pace. The mercies of God come in so abundantly upon our unworthy family, that I am not able to declare them. Yet as they are his blessings through your ministry, I must inform you of them ; as they will strengthen your hands, and prove helpers of your joy.

“ ‘ Great, then, I believe, was the struggle between nature and grace in the soul of my mother ; but God, who knoweth the heart and reins,

hath searched her out. Her spirit, like Naaman's flesh, is returned as that of a little child. She is converted, and Christ hath spoken peace to her soul. This work was begun in her the morning you left us, though she concealed it from you. When she waked, the following scripture was strongly suggested to her: *Either what woman having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one, doth not light a candle, and sweep the house, and seek diligently till she find it?* She rose immediately, took up Bishop Taylor, and opened upon a place which so strongly assisted this living faith, that she was fully convinced. But the enemy preached humility to her, that she could not deserve so great a gift. However, God still pursued, and she could not long forbear communicating the emotion of her soul to me. We prayed, read, and conversed for an hour. The Lord made use of a mean instrument to convince her of her ignorance in the word. Throughout that day her mind was more and more enlightened; till at length she broke out, *Where have I been? I know nothing. I see nothing. My mind is all darkness. How have I opposed the Scripture!* The tempter, thus enraged, excited all his powers to persuade her she was labouring after something that was not to be attained: but Christ suffered her not to fall. She flew to him in prayer and singing; and though Satan damped her much, yet could he not conquer her. She continued agonizing all the evening. But how can I utter the sequel? The first object of her thoughts the next morning was Christ. She saw him approaching; and seeing, loved, believed, adored. Her prayers drew him still nearer; and every thing she saw concurred to hasten the embrace of her Beloved. Thus she continued in the Spirit till four; when, reading in her closet, she received the kiss of reconciliation. Her own soul could not contain the joys attending it. She could not forbear imparting to her friends and neighbours, that she had found the piece which she had lost. Satan in vain attempted to shake her; for she felt in herself

‘ Faith’s assurance, hope’s increase,
All the confidence of love.’

“ July 25th. William Delamotte came, and carried me to Bexley. July 26th, at Blendon, Mrs. Delamotte called upon me to rejoice with her in the experience of the divine goodness. In the evening I met several sincere seekers at Mr. Piers’s; with some who knew in whom they have believed. We had great power in prayer, and joy in thanksgiving. William Delamotte often shouted for joy. Before nine we got back to Blendon. Mrs. Delamotte then confessed that all her desire had been to affront or make me angry; that she had long watched every word I said; had persecuted the faith, and all who professed it.”

While the different members of the family thus received the truth, and were saved by it, Mr. Delamotte himself remained unmoved. In

one of his visits Mr. Charles Wesley says, "I told Mr. Delamotte he was not converted, nor had the Spirit, or faith; and begged him to pray to God to show him wherein he was wanting. He could not receive my saying; yet was not angry." Mr. Charles Wesley continues,

"July 27th. In the coach to London I preached faith in Christ. A lady was extremely offended; avowed her own merits in plain terms; asked if I was not a Methodist; threatened to beat me. I declared, I deserved nothing but hell: so did she; and must confess it before she could have a title to heaven. This was most intolerable to her. The others were less offended; began to listen; asked where I preached. A maid-servant devoured every word."

These extracts, extending through a period of about eight or nine weeks, will serve to show the spirit of Mr. Charles Wesley, the manner in which he laboured, and the wonderful success with which his efforts were crowned, immediately after he had embraced the doctrine of justification by faith. He was still in an infirm state of health; the pain in his side, occasioned by the pleurisy, not unfrequently returned with great severity; and his brother John, who had hitherto been his guide and counsellor, was in Germany; so that most people would have excused him, if he had spent his time in retirement, lamenting, as in a cloister, the general ignorance and wickedness of mankind. But he had a mighty faith; and the doctrine of present salvation from sin, by faith in the Lord Jesus, was like fire in his bones. His heart burned with love to Christ, and with zeal for the advancement of his work and glory; his bowels yearned in pity for the souls of unregenerate men; while his faith set at defiance all opposition, come from what quarter it might. The extracts just given relate principally to Bexley and Blendon; because it was desired, as much as possible, to preserve the continuity of the narrative; but in London, where the greater part of his time was spent, his exertions were equally strenuous, persevering, and successful. Scarcely a day passed but one or more persons were convinced of the truth, and believed to the saving of their souls. At Bexley, as we have seen, the vicar and his lady were both made happy in God; and at Blendon, nearly the whole of the Delamotte family, including the servants, were made subjects of the same gracious change. In different parts of London the same effects were witnessed, not only among the poor and uninstructed, but also in some of the clergy. Mr. Stonehouse, the vicar of Islington, and Mr. Spark, who appears to have been the curate of St. Helen's, both received the truth, and began to preach it. They introduced Mr. Charles Wesley into their pulpits, when his health permitted him to preach. Mr. Stonehouse pressed him to become his curate, to which he consented; and Mr. Spark submitted some of his sermons to Charles's correction, be-

fore they were delivered. Both these clergymen professed to have received the abiding assurance of God's pardoning mercy. Generally speaking, wherever he went, the houses were crowded with people; some inquiring what they must do to be saved; others rejoicing in the pardoning love of God; and a third class disputing against justification by faith, and all feeling in matters of religion; so that great was his labour, patience, and exultation. The most determined opponent of Charles's doctrine was his old friend, Mr. Broughton, who had been one of the Oxford Methodists, and was now the curate of the church in the Tower, and afterward obtained the secretaryship of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. He occasionally allowed his friend to occupy his pulpit, but strenuously denied that sinners are justified by faith. One day, when Charles pressed him with the book of Homilies, Broughton confessed, that was a work which he had never read. After Mr. Charles Wesley had consented to become Mr. Stonehouse's curate, he read prayers almost every day in the church at Islington, and then went forth holding private meetings in various directions, practically exemplifying the principle which his brother afterward put forth, "The world is my parish."

One of the places to which he most frequently resorted, for the purpose of holding religious meetings, was the house of Mr. Sims, in the Minories, where much good was done. This house of prayer is often mentioned in the Journal of Mr. John Wesley. Charles states, that sometimes as many as two hundred people met him there, for the purpose of religious worship and instruction.

It was probably about this time that the vicar of Islington attempted to introduce something of the primitive discipline into his parish. In pursuance of this design, he repelled from the Lord's table a rich man of notoriously wicked habits. The wealthy offender instituted a suit against the vicar, which was likely to be his ruin, had not God in his providence interposed. The prosecutor died before the matter was brought to an issue; but it had assumed a form sufficiently serious, says Mr. John Wesley, who relates the anecdote, to deter any other clergyman from taking the same liberty with rich men of similar character.

In the midst of all this religious excitement and success, Mr. Charles Wesley was still mindful of the settlers in Georgia; and, on the 3d of August, states, that he met Lord Egmont, and declared his intention of returning to that colony, if his health should permit; with which his lordship was much pleased. On the same day he corrected for the press the journal of Mr. Whitefield, which had been transmitted to England; his advice for its suppression being overruled by others, whom he could not control.

While Mr. Charles Wesley was rejoicing in the God of his salvation, and successfully labouring to bring all around him into the same state of happiness and purity, his brother John was pursuing his religious inquiries among the pious Moravians in Germany, and almost daily gaining an increase of knowledge, faith, and holy love. He corresponded frequently with his mother and with Charles; and his letters, written in the fulness of his heart, contain the most cheering intelligence. Addressing his brother from Utph, on the 7th of July, 1738, O. S., he says,—

“ I am now with the count, at his uncle’s, the count of Solms, five or six hours from Marienbourn, and have stole an hour to let you know, that hitherto God hath been very merciful to us in all things. The spirit of the Brethren is beyond our highest expectations. Young and old, they breathe nothing but faith and love, at all times, and in all places. I do not therefore concern myself with smaller points, that touch not the essence of Christianity, but endeavour, God being my helper, to grow up in these, after the glorious examples set before me: having already seen with my own eyes more than one hundred witnesses of that everlasting truth, ‘ Every one that believeth hath peace with God; and is freed from sin; and is in Christ a new creature.’

“ See, therefore, my brethren, that none of you receive the grace of God in vain! but be ye also living witnesses of the exceeding great and precious promises, which are made unto every one of us through the blood of Jesus! Adieu!”

In a second letter, dated Hernhuth, August 4th, 1738, he says,—

“ Dear Brother,—Thus far God hath greatly helped us in all things. An account of the people here you must not expect, till we come face to face; when I hope we shall part no more. O that, after I have proved all things, I may be enabled throughly *δοκιμάζειν τα διαφέροντα*, [to approve the things that are excellent,] and, calling no man master, in faith, practice, and discipline, to hold fast that which is good!

“ Salute our brethren in London and Oxford by name; and exhort them all, in the name of the Lord Jesus, that they love and study the oracles of God more and more; that they work out their salvation with fear and trembling, never imagining they have already attained, or are already perfect; never deceiving themselves, as if they had now less need than before to be serious, watchful, lowly-minded; and that, above all things, they use great plainness of speech, both with each other, and toward all men.

“ My dearest brother and friend, I commend you to the grace of God, to be more and more renewed in the image of his Son! Pray ye all for me continually! Adieu!”

In behalf of no class of sinners were Mr. Charles Wesley's sympathies more deep and tender, than of condemned culprits. When he was confined to the house by affliction, and heard of executions, he called upon the family to unite with him in prayer for the unhappy sufferers; and when he was able to go abroad, he was a frequent visiter at Newgate. In those times the criminal law of England was horribly sanguinary. Thefts and highway robberies were common; and little mercy was shown to the offenders, when they were detected, though few of them were able to read, or had received any religious instruction. Journeys were then mostly prosecuted on horse-back; there were few public coaches; and the roads were dreadfully bad; so that travellers, moving slowly, were an easy prey to those whose necessities, idleness, or cupidity, prompted them to deeds of plunder. There was no efficient police, and the probability of escape was a motive to crime. Petty thefts were punished with death, as well as more serious violations of law. In this state of things, the execution of eight, or ten, or even more men, on one day, was no strange occurrence. Many a poor convict did Mr. Charles Wesley teach the way of salvation, and commend in prayer to the pity of his Saviour. As an example of his labours, in this department of Christian usefulness, his own account of the first company of convicts to whom he ministered the word of life may be appropriately given. He saw in the gospel provision made for the salvation of every class of transgressors, convicted felons not excepted; and he had no misgivings in offering pardon and eternal life to the worst of men, on the Scriptural terms of repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ.

"July 10th. At Mr. Sparks's request, I went with him, Mr. Bray, and Mr. Burnham, to Newgate, and preached to the ten malefactors under sentence of death; but with a heavy heart. My old prejudices against the possibility of a death-bed repentance still hung upon me; and I could hardly hope there was mercy for those whose time was so short. But in the midst of my languid discourse, a sudden spirit of faith came upon me, and I promised them all pardon in the name of Jesus Christ, if they would then, as at the last hour, repent, and believe the gospel. Nay, I did believe they would accept of the proffered mercy; and could not help telling them, I had no doubt but God would give me every soul of them.

"July 11th. I preached with earnestness to the prisoners, from the second lesson. One or two of them were deeply affected.

"July 12th. I preached at Newgate, to the condemned felons; and visited one of them in his cell, sick of a fever: a poor black, that had robbed his master. I told him of One who came down from heaven, to save lost sinners, and him in particular: described the sufferings of

the Son of God, his sorrows, agony, and death. He listened with all the signs of eager astonishment. The tears trickled down his cheeks, while he cried, 'What! was it for me? Did God suffer all this for so poor a creature as me?' I left him waiting for the salvation of God.

"July 13th. I read prayers and preached at Newgate, and administered the sacrament to our friends, with five of the felons. I was much affected and assisted in prayer for them; and exhorted them with great comfort and confidence.

"July 14th. I received the sacrament from the ordinary; spake strongly to the poor malefactors; and to the sick negro in the condemned hole. I was moved by his sorrows, and earnest desire of Christ Jesus. July 15th, I preached there again with an enlarged heart; and rejoiced with my poor happy black, now believing the Son of God loved him, and gave himself for him.

"July 17th. At Newgate I preached on death, which they must suffer the day after to-morrow. Mr. Sparks assisted in giving the sacrament. Another clergyman was there. Newington asked me to go in the coach with him. At one I was with the black in his cell, James Hutton assisting. Two more of the malefactors came. I had great help and power in prayer. One rose, and said, he felt his heart all on fire, so as he never found himself before; he was all in a sweat; believed that Christ died for him. I found myself overwhelmed with the love of Christ to sinners. The black was quite happy. The other criminal was in an excellent temper; believing, or on the point of it. I talked with another concerning faith in Christ. He was greatly moved. The Lord, I trust, will help *his* unbelief also.

"I joined at Bray's with Hutton, Holland, Burton, in fervent prayer and thanksgiving. At six I carried Bray and Fish to Newgate again. I talked chiefly with Hudson and Newington. Newington declared he had felt some time ago, in prayer, inexpressible joy and love; but was much troubled that it was so soon withdrawn. The Lord gave power to pray. They were deeply affected. We have great hopes of both.

"July 18th. The ordinary read prayers and preached. I administered the sacrament to the black, and eight more; having first instructed them in the nature of it. I spake comfortably to them afterward. In the cells one told me, that whenever he offered to pray, or had a serious thought, something came and hindered him; was with him almost continually; and once appeared. After we had prayed for him, *in faith*, he rose amazingly comforted, full of joy and love; so that we could not doubt his having received the atonement.

"At night I was locked in with Bray, in one of the cells. We wrestled in mighty prayer. All the criminals were present, and all

delightfully cheerful. The soldier, in particular, found his comfort and joy increase every moment. Another from the time he communicated has been in perfect peace. Joy was visible in all their faces. We sung,—

‘Behold the Saviour of mankind,
Nail’d to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for thee!’ &c.

It was one of the most triumphant hours I have ever known. Yet on July 19th, I rose heavy, and backward to visit them for the last time. At six I prayed and sung with them all together. The ordinary would read prayers, and preach most miserably. Mr. Sparks and Mr. Broughton were present. I felt my heart full of tender love to the latter. He administered. All the ten received. Then he prayed, and I after him.

“At half-hour past nine their irons were knocked off, and their hands tied. I went in a coach with Sparks, Washington, and a friend of Newington’s; Newington himself not being permitted. By half-hour past ten we came to Tyburn. We waited till eleven. Then were brought the children appointed to die. I got upon the cart with Sparks and Broughton. The ordinary endeavoured to follow, when the poor prisoners begged he might not come; and the mob kept him down.

“I prayed first, then Sparks and Broughton. We had prayed before, that our Lord would show there was a power superior to the fear of death. Newington had quite forgot his pain. They were all cheerful, full of comfort, peace, and triumph; assuredly persuaded Christ had died for them, and waited to receive them into paradise. Greenaway was impatient to be with Christ. The black espied me coming out of the coach, and saluted me with his looks. As often as his eyes met mine, he smiled with the most composed, delightful countenance I ever saw. Read caught hold of my hand in a transport of joy. Newington seemed perfectly pleased. Hudson declared he was never better, or more at ease in mind and body. None showed any natural terror of death: no fear, or crying, or tears. All expressed their desire of our following them to paradise. I never saw such a calm triumph, such incredible indifference to dying. We sung several hymns, particularly,—

‘Behold the Saviour of mankind
Nail’d to the shameful tree!’

and the hymn entitled ‘Faith in Christ,’ which concludes,—

‘A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
Into thy hands I fall;
Be thou my life, my righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all.’

We prayed Him, in earnest faith, to receive their spirits. I could do nothing but rejoice; kissed Newington and Hudson; took leave of each in particular. Mr. Broughton bade them not be surprised when the cart should draw away. They cheerfully replied they should not; expressed some concern how we should get back to our coach. We left them, going to meet their Lord, ready for the Bridegroom. When the cart drew off, not one stirred or struggled for life, but meekly gave up their spirits. Exactly at twelve they were turned off. I spoke a few suitable words to the crowd, and returned full of peace, and confidence in our friends' happiness. That hour, under the gallows, was the most blessed hour of my life.

“At Mr. Bray's we renewed our triumph. I found my brother and sister Lambert there, and preached to them the gospel of forgiveness, which they received without opposition.”

Having been actively employed for several weeks in London and its neighbourhood, Mr. Charles Wesley visited his friends at Oxford, where he endeavoured to bring them all into the state of spiritual liberty and peace which he himself enjoyed. He pressed the subject of present justification by faith upon the attention of his sister Kezzy, whom he found still living with Mr. and Miss Gambold, at Stanton-Harcourt. On waiting upon the dean of Christ-Church, he says, We “could not quite agree in our notions of faith. He wondered we had not hit upon the Homilies sooner. He treated me with great candour and friendliness.”

Mr. Charles Wesley returned to London, where he resumed his public ministry, and private labours; endeavouring to convince of unbelief all who were strangers to the peace and holiness of the gospel, as the first step in the process of their salvation. More churches were now opened to him; and once he preached his great and favourite doctrine of present salvation from sin by faith in Christ in Westminster Abbey; where he also assisted in the administration of the Lord's supper.

He was thus diligently engaged in his work, when his brother returned from Germany. Their meeting was one of deep and solemn interest. After they had obtained the Christian salvation, they had little intercourse with each other till this time. The object of John's visit to Germany was, that he might see and converse with the members of the Moravian Church at Hernhuth: “the place where the Christians lived.” With their godly discipline and order he was much affected; but still more so with their sound and Scriptural experience. He inquired of the leading members of the church the manner in which they had been led, by the providence and grace of God; and they all declared, as with one voice, that, after long and in vain seeking

rest to their souls, they had obtained permanent peace of conscience, deliverance from the dominion of sin, and power to walk in the ways of God, by believing in the Lord Jesus. His own experience accorded with their united testimony; and hence he was strengthened and encouraged in his pious course, and instructed how to preach, so as to convert and save the people. He returned to England, pondering these things in his heart, and deeply impressed with a conviction that all men are in bondage to sin and misery, except those whom "the Son" has made free by the gift of a living faith.

After an absence of more than three months, the brothers met in the evening of September 16th. In the course of the day Charles had been at Newgate, preaching to four convicted felons under sentence of death. "At night," says he, "my brother returned from Hernhuth. We took sweet counsel together, comparing our experiences." At Hernhuth John had just seen Christianity in its beauty, simplicity, and blessedness, so as to be filled with wonder and delight; and Charles had witnessed in Blendon, Bexley, and various parts of London, scenes which were equally striking and impressive. Here the arm of the Lord had been made bare; and such effects of his power and mercy were made manifest, as warranted the conclusion, that in Great Britain holy societies were about to be raised up, rivalling that at Hernhuth in spirituality and brotherly affection. What each of the brothers had felt, and what they had seen, during the period of their separation, doubtless formed the subjects of their conversation, and called forth mutual thanksgivings to the God of all grace. John had conversed with men of long and deep experience in the ways of God. Charles had seen a considerable number of formalists, and ungodly people, suddenly transformed into holy and happy Christians. Each of them, though in a different manner, saw the grace of God, and was glad. Thus were both of them trained, by means the most unexpected, for a course of extensive and long-continued usefulness.

From this time the brothers began to co-operate with each other for the advancement of true religion; John adopting Charles's mode of procedure, preaching in such churches as were open to him, and holding meetings for conversation, prayer, singing, mutual exhortation, and Scriptural exposition. The "religious societies," then existing in different parts of London and its vicinity, afforded them considerable facilities for the furtherance of their designs. These "societies" consisted of strict Church people, and the objects of their union were purely religious. Some of them were of long standing, having been patronized and encouraged by Dr. Horneck, and other clergymen of similar character. They met together weekly, for reading and prayer; suitable forms of address to God having been prepared for their use. The

members bound themselves to a strictly moral conduct; to practise secret devotion several times every day; and to receive the Lord's supper at least once a month. At their meetings they presented pecuniary donations, for pious and charitable purposes, which were mostly expended in the support of schools for the children of the poor, in neglected districts. It was at a meeting of one of these societies in Aldersgate-street, that John had obtained "the faith of God's elect," with its accompanying peace and power. At the meetings of some of these "societies" the Wesleys were received with a hearty welcome. Here Charles practised himself in extemporary speaking, especially in the exposition of Scripture; for up to this period he had always read his sermons from the pulpit. Having acquired a becoming boldness and facility of speech in these more private exercises, he began to introduce extempore passages into his public discourses, as the subjects presented themselves, and his heart was impressed and enlarged; till at length he became one of the most fluent and impressive preachers of his age. It was at St. Antholin's church, on Friday, the 20th of October, that he first delivered an entire sermon without notes. "Seeing so few present," says he, "I thought of preaching extempore: afraid: yet I ventured on the promise, 'Lo, I am with you always;' and spake on justification, from Romans iii, for three quarters of an hour, without hesitation. Glory be to God, who keepeth his promise for ever!" As he acquired greater self-command, he appears to have been surprised at himself. Hence he remarks, under the date of February 10th following, "I preached without notes, on blind Bartimeus," in the church at Islington; "the Lord being greatly my helper. Let him have all the glory."

But it was not among moral and devout people only that the brothers laboured with success, in raising up a spiritual people by inculcating the doctrine of salvation by faith. Persons of profligate habits were also brought to repentance, and became examples of uprightness and purity, including not a few lewd women.

In the midst of these extraordinary efforts, to which the brothers were prompted by the love of Christ, neither of them had the slightest intention to depart from ecclesiastical order; and hence they waited from time to time upon the bishop of London, and the archbishop of Canterbury, soliciting their advice and sanction, and answering the reports and charges which were made to their disadvantage. Their interviews with these dignitaries Charles has thus described in his private journal:—

"Oct. 20th. I waited with my brother upon the bishop of London, to answer the complaints he had heard against us, that we preached an absolute assurance of salvation. Some of his words were, 'If by

assurance you mean, an inward persuasion whereby a man is conscious in himself, after examining his life by the law of God, and weighing his own sincerity, that he is in a state of salvation, and acceptable to God, I do not see how any good Christian can be without such an assurance.' 'This,' we answered, 'is what we contend for; but we have been charged as Antinomians for preaching justification by faith only.' 'Can any one preach otherwise, who agrees to our Church, and the Scriptures? Indeed by preaching it strongly, and not inculcating good works, many have been made Antinomians in theory, though not in practice; especially in King Charles's time. But there is a heavy charge against us bishops, by the bringing of the archbishop's authority for re-baptizing an adult.' My brother answered, that he had expressly declared the contrary; 'yet,' added he, 'if a person, dissatisfied with lay-baptism, should desire episcopal, I should think it my duty to administer it, after having acquainted the bishop, according to the canon.' 'Well, I am against it myself, where any one has had the Dissenters' baptism.'

"Next, my brother inquired, whether his reading in a religious society made it a conventicle. His lordship warily referred us to the laws; but upon our urging the question, 'Are the religious societies conventicles?' he answered, 'No; I think not. However, you can read the Acts and laws as well as I. I determine nothing.' We hoped his lordship would not henceforward receive an accusation against a presbyter, but at the mouth of two or three witnesses. He said, 'No; by no means: and you may have free access to me at all times.' We thanked him, and took our leave.

"Nov. 14th. I had another conference with his lordship of London. 'I have used your lordship's permission to wait upon you. A woman desires me to baptize her; not being satisfied with her baptism by a Dissenter. She says, sure and unsure is not the same.' He immediately took fire, and interrupted me: 'I wholly disapprove of it. It is irregular.' 'My lord, I did not expect your approbation. I only came, in obedience, to give you notice of my intention.' 'It is irregular. I never receive such information, but from the minister.' 'My lord, the rubrick does not so much as require the minister to give you notice, but any discreet person. I have the minister's leave.' 'Who gave you authority to baptize?' 'Your lordship; and I shall exercise it in any part of the known world.' 'Are you a licensed curate?' 'I have the leave of the proper minister.' 'But do not you know that no man can exercise parochial duty in London without my leave? It is only *sub silentio*' [in silence.] 'But you know many do take that permission for authority; and you yourself allow it.' 'It is one thing to connive, and another to approve. I have power to inhibit you.' 'Does

your lordship exert that power? Do you now inhibit me?" "O why will you push things to an extreme? I do not inhibit you." "Why then, my lord, according to your own concession, you permit or authorize me." "I have a power to punish, and to forbear punishing." "That seems to imply, that I have done something worthy of punishment. I shall be glad to know, that I may answer. Does your lordship charge me with any crime?" "No, no; I charge you with no crime." "Do you then dispense with my giving you notice of any baptisms for the future?" "I neither dispense, nor not dispense."

"He railed at Laurence on Lay-Baptism; blamed my brother's sermon, as inclining to Antinomianism. I charged Archbishop Tillotson with denying the faith. He allowed it, and owned they ran into one extreme, to avoid another. He concluded the conference with, 'Well, sir, you knew my judgment before, and you know it now. Good morrow to you.'"

"Feb. 21st, 1739. With my brother I waited upon the archbishop. He showed us great affection; spoke mildly of Mr. Whitefield; cautioned us to give no more umbrage than was necessary for our own defence; to forbear exceptionable phrases; to keep to the doctrines of the Church. We told him we expected persecution; would abide by the Church till her articles and homilies were repealed. He assured us, he knew of no design in the governors of the Church to innovate; neither should there be any innovation while he lived; avowed justification by faith only; and his joy to see us as often as we pleased.

"From him we went to the bishop of London, who denied that he had ever condemned us, or even heard much of us. George Whitefield's Journal, he said, was tainted with enthusiasm, though he himself was a pious, well-meaning youth. He warned us against Antinomianism, and dismissed us kindly."

Notwithstanding the decided judgment of the bishop of London, a few days after his interview with the prelate, Mr. Charles Wesley re-baptized a person in the church at Islington; denominating the ordinance, "hypothetical baptism;" that is, Christian baptism, provided the former administration of the ordinance by a Dissenting minister were not in accordance with the mind of God. Thus in his mistaken zeal for episcopacy he violated the order of his own Church, which while it has since the time of the Hampton-Court Conference in the reign of James I. discountenanced lay-baptism, has nevertheless acknowledged its validity.

At the same time, his ardent spirit, and his doctrine of faith, gave great offence in different places, and provoked opposition. Some of the parishioners at Bexley complained of his preaching, and of the excitement which it produced: the good vicar was frightened; gave

up his week-night service; and told Mr. Charles Wesley, that he could not in future admit him into the pulpit. Charles uttered strong words; telling Mr. Piers that if his testimony to the truth were rejected, he should discontinue his visits altogether. This remonstrance produced the designed effect. He was soon after invited to preach twice there in one day. A part of the congregation in the morning retired in the course of the sermon. They came, however, in the afternoon, and remained during the entire service.

It had been arranged by Charles, before his brother's return from Georgia, that his sister Kezzy should board with Mr. and Mrs. Piers; and when this opposition was raised against him in Bexley, she was among those who objected to his doctrine of justification by faith. She adhered to the notion, that she was a true believer, though destitute of those fruits of faith, without which, the brothers contended, the principle itself did not exist. "My sister," says he, "would not give up her pretensions to faith; told me, half-angry, 'Well, you will know in the next world whether I have faith or no.' I asked her, 'Will you then discharge me, in the sight of God, from speaking to you again? If you will, I promise never more to open my mouth till we meet in eternity.' She burst into tears; fell on my neck; and melted me into fervent prayer for her."

In the midst of their labours the brothers were cheered by the sight of old friends. Charles Delamotte arrived from America in November, 1738, and Mr. Whitefield in the following month. Under the date of Nov. 18th, Mr. Charles Wesley says, "I had a joyful meeting with my dear Charles Delamotte, just returned from Georgia. I found, in conversation, that he had received forgiveness five months ago, and continued in peace and liberty."

The immediate object of Mr. Whitefield's return to England was, the raising of pecuniary supplies for the erection of an Orphan House in Georgia, on a plan somewhat similar to that which Professor Francke had founded at Halle, in Saxony. The project had been formed by Charles Wesley and Mr. Oglethorpe, long before, as Mr. Whitefield acknowledges.* Of this the trustees of the colony were aware; and had therefore requested Charles, while Mr. Whitefield was abroad, to prepare a plan for such an institution. It was, however, reserved for Mr. Whitefield to carry the generous scheme to its completion.

Stories to the disadvantage of John and Charles Wesley were still industriously circulated; and their brother Samuel, who knew not their absolute deference to the Holy Scriptures, and regarded them with

* "It was first proposed to me by my dear friend, Mr. Charles Wesley, who, with General Oglethorpe, had concerted a scheme for carrying on such a design, before I had any thoughts of going abroad myself."—*Whitefield*.

equal pity and displeasure, as the dupes of a vain enthusiasm, addressed to Charles at this period the following letter, containing a singular mixture of sarcasm and of fraternal affection:—

“Dear Charles,—I should not write to you, much less desire an answer, if it were no satisfaction to hear from you. How Jack’s last to me, or mine to him, should make yours unnecessary, is to me incomprehensible, unless you persist in neither owning nor disowning the sensible information from God. I have written to you, because I thought you liked I should, even when I knew it was unnecessary. In short, what Pym said to Strafford in hatred, I will say to you in love,—‘No need of words to show you have a mind to leave us; but we will never leave you while you have a head upon your shoulders!’ as I told my mother lately upon a like occasion.

“New matter must have new expostulation. New visions grow apace; though I, like a Nicodemus, may ask, ‘How can these things be?’ But of these when I hear from Jack, who, it seems, is going into Lincolnshire, &c., &c. Emily writ a letter to him, (querulous enough, no doubt,) and he sent her word what glorious churches were in Germany! She wants me to explain it to her, which I will when you can make me understand it. I am afraid you are only stationed at Oxford for a time; because he, it seems, is to be itinerant; though he says, Ingham or Whitefield must be at London. My sister stares, as well she may. I wish you were settled at Christ-Church, as a tutor; but I believe time is past with you and me.

“If Jack gives away any of his sermons to those that can afford to buy them, I desire he would order his printer to let me have one, whenever he publishes. There is a most monstrous appearance of dishonesty among you: your sermons are generally three-quarters or an hour long, in the pulpit, but when printed are short snips, rather notes than sermons. ‘This you must give public notice of when more is spoken than printed, else it will be accounted flat knavery; nay, and in me it would be so too. I never added a line that I thought would give offence, but I carefully writ it down, that it might be forthcoming; leaving a blank page for that very purpose, among others.

“My wife joins in love to you. We are all pretty well, and have lived to see one more December’s day, on which we designed to be heartily merry, and, I hope, not unwise. I think I have little less than direct command for it: ‘In the day of prosperity rejoice;’ and I am sure it is to me a day of prosperity! I am, dear Charles,

“Your sincere friend, and affectionate brother.

“December 1, 1738.”

Strenuous attempts were now made to settle Mr. Charles Wesley, first at Oxford, and afterward as a parish priest; but both these projects were overruled. On the 5th of January, 1739, he says, "My brother, Mr. Seward, Hall, Whitefield, Ingham, Kinchin, Hutchins, all set upon me; but I could not agree to settle at Oxford without further direction from God." On the 13th of February following he adds, "I read a letter from Sarah Hurst, pressing me to Oxford, and Cowley, which is now vacant. Quite resigned, I offered myself: opened the Book upon those words: 'With stammering lips and with another tongue will I speak to this people.' I thought it a prohibition, yet continued without a will." He made no application, and the living of Cowley was given to another person. A different kind of service was assigned to him in the secret arrangements of divine Providence. While his brother and all their friends thus attempted to fix him in one particular place, they little thought of the itinerant ministry upon which he was destined soon to enter. But in this, as well as in other things of a similar kind, in which he and his brother departed from ecclesiastical order, they not only acted without a preconcerted plan, but were absolutely overruled in their own prejudices and inclinations. They were led by a strong sense of duty, and violated their original purposes and feelings.

Neither of the brothers, it will be observed, was yet free from the very objectionable practice of suddenly opening the Bible, and regarding the text upon which the eye might happen first to rest as containing an indication of the mind of God, intended to guide them in any given emergency. They had no just authority to expect a communication of the divine will to be made to them in this manner; and were therefore ultimately led to abandon the habit, as at once presumptuous and enthusiastic. And yet it is not improbable that "the Father of mercies" might, in some instances, thus condescend to own a sincere but erring piety. Mr. John Wesley's sermon on Enthusiasm is an antidote to this practice, and to every other of a similar kind.

CHAPTER VI.

It has been already remarked, that when Mr. Whitefield returned from Georgia, after a very short residence there, his design was, by an appeal to British charity, to raise a sum of money for the purpose of erecting an Orphan House in that colony. God, however, had another and a higher object in view in bringing him to England at this time, as the event proved, though his servant knew it not. For a while

the Wesleys were freely admitted into many of the churches in London and its vicinity; but the case was at length altered. Seldom did Mr. John Wesley preach in a church, but at the conclusion of the service he was told that he must occupy the pulpit there no more. Two reasons were generally assigned for the prohibition. First, he preached the intolerable doctrine of salvation by faith; and, secondly, such multitudes attended his ministry as to subject the regular seat-holders to serious inconvenience. They could not bear so much heat and crowding!

Charles met with opposition still more determined in the discharge of his clerical duties at Islington. He only held his curacy there by virtue of a private arrangement with the vicar; the bishop never having given his sanction: and as Charles's ministrations were offensive to the churchwardens, they resolved to get rid of him and his Methodism altogether. In order to this, they first adopted a system of petty and insulting annoyance, and afterward proceeded to acts of direct violence. They began their course by meeting him in the vestry, before the commencement of divine service, and in a sarcastic tone and manner requested a sight of the bishop's license, which they knew he did not possess. He bore their unseemly conduct with meekness, making little or no reply. A few days afterward they met him again in the same place, and proceeded to reviling. They told him that he was full of the devil; and that this was the case also with the other clergymen who thought and acted as he did; specifying several of them, and their own vicar among the rest. Having failed by these means to drive him away, they engaged two men to guard the pulpit-stairs, when the prayers were read, and push him back when he attempted to ascend. On subsequent occasions the churchwardens took this office upon themselves, and forcibly prevented his entrance into the pulpit, regardless of the presence of the congregation. They did this once when Sir John Gunson, who was at the head of the London magistrates, and Mr. Justice Elliott, were present. Both these eminent men went into the vestry, and expostulated with the churchwardens, but without effect. The vicar, who possessed little firmness, yielded to the storm, and consented to dismiss his curate. The matter was laid before the bishop of London, who justified the churchwardens in the measures which they had adopted. Charles was therefore compelled to withdraw, and seek other fields for the exercise of that ministry which he had received of the Lord, and which he felt that he could not neglect but with the certain prospect of perdition. Thus ended all the preferment that the brothers ever possessed in the established Church. John was his father's curate about three years; and for a few months Charles

held the curacy of Islington, from which he was expelled by force of arms, under the sanction of the diocesan.

Mr. Whitefield met with similar treatment in Bristol, whither he had gone in the hope that he should be allowed to make congregational collections in behalf of the projected Orphan House in Georgia. In a little while he was excluded from every pulpit in Bristol connected with the established Church, even that of the common prison, where he had been accustomed gratuitously to address the felons. Preaching the new birth, even to thieves, was deemed an intolerable evil by the civil and ecclesiastical authorities of that city. Mr. Whitefield was not a man whose spirit could be daunted by slight difficulties; nor were his views of church-order so high and rigid as those of his friends the Wesleys. He therefore went into the fields, in the most neglected districts, and after the example of his Lord, under the wide canopy of heaven, called sinners to repentance. His success surpassed his expectation; so that he was soon induced to extend his labours to Bath, and to the proverbially ignorant and wicked colliers of Kingswood, where he was attended by immense crowds of people, some of whom climbed into trees to see and hear him; while others placed themselves upon walls, or upon the roofs of houses, listening, with the most eager and fixed attention, to the word of life. Many were deeply impressed, and inquired with tears, and every sign of genuine contrition, what they must do to be saved.

As Mr. Whitefield was intent upon a speedy return to America, he could not remain in Bristol; nor could he bear the thought of leaving, as sheep without a shepherd, the people there, in Kingswood, and in other places, who had been awakened under his preaching. He therefore wrote to Mr. John Wesley, then in London, requesting him to come to his help without delay. Mr. Charles Wesley was opposed to this arrangement. "We dissuaded my brother," says he, "from going to Bristol; from an unaccountable fear that it would prove fatal to him. A great power was among us. He offered himself willingly to whatsoever the Lord should appoint. The next day he set out, commended by us to the grace of God. He left a blessing behind. I desired to die with him."

On his arrival, on Saturday, March 31st, 1739, Mr. John Wesley says, "In the evening I reached Bristol, and met Mr. Whitefield there. I could scarce reconcile myself at first to this strange way of preaching in the fields, of which he set me an example on Sunday; having been all my life (till very lately) so tenacious of every point relating to decency and order, that I should have thought the saving of souls almost a sin, if it had not been done in a church.

"April 1st. In the evening, Mr. Whitefield being gone, I began ex-

pounding our Lord's sermon on the mount: one pretty remarkable precedent of field-preaching, though I suppose there were churches at that time also.

"Monday 2d. At four in the afternoon I submitted to be more vile, and proclaimed in the highways the glad tidings of salvation, speaking from a little eminence in a ground adjoining to the city, to about three thousand people."

From Bristol Mr. Wesley extended his labours to Kingswood, Bath, and other towns and villages in the neighbourhood, with a success resembling that of his honoured predecessor, till about the middle of June following, when he was sent for to London, to assist in the adjustment of some differences which had arisen in the society at Fetter-lane. Mr. Whitefield was then in London, preparing for his immediate departure for Georgia. He had preached in Moorfields, on Kennington-common, Blackheath, and in various other places, sometimes to upward of twenty thousand people at once. On the 14th of June Mr. Wesley says, "I went with Mr. Whitefield to Blackheath, where were, I believe, twelve or fourteen thousand people. He a little surprised me, by desiring me to preach in his stead; which I did (though nature recoiled) on my favourite subject, 'Jesus Christ, who of God is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.' I was greatly moved with compassion for the rich, to whom I made a particular application. Some of them seemed to attend, while others drove away their coaches from so uncouth a preacher."

In reference to this occasion Mr. Whitefield says, "I had the pleasure of introducing my honoured and reverend friend, Mr. John Wesley, to preach at Blackheath. The Lord give him ten thousand times more success than he has given me! I went to bed rejoicing that another fresh inroad was made into Satan's territories, by Mr. Wesley's following me in field-preaching, as well in London as in Bristol. Lord, give the word, and great shall be the company of such preachers!"

In the meanwhile Charles was neither silent, nor inattentive to the example of his brother, and of their mutual friend Whitefield. On the 21st of May, at the house of one of his friends in London, he met with a person, who appears to have been a clergyman. He was very kind, and, without being duly aware of the consequence, gave Charles a pressing invitation to go with him to Broadoaks; a village in Essex, about forty miles from London, where some members of the Delamotte family resided. Two days after he says, "Mr. Clagget pressed me now, with the utmost importunity, to go with him to-morrow." The next day he says, "At noon I set out on horseback; our sisters in the chaise. By two the next day we surprised Miss Betty at Broadoaks. I was full of prayer, that God would gather a church in this place. Sunday,

May 27th, still Mr. Clagget opposed my preaching. We went to church, where I preached the new birth. Mr. Clagget was still more violent. I told him he was doing the devil's work. Between jest and earnest, he struck me; raged exceedingly to see the people come flocking to the word. God gave me utterance to make known the mystery of the gospel to four or five hundred listening souls. May 29th, Franklyn, a farmer, invited me to preach in his field. I did so, to about five hundred, on 'Repent; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.' I returned to the house rejoicing.

"May 31st. A Quaker sent me a pressing invitation to preach at Thaxted. I scrupled preaching in another's parish, till I had been refused the church. Many Quakers, and near seven hundred others, attended, while I declared in the highways, 'The Scripture hath concluded all under sin.'

"June 1st. My subject, to above one thousand attentive sinners, was, 'He shall save his people from their sins.' Many showed their emotion by their tears." The next day he returned to London, "with a quiet mind;" satisfied that in preaching Christ in the open air, he was in the path of duty. These appear to have been his first efforts in field-preaching in England.

About this time some of the heads of the Church seem to have entertained serious thoughts of proceeding to extremities with the Wesleys and Mr. Whitefield. The churchwardens of Islington, having obtained the sanction of the bishop for the expulsion of Charles Wesley from the pulpit, intended to pursue the same course toward Mr. Whitefield; who, with all his seriousness and piety, had no objection occasionally to an innocent joke. Being aware of the churchwardens' design, and perceiving, when the prayers were ended, that these gentlemen had placed themselves at the bottom of the pulpit stairs, in an attitude of defence, he quietly walked into the church-yard, the whole congregation following him; and there, from a tomb-stone, preached to the people, leaving the churchwardens, in all the solemn dignity of their office, guarding the pulpit without an assailant, or any one to witness their valour.

The vicar of Bexley and Mr. Charles Wesley were summoned to appear before the archbishop of Canterbury, to answer for the frequent preaching of Charles in that parish. Under the date of June 19th he has given the following statement in his journal:—

"I was at Lambeth with Mr. Piers. His grace expressly forbade him to let any of us preach in his church: charged us with breach of the canon. I mentioned the bishop of London's authorizing my forcible exclusion. He would not hear me; said he did not dispute. He asked me what call I had. I answered, 'A dispensation of the gospel

is committed to me.' 'That is, to St. Paul; but I do not dispute; and will not proceed to excommunication YET.' 'Your grace has taught me, in your book on Church government, that a man unjustly excommunicated is not thereby cut off from communion with Christ.' 'Of that I am the judge.' I asked him if Mr. Whitefield's success was not a spiritual sign, and sufficient proof of his call; and recommended Gamaliel's advice. He dismissed us; Piers, with kind professions; me, with all the marks of his displeasure. I felt nothing in my heart but peace. I prayed and sung at Bray's: but, some hours after, at West's, sunk down in great heaviness and discouragement."

This interview with the archbishop took place on the Thursday. On the Saturday Mr. Charles Wesley says, "I dined at Mr. Stonehouse's. My inward conflict continued. I perceived it was the fear of man; and that by preaching in the field next Sunday, as George Whitefield urges me, I shall break down the bridge, and become desperate. I retired, and prayed for particular direction; offering up my friends, my liberty, my life, for Christ's sake, and the gospel's. I was somewhat less burdened; yet could not be quite easy, till I gave up all."

On the following day, which was the sabbath, relief came in the manner which he thus describes:—

"SUNDAY, JUNE 24TH, ST. JOHN BAPTIST'S DAY.—The first scripture I cast my eye upon was, 'Then came the servant to him, and said, Master, what shall we do?' I prayed with West, and went forth IN THE NAME OF JESUS CHRIST. I found near ten thousand helpless sinners waiting for the word in Moorfields. I invited them in my Master's words, as well as name, 'Come unto me all ye that labour, and are heavy laden; and I will give you rest.' The Lord was with me, even me, his meanest messenger, according to his promise. At St. Paul's the psalms, lessons, &c., for the day, put fresh life into me. So did the sacrament. My load was gone, and all my doubts and scruples. God shone upon my path, and I knew THIS was his will concerning me. At Newington the rector, Mr. Mott, desired me to preach. My text was, 'All have sinned and come short of the glory of God; being justified freely,' &c. I walked on to the common, and cried, to multitudes upon multitudes, 'Repent, and believe the gospel.' The Lord was my strength, and my mouth, and my wisdom. O that all would therefore praise the Lord for his goodness!"

At night "I was refreshed with the society at a primitive love-feast."

The scenes through which Mr. Charles Wesley was called to pass at this period were diversified and peculiar. On Thursday he was at the palace of Lambeth, where the threat of excommunication was held out to him by the archbishop; he was forbidden the use of his friend

Piers's pulpit, and was dismissed with anger by the primate of all England. On Sunday he preached in the morning to ten thousand sinners in the open air at Moorfields; in the forenoon he attended divine service, and received the Lord's supper, at St. Paul's cathedral; in the afternoon he preached at Newington-butts, and went directly from the pulpit to Kennington-common, where he addressed "multitudes upon multitudes" in his Lord's name; and in the evening he attended a Moravian love-feast in Fetter-lane, where he felt as if he were in one of the primitive churches. On the following Sunday he preached with "great boldness," in his turn, at St. Mary's, before the University of Oxford, choosing for his subject the leading doctrine of all Protestant churches, justification by faith; which was then revived in all its freshness and power under the name of Methodism. Concerning his learned auditory he states, that "all were very attentive;" and "one could not help weeping." In the evening he expounded a passage of Holy Scripture in a private meeting, at which many gownsmen were present, some of whom "mocked" the expositor of God's word, and the service in which he was engaged.

During Mr. Charles Wesley's stay in Oxford he had interviews with the vice-chancellor of the university, and the dean of Christ-Church, of which he gives the following account:—"I waited upon the dean, who spoke with unusual severity against field-preaching, and Mr. Whitefield. He explained away all inward religion, and union with God. That the world, and their god, abhor our manner of acting, I have too sensible proof. This whole week has the messenger of Satan been buffeting me with uninterrupted temptation.

"I visited the vice-chancellor at his own desire; gave him a full account of the Methodists, which he approved; but objected the irregularity of our doing good in other men's parishes; charged Mr. Whitefield with insincerity, and breach of promise; appealed to the dean, and appointed a second meeting there. All were against my sermon, as liable to be misunderstood. At night I had another conference with the dean, who cited Mr. Whitefield to judgment. I said, 'Mr. Dean, he shall be ready to answer your citation.' He used his utmost address to bring me off from preaching abroad; from expounding in houses; from singing psalms. He denied justification by faith only; and all vital religion: promised me, however, to read Law and Pascal."

Having finished the service which had brought him to Oxford, Mr. Charles Wesley returned to London, where he resumed his extraordinary labours, especially on the sabbath, when he preached to vast assemblies of people at Moorfields and Kennington-common, to the great joy and spiritual benefit of many. Yet his pious zeal was not admired by every one. There were men who were ready to gnash

upon him with their teeth, and who wanted nothing but the power to inflict upon him the deepest injury. It may convey some idea of the feeling which then existed, to state, that on the morning of the Sunday after his return from Oxford, he preached at Moorfields to about ten thousand people; and to twice that number in the afternoon upon Kennington-common. When he was walking across an open field to his afternoon appointment, he was met by a man who threatened to prosecute him for a trespass. Accordingly, a few days afterward, he says, "I was served with a writ by Mr. Goter, for walking over his field to Kennington. I sent Oakley to the lawyer, who confessed he did not so much as know what his client sued me for." The suit, however, was no trifle. A Methodist preacher was to be punished, in spite of justice and mercy. The bill of this most disgraceful affair has been preserved, with the receipt, in the hand-writing of the lawyer. The following is a copy:—

"Goter *versus* Westley. Damages, £10; costs taxed £9 16s. 8d. July 29, 1739, received of Mr. Westley, by the hands of Mr. Joseph Verding, nineteen pounds sixteen shillings and sixpence, for damages and costs in their cause.

"William Gason, attorney for the plaintiff."

At the bottom of this instrument Mr. Charles Wesley has written, "I paid them the things that I never took;" and on the back, the significant sentence, "To be re-judged in that day."

Both the Wesleys had preached and conducted divine worship in the open air when in Georgia, where the climate was warm, and ecclesiastical buildings had not been erected; but they had no thought of resuming the practice in England, till Mr. Whitefield set them the example. Nor did any of these good men adopt this method of reaching the ignorant, till the churches were generally closed against them. But when they had entered upon this course, they at once perceived its utility, and would not discontinue it on any account. Had all the churches in the land been open to them, they would still have felt it their duty to preach abroad; for this plain reason, that there were tens of thousands of people to whom they were intrusted with the message of mercy, but to whom they could otherwise have no access. Some lived at an inconvenient distance from the churches; others had no inclination to attend; and many of the abject poor, had they attended, could have had no accommodation there. In an age of general profligacy and ungodliness, it was impossible to meet the spiritual necessities of the people, but by following them to the places where they were accustomed to congregate, and there warning them to flee from the wrath to come. In many places churches, which had been all but deserted, were filled with worshippers of God, and attentive hearers of his word.

Notwithstanding the benefits resulting from field-preaching, when these three devoted men became thus "irregular," Archbishop Potter talked of "excommunication;" but he re-considered the subject, and wisely forbore to execute his threat. Perhaps he recollected that the Son of God preached upon a mountain, and on a plain, and addressed multitudes on the sea-shore as he sat in a fishing-boat; and that the apostle of the Gentiles preached Jesus and the resurrection to the inquisitive Athenians as he stood upon Mars' hill. It would indeed have been an unseemly thing for a man invested with ecclesiastical authority, and professing to derive that authority from the Lord Jesus, in a direct line from the apostles, to impose silence upon Christian ministers, and even expel them from the congregation of the faithful, for doing that which the Lord himself, and the holy apostles under his direct sanction, had recommended by their daily practice. The Protestant Church of England was preserved from the deep dishonour of an act so thoroughly antichristian. It is indeed a grave question, whether field-preaching is not the duty of every Christian minister; and whether any man to whom a dispensation of the gospel is committed can be blameless, either before God or man, who refuses to administer the warnings and invitations of the gospel to the multitudes of people around him, who demonstrate, by the profanation of the sabbath, and neglect of the house of prayer, that they are walking in the broad way that leadeth to destruction. The charge is, "Preach the gospel to every creature," as the instrument of salvation; and to suffer men to perish, without ever applying the remedy, is to incur guilt of the most fearful magnitude. The field-preacher is not the party that needs an apology. He that sacrifices the souls of men, redeemed by the blood of God's incarnate Son, for the maintenance of an "order," of which the Bible knows nothing, is the man whose conduct is more than questionable, and who ought to "consider his ways."

It is a surprising fact, that Mr. Charles Wesley, who had been so long worn down by disease, and who seemed for some months to be preserved alive by miracle, should be able to endure the labour which now devolved upon him. He still visited the prisoners in Newgate; prayed almost daily with penitents in distress; expounded the Scriptures in private houses; and often preached in the open air, to masses of people which it was fearful even to contemplate. From the time of his ordination, till very recently, he was accustomed to read his sermons from the pulpit; and he was astonished when he found himself able to speak extempore with tolerable fluency and correctness to an orderly congregation in a church. Where then, it may be asked, did he find the requisite firmness of mind, in the absence of notes, to address upward of twenty thousand people in the open air? The

answer is, as he distinctly acknowledges, he received assistance from above. He lived in the spirit of prayer; he laid hold upon the strength divine by a mighty faith; and he realized the fulfilment of the promise, "I am with you always." His mind was often exercised by fierce temptations; but the Lord was his helper; and for some years he was surpassed perhaps by no man, since the apostolic times, in power and efficiency as a Christian preacher. The people everywhere fell under his word like grass under the sythe of the mower.

The following letter, addressed to Mr. Whitefield, will show in what manner he was now employed, with the feelings of his heart. Mr. Whitefield was in the immediate neighbourhood of London:—

"London, August 10th, 1739. Dear George,—I forgot to mention the most material occurrence at Plaistow; namely, that a clergyman was there convinced of sin. He stood under me, and appeared throughout my discourse under the strongest perturbation of mind. In our return we were much delighted with an old spiritual Quaker, who is clear in justification by faith only. At Marybone a footman was convinced of more than sin; and now waits with confidence for all the power of faith. Friend Keen seems to have experience, and is right in the foundation.

"I cannot preach out on the week-days for the expense of coaches, nor accept of dear Mr. Seward's offer; to which I should be less backward, if he would take my advice. But while he is so lavish of his Lord's goods, I cannot consent that this ruin should in any degree seem to be under my hand.

"I am continually tempted to leave off preaching, and hide myself like J. Hutchins. I should then be freer from temptations, and at leisure to attend to my own improvement. God continues to work by me, but not *in* me, that I can perceive. Do not reckon upon me, my brother, in the work God is doing: for I cannot expect he should long employ one who is ever longing and murmuring to be discharged. I rejoice in your success, and pray for its increase a thousand fold."

Three days afterward, in a letter to Mr. Seward, he says, "Yesterday I preached to more than ten thousand hearers; and was so buffeted, both before and after, that were I not forcibly detained, I should fly from every human face. If God does make a way for me to escape, I shall not easily be brought back again. I cannot like advertising. It looks like sounding a trumpet. I hope our brother Hutchins will come forth at last, and throw away, what he seems to have taken up, my mantle of reserve. But then he will no longer make Mr. Broughton his counsellor."

Now that the leading men among the original Oxford Methodists had renounced the Mysticism of William Law, received the opposite doctrine of salvation by faith, and were making such gigantic efforts to propagate this important truth, it is curious to know what their former guide and adviser thought of their present views and proceedings. He was still resident at Putney; and on Friday, August 10th, Mr. Charles Wesley paid him a visit, taking his friend Bray with him. It will be seen that this eloquent ascetic was as blind as ever to all the glorious peculiarities of evangelical religion.

“To-day,” says Mr. Charles, “I carried T. Bray to Mr. Law, who resolved all his feelings and experiences into fits, or natural affections, and advised him to take no notice of his comforts, which he had better be without than with. He blamed Mr. Whitefield’s Journals, and way of proceeding; said he had great hopes that the Methodists would have been dispersed by little and little in livings, and have leavened the whole lump. I told him my experience. ‘Then am I,’ said he, ‘far below you, (if you are right,) not worthy to bear your shoes.’ He agreed to our notion of faith, but would have it, that all men held it; was fully against the laymen’s expounding, as the very worst thing both for themselves and others. I told him, he was my schoolmaster, to bring me to Christ; but the reason why I did not come sooner to Him was, my seeking to be sanctified before I was justified. I disclaimed all expectation of becoming some great one. Among other things he said, ‘Was I talked of as Mr. Whitefield is, I should run away, and hide myself entirely.’ ‘You might,’ I answered, ‘but God would bring you back, like Jonah.’ Joy in the Holy Ghost, he told us, was the most dangerous thing God could give. I replied, ‘But cannot God guard his own gifts?’ He often disclaimed advising, seeing we had the Spirit of God; but mended upon our hands, and at last came almost quite over.”

It was now agreed that the Wesleys should exchange places. John was to come to London, and Charles was to succeed him at Bristol. On his way to that city, Charles visited Oxford, Evesham, Bengeworth, and Gloucester. His design in going to the second and third of these places was to see Mr. Benjamin Seward, with whom he had recently become acquainted, and who lived at Bengeworth, near Evesham. He was a man of large property, and of liberal education, having been bred at Cambridge. He had been correct in his morals, and charitable and humane; but strenuously opposed to spiritual religion; having intended to write against what he conceived to be the enthusiastic notions of Mr. Law, contained in his treatise on Christian Perfection. Early in the spring of this year he had been severely afflicted, and, in connection with much bodily suffering, endured great mental perplexity

and anguish. A poor travelling woman, who obtained a livelihood by selling toys for children, found him thus distressed both in mind and body, and taught him the nature and necessity of the new birth. Having recovered his health, and obtained some knowledge of the truth, he resolved to enter into holy orders, that he might teach others what he himself had learned respecting the things of God. In this state he heard Mr. Whitefield preach, when his heart clave to him; and he was ultimately induced to accompany that man of God to America. Soon after he had heard Mr. Whitefield he came to London, where he was introduced to Mr. Charles Wesley, who admired his spirit, but speaks of him at this time as "knowing only the baptism of John." He proposed to bear the expense of Mr. Charles Wesley's coach-hire, in his preaching excursions in London and its vicinity, which Charles respectfully declined. The wife of this young convert was a zealous predestinarian, and far more remarkable for her attachment to her creed, than her regard either for good manners or hospitality.

On Monday, August 20th, Charles addressed the following letter, from Bengeworth and Evesham, to his brother John:—

"Dear Brother,—We left the brethren at Oxford, much edified; and two gownsmen, besides C. Graves, thoroughly awakened. On Saturday afternoon God brought us hither. Mr. Seward being from home, there was no admittance for us, his wife being an opposer, and having refused to see George Whitefield before me. At seven Mr. Seward found us at our inn, and carried us home. I expounded at eight in the school-room, which contains two hundred. On Sunday morning I preached from George Whitefield's pulpit, the wall: 'Repent ye, and believe the gospel.' The notice being short, we had only a few hundreds; but such as those described in the morning lesson, 'These were more noble than those in Thessalonica, in that they received the word with all readiness of mind.' In the evening I showed to near two thousand the Saviour in the good Samaritan. Many, I am persuaded, found themselves stripped, and wounded, and half dead; and are therefore ready for the oil and wine. Once more God enabled me to open the new covenant at the school-house, which was crowded with deeply-attentive hearers."

To this account he adds, in his journal, "August 30th. I spoke from Acts ii, 37, to two or three hundred market-people and soldiers, all as orderly and decent as could be desired. I now heard that the mayor had come down on Sunday to take a view of us; and soon after an officer struck a countryman in the face, without any provocation. A

serious woman besought the poor man not to resist evil ; ‘ as the other only wanted to make a riot.’ He took patiently several repeated blows, telling the man he might beat him as long as he pleased.

“ I took a walk with Mr. Seward, whose eyes it has pleased God to open, to see he would have all men to be saved. His wife, who refuses to see me, is miserably bigoted to the *particular scheme*. We had the satisfaction of meeting with Mr. Seward’s cousin Molly, whom I had endeavoured to convince of sin at Islington. The Spirit had now convinced her of righteousness also. To-day she told us, a young lady here upon a visit had been deeply struck on Sunday night, under the word, seeing and feeling her need of a Physician, and earnestly desired me to pray for her. We immediately joined in thanksgiving and intercession. After dinner I spoke with her. She burst into tears; told us, she had come here thoughtless, and dead in pleasures and sin, but fully resolved against ever being a Methodist; that she was first alarmed at seeing us so happy, and full of love; had gone to the society, but never found herself out till the word came with power to her soul; that all the following night she had been as in an agony; could not pray; could not bear our singing, nor have any rest in herself. We betook ourselves to prayer, and God hearkened. She received forgiveness in that instant, and triumphed in the name of the Lord *her* God. We were all upon the mount the rest of the day.

“ At six I explained the nature of faith, from, ‘ Not I, but Christ liveth in me: who loved *me*, and gave himself for me.’ Afterward I showed them, in the school-house, their own case in dead Lazarus. Some of those that were dead, I trust, begin to come forth. Several serious people from the neighbouring towns came home with us. We continued our rejoicing till midnight.

“ August 22d. I besought my hearers to be reconciled unto God. I found Miss P. had been greatly strengthened by last night’s expounding, and could scarcely forbear crying out, she was that Lazarus; and if they would come to Christ, he would raise them as he had her. All night she continued singing in her heart; and discovers more and more of that genuine mark of his disciples, love.

“ I was prevailed upon to stay over this day. God soon showed me *his* design in it. Our singing in the garden drew two sincere women to us, who sought Christ sorrowing. After reading the promises in Isaiah, we prayed, and they received them accomplished in themselves. We were upon a mount, which reminded us of Tabor, through the joy wherewith our Master filled us. How shall I be thankful enough for his bringing me hither! While we were singing, a poor drunken servant of Mr. Seward was struck. His master had last night given him warning; but now he seems effectually called. We spent the after-

noon most delightfully in Isaiah. At seven the society met. I could hardly speak through my cold; but it was suspended while I showed the natural man his picture in blind Bartimeus. Many were ready to cry after Jesus for mercy. The three that had lately received their sight were much strengthened. Miss P. declared her cure before two hundred witnesses, many of them gay young gentlewomen. They received her testimony; flocked round about her; and pressed her on all sides to come and see them. By this open confession she purchased to herself great boldness in the faith.

“August 22d. This morning the work upon poor Robin appeared to be God’s work. The words that made the first impression were,—

‘Tis mercy all, immense and free;
For, O my God, it found out me!’

He now seemed full of sorrow, and joy, and astonishment, and love. The world, too, set to their seal, that he belongs to Christ.

“I cannot but observe the narrow spirit of those that hold particular redemption. I have had no disputes with them; yet they have me in abomination. Mrs. Seward is irreconcilably angry with me; ‘for he offers Christ to all!’ Her maids are of the same spirit; and their Baptist teacher insists that I ought to have my gown stripped over my ears. When Mr. Seward, in my hearing, exhorted one of the maids to a concern for her salvation, she answered, it was to no purpose: she could do nothing. The same answer he received from his daughter, of seven years old. See the genuine fruits of this blessed doctrine!”

From Evesham Mr. Charles Wesley went to Gloucester, the birth-place of his friend Mr. Whitefield. Here he writes:—

“August 23d. By ten last night the Lord brought us hither, through many dangers and difficulties. In mounting I fell over my horse, and sprained my hand. Riding in the dark, I bruised my foot. We lost our way as often as we *could*. Two horses we had between three; for Robin bore us company. Here we were turned back from a friend’s house by his wife’s sickness. Last night my voice and strength wholly failed me. To-day they are in some measure restored. At night I with difficulty got into the crowded society: preached the law and the gospel from Romans iii. They received it with all readiness. Three clergymen were present. Some without attempted to make a disturbance, by setting on the dogs; but in vain. The *dumb* dogs rebuked the rioters.

“August 25th. Before I went forth into the streets and highways, I sent, after my custom, to borrow the church. The minister (one of the better disposed) sent back a civil message: would be glad to drink a glass of wine with me, but durst not lend me his pulpit for fifty

guineas. Mr. Whitefield durst lend me his field, which did just as well. For near an hour and a half God gave me voice and strength to exhort about two thousand sinners to repent, and believe the gospel. My voice and strength failed together; neither do I want them when my work is done. Being invited to Painswick, I waited upon the Lord, and renewed my strength. We found near one thousand gathered in the street. I discoursed from 2 Cor. v, 19, 'God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself.' I besought them earnestly to be reconciled; and the rebels seemed inclined to lay down their arms. A young Presbyterian teacher clave to us. I received fresh strength to expound the good Samaritan, at a public-house, which was full above stairs and below.

"August 25th. I showed them, in the street, that to them and their children was the promise made. Some are, I trust, on the point of receiving it. Three clergymen attended. I prayed by a young woman, afraid of death, because it had not lost its sting. I showed her, the promise was to those that are afar off, even *before* they actually receive it. This revived her much; and we left her patiently waiting for the salvation of God. At nine I exhorted and prayed with a house-full of sincere souls; and took my leave, recommended by their affectionate prayers to the grace of God.

"At Gloucester I went to the field at five. An old intimate acquaintance (Mrs. Kirkham) stood in my way, and challenged me: 'What, Mr. Wesley; is it you I see! Is it possible that you, who can preach at Christ-Church, St. Mary's, &c., should come hither after a mob?' I cut her short with, 'The work which my Master giveth me, must I not do it?' and went to my mob; or, (to put it into the Pharisees' phrase,) 'this people which is accursed.' Thousands heard me gladly, while I told them their privilege of the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, and exhorted them to come for him to Christ, as poor lost sinners. I continued my discourse till night."

From Gloucester Mr. Charles Wesley went to Runwick, where his wonted success attended him. He says, "The minister here lent me his pulpit. I stood at the window, which was taken down, and turned to the larger congregation, of above two thousand, in the church-yard. They appeared greedy to hear, while I testified, 'God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son,' &c. These are, I think, more noble than those at Evesham. After sermon a woman came to me, who had received faith in hearing Mr. Whitefield. She was terrified at having lost her comfort. I explained to her that wilderness state, into which the believer is *generally* led, by the Spirit, to be tempted, as soon as he is baptized by the Holy Ghost. This confirmed her in a patient looking for His return whom her soul loveth. We

dined at Mr. Ellis's, of Ebley; and met our brother Ellis, who has the blessing of believing parents, two sisters awakened. One only brother continues an abandoned prodigal.

“In the afternoon I preached again to a Kennington congregation. The church was full as it could crowd. Thousands stood in the church-yard. It was the most beautiful sight I ever beheld. The people filled the gradually-rising area, which was shut upon three sides by a vast perpendicular hill. On the top and bottom of this hill was a circular row of trees. In this amphitheatre they stood, deeply attentive, while I called upon them, in Christ's words, ‘Come unto me, all that are weary.’ The tears of many testified that they were ready to enter into that rest. God enabled me to lift up my voice like a trumpet, so that all distinctly heard me. I concluded with singing an invitation to sinners. It was with difficulty we made our way through this most loving people, and returned amid their prayers and blessings to Ebley. Here I expounded the second lesson for two hours, and received strength and faith to plead the promise of the Father. A good old Baptist pressed me to preach at Stanley, on my way to Bristol. Accordingly,

“August 27th. I set out at seven. The sky was overcast, and we were wetted to the skin. This, I thought, portended good. We could not stay to dry ourselves, there being, contrary to our expectation, a company of near a thousand waiting. I preached from a table, (having been first denied the pulpit,) upon, ‘Repent, and believe the gospel.’ The hearers seemed so much affected, that I appointed them to meet me again in the evening. The minister was of my audience.

“I rode back to Ebley, and was informed by brother Oakley, that he had fastened upon the poor prodigal, and spoke to his heart. His convictions were heightened by the sermon. We prayed and sung alternately, till faith came. God blew with his wind, and the waters flowed. He struck the hard rock, and the waters gushed out; and the poor sinner, with joy and astonishment, believed the Son of God loved *him*, and gave himself for *him*. ‘Sing, ye heavens; for the Lord hath done it! Shout, ye lower parts of the earth!’ In the morning I had told his mother of St. Austin's conversion. Now I carried her the joyful news, ‘This thy son was dead, and is alive again.’ I expounded at a gentlewoman's house, on my way to Stanley, but could hardly speak through my cold. I went forth in faith, and preached under a large elm tree, on the prodigal son. I returned to Ebley rejoicing, where I expounded the woman of Samaria.”

In the evening of the next day Mr. Charles Wesley met his brother in Bristol, where they rejoiced together on account of the glorious things which they had witnessed, and of which they had been the in-

struments, since they parted with each other in London. They spent the next day chiefly in visiting the people, of whom Charles was for a time to take the charge; and on the following morning, when John took his leave of them, Charles says, "His short absence cost them many tears."

This appears to have been the first time that Mr. Charles Wesley had ever been in Bristol. He had not come to inspect its antiquities, nor to gratify his taste by surveying the beautiful scenery with which it is surrounded. Upon the salvation of souls his undivided attention was fixed; and this he desired with a passion the full depth and intensity of which it would be difficult to describe. His burning zeal was a direct effect of his union with Christ. It was an emanation from him who is emphatically the lover of souls. On entering upon his ministry at Bristol, he found that "other men had laboured," and he had "entered into their labours." His brother and Mr. Whitefield had here "gone forth weeping, bearing precious seed;" and by God's blessing upon their combined exertions, "the fields were" now everywhere "white unto the harvest." With a diligence and fidelity worthy of such a state of things, and of which there have been few examples, Charles "thrust in his sickle;" and then "came again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

When the Wesleys and Mr. Whitefield first gave indications of an extraordinary zeal for the spread of religion, it was said to them, "If you wish to convert heathens, go to Kingswood;" a place principally occupied by colliers, for whose salvation no man seemed to care, and who were therefore brutally ignorant and wicked. The challenge was accepted. Mr. Whitefield was the first that undertook the unpromising service; and his success was such as to demonstrate that a more than ordinary influence of the Holy Spirit rested upon him and the people. He stood, and under the open sky called upon them "to repent, and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance;" offering to them, at the same time, without money and without price, the inestimable mercies of redemption,—pardon, with its attendant peace and holiness. Multitudes listened to the call, and not a few willingly responded to the invitation; their deep sighs, and the white streaks caused by the tears which flowed down their blackened faces, attesting the strength of their inward emotions.

Mr. Whitefield was succeeded by Mr. John Wesley; and Charles now followed both with equal steps. His zeal, his faith, his courage, his love to souls, his perseverance, were most exemplary; and he was signally owned of God, in awakening among the people a concern for divine things, and in turning them to Christ. He remained in Bristol somewhat more than two months, preaching in the most neglected parts

of the city and its neighbourhood during the day, and in the evenings expounding the Holy Scriptures in private houses, and large rooms, where the people could be accommodated to hear him. He also extended his labours to Kingswood, Pensford, Bearfield, Bradford, and other places, proclaiming the word of life in the open air, and often in the midst of heavy rain. While he was thus employed, some of the clergy in Bristol inveighed against him from their pulpits with great vehemence; and others complained bitterly of the intolerable increase of their labour, when he brought large companies of reclaimed profligates to the churches to receive the Lord's supper; an ordinance which they had generally neglected, till they were enlightened and impressed under his ministry.

At this period Mr. Joseph Williams, of Kidderminster, a pious and upright man, whose published Journal is well known, visited Bristol, and attended Mr. Charles Wesley's ministry, of which he has given a valuable and striking account. Being a Dissenter and a Calvinist, he found it difficult to credit the accounts which he heard of the godly labours and usefulness of the Methodists, because they belonged to the Church of England, and did not entertain his views on the controverted questions relating to God's predestination. He had now an opportunity of judging for himself; and the result he declared in a letter which he wrote for insertion in the Gentleman's Magazine. He submitted it to the inspection of Mr. Charles Wesley, who appears to have prevented its publication. It was found among his papers after his decease, in Mr. Williams's hand-writing. The following is an extract:—

“Hearing that Mr. Charles Wesley would preach in the afternoon, just out of the city, I got a guide, and went to hear him. I found him standing upon a table, in an erect posture, with his hands and eyes lifted up to heaven in prayer, surrounded with, I guess, more than a thousand people; some few of them persons of fashion, both men and women, but most of them of the lower rank of mankind. I know not how long he had been engaged in the duty before I came, but he continued therein, after my coming, scarcely a quarter of an hour; during which time he prayed with uncommon fervency, fluency, and variety of proper expression. He then preached about an hour, from 2 Cor. v, 17-21, in such a manner as I have seldom, if ever, heard any minister preach; that is, though I have heard many a finer sermon, according to the common taste, yet I have scarcely ever heard any minister discover such evident signs of a most vehement desire, or labour so earnestly to convince his hearers that they were all by nature in a state of enmity against God, consequently in a damnable state, and needed reconciliation to God; that God is willing to be reconciled to all, even the worst of sinners, and for that end hath laid all our sin on Christ,

and Christ hath borne the punishment due to our sins in our nature and stead; that, on the other hand, the righteousness and merits of Christ are imputed to as many as believe on him; that it is faith alone, exclusive entirely of any works of ours, which applies to us the righteousness of Christ, and justifies us in the sight of God; that none are excluded but those who refuse to come to him, as lost, undone, yea, as damned sinners, and trust in him alone—that is, in his meritorious righteousness and atoning sacrifice—for pardon and salvation. These points he supported all along, as he went on, with many texts of Scripture, which he explained and illustrated; and then freely invited all, even the chief of sinners, and used a great variety of the most moving arguments and expostulations, in order to persuade, allure, instigate, and, if possible, compel all to come to Christ, and believe in him for pardon and salvation. Nor did he fail to inform them thoroughly, how ineffectual their faith would be to justify them in the sight of God, unless it wrought by love, purified their hearts, and reformed their lives: for though he cautioned them with the utmost care, not to attribute any merit to their own performances, nor in the least degree rest upon any works of their own; yet, at the same time, he apprized them, that their faith is but a dead faith, if it be not operative, and productive of good works, even all the good in their power.

“Afterward I waited on Mr. Wesley, asked him many questions, and received much satisfaction from his answers. I then went with him to a religious society, which met about seven in the evening; and found the place so thronged, that it was with very great difficulty we got to the centre of it; where was a convenient place provided for him, either to stand or sit. When we came to them, they were singing a hymn; but ceased on Mr. Wesley’s mounting the rostrum. He first prayed; then expounded part of the twelfth chapter of St. John’s Gospel; then sung a hymn; then proceeded awhile in the exposition; then sung another hymn; then prayed over more than twenty bills, which were given up by the society, respecting their spiritual concerns; and concluded with the usual benediction. Never did I hear such praying, or such singing,—never did I see and hear such evident marks of fervency of spirit in the service of God,—as in that society. At the close of every single petition, a serious amen, like a rushing sound of waters, ran through the whole society; and their singing was not only the most harmonious and delightful I ever heard, but as Mr. Whitefield writes in his Journals, they ‘sung lustily, and with a good courage.’ I never so well understood the meaning of that expression before. Indeed they seemed to sing with melody in their hearts. It is impossible for any man to try another’s heart; neither would I dare to invade the divine prerogative; but this I will venture

to say, such evident marks of a lively, genuine devotion, in any part of religious worship, I never was witness to in any place, or on any occasion. If there be such a thing as heavenly music upon earth, I heard it there. If there be such an enjoyment, such an attainment, as that of a heaven upon earth, numbers in that society seemed to possess it. As for my own part, I do not remember my heart to have been so elevated in prayer and praise, either in collegiate, parochial, or private worship, as it was there and then.

“I found, upon inquiry, that great numbers in Bristol, by attending the religious ministrations of Mr. Whitefield and the Wesleys, have been reformed from a vicious course, who now, without neglecting their necessary employments, (as has been invidiously suggested,) make religion their principal concern; and particularly, that the case is remarkably thus with many of the colliers in Kingswood, whose wickedness, a few years since, was notorious. If, therefore, any inquire, as Nathaniel, ‘Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?’ ‘Can any good come out of Methodism?’ I only answer, as Philip, ‘Come and see.’”

Mr. Charles Wesley thus speaks of the religious services which made so deep and favourable an impression upon the mind of Mr. Williams:—“Oct. 8th. I called on the dying man with whom I prayed last night, and found him a new creature. He told me he now tasted the peace I spoke of, the joy and comfort of a living faith. I asked whether he was still afraid to die. ‘No, no,’ he replied; ‘I desire to die. I want to get away.’ ‘Why, do you love Jesus Christ?’ ‘Yes, dearly,’ said he, with his voice and looks. I left him ready for the Bridegroom, and published the word of reconciliation at the Bear-yard. God in Christ was with us of a truth. I never spoke more clearly. The same power was in the society. Mr. Williams, of Kidderminster, was much edified among us. He followed a letter he wrote inviting me thither. Of what denomination he is I know not; nor is it material; for he has the mind which was in Jesus. I met my brother, just returned from London.”

About three weeks before this time Mr. Williams had written to Mr. Charles Wesley, requesting him to visit Kidderminster; and he was so impressed in favour of the Wesleys, in consequence of what he now saw, and heard, and felt in Bristol, that he renewed his application, and that with greater importunity. In a letter to Mr. Charles Wesley, under the date of Oct. 17th, he says, “I forgot, at parting, to renew my humble request to you, for a line at your convenience, which I now humbly desire, to let me know when we may expect you or Mr. John Wesley here. I have provided you a field, larger than any bowling-green, and enclosed with a high wall, to preach in; and cannot but

greatly hope, if you could continue a while with us, your and our Lord might reap a plentiful harvest here and hereabout; and that a wide and effectual door would be opened to you. But you may be sure of many adversaries, and none more violent than our vicar.

“The more I have thought of your definition of justifying faith, which is what I humbly trust God hath given me, the more I am inclined to believe it right; though different from what I have been all along taught; and I want to be furnished with further proofs and arguments for it, as it is what meets with a general opposition from those good people I have mentioned it to: yet two or three seem to give in to it. I therefore beg of you, as soon as you have leisure, to be a little particular on that head, which will, I hope, turn to good account, and more and more endear you to your obliged servant, and unworthy brother in Christ.

“I dearly love your religious society. My heart is knit to them: and my prayers are daily for you and them, that they may abound more and more in every grace, in every good word and work; and that the God of hope would fill them with all joy and peace in believing, that they may abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost.”

The devout and joyous spirit of Mr. Charles Wesley's children in the Lord, who had but recently been reclaimed from ignorance and sin by the divine blessing upon his ministry, did not universally command the admiration with which it was contemplated by Mr. Williams. Among them were various persons who had been brought up among the Quakers and Baptists, who now felt it their duty to offer themselves as candidates for Christian baptism. Accordingly Charles says, under the date of Oct. 13th, “I waited, with my brother, upon a minister, about baptizing some of his parish. He complained heavily of the multitude of our communicants, and produced the canon against strangers. He could not admit *that* as a reason for their coming to his church, that they had no sacrament at their own. I offered my assistance to lessen his *trouble*; but he declined it. There were a hundred new communicants, he told us, last Sunday; and he added, ‘I am credibly informed, some of them came out of spite to me.’ We bless God for *this cause* of offence, and pray it may never be removed.”

When Mr. Williams attended the religious meetings of the Methodists in Bristol, he states that he was greatly impressed with the sweetness and power of the singing. This was a part of divine worship in which the brothers took a lively interest from the beginning of their public labours; and as they both possessed the gift and spirit of sacred poetry, they applied themselves to the composition of hymns adapted to the use and edification of those who united with them in the worship of God. Soon after their return from Georgia, as we have already seen, they published a volume of hymns, for this purpose; and this

year they added two others, of a similar kind, but more varied in their subjects, and more evangelical in their character. To both these volumes they gave the same title: "Hymns and Sacred Poems. Published by John Wesley, M. A., Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford; and Charles Wesley, M. A., Student of Christ-Church, Oxford." They were "printed by W. Strahan;" and sold by their friend "James Hutton, bookseller, at the Bible and Sun, without Temple-Bar; and at Mr. Bray's, a brazier, in Little-Britain." Such was the demand for these volumes, that one of them passed to a second edition the same year; and the other to a third. That which appears to have been first published begins with "Eupolis's Hymn to the Creator," written by the rector of Epworth; and also contains some poems by Mr. Gambold, with several hymns and other compositions altered from Herbert, Dr. Hickee, and Dr. Henry More.

The preface to this volume is a document of very superior value, and distinctly points out the change which had taken place in the theological views of the writers. They say, "Some verses, it may be observed, in the following collection, were written upon the scheme of the Mystic divines. And these, it is owned, we had once in great veneration, as the best explainers of the gospel of Christ. But we are now convinced that we therein 'greatly erred, not knowing the Scriptures, neither the power of God.' And because this is an error which many serious minds are sooner or later exposed to, and which indeed most easily besets those who seek the Lord Jesus in sincerity, we believe ourselves indispensably obliged, in the presence of God, and angels, and men, to declare wherein we apprehend those writers not to teach 'the truth as it is in Jesus.'

"And first, we apprehend them to lay another foundation. They are careful indeed to pull down our own works, and to prove that, 'by the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified.' But why is this? Only to establish our own righteousness in the place of our own works. They speak largely and well against expecting to be accepted of God for our virtuous actions; and then teach that we are to be accepted for our virtuous habits or tempers. Still the ground of our acceptance is placed in ourselves. The difference is only this: Common writers suppose we are to be justified for the sake of our outward righteousness. These suppose we are to be justified for the sake of our inward righteousness. Whereas, in truth, we are no more justified for the sake of one than of the other. For neither our own inward nor outward righteousness is the ground of our justification. Holiness of heart, as well as holiness of life, is not the cause, but the effect, of it. The sole cause of our acceptance with God (or that for the sake of which, on the account of which, we are accepted) is the righteousness and the death

of Christ, who fulfilled God's law, and died in our stead. And even the condition of it is not, as they suppose, our holiness either of heart or life; but our faith alone; faith contradistinguished from holiness, as well as from good works. Other foundation, therefore, can no man lay, without being an adversary to Christ and his gospel, than faith alone; faith, though necessarily producing both, yet not including either good works, or holiness.

“But supposing them to have laid the foundation right; the manner of building thereon which they advise is quite opposite to that prescribed by Christ. He commands to build up one another. They advise, ‘To the desert! to the desert! and God will build you up.’ Numberless are the commendations that occur in all their writings, not of retirement intermixed with conversation, but of an entire seclusion from men, perhaps for months or years, in order to purify the soul. Whereas, according to the judgment of our Lord, and the writings of his apostles, it is only when we are ‘knit together,’ that we have ‘nourishment’ from him, and ‘increase with the increase of God.’ Neither is there any time when the weakest member can say to the strongest, or the strongest to the weakest, ‘I have no need of thee.’ Accordingly our blessed Lord, when his disciples were in their weakest state, sent them forth, not alone, but two by two. When they were strengthened a little, not by solitude, but by abiding with him and one another, he commanded them to wait, not separate, but being assembled together, for the promise of the Father. And they were all with one accord, in one place, when they received the gift of the Holy Ghost. Express mention is made in the same chapter, that when there were added unto them three thousand souls, all that believed were together, and continued steadfastly, not only in the apostles’ doctrine, but also in fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in praying with one accord. Agreeable to which is the account the great apostle gives of the manner in which he had been taught of God, for the perfecting of the saints, for the edifying of the body of Christ, even to the end of the world. And according to St. Paul, all who will ever come, in the unity of the faith, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ, must together grow up into him. From whom the whole body fitly joined together and compacted (or strengthened) by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body, unto the edifying of itself in love, Eph. iv, 15, 16.

“So widely distant is the manner of building up souls in Christ taught by St. Paul, and that taught by the Mystics! Nor do they differ as to the foundation, or the manner of building thereon, more than they do with regard to the superstructure. For the religion these authors

would edify us in, is solitary religion. 'If thou wilt be perfect,' say they, 'trouble not thyself about outward works. It is better to work virtues in the will. He hath attained the true resignation who hath estranged himself from all outward works, that God may work inwardly in him, without any turning to outward things. These are the true worshippers, who worship God in spirit and in truth.' For contemplation is with them the fulfilling of the law, even a contemplation that 'consists in a cessation of all works.'

"Directly opposite to this is the gospel of Christ. Solitary religion is not to be found there. 'Holy solitaires' is a phrase no more consistent with the gospel than holy adulterers. The gospel of Christ knows of no religion but social; no holiness, but social holiness. Faith working by love is the length, and breadth, and depth, and height of Christian perfection. This commandment we have from Christ, that he who loves God love his brother also; and that we manifest our love, by doing good unto all men, especially to them that are of the household of faith. And in truth, whosoever loveth his brethren, not in word only, but as Christ loved him, cannot but be zealous of good works. He feels in his soul a burning, restless desire of spending and being spent for them. 'My Father,' will he say, 'worketh hitherto, and I work;' and at all possible opportunities, he is, like his Master, going about doing good."

In full accordance with these Scriptural principles are the following remarks upon the very defective theology of William Law, which Mr. Charles Wesley entered in his private journal during his stay at Bristol:—"I read part of Mr. Law on Regeneration to our society. How promising the beginning! how lame the conclusion! Christianity, he rightly tells us, is a recovery of the divine image; and a Christian is a fallen spirit restored, and reinstated in paradise; a living mirror of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. After this he supposes it *possible* for him to be *insensible* of such a change; to be happy, and holy, and translated into Eden, renewed in the likeness of God, one with the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and *yet not know it*. Nay, we are not to expect, or bid others expect, any such consciousness, if we listen to one who too plainly demonstrates, by his wretched inconsistency, that his knowledge of the new birth is mostly in theory."

In this manner did these faithful men bear testimony to the truth, and retract the errors which had long held them in spiritual bondage. Their teaching was now derived from the Holy Scriptures, to which they subordinated every principle and opinion; feeling the full force of the inquiry, "What is the chaff to the wheat? saith the Lord."

CHAPTER VII.

THERE is a chasm in Mr. Charles Wesley's private journal from the 6th of Nov. 1739, to the 14th of March following; and hence it is difficult to ascertain the whole of his movements during this period. He appears to have left Bristol early in November, and to have gone to Oxford, being summoned thither by the authorities of the university, to respond in the divinity disputations. Here, it is probable, the following letter was addressed to him, containing the intelligence of his brother Samuel's death. It was written by an intimate friend of the deceased, Mr. Amos Matthews:—

“Tiverton, Nov. 14, 1739. Rev. and Dear Sir,—Your brother, and my dear friend, (for so you are sensible he was to me,) on Monday, the 5th of November, went to bed, as he thought, as well as he had been for some time before. He was seized about three o'clock in the morning very ill; when your sister immediately sent for Mr. Norman, and ordered the servant to call me. Mr. Norman came as quick as he possibly could; but said, as soon as he saw him, that he could not get over it, but would die in a few hours. He was not able to take any thing, nor to speak to us; only ‘yes,’ or ‘no,’ to a question asked him; and that did not last half an hour. I never went from his bed-side till he expired, which was about seven the same morning. With a great deal of difficulty we persuaded your dear sister to leave the room before he died. I trembled to think how she would bear it, knowing the sincere affection and love she had for him. But, blessed be God, he hath heard and answered prayer on her behalf; and, in a great measure, calmed her spirit, though she has not yet been out of her chamber. Your brother was buried on Monday last, in the afternoon; and is gone to reap the fruit of his labours. I pray God we may imitate him in all his virtues, and be prepared to follow. I should enlarge much more, but have not time; for which reason I hope you will excuse him who is under the greatest obligations to be, and really is, with the greatest sincerity,

Yours in all things.”

On receiving this intelligence of their brother's death, Mr. John and Charles Wesley hastened to Tiverton, to sympathize with their widowed sister. They arrived on the 21st; and John says in his Journal, “My poor sister was sorrowing almost as one without hope. Yet we could not but rejoice at hearing from one who had attended my brother in all his weakness, that several days before he went hence God had given him a calm and full assurance of his interest in Christ. O may every one who opposes it be thus convinced, that this doctrine is of God!”

This concluding sentence refers to a correspondence between Sam-

uel and John concerning justification by faith, and the witness of the Holy Spirit to the personal adoption of believers. Samuel had received some very erroneous impressions respecting the tenets and proceedings of his brothers, from letters addressed to him by Mrs. Hutton, containing exaggerated statements, and written under the influence of irritated feelings. John had attempted to convince him of the truth; and rejoiced to find, that, before his brother's spirit returned to God, he received that assurance of the divine favour which is the fruit of a vital faith in the atonement of Christ. In cases of this nature, the conviction which arises from personal experience is immensely more important than that which arises from mere argument. "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself."

Mr. Samuel Wesley was tenderly beloved by his aged mother, who was now hastening to the close of her earthly pilgrimage. Nor is this surprising; for he was an example of filial reverence and affection. Under the painful bereavement this venerable woman thus poured forth the feelings of her heart to the younger of her now-surviving sons:—

"Nov. 29th, 1739. Dear Charles,—Upon the first hearing of your brother's death, I did immediately acquiesce in the will of God, without the least reluctance. Only I somewhat marvelled that Jacky did not inform me of it before he left, since he knew thereof; but he was unacquainted with the manner of God's dealing with me in extraordinary cases, which indeed is no wonder; for though I have so often experienced his infinite power and mercy in my support, and inward calmness of spirit when the trial would otherwise have been too strong for me, yet his ways of working are to myself incomprehensible and ineffable!

"Your brother was exceeding dear to me in his life; and perhaps I have erred in loving him too well. I once thought it impossible for me to bear his loss; but none know what they can bear, till they are tried. As your good old grandfather often used to say, 'That is an affliction, that God makes an affliction.' For surely the manifestation of his presence and favour is more than an adequate support under any suffering whatever. But if he withhold his consolations, and hide his face from us, the least suffering is intolerable. But blessed and adored be his holy name, it hath not been so with me, though I am infinitely unworthy of the least of all his mercies! I rejoice in having a comfortable hope of my dear son's salvation. He is now at rest, and would not return to earth, to gain the world. Why then should I mourn? He hath reached the haven before me; but I shall soon follow him. He must not return to me; but I shall go to him, never to part more.

“I thank you for your care of my temporal affairs. It was natural to think that I should be troubled for my dear son’s death on that account, because so considerable a part of my support was cut off. But, to say the truth, I have never had one anxious thought of such matters: for it came immediately into my mind, that God, by my child’s loss, had called me to a firmer dependance on himself; that though my son was good, he was not my God; and that now our heavenly Father seemed to have taken my cause more immediately into his own hand; and therefore, even against hope, I believed in hope that I should never suffer more.

“I cannot write much, being but weak. I have not been down stairs above ten weeks, though better than I was lately. Pray give my kind love and blessing to my daughter and Philly. I pray God to support and provide for her.”

Within a few weeks of the death of Samuel Wesley, two events of great importance, connected with the public labours of the brothers, took place in London. One of these was the opening of their first separate place of worship; and the other, the formation of the first society that was exclusively under their pastoral care. The preaching-house here referred to was the Foundery in Moorfields, the history of which is curious and interesting. It was a large and shapeless brick building, which stood near the present site of Finsbury-square. Formerly it was in the occupation of the government, and used for the casting of cannon for the army. Hence the name by which it was known. It was inconveniently near to London, crowds being sometimes drawn to witness the process of casting; and an accident having occurred, by means of an explosion, in which some lives were lost, and many persons greatly injured, the establishment was removed to the neighbourhood of Woolwich, and the Foundery in Moorfields was left unoccupied.

In the autumn of the year 1739 two gentlemen, of the name of Watkins and Ball, neither of whom was then known to Mr. John Wesley, came to him, and urged him to rent this building for religious purposes. Their reason doubtless was, to provide a shelter for him, and the thousands who attended his ministry in Moorfields, especially during the winter months, which were then fast approaching. He was unwilling to engage in such an undertaking, his income being limited, and the expense of fitting up such a ruinous building considerable. At the same time he had to provide the requisite pecuniary supplies for the erection of the “Room” in Bristol, and the school for the children of the colliers in Kingswood, both of which were in progress. The gentlemen proposed immediately to advance the money, he giving them security for

the re-payment. To this offer he at length consented; and, after extensive repairs and alterations, the Foundery was opened as a house of God in the month of November. "The United Society," says Mr. Wesley, "began soon after." Several persons, impressed by his preaching, came to him for spiritual advice. He appointed Thursday evening, as the time at which he would meet them all together, for the purpose of counsel and prayer. Twelve came the first night; forty, the next; soon after, a hundred. This was the rise of the United Societies, which now constitute what is usually called the Wesleyan Connection.

The formation of this society, especially at this period, was very opportune and providential; that which met at Fetter-lane being greatly agitated and injured by the introduction of novel and dangerous opinions. It was mostly under the care of the Moravians; two of whose ministers, Molther and Spangenberg, were then in London, intent, as it would seem, upon forming in England a church in immediate connection with their own community, and as an integral part of it. Molther was the most active and strenuous in propagating the errors by which many were misled to their ruin. He contended, that there are no degrees in faith; so that those who have not the full and unclouded assurance of the divine favour, whatever they may possess besides, have no faith at all. Another principle which he distinctly avowed and defended was, that till men have faith, they are not to use any of the means of grace, such as the reading of the Scriptures, attendance upon the ministry of the gospel, and receiving the holy communion; these ordinances being rather injurious than beneficial, till men have a true and vital faith. It does not appear that these are the authorized tenets of the Moravian body; but they were not only avowed, but publicly enforced, by Molther, with the concurrence of his brethren. With these principles, and some others of a similar kind, the Wesleys and Mr. Ingham were justly offended; and in the enforcement of Christian duty, as well as in the encouragement of weak believers, they withstood Molther and his associates to the face. Many were carried away with the delusion and great heartburnings and strife ensued. It was not likely that the Wesleys, with their strong and declared attachment to the Church of England, and their correct views of practical religion, could remain permanently connected with the Moravians in Fetter-lane. They were deeply grieved, especially when they found that some of their best and most pious friends were drawn aside from the simplicity of the gospel, to their great spiritual loss. With their friend, Mr. Ingham, they did what they could to arrest the progress of these errors; but they had numerous engagements in other places; and they found that, during their absence, their efforts were neutralized,

and practical Christianity was supplanted by a soothing and self-indulgent quietism.

During the month of March, 1740, Mr. Charles Wesley went to Bengeworth, to visit his friend Mr. Seward, and preach in the neighbourhood, where he had formerly been favoured with great success. The brutal treatment which he there met he thus describes :—

“March 15th. Between two and three we came to Bengeworth. I sent for Mr. Seward: answer was returned, that he had taken physic, but would send his brother Henry to me. Mr. Henry followed me to Mr. Canning’s, and fell upon me without preface or ceremony. I was the downfall of his brother; had picked his pocket; ruined his family; come now to get more money; was a scoundrel, rascal, and so forth; and deserved to have my gown stripped over my ears. He concluded with threatening how he would beat me, if he could but catch me on Bengeworth-common. I spoke little, and with temper.

“All letters, I find, have been intercepted since Mr. Seward’s illness; his fever is called madness; his servants are set over him as spies, &c. Be sure, he is to know nothing of my being here; but I mean to give him a hint of it to-morrow, by shouting from the top of his wall.

“Sunday, March 16th. I preached the law and gospel last night, with much freedom and power; and appointed the usual place for preaching. Mr. Henry came to dissuade me; said, ‘Four constables are ordered to apprehend you, if you come near my brother’s wall; so come at your peril.’ I walked toward the place. An officer from the mayor met me, and desired me to come to him. I said, I would first wait upon my Lord, and then upon him, whom I revered for his office’s sake. I went on. Mr. Henry met me with threats and revilings. I began singing,—

‘ Shall I, for fear of feeble man,
The Spirit’s course in me restrain?’

He ran about, raving like a madman, and quickly got some men for his purpose, who laid hold on me. I asked by what authority. Where was their warrant? Let them show that. I would save them the trouble of using violence. They said, they had none; but I should not preach there; and hurried me away amid the cries of the people. Truly their tongues were set on fire of hell. Henry cried, ‘Take him away, and duck him.’ I broke out into singing, with Thomas Maxfield, and let them carry me whither they would. At the bridge-end of the lane they left me. There I stood, out of the liberty of the corporation, and gave out,—

‘ Angel of God, whate’er betide,
Thy summons I obey.’

Some hundreds they could not frighten from hearing me on, 'If God be for us, who can be against us?' Never did I feel so much what I spoke. The word did not return empty; as the tears on all sides testified.

"Then I waited on Mr. Mayor. The poor sincere ones followed me trembling. He was a little warm at my not coming before. I gave him the reason; and added, that I knew no law of God or man which I had transgressed. If there was any such, I desired no favour. He said, he should not have denied me leave to preach, even in his own yard, but Mr. Henry Seward and the 'pothecary' had assured him it would quite cast his brother down again. I said, it would rather restore him; for our gospel was life from the dead.

"A lawyer began declaiming against my making the poor gentleman mad. I granted, you fools must count his life madness. Here a clergyman spoke much and nothing. As near as I could pick out his meaning, he grumbled at Mr. Whitefield's speaking against the clergy in his Journal. I told him, if he himself was a carnal, worldly-minded clergyman, I might do what he called railing,—warn God's people to beware of false prophets. I did not *say*, (because I did not know him,) that he was one of those shepherds that fed themselves, not the flock; of those dumb dogs, that could not bark; of those greedy dogs, that could never have enough. If he was, I was sorry for him, and must leave that sentence of Chrysostom with him: 'Hell is paved with the skulls of Christian priests.' +

"He charged me with making a division in Mr. Seward's family. I asked, 'Are you a preacher of the gospel; and do not know the effect it has among men? There shall be five in a house; two against three; and three against two.' He laughed, and cried to his companion, 'Did not I tell you, he would bring that?' I urged the necessity of persecution, if one of the family was first awakened. 'Awakened!' said he; 'I do not know what you mean by that.' 'I mean, your speaking truth, when you tell God that the remembrance of your sins is grievous to you, the burden intolerable.' I turned from him, and asked the mayor whether he approved the treatment I had met with. He said, 'By no means;' and if I complained, he would bind the men over, to answer it at the sessions. I told him, I did not complain; neither would I prosecute them, as they well knew: assured him, I had waited upon him, not out of interest, for I wanted nothing of him; not out of fear, for I had done no wrong, and wanted no human support; but out of true respect, and to show him I believed the powers that be are ordained of God.

"In the church, the minister I had talked with seemed utterly confounded at the second lesson, John iii. That saying in the epistle

likewise was sadly inconsistent with some of his: 'But as then, he that was born after the flesh persecuted him that was born after the Spirit: *even so it is now.*' In the pulpit (Nicodemus's strong-hold) he strained hard to draw a parallel between the Pharisees and Methodists.

"In the evening I preached without interruption. Our Lord was present. None stirred for the rain. The school-house was crowded at seven. I spoke convincingly to some scoffers in particular, who could not long stand it.

'Sing ye to our God above
Praise eternal as his love!'

We have seen wonderful things to-day!

"March 17th. My yesterday's treatment has provoked many to love. They receive me the more gladly into their houses, because Mr. Seward's is shut against me. I breakfasted at a loving Quaker's, and preached at three by the river-side. God put strong words into my mouth, and inclined the people's hearts to hearken.

"Mr. Henry Seward, mad with passion at my stay, spreads the news of it everywhere, and much increases my audience. To-night I proceeded in the Beatitudes. When I came to the last, 'Blessed are they which are persecuted,' &c.; our enemies, not knowing the Scriptures, fulfilled them. A troop poured in from a neighbouring alehouse, and set up their champion, a schoolmaster, upon a bench over against me. For near an hour, he spake for his master, and I for mine; but my voice prevailed. Sometimes we prayed, sometimes sung and gave thanks. The Lord our God was with us, and the shout of a King was among us. In the midst of tumult, reproach, and blasphemy, I enjoyed a sweet calm within, even while I preached the gospel with most contention. These slighter conflicts must fit me for greater.

"March 18th. Last night's disturbance, we now hear, was contrived at the alehouse by the 'squire and rector. I preached at the usual place. I set my eyes on the man that had been most violent with me on Sunday, and testified my love. He thanked me, and seemed melted. While I was concluding, my friend, the schoolmaster, set up his throat. We had recourse to singing, which quite spoiled his oration. Henry had kept him in town, warm with drink for this purpose. I could hardly restrain the people from falling upon him. I went up to my other rough friend, the sergeant, and shook him by the hand with hearty good-will. He could not well tell how to take it; said he had only done what he was ordered; and seemed glad to get out of my hands. Some had come merely to make a riot; but my God was stronger than theirs.

"I had a message before preaching from the minister, that if I did not immediately quit the town, Mr. Henry Seward could easily raise a

mob; and then let me look to myself. Mr. Canning and others dissuaded me from going to the society; for my enemies were resolved to do me a mischief, which I ought to avoid by going out of the way for a while. I answered, in the words of Nehemiah, 'Should such a man as I flee?' not in self-confidence; (for I am naturally afraid of every thing;) but I was told in the morning psalms, 'Whoso dwelleth under the defence of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty,' &c. I went, and set upon the opposers; bade them glory of me, for they had terrified me now. I was really afraid—to leave Evesham. I durst no more do it, than forsake my Captain, or deny my Master, while any one of them opened his mouth against the truth. No man answered a word, or offered to disturb me in my following exhortation. Many were convinced. Mrs. Canning was in the depth of mourning. We spent an hour in songs of triumph. Some Quakers joined us, and found their giving God praises with their lips did not at all obstruct the melody of the heart."

Mr. Charles Wesley left Evesham on the 20th, for the purpose of visiting Oxford and some other places, where he was grieved to find that the "diabolical stillness," as he calls it, which had infected the society in London, had been recommended to his spiritual children, to their mortal injury. He laboured with all his might to convince them of their errors, and induce them to work out their own salvation with fear and trembling, according to the Scriptural direction; and returned to Evesham on the 25th. He says, "I met Mr. Henry. He asked me to step into the Crown. I answered, I did not frequent taverns. 'What business have you with my brother?' 'Can you imagine, if I have any business with him as a Christian, I shall communicate it to you?' 'Why not to me?' 'Because you are a natural man.' 'Why, are not you a natural man, as well as I?' 'You are a *mere* natural man, in your sins, and in your blood.' 'What do you mean by that? I say, have you any particular business?' 'I have business at present somewhat different from talking with you.'

"March 26th. News was brought us that Mr. Benjamin Seward was carrying out to Badsey, there to be secured, no doubt, till I turn my back on Evesham. I walked out that way, and met Henry. He excused his past behaviour: said anger was rooted in his nature. 'But, indeed, sir, you are the downfall of my brother Benjamin. He has certainly been out of his senses.' 'Yes; and so have I been before now in a fever.' 'O, but we all really think him mad, through means of you gentlemen.' 'Very likely you may; and if it should ever please God to make you a Christian, you will be thought mad too.' 'God make me a Christian! I am a better Christian than you are.' 'You was once in the way of being one; but you have stifled your convic-

tions.' 'I say, I am a better Christian than you are. I have good ministers and the Scriptures to teach me.' 'Yes; and those Scriptures say, a man that loves money is no more a Christian than an adulterer.' 'What, sir, must not a man love money? How shall he go to market without it? Not that I value it, not I. But what do you mean by making divisions in our family? You come now to get money.' 'Indeed, sir, you know not what I come for. You cannot tell what to make of me. You have no standard to measure me by, but yourself. I do not wonder at your outcries. Micah cried after them that ran away with his gods; and should they ask him what ailed him? Money is your god; and you think I come to rob you of it.' He rode to a good convenient distance; then turning back, cried out, 'You are a rascal, and a villain, and a pick-pocket!' and, setting spurs to his horse, made off as fast as he could. Brother Maxfield and I walked on, calmly praising God.

"Mr. Canning's little daughter told us, she had watched in the lane, and put a note into Mr. Benjamin Seward's hand. Soon after, his chariot stopped at our door, and I went out, and found my friend. He invited me to his house. Henry was upon the coach box, a place he full well became; and which nothing could make uneasy to him, but my presence. Yesterday he told me, I should never see his brother; and to-day he himself brings him to me.

"March 27th. I dined at Mr. Keech's, who is somewhat awakened; his daughter, more so; his wife, a true mourner. I drank tea with one that *was* a sinner, but now looks unto Jesus. I walked out with brother Maxfield to the river-side, and spent a comfortable hour in prayer and singing. Then we went to Mr. Benjamin Seward's. We found Henry and his wife with him; both surprisingly civil, and full of apology. Henry begged my pardon, and waited upon me to the gate.

"I finished Matthew v, with the society. All was quiet till the last hymn. Then I heard the enemy roaring, and gave out another. They left off first; and the people departed, not all, I hope, in peace; for the strong man armed is disturbed in many.

"March 28th. I met Mr. Henry at his brother's, and with all plainness and love endeavoured to convince him of sin. Never have I found a man of so little sense with so many evasions. I simply told him, that if he died in his present condition, he must die eternally; that he raged in vain; my hook was within him; I had warned the sinner, and delivered my own soul. 'Your hook!' cried he; 'what do you mean by your hook?' Benjamin answered, smiling, 'You know, brother, Mr. Wesley is a fisher of men.' As a minister, I added, I now showed him *his* lost estate; and that, whether he would hear, or whether he would forbear.

“In the school-house I summed up all I had said, and encouraged them to build up one another, promising to see them again when the Lord directed my way to them. Our parting was as it ought to be.

“March 29th. I took my leave of Mr. Seward. Henry fell upon me for advising his brother to keep up the society. ‘Rogue, rascal, villain, pick-pocket,’ were the best titles he could afford me. Mr. Benjamin interposed. I begged him not then to answer a fool according to his folly. Henry started up and courageously took me by the nose. The cries of Mrs. Seward stopped any further violence. I was filled with comfort, felt the hand of God upon me, and sat still. I said to Mrs. Seward, ‘Be not disquieted, madam: I have learned to turn the other cheek.’ Henry was as the troubled sea. Benjamin, perfectly composed, said to me, ‘You have now received one mark of Christ:’ to his brother, ‘Was I what you are, I should turn you out of my house this moment.’ I would not let him proceed; begged Mrs. Seward’s pardon for the disturbance I had been the innocent occasion of; and departed, rejoicing that I was counted worthy to suffer shame for the name of Christ.”

From Evesham, where he had been thus treated with insult, and where many people had received the truth with much contention, Mr. Charles Wesley, accompanied by Thomas Maxfield, hastened to Wescot, where Mr. Morgan, the clergyman, received him with respect and kindness; and while Charles was expounding the Epistle to Philemon, Mrs. Morgan received the power to believe with the heart unto righteousness, and was enabled to rejoice in God her Saviour. Taking Oxford in his way, he then returned to London, where he found the Fetter-lane society more and more infected with Molther’s corrupt leaven. Some were spending their time in wrangling and disputation, depreciating the means of grace; and others were quiet and easy in the open and avowed neglect of the most obvious duties of Christian piety. He did what he could to rouse the careless ones to a penitent sense of their sad loss, and to guard from the popular evil those who still stood fast in the Lord; but he saw that a permanent union with men who systematically opposed the observance of God’s ordinances was impossible. A separation, he perceived, must ensue. His journal more than confirms all that his brother has published on this melancholy subject.

“I talked,” says he, “with poor perverted Mr. Simpson. The *still ones* have carried their point. He said some were prejudiced against the Moravian Brethren; and particularly against Mr. Molther; but that he had received great benefit from them. I asked whether he *was still* in the means of grace, or *out* of them. ‘Means of grace!’ he answered: ‘there are none. Neither is there any good to be got by

those you call such; or any obligation upon us to use them. Sometimes I go to church and sacrament, for example' sake; but it is a thing of mere indifference. Most of us have cast them off. You must not speak a word in recommendation of them. That is setting people upon working.'

"What shall we say to these things? I then *said* little, but thought, 'Ah, my brother, you have set the wolf to keep the sheep!'

"April 4th. I called with Maxfield on Molther, in the afternoon. He did not much open himself; only talked in general against *running after ordinances*. We parted, as we met, without either prayer or singing. The time for these poor exercises is past.

"April 5th. I spent an hour with Charles Delamotte. The Philistines have been upon him, and prevailed. He has given up the ordinances, as to their being matter of duty. Only his practice lags a little behind his faith. He uses them still. He would not have me plead for them. 'They are mere outward things. Our brethren have left them off. It would only cause divisions to bring them up again. Let them drop, and speak of the weightier matters of the law.' I told him I would hear them of their own mouth, who talked against the ordinances: first, have my full evidence; and then speak and not spare. ▲

"I breakfasted with my mother, who has been dealt with; but in vain. *Bishop Beveridge would as soon have given up the ordinances!*

"I disturbed Mr. Stonehouse before his time. It was but eight o'clock. However, he rose, and came to me.

"If thou art he! but O how changed! how fallen! a mere, mere Moravian all over! He is now taught to teach, that there are no degrees of faith; no forgiveness, or faith, where any unbelief remains; any doubt, or fear, or sorrow. He himself was never justified; is going to leave his parish, and transport himself—to Germany! I have given an account of his wife in him.

"From eleven to one is devoted to conference. The first that came was Stephen Dupee, a soldier, who informs me he received forgiveness this week IN hearing the word, and could lay down his life for the truth of it. But forasmuch as faith came not by hearing the Moravians, I suppose, in his first temptation, they will remand him to the prison of Satan; and not allow him to have faith, till he submits to theirs.

"I walked with brother Maxfield, praying and praising God. A sweet confidence he gave us, that he would not leave us alone; but by us weak things confound the things that are strong.

"S. Jackson called, and much strengthened my hands. Most of the women have renounced the ordinances. Our sister Munsey has left their society, for their treatment of *her* ministers. A separation I foresee unavoidable. All means have been taken to wean our friends from

their esteem for us. God never used us, say they, as instruments to convert one soul. Indeed I have just received a noble testimony of William Seward, to the contrary. But he and George Whitefield are reprobated, as unbelievers. In a letter now received, George writes, 'Remember what Luther says, *Rather let heaven and earth come together, than one tittle of truth perish.*'" +

In this firm and decided manner did Mr. Charles Wesley unite with his brother, in maintaining Scriptural views of the ordinances of God, and in preserving their spiritual children from principles which, if reduced to practice, must have been destructive of piety. It is gratifying to find, that the most eager *talkers* against the means of grace, still waited upon God in the use of them; and that others, with a singular inconsistency, professedly attended public worship, and the sacrament of the Lord's supper, "for the sake of example;" thus assuming, in direct contradiction of their own avowed opinions, that, with respect to people in general, danger is to be apprehended from the neglect of these ordinances, and benefit is to be realized in attending them. If the ordinances were useless, and of no obligation, why should they be recommended by "example," any more than by preaching? The hearts of these erring men were better than their understandings; yet their influence was mischievous in a high degree. It is difficult to avoid the impression, that these foreign ministers, then in London, wished to get rid of the Wesleys, that they might, without difficulty, form a distinct and independent society, in strict connection with the Moravian Church: a scheme which could never be accomplished while these two energetic and zealous Church-of-England clergymen stood in the way.

It was a mighty advantage to the Wesleys, in this emergency of their affairs, that they had the Foundery in their own hands, as a commodious place of religious worship. Often were they reminded, that "the room in Fetter-lane was taken for the Moravians;" but in the Foundery they had perfect freedom of speech. Here they lifted up the warning voice against sin, and every form of error, in the presence of multitudes of people, who not unfrequently crowded the place both within and without; some inquiring what they must do to be saved, and others wishful to know whether or not there were any means of grace. Charles was in the habit of delivering expository discourses upon entire books of Scripture. At Bristol, he expounded publicly the Epistle to the Romans; and at the Foundery, the Gospel of St. John. Both the brothers laboured to produce strong feeling in the hearts of their hearers; but the means which they employed, in order to this end, were not the arts of oratory and declamation. They aimed, in all their ministrations, to communicate solid instruction.

Yet attempts were made to interrupt them in the peaceable occupa-

tion of their plain and humble house of prayer. On the 31st of May, 1740, says Mr. Charles Wesley, "I heard that the Foundery was lately presented at Hick's Hall, for a seditious assembly. Sir John Gunson interposed, and objected that no persons were named in the presentment. Upon this they presented Charles Wesley, clerk; James Hutton, bookseller; Timothy Lewis, printer; and Howell Harris, *alias* the Welsh apostle. But our friend Sir John quashed the whole."

"Easter-day, April 6th. At the Foundery," says Charles, "I strongly preached Christ, and the power of his resurrection. My intention was, not to mention one word of the controverted points, till I had spoken with each of the seducers. But God ordered it better. My mouth was opened to ask, 'Who hath bewitched you, that you should let go your Saviour? that you should cast away your shield, and your confidence, and deny you ever knew him?' More to this purpose I said; and then followed a burst of general sorrow. The whole congregation was in tears. I called them back to their Saviour, even *theirs*, in words which were not mine; pressed obedience to the divine ordinances; and prayed my Lord to stay his hand, and not set his seal, unless I spake as the oracles of God. After preaching he sent me a witness of his truth, which I had delivered. A sister, long in darkness through doubtful disputations, came, and declared Christ had again imprinted forgiveness on her heart. My heart, for the time, was as hers. Brother Maxfield was in the full triumph of faith.

"I dined at Hiland's, halting between two. Bell, Simpson, and others, when the bell rung for church, said, 'It is good for us to be *here*.' 'Well, then,' said I, 'I will go myself, and leave you to your antichristian liberty.' Upon this, they started up, and bore me company.

"The Foundery at night was filled both within and without. I showed them their natural estate, and the way to come out of it, in blind Bartimeus, who sat by the way-side begging. I could not have *so spoken* of the ordinances, had not God instituted them. Every word brought its own evidence to their hearts."

The preaching at Moorfields and at Kennington-common was still continued; and Mr Charles Wesley devoted two hours daily to what he calls "conferences:" that is, from eleven to one o'clock he was accessible to all who chose to apply to him for spiritual advice. In this exercise instances of spiritual good received through his ministry often came under his notice, which greatly encouraged him in his work. "Many poor sinners," says he on the 8th of April, "came to confer with me to-day about their souls. Two hours is full too little for this work." On the same day he adds,—

"At one the women bands met by my appointment. I began pray-

ing, and we were all overwhelmed. I spoke largely of their being brought into the wilderness; of their folly and ingratitude, in giving up not his ministers only, but their Saviour himself. My love and sorrow ran through them all. I told them that their forsaking the ordinances sufficiently accounted for their being forsaken by Christ; warned them against disputing, against vindicating *me*, or saying, 'I am of Paul, and I of Apollos;' against the double extreme of resting in the means, or slighting them; but, above all, of stopping short of the glorious image of God. Jane Jackson and others witnessed what God had done for their souls through our ministry. If Christ be not with us, who hath begotten us these? His power overshadowed us at this time: therefore our hearts danced for joy, and in our song did we praise him.

"I preached at the Common to six thousand poor, maimed, halt, and blind. Glory to Him who is with his messengers *always!*

"April 22d. I met Molther at Mrs. Ibson's. He expressly denies that grace, or the Spirit, is transmitted through the means, particularly through the sacrament. This, he insists, is no command; is for believers only; that is, for such as are sanctified, have Christ fully formed in their hearts. Faith, he teaches, is inconsistent with any following doubt, or selfish thought. He mentioned it as a sign of my carnal state, that I complained of our brethren for withdrawing the people's love from me and my brother. I answered, 'So did St. Paul, on a like occasion. *They zealously affect you, but not well: yea, they would exclude us, that ye might affect THEM.* If I desired their love for my own sake, it was wrong and carnal; if for theirs, it was right and apostolical.'"

In the midst of these agitations, Thomas Keen, "a mild and candid Quaker," of Thaxted, in Essex, addressed the following letter to Mr. Charles Wesley. Charles had preached in the field of this devout man, about twelve months before, when on a visit to Broadoaks; and Keen had then believed to the saving of his soul.

"May 15th, 1740. My Friend,—I hear there are divisions among you; for some say, 'I am of Wesley;' and others, 'I am of Molther.' But I say, 'I am of Christ; and what he bids me do, I will do, and not trust in any man.' Here some will say, 'What Christ bids you do, is, to believe, and *be still;*' but does he bid me do nothing else? He bids me 'let my light so shine before men, that they may glorify my Father which is in heaven.' He likewise says, 'The scribes and Pharisees sit in Moses's chair: all, therefore, whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe and do.' But how can I know what they bid me do, except I go to hear them? Again, Christ bids me observe all things which he commands the apostles; and with such he will be to the end of the world: but if I do not observe and do his commands, he will not

be with me. He bids me 'do this in remembrance of' him. Now, if any man can prove this is not a command, I will obey it no longer. But whosoever 'breaketh one of these least commandments, and teacheth men so, shall be called least in the kingdom of heaven.'

"As to *stillness*, our Saviour saith, 'The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force;' and, 'Strive to enter in at the strait gate.' And St. Paul saith, 'Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling;' and, 'God is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him.' Now, these scriptures imply somewhat more than barely sitting still. Some deny that there are any means of grace; but I will be thankful for them, since it was in them I first heard you preach faith in Christ; and, had I not been there, I must have been without faith to this day. One told me, when you preached, you had nature in your face. So will every one who speaks with zeal; but no matter for that, if he has but grace in his heart.

"My friend, there are many teachers, but few fathers. But you are my father, who begat me by the gospel; and, I trust, many more. May the Lord lead you into all truth! So prays your friend,

"THOMAS KEEN."

f The fine hymn* [commencing] "Long have I seem'd to serve thee, Lord," was written by Mr. Charles Wesley in the midst of these disputes. It guards against extremes both on the right hand and the left; and embodies those just views on the subject which the brothers steadily maintained to the end of their lives. He used to call upon the right-minded people in his congregations at the Foundery, to unite with him in singing it; and it is difficult to conceive how any enlightened Christian could refuse to join in the holy exercise. Its effect, at the time, must have been very powerful.

While the controversy respecting the ordinances was agitated, the Wesleys still preached in Moorfields and on Kennington-common, to vast multitudes, and with undiminished success. Conversions were numerous, and the society connected with the Foundery increased continually. It was commenced about the end of November, 1739, with twelve members; and by the middle of June following they were increased to three hundred, nearly the whole of whom professed saving faith in Christ, and exhibited its fruits in their lives. Among others, who at this time obtained the Christian salvation, were Mrs. Hall, the sister of John and Charles Wesley, and Grace Murray, to whom John some years afterward made an offer of marriage. Yet amidst all their usefulness, their hearts were wrung with anguish when they saw their most valued friends alienated from them, and the children of their faith

* Most of this hymn is included in hymns 79 and 81, of our Hymn-Book.—*Am. Ed.*

and prayer perverted by error in one of its most mischievous forms, Mr. Piers, who was a timid Christian, retained his integrity; but the family of the Delamottes were all led into the prevalent delusion, and withdrew their affection and confidence from the man whose ministry and conversation had been to them a means of the greatest spiritual good. Under the date of June 10th, he says:—

“I rode with Maxfield to Bexley, and was greatly comforted with my brother Piers. The weak stand when the strong fall. In spite of all the *still ones*, he has held fast the truth; neither forsaking the ordinances, nor denying his *weak* faith. I went thence to Blendon; no longer Blendon to me. They could hardly force themselves to be barely civil. I took a hasty leave, and with a heavy heart, weighed down by their ingratitude, returned to Bexley. Here I preached the gospel to a little flock, among whom the grievous wolves have not entered.

“June 11th. I was constrained to bear my testimony for the last time at Blendon. Maxfield accompanied me. I desired to speak with Mrs. Delamotte alone. She did not well know how to refuse, and walked with me into the hall. I began: ‘Three years ago God sent me to call you from the form to the power of godliness. I told you what true religion was: a new birth, a participation of the divine nature. The way to this I did not know myself till a year after. Then I showed it to you, preaching Jesus Christ, and faith in his blood. You know how you treated me. God soon after called you to a living faith by my ministry. Then you received me as an angel of God. Where is now the blessedness you spake of? Whence is this change? this jealousy, and fear, and coldness? Why are you thus impatient to hear me speak?’ She offered several times to leave me; said she did not know what I meant; did not want to dispute, &c. ‘I do not come to dispute. Why are you afraid of me? What have I done? You gave, as a reason for not seeing me in town, that you did not care to be unsettled. Once I unsettled you, through the strength of the Almighty; stirred you up from your lees: took you off from your works; and grounded you upon Christ. Other foundation than this can no man lay. I only desire to settle you more firmly upon him; to warn you against the danger of being removed from the hope of the gospel. Our brethren, whom now you follow, are making a schism in the Church. Follow them not in this.’ She would not hear any more, but hurried into the parlour. When I came in, Betty left it, but afterward returned. She has not been at the sacrament for several months. I warned them against casting off the ordinances, which were divine commands, binding all, whether justified or unjustified.

“They continually interrupted me, asking why I talked to them. I

answered, because I durst not forbear, but must deliver my own soul. Betty said, she had received great benefit from Molther, and should therefore hear none but him. I told her I had nothing to say against her hearing him, unless when he spoke against the ordinances.

“ Upon their again and again bidding me silence, I asked, ‘ Do you therefore, at this time, in the presence of Jesus Christ, acquit, release, and discharge me from any further care, concern, or regard for your souls? Do you desire I would never more speak unto you in his name?’ Betty frankly answered, ‘ Yes.’ Mrs. Delamotte assented by her silence. ‘ Then here,’ said I, ‘ I take my leave of you, till we meet at the judgment-seat!’ With these words I rendered up my charge to God.

“ Then said I, after leaving them, ‘ I have laboured in vain; I have spent my strength for naught: yet surely my judgment is with the Lord, and my work with my God.’ Surely this is enough to wean and make me cease from man. With Blendon I give up all expectation of gratitude upon earth. Vanity of vanities, all is vanity; even friendship itself!

“ I rode on softly to Eltham, cast out by my dearest friends. I pray God, it may not be laid to their, or to their seducers,’ charge! Pity and grief for them was uppermost in my heart; and these were much relieved by the scripture that first offered: ‘ And Paul went down, and fell on him, and, embracing him, said, Trouble not yourselves; for his life is in him.’”

This is merely a specimen of the bitter fruits which were produced by the new doctrines which it was now attempted to introduce.

The questions at issue between the Wesleys and the leading men among the Moravians, at this time in London, were not, as every one must perceive, matters of mere opinion, concerning which good men might innocently differ, but affected the very substance of practical religion. The brothers found it difficult to believe that Molther and his friends really did intend to depreciate the ordinances of God, and persuade those who did not possess saving faith to a disuse of them, as being injurious rather than beneficial; and that they in reality meant to teach that believers may, or may not, at their own option, wait upon God in the use of the means which he has appointed. The thing seemed incredible. Every precaution was therefore employed, to guard against mistake. Mr. John Wesley, especially, conversed repeatedly with Molther; took down his words in writing; then read them to him, and laid them before him, to guard against all possibility of a misunderstanding in a subject so weighty. Molther, however, steadily and unequivocally maintained the principles which he had been understood to avow; and the melancholy effects of his teaching were manifest in the spirit of unsanctified disputation, and the carelessness and levity

which prevailed among those of the young converts who entertained his views. Mr. John Wesley, therefore, preached a series of discourses on the means of grace, proving from the Scriptures that they are ordinances of God's appointment, which cannot be neglected without sin; and showing the manner in which they ought to be used by all who desire to please God, and to secure their own salvation. Finding that all his efforts to establish the truth were resisted by the opposite party, and that evil rather than spiritual benefit was likely to ensue from his continued union with the society in Fetter-lane, where he had been a private member rather than a minister, he attended a love-feast in that place on Sunday, July 20th, 1740, and at the close of the service read a paper declaratory of his conscientious dissent from the principles which for about nine months had been there entertained relative to the ordinances of God. He adds, "I then, without saying any thing more, withdrew, as did eighteen or nineteen of the society."

There can be no doubt, that the withdrawal of the Wesleys, and especially of John, from the society in Fetter-lane, was a matter of satisfaction to Molther and his friends. They were now at liberty to carry out their own plans without restraint. Hitherto the society in general had professed to be in union with the Church of England, and had gone as a body, accompanied by the two Wesleys, to St. Paul's cathedral, to receive the holy communion; but from this time they assumed the character of a distinct community, belonging, not to the Church of England, but to that of the United Brethren. The Wesleys, and those who adhered to them, resolved to abide by their former principles; and from this time the parties were distinct.

Mr. Charles Wesley was not in London when this formal separation from the society in Fetter-lane took place; but he had repeatedly declared that such an event was inevitable. He was now in Bristol, labouring with his wonted zeal in that city, and especially among the Kingswood colliers, whose teachableness and piety afforded him the highest gratification, and formed a perfect contrast to the coldness and self-sufficiency of the disputers whom he had just left. About five or six weeks before the secession he took an affectionate leave of the prosperous society connected with the Foundery, and set out for Bristol, calling at Oxford on his way. He was accompanied by Thomas Maxfield, who seems to have been his constant companion; and by one of his nephews, whom he intended to apprentice in Bristol. On his way he had a narrow escape from a highwayman, which he thus describes:—

"We stopped half an hour at brother Hodges's; lost our way through Kensington; baited an hour at Gerard's-cross. Three miles short of Wycomb, several people met us, and asked us if we had seen a high-

wayman, who had shot a man on the road, not an hour ago. In a mile's riding we found the poor man, weltering in his blood. The minister of Wycomb informed us, that he was a little behind, and heard the highwayman threaten to shoot him, if he did not deliver his money that instant. He answered, 'You shall have all the money I have, but it is not much;' and the other, without any more words, shot him through the head. I could not but observe the particular providence of God over us. Had we not delayed in the morning,—had we not called on Hodges,—had we not stopped at Gerard's-cross,—we had just met the murderer.

"June 19th. Hearing he was apprehended at a farrier's, (his horse having cast a shoe,) I went this morning to tell him Christ died to save murderers; but his heart was harder than the nether millstone."

When travelling between Malmsbury and Bristol, he says, "Such an unaccountable heaviness came over me on the road, that I was forced to light, and lie down for a quarter of an hour. I rose refreshed with the little sleep, and rode forward till we met a poor old man of eighty. I was enabled to preach the gospel to his heart. We left him looking up to Jesus, and went on praising God." So intent was he upon his Master's work and honour!

In the evening of the same day he arrived at Kingswood, and preached in what he calls "the malt-room." He exclaims, "O what simplicity is in this childlike people! A spirit of contrition and love ran through them. Here the seed has fallen upon good ground.

"Sunday, June 22d. I went to learn Christ among our colliers, and drank into their spirit. We rejoiced for the consolation. O that our London brethren would come to school to Kingswood! These *are* what they *pretend* to be. God knows their poverty; but they are rich, and daily entering into rest, without being first brought into confusion. They do not hold it necessary to deny the weak faith, in order to get the strong. Their soul truly waiteth still upon God, in the way of his ordinances. Ye many masters, come, learn Christ of these outcasts; for know, 'except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven.'

"I met several of those whom I had baptized, and found them grown in grace. Some thousands waited for me at Rose-green; and surely the Lord passed by, and said to some in their blood, 'Live!' I concluded the day at the men's love-feast. Peace, unity, and love are here. We did not forget our poor distracted brethren.

"How ought I to rejoice at my deliverance out of their hands and spirit! My soul is escaped, as a bird out of the snare of the fowler. And did I not love the lambs of Christ, indeed the grievous wolves, I would see your face no more! I am no longer a debtor of the gospel

to you. Me ye have fairly discharged : but if you reject my testimony, others receive it gladly, and say, 'Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the Lord.'"

While preaching in the open air, and enjoying the communion of saints with the colliers at Kingswood, not many of whom were able to read, the learned collegian was summoned to the University of Oxford. There, he says, "I spent a week to little purpose, but that of obedience to man for the Lord's sake. In the hall I read my two lectures on Psalm cxxx, preaching repentance toward God, and faith in Jesus Christ. But learned 'Gallo cared for none of these things.'"

He returned, therefore, with great pleasure to Bristol and Kingswood, where his word was attended by an especial blessing, and the people received it with eagerness and joy. "I dare not," says he, on his arrival, "depart from the work, while God so strengthens me therein. We walked over the waste to the school, singing and rejoicing. It was their love-feast. Two hundred were assembled in the spirit of Jesus. Never have I seen and *felt* such a congregation of faithful souls. I question whether Hernhuth can now afford the like."

One day, when he was preaching here, a man in the congregation, feeling the force of the word, cried out vehemently, "What do you mean by looking at ME? and directing yourself to ME? and telling ME, I shall be damned?" "I did then," says the preacher, "address myself to him; but he hurried away with the utmost precipitation."

The conversion of the colliers of Kingswood, from their wicked and barbarous habits, to the enjoyment of spiritual religion, and the practice of a pure morality, has often been referred to, as an occasion of gratitude, and a specimen of the general benefit which the nation has derived from the labours of the Wesleys, and of their friend Mr. Whitefield. This work, however, at the time, was not viewed with satisfaction in every quarter. Some of the men who ought the most to have rejoiced in it, regarded it with aversion, and threw all the difficulties they could in the way of its progress. The brothers pressed the people to attend the religious services of the national Church, and set the example themselves. The clergy in Bristol at first complained of the increase of their labour in the administration of the Lord's supper. When they found that complaints addressed to the intruders were of no avail, and that the inconvenience rather increased than diminished, they entered into an agreement among themselves to repel from the Lord's table, both the Wesleys and the people whom they brought to church. After this, the Methodists attended the public service of the Church; but they were compelled to receive the Lord's supper in their own separate places of worship, that they might not violate the command of Christ. Charles declared that, under the circumstances of the case, he

should have felt himself justified in administering it in the midst of the wood, and in the open air, could he have obtained no better accommodation. The following are some of his notices on this painful subject:—

“Our poor colliers being repelled from the Lord’s table by most of the Bristol ministers, I exhorted them, notwithstanding, to continue daily with one accord in the temple, where the wicked administrator can neither spoil the prayers, nor poison the sacrament.

“Sunday, July 27th. I heard a miserable sermon at Temple church, recommending religion as the most likely way to raise a fortune. After it, proclamation was made, that all should depart who were not of the parish. While the shepherd was driving away the lambs, I stayed, suspecting nothing, till the clerk came to me, and said, ‘Mr. Beecher bids you go away; for he will not give you the sacrament.’ I went to the vestry door, and mildly desired Mr. Beecher to admit me. He asked, ‘Are you of this parish?’ I answered, ‘Sir, you see I am a clergyman.’ Dropping his first pretence, he charged me with rebellion, in expounding the Scripture without authority, and said, in express words, ‘I repel you from the sacrament.’ I replied, ‘I cite you to answer this before Jesus Christ, at the day of judgment.’ This enraged him above measure. He called out, ‘*Here! take away this man!*’ The constables were ordered to attend; I suppose lest the furious colliers should take the sacrament by force. But I saved them the trouble of taking away ‘this man,’ and quietly retired.”

Some of the civic authorities in Bristol were equally hostile to the self-denying men who were wearing out their lives in disinterested efforts to raise the morals, as well as save the souls, of the common people. Two unhappy convicts, under sentence of death, requested to have the counsel and prayers of Mr. John Wesley before their execution, but were peremptorily refused by Alderman Beecher. Catherine Highfield, a servant-maid, who was connected with the Methodists, was charged with robbing her master of three hundred pounds. Mr. Charles Wesley says that Alderman Day, and others, “threatened to put her in irons, if she would not confess that she had given the money to my brother. When no proof could be brought against her, they were forced to discharge her: and soon after her master found the money where he himself had lodged it.”

In the midst of his labours, and of the deep anxiety connected with them, Mr. Charles Wesley’s health again failed him. That he should have been able thus far to endure such wasting toil and care was indeed surprising; but the providence and grace of God are strikingly displayed in this part of his personal history. On the 6th of August he says,—

“In great heaviness I spoke to the women bands, as taking my farewell. We sung the hymn which begins,—

‘While sickness shakes the house of clay,
And, sapp’d by pain’s continued course
My nature hastens to decay,
And waits the fever’s friendly force.’

After speaking a few faint words to the brethren, I was immediately taken with a shivering, and then the fever came. The next morning I was bled, and carried by Mrs. Hooper to her house. There I looked into the Bible, and met with, ‘The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing; thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness.’ My pain and disease increased for ten days; so that there was no hope of my life: but then Jesus touched my hand, and rebuked the fever, and it left me. I had no apprehension of death myself. It was reported I was dead, and published in the papers; but God had not finished (O that he had effectually begun!) his work in me: therefore he held my soul in life, and made all things work together for my recovery.

“Dr. Middleton, an utter stranger to me, God raised up, and sent to my assistance. He refused taking any fees, and told the ’pothecary, he would pay for my physic, if I could not. He attended me constantly, as the divine blessing did his prescriptions; so that in less than a fortnight the danger was over.

“For the next fortnight I recovered slowly; but had little use of my legs, and none of my head. One of our colliers, taken ill of the same fever, since me, has died in full triumph of faith. When I was just able to stand, my brother came from London. We rode out most days in Mr. Wane’s (or a hired) chariot, comparing our dangers, temptations, and deliverances.

“I found myself, after this gracious visitation, more desirous and able to pray; more afraid of sin; more earnestly longing for deliverance, and the fulness of Christian salvation. As soon as my bodily weakness would permit, I returned to my old hours of retirement; but with fear, and earnest prayer that I might not rest in my own works or endeavours.

“Mr. Carey’s curate informed us, that Mr. Carey had ordered him to repel my brother and me from the sacrament.

“I passed two or three days at Mr. Arthur’s, in Kingswood; and by the blessing of God recovered the use of my understanding, which was so clouded, that I could neither read nor think.”

The personal history of Dr. Middleton was peculiar and instructive. His morals were correct, his temper and habits generous and benevolent, his uprightness undeniable; but he appears to have been in a great measure a stranger to Christian piety till he was brought to the close

of life. Having attended many of the Methodists in Bristol and its vicinity, he was a witness of their holy resignation in pain and sickness, and of their peace and hope in death. In the presence of gainsayers and accusers, therefore, he was accustomed to defend them; and frequently said, "A people who live and die so well must be good." From the poor of the society he would accept no fee; but always requested an interest in their prayers. When he had become a gray-headed man of seventy years, and was induced through age and infirmity to anticipate his removal into another world, he felt his need of that inward witness of God's adopting love, the cheering effects of which he had often seen in his Methodist patients. In this manner the prayers of the people in his behalf were answered by the God of all grace. The man of science, humanity, and virtue, saw that he was a mere sinner; and in the spirit of deep penitence and self-abasement, he cried for mercy through the sacrifice of Christ. After a long and painful delay, he received the gift of faith, and with it the salvation revealed in the gospel. He was filled with peace, and joy, and holy love; manifested the gentleness and sweetness of a little child; declared with rapturous gratitude what the Lord had done for his soul; uttered earnest benedictions upon all around him; and at length, full of triumphant hope, he yielded up his spirit into the hands of his merciful Saviour. He died in the arms of his friend Dr. Robertson,* on the 16th of December, 1760; and on the occasion of his death Mr. Charles Wesley wrote a hymn of considerable length, full of affection, and of admiration of the grace of God. He left it among his inedited manuscripts. It is probable that Dr. Middleton's attendance upon Mr. Charles Wesley, on the occasion just described, led to this signal display of the divine mercy.

Under the care of this skilful physician, Mr. Charles Wesley just recovered his health in time to prevent a riot among the colliers of Kingswood, which, but for his interference, would in all probability have been followed by calamitous consequences. "I was setting out," says he, "for the Downs, when one asked me to ride out toward Mr. Willis's. At the end of the town I was informed the colliers were risen. Above one thousand of them I met at Lawrence-hill. They came about me, and saluted me very affectionately, not having seen me since my illness. The occasion of their rising, they told me, was the dearness of corn. I got to an eminence, and began speaking to them. Many seemed inclined to go back with me to the school; but the devil stirred up his oldest servants, who violently rushed upon the

* This was, in all probability, the Dr. Robertson to whom Mr. John Wesley addressed the letter concerning Chevalier Ramsay's "Philosophical Principles of Religion," which is inserted in the sixth volume of his Works, pp. 720-724.

others, beating and tearing and driving them away from me. I rode up to a ruffian, who was striking one of our colliers, and prayed him rather to strike me. He would not, he said, for all the world; and was quite overcome. I turned upon one who struck my horse, and he also sunk into a lamb. Wherever I turned, Satan lost ground; so that he was obliged to make one general assault, and by the few violent colliers forced on the quiet ones into the town.

“I seized on one of the tallest, and earnestly besought him to follow me: that he would, he said, all the world over. About six more I pressed into Christ's service. We met several parties, stopped, and exhorted them to join us. We gleaned a few from every company, and grew as we marched along, singing, to the school. From one till three we spent in prayer, that evil might be prevented, and the lion chained. Then news was brought us, that the colliers were returned in peace. They had quietly walked into the city, without sticks, or the least violence. A few of the better sort went to the mayor, and told their grievance. Then they all returned as they came, without noise or disturbance. All who saw were amazed; for the leopards were laid down. Nothing could have more shown the change wrought in them than this rising.

“I found afterward that all our colliers, to a man, had been forced into it. Having learned of Christ not to resist evil, they went a mile with those that compelled them, rather than free themselves by violence. One the rioters dragged out of his sick-bed, and threw him into the fish-ponds. Near twenty of Mr. Willis's men they got by threatening to fill up their pits, and bury them alive, if they did not come up, and bear them company.” The next day he says, “I carried Mr. Seward to our colliers, before whom I set the things they would have done, in the late rising, had not grace restrained them. One poor man declared, when they forced him away, he would much more willingly have gone to the gallows.” So mighty was the change which divine truth and grace had wrought in the spirit of these once fierce, ungovernable, and wicked men; and so substantial was the proof afforded to the Wesleys, that they had not laboured in vain.

Hitherto Mr. Charles Wesley, as an itinerant preacher, had confined his labours mostly to London and Bristol, with their respective neighbourhoods; but he now resolved to pay a visit to Wales, as his brother had done some time before. A remarkable revival of religion was now begun in the principality, chiefly through the efforts of Howell Harris, a pious layman of great zeal, and of undaunted resolution. He had entered himself at the University of Oxford, but did not remain there long enough to take his first degree, being offended with the ungodliness which he witnessed among the members of that learned body.

He returned home, and opened a school; but having obtained peace with God, by faith in the Lord Jesus, he became greatly concerned for his fellow-countrymen, and began to preach in private houses, and in the open air, as Vavosour Powell had done eighty or ninety years before, and as the Wesleys and Mr. Whitefield were then doing in England; although, at first, he had no acquaintance either with them or their proceedings. Notwithstanding his irregularity, he lived and died in communion with the Church of England, to whose services he was inviolably attached. His simple, energetic, and faithful ministrations were highly successful in calling the public attention to religion, and in turning many to righteousness. His theological views were Calvinistic; but his charity was expansive. He visited the Wesleys in London; preached in the Foundery; attended various meetings in Fetter-lane, and urged upon the people there a diligent attendance upon the ordinances of God, in opposition to the refinements which Molther and his friends were attempting to introduce. The Wesleys loved him sincerely, notwithstanding the difference in their views of the knotty "five points." A few of the Welsh clergy, too, were at this time disposed to countenance these extraordinary efforts for the revival of decayed religion. They were friendly with Mr. Harris, whom they encouraged in his labours of love; and they cordially welcomed the Wesleys to their respective pulpits.

Mr. Charles Wesley landed at Cardiff on the evening of November 6th, with the voice of praise and thanksgiving. Mr. Wells, the clergyman, at whose invitation he had come, was waiting to greet him on his arrival. He remained a fortnight in Wales, preaching with great enlargement of heart in many of the churches, and taking sweet counsel with two or three clergymen of kindred spirit, especially Mr. Wells, Mr. Thomas, and Mr. Hodges, the minister of Wenvo. Finding that Howell Harris's Calvinism had given offence at Cardiff, Mr. Charles Wesley says, "God opened my mouth to declare the truth of his everlasting love to all mankind. At the same time he enlarged my heart to its opposers. I took occasion to speak of Howell Harris; bore such a testimony of him as he deserves; and mildly upbraided them for their ingratitude toward the greatest benefactor their country ever had. We all expressed our love by joining in hearty prayer for him."

On the same day he sent a messenger to Harris, with the following characteristic note; finding that some of the advocates of absolute predestination were attempting to fill his mind with unjust suspicion, and thus produce an alienation of heart between him and the Wesleys:—

"My Dearest Friend and Brother,—In the name of Jesus Christ, I beseech you, if you have his glory and the good of souls at heart, come

immediately, and meet me here. I trust we shall never be two, in time or eternity. O my brother, I am grieved that Satan should get a moment's advantage over us; and I am ready to lay my neck under your feet for Christ's sake. If your heart is as my heart, hasten, in the name of our dear Lord, to

“Your second self.”

In a few days Howell Harris arrived. “All misunderstandings vanished at sight of each other, and our hearts were knit together as at the beginning. Alas, poor world, poor Baptists! We sung a hymn of triumph. God had prepared his heart for this meeting. At the sacrament he had found the spirit of martyrdom falling upon him; and immediately I was brought to his remembrance. His heart overflowed with love; and he thought we were going hand in hand to the stake.”

A similar spirit actuated the pious clergy, especially Mr. Hodges. “At parting,” says Mr. Charles Wesley, he, “in great simplicity, desired my prayers, and a kiss.”

In other breasts, however, very different feelings prevailed. The players at Cardiff were deeply offended, that the people went to the church in preference to the theatre; and some among the moral part of the community were at least equally offended at the preacher's strong statements concerning the universal corruption of human nature, and the consequent necessity of the new birth. Many bound themselves by a curse, during the last Sunday of his stay, that they would hinder him from preaching. In this they were disappointed; but many of them, during the sermon, rushed out of the church together. Soon after, a physician arose from his seat, and walked out, with evident signs of disapprobation. “I called after him in vain,” says Charles; and “then earnestly prayed for him, and the rest, the Spirit helping my infirmity.”

This was a prelude to greater disturbance. “The captain giving me notice,” says Mr. Charles Wesley, “that we should sail the next day, I determined to spend the night in taking leave. We supped at the friendly Mr. Wells's, and then called at Captain Phillips's. Between ten and eleven, just as I was going, Satan began to show his wrath. The physician who had gone out of church on Sunday, stirred up by his companions, and unusually heated with wine, came, and demanded satisfaction of me for calling him Pharisee. I said, I was ready to acknowledge my mistake, if he would assure me, he had gone out of church to visit his patients. He replied, he had gone out because he disliked my discourse. ‘Then, sir,’ said I, ‘I cannot ask pardon for telling you a truth.’ ‘But you must for calling me a Pharisee.’ I still insisted, ‘You are a Pharisee, and cannot endure sound doctrine.

My commission is, to show you your sins ; and I shall make no apology for so doing, to you, or any man living. You are a condemned sinner by nature, and a Pharisee, like me ; and this testimony I should bear before rulers and kings. You are a rebel against God, and must bow your stiff neck to him, before you can be forgiven.' 'How do you know my heart?' 'My heart showeth me the wickedness of the ungodly.' 'Sir, I am as good a Christian as yourself.' 'You are no Christian at all, unless you have received the Holy Ghost.' 'How do you prove that you have the Holy Ghost?' 'By searching your heart, and showing you that you are a Pharisee.' Here he lifted up his cane and struck me. Mrs. Phillips intercepted and broke the blow. Felix Farley tripped up his heels, and the company rushed in between. My soul was immediately filled with the calm, recollected boldness of faith. There was a great outcry among the women. Several of them he struck and hurt, and raged like one possessed, till the men forced him out, and shut the door.

"Soon after it was broken open by a justice, and the bailiff or head magistrate. The latter began expostulating with me upon the affront offered the doctor ; and said, as it was a public injury, I ought to make him public satisfaction. I answered, 'Mr. Bailiff, I honour you for your office' sake ; but was you yourself, or his majesty King George, among my hearers, I should tell you both, that you are by nature condemned sinners. In the church, while preaching, I have no superior but God, and shall not ask man leave to show him his sins. As a ruler, it is your duty to be a terror to evil-doers, but a praise to them that do well.' Upon my thus speaking he became exceeding civil ; assured me of his good will ; that he had come to prevent my being insulted ; and none should touch a hair of my head.

"While we were talking, the doctor made another attempt to break in, and get at me ; but the two justices and others, with much trouble, at last got him out. They went ; and we continued our triumph in the name of the Lord our God. The shout of a King was among us. We sung on, unconcerned, though those sons of Belial, the players, had beset the house. They were armed, and threatened to burn the house. The ground of their quarrel with me is, that the gospel has starved them. We prayed and sung with great tranquillity, till one in the morning. Then I lay down till three ; rose again ; and was scarcely got into the room, when they discovered a player just by me, who had stolen in unobserved. They seized him, and Felix Farley wrested the sword from him. There was no need of drawing it ; for the point and blade were stripped a hand-breadth of the scabbard.

"When the sword was brought in, the spirit of faith was kindled at the sight of the danger. Great was our rejoicing within, and the uproar

of the players without, who strove to force their way after their companion. My female advisers were by no means for my turning out, but deferring my journey. I preferred Mr. Wells's advice, of going with him through the midst of our enemies. I called in on the poor creature they had secured. They talked of warrants, prosecutions, &c. On sight of me, he cried, 'Indeed, Mr. Wesley, I did not intend to do you any harm.' That, I answered, was best known to God, and his own heart; but my principle was, to return good for evil; wherefore I desired he might be released; assured him of my good wishes; and with Mr. Wells walked peaceably to the water-side, no man forbidding me. Our friends stood on the shore, while we joined in hearty thanksgiving."

The vessel was unable to proceed for want of water: so between five and six in the morning Mr. Charles Wesley returned to the house of Captain Phillips, where he found Howell Harris and the other friends still assembled. He preached to them on the promise of sanctification in Ezek. xxxvi. He then says, "I took leave of my dear Howell; and Mr. Wells waited upon the bailiff; acknowledged his last night's civilities; and left him, as a trophy, the player's sword. In public prayer Mr. Wells returned thanks to God for our late deliverance.

"At two I took my leave of the society, and preached the pure gospel from the woman of Canaan. A spirit of love constrained me to beseech them with tears to receive Christ Jesus. It ran through all. Some of the greatest opposers wept, especially a young lady for whose entertainment the players had acted me. She sung, and prayed, and trembled exceedingly. The word was as a fire that melteth the rocks. I saw why God had brought me back. Our parting was such as it ought to be.

"About four Mr. Wells and others attended me to the vessel. I laid me down and slept, and took my rest; for it is thou, Lord, only, that makest me dwell in safety. By five the next morning, Thursday, Nov. 20th, He who blessed my going out blessed our coming into Bristol." Here he remained, preaching and exercising the pastoral charge over the societies, till the latter end of December, when he resumed his labours in London.

It is a remarkable fact, that while Mr. Charles Wesley was incessantly employed in ministerial duties, preaching in the open air, expounding the Scriptures in private circles, visiting the sick, travelling from place to place, and encountering opposition in all its forms of menace, calumny, and violence, he was almost daily exercised in the composition of hymns. His thoughts flowed in numbers; and his deep feelings of joy, and confidence, and zeal, could find no adequate expression but in poetry. His sermons appear to have been generally

extempore. What he wrote was mostly in sacred verse. His hymns were not the productions of a lively imagination, gazing upon external objects; nor were they the fruits of hard mental toil. They were the irrepressible effusions of his heart, burning with love to God, reposing with absolute and joyous confidence in the divine truth and mercy, yearning with affection for the souls of redeemed men, and anticipating the visions of future glory. Three volumes of hymns he and his brother had already published; and this year (1740) they added a fourth, not at all inferior to its predecessors in poetic merit, or Christian feeling. It bears the same title as the last two volumes which they had sent forth; and contains several admirable translations from the German, which doubtless came from the pen of John. The original hymns, among which are some of the finest in the English language, display a deep pathos, with all the energy and daring of Charles's genius. The following stanzas, which occur in a hymn describing a storm at sea, exhibit the writer's mighty faith, and power of expression. They were probably addressed to Mr. Whitefield on his embarking a second time for America.

Headlong we cleave the yawning deep,
 And back to highest heaven are borne,
 Unmoved, though rapid whirlwinds sweep,
 And all the watery world upturn.

Roar on, ye waves! our souls defy
 Your roaring to disturb our rest;
 In vain t' impair the calm ye try,
 The calm in a believer's breast.

The volume comprises a fine hymn "for the Kingswood colliers;" another, for "the anniversary of one's conversion;" and one on "walking over Smithfield." But the most remarkable hymn in the volume is one entitled, "The just shall live by faith;" which describes Mr. Charles Wesley's religious history up to this period of his life.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE difference of opinion between the Wesleys and the Moravian Brethren who met in Fetter-lane, respecting the ordinances of God, and which led to their separation, was quickly succeeded by disputes at Kingswood on the subject of predestination: one of the most perplexing questions, viewed in all its bearings, that ever vexed the Christian church. It was not to be expected that controversy on this topic could be permanently avoided in the religious societies which were now rising

up in various directions. It had been mooted in some of the meetings of the young converts in London, when Mr. John Wesley was in Germany; but Charles opposed the Calvinian view with such firmness, as prevented all further attempts at that time to unsettle the minds of the people respecting the universality of God's love to men. He was not equally successful in Kingswood, where strenuous attempts were made, by a man whom the Wesleys themselves had invested with influence, to leaven the society with Calvin's bold and repulsive peculiarities.

As Mr. Whitefield was the first that carried the truth to the Kingswood colliers; so a school for the instruction of their children was first proposed in connection with his pious and disinterested labours there. He knelt down and prayed upon the spot, commenced the fund by means of subscriptions and congregational collections; and then, being on the point of leaving England, he resigned the whole concern into the hands of Mr. John Wesley, who took the entire responsibility upon himself. He completed the design under many discouragements, and with a considerable sacrifice of his own property; upward of thirty pounds of the sum which had been contributed toward the building having been stolen by a young man, who confessed the fact when under sentence of death for another felony. "You call Kingswood your own house," said Dr. Church: "So I do," rejoined Mr. Wesley; "that is, the school-house there. For I bought the ground where it stands, and paid for the building it, partly from the contribution of my friends, one of whom contributed fifty pounds; partly from the income of my own Fellowship." The school here intended was erected for the instruction of the colliers' children, and of such adults as chose to attend for the purpose of learning to read. The establishment which has long been known as Kingswood school, where the sons of Wesleyan ministers are educated, was a distinct concern, and not built till several years afterward.

When the school for the colliers' children was opened, Mr. Wesley secured the best teachers that he could obtain; and he also used the place for preaching, the administration of the Lord's supper, and for society-meetings, as well as meetings for prayer. Among other persons whom he engaged to assist in the school was Mr. John Cennick, whom he also employed in visiting the sick, and, in the absence of the brothers, holding meetings for prayer and exhortation. Like Thomas Maxfield in London, he also soon began to preach, and was well received by the congregations. Cennick was a native of Reading; a man of sincere piety and zeal; of respectable education; and though not distinguished by extraordinary power of understanding, was possessed of useful talents. He visited the Wesleys in London in the year 1739; and having then written several hymns, the effusions of his devout feelings, Charles Wesley, pleased with the spirit of the

man, corrected these compositions, and prepared them for publication. Cennick was in want of some useful employ; and hearing of the erection of the school at Kingswood, he applied to Mr. Wesley for the situation of master, and was accepted. When he made the application, he confesses that he was treated with great kindness. For some time things went on with smoothness and comfort. He was respected for his piety and usefulness; and the Wesleys especially regarded him with affection and confidence. On the 27th of July, 1740, Mr. Charles Wesley, preaching at Kingswood in his warm and strong manner on the subject of the universal redemption of mankind, declared to the people that John Cennick, whom they all esteemed and loved, was of the same mind with himself on this encouraging point of doctrine. Cennick confirmed this statement, and recited a hymn of his own composing in proof of his cordial belief of this animating truth. "Never," says Mr. Charles Wesley, "did I find my spirit more knit to him." Soon after, however, he began to waver, then became a decided Calvinist, and contradicted the tenets of the Wesleys in their own pulpit, so as to cause great strife and contention among the people. Mr. Charles Wesley remonstrated with him, and pledged himself to preserve an entire silence on the controverted points, if Cennick would do the same. To this proposal, which was certainly a great concession, considering the relative situation of the parties, Cennick would not accede. He attached so much importance to his new opinions, that he would publicly teach them at all hazards. The consequence was, what might be expected,—heart-burnings and unhallowed disputation in the society.

On the 30th of November, says Mr. Charles Wesley, "I prayed Christ, our teacher, to enlighten the people and me; and began my discourse with fear and trembling. The Spirit gave me utterance. I calmly warned them against apostacy, and spake with great tenderness and caution. But who can stand before envy, bigotry, and predestination? The strong ones were offended. The poison of Calvin has drunk up their spirit of love. Ann Ayling and Ann Davis could not refrain from railing. John Cennick never offered to stop them. Alas! we have set the wolf to keep the sheep. God gave me great moderation toward him, who for many months has been undermining our doctrine and authority."

It is impossible to justify the conduct of Cennick in this case. His right to change his opinions, and to declare and defend his honest convictions, was indisputable; but to oppose the men to whom he had offered his services, and who had generously treated him as a brother, in their own house, and among their own people, attempting to alienate from them their spiritual children, was a course which Cennick him-

self, under other circumstances, would have indignantly condemned. Yet he wrote a letter to Mr. Whitefield in America, urging him to return without delay, to assist in maintaining the contest against the brothers, whose zeal in defending the doctrine of God's universal love, and in opposing that of absolute predestination, was ardent and uncompromising. Having stirred up the people to rail against the Wesleys, Cennick confesses that he was silent when he ought to have defended these his best friends. Matters at length came to a crisis. Cennick, and those who entertained his views, formed themselves into a separate society, and held meetings apart from their brethren; and were thus evidently making arrangements for becoming a distinct people.

After various warnings and expostulations, and bearing for some months with these mischievous irregularities, Mr. John Wesley met all the parties at the conclusion of a love-feast in Bristol. Here he complained of the practices which had been carried on, and produced a copy of the letter which Cennick had addressed to Mr. Whitefield; and Cennick accused the Wesleys of teaching popery, because they asserted general redemption, and opposed the Calvinian doctrine of unconditional election to eternal life. Continued forbearance, in the present state of things, Mr. Wesley declared to be impossible; and called upon the people to make their choice between the society which had existed from the beginning, and that which had been formed out of it by Cennick and his friends. Cennick, and about half of the people present, withdrew. About fifty-two persons connected themselves with him, and upward of ninety remained under the care of their former pastors. From this time the Wesleyan and the Calvinistic Methodists became two distinct bodies.

At this period Mr. Charles Wesley addressed the following characteristic letter to his unfaithful friend. It is a fine exhibition of the frankness and integrity which marked his spirit through life:—

“My Dearest Brother, John Cennick,—In much love and tenderness I speak. You came to Kingswood upon my brother's sending for you. You served under him in the gospel as a son. I need not say how well he loved you. You used the authority he gave you to overthrow his doctrine. You everywhere contradicted it. Whether true or false, is not the question: but you ought first to have fairly told him, ‘I preach contrary to you. Are you willing, notwithstanding, that I should continue in your house gainsaying you? If you are not, I have no place in these regions. You have a right to this open dealing. I now give you fair warning. Shall I stay here opposing you, or shall I depart?’

“My brother, have you dealt thus honestly and openly with him?

No; but you have stolen away the people's heart from him. And when some of them basely treated their best friend, God only excepted, how patiently did you take it! When did you ever vindicate us, as we have you? Why did you not plainly tell them?—'You are eternally indebted to these men. Think not that I will stay among you, to head a party against my dearest friend—and brother, as he suffers me to call him, having humbled himself for my sake, and given me (no bishop, priest, or deacon) the right hand of fellowship. If I hear that one word more is spoken against him, I will leave you that moment, and never see your face more.'

"This had been just and honest, and not more than we have deserved at your hands. I say *we*; for God is my witness how condescendingly loving I have been toward you. Yet did you so forget yourself, as both openly and privately to contradict my doctrine; while, in the mean time, I was as a deaf man that heard not, neither answered a word, either in private or public.

"Ah, my brother! I am distressed for you. I would—but you will not receive my saying. Therefore I can only commit you to Him who hath commanded us to forgive one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven us."

John Cennick renounced his connection with the Wesleys, because of their opposition to the peculiar tenets of Calvinism, and united himself to Mr. Whitefield; but he was not long satisfied with this new relation. In about two or three years he forsook Mr. Whitefield, and joined the Moravians; although some of them, to say the least, held doctrines far more remote from Calvinism than were those of John and Charles Wesley. But consistency of principle was no characteristic of this good man; for such he was, notwithstanding his weaknesses. The evils resulting from his proceedings at Kingswood were long felt and lamented. Nearly twenty years after this separation, Mr. John Wesley says, "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 till this day."

When Mr. Wesley perceived that the minds of several persons belonging to his societies in Bristol and the neighbourhood were unsettled on the subject of predestination, he preached a sermon on the question; and afterward published it, under the title of "Free Grace." The object of the discourse is to prove that, as the saving grace of God is perfectly *free in all* the persons to whom it is vouchsafed; so it is also *free for* every child of Adam, the Lord Jesus having given himself

a ransom for all. This was the third sermon that he had ever published. The first was that on "The Trouble and Rest of Good Men," which he left as a sort of parting memorial when he went to Georgia; the second was that on "Salvation by Faith," which he committed to the press soon after he had believed with the heart unto righteousness. The sermon on "Free Grace" is the most powerful and impassioned of all his compositions. The reason is obvious. That Almighty God, by a sovereign act of his will, without any respect to the conduct of his creatures, should absolutely, and from everlasting, have appointed some men, personally considered, to eternal life, and others to eternal death;—that he should then declare, in every form of expression, that he gave his Son to die for the redemption of every one of them, that his mercies are over all his works, and with him is no respect of persons;—that he should command his ministers to offer his mercy indiscriminately to all;—that he should, in the most impressive manner, invite all to come to him for salvation, and expostulate with the utmost tenderness with those who refuse compliance with his will;—that he should set life and death before them, and bid them choose life that they may live;—that he should patiently bear with them, and even swear by himself that he has no pleasure in their destruction, and would have them all to be saved, and come to the knowledge of the truth;—that he should, at last, condemn the impenitent and unbelieving for their disobedience to his gracious calls, earnestly and often repeated, and thus charge their misery upon themselves;—and that they should be "speechless" under his sentence of condemnation, thus confessing that they were the authors of their own ruin;—appeared to Mr. Wesley, of all incredible things, the most incredible, and the foulest aspersion upon the attributes of God that was ever invented by perverted intellect. Under this impression he wrote; every view of the subject serving to heighten his astonishment, and excite his feelings. Dr. Southey has given a large extract from this sermon; and when the late earl of Liverpool read it in the doctor's work, he declared that, in his judgment, it was the most eloquent passage he had ever met with in any writer, either ancient or modern. By some men Mr. Wesley has been severely censured, for the very strong and animated manner in which he wrote on the awful subject of predestination. This was to be expected. When irresistible argument is proposed with all the advantages of appropriate expression and illustration, it is doubly painful to the men whose favourite opinions are overthrown. That the force of Mr. Wesley's reasoning has been felt, is evident from the fact, that, since the publication of his sermon, few writers have attempted to refute his argumentation, but many have endeavoured to evade it, by changing and modifying the principles which he assailed.

To this discourse Mr. Charles Wesley affixed a hymn of thirty-six stanzas, which he poured forth in the fulness of his heart in praise of God's universal love to man. The following is a specimen :—

Stir up thy strength, and help us, Lord,
The preachers multiply ;
Send forth thy light, and give the word,
And let the shadows fly.

O if thy Spirit send forth me,
The meanest of the throng,
I'll sing thy grace divinely free,
And teach mankind the song.

Grace will I sing, through Jesu's name,
On all mankind bestow'd ;
The everlasting truth proclaim,
And seal that truth with blood.

Come, then, thou all-embracing Love,
Our frozen bosoms warm ;
Dilating fire, within us move,
With truth and meekness arm.

Let us triumphantly ride on,
And more than conquerors prove,
With meekness bear th' opposers down,
And bind with cords of love !

No one was more deeply offended with the sermon on "Free Grace" than Mr. Whitefield, who was then in America, and had become a decided convert to Calvin's theological views. One or more copies were sent over to America ; and at the Orphan House in Georgia, Mr. Whitefield wrote an answer to it, which he published under the title of, "A Letter to the Rev. John Wesley." This pamphlet was manifestly written under the influence of conflicting feelings, and is a remarkable example of lingering affection mixed with unkindness. The author often introduces the name of his opponent, and in almost every instance calls him "dear Mr. Wesley ;" yet he publishes the substance of private and confidential letters, which had nothing to do with the questions at issue, and the publication of which he knew would wound Mr. Wesley in the tenderest part. The committing of these documents to the press could have no object, but that of reflecting discredit upon Mr. Wesley's judgment ; and their exposure to the public, without the writer's leave, was a violation of Christian honour. Mr. Whitefield did not at first receive the creed of Calvin as it has been softened by modern metaphysicians. He avowed the doctrine of limited redemption ; and contended for an absolute decree of reprobation, as well as for a decree of election. Yet in doing this it is undeniable that his

pious and compassionate heart remonstrated against his opinions. It is easy to perceive that, when traversing the regions of Calvinian reprobation, he walked with

“uneasy steps
Over the burning marle;”

and was anxious to place his foot upon ground less painful to the tread; for he passes over some of Mr. Wesley's principal arguments in entire silence. One of his favourite authors, at this period, was Dr. John Edwards, of Cambridge: an able and learned man, but a sour and repulsive theologian of the true Genevan school.

In the composition of this pamphlet Mr. Whitefield was assisted by some American ministers; yet neither by fairness, nor logical acumen, did it gain much credit for any of the parties who were concerned in it. Mr. Whitefield was unrivalled in oratory; but in dialectics, though not deficient in confidence, he was feeble, and easily worsted by an opponent of ordinary skill. Some singular instances of the want of discrimination, and of correct theological knowledge, occur in this pamphlet. One specimen may be given. The writer identifies the doctrine of general redemption, as held by Mr. Wesley and others who were like-minded with him, with the tenets of those who deny redemption altogether, and who even repudiate the Holy Scriptures. Addressing Mr. Wesley, he says, “Infidels of all kinds are on your side of the question. Deists, Arians, Socinians, arraign God's sovereignty, and stand up for universal redemption.” It is painful to see a man of undoubted piety, who was designed in the arrangements of divine Providence for extensive and permanent good to the world, thus confounding things that are essentially different, and exposing himself to ridicule by engaging in a service for which he was utterly unqualified. He ought to have known, not only that Socinians deny all proper redemption, but that, with scarcely any exception, Deists and Socinians are philosophical Necessitarians, and therefore fatalists, like himself.

Having finished his answer to Mr. Wesley's sermon, and committed it to the press, both in Charleston and Boston, Mr. Whitefield embarked a second time for England, intending to raise fresh supplies in behalf of the Orphan House. During his voyage he wrote a letter to his friend Mr. Charles Wesley, dated Feb. 1st, 1741, in which he says, “My dear, dear brethren, why did you throw out the bone of contention? Why did you print that sermon against predestination? Why did you in particular, my dear brother Charles, affix your hymn, and join in putting out your late Hymn-Book? How can you say you will not dispute with me about election, and yet print such hymns, and your brother send his sermon over, against election, to Mr. Garden and others, in America? Do not you think, my dear brethren, I must be

as much concerned for truth, or what I think truth, as you? God is my judge, I always was, and hope I always shall be, desirous that you may be preferred before me. But I must preach the gospel of Christ; and that I cannot *now* do without speaking of election." In relation to his answer, he adds, "If it occasion a strangeness between us, it shall not be my fault. There is nothing in my answer exciting to it that I know of. O my dear brethren, my heart almost bleeds within me! Methinks I could be willing to tarry here on the waters for ever, rather than come to England to oppose you."

On his arrival in London, in the month of March, he submitted the tract which he had written against the sermon on free grace to the inspection of his friend, Mr. Charles Wesley, who returned it to the author endorsed with these significant words: "PUT UP AGAIN THY SWORD INTO ITS PLACE." In consequence of this advice, the publication of the pamphlet was for a while suspended; but the writer, deeply impressed with the truth and importance of the theological principles which it was designed to defend, at length resolved to commit it to the press. He requested James Hutton to print and sell it; but James had now attached himself to the Moravian body, who held the doctrine of general redemption as tenaciously as the Wesleys themselves: hence he refused to connect his name with a tract in which that tenet was assailed. Mr. Whitefield was therefore compelled to seek another publisher. This was an unimportant repulse; yet he felt it somewhat painfully; for he knew that the sale of his *Journal* had put some hundreds of pounds in Hutton's pocket.

Mr. Whitefield's pecuniary embarrassments, arising from the outlay of money upon the Orphan House in Georgia, at this time distressed him exceedingly; and Mr. William Seward, of Bengeworth, on whose aid his chief reliance had been placed in this emergency, was dead; so that all hope from that quarter was cut off. But his greatest grief arose from the loss of his friends. His defence of absolute reprobation gave great offence to many; and the betrayal of the secrets confided to him by his friend Mr. John Wesley was regarded as an act of flagrant injustice. Several of the people who had formerly run with the greatest eagerness to hear him, now shunned his ministry. When he resumed his preaching under one of the trees in Moorfields he witnessed a sad falling off in his congregations. At first he had not so many hundreds to hear him as on former occasions he had thousands.

On the 28th of March Mr. Wesley says, "Having heard much of Mr. Whitefield's unkind behaviour since his return from Georgia, I went to him, to hear him speak for himself, that I might know how to judge. I much approved of his plainness of speech. He told me, he and I preached two different gospels; and therefore he not only would

not join with, or give me the right hand of fellowship, but was resolved publicly to preach against me and my brother, wherever he preached at all. Mr. Hall, who went with me, put him in mind of the promise he had made but a few days before, that, whatever his private opinion was, he would never publicly preach against us. He said, that promise was only an effect of human weakness, and he was now of another mind." Accordingly he did preach against the Wesleys by name, both in Moorfields, and in all other public places. So earnest was he in enforcing the peculiarities of the creed which he had now adopted, that when he was invited to occupy the pulpit of his friends in the Foundery, before some thousands of people, and while Mr. Charles Wesley was sitting by him, "he preached the absolute decrees in the most peremptory and offensive manner."

Under the influence of irritated feelings, occasioned by disappointment and vexation, Mr. Whitefield addressed a private letter of reproof and admonition to Mr. John Wesley. He complained that his designs with respect to the school for the colliers' children at Kingswood had not been fully accomplished; and that the room where the brothers preached in Bristol was too richly ornamented. To the first of these charges Mr. Wesley says, "One master and one mistress have been in the house ever since it was capable of receiving them. A second master has been placed there some months since; and I have long been seeking for two proper mistresses; so that as much has been done, as matters stand, if not more, than I can answer to God or man.

"Hitherto then there is no ground for the heavy charge of perverting your design for the poor colliers. Two years since your design was to build them a school, that their children also might be taught to fear the Lord. To this end you collected some money, more than once. How much I cannot say, till I have my papers. But this I know, it was not near one half of what has been expended on the work. The design you then recommended to me; and I pursued it with all my might, through such a train of difficulties as, I will be bold to say, you have not met with in your life. For many months I collected money wherever I was; and began building, though I had not then a quarter of the money requisite to finish. However, taking all the debt upon myself, the creditors were willing to stay: and then it was that I took possession of it in my own name; that is, when the foundation was laid: and I immediately made my will, fixing my brother and you to succeed me therein."

On the other subject of complaint, Mr. Wesley remarks, "The society room at Bristol, you say, is adorned. How? Why, with a piece of green cloth nailed to the desk; two sconces for eight candles each in the middle; and—nay, I know no more. Now which of

these can be spared, I know not; nor would I desire either more adorning or less."

In reference to Mr. Whitefield's answer to the sermon on "Free Grace," Mr. Wesley says, "If you had disliked my sermon, you might have printed another on the same text, and have answered my proofs without mentioning my name. This had been fair and friendly.

"You rank all the maintainers of universal redemption with Socinians themselves. Alas! my brother, do you not know even this, that the Socinians allow no redemption at all? that Socinus himself speaks thus: *Tota redemptio nostra per Christum metaphora?* [Is not our whole redemption through Christ a figure?] and says expressly, Christ did not die as a ransom for any, but only as an example for all mankind? How easy were it for me to hit many other palpable blots, in that which you call an answer to my sermon; and how above measure contemptible would you then appear to all impartial men, either of sense or learning! But I spare you. Mine hand shall not be upon you. The Lord be judge between me and thee! The general tenor both of my public and private exhortations, when I touch thereon at all,—as even my enemies know, if they would testify,—is, 'Spare the young man, even Absalom, for my sake.'"

On the 4th of April these eminent men had another personal interview. Mr. Wesley says, "I believed both love and justice required that I should speak my sentiments freely to Mr. Whitefield, concerning the 'Letter' he had published, said to be an answer to my sermon on 'Free Grace.' The sum of what I observed to him was this: 1. That it was imprudent to publish it at all, as being only the putting of weapons into their hands, who loved neither the one nor the other. 2. That if he was constrained to bear his testimony (as he termed it) against the error I was in, he might have done it by publishing a treatise on this head, without ever calling my name in question. 3. That what he had published was a mere burlesque upon an answer, leaving four of my eight arguments untouched, and handling the other four in so gentle a manner, as if he was afraid they would burn his fingers. However, that, 4. He had said enough of what was wholly foreign to the question, to make an open (and probably irreparable) breach between him and me: seeing 'for a treacherous wound, and for the bewraying of secrets, every friend will depart.'"

Up to this period the Wesleys and Mr. Whitefield were as "a three-fold cord which is not easily broken;" but from this time, though their hearts still clave to each other, and they freely forgave each other the offences that had been given, their labours were no longer united. The separation took place, not with the free consent of the brothers; but through the importunity of Mr. Whitefield's friends, and in consequence

of the manner in which he was resolved to inculcate his peculiar opinions. This Mr. Wesley positively declares; and his testimony was never contradicted by any competent authority. "In March, 1741," says he, "Mr. Whitefield being returned to England, entirely separated from Mr. Wesley and his friends, because he did not hold the decrees. Here was the first breach, which warm men persuaded Mr. Whitefield to make, merely for a difference of opinion. Those, indeed, who believed universal redemption had no desire at all to separate; but those who held particular redemption would not hear of any accommodation, being determined to have no fellowship with men that 'were in so dangerous errors.' So there were now two sorts of Methodists, so called; those for particular, and those for general, redemption."*

He adds, on another occasion, "Did not Mr. Whitefield proclaim, upon the house-top, the difference between us and him? And yet it was not merely the difference of doctrine that caused the division. It was rather the *manner* wherein he maintained his doctrine, and treated us, in every place. Otherwise difference of doctrine would not have created any difference of affection; but he might *lovingly* have held particular redemption, and we general, to our live's end."

What, then, is to be thought of the following statement, which is made by the anonymous writer of the countess of Huntingdon's "Life and Times?"—"Mr. Charles Wesley, who was more kind and generous, less positive and hostile to Calvinism, than his brother, wept and prayed that the breach might be prevented; but John Wesley seems to have parted with his old companion with great coolness. Mr. Whitefield is said to have told him, 'You and I preach a different gospel:' then they turned, one to the right hand and the other to the left. Mr. Whitefield was only once allowed to preach in the Foundery; and 'at Bristol' (he says) 'I was forbidden to preach in the house I had founded.'"

The reflections which are here cast upon Mr. John Wesley are notoriously unjust. That Mr. Whitefield, at this time, "once preached in the Foundery, and no more," he has himself stated; that he was "only once *allowed* to preach" there, is the unauthorized assertion of Lady Huntingdon's biographer. By whom was he, at this or at any other time, "*forbidden* to preach," either in "the Foundery," or in the "house at Bristol?" Not by Mr. Charles Wesley; for Mr. Whitefield himself says, "It would have melted any heart, to have heard Mr. Charles Wesley and me weeping, after prayer, that if possible the breach might be prevented." Nor was he "forbidden" by Mr. John Wesley; who avers that neither he nor his friends who held general redemption had any "desire at all to separate." Mr. Whitefield never charged either

* Works, vol. v, p. 247.

of the brothers with any thing of the kind ; although he was accustomed to preach against them by name in Moorfields, and had vehemently opposed them in their own pulpit at the Foundery. He was grieved and chafed in his spirit, as might be supposed, considering the difficulties by which he was beset ; yet he states the case in a manner that was worthy of his pure and elevated character, when time had calmed his irritated feelings. Having described the loss of his congregation at Moorfields, he says, " A like scene opened at Bristol, where I was denied preaching in the house I had founded. Busy-bodies, on both sides, blew up the coals. A breach ensued. But as both sides differed in judgment, and not in affection, and aimed at the glory of our common Lord ; though we hearkened too much to tale-bearers on both sides, we were kept from anathematizing each other, and went on in our usual way ; being agreed in one point, endeavouring to convert souls to the ever-blessed Mediator."

It is freely conceded that Mr. Charles Wesley was " kind ;" but at no period of his life was he more distinguished by this Christian grace than was his brother. He was also " generous," in a high degree ; and yet he did not exercise that virtue in so great perfection as did his brother John. Charles could readily forgive ; but when once his friends had betrayed the trust which he reposed in them, he would rarely receive them a second time to his confidence. Whereas John, through the whole of his public life, was known to carry his " generosity" thus far, for which he was often rebuked by his more cautious brother. That Charles " was less positive and hostile to Calvinism than his brother," is an affirmation which no one would make, who knows the facts of the case, and respects his own reputation. No man ever lived who had a more deep and solemn conviction than he, that the *peculiarities* of what is called Calvinism are unscriptural, of dangerous tendency to the souls of men, and are only neutralized in their effects by the admixture of saving truth with which they are generally proposed. He preached against absolute predestination, and in defence of God's universal love, much oftener, and with far greater warmth, than his brother, and expressed himself in language much stronger than John ever employed in reference to this subject. He loved Mr. Whitefield with an ardour that nothing could quench ; but what he thought of Mr. Whitefield's creed may be readily perceived from the following lines, which he wrote in a letter to a friend, not in the heat of controversy, but two years after the separation had taken place :—

Whitefield begins his course, and rises fair,
 And shoots and glitters like a blazing star.
 He lets his light on all impartial shine,
 And strenuously asserts the birth divine,

While thousands listen to th' alarming song,
 And catch conviction darted from his tongue.
 Parties and sects their ancient feuds forget,
 And fall and tremble at the preacher's feet ;
 With horror in the wise inquiry join,
 "What must we do t' escape the wrath divine?"

Meek, patient, humble, wise above his years,
 Unbribed by pleasures, and unmoved by fears,
 From strength to strength the young apostle goes,
 Pours like a torrent, and the land o'erflows ;
 To distant climes his healing doctrine brings,
 And joins the morning's with the eagle's wings ;
 Resistless wins his way with rapid zeal,
 Turns the world upside down, and shakes the gates of hell.

O had he kept the post by Heaven assign'd,
 Sent to invite and waken all mankind !
 O had he 'scaped that plague that deadly draught,
 Which rigid Calvin from old Dominic caught !
 Unless to heathen Zeno we ascribe
 What Mahomet taught his wild elected tribe.
 Shall Whitefield too mis-spend his noble might,
 To wash the Ethiop Reprobation white ?
 Shall Whitefield too to prop the doctrine try,
 The hellish, blasphemous, exploded lie,
 The "horrible decree," the foulest tale,
 The deadliest that was ever hatch'd in hell !
 And shall I spare the doctrine ? spare the fiend ?
 Th' old Fatalist, the murderer of my friend ?
 No : while the breath of God these limbs sustains,
 Or flows one drop of blood within these veins,
 War, endless war, with Satan's scheme I make,
 Full vengeance on the hellish doctrine take,
 Its sworn eternal foe for my own Whitefield's sake !

A conviction and feelings equally deep and strong Mr. Charles Wesley manifested in his "Hymns on God's Everlasting Love," which he published during the year 1741, and which were afterward enlarged, and often reprinted. Several of them are eminently beautiful, and breathe a spirit of enlightened and fervent piety : a considerable proportion of them, therefore, were inserted in the collection which is in general use in the Wesleyan congregations. They were published not long after the sermon on "Free Grace," the leading principles of which they embody ; and at the time of their appearance they could scarcely be less powerful in their influence upon the public mind than was that very impassioned and argumentative discourse. One specimen may be given. It is entitled, "The Cry of a Reprobate ;" not of one who was from eternity an absolute outcast from the divine mercy ; but one who had been redeemed by the blood of the Saviour, and in opposition to

repeated warnings, and the gracious strivings of the Holy Spirit, had spent his day of probation in wilful impenitence, unbelief, and rebellion against Christ. While he sinks into perdition, therefore, he confesses that the justice, faithfulness, and compassion of God are unimpeachable. The composition is a striking example of the writer's energy and spirit. [We retain the last six stanzas.]

"Hear an incarnate devil preach,
Nor throw, like me, your souls away,
While heavenly bliss is in your reach,
And God prolongs your gracious day.

"Whom I reject, do you receive,
The Saviour of mankind embrace;
He tasted death for all; believe,
Believe, and ye are saved by grace.

"Ye are, and I was once, forgiven;
Jesus's doom did mine repeal;
I might with you have come to heaven,
Saved by the grace from which I fell.

"A ransom for my soul was paid;
For mine, and every soul of man,
The Lamb a full atonement made,
The Lamb for me and Judas slain.

"Before I at his bar appear,
Thence into outer darkness thrust,
The Judge of all the earth I clear,
Jesus, the merciful, the just.

"By my own hands, not his, I fall,
The hellish doctrine I disprove;
Sinners, his grace is free for all,
Though I am damn'd, yet God is love!"

The reader may now judge whether the comparison between Mr. John and Charles Wesley, to which reference has just been made, is or is not founded in truth. The fact is, Lady Huntingdon's biographer is a decided admirer of Calvin's theological system, of which Mr. John Wesley was, without exception, the most successful opponent that ever lived; and hence the unwillingness to do justice to his excellences. Even Charles's character must be misrepresented, to dishonour John. It is high time that, among all Christian men, such a mode of writing history was abandoned for ever. It is not true that Mr. Charles Wesley was either "more kind and generous," or "less positive and hostile" to Calvinism, than his brother. In generosity he excelled most men, yet fell short of John; but in hostility to Calvinism he far surpassed him.

"Anger resteth in the bosom of fools;" but it found no permanent

residence in the heart of George Whitefield, and of his brethren John and Charles Wesley. The effervescence of feeling occasioned by the first publication of their respective pamphlets at length subsided, and they wisely "agreed to differ." Mr. Whitefield united with John Cennick in the erection of another school in Kingswood, where they could teach their favourite tenets without restraint. In London his friends also rallied round him; and, having obtained the loan of a piece of ground near the Foundery, he employed a carpenter to raise a temporary building, which they called a "tabernacle," to shelter him and his hearers during his stay in England. Two years before he had declared himself strongly at Fetter-lane against lay-preaching; but now his views were changed, and feeling his need of help, he called to his aid the unordained brethren, Cennick, Harris, Seagrave, Humphries, and others. In the low and slender "tabernacle" these excellent men preached "electing love," and the Wesleys, with their assistants, in the Foundery, "universal redemption," to their hearts' content. Yet, while they gave a due prominence to their peculiarities of opinion, they were all mindful of the great end of preaching: the turning of men to righteousness. They all insisted upon the guilt and corruption of mankind, and the consequent necessity of justification and the new birth. Equally faithful were they all in maintaining, that there is no justification, but through faith in the blood of Jesus; and no holiness, but that which results from the Holy Spirit's influence. "All was wonderfully over-ruled for good," says Mr. Whitefield, "and for the furtherance of the gospel. A fresh awakening immediately began. The congregations grew exceeding large."

Toward the close of the following year Mr. Whitefield wrote to Mr. John Wesley to this effect:—"I long to hear from you; and write this hoping to have an answer. I rejoice to hear the Lord blesses your labours. May you be blessed in bringing souls to Christ more and more! I believe we shall go on best when we only preach the simple gospel, and do not interfere with each other's plan. Our Lord exceedingly blesses us at the tabernacle. I doubt not but he deals in the same bountiful manner with you. I was at your letter-day on Monday. Brother Charles has been pleased to come and see me twice. Behold what a happy thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! That the whole Christian world may all become of one heart and one mind; and that *we*, in particular, though differing in judgment, may be examples of mutual, fervent, undissembled affection, is the hearty prayer of, Rev. and dear Sir,

"Your most affectionate, though most unworthy, younger brother in the kingdom and patience of Jesus."

Mr. Wesley's answer to this truly Christian letter has not been preserved; but that it breathed the same spirit of candour and of fraternal love, is manifest from the manner in which it was immediately acknowledged by Mr. Whitefield. "I thank you," says he, "for your kind answer to my last. Had it come a few hours sooner, I should have read some part of it among our other letters.* Dear sir, who would be troubled with a party-spirit? May our Lord make all his children free from it indeed!"

Such was the kindly spirit of the noble-minded Whitefield, after he had felt it necessary so to withdraw from the Wesleys as to pursue an independent course of labour; and the same affection and esteem they reciprocated toward him, till their work was done, and their disembodied spirits met in the world of perfect light and holiness. It was rather from other parties than themselves that their differences were exasperated and magnified. They could hold their peculiar opinions with entire and uninterrupted charity. After this mutual reconciliation Mr. Charles Wesley poured out the feelings of his heart in the following

HYMN FOR THE REV. MR. WHITEFIELD AND MR. WESLEYS.

COME, Saviour, from above,
Our dear redeeming Lord,
And twist us by thy dying love
Into a threefold cord,
Friendship that shall endure
Long as the life of God,
Indissolubly strong, and pure
As thy cementing blood.

Thy love which passeth thought
In every heart reveal,
And by a common ransom bought,
We one salvation feel;
We one salvation given
To desperate sinners show,
And preach the throne of God in heaven,
Set up in man below.

For this raised up by thee,
And on thy message sent,
With primitive simplicity,
To the highways we went;

* Mr. Whitefield, as well as the Wesleys, used to hold meetings on particular days for the purpose of reading to his people extracts from his correspondence, relating particularly to the advancement of the work of God. Many advantages arose from this practice. The people were encouraged, and their sympathies and prayers in behalf of their distant brethren were called forth.

Nor scrip nor purse we took,
 But cast the world behind,
 But cheerfully our all forsook,
 Our all in thee to find :

Our sole desire and aim
 Perishing souls to win,
 Collect the outcasts in thy name,
 And force them to come in ;
 As thunder's sons to rouse
 The dead that cannot die,
 And fill with guests the lower house,
 And fit them for the sky.

For this we still remain,
 By labours undepress'd,
 And feel the love revive again
 That warm'd our youthful breast :
 Thou dost the zeal give,
 The first uniting grace,
 And bid us to thy glory live
 Our last and happiest days.

Thy mind we surely know,
 In which we now agree,
 And hand in hand exulting go
 To final victory :
 Obedient to thy will,
 We put forth all our fire,
 Our ministerial work fulfil,
 And in a blaze expire.

While the controversy respecting predestination was agitated, Mr. Charles Wesley's pious zeal still prompted him to labour in every possible way to advance the cause of Christ. His exertions were in perfect consistency with his creed. He felt that Christ was both able and willing to save, and he was anxious to fix the attention of all mankind upon the Redeemer's sacrifice, compassion, and saving power. Of his mother's strength of understanding, and general sincerity and uprightness, he had no doubt ; but he appears to have had serious apprehensions that she had only inadequate views of the Christian salvation, and of the faith by which it is obtained ; and that therefore her spiritual state could not be contemplated with entire satisfaction. Under these impressions he addressed to her a letter on the subject, which she immediately answered. His letter has not been preserved, and only a part of hers is forthcoming ; but that part is of very superior value and importance. It proves that her apprehensions of religion were more evangelical than her sons supposed. The spiritual enjoyments with which they were only recently made acquainted, she had

known many years before, but had unhappily lost them through unfaithfulness. Her hints to Charles, not to undervalue the good that was in him before he obtained the abiding witness of his personal adoption, show a just discrimination, and were especially seasonable :—

“October 2d, 1740. Dear Charles,—I do heartily join with you in giving God thanks for your recovery. He hath many wise reasons for every event of providence, far above our apprehension; and I doubt not but his having restored you to some measure of health again will answer many ends which as yet you are ignorant of.

“I thank you for your kind letter. I call it so, because I verily believe it was dictated by a sincere desire of my spiritual and eternal good. There is too much truth in many of your accusations; nor do I intend to say one word in my own defence; but rather choose to refer all things to Him that knoweth all things. But this I must tell you: You are somewhat mistaken in my case. Alas! it is far worse than you apprehend it to be! I am not one of those who have never been enlightened, or made partaker of the heavenly gift, or of the Holy Ghost; but have many years since been fully awakened, and deeply sensible of sin, both original and actual. But my case is rather like that of the church of Ephesus. I have been unfaithful to the talents committed to my trust, and have lost my first love. ‘Yet is there hope in Israel concerning this thing.’ I do not, and by the grace of God I will not, despair; for even since my sad defection, when I was almost without hope, when I had forgotten God, yet I then found he had not forgotten me: for even then he did by his Spirit apply the merits of the great atonement to my soul, by telling me that Christ died for me. And shall the God of truth, the almighty Saviour, tell me that I am interested in his blood and righteousness, and shall I not believe him? God forbid. I do, I will believe; and though I am the greatest of sinners, that does not discourage me: for all my transgressions are the sins of a finite person; but the merits of our Lord’s sufferings and righteousness are infinite! If I do want any thing without which I cannot be saved; (of which I am not at present sensible;) then I believe I shall not die before that want be supplied.

“You ask many questions which I care not to answer; but I refer you to our dear Lord, who will satisfy you in all things necessary for you to know. I cannot conceive why you affirm yourself to be no Christian; which is, in effect, to tell Christ to his face, that you have nothing to thank him for; since you are not the better for any thing he hath yet done or suffered for you. O what great dishonour, what wondrous ingratitude, is this to the ever-blessed Jesus! I think myself far from being so good a Christian as you are, or as I ought to be; but

God forbid I should renounce the little Christianity I have : nay, rather let me grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

“ I know not what other opinion people may have of human nature ; but, for my part, I think, that without the grace of God we are utterly incapable of thinking, speaking, or doing any thing good ; and, therefore, if in any part of our life we have been enabled to perform any thing good, we should give God the glory. If we have not improved the talents given us, the fault is our own. But I find this is a way of talking much used among these people, which has much offended me ; and I have often wished they would talk less of themselves, and more of God. I often hear loud complaints of sin, &c., but rarely, very rarely, any word of praise and thanksgiving to our dear Lord, or acknowledgment of his infinite ——.”

This letter shows that Mrs. Wesley's spirit was not pharisaical. She distinctly acknowledges the entire corruption and helplessness of human nature ; and confesses, that she had deeply felt her own depravity, guilt, and demerit before God. Although she does not speak of the nature and method of deliverance with the clearness that characterized the teaching of her sons, when their views were matured, and their hearts were established with grace ; yet she expected salvation only from the mercy of God, through the death and intercession of the Lord Jesus. At this period both the brothers undervalued the grace which they had previously received, and which led them to do and suffer many things for the glory of God, and the benefit of mankind. It is, nevertheless, undeniable, that until they received and exemplified the doctrine of present salvation from the guilt and power of sin by faith in Christ, they had neither of them attained to the true Christian character, as it is described in the apostolical epistles. This the excellent mother herself afterward perceived, and entered by faith into a higher state of spiritual enjoyment and of holiness than she had heretofore experienced.

The biographers of Mr. John Wesley have represented his situation, for a little while after the withdrawal of Mr. Whitefield from him, as one of peculiar difficulty and trial, arising from the leaning of his brother toward the Moravians, and consequent inclination to retire from the itinerant ministry in which he had been so signally owned of God. On this subject much misapprehension has prevailed. All the information that we possess concerning it lies in a very small compass. It is contained in a passage of Mr. John Wesley's Journal ; in a letter which he addressed to Charles ; and in a paragraph of one of Lady Huntingdon's letters. They are as follows :—

“Jan. 22d, 1741. I began expounding,” says Mr. John Wesley, speaking of the Foundery in London, “where my brother had left off; namely, at the fourth chapter of the first Epistle of St. John. He had not preached the morning before; nor intended to do it any more. ‘The Philistines are upon thee, Samson.’ But the Lord is ‘not departed from thee.’ He shall strengthen thee yet again, and thou shalt be ‘avenged of them for the loss of thy eyes.’”

In a letter which Mr. John Wesley addressed to Charles on the 21st of April following, it is said, “O my brother, my soul is grieved for you. The poison is in you. Fair words have stolen away your heart. ‘No English man or woman is like the Moravians!’ So the matter is come to a fair issue. Five of us did stand together a few months since; but two are gone to the right hand, Hutchins and Cennick; and two more to the left, Mr. Hall and you. Lord, if it be thy gospel which I preach, arise, and maintain thine own cause! Adieu!”

During the same year Lady Huntingdon, who was then a personal friend of the Wesleys, and had belonged to the society in Fetter-lane, writing to Mr. John Wesley, under the date of October 24th, somewhat obscurely says, “Your answer to the former part of mine has quite silenced me on that subject. But I believe your brother’s journal will clear up my meaning more fully to you; for I should labour very much to have as few snares in his way as possible. Since you left us, the *still ones* are not without their attacks. I fear much more for him than for myself, as the conquest of the one would be nothing to the other. They have, by one of their agents, reviled me very much; but I have taken no sort of notice, as if I had never heard it. I comfort myself very much, that you will approve a step with respect to them your brother and I have taken. No less than his declaring open war with them. He seemed under some difficulty about it at first, till he had free liberty given him to use my name, as the instrument in God’s hand, that had delivered him from them. I rejoice much at it, hoping it might be a means of working my deliverance from them. I have desired him to enclose to them yours on Christian perfection. The doctrine therein contained I hope to live and die by. It is absolutely the most complete thing I know. God hath helped your infirmities. His Spirit was with you of a truth. You cannot guess how I in spirit rejoice over it.

“Your brother is also to give his reasons for quite separating; and I am to have a copy of the letter he sends them, to keep by me. I have great faith, God will not let him fall. He will surely have mercy on him; and not on him only; for many would fall with him. I feel he would make me stagger through his fall. But I fly from them as far as pole from pole; for I will be sound in my obedience. His natural

parts, his judgment, and the improvement he has made, are so far above the highest of them, that I should imagine nothing but frenzy had seized upon him. But when I consider him, with so many advocates for the flesh about him, having the form of angels of light, my flesh trembleth for fear of him; and I should have no comfort, did I not know assuredly, that He that is for him is greater than he that is against him.

“When you receive his journal you will rejoice much when you come to Thursday, October 15th. I think you must have felt our happiness. It was more than I can express. I will not allow you to call me a *still branch*. I spoke so strongly against boasting, I can desire nothing at present, but that my name may be cast out from among men; and that you and your brother might think on me as you do on no one else. I am sure God will reward you ten thousand times for your labour of love to my soul. I am sure of your prayers. You are continually borne upon my heart to God, as well as the flock over whom the Holy Ghost has made you overseer.”

From these statements it appears, that in the month of January, 1741, Mr. Charles Wesley was engaged in the public delivery of expository discourses on the first Epistle of St. John, at the early hour of five o'clock, in the Foundery, when he suddenly desisted, and expressed his intention to proceed no further in that service. He did this under an influence foreign from himself. “The Philistines were upon him.” Yet his brother perceived that his piety was not lost. In this instance he was acting under a mistaken sense of duty, and not under the power of a corrupt motive. He was not forsaken by God, who would deliver him from the temporary delusion, and “avenge him for the loss of his eyes,” by enabling him to resume his very effective ministry, and bear a decisive testimony against the mischievous novelties which were then entertained.

The influence under which Mr. Charles Wesley acted at this time was doubtless of a Moravian character. Molther, whose doctrine was the most bold and revolting, was recalled to Germany; and his place was supplied by Peter Böhler, who had now returned to England, where he had formerly been a means of spiritual good to many. He would not disavow the tenets which Molther had maintained, but expressed his persuasion that Molther had been misunderstood; of which, indeed, there is no probability, his doctrine being thoroughly sifted at the time, and too clearly explained by the conduct of the people who received it. Mr. Hall, the brother-in-law of the Wesleys, was now in London, and also their esteemed friend Mr. Gambold, of Stanton-Harcourt; both of whom avowed and advocated the views of the Moravian Church; and they appear to have succeeded in partially warping

Charles's better judgment. A few days after he had discontinued his morning services at the Foundery, these two Moravian converts waited upon the brothers. Their visit is thus described by Mr. John Wesley :—

“Our old friends, Mr. Gambold and Mr. Hall, came to see my brother and me. The conversation turned wholly upon silent prayer, and quiet waiting for God; which, they said, was the only possible way to attain living, saving faith.

*Sirenium voces, et Circes pocula nôsti?**

Was there ever so pleasing a scheme? But where is it written? Not in any of those books which I account the oracles of God. I allow, if there is a better way to God than the Scriptural way, this is it. But the prejudice of education so hangs upon me, that I cannot think there is. I must still wait in the Bible way, from which this differs as light from darkness.”

These plausible teachers of a smooth and easy way to heaven, who alarmed no sinner, and confounded no Pharisee,—who encountered no mobs, and carefully shunned all the shame and inconvenience of field-preaching, quietly leaving the world to sleep on, and take its rest,—appear to have been “the Philistines,” who, if they did not “put out” Charles's “eyes,” dimmed his perceptions of truth and duty, and led him to falter in his glorious career of evangelical labour. But not long; his strength was yet unimpaired; and scarcely had a week passed before he was found again in the pulpit of the Foundery; and John bore the following testimony to his faithfulness :—“My brother returned from Oxford, and preached on the true way of waiting for God: thereby dispelling at once the fears of some, and the vain hopes of others; who had confidently affirmed, that Mr. Charles Wesley was *still* already, and would come to London no more.”

But it has been concluded, from Mr. John Wesley's letter of April 21st, that Charles was again inclined to what was called “the German stillness.” This, however, is by no means clear. John was then in London, and Charles in Bristol; so that their intercourse was not personal. Charles had said, most probably in a letter, “No English man or woman is like the Moravians;” and John, knowing what had occurred a few weeks before, immediately inferred that, a second time, “fair words had stolen away” his brother's “heart.” That John was mistaken in this, we have direct and positive proof. On the very day that he wrote this letter, and under the influence of strong feeling said, “O my brother, my soul is grieved for you; the poison is in you;” Charles, as if to refute the imputation, was actually writing his “Short Account

* “Know'st thou th' enchanted cup, and Siren's song!”

of Mrs. Hannah Richardson;" which John afterward inserted in his own Works, and which is unquestionably one of the most striking and effective antidotes to the peculiarities which were taught by Molther, that the brothers ever published. Hannah was convinced of sin, and entered by faith into Christian liberty, under Charles's early ministry in Bristol. Some time after she was brought into what Mr. John Wesley describes, in one of his sermons, as "the wilderness state." Her mind was deeply depressed under a conviction of the guilt and power of original sin. All this while Charles describes her as a child of God, holding fast her confidence, and, of course, as still accepted in the Beloved: in opposition to the tenets of those Moravians who would have contended that she had no faith, because she was distressed with doubts and fears. In this state she sought and waited for deliverance, not in stillness and quietude, as Molther recommended in similar cases, but in a diligent and prayerful use of all the means of grace, and in the discharge of every religious and moral duty; for which Charles commends her in the strongest manner.

"For many days and months," says he, "she walked on still in darkness, and had no light, but against hope believed in hope; staggering oftentimes, but not falling through unbelief. Still she bore up under her continual fears of being a castaway. She waited in a constant use of all the means of grace, never missed the communion, or hearing the word; though all was torment to her; for she never found benefit. Nothing, she said, affected her: there was none so wicked as her. I am a witness of her many complaints and wailings. Yet she persisted with a glorious obstinacy; and followed on to know the Lord, walking in all his commandments and ordinances blameless. She went on steadily in the way of her duty, never intermitting it on account of her inward conflicts. Not slothful in business, but working almost continually with her own hands. Most strict was she and unblameable in all her relative duties, and in all manner of conversation. Those who lived with her never heard a light and trifling word come out of her mouth. She did not sit still till she should be pure in heart; but redeemed the time, and bought up every opportunity of doing good. To do good she never forgot, but spoke to all, and warned all, both children and grown persons, as God delivered them into her hands. She was exceeding tender-hearted toward the sick, whether in body or soul. She could not rejoice with those that rejoiced, but she wept with those that wept, and encouraged them to wait upon God, who hid his face from her, never to be weary in well-doing: for in the end, said she, they would reap, if they fainted not.

"See here a pattern of true mourning! a spectacle for men and angels! a soul standing up under the intolerable weight of original sin;

troubled on every side; perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted by sin, the world, and the devil, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed; walking on as evenly under the load of darkness, as if she had been in the broad light of God's countenance. Whosoever thou art, that seekest Christ sorrowing, go thou, and do likewise."

In this state of mind and of Christian diligence, Hannah was seized with mortal sickness, when the Lord restored to her "the joy of his salvation," in all its richness and plenitude; and she died in a most peaceful and triumphant manner. The entire tract, giving an account of her life and end, is written with singular terseness and spirit. It quickly passed through many editions, and ought never to be out of print.

The practice of Mr. Charles Wesley at this time fully agreed with the principles which he embodied in this admirable pamphlet. He exercised his ministry with unimpaired efficiency and power. No man upon earth, not even his brother in London, more fully exemplified the apostolic admonition, "Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine."

What then, it may be asked, does Mr. Charles Wesley mean by the sentence which his brother quotes from one of his letters, "No English man or woman is like the Moravians?" This question admits of an easy solution. He was accustomed to express himself, not in measured and logical terms, but with warmth and abruptness. The comparison is not between all the professed members of the Moravian Church, and the Arminian and Calvinistic Methodists; for all the "English," without exception, including the English Moravians, are spoken of in language of comparative disparagement. The fact is, Mr. Charles Wesley was now labouring in Bristol and Kingswood, where strenuous attempts were made to imbue with the doctrine of predestination a people who had but just emerged from a state of semi-barbarism, and who managed their disputes with violence. The bitterness of some was almost incredible. One instance may be mentioned, which occurred near the time of which we are speaking. "While I was passing by the Bowling-green," says he, "a woman cried out, 'The curse of God light upon you!' with such uncommon bitterness, that I could not but turn, and stop to bless her. When I asked her why she cursed me, she answered, 'For preaching against Mr. ——.' I had indeed a suspicion, from her dialect, that she was one of the self-elect; but stayed, heaping coals upon her head, till at last she said, 'God bless you all.'"

In the midst of such contention, and strife of words, it would appear that Mr. Charles Wesley recollected, perhaps in a fit of temporary impatience, the meek and gentle Moravians with whom he and his brother sailed to Georgia, and whose sweetness of spirit shone with greater

lustre when viewed in comparison with that of the angry disputants by whom he was now surrounded, and of others who had recently tried his patience in London and elsewhere. It was acknowledged, on all hands, that the genuine Moravians excelled in the passive graces of the Christian character; and these would appear to be of supreme importance to a man whose mind was vexed with the pertinacity of persons who would rather dispute, than either pray, or govern their tempers.

From Lady Huntingdon's letter we learn, that in the autumn of the year 1741 Mr. Charles Wesley had returned to London, where strenuous attempts were made to alienate him from his brother, and connect him with the Moravians; but all in vain. He sent them a letter of absolute and final refusal. To effect his strict and permanent union with them was indeed a hopeless task. It would have been an open abandonment of the principles which he had most sacredly held through life. The Moravians in England were now a distinct sect; and he had ever been most tenacious of his membership in the established Church, from which nothing could induce him to swerve. He longed for retirement, and often passionately desired to die; and their quiet doctrine and habits were in full accordance with his inclination; but he could not reconcile these with the Scriptures, and with his sense of duty. Greatly also was he offended with their views of the ordinances of God, and with their irreverent phraseology, in reference to the most sacred subjects, especially in investing the Holy Spirit with a female character. He was also deeply grieved with the manner in which they separated from him the dearest of his friends, denying them the slightest intercourse with him, when once they had become members of the Moravian Church. William Delamotte, the Cambridge student, who was Charles Wesley's own son in the gospel, with the rest of the family, joined the Moravians. The pious youth soon after died; but even when languishing upon the bed of mortal sickness, he was not allowed to see either of the Wesleys, or any of his former friends who retained their connection with these men of God. Nothing could justify such exclusiveness as this.

Mr. John Gambold, a man of fine genius, and an accomplished scholar, was one of the most intimate and confidential friends of John and Charles Wesley; but he no sooner joined the Moravians, than he resigned his living, renounced all connection with the Establishment, and declined all further intercourse with his old companions. He told Mr. John Wesley that he was ashamed to be seen in his company. His usefulness to the world was now limited indeed. This amiable man and accomplished scholar was sent to an obscure place, Broadoaks in Essex, and intrusted there with the management of a small Moravian school; thus hiding his talents in the earth, and leaving his friends,

the Wesleys and Mr. Whitefield, to wear themselves out in the unaided attempt to turn an ungodly nation to righteousness. At Broadoaks Mr. Gambold entered into the labours of Mr. Charles Wesley, who had carried the truth to that place some years before, and successfully preached in the open air. The branches of the Delamotte family, who resided there, transferred their confidence and affection from the Wesleys to the Moravian Brethren. The Rev. George Stonehouse, of Islington, departed further from the truth than even Mr. Gambold had done. He resigned his vicarage and his ministry, and retired to a village in the neighbourhood of Woodstock, in Oxfordshire, where he appears to have spent the residue of his days in inglorious "stillness," enjoying the benefits of a quiet religion, and a harmless life. The feelings of grief and mortification with which Mr. Charles Wesley contemplated these things he has strongly expressed in his manuscript poetry.

The details respecting the practical and speculative errors in the Moravian Church, at the time of its rise in England, are not introduced here with the design of perpetuating ancient feuds, but merely for the purpose of placing the history of Mr. Charles Wesley in its true light. It is but just to all the parties to state, that, in the subsequent years of his life, he was accustomed to speak of these evils as being temporary. He used to remark that, after these unhappy times, a decided improvement took place in the Moravian body; and he cultivated toward its members a kindly feeling to the end of his days. The evils complained of were introduced chiefly by Molther; and they were perpetuated for some time by Count Zinzendorf, whose theology, as he advanced in life, became more and more unsound, and his influence increasingly mischievous. He drew many aside from that godly simplicity in which they had walked. Indeed it is hardly possible to speak in terms too high of the Christian spirit of the Moravians who accompanied the Wesleys to Georgia, and of their brethren at Hernhuth, when Mr. John Wesley visited them to his great spiritual advantage. They were holy, cheerful, diligent, and devout; and their discipline was scarcely inferior to that of the apostolic churches.

Mr. John Wesley also, after his formal separation from the Moravian Church, cherished a profound respect for the sound members of that community. On the 1st of May, 1741, he says, "I went to a little love-feast which Peter Böhler made for those ten who joined together this day three years, to confess our faults one to another. Seven were present; one being sick, and two unwilling to come. Surely the time will return when there shall be again

'Union of mind, as in us all one soul.'

The Wesleyan Connection owes to the Moravian Brethren a debt of

respect and grateful affection which can never be repaid. Mr. John and Charles Wesley, with all their excellences, were neither holy nor happy till they were taught by Peter Böhler, that men are saved from sin, its guilt, dominion, and misery, by faith in Christ; a faith which is the inspired gift of the Holy Ghost, exercised in a penitent state of heart, and immediately followed by the inward witness of God's adopting mercy. The application to themselves of this doctrine was with them the beginning of the Christian life, and the grand qualification for that ministry which was destined to turn the world upside down. Had they not been made acquainted with that master-truth of Christianity, they would never have been itinerant and field-preachers, nor have had companies of awakened sinners to form into religious societies. During the last hundred years this doctrine has ever been the most prominent subject of the Methodist ministry, in the United Kingdom, on the American continent, and in the wide mission field. The faithful, affectionate, and experimental inculcation of this doctrine has unquestionably been, under God, the great secret of the power and success of Methodist preaching. God, in the merciful dispensations of his providence, might indeed, by other means, have given the Wesleys a knowledge of this essential element of evangelical truth; but he did not. Peter Böhler was his honoured instrument of imparting this benefit to the brothers, and consequently to the millions of their spiritual children.

The Moravian Brethren are at present comparatively few in number; and yet their missions, which are widely diffused through the heathen world, are carried on with exemplary zeal and patience. In supporting this noble enterprise of charity their sacrifices and privations must be great and painful. Few things, it is conceived, would be more becoming in itself, or more acceptable to the adorable Saviour and head of all "the churches of the saints,"—or be a finer example of catholic love, in these days of bitter exclusiveness,—than a pecuniary contribution from the Wesleyan body in behalf of the Moravian missions, as an acknowledgment of God's goodness in sending Peter Böhler so opportunely to England, when Mr. John and Charles Wesley were anxiously inquiring, "What must we do to be saved?" The writer of this narrative hopes that his Wesleyan brethren will give due attention to this suggestion; which is advanced with all deference and respect, but with great earnestness and sincerity.

CHAPTER IX.

WE have already seen the part which Mr. Charles Wesley took in the controversies concerning predestination, and the nature of Christian ordinances as means of grace, which agitated the societies in London, Bristol, and Kingswood. In full concurrence with his brother, he steadily adhered to the doctrine of general redemption; and, with the exception of a momentary hesitation, occasioned by the smooth and self-pleasing representations of Mr. Hall, Gambold, and Stonehouse, he not only enforced the duties of religion with unflinching fidelity, but was an example of what he taught. There is a chasm in his journal from January 1st to the 4th of April, 1741; when we find him at Bristol, Kingswood, and the vicinity, preaching with undiminished zeal and success. He did not return to London till the autumn. During the summer he paid three visits to Wales, not for the purpose of finding relaxation in its mountain scenery, but to minister the word of life to dying men.

Many were the spiritual children which he had in Bristol and its neighbourhood, whose improving piety and upright conduct he witnessed with gratitude, and who, he was pleased to believe, would be his joy and the crown of his rejoicing in the day of the Lord. He was now called to visit many of them on the bed of death, and to witness their departure from the toils and afflictions of mortality. Several of them died during his stay in Bristol; and their "latter end" was indeed such as to strengthen his conviction, that the conversions which had taken place in connection with his ministry, and that of his fellow-labourers, were, as he had ever regarded them, "the work of God." The people died in the faith and hope of the gospel, "looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life;" and their funerals, like those of the primitive Christians, were celebrated as solemn festivals, where tears of sorrow were mingled with tears of joy. The members of the society used to assemble in considerable numbers, and follow the remains of their departed friends to the grave. Mr. Charles Wesley often attended; he composed hymns suited to the occasions, which he called upon the people to sing; and he addressed them on the subject of death and eternity. The civil authorities in Bristol were then remiss, and unfriendly to the Wesleys and their converts; so that when the Methodist funerals passed along the streets of that ancient and pious city, the mourners and their friends were pelted with mud and stones, by persons of "the baser sort," who knew that they could perpetrate the outrage with impunity. A few examples, selected

from Mr. Charles Wesley's journal, will show the power of religion among the Methodists at this period.

"April 11th. I found a dying sinner rejoicing in God her Saviour. At the sight of me she cried out, O how loving is God to me! But he is loving to every man. He loves every soul as well as he loves mine.' Many like words she uttered in triumphant faith, and witnessed in death the universal love of Christ Jesus.

"April 12th. To-day He called forth another of his dying witnesses: the young woman whom at my last visit I left in utter despair. This morning she broke out into, 'I see, I see it now, that Jesus Christ died for me, and for all the world.' From that time she testified, with much assurance, that Christ gave his life a ransom for all. Some of her words to me were, 'Death stares me in the face; but I fear him not. He cannot hurt me;

'And Death may shake his dart in vain!'

Your report is true. God is love; pure love; love to every man. The Spirit which is in me tells me, that Jesus Christ died for me, and the whole world.'

"The next I saw was our brother S—,

'With joyful eyes, and look divine,
Smiling and pleased in death.'

He likewise had in himself the witness of God's all-redeeming love; and could stake his soul upon the truth of it.

"April 20th. Returning from Baptist-mills, I heard that our sister Richardson had finished her course. My soul was filled with strong consolation, and struggled as it were to go out after her, 'as heavenward endeavouring.' Jesus! my time is in thy hand. Only let me so follow her, as she has followed thee. The voice of thanksgiving was in the congregation while I spake of her death. Our sister Parnel has proved a true prophet, that many of the society would quickly follow her; but God would first finish his work, and cut it short in righteousness.

"April 22d. I hastened to the joyful funeral of our sister Richardson. The room was crowded within and without. My subject was, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' &c. Job xix, 25. I spoke searchingly to the hearsay believers; and then largely of her whose faith they might safely follow. Great was my glorying and rejoicing over her. She being dead, yet spoke in words of faith and love, which ought to be had in remembrance. Surely her spirit was present with us, and we were in a measure partakers of her joy; a joy unspeakable and full of glory.

"The whole society followed her to her grave, through all the city.

Satan raged exceedingly in his children, who threw dirt and stones at us ; but the bridle was in their mouths. After the burial we joined in the following hymn :—

Come let us who in Christ believe,
With saints and angels join ;
Glory, and praise, and blessing give,
And thanks, and grace divine.

Our friend, in sure and certain hope,
Hath laid her body down,
She knew that Christ will raise her up,
And give the heavenly crown.

To all who his appearing love,
He opens paradise ;
And we shall join the hosts above,
And we shall grasp the prize.

Then let us wait to see the day,
To hear the welcome word,
To answer,—‘ Lo ! we come away,
We die to meet our Lord !’

“ May 1st. I visited a sister dying in the Lord ; and then two others, one mourning after, the other rejoicing in, God her Saviour.

“ May 4th. I passed an hour in weeping with some that wept ; then rejoiced over our sister Hooper. The more the outward man decayeth, the inner man is renewed. For one whole night she had wrestled with all the powers of darkness. This is that evil day, that fiery trial. But having done all, she stood unshaken. From henceforth she was kept in peace, and that wicked one touched her not.

“ I saw my dear friend again, in great bodily weakness, but strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. ‘ The Spirit,’ said she, ‘ bears witness every moment with my spirit, that I am a child of God.’ I spoke with her physician, who said he had little hope of her recovery : ‘ Only,’ added he, ‘ she has no dread upon her spirits, which is generally the worst symptom. Most people die for fear of dying ; but I never met with such people as yours. They are none of them afraid of death ; but calm, and patient, and resigned to the last.’ He had said to her, ‘ Madam, be not cast down.’ She answered, smiling, ‘ Sir, I shall never be cast down.’

“ May 6th. I found our sister Hooper just at the haven. She expressed, while able to speak, her fulness of confidence and love ; her desire to be with Christ ; her grief at their preaching the other gospel. Some of her words were, ‘ Does Mr. Cennick still preach his wretched doctrine ? O what has he to answer for, for turning his poor sister out

of the way! But my Lord will pity, and not suffer her to die in that delusion.'

"At my next visit I saw her in her last conflict. The angel of death was come; and there were but a few moments between her and a blessed eternity. We poured out our souls to God for her, her children, and ourselves, the Church, and ministers, and all mankind. I had some perception of her joy. My soul was tenderly affected for her sufferings; yet the joy swallowed up the sorrow. How much more than did *her* consolations abound! The servants of Christ suffer nothing. I asked her whether she was not in great pain. 'Yes,' she answered; 'but in greater joy. I would not be without either.' 'But do you prefer life or death?' She replied, 'All is alike to me. Let Christ choose. I have no will of my own.' This is that holiness, or absolute resignation, or Christian perfection.

"Two days ago I asked her if she expected to recover. She answered, God had, at the beginning of her sickness, given her notice of her departure. And I now remember, she told me, some months ago, that Mrs. Parnel, on her death-bed, said, 'You shall shortly follow me.'

"A few moments before her last, I found such a complication of grief, joy, love, envy, as quite overpowered me. I fell upon the bed, and in that instant her spirit ascended to God. I felt our souls were knit together by the violent struggle of mine to follow her.

"When I saw the breathless temple of the Holy Ghost, my heart was still, and a calm resignation took place. We knelt down, and gave God thanks from the ground of our heart.

"After her death they found a memorandum in her hand-writing: 'On such a day Mr. Wesley came to town. The next day I received a fresh witness. Nov. 2d, early in the morning, I received such a manifestation of God's love as is not to be expressed.'

"One night, I remember, she told me, she knew, while coming to us, we should have that extraordinary power among the bands: that in the way, God had given her a sight of the new Jerusalem. This she did not mention to others, nor indeed many manifestations of Christ, being exceedingly jealous lest she should take any glory to herself. O that all who tell what God hath done for their souls would tell it with like humble reverence!

"May 8th. We solemnized the funeral of our sister Hooper, and rejoiced over her with singing; particularly that hymn which concludes,

'Thus may we all our parting breath
Into the Saviour's hands resign!
O sister! let *me* die thy death,
And let thy latter end be mine!'

“My text was, ‘Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.’ A great multitude attended her to her grave. There we sung another hymn of triumph; and I found myself pressed in spirit to speak to those who contradicted and blasphemed. While I reasoned on death, and judgment to come, many trembled. One woman cried out in horrible agony. We returned to the room, and continued our solemn rejoicings, desiring all to be dissolved, and to be with Christ.

“May 14th. I visited our sister Lillington, whom her Saviour had brought to a bed of sickness before she knew he was *her* Saviour. She told me, two nights ago she saw herself as it were dropping into hell, when suddenly a ray of light was darted into her soul, and filled her with all joy and peace in believing. All fear of hell, death, and sin, fled away in that same moment.

“I saw two more of our sick sisters, then two of the brethren, in Kingswood, who were all rejoicing in hope of a speedy dissolution.

“May 15th. I saw our sister Lillington again, still without fear, desiring nothing but to be with Christ. ‘I never felt,’ said she, ‘such love before. I love every soul: I am all love; and so is God. He is loving unto every man. He would have all men to be saved.’

“May 16th. I visited another of our sisters, who was triumphing over death. I asked her, ‘Do you know Christ died for you?’ ‘Yes,’ she answered joyfully; ‘for me, and for the whole world. He has begun, and he will finish, his work in my soul.’ ‘But will he save you,’ I said, ‘from *all* sin?’ She replied, ‘I know he will. There shall no sin remain in me.’

“I was sent for to another, who had lately heard a preacher of reprobation. The tempter would not lose his advantage; and immediately suggested, ‘You are one of those for whom Christ did not die.’ This threw her into a fever. I found her dying in despair; preached the true gospel; (gospel to every creature;) prayed; and left her a prisoner of hope.

“May 20th. I was called to a dying woman, who confessed she had often railed on me in her health; but was now constrained to send for me, to ask my pardon, or she could not die in peace. We prayed our Lord to speak peace and pardon to her soul. Several such instances have we had of scoffers, when their feet came to stumble on the dark mountains.

“May 22d. I preached a funeral sermon over sister Lillington, and attended her to her grave; where we rejoiced in hope of quickly following her. I gave an exhortation to repentance, though Satan greatly withstood me; thereby teaching me never to let go unwarned the poor sinners that come on such occasions.”

Such was the spirit in which Mr. Charles Wesley visited the afflicted

people of his charge, and the manner in which he laboured for the benefit of the living. These cases, which occurred in the course of a very few weeks, are given merely as a specimen. His journal abounds with similar accounts. The anointing of the Holy One rested upon him in its richest plenitude. In the exercise of his ministry he laid great stress upon the universality of Christ's atonement, and with the most perfect confidence offered to all a full, a free, and an immediate deliverance from sin, and from the torment connected with it. Sometimes in preaching he was almost overpowered with feelings of mingled reverence and joy; and the truth of God, delivered by him, was so clothed with supernatural energy, that, as he distinctly states, almost every day intelligence was conveyed to him from one or more persons, that they had received by faith the salvation which he recommended, with a request that he would offer thanks to the Lord in the public congregation on their account.

"April 14th. While I was, in great love," says he, "warning the bands, the Spirit of power came down; the Fountain was set open; my mouth and heart were enlarged; and I spoke such words as I cannot repeat. Many sunk under the love of Christ crucified, and were constrained to break out, 'Christ died for all!' Some confessed, with tears of joy, they were going to leave us, but could now die for the truth of the doctrine.

"April 23d. I sharply reprov'd three or four inflexible Pharisees; then prayed the Lord to give me words of consolation; and immediately I was filled with power, which broke out as a mighty torrent. All our hearts caught fire as in a moment; and such tears and strong cryings followed as quite drowned my voice. I sat still, while the prayer of the humble pierced the clouds, and entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. All present received an answer of peace; and from his love in their hearts testified that Christ died for all.

"The Spirit of Jesus is the Spirit of prophecy. One prophesied in words that pierced my soul. At last I lifted up the book, and cried, 'The spirits of the prophets are subject to the prophets. Bow down to the written word.' Immediately there was a profound silence, while I read Elijah's contention with the priests of Baal. The God that answereth by fire received my appeal; and at those words, 'Then the fire of the Lord fell, and consumed the burnt sacrifice,' a prisoner of hope broke loose, and cried, 'Christ died for all!' She was soon filled with faith, and the Holy Ghost. Not one soul was sent empty away. We were all amazed, and glorified God the Saviour of all men, saying, 'We never saw it on this fashion.'

"April 25th. I rode to Kingswood, where many were come from far, to spend the night in watching and prayer. We had much of the divine

presence; but I remained myself like Gideon's fleece; till at midnight a cry, 'Behold the Bridegroom cometh!' The flame was kindled, and the Lord our God was among us, as in the holy place of Sinai.

"April 27th. God every day adds fresh seals to my ministry, as many testify in their notes of thanksgiving.

"May 3d. At Kingswood, as soon as I had named my text, 'It is finished!' the love of Christ crucified so constrained me, that I burst into tears, and felt strong sympathy with him in his sufferings. In like manner, the whole congregation looked upon Him whom they had pierced, and mourned.

"I joined our society in thanksgiving for our departed sister, E. Smith, who went home in triumph. She witnessed a good confession of the universal Saviour; and gave up her spirit in those words: 'I go to my heavenly Father.' We found where she was, by the sweet power and solemn awe with which the divine presence filled us.

"May 19th. I am more and more confirmed in the truth, by its miserable opposers. I talked largely with Mr. H., and urged him with this dilemma: 'For what did God make this reprobate? to be damned, or to be saved? He durst not say, God made even Judas to be damned; and would not say, God made him to be saved. I desired to know for what third end he could make him; but all the answer I could get was, 'It is not a fair question.'

"Next, I asked him, whether he that believeth not shall not be damned, *because* he believeth not. 'Yes,' he answered: and I replied, 'Because he believeth not what?' Here he hesitated; and I was forced to help him out with the apostle's answer, 'That they all might be damned who believed not the truth.' 'What truth?' I asked again, 'but the truth of the gospel of *their* salvation. If it is not the gospel of *their* salvation, and yet they are bound to believe it, then they are bound to believe a lie, under pain of damnation; and the apostle should have said, *That they all might be damned who believed not A LIE.*' This drove him to assert that no man was damned for *actual* unbelief, but only for what he called *original*: that is, for not believing before he was born. 'But where,' said I, 'is the justice of this?' He answered, not over hastily, 'I confess there is a mystery in reprobation:' or, to put it in Beza's words, which I then read to him, 'We believe, though it is incomprehensible, that it is just to damn such as do not deserve it.'

"Further I asked him, 'Why does God command all men everywhere to repent? Why does he call, and offer his grace to reprobates? Why does his Spirit strive with every child of man for *some* time, though not always?' I could get no answer, and so read him one of his friend Calvin's: 'God speaketh to them, that they may be the deafer; he gives light to them, that they may be the blinder; he offers instruction to

them, that they may be the more ignorant ; and uses the remedy, that they may not be healed.'

" Never did I meet with a more pitiful advocate of a more pitiful cause ; and yet I believe he could say as much for reprobation as another. I told him *his* predestination had a millstone about its neck, and would infallibly be drowned, if he did not part it from reprobation.

" At Kingswood I preached from those much-perverted words, ' I pray not for the world, but for them which thou hast given me ;' that is, his apostles. He does not take in believers of future ages till verse 20. Then, in verse 21, he prays for the unbelieving world, that (to use Mr. Baxter's words on the place) ' by *their* concord, the *world* may be won to Christianity.' (Paraphrase on the New Testament. See again on verse 23.) ' That this lustre of their excellency and concord may convince the world that thou hast sent me.' So far is our Lord from not praying for the world *at all*, that in this very chapter he prays once for his first disciples ; once for believers in after ages ; and twice for the world that lieth in wickedness ; that the world may *believe*, that the world may *know*.

" He who prays for all men himself, and commands us to pray for all men, was with us, and showed us, with the demonstration of his Spirit, that he is not willing any should perish, but that all should come to the knowledge of the truth.

" May 22d. I passed the night with my brother at Kingswood, in watching unto prayer. I would this custom were revived among all our brethren. The word of God encourages us to be ' in watchings often.'

" May 31st. I read in the society my account of Hannah Richardson's death. She, being dead, yet spoke so powerfully to our hearts, that my voice was lost in the sorrowful sighing of such as be in captivity. To several God showed himself the God of consolation also ; particularly to two young Welshmen, whom his providence sent hither from Carmarthen. They had heard most dreadful stories of us Arminians, free-willers, perfectionists, Papists ; which all vanished like smoke when they came to hear with their own ears. God applied to their hearts the word of his power. I carried them to my lodgings, and stocked them with books, and sent them away, recommended to the grace of God, which bringeth salvation to all men.

" June 16th. I spoke with one of the bands, most barbarously used by her husband, because she will not forsake God and his people. A hundred times, she said, has he carried a knife to bed with him, to cut her throat. Her soul is alway in her hand. She sleeps in the shadow of death, and fears no evil. She ventures her life upon that word, ' How knowest thou, O woman, but thou mayest save thy husband ?'

“ July 11th. I preached at Bristol ; then among the colliers ; a third time, at Bath ; a fourth, at Sawford ; and yet again, in the wood. Let God have the glory. Preaching five times a day, when he calls me to it, no more wearies the flesh than preaching once.

“ Satan took it ill to be attacked in his own quarters, that Sodom of our land, Bath. While I was explaining the trembling jailer’s question, he raged horribly in his children. They went out, and came back again, and mocked, and at last roared, as if each man’s name was Legion. My power increased with the opposition. The sincere were melted into tears, and strong desires of salvation.”

In this manner was Mr. Charles Wesley employed in what may be properly called his Bristol circuit, till the 13th of July, when he paid another visit to Wales, where he preached with his wonted energy, and was glad to renew his acquaintance with the three clergymen who had formerly treated him with respect. It was during this visit that he was for the first time introduced to Robert Jones, Esq., of Fonmon-castle, which was a means of permanent spiritual good to that gentleman, and led to a most affectionate friendship between them. Mr. Jones obtained for Mr. Charles Wesley the use of a neighbouring church, where a minister was offended with the largeness of the congregation, and with the doctrine and manner of the Methodist itinerant. It was with great difficulty that he could so far restrain his angry feelings as to behave with decency, either to the ‘squire, or the stranger. The following notices from Mr. Charles Wesley’s journal present a lively view of his preaching, and of the effects which it produced :—

“ July 13th. I set out with our brother Hooper, and by three reached Cardiff. At six I met and laboured to stir up the society ; and the Lord was with my mouth.

“ July 14th. I warned them against apostacy ; and preached in the afternoon to the prisoners, on, ‘ How shall I give thee up, Ephraim ? Above twenty were felons. The word melted them down. At night, for near three hours, I described the grace of God, which bringeth salvation to all men.

“ July 15th. I encouraged them to expect salvation from indwelling sin, from that blessed promise, ‘ Who art thou, O great mountain ? Before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain.’

“ I rode to Wenvo, and asked my brother Hodges, if he had forbid letting me preach. He told me his church, while he had one, should be always open to me. It was full at so short a warning. I read prayers, and preached from Isaiah lii, ‘ Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion,’ &c.

“ I rode on five miles further with Mr. Wells, Hodges, and others, to Fonmon-castle. Mr. Jones, who had sent for me, received me very

courteously. He civilly apologized for his first questions, which he asked me as a magistrate, whether I was a Papist; whether I was a member of the established Church of England, &c.; was fully satisfied with my answers; and found we were cotemporaries at the same college.

“After dinner he sent to Porthkerry, where, at his desire, the minister lent me his pulpit. After Mr. Richards had made him a promise of it, he sent again, desiring him to act without bias, or constraint, by either granting or refusing the church, as his conscience directed. I read prayers, and preached on, ‘God so loved the world!’ God was among us, and a mighty tempest was stirred up round about him. He shook many souls out of their carnal security. Never hath he given me more convincing words. The poor simple souls fell down at the feet of Jesus. Their shepherd also was deeply affected, and hid his face, and wept; especially while I was praying for him. After sermon he begged my pardon for believing the strange reports concerning me. God had spoken the contrary to his heart, and the hearts of his people; for when we were gone out of the church, it was still filled with the cries of the wounded.

“I yielded to Mr. Jones’s importunity, and agreed to delay my return to Bristol, that I might preach here once more, and pass a night at the castle. Mr. Richards pressed me first to come to his house. I hastened back to Cardiff, and in great bodily weakness showed unawakened sinners their state in dead Lazarus. The word was quick and powerful.

“July 16th. I discoursed on Lazarus raised; dined at Lanissan, and preached to the society, and a few others, chiefly predestinarians. Without touching the dispute, I simply declared the Scriptural marks of election; whereby some, I believe, were cut off from their vain confidence. The sincere ones clave to me. Who can resist the power of love? A loving messenger of a loving God might drive reprobation out of Wales, without once naming it.

“In the evening, at Cardiff, Mr. Wells and Hodges shamed me by patiently sitting by to hear *me* preach. My subject was wrestling Jacob. Some whole sinners were offended at the sick and wounded, who cried out for a physician. But such offences must needs come.

“July 17th. I expounded the narrative of the woman healed of the bloody issue. The power of the Lord was present. We took leave of each other with many tears; and I earnestly exhorted them to continue in the grace of God.

“I dropped most of my company on the road, that I might meet Mr. Jones at Mr. Richards’s. He came with Mrs. Jones; and was met by a minister, whom, with some others, he had invited to his house, with

a view of reconciling them to me. None but Mr. Carne accepted his invitation. His address was not so smooth as theirs who dwell in King's palaces; but I said little till I could speak as one having authority. With difficulty Mr. Jones restrained him from breaking out.

"He flew out on sight of the multitude in the church-yard, and a motion made for my preaching there. It was then proposed to take down one of the windows, that those without might hear; but on Mr. Carne's again threatening to go away, we went into the church, as many as could, and the rest stood without.

"Mr. Carnes stood up all the prayers and sermon-time. I never read prayers with more inward feeling. Like strength was given to me to explain the good Samaritan for two hours. Out of the abundance of my heart my mouth spake. Great was the company of mourners, whose tears God put into his bottle: and they shall reap in joy.

"I could not help smiling at Mr. Carne, who had come, as he said, on purpose to judge me; and his judgment was, 'Sir, you have got very good lungs; but you will make the people melancholy. I saw them crying throughout the church.' Then he turned on Mr. Jones, and told him, he would make himself ridiculous all over the country, by encouraging such a fellow. I was afraid of despising him; and therefore pressed on, and left them together. Mr. Jones almost overcame his evil with good; but could not prevail upon him to come under the same-roof with me.

"However, the poor people were glad to accept of his invitation to hear me again at the Castle. We ate our bread with gladness and singleness of heart; and at seven I preached to some hundreds in the court-yard. My three brethren, Richards, Wells, and Hodges, stood in the midst of them, and knelt on the ground in prayer, and cried after the Son of David. He breathed into our souls strong desires. O that he may confirm, increase, and satisfy them!

"The voice of praise and thanksgiving was heard in this dwelling-place. Before, at, and after supper, we sung, and blessed God with joyful lips. Those in the parlour and kitchen were continually honouring, by offering him praise. I thought it looked like the house of faithful Abraham. We called our brethren of Kingswood to be present with us in spirit, and continued rejoicing with them till morning.

"July 18th. I took sweet counsel with Mr. Jones alone. The seed is sown in his heart, and shall bring forth fruit unto perfection. His wife, a simple, innocent creature, joined us. I commended them to the grace of God in earnest prayer, and then, with my Cardiff friends, went on my way rejoicing.

"I consented that some should ask Mr. Coldrach for the use of his pulpit. He civilly answered, that he would readily grant it, but the

bishop had forbidden him. 'Doth our law judge any man before it hear him, and know what he doeth?'

"At two I set out for the Passage. The boat was just ready for us. By nine I found my brother at the room; the Lord having blessed my going out, and coming in."

Soon after his return from Wales Mr. Charles Wesley had a narrow escape with his life; and was called to witness another triumphant death in the society, on occasion of which he himself passionately desired to enter into rest.

"August 2d. I got unawares, with my chaise, among the coal-pits. We were going to alight, when the horse started, and overturned us. I leaped over both horse and chaise, but our sister Gaseath was thrown out upon her head, and the chaise turned topsy-turvy over her. She lay between the wheels, untouched by either. The horse lay quiet upon his back. We all rose unhurt. 'Lord, thou shalt save both man and beast.' How excellent is thy mercy!

"I preached a funeral sermon over our sister Rachel Peacock, who died in the Lord most triumphantly. She had continual joy in the Lord, which made her cry out, 'Though I groan, I feel no pain at all; Christ so rejoices and fills my heart.' Her mouth also was filled with laughter, and her tongue with joy. She sung hymns incessantly. 'Christ,' said she, 'is in my heart; and one minute with the Lord is worth a million of ages. O how brave it is to banquet with the Lamb!' She was always praising God for giving her such patience. All her desires were unto the Lord; and she continued calling upon him, in all the confidence of love, till he received her into his more immediate presence.

"At the sight of her coffin my soul was moved within me, and struggled as a bird to break its cage. Some relief I found in tears; but still was so overpowered, that unless God had abated the vehemence of my desires, I could have had no utterance. The whole congregation partook with me in the blessedness of mourning."

Toward the latter end of August Mr. Charles Wesley returned again to Wales. It was the time of the assizes at Cardiff, so that he had many strangers to hear him; and before his return he preached to the prisoners, and attended some convicts to the place of execution. Those who heard him in the evening were so impressed, as to come to the preaching at five o'clock the next morning.

"I found our dear friend and brother at Wenvo," says he, "nothing terrified by his adversaries. Their threats, instead of shaking, have more deeply rooted him in the truth. They have had the same effect upon Mr. Jones. The poor prodigals, who are not yet come to themselves, say of him, that he is beside himself; but he is content that

they fools should count his life madness; only when any of them come in his way, he speaks such words of truth and soberness as they cannot resist.

“For three hours we sung, rejoiced, and gave thanks; then rode to Porthkerry, where I read prayers, and preached near two hours on the pool of Bethesda. The whole congregation were in tears. I returned to the Castle, and met some hundreds of the poor neighbours in our chapel, the dining-room. I exhorted them to build up one another, from Malachi: ‘Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another,’ &c. We kept on rejoicing till one in the morning.

“August 27th. Great power was among us at Cardiff, while I spake on the walls of Jericho falling down; but much more at the prison, where I recommended to two condemned malefactors the example of the penitent thief. Both were melted into tears. The congregation sympathized, and joined in fervent prayer, that our Lord would remember them, now he is come into his kingdom.

“I went to a revel at Lanvane, and dissuaded them from their *innocent* diversions in St. Peter’s words: ‘For the time past of our life may suffice us, to have wrought the will of the Gentiles, when we walked in lasciviousness, lusts, excess of wine, revellings, and abominable idolatries.’ An old dancer of threescore fell down under the stroke of the hammer. She could never be convinced before that there was any harm in these innocent pleasures. O that all her fellows might likewise confess, ‘She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth!’

“August 28th. I preached again at Porthkerry church. Many cried after Jesus, with the woman of Canaan. It was a time of great refreshing. I returned in the coach with Mr. and Mrs. Jones.

“At six I expounded Isaiah liii, in the court-yard, and was greatly assisted to purge out the leaven of Calvin. I spent the evening in conference with those who desired to be of the society, which was now begun in the name of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of all men. I sung and prayed with them till ten; with the family till midnight.

“August 29th. I preached on our Lord’s seven last cries on the cross, and spoke to the men under sentence of death. God showed my thoughts were not his thoughts; for the most hardened, whom I had least hopes of, appeared truly justified. He told Mr. Wells and me, he was quite easy; had no fear of death; no ill-will to his prosecutors. ‘But had you never any fear of it?’ I asked. ‘Yes,’ he replied; ‘till I heard you preach: then it went away; and I have felt no trouble ever since.’

“I took horse with Mr. Wynn and Farley; reached the Passage by seven; the English shore by nine; and Bristol before midnight.”

It would seem that, at this time, opposition of a somewhat formidable

kind was raised against the Methodists at Kingswood; and perhaps this was the reason why Mr. Charles Wesley returned so speedily from Wales, where a wide door of usefulness was opened before him, and where he intended soon to rejoin his friends. On the 5th of September he says, "I heard that Justice Cr—, and forty more, both of the great vulgar and small, had seized upon Mr. Cennick's house; and threatened to take ours on Tuesday next. They forget whose bridle is in their jaws."

Count Zinzendorf was now in London, where he carried the doctrines of Antinomianism to a greater length than even Molther had done, to the serious injury of the Moravian Church, in which he had acquired a leading influence. The very lax principles which he avowed, in conversation with Mr. John Wesley, are well known, having been published in Mr. Wesley's Journal. On receiving from his brother, in a letter, the substance of that conversation, Mr. Charles Wesley makes the following entry in his journal:—"Sept. 6th. I was astonished by a letter from my brother, relating his conference with the apostle of the Moravians:

'If thou art he! but O how fallen!'

Who would believe it of Count Zinzendorf, that he should utterly deny all Christian holiness! I never could, but for a saying of his, which I heard with my own ears. Speaking of St. James's Epistle, he said, 'If it was thrown out of the canon, *I would not restore it.*'"

Mr. Charles Wesley hastened back again to Wales, which had now evidently become a favourite field of labour.

"Sept. 9th," at Cardiff, he says, "I preached to the two condemned malefactors, and found them in the passage from death to life eternal.

"I rode by Wenvo to Fonmon, and rejoiced with that household of faith. I went to fetch our little society from Aberthaw, and returned singing to the Castle; where I explained the apostle's answer to the jailer, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' God gave me words to awaken some, who were lulled fast asleep by the opiate of final perseverance.

"Sept. 10th. I read prayers at Porthkerry, and applied our Lord's words, Matt. xi, 5: 'The blind receive their sight,' &c. I preached again from Acts iii, to the self-righteous predestinarians chiefly. Some of them afterward complained to me, that I should say, if they fell from grace after justification, they had better never have been justified at all. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.* [Hence those tears.] I cannot allow them Christ's righteousness as a cloak to their sins.

"Sept. 11th. I besought my guilty brethren at Cardiff, especially those who are to be executed to-morrow, to be reconciled unto God. I set out directly for Lantrissant, eight Welsh miles from Cardiff, and

pointed them to the Son of man, lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life. I hasted back, shifted my wet clothes, and attended Mr. Wells and Thomas to the prison. I asked one of the malefactors, 'Are you afraid to die?' 'No,' he answered; 'I should rejoice to die this moment.' Both behaved as believing penitents. We had strong consolation in prayer, the amen and answer in our hearts.

"Sept. 12th. I had only time at the society to offer up a prayer for the prisoners. At five I went to them; the sheriff being resolved to hurry them away at six, some hours before the usual time. He would hardly let them stay to receive the sacrament. Then he ordered them out, not allowing time to strike off their fetters.

"They were very calm and composed; nothing afraid of death or its consequences. One of them assured me, if it was now left to his choice, he would rather die than live. I asked the reason; and he answered, 'Was I to be any longer in this world, I might sin again.' He also acknowledged that his punishment was just; not on account of the theft for which he was condemned, (as to which he persisted in his innocence to the last,) but for another offence of the same sort, for which the justice of *man* had never taken hold of him.

"Mr. Wells rode by the side of the cart: Mr. Thomas and I, with the criminals, in it. The sheriff's hurry often endangered our being overturned; but could not hinder our singing, till we came to the place of execution. I spoke a few minutes to the people, from Gal. iii, 13: 'Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us: for it is written, Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree.' Still I could not observe the least sign of fear or trouble on either of the dying men. They confessed their steadfast faith in Christ crucified; and are now, I make no doubt, with him in paradise.

"I preached at night to a numerous congregation of gentry and others. God gives me favour in their sight. O that I could make them displeased with themselves!

"Sept. 13th. I preached at Cardiff; then at Wenvo; a third time, at Porthkerry; and the last, at Fonmon. The remainder of the night passed, admonishing one another in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs.

"Sept. 14th. We sung on till two; then I rode to a revel at Dennis-Powis. It was one of the greatest in the country; but is now dwindled down to nothing. I preached Jesus, the Saviour of his people from their sins.

"Sept. 15th. I was at another famous revel in Whitchurch, which lasts a week, and is honoured with the presence of the gentry and clergy far and near. I put myself in their way, and called, 'Awake,

thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.' I trust there was a great awakening among the dead souls. So again at Cardiff, while I showed the state of modern Christians in the church of Laodicea.

"Sept. 16th. I exhorted the society in private. One accursed thing is discovered and removed; their abominably wicked custom of selling on Sundays. I kept a watch-night at Fonmon, and expounded the ten virgins. We continued singing and rejoicing till two in the morning. O that all the world were partakers with us!"

On the next day Mr. Charles Wesley left Wales, taking Mr. Jones with him, that this wealthy stranger, who was recently turned to Christ, might witness the power of religion in the Bristol society, and among the converted colliers of Kingswood. He was greatly impressed and strengthened by what he saw and heard. Mr. Charles Wesley says, "I carried Mr. Jones to Kingswood, where the Lord was mightily present in his own ordinance. At Baptist-mills I expounded the account of the bloody issue. Great disturbance was made behind me, till I turned upon the disturbers, and by the law first, and then by the gospel, entirely silenced them.

"It was a glorious time at the society, where God called forth his witnesses. Our guest was filled with consolation, and acknowledged that God was with us of a truth. I introduced him to the leaders of the colliers, with whom he had sweet fellowship. I met the bands, and strongly urged them to press toward the mark. I read them a letter, full of threatenings to take our house by violence. Immediately the power came down, and we laughed all our enemies to scorn. Faith saw the mountain full of horsemen and chariots of fire. Our brother from Wales was compelled to bear his testimony, and declare before all what God had done for his soul. At that time, when the power of the Holy Ghost so overshadowed him, (he assured them,) all bodily sufferings would have been as nothing. Neither would they feel them, if made partakers of the Holy Ghost in the *same measure*. He warned us to prepare for the storm, which would surely fall upon us, if the work of God went on. His artless words were greatly blessed to us all; and our hearts were bowed and warmed, by the Spirit of love, as the heart of one man.

"Sept. 22d. He would have carried me to some great friends of his in the city, and particularly to a counsellor, about the threatened seizure. I feared nothing but helping myself, and trusting to an arm of flesh. Our safety is to sit still. However, at his importunity, I went with him a little way; but stopped, and turned him back; and at last agreed to accompany him to Justice Cr—, the most forward of all our adversaries.

“He received us courteously. I said, I came to wait upon him, in respect to his office, having heard his name mentioned among some who were offended at the good we did to the poor colliers; that I should be sorry to give any just cause of complaint; and was willing to know from himself if such had been given; that many idle reports were spread, as if we should countenance the violence of those who had seized Mr. Cennick’s house, and now threatened to take away the colliers’ school.

“I caught up an expression he dropped, that it would make a good workhouse; and said, ‘It is a workhouse already.’ ‘Ay, but what work is done there?’ ‘We work the works of God, which man cannot hinder.’ ‘But you occasion the increase of our poor.’ ‘Sir, you are misinformed. The reverse of that is true. None of our society is chargeable to you; even those who were so before they heard us, or who spent all their wages at the alehouse, now never go there at all, but keep their money to maintain their families, and have to give to those that want. Notorious swearers have now only the praises of God in their mouths. The good done among them is indisputable: our worst enemies cannot deny it. None who hears us continues either to swear or drink.’ ‘If I thought so,’ he hastily replied, ‘I would come and hear you myself.’ I desired he would; said, the grace of God was as sufficient for him as for our colliers; and who knew but he might be converted among us?

“I gave him to know, Mr. Jones was in the commission; who then asked him on what pretence they had seized Mr. Cennick’s house. He utterly denied his having any hand in it; (his own servant, by the way, was one of the foremost in pulling up the hedge, &c. ;) said, he should not at all concern himself; ‘for if what you do, you do for gain, you have your reward: if for the sake of God, he will recompense you. I am of Gamaliel’s mind: if this counsel or work be of men, it will come to naught.’ ‘But if it be of God,’ I proceeded, ‘ye cannot overthrow it; lest, haply, ye be found to fight against God. Therefore, follow Gamaliel’s advice. Take heed to yourselves: refrain from these men, and let them alone.’

“He seemed determined so to do; and thus, through the blessing of God, we parted friends.

“On our way home I admired that Hand which directs all our paths. I rejoiced, at Bristol, to hear that God had laid hold on poor William, Mr. Jones’s man, who is under strong convictions of sin, and continually in tears. In the evening we found, under the word, that there is none like unto the God of Jeshurun. It was a time of sweet refreshment. Just when I had concluded, my brother came in from London, as if sent on purpose to be comforted together with us. He exhorted and

prayed with the congregation for another half-hour. Then we went to our friend Vigor's, and for an hour or two longer our souls were satisfied as with marrow and fatness, while our mouths praised God with joyful lips."

There is a chasm in Mr. Charles Wesley's journal from this time till the 1st of January, 1743. This is the more to be regretted, because it would appear that, during this interval, he entered upon service which was somewhat new to him. As a field-preacher, he had not led the way, but followed in the path of his brother, and of their mutual friend Mr. Whitefield; and, generally speaking, he had only laboured in those places where they had been before him. But in the course of this year there is reason to believe that he carried the truth into extensive districts where they had never been, and that at the hazard of his life; especially in Staffordshire, where the colliers, and the men who were employed in the iron-works, greatly needed evangelical light, but were unwilling to receive it. With the particulars connected with his first visit to this county, and to other places in the north, (for he was also at Leeds, and Newcastle-upon-Tyne,) we are not acquainted. But though we cannot trace him through the year 1742, in his various journeyings, nor describe his ministerial labours in detail, several incidents occurred during this period which possess a superior interest.

He united with his brother in the publication of a fifth volume of hymns, the greater part of them written by himself; for in the midst of his incessant labours, and high spiritual excitement, his thoughts flowed the most naturally in sacred verse. A few months previously he had preached, with deep interest, on "wrestling Jacob;" and in the volume of this year his incomparable hymn on that subject first appeared. It applies, with admirable ingenuity and tact, the patriarch's mysterious conflict, and the happy result to which it led, to the process of an awakened sinner's salvation. The absence of company, the night season, the length of the struggle, the lameness inflicted upon the patriarch, the return of the morning, the communication of the desired blessing, are all brought to bear upon the penitent's deliverance from sin, obtained by praying, agonizing faith, and followed by the joy of pardon and holiness, and by the race for eternal life. The language of this composition is thoroughly English. It is terse and poetical, and the thoughts are as important as they are in accordance with evangelical truth. The sentiments of this hymn are as true to fact, as they are to sound theology. The divine Angel with whom Jacob wrestled was unquestionably the Son of God; and that the patriarch received, in the course of that memorable conflict, not merely the assurance of temporal preservation, but actual salvation from sin, is undeniable. From that time his conduct proves him to have been a

new man. The entire volume is rich in poetry and Christian experience.

The venerable Dr. Watts was living when this volume appeared, and had acquired a high degree of respect, especially in his own denomination, for the excellent hymns which he had published, and for his version of the psalms of David, adapted to congregational use. He was too generous and pious a man to regard with envy and dislike the gifts which the Author of all good had conferred upon Charles Wesley. "Wrestling Jacob" is said to have especially arrested his attention; and, with a magnanimity worthy of his talents and character, he exclaimed, "That single poem, 'Wrestling Jacob,' is worth all the verses I have ever written!" Without adopting this sentiment as literally true, every one must admire the feeling by which it was dictated. Whether these two honoured servants of Christ, and of the universal church, ever met in this world, we are not informed. One thing, however, is certain,—no feeling of unholy rivalry existed in either of their minds. The doctor was then in the decline of life. Charles was in all his freshness and vigour.

On the 4th of April, 1742, Mr. Charles Wesley preached again in his turn before the University of Oxford. When his brother was engaged in that service the preceding year, Charles was in Bristol; and he says in his journal, under the date of July 25th, "We met at ten to pray for a blessing on my brother's sermon, which he is preaching at this hour before the university." John, who was in London, was equally mindful of Charles. "About two in the afternoon," says he, "being the time my brother was preaching at Oxford, before the university, I desired a few persons to meet with me, and join in prayer. We continued herein much longer than we at first designed, and believed we had the petition we asked of God."

The text upon which Mr. Charles Wesley founded his discourse was Eph. v, 14: "Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." The sermon was afterward published; though not "by request" of the learned body to whom it was addressed. It is plain, simple, and unadorned; but withal energetic and earnest almost beyond example. The preacher points out the resemblance between sleep, and that state of guilty insensibility and indifference into which the sin of Adam has plunged his posterity; and he calls upon all who are in this condition to awake out of their fatal lethargy, to contemplate their wretchedness and peril, as fallen creatures, and by a timely application to Christ, and compliance with his will, to avert their impending doom; assuring them of the willingness of Christ to bestow upon the most unworthy the light of life. The discourse is full of Scripture imagery and expression; and is addressed with great

fideliſy and power to the conſciences of unconverted men. The accompliſhed collegian is loſt in the Chriſtian miniſter, whoſe heart is all on fire to turn the people from ſin, worldlineſs, and miſery, to Chriſt, and holineſs, and heaven. It is doubtful whether any ſermon in the Engliſh language, or in any language upon earth, has paſſed through ſo many editions, or has been the means of ſo much ſpiritual good. Within ſeven years of the time of its publication it had paſſed to a ſixteenth edition; and ever ſince it has been in conſtant demand.

Whether Mr. Charles Weſley ever preached again in the ſame place does not appear. Some time afterward John was informed that when his next turn came to occupy the univerſity pulpit, a ſubſtitute would be provided for him. It is likely that Charles received a ſimilar notice. Yet there is no reaſon to believe that he was otherwiſe treated with perſonal diſreſpect.

In this he was more fortunate than his friend Mr. Piers, the pious vicar of Bexley, who was appointed on the 21ſt of May following to preach at Sevenoaks, in Kent, “before the right worſhipful the dean of Arches, and the reverend the clergy of the deanery of Shoreham, aſſembled in viſitation.” He ſelected as his text 1 Cor. iv, 1, 2: “Let a man account of us, as of the miniſters of Chriſt, and ſtewards of the myſteries of God. Moreover it is required in ſtewards, that a man be found faithful.” From theſe words he undertook to ſhow the doctrines which thoſe who ſuſtain the ſacred office ought to teach; the tempers which they ſhould poſſeſs and cheriſh; and the manner in which they ought to live; confirming all his ſtatements by quotations from Scripture and the formularies of the Church; and laying great ſtreſs upon thoſe bleſſed truths of the Reformation which the Weſleys were labouring to revive. Having finiſhed the argumentative part of the ſermon, the preacher propoſed to inquire, “whether we preach theſe doctrines, and have ſuch tempers, and lead ſuch lives, as become the high character we bear, miniſters of Chriſt, and ſtewards of the myſteries of God?” The effect of this announcement was ſuch as he had not anticipated. The learned part of the auditory could bear him no longer. The dean roſe from his ſeat, in all the dignity of his office, and walked out of the church; and the clergy, in a body, followed his example; leaving their faithful monitor to addreſs himſelf to the laity, and practically confeſſing that they could not endure the propoſed ſcrutiny. This untoward occurrence, of courſe, produced great excitement in many quarters; and Mr. Piers felt it his duty to publiſh his ſermon in ſelf-defence.

It was therefore printed without delay, accompanied by a faithful and affectionate dedication to the clergy who at the time of its delivery had offered him the public affront. A note at the bottom of the 28th

page states, "It was just here that the right worshipful the ordinary, together with the clergy, rose up and left me to finish my discourse to the laity." Between the dedication and the sermon there is a list of "books published by the Rev. Mr. John and Charles Wesley, and sold at the Foundery, near Upper Moorfields;" thus identifying the author with those holy and devoted men who were "everywhere spoken against." There was a propriety in this which did not openly appear. To a certain extent Mr. John Wesley was answerable for the sermon; for he had been requested to revise it before it was delivered. Hence the following notice in a letter to Charles, dated May 17th: "I think of going early in the morning to Bexley, and correcting Mr. Piers's sermon." This, it will be observed, was four days before the sermon was preached.

Between the delivery of the sermon, and its appearance in print, the pious author addressed a letter to his friend Mr. John Wesley, then in the west of Yorkshire, containing a description of the scene which occurred in the church at Sevenoaks. It is dated, Bexley, May 24th, 1742. The following is an extract:—

"I found the beginning of my discourse listened to gravely; but the things that I took for granted, seemed matter of novelty to most of them. The division was received with shrewd looks, hems, indignant smiles, and laughter. As the tragical scene arose, that is, as the doctrines of their Church were laid before them, the dislike increased in loud whis-pers, changes of countenance and posture, and other symptoms of uneasiness; some having been heard to say, 'The man is mad, crazy, a fool;' till coming to my third head, to inquire whether these doctrines were preached, whether we had such tempers, and led such lives, the ordinary could bear no longer; beckons to the apparitor to open his pew door, and to the minister of the church, who sat in the desk under me, to bid me stop; who, putting up his hand to the pulpit cushion, said something so cowardly, that I could not hear. After this, the ordinary, or chancellor, desires me to dismiss the people with the blessing; 'for there was enough.' I took no notice, but went on with my discourse. Away he sweeps his clergy, (except one or two who had the face to hold out to the end,) and collects their procurations, while I finished my discourse to an attentive lay audience.

"After I had done I went to the chancellor's court, a place within sight and hearing of the pulpit, to show them that I was not ashamed of the gospel, the power of God unto salvation. But having nothing to do there, I (who in the morning was honoured with his right worshipful's coach) went on foot to my inn, attended by about twenty of my friends, who came from Bexley. After he had ended his court, he came to his inn, and sent for me very civilly. When I

came I was surprised to find him as complaisant as in the morning. He makes me a compliment of my procurations, (a favour always granted to the preacher,) and tells me he 'liked my sermon *exceeding well*, but that it was too long; and then entering upon a third head, I found inconsistent with my business.' 'Sir,' said I, 'you seem not to know that the sermon, together with the prayers of the Church, is the most important part of the business of the day. As to the objected length of my discourse, it is altogether a pretence; for I was but about fifty minutes in all; and you interrupted me when I had not preached above thirty-five. Sir, I must tell you, you have done what you cannot justify.' I found he had nothing to say; and do believe that he heartily wishes he had not done what he did, for fear the sermon should appear in print: for, as he recollects, the doctrines being all of the Church of England, he thinks it may make a bad figure in the eyes of the world, that the ordinary of an ecclesiastical court, together with his clergy, cannot bear the doctrines of their own Church, which they have so often subscribed.

"Indeed I believe it to be an unprecedented thing; nay, a breach of the law of the land, and that by a judge in the execution of his office: not to say that here are none of the foolish objections to be pleaded in excuse, of 'field-preaching,' or 'breaking in upon the regulations of parishes.' Here, it is plain, nothing can give offence but the gospel of Christ; the very Scriptural doctrine of our Church.

"I am acquainted with a clothier's wife, at Wakefield, or Halifax, whose name is Farrar. If you will give my service to her, it may be a means of bringing you acquainted with the family, and I hope of bringing salvation to the house. You may tell her that I was acquainted with her when a curate of Winwick.

"My dear brother, I am for ever indebted to you and dear Charles for having brought me acquainted with our Lord. May he ever knit our hearts to himself, above all things, and to one another in his love!"

Two deaths, which took place in the summer of 1742, greatly affected Mr. Charles Wesley's mind. One of these, and the first that occurred, was that of Mr. Jones, of Fonmon-castle, in Glamorganshire, to whom he had been a means of salvation in his late visits to Wales. The other was his venerated mother, Mrs. Susanna Wesley; a woman never to be mentioned but with profound respect.

Whether Mr. Charles Wesley ever saw his friend Jones, after they parted in Bristol, toward the close of the preceding year, we are not informed. It is, however, satisfactory to know that this young convert suffered no religious declension, and died in peace and hope. In March he came to Cardiff, to meet Mr. John Wesley, and conduct him to the Castle, where Mr. Wesley preached, as well as in some of the neigh-

bouring churches, to which he was accompanied by Mr. Jones, who was yet warm in his first love. Mr. Wesley says that he was "still pressing on into all the fulness of God." On the 6th of July following, being again in South Wales, Mr. Wesley says, "I rode over to Fomon, and found Mrs. Jones thoroughly resigned to God, although feeling what it was to lose a husband, and such a husband, in the strength of his years."

This is all the information that we possess concerning the end of this very excellent man; who, as we have already seen, sustained the office of a magistrate, and was Mr. Charles Wesley's fellow-collegian at Oxford. Though he was moral in his habits, and a man of polished manners, he lived without God in the world, taking the lead, in his own vicinity, in unhallowed pleasure and gayety, till he heard Mr. Charles Wesley preach; when he discovered his guilty and fallen condition, and felt that he was a stranger to the peace and holiness of genuine Christianity. By coming to Christ, he found rest to his soul, and was made a new creature. A society was formed of persons like-minded with himself, who held their meetings in his mansion; and with them he used to unite in prayer, in reading the Holy Scriptures, and in singing hymns and spiritual songs. He also became a faithful witness for God, reproofing sin, recommending spiritual religion, and defending divine truth in all circles where he found it assailed; especially the Godhead and atonement of his Saviour. With the pious colliers of Kingswood, to whom he was introduced by Mr. Charles Wesley, this regenerated man of family, education, and fortune, realized the true communion of saints; and with all simplicity and fervour he declared to them what God had done for his soul. When laid upon the bed of death his joys were rich and abundant; and he yielded up his spirit into the hands of his Redeemer with holy confidence and resignation.

Mr. Charles Wesley, who was deeply affected with the comparatively sudden removal of his friend and son in the gospel, and impressed with the excellence of his character, poured forth the feelings of his heart in an elegy of considerable length, which he immediately published in a duodecimo pamphlet. It was afterward inserted by his brother in the third volume of his "Collection of Moral and Sacred Poems." This elegy, which is written with great spirit, describes Mr. Jones's early life, conversion, subsequent piety, exemplary conduct as a husband and a father, his attachment to the Church of England, catholic spirit, fidelity to his Christian profession, and triumphant death.

In the midst of his severe labours, it must have afforded Mr. Charles Wesley the most solid satisfaction, that his ministry was a means of

carrying into effect the blessed end for which the Son of God was incarnated, and died upon the cross; the end for which the apostles travelled, and preached, and bled; the conversion of men from sin to holiness; making them useful and happy in life, and conducting them through the valley of the shadow of death, not only "calm and undismayed," but full of joy and hope.

Scarcely had the grave closed upon the remains of Mr. Jones, when Mr. Charles Wesley was called to mourn and rejoice on account of his mother's peaceful removal to the heavenly paradise. She died in London, on the 23d of July, 1742. Three days previously Mr. John Wesley says, "I found my mother on the borders of eternity. But she had no doubt or fear, nor any desire but (as soon as God should call) to depart, and to be with Christ." On the day of her dissolution he adds, "About three in the afternoon I went to my mother, and found her change was near. I sat down on the bed-side. She was in her last conflict; unable to speak, but I believe quite sensible. Her look was calm and serene, and her eyes fixed upward, while we commended her soul to God. From three to four the silver cord was loosing, and the wheel breaking at the cistern; and then, without any struggle, or sigh, or groan, the soul was set at liberty. We stood round the bed, and fulfilled her last request, uttered a little before she lost her speech: 'Children, as soon as I am released, sing a psalm of praise to God.'"

Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Lambert, Mrs. Harper, and Mrs. Ellison appear to have been present when their honoured mother passed through her last conflict. Kezzy was not living. She died on the 9th of March, 1741. Where Charles was, we have no means of ascertaining. That he was not in London is unquestionable; for his brother and Mrs. Lambert both wrote to him, giving him an account of their mother's last hours. As these communications contain particulars which have never before been published, an extract from each of them will not be unacceptable. "Yesterday," says John, "about three in the afternoon, as soon as intercession was ended, I went up to my mother. I found her pulse almost gone, and her fingers dead, so that it was easy to see her spirit was on the wing for eternity. After using the commendatory prayer, I sat down on her bed-side, and with three or four of our sisters, sung a requiem to her departing soul. She continued in just the same way as my father was, struggling and gasping for life, though (as I could judge by several signs) perfectly sensible, till near four o'clock. I was then going to drink a dish of tea, being faint and weary, when one called me again to the bed-side. It was just four o'clock. She opened her eyes wide, and fixed them upward for a moment. Then the lids dropped, and the soul was set at liberty, without one struggle, or groan, or sigh. I shall write Lady Hunting-

don word of my mother's death to-night. She is to be buried to-morrow evening."

Addressing her brother Charles, Mrs. Lambert says, "This comes to return thanks for all favours, which I ought to have done some time ago; but I trust the fatigue which I have had will, in some measure, excuse my silence. A few days before my mother died, she desired me, if I had strength to bear it, that I would not leave her till death, which God enabled me to do. She laboured under great trials, both of soul and body, some days after you left her; but God perfected his work in her above twelve hours before he took her to himself. She waked out of a slumber; and we, hearing her rejoicing, attended to the words she spake, which were these: 'My dear Saviour! Are you come to help me, at my extremity at last?' From that time she was sweetly resigned indeed. The enemy had no more power to hurt her. The remainder of her time was spent in praise."

Mrs. Wesley died of the gout, a complaint to which her husband, and her two sons, John and Charles, were all more or less subject.

The remains of this venerable woman were interred on Sunday, August 1st, in Bunhill-fields. "Almost an innumerable company of people being gathered together," says Mr. Wesley, "about five in the afternoon, I committed to the earth the body of my mother, to sleep with her fathers. The portion of Scripture from which I afterward spoke was, 'I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and the dead were judged out of those things that were written in the books, according to their works.' It was one of the most solemn assemblies I ever saw, or expect to see, on this side eternity.

"We set up a plain stone at the head of her grave, inscribed with the following words: 'Here lies the body of Mrs. Susanna Wesley, the youngest and last surviving daughter of Dr. Samuel Annesley.

In sure and certain hope to rise,
And claim her mansion in the skies,
A Christian here her flesh laid down,
The cross exchanging for a crown.

True daughter of affliction, she
Inured to pain and misery,
Mourn'd a long night of griefs and fears,
A legal night of seventy years.

The Father then reveal'd his Son,
Him in the broken bread made known;
She knew and felt her sins forgiven,
And found the earnest of her heaven.

Meet for the fellowship above,
 She heard the call, ' Arise, my love !'
 ' I come,' her dying looks replied,
 And Lamb-like, as her Lord, she died.' "

Mrs. Wesley was honourably descended. Her father was one of the most pious ministers of his age. He was nearly related to the noble family of Anglesey; and was one of the two thousand clergymen who at the time of the Restoration, chose rather to endure ejection, with pains and penalties, than violate their consciences by a compliance with what they conceived to be antisciptural terms of communion. She was well educated; possessed a very superior understanding, connected with independent habits of thought, which she early acquired; and is said to have been distinguished by great personal beauty. When very young, she renounced the Dissenting community, to which her father belonged, and united herself to the established Church. At one time she entertained the fatal errors of Socinianism, from which she was happily reclaimed by one of the English prelates. Such boldness of speculation in a young lady, and that on subjects the most difficult and sacred, is not to be commended. It would have been far more becoming, especially at this early period of her life, to have paid a greater deference to the judgment of her holy and wise father. Her husband was the first man in England that wrote in favour of the revolution of 1688; but she decidedly disapproved of that great national change; and, for a time, so disobliged him, as to induce him to leave her, because she would not say "amen" when he prayed for King William; refusing to acknowledge him as her lawful sovereign: for after her marriage, as well as when she was in her teens, she cherished the habit of thinking for herself.

As the wife of the rector of Epworth, hers was a life of sorrow. Their family was very large, and their income limited. Their embarrassments were distressing; and for some time the head of the family was confined for debt in the castle of Lincoln. Though Mrs. Wesley could not say that she had ever absolutely wanted bread, she told the archbishop of York, when he questioned her on the subject, that she had often experienced so much difficulty in obtaining it, and in paying for it when it was obtained, as nearly equalled the pain of destitution.

As a mother she was, perhaps, never surpassed in sound discretion. It is questionable whether any children in the kingdom were better governed and trained than hers. She formed them to habits of piety, virtue, and decorum; and so commanded their respect, that to the end of their lives they cherished toward her the most sincere esteem and affection; for they had an entire confidence in her judgment.

Notwithstanding her temporary alienation from the truth, through the greater part of her life she had a deep sense of the importance of religion, and was conscientiously strict in the discharge of its duties. She knew that for many years her father had walked in the unclouded light of God's countenance; but she was not aware that this is the common privilege of believers in Christ; and hence she confessed, that she never dared to ask of God the abiding witness of his Spirit that she was accepted in the Beloved. Hers was rather a religion of fear, than of joyous love. It was a legal night, and not the bright shining of evangelical day. But when her two sons, being justified by faith, had peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, and began to preach this great truth of apostolical Christianity, she fully entered into their views, and waited upon God in the earnest expectation of receiving the same blessing. It was done to her according to her faith. While her son-in-law, Mr. Hall, was presenting to her the sacramental cup, and pronouncing the words, "The blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was shed for thee, preserve thy body and soul unto everlasting life," she was filled with peace and joy in believing, and was assured, beyond all painful doubt, of the pardoning mercy of God to her soul.

She spent the latter years of her life in the humble dwelling connected with the Foundry, attended the religious meetings which were held there, and even anticipated her sons in the ecclesiastical irregularities which they introduced. When Thomas Maxfield, a pious layman, began to preach, and Mr. John Wesley determined to resist this encroachment upon the clerical office, she interposed; warned her indignant son against the act which he meditated; and declared, that the devoted and intelligent Maxfield was as surely called of God to preach the gospel, as John himself was. He took her advice, heard the man himself, and then concurred in her judgment; as did also his brother Charles. Mrs. Susanna Wesley was as much a Methodist as either of her sons; and Charles, who wrote her epitaph, and John, who approved of it, evidently dwelt with delight upon the fact, that, after all her sorrows and fears, she died in the possession of that vital faith in Christ which brings perfect tranquillity to the conscience, and is connected with an assured hope of eternal life. It was a high gratification to the sons, that God made them the instruments of conveying to such a mother a blessing so rich and substantial.

CHAPTER X.

IN the beginning of the year 1743, we find Mr. Charles Wesley in London, preaching in all directions, visiting the prisoners, and labouring with unabated diligence in the spread of divine truth. In his attempts to benefit the poor outcasts in Newgate, he met with much vexatious opposition, not from the civil authorities, but the keeper, and the ungodly turnkeys, who acted under the keeper's direction. Though he had a written order from the sheriff, these underlings of office threw every obstruction in his way. Undismayed, however, he persevered in his attempts to convert and save the men that were appointed to die. He was not allowed to enter their cells, but was merely admitted into the yard of the prison. There he used to stand upon a bench; and the unhappy inmates of the different cells, who knew the voice of this faithful friend, presenting their faces at the iron gratings, listened to the words of truth and mercy. When he preached a present salvation from sin, by faith in Christ, no man withstood him with greater pertinacity than his old friend, Mr. Broughton, one of the Oxford Methodists, and then a clergyman in London. Wherever he could obtain access, whether into Newgate or elsewhere, this zealous opponent of the truth bore a vehement testimony against the doctrine of salvation by faith; denying to all classes of men the *enjoyment* of the divine favour.

Mr. Charles Wesley was doubtless more frequent in his visits to Newgate than he otherwise would have been, because of the inefficiency of the clergymen to whose care the spiritual interests of the prisoners were confided. - He reproved some convicts for their levity; and adds, "They seemed humbled, and awakened to a sense of their condition. Their lightness had been occasioned by that poor creature, the ordinary; who is worse than no minister at all. Six times they were forced to wake him before he got through the prayers. He might just as well read them in Latin. His life and actions are worse than even his words."

At this time the apostles of Antinomianism were labouring in different parts of the kingdom to propagate their plausible errors; and not a few of the Methodist societies were in danger of imbibing the insidious poison. Of this the brothers were aware, and therefore exerted themselves with all zeal and fidelity to establish them in the belief of the truth. For this purpose they employed the pulpit and the press; and when they could not personally visit the people who were under their care, they addressed them by letter, in cases of peculiar emergency.

The following document is a sample. It was sent by Mr. Charles Wesley to the society in Grimsby, and bears the date of April 27th, 1743 :—

“ My Dear Brethren and Sisters,—I rejoice in your behalf, that our Lord hath given you ears to hear, and a heart to obey, the word of God, rather than man. The foundation standeth sure. The Lord knoweth those that are his; even all obedient believers; every one who nameth the name of Christ, and departs from iniquity. Little children, (saith the Spirit expressly,) let no man deceive you. He that DOETH righteousness is righteous; and no unrighteous person, none who doth not do good, shall inherit the kingdom of heaven. Jesus is the author of eternal redemption to all them, and them only, that obey him. There can be no true faith, where there is not love: and this is love, that we walk after his commandments. Look to yourselves, therefore, my brethren, that ye lose not those things which ye have wrought; but that ye receive a full reward. I need only say concerning them that would seduce you, and bring not this doctrine, ‘ Receive them not into your house; neither bid them God speed; for he that biddeth them God speed is partaker of their evil deeds.’

“ May the God of all grace, after you have suffered awhile, make you perfect, (for he is able and willing,) strengthen, stablish, settle you. I do not fear your listening to the other gospel, (preached by poor Mr. Parker, and his German friends,) till you listen to flesh and blood, and cast off the yoke of Christ, and all the Scriptures. All the Scriptures are point-blank against them; and therefore they are wise in refusing to stand by the law and the testimony. They have cast out St. James from the canon. They all reject the whole Old Testament, and most of the New. Nay, some of them have said they saw no occasion for any more than the Epistle to the Romans. Now shall we give up them, or the word of God? Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto man, rather than God, judge ye.

“ Our Lord fasted, and prayed, and did good. His apostles were in fastings often, prayed without ceasing, confessed Christ before men, did all manner of good, and suffered all manner of evil. In their steps would I rather tread, than in Mr. Parker’s. We need say and think no more of them, except to pray for them. Leave them to the Opener of eyes; and look you unto Jesus, by walking as he walked. Let his word be a lantern to your feet, and a light to your path. Let all Scripture (seeing all is given by inspiration of God) be equally dear to you: but at present you should more especially study what is more especially wanted by you. Read again and again the Epistle of St. James, [that you may have a just view] of stillness. If any of you have even drunk the deadly thing, St. James will help him to an antidote. Should any

deny the glorious liberty of the sons of God, (liberty from all sin, liberty to fulfil the whole law,) St. John's Epistles will confirm you in the hope of the gospel. Hold fast, then, my beloved brethren, the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God. Hold fast the beginning of your confidence unto the end; for 'to him that overcometh,' saith the Son of God, 'and keepeth my words unto the end, to him will I give power over the nations, even as I have received of my Father; and I will give him the MORNING STAR.'

"I trust to find you shortly none otherwise minded. Pray ye that the Lord would direct my way unto you. To him I now commend you, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among them that are sanctified through faith which is in Jesus.

"We acknowledge ourselves your debtors and servants for Christ's sake.

"My Dear Brother and Sister Blow,—I pray God strengthen and keep you in your resolution, to be guided by his holy word. Satan desired to have you, that he might sift you like wheat; but our Lord prayed for you; and still he liveth to make intercession. Be not henceforth as children, tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine; but speaking the truth in love, (that is, obedience,) let us grow up in all things into Christ our head, till we all come in the unity of the faith, unto a perfect man, to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ. Remember my kindest love to sister Scudamore. Bid her in all her ways acknowledge God; and he will direct her paths. I warn Henry Simpson and his wife, in much love, to return to our Lord, in his own way of ordinances and commandments; for thus it becometh *us* to fulfil all righteousness. Be pleased to give my kind love to every one in particular who inquires after me, or is willing to believe my report. May the Spirit of Jesus dwell with you all, till he is in you a well of water springing up into everlasting life. Pray for

"Your affectionate brother in the Lord."

From London Mr. Charles Wesley went to the west of England; and after preaching at Bath, Painswick, Evesham, and other places, on the 20th of May, he says, "I got once more to our dear colliers at Wednesbury. Here the seed has taken root, and many are added to the church. A society of above three hundred are seeking full redemption in the all-cleansing blood. The enemy rages exceedingly, and preaches against them. A few have returned railing for railing; but the generality have behaved as the followers of Christ Jesus. I preached in a garden, on the first words I met: 1 Cor. ii, 1. While I spake of his suffering he looked upon us, and made us look upon him and mourn.

Many wept as one that mourneth for his first-born. I exhorted and entreated the very lively society. Surely among this people I have not run or laboured in vain.

“May 21st. At five I commended the woman of Canaan as an example of prevalent importunity. A young man who had been grievously vexed of the devil was now set at liberty. I spent the morning in conference with several who have received the atonement under my brother, &c. I saw a piece of ground, given us by a Dissenter to build a meeting-house upon, and consecrated it by a hymn.

“I walked with many of the brethren to Walsal singing. We were received with the old complaint, ‘Behold, they that turn the world upside down are come hither also.’ I walked through the town amid the noisy greetings of our enemies. I stood on the steps of the market-house. A host of men was laid against us. The floods lifted up their voice, and raged horribly. The street was full of fierce Ephesian beasts, (the principal man setting them on,) who roared, and shouted, and threw stones incessantly. Many struck without hurting me. I besought them in calm love to be reconciled to God in Christ. While I was departing a stream of ruffians was suffered to bear me from the steps. I rose, and, having given the blessing, was beaten down again. So the third time, when we had returned thanks to God for our salvation. I then, from the steps, bade them depart in peace, and walked quickly back through the thickest rioters. They reviled us, but had no commission to touch a hair of our heads.”

Having preached at Birmingham and at Wednesbury, he took his leave of the people in Staffordshire, and hastened to Sheffield, preaching at Melbourne, Coleorton, and Nottingham-cross on his way. In Sheffield the clergy had succeeded in inflaming the public mind, so that during his stay a mob assembled, and pulled down the Methodist chapel, which had been erected by the liberality of a poor people. He states that, on his arrival, he found them “as sheep in the midst of wolves: the ministers having so stirred up the people, that they were ready to tear them in pieces.” He adds, “I went to the society-house, next door to our brother Bennett’s. Hell from beneath was moved to oppose us. As soon as I was in the desk, with David Taylor, the floods began to lift up their voice. An officer (Ensign Garden) contradicted and blasphemed. I took no notice of him, and sung on. The stones flew thick, hitting the desk and people. To save them and the house, I gave notice I should preach out, and look the enemy in the face.

“The whole army of aliens followed me. The captain laid hold of me, and began reviling. I gave him for answer, ‘A Word in Season, or Advice to a Soldier;’ then prayed, particularly for his majesty King

George, and preached the gospel with much contention. The stones often struck me in the face. After sermon I prayed for sinners as servants of their master the devil; upon which the captain ran at me with great fury, threatening revenge for my abusing, as he called it, the king his master. He forced his way through the brethren, drew his sword, and presented it to my breast. My breast was immediately steeled. I threw it open, and fixing mine eye on his, smiled in his face, and calmly said, 'I fear God, and honour the king.' His countenance fell in a moment; he fetched a deep sigh; put up his sword; and quickly left the place. To one of the company, who afterward informed me, he said, 'You shall see, if I do but hold my sword to his breast, he will faint away.' So perhaps I should, had I only had his principles to trust to; but if at that time I was not afraid, no thanks to my natural courage.

"We returned to our brother Bennett's, and gave ourselves unto prayer. The rioters followed, and exceeded in their outrage all I have seen before. Those of Moorfields, Cardiff, and Walsal, were lambs to these. As there is 'no king in Israel,' (no magistrate, I mean, in Sheffield,) every man does as seems good in his own eyes. Satan now put it into their hearts to pull down the society-house; and they set to their work while we were praying and praising God. It was a glorious time with us. Every word of exhortation sunk deep; every prayer was sealed; and many found the Spirit of glory resting on them. One sent for the constable, who came up, and desired me to leave the town, since I was the occasion of all this disturbance. I thanked him for his advice, withal assuring him, I should not go a moment the sooner for all this uproar; I was sorry for *their* sakes that they had no law or justice among them: as for myself, I had my protection, and knew my business, as I supposed he did his. In proof whereof he went from us, and encouraged the mob. They pressed hard to break open the door. I would have gone out to them, but the brethren would not suffer me. They laboured all night for their master, and by morning had pulled down one end of the house. I could compare them to nothing but the men of Sodom; or those coming out of the tombs, 'exceeding fierce.' Their outcries often waked me in the night: yet I believe I got more sleep than any of my neighbours.

"May 26th. At five I expounded the pool of Bethesda, and stayed conversing with the society till eight. I breakfasted with several of the brethren from Yorkshire, Derbyshire, Lancashire, and Cheshire. I met a daughter of affliction, who had long mourned in Zion. God gave me immediate faith for her, which I made proof of in prayer; and in that instant she received the comfort. It being agreed that I should preach in the heart of the town, I went forth, nothing doubting. We

heard our enemies shouting from afar. I stood up in the midst of them, and read the first words that offered, 'If God be for us, who can be against us?' &c. God made bare his arm in the sight of the heathen, and so restrained the fierceness of men, that not one lifted up hand or voice against us.

"I took David Taylor, and walked through the open street, to our brother Bennett's, with the multitude at my heels. We passed by the spot where the house stood. They had not left one stone upon another. 'Nevertheless the foundation standeth sure,' as I told one of them; and our house not made with hands is eternal in the heavens. The mob attended me to my lodgings with great civility; but as soon as I was entered the house, they renewed their threatenings to pull it down. The windows were smashed in an instant; and my poor host so frightened, that he was ready to give up his shield. He had been for a warrant to Mr. Buck, a justice of peace in Rotherham, who refused it him, unless he would promise to forsake 'this way.'

"The house was now on the point of being taken by storm. I was writing within when the cry of my poor friend and his family, I thought, called me out to those sons of Belial. In the midst of the rabble I found a friend of Edward's with the Riot Act. At their desire I took and read it, and made a suitable exhortation. One of the sturdiest rebels our constable seized, and carried away captive into the house. I marvelled at the patience of his companions; but the Lord overawed them. What was done with the prisoner I know not; for in five minutes I was fast asleep in the room which they had dismantled. I feared no cold, but dropped asleep with that word, 'Scatter thou the people that delight in war.' I afterward heard, that, within the hour, they had all quitted the place.

"May 27th. At five I took leave of the society. We had the extraordinary blessing I expected. Our hearts were knit together, and greatly comforted. We rejoiced in hope of the glorious appearing of the great God, who had now delivered us out of the mouth of the lions. David Taylor informed me that the people of Thorpe, through which we should pass, were exceeding mad against us. So we found them as we approached the place, and were turning down the lane to Barley-hall. The ambush rose, and assaulted us with stones, eggs, and dirt. My horse flew from side to side, till he forced his way through them. David Taylor they wounded in his forehead, which bled much. His hat he lost in the fray. I returned, and asked what was the reason a clergyman could not pass without such treatment. At first the rioters scattered; but their captain, rallying, answered, with horrible imprecations and stones, that would have killed both man and beast, had they not been turned aside by a hand unseen. My horse took fright, and

hurried away with me down a steep hill, till we came to a lane, which I turned up, and took a circuit, to find our brother Johnson's. The enemy spied me from afar, and followed shouting. Blessed be God, I got no hurt, but only the eggs and dirt. My clothes indeed abhorred me, and my arm pained me a little by a blow I received at Sheffield. David Taylor had got just before me to Barley-hall, with the sisters, whom God had hid in the hollow of his hand.

"We met many sincere souls assembled to hear the word of God. Never have I known a greater power of love. All were drowned in tears, yet very happy. The scripture I met was, 'Blessed be the Lord God of Israel; for he hath visited and redeemed his people.' We rejoiced in the God of our salvation, who hath compassed us about with songs of deliverance.

"By four we came to a land of rest; for our brethren at Birstal have stopped the mouths of gainsayers, and fairly overcome evil with good. At present, peace is in all their borders. The little foxes that spoil the vineyard, or rather the wild boars out of the wood that root it up, have no more place among them. Only the Germans still prowl about the fences, to pick up stragglers. My mouth was opened to declare God, who spared not his Son, &c. A great multitude were bowed down by the victorious power of his love. It was a time much to be remembered for the gracious rain wherewith our God refreshed us."

Having preached to the people twice at Birstal, and once at Armley, on Saturday, May 28th, Mr. Charles Wesley went to Leeds, where he was treated with great respect by the clergy. This was the more remarkable, because when he was introduced to them he had preached to some thousands of people in the principal street. He evidently possessed their esteem. The following is his own account of his visit to this town. William Shent, at whose door he preached, kept a barber's shop in Briggate. "Not a year ago I walked to and fro in these streets, and could not find a man: but a spark is at last lighted in this place also; and a great fire it will kindle. I met the infant society, about fifty in number, most of them justified; and exhorted them to walk circumspectly, since so much depended on the first witnesses. At seven I stood before William Shent's door, and cried to thousands, 'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!' The word took place. They gave diligent heed to it, and seemed a people ready prepared for the Lord.

"I went to the great church, and was showed to the ministers' pew. Their whole behaviour said, 'Friend, go up higher.' Five clergymen were there, who a little confounded me by making me take the place of my elders and betters. They made me help to administer the sacrament; would not let me steal into a corner; but placed me at the

table opposite to him that consecrated. I assisted, with eight more ministers, for whom my soul was much drawn out in prayer. But I dreaded their favour more than the stones in Sheffield.

“At two I found a vast multitude waiting for the word. I strongly exhorted them to repent and believe, that their sins might be blotted out. At Birstal I called the poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind, to the great supper. My Lord disposed many hearts, I doubt not, to accept the invitation. He shows me several witnesses of the truth, which they have even now received in the love of it. I had a blessed parting with the society.”

It is an interesting fact, that while Mr. Charles Wesley was preaching three or four times a day, during the intervals of public worship he was almost constantly engaged in the composition of hymns. This fact appears not only in the number of hymns which he published from time to time, on a great variety of subjects; but also from the following incident, which occurred when he was on his way from Birstal to Newcastle. “Near Ripley,” says he, “my horse threw and fell upon me. My companion thought I had broken my neck; but my leg only was bruised, my hand sprained, and my head stunned: which spoiled my making hymns, or thinking at all, till the next day, when the Lord brought us safe to Newcastle.”

“At seven I went to the room, which will contain above two thousand. It was filled from end to end. God gave testimony to the word of his grace. We rejoiced for the consolation of our mutual faith.”

On Mr. Charles Wesley's arrival at Newcastle, he found that the bodily excitement into which some persons had been thrown there, as in Bristol, under his brother's preaching, had given offence in different quarters. He had long been accustomed to look upon things of this nature with jealousy; and few instances of the kind appear to have ever attended his preaching, powerful and impressive as it was. If they did occur, they were discouraged by him; and in relating the success of his ministry he has passed them over in silence. His brother attached no more importance to them than he did; but he used greater caution in suppressing them, lest he should in any degree destroy the good which was unquestionable, and the fruit of the Holy Spirit's influence, with effects which had no higher origin than the physical constitution of human nature. Charles was more bold and decided. That which appeared to him to have no necessary connection with the work of God, and which he saw to be a cause of offence, he did not hesitate firmly to discountenance; and yet his usefulness was not thereby impaired. In what manner he proceeded at Newcastle in the suppression of irregularities he has stated in the following

extracts, which also contain a striking view of his continued fidelity and zeal:—

“June 3d. Our room was crowded at the watch-night. Several gentry from the races stood with great attention, while I set forth Christ crucified. It was a season both of grief and love.

“June 4th. I went on at five expounding the Acts. Some stumbling-blocks, with the help of God, I have removed, particularly the fits. Many no doubt were, at our first preaching, struck down, both soul and body, into the depth of distress. Their *outward affections* were easy to be imitated. Many counterfeits I have already detected. To-day one who came from the alehouse drunk was pleased to fall into a fit for my entertainment, and beat himself heartily. I thought it a pity to hinder him; so, instead of singing over him, as had often been done, we left him to recover at his leisure. A girl, as she began her cry, I ordered to be carried out. Her convulsion was so violent as to take away the use of her limbs, till they laid and left her without the door. Then immediately she found her legs, and walked off. Some very unstill sisters, who always took care to stand near me, and try which should cry loudest, since I had them removed out of my sight, have been as quiet as lambs. The first night I preached here, half my words were lost through their outcries. Last night, before I began, I gave public notice, that whosoever cried, so as to drown my voice, should, without any man’s hurt, or judging them, be gently carried to the furthest corner of the room. But my porters had no employment the whole night; yet the Lord was with us, mightily convincing of sin and righteousness.

“June 5th. My soul was revived by the poor people at Chowden; and yet more at Tanfield, where I called to great numbers to behold the Lamb of God. To the society I spake words not my own. At Newcastle, one just come from the sacrament received the seal of forgiveness among us.

“I preached in the crowded square, chiefly to backsliders, whom I besought with tears to be reconciled to God. Surely Jesus looked upon some of them, as he looked upon Peter. I wrestled in prayer for them in the society, and found it is for their sake principally that God hath brought me hither.

“June 6th. I had the great comfort of recovering some of those that had drawn back. They came confessing their sin. I trust we shall receive them again for ever.

“June 8th. I spake to the bands severally, and tried if their faith could bear shaking. We have certainly been too rash and easy in allowing persons for believers, on their own testimony; nay, and even persuading them into a false opinion of themselves. Some souls it is

Howden

doubtless necessary to encourage ; but it should be done with the utmost caution. To tell one in darkness, he has faith, is to keep him in darkness still ; or to make him trust in a false light ; a faith that stands in the words of men, not in the power of God.

“ June 13th. I wrote thus to a son in the gospel : ‘ Be not over sure that so many are justified. By their fruits you shall know them. You will see reason to be more and more deliberate in the judgments you pass on souls. Wait for their conversation. I do not know whether we can infallibly pronounce *at the time*, that any one is justified. I once thought several in that state, who, I am now convinced, were only under the drawings of the Father. Try the spirits, therefore, lest you should lay the stumbling-block of pride in their way ; and by allowing them to have faith too soon, keep them out of it for ever.’

“ June 15th. I observed at Newcastle that many more of the gentry come now that the stumbling-block of the fits is taken out of their way ; and I am more and more convinced it was a device of Satan, to stop the course of the gospel. Since I preached it, (if I can discern any thing,) it never had greater success than at this time. Yet we have no fits among us ; and I have done nothing to prevent them, only declared that I do not think the better of any one for crying out, and interrupting my work.

“ June 16th. I set out for Sunderland, with a strong aversion to preaching. But I am more and more convinced that *the freedom of heart*, which the Moravians and Quakers so much talk of, is a rule of the devil’s inventing, to supersede the written word. I dragged myself to about a thousand wild people, and cried, ‘ O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself ; but in me is thy help.’ Never have I seen greater attention in any at their first hearing.

“ We rode on to Shields. I went to church, and the people flocked in crowds after me. The minister could not be heard in reading prayers ; but I heard him loud enough afterward, calling for the church-wardens to quiet the disturbance which none but himself raised. I fancy he thought I should preach there, like some of the first Quakers. The clerk came to me, bawling out, it was consecrated ground, and I had no business to preach on it ; was no minister, &c. When he had cried himself out of breath, I whispered him in the ear, that I had no intention to preach there ; and he stumbled upon a good saying, ‘ Sir if you have any word of exhortation for the people, speak it to them without.’

“ I did so at my leisure, a huge multitude waiting in the church-yard ; many of them fierce, and threatening to drown me, and what not. I walked quietly through the midst of them, and discoursed in strong, awakening words, on the jailer’s question, ‘ What must I do to be

saved ? The church-wardens and others laboured in vain to interrupt, by throwing dirt, nay, and money, among the people. Having delivered my message, I rode to the ferry ; crossed ; and met as rough friends on the other side. The mob of North-Shields waited to salute me, with the minister at their head. He had got a man with a horn, instead of a trumpet, and bade him blow, and his companions shout. Others were almost as violent in their approbation. We went through honour and dishonour ; (but neither of them hurt us ;) and by six, with God's blessing, came safe to Newcastle.

“ June 19th. I asked the multitudes in the square, ‘ Will ye also go away ? ’ The word prospered in the thing whereunto it was sent ; namely, the bringing back the wanderers. We concluded the day with our first love-feast. Jesus was with his disciples.

“ I took my leave in those words : ‘ What ye have already, hold fast till I come.’ It was a hard parting with the society. Their hearts were all as melting wax, and will, I trust, retain the impression then made by every word spoken. Some cried aloud ; others knelt down for my blessing ; most laid hold on me as I passed ; all wept, and made lamentation.

“ I preached at Swalwell. Never were people better disposed, or more eager of instruction ; and their love was such, that they would, if possible, have plucked out their eyes, and given them me.

“ June 21st. I set out between three and four ; and was met by several parties of the society, who had walked before some miles to watch my passing. I travelled but slowly through them, blessing and being blessed. I rode to Sandhutton. The poor people filled the house where I was. I showed them the way of salvation, in the creditor and debtors. They returned me many thanks.”

Mr. Charles Wesley now returned to London, preaching at a few intermediate places by the way. At Selby he dined “ in a mixed company,” probably at an inn, where he was asked if there was any good in the rite of confirmation. Ever intent upon the inculcation of spiritual religion, as opposed to mere formality, he answered, “ No ; nor in any outward thing, unless you are in Christ a new creature.” “ I confounded all my hearers by relating my own experience under the law. I left some books, and went on my way rejoicing. Still the Spirit was upon me ; and I felt stronger faith for myself than I ever did before.”

From Selby he went to Epworth, where he spent a few days, preaching in the open air, and admonishing the society in private. Here he was treated with great respect. Eight years had now elapsed since the death of his honoured father, and the dispersion of the family ; and many tender recollections were doubtless suggested to his mind by the

sight of the church, the parsonage-house, and other objects; but he was too intent upon saving the souls of the people to indulge in mere sentimentality. The Methodists of Grimsby came to Epworth, that they might be edified by his ministry and counsel. They parted with great affection, and with the peace of God.

On his way to Nottingham he states, that he was favoured with "the *best company* that either earth or heaven could furnish." On his arrival he says, "I found my brother in the market-place, calling lost sinners to him that justifieth the ungodly. He gave notice of my preaching in the evening. From him I had the first account of our brethren's persecution at Wednesbury. Their unhappy minister was the contriver of all. The Lord opened my mouth at seven. Many thousands attended in deep silence. Surely the Lord hath much people in this place. We began a society of nine members."

He spent Sunday, the 26th of June, at Birmingham, where he was met by several persons belonging to the persecuted society at Wednesbury, whom he endeavoured to strengthen and comfort. The cruel opposition which they had experienced was but "the beginning of sorrows." In the course of a few months several of them were horribly maltreated, and lost the greater part of their property. Mr. Charles Wesley preached in Birmingham, at eight o'clock in the morning, without interruption; and again to several thousands in the evening; "many of whom," says he, "I observed by their tears, were pricked at the heart, and ready to say, 'I will arise, and go to my Father.'" He adds, "In the name of the Lord Jesus I began our society. The number at present is thirteen."

From Birmingham he went to London, where he scarcely remained a fortnight, before he set out on horseback, in a heavy rain, for Cornwall, taking Bristol in his way. A brother, whose name he has not mentioned, accompanied him twenty miles beyond Exeter, where he was left to prosecute his journey alone. By wandering, he states, he made it threescore miles to Bodmin. Here both horse and rider were worked down, so as greatly to enjoy the rest of the night. The next morning he says it cost him four hours to reach Mitchell; and the pain of his colic made them seem four days. After taking a little rest, he pursued his way through Redruth to St. Ives. "Two tinnerns," says he, "met me first, and wished me good luck in the name of the Lord. My next meeting was from the devil's children, who shouted as I passed, and pursued me like the men out of the tombs. Between seven and eight I entered St. Ives. The boys and others continued their rough salutes for some time at brother Nance's; but I was too weary to regard them."

The next day was the sabbath. "I rose," says he, "and forgot I

had travelled from Newcastle. I spoke with some of this loving, simple people, who are as sheep in the midst of wolves. The priests stir up the people, and make their minds evil affected toward the brethren. Yet the sons of violence are much checked by the mayor, an honest Presbyterian, whom the Lord hath raised up. I preached in the room at eight, on, 'Thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins.' We found his presence sensibly among us. So did the opposers themselves.

"I heard the rector preach. His application was downright railing at the 'new sect,' as he calls us; those 'enemies of the church, seducers, troublers, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites.' I had prayed for a quiet heart, and a steady countenance; and my prayer was answered. My calmness was succeeded with strong consolation.

"I rode to Wednock, with almost all the brethren. Mr. Hoblin, the curate, entertained us with a curious discourse on, 'Beware of false prophets.' I stood up over against him, within two yards of the pulpit, and heard such a hotch-potch of railing, foolish lies, as Satan himself might have been ashamed of. I had asked that my countenance might not alter, and was kept in perfect peace. The poor people behaved very decently; and all followed me to hear the true word of God. I stayed, and mildly told the preacher he had been misinformed. 'No,' he answered; 'it was all truth.' 'Sir,' said I, 'if you believe what you preach, you believe a lie.' 'You are a liar,' he replied. I put him in mind of the great day; testified my good-will; and left him for the congregation. God opened a door of utterance, to preach the gospel of Christ Jesus. I know they found that difference between the chaff and the wheat."

Such were the stirring occurrences of the first sabbath which Mr. Charles Wesley spent in Cornwall. He remained in this county about three weeks, when he was suddenly called to London. During this period his labours were incessant, and were signally owned of God in the conversion of men, although the opposition was formidable and appalling. The clergy preached against him with great vehemence, and represented his character and designs in the worst possible light; and the people were ready everywhere to congregate in mobs, and perpetrate any outrage. His doctrine not only interfered with their prejudices, but with their habits, and exposed the dishonest practices by which many of them obtained their livelihood. But nothing moved him from his purpose. Ease, liberty, honour, life itself, were of no account in his estimation, when compared with the salvation of the ignorant and wicked multitudes with whom the country abounded. He was willing to endure any reproach and hardship, and even to die by the hand of violence at any hour, if Christ were only honoured by

the spread of his religion. No better view of his spirit and exertions can be given than that which his own journal supplies. The following selections are a specimen of his daily labours. The difference between the irreligious, fierce, and daring Cornishmen of those times, and their devout and moral successors of the present age, is very striking.

“ July 18th. I went forth toward the market-house at St. Ives. When we came to the place of battle, the enemy was ready, set in array against us. I began the hundredth psalm, and they beating their drums and shouting. I stood still and silent for some time, finding they would not receive my testimony. I then offered to speak to some of the most violent; but they stopped their ears, and ran upon me, crying, I should not preach there; and catching at me, to pull me down. They had no power to touch me. My soul was calm and fearless. I shook off the dust of my feet, and walked leisurely through the thickest of them, who followed like ramping and roaring lions: but their mouth was shut. We met the mayor, who saluted us, and threatened the rioters. I rejoiced at my lodgings in our almighty Jesus.

“ I preached at three on Cannage-downs to near a thousand tanners, who received the word into honest and good hearts. While I pointed them to the Lamb of God, many wept; and particularly the captain-general of the tanners; a man famous in his generation for his acts of valour and violence, and his usual challenge to fight any six men with his club. He is known through the west by the title of the Destroyer. This leopard will soon, I trust, lie down with the lamb.

“ July 19th. I preached at Pool, in the heart of the tanners. A drunkard got within two or three yards, designing, I suppose, to push me down the hill. I was forced to break off my prayer, and warn him to take care of himself. He attempted to lay hold on me; upon which a tinner cried, ‘Down with him!’ In a moment the Philistines were upon him. I strove to rescue him, and besought them not to hurt him; otherwise I should go away, and not preach at all. They were entreated for him; and, taking him by the legs and arms, quietly handed him down from one to another, till they had put him without the congregation; and he was heard no more. I published the faithful, acceptable saying; and their hearts seemed all bowed and opened to receive it. God, I nothing doubt, will call these a people, who were not a people. Our prayers for the opposers also begin to be answered; for the fiercest of them came this evening to the room, and behaved with great decency.

“ July 20th. I spake with more of the society; most of whom have the first knowledge of salvation, as their lives show. A. G. tells me that faith, as he thinks, came by hearing yesterday morning. He has been a sinner above other sinners, till within this fortnight God called,

and made him equal with those who have borne the burden and heat of the day.

“I preached at Zunnor, one of Mr. Symon’s four parishes, which is come in to a man at the joyful news. Some hundreds of the poor people, with sincerity in their faces, received my saying, ‘The kingdom of heaven is at hand: repent ye, and believe the gospel.’

“I began at eight expounding the good Samaritan; but could not proceed for pity to the poor mockers. Many of them were present; but their mocking was over. I urged, and besought, and with tears even compelled them to come in. The Spirit made intercession for them, that God might grant them repentance unto life.

“July 22d. I rode in the rain to Morva, a settlement of tanners, to whom I preached nothing but the gospel. I had just named my text at St. Ives, ‘Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God,’ when an army of rebels broke in upon us, like those at Sheffield or Wednesbury. They began in a most outrageous manner, threatening to murder the people if they did not go out that moment. They broke the sconces, dashed the windows in pieces, bore away the shutters, benches, poor-box, and all but the stone walls. I stood silently looking on; but mine eyes were unto the Lord. They swore bitterly I should not preach there again; which I immediately disproved by telling them Christ died for them all. Several times they lifted up their hands and clubs to strike me; but a stronger arm restrained them. They beat and dragged the women about, particularly one of a great age, and trampled on them without mercy. The longer they stayed, and the more they raged, the more power I found from above. I bade the people stand still, and see the salvation of God, resolving to continue with them, and see the end. In about an hour the word came, ‘Hitherto shalt thou come; and no farther.’ The ruffians fell to quarrelling among themselves, broke the town-clerk’s (their captain’s) head, and drove one another out of the room. Having kept the field, we gave thanks for the victory; and in prayer the Spirit of glory rested upon us. Going home, we met the mayor, with another justice, and went back to show them the havoc which the gentlemen and their mob had made. He commended our people as the most quiet, inoffensive subjects; encouraged us to sue for justice; said he was no more secure from such lawless violence than we; wished us success; and left us rejoicing in our strong Helper.

“July 23d. I cannot find one of this people who fears those that can kill the body only. It was next to a miracle that no more mischief was done last night. The gentlemen had resolved to destroy all within doors. They came upon us like roaring lions, headed by the mayor’s son. He struck out the candles with his cane, and began courageously

beating the women. I laid my hand upon him, and said, 'Sir, you appear like a gentleman. I desire you would show it by restraining these of the baser sort. Let them strike the men, or me, if they please; but not hurt poor helpless women and children.' He was turned into a friend immediately, and laboured the whole time to quiet his associates. Some, not of the society, were likewise provoked to stand up for us, and put themselves between. Others held the ruffians, and made use of an arm of flesh. Some of our bitterest enemies were brought over by the meekness of the sufferers, and malice of the persecutors. They had sworn to drive us all out, and then take possession of our house; but their commission did not go so far. One was overheard saying to his companions, as they were going off, 'I think the desk was insured. We could not touch it, or come near it.'

"I preached at Gwennap to near two thousand hungry souls, who devoured the word of reconciliation. Half my audience were tinnors from about Redruth, which, I hear, is *taken*. God gives us their hearts. If any man speak against us, (they say,) he deserves to be stoned. I again expounded in the room at St. Ives, and advised the society to possess their souls in patience, not threatening, or even mentioning the late uproar, but suffering all things for the sake of Jesus Christ.

"July 24th. At Wednock many listened to my description of our Lord's sufferings. After evening service, I would have finished my discourse, but the minister's mob fell upon us, threatening and striking all they came near. They swore horribly they would be revenged on us, for our making such a disturbance on the sabbath day, our taking the people from the Church, and doing so much mischief continually. They assaulted us with sticks and stones, and endeavoured to pull me down. I bade them strike me, and spare the people. Many lifted up their hands and weapons, but were not permitted to touch me. We were now encompassed with a host of men, bent on mischief, with no visible way of escape; but the Lord hath many ways. He touched the heart of one of our persecutors, who came up to me, took me by the hand, and besought me to depart in peace, assuring me he would preserve me from all violence. Another gentleman said the same. I thanked them, and told them I had an unseen Protector; but as I saw there was no door, I should not attempt preaching at this season. I stayed some time to make my observations. Ten cowardly ruffians I saw upon one unarmed man, beating him with their clubs, till they felled him to the ground. Another escaped by the swiftness of his horse. My convoy they set upon for dissuading them, and forced him to fly for his life. I walked on slowly, with all the rabble behind. One of the brethren attended me. The Lord hid us in the hollow of his hand. The pillar came between the Egyptians and us. About six we rested

at brother Nance's. The enemy still pursued. I went out and looked them in the face; and they pulled off their hats and slunk away. The right hand of the Lord hath the pre-eminence; and therewith hath he got himself the victory.

"The society came. Our hearts danced for joy; and in our song did we praise Him. We all longed for his last glorious appearing, and with an eye of faith saw the Son of man as coming in the clouds of heaven, to confess us before his Father, and the holy angels.

"July 25th. The mayor told us, that the ministers were the principal authors of all this evil, by continually representing us in their sermons as Popish emissaries, and urging the enraged multitude to take all manner of ways to stop us. Their whole preaching is cursing and lies. Yet they modestly say, my fellow-labourer and I are the cause of all the disturbance! It is always the lamb that troubles the water. Yesterday we were stoned as Popish incendiaries. To-day it is our turn to have favour with the people. I preached at Cannage-downs to a multitude of simple-hearted tinnors, on, 'Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah?' They received the word with all gladness and gratitude; wondered at the St. Ives people, that could endeavour to hurt us for teaching them such blessed truths. At St. Ives I had warning of an approaching trial, and was led to pray that the fierceness of men might be at this time restrained. I had scarce begun at the room when news was brought that all the gentlemen were coming to pull it down. We looked for them every moment. About half a dozen came first, and threw eggs in at the windows. Others cast great stones, to break what remained of the shutters. Others struck the women, and swore they would have the house down. I prayed, and dismissed our people. John Nance was gone to the mayor. I followed to stop him, and met the mayor at the head of his posse. At first hearing of the tumult he had started up, charged all he met to assist him, and was coming to the room, when I desired him to save himself the trouble of a walk in the rain. He behaved with great civility and resolution; declaring before all, that none should hurt us. This disappointed and scattered our adversaries; and I met the society without molestation. Glory be to God, that we are once more delivered out of the mouth of these lions. They were sure of accomplishing their design this night: but the Lord beheld their threatenings; and stilled the raging of the sea, the noise of the waves, and the madness of the people.

"July 26th. At the Pool one stopped, and demanded my letters of orders. I marvelled at Mr. Church-warden's ignorance, gave him my Oxford sermon, and rode on. He followed me, with another gentleman, and vowed I should not preach in *his parish*. When I began, he

shouted, and hallooed, and put his hat to my mouth. We went to another place. He followed us, like Shimei. I told him I should surely deliver my message unless his master was stronger than mine. After much contention, I walked away with near two thousand people, most part tanners, to the next parish, as my wise church-warden supposed. He followed us another mile; and a warm walk he had of it, but left us on the border of the neighbouring parish. However, to take my leave of it, I preached in what he called *his*. In spite of Satan, the poor had the gospel preached to them, and heard it joyfully. Great was their zeal and affection toward me. I marvel not that Satan should fight for his kingdom. It begins to shake in this place.

“All was quiet at St. Ives, the mayor having declared his resolution to swear twenty new constables, and suppress the rioters by force of arms. Their drum he has sent and seized. All the time I was preaching he stood at a little distance, to awe the rebels. He has set the whole town against him, by not giving us up to their fury: but he plainly told Mr. Hoblin, the fire-and-fagot minister, that he would not be perjured to gratify any man’s malice. He informed us that he had often heard Mr. Hoblin say, they ought to drive us away by blows, not arguments.

“July 28th. I dined at our brother Mitchell’s, a confessor of the faith which once he persecuted; and rode on to St. Hilary-downs. Here the careless hearers were kept away by the enemy’s threatenings; but near one thousand well-disposed tanners listened to the joyful tidings, ‘Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people.’ That word of grace, ‘Thine iniquities are pardoned,’ quite melted them down into tears on all sides.

“I began explaining the Beatitudes at St. Ives. None interrupted. I do not despair but some of our persecutors themselves may yet, before we depart, receive that *damnable Popish doctrine*, as Mr. Hoblin calls it, of justification by faith only.

“July 29th. I rode to Morva, and invited the whole nation of tanners to Christ. I took the names of several who were desirous of joining in a society. The adversaries have laboured with all their might to hinder this good work; but we doubt not our seeing a glorious church in this place.

“July 30th. I believed a door would be opened this day: and in the strength of the Lord set out for St. Just, a town of tanners, four miles from Morva, and twelve from St. Ives. My text was, ‘The poor have the gospel preached unto them.’ I showed, the sum thereof is, ‘Thine iniquity is pardoned. God for Christ’s sake hath forgiven thee.’ The hearts of thousands seemed moved, as the trees of the forest, by the wind which bloweth as it listeth. The door stood wide open, and a multitude were just entering in. Here it is that I expect the largest

harvest. We rode four miles further to Zunning, and took up our lodging at a hospitable farmer's.

"I walked with our brother Shepherd to the Land's End, and sung,* on the extremest point of the rocks,—

Come, divine Immanuel, come,
Take possession of thy home, &c.

"I rode back to St. Just, and went from the evening service to a plain by the town, *made* for field-preaching. I stood on a green bank, and cried, 'All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid upon Him the iniquity of us all.' About two thousand, mostly tinnerns, attended, no one offering to stir or move a hand or tongue. The fields are white unto harvest. Lord, send forth labourers!

"We returned to our host at Zunning. He is just entering the kingdom. I went early to bed, having lost most of my senses, through the constant fog in which we have laboured to breathe this fortnight past.

"August 1st. I saw a strange sight, the sun shining in Cornwall! I explained at nine the song of Simeon. Several aged people were present, whom I left waiting for the Consolation of Israel. I took my leave of Cannage-downs, and returned to St. Ives in peace. I showed the blessedness of persecution; then exhorted the society to pray without ceasing for humility, the grace which draws all others after it.

"August 2d. I carried my tinnerns from the Pool to the nearest parish. It was a glorious sight, the wide-spread multitude walking up the hill, eager for the word of life; hungry and thirsty after righteousness! I met with that in St. Matthew, 'A certain man had two sons,' &c. These publicans know the time of their visitation, and bring forth fruit meet for repentance. An elderly man pressed us to turn into his house, near Camborne. It was a large old country seat, and looked like the picture of English hospitality. When he could not prevail on us to stay longer, he would ride two or three miles on our way with us, and listened all the while to the ministry of reconciliation.

"August 3d. I took my leave of the dear people of Zunnor, in our Lord's words, 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown

* This hymn was not selected for the occasion, but was "written at the Land's End." (Hymns and Sacred Poems. By Charles Wesley. Vol. i, p. 329.) It is founded upon the following passage: "And the stretching out of his wings shall fill the breadth of thy land, O Immanuel," Isaiah viii, 8. Tradition states that the hymn beginning,

"Thou God of glorious majesty,"

was also written at the Land's End; but of this there is no direct proof. It was published in the volume just mentioned, but is simply entitled, "A Hymn for Seriousness."

of life.' With many tears they besought us to come again; and evidently showed that our labour has not been in vain in the Lord.

"August 5th. I preached my farewell sermon to our sorrowful brethren in Morva. Many from St. Just increased the lamentation. I shall think it long till I see them again; but my comfort is, that I leave them following hard after God.

"I took my leave of the friendly mayor, to whom we acknowledged, under God, our deliverance from the hands of unrighteous and cruel men. He expressed the same affection for us, as from the beginning; listened to our report; (for which our Lord gave us a fair opportunity;) ordered his servant to light us home; and, in a word, received us, and sent us away, as messengers of peace.

"August 6th. I rode to Gwennap, and with many words exhorted them to save themselves from this untoward generation. They were exceedingly moved, and very urgent with me to know when I should return; when my brother, or any other, would come. Surely they are a people ready prepared for the Lord.

"I began at St. Ives before the usual time, 'And now, brethren, I commend you to God,' &c. I had no thought of the rioters, though the mayor had informed us, they were so impudent as to tell him to his face, they would have a parting blow at us. As soon as we were met in society, at brother Nance's, they came to the room, ready to pull it down. The drunken town-clerk led his drunken army to our lodgings; but an invisible power held them from breaking in, or hurting our brother Nance, who went out to them, and stood in the midst, till our King scattered the evil with his eyes, and turned them back by the way that they came. The great power of God was, mean time, among us, overturning all before it, and melting our hearts into contrite, joyful love.

"August 7th. At four I took leave of the society, with that apostolical prayer, 'And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly,' &c. Great grace was upon them all. Their prayers, and tears of love, I shall never forget. I nothing doubt, if I follow their faith, that I shall meet them in the new Jerusalem. At six we left the lions' den, with about twenty horse. Some would have us take a back way; but I would not go forth with haste, or by flight; and therefore rode slowly through the largest street, in the face of our enemies. At eight I preached faith in Christ to many listening souls in Velling-Varine. They received the word with surprising readiness. Their tears and hearty expressions of love convince me, that there is a work begun in their hearts.

"I rode on rejoicing to Gwennap. As soon as I went forth I *saw* the end of my coming to Cornwall, and of Satan's opposition. Such a company assembled as I have not seen, excepting sometimes at Kennington. By their looks I perceived they all heard, while I lifted up

my voice like a trumpet, and testified, 'God sent his Son to be the Saviour of the world.' The convincing Spirit was in the midst, as I have seldom, if ever, known. Most of the gentry from Redruth were just before me, and so hemmed in, that they could not escape. For an hour my voice was heard by all, and reached further than their outward ears. I am inclined to think, that most present were convinced of righteousness or of sin. God hath now set before us an open door, and who shall be able to shut it?

"At four we rode to Mitchell; my brother having summoned me to London, to confer with the heads of the Moravians and predestinarians. We had near three hundred miles to ride in five days. I was willing to undertake this labour for peace, though the journey was too great for us, and our weary beasts, which we have used almost every day for these three months."

As the time was so short, Mr. Charles Wesley had not many opportunities for preaching on his journey to London. At the inns, however, where he called to obtain refreshment, he recommended Christ and his salvation to almost every one that came in his way; and upon the public roads he was not silent, when he met with any persons either rich, or poor, who were willing to receive the evangelical message with which he was intrusted. At Bridport, for instance, he says, "I met with a poor creature, ready for the gospel. It was glad news indeed to her. When I said, 'God sent me to you,' she cried, 'And did he indeed!' and fell a trembling and weeping. We prayed together; and she seemed not far from the kingdom of God. She innocently asked me, what church she should be of. I showed her the excellence of our own."

On his arrival at Exeter he met with his friend Felix Farley, from Bristol; and there he says, "I called to about one thousand sinners, mostly gentlemen and ladies, with some clergy, 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.' God gave me favour in their eyes, although I did not prophesy smooth things. I found, as soon as I began to speak, that the fear of the Lord was upon them. Many followed me to my inn, to take their leave; and wished me good luck in the name of the Lord. I left one behind me, to keep up the awakening, and pursued my journey alone to London."

Mr. Charles Wesley finished his journey to London in the evening of August 12th; and had the mortification to find, that the meeting which he had been at so much pains to attend would not be held. "By nine at night," says he, "I hardly reached the Foundery. Here I heard, the Moravians would not be present at the conference. Spangenberg indeed said he would, but immediately left England. My brother was come from Newcastle, John Nelson, from Yorkshire, and I, from the Land's End, to good purpose!"

Mr. John Wesley is silent concerning this abortive attempt to obtain the contemplated conference. But in his printed Journal, relating to this period, he has inserted a paper of considerable length, stating the points of difference between himself and Mr. Whitefield, and the concessions which he was ready to make for the purpose of meeting the views of his friend. From this document, which was doubtless drawn up to be laid before Mr. Whitefield, compared with Mr Charles Wesley's private journal, we learn,—

1. That it was proposed to hold a conference, in London, between the leading men of the three communities who were then exerting themselves to effect a revival of evangelical religion : the Calvinistic Methodists, the Moravians, and the Arminian Methodists ;—Mr. Whitefield, with some of his friends, to represent the first ; Mr. Spangenberg, and a few members of the Fetter-lane society, to represent the second ; John and Charles Wesley, with John Nelson, and perhaps a few other laymen, the third.

2. That the object of this conference was, by mutual explanations and concessions, to cultivate a better understanding with each other ; so that the parties might avoid all unnecessary collision, and unite, as far as was practicable, in advancing what they all believed to be the work of God. Mr. Charles Wesley states, that “peace” was the avowed design of the meeting.

3. That the project had its origin with Mr. John Wesley. It was not proposed by Charles, who was “summoned” by his brother to attend ; nor by the Moravians, who declined the conference after Mr. Spangenberg had promised to be present ; nor by Mr. Whitefield, who does not appear to have even accepted the invitation, although he was in London immediately after the time proposed for the interview.

4. That Mr. John Wesley and his brother were anxious to enter into a general agreement with their friends from whom they had been unexpectedly and painfully separated. They came on horseback from the two extremities of the kingdom for this purpose. Charles was “willing to undertake the labour for peace ;” although he felt that “the journey was too great” for his strength, and that of his horse. John, who invited the parties to meet him, drew up a statement of the questions at issue between himself and Mr. Whitefield, in a spirit the most kind and conciliatory, with the concessions which he was willing to make. Some of the concessions which he offered to Mr. Whitefield, in favour of the peculiarities of Calvinian theology, he would have found it difficult to defend. He introduces the subject by declaring that he had “found, for some time, a strong desire to unite with Mr. Whitefield, as far as possible.”

This transaction, viewed in all its bearings, furnishes additional proof

of the flagrant injustice done to Mr. John Wesley by Lady Huntingdon's biographer, who insinuates that Mr. Wesley "parted with his old companion," Mr. Whitefield, "with great coolness." We have already seen, that after Mr. Whitefield had begun zealously to preach the doctrine of the absolute and unconditional predestination of some men to eternal life, and of others to eternal death, Mr. Wesley declared his readiness still to labour in immediate connection with him; and when Mr. Whitefield, under the advice of his friends, had withdrawn, (for the act of separation was unquestionably his,) Mr. Wesley published to the world his "strong desire" for a re-union with his "old companion;" but his proposal was not met in the spirit of concession of which he set the example. The "coolness" was on the other side, as it was when they "parted asunder." Mr. Whitefield was cordial in his personal friendship with the Wesleys; but he would concede nothing for the sake of a union of operation with them.

Mr. John and Charles Wesley were men of peace, for they were men of love. They did what they could to restore concord among brethren, and to put an end to the unseemly bickerings which had been a stumbling-block to many; but having failed in the attempt, they resumed their itinerant ministry with a pure conscience, and unabated zeal. John repaired to Cornwall, accompanied by John Nelson; and on his arrival at St. Ives, the late scene of Charles's labours and persecutions, he makes the following remarks:—

"I spoke severally with those of the society, who were about one hundred and twenty. Near a hundred of these had found peace with God. Such is the blessing of being persecuted for righteousness' sake! As we were going to church at eleven, a large company at the market-place welcomed us with a loud huzza: wit as harmless as the ditty sung under my window, (composed, one assured me, by a gentlewoman of their own town,)

'Charles Wesley is come to town,
To try if he can pull the churches down.'

Mr. Charles Wesley remained for some weeks in London, preaching daily in one place or another, particularly at the Foundery, and at the chapel in Snow's Fields, Southwark, of which he and his brother had recently taken possession. He speaks in strong language concerning the Spirit of power which generally rested upon the congregations, awakening the careless, comforting the mourners, and renewing the strength of those who had already believed. He lived as a man whose great concern was to save souls; so that in passing along the streets, he reprov'd profane swearers, and invited loiterers to attend the house of God; sometimes with the most encouraging success. On the 24th of September he says, "I reprov'd one for swearing, among an army

of porters and carmen. I spoke to them for some time, till all were overpowered. Two I carried away with me to the Foundery. They received my saying and books, and departed with their eyes full of tears and their hearts of good desires."

At this time his sympathy was strongly excited in behalf of Mr. Piers, of Bexley, who had a dangerous illness, and was restored almost by miracle. "I rode to Bexley," says he, "and found my friend on a sick-bed, but full of peace and comfort." Two days after he adds, "I was sent for to Mr. Piers, who lay dying in convulsions. I prayed for him first with a friend, who said, 'If he is not dead already, he will not die now.' I got to Bexley by three. My brother had recovered his senses about the time we were praying for him. I was much comforted by his calm resignation; and in prayer saw, as it were, heaven opened; having seldom had greater freedom of access." Eight days afterward he says, "News was brought me again that Mr. Piers was dying. Next morning I found him more than conqueror in a mighty conflict he had had for eight hours with all the powers of darkness. 'Now,' he told me, 'I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord.'"

On the 17th of October, Mr. Charles Wesley left London for Nottingham, where he expected to meet his brother. He was gratified to find that the society, which had been begun in that town half a year before, consisting then of only eleven members, was now increased to fifty. Here he continued for some days, preaching abroad with his wonted energy and success. His brother appeared on the 21st, having just escaped out of the hands of the Staffordshire rioters, who seem to have been intent upon shedding his blood. Of the terrible persecutions which he and the society endured at Wednesbury and the neighbourhood, Mr. John Wesley published a circumstantial narrative, at the time, both in his Journal, and in a separate pamphlet. The principal agent in exciting these murderous tumults was Mr. Egginton, the parish minister at Wednesbury. This does not appear in any account that the brothers published; (for they ever showed a great delicacy in concealing the delinquencies of their brethren the clergy;) but in a private letter, written soon after these riots had occurred, Mr. John Wesley says, "When I preached at Wednesbury first, Mr. Egginton (the vicar) invited me to his house, and told me, the oftener I came, the welcomer I should be; for I had done much good there already, and he doubted not but I should do much more. But the next year I found him another man. He had not only heard a vehement Visitation-Charge; but had been informed that we had publicly preached against drunkards, which must have been designed as a satire on him. From this time we found more and more effects of his unwearied labours, public and private,

in stirring up the people on every side, to 'drive these fellows out of the country.' One of his sermons I heard with my own ears. I pray God I may never hear such another! The minister at Darlaston, and the curate of Walsal, trod in the same steps; and these were they who, *not undesignedly*, occasioned all the disorders which followed there."

The following is Mr. Charles Wesley's account, drawn up on the spot; for he immediately went to the place where the outrages had been perpetrated:—

"My brother came, delivered out of the mouth of the lions! He *looked* like a soldier of Christ. His clothes were torn to tatters. The mob of Wednesbury, Darlaston, and Walsal, were permitted to take him by night out of the society-house, and carry him about several hours, with a full purpose to murder him. But his work is not finished; or he had been now with the souls under the altar.

"Oct. 24th. I had a blessing at parting from the society; set out at five, and by night came weary and wet to Birmingham." The next day, he says, "I was much encouraged by the faith and patience of our brethren from Wednesbury, who gave me some particulars of the late persecution. My brother, they told me, had been dragged about for three hours by the mob of three towns. Those of Wednesbury and Darlaston were disarmed by a few words he spoke, and thenceforward laboured to screen him from their old allies of Walsal, till they were overpowered themselves, and most of them knocked down. Three of the brethren and one young woman kept near him all the time, striving to intercept the blows. Sometimes he was almost borne upon their shoulders, through the violence of the multitude, who struck at him continually that he might fall: and if he had once been down, he would have risen no more. Many blows he escaped through his lowness of stature; and his enemies were struck down by them. His feet never once slipped; for in their hands the angels bore him up.

"The ruffians ran about, asking, 'Which is the minister?' and lost and found and lost him again. That hand which struck the men of Sodom and the Syrians blind withheld or turned them aside. Some cried, 'Drown him! Throw him into a pit!' some, 'Hang him up upon the next tree!' others, 'Away with him! Away with him!' and some did him the infinite honour to cry, in express terms, 'Crucify him!' One and all said, 'Kill him!' but they were not agreed what death to put him to. In Walsal several said, 'Carry him out of the town. Don't kill him here! Don't bring his blood upon us!'

"To some who cried, 'Strip him! Tear off his clothes;' he mildly answered, 'That you need not do. I will give you my clothes, if you want them.' In the intervals of tumult, he spoke, the brethren assured me, with as much composure and correctness as he used to do in their

societies. The Spirit of glory rested on him. As many as he spoke to, or but laid his hand on, he turned into friends. He did not wonder (as he himself told me) that the martyrs should feel no pain in the flames; for none of their blows hurt him, although one was so violent as to make his nose and mouth gush out with blood.

“At the first justice’s, whither they carried him, one of his poor accusers mentioned the only crime alleged against him, ‘Sir, it is a downright shame. He makes people rise at five in the morning to sing psalms.’ Another said, ‘To be plain, sir, I must speak the truth. All the fault I find him with him is, that he preaches better than our parsons.’ Mr. Justice did not care to meddle with him, or with those who were murdering an innocent man at his worship’s door. A second justice, in like manner, remanded him to the mob. The mayor of Walsal refused him protection, when entering his house, for fear the mob should pull it down. Just as he was within another door, one fastened his hand in his hair, and drew him backward, almost to the ground. A brother, at the peril of his life, fell on the man’s hand, and bit it, which forced him to loose his hold.

“The instrument of his deliverance, at last, was the ringleader of the mob, the greatest profligate in the country. He carried him through the river upon his shoulders. A sister they threw into it. Another’s arm they broke. No further hurt was done our people; but many of our enemies were sadly wounded.

“The minister of Darlaston sent my brother word, he would join with him in any measures to punish the rioters; that the meek behaviour of our people, and their constancy in suffering, convinced him the counsel was of God; and he wished all his parish were Methodists.

“They pressed me to come, and preach to them in the midst of the town. This was the sign agreed on between my brother and me. If they asked me, I was to go. Accordingly we set out in the dark, and came to Francis Ward’s, whence my brother had been carried last Thursday night. I found the brethren assembled, standing fast in one mind and spirit, nothing terrified by their adversaries. The word given me for them was, ‘Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit yourselves like men, be strong.’ Jesus was in the midst, and covered us with a covering of his Spirit. Never was I before in so primitive an assembly. We sung praises lustily, and with a good courage; and could all set to our seal to the truth of our Lord’s saying, ‘Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness’ sake.’

“We laid us down, and slept, and rose up again; for the Lord sustained us. We assembled before day to sing hymns to Christ, as God. As soon as it was light I walked down the town, and preached boldly on Rev. ii, 10: ‘Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer.

Behold, the devil shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried; and ye shall have tribulation ten days. Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.' It was a most glorious time. Our souls were satisfied as with marrow and fatness; and we longed for our Lord's coming, to confess us before his Father and his holy angels. We now understood what it was to receive the word in much affliction, and yet with joy in the Holy Ghost.

"I took several new members into the society, and among them the young man whose arm was broken; and (upon trial) MUNCHIN, the late captain of the mob. He has been constantly under the word since he rescued my brother. I asked him what he thought of him. 'Think of him!' said he: 'that he is a mon of God; and God was on his side, when so many of us could not kill one mon.'

"We rode through the town unmolested, to Birmingham, where I preached, and one received faith. I rode on to Evesham, and found John Nelson preaching. I confirmed his word, and prayed in the Spirit."

Having preached at Evesham, Quinton, Guthberton, and Cirencester, Mr. Charles Wesley came once more to Bristol, where he had spent only one day during the last six months. He preached a few times in the city, and to the colliers of Kingswood, gladdening their hearts by an account of the success of the gospel in various places; and then paid a visit to South Wales; acknowledging a signal interposition of Providence in crossing the Channel. "When we came to the Passage," says he, "the boatmen refused to venture in such a storm. We waited till four; then committed ourselves to Him whom the winds and seas obey; and embarked with Mr. Ashton, and faithful Felix Farley. The rest of the passengers stayed on the safe side. The waves of the sea were mighty, and raged horribly. When with much toiling we were come near the opposite shore, the storm caught the vessel; our sails were backed, and we were driving full on the black rock, where thirty-two persons lost their lives a few weeks since. But the answer of prayer, after much fatigue, brought us to the haven. 'O that men would therefore praise the Lord for his goodness, and declare the wonders that he doeth for the children of men!' It was dark when we landed. However, we had a good Guide, (the darkness is no darkness to him,) who conducted us through the heavy rain to the Rock and Fountain. I spoke a word in season to the poor young women servants, who dwell as in the confines of hell, in the midst of human devils.

"Nov. 1st. I took horse some hours before day, and by ten reached Cardiff. The gentlemen had threatened great things if I ever came there again. I called in the midst of them, 'Is it nothing to you, all

ye that pass by?' &c. The love of Christ constrained me to speak, and them to hear. The word was irresistible. After it one of our most violent opposers took me by the hand, and pressed me to come to see him. The rest were equally civil all the time I stayed. Only one drunkard made some disturbance; but when sober, sent to ask my pardon. The voice of praise and thanksgiving was in the society. Many are grown in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus. I passed an hour with the wife and daughter of the chief bailiff, who are waiting as little children for the kingdom of God."

During this short stay in Wales Mr. Charles Wesley preached in the castle at Cardiff, where he made a collection for the prisoners, and distributed religious books among them. He also visited his faithful friend, Mr. Hodges, the minister of Wenvo, and preached in his church. In recrossing the Channel, on his return to Bristol, he says, "The floods lifted up their voice; but faith saw Jesus walking on the water, and heard his voice, 'It is I. Be not afraid.' In eight minutes we were brought safe to land by Him who rides in the whirlwind."

About the middle of November he took leave of the societies in Kingswood and Bristol, and, preaching at Bath, Cirencester, Guthberton, Evesham, Quinton, in his way, came to London, where he concluded the year in happy intercourse with God, and with the lively societies, among whom he was a joyful witness of the power of religion. "I called upon Mr. Witham," says he, "given over by his physicians; trembling at the approach of the king of terrors; and catching at every word that might flatter his hopes of life." On the day following he adds, "I prayed with him again, and found him somewhat more resigned." Eleven days afterward he says, "I prayed in great faith for Mr. Witham, the time of whose departure draws nigher and nigher." The following statement closes this death-bed scene:—"At half-hour past seven in the evening he broke out, 'Now I am delivered! I have found the thing I sought. I know what the blood of sprinkling means!' He called his family and friends to rejoice with him. Some of his last words were, 'Why tarry the wheels of his chariot? I know that my Redeemer liveth. Just at twelve this night my spirit will return to him.' While the clock was striking twelve he died like a lamb, with that word, 'Come, Lord Jesus.'"

A case somewhat different occurred at Bexley, a few days afterward, when Mr. Charles Wesley was on a visit to the pious vicar of that place. "I heard," says he, "that one of our fiercest persecutors, who had cut his throat, and lay for dead some hours, was miraculously revived, as a monument of divine mercy. Many of his companions have been hurried into eternity, while fighting against God. He is now seeking Him whom once he persecuted; was confounded at the sight

of me; much more by my comfortable words, and a small alms. He could only thank me with his tears."

It is a remarkable fact, that Mr. Egginton, the clergyman of Wednesbury, died almost immediately after the beginning of the destructive riots of which he had been the principal cause.

CHAPTER XI.

THE riots at St. Ives and Wednesbury were only a prelude to similar outrages in various parts of the kingdom; and to opposition the most systematic and determined, by which the Methodist preachers and societies were harassed. The country was in a very unsettled state. It was at war with France and Spain; and was threatened with an invasion by the French, for the purpose of deposing the reigning monarch, George the Second, and of placing upon the British throne the exiled representative of the house of Stuart; under whose government it was understood, should the project succeed, Popery and arbitrary power were to be restored. The people, of course, dreaded the loss of their liberty, civil and religious; and a feverish anxiety was generally prevalent.

The national danger was made a pretext for persecution the most bitter and undisguised. To rouse the popular vengeance against the Wesleys, and their fellow-labourers in the gospel, it was only necessary to represent them as Papists, who were supported by the money of the Pretender, and were endeavouring to prepare the way for his assumption of the crown which his fathers had forfeited. This expedient was successfully adopted in various places. In several instances magistrates and constables interfered, not to protect an unoffending people, but to tear Methodist preachers away from their families, and send them into the army. Mr. John and Charles Wesley were both of them subjected to unjust charges, and examined before the civil authorities: one in Cornwall, and the other in Yorkshire. Yet men of purer loyalty did not exist. There is no reason to believe that they received from their mother in early life any bias in favour of the Stuarts; and their attachment to the house of Brunswick, through the whole of their public life, was unimpeachable. In this emergency of the national affairs they used all their influence in support of the reigning family. They inculcated loyalty wherever they preached; and in the principal societies under their care, they appointed weekly meetings of intercession with God for the maintenance of public tranquillity, and of the Protestant constitution. Both of them employed the press

for the same purpose. Charles poured forth the feelings of his pious and loyal heart in sacred verse; and published a tract, which was very widely circulated, under the title of "Hymns for Times of Trouble." In these very spirited compositions the national sins are confessed and lamented; the mercy of God is earnestly implored in behalf of a guilty people; civil war is deprecated as a great and terrible calamity; the preservation of the Protestant religion, and a revival of its primitive spirit, are both solicited as the most important of all blessings; and the king is especially commended to the divine protection, not as the creature of the popular will, but as God's vicegerent, and his minister for good to the people.

It was upon this occasion that Mr. Charles Wesley wrote and published the three fine hymns, beginning,

"Sovereign of all, whose will ordains"—

"Lord, thou hast bid thy people pray"—

"Sinners, the call obey."

With the purest sentiments of Christian loyalty and patriotism, and a heart yearning with affection for the souls of men, Mr. Charles Wesley left London on the 30th of January, 1744, and commenced his journey to Newcastle, preaching at Birmingham, Dudley, Wednesbury, Nottingham, Sheffield, Epworth, Leeds, and other places on his way. This was one of the most eventful journeys he ever took. The country was unsettled; fear was everywhere excited; daring wickedness abounded; persecution lowered in all directions; Dissenters, as well as Churchmen, were prepared to engage in acts of riot; yet his spirit was undaunted, and he was even ready to die for the Lord Jesus, should such be the divine will.

The following selections from his private journal will present the most correct view of his circumstances, spirit, and labours:—

"Sunday, Jan. 29th. I assisted my brother and Mr. Gordon in administering the sacrament to almost our whole society of above two thousand.

"Jan. 30th. I set out, with our brother Webb, for Newcastle, commended to the grace of God by all the brethren. Wednesday afternoon we found our brother Jones at Birmingham. A great door is opened in this country; but there are many adversaries. At Dudley our preacher was cruelly abused by a mob of Papists and Dissenters: the latter stirred up by Mr. Whitting, their minister. Probably he would have been murdered but for an honest Quaker, who helped him to escape disguised with his broad hat, and coat. Staffordshire at present seems the seat of war.

"Feb. 2d. I set out, with brother Webb, for Wednesbury, the field

of battle. I met with a variety of greetings on the road. I cried in the street, 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!' Several of our persecutors stood at a distance; but none offered to make the least disturbance. I walked through the blessings and curses of the people to see Mr. Egginton's widow. Never have I observed such bitterness as in these opposers; yet they had no power to touch us.

"Feb. 3d. I preached and prayed with the society, and beat down the fiery self-avenging spirit of resistance, which was rising in some, to disgrace, if not destroy, the work of God. I preached unmolested within sight of Dudley. Many Shimeis called after me; and that was all. I waited on the friendly Captain Dudley, who has stood in the gap at Tipton-green, and kept off persecution, while it raged all around; and returned in peace through the enemy's country.

"On Tuesday next, they have given it out, that they will come with all the rabble of the country, and pull down the houses and destroy all the goods of our poor brethren. One would think there was 'no king in Israel.' There is certainly no magistrate who will put them to shame in any thing. Mr. Constable offered to make oath of their lives being in danger; but the justice refused it; saying, he could do nothing. Others of our complaining brethren met with the same redress, being driven away with revilings. The magistrates do not themselves tear off their clothes, and beat them. They only stand by and see others do it. One of them told Mr. Jones, it was the best thing the mob ever did, so to treat the Methodists; and he would himself give five pounds to drive them out of the country. Another, when our brother Ward begged his protection, himself delivered him up to the mercy of the mob, (who had half murdered him before,) threw his hand round his head, and cried, 'Huzza, boys! Well done! Stand up for the Church!' No wonder that the mob, so encouraged, should say and believe that there is no law for Methodists. Accordingly, like outlaws they treat them, breaking their houses, and taking away their goods at pleasure; extorting money from those that have it, and cruelly beating those that have not.

"The poor people from Darlaston are the greatest sufferers. The rioters lately summoned them, by proclamation of the crier, to come to such a public house, and set to their hands that they would never hear the Methodist preachers, or they should have their houses pulled down. About one hundred they compelled by blows. Notwithstanding which, both then, and at other times, they have broken into their houses, robbing and destroying. And still, if they hear any of them singing, or reading the Scriptures, they force open their doors, by day and by night, and spoil and beat them with all impunity. They watch their

houses, that none may go to Wednesbury; and scarce a man or woman but has been knocked down in attempting it. Their enemies are the basest of the people, who will not work themselves, but live more to their inclination on the labours of others. I wonder the gentlemen who set them on are so short sighted as not to see, that the little all of our poor colliers will soon be devoured; and then these sons of rapine will turn upon their foolish masters, who have raised a devil they cannot lay.

“Feb. 4th. I discoursed from Isaiah liv, 17: ‘No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper.’ This promise shall be fulfilled in our day. I spoke with those of our brethren who have this world’s goods, and found them entirely resigned to the will of God. All thoughts of resistance are over, blessed be the Lord; and the chief of them said unto me, ‘Naked came I into the world; and I can but go naked out of it.’ They are resolved, by the grace of God, to follow my advice, and suffer all things. Only I would have had them go round again to the justices, and make information of their danger. Mr. Constable said, he had just been with one of them, who redressed him with bitter reproaches; that the rest are of the same mind, and cannot plead ignorance of the intended riot, because the rioters have had the boldness to set up papers in the towns, particularly Walsal, *inviting all the country to rise with them, and destroy the Methodists.*

“At noon I returned to Birmingham, having continued two days in the lions’ den unhurt.

“Feb. 5th. I preached in the Bullring, close to the church, where they rung the bells, and threw dirt and stones all the time. None struck me till I had finished my discourse. Then I got several blows from the mob that followed me, till we took shelter at a sister’s. I received much strength and comfort with the sacrament. I preached again in Wednesbury to a large congregation, many of whom come to hear the word at the hazard of their lives. I encouraged them from Isaiah li: ‘Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord,’ &c. Here and in the society our Captain, we found, doth not send us a warfare at our own charge.

“Feb. 6th. We commended each other to the divine protection; and at five I set out for Nottingham. Our way lay through Walsal, the enemy’s head-quarters. I would rather have gone a mile another way. Entering the place we heard one hallooing with might and main; and a great noise followed, as if the town had taken the alarm. I cannot say, the sound was very musical in my ears; but I looked up, and rode onward. The noise was made by a gentleman huntsman, a bitter enemy of ours. We fell in with him and his dogs, it being just day-break, and passed for very good sportsmen. Brother Webb would

needs ride through the market-place, to see the flag and paper our enemies had set up, and to show his courage. Had he returned with a broken head, I should not have greatly pitied him. By six our Lord brought us safe to Nottingham. I met the society, on whom he laid the burden of our persecuted brethren.

“Here also the storm is begun. Our brethren are violently driven from their place of meeting; pelted in the streets, &c.; and mocked with vain promises of justice by the very men who underhand encourage the rioters. An honest Quaker has hardly restrained some of the brethren from resisting evil; but henceforth I hope they will meekly turn the other cheek.

“Feb. 7th. I waked in great heaviness, which continued all day, for our poor suffering brethren; yet with strong confidence that the Lord will appear in their behalf. I joined the society at five in fervent intercession for them; and in preaching both administered and received comfort. I sent my humble thanks to the mayor, for his *offer* of assistance. He pities our brethren, and *would* defend them; but who dares do justice to a Christian? We are content to wait for it till the great day of retribution.

“At the brethren’s desire I began preaching in the market-place. The holyday-folk broke in among the hearers. I gave notice, I should preach at the Cross, just by the mayor’s. In the way the mob assaulted us with dirt and stones, making us as the filth and offscouring of all things. My soul was caught up, and kept in calm recollection. I knocked at the mayor’s door. He let me in himself; gave us good words; threatened the rabble; and led me to his front door, where the people were waiting. I walked up to the Cross, and called them to repent. They would not receive my testimony; were very outrageous; yet not permitted to hurt me. The mayor at the same time passed by us, laughing. Just such protection I expected!

“After fighting with wild beasts for near half an hour, I went down into the thickest of them; who started back, and left an open way to the mayor’s house. Mrs. Mayoress led me through the house with great courtesy and compassion. The mob pursued us with stones, as before. J. Webb and I were strangers to the town, but went straight forward, and entered a house prepared for us. The woman received us, and shut the door, and spoke with authority to the mob; so that they began to melt away. Then the brethren found and conducted us to our friendly Quaker’s. We betook ourselves to prayer for our fellow-sufferers in Staffordshire, who have not been out of our thoughts the whole day. I expounded the Beatitudes, and dwelt upon the last. Never have I been more assisted. I rejoiced with our brethren in the fires.

“Feb. 8th. I cannot help observing, from what passed yesterday, that we ought to wait upon God for direction when and where to preach much more than we do; a false courage, which is the fear of shame, may otherwise betray us into unnecessary dangers. Further, we may learn not to lean upon that broken reed, human protection. To seek redress by law, unless we are very sure of obtaining it, is only to discover our own weakness, and irritate our opposers. What justice can be expected from the chief men of this place, if, as I am informed, they are mostly Arian Presbyterians?”

“I exhorted the brethren to continue in the faith, and through much persecution to enter the kingdom. Four were missing; the rest, strengthened by their sufferings. I called at brother Sant’s, and found him just brought home for dead. The mob had knocked him down, and would probably have murdered him, but for a little child, who, being shut out of doors, alarmed the family by his cries. It was some time before he came to himself, having been struck on the temples by a large log of wood. We gave thanks to God for his deliverance, and continued in prayer and conference till midnight.

“Feb. 9th. Our messenger returned from Lichfield with such an account as I looked for. He had met our brother Ward, fled thither for refuge. The enemy had gone to the length of his chain. All the rabble of the country was gathered together yesterday, and laid waste all before them. A note I received from two of the sufferers, whose loss amounts to about two hundred pounds. My heart rejoiced in the great grace which was given them; for not one resisted evil; but they took joyfully the spoiling of their goods. We gave God the glory, that Satan was not suffered to touch their lives. They have lost all besides, and ‘rejoice with joy unspeakable.’

“By five in the afternoon we came to Sheffield. I marvelled what was come of them, that we had not one stone in riding through all the town. Peace was in all their borders, and has been for some time. The brethren are not slack during this rest, but walk in the fear of God. I preached on, ‘Ye are come to Mount Sion.’ The power of God was remarkably present; but the power of the adversary quite restrained. At nine I passed through Thorpe; asked my companion, ‘Where are the pretty wild creatures, that were for braining me and my horse the last time I came this way?’ He told me, they had lost their spirit with their captain; a woman, the bitterest of them all, who died lately, in horrible despair. This quite terrified our enemies. Her daughter is now a believer, and several others in the place. Nay, they have even got a society among them. I preached at Barley-hall, and found the great power and blessing of God with the church in that house. A son of my host attended me to Birstal.

“Feb. 11th. I preached at five from, ‘I am come that they might have life; and that they might have it more abundantly.’ We were greatly comforted by our mutual faith. The little flock increases both in grace and number. The Lord fights for Israel this day against the deceitful workers. I was glad to hear of one of our English brethren, lately brought back by a little child, who told his father, something came and disturbed him, so that he could not sleep at nights, since they left off family prayer.

“I preached at Adwalton on our Lord’s final coming. It was a glorious season of rejoicing and love. In the afternoon I preached at Armley. Arthur Bates, of Wakefield, who showed me the way, informed me that his minister, Mr. Arnett, repelled him from the sacrament; and said, he had orders from the archbishop so to treat all that are called Methodists. The time, we know, will come, when they shall put us out of the synagogues; but I much suspect Mr. Arnett has slandered the good archbishop. In Leeds also some begin to abuse their authority, and to exclude the true (yea, the *truest*) members of the Church from her communion.

“Feb. 12th. I preached at Leeds, to many serious hearers, on, ‘Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father’s good pleasure to give you the kingdom.’ I went to Mr. M——’s church, and heard him explain away the promise of the Father. But he stopped at the application to the Methodists; perhaps out of tenderness to me, whom he may still have some hopes of. I called on a larger and equally quiet congregation, ‘Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?’ It was a blessed season. Many looked upon Him whom they had pierced.

“I found John Nelson’s hill quite covered with hearers. In the midst of my discourse a gentleman came riding up, and almost over the people. Speaking of temperance, and judgment to come, I turned and applied to him, ‘Thou art the man.’ His countenance fell, and he fled before the sword of the Spirit. The power of God burst forth, and a cry was heard throughout the congregation. I continued my discourse, or rather prayer, till night.

“Feb. 14th. I rode to Epworth. The Lord gave his blessing to my word in the Cross. At the society the Spirit came down as in the ancient days. My voice was lost in the mournings and rejoicings on every side. All present, I believe, were either comforted or wounded.

“Feb. 16th. I rode to Selby; the next day to Darlington. My horse fell with me from a high causeway, and threw me, unhurt, into deep mud, Feb. 17th.

“Feb. 18th. I got to Newcastle; preached at night on, ‘Our gospel came to you not in word only; but also in power, and in the Holy

Ghost, and in much assurance.' The people received me with that joy and love which the world knoweth not of.

"Feb. 19th. I heard of a remarkable providence. A poor drunkard, who has left us for some time, was moved this morning to rise and come to the preaching; by which he escaped being crushed to death by the fall of his house. He had no sooner left it than it was blown down, the greatest part of it. Just before it fell his wife took one with her to the window, to sing a hymn, and so escaped. A sister was overwhelmed with the ruins; yet the rafters fell endways, and a cavity was made archwise over her head. She stayed there some hours, before they could dig her out, rejoicing in God her Saviour.

"I told a huge multitude in the Square, 'Ye shall be hated of all men for my name sake.' I stood at the door of the Orphan House, and took in many of the disturbers; to whom I then preached without opposition; and exhorted the brethren to prepare for the fiery trial.

"Feb. 20th. I heard without any surprise the news of the French invasion; which only quickened us in our prayers, especially for his majesty King George. In the evening I expounded what the Spirit saith to the church of Ephesus, and received extraordinary power to warn them of the sword that is coming, and to wrestle with God in prayer for the king.

"Feb. 26th. I preached at Tanfield. My mouth and heart were opened to this people, who seem now to have got the start of those at Newcastle. I called at the Square, with greater utterance than ever, 'Wash ye, make ye clean,' &c. I urged them earnestly to repent; to fear God, and honour the king; and had the clearest testimony of my own conscience, that I had now delivered my own soul. I found a great mob about our house, and bestowed an hour in taming them. A hundred or more I admitted into the room; and when I had got them together, for two hours exhorted them, in the power of love, to repent. The rocks were melted on every side; and the very ringleaders of the rebels declared they would make a disturbance no more.

"March 4th. The people of Newcastle were in an uproar through the expectation of a victory. They got their candles ready, and gave thanks (that is, got drunk) beforehand; and then came down to make a riot among us. Some of the brethren they struck, and threatened to pull down the desk. We were sensible that the powers of darkness were abroad, and prayed in faith against them. God heard, and scattered the armies of the aliens here. Afterward news came, that at this very hour they were pulling down the house at St. Ives.

"March 5th. I passed an hour with Mr. Watson, one of the town-sergeants, and lately the greatest swearer in Newcastle. Now God hath touched his heart, both his fellows, and his masters, the aldermen,

are set against him as one man. The mayor, he tells me, asked him publicly, 'What, Mr. Watson, do you go to hear these men?' He answered, 'Yes; at every proper opportunity; and I wish you would hear them too.' One of the aldermen expressed his impatience by cursing 'that fellow Watson. We can neither make him drink nor swear.'

At this time Mr. John Wesley was urgently pressed to forward a loyal and dutiful address to the king, in behalf of the Methodists, declaring their real character and designs. He consulted Charles on the subject, who gave his opinion in the following letter:—"My objection to your address in the name of the Methodists is, that it would constitute us a sect. At least, it would *seem to allow* that we are a body distinct from the national Church. Guard against this; and in the name of the Lord address to-morrow."

Agreeably to this suggestion, Mr. John Wesley prepared an address, remarkable for its frankness and simplicity; but states that, "on further consideration, it was judged best to lay it aside." He has given the document in his printed Journal. The following is an extract:—"We think it incumbent upon us, if we must stand as a distinct body from our brethren, to tender for ourselves our most dutiful regards to your sacred majesty; and to declare, in the presence of Him we serve, the King of kings, and Lord of lords, that we are a part (however mean) of that Protestant Church, established in these kingdoms: that we unite together for this, and no other end,—to promote, as far as we may be capable, justice, mercy, and truth; the glory of God, and peace and good-will among men: that we detest and abhor the fundamental doctrines of the Church of Rome, and are steadily attached to your majesty's royal person and illustrious house."

On the 8th of March Mr. Charles Wesley took leave of the society in Newcastle, who were all in tears at his departure; and on the 10th arrived with John Downes at Epworth. "On the Common," says he, "Thomas Westall overtook us, being driven out of Nottingham by the mob and mayor. I preached at the Cross, on, 'Enter into the rock, and hide yourselves, as it were for a little moment, until the indignation be overpast,' to a people willing to take the warning."

"I took John Healey's account of their treatment at Nottingham. The mayor sent for Thomas Westall. John went with him. Thomas desired time to read the oath which they offered him; upon which Mr. Mayor threatened to send him to prison. While he was making his mitimus, John Healey asked, 'Does not the law allow a man three hours to consider of it?' This checked their haste; and they permitted him to hear first what he should swear to. He said it was all very good, and what he had often heard Mr. Wesley say, that King George

was our rightful king, and no other; and he would take this oath with all his heart.

“They had first asked John Healey, if he would take the oaths. He answered, ‘I will take them now; but I would not before I heard Mr. Wesleys; for I was a Jacobite, till they convinced me of the truth, and of his majesty’s right.’ ‘See the old Jesuit!’ cries one of the venerable aldermen: ‘he has all his paces, I warrant you.’ Another, on Thomas Westall’s holding his hands to his eyes, cried, ‘See! see! he is confessing his sins!’ They treated them like Faithful and Christian at Vanity Fair; only they did not burn them yet, or even put them into the cage. They demanded their horses for the king’s service; and would not believe them that they had none, till they sent and searched.

“Not finding any cause to punish, they were forced to dismiss them; but soon after, the mayor sent for Thomas Westall, and commanded him to depart the town. He answered, he should obey his orders; and accordingly came to Epworth. Here, he told me, he found out who the Pretender was; for Mr. Gurney told him, many years ago, there was one King James, who was turned out, and one King William taken in his place; and that then the parliament made a law, that no Papist should ever be king; by which law King James’s son, whom he had now discovered to be the Pretender, was justly kept out.”

Hitherto the Methodists had been assailed principally by lawless mobs, by whose violence several of them had suffered the loss of all their worldly property, and others had endured great bodily harm, having their limbs broken, and their lives endangered. But at this time persecution assumed a more systematic form. The magistrates had generally refused to act, and had left the Methodists at the mercy of violent and cruel men. Now they interfered; and endeavoured, by an abuse of their power, and the perversion of law, to crush a defenceless people, whose real crime was that of attempting to effect a national reformation, by a revival of true religion. The Methodists carried the truth of God into quarters where it was unwelcome; and innocently provoked the hostility of men, who ought rather to have repented in sackcloth and ashes. Mr. Charles Wesley had the honour of being selected as the first victim. A charge of treason was preferred against him, and a warrant was issued, summoning witnesses to appear against him. He has given the following account of this affair, and of the circumstances connected with it. He had preached at the Cross in Epworth, and then gone to Birstal, near Leeds.

“March 14th. One told me, there was a constable with a warrant, in which my name was mentioned. I sent for him, and he showed it me. It was ‘to summon witnesses to some treasonable words, said to

be spoken by one Westley.' The poor man trembled; said he had no business with me; and was right glad to get out of my hands. He was afterward of my audience, and wept, as did most. I was then taken horse, but found such a bar or burden crossing me, that I could not proceed. At the same time the brethren besought me to stay, lest the enemies should say I durst not stand trial. I knew not how to determine, but by a lot: we prayed; and the lot came for my stay. It was much upon my mind, that I should be called to bear my testimony, and vindicate the loyalty of God's people. By the order of Providence, several justices are now at Wakefield. A woman stands to it, that she heard me talk treason; but there is an overruling Providence. I found it hard not to premeditate, or think of to-morrow.

"I met the brethren at Leeds, and many others, in an old upper room. After singing, I shifted my place, to draw them to the upper end. One desired me to come nearer the door, that they might hear without. I removed again, and drew the weight of the people after me. In that instant the floor sunk. I lost my senses, but recovered them in a moment, and was filled with power from above. I lifted up my head first, and saw the people under me, heaps upon heaps. I cried out, 'Fear not! The Lord is with us. Our lives are all safe;' and then,

'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.'

I lifted up the fallen as fast as I could, and perceived by their countenances which were our children; several of whom were hurt, but none killed.

"We found, when the dust and tumult was a little settled, that the rafters had broken off short, close by the main beam. A woman lay dangerously ill in a room below, on the opposite side; and a child in a cradle just under the ruins. But the sick woman calling the nurse a minute before, she carried the child with her to the standing side; and all three were preserved. Another of the society was moved, she knew not why, to go out with her child just before the room felt. Above one hundred lay with me among the wounded: though I did not properly fall, but slid softly down, and light on my feet. My hand was bruised, and part of the skin rubbed off my head. One sister had her arm broken, and set immediately, rejoicing with joy unspeakable. Another, strong in faith, was so crushed, that she expected instant death. I asked her, when got to bed, whether she was not afraid to die. She answered, that she was without fear, even when she thought her soul was departing; and only said, in calm faith, 'Jesus, receive my spirit!' Her body continues full of pain, and her soul of love.

"A boy of eighteen was taken up roaring, 'I will be good! I will

be good! They got his leg set, which was broken in two places. He had come, as usual, to make a disturbance, and struck several of the women going in, till one took him up stairs, for Providence to teach him better.

“The news was soon spread through the town, and drew many to the place, who expressed their compassion by wishing all our necks had been broken. I preached out of the town, in weariness and painfulness. The Lord was our strong consolation. Never did I more clearly see, that not a hair of our head can fall to the ground without our heavenly Father.

“March 15th. I baptized a Quaker, who received forgiveness in that hour.”

After administering this sacrament, and rejoicing to find “the outward and visible sign” attended by “the inward and spiritual grace,” Mr. Charles Wesley mounted his horse, and set off for Wakefield, to meet his accusers before the magistrates, and answer the charge of treason which had been preferred against him. Upon the road he composed the following hymn, which is beautifully descriptive of his faith, meekness, and calm resignation to the divine will. He published it a few years afterward, with the title, “Written in going to Wakefield to answer a charge of treason.”

Jesus, in this hour be near ;
On thy servant's side appear ;
Call'd thine honour to maintain,
Help a feeble child of man.

Thou who art thy creature's bar
Didst thy Deity declare,
Now my mouth and wisdom be,
Witness for thyself in me.

Gladly before rulers brought,
Free from trouble as from thought,
Let me thee in them revere,
Own thine awful Minister.

All of mine be cast aside,
Anger, fear, and guile, and pride ;
Only give me, from above,
Simple faith, and humble love.

Set my face, and fix my heart ;
Now the promised power impart ;
Meek, submissive, and resign'd,
Arm me with thy constant mind.

Let me trample on the foe,
Conquering and to conquer go,
Till above *his* world I rise,
Judge th' accuser in the skies.

Proceeding in his narrative, Mr. Charles Wesley says, "I rode to Wakefield, and at eleven waited upon Justice Burton, at his inn, with two other justices, Sir Rowland Wynne, and the Rev. Mr. Zouch. I told him I had seen a warrant of his, to summon witnesses to some treasonable words, said to be spoken by one Westley; that I had put off my journey to London, to wait upon him, and answer whatever should be laid to my charge. He answered he had nothing to say against me, and I might depart. I replied, that was not sufficient, without clearing my character, and that of many innocent people, whom their enemies were pleased to call Methodists. 'Vindicate them!' said my brother clergyman, 'that you will find a very hard task.' I answered, 'As hard as you may think it, I will engage to prove that they all, to a man, are true members of the Church of England, and loyal subjects of his majesty King George.' I then desired they would administer to me the oaths, and added, 'If it was not too much trouble, I could wish, gentlemen, you would send for every Methodist in England, and give them the same opportunity you do me, of declaring their loyalty upon oath.'

"Justice Burton said, he was informed that we constantly prayed for the Pretender in all our societies, or *nocturnal meetings*, as Mr. Zouch called them. I answered, 'The very reverse is true. We constantly pray for his majesty King George by name. These are such hymns as we sing in our societies; a sermon I preached before the university; another my brother preached there; his Appeals, and a few more treatises, containing our principles and practice.' Here I gave them our books, and was bold to say, 'I am as true a Church-of-England man, and as loyal a subject, as any man in the kingdom.' 'That is impossible,' they cried all; but as it was not my business to dispute, and as I could not answer till the witnesses appeared, I withdrew without further reply.

"While I waited at a neighbouring house, one of the brethren brought me the constable of Birstal, whose heart God hath touched. He told me he had summoned the principal witness, Mary Castle, on whose information the warrant was granted, and who was setting out on horseback, when the news came to Birstal, that I was not gone forward to London, as they expected, but would be in Wakefield. Hearing of this, she turned back, and declared to him that she did not hear the treasonable words herself, but another woman told her so. Three more witnesses, who were to swear to my words, retracted likewise, and knew nothing of the matter. The fifth, good Mr. Woods, the ale-house-keeper, is forthcoming, it seems, in the afternoon.

"Now I plainly see the consequence of my not appearing here to look my enemies in the face. Had I gone on my journey, here would

have been witnesses enough, and oaths enough, to stir up a persecution against the Methodists. I took the witnesses' names, Mary Castle, W. Walker, Lionel Knowles, Arthur Furth, Joseph Woods; and a copy of the warrant, as follows:—

“ ‘West Riding of Yorkshire.—To the constable of Birstal, in the said Riding, or deputy.—These are in his majesty's name to require and command you, to summon Mary Castle, of Birstal, aforesaid, and all other such persons as you are informed can give any information against *one Westley*, or any other of the Methodist speakers, for speaking any treasonable words, or exhortations, as praying for the banished, or for the Pretender, &c., to appear before me, and other his majesty's justices of the peace for the said Riding, at the White-hart, in Wakefield, on the 15th of March instant, by ten of the clock, in the forenoon, to be examined, and to declare the truth of what they and each of them know touching the premises; and that you make a return hereof before us on the same day. Given under my hand the 10th of March 1743.

“ ‘E. BURTON.’

“ Between two and three, honest Mr. Woods came, and started back at the sight of me, as if he had trod upon a serpent. One of our brothers took hold on him, and told me he trembled every joint of him. The justice's clerk had bid the constable bring him to *him* as soon as ever he came: but notwithstanding all the clerk's instructions, Woods frankly confessed, now he was come, he had nothing to say; and would not have come at all, had they not forced him.

“ I waited at the door, where the justices were examining the disaffected, till seven. I took public notice of Mr. Oherhaasen, the Moravian teacher, but not of Mr. Kendrick. When all their business was over, and I had been insulted at their door from eleven in the morning till seven at night, I was sent for, and asked, ‘What would Mr. Wesley desire?’ Wesley.—‘I desire nothing, but to know what is alleged against me.’ Justice Burton said, ‘What hope of truth from him? He is another of them.’ Then addressing himself to me, ‘Here are two of your brethren: one so silly, it is a shame he should ever set up for a teacher; and the other has told us a thousand lies and equivocations upon oath. He has not wit enough, or he would make a complete Jesuit.’ I looked round, and said, ‘I see none of my brethren here, but this gentleman;’ pointing to the reverend justice; who looked as if he did not thank me for claiming him. Burton.—‘Why, do you not know this man?’ showing me Kendrick. Wesley.—‘Yes, sir, very well: for two years ago I expelled him our society in London, for setting up for a preacher.’ To this poor Kendrick assented; which put a stop to further reflections on the Methodists.

“ Justice Burton then said, I might depart; for they had nothing

against me. Wesley.—‘Sir, that is not sufficient. I cannot depart till my character is fully cleared. It is no trifling matter. Even my life is concerned in the charge.’ Burton.—‘I did not summon you to appear.’ Wesley.—‘I was the person meant by *one Westley*; and my supposed words were the occasion of your order, which I read signed with your name.’ Burton.—‘I will not deny my order. I did send to summon the witnesses.’ Wesley.—‘Yes; and I took down their names from the constable’s paper. The principal witness, Mary Castle, was setting out; but hearing I was here, she turned back, and declared to the constable, she only heard another say that I spoke treason. Three more of the witnesses recanted for the same reason; and Mr. Woods, who is here, says he has nothing to say, and should not have come neither, had he not been forced by the minister. Had I not been here, he would have had enough to say; and ye would have had witnesses and oaths enough. But I suppose my coming has prevented theirs.’ One of the justices added, ‘I suppose so too.’

“They all seemed fully satisfied, and would have had me so too; but I insisted on their hearing Mr. Woods. Burton.—‘Do you desire he may be called as an evidence for you?’ Wesley.—‘I desire he may be heard as an evidence against me, if he has aught to lay to my charge.’ Then Mr. Zouch asked Woods what he had to say: what were the words I spoke. Woods was as backward to speak as they to have him; but was at last compelled to say, ‘I have nothing to say against the gentleman. I only heard him pray that the Lord would call home his banished.’ Zouch.—‘But were there no words before or after, which pointed to these troublesome times?’ Woods.—‘No; none at all.’ Wesley.—‘It was on February 12th, before the earliest news of the invasion. But if Folly and Malice may be interpreters, any words which any of you, gentlemen, speak, may be construed into treason.’ Zouch.—‘It is very true.’ Wesley.—‘Now, gentlemen, give me leave to explain my own words. I had no thoughts of praying for the Pretender; but for those that confess themselves strangers and pilgrims upon earth; who seek a country, knowing this is not their place. The Scriptures you, sir, know,’ (to the clergyman,) ‘speak of us as captive exiles, who are absent from the Lord while in the body. We are not at home till we are in heaven.’ Zouch.—‘I thought you would so explain the words; and it is a fair interpretation.’ I asked if they were all satisfied. They said they were, and cleared me as fully as I desired.

“I then asked them again to administer to me the oaths. Mr. Zouch looked on my Sermon; asked who ordained me; (the archbishop and bishop the same week;) and said, with the rest, it was quite unnecessary, since I was a clergyman, and student of Christ-Church; and had

preached before the university, and taken the oaths before. Yet I motioned it again, till they acknowledged in explicit terms *my loyalty unquestionable*. I then presented Sir Rowland and Mr. Zouch with the 'Appeal,' and took my leave."

Mr. Coleby, the clergyman of Birstal, who was also a magistrate, appears to have been the principal instigator in this plot to ruin Mr. Charles Wesley. The treasonable words were said to have been uttered at Birstal; and it was Mr. Coleby that urged Woods the publican to appear as a witness at Wakefield. This teacher of Christianity, and guardian of the public peace, was concerned a few weeks afterward in acts of persecution still more criminal. After retiring from the presence of the magistrates, Mr. Charles Wesley poured forth the feelings of his heart in the following strains of thankfulness and faith:—

Who that trusted in the Lord
Was ever put to shame?
Live, by heaven and earth adored,
Thou all-victorious Lamb:
Thou hast magnified thy power,
Thou in my defence hast stood,
Kept my soul in danger's hour,
And arm'd me with thy blood.

Satan's slaves against me rose,
And sought my life to slay;
Thou hast baffled all my foes,
And spoil'd them of their prey:
Thou hast cast th' accuser down,
Hast maintain'd thy servant's right,
Made mine innocency known,
And clear as noon-day light.

Evil to my charge they laid,
And crimes I never knew;
But my Lord the snare display'd,
And dragg'd the fiend to view:
Glared his bold malicious lie!
Satan, show thine art again;
Hunt the precious life, and try
To take my soul in vain.

Thou, my great redeeming God,
My Jesus, still art near;
Kept by thee, nor secret fraud,
Nor open force, I fear:
Safe amid the snares of death,
Guarded by the King of kings,
Glad to live and die beneath
The shadow of thy wings.

Mr. Charles Wesley goes on to state, "Half hour after seven we set out for Birstal; and a joyful journey we had. Our brethren met us on the road; and we gathered together on the hill, and sung praises lustily and with a good courage. Their enemies were rising at Birstal, full of the Wednesbury devil, on presumption of my not finding justice at Wakefield; wherein they were more confirmed by my delay. They had begun pulling down John Nelson's house, when our singing damped and put them to flight. Now I see, if I had not gone to confront my enemies, or had been evil entreated at Wakefield, it might have occasioned a general persecution here, which the Lord hath now crushed in the birth. No weapon that is formed against us shall prosper; and every tongue that shall rise against us in judgment we shall condemn."

Leaving the society at Birstal greatly encouraged by the decision at Wakefield, Mr. Charles Wesley entered upon his journey to London, taking Derby, Sheffield, Nottingham, and other places, on his way, where he gladly preached the word of life. He says, "By night we came to Nottingham; and well for us that it was night. The mob are come to a great height through the encouragement of the mayor. We knew not the way to brother Sant's, and could not inquire; but our horses carried us straight to his door. The house was immediately beset, as usual. I was troubled for these few sheep in the wilderness. The wolf has made havoc of them: the magistrates being the persecutors, not only refusing them justice, but cruelly abusing them as rioters. They presented a petition to Judge Abdy, as he passed through the town. He spake kindly to them, and bade them, if they were further molested, present the corporation. He chid the mayor, and made him send his officers through the town, forbidding any one to injure the Methodists. He told him, 'If you will begin, why do not you put down the assemblies contrary to law? Instead of that, if there be one religious society, you must set upon that to destroy it.'

"As soon as the judge was out of the town, they returned to persecute the Methodists more than ever; and when they complained to the mayor, he insulted them with, 'Why do you not go to my lord judge?' He threatens, when the press-warrants are out, to take Daniel Sant, an industrious founder, with four children; whose crime is, that he suffers the poor people to pray in his house."

On the 22d of March Mr. Charles Wesley arrived at the Foundery, in London, where, he says, "the society helped me to give hearty thanks to God for the multitude of his mercies." Four days afterward Mr. John Wesley set out for Cornwall, where the preachers and societies were grievously persecuted. At St. Ives he found the preaching-house demolished by the mob; and boards nailed over the windows of John Nance's house, where the preachers lodged; the glass, it would seem,

being already destroyed. The people were rendered furious by the preaching of two clergymen, Mr. Hoblin and Mr. Simmons; and Dr. Borlase, the historian of the county, and a clerical magistrate, being equally hostile, was unwilling to protect the sufferers.

When Mr. Charles Wesley was sheltered from the storm in London, he was not unmindful of his persecuted friends in the country. They were not less the objects of his prayers than of his sympathy; and in a few weeks he raised the sum of sixty pounds in behalf of the Methodist families in Wednesbury, some of whom were deprived, by wicked and cruel men, of all the property they had in the world. This sum he committed to the care of Mr. Butts, and sent him to distribute it among the most destitute. The body of Methodists in London at this time, and especially those of them who were connected with the Foundery, were people after Charles Wesley's own heart. They were pious and loyal, as well as generous. On the 30th of March he says, "At the time of intercession we were enabled to wrestle for the nation with strong cries and tears. At the chapel the Spirit of supplication fell upon us more abundantly still." He adds, on the 12th of April, "The Foundery was filled by four, with those who came to keep the national fast. I preached at the chapel in great weakness, both of soul and body. In the midst of my discourse the floor began to sink, with our people on it; but none of them cried out, or made the least disturbance, while they got off it." There was need for these applications to God in prayer; for on the 14th he adds, "We were alarmed by news of a second invasion. The French, we hear, are now in the Channel. Yet this infatuated people will not believe there is any danger, till they are swallowed up by it. But he that taketh warning shall deliver his soul."

The increase of the national danger produced no abatement in the spirit of persecution, which was now rampant in various parts of the land. Scarcely had the messenger, who was sent with relief to the suffering society at Wednesbury, returned from his errand of mercy, before John Nelson was wickedly separated from his family and sent into the army, for the crime of teaching his neighbours the holy religion of Jesus Christ.

Nelson was a native of Birstal, and brought up to the business of a stone-mason. That he might get rid of his ungodly companions, he went to London, where he attended the preaching of the Wesleys in Moorfields, and was deeply impressed under their word. He saw that, notwithstanding his morality and form of godliness, he was guilty, and his nature corrupt; so that, unless he obtained the pardoning mercy and renewing grace of God, it had been good for him if he had never been born. He received the doctrine of present salvation from sin,

and realized its truth in his own heart. During his subsequent stay in London, he constantly attended the ministry of the Wesleys, and adorned his religious profession by a pious and upright life. His spirit was naturally fearless; and though an uneducated man, he possessed very strong sense, great quickness of apprehension, and a ready wit. In London he had full employment, and good wages; but the impression upon his mind that he should return to Birstal was so strong, he could not rest till he had gone thither. On his arrival he had no thought of preaching, but declared his enjoyment of the divine favour. This was soon noised abroad; and people crowded to his house in the evenings, some to make inquiries concerning the new religion which they understood he had learned in the metropolis, and others to dispute the correctness of his views. He referred them to the Scriptures, and to the formularies of the Church of England; proving that what they thought to be new was, in fact, the old religion of the apostles, and of the Protestant reformers. In this manner he became a teacher of others, and under Mr. Wesley's sanction was at length induced to travel through various parts of England, declaring with all earnestness and fidelity the evil and danger of sin, and the way of salvation by Jesus Christ. In the course of his itinerant ministry, when his funds were exhausted, he occasionally worked at his business, after the example of St. Paul. When he was at home he wrought as a stone-mason, often preaching during his dinner-hour, as well as in the evenings, and on the Lord's day.

In this manner was he employed, when, on the 4th of May, 1744, he was pressed for a soldier. Bail, to a large amount, was offered for his appearance at the time required, but in vain. The next day he was formally and officially doomed to the military life. The whole appears to have been the contrivance of Mr. Coleby, the clergyman of Birstal, who was concerned in the attempt to fasten upon Mr. Charles Wesley the charge of treason. Written testimonies in John's behalf were forwarded to the commissioners, and several of his neighbours appeared to give evidence in his favour; but when John, with all the confidence which uprightness inspires, appealed to these, the answer was, "Here is your minister" (who was himself a magistrate, and one of the commissioners.) "He has told us of your character; and we will hear no more." These gentlemen in office had thus the boldness to declare, that they had decided the case beforehand, without hearing a word of what the accused and his friends had to urge in his defence. All this while they knew that they were not only acting unjustly toward an innocent man, but were violating the law; for when the inquiry was proposed, whether the documents in John's favour should be filed, one of them answered, "No; for if they be called for, they will make

against us." The whole business was managed with disgusting levity. The magistrates, while deciding the case, drank spirituous liquors, and indulged themselves in profane swearing and unseemly laughter; which led Nelson to say, "Gentlemen, I see there is neither law nor justice for a man that is called a Methodist; but all is lawful that is done against him. I pray God forgive you; for you know not what you do." Addressing his principal adversary, he continued, "Mr. Coleby, what do you know of me that is evil? Whom have I defrauded? or where have I contracted a debt that I cannot pay?" He answered, "You have no visible way of getting your living." To this the injured man replied, "I am as able to get my living with my own hands as any man of my trade in England; and you know it. Have I not been at work yesterday, and all the week before?"

He was then committed to the care of the captain, who read to John, and to the other unfortunate men who were condemned with him, the articles of war; adding, "You hear that your doom is death, if you disobey us." Nelson, who possessed as brave a heart as ever beat in a human breast, answered, "I do not fear the man that can kill me, any more than I do him that can cut down a dogstander.* For I know that my life is hid with Christ in God; and he will judge between me and you one day: but I beseech him not to lay this sin to your charge." To Mr. Coleby he said, "Sir, I pray God forgive you; for you have given me such a character as not another man in England will that knows me."

With several friendless men John Nelson was then marched through Bradford and Leeds to York, and thence to Newcastle; being treated with great harshness, and often imprisoned. His case produced strong excitement wherever he went. The streets were crowded with people, who were eager to see the Methodist preacher in a red coat. Some were ready to gnash upon him with their teeth; while others were grieved to see justice and humanity outraged for the gratification of intolerance. Nelson, who was as fine a specimen of an Englishman of his class as the nation ever bred, sustained by the power of divine grace, and cheered by the sympathy of his friends, (and he had many,) passed through his trials without a stain upon his reputation. With honest faithfulness he reprov'd the officers for swearing, and availed himself of every opportunity to declare the truth of God for which he suffered; and the hearts of many of the people clave to him wherever he went.

Mr. John and Charles Wesley knew the sterling worth of this persecuted man, and gave him substantial proofs of their friendship. Charles brought his case before the society in London, and united with

* The name of a tall weed, well known to the peasantry in that part of Yorkshire.

them in prayer for the pious sufferer. "We prayed mightily," says he, "for our dear brother Nelson, pressed for a soldier, and a prisoner in York." Mr. John Wesley had interviews with Nelson, both at York and Durham, and encouraged him to speak and spare not, in the name of the Lord, especially to the soldiers. One of the brothers, it would appear, requested Lady Huntingdon to use her influence with men in power in his behalf; and the result of her application was made known by Charles in a letter to Nelson, informing him that the earl of Stair had assured her ladyship that he should be liberated in a few days. The fact, however, is, that this injured man was not set at liberty because of any acknowledged injustice or illegality in his impressment. He was liberated by a substitute, who was hired to take his place; the money being, in all probability, contributed by the Methodists of London, at the instigation of Mr. Charles Wesley; who says in his journal, under the date of June 6th, "Toward the end of my discourse, at the chapel, Mr. Erskine was sent to receive a soldier brought by William Shent to redeem John Nelson. He immediately took him to Lord Stair, and got a discharge for John Nelson. Our brother Downes also we received out of the mouth of the lion. Our prayers return thick upon us."

The case of Mr. Downes was similar to that of John Nelson. He was preaching at Epworth, when a constable came, and pressed him for the king's service. In what manner he obtained his liberty we are not informed. Under the date of May 12th, Mr. John Wesley says, "I rode to Epworth, and immediately went to Mr. Maw's, to return him thanks for his good offices to Mr. Downes; and his honest and open testimony for the truth before the worshipful bench at Kirton. It was not his fault that those *honourable men* regarded not the laws either of God or the king. But a soldier they were resolved he should be, right or wrong,—*because* he was a preacher. So, to make all sure, they sent him away,—a prisoner to Lincoln gaol!"

Another Methodist preacher in Yorkshire, Thomas Beard, was forced into the army at the same time. He and John Nelson (two honest confessors!) met in the north of England; and were both released near the same period, though in a different manner. Beard's tale of oppression is soon told. Mr. John Wesley, who saw him at Durham with John Nelson, says, he was a "quiet and peaceable man, who had lately been torn from his trade, and wife and children, and sent away as a soldier; that is, banished from all that was near and dear to him, and constrained to dwell among lions, for no other crime, either committed or pretended, than that of calling sinners to repentance. But his soul was in nothing terrified by his adversaries. Yet the body, after a while, sunk under its burden. He was then lodged

in the hospital, at Newcastle, where he still praised God continually. His fever increasing, he was let blood. His arm festered, mortified, and was cut off: two or three days after which, God signed his discharge, and called him up to his eternal home.

‘Servant of God, well done! Well hast thou fought
The better fight; who singly hast maintain’d,
Against revolted multitudes, the cause
Of God, in word mightier than they in arms.’”

Perhaps the following letter, addressed by Thomas Beard to Mr. Whitefield, is the only document extant that proceeded from the pen of this persecuted man:—

“Berwick-upon-Tweed, Sept. 17th, 1744. Sir,—It has been often upon my mind to write to you, since I have been in this state of life, which is not at all agreeable to my inclinations. I have but little acquaintance with you; yet I hope you will not be offended at my writing. The children of God, while on this side of the grave, always stand in need of one another’s prayers, especially such of them as are under persecution, or temptations, for the truth’s sake. I find I stand in need of the prayers of all the children of God. I was pressed in Yorkshire, for preaching, and so sent for a soldier. I earnestly pray for them that were the occasion of it. All my trust and confidence is reposed in Jesus, my Saviour. I know he will not leave nor forsake me. His blood has atoned for my sin, and appeased his Father’s wrath, and procured his favour for such a sinful worm as I; and herein is my comfort, though men rage at me, that my Saviour did not leave nor forsake me. I have lately been on a command in Scotland, and met with many that inquired concerning you. I preached at Cowdingham. Some of your friends came to see me from Coppersmith. Many thought it strange to see a man in a red coat preach. I beg you would write to me in General Blakeney’s regiment of foot, in Captain Dunlop’s company. I am

“Your unworthy Brother.”

The case of Beard, of John Nelson, John Downes, and others, viewed in connection with the bitter railing of several of the clergy in their sermons, by which the minds of the people were inflamed, and the direct encouragement given by magistrates to lawless mobs, to maltreat the Methodists and destroy their property, made a deep impression upon the generous and susceptible heart of Mr. Charles Wesley. He wrote two beautiful hymns on the occasion of Beard’s death; and afterward enlarged the tract which he had published under the title of “Hymns for Times of Trouble;” giving it the name of “Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution.” The state of many of the socie-

ties called for such a publication; and its effect at the time must have been great. Some of the hymns are remarkable for their tenderness. Others of them are expressive of absolute and triumphant confidence in God, and the utmost fixedness of purpose at all hazards to persevere in his service. Four of them were designed "to be sung in a tumult:" and one was "a prayer for the first martyr;" for it was highly probable that some would die by the hand of violence.

The walls of Jerusalem were built in troublous times; and it was in the midst of persecution and national perplexity that the Wesleys and their friends held their first conference for the purpose of canvassing their doctrines, and the principles upon which they had proceeded in the exercise of an itinerant and field ministry, and in the formation of societies. No layman was present in this assembly. All its members were episcopally ordained. Their place of meeting was the Foundery, in London; and their sittings were held by adjournment from Monday, June 25th, 1744, till the end of the week. On the first of these days Mr. Charles Wesley preached, and baptized an adult person, who received "the inward and spiritual grace" in direct connection with the "outward and visible sign." On the day which preceded the opening of the conference Mr. Charles Wesley says, "Our brethren, Hodges, Taylor, and Meriton, assisted us at the sacrament. We received it with the whole society, to our mutual comfort. At our love-feast we were six ordained ministers." He adds,

"June 25th. We opened our conference with solemn prayer, and the divine blessing. I preached with much assistance, and baptized Samuel Holloway, who felt in that moment the great burden taken off. We continued in conference the rest of the week, settling our doctrine, practice, and discipline, with great love and unanimity."

Mr. Hodges was the rector of Wenvo, in South Wales, whose heart and pulpit were always open to the Wesleys whenever they visited that part of the principality. The brothers often mention him in their Journals, and always with respect and affection. He stood by them when they preached in the open air, and cheerfully bore a share in their reproach.

Of Mr. Henry Piers, the vicar of Bexley, several notices have been given in this narrative. He and his excellent wife were both brought to the knowledge of the truth by the instrumentality of Mr. Charles Wesley, and were cordially attached both to him and his brother. There is reason to believe that some of John's early publications were written in Mr. Piers's house, to which he retired as a quiet asylum from the public toils in which he was generally engaged.

Mr. Samuel Taylor was the vicar of Quinton, near Evesham. He is said to have been a descendant from the justly celebrated Rowland

Taylor, who was burned alive for Protestantism in the reign of Queen Mary; and in piety he greatly resembled his renowned ancestor. The Wesleys became acquainted with him when they visited their friend Mr. Seward, of Bengeworth, in the same neighbourhood. They generally preached in his church when passing through that part of the country. The wife of Mr. Taylor also received those views of personal religion which the brothers so strenuously inculcated. He was a very powerful and impressive preacher, and successfully exercised himself as an itinerant evangelist.

Of Mr. John Meriton little comparatively is known. He assisted Mr. John Wesley in the year 1741, by reading prayers for him at Wapping; and is spoken of as "a clergyman from the Isle of Man." A few weeks before the conference was held, Mr. Charles Wesley met with him in Bristol, and thus speaks of him: "I dined at Felix Farley's, with Mr. Meriton, longing to escape to us out of the hands of Calvin." He was a man of sincere piety, and of ardent zeal, and for several years travelled extensively, both in England and Ireland, as a preacher of the gospel.

These six clergymen constituted the first Methodist Conference. They agreed, during their sittings, to avoid all visits, except to the sick; to conduct all their deliberations as in the immediate presence of God; and to improve every opportunity, in the intervals of their meetings, for secret prayer. In discussing the question of justification they express a fear that they had "unawares leaned too much toward Calvinism," and even "Antinomianism." They mean, that they had done this, not by speaking lightly of holiness and good works, as the fruit of faith, and as following justification; but by inadvertently speaking of the imputation of Christ's personal righteousness, literally and strictly. They had not always represented the perfect righteousness of Christ, (including his active and passive obedience,) as that by the merit of which believers are justified before God; but as formally transferred to them. This was true, especially so far as Mr. Charles Wesley was concerned. No man was more strenuously opposed to the tenet of absolute predestination; yet in speaking of justification, in these early periods of his itinerant ministry, he often used a Calvinistic, and even an Antinomian, phraseology, which he had derived from the writings of Saltmarsh and Dr. Crisp, as he afterward confessed. This objectionable phraseology occurs in some of his early hymns, and he sometimes inadvertently countenances the unscriptural notion of universal pardon. Great benefit doubtless resulted from the free and confidential intercourse which these devoted men had with each other in the course of this memorable week. They learned the necessity of expressing themselves with precision, and of avoiding extremes.

On various questions of practice the conclusions which were adopted by the conference were eminently liberal, and very remote from what is usually called high Churchmanship. With respect to "a false or railing sermon" that might be inflicted upon them at church, they say, "If it only contain personal reflections, we may quietly suffer it. If it blaspheme the work and Spirit of God, it may be better to go out of the church. In either case, if opportunity serve, it would be well to speak or write to the minister." In answer to the question, "How far is it our duty to obey the bishops?" it is said, "In all things indifferent. And on this ground of obeying them we should observe the canons, as far as we can with a safe conscience."

In regard to the suggestion, that the Methodists might ultimately become a distinct sect, especially when their clerical leaders were no more; these servants of God declare, "We cannot with a safe conscience neglect the present opportunity of saving souls while we live, for fear of consequences which may possibly or probably happen after we are dead:" thus assuming, that the salvation of souls is of far greater importance than external unity, or the maintenance of any system of ecclesiastical order whatever: a principle which few men will dispute, who take into the account the joys of heaven, and the misery of perdition. It was better that the people should be awakened out of the sleep of their sins, and turned in penitence and faith to Christ, thus attaining to Christian holiness, even if they should never enter their parish church again, than that they should remain nominal Churchmen, seldom or never attending public worship, the slaves of ignorance, vice, and wickedness,—drunkards, profane swearers, and sabbath-breakers, till they should lift up their eyes in hell. It was upon this ground that the first Methodists proceeded, when by preaching in the open air, forming societies, building chapels, and calling in the aid of pious and gifted laymen, they endangered the external unity of the established Church. They knew that "without holiness no man shall see the Lord," whatever may be his profession. It was their hope ultimately to secure external unity, in connection with the advancement of spiritual religion; and they laboured with all their might to do this; but they were defeated, chiefly by their clerical brethren, who in many places repelled the converted outcasts from the Lord's table, and preached against them with greater vehemence than against sin in its worst forms.

CHAPTER XII.

WHEN the business of the conference was ended, Mr. Charles Wesley hastened to Cornwall, accompanied by Mr. Meriton, whom he calls his "friend and companion." They spent a few days at Bristol, preaching to the people, and enjoying much of the divine presence in their assemblies. On their arrival at Middlesey they found a fresh instance of the hateful spirit of persecution which was so extensively abroad in the country. "We set out," says Mr. Charles Wesley, "with our guide, John Slocome, a poor baker's boy, whom God has raised up to help these sincere souls; and not only to labour, but also to suffer for them. When the press-warrants came out, the world would not lose the opportunity of oppressing the Christians. He was taken, and by his own uncle dragged away to prison. They kept him a week, and then brought him before the commissioners, who could find no cause to punish or detain him; being of Zaccheus's stature, and nothing terrified by his adversaries. They were obliged at last, notwithstanding all their threatenings, to let him go."

John Slocome, the interesting youth here mentioned, whose low "stature" was a means of exempting him from a military life, afterward became an itinerant preacher. He finished his course at Clones, in Ireland, in the year 1777; and is described by Mr. John Wesley as "an old labourer, worn out in the service of his Master."

At Sticklepath Mr. Charles Wesley called upon some Quakers. He says, "My heart was drawn out toward them in prayer and love; and I felt, 'He that doeth the will of my Father, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother.' We met an aged clergyman, whom Mr. Thompson had sent to meet us, and found, in conversing, that he had been an acquaintance and cotemporary with my father. Upon Mr. Thompson's preaching salvation by faith, *he* had received the kingdom of God as a little child; and has ever since owned the truth in its followers. He conducted us to his house, near Trewint."

The following selections from Mr. Charles Wesley's journal will show his spirit, and the success of his labours, during this visit in Cornwall:—

"July 17th. I came by nine at night with Mr. Bennet and Meriton, through the pits and shafts, to our host near Gwennap. Here a little one has become a thousand. What an amazing work hath God done in one year! The whole country is alarmed, and gone forth after the sound of the gospel. In vain do the pulpits ring of Popery, madness, enthusiasm. Our preachers are daily pressed to new places, and

enabled to preach five or six times a day. Persecution is kept off till the seed takes root. Societies are springing up everywhere; and still the cry from all sides is, 'Come, and help us!'

"I preached near Gwennap to about a thousand followers of Christ, on, 'Fear not, little flock.' Love and joy appeared in their faces, such as the world knoweth not of. When I came to meet the society, I found almost the whole congregation waiting quietly without the door, longing to be admitted with the rest. I stood at the window, so as to be heard of all. I felt what manner of spirit they were of, and had sweet fellowship with them, and strong consolation.

"July 19th. I found the same congregation at five, and pointed them to the Son of man, lifted up as the serpent in the wilderness. I spake to each of the society, as their state required. I breakfasted with one who was a fierce persecutor when I was last in the country, but is now a witness of the truth she so bitterly opposed. I preached at Crowan to between one and two thousand sinners, who seemed started out of the earth. Several hid their faces, and mourned inwardly, being too deeply affected to cry out. I concluded with a strong exhortation to continue in the ship, the shattered, sinking Church of England; and my brother Meriton, whose heart I spake, seconded and confirmed my saying. The poor people were ready to eat us up, and sent us away with many a hearty blessing.

"We then set our faces against the world, and rode to St. Ives. Here the mob and ministers together have pulled down the preaching-house; and but a fortnight ago went round in the dead of the night, and broke the windows of all who were only suspected of Christianity. We entered John Nance's house without molestation. Four of our sisters there, on sight of me, sunk down, unable to utter a word through joy and love: but they welcomed me with their tears. It was a solemn, silent meeting. In some time we recovered our speech for prayer and thanksgiving. I got an hour by myself in the garden, and was suffered to feel my own great weakness. Without were fightings; within were fears; but my fears were all scattered by the sight of my dear brethren and children. I rejoiced over them with singing; but their joy and love exceeded. We all rejoiced in hope of meeting Him in the air. The Spirit of glory rested upon the sufferers for Christ's sake. My brother Meriton added a few words to mine, and their hearts clave to him. Such a feast I have not had for many months. Even our Father's hired servants had at this time bread enough, and to spare. We laid us down in peace, and took our rest; for the Lord only made us dwell in safety.

"July 20th. While I applied our Lord's most comfortable words, (John xiv, 1,) we were all dissolved in tears of joy, desire, love; and

seemed on the wing to our heavenly Father's house. I walked through the town, to church, with Mr. Meriton. Our warm friend, the curate, saluted us courteously, and none opened his mouth against us. Mr. Meriton's stature and band kept them in awe. Or, rather, the fear of God was upon them, restraining them, though they knew it not. We met at one, in obedience to our Church, and lifted up our voice for the remnant that is left. We tasted the blessedness of mourning, and doubt not, however God may deal with this sinful nation, but our prayers for Jerusalem will one day be answered.

"July 21st. While we were walking near the quay, our friend the mob set up a shout against us; and gave plain marks of their Cainish disposition, if permitted. Only one stone was cast at us. We passed through the midst of them, and set out for St. Just. I preached on the plain, and brother Meriton after me. Our Lord rides on triumphant through this place. Upward of two hundred are settled in classes, most of whom have tasted the pardoning grace of God.

"July 22d. At nine I cried in the street, 'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!' The word ran very swiftly. When God gives it, who can hinder its course? I had an opportunity of communicating with a sick brother, whence we all went to church. It was crowded with these schismatical Methodists, who have not all, it seems, left it through our means. The curate is looked upon by his brethren as half a Methodist, only because he does not rail at us, like them.

"I preached at Morva without, since I might not within, the church walls. I told a man who contradicted me, that I would talk with him by and by. A visible blessing confirmed the word. Afterward I took my rough friend by the hand, carried him to the house, and begged him to accept of a book. He was won; excused his rudeness; and left me hugely pleased.

"I preached at Zunnor, where very few hold out against the truth, notwithstanding the minister's pains to pervert the right ways of the Lord. None are of his but who are evidently on Satan's side, even his drunken companions, whom he secures against the Methodists, and warns at the ale-house not to forsake the Church. I hastened back to Morva, and rejoiced over many who were lost, and are found. One hundred and fifty are joined in society, and continue steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers.

"July 24th. I preached near Penzance, to the little flock, encompassed by ravening wolves. Their minister rages above measure against this new sect, who are spread throughout his four livings. His reverend brethren follow his example. The grossest lies which are

brought them, they swallow without examination, and retail the following Sunday. One of the society (James Duke) went lately to the worshipful the Rev. Dr. Borlase, for justice against a rioter, who had broken open his house, and stolen his goods. The doctor's answer was, 'Thou conceited fellow! art thou turned religious? They may burn thy house, if they will. Thou shalt have no justice.' With those words he drove him from the judgment-seat.

"July 25th. I found the brethren at Morva beginning to build a society-house. We knelt down upon the place, and prayed for a blessing. Before preaching at St. Ives I was so weighed down, that I would gladly have sunk into the earth, or sea, to escape my own burden. But God lifted me up by the word I preached, and filled us with a hope full of immortality. We looked through the veil of things temporal, to things eternal, and the mount of God, where we trust shortly to stand before the Lamb. Every soul did then, I believe, taste the powers of the world to come, in some measure, and longed for the appearing of Jesus Christ.

"One of our sisters complained to the mayor of some who had thrown into her house stones of many pounds' weight, which fell on the pillow within a few inches of her sucking child. The magistrate cursed her, and said, 'You shall have no justice here. You see there is none for you at London, or you would have got it before now.' With this saying he drove her out of his house.

"July 27th. I preached at Gulval, and admitted some new members, particularly one who had been the greatest persecutor in all this country.

"July 28th. The last midnight assault upon our brethren, I am now informed, was made by the townsmen, and a crew that are here fitting out for privateers; who thought it prudent to make the first proof of their courage upon their own unarmed countrymen. They made their regular approaches with the beat of the drum, to take the poor people's houses by storm. But they were only permitted to batter them with stones, and endanger the lives of a few women and children. Wo be to the first French or Spaniards, who fall into the hands of men so flushed with victory! They only want the captain who drew upon me to head them, and then they would carry the world before them!

"July 29th. I expounded Isaiah xxxv, at St. Just; and many hands that hung down were lifted up. From church I hasted to Morva, and preached to a vast congregation, on, 'Blessed are they that hear the word of God, and keep it.' At Zunnor I explained the parable of the sower. Brother Meriton added a few words much to the purpose. I concluded with exhorting them to meet God in the way of his judgments. We had our first love-feast at St. Ives. The cloud stayed the whole

time on the assembly. Several were so overpowered with love and joy, that the vessel was ready to break. I endeavoured to moderate their joy by speaking of the sufferings which shall follow; and they who were then with Him as on Mount Tabor appeared all ready to follow him to Mount Calvary.

“July 30th. I cried to a mixed multitude of wakened and unawakened sinners, near Penzance, ‘Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?’ and prayed with the still-increasing flock, whose greatest persecutor is their minister. He and the clergy of these parts are much enraged at our people’s being so ready in the Scriptures. One fairly told Jonathan Reeves, he wished the Bible were in Latin only, that none of the vulgar might be able to read it. Yet these are the men that rail at us as Papists!

“July 31st. I expounded the woman of Canaan to a house full of sincere souls, who had set up all night to hear the word of God in the morning. I spake with some who have tasted the good word of grace, though they live in Penzance, where Satan keeps his seat. I rode to St. Just; and climbed up and down Cape-Cornwall, with my brother Meriton, to the needless hazard of our necks. I preached in the afternoon to a larger congregation than ever, and continued my discourse till night, from Luke xxi, 34. The spirit of love was poured out abundantly, and great grace was upon all. I walked to the society; stood upon the hill, and sung, and prayed, and rejoiced with exceeding great joy. I concluded the day and month as I would wish to conclude my life.

“August 1st. I preached in a new place, to near two thousand listening strangers: ‘Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.’ I returned to St. Ives, and found our beloved brother Thompson, who was come to see us, and the children whom God had given us. Our enemies were alarmed by his coming, and the brethren strengthened. At night I set before them the example of the first Christians, who continued steadfastly in the apostles’ doctrine, &c. For two hours we rejoiced as men who divide the spoil.

“August 2d. I rode with Mr. Thompson and Meriton to a large gentleman’s seat, near Penrhyn. We saw the people come pouring in from Falmouth and all parts. The court-yard, which might contain two thousand, was quickly full. I stood in a gallery, above the people, and called, ‘Wash ye, make ye clean,’ &c. They eagerly listened to the word of life; even the gentlemen and ladies listened while I preached repentance toward God, and faith in Jesus Christ. I exhorted them in many words to attend all the ordinances of the Church; to submit to every ordinance of man for the Lord’s sake; to stop the mouth of gain-sayers, by fearing God, and honouring the king; and to prevent the judgments hanging over our heads by a general reformation.

“ August 4th. I preached at Gwennap, where the awakening is general. Very many, who have not courage to enter into the society, have yet broken off their sins by repentance, and are waiting for forgiveness. The whole county is sensible of the change ; for last assizes there was a jail delivery, not one felon was to be found in their prisons, which has not been known before in the memory of man. At their last revel, they had not men enough to make a wrestling-match ; all the Gwennap men being struck off the devil’s list, and found wrestling against him, not for him.

“ August 5th. I preached my farewell sermon at Gwennap, to an innumerable multitude. They stood mostly on the green plain before me, and on the hill that surrounded it. Many scoffers from Redruth placed themselves on the opposite hill, which looked like Mount Ebal. O that none of them may be found among the goats in that day ! I warned and invited all by threatenings and promises. The adversary was wonderfully restrained, and I hope disturbed in many of his children. My Father’s children were comforted on every side. They hung upon the word of life ; and they shall find it able to save their souls. I spoke on for two hours, yet knew not how to let them go. Such sorrow and love as they there expressed the world will not believe, though a man declare it unto them. My brother Thompson was astonished, and confessed he had never seen the like among Germans, predestinarians, or any others. With great difficulty we got through them at last, and set out on our journey. Several men and women kept pace with our horses, for two or three miles, then parted in body, not in mind.”

It is impossible, in this affecting scene, not to recognise the revival of that pure and fervent love which characterized the Christians of the apostolic age ; especially the love which they cherished toward their teachers, who had been the instruments of their salvation ; and the love of those teachers toward their spiritual children, over whom their hearts yearned with a more than paternal affection. In both cases it was a love inspired by the Holy Ghost, infinitely surpassing every feeling of mere nature. Thus St. Paul preached to the Christians at Troas till midnight, and then till the break of day ; for they knew not how to part. And when taking leave of the Ephesian elders, “ he kneeled down and prayed with them all. And they all wept sore, and fell on Paul’s neck, and kissed him. And they accompanied him to the ship.” The strong affection of the young converts, which induced them to run for miles by the side of Mr. Charles Wesley’s horse, unwilling to take their last farewell, deeply affected his tender spirit.

After leaving Gwennap, Mr. Charles Wesley preached in the church of his friend Mr. Bennet, where a scene took place which shows the

rudeness of the people, and the freedom with which he was accustomed to address his congregations. "Upon my speaking against their drunken revels," he says, "one contradicted and blasphemed. I asked, 'Who is he that pleads for the devil?' and he answered in these very words, 'I am he that plead for the devil.' I took occasion from hence to show the revellers their champion, and the whole congregation their state by nature. Much good I saw immediately brought out of Satan's evil. Then I set myself against his avowed advocate, and drove him out of the Christian assembly." This was not the only irregularity that occurred in the course of this evening's religious service in the church. Mr. Charles Wesley, in warning the people against what are usually called "harmless diversions," declared that by them he had been kept dead to God, asleep in the arms of Satan, and secure in a state of damnation, for the space of eighteen years. Mr. Meriton cried aloud, "And I for twenty-five!" "And I," exclaimed Mr. Thompson, "for thirty-five!" "And I," added Mr. Bennet, "for above seventy!" Thus was the truth confirmed by four clerical witnesses, who were more anxious to instruct and impress a rude, unthinking people, than to maintain a nice decorum.

On the 11th of August, Mr. Charles Wesley, accompanied by Mr. Meriton, embarked for Wales, in a sloop which Mrs. Jones, the widow of his late friend of Fonmon-castle, had sent for his conveyance. After a delightful passage, they landed at Aberthaw, where, says he, we "were received by our dear friend, and three of her little ones, with some sisters from Cardiff. We went on our way, singing and rejoicing, to the castle. At night I met many faithful children whom the Lord hath given us, and discoursed to them on my favourite subject, 'These are they that came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb,' &c. The God of all consolation was mightily with us, even the God who comforteth us in all our temptations. O how delightfully did we mourn after Him whom our soul loveth! not with the noisy turbulent sorrow of newly-awakened souls, which most times passes away as a mourning cloud; but with the deep contrition of love; till the congregation was in tears, in silent tears of desire or joy. This is the mourning wherewith I pray the Lord to bless me till he wipes away all tears from my eyes."

During his short stay in Wales Mr. Charles Wesley preached at Wenvo, Fonmon, Cardiff, and Cowbridge, with great power and enlargement; for the Lord was eminently with him. At Cardiff he witnessed the happy death of a member of the society, who had some time before practically received the doctrine of Christian perfection. The peaceful and triumphant departure of this witness for God greatly cheered the preacher in his incessant and exhausting labours. "I was

much revived," says he, "by our dying brother, who is now ready to be offered up. I asked him whether he would rather die or live. He answered, 'To depart, and to be with Christ, is far better.' He has been, both before and since his illness, a pattern of all Christian graces; was the first in this place who received the gospel of full salvation. Now he only waits the most welcome word, 'Come up hither.'

"I prayed with him again some hours after, and rejoiced over him with triumphant faith. He said, there was something near him which would make him doubt; but could not; for he knew his Saviour stood ready to receive his spirit. I desired his prayers, kissed him, and took my last leave. He looked up, like Hannah Richardson, and broke out, 'Lord Jesus, give him a double portion of thy Spirit.' We were all in tears. Mine, I fear, flowed from envy and impatience of life. I felt throughout my soul, that I would rather be in his condition than enjoy the whole of created good.

"August 14th. We had prayed last night with joy full of glory for our departing brother, just while he gave up his spirit,—as I pray God I may give up mine. This morning I expounded that last, best triumph of faith, 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course,' &c. The Lord administered strong consolation to those that love his appearing. We sung a song of victory for our deceased friend, then went to the house, and rejoiced and gave thanks, and rejoiced with singing over him. The spirit at its departure had left marks of its happiness upon the clay. No sight upon earth, in my eyes is half so lovely."

From Wales Mr. Charles Wesley went to Bristol and Kingswood, where he preached, and administered the Lord's supper. Still accompanied by Mr. Meriton, he next repaired to Oxford, where he met his friend Mr. Piers, of Bexley, and Mr. John Wesley, who was come to preach before the university. It was the time of the races; so that the city was full of strangers; and as the itinerant and field preaching of the Wesleys was now a matter of notoriety, great interest was excited among all classes, gownsmen, citizens, and pleasure-takers. The excitement was increased by Mr. Charles Wesley, who, burning with zeal for the honour of Christ, and regardless of public opinion, preached to a vast concourse of people in the yard of an inn, the day before his brother addressed the members of the university. The entire scene is thus described by himself:—

"August 23d. I went to Christ-Church prayers, with several of the brethren, who thought it strange to see men in surplices talking, laughing, and pointing, as in a play-house, the whole time of service. I got two or three hours' conference with my brother, and found the Spirit which had drawn us formerly in this place. I preached to a multitude

of the brethren, gowmsmen, and gentry from the races, who filled our inn and yard. The 'strangers that intermeddled not with our joy' seemed struck and astonished with it, while we admonished one another in psalms and hymns, singing and making melody in our hearts to the Lord. O that all the world had a taste of *our* diversion!

"August 24th. I joined my brother in stirring up the society: at ten walked with my brother, and Mr. Piers and Meriton, to St. Mary's, where my brother bore his testimony before a crowded audience, much increased by the racers. Never have I seen a more attentive congregation. They did not let a word slip them. Some of the heads stood up the whole time, and fixed their eyes on him. If they can endure sound doctrine, like his, he will surely leave a blessing behind him. The vice-chancellor sent after him, and desired his notes, which he sealed up and sent immediately. We walked back in form, the little band of us four; for the rest durst none join us. I was a little diverted at the coyness of an old friend, Mr. Wells, who sat just before me, but took great care to turn his back upon me all the time; which did not hinder my seeing through him. At noon my brother sat out for London, and I for Bristol."

Thus ended the ministry of the two Wesleys in connection with the University of Oxford. Neither of them was allowed from that time to occupy the pulpit of St. Mary's. Faithfully, however, did John improve the present opportunity, as if anticipating such a result. The sermon was greatly misrepresented by the reports which were circulated concerning it, from one end of the kingdom to the other; so that, contrary to his intention, he was compelled to publish the whole of it, including the application, which was singularly pointed and impressive. He remarks in his Journal, that it was "St. Bartholomew's day;" and, of course, the anniversary of the ejection of two thousand ministers from the national Church by the Act of Uniformity. He adds, "I preached, I suppose the last time, at St. Mary's. Be it so. I am now clear of the blood of these men. I have fully delivered my own soul. The beadle came to me afterward, and told me the vice-chancellor had sent him for my notes. I sent them without delay, not without admiring the wise providence of God. Perhaps few men of note would have given a sermon of mine the reading, if I had put it into their hands; but by this means it came to be read, probably more than once, by every man of eminence in the university."

The sermon is entitled "Scriptural Christianity;" and contains a beautiful and forcible description of spiritual religion, with the manner in which it is acquired by individuals, and then spreads from one to another, till it shall cover the earth. The concluding application to the heads of colleges and halls, to the fellows and tutors, and to the body

of the undergraduates, assumes their general and wide departure from the true Christian character, and abandonment to formality, worldliness, levity, and sloth. It contains nothing sarcastic and irritating; nothing that was designed to give unnecessary pain or offence; but is marked throughout by seriousness, fidelity, and tender affection.

On his return to Bristol Mr. Charles Wesley, accompanied by a friend whose name does not appear, carried the truth into places which he and his brother had never previously visited; willing to encounter every form of obloquy and violence, if he could only bring ignorant and wicked men to the saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus. Under the date of the 9th of September, he says, "I rode in heavy rain to Churchill, with Mr. Sh—. The justice threatened him with terrible things, in case I preached. Many poor people ventured to hear, while I cried, 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!' Out of the abundance of my heart my mouth spake. When I had ended, Mr. Justice called out, and bade them pull me down. He had stood at a distance, striving to raise a mob; but not a man would stir at his bidding. Only one behind struck me with a stone. While I was in my prayer, he cried again, 'Pull him down.' I told him I had nothing now to do but to pray for him. He answered, 'I have nothing to do with prayer.' 'So I suppose, sir,' said I; 'but we have.' He came up and laid hold on my gown; but I stepped down, to save him trouble. He told me he was a justice of peace. 'Then, sir,' said I, 'I reverence you for your office' sake; but must not neglect my own, which is to preach the gospel.' 'I say,' said the justice and captain, 'it is an unlawful assembly.' 'Be so good, then,' I replied, 'as to name the law, or act of parliament, we break.' He answered, unhappily enough, 'The Waltham Act.' 'How so, sir?' I asked: 'I am in my own proper habit; and you see none here in disguise.' He insisted I should not preach there. I told him I had license to preach throughout England and Ireland by virtue of my master's degree. 'That I know, sir,' said he; 'and am sorry for it. I think you are fellow of a college too.' 'Yes, sir,' I answered, 'and a gentleman too; and, as such, should be glad to wait upon you, and to have a little conversation with you yourself.' He answered, he should be glad of it too; for I had behaved more like a gentleman than any of them. I had charged the people to say nothing, but go quietly home; so Mr. Justice and I parted tolerable friends.

"Sept. 13th. I rejoiced to hear of the triumphant death of our sister Marsh, in London, whose last breath was spent in prayer for me. None of our children die without leaving us a legacy. I received it this evening, in answer to her prayer. The word was as a fire, and as a hammer. The rocks were broken in pieces, particularly a hardened

sinner who withstood me some time before he was struck down. Many were melted down. Some testified their then receiving the atonement."

On Monday, September 24th, Mr. Charles Wesley left Bristol for London, where a wretched man, of plausible demeanour, Thomas Williams, was actively employed in propagating the foulest slanders against him and his brother. They had greatly befriended this reviler, till, having found him to be incorrigibly wicked, they publicly disowned him; and now he created considerable uneasiness in the society by preferring against his former benefactors the most scandalous charges: so that many of their spiritual children were staggered, and others were actually turned out of the way. For several months he persevered in this course, inventing the most enormous falsehoods, affecting the moral character of the brothers, and especially that of Charles.

On his arrival in London, Charles preached to the different congregations with all the confidence that innocence inspires; at the same time solemnly denying the charges which Williams had invented, and which the credulous were too apt to believe. He then departed for Newcastle, taking Nottingham, Epworth, Sheffield, Birstal, Leeds, Bradford, and other places in his way. During this journey he suffered much from personal affliction. A physician whom he consulted declared, that a few days of rest were indispensable, in order to the preservation of his life.

At Newcastle he found many of the people in a somewhat lukewarm and languid condition. He spent a night in watching and prayer in their behalf; met and purged the classes; ministered the word with his wonted zeal and faithfulness; and soon rejoiced to witness a general improvement. The slanders of Williams he could bear without difficulty; but that any of his own children in the Lord should deem him guilty of the crimes imputed to him, grieved and depressed his spirit. From this feeling, however, he was at length delivered by those secret spiritual refreshings to which he was no stranger. On the 9th of November he says, "I retired to read my letters from London; offered up myself to the divine disposal; met with Psalm cxliv; then with Balak's hiring Balaam to curse Israel. I went down to the congregation, where the Lord answered for himself; and sent an account to the brethren in London. 'My Dearest Brethren,—Last night I was informed that the Philistines shouted against me; and the Spirit of the Lord came mightily upon us. To him give all the glory, that I find my heart so enlarged toward you, as never before. Now I can truly say, Ye are not straitened in me. All my pining desires after rest are vanished; and I am at last content to do what is more than dying for you, even to live for you, and suffer out my time. Here then I give up myself your servant for Christ's sake, to wait upon you till

all are gathered home. Where ye go, I will go; and where ye lodge, I will lodge; where ye die, will I die; and there will I be buried. Neither shall death itself part you and me. Such a night of consolation as the last I have seldom known. Our souls were filled with faith and prayer, and knit to yours in love unchangeable. Lift up holy hands, that I may approve myself a true minister of Jesus Christ in all things.’”

The special influence of the Holy Spirit, which is so strongly indicated in this letter, accompanied Mr. Charles Wesley’s labours during the whole of his stay in Newcastle and the neighbourhood. The early part of the winter was very severe; and the “baser sort” of the people were bitterly hostile and riotous; but such was the glow of holy feeling which then prevailed, that neither the heavy falls of snow, the piercing winds of the north, nor the fierce opposition of blaspheming mobs, could restrain him from the exercise of his itinerant ministry, or prevent inquiring multitudes from attending it, even at the early hour of five o’clock in the morning. At midnight also he was accustomed to rise, for the purpose of supplication and thanksgiving to the God of his mercies, whom he loved and delighted to honour.

“Nov. 18th. I enlarged on that word,” says he, “‘A soldier pierced his side, and forthwith there flowed out blood and water.’ We looked upon Him, and could have continued looking and mourning till he appeared in the air. I walked to Sunderland, and back again. The storm of hail and snow was so violent, that I was often going to lay me down in the road, unable either to walk or stand.

“Nov. 19th. I brought back a wandering sheep, who had forfeited her pardon by unforgiveness. I received comfort, and wept for joy at the prosperity of our Bristol children, which I heard of in several letters. I walked over the fields to Wickham. The snow was in most places above our knees. After preaching I set out for Horsley, in most bitter weather. I rode and walked till I could do neither; yet got to Horsley by night; but my jaw was quite stiffened and disabled by the snow. I lay down, and got a little strength to preach.

“Nov. 20th. I waded back to Newcastle by one, oftentimes up to my middle in snow. I rode, or rather walked, to Plessy, and preached on, ‘It is finished.’ Nov. 22d, I got back to Newcastle, and thence to Wickham, where I spoke of that ‘great and terrible day of the Lord.’ Many trembled; and some rejoiced in hope of the glory of God. I rode thence to Spen, being so feeble that I could not walk; yet I was forced to it the last mile, being almost chilled to death in the next to impassable ways. I was led, I know not how, by the brethren, up to the knees in snow, the horses oftentimes sinking up to their shoulders. I was surprised at the great number got together in such a season.

They did not come in vain; for the Lord comforted their hearts abundantly, and mine also. These were all gathered by John Brown, a simple man, whom the Lord has wonderfully raised up for his work.

“Nov. 27th. At Biddick we had close fellowship with Him in his sufferings, while he cried, ‘Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?’ I returned praying to Newcastle, but almost perished with cold. In the word the Spirit was poured out upon us from on high, and bore down all before it, as a mighty flood.

“Dec. 4th. An hour before preaching-time the mob were so violent that we thought there could be no preaching that night. They came nigh, to break the door. I began speaking abruptly, without a text; and God gave me strong words, that stilled the madness of the people. Neither was there any breath of opposition during the society.

“Dec. 11th. I had asked, that at midnight I might rise and praise Him, because of his righteous judgments; and was waked exactly at twelve. I prayed a few minutes, and slept again in peace. I rose again at four; prayed earnestly, and almost rejoiced. I was without light or fire, yet felt no cold. At five I preached on, ‘Whatsoever things ye ask in prayer, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.’ We were carried out in fervent prayer for ourselves and the whole nation. I visited Walter Brass on a bed of sickness. He was once of the society, but lately turned scoffer and disturber of the word. The Lord hath now set his misdeeds before him; and he cries out vehemently for mercy. Another rioter, J. Wilson, is humbled in like manner, in immediate answer to our prayer last night.”

While Mr. Charles Wesley was thus labouring day and night in the north, and contending with men worse than wild beasts, his brethren in the west, and especially in Cornwall, were harassed by opposition of a still more formidable kind. Some of the magistrates violated all law and justice in their treatment of the Methodist preachers; so that the “hymns for times of trouble and persecution” were increasingly applicable to the societies, and must have been in general demand. Thomas Westall was seized when preaching at Camborne on the Lord’s day; and having, in opposition to the law, been required to answer upon oath several questions which were proposed to him, he was committed by Dr. Borlase, the clerical magistrate, and the historian of the county, to Bodmin jail, as a vagrant. Thomas Maxfield, also, was taken into custody, and offered by the magistrates to the captain of a man-of-war, to serve in the navy. The captain, however, declined to receive him, saying, “I have no authority to take such men as these, unless you would have me give him so much a week to preach and pray to my people.” Mr. Maxfield was then imprisoned in the dungeon at Penzance; and Dr. Borlase, having understood that the mayor was

inclined to set him at liberty, went thither, read the articles of war in the court, and delivered up the Methodist preacher, as a soldier, to one who was to act as an officer. The war against the hapless Methodists was carried on with greater vigour than that against the Spaniards; yet, under the superintending care of God's providence, all these things, though painful in their nature, were overruled for the advancement of his work.

John Nelson having arrived at Newcastle about the middle of December, 1744, Mr. Charles Wesley committed to him the care of that station, and commenced his journey to London, spending a few days at Epworth on his way. Here he addressed to a friend the following letter, which doubtless refers to the scandals which were industriously circulated against him in London, and which deeply affected his mind:—

“My greatest trouble is, that I have innocently brought such a burden upon my friends, especially one: neither can I conceive it possible that this trouble should be wholly removed *here*. The joint may perhaps be set, but the halting will continue till I come to the land where all things are forgotten. God, who hath known my soul in adversity, causes me also to know it. That he loves me, I can no more doubt than of his being. He has likewise given me to love others with a pure love; particularly one person, from whom I never expect or desire any further communication of good than I do from my mother, or other spirits of just men made perfect. And however Providence may work, I mean never more to see *that person* (if without sin I may forbear) till we stand together at the judgment-seat.” The person here intended was doubtless Thomas Williams.

On his way to London Mr. Charles Wesley preached at Leeds, Morley, Birstal, Sheffield, and Nottingham; and was greatly cheered, on arriving at St. Alban's, to find that two of his friends had come to meet him there, and welcome his return to the metropolis. Here he resumed his ministry with unabated power and success, the prejudices which had prevailed against him having been removed. God had taken into his own keeping the character of his injured servants. The conscience of their accuser became so alarmed, that, of his own accord, he wrote and signed a full retraction of the slanders which he had propagated against them, and with every indication of penitence asked pardon of the men whom he had maliciously attempted to ruin. Williams afterward embraced the doctrine of absolute predestination; and hence he is eulogized by the biographer of Lady Huntingdon. That very partial writer states, that “for some slight offence” Williams was “excluded from the Methodist society.” He wished to obtain episcopal ordination, and requested Mr. Charles Wesley to recommend him to one of the bishops. Charles had doubts concerning him, and re-

fused. Under the influence of resentment, Williams propagated the most injurious falsehoods against him, till his stricken conscience extorted from him a full confession of his guilt. To denominate wickedness like this a "slight offence," is inexcusable.

Mr. Charles Wesley shared largely in the blessedness of those who are persecuted for righteousness' sake, and against whom all manner of evil is spoken falsely. He served the Lord with a pure conscience, and with uprightness of purpose; and the seal of the divine approval was daily impressed upon his ministrations. The love of Christ constrained him, as it did his devoted brother, to undertake services too severe for unsanctified human nature ever to endure; but to him they were not only tolerable, but joyous. Through evil report, and through good report, he steadily persevered in his Master's work. He thus proceeds to describe his daily toil, with the instances of good by which it was rendered light and easy.

"Feb. 17th, 1745. I was strengthened by a zealous Quaker, who informed me he had received the Spirit of adoption in hearing me a year ago, and has walked in the light from that time to this.

"Feb. 26th. I gave the sacrament to one on Saffron-hill, and found faith that the Lord was at work. Going down, they asked me to see another dying in the room below. As I entered I heard her make confession of the faith which she received that moment, as she had told those about her she should; and that she could not die in peace till she saw me. She was full of triumphant joy, and said to me, 'I am going to paradise. It will not be long before you follow me.' My soul was filled with *her* consolation.

"March 16th. I spake with one of the society, lately a Papist, who is much haunted by her old friends, especially her confessor, who thunders out anathemas against her, and threatens to burn me,—if he could catch me at Rome. I sent my respects to the gentleman, and offered to talk with him, before her, at my own lodgings, or wherever he pleased; but received no answer.

"March 31st. I visited, at her own desire, a Roman Catholic gentlewoman, at Islington, who had refused her priest, and would have none but my brother or me. She readily gave up her own merits, (which she owned was hell,) and the merits of all the saints, for those of Jesus Christ, her only hope, Mediator, and Saviour. I prayed in faith, and left her not far from the kingdom of heaven.

"We kept a watch-night. Dear Howell Harris I carried into the desk; and we sung together, and shouted for joy, till morning.

"May 17th. I preached at Brentford, on our way to Bristol. The moment our society met, Jesus appeared in the midst; and we lay a happy hour weeping and rejoicing at his feet.

“ June 21st. I sent an account of our affairs to a friend:—‘ The work of God goes on successfully. Great is the constancy of them that believe. Neither error nor sin can shake them. Several since I left this place have witnessed a good confession in death, particularly a girl of thirteen, and an old sinner of threescore. We had expelled him the society for drunkenness ; and he went on sinning, and repenting, and sinning again, till God laid his chastening hand upon him. After a great agony he found redemption in the blood of Jesus. He lay some time rejoicing, and testifying the grace of Christ to the chief of sinners. When one said, *Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord*, he replied, interrupting him, *Even so, saith the Spirit in me. I am just entering the haven on a broken piece of the ship.*”

“ ‘ I am just come from giving the sacrament to a young woman, rejoicing in death with joy unspeakable. The day before my first visit the Lord revealed himself in her. Her soul seemed all desire and love, *ready to go this moment*, as she often testified ; yet willing to tarry the Lord’s leisure, or even to recover, if it were his will.

“ ‘ I have observed that all our people, without exception, be they ever so dark or weak before, when they come to die recover their confidence. Would to God every soul of every Christian denomination might witness the same confession of eternal life in them when they turn their faces to the wall !’

“ June 23d was a day much to be remembered. I preached to our colliers, and received strong faith for the desolate Church of England. In the sacrament the Spirit of grace and supplication came down, and we prayed to God that it might reach all our absent brethren. The backsliders we never forget at such gracious opportunities. Near four hours we were employed in *doing this* ; and not one soul, I am persuaded, thought it long.

“ I had just time to reach Conham chapel by two. While I was speaking of our Lord’s appearing, we were alarmed with the loudest clap of thunder I ever heard. I thought it must have cleft the house. Most of the congregation shrieked out, as if the day of the Lord were come. A thought darted into my heart as quick as the lightning, ‘ What, if it should be the day of judgment !’ I was filled immediately with faith stronger than death, and rejoiced in hope of the glory of God. The same spirit rested on all the faithful, while I broke out into singing,—

‘ So shall the Lord the Saviour come,
And lightnings round his chariot play !
Ye lightnings, fly to make him room ;
Ye glorious storms, prepare his way !’

I went on for half an hour describing that final scene. The heart

of every person present, I believe, either rejoiced or trembled. A mixed cry of horror and triumph was heard till I dismissed them with the blessing. Afterward we heard that a house on one side our chapel was almost demolished, both roof and walls, by the thunder-clap; the lead of the windows melted, and six persons were struck down to the ground. On the other side of us a gibbet was split into a thousand pieces.

“ July 3d. I took horse for London; the first night preached at Cirencester; the two next at Evesham, where I found the society increased in grace and number. I was welcomed to London on Saturday evening with the joyful news of Thomas Maxfield’s deliverance.

“ July 31st. I joined with my brother to examine the society in Bristol. Mr. Gwynne, of Garth, accompanied us, and rejoiced greatly in the grace given them.”

This appears to have been Mr. Charles Wesley’s first introduction to Marmaduke Gwynne, Esq., a gentleman of family and fortune, resident at Garth, about sixteen miles from Brecon, in South Wales. A few years before this period Mr. Gwynne had been brought to a saving knowledge of Christ, by the preaching of Howell Harris, with whom he maintained an intimate friendship. When this apostolic man began his itinerant ministry in South Wales, Mr. Gwynne, who was a strict Churchman, was alarmed at the irregularity; and apprehending that this preaching layman might hold the tenets which were ascribed to the Independent Dissenters under the reign of Oliver Cromwell, and be dangerous both to the Church and state, he determined, being a magistrate, to interfere. He left home with the intention of sending Harris to prison; but remarked to his lady, “ I will hear the man myself, before I commit him.” Accordingly he made one of the congregation, having the Riot Act in his pocket. The sermon was so truly evangelical, and the preacher’s manner so zealous and affectionate, that Mr. Gwynne thought he resembled one of the apostles. He was so convinced of the purity of Mr. Harris’s doctrine, and the benevolence of his motives, that, at the end of the discourse, he went up to him; shook him by the hand; told him how much he had been misled by slanderous reports; avowed his intention of *committing* him, had those reports been true; asked his pardon; and, to the amazement of the assembly, entreated him to accompany him to Garth to supper. Hence the origin of their affectionate acquaintance.

Mr. Gwynne was a man of a fine spirit, deeply pious, kind to his tenantry, beneficent to the poor, and exemplary in all the relations in life. He retained a chaplain in his house, who daily read the morning and evening service in the family. The authority and countenance of Mr. Gwynne were of much importance to Howell

Harris, who would have suffered persecution from the higher classes, had he not been supported by one of their own order, who generously stood forth in his defence, regardless of public and private censure. If the same scenes of outrage and barbarity through which the Wesleys and their preachers passed, did not occur in the county of Brecon, it was, under the divine blessing, owing to Marmaduke Gwynne. This upright magistrate, and sincere Christian, afterward gave one of his daughters in marriage to Mr. Charles Wesley.

Unhappily for the Methodists, and even for the national honour, there were few magistrates, either in England or Wales, who were like him. Many of them were indifferent to the sufferings of the Methodists, and therefore unwilling to afford them protection; and others took an active part in harassing an unoffending people. In various quarters; therefore, persecution raged from year to year, with unabated violence. The press-warrants, which were sent forth by the government, were still employed as a means of annoyance and oppression against some of the most upright and loyal men in the land. In the month of May, this year, Mr. Meriton, accompanied by a pious young man of the name of Jones, spent a night in Shrewsbury, on his way to the Isle of Man. While he was preaching in the evening, in a private house, a constable entered into the congregation, seized upon Jones, dragged him out of the room, and declared the youth to be his prisoner, impressed for the king's service. Mr. Meriton followed his friend into the street, and began to expostulate with the constable. A crowd soon assembled; and Jones, seeing the constable engaged in eager conversation, watched for a favourable opportunity, and succeeded in making his escape. He ran from one street to another, till, seeing the door of a respectable house open, he rushed in, related the particulars of his case to the family, and cast himself for protection upon their generosity. The house was occupied by an elderly lady, who pitied the persecuted stranger, and locked him up in a closet. About midnight she made arrangements for his horse to meet him, beyond the limits of the town, and sent him forth disguised in female apparel. On coming to the extremity of the town, he watched till the sentinels went into a public house, when he silently passed the bridge which they were appointed to guard, found his horse, and effected his escape. He was the son of a respectable farmer, and had just made arrangements for becoming an itinerant preacher. Whether this unpromising adventure abated his ardour, or confirmed his resolution, we have no means of knowing.

When the constable, who was a cunning fellow, saw that his prisoner was gone, he said to Mr. Meriton, that he did not like to argue the case with him in the street, and in the presence of a crowd of people; but that if he would step with him for a little while into a public-house

which was opposite, he would gladly listen to all that he had to say. Meriton, not suspecting any evil, acceded to the suggestion; and when the wily constable had thus separated the stranger from the crowd, he immediately declared him to be a prisoner, impressed for military service, and kept him in durance vile for the night. In the morning the mayor and other magistrates assembled in the town-hall, for the purpose of confirming what the constable had done, and of committing the Methodist preacher to the care of an officer in the army. Mr. Meriton declared himself to be a clergyman, and therefore illegally impressed for a soldier. Proof of this fact was demanded; and the prisoner produced his letters of orders, bearing the bishop's official seal. This document was decisive; and the magistrates, perceiving that the law had been violated, declared that there was no just ground for his detention; and that he was therefore at liberty to retire forthwith, and go where he pleased. Meriton, finding that he had the magistrates in his power, and seeing the hall crowded with people, resolved to improve the opportunity for the spiritual good of all present. He informed the worshipful bench that he had been a member of one of the universities thirty years, and a clergyman twenty; and said it was an intolerable grievance, that such a man could not pass through the town of Shrewsbury without being impressed for a soldier. The magistrates were submissive, and owned that they could not justify what had been done; they therefore meekly waited while the pious stranger delivered his evangelical message to a much larger congregation than he had in the preceding evening. He then retired, and proceeded on his journey.

In Cheshire John Bennet, one of the itinerant preachers, and some members of the societies under his care, met with similar treatment. The particulars of their case are contained in the following interesting letter, which Bennet addressed to Mr. Charles Wesley:—

“Chinley, July 30th, 1745. Dear Brother,—Though I have not writ to you for some time, nor seen your face in the flesh for months past, yet in spirit we have been one; and I doubt not but it shall be so to our live's end. I am constrained to love you, and to bless God on your behalf, making mention of you in my prayers continually. O that your faith may not fail! May the Lord strengthen you for the work he has called you to.

“I doubt not but you remember us in Derbyshire, Cheshire, and Lancashire. The word is gladly received (though with much contention) by some: others are turned aside. All these things shall work for good to them that love God. Those that have been faithful to the grace of God now find the benefit of it; to wit, the peaceable fruits of righteousness. The late persecutions we have had, have been as fires,

to purify them from dross ; so that many are much more bold to speak what the Lord has done for their souls.

“ At Woodley, in Cheshire, I and three of our brethren were pressed for soldiers. But the Lord sat in heaven, and laughed his enemies to scorn ; for they dared not keep me. I insisted upon seeing the warrant, which was only a common warrant, to take up strollers and vagabonds, &c. I said to them, ‘ Surely you will not dare to seize upon me. You all know that I am no stroller. Consider what you are doing. If you will run the hazard, I am here. Do your pleasure.’ They soon let me go ; but my three brethren had their trial, and all were delivered. Glory be to God !

“ Since then the officers of that township have made themselves busy in searching houses, under the pretence, that they wanted the Methodists. I find this was to affright our people from meeting. It was so. They neglected to meet for some time, which brought them to be miserable ; and many resolved to meet, let the event be what it would. No sooner did they take up this cross, than many were filled with joy and peace. I preach there out of doors, and our congregation increases. The justices have consulted how to suppress this. I cannot hear that the way is clear to them as yet.

“ This persecution was begun by the Dissenters. Many of the society at Woodley are Dissenters, and many of our people are communicants. The minister of that place seemed very free a considerable time ; but as soon as our people began to take notice of the lives and conversation of several, and speak freely, they began to be uneasy with them ; and thus, as I have said above, set about preventing our meetings ; for most of the press-gang were Dissenters. Our people have been with the minister, desiring him in love that he would use means to prevent such disturbance. His answer was, he thought they were not to be blamed ; and he should never defend our erroneous cause.

“ The ministers of the Church persecute with all their strength. I desire your advice in this affair. With whom shall we join ?

“ The society are some miles from the church, and cannot have fellowship with this people. They have a desire to know whether you or your brother, once or twice in a year, would not deliver them the sacrament. As to my own soul, I am weakened much for want of partaking of the ordinance ; and the minister of Chapel-en-le-Frith flatly denies me the sacrament ; and has ordered me and some others to be put out of the church. Dear sir, consider these things well, and let me have your answer speedily.

“ A friend in Woodley has a desire to license a house for preaching, and thinks I should preach at the same hour that the Dissenting minis-

ter does. Would this be well? Can a penalty be laid upon any man for suffering preaching in his house unlicensed?

"It is much the same with us at Chinley. Dr. Clegge does much harm among our people. Many both see it, and feel it; but how to help themselves, they know not. He has affirmed, that your brother has led me into an error, in drawing me to the Church. He shows, in a letter to me, wherein the Church is wrong in discipline; and that in eight particulars. He says, had I read the Scriptures, Mr. John Wesley could not have deceived me. Dr. Clegge's son, who is designed for a minister, has read your books, and has a strong desire to see Mr. John Wesley. I think he will be at London in a little time. I shall then give him directions to find you. Farewell.

"I hear there is little or no disturbance in Yorkshire. I have not been there since brother Nelson came away. If you think it well for me to remove to any place, where I can bring glory to God, I hope I shall always be ready to obey you.

"I am kept from turning my back. Peace be to the brethren, and love, with faith, from God the Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen. I am

"Your affectionate brother, and son in the gospel."

Mr. Charles Wesley labelled this letter, "Persecution by the Dissenters." His very intelligent daughter significantly added, "And the Church;" for both were verily guilty in this matter.

The second Methodist conference commenced in Bristol on the 1st of August, 1745. The persons present were John and Charles Wesley, John Hodges, Thomas Richards, Samuel Larwood, Thomas Meyrick, James Wheatley, Richard Moss, John Slocome, Herbert Jenkins, and Marmaduke Gwynne. With all the subjects that were discussed in this assembly we are not acquainted. Doctrinal questions only, with the results to which they lead, are contained in the printed account of this conference; nor does it appear that any record of its proceedings after the second day has been preserved: whereas, according to Mr. Charles Wesley, its deliberations were continued for five days. "We began our conference," says he, "with Mr. Hodges, four of our assistants, Herbert Jenkins, and Mr. Gwynne. We continued it five days, and parted in great harmony and love."

Soon after the conference concluded Mr. Charles Wesley went to Shepton-Mallet, where a great religious awakening had begun, and where he met with a painful accident. "They desired me," says he, "to meet their little society at an unusual place, to disappoint the mob. I walked forward, toward the town, then turned back over the field to drop the people; and springing up a rising ground, sprained or broke

my leg, I knew not which; but I fell down when I offered to set my foot to the ground. The brethren carried me to a hut, which was quickly filled with poor people. It was soon noised about the town that I had broken my leg; some said my neck; and that it was a judgment upon me. The principal man of the place, Mr. P——, sent me a kind message, and his Bath-chair to bring me to his house. I thanked him, but declined his offer, on account of my pain, which unfitted me for any company, except that of my best friends, the poor. With these I continued singing, praying, and rejoicing, for two hours. Their love quite delighted me. Happiest they that could come near, to do any thing for me. When my strength was exhausted, they laid me on their bed; the best they had; but I could not sleep for pain.

“August 12th. I met the society at six, and took in twenty new members. About eight the surgeon from Oakhill came, and found, in dressing my leg, that it was not broken, but violently sprained. Many being come from far to hear the word, I got the brethren to carry me out in a chair, which they set on a table, and I preached kneeling. I thought of Haliburton’s *best pulpit*, which alone seemed preferable to this. For near an hour I forgot my maim, and appointed to preach again at Oakhill. The brethren carried me thither by noon, in Mr. P——’s chair. My congregation was mostly Dissenters, not wise and rich, but poor and simple, and longing to be taught the first elements of Christ’s doctrine. They stood listening in the hard rain, while I showed them ‘the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.’ The word was not bound, but ran very swiftly through their hearts. For an hour I preached kneeling, as before, and felt no pain or weariness till it was over: then my flesh shrunk at the twenty measured miles to Bristol. They set me on the horse; and by night I performed the journey; but in such extreme pain as I have not known with all my broken bones, and sicknesses.

“August 13th. I preached from, ‘They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength;’ and then, confiding in the promise, went in my chair, and lay at Mr. Wigginton’s, by the water-side. Between four and five next morning I was carried to Captain Phillips’s vessel, which was filled with our own people chiefly. We spent the day in singing and reading; and by six on Thursday morning, August 15th, landed at Cardiff. At night most of the gentry of the town were at the room. I laboured to trouble the careless, as well as comfort the troubled hearts.

“August 18th. Our greatest persecutor (that had been) lent his chair to carry me to Wenvo. Indeed the whole place, at present, seems turned toward us. But we do not depend upon this peace as lasting. I preached at Wenvo, to a weeping audience. My brother Thomas and Hodges administered the sacrament. The room at Cardiff was

crowded with high and low. I invited them to come thirsty to the waters. The same spirit was with us as in the months that are past. Our love-feast was a feast indeed.

“August 20th. At the request of the prisoners, I had promised to preach in the jail; but Mr. Michael Richards came first, and threatened and forbade the jailer. If these souls perish for lack of knowledge, Mr. Michael Richards, not I, must answer it in that day. Carried to Fonmon, with Mr. Hodges, and Mrs. Jones, I once more met the church in her house. We were all melted down by the fire of the word.

“August 21st. This and every evening I got down to the chapel in my crutches, and preached to the family, with fifty harvesters, and others that came from far.”

Mr. Charles Wesley spent several weeks in this part of Wales, being unable to take any long journey because of his lameness; yet he constantly preached twice a day. Repeated attempts were made to remove him to the house of Mr. Gwynne, at Garth; but without effect: for he was not able to bear the motion. During his comparative confinement, he addressed the following letter to his brother, on the discouraging aspect of public affairs. The flames of civil war were just about to burst forth in all their destructive energy; yet wickedness generally abounded, and the pious were persecuted, not merely by the ignorant populace, but by the clergy and magistrates, who resisted the attempts that were made to turn the common people from ungodliness and sin. Hence the gloomy forebodings which he indulged. The natural bent of his mind was to despondency. His joyous anticipations with respect to the prosperity of religion were exclusively the effect of his own piety, and of the striking displays of God's power and mercy in the conversion of sinful men, which came under his daily observation.

He says, “I wrote thus to my brother: ‘Once more hear my raven's note,—and despise it. I look most assuredly, unless general repentance prevent it, for the day of visitation. Whether my apprehensions have aught divine in them, I never presume to say; neither am I concerned for the credit of my prophecy, or conjecture; but none of you all will more rejoice at my proving what you may call a false prophet than I. For should I prove a true one, I expect Balaam's fate. In great weariness of flesh and spirit, I conclude,

‘Your Μάντις κακῶν.’” [Prophet of evils.]

It appears to have been during this confinement that Mr. Charles Wesley wrote the following letter to his friend Howell Harris. The gloomy forebodings which he cherished, with respect to public affairs, did not obstruct the joyous intercourse which he held with his Saviour, nor interrupt the current of his brotherly affection:—

“ My Dear Friend and Brother,—Your kind and most brotherly letter I had answered long ago, but for my hopes of seeing you, and delivering the enclosed with my own hand. A violent sprain has retarded my motions, and confined me close prisoner to this castle. ‘It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good.’

“The word is not bound, if I am, but runs very swiftly. I have been *carried* to preach, morning and evening, till very lately, when my foot swelled, and pained me so, as to force me to lie still, lest I should lose the use of it. Let me hear how my dear sister, your wife, does; and how the glorious cause of our Lord prospers among you. Your last I read on our thanksgiving-day, and thereby refreshed many sincere souls, who earnestly labour after peace and holiness. Mr. Erskine writes me dreadful news; and infers, ‘Is it not time for the Lord’s people to lay aside the peculiarities in opinion? Will nothing but a scourge drive them to unite?’ Would to God they all loved one another only as well as you and I do (to begin); but I want more love, more faith, more patience; as much more as an ocean is more than a drop. Pray for me, my dear fellow-soldier, and for our other brethren in tribulation, that we may be counted worthy to escape all these things which shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of man.”

Before Mr. Charles Wesley left Wales he received another proof of the hostility with which he was regarded by some of his brethren in the ministry. A clergyman refused to admit him to the table of the Lord; while, at the same time, he gave the sacred elements to a man who, at the time of receiving them, was notoriously drunk, and made a disturbance in the church! No sin was so grievous as that of Christianity in the form of Methodism.

Neither affliction nor ministerial labour could induce Mr. Charles Wesley to neglect the cultivation of his poetical talents. In the course of this year, he united with his brother in the publication of a volume of hymns on the Lord’s supper, the whole of which appear to have been their own compositions. To these they prefixed a brief spiritual treatise of Dr. Brevint, a clergyman of a former age, entitled, “The Christian Sacrament and Sacrifice;” explaining the nature of this ordinance, and giving directions for the right receiving of it. This very pious manual was in great request, and was in increasing demand as long as the authors lived. Few of the books which they published passed through so many editions; for the writers had succeeded in impressing upon the minds of their societies the great importance of frequent communion. They administered the Lord’s supper in London every sabbath day; and urged the people everywhere, at all opportunities, to “eat of this bread, and drink of this cup,” in “remembrance” of their

Redeemer's death. The sacramental hymns are sixty-six in number; and although they all refer to one subject, they are distinguished throughout by a remarkable variety of thought and expression. The flame of devotion by which they are animated is bright and intense.

It was about this time that Mr. Charles Wesley began to publish, in the form of small tracts, for the use of Methodist societies and congregations, hymns adapted to the principal festivals of the Christian church, and other special occasions; such as the "Nativity" of Christ, his "Resurrection," "Whitsunday," "New-Year's Day," and "Watch-nights." Other poetical tracts he also published, containing graces before and after meat, and doxologies addressed to the Holy Trinity.

The watch-night services which were conducted by Mr. Charles Wesley in those times were usually seasons of great solemnity and power. Amidst the silence of the night, and in the absence of riotous people and triflers, he and his fellow-worshippers anticipated the sound of the trumpet which shall awake the dead, and proclaim the appearance of the almighty Judge. His prayers, and impressive addresses to the people, with the appropriate hymns which they unitedly sung at his dictation, seemed to bring them near to the day of the Lord; and they rejoiced before him with the deepest reverence. The following well-known hymns were all composed to be sung upon these occasions:—

Thou Judge of quick and dead;
Ye virgin souls, awake;
Join all ye ransom'd sons of grace;
Oft have we pass'd the guilty night;
How happy, gracious Lord, are we, &c.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE state of the country was now alarming. Charles Stuart, the grandson of James II., having attempted, without success, to land a French army on the coast of Kent, for the purpose of regaining the British crown, made his appearance in Scotland, where many of the disaffected clans flocked to his standard. The task of resisting him was confided to General Cope, who had the command of the royal army; but his plans were weakly laid, and feebly executed; so that Charles was in a little while master of Edinburgh. He soon after defeated the king's troops at the battle of Preston-pans, where the brave Colonel Gardiner lost his life. This youthful claimant of the British crown was a man of genteel and graceful appearance, affable and en-

gaging in his manners, and of an enterprising spirit. His professions to all classes of people were, of course, liberal and flattering; but he was a tool of the Papacy, and a pensioner upon France; so that, were he to succeed in his project, it was easy to perceive that genuine liberty, both civil and religious, would be no more. Popery and arbitrary power, an iron despotism in church and state, would have been the sad inheritance of a people who enjoyed constitutional freedom in a higher degree than any other nation whatever. The Pretender's progress and success in Scotland, therefore, filled all sound and intelligent Protestants with just alarm.

In this feeling both the Wesleys participated. They had already put into extensive circulation several loyal and Protestant publications, both in prose and verse, adapted to the exigency of the times; they enforced the duty of loyalty wherever they went; they called upon their societies in all places to unite in prayer for the preservation of the reigning monarch, and the establishment of his throne; and they urged upon all their congregations the necessity of repentance, as the only means of averting the impending judgments of God, and of obtaining national tranquillity. The following selections from the journal of Charles will show the strength of his attachment to the Protestant king, with whose mild and constitutional sway the nation was blessed; and the manner in which he laboured to sanctify the public danger. He was still in Wales.

"Sept. 6th, 1745. At the hour of intercession we found an extraordinary power of God upon us, and close communion with our absent brethren. Afterward I found, by letters from London, that it was their solemn fast-day. The night we passed in prayer. I read them my heavy tidings out of the north. 'The lion is come up from his thicket; and the destroyer of the Gentiles is on his way.'

"Sept. 8th. The spirit of supplication was given us in the society for his majesty King George; and in strong faith we asked his deliverance from all his enemies and troubles.

"Sept. 9th. My three weeks' delightful confinement ended, and I returned to Cardiff.

"Sept. 11th. I rose after a restless night, with a fever upon me; but was forced to take my bed again. How gladly would I have been taken from the evil to come! but, alas! my sufferings are scarcely begun.

"Sept. 14th. My fever left me, and my strength so far returned, that I could sit on a horse, with one behind me. Almost as soon as we set out my supporter and I were thrown over the horse's head, but neither hurt. My lameness was much mended by three or four days' rest.

"Sept. 22d. I preached at Wenvo, 'that ye may be found of Him in peace;' then at Fonmon, on that great and terrible day of the Lord,

His fear was mightily upon us : but at the society his love constrained and quite overpowered us. For two hours we wept before the Lord, and wrestled for our Sodom. We shall hear of these prayers another day.

“ Sept. 25th. After a tedious and dangerous passage, I got to shore, and soon after to Bristol. I heard the news confirmed of Edinburgh being taken by the rebels ; and saw all around in deep sleep and security. I warned our children with great affection. Our comforts we expect will increase with our danger.

“ Sept. 26th. Tidings came, that General Cope was cut off,* with all his army. The room was crowded in the evening. I warned them, with all authority, to flee to the mountains ; escape to the strong tower ; even the NAME of Jesus ; and seemed to have strong faith that the Romish antichrist shall never finally prevail in these kingdoms.

“ Sept. 29th. My subject at Kingswood was, ‘ Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I will also keep thee in the hour of temptation,’ &c. ; at Bristol, ‘ Fear God, and honour the king.’

“ Oct. 8th. Having left the society fully warned, I rode to Bath, and exhorted them also to meet God in the way of his judgments. At noon I preached repentance and faith at the Cross, to the people of Road. They drank in every word. When I said, ‘ Put away the evil of your doings,’ several cried out, ‘ We will, we will !’ When I said, ‘ Be drunk no more ; swear no more ;’ they answered, ‘ I will not swear ; I will not be drunk again as long as I live !’ The alehouse-keepers, and profligate young men, are the most exemplary in their repentance. I dined at the ‘squire’s, who seemed amazed, and half-converted, at *their* change. I preached at four to a barn-full of simple, hungry, seeking souls. They sunk under the hammer, and melted before the fire of the word. Oct. 9th. I met them again in the barn, and wept with them that wept. All were stirred up, and made haste to escape into the ark, because of the stormy wind and tempest.

“ After preaching in Bath a woman desired to speak with me. She had been in our society, and in Christ, but lost her grace through the spirit of offence, left the fellowship, and fell by little and little into the depth of vice and misery. I called Mrs. Naylor to hear her mournful account. She had lived some time at a wicked house in Avon-street ; confessed it was hell to her to see our people pass to the preaching ; knew not what to do, or how to escape. We bade her fly for her life, and not once look behind her. Mrs. Naylor kept her with herself till the morning, and then carried her with us in the coach to London, and

* In those times correct intelligence travelled slowly. General Cope was not “ cut off” in the battle here referred to. He was defeated, and many of his men were slain ; but he escaped.

delivered her to the care of our sister Davey. 'Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?'

"Oct. 13th. I warned them earnestly, both at the chapel and the Foundery, of the impending storm.

"Oct. 17th. We had twenty of our brethren from Flanders to dine with us at the Foundery, and rejoiced in the distinguishing grace of God toward them.

"Nov. 8th. I preached first in Bexley church, then in the front of the camp near Dartford. Many of the poor soldiers gave diligent heed to the word. One of the most reprobate was pricked in the heart, and entered the society.

"Nov. 9th. A regiment passing by our door, I took the opportunity of giving each soldier a book. All, excepting one, received them thankfully.

"Nov. 10th. I expounded Psalm xlii, with great enlargement. An officer was present, and by his tears confessed the emotion of his heart.

"Nov. 11th. We had some of our brethren of the army at the select society, and solemnly commended them to the grace of God before they set out to meet the rebels. They were without fear, or disturbance, knowing the hairs of their head are all numbered.

"Dec. 6th. In reading my brother's last Appeal I was drawn out into fervent prayer for him, myself, and all the children whom God hath given us."

The concluding part of Mr. John Wesley's "Earnest Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion" was finished at this time, and appears to have been read by Charles in manuscript. It is a powerful and an impressive work, written with great force of argument, and yearning pity for the souls of ignorant and wicked men. The doctrines which the author and his brother taught are here explained and defended, with the means which they adopted to effect a revival of pure Christianity. A paragraph at the close shows that, notwithstanding the national danger, the Methodist preachers were still persecuted with unrelenting severity. Dr. Borlase, in Cornwall, was not the only clerical magistrate who abused his authority to gratify his prejudices.

"Just now," says Mr. Wesley, "on the 4th of this instant December, the Reverend Mr. Henry Wickham, one of his majesty's justices of peace for the West-Riding of Yorkshire, writes an order to the constable of Keighley, commanding him to 'convey the body of Jonathan Reeves' (whose real crime is, the calling sinners to repentance) 'to his majesty's jail and castle of York; suspected,' saith the precept, 'of being a spy among us, and a dangerous man to the person and government of his majesty King George.'

“ God avert the omen! I fear this is no presage either of the repentance or deliverance of our poor nation!”

Unterrified by persecution and by national danger, the two Wesleys persevered in their work with firmness of purpose. How long they might be permitted to labour, they knew not. The Popish representative of the Stuart family had already acquired a power which rendered him formidable; and should he gain the object of his guilty ambition, they well knew that their opportunities of usefulness would be restricted, if not for ever cut off. They applied themselves, therefore, with unexampled diligence and energy to the work of saving souls, and were cheered in every place by manifest tokens of the presence and blessing of God. “ In season, and out of season;” in churches, chapels, barns, private houses, fields, market-places; in sunshine, rain, hail, and snow; in towns, cities, villages, hamlets; from the Land’s End to the Tweed; their voices, and those of their fellow-labourers, were heard, proclaiming the sinfulness of sin, the mercy of the Saviour, and the necessity of a vital faith in him, as the only means of pardon, holiness, and safety. How Charles was employed during the eventful year of 1746 will best appear from his own account, contained in the following brief extracts from his interesting journal:—

“ Feb. 4th. I wrote to a friend as follows:—‘ I cannot help expecting the sorest judgments to be poured out upon this land, and that suddenly. You allow us one hundred years to fill up the measure of our iniquity. You cannot more laugh at my vain fear, than I at your vain confidence. Now is the axe laid to the root of the tree; now is the decree gone forth; now is the day of visitation. It comes so strong and continually upon me, that I almost think there is God in my prospect of war, famine, pestilence, and all the vials of wrath bursting on our heads.’

“ March 24th. In riding to Brentford with our sisters Davey, Alcroft, and Rich, our coach broke down. The only courageous person among us was the only person afraid. I prayed in our return by a dying prisoner of hope; and felt an humble confidence that his eyes shall see the salvation of God.

“ March 28th, Good-Friday. Every morning of this great and holy week the Lord was at his own feast, but especially this. The word, ‘ Let us also go, and die with him,’ was written on our hearts. We passed from two to three in solemn prayer at Short’s gardens. I drank tea at my sister Wright’s, with Mrs. Rich and her two youngest daughters; one, the greatest miracle of all accomplishments, both of mind and body, that I have ever seen.

“ March 29th. I administered the sacrament to a dying sinner, who did run well, but was now groaning out her last breath under the guilt

of sin, and curse of God. I preached to her the sinner's Advocate. She received the faithful saying, and believed the Lord would save her at the last hour. I passed the afternoon at Mrs. Rich's, where we caught a physician by the ear, through the help of Mr. Lampe, and some of our sisters. This is the true use of music."

A few remarks respecting two of the persons here mentioned will not be inappropriate. Mrs. Rich's husband was the proprietor of Covent-garden theatre. She was a lady of great personal beauty, of superior accomplishments, and excelled as an actress. Having heard Mr. Charles Wesley preach at West-street chapel, near the Seven-dials, she was convinced of sin, renounced the theatre, sought salvation through Jesus Christ, and became "a new creature." Her conversion greatly displeased her husband, who insisted upon her re-appearance on the stage, and persecuted her on account of her Methodistical scruples. She declared, that if she ever went there again, she would bear her testimony against theatrical amusements. Seeing her resolution, he at length discontinued his importunities. He left her a widow in affluent circumstances, and she retained a peculiar respect for Mr. Charles Wesley to the end of her life. Her daughters were taught music by Handel.

Mr. Lampe, whom Mr. Charles Wesley met at Mrs. Rich's house, was a musician of considerable talent and celebrity. His name was John Frederick Lampe: he was a native of Germany; studied music at Helmstadt, in Saxony; came to England about the year 1725, and obtained employment in the opera band; but was afterward engaged by Mr. Rich to compose some dramatic music. He was the author of a quarto volume, entitled, "A Plain and Compendious Method of teaching Thorough-Bass after the most rational Manner, with proper Rules for Practice," which he published in 1737. In the "Musical Miscellany," published by Watts in six volumes, are many songs composed by Lampe at different times. While thus connected with the theatre, he was an infidel; but he was convinced of the truth and importance of Christianity by reading Mr. John Wesley's "Earnest Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion;" when he became a sincere Christian; applied his fine talents to the service of God, by setting many of the Wesleyan hymns to music; and maintained his truly Christian character to the close of life.

The following letter gives an interesting view of the piety of Mrs. Rich, and of the discouragements with which she had to contend, arising from her ungodly connections:—

"London, Nov. 27th, 1746. Dear and Rev. Sir,—I am infinitely obliged to you for your kind letter. It gave me great comfort, and at a

time I had much need of it; for I have been very ill both in body and mind. Some part arose from my poor partner, who, I fear, has in a great measure stifled his convictions which God gave him.

“As to myself, God has been pleased to show me so much of my own unworthiness and helplessness, that the light has almost broken my heart; and I might truly be called a woman of a sorrowful spirit.

“O think what it is to be obliged to conceal this from the eyes of those that know nothing of these things, but call it all madness! The Lord teach them better; at whose table I have been greatly strengthened; and through his grace I still hope to conquer all the enemies of my soul.

“The enclosed is a copy of a song Mr. Rich has sung in a new scene, added to one of his old entertainments, in the character of Harlequin Preacher, to convince the town he is not a Methodist. O pray for him, that he may be a Christian indeed; and then he will be no more concerned about what he is called; and for me,

“Your unworthy daughter in Christ.”

Having gone from London to Bristol, and thence to Road, Mr. Charles Wesley says,—

“April 30th. I preached with double effect. One poor mourner had been crying for mercy all night in the society-house. I conferred with several who have tasted of the love of Christ, mostly under the preaching or prayers of our lay-helpers. How can any one dare deny that they are sent of God? O that all who have the outward call were as inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to preach! O that they would make full proof of their ministry, and take the cause out of our weak hands!

“May 2d. I rode back to Bristol, and was met with the news of our victory in Scotland.* I spoke at night on the first words that presented: ‘He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord.’ We rejoiced unto him with reverence, and thankfully observed the remarkable answer of that petition,—

‘All their strength o’erturn, o’erthrow;
Snap their spears, and break their swords;
Let the daring rebels know
The battle is the Lord’s!’

O that in this reprieve, before the sword return, we may know the time of our visitation!

“June 4th. Driving down a steep hill, in our way to Sherburn, the

* The “victory” here referred to was that which the king’s troops gained over the rebel army at the decisive battle of Culloden. From that time the cause of the Pretender was hopeless.

horse stumbled, and threw me out of the seat. I fell on my back upon the wheel; my feet were entangled in the chaise; but the beast stood stock still; so I received no harm, but was only stunned and dirtied. We were four hours in going five miles. It rained incessantly, and blew a hurricane, this and the day following. By nine at night we were glad to reach W. Nelson's house in Portland.

"June 6th. I preached to a house-full of staring, loving people. Some wept, but most looked quite unawakened. At noon and night I preached on a hill in the midst of the island. Most of the inhabitants came to hear; but few, as yet, feel the burden of sin, or the want of a Saviour.

"June 8th. After evening service we had all the islanders that were able to come. I asked, 'Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?' About half a dozen answered, 'It is nothing to us,' by turning their backs; but the rest hearkened with greater signs of emotion than I had before observed. I found faith at this time that our labour would not be in vain.

"June 9th. At Southwell, the furthest village, I expounded the song of Simeon. Some very old men attended. I distributed a few books among them; rode round the island; and returned by noon, to preach on the hill; and by night, at my lodgings. Now the power and blessing came. My mouth and their hearts were opened. The rocks were broken in pieces, and melted into tears on every side. I continued exhorting them, from seven till ten, to save themselves from this untoward generation. We could hardly part. I left the little society of twenty members confirmed and comforted."

It was "before preaching at Portland," where the people are mostly employed in the stone quarries, that Mr. Charles Wesley wrote the hymn beginning,—

"Come, O thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known,
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break these hearts of stone."

If the hymn were written on occasion of the visit just described, which is highly probable, an immediate answer was given to the prayer which it contains.

Having visited Axminster and Exeter, on the 14th of June Mr. Charles Wesley says, "I went forth at Tavistock, to call sinners to repentance. A large herd of wild beasts were got together; and very noisy and tumultuous they were. At first I stood on a wall; but their violence forced me thence. I walked to the middle of the field, and began calling, 'Wash you, make you clean,' &c. The waves of the sea raged so horribly, that few could hear; but all might see the restraining hand

of God. I continued in prayer mostly for half an hour, and walked quietly to my lodgings, through the thickest of the king's enemies.

"June 15th. I offered Christ once more to a larger audience, who did not seem like the same people. The power of the Lord was present to convince. I endeavoured to strip them of all pretensions to good; insisting that the natural man has absolutely nothing of his own but pure evil, no will or desire to good, till it be supernaturally infused. After church I expounded the prodigal son; and many listened to their own history.

"June 22d. I preached on a hill in Stoke church-yard. It was covered with the surrounding multitude, upward of four thousand by computation. I expounded the good Samaritan. Some reviled at first, on whom I turned, and with a few words silenced them. The generality behaved as men fearing God. They followed me with their blessings. One only cursed, and called me Whitefield the second. I took my leave of Mrs. Wheatley and others, whom I greatly love for their love to my brethren, Graves, Grinfill, Maxfield, on whose bonds they had compassion. The Lord recompense them in that day! Our own children could not have expressed greater affection to us at parting. They could have plucked out their eyes, and given them us. Several offered me money; but I told them I never accepted any. Others would have persuaded Mr. Waller to take it; but he walked in the same steps, and said their love was sufficient.

"June 26th. I came to Gwennap, and encouraged the poor persecuted sheep. The Lord smiled upon our first meeting.

"June 29th. Upon examination of each separately, I found the society in a prosperous way. Their sufferings have been for their furtherance, and the gospel's. The opposers behold and wonder at their steadfastness and godly conversation. I preached the gospel to the poor at Stithians. The poor received it with tears of joy. My evening congregation was computed upward of five thousand. I preached the pardoning God from the returning prodigal, and felt as it were the people sink under the power of Him that sent me. They all stood uncovered; knelt at the prayers; and hung on the word from my mouth. For an hour and a half I invited them back to their Father, and felt no hoarseness or weariness afterward. I spent an hour and a half more with the society, warning them against pride and the love of the creature, and stirring them up to universal obedience.

"June 30th. Both sheep and shepherds had been scattered in the late cloudy day of persecution; but the Lord gathered them again, and kept them together, by their own brethren, who began to exhort their companions, one or more, in every society. No less than four have sprung up in Gwennap. I talked closely with each, and find no reason

to doubt their having been used by God thus far. I advised and charged them not to stretch themselves beyond their line, by speaking out of the society, or fancying themselves public teachers. If they keep within their bounds, as they promise, they may be useful in the church; and I would to God that all the Lord's people were prophets like these! In the evening I preached to our dearest children at St. Ives.

“ July 6th. At Gwennap near two thousand listened to those gracious words that proceeded out of His mouth, ‘Come unto me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.’ Half of them were from Redruth, which seems on the point of surrendering to the Prince of peace. The whole country finds the benefit of the gospel. Hundreds who follow not with us have broken off their sins, and are outwardly reformed, and, though persecutors once, will not now suffer a word to be spoken against this way. Some of those who fell off in the late persecution desired to be present at the society. I addressed myself chiefly to the backsliders. God touched their hearts. Several followed me to my lodgings, and desired to be admitted again. I received them back upon trial.

“ July 13th. At St. Ives no one offered to make the least disturbance. Indeed the whole place is outwardly changed in this respect. I walk the streets with astonishment, scarce believing it St. Ives. It is the same throughout all the country. All opposition falls before us, or, rather, is fallen, and not yet suffered to lift up its head again. This also hath the Lord wrought.

“ July 19th. I had a visit from Captain Trounce, the man who last year hindered my brother from preaching, and threw him over the wall. I rode to Sithney, where the word begins to take root. The rebels of Helstone threatened hard. All manner of evil they say of us. Papists we are; that is certain; and are bringing in the Pretender. Nay, the vulgar are persuaded I have brought him with me; and James Waller is the man. But a law is to come from London to-night, to put us all down, and set one hundred pounds upon my head. We had, notwithstanding, a numerous congregation, and several of the persecutors. I declared my commission ‘to open their eyes, and turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God.’ Many appeared convinced, and caught in the gospel net.

“ July 20th. Near one hundred of the fiercest rioters were present, who a few months ago had cruelly beaten the sincere hearers, not sparing the women and children. They were hired by the pious minister for that purpose. Now these very men, expecting a disturbance, came to fight for me; and said they would lose their lives in my defence. But there was no occasion for their service. All was quiet, as it generally is when Satan threatens most.

“I crossed the country to Redruth; walked through the town a mile to the church; and was surprised by the general civility. I drew the congregation after me to the field; more than eight thousand, as was supposed. I expounded the good Samaritan. Surely He has a multitude of patients here.

“July 21st. I had heard sad accounts of St. Just people; that, being scattered by persecution, they had wandered into by-paths of error and sin, and been confirmed therein by their covetous, proud exhorter, J. Bennet. From St. Ives I came on Wednesday noon, July 23d, to his house in Trewallard, a village belonging to St. Just. I found about a dozen of the shattered society, which quickly increased to fifty or sixty. I perceived, as soon as we kneeled down, that there was a blessing in the remnant. We wrestled with God in his own strength from one till nine, with only the preaching between. I acknowledged God was with them of a truth. My faith for them returned; and I asked, nothing doubting, that the door might again be opened, and that he who hinders might be taken out of the way, as God knew best. This man was once a gentleman of fortune, but is now a poor drunken spendthrift, brother to Dr. Borlase, and retained by this dispenser of justice to supply the defect of the laws. This champion they send forth drunk on all occasions. It was he that pressed my brother for a soldier; dragged away Edward Grinfill, though past age, from his business and family, for a soldier and sailor; assaulted Mr. Meriton, to serve him the same way; seized on Mr. Graves, the third clergyman, in bed, and hurried him on board a man-of-war. In a word, he seems raised up by Satan to support his tottering kingdom; and swears continually, there shall never be any more preaching at St. Just. For a year and a half Satan seemed to triumph in his success: so much good may one sinner hinder, if armed with the sins of God’s people! In praying for this poor soul I thought heaven and earth would meet. The Spirit of prayer bowed down all before God. We believed the door would be opened for preaching at this time. Between six and seven I cried in the street, to about a thousand hearers, ‘If God be for us, who can be against us?’ The wall of brass surrounded us. None opened his mouth, or appeared on Satan’s side. The little flock were comforted and refreshed abundantly.

“I spake with each of the society, and was amazed to find them just the reverse of what they had been represented. Most of them had kept their first love, even while men were riding over their heads, and they passed through fire and water. Their exhorter appeared a solid, humble Christian, raised up to stand in the gap, and keep the trembling sheep together.

“I was ready for rest, but none could I find all night. At four I

talked with more of the society, and adored the miracle of grace which has kept these sheep in the midst of wolves. Well may the despisers behold and wonder. Here is a bush in the fire, burning, and yet not consumed! What have they not done to crush this rising sect? but, lo, they prevail nothing! For one preacher they cut off, twenty spring up. Neither persecutions nor threatening, flattery nor violence, dungeons, nor sufferings of various kinds, can conquer them. Many waters cannot quench this little spark, which the Lord hath kindled; neither shall the floods of persecution drown it.

“ July 25th. From one to three we poured out our souls in prayer for a nation laden with iniquity. I was led undesignedly to pray for our drunken persecutor; and the Spirit came pouring down like a river. We were filled with the divine presence. I had left my hymn-book in my chamber, and stepped up for it. One came after me with the news, that Mr. Eustick was just coming to take me up. I went down to the congregation; but my friend Eustick was gone, without beating man, woman, or child. He only asked if Mr. Wesley was there; for he had ‘a warrant to apprehend him.’ He went out at the other door, and told those he met, he had been searching all the house for Wesley, but could not find him. We supposed he had not got sufficient courage, that is, drink, for his purpose, and expected his return. I began preaching an hour before the appointed time. The flame was kindled in a moment. I had only to speak, and leave God to apply. He filled us up to the brim with faith, and love, and joy, and power. The Spirit of the Lord lifted up, and caused us to triumph, and tread on all the power of the enemy.

“ After a short interval, I received strength to preach again in the court-yard, on, ‘Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?’ The two-edged sword did great execution.

“ July 27th. I met the society at Morva; went to church at St. Just; and then to my old pulpit, the large stone, by brother Chinchall’s house. All was quiet till I came to those words: ‘And the remnant took his servants, and entreated them spitefully, and slew them.’ Then one began throwing stones; but I went on, exhorting them to save themselves from this untoward generation. My discourse was as mixed as the multitude; law, gospel, threatenings, promises; which I trust the Spirit applied to their several cases.

“ August 3d. From evening service at Redruth I rode back to my own church, the valley near our room at Gwennap; and found at least five thousand sinners waiting for the glad tidings of salvation. I bade them to the great supper, in my Master’s name and words, and even compelled them to come in.

“ August 10th. At Gwennap nine or ten thousand, by computation,

listened with all eagerness while I commended them to God, and the word of his grace. For near two hours I was enabled to preach 'repentance toward God, and faith in Jesus Christ.' I broke out again and again in prayer and exhortation. I believed not one would return empty. Seventy years' suffering would be overpaid by one such opportunity. Never had we so large an effusion of the Spirit as in the society. I could not doubt, at that time, either their perseverance or my own; and still I am humbly confident that we shall stand together among the multitude which no man can number.

"August 11th. I expressed the gratitude of my heart in the following thanksgiving:—

All thanks be to God,
Who scatters abroad,
Throughout every place,
By the least of his servants, his savour of grace!
Who the victory gave,
The praise let him have
For the work he hath done;
All honour and glory to Jesus alone!

Our conquering Lord
Hath prosper'd his word,
Hath made it prevail,
And mightily shaken the kingdom of hell.
His arm he hath bared,
And a people prepared
His glory to show,
And witness the power of his passion below.

* * * * *

Our heathenish land
Beneath thy command
In mercy receive,
And make us a pattern to all that believe;
Then, then let it spread
Thy knowledge and dread,
Till the earth is o'erflow'd,
And the universe fill'd with the glory of God."

In this spirit of grateful and holy exultation Mr. Charles Wesley took his leave of Cornwall, and returned to London, preaching at Plymouth, Tavistock, Bristol, and several other places on his way. In Cornwall, it will be perceived, he found that all the societies had been severely tried by persecution; the preachers having been torn from them, and committed to prison, for the purpose of being sent into the army or navy. Under these circumstances a new class of labourers had been raised up, in almost every place, bearing the name of exhorters. They did not preach, in the usual sense of that term; but held meetings for

prayer, and addressed the people on the subject of religion, giving them requisite encouragement and admonition, and calling "them that were without" to repentance. In this he saw the hand of God, raising up instruments to carry on his own work; the exhorters being generally men of superior sense, and of unquestionable piety. By the labours of these men the societies were kept together, and in some instances enlarged, when scarcely a preacher was left at liberty in the whole county; being seized by constables, dragged to prison, and committed to the custody of military officers, and captains of men-of-war, for the king's service. Thus the work was carried on, in despite of opposition, till persecutors themselves, if not convinced, saw their efforts to be hopeless, and agreed to "refrain from these men, and let them alone."

On Mr. Charles Wesley's arrival in London, Thomas Williams, the miserable man who, a few months before, had invented the most infamous falsehoods, for the purpose of ruining his character, and that of his brother, waited upon him to solicit pecuniary relief. He stated that the bishop of London had agreed to ordain him as a missionary; and he wanted the means, in the mean while, of paying a visit to his father. "I got Mr. Watkins to assist him," says Charles, "although his promises of repentance had little weight with me." Whether the man now spoke the truth, or not, we have no means of ascertaining. Mr. Charles Wesley relieved him, though he had little confidence in his veracity.

A few days after his return to London, Mr. Charles Wesley paid a visit to the Rev. Vincent Perronet, vicar of Shoreham, in Kent, which led to the formation of an intimate and confidential friendship with that very intelligent, pious, and amiable man. Mr. Perronet was, on his father's side, of Swiss descent, though he was born in London, where his father then lived. His mother was an English lady. He was educated at the University of Oxford; in his younger years was greatly addicted to metaphysical studies; and soon after his settlement at Shoreham wrote in defence of Locke, against Bishops Butler and Browne. Having heard partial and exaggerated accounts of the Wesleys, he entertained an unfavourable opinion concerning them; but his views were greatly changed by a conversation with Mr. Watkins, a member of the Methodist society in London, who was on a visit to the neighbourhood of Shoreham. It is probable that this was the Mr. Watkins who is mentioned in the preceding paragraph, and who was one of the two men that advised Mr. Wesley to engage the Foundery as a place of worship, and supplied him with the necessary funds. In consequence of the information received from Mr. Watkins, Mr. Perronet expressed a wish to be acquainted with Mr. John and Charles

Wesley. John was accordingly introduced to him on the 14th of August, 1744. Under this date he says, "Mr. Piers rode over with me to Shoreham, and introduced me to Mr. Perronet. I hope to have cause of blessing God for ever for the acquaintance begun this day."

From this time Mr. Perronet's religious character was decidedly improved. He entered fully into those views of divine truth which the Wesleys inculcated, and became a spiritual and holy man. Two of his sons were afterward itinerant preachers; he wrote various tracts in defence of the Wesleyan tenets; to him Mr. Wesley's "Plain Account of the People called Methodists" was originally addressed; and to the end of his very protracted life he was the cordial friend, and the wise adviser, of Mr. John and Charles Wesley, under all their public and domestic cares.

Mr. Charles Wesley thus speaks of his first visit to this upright and liberal man:—"Sept. 16th, 1746. I set out in a chaise, with Mr. Edward Perronet, Mr. Watkins, and others, for Shoreham. I preached in our way at Sevenoaks, where we were much threatened, but nothing hurt. At Shoreham Mr. Green read prayers. As soon as I began preaching, the wild beasts began roaring, stamping, blaspheming, ringing the bells, and turning the church into a bear-garden. I spoke on for half an hour, though only the nearest could hear. The rioters followed us to Mr. Perronet's house, raging, threatening, and throwing stones. Charles Perronet hung over me to intercept my blows. They continued their uproar after we were housed. Our sisters from Sevenoaks feared to go home: but our Lord, in some time, scattered the beasts of the people, so that they escaped unhurt."

Edward Perronet, who conducted Mr. Charles Wesley to Shoreham, and Charles, who so generously attempted to shield him from the blows of the rioters, were the sons of the vicar, who afterward became travelling preachers. Mr. Charles Wesley appears to have taken Edward back again with him to London; for a few days after his return, he says in his journal, "I prayed with Edward Perronet, just on the point of receiving faith."

At this period the nation was called to acknowledge the goodness of God in its deliverance from the calamity of civil war. Flushed by their early successes in Scotland, the rebels resolved, if possible, to proceed directly to London, for the purpose of dethroning the king. Having passed through Carlisle, Manchester, and other intermediate places, as far as Derby, they held a council of war, and resolved to return. William Duke of Cumberland pursued them at the head of the king's troops, and at length succeeded in bringing them to a general engagement at Culloden, near Inverness, where they sustained a complete defeat, and the hopes of the Pretender were annihilated. Most

of the rebel chiefs, who had joined him, were either brought to punishment, or fled to France; to which country he himself also made his escape. The battle of Culloden was fought on the 16th of April; and the day of public thanksgiving was October 9th. It was a day of pious and solid joy to all sound-hearted Protestants; and many loyal sermons were preached and published on the occasion. In the expression of gratitude to God, and of unfeigned attachment to the reigning family, the Methodist congregations were behind no class of their fellow-citizens. Mr. John Wesley says, "The day of public thanksgiving for the victory of Culloden was to us a day of solemn joy." Mr. Charles Wesley preached. "The Foundery was filled," says he, "at four in the morning. I spoke from those words, 'How shall I give thee up, Ephraim?' Our hearts were melted by the long-suffering love of God, whose power we felt disposing us to the true thanksgiving. It was a day of solemn rejoicing. O that from this moment all our rebellions against God might cease!"

This was not the only service that Mr. Charles Wesley rendered to the good cause of Protestant loyalty upon this most interesting occasion. He composed seven "hymns for the public thanksgiving-day," and printed them for general circulation, and especially for the use of the Methodist congregations. They are all of a thoroughly Protestant character, are written with singular strength of thought and expression, and must at the time have produced a strong sensation. The writer evidently felt that the nation had passed a momentous crisis; France and Spain having been ready to aid the design of placing the British crown upon the head of a slave of Papal Rome.

On the morning after the day of public thanksgiving Mr. Charles Wesley says, "I set out for Newcastle, with my young companion and friend, Edward Perronet, whose heart the Lord hath given me. His family were kept from us so long, by their mistaken notion, that we were against the Church." Three days after he had commenced this journey he says, "Riding on, I had a narrow escape. A man discharged a gun just over my head, and shot a bird on the opposite hedge, which fell dead at my feet. The shot flew within a few inches of my face. One of our company told us, his father had been killed by such an accident."

Having preached at Quinton, Evesham, Birmingham, and Tipton-green, he came to Penkrige, "at the invitation of a brother." Here he was encouraged by the success of his ministry, and had to encounter that kind of opposition with which he had long been familiar. He says, speaking of "the brother" who accompanied him, "He comforted my heart on the way by informing me, that his father, aged seventy, and a great opposer lately, had come last night to the preaching, and re-

turned to his house justified." He adds, "We were hardly set down when the sons of Belial beset the house, and beat at the door. I ordered it to be set open, and immediately they filled the house. I sat still in the midst of them for half an hour. Edward Perronet I was a little concerned for, lest such rough treatment, at his first setting out, should daunt him; but he abounded in valour, and was for reasoning with the wild beasts before they had spent any of their violence. He got a deal of abuse thereby, and not a little dirt, both which he took very patiently.

"I had no design to preach; but being called upon by so unexpected a congregation, I rose at last, and read the first words I met: 'When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory.' While I reasoned with them of judgment to come, they grew calmer by little and little. I then spake to them one by one, till the Lord had disarmed them all. One who stood out the longest, I held by the hand, and urged with the love of Christ crucified, till, in spite of both his natural and diabolical courage, he trembled like a leaf. I was constrained to break out in earnest prayer for him; and surely the Lord heard and answered. Our leopards were all become lambs; and very kind we were at parting. Near midnight the house was clear and quiet. We gave thanks to the God of our salvation, and slept in peace. I rose, much refreshed, at four, and preached to a house-full of listening souls.

"October 21st. I preached at Dewsbury, where John Nelson had gathered many stray sheep. The minister did not condemn them unheard, but talked with the persons wrought upon, and narrowly examined into the doctrine taught them, and its effect on their lives. When he found that as many as had been affected by the preaching were evidently reformed, and brought to church and sacrament, he testified his approbation of the work, and rejoiced that sinners were converted unto God.

"At Leeds I called a lamb-like multitude to repentance. Many of the society were unable to suppress their concern. Others, who had more power over themselves, were no less deeply affected. Wednesday, Oct. 22d, I preached in a yard at Keighley, on, 'God so loved the world,' &c. Here also is the promise of a plentiful harvest. I went on to Haworth, and called upon Mr. Grimshaw, a faithful minister of Christ, and found him and his wife ill of a fever. She had been a great opposer, but lately convinced. His soul was full of triumphant love. I wished mine in its place. We prayed believingly that the Lord would raise him up again for the service of his church. I read prayers, and expounded Isaiah xxxv. All listened; many wept; some received comfort. I returned, and exhorted the steady society at Keigh-

ley. We lay at a public-house; and I slept in spite of the serenaders, who entertained my fellow-traveller till the morning."

Mr. Grimshaw, with whom Mr. Charles Wesley appears at this time to have commenced a personal acquaintance, was a clergyman of a somewhat extraordinary character. He was born at Brindle, near Preston, in Lancashire, and educated at Oxford for the sacred office, of the nature and responsibilities of which, for some time after he had entered upon it, he had no just conception. In early life he was under the influence of religious impressions; but these had long been obliterated from his mind; and he became a drunkard, a profane swearer, and in every respect an ungodly man. In this state he was appointed to a curacy, and intrusted with the care of souls. For about six years he was a blind leader of the blind; filling up the measure of his own iniquities, and guiding the people in the broad way that leadeth to destruction. By the mercy of God his religious convictions again returned. The fearful amount of guilt which he had contracted pressed heavily upon his conscience, and the evils of his own nature held him in bondage, so that he "could not do the things that he would." Though professedly a teacher of others, he was "ignorant of God's righteousness," and sought in vain to obtain salvation from sin by the works of the law. For fifteen months he groaned under the terrors of an awakened conscience, till at length life became a burden, and he was strongly tempted to put an end to it by his own hand. Under very singular and peculiar circumstances he was led to see that it is not the righteous, but the ungodly, whom the Almighty justifies; and that not by the merit of their own works, but by faith in the sacrifice of Christ. A strong representation being made to his mind of the Lord Jesus dying in his stead, and interceding with God in his behalf, he believed with the heart unto righteousness, and found permanent rest to his soul.

At this time he had no acquaintance with the Methodists; but having been led to entertain the views of divine truth which they held, and to enjoy the salvation of which they also were the happy partakers, he resembled them in the leading features of his character, and adopted such plans of usefulness as they employed under the constraining power of the love of Christ. He travelled through the surrounding country, among a rude, ignorant, and neglected people, calling them to repentance, and everywhere insisting upon the absolute and universal necessity of the new birth. Of the Wesleys and Mr. Whitefield he became a decided friend; and to the end of his life he laboured with most exemplary zeal, and with corresponding success, in turning men to righteousness.

Leaving the west of Yorkshire, Mr. Charles Wesley went directly to Newcastle, where his young friend, Edward Perronet, was seized

with an affliction which for a time created considerable alarm. Under the date of Sunday, October 26th, Mr. Charles Wesley says, "My companion was taken ill of a fever. We prayed for him in strong faith, nothing doubting. Monday and Tuesday he grew worse. On Wednesday the small-pox appeared; a favourable sort; yet on Thursday evening we were much alarmed by the great pain and danger he was in. We had recourse to our never-failing remedy, and received a most remarkable, immediate answer to our prayer. The great means of his recovery was the prayer of faith.

"Oct. 31st. I rode to Wickham, where the curate sent his love to me; with a message that he was glad of my coming, and obliged to me for endeavouring to do good among his people; for none wanted it more; and he heartily wished me success in the name of the Lord. He came with another clergyman, and stayed both during preaching and society meeting. It was the exemplary behaviour of our society, with the deaths of two or three, which convinced the ministers that this new sect, everywhere spoken against, is no other than the sect of the Nazarenes, or real Christians.

"Nov. 2d. I preached in the street, close to the Popish chapel, from Isaiah i, 9, 'Except the Lord of hosts had left us a very small remnant, we should have been as Sodom, and like unto Gomorrah.' I put them in mind of their late consternation and deliverance, in answer to the mourning, praying few. God gave weight to my words, which therefore sunk into their hearts. Many in the place, I am persuaded, will thank him with their lives, and not be terrified when the scourge returns.

"Nov. 3d. Prayer has been made to God without ceasing for my young man, and God hath showed he heard. To-day the small-pox turned, and he is better than we could hope in so short a time. It is the Lord's doing, who has given him to his church. Whether he has not also received the sense of his pardon in his sickness, let his life, rather than my words, witness.

"Nov. 4th. I preached at Biddick, on, 'How shall I give thee up, Ephraim?' and the numerous congregation were dissolved in tears. At one I spoke from those words, 'Lord, when thy hand is lifted up, they will not see; but they shall see,' &c. Again my voice was drowned in the general sorrow. We poured out a prayer while his chastening was upon us, and all lay at his feet weeping. At night many followed the example of the importunate widow.

"Nov. 9th. I was very sensible of the hard frost in riding to Burnupfield; but did not feel it while calling a crowd of sinners to repentance. At my return I found Edward Perronet rejoicing in the love of God.

* Nov. 23d. At night I could not preach through the usual uproar, but only exhort the society, to which I admitted the backsliders.

“Nov. 24th. They were greatly moved under the morning word. We observed the day as a day of humiliation. We had a solemn hour of prayer with the mourners. God did not manifest himself so much in joy and comfort, as in power and firmness, which he put into our hearts against sin.

“Nov. 27th. I rode to Hexham, at the pressing instance of Mr. Wardrobe, a Dissenting minister, and others. I walked straight to the market-place, and began calling sinners to repentance. A multitude of them stood staring at me, but all quiet. The Lord opened my mouth, and they drew nearer and nearer, stole off their hats, and listened. None offered to interrupt, but one unfortunate 'squire, who could get none to second him. His servants and the constables hid themselves. One he did find, and bade him go take me down. The poor constable simply answered, ‘Sir, I cannot have the face to do it; for what harm does he do?’ Several Papists attended, and the Church minister, who had refused me his pulpit with indignation. However, he came to hear with his own ears; and I wish all who hang us first would, like him, try us afterward.

“I walked back to Mr. Ord's through the people, who acknowledged, ‘It was the truth; and none can speak against it.’ A constable followed, and told me, ‘Sir Edward Blacket orders you to *disperse* the town,’ (*depart* I suppose he meant,) ‘and not raise a disturbance there.’ I sent my respects to Sir Edward, and said, if he would give me leave, I would wait upon him, and satisfy him. He soon returned with an answer, that Sir Edward would have nothing to say to me; but if I preached again, and raised a disturbance, he would put the law in execution against me. I replied, I was not conscious of breaking any law of God or man; but if I did, I was ready to suffer the penalty; that, as I had not given notice of preaching again at the Cross, I should not preach again *at that place*, or cause disturbance anywhere. I charged the constable, a trembling, submissive soul, to assure his worship, I revered him for his office' sake.

“The only place I could get to preach in was a cockpit; and I expected Satan would come, and fight me on his own ground. 'Squire Roberts, the justice's son, laboured hard to raise a mob; (for whose riot I was to answer;) but with a strong hand did our Lord hold down him that is in the world. The very boys ran away from him, when the poor 'squire persuaded them to go down to the cockpit, and cry ‘Fire.’ I called, in words then first heard in that place, ‘Repent, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out.’ God struck the hard rock, and the waters gushed out. Never have I seen a people more

desirous at the first hearing. I passed the evening in conference with Mr. Wardrobe. O that all our Dissenting brethren were like-minded? then would all dissensions cease for ever.

“Nov. 28th. At six we assembled again in our chapel, the cockpit. I imagined myself in the Pantheon, or some heathen temple, and almost scrupled preaching there at first; but we found, ‘the earth is the Lord’s and the fulness thereof.’ His presence consecrated the place. Never have I seen a greater awe, or sense of God, than while we were repeating his own prayer. I set before their eyes Christ crucified, and crying from the cross, ‘Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?’ The rocks were melted into gracious tears. We knew not how to part. I distributed some books among them, which they received with the utmost eagerness, begged me to come again, and to send our preachers to them.

“Nov. 30th. I went into the streets of Newcastle, and called the poor, the lame, the halt, the blind, with that precious promise, ‘Him that cometh unto me, I will in nowise cast out.’ They had no feeling of the sharp frost, while the love of Christ warmed their hearts. I took my leave of the weeping flock at Burnup in that of Jude, ‘Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling,’ &c. Nothing can be more comfortable than our parting, except our last meeting to part no more. I preached before the usual time at Newcastle: yet the mob paid their usual attendance; our Lord still permitting them to try us.

“Dec. 10th. I waked between three and four in a temper I have rarely felt on my birth-day. My joy and thankfulness continued the whole day, to my astonishment. I rode to Hexham, and preached, at the Cross, repentance toward God, and faith in Jesus Christ. All opposition was kept down, and the Lord was with us of a truth. At four I attempted to preach at the cockpit. Satan resented it, and sent, as his champions to maintain his cause, the two butlers of the two justices. They brought their cocks, and set them fighting. I gave them the ground, and walked straight to the Cross, where we had four times as many as the other place could hold. Our enemies followed, and strove all the ways permitted them to annoy us. Neither their fire-works, nor their water-works, could stop the course of the gospel. I lifted up my voice like a trumpet, and many had ears to hear.

“Dec. 19th. I took my leave of the dear people at the cockpit. I called upon Mr. —, at Wickham, whose countenance was changed. He had been with the bishop, who forbade his conversing with me. I marvel the prohibition did not come sooner.”

That very spirited hymn beginning,

Ye neighbours, and friends of Jesus, draw near;

was written by Mr. Charles Wesley “after preaching to the Newcas-

the colliers;" and most probably during his present visit to that town. Under the date of Sunday, Nov. 30th, it will be observed, he uses in his journal the phraseology upon which the hymn is founded. On that day he preached in one of the streets of Newcastle to listening crowds, who forgot the sharpness of the frost while engaged in the worship of God, and hearing the word of life and mercy.

The very animated and emphatic hymn beginning,—

"See how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace,"

was also written by Mr. Charles Wesley, on the joyful occasion of his ministerial success, and that of his fellow-labourers, in Newcastle and its vicinity. Perhaps the imagery was suggested by the large fires connected with the collieries, which illuminate the whole of that part of the country in the darkest nights.

CHAPTER XIV.

MR. CHARLES WESLEY entered upon the year 1747, with a zeal which shunned no labour, feared no reproach, and met every form of opposition with meekness and unswerving fidelity. Much persecution he had already endured, in various parts of the kingdom, especially from misguided mobs, sometimes urged to deeds of violence by clergymen, and even by magistrates, as well as by their own misconception and hatred of the truth. Perils equally formidable still awaited him in various directions; yet he cheerfully went, in the name of his great Master, wherever the wants of the people required his aid, and the providence of God pointed out his way. From Newcastle he travelled to Lincolnshire, and was rudely treated at Grimsby, where he forced unwelcome truth upon the attention of many who were in love with error and sin.

"Jan. 6th, 1747. We got to Grimsby," says he, "by three, saluted by the shouting mob. At six I began speaking at the room; and the floods lifted up their voice. Several poor wild creatures, almost naked, ran about the room, striking down all they met. I gave myself to prayer, believing God knew how to deliver us. The uproar lasted near an hour, when I told the poor wretches that I shook off the dust of my feet against them. Several of them caught at me, to drag me down. Others interposed, and kept their companions off. I laid my hand on their captain; and he sat down like a lamb at my feet the whole time. One struck at me, and J. Crawford received my blow, which left on his

face the mark of the Lord Jesus. Another of the rebels cried out, 'What, you dog, do you strike a clergyman?' and fell upon his comrade. Immediately every man's hand was against his fellow. They fell to fighting and beating one another, till, in a few minutes, they had all driven one another out of the room. I then preached without molestation for half an hour, and walked into the next room. I stayed reading the Scripture, while the rioters at the door cried they would come in, and take their leave of me. I ordered them to be admitted; and the poor drunken beasts were very civil, and very loving. One of the ringleaders, with a great club, swore he would conduct me 'to my lodgings. I followed him, and he led me through his fellows, to our brother Blow's. They threw but one stone afterward, which broke the windows, and departed.

"Jan. 7th. All was quiet at five. I met the society, and expelled two disorderly walkers, by reason of whom the truth had been evil spoken of. Immediately the Lord returned to his people, and began reviving his work, which had been stopped among them some time. At eight I preached again, no man opposing. I heard an excellent sermon at church, it being the national fast-day. I preached repentance the third time at the room, where many of the rioters stood bound by the restraining hand of God. God never lets Satan shut the door in one place, but that it may be opened in another. The violence of our enemies at night drove us to preach in the neighbouring towns, where the seed fell into good ground.

"Jan. 8th. I preached at Grimsby in the morning, and strongly exhorted our society to adorn the gospel of Christ in all things. At parting, our friend the rabble saluted us with a few eggs and curses only. At Hainton I set forth Jesus Christ before their eyes, as crucified. My congregation was mostly Papists; but they all wept at hearing how Jesus loved them.

"Jan. 9th. I talked severally with the little society, who are as sheep encompassed with wolves. Their minister has repelled them from the sacrament, and laboured to stir up all the town against them. And they would have worried them to death, had not the great man of the place, a professed Papist, hindered these good Protestants from destroying their innocent brethren. By three I came safe to Epworth, and was received by Edward Perronet and the brethren as one alive from the dead."

From Epworth Mr. Charles Wesley went to Sikehouse, Leeds, Birstal, and Haworth. At the last of these places he preached in a large house, which was not sufficient to contain the people who came to hear; Mr. Grimshaw being afraid to allow him the use of his church. He lodged, however, at the house of his "dear brother Grimshaw;"

and the next morning he says, "I told my host at parting, that he had feared where no fear was; there being no law, either of God or man, against his lending me his pulpit. He was much ashamed at having given place to his threatening enemies. I set out to preach in what were called William Darney's societies; and preached at different places, morning, noon, and night, with much freedom."

Mr. Charles Wesley next proceeded to Manchester, and thence to various places in Derbyshire, to Sheffield, Rotherham, Penkridge, Darlaston, Wednesbury, and London. At Sheffield, he says, "The rioters threatened much, but did nothing. Concerning some other places, he makes the following observations:—

"Feb. 1st. I rode to Rotherham, where I had been stoned through the town, the first time of my passing it. I heard a curious sermon, of which I was the unworthy subject. The accuser of the brethren was very fierce indeed. I sat quite composed till he had concluded; then walked up to the table, expecting to be repelled, as he had threatened. I prayed the Lord to turn his heart; and he was not suffered to pass me by. From church I went to our brother Green's, and preached repentance, and faith in Jesus Christ. Many of the principal people of the town were in a private room. The convincing Spirit went forth, and restrained the madness of the people. I departed in peace.

"I warned the hardened sinners at Sheffield, from those awful words, 'Except the Lord of hosts had left us a very small remnant, we should have been as Sodom, and like unto Gomorrah.' He filled my mouth with judgments against the people, except they repent, which I trembled to utter. So did most who heard, particularly some of our fiercest persecutors. I found relief and satisfaction in having delivered my own soul, whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear. I repeated my warning to the society; and believe they will escape into the ark before the flood comes.

"Feb. 2d. I never met with worse way and weather, than in riding to Penkridge. About eight at night I was taken down from my horse, and found the congregation just going. The Lord gave me strength from above, though I could neither stand nor go, and held me up to call lost sinners to him. I rode the next day to Wednesbury.

"Feb. 5th. I baptized the child of a Dissenter, which their minister refused to do, because the parents heard us. I preached at Darlaston, at the door of our brother Jones's house, which had been pulled down in the former riot. The persecutors in this place were some of the fiercest in Staffordshire. I saw the marks of their violence, and thereby knew our people's houses, as I rode through the town. Their windows were all stopped up, &c. The word was a two-edged sword. The ringleader of the mob was struck down, and convinced of his lost

estate. I preached again with double power. The minister's wife I had some talk with afterward. Her husband has been, in the hand of God, an instrument of quelling the mob. They have been all quiet since their captain drowned himself.

"Feb. 8th. At Wednesbury I expounded Acts ii, 42. The word was sent home to many hearts. Feb. 10th, God brought me safe to London.

"Feb. 17th. I heard of our second house being pulled down at Sheffield, and sympathized with the sufferers. Every day this week our Lord has given testimony to the word of his grace.

"Feb. 23d. I set out with Mr. Meriton for Bristol. Feb. 24th, between three and four in the afternoon we came to Mr. Clarke's at the Devizes. I found his daughter there, our sister Taylor, (who has won him to Christ without the word,) and a sister from Bath. We soon perceived that our enemies had taken the alarm, and were mustering their forces for the battle. They began with ringing the bells backward, and running to and fro in the streets, as lions roaring for their prey. From the time my brother told me in London, 'There was no such thing as raising a mob at the Devizes,' I had a full expectation of what would follow; but saw my call, and walked with my brother Meriton and M. Naylor to a house where the society used to meet.

"The curate's mob had been in quest of me at several places, particularly Mrs. Phillips's, where I was expected to preach. They broke open and ransacked her house, but not finding me, marched away to our brother Rogers's, where we were praying, and exhorting one another to continue in the faith, and through much tribulation enter the kingdom. The chief gentleman of the town headed the mob; and the zealous curate, Mr. Innys, stood with them in the street the whole time, dancing for joy. This is he who declared in the pulpit, as well as from house to house, that he himself heard me preach blasphemy before the university, and tell them, 'If you do not receive the Holy Ghost while I breathe upon you, ye are all damned.' He had gone about several days, stirring up the people, and canvassing the gentry for their vote and interest; but could not raise a mob while my brother was here. The hour of darkness was not then fully come.

"While his friends were assaulting us, I thought of their ancient brethren, whom we read of Gen. xix, 4: 'Before they lay down, the men of the city, even the men of Sodom, compassed the house about, both young and old, all the people from every quarter. And they called upon Lot, and said unto him, 'Where are the men that came unto thee this night? Bring them out unto us.' My own name I heard frequently repeated, with, 'Bring him out! Bring him out!' Their design was first to throw me into the horse-pond. They continued raging and

threatening the first hour, and pressed hard upon us to break the door. The windows they did break to pieces, and tore down the shutters of the shop. The little flock were less afraid than I expected. Only one of our sisters fainted away; but beneath were the everlasting arms. Our besiegers had now blocked up the door with a wagon, and set up lights, lest I should escape. Yet a brother got out unobserved, and with much entreaty prevailed upon the mayor to come down. He came, with two constables, one a faithful brother, the other a persecutor, and threatened the rioters; but so softly, that none regarded him. It was the Lord who for the present rebuked the madness of the people. They hurried away from us to the inn, where our horses were; broke open the stable-door, and turned out the beasts, which were found some hours after in a pond, up to their chin in water. We were at a loss, meantime, what to do, when God put it into the heart of our next-door neighbour, a Baptist, to take us through a passage into his own house, offer us his bed, and engage for our security. We accepted his kindness, and slept in peace.

“Feb. 25th. A day never to be forgotten! At seven I walked quietly to Mrs. Philips’s; began preaching a little before the time appointed; and for three quarters of an hour invited a few listening sinners to Christ. Then the boys, with their bells, like the devil’s infantry, began; and soon after his whole army assaulted the house, to bring us forth. We sat in a little ground-room, and ordered all the doors to be thrown open. They brought a hand-engine, and began to play into the house. We kept our seats, and they rushed into the passage. Just then Mr. Borough, the constable, came, seized upon the spout of the engine, and carried it off in spite of them all. They swore if he did not deliver it, they would pull down the house. At that time they might have taken us prisoners; for we were in their sight, close to them, and none to interpose; but they hurried out to fetch the larger engine.

“Meantime we were advised to send to Mr. Mayor; but Mr. Mayor was gone out of town in the sight of the people. This was great encouragement to those who were already wrought up to a proper pitch by the pains-taking curate and gentlemen of the town, particularly Mr. Sutton, and Mr. Willey, the two leading men, Dissenters. Mr. Sutton lived next door, and frequently came out to the mob, to keep up their spirits. Mr. Innys was there too, and quite happy on the occasion. Mr. Sutton sent word to Mrs. Phillips, that if she did not turn that fellow out to the mob, he would send them to drag him out. Mr. Willey passed by again and again, assuring the rioters, he would stand by them, and secure them from the law, do what they would.

“They now began playing the larger engine, which broke the win-

dows, flooded the rooms, and spoiled the goods. We were withdrawn to a small upper room, in the back part of the house, *seeing* no way to escape their violence. They seemed under the full power of the old murderer. Our brother who keeps the society they laid hold on first; dragged him away, and threw him into the horse-pond; and broke his back, as was reported. But another of the society ran in resolutely among them, and rescued him out of their hands, by little less than a miracle. His wife fell into fits again.

“We gave ourselves unto prayer, believing the Lord would deliver us; how or when we saw not, nor any possible way of escaping. Therefore we stood still, to see the salvation of God. As soon as the mob had emptied the engine, they ran to fill it again, keeping strict watch on all sides lest we should escape. One advised to attempt it through the garden of a persecutor; and I put on my coat on purpose; but could not think it the Lord’s way of bringing us forth. I laid aside the design, and saw a troop of our enemies coming up the very way we should have gone.

“Every now and then some or other of our friends would venture to us, but rather weakened our hands, so that we were forced to stop our ears, and look up. Among the rest, the mayor’s maid came, and told us her mistress was in tears about me, and begged me to disguise myself in women’s clothes, and try to make my escape. Her heart had been turned toward us by the conversion of her son. Just on the brink of ruin, God laid his hand upon the poor prodigal; and, instead of running away to sea, he entered into the society, to the great joy and surprise of his parents.

“The rioters without continued playing their engine, which diverted them for some time; but their number and fierceness still increased; and the gentlemen plied them with pitchers of ale, as much as they would drink. Mr. Meriton hid his money and watch, that they might do good to somebody, he said; for, as to the mob, they should have nothing of him, but his carcass. They were now on the point of breaking in, when Mr. Borough thought of reading the proclamation. He did so at the hazard of his life. In less than the hour, of above one thousand wild beasts, none were left but the guard. They retreated, as we suppose, by the advice of the old serpent, who sat observing us at an opposite house, in the shape of a lawyer. We had now stood siege for about three hours; and none but the Invisible Hand could have kept them one moment from tearing us in pieces. Our constable had applied to Mr. Street, the only justice in town, who would not act. We found there was no help in man, which drove us closer to the Lord; and we prayed by his Spirit, with little intermission, the whole day.

“Our enemies, at their return, made their main assault at the back-door, swearing horribly they would have me, if it cost them their lives. Many seeming accidents concurred to delay their breaking in. The man of the house came home, and, instead of turning me out, as they expected, took part with us, and stemmed the tide for some time. Then they got a notion that I had made my escape, and ran down to the inn, and played their engine there. They forced the innkeeper to turn out our horses, which he immediately sent to Mr. Clarke’s. This drew the rabble and their engine thither; but the resolute old man charged and presented his gun till they retreated.

“Upon their revisiting us, Mr. Meriton was for surrendering ourselves before the night came on, which, he said, would make them more audacious; and that there might be witness of whatever they did by daylight. But I persuaded him to wait till the Lord should point out the way. Now we stood in jeopardy every moment. Such threatenings, curses, and blasphemies I had never heard. They seemed kept out by a constant miracle. I remembered the Roman senate sitting in the forum when the Gauls broke in upon them; but thought there was a fitter posture for Christians, and told our companions, they should take us off our knees.

“We were kept from all hurry and discomposure of spirit by a divine power resting upon us. We prayed and conversed as freely as if we had been in the midst of our brethren; and had great confidence that the Lord would either deliver us from the danger, or in it. One of my companions, M. N., cried out, ‘It must be so. God will deliver us. If God is true, we are safe.’ I told my friend Meriton, *Et hæc olim meminisse juvabit*; [And these things it will hereafter delight thee to have remembered;] that our most distant friends were praying for us; and our deliverance would soon occasion many thanksgivings unto God. In the height of the storm, when we were just falling into the hands of the drunken, enraged multitude, he was so little disturbed, that he fell fast asleep. They were now close to us, on every side, and over our heads, untiling the roof. I was diverted by a little girl, who called to me through the door, ‘Mr. Wesley! Mr. Wesley! creep under the bed! They will kill you. They are pulling down the house.’ Our sister Taylor’s faith was just failing, when a ruffian cried out, ‘Here they are, behind the curtain!’ At this time we fully expected their appearance, and retired to the furthest corner of the room; and I said, ‘This is the crisis!’ In that moment Jesus rebuked the winds and seas, and there was a great calm. We heard not a breath without, and wondered what was come to them. The silence lasted for three quarters of an hour before any one came near us; and we continued in mutual exhortation and prayer, looking for deliverance. If ever we

felt faith, it was now. Our souls hung upon that arm which divided the sea. I often told my companions, 'Now God is at work for us. He is contriving our escape. He can turn these leopards into lambs; can command the heathen to bring his children on their shoulders; and make our fiercest enemies the instruments of our deliverance.'

"In about an hour after the last general assault, the answer of faith came, and God made bare his arm. Soon after three Mr. Clarke knocked at the door, and brought with him the persecuting constable. He said, 'Sir, if you will promise never to preach here again, the gentlemen and I will engage to bring you safe out of town.' My answer was, 'I shall promise no such thing.' 'But will you not tell me, you have no intention of returning hither?' 'Not till you are better disposed to receive me; for, in obedience to my Master, if you persecute me in one city, I will flee to another. But, setting aside my office, I will not give up my birthright, as an Englishman, of visiting what part I please of his majesty's dominions.' 'Sir, we expect no such promise, that you will never come here again: only tell me that it is not your present intention; that I may tell the gentlemen, who will then secure your quiet departure.' I answered, 'I cannot come now, because I must return to London a week hence; but OBSERVE, I make no promise of not preaching here when the door is opened; and don't you say that I do.'

"He went away with this answer, and we betook ourselves again to prayer and thanksgiving. We perceived it was the Lord's doing; and it was marvellous in our eyes. Our adversaries' hearts were turned. Even Mr. Sutton and Willey laboured to take off the mob, and quench the fire themselves had kindled. Whether pity for us, or fear for themselves, wrought strongest, God knoweth. Probably the latter; for the mob were wrought up to such a pitch of fury, that their masters dreaded the consequence, and therefore went about appeasing the multitude, and charging them not to touch us in our departure. I knew full well, it was not in their power to lay the devil they had raised; and none but the Almighty could engage for our security. We had hoped to make our escape in the dead of the night, if the house was not pulled down first; and had therefore sent our horses toward Seen, intending to walk after them; but now we sent for them back, and recovered them before they were got out of the town.

"While the constable was gathering his *posse*, we got our things from Mr. Clarke's, and prepared to go forth. The whole multitude were without, expecting us. Now our constable's heart began to fail, and he told us, he much doubted if the mob *could* be restrained; for that thirty or more of the most desperate were gone down the street, and waited at the end of the town for our passing. He should there-

fore advise us to hide ourselves in some other house, and get off by night. Mr. Meriton's counsel was, to escape by the back-door, while the mob were waiting for us at the fore-door. I asked counsel of the Lord, and met with that word, 'Jesus said unto her, Said I not unto thee, If thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?' After reading this I went forth as easy as Luther to the council.

"We were saluted with a general shout. The man whom Mrs. Naylor had hired to ride before her was, as we now perceived, one of the rioters. This hopeful guide was to conduct us out of the reach of his fellows. Mr. Meriton and I took horse in the face of our enemies, who began clamouring against us, and I answering them, when the constable begged me to forbear. The gentlemen were dispersed among the mob, to bridle them. We rode a slow pace up the street, the whole multitude pouring along on both sides, and attending us with loud acclamations. Such fierceness and diabolical malice I have not seen in human faces. They ran up to our horses, as if they would swallow us; but did not know which was Wesley. We felt great peace, and acquiescence in the honour done us, while the whole town were spectators of our march.

"After riding two or three hundred yards, I looked back, and saw Mr. Meriton on the ground, in the midst of the mob, and two bull-dogs upon him. One was first let loose, which leaped at his horse's nose; but the horse with his foot beat him down. The other fastened on his nose, and hung there, till Mr. Meriton, with the butt-end of his whip, felled him to the ground. Then the first dog, recovering, flew at the horse's breast, and fastened there. The beast reared up, and Mr. Meriton slid gently off. The dog kept his hold till the flesh tore off. Then some men took off the dogs; others cried, 'Let them alone.' But neither beast nor man had any further commission to hurt. I stopped the horse, and delivered him to my friend. He remounted, with great composure, and we rode on leisurely, as before, till out of sight.

"Then we mended our pace, and in an hour came to Seen, having rode three miles about; and by seven, to Wrexall. The news of our danger was got thither before us; but we brought the welcome tidings of our own deliverance. Now we saw the hand of Providence in suffering them to turn out our horses; that is, to send them to us against we wanted them. Again, how plainly were we overruled to send our horses down the town, which blinded the rioters without our designing it, and drew off their engines and them, leaving us a free passage at the other end of the town! We joined in hearty praises to our Deliverer, singing the hymn beginning,—

"Worship, and thanks, and blessing."

Mr. Charles Wesley was not at all disheartened by the violence of mobs, either at Devizes, or in any other place; and the deliverances which were vouchsafed to him, and which in some instances were all but miraculous, served greatly to strengthen his confidence, and urge him forward in his career of duty. Having, with his friend Mr. Meriton, escaped from the hands of these "wicked and unreasonable men," he went to Bath, Bristol, and Kingswood. In riding to the last of these places he says, "Satan had another thrust at me. We were singing the Thanksgiving for our deliverance when the coach overturned. All six were hurt, but none dangerously. The voice of joy and thanksgiving was heard among our beloved colliers, both in the word and sacrament."

From the beginning of March, to the latter end of August, Mr. Charles Wesley was employed alternately in London and Bristol, with their respective neighbourhoods. He preached frequently to large congregations in Moorfields; great power continued to attend his word; and many were turned from the love and practice of sin to their compassionate and almighty Saviour. In the month of May Charles Perronet accompanied him to Bristol; and soon after his arrival there, he was seized with the small-pox, as his brother Edward had been at Newcastle. For some time he was in great danger; but prayer was made for him without ceasing, and he was spared for future usefulness to the church and the world. Speaking of him, Mr. Charles Wesley says, "May 12th, I gave the sacrament to my patient, who grows worse and worse. May 19th, expecting the turn of the distemper, I sat up with Charles. The Lord is pleased to try our faith and patience yet further. May 22d, at our watch-night I asked in faith that the Lord would give his beloved sleep; and he heard and answered the prayer immediately. Our Perronet was then in the utmost danger, through the second fever; and delirious for want of rest; ready to enter his rest eternal. But the Lord rebuked the fever, and he fell asleep, and waked late the next morning, as one raised from the dead." The pious youth, thus raised up from the bed of sickness, became a useful preacher, and one of the holiest men of the age.

In September this year Mr. Charles Wesley entered into a new field of evangelical labour, and one which greatly needed such an energetic and enlightened ministry as that which he had long exercised. Ireland was then eminently a land of Popery, ignorance, and crime. Hearing that a Methodist society had been formed in Dublin, Mr. John Wesley crossed the Irish Channel, and spent a few weeks in that city, preaching twice a day, regulating and strengthening the society, assisted by John Trembath, one of the lay-preachers, then an upright and devoted man. Mr. Wesley returned to England in the month of September;

and it was arranged that his brother should forthwith proceed to Dublin, to assist in carrying on the work.

On his way to Ireland Charles passed through Wales, where he was introduced to the family of his friend Mr. Gwynne, of Garth, with whom he remained some days, preaching in the vicinity. Of this kind and pious family, into which he afterward married, he says, "My soul seemed pleased to take acquaintance with them."

He landed in Dublin on the 8th of September, and remained in Ireland till near the end of March following. During this period he visited some of the most neglected districts of the country, preaching in every place with uncommon power, and encountering a violence of opposition which seemed to surpass all that he had previously witnessed. This was an important period to Ireland, where a nominal Protestantism, slumbering under the protection of the civil power, and strong only in legislative enactments, exerted little influence upon the common people, who were left an easy prey to "the man of sin, the son of perdition." Had it not been for the living spirit which was infused into Irish Protestantism by the Wesleys and their fellow-labourers, there is little reason to believe that even the forms of the system would at this day have existed in the country. Light then began to shine upon the popular mind; and agencies were called into operation, before which Popery must ultimately expire. The struggle may be sharp, and long-continued; but Popery cannot permanently stand against the truth of God, when it is faithfully and perseveringly applied by men of prayer, and faith, and love.

The following extracts from Mr. Charles Wesley's journal will show the nature of the war which he successfully carried on in opposition to this system of idolatry, ungodliness, and spiritual tyranny. A hundred such preachers in Ireland would, by God's blessing, speedily turn the nation upside down. He applied all his energies, not to controvert opinions, and establish mere articles of faith, but to convince the people that they were sinners, under the wrath and curse of God; and then bring them to Christ, believing in him "with the heart unto righteousness." The best antidote to Popery, beyond all comparison, is the evangelical doctrine of free and present justification by faith in the blood of atonement. The happy believer, the pardon of whose sins is attested to his conscience by the Spirit of adoption, laughs at the pretended sacrifice of the mass, the assumed power of priestly absolution, and the unreal fires of purgatory. They have no foundation in the Scriptures of truth; and they are utterly useless to him who, being justified by faith, has peace with God, and can rejoice in the unclouded hope of eternal life. In this manner has many an Irish Papist been rescued at once from the dominion of error and of sin.

On his arrival in Dublin Mr. Charles Wesley says, "Here the first news we heard was, that the little flock stands fast in the storm of persecution, which arose as soon as my brother left them. The Popish mob has broken open their room, and destroyed all before them. Some of them are sent to Newgate; others, bailed. What will be the event, we cannot tell, till we see whether the grand jury will find the bill.

"Sept. 9th. I walked at five in the evening to the shattered room in Marlborough-street, where a few people were met, who did not fear what men or devils could do unto them. God has called me to suffer affliction with his people. The Popish mob, encouraged and assisted by the Protestant, are so insolent and outrageous, that whatever street we pass through, it is up in arms. The mayor would assist us, but cannot. The grand jury have had the plainest evidence of the riot laid before them; that a mixed rabble of Papists and Protestants broke open our room, and four locks, and a warehouse, stealing or destroying the goods to a considerable value; beat and wounded several with clubs, &c.; tore away the pulpit, benches, window-cases, &c.; and burned them openly before the gate, swearing they would murder us all: yet it is much doubted whether the grand jury will find the bill! But doth not the Most High regard? I began my ministry with, 'Comfort ye, comfort ye my people,' &c. None made disturbance till I had ended. Then the rabble attended us with the usual compliments to our lodgings.

"I met the society; and the Lord knit our hearts together in love stronger than death. We both wept and rejoiced for the consolation. God hath sent me, I trust, to confirm their souls, and keep them together in the present distress.

"Sept. 11th. I met the society at one for the first time, and spent an hour in intercession for our nation and Church. We shall hear of these prayers again, another day, even the day of the great slaughter, when the towers fall. I preached morning and evening this and the following day, no man forbidding me, though every one reviled us both coming and going.

"Sept. 13th. In the strength of the Lord I went forth to Oxmantown-green. I stood under the wall of the barracks, and preached Christ crucified. They all, both Protestants and Papists, gave diligent heed, as to words whereby they may be saved. I received the sacrament at St. Patrick's, and from evening service returned to the Green. Thousands were now assembled to hear the word, and many to hinder them. Our dying Lord applied his own words, 'Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?' In vain did the poor blind Papists rage, and shout, and cast stones. None were suffered to hurt me, or any of the hearers. The mob waited for me on a bridge. We tried in vain to get a coach,

and were therefore forced, when it was dark, to walk home another way, without calling upon our Catholic friends.

“Sept. 15th. Wo is me now, for my soul is wearied because of the murderers which the city is full of! The Ormond mob, and Liberty mob, seldom part till one or more are killed. A poor constable was the last whom they beat, and dragged about, till they had killed him, and then hung him up in triumph. None was called in question for it; but the earth covered his blood. Last week a woman was beaten to death by the rabble; but that was all fair; for she was caught picking a pocket: so there is an end of her. No wonder if in such a place there should be no justice for Christians. A poor weakly man, of Mr. Cennick's society, was so abused by his neighbour, who knocked him down, and stamped upon his stomach, that he died soon after. The murderer was indeed brought to trial, but acquitted, as usual.

“I preached in the evening without interruption; the mob being awed for the present, while our bill is depending. The utmost application has been made by them to the jury, and none at all by us. We leave the matter to God. If man does us justice, it is more than we expect.

“Sept. 17th. I got a particular account of the late riot. On Sunday, August 30th, a mob of Papists and Protestants assaulted the house, when the society was met after evening service. They met them, going out, with sticks and stones, knocked down several, both men and women, and beat them in a barbarous manner. Some escaped the back way. Others retreated to the house, and shut the door. The mob broke it open, and another inward door, tore down the desk and forms, carried two large counters, chairs, and part of the wainscot, into the street, and openly burned all, but what they stole. There was a warehouse over the preaching-room, which they broke open, and ransacked. Above one hundred pounds' worth of goods they seized as lawful prize, and committed the rest to the flames.

“They have often threatened our lives. Mr. Patterson they knocked down, and cut in several places while on the ground; then threw him into a cellar, and cast stones on him. Mrs. Young and many others they treated in the same manner. Half-hour past nine the mayor came with his guard, and saw with his own eyes the havoc the mob had made. He readily granted warrants to apprehend them. Some of the poorest Papists mostly were sent to Newgate; but the better sort made a mock of his authority, and walked about the town from alehouse to alehouse, with the constables, whom by drink and money they had secured of their party.

“Our hour of intercession was a solemn season, most present receiving a manifestation of the Spirit, even the Spirit of contrition and prayer. I dined at Mr. Powell's, the printer, who informed us that the

jury have thrown out the bill. It was no surprise to me. My soul was filled with comfort, and confidence that the Lord would now take the matter into his own hands.

“Sept. 19th. After commending our cause to God, I walked to the Green. I believed the Lord would make bare his arm in our defence. I called in his name, ‘Come unto me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden; and I will give you rest.’ His power was upon the hearers, keeping down all opposition. I spoke with great freedom to the poor Papists, urging them to repentance, and the love of Christ, from the authority of their own Kempis, and their own liturgy. None lifted up his voice, or hand. All listened with strange attention. Many were in tears. I advised them to go to their respective places of worship. They expressed general satisfaction, especially the Papists. This also hath God wrought. Returning, we were insulted by a gathering mob, when a Baptist came by, and desired us to take shelter in his house. We stayed and breakfasted; and left him quite happy in having protected us from the violence of the people.

“The holyday folk were at the Green before me; it being the scene of all manner of diversions on Sunday afternoon. I lifted up my voice, and cried, ‘Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!’ A great multitude of serious hearers encompassed me, while those who had not ears to hear withdrew on every side to the opposite hill, sat down in rows on the grass, and there remained the whole time. I never saw the hand of God more visible.

“Sept. 21st. I began examining the classes, and met several who received forgiveness under the word last week. But, justified or unjustified, all are in earnest, and seem made without fear. I have not seen such soldiers before; so young, and yet so valiant.

“Sept. 23d. I heard that on Sunday last, after I was gone, the Popish mob fell upon the women, but were beaten off by the soldiers. They threaten to come with all their forces next Sunday. Going to the room, the mob insulted us, and forced us to take refuge at Mr. Aggitt’s. He was scandalized at such treatment of a minister of the established Church, and very sure a Popish priest so used would be succoured by the magistrate. I believe so too. Error of every kind may meet with favour; but the world never did, nor ever will, tolerate real Christianity. In our return the people gaped upon us with their mouths like ramping and roaring lions. What restrains them from tearing us to pieces? They want neither will nor power. The jury have taken off the reins from the many-headed beast; and our Protestant brethren have sold us into their hands; who think they would do God service, and merit heaven, by killing us.

“Sept. 25th. I passed the evening very agreeably at a Baptist’s: a

woman of sense and piety, and a great admirer of my father's 'Life of Christ.'

"Sept. 27th. Never have I seen a quieter congregation at the Foundery than we had at the Green, both morning and afternoon. Many of the soldiers were within hearing, though behind the doors and walls, for fear of their officers. The Papists stood like lambs. I quoted Kempis, which makes some of them confident I am a good Catholic.

"Sept. 28th. Our landlady yesterday nailed up our preaching-room; but we had it open for the word this morning. We are now come to close quarters with the enemy, who threatens hard to drive us out of his kingdom. I had an hour's conference with two serious Quakers, who hold the Head with us, and build on the one foundation.

"Sept. 29th. My subject in the evening was, 'The kingdom of heaven is at hand: repent ye, and believe the gospel.' I was led unawares to describe the glorious appearing of our Lord; and the word came with power irresistible. The cries of the wounded almost drowned my voice.

"Oct. 8th. Several soldiers ventured to the word, notwithstanding the prohibition. Now and then an officer came, and stopped to see if any of their men were there. Then they skulked down, kneeling or sitting on the ground behind the women.

"Oct. 11th. None has made the least disturbance for a week past, whether Protestants or Papists. Only one of the latter flung away in a rage, crying I ought to be stabbed for lumping them all together, and telling them they might all be saved, of whatever church or party, if they would return, like the prodigal, to their heavenly Father. I began preaching with great reluctance at Mary-le-bone-lane, where the Spirit came pouring down like a flood. All present were in tears, either of sorrow or joy. We continued above an hour singing and crying. A more refreshing time I have not known since I left England.

"Oct. 17th. I passed the day at the house we have purchased, near Dolphin's-barn, writing and meditating. I could almost have set up my rest here; but must not look for rest on this side eternity. I heard, as I do every day, of more sinners who have received the atonement.

"Oct. 19th. I dined at a gentleman's, who offered us a large piece of ground to build upon, at a very moderate price. It seems as if the time for building were at hand, now the magistrates are so favourable. The mayor has declared, he will send any man to Newgate, who only calls after us in the streets; but we are not so vain as to think all the authority of man can long screen those who will live godly in Christ Jesus from suffering persecution.

"Oct. 25th. I passed two hours at St. Patrick's, under my usual burden, among the dry bones of the house of Israel. I seldom enter this place, but they are ready to drag me out as a profaner of the temple. The dean I must except, who has always treated us with great courtesy; looks pleased to see us, make the bulk of the communicants; appointed us a seat by ourselves; and constantly administers to me first, as the rubric directs. I opened our new house, at Dolphin's-barn, by preaching to a great multitude within and without. After preaching five times to-day I was as fresh as in the morning.

"Oct. 27th. I prayed by our sister Baker, whom I had lately checked for her too great contempt of death, as it seemed to me. The trying time is come; yet she keeps her confidence.

"Oct. 30th. In our return from intercession we were stoned for the length of a street or two. Charles Perronet interposed his back to screen me. Here I received the first blow since I came to Dublin. At our lodgings the mob took their leave of us, without hurting either.

"Oct. 31st. I heard the best news of any since our coming hither, that our sister Baker is departed in full triumph. To one who asked her this morning how she did, she answered, 'Bravely, bravely; never better.' The pains of death had then got hold on her; but she smiled on the welcome messenger; took leave of her husband and children with calm joy; expressed great satisfaction at having chosen to suffer affliction with the people of God; confirmed those about her in the same happy choice; and soon after fell asleep, and awoke in paradise. I called at the house, as well to exhort the survivors, as to see the late temple of the Holy Ghost. The happy soul had left a smile upon the clay, to tell where she was gone. We were all comforted in prayer and thanksgiving. I preached for the last time in Marlborough-street, on, 'These are they that came out of great tribulation,' &c. It was a time of solemn rejoicing, in hope of His coming to wipe away all tears from our eyes.

"Nov. 1st. At St. Patrick's Mr. K—— entertained us with a discourse so full of low, pitiful lies, and nonsense, as I never heard from any, except the ingenious Mr. Hoblin. Preaching five times is not more than twice a day, when the order of Providence calls us to it. My strength do I ascribe unto thee, and all my success, and all my blessings!

"Nov. 2d. I admitted five or six into the society, and among them the soldier who was put under arrest last Sunday for the high crime and misdemeanor of hearing a sermon at the Green. The officer, after much threatening, let him go: but he continues refractory still; that is, resolved to work out his salvation.

"Nov. 7th. I prayed by a man near death. When we first visited

him he was quite unawakened; but is now saved from the fear both of death and hell, and waiting for the great salvation of God. We have several such instances of persons departing in the Lord, who never heard the gospel till we preached it to them on their death-beds.

“Nov. 10th. I preached at a new place in Hanbury-lane, next door to a warm antagonist, the Rev. Mr. N——. Therefore we did not expect to be long unmolested. Three nights, however, we have had peace.

“Nov. 13th. Hearing the minister had procured a mob to hinder our preaching, I would not suffer any of the preachers or people to expose themselves at Hanbury-lane. At night our adversaries, who till then had expected us in vain, broke into the house, and took possession.

“Nov. 26th. I spent the day in walking about, and taking subscriptions for the building. At night I proposed it to the society, who were glad to give of their little. This and the following day was subscribed upward of seventy pounds.

“Dec. 23d. I had a conference with two clergymen, concerning this way, which they seemed to believe was no schism, or new religion, but the faith once delivered to the saints. One of them invited me to his lodgings in the college.

“Christmas day. The people met at my lodgings between three and four. It was a day of rejoicing; so were the three following; suitable to the solemn occasion.

“Jan. 14th, 1748. I heard more good-news from the country, whither we had sent some of our preachers. At Tyrrell’s-pass, and the neighbouring towns, there seems to be a great awakening.

“Feb. 9th. I took horse for Tyrrell’s-pass. We overtook a lad, whistling one of our tunes. He was a constant hearer, though a Roman, and joined with us in several hymns, which he had by heart. Near seven we got, half choked with the fog, to Mr. Force’s. The town immediately took the alarm, and crowded in after us. I discoursed on, ‘A certain man had two sons,’ &c. These are the publicans that enter before the Pharisees. Never have I spoken to more hungry souls. They devoured every word. Some expressed their satisfaction in a way peculiar to them, and *whistled* for joy. Few such feasts have I had since I left England. It refreshed my body more than meat or drink.

“God has begun a great work here. The people of Tyrrell’s-pass were wicked to a proverb; swearers, drunkards, sabbath-breakers, thieves, &c., from time immemorial. But now the scene is entirely changed. Not an oath is heard, or a drunkard seen, among them. They are turned from darkness to light. Near one hundred are joined in society, and following hard after the pardoning God. I rode to Mr. Jonathan Hanby’s, at Temple-Macqueter, seven miles from Tyrrell’s-

pass, February 10th, and pointed several of his poor neighbours to the Lamb of God.

“Feb. 11th. At eight I took horse for Athlone. We were seven in company, and rode mostly abreast. Some overtook us, running in great haste; and one horseman, riding full speed. We suspected nothing, and rode on, singing, till within half a mile of the town. Mr. Samuel Handy and John Healey happened to be foremost, three or four yards out of the line, though I had led the company till then. We were mounting a little hill, when three or four men appeared at the top, and bade us go back. We thought them in jest, till the stones flew. John Healey was knocked off his horse with a stone, fell backward, and lay without sense or motion. Mr. Handy, setting spurs to his horse, charged through the enemy, and immediately turned upon them again. There were only five or six ruffians on the spot; but we saw many gathering to us from all sides.

“I observed the man who knocked down John Healey, striking him on the face with his club, and cried to him to stop; which drew him upon me, and probably saved our brother's life, whom another blow might have despatched. They had gathered against our coming great heaps of stones, one of which was sufficient to beat out our brains. How we escaped them, God only knows, and our guardian angels. I had no apprehension of their hurting me, even when one struck me on the back with a large stone, which took away my breath. One struck Mr. Force on the head; at whom Mr. Handy made a full blow. He turned, and escaped past; yet it knocked him down, and for the present disabled him. As often as we returned, we were driven off by showers of stones. Some were for returning home; but I asked if we should leave our brother in the hands of his murderers.

“We rode back to the field of battle, which our enemies had quitted, the Protestants beginning to rise upon them. It seems the Papists had laid their scheme for murdering us, at the instigation of their priest, father Ferril, who had sounded an alarm last Sunday, and raised his crusade against us. The man who wounded John Healey was the priest's servant, and rode his master's horse. He was just going to finish the work with his knife, swearing desperately that he would cut him up, when a poor woman from her hut came to his assistance, and swore as stoutly, that he should not cut him up. The man half killed her with a blow from John Healey's whip; yet she hindered him till more help came. One Jameson, a Protestant, ran with a pitchfork, and stuck the clerk in the shoulder. The bone stopped it. The man made a second push at him, which was broken by Mr. Handy, returned to save his enemy's life. The hedges were all lined with Papists, who kept the field till they saw the dragoons coming out of Athlone.

Then they took to their heels, and Mr. Handy after them. In the midst of the bog they seized the priest's servant, carried him prisoner to Athlone, and charged the high constable with him; who quickly let him go. A Protestant met and beat him unmercifully; but he escaped at last, and fled for his life sorely wounded.

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

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

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

"We marched very slowly for the sake of our patient, till we came to the field of battle. It was stained with blood abundantly. We halted, and sung a song of triumph, and praise to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Here we sent back our guard, and went on our way rejoicing to Moat. I proclaimed in the street the faithful saying, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. A few stones were cast, and a drum beat, to entertain the ladies. In spite of the genteel devil, some impression was made on the vulgar, as their tears testified. We rode through the noisy ones to Mr. Handy's. The voice of joy and thanksgiving was heard in his dwelling; and we magnified the God by whom we escape death. Among my hearers was the mother of my host, who after a moral life of near eighty years, is now convinced of unbelief, and quietly waiting for the salvation of God.

"Feb. 12th. At Tyrrell's-pass our barn was filled at night, with

high and low, rich and poor, whose curiosity brought them from all parts. I showed them their case and their Physician, in the wounded traveller, and good Samaritan. They listened for two hours, and seemed to feel the weight of the word. Counsellor Lowe followed us home, and had much serious discourse with us.

“Feb. 13th. I spent the morning in conference with the strangers. One, a sensible Roman, seemed satisfied with my answers to his objections, and not far from the kingdom of heaven. Another, who has been a notorious sinner, but a man of reading, went away convinced, and longing to be converted. The counsellor, we heard, had sat up the whole night searching the Scriptures, if these things were so. At Mr. Samuel Handy’s I invited many to the great supper. Two hours passed unperceived before I could give over.

“Feb. 14th. A poor publican was drowned in tears, who constantly attends the word of grace, on which all his hopes depend. I preached at Tullamore, on, ‘O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself; but in me is thy help.’ They received both the legal and gospel saying as the truth of God. Many of the soldiers from Dublin followed us into the house, for further instruction; to whom I again declared, ‘The poor have the gospel preached unto them.’ It was a time of refreshing, like one of the former times.

“Feb. 15th. At Philip’s-town I expounded the prodigal son. Above forty dragoons joined me in singing and conference, both before and after. These are all turned from darkness to light, that they may receive forgiveness.

“Feb. 16th. I visited several at Tyrrell’s-pass, particularly Mrs. Wade, aged ninety-five, who counts all things but loss, so she may win Christ, and be found in him, not having her own righteousness. She has continued in the temple for near a hundred years, and in fasting every Friday. How does this shame the young professors, who say they have faith, yet live in a total neglect of Christ’s ordinance! She looks every moment for the seal of her pardon, that she may depart in peace. The next I saw was a venerable couple indeed; the man ninety-six, the woman ninety-eight. He had rejoiced to hear of the great change wrought in the town; and said, if he could but see us lifting up our hands in prayer for him, he doubted not but the Lord would give him the blessing. Till within these two years he has worked at his loom. He was in all the actions of the last century; at the siege of Londonderry, Limerick, &c.; the greatest tory-hunter in the country; full of days and scars. She wept for joy while we prayed over them, and commended them to the pardoning grace of God.

“Feb. 17th. I came to Dublin, half dead with the rain and snow.

“Feb. 22d. I visited a poor wretch in Newgate, who is to be burned

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

“Feb. 23d. She was much the same; but vehemently desired our people’s prayers, and told me, had she continued hearing the word, she had never come to that misery: but her neighbours had laughed her out of it; and now God had left her to herself. At the barn I expounded Matt. ix, 20; and many seemed not only to press, but to touch Him. Their cries pierced the clouds. Three testified that they were healed of their plague. A greater blessing followed us in the society. Glory be to God, who so wonderfully revives his work among us! I trust many shall yet be added to the church before we part.

“Feb. 25th. We had wrestled in prayer for the poor criminal; and to-day I plainly saw the answer returned. Her heart was broken in pieces. She had nothing to plead or pay; and all her concern was for her soul. She received the word of reconciliation as the thirsty land doth the dew of heaven; and resolved to spend her last breath in crying to the Friend of sinners. Feb. 26th and 27th, I was again with the woman. Near twenty of the poor wretches pressed in after me. Her tears and lamentations reached both their hearts and mine.

“Feb. 28th. I did not wonder, while passing Newgate, that one struck me on the head with a stone. I preached at two and six at the barn. The great blessing came at last. My subject was, the woman washing our Saviour’s feet; and never was he more sensibly present with us. A woman could not forbear declaring openly, that her faith had saved her.

“Feb. 29th. I received fresh comfort by a letter from a Dissenter, testifying that she had found again, under the word, the peace which she had lost for many years. Every day we hear of more children born, which reconciles us to the contrary winds, though it keeps my brother from us. I sent a brother to the condemned woman, who told him, she had been visited by a Romish priest. On his bidding her pray to the Virgin Mary, she answered, ‘I have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous.’ The ordinary was also with her for the first time; and she told him the reason of the hope that was in her.

“I heard from the keeper that a reprieve was come down, and a pardon expected. I feared it might stop the work of God in her; and was agreeably surprised to find her full of fear and trouble at the news. ‘O,’ said she to me, ‘I am afraid, if my life be spared, that I shall fall

from God. I know he would have mercy on me, if I die now.' In discoursing further I perceived very comfortable signs. Some of her words were, 'Two days ago I found such a change as I cannot describe. My heart is so lightened; my trouble and grief quite gone. And in the night, when I pray to my Saviour, I feel such a strange comfort and confidence as cannot be expressed. Surely God has forgiven me my sins.' I believed it; but took no notice till the work should prove itself. Only I exhorted her to watch and pray, lest she should fall from those good beginnings.

"March 1st. I met the woman released from her chains, both soul and body. She threw herself at my feet, and cried, 'O sir, under God, you have saved my soul! I have found mercy when I looked for judgment. I am saved by a miracle of mercy.' In the evening I preached on that most important word, 'It is finished;' and God set to his seal. One received forgiveness. A man and a woman testified that they had found it at the last preaching. The power of the Lord was wonderfully in the society. I asked, 'Who touched him?' not doubting but some had then received their cure. One, and another, and another, witnessed a good confession. Our sister Blamires declared, with great struggling, that she then found power to believe, and blessed the day that ever she saw my face. Others spake in the same manner; and last, Thomas Barnes told me he recovered his pardon while I was repeating, 'There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just men that need no repentance.' The number of witnesses this night was nine.

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

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

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

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

"March 8th. My brother landed, and met the society, God confirming the word of his messenger. March 9th. I passed a comfortable hour in conference with some others who have lately stepped into the

pool. One was begotten again this evening by the word of His power. March 10th. Three more received their cure.

“March 11th. My text in the morning was, ‘The Spirit and the bride say, Come.’ After great strugglings, one was constrained to cry out, ‘He is come! He is come! I have him now in my heart!’ A stranger, who stood with his hat on upon the stairs, with all the marks of carelessness, cried out, in great astonishment, ‘Lord bless me! What is this?’ and ran away, as if the avenger was at his heels. Another testified her having lately found favour, who was some days since a grievous sinner. But she is washed! God grant she may hold out!

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

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

These selections from Mr. Charles Wesley’s private journal will serve to show the very faithful, self-denying, and energetic manner in which he discharged the duties of his ministry during this his first visit to Ireland; and the honour which the Lord put upon his servant in the success of his labours. A revival of true religion had indeed begun in Dublin, by the ministrations of other men, before his appearance there; but it was greatly extended by his faithful labours. In the rooms which were fitted up for divine worship, he regularly preached at five o’clock in the morning; and he was most exemplary in meeting the infant society for exhortation and prayer, watching over their spiritual progress with true pastoral faithfulness and affection. Regardless of the winter’s cold, and of the bitter scorn and violence of bad men, he often stood up in the open air, calling the outcasts to repentance, and urging them to behold the Lord Jesus as their God and Saviour. In extending the knowledge of Christ, his life was often in peril; but of this he made little account. Wicked Protestants and Papists, formalists, and sinners of every class, not excepting even felons, convicts, and common harlots,—all had a share in his compassionate sympathy; and their conversion inspired him with a joy which, in its fervour and intensity,

was second only to that which is expressed by the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.

On March 20th he embarked for England, accompanied by John Houghton, and the next day landed at Holyhead.

CHAPTER XV.

THE spring of 1748, when Mr. Charles Wesley returned from Ireland, formed a sort of crisis in his personal history. It was then that, for the first time in his life, he began seriously to entertain the thought of entering into the marriage relation. When he landed at Holyhead he was in a state of extreme suffering; and this was greatly increased by the severity of the weather, and the want of accommodations on his journey to South Wales, where he intended to rest a little while. On his arrival at Garth he was received by the Gwynne family in the most kind and hospitable manner. Here he remained nearly a fortnight, enjoying comparative rest, and receiving the most affectionate attention. On his departure for London, he was accompanied for the first hour of his journey by Mr. Gwynne, and his daughter Sarah, whose gentle spirit and amiable manners had made a deep impression upon the heart of their grateful guest. As yet, however, he had made no disclosure of his feelings, either to her, or to any other member of the family.

Soon after his return to London he made the following entry in his journal, in reference to the same subject:—"I had communicated my embryo intentions to my brother, while in Ireland, which he neither opposed nor much encouraged. It was then a distant first thought, not likely ever to come to a proposal; as I had not given the least hint either to Miss Gwynne, or the family. To-day I rode over to Shoreham, and told Mr. Perronet all my heart. I have always had a fear, but no *thought*, of marrying, for many years past; even from my first preaching the gospel. But within this twelvemonth that thought has forced itself in: 'How know I whether it be best for me to marry, or no? Certainly better now than later: and if not now, what security that I shall not then? It should be now, or not at all.' Mr. Perronet encouraged me to pray, and wait for a providential opening. I expressed the various searchings of my heart in many hymns on the important occasion." Seventeen hymns, which he wrote at this time, on the subject of his marriage, have been preserved in his neat handwriting. They express deep submission to the will of God, with earnest prayer for providential guidance. It is not improbable that others were

published in a somewhat altered form, so as to give them a more general application.

At this period one of his friends, Mrs. Sparrow, of Lewisham, died in the Lord, and bequeathed to him a legacy, the exact amount of which is not specified. He received fifty pounds as a part of it a few months afterward. He fulfilled her request by preaching a sermon on the occasion of her death. In discharging this duty he gave a striking proof of that integrity by which his whole life was characterized. "I spake as freely of her faults," says he, "as of her virtues: her love of the world, and final victory over it. The hearers appeared deeply affected."

Mr. Charles Wesley went to Bristol early in June; and was there joined by Mr. Gwynne and his daughter. After visiting the more pious members of the society in the city, and in Kingswood, and witnessing the godly order of the people, they accompanied him to London, and took up their residence in the dwelling-house which was connected with the Foundery. He introduced these welcome visitants to the family of Mr. Perronet, of Shoreham; to the family of Mr. Blackwell, of Lewisham, who were related to the late Mrs. Sparrow; and to several other friends. In London they had pleasing demonstrations of the reality and greatness of the work of God, in raising up a spiritual people, of which the two devoted brothers had been the chief instruments. They saw large congregations assemble for divine worship, not only on the sabbath, and the week-day evenings, but almost every morning besides, at the early hour of five o'clock; and heard them, with every appearance of true devotion, lift up their voices, like the sound of many waters, in the service of their Maker. On the morning of their departure they witnessed a signal interposition of divine Providence, in preventing the destruction of the Foundery, the loss of which, at that time especially, would have been a very serious calamity. Under the date of July 19th, Mr. Charles Wesley says, "I rose at three, and called our friends. The Lord sent us a great deliverance as a token for good. Mary Naylor had shut the door of their bed-chamber, and left the key in the inside. Sally wanted something out, which Mary Naylor would have put her by; but Sally still demanding it, she called the man to break open the door. He said, he would go see his horses, and come. She insisted on his doing it just then; which he did: and they found the sheet on fire, through Molly's dropping the snuff of a candle. Had the man stayed, the whole Foundery might have been in a flame."

At four o'clock in the morning Charles left London for Bristol, accompanied by his two friends from Wales. They travelled on horseback; and having arrived at Windsor, he says, "My horse threw me

with violence over his head. My companion fell upon me. The guardian angels bore us in their hands, so that neither was hurt. We saw the castle and palace with insensibility. No sight, we trust, will satisfy us, but that of Moses from Mount Pisgah." At Oxford he accompanied his friends in their visits to the different colleges; but the object that most interested him was the unexpected sight of "a poor servitor of St. John's, James Rouquet, who was not ashamed to confess Christ before men;" and who afterward became a clergyman of eminence. While preaching in a yard at Cirencester, he says, "I was pierced through with desires of complete redemption, which broke out in tears and words that affected them in like manner. I could gladly have dropped the body in that hour."

This special influence from above still rested upon him; so that, on the following Sunday, at Kingswood, he says, "I began the sacrament with fervent prayer, and many tears, which almost hindered my reading the service. I broke out into prayer again and again. Our hearts were all as melting wax. I administered to sisters Robertson and Rutter, sorely bruised by an overturn into a pit; yet they would not lose the sacrament. I received letters from Cork, loudly calling me thither. My heart was at once made willing, and I had my commission. We joined in earnest prayer for success. I preached a third and a fourth time in our house with supernatural strength.

"July 26th. I dined at the Fishponds with faithful Felix Farley. At night I preached in the orchard to many serious souls. There was a coach with Mrs. Knight, Miss Cheyne, Mr. Edwin, and Sir William Bunbury. The latter challenged me, for his old school-fellow, in the face of the sun, and was not ashamed to join heartily in our hymns.

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

Mr. Charles Wesley accompanied Mr. Gwynne and his daughter to Garth; and then hastened to Holyhead, where he embarked for Ireland. Here he found that doors were opened in all directions for the preaching of the gospel; and, although "there were many adversaries," they were placed under an unaccountable restraint, and in every place where the truth was proclaimed, it had free course, and was glorified in the salvation of men. He applied himself to his work with his wonted

energy, and was, if possible, even more laborious and successful than he was during his former visit. A few selections from his private journal will be the best record of his ministry, and of the effects which it produced under the blessing of God:—

“God sent us a wind out of his treasury, the fairest we could have, which brought us smoothly and safely into Dublin Bay.

“August 14th. At five I walked to the preaching-room, and gave them a welcome word of exhortation. Great was our rejoicing, and mutual faith, and fellowship in the Spirit. I met them again, and my brother, at St. Patrick’s. The number of communicants was much increased since my departure. I preached in our garden at two. The power of the Lord was present, as at the beginning. I met all our lively society, to our mutual consolation: consolation which words cannot express. Mr. Lunell could not be satisfied without my lodging under his roof. I mourned with him that mourned under Ezekiel’s trial: ‘Son of man, behold, I take away the desire of thine eyes with a stroke.’ She died triumphant. He lost his Benjamin too: the child accompanying the mother to paradise.*

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

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

“August 19th. It rained the whole day. The road was one continued quagmire. I made a hard shift to reach Roscrea by ten. Some of the town caught me leaving it, and demanded their debt of the gospel. A mixed crowd of Papists and Protestants filled the market-house. I called them (never with more authority) to Jesus Christ, then rode on in the rain rejoicing with my dropping companion. By nine we hardly reached Cashel. Here we met with poor entertainment, having no way to dry our clothes. I put off my great coat, and got a little sleep.

“August 20th. I rose cheerfully between two and three, and put on my clothes, wet and weighty enough. We had some intervals of fair

* Mr Lunell, who kept a banking establishment in Dublin, greatly befriended the Methodists at this period. He is said to have contributed the noble sum of four hundred pounds toward the erection of their chapel in Whitefriar-street, which still stands as a monument of the pious zeal and liberality of the first Methodists in that city.

weather, and got by seven in the evening to Cork. I was wishing for rest at some private house, when Mr. Harrison, the printer, came, and invited me to his. I took a sweat, and rose at my usual time.

“August 21st. At five I found a congregation of some thousands on the Marsh. They devoured every word with an eagerness beyond description. I advised them all to go to their several places of worship, and went myself to Christ church. It is the largest church in Cork, yet was quite full. The communion kept us till near ten.

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

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

“August 22d. The congregation was on the Marsh before me, near three thousand loving, listening, unawakened souls, whom I urged to repent, that their sins might be blotted out. At present we passed through honour and good report. The chief persons of the town favour us. No wonder then that the common people are quiet. We pass and repass the streets, pursued by their blessings only. The same favourable inclination is all round the country. Wherever we go, we are received as angels of God. Were this to last, I would escape for my life to America. Many are turned from their outward sins; and if they went no further, the saints of the world would like them well enough. When the power of godliness, the forgiveness of sins, the gift of the Holy Ghost, is preached, many will fall off. But as yet the work is very superficial. Not one justified person have I yet found.

“Passing by the Marsh at five, I saw hundreds waiting there for the word, and was told it was their custom from the beginning; and that last Sunday many were there from one in the morning. I declared, with divine assistance, ‘One thing is needful.’ The sin-convincing Spirit was present. He struck the hard rock, and the waters gushed out. The Assizes brought many strangers. I did not spare them; and they bore my plainness of speech. Several of the better sort, particularly two justices, thanked and wished me success.

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

“August 24th. By a clergyman’s advice, I went to wait on the bishop. He was not at his palace. The housekeeper begged to have a few words with me. She trembled exceedingly, and struggled to speak; and at last told me her whole life. From twelve years old she had violent conflicts with the old murderer. She seemed a chosen vessel; one who, like Obadiah, had served the Lord from her youth. I told her what she wanted, even faith and forgiveness. She received my saying with all readiness of mind; begged of me to let her have the prayer I used for her; wept and rejoiced; and sent me away with many thanks and blessings.

“In the evening I expounded blind Bartimeus to as genteel an audience as I have ever seen. Several ministers, of all denominations, the governor’s lady, and many strangers, attended out of various motives. The word did not return void. Some of the clergy acknowledged it was the truth. I designed to have met about two hundred, who have given in their names for the society; but such multitudes thronged into the play-house, that it occasioned great confusion. I perceived that it was impracticable, as yet, to have a regular society.

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

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

“August 26th. I spake severally with the candidates for a society. All seemed awakened, none justified. But ‘who hath despised the day of small things?’ This is, I doubt not, the seed of a glorious church. I waited on the bishop at Riverstown; and was received with great affability by himself and family. After dinner I rode back to Cork. I drank tea with some well-disposed Quakers, and borrowed a volume of their dying sayings: a standing proof that the life and power of God was with them at the beginning; as it might again, were they humble enough to confess their want.

“August 27th. I had much discourse with Mr. C——, a sensible, pious clergyman; one after my own heart in his love to our desolate mother. He is clear in the doctrine of faith. He gave me a delightful account of the bishop: yet I do not find it good for me to be countenanced by my superiors. It is a snare and burden to my soul. All day long I was bowed down by my late conversation, and stripped of every good desire, especially of preaching. Sometimes our waiting upon great men may do good, or prevent evil: but how dangerous the experiment! How apt to weaken our hands, and betray us into undue deference, and respect of persons! The Lord send to them by whom he will send; but hide me still in disgrace and obscurity.

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

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

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

how few will own God’s messengers when the stream turns! Now they all received me with inexpressible eagerness. I discoursed on the good Samaritan; and took occasion to vindicate the Methodists from that foulest slander, that they rail at the clergy. I enlarged on the respect due to them; prayed particularly for the bishop; and laid it on their consciences to make mention of them in all their prayers. I had appointed part of the society to meet me in a private house; but the people so crowded in, there was no room for me. Their love at present as effectually prevents our assembling, as their hatred will by and by.

“August 30th. Mr. Stockdale drove me to Rathcormuck. Mr. Lloyd, the minister, offered me his church; but agreed with me that I had better preach out, or I should lose all the Papists. They flocked with

the Protestants to the market-house, where I strongly urged them to repentance, and the obedience of faith. The great man of the place, and his lady, employ all their authority to promote true, vital Christianity. The Romish priest is so intimidated, that he dares not forbid his people hearing us. Were every magistrate in Ireland like this, what a multitude of poor Catholics might be turned from darkness to light!

“August 31st. In conference I found one who had received forgiveness in the sacrament. Two or three more have been justified under the word: another last Monday. I passed a useful hour with Mr. C—. He rejoiced at my having preached in his parish last Sunday. If our brethren were like-minded, how much might their hands be strengthened by us! But we must have patience, as he observed, till the thing speaks itself; and, the mist of prejudice being removed, they see clearly that all our desire is, the salvation of souls, and the establishment of the Church of England.

“I talked with a poor innocent girl, who constantly hears the word, but in great fear of the priest. I hope in a little time she will be bold to judge for herself, and save her own soul, without asking any man’s leave. I invited many sinners at the Marsh to Him who has promised them the rest of pardon, holiness, and heaven. They seem to taste the *good* word. One told me, after it, that from the time I spake to her at the palace, she had expected the blessing every moment; and was sure, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that she should have it. ‘I seem,’ said she, ‘to be laying hold on Christ continually. I am so light, so happy, as I never was before. I waked two nights ago in such a rapture of joy, that I thought, surely this is the peace they preach. It has continued ever since. My eyes are opened. I see all things in a new light. I rejoice always.’ Is not this the language of faith? the cry of a new-born soul? But I prayed over her, that the Lord might confirm it, and was greatly comforted with her consolations.

“Sept. 1st. I met the infant society, for the first time, in an old play-house. Several were there from two in the morning. One received forgiveness in Jonathan Reeves’s first prayer. Our Lord’s presence consecrated the place. I explained the nature of Christian fellowship. God knit our hearts together in the desire of knowing him. The people are now ripe for the gospel, which I therefore preached to the poor hungry mourners. I heard of one who received the atonement on Monday. Behold, a troop cometh! The angel is come down; the water is troubled; and many are just stepping into the pool. I spoke with some who told me they had wronged their neighbours in time past; and now their consciences will not let them rest till they have made restitution. I bade them tell the persons injured, it was this preaching that compelled them to do justice. One poor wretch told

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

“An alderman heard me to-night in a covered chair. I met part of the society, who are fully convinced, that without present forgiveness they cannot be saved. I called upon Mr. C—, who told me he had had a great battle with his brethren, who confidently averred, affidavit was made of that wicked brother of mine running away with another man's wife at Athlone. I rejoiced at the report, as a sign that the god of this world is alarmed for his kingdom in danger. How will he and his servants rage by and by! Hitherto they seem asleep; but the witnesses of Jesus are rising to rouse them.

“Walking to the Marsh, I overtook Mrs. N—, who broke out into strong confession of the faith she received yesterday morning under the word. I marvel not that her daughter says, she is gone distracted. You might as well stop the tide, as her testimony. She rides on the high places of the earth; she speaks in the plerophory of faith; she lives in the spirit of triumph. One of her expressions was, ‘I do not walk, but fly; and seem as if I could leap over the moon.’ The Marsh was covered with high and low, rich and poor. The gospel had free course. Not a word returned empty. One followed, and told me he had found the Lord in the word this morning. I had much discourse with the young woman above mentioned; and found she was in Christ before me; but her not using my expressions hindered my perceiving it. Some of her words were, ‘From the time you spake to me of forgiveness, I have been praying for it, day and night, in continual joy. I am inexpressibly happy. All my temptations are gone. I tread on all the power of the enemy. From twelve years old I have walked with God, and found him in all my ways, in every place, and business, and company. In all my words I find him prompting me. From my infancy he has been my guide and instructor. When I would have spoken to the bishop, or others, He checked me with that thought, I will bear all my burdens till the Lord himself delivers me. Many things he has taught me to pray for, which I did not myself understand at the time of my asking, nor fully till the answers came. I have been urged with that question, *Can you die for the gospel of Jesus Christ?* and when I have put it by, it still followed me; and the Lord insisted upon my answer. While I have sat at work, it came into my mind, *These fingers will never corrupt in the grave. I must die for the truth.* I replied, *But how can it be, Lord? We are all Christians. Who is*

there to persecute us now? This thought pursues me still, that I am to suffer for my Saviour; and I should *grudge* the dying in my bed.'

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

"Sept. 3d. My text was, 'I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for my own sake.' I felt, as it were, their spirits sunk under the word. From six to eight I attend those that would speak with me. The first who accosted me was a poor soldier, with, 'O sir, I have found the blessing!' I asked what blessing. 'Why, the blessing you preach; the forgiveness of my sins.' 'How do you know that?' 'I am sure of it. I cannot doubt of it. I feel it in my heart.' 'When and how did you receive it?' 'Yesterday morning, under the word. I strove and strove hard before I could lay hold on it. But at last I did venture upon Christ. I *put on boldness*, and did believe; and that moment all my sins were taken away,—as you would take the coat from my back. I went home rejoicing, and told my wife, and persuaded her to believe like me. She fell a crying and praying for an hour together; and then she got it too. My mother is not far from it: only for fear of one sin she dares not venture.' His artless confession was confirmed by his wife, who found the pearl at the same time with him. His brother found it last Sunday. Joyce Bailey informs me, she received the blessing yesterday morning through the Spirit applying that word, 'Ask, and it shall be given you.' I exhorted some of the society, and found them all on full stretch after Christ.

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

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

"Our old master, the world, begins to take it ill that so many desert, and clean escape its pollutions. Innumerable stories are invented to stop the work, or rather repeated; for they are the same we have heard a thousand times, as well as the primitive Christians. All manner of wickedness is acted in our society, except the eating of little children. My advice to the people is, 'Answer them not a word.' The Romish priests go more secretly to work, deterring their flock by the penalty

of a curse. Yet some venture to hear us by stealth. I took horse for Bandon, with my loving lawyer, and his wife, who has lately received Christ, as her language and life declare."

On the road Mr. Wesley made a hymn for the Roman Catholics in Ireland, of which we retain the following stanzas :—

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

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

"By ten we came to Bandon, a town of Protestants only. Several Papists from the neighbourhood attended me to the market-house. I stood on a scaffold, and called, to about a thousand wild people, 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world !' Four ministers confessed it was the truth. All seemed hugely pleased, and rejoiced that I should preach again in the evening at the other end of the town. The whole town was then gathered together, with many out of the country. Three of the ministers were present again, and the provost, or governor of the town, with many of the better sort, in the opposite houses. I was enabled to speak closely both to Pharisees and publicans. Many of the latter wept.

"Sept. 6th. In the morning, between four and five, I was surprised to find as numerous an audience as last night's. I breakfasted with the only family of Quakers in the town. They behaved with that love and zeal which we meet with in all the Friends, till their worldly-wise and envious brethren pervert them, and make their minds evil affected toward us. Two men from Kinsale came to press me thither. I expounded the prodigal son, but could not get through half of it. They drank in every word. In the evening I began again with a soar throat, a heavy heart, and a feeble body. To them that have no might God increaseth strength. For an hour and a half I strongly called the weeping prodigals to their heavenly Father. Many Romans were pre-

sent, and others who had not been near a church for years. I spent an hour in the town-hall with some hundreds of them, in prayer and singing. They were impatient to have a society, and to take the kingdom of heaven by violence. I commended them to the grace of God, and departed, laden with their blessings.

“I rode to Kinsale with my trusty lawyer, and at noon walked to the market-place. The windows were filled with spectators, rather than hearers. Many wild-looking people stood with their hats on in the street. The boys were rude and noisy. Some well-dressed women stood behind me, and listened. I did most earnestly invite them all to the great supper. It was fallow ground; yet the word was not all lost. Several settled into serious attention: others expressed their approbation: a few wept. I was followed to my lodgings by a devout soldier, one of our society in Dublin, who keeps his integrity. Some others called, and convinced me God had not left himself without witness in this place.

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

“Sept. 8th. The rain drove us to the market-house, a far more convenient place for preaching. I was surprised to find such a multitude in such weather. They sunk down on every side into a just sense of their wants. The next time the better rank of Romans came to hear for themselves, and a whole army of soldiers. All were profoundly silent as soon as I opened my mouth in the words of our dying Lord, ‘Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?’ The love of Christ crucified bore down all before it. A lady of the Romish Church would have me to her house. She assured me, the governor of the town, (called the sovereign,) as soon as he heard of my coming, had issued out orders that none should dare disturb me; that a gentleman who offered to insult me would have been torn to pieces by the Romans, had he not fled for it; and that the Catholics in general are my firm friends.

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

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

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

“Sept. 10th. A man and his wife laid hold on me, and said, ‘We have followed you from Bandon to Kinsale, and hither; and if we had not found you here, we would have followed you to Dublin, and all the world over.’ They urged me to come once more to Bandon, so that I could not refuse. Some from Middleton and Youghall pressed me to them also.

“Sept. 11th. I heard a plain, useful sermon, at St. Peter’s, against judging. Such crowds at church and sacrament were never seen before; so immediately is the gospel the power of God, saving from sin. Multitudes, from their first hearing it, left off to do evil, and learned to do well. I was much refreshed by part of the bishop of Exeter’s late charge to his clergy, worthy to be written in letters of gold.

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

“Sept. 12th. I got to Bandon by eleven. My poor woman and her husband soon found me out, and carried me to their house in triumph. The neighbours flocked in; and we had indeed a feast of love. A prodigal came, who had been a monster of wickedness for many years, but is now returned to his Father. So are more of the town, who were wicked to a proverb. I spake with a woman, whom the word has wounded, and convinced that God is among the Protestants. She was bred a Protestant, but turned when young to the Romans, and has continued with them these twenty years. She told me she never could rightly believe that any man could forgive her her sins: but Jesus Christ has the power, she is persuaded, and therefore returns to those who preach forgiveness in his blood.

“I invited above four thousand sinners to the great supper. God hath given them the hearing ear. I went to Mrs. Jones’s, a widow-

gentlewoman, as teachable as a little child; determined to promote the work of God to the utmost of her power. All in the place *seem* like minded—except the clergy. O why should they be the last to bring home their King? It grieved me to hear the poor encouragement given last Sunday to the crowds that flocked to church, which some of them had never troubled for years. We send them to church, to hear ourselves railed at, and, what is far worse, the truth of God.

“Sept. 13th. We parted with many tears, and mutual blessings. I rode on to Kinsale. Here also the minister, Mr. P——, instead of rejoicing to see so many publicans in the temple, *entertained* them with a railing accusation of me, as an impostor, incendiary, and messenger of Satan. Strange justice! that Mr. P—— should be voted a friend of the Church, and I an enemy; who send hundreds into the church, for him to drive out again! At noon I discoursed on the prodigal son. Many approved by silent tears. I could not dismiss them without a word of advice, how to behave toward their enemies, persecutors, and slanderers.

“Sept. 15th. After proclaiming liberty to the captives, at Cork, I took horse for Middleton, and preached there at noon to an attentive congregation, who pressed me much to come again. I rode on to Youghall, a seaport town, twenty Irish miles from Cork. I went forth to the strand: a wild multitude following almost crowded me and one another to death. While I described our Lord's passion the waves subsided, the noise ceased, and they earnestly listened to his last dying cries. The minister (as well as people) testified his approbation, saying, as I am told, ‘These gentlemen have done a great deal of good. There is need enough of them in Youghall.’ I lodged at Mr. Price's, a friendly Dissenter, who, with his family, received me cordially for my work's sake.

“Sept. 16th. The rain quickened our pace to Middleton. Here my audience was thrice as numerous as yesterday. The town-hall could not contain them. All listened to their own history in the prodigal, and begged hard for a continuance of the gospel. The power of the Lord was in the society at Cork. I marvel not that Satan so hates it. We never meet but some or other is plucked out of his teeth.

“Sept. 17th. After a restless night of pain, I rose to confer with those who desired it. A woman testified that the Lord had spoken peace to her trembling soul at the sacrament: Thomas Warburton, that faith came by hearing; and now he hates all sin with a perfect hatred; and could spend his whole life in prayer. Stephen Williams witnessed that, ‘Last night I found my heart burdened and bursting in your prayer; but I repeated after you, till my speech was swallowed up. Then I felt myself as it were fainting, falling back, and sinking into

destruction; when on a sudden I was lifted up; my heart was lightened; my burden gone; and I saw all my sins, so black, so many, but all taken away. I am now afraid of neither death, devil, nor hell. I am happier than I can tell you. I know God has, for Christ's sake, forgiven me.' Two others, in whom I found a real work of grace begun, were Papists till they heard the gospel; but are now reconciled to the church, even the true invisible church, or communion of saints, with whom is forgiveness of sins. A few of these lost sheep we pick up; but seldom speak of it, lest our good Protestants should stir up the Papists to tear us in pieces.

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

"Sept. 18th. I rose, as I lay down, in pain, which confined me the whole day. I prayed God to suspend it, if it was his will I should speak a useful word at parting with his people. I went to them at five for a few minutes. The Marsh was quite covered. Above ten thousand people, as was supposed, stood fixed in deep attention. Not a breath was heard among them all. I faintly read my text, Acts ii, 42, 'And they continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers.' They observed my weakness, and prayed me strong. I urged them to walk as the first followers of Christ. My words sunk into their hearts, and melted them into tears. For two hours we wept and rejoiced together; and commended each other again and again to God. I mentioned with honour the behaviour of our own clergy; not one of whom has publicly spoken the least word against us. I had told them before, and now I told them again, that persecution will arise because of the word. Great confidence and love the Lord gave me for them; and we parted most triumphantly with the voice of joy and thanksgiving.

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

"Sept. 20th. We reached T— by nine. I met several clergy, who were attending the archbishop, come to confirm. I preached at my inn door. The people behaved better at the end than the beginning. I found the twelve miles to Roscrea good six hours' riding; the rain attending us all the way. At five I came to Mr. White's, sated with travelling; but had not time to rest, the people demanding me. My knees and eyes failed me, so that I could neither stand nor see. I

leaned on a door, and called, 'Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?' The word was not weak, like me.

"Sept. 21st. By four I got to Mount-Mellick. I preached in the market-place to a crowd of poor convinced sinners. I could mention nothing but pure promises. They received the word as souls gasping for God.

"Sept. 22d. I took in thirty new members. I rode to B—, at the pressing instance of a clergyman, who met me, carried me home, and, after fairly proposing his objections, and attending to my answers, allowed me to speak with great closeness, and particular application. By four we came to Mr. Jackson's, in Birr. I preached 'the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world.' The power of the Highest overshadowed us. One gentlewoman sunk down at Jesus's feet. Most seemed affected. Sept. 23d, I talked with my host's brother, a publican indeed! a monster of wickedness lately, but now so changed, that all the town is alarmed by it. At five I preached in a barn of Mr. Wade's, near Aghrim, seldom with greater power.

"Sept. 24th. By one the Lord brought us safe to our beloved brethren in Athlone. No Father Ferril or his volunteers withstood our entrance. The door is wide opened, at the expense of one life indeed, if not more; for the first news I heard was, that the poor woman who shielded John Healey from his enemy is lately dead of the blows she then received. I preached in the market-house, and met the society in a barn, which a well-disposed Roman lends us, to the great dissatisfaction of his fellows. Our poor lambs were all in tears, mourning after Jesus.

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

"I accepted an invitation from the Rev. Mr. T——. I comforted the mourners at the market-house by all the precious promises of the gospel summed up in Isaiah xxxv. I dined with Mr. R——, a gentleman of the Romish persuasion till he heard my brother: since which both he and his house, with several others, are come over to the Church of England; and, what is far better, to the power of godliness. In the evening preaching the great blessing came. The cries of the wounded spirits cannot be described. The place rung with loud calls for 'mercy, mercy!' I concluded, and began again, and again; then sung and prayed, and prayed and sung, not knowing how to give over.

“Sept. 26th. I took my leave in those solemn words, which reached their hearts, ‘And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified.’ At three I came to our dear friends at Tyrrell’s-pass. It should not be forgotten, that the condemned soldier told me, at parting, that the Lord had absolved him.

“Sept. 27th. I found much life in applying those words, ‘Behold I stand at the door, and knock,’ &c. I took horse for Dublin. Young Mr. Wade accompanied me three or four miles. His mother died last week in peace. He is swiftly following her, through the last stage of a consumption; has not yet attained; but *knows* he shall not depart till his eyes have seen *His* salvation. I commended him to the Lord Jesus, and promised to meet him next in paradise.

“I rode alone, yet not alone. My noon hour of prayer refreshed my spirit. My absent friends were never *less* absent. I came before night to Dublin.”

Such was the manner in which Mr. Charles Wesley was employed during his second visit to Ireland. He travelled extensively through the southern part of the island, where Popery held the great body of the people in its iron grasp. Here his labours were characterized by an energy and devotedness of which there have been few examples. He preached to immense assemblages of people, of every rank and description, morning, noon, and night, reserving a certain period almost every day to converse in private with those who sought his counsel, and forming those that were awakened into religious societies, in order to their spiritual edification. Many of the societies which he then formed continue to this day, breathing the same spirit of piety as that which was produced under his preaching; and not a few of the people that formerly belonged to them now sleep in Jesus. An influence from God rested upon the people generally, wherever he went, and caused his voice to be heard; so that there was little opposition to the spread of the truth. Ungodly men, both Papist and Protestant, were under a supernatural restraint. The exceptions were a few of the clergy and Dissenting ministers, whose gentle slumbers were disturbed by the rousing sermons of this itinerant stranger. He induced great numbers of careless and wicked people to attend the religious services of the Church; and their faithless pastors, instead of welcoming the wanderers to the fold, drove them away by their bitter revilings.

Mr. Charles Wesley remained a few days in Dublin, where he found the society in a very prosperous state. Several persons entered into Christian liberty during his stay. Here he unexpectedly met his friends Mr. and Mrs. Lampe, from London; and remarks concerning

them, "They were overjoyed to see me. I cannot yet give up my hope that they are designed for better things than feeding swine; that is, entertaining the gay world."

On the 8th of October he embarked in the packet for England. The voyage was most disastrous; as will appear from the following letter, which he addressed to a friend, on his arrival at Holyhead. It is dated the 10th of October, and appears to have been sent to a person in Ireland, probably Mr. Lunell, the banker in Dublin, who had received the truth.

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

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

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

"The sailors were so confounded, they knew not what they did. The decks were strewed with sails, boat, &c.: the wind shifting about, the compass they could not get at; nor the helm, for some time. We were just on the shore; and the vessel drove where or how they knew not. One of our cabin passengers ran to the helm, gave orders, as

captain, till they had righted the ship. But I ascribe it to our Invisible Pilot, that we got safe to the harbour soon after ten. The storm was so high, we doubted whether any boat would venture to fetch us. At last one answered, and came. I thought it safer to lie in the vessel; but one calling, 'Mr. Wesley, you may come,' I followed, and by eleven found out my old lodgings at Robert Griffith's.

"Oct. 10th. I blessed God that I did not stay in the vessel last night. A more tempestuous one I do not remember."

Mr. Charles Wesley's dangers and inconveniences were not ended when he landed at Holyhead, and sung the praises of his almighty Preserver. The following is his own account of the perils and troubles of the next day:—"At half-hour past nine, I took horse, with my host, in a perfect hurricane. We were wet through in less than ten minutes: but I rode on, thankful that I was not at sea. By one I reached the Bull's-head; paid off my extorting guide; and trusted Providence to conduct me over the Welsh mountains. I rode near three miles before my genius for wandering prevailed. Then I got out of the way to Baladan-ferry; but was met by a Welsh child, and set right again. Near five I entered the boat, with a clergyman and others, who crowded our small crazy vessel. The water was exceeding rough; our horses were frightened; we looking to our vessel every moment. The minister acknowledged he was never in like danger. We were half drowned in the boat. I sat at the bottom, with him, and a woman who stuck very close to me; so that my swimming would not have helped me. But the Lord was my support; and I cried out to my brother clergyman, 'Fear not. *Christum, et, fortunas vehis!* [You carry Christ and his fortunes.] The hairs of our head are all numbered. Our Father sits at the helm.'

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

Leaving Carnarvon the next morning at the break of day, Mr. Charles Wesley directed his course to Garth, travelling on horseback through an open country, with such guides as he could obtain; some of whom exercised his patience by leading him out of the way, so as even to endanger his life. "We wandered over the mountains," says he, "at random; and I was quite reconciled to the thought of taking up my lodging there. But Providence sent us directors again and again when

we most wanted them. We rode down such precipices, that one false step would have put an end to all our journeys: yet the Lord brought us through all." At Rhayader the curate undertook to be his conductor to Garth; and not being able to obtain a horse for either love or money, this kind-hearted and unassuming clerical brother walked by his side, and brought him safe to the family of Mr. Gwynne, where he met with a cordial welcome.

Here he remained a week, preaching in the house of his host, and in the neighbouring churches, many people coming from a considerable distance to attend his ministry, and to receive the Lord's supper at his hands. On Tuesday, Oct. 18th, he says, "I rode to Maesmynis, with most of the family, and enforced those triumphant words of the departing apostle, 'I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith,' &c. Great consolation was thereby administered to us. Forty sincere souls, whom the storm could not discourage, joined in receiving the Lord's supper. It was a passover much to be remembered. All were melted down in prayer. We were not unmindful of our absent brethren, or of those that travel by water. The church about us was rocked by the tempest; but we had a calm within. O that it might last till we all arrive at the haven!"

Mr. Gwynne's establishment at Garth was large and princely. He had nine sons and daughters, and twenty servants, besides the chaplain; and had seldom less than ten or fifteen guests residing in the house. Mrs. Grace Bowen, whom Charles Wesley has immortalized by a hymn dedicated to her memory, was the nurse of the family. Mrs. Gwynne was one of six heiresses, each of whom had a fortune of thirty thousand pounds, and was married into a family of rank. She was a lady of superior understanding, generous to the poor, and in the earlier years of her life indulged strong prejudices against Dissenters. When her husband brought Howell Harris to Garth, and in the presence of the family begged the forgiveness of the itinerant preacher, treating him with as much respect as if he had been a bishop, she thought that he must have lost his senses. In grief and consternation she quitted the room, and would not return till the unwelcome stranger had left the house. When her daughter Sarah, following her father's example, became a delighted attendant upon Harris's preaching, Mrs. Gwynne was still more deeply mortified and offended, and passed much of her time in tears at what she considered to be the infatuation of her family. Her prejudices were at length removed by reading Mr. John Wesley's "Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion," and by the testimony of some gentlemen who had known the Wesleys at Oxford. Under the influence of her altered views and feelings, she was induced to hear Howell Harris for herself; and when Mr. John Wesley visited South

Wales, he was hospitably entertained by her, as well as by her husband, and was allowed to preach in the house. It was about two years after that Charles visited Garth, when he and the whole family at once formed a strong attachment to each other.

Mr. Charles Wesley took leave of this distinguished and kind family in the evening of October 19th, and early the next morning commenced his journey to Bristol, accompanied by a Welsh clergyman of kindred spirit. "I set out," says he, "with brother Phillips in the dark and rain. We had not rode a quarter of a mile before I was struck through with pain, as with a dart. Whether it was the rheumatism in my shoulder, or what else, I know not; but it took away my breath in an instant, and stopped my progress. I lay some time on my horse, unable to bear the least motion; but determined not to turn back, till I fell off. In a few minutes I could bear a foot-pace, and then a small trot. As the rain increased, my pain decreased. I was quickly wet to the skin; but some fair blasts dried me again, and in five hours I got well to Bwch. After an hour's rest, we took horse again, and came swiftly to Usk before five. We went early to bed, and rose at three the next morning."

He spent nearly three weeks in Bristol, preaching in that city, in Kingswood, and in several neighbouring places, greatly encouraged with the spiritual state of the societies, and the success which attended his ministrations. Of labours, privations, and dangers, he had his full share; but he was generally so happy in God as even to glory in them all. "I rode to Coleford," says he, "under a great burden. What would I not have given to escape preaching! but as soon as I opened my mouth, the skies poured down righteousness. In the society we seemed all wrapt up. A cloud of witnesses arose. Five or six received forgiveness, and testified it. We rejoiced with joy unutterable. My body was quite spent. Mr. Phillips did not much commend our accommodations. Our chamber looked very ghastly, scarcely affording a prophet's furniture. Our bed had but one thin quilt to cover us.

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

This accident caused no interruption of his labours. Weary and bruised he arrived in London, where he expounded the thirty-fifth chapter of the prophecies of Isaiah in the Foundery; and, as he expresses himself, "lost all his burdens among his brethren."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE thoughts of marriage which Mr. Charles Wesley had for some time cherished led him now at length to resolve, that, if Providence should open his way, he would, without any considerable delay, enter into that holy and honourable relation; and every successive visit that he paid to Garth served to strengthen his persuasion that Miss Sarah Gwynne would be the most suitable object of his choice. Her family and connections were highly respectable; she was agreeable in her person, temper, and manners; a fine singer; and had renounced the world, with all its gayeties and pleasures, to gain Christ and his salvation. The ministry of Howell Harris, and that of the Wesleys, had been a means of great spiritual benefit to her; and she delighted to accompany them in their preaching excursions whenever they visited South Wales. Mr. Charles Wesley was now forty years of age; and he justly thought that if he were to marry at all, it would be better at this time than at a later period of life.

When he and his brother returned from Georgia they entered into an agreement, that neither of them would marry, or take any direct steps toward marriage, without the knowledge and consent of the other. On his arrival in London, in November, 1748, he fulfilled his part of the covenant, by informing his brother that it was his intention to offer himself as the future husband of Miss Gwynne. He was agreeably surprised to find that his brother not only offered no objection, but had actually anticipated his wishes in this affair. John had entertained the thought of recommending to Charles three young ladies of their acquaintance, any one of whom he deemed suitable for Charles's wife; and Miss Gwynne was one of the number: so that he decidedly approved of the choice which Charles had made. They consulted together concerning every particular, and were of one heart and mind in all things. On the day after their interview Charles received from Dr. Cockburn the sum of fifty pounds, as part of a legacy which had been bequeathed to him by his "old friend Mrs. Sparrow."

Thus encouraged, he left London for Garth, to solicit the heart and hand of Miss Gwynne, and the consent of her parents to accept him as their son-in-law. It was an understanding between him and his brother, that a refusal from the young lady, or even one of her parents, should be regarded as an absolute prohibition, and the suit should be for ever abandoned. Happily for him, his former attentions to Miss Gwynne, and the sterling excellences which she had long seen in him, had already won her affections. The matter was then disclosed to the

mother by Miss Becky Gwynne, another of the daughters, who was also in favour of the match. Mrs. Gwynne answered, "I would rather give my child to Mr. Wesley than to any man in England." She afterward spoke to him with great friendliness; and said, that she had "no manner of objection, but the want of fortune." At the same time Mr. Gwynne gave his free and unhesitating consent, and left all the arrangements to his wife, who was well qualified for the task by her natural shrewdness and business habits. Mr. Charles Wesley asked her whether or not she would be satisfied, provided he could, before the marriage, secure an income of one hundred pounds a year. Her answer was, "My daughter can expect no more." If any new objection or difficulty arose, she promised to apprise him of it; and confessed that he had in all things acted like a gentleman.

Mr. Phillips, the Welsh clergyman, and a personal friend of all the parties, was present, and very strenuous in his opposition to the project. He left no means untried to put an end to the negotiation; being, as it appears, mainly apprehensive that Mr. Charles Wesley's marriage would curtail his usefulness, by depriving many of the congregations and societies of his very effective ministry. "Them also I told him," says Charles, "my brother and I had taken into the account; and I had taken no one step without my brother's express advice and direction."

Pleased with his success thus far, he took a friendly leave of the family at Garth, to whom he now stood in a new and peculiar relation, and returned to London, preaching at Bristol and Bath in his way. From the last of these places he set out on the 16th of December, soon after four o'clock in the morning, in thick darkness, and hard rain, accompanied by Mr. Jones. He says, "We had only one shower; but it lasted from morning till night. By half-hour past eight we got in sad plight to Calne; and left it within an hour, as wet as we came to it, sore against my companion's will; who did not understand me when I told him, 'I never slack my pace for way or weather.' In a quarter of an hour we were wet from head to foot, the rain driving in our faces. On the Downs the storm took my horse off his legs, and blew me from his back. Never have I had such a combat with the wind. It was a labour indeed to bear up against it.

'No foot of earth unfought the tempest gave.'

Many times it stopped me as if caught in a man's arms. Once it blew me over a bank, and drove me several yards out of the road before I could turn. For a mile and a half I struggled on till my strength was quite spent. There was little life in either me or my companion when we came to Hungerford. We dried ourselves; and I scarcely per-

sued him to go on to Newbury. There I was forced to leave him, and push forward to Worthampton by seven.

“Dec. 17th. I took horse at four by starlight. Such cheerfulness of heart, such a sense of joy and thankfulness, I have seldom known. For five hours I quite forgot my body. T. Hardwick met me at Maidenhead with a post-chaise, and carried me to Brentford, when my last reserve of strength was gone. By four I found my brother at the Foundery, and rejoiced his heart with the account of my prosperous journey. Hitherto it seems as if the way was opened by particular providence.”

Mr. Charles Wesley's next journey was to Shoreham, for the purpose of consulting his “wise and worthy friend,” Mr. Perronet; who congratulated him on the course which he had so successfully taken, and encouraged him to proceed. The pious vicar had evidently formed a high opinion of Miss Gwynne's character, from the intercourse which he had with her when she visited Shoreham in company with her father.

The task of securing an income of one hundred pounds a year next engaged the attention of Mr. Charles Wesley, his marriage being suspended upon this condition. The first friend that he consulted on the subject was Mr. Ebenezer Blackwell, of Lewisham, who had a banking establishment in Lombard-street, London. This wealthy Methodist was somewhat abrupt in his manner, but of high moral worth; so that he was usually called “the rough diamond.” He was generous and upright; and sometimes placed considerable sums of money in the hands of Mr. John Wesley, and probably of Charles too, to be distributed among the deserving poor.

Mr. Blackwell promptly entertained the question, and promised to assist in a subscription for raising in perpetuity the sum required; Mr. Charles Wesley deeming it better that he should be thus dependant upon ten or twelve confidential friends than upon the societies generally. When the plan of such a subscription was laid before Mr. John Wesley, by his brother, and their mutual friend the rich banker, he declared his disapprobation of it; perhaps thinking that his brother's permanent dependance upon a number of wealthy men might interfere with his ministerial fidelity; it being difficult to reprove offenders, and thus incur their displeasure, when the reprover is indebted to them for his subsistence. To meet the case, he offered to give his brother security for the yearly payment of one hundred pounds out of the profits of their books. They had already unitedly published several volumes and tracts in verse; and John had written and sent forth into the world three volumes of Sermons, his powerful “Appeals to Men of Reason and Religion,” with several smaller works, original and selected, which

he was continually increasing, and the proceeds of which were considerable. This plan was acknowledged to be a decided improvement upon that which was first suggested; and both the brothers wrote to Mrs. Gwynne, wishing to know from her whether or not she would consider such an arrangement satisfactory. She was aware of the extensive circulation of these publications, but doubted whether the sale of them would be lasting; and therefore declined to give her consent to the marriage till a more certain source of income was provided. Charles received this intelligence with regret, but was not discouraged; and he again hastened to consult the vicar of Shoreham, whose substantial friendship he had often proved. Mr. Perronet immediately addressed the following admirable letter to Mrs. Gwynne:—

“Shoreham, Jan. 14th, 1748–9. Madam,—As the trouble of this proceeds from the most sincere friendship, I have reason to believe you will easily excuse it.

“Give me leave then, madam, to say, that if you and worthy Mr. Gwynne are of opinion that the match proposed by the Rev. Charles Wesley be of God, neither of you will suffer an objection drawn from this world to break it off. Alas! madam, what is all the world, and the glories of it? How little does the world appear to that mind whose affections are set on things above! This state, I trust, is what you are seriously seeking after. I am sure it is a state worth every Christian’s seeking after, and what every Christian must seek after, if ever he hopes to get to heaven.

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

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

“I shall trouble you, madam, no further than only to add, that from the time I had the pleasure of seeing Miss Gwynne at my house, I have often had her upon my mind. I then perceived so much grace and

good sense in that young lady, that when this affair was first mentioned to me, I could not help rejoicing at what promised so much happiness to the church of God.

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

“Your very sincere and affectionate friend and servant.”

This epistle, which is characterized throughout by soundness of judgment, kind feeling, and Christian politeness, produced the desired effect. In ten days letters came from Garth, declaring Mrs. Gwynne's acceptance of the proposed security. Every hinderance to the marriage was therefore removed.

A few days afterward Mr. Charles Wesley says, “I married William Brigs and Elizabeth Perronet; who seem quite made for each other.”

After the lapse of a fortnight, during which he regularly preached twice every day, Mr. Charles Wesley paid another visit to Garth, accompanied by his brother, and by Charles Perronet. At the commencement of his journey he experienced a signal interposition of divine Providence. They set out at four o'clock in the morning. In passing through Kensington he says, “My horse threw me. My foot hung by the spur. My companions were gone before; when a servant flew to my help, and I rose unhurt.” When the party arrived at Garth, they found Mr. Howell Gwynne, the eldest brother of Sarah, visiting the family, and vehemently opposed to the union of his sister with the Methodist clergyman. The mother expostulated with him; and Miss Becky told him point-blank, that he ought to consider the offer of his sister's suitor an honour done to himself, as one of the family. Mr. John Wesley renewed his proposal, which Mrs. Gwynne accepted; and it was arranged that Mr. Gwynne and the Rev. Vincent Perronet, vicar of Shoreham, should be the trustees of the property thus secured to Mr. Charles Wesley and his bride. He remained a week at Garth after his brother and Charles Perronet had left, preaching, as usual, twice every day. Mr. Howell Gwynne was soon divested of his hostility, and became as affable and friendly as the rest of the family. Mrs. Gwynne attempted to extort from her future son-in-law a promise that he would not again trust himself in Ireland; but Sally would not suffer him to give this, saying, that she should be glad herself to visit the many pious people in that country, of whom she had heard.

The preliminaries being thus settled in the month of February, it was agreed that the marriage should be solemnized in the following

April. During this interval Mr. Charles Wesley applied himself to his ministerial labour with unabated diligence and zeal; and at the same time he carried on a correspondence with Miss Gwynne, remarkable for its piety. A considerable part of his letters to her were written in verse: a vehicle in which his thoughts flowed in the most natural manner, especially when his feelings were excited. These compositions are exceedingly animated, and breathe the most pure and fervent devotion. They call upon the object of his affection, to whom he now stood in so tender a relation, to unite with him in an unreserved dedication of herself to their common Saviour; and express many fears lest the love of the creature should at all interfere with that supreme love to God, which is the very end of the commandment, and therefore the soul of religion. Never was wedded love more strong and decided than that which he cherished; and never was it more thoroughly sanctified by a perfect and constant reference to God, who has instituted marriage for purposes connected with his own glory.

His spirit and conduct, after he had taken leave of his friends at Garth, will best appear by a few extracts from his private journal. Having arrived at Bristol, he says,—

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

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

“March 10th. I prayed by happy Sally Huntington. The approach of death has put all her troubles to flight. Miss Burdock, to whom I told my affair, expressed the strongest approbation. We had a very solemn watch-night.

“March 16th. I rode with Charles Perronet in a day and a half to London. In bodily weakness I expounded Hab. iii, 17, 18. The power of the Lord was present, and great love was felt toward each other.

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

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

“March 26th. The convincing and comforting Spirit reached our hearts both in the word and sacrament. In the evening I took my leave of the society, who express a general satisfaction at my intentions. Surely both Jesus and his disciples are bidden.

“March 29th. Having, by the help of Mr. Lloyd and his lawyer, settled every thing to Mrs. Gwynne's wish, I set out with Charles Per-

ronet for Bristol, on my way to Wales. We lodged the first night at Oxford.

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

“March 31st. My text in the morning was, ‘If ye then be risen with Christ, seek the things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God.’ He strongly drew our hearts after him, as the tears of many testified. I stopped to pray by an aged woman, who lay dying, and knew not God. She then received faith to be healed. By two we came to Felix Farley’s, and soon after to Kingswood, where we found our beloved sisters, Murray and Davey, who joined us in prayer and joyful thanksgiving.

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

“April 2d. The Lord opened my mouth to apply those weighty words, ‘If ye then be risen with Christ, seek the things which are above.’ I had written our friends notice, that I should be at Cardiff tomorrow, and Tuesday or Wednesday at Garth; but found my brother had appointed to preach at several places till Friday; which I did not take kindly.

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

“April 4th. I met Mr. Hodges at Fonmon. He asked me, ‘My brother, what are you seeking in this thing? Happiness? Then you will be sadly disappointed. If a help and comfort only, look up to God, and he will surely give it you.’ I heard my brother at the Castle, and again in the morning.

“April 6th. I was his hearer at five, and nine, and twelve in Abertaw church. By seven we got to Brecknock. An hour after Mr. James came. I waited with him on Mr. Williams, the surrogate, for a license. He was extremely civil, refusing his fees from a brother clergyman.

“April 7th. I rose at four, and got an hour for prayer and the Scripture. We came to Garth by nine, and found them at breakfast. We were almost equally welcome to all. We talked over matters with Mrs. Gwynne; and all my brother’s fears were scattered. We read over the settlement. Mrs. Gwynne proposed a bond, till it could be signed. My brother signed the bond. Miss Becky and Miss Mus-

grave witnessed it. We crowded as much prayer as we could into the day."

From these statements it appears, that when the time of Mr. Charles Wesley's marriage drew near, his brother expressed some misgivings on the subject. In the first instance he declared an unwillingness to go to Garth, and be present at the ceremony; and afterward, when he consented to attend, he was reluctant to fulfil his engagement with respect to Charles's income. The reason of this hesitation is not distinctly stated; but it is said to have arisen from his "fears;" and those "fears" were removed when he conversed freely with Mrs. Gwynne. Hence it is probable, he was apprehensive that this very clever and managing lady would impose upon Mr. Charles Wesley some restrictions which would limit his usefulness as an itinerant preacher; perhaps fix him in a parish for life. She had already attempted to extort from him a promise that he would never visit Ireland again. To no arrangement of this kind could Mr. John Wesley be a party; and if he were to be deprived of Charles's assistance, it would have been highly unreasonable that he should, to the end of his life, be answerable for Charles's support. Of no unkindness does Charles accuse him, but that of proceeding slowly to the wedding, by preaching at several places on his way; so that he did not arrive at Garth, where alone his "fears" could be removed, till the day before the marriage was to take place. That any doubts should remain, on such an occasion, till so late a period, must have been sufficiently painful to Charles's mind. Every doubt and scruple, however, being taken away, Mr. John Wesley says, "I married my brother and Sarah Gwynne. It was a solemn day, such as became the dignity of a Christian marriage." Mr. Charles Wesley's account is strikingly characteristic. He was all heart and feeling.

"Saturday, April 8th, 1749.

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

Not a cloud was to be seen from morning till night. I rose at four; spent three hours and a half in prayer, or singing, with my brother, with Sally, and with Beck. At eight I led my Sally to church. Her father, sisters, Lady Rudd,* Grace Bowen, Betty Williams, and I think Billy Tucker, and Mr. James, were all the persons present. Mr. Gwynne gave her to me, under God. My brother joined our hands. It was a most solemn season of love! I never had more of the divine presence at the sacrament. My brother gave out a hymn. He then prayed over us in strong faith. We walked back to the house, and

* Lady Rudd was the wife of the eldest son of Mr. Gwynne.

joined again in prayer. Prayer and thanksgiving was our whole employment. We were cheerful, without mirth; serious, without sadness. A stranger that intermeddled not with our joy said, it looked more like a funeral than a wedding. My brother seemed the happiest person among us."

In the course of the same day Mr. Charles Wesley addressed the following letter to his faithful friend, Mr. Ebenezer Blackwell:—

"Garth, April 8th, 1749. My Dear Friend,—Pray for me. I want your prayers, rather than your congratulations. Yet I believe God has lent me a great blessing this day; and that I ought to be thankful, and employ every blessing, and every moment, to his glory.

"I live in hopes of spending the holydays with my friends in London. A week hence I propose returning to Bristol. On Monday my brother proceeds to Ireland. In great love he joins to salute you and our two friends at Lewisham, as does Mr. Gwynne.

"Your ever faithful and affectionate friend and brother."

On the day after the marriage, Mr. Charles Wesley received the sacrament of the Lord's supper, with his bride, and the other members of the family. "Our souls," says he, "were satisfied with His comforts." The ordinance was doubtless administered by his brother, who preached to them in the evening.

The next morning, at the early hour of four o'clock, this indefatigable minister of Christ left the festivities of Garth to encounter the perils of the sea, and the mobs of Ireland. Charles spent the greater part of the day in prayer with his wife. In the afternoon the family were visited by a relation, Mr. Gwynne, of Glanbran, who gave proof that whoever approved of the marriage, he did not. "He took no notice of me," says Charles, "nor I of him."

The happy bridegroom remained nearly a fortnight at Garth before he took his departure. Yet he was not unmindful of his sacred office and calling, but generally preached every morning and evening, either in the mansion of his father-in-law, or in the neighbouring towns and villages. Among other congratulatory letters which he received during this period was one from his meek and intelligent sister, Mrs. Hall, now separated from her wretched husband, and residing in the house of her brother John, connected with the Foundry in London. Thus she speaks:—

"April 13th, 1749. My Dear Brother,—I thank you for the last letter you ever sent me. Surrounded as I am with distress on every side, I find that my heart can rejoice for you. I verily believe the

glory of the Lord is risen upon you, and your sun shall no more go down. It is well you was so happily disappointed; but I cannot say I am; for I could not help believing, the Master would once more honour his own ordinance with his sacred presence. May the God of our fathers bless you both, and enable you to glorify him all your days, by showing forth to all men what he wills marriage to be!

“Pray give my kindest love to my sister; and tell her, I heartily wish her all the happiness her heart desires. You do not say whether you will give us the pleasure of seeing her along with you, or no. I wish you would let us know, if you intend to bring her hither till you can provide a better place, that we may provide for her the best accommodation this place affords.*

“Your affectionate sister.”

On the 21st of April Mr. Charles Wesley left Garth, that he might resume his itinerant ministry. He was accompanied by his wife, Miss Betsy, and their father, to Abergavenny, where they spent the night. The next day he says, “I cheerfully left my partner for the Master’s work, and rode on with Harry to Bristol. We made so much haste, that I left all my strength behind me, and was glad to go to bed as soon as I came in.” The following day was the sabbath; but he was unable to preach, as he intended; and on Monday also he attempted to preach, but, he says, “my body failed.”

In a little while he was able to resume his labours; and with grateful joy he remarks, “Never since I preached the gospel have I been more owned and assisted of God than now. He is always with me in the work of the ministry; therefore, *I live by the gospel.*”

On the recovery of his health, he addressed the following letter to his brother, who was still in Ireland. It is dated

“Bristol, April 29th. I hope this will find you prospering in Ireland. I left Garth yesterday se’nnight. Mr. Gwynne, with Sally and

* If the house to which Mrs. Hall invited her sister-in-law were no better than it was at a later period, it possessed few attractions as a residence. In the Rev. James Creighton’s “Poetic Miscellanies,” published in the year 1791, there is “A Meditation at the old Foundery, near Moorfields, London, while the rain was pouring through the roof, and burst down part of the ceiling of the chamber where the author lay confined by sickness. Nov. 10th, 1785.” The “Meditation” is in blank verse, and thus begins:—

“This tottering fabric, with its mouldering walls,
Its beams decay’d, bent rafters, shatter’d roof,
Minutely paints, exactly represents,
My poor, my frail, my weak, my earthen frame.”

Such, for many years, was the town residence of the Wesleys! “As poor, yet making many rich.”

Betty, accompanied me to Abergavenny. There I left them on Saturday morning, and got hither by one. Over-riding occasioned a fever; but Jesus rebuked it by the means of bleeding, vomiting, and sweating; and on Monday I was just able to preach. Much of His hand have I seen since we parted. Our fears of Mrs. Gwynne were altogether needless. She had assured her daughters, that rather than we should come into any danger of inconvenience, by her son, or any man, Mr. Gwynne should leave us ourselves executors. He made his will, to which I was witness, and even then proposed making me his executor. I desired, as you may well suppose, that he would appoint Mrs. Gwynne, which he did. She leaves Becky hers; to whom I think you can have no exception. Her tenderness toward me increased as long as I stayed at Garth. I cannot but believe she will one day be a great blessing to the church.

“I was too eager for the work, and therefore believe God checked me by that short sickness. Till on Wednesday evening, at the hall, my strength and understanding did not return; but from that time the Lord has been with us of a truth. More zeal, more life, more power, I have not felt for some years; (I wish my mentioning this may not lessen it;) so that hitherto marriage has been no hinderance. You will hardly believe it sits so light upon me. I forgot my wife (can you think it?) as soon as I left her. Some further proof I had of my heart on Saturday last, when the fever threatened most. I did not find, so far as I can say, any unwillingness to die on account of any I should leave behind. Neither did death appear less desirable than formerly; which I own gave me great pleasure, and made me shed tears of joy. I almost believe, nothing shall hurt me; that the world, and the flesh, and the devil, shall keep their distance; or, assaulting, leave me more than conqueror.

“Here is a small, convenient house, eleven pounds a year, next Mrs. Vigor’s. I have written to Garth for counsel; but my mother is unexpectedly against our keeping house for some time, if not years. You, I think, will not hinder our living as pilgrims. Write your mind, and turn the scale.

“On Thursday I propose setting out for London, by Oxford, with Thomas Maxfield; (if they will give me a year of grace, I shall wonder, and thank them;) visit the classes the next week, keep the octave, and return to the press. Farley* and the school go on well. More scholars. Where will you stow them? Come, and build.

“I hope you came time enough to save Joseph Cownley, &c. Set your time for returning. Whenabouts, at least, will you meet me at Ludlow? It is a thousand pities you should not be here when the

* Felix Farley, of Bristol, Mr. Wesley’s printer.

'Library'* makes its first appearance. The Lord cut short your work, and his, and make a few weeks go as far as many months!

"What say you to Thomas Maxfield and my taking a journey (when you return) through all the societies, northern and western, and settling correspondences with the stewards, *alias* booksellers, &c. His heart is whole with us, to my great satisfaction. Take an exact account how many of my book must be sent to Ireland bound. My kindest love to Mr. Lunell, Mr. Lloyd, (with thanks for his letter, and my promise of a speedy answer,) Mrs. Fowkes, Mr. Gibbons, and all friends at Cork and Dublin, &c.

"We make mention of you in all our prayers. Be not unmindful of us. The Lord preserve us all unto his day! Farewell."

Having ministered the word of life at Cirencester and Oxford on his way, he came to London on the 6th of May, and the next day preached both at West-street and the Foundery. "At the chapel," says he, "my subject was, 'The end of all things is at hand;' and at the Foundery, 'Thou shalt show me the path of life.' The word was really a means of grace to our souls. I met the society in very great love, which was only increased by my change of condition. I am married to more than one, or one thousand, of them."

At no period of his life was he more active than at this time. Having spent a few more days in London, he went to Bath, Bristol, Kingswood, and Hereford, where he was joined by his wife. Thence he went to Ludlow; to which place he says "the family lately removed. My mother, and sisters Becky, Betsy, Baldwyn, received me as I expected. Brother Duke and the captain could not be civiler.

"June 4th. The pulpit was refused me, but not the sacrament. In the afternoon the boys began gathering and throwing eggs and stones. Mr. Gwynne sent for the bailiff, who himself fetched the refractory constable, and seized the ringleader of the mob. This quelled the increasing riot. I preached with tolerable quiet on, 'Repent ye, and believe the gospel.'

"June 5th. I preached with more enlargement, and to a better behaved congregation, from, 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!' I stood at the door, and got one stone at last.

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

Mrs. Wesley now began to accompany her husband in his various

* The "Christian Library," the first volume of which was now in the press. It was completed in fifty volumes.

long and rapid journeys, bearing with cheerfulness the inconveniences of an itinerant life, with the scorn and violence of profane men, when he preached to them in the fields, highways, and other places of public resort. As she was greatly admired by him, he expressed a satisfaction which was perfectly natural and allowable in saying, "All look upon my Sally with my eyes." She went with him to Bristol, Bath, London, and several other towns, and was everywhere treated with the utmost respect as the amiable wife of one of the most useful men of his age. She usually rode behind him on horseback, and experienced with him the watchful care of an ever-merciful Providence. Soon after she had become an itinerant, he says, "I was riding over Hounslow-heath, with my wife behind me, when a highwayman crossed the road, passed us, and robbed all the coaches and passengers behind us."

On the 9th and 10th of August Mr. John Wesley met them by appointment at Ludlow, where the Gwynne family now resided; and there signed the legal instrument, securing to Charles and his wife a yearly income of one hundred pounds. The brothers then parted; John going to Birmingham, and Charles to Evesham. They met at Oxford, and went together to London, where they had the "satisfaction," as Charles expresses it, "of two hours' conference, at Mr. Watkins's, with that loving, mild, judicious Christian, Dr. Doddridge."

It will be recollected, that when Mr. Charles Wesley was last in Ireland, he was treated with the utmost respect in the city of Cork, where he preached from day to day to thousands of people, and that with encouraging success; many persons being brought to a saving knowledge of the truth. Opposition, in every form, was suspended; and all classes of the community, from the highest to the lowest, listened to his ministry with silent attention, and regarded him with apparent esteem and kindness. Yet he had a strong impression that this state of things would not last; and therefore warned the infant society to prepare for persecution. This at length appeared in a form more terrific, outrageous, and destructive than there is reason to believe even he had anticipated. While he was making arrangements for his marriage, the cloud was gathering; and after he was made happy in the relation of a husband, he received such accounts of the cruelties inflicted upon his spiritual children there, as awakened his deepest sympathies; and he repeatedly brought these accounts before the societies where he went, for the purpose of calling forth their prayers in behalf of their suffering brethren in the sister island.

A worthless ballad-singer, of the name of Nicholas Butler, was allowed by the civil authorities to set all law at defiance for several weeks together. He went about the city, holding his ballads in one hand, and the Bible in the other, calling upon the people to assist him

in the suppression of the Methodist heretics. Many of the baser sort joined him, and from time to time cut and beat both men and women to the hazard of their lives. They carried the benches of the house where the Methodists worshipped into the street, and burned them in triumph. It was dangerous for any member of the society to be seen abroad. The magistrates refused to protect the innocent and oppressed people who applied to them for redress, and gave direct encouragement to the rioters in their destructive and bloody career. At length the Assizes came on, when twenty-eight depositions were laid before the grand jury relative to the riots which had taken place; but these guardians of the public peace threw them all out; and then, in violation of law and usage, they themselves assumed the character of accusers, and specified the sentence which they wished to be passed upon the alleged offenders, before they had been tried, or had even heard of any indictment! "We find and present," say they, "Charles Wesley to be a person of ill fame, a vagabond, and a common disturber of his majesty's peace; and we pray he may be transported." They made the same presentment with respect to seven other Methodist preachers, most of whose names they mis-spelled. In the estimation of these men, the wanton destruction of other people's property, beating them with clubs, and stabbing them with daggers, were no crimes at all; and they assumed that, at their simple request, Methodist preachers were to be tried and condemned in their absence, and punished without being allowed to utter a word in their own defence. Such were their apprehensions of law and justice. Well might Mr. John Wesley pronounce this "memorable presentment" "worthy to be preserved in the annals of Ireland for all succeeding generations." Mr. Charles Wesley was in London when these enlightened Hibernians gave judgment concerning his character, and declared him worthy of a felon's doom. He wrote a hymn of triumph on the occasion, which has been preserved among his manuscripts.

Soon after his marriage he rented a small house in Stoke's-croft, Bristol, near the residence of his esteemed and very intimate friend Mrs. Vigor, a pious member of the society in that city; and on the 1st of September he and Mrs. Wesley took possession of it, and commenced house-keeping. Referring to its dimensions, he remarks it was "such a one as suited a stranger and pilgrim upon earth." He says, "I saw my house, and consecrated it by prayer and thanksgiving. I spent an hour at the preaching-room in intercession. We began the hour of retirement with joint prayer. When alone, I was in some measure sensible of the divine presence. I opened the book on those words, 'While they spake, Jesus stood in the midst of them, and said, Peace be unto you.' At six our first guests, Mrs. Vigor and her sis-

ters, passed a useful hour with us. I preached on the first words I met, Rom. xii, 1. The power and blessing of God were with us. At half-hour past nine I slept comfortably in my own house, yet not my own.

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

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

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

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

After Mr. Charles Wesley became possessed of a house in Bristol, he and his excellent lady were accustomed to accommodate the itinerant preachers in their visits to that city. John Nelson, John Downes, William Shent, and other men of kindred spirit and habits, were among their frequent guests. To the end of her life she used to speak of them with considerable emotion. She often remarked that she never met with persons better behaved, or more agreeable in their spirit and manners. They were so many eminent proofs how well divine grace can supply the fictitious aid of education and high breeding. She described them as humble, obliging, simple-hearted men, who lived above the world; full of meekness and of holy love.

It is a pleasing indication of the readiness with which Mrs. Wesley adapted her mind to her altered circumstances, that, on leaving the ample mansion of Garth, and taking up her residence in an humble cottage, she wrote with her own hand, in a manner the most neat and elegant, an inventory of the furniture with which they were provided in their new habitation. This document has been preserved among the family records, an interesting proof of her care and economy, and of the limited scale of their establishment. They had, however, more than the prophet's “table, stool, and candlestick.”

Mr. Charles Wesley's happy marriage appears to have been at least one means of deepening his brother's conviction that it is not good for man to be alone, and of inducing him to form the resolution of entering immediately into the same state. He had indeed intended to marry in the course of the preceding year, but was hindered by means with which we are unacquainted. The object of his choice was a widow, of the name of Mrs. Grace Murray, who for her piety, holy zeal, sim-

plicity, and Christian usefulness, was not unworthy of his confidence and affection. She was a native of Newcastle, and at a very tender age knew the Lord; but for want of the requisite discipline and helps departed from the God of her youth. Her first husband, Mr. Alexander Murray, was a sea-faring man, and like herself lived in carelessness and sin. Coming to London, she repeatedly heard Mr. Whitefield preach in the open air, and was seized with such a conviction of her guilt and danger as embittered her very life, and rendered it insupportable. In this state she heard Mr. John Wesley explain, with his characteristic clearness and power, the way of salvation through faith in the sacrifice of Christ; and thus, being led to trust in the Saviour, she found rest to her soul. Not long afterward she addressed the following letter to Mr. Charles Wesley, in compliance with a request, which he made to those who had recently been brought to a knowledge of the truth, that they would give him in writing the particulars of their conversion. It was written in May, 1740.

“Reverend Father in Christ,—My heart being now open before God, I will write as in his presence.

“The first gift of faith I received, after I had seen myself a lost sinner, bound with ten thousand chains, and dropping into hell. Then I heard the voice, ‘Be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee;’ and could say, ‘The Son of God loved me, and gave himself for me.’ I thought I saw him at the right hand of the Father, making intercession for me. I went on in great joy for four months; then pride crept in; and I thought the work was finished, when it was but just begun. There I rested, and in a little time fell into doubts and fears, whether my sins were really forgiven me, till I plunged myself into the depth of misery. I could not pray; neither had I any desire to do it, or to read or hear the word. My soul was like the troubled sea. Then did I see my own evil heart, my cursed, devilish nature; and feel my helplessness, that I could not so much as think a good thought. My love was turned into hatred, passion, envy, &c.

“I felt a thousand hells my due, and cried out, in bitter anguish of spirit, ‘Save, Lord, or I perish.’

“In my last extremity I saw my Saviour full of grace and truth for me, and heard his voice again, whispering, ‘Peace, be still.’ My peace returned, and greater sweetness of love than I ever knew before.

“Now my joy is calm and solid, my heart drawn out to the Lord continually. I know that my Redeemer liveth for me. He is my strength and my rock, and will carry on his work in my soul to the day of redemption.

“Dear sir, I have spoken the state of my heart, as before the

Lord. I beg your prayers, that I may go on, from strength to strength, from conquering to conquer, till death is swallowed up in victory."

When Mr. Charles Wesley received this letter, she says, "He requested that I would come and speak with him the next morning, which I did; but shall never forget his piercing look. He examined me very closely: I answered him with simplicity, as far as I knew. When I was coming away, he said, 'I will propound you to be a member of our society.' The next meeting, therefore, I was desired to stay; and a happy meeting we had."

Her conversion and consequent connection with the Methodists gave huge offence to her ungodly husband, especially when she refused to accompany him to places of worldly amusement. He swore that Mr. Wesley had destroyed all his happiness in this world; absolutely forbade her to attend the religious meetings of her new associates; and protested, that, if she would not renounce all intercourse with them, he would confine her in a madhouse. This threat he was at length induced to withdraw. She had a dangerous illness; and in the extremity of her sufferings, he gave full permission to her Methodist friends to visit her, for the purpose of prayer and pious conversation. Having undertaken another voyage, he was no more permitted to visit his home, but died at sea. The intelligence of his death filled her with grief unutterable.

Being now a widow, Mr. Wesley engaged her as his housekeeper at Newcastle, where she discharged her official duties with fidelity, and was very useful in promoting spiritual religion among persons of her own sex. She also visited various parts of England and Ireland, under Mr. Wesley's direction, regulating and encouraging the female classes, and was a blessing wherever she came. Her unassuming manners, and devout spirit, endeared her to the people, and made her a messenger of good. But she acknowledges that the caresses with which she was received at length proved hurtful to her piety. She lost much of her simplicity and godly fervour, and her spiritual enjoyments were proportionably decreased; yet as she still retained her religious habits, neither Mr. Wesley nor her friends in general were aware of her spiritual declension. This she afterward confessed, as her son has stated in the biographical account of her which he published. The Christian excellences which adorned her character excited Mr. Wesley's esteem and affection, and induced him to make her an offer of marriage. Some years before he had written a tract in favour of celibacy; but he never imagined that a single life is the best for all men, or for the same men at all times; and in the midst of his multiplied labours and cares he felt that he greatly needed the sympathy and aid of an intelligent,

active, and pious wife. The offer which he made to Mrs. Murray was accepted. She declared her readiness to accompany him to the ends of the earth; and confessed that the honour of being thus allied to him was a distinction for which she had not dared to hope.

The marriage was to have been celebrated early in October, 1749; but on the third day of that month she was married to John Bennet, one of the itinerant preachers; Mr. Charles Wesley and Mr. Whitefield being present on the occasion, and persuading her to take this step. That Mr. Wesley was deeply distressed at the disappointment, is manifest from a letter which he immediately addressed to a confidential friend, Mr. Thomas Bigg, of Newcastle, and from some verses which he wrote on the occasion, which are published in his *Life* by Mr. Moore.

All the circumstances of this case have never been disclosed, so that the affair is still involved in considerable mystery. It would appear that the same parties who persuaded Mrs. Murray to marry John Bennet in the year 1749 had prevented her union with Mr. Wesley the preceding year. Charles, whom his brother calls his "own familiar friend," was doubtless the principal hinderance. The reason of his opposition is not distinctly stated, but may be collected from collateral circumstances, and the nature of the case. Mr. Watson thinks that Charles was actuated by a feeling of family and official dignity; and imagined that it would be dishonourable to his connections, were his brother to form a matrimonial alliance with a woman of humble birth, as Mrs. Murray was known to be. But of this there is no proof. The fact is, Mr. Charles Wesley regarded his brother as providentially called to superintend that extensive revival of religion which had now, for several years, been carried on by their joint labours, and that of their fellow-helpers. To preserve this work in unimpaired efficiency, and extend it according to their hopes, he knew would require his brother constantly to itinerate through Great Britain and Ireland; and such incessant journeying was incompatible with the comfort of a married life. The correctness of this opinion was amply proved by the subsequent events of Mr. John Wesley's personal history. That these were Charles's views will appear when we come to speak of his brother's marriage with another lady, which took place about seventeen months after this time.

In addition to this it should be stated that an attachment, of many years' continuance, subsisted between Mrs. Murray and John Bennet. In the year 1745 he had a long and dangerous illness in Mr. Wesley's house at Newcastle, of which she had the charge; and from that illness he believed himself to be raised up in answer to her prayers. From that time he regarded her as destined by Providence to be his

future wife ; and they corresponded together with reference to their marriage. This is stated by her son, in the biographical account of her which he published after her death ; and it is confirmed by documentary evidence still existing. That she vacillated in reference to Bennet, when Mr. Wesley made her an offer, and at the time accepted his proposal, as the more desirable of the two, may be readily conceived ; although such a conduct was not consistent with Christian simplicity and honour. After she had given her pledge to Mr. Wesley, why should she have married Bennet, but that she was previously attached to him, and engaged by promise ? Mr. Charles Wesley and Mr. Whitefield had no power to compel her to marry any man against her will. All that they could do was to reason and persuade. It is highly probable that Bennet, when he obtained information of this new engagement, and perceived that she was likely to escape out of his hands, laid the case before Mr. Charles Wesley and Mr. Whitefield, and requested their interference ; for it is not likely that Mr. John Wesley, after being hindered by his brother twelve months before, would communicate to him his present arrangement.

Though Mr. Charles Wesley's motives are above suspicion, (for a more upright man never lived,) yet it must be conceded that the manner of his interference was indefensible. He had no right absolutely to judge and determine for his brother in a matter so sacred. Counsel and remonstrance he might have given, and that with all the earnestness of which he was capable ; but beyond this he was not justly authorized to proceed. Had it been proved to Mr. John Wesley that the woman whom he was engaged to marry was betrothed to another man, it is not to be conceived that he would have persevered in his design of making her his wife.

The very sensible and affectionate vicar of Shoreham interposed upon this painful occasion, to prevent a permanent breach between the brothers. It was the first serious misunderstanding that had ever taken place between them. Addressing Charles, who had, perhaps with the best intentions, given just ground of offence, Mr. Perronet says, " Yours came this day to hand. I leave you to guess how such news must affect a person whose very soul is one with yours and your friend. Let me conjure you to soothe his sorrows. Pour nothing but oil and wine into his wounds. Indulge no views, no designs, but what tend to the honour of God, the promoting the kingdom of his dear Son, and the healing of our wounded friend. How would the Philistines rejoice, could they hear that Saul and Jonathan were in danger from their own swords !"

For nothing was Mr. John Wesley more remarkable than the forgiveness of injuries, especially when he saw in the offender signs of regret,

or was convinced that the offence had been given rather through infirmity of judgment, than obliquity of purpose. What explanations took place between Mr. Charles Wesley and Mr. Whitefield, and the generous man whom they had disappointed, and wounded in the tenderest part, we know not; but he cherished toward them no feelings of unholy resentment. They all met in Leeds in the evening of the day after the marriage of Mr. Bennet and Mrs. Murray, when he doubtless received the first intelligence of what had been done at Newcastle. Deeply wounded as were his feelings, he went the next morning at five o'clock to hear Mr. Whitefield preach in Leeds; and then accompanied him to Birstal, where he also heard him in the evening. His remark is, "God gave him both strong and persuasive words; such as, I trust, sunk deep into many hearts." Having himself preached the next morning, he says, "I then returned to my brother, whom I had left at Leeds." During this day he saw John Bennet and the bride; and writing to a friend he says, "I believe you never saw such a scene." Yet he was not unmindful of his public duty. "At noon," he says, "we spent an hour with several of our preachers, in exhortation and prayer. About one I preached to a crowded audience of high and low, rich and poor; but their number was abundantly enlarged at five, as was my strength both of soul and body. I cried aloud to them all, to look unto Jesus, and scarce knew when to leave off."

From Leeds Mr. Wesley went to Newcastle, where he still speaks of Mr. Whitefield in the most friendly manner. "I was now satisfied," says he, "that God had sent Mr. Whitefield thither in an acceptable time; many of those who had little thought of God before, still retaining the impressions they received from him."

As if he intended to demonstrate the entire absence from his mind of all wrathful dispositions, now that the matter could not be reversed, Mr. Wesley returned to Leeds, and at John Bennet's request accompanied him to Rochdale, for the purpose of preaching to the rioters of that town; and he afterward went with him to Bolton, in Lancashire. This kindness was not reciprocated. Bennet at length embraced the Calvinian theory; spoke against Mr. Wesley with great vehemence, and endeavoured to alienate the societies from him. He then settled as a Dissenting minister, in Derbyshire, where he spent the rest of his life. After his death his wife returned to the society of her former friends, and to the end of her life expressed great respect for Mr. Wesley, whom she survived several years.

Mr. Charles Wesley speedily returned from the north, and spent the residue of the year in preaching and other pastoral duties in London and Bristol, and at several of the intermediate and surrounding places. The following are the principal entries in his journal:—

“Oct. 24th. Among my hearers to-day at Bath were a son of the Lord Chief Justice Lee, my old school-fellow Sir Danvers Osborn, and Lord Halifax. They behaved decently, and were particularly taken with the singing. In the evening God sent forth his awakening power, and his fear fell on all that heard the word.

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

“Dec. 1st. I hardly reached my own house, quite exhausted as I was with pain of body, and vexation of spirit. I had little power for several days, and less inclination, to preach. My greatest comfort was the conversation of a few faithful friends, such as Mrs. Vigor, Sarah Perrin, Mrs. Davis, and Sukey Burdock.

“Dec. 18th. My birth-day. Forty years long have I now grieved and tempted God, proved him, and seen his works. I was more and more sensible of it all day, till I quite sunk under the burden.

“Christmas-day. The room was full as it could contain. We rejoiced from four to six, that to us a child is born, to us a son is given. We received the sacrament at the college. In the evening all were melted down at our solemn love-feast.”

Toward the close of this year, 1749, Mr. Charles Wesley published, by subscription, two additional volumes of “Hymns and Sacred Poems.” The hymn-books which he and his brother had before sent forth into the world bore their joint names; and no other intimation was given respecting the authorship of the different compositions. The reader is not informed which were written by John, and which by Charles. The two volumes which were now first published bore Charles’s name only, and were thus authenticated as his own. Some of them are founded upon particular texts of Scripture; others express the author’s religious feelings in particular states of mind; not a few were written upon special occasions, as the death of friends, providential deliverances, the success of his ministry, the persecution and opposition with which he had to contend. Several of them are intended for the use of persons in peculiar circumstances, such as ministers of the gospel, medical practitioners, widows, the afflicted, and the dying. More than one-fourth of the second volume consists of “hymns for Christian friends.” Many of these were originally addressed to Sarah Gwynne, before his marriage with her, and others after their union: a few verbal alterations being occasionally made, for the purpose of giving them a more general character, and of adapting them to popular use. While these volumes exhibit his piety and genius to great advantage, they throw considerable light upon his personal

history, and his prevalent habits of thought. As a witness for Christ, he freely sacrificed his reputation as a man of letters and of genius ; and of life itself, comparatively speaking, he made no account.

Among the papers left by him is a small manuscript volume, containing the names of the subscribers to these two volumes of hymns, written by himself with singular neatness. Of the persons who thus encouraged him in his authorship five hundred and thirteen lived in London ; one hundred and thirty-six in Bristol ; three hundred and sixty-seven in other parts of England and Wales ; and one hundred and twenty-nine in Ireland : making, in the whole, eleven hundred and forty-five. Many societies, as such, subscribed for these admirable volumes, particularly in Leeds and its neighbourhood. Hence we infer, that they had circulating libraries for the use of the members : an arrangement which must have been attended with many important advantages, especially where the people were poor, and unable to purchase books for themselves. The following societies appear in this honourable list :—Leeds, Armley, Hunslet, Rothwell, Oulton, Woodside, Seacroft, Woodhouse, York, Acomb, Thirsk, Hornby, and Selby. They were supplied by the agency of William Shent.

CHAPTER XVII.

AT the beginning of the year 1750 Mr. Charles Wesley was at Bristol, as was also his friend Mr. Grimshaw, of Haworth. Though he was greatly blessed in his ministry, especially on particular occasions, yet at times he was subject to strong mental depression. To this indeed he was constitutionally prone, and from this period to the end of his life he was more or less affected by it. When he was daily employed in preaching, and in travelling from place to place, he was carried above all feelings of despondency, and lived in a state of high spiritual enjoyment ; but when he sat down in domestic quiet, those feelings often returned in unabated power.

“Jan. 1st. At four in the morning,” says he, “our room was excessively crowded, while I proclaimed the gospel year of jubilee. We did not part without a blessing.

“Jan. 12th. I preached, with the old power, on, ‘Said I not unto thee, that, if thou wouldst believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?’ Generally my hands hang down, and I am so feeble in mind that I cannot speak.

“Jan. 14th. The Spirit helped our infirmity at Kingswood sacrament. A daughter of our brother Grimshaw was just departed in the Lord,

being perfected in a short space. I brought my friend Grimshaw home with me, comforted for his happy daughter.

“Feb. 8th. There was an earthquake in London.

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

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

“Feb. 19th. My wife had recovered strength for her journey. We set out with our sisters Betsy and Peggy. We could not reach New-*enham*-passage till past seven. It was then quite dark. The boat on the other side refused to come over. We were got to the edge of the bank, the usual place of embarking, when Providence sent a man to stop us. He informed us, that the rains had choked up the river with two banks of sand; and where we were going was all quicksands. We followed him, with great difficulty, to another part of the river. My horse sunk up to the shoulders, but with a violent plunge struggled out. The boatmen at last took pity on us, came over, and with much pains carried us into the boat, and landed us safe on the opposite shore. By noon, Feb. 21st, God conducted us safe to Ludlow. For the five following days I received fresh strength for the work, and rejoiced in some measure that the gospel had free course.

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

Mr. Charles Wesley’s visit to London at this time was one of peculiar interest. He remarks, as we have seen, that, on the 8th of February, “there was an earthquake in London.” He was then in Bristol; but his brother, who was in London, or its immediate neighbourhood, gives the following account of this alarming event:—“It was about a quarter after twelve that the earthquake began at the skirts of the town. It began in the south-east, went through Southwark, under the river, and then from one end of London to the other. It was observed at Westminster and Grosvenor-square a quarter before one. Perhaps, if

we allow for the difference of the clocks, about a quarter of an hour after it began in Southwark. There were three distinct shakes, or wavings to and fro, attended with a hoarse, rumbling noise, like thunder."

On the 8th of March Charles, who was now in London, addressed the following account to his brother in Bristol:—"This morning, at a quarter after five, we had another shock of an earthquake, far more violent than that of February 8th. I was just repeating my text, when it shook the Foundry so violently, that we all expected it to fall upon our heads. A great cry followed from the women and the children. I immediately cried out, 'Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be moved, and the hills be carried into the midst of the sea: for the Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.' He filled my heart with faith, and my mouth with words, shaking their souls, as well as their bodies."

The earth moved westward, then east, then westward again, through all London and Westminster. It was a strong and jarring motion, attended with a rumbling noise, like that of distant thunder. Many houses were much shaken, and some chimneys thrown down, but without any further hurt. The alarm which it occasioned, as might be supposed, was deep and general; many apprehending a return of the calamity in a more destructive form. The following selections from Mr. Charles Wesley's journal give a striking view of the excitement which prevailed:—

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

"March 10th. I expounded Isaiah xxiv, a chapter I had not taken much notice of, till this awful providence explained it: 'Behold, the Lord maketh the earth empty, and maketh it waste, and turneth it upside down, and scattereth abroad the inhabitants thereof. The foundations of the earth do shake. The earth is utterly broken down; the earth is clean dissolved; the earth is moved exceedingly. The earth shall reel to and fro like a drunkard, and shall be removed like a cottage; and the transgression thereof shall be heavy upon it; and it shall fall, and not rise again.' I preached at Snowfields, and urged them to enter into the Rock, now the Lord is risen to shake terribly the earth.

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

"April 4th. Fear filled our chapel, occasioned by a prophecy of the earthquake's return this night. I preached my written sermon on the

subject with great effect, and gave out several suitable hymns. It was a glorious night for the disciples of Jesus.

“April 5th. At four I rose, after a night of sound sleep, while my neighbours watched. I sent an account to Mrs. Gwynne, as follows:— ‘The late earthquake has found me work enough. Yesterday I saw the Westminster end of the town full of coaches, and crowds flying out of the reach of divine justice, with astonishing precipitation. Their panic was caused by a poor madman’s prophecy. Last night they were all to be swallowed up. The vulgar were in almost as great consternation as their betters. Most of them watched all night; multitudes in the fields and open places; several in their coaches; many removed their goods. London looked like a sacked city. A lady, just stepping into her coach, to escape, dropped down dead. Many came all night knocking at the Foundery door, and begging admittance for God’s sake. Our poor people were calm and quiet, as at another time.’”

This account is confirmed by a letter which was written on the same day by Mr. William Briggs, the son-in-law of Mr. Perronet, and addressed to Mr. John Wesley, who was still in Bristol. “This great city,” says he, “has been, for some days-past, under terrible apprehensions of another earthquake. Yesterday thousands fled out of town, it having been constantly affirmed by a dragoon, that he had a revelation, that great part of London and Westminster, especially, would be destroyed by an earthquake the 4th instant, between twelve and one at night. The whole city was under direful apprehensions. Places of worship were crowded by frightened sinners, especially our two chapels, and the Tabernacle, where Mr. Whitefield preached. Several of the classes came to their leaders, and desired that they would spend the night with them in prayer; which was done; and God gave them a blessing. Indeed all around was awful. Being not at all convinced of the prophet’s mission, and having no call from any of my brethren, I went to bed at my usual time, believing I was safe in the hands of Christ; and likewise, that, by doing so, I should be the more ready to rise to the preaching in the morning; which we both did: praised be our kind Protector!

“Though crowds left the town on Wednesday night, yet crowds were left behind; multitudes of whom, for fear of being suddenly overwhelmed, left their houses, and repaired to the fields, and open places in the city. Tower-hill, Moorfields, but above all Hyde-park, were filled best part of the night with men, women, and children, lamenting. Some, with stronger imaginations than others, mostly women, ran crying in the streets, ‘An earthquake! An earthquake!’ Such distress, perhaps, is not recorded to have happened before in this careless city.

Mr. Whitefield preached at midnight in Hyde-park. Surely God will visit this city. It will be a time of mercy to some."

Several persons, ministers and others, who were concerned for the spiritual and moral benefit of the people of London, and of the nation generally, were anxious to perpetuate the solemn impressions which were produced by this providential visitation. A prayer was composed, suited to the occasion, and appointed, "by his majesty's special command," to be read in the churches, "after prayer against the mortality of the cattle," which was then in use. Forms of prayer "for the use of families, on occasion of the late earthquakes, and other judgments of God upon this nation," issued from the press at the same time. The bishop of London published "A Letter to the Clergy and People of London and Westminster, on occasion of the late Earthquakes." Several other tracts, bearing upon the same subject, were also put into circulation, calling upon the people to acknowledge the hand of God in the alarming concussions which had so recently occurred; to praise him for his forbearance, in that so little real injury had been sustained; and to turn away from the sins which were calculated to awaken the divine displeasure, so that future judgments might be averted.

In this kind of service Mr. Charles Wesley took an active and useful part. In the extracts which have been given from his journal, relative to the earthquakes, he mentions the "written sermon" which he preached to one of his congregations, and "several hymns" suited to the service, which the people sung at his dictation. The whole of these he committed to the press. The sermon, which is entitled, "The Cause and Cure of Earthquakes," was first published anonymously; perhaps that it might find its way into quarters where the name of "Wesley" was unwelcome. To the second edition he prefixed his name. In this singularly terse and forcible discourse he proposes to prove from the Scriptures, that earthquakes are the work of God. He then describes a few striking examples of these judgments of the Almighty, especially those which took place in Sicily and Jamaica in the year 1692, and in Lima and Callao in 1746.

In the application of the subject the preacher speaks with his characteristic energy, and power of conviction. Thus he addresses his hearers, when calling them to repentance:—"How slow is the Lord to anger! how unwilling to punish! By what leisurely steps does he come to take vengeance! How many lighter afflictions before the final blow!

"Should He beckon to the man on the red horse to return, and say, 'Sword, go through the land,' can we complain he gave us no warning? Did not the sword first bereave abroad? and did we not then see it within our borders? Yet the merciful God said, 'Hitherto shalt thou

come, and no further.' He stopped the invaders in the midst of our land, and turned them back again, and destroyed them.

"Should he send the man on the pale horse, whose name is Death, and the pestilence destroy thousands and ten thousands of us, can we deny that first he warned us by the raging mortality among our cattle ?

"So, if we provoke him to lay waste our earth, and turn it upside down, and overthrow us, as he overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah, shall we not have procured this unto ourselves ? Had we no reason to expect any such calamity ? no previous notice ? no trembling of the earth before it clave ? no shock before it opened its mouth ? Did he set no examples of so terrible a judgment before our eyes ? Had we never heard of the destruction of Jamaica, or Catania, or that of Lima, which happened but yesterday ? If we perish at last, we perish without excuse ; for what could have been done more to save us ?

"Yes ; thou hast now another call to repentance, another offer of mercy, whosoever thou art that hearest these words. In the name of the Lord Jesus, I warn thee once more, as a watchman over the house of Israel, to flee from the wrath to come. I put thee in remembrance (if thou hast so soon forgotten it) of the late awful judgment, whereby God shook thee over the mouth of hell. Thy body he probably awoke by it ; but did he awake thy soul ? The Lord was in the earthquake, and put a solemn question to thy conscience, ' Art thou ready to die ? Is thy peace made with God ?' Was the earth just now to open its mouth, and swallow thee up, what would become of thee ? Where wouldest thou be ? in Abraham's bosom, or lifting up thine eyes in torment ? Hadst thou perished by the late earthquake, wouldest thou not have died in thy sins, or rather gone down quick into hell ? Who prevented thy damnation ? It was the Son of God ! O fall down and worship him ! Give him the glory of thy deliverance, and devote the residue of thy days to his service."

Mr. Charles Wesley's other publication, which he sent forth at the same time, was entitled, "Hymns occasioned by the Earthquake, March 8th, 1750. In Two Parts." The hymns are nineteen in number, and are written with the author's peculiar spirit, and fervent piety. They describe in strong and glowing terms the power and sovereignty of God ; his merciful and righteous government over men ; national and personal sins ; the divine forbearance and long-suffering ; the uncertainty of life, and of all earthly possessions ; and the durable nature of the joys which are connected with Christian godliness, both in time and eternity. The whole of them are thoroughly devotional, and appear to have emanated from a heart deeply affected with the perilous state of the nation, arising from its cold formality, and daring wickedness ;

and in the midst of surrounding evils calmly reposing in the unchanging fidelity and almighty power of Christ, as the Ruler of all worlds.

Flamsteed's "Letter concerning Earthquakes" was now printed, apparently for the purpose of allaying the public alarm; that author confining his attention exclusively to second causes, and avoiding all reference to God whatever. In opposition to the godless speculations of such theorists, Mr. Charles Wesley sings,—

From whence these dire portents around,
That strike us with unwonted fear?
Why do these earthquakes rock the ground,
And threaten our destruction near?
Ye prophets smooth, the cause explain,
And lull us to repose again.

"Or water swelling for a vent,
Or air impatient to get free,
Or fire within earth's entrails pent,"—
Yet all are order'd, LORD, by THEE;
The elements obey thy nod,
And nature vindicates her God.

The pillars of the earth are thine,
And thou hast set the world thereon;
They at thy threat'ning look incline,
The centre trembles at thy frown,
The everlasting mountains bow,
And God is in the earthquake *now*.

Now, Lord, to shake a guilty land,
Thou dost in indignation rise,
We see, we see thy lifted hand
Made bare a nation to chastise,
Whom neither plagues nor mercies move,
To fear thy wrath, or court thy love.

Therefore the earth beneath us reels
And staggers like our drunken men,
The earth the mournful cause reveals,
And groans our burden to sustain;
Ordain'd our evils to deplore,
And fall with us to rise no more.

Such was the faithful and earnest manner in which this devoted servant of the Lord Jesus endeavoured to improve, to his country's benefit, this remarkable dispensation of divine Providence. It was upon occasion of the earthquakes in London that the exquisitely beautiful hymn in the Wesleyan Collection was written, beginning,—

How weak the thoughts, and vain,
Of self-deluding men;

Men who, fix'd to earth alone,
 Think their houses shall endure,
 Fondly call their lands their own,
 To their distant heirs secure !

The following letter, which was addressed by Mr. Charles Wesley to his wife, and was written on the 17th of March, relates principally to the same subject. It shows that the excitement produced by the earthquake still continued.

“ My Dearest, Dearest Friend,—Grace and peace be multiplied upon you and yours, who are mine also. One letter in a week does not half satisfy me, under your absence. I count the days since we parted, and those still between us and our next meeting. Yet I dare not promise myself the certain blessing ; so many are the evils and accidents of life. Accidents I should not call them ; for God ordereth all things in heaven and earth. Who knows his will concerning this wicked city ? or how near we may be to the fate of Lima or Portugal ? Blessed be God, many consider this day of danger and adversity. The bishop of London has published a seasonable, solemn warning. Our churches are crowded, as at the beginning. Last night I preached, for the first time, at the French chapel, in Spitalfields : my scruples being at last removed. It was full as it could hold. ‘ The poor have the gospel preached unto them,’ was my text : and the Lord was with us of a truth.

“ I preached again this morning, on, ‘ God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in the time of trouble : therefore will we not fear though the earth be removed, and the hills be carried into the midst of the sea.’ The poor weavers, English and French, filled the place, and heard me gladly. Here is surely a door, great and effectual, and as yet not many adversaries. I must endeavour to keep up the awakening, by preaching every morning of next week : then I shall probably go for two or three days to Canterbury, carrying Dudy Perronet* behind me, instead of —.

“ Last night Charles Perronet set out for Bristol, to see my brother, before he departs for Ireland. Dudy and Ned pine after you. We must bestow a month or two on them at Canterbury. Mrs. Stotesbury, Blackwell, Dewal, and many others, express great love for you ; not for my sake, but your own ; or, rather, His to whom you belong.”

Under the excitement which was produced by the earthquakes in London, Mr. Charles Wesley witnessed the death of his beloved sister

* Dudy was a pet name of the unmarried daughter of the vicar of Shoreham. Her proper name was Damaris. She was a lady of deep piety.

Mrs. Wright. She was a woman of an elegant and cultivated mind, and possessed a superior talent for poetry, of which many beautiful specimens have been published. It was her misfortune to be married to a man who was utterly unable to appreciate her worth, and was every way unworthy of her hand. He was illiterate, rude and vulgar in his manners, intemperate, and preferred the society of swearers and drunkards in common alehouses to the conversation of his amiable and intelligent wife, whom he treated with unkindness and neglect. After enduring much sorrow, she found effectual relief and comfort in the saving knowledge of Christ, in which she lived for some years, and then died in the Lord. The following notices concerning her latter end were inserted by Mr. Charles Wesley in his journal. They are brief, but instructive, touching, and affectionate.

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

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

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

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

This gifted but suffering woman wrote the following epitaph on herself:—

“Destined while living to sustain
 An equal share of grief and pain,
 All various ills of human race
 Within this breast had once a place.
 Without complaint she learn'd to bear
 A living death, a long despair,
 Till, hard oppress'd by adverse Fate,
 O'ercharged, she sunk beneath its weight,
 And to this peaceful tomb retired,
 So much esteem'd, so long desired!
 The painful mortal conflict's o'er;
 A broken heart can bleed no more!”

Her brother, Mr. John Wesley, states, with respect to Mrs. Wright, “It is but justice to her memory to observe, that she was at rest before she went hence; being for some years a witness of that rest which remains, even here, for the people of God.”

A few years after the society in Bristol had been formed, Mrs. Wright visited the friends in that city, where she was treated with great affection and respect, and received much spiritual profit. Some time after her return, she addressed to her brother Charles the following letter, which is beautifully illustrative of her gentle and tender spirit, now humbled and subdued by sanctified affliction:—

“Frith-street, Oct. 4th, 1745. Dearest Brother,—I received both your kind letters, and thank you for them; but am surprised you have heard no account of my better health, though I could not write myself; since many have seen me, who I know correspond with you; and some of them are gone to Bath and Bristol lately; especially sister Naylor, and Mrs. Wigginton. Indeed I continue exceeding weak, keeping my bed, except when I rise to have it made; and it is almost incredible what a skeleton I am grown, so that my bones are ready to come through my skin; but, through mercy, the fever that immediately threatened me (with a violent cough, and some fatal symptoms) is gone off, and I am more likely to recover than ever: nay, if I could only get my strength, I should not make a doubt of it.

“This ease of body and great calm of mind, I firmly believe, is owing to the prayer of faith. I think this support the more extraordinary, because I have no sense of God’s presence, ever since I took my bed; and you know what we are when left to ourselves, under great pain, and apprehensions of death; yet though I am yet in desertion, and the enemy is very busy, I enjoy so great a measure of quietness and thankfulness as is really above nature. Hallelujah! Whether or no the bitterness of death is past, I am perfectly easy and resigned, having given up this, with dear Will’s spiritual welfare, and all other things, to the sovereign Physician of souls and bodies.

“Dearest brother, no selfish consideration can ever make me wish your stay in this most dangerous, diabolical world; yet we must always say, ‘Thy will be done;’ and I am pleased still to think, God will permit us to meet again, though I cannot say I desire life a minute longer, even upon those terms. Willy gives his love, and would be unfeignedly glad to see you. Pray join in prayer with me still, that he may persevere. Molly too gives her duty, and desires your prayers. Neither of their souls prospers as I could wish them. Strange, that though we know sanctification is a gradual work, we want our neighbours to go faster than we can ourselves; but poor Willy only waits for the first gift. I have not one fear for those who are truly in earnest.

“If the nation is run stark mad in politics, though never a jot the wiser or holier, no wonder that the person you mentioned in your last

is brim full of them, though she keeps within bounds, and does not talk treason, whatever she may think. I am glad the believers I know seem to run into no extremes about the present affairs, either of losing the one thing needful, by talking too much, or praying too little. The Lord give us a right judgment in all things!

“My prayers, love, and best wishes attend all dear friends at Bristol, from whom I have received innumerable obligations; but above all Mrs. Vigor and her family, who showed unwearied love in serving and humouring me, with my never-to-be-forgotten friend, and sister in spirit, Sally Perrin, who, if possible, showed more kindness in the latter end than beginning. Give my particular love and humble service to Dr. Middleton; poor Nancy Perrot, my companion in misery; Mrs. and Miss Burdock, who were most wonderfully civil to me; and Mr. and Mrs. Wigginton; with Stephen and Betty Maxfield; poor sister Spear, and Mrs. Williams, who spared no pains to serve me; and Sally Colton, Sukey Peck, and Mrs. Halfpenny, with her daughter, who have all been very loving and obliging: and may our best Master reward their labour of love a thousand fold. It has been one of my heaviest crosses, that I have been unable to write to them all; but if ever I recover, I despair not of doing it yet, if acceptable from a novice. You think, perhaps, I may write to them as well as you: but, dear Charles, I write now in bed; and you cannot believe what it costs me. I trust to remember and bless you many times yet before I die; wishing we may have another happy meeting first, if it is best. So, with prayers for the universal church, ministers, assistants, and all mankind, I take leave to subscribe myself,

“Your most obliged and loving sister.

“Forgive all blunders. Adieu.”

It will be observed, that this daughter of sorrow and affliction survived the writing of this letter several years.

Mrs. Wright's death appears to have made a salutary impression upon the mind of her husband. Three days after her interment, Mr. Charles Wesley, in a letter to his wife, says, “Last Monday I followed *our* happy sister to her grave. Her husband is inconsolable, not knowing Jesus Christ. I was much affected by his saying, with tears, he hoped I should not forsake him now that my sister was dead.”

In the same letter he says, speaking of a servant whom he intended to bring with him to Bristol, “He had a wonderful deliverance the other night; when five rogues seized him, crossing the fields, and were about to rob, if not murder, him. He prayed them, in his simple manner, to let him alone; when one of them held up his lantern to his face, and cried, ‘I believe he is a Wesley. He has a very innocent

look. Let him go; let him go.' Which accordingly they did; and he walked quietly home."

He adds, "The alarm here continues and increases, through the daily accounts we receive of more earthquakes. I am printing more hymns, and a sermon, on the occasion."

It was about the time of Mrs. Wright's death, that an intimacy commenced between Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wesley and Mrs. Vazeille, a widow lady, to whom Mr. John Wesley was afterward married. Charles had been introduced to her some months before; and he then spoke of her as "a woman of a sorrowful spirit." In May, 1750, he took her with him to Ludlow, on a visit to the Gwynne family. "During our nine days' stay," says he, "they showed her all the civility that they could; and she seemed equally pleased with them." She accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wesley to London, taking Evesham, Blenheim, and Oxford on their way. He showed her the buildings and gardens belonging to the colleges. On their arrival in town he says, "We took up our quarters for eight or nine days at Mrs. Vazeille's." At this time they had not the most distant apprehension that she was ever to become their sister-in-law.

At this period he met with a foul libel upon himself, which had been in circulation two years without his knowledge. He thus describes and refutes the scandalous and wicked falsehood: "I met with Mr. Salmon's 'Foreigner's Companion through the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford,' printed in 1748, and made the following extract:— 'The times of the day the university go to this church are ten in the morning, and two in the afternoon, on Sundays and holydays; the sermon usually lasting about half an hour. But when I happened to be at Oxford, in 1742, Mr. Wesley, the Methodist of Christ-Church, entertained his audience two hours; and having insulted and abused all degrees, from the highest to the lowest, was, in a manner, hissed out of the pulpit by the lads.'

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

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

While he was reviled, it was his comfort to find that his ministry was in every place sanctioned by the divine blessing; and that the spiritual children, whom the Lord had given him and his brother, still

attested the truth and power of their religion by living and dying as did the Christians in the apostolic times. Their lives were holy, upright, and useful, and their deaths full of resignation, joy, and hope. Several of them about this time passed into the world of spirits; and their dying testimonies were most satisfactory and cheering. "I prayed," says he, "by our sister Lewis, quietly expecting her release."

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

"I visited a dying sister, speechless, yet full of earnest love, as her looks and signs confessed."

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

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

"Sally rejoiced my heart with her account of Mrs. Leyson, whom she saw triumphant in her last hour. Here is another blessed soul gone to paradise, with a good report of us."

"I prayed by our faithful brother Hogg, just departing in the Lord, and to him." "I visited the widow Hogg, in her affliction, and tried to turn it into the right channel." "I buried our late brother Hogg, and preached at the grave to a countless multitude, on, 'These are they that came out of great tribulation,' &c. The Lord gave me utterance, and them the hearing ear." "I preached a written sermon, at Spitalfields, on my beloved friend and brother Hogg. The chapel was crowded; and the house of mourning was turned into a house of great rejoicing."

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

These cases, which mostly occurred in London, and all of them in the course of a few weeks, must have afforded a rich encouragement to the men whose ministrations produced such results. In the midst of the reproaches with which they were daily loaded, they felt, that thus to people heaven with sanctified spirits was worth all their labour, and the sacrifice of their reputation. Conversions were still happily frequent in their congregations, and some of them were attended by circumstances of peculiar interest. The following is an example:—

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

"July 18th. I had the satisfaction of bringing back to Mr. Erskine

his formerly disobedient daughter. She fell at his feet. It was a moving interview. All wept. Our heavenly Father heard our prayers. I preached immediately after, on, 'And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me.' We had a double blessing and power. Poor Jane Cox said she was even compelled to receive Christ." While he was thus successful in bringing sinners to Christ, he says, "I believe God owned me more this day on account of one who, in an abusive letter, had affirmed that the Lord was departed from me."

About the middle of August he was in Bristol, where he met with his unfortunate sister Hall, who, it appears, had been recalled from the asylum which her brothers provided for her at the Foundery. He took her with him to the preaching, when her wretched husband, now abandoned to every vice, understanding where she was, came and fetched her away. Charles refused to have any intercourse with the sensualized apostate, who had renounced the clerical character, and become hardened in infidelity. He says, "I met my sister Hall in the church-yard, and carried her to the room. I had begun preaching, when Mr. Hall walked up the room, and through the desk, and carried her off with him. I was somewhat disturbed, yet went on." The next day "he came up again, calling me by my name. I fled; and he pursued; but could not find me in my lurking-place."

On the 1st of September he says, "I finished Rapin's History; which has cured me, in some degree, of the prejudices of education."

From the time of his marriage, up to this period, Mr. Charles Wesley had only once visited the north of England. He now made arrangements for returning to the former scenes of his ministerial labour in that part of the kingdom, but was providentially hindered. His wife retired to her friends at Ludlow, and he came to London; where he met Mr. Hervey at Mr. Whitefield's Tabernacle, "in the fellowship of the Spirit of love," and rejoiced at the sight of his old college friend. He says,—

"Sept. 16th. A great number of communicants perceived the Lord's presence. He gave us his blessing at our love-feast also. I had a restless night through a boil rising in my neck.

"Sept. 17th. I rose at two, and set out for the north. Beyond Islington my mare threw and fell upon me. I held on as far as St. Alban's, and was then forced to lie down; yet could not sleep day or night.

"Sept. 18th. With much difficulty I got back to London. I continued in great pain for several days, till the boil broke. I passed three days at Newington-green, and found benefit from my physic and fresh air. Mr. Waller and his sisters frequently called, and rejoiced with the church in our house.

“Oct. 7th. I got to the chapel on this and every Lord’s day; the rest of the month I was confined to the house mostly. Dr. Wathen attended me constantly, till both my neck and swollen hand were quite well.” On the recovery of his health he went to Ludlow, where he remained a whole month with his wife’s relations. While he continued at Ludlow he was not unemployed in his Master’s work, nor an inattentive observer of what was passing around him, in connection with the cause of religion. “I encouraged a poor girl,” says he, “to seek her cure from Him who had wounded her. She has the outward mark too; being daily threatened to be turned out of doors by her master: a great swearer, and strict Churchman; a constant communicant, and habitual drunkard.”

At the beginning of the year 1751 Mr. Charles Wesley was in London, preaching, administering the Lord’s supper, and visiting the sick, with his wonted diligence and success; being sustained by the power of God, and borne along in his work by a tide of hallowed and joyous feeling. While thus employed, a temporary gloom was cast upon his mind by his brother’s marriage; from which he was led to indulge the most painful forebodings. A few extracts from his journal will serve to show his views and emotions upon the occasion. He says,—

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

“Feb. 7th. My excessive cough helped to pull me down, and then a sore throat. My companion sympathized with me too sensibly. Feb. 14th. She was often in great pain, especially to-day. I watched by her in great distress, but could not remove her pain by sharing it. I sent for Dr. Wathen, who prescribed what gave her immediate relief. I gave God, who heareth prayer, the glory.

“Feb. 17th. I dragged myself to the chapel, and spoke on those words: ‘Thy sun shall no more go down,’ &c. The whole congregation seem infected by my sorrow. Both under the word, and at the sacrament, we wept and made supplication. It was a blessed mourning to us all.

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

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

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

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

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

From these notices it is manifest, that when Mr. Charles Wesley received intelligence of his brother's resolution to marry, he felt at once the greatest repugnance at the thought. His spirit sunk within him. He was overwhelmed with grief ; and for several successive days and weeks he could scarcely do any thing but weep and pray in solitude. His distress could not proceed from any feeling of personal or family dislike toward Mrs. Vazeille ; for it arose in his mind before he had even the slightest suspicion that she was the object of his brother's choice. A friendship also subsisted between her and the Gwynne family, whom she had recently visited ; and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wesley had lately spent several days at her house. Nor could his grief arise from any aversion to the marriage state ; for he himself was eminently happy in that relation. His wife was amiable, devout, and cheerful ; and perhaps no husband ever excelled him in tenderness and affection.

In all probability, the true reason of his unwillingness that his brother should marry is to be found in the declaration, “ I groaned UNDER MY OWN AND THE PEOPLE'S BURDEN.” Thirteen years had now elapsed since the brothers, after long and anxious inquiry, received correct views of evangelical doctrine, and realized its truth in their own experience. During this period their labours had been strenuous and incessant ; they were directed to the one object of making men holy and happy by believing in Christ ; and in these labours they had been successful far beyond their highest hopes. They had the most deep and solemn conviction, that their ministrations were carried on under the direct sanction of God ; and that he had thus far employed them in the revival of primitive Christianity. In all parts of the kingdom, from the Land's End to the Tweed, and in various parts of Ireland, they had societies of spiritual children, the fruit of their faith and prayer. All these needed constant pastoral care, that they might not depart from the good Shepherd, but remain in the fold, and be multiplied. Many sons in the gospel had been raised up as their fellow-helpers ; but

these, not having been trained to the sacred office, stood in need of incessant superintendence, encouragement, and direction. The discipline of the connection was not then formed, and both the preachers and the societies looked up to the Wesleys as their guiding head. Charles felt that he could not take the charge of all these people. At no period of his life was he qualified for the task. About three years after this time Mr. John Wesley was alarmingly ill, and his death was generally anticipated by his friends. In this emergency Charles, when urging the society in London to unite in prayer for his brother's recovery, solemnly declared to them, that should his brother be taken away, according to their apprehensions, they would be inevitably left as sheep without a shepherd; for that he could not possibly sustain the pastoral charge of them. He well knew that government was not his forte; and as soon as he became a husband, he at once perceived that his labours and influence would be unavoidably restricted. His wife was ready to accompany him wherever he went, and at this time actually proposed to go with him to Newcastle; but her presence with him in his travels was often inconvenient and expensive, especially when the weather was severe, and the journeys were long. Since his marriage Charles had never been either to Cornwall, or Ireland, where a great work of God was begun, and in delightful progress. If Mr. John Wesley's marriage should be a means of confining his labours within the same comparatively narrow circle, there was no hope that the cause of true religion would advance as it had done. Many of the Methodist societies, there was reason to believe, would become Independent churches; a wide separation from the national Establishment would ensue; and the kingdom be deprived of that extensive reformation which the brothers had hoped by God's blessing to effect.

These appear to have been the apprehensions of Mr. Charles Wesley with respect to his brother's marriage; and if so, they were honourable to his judgment and his piety. A due attention to his wife was unquestionably inconsistent with that rapid and extensive itinerancy to which Mr. John Wesley was providentially called, as the general superintendent of the growing Methodist societies and ministry. For any thing that we certainly know to the contrary, Mr. Charles Wesley was influenced by similar motives in the part which he took relative to the marriage of Mrs. Grace Murray. In that case he had gone further than duty would warrant; and he saw that he had inflicted a wound in his brother's mind which time had scarcely healed. Measures so extreme he did not now attempt to repeat. When his brother was married, and the paroxysm of his own grief had in part subsided, he showed all possible respect to his brother's wife, and requested that all past differences, of whatever kind, might be forgotten. He earnestly

desired that mutual confidence and love might be cherished between his brother's family and his own, and that he and his brother might labour together with their former cordiality.

The fears of Mr. Charles Wesley respecting the consequences of his brother's marriage proved to be unfounded. Mr. John Wesley's itinerant ministry was maintained in unimpaired efficiency to the end of his life; his regular visits to the principal societies in Great Britain and Ireland were continued, and productive of the greatest good; and his control over the preachers was increasingly paternal and salutary till he ceased to breathe. Yet while these important objects were secured, though he was a married man, he was a stranger to the comforts of wedded life. His wife, after tormenting herself and her husband for some years, retired altogether from his society, and left him to pursue his course of duty in his own way.

Mrs. Vazeille was the widow of a London merchant, whose country residence was at Wandsworth. She was a woman of good property, the whole of which was secured to herself and her children before her union with Mr. Wesley, who refused to have any control over her fortune. Neither in understanding nor education was she worthy of the eminent man to whom she was united; and her temper was intolerably bad. During the life-time of her first husband she appears to have enjoyed every indulgence; and, judging from some of his letters to her, which have been preserved, he paid an entire deference to her will. Her habits and spirit were ill adapted to the privations and inconveniences which were incident to her new mode of life, as the travelling companion of Mr. John Wesley, whose journeys were long and incessant, and generally prosecuted with great rapidity.

Nothing could surpass his cheerfulness and equanimity. With him it was a fixed principle, to see and acknowledge the hand of God in all the events of life, small as well as great; so that in his estimation every murmur was a sin, being an expression of dissatisfaction with the arrangements of divine Providence. For some time after his marriage his wife accompanied him in his itinerancy, not always as a help meet for him, but too often as a source of vexation. When her mind was irritated, nothing could please her. The weather was either intolerably cold, or insufferably hot. The roads were bad, and the means of conveyance unbareable. The people by whom they were accommodated were rude and unpolite. The provisions were scanty, or ill prepared. The beds were hard, and the covering insufficient. Her husband's official duties, preaching two or three times daily, visiting the sick, regulating the societies, carrying on an extensive correspondence, and writing constantly for the press, occupied so much of his time, that he could not pay her all the attention that she required.

She therefore deemed herself neglected. He could not relax in his diligence, so as to conform to her views and habits, without violating his conscience; and she could not reconcile her mind to his ceaseless travelling and application. They were married in February; and in the June following she carried her complaints against her husband to Charles, who kindly attempted to soothe her spirit, and reconcile her to the inconveniences which she could not avoid. He says,—

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

“June 22d. I passed another hour with her, in true affection and conference; then with my brother; then with both together. Our explanation ended in prayer and perfect peace.”

It will be perceived that the ladies whom Mr. John and Charles Wesley married were very dissimilar. Miss Gwynne was young, and had only a comparatively small fortune; Mrs. Vazeille was rich, and considerably advanced in life. Miss Gwynne was prepared to give her heart, with all its warmth of original affection, to her husband, who returned her love with an ardour equal to her own. To her, therefore, it was a pleasure to meet all his views, and adapt herself to all his habits and engagements. Mrs. Vazeille's affections had been long occupied by a former husband, and the children whom she had borne to him. Her love to Mr. Wesley was not sufficiently strong to induce her patiently to submit to a life of self-denial on his account; and neither her piety nor philosophy could reconcile her to her altered circumstances. Before she married him she knew that his parish was the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland; and if she thought that she could confine his ministry within narrower limits, it is certain that she understood not his character. Charles's labours became gradually local. Happily for the world, John possessed greater firmness of bodily and mental constitution. His was a fixedness of purpose, in all matters of duty, from which nothing could induce him to swerve. The frowns of men in authority, the allurements of ease, the pleasures of learning, the violence of mobs, the caresses and even the tears of a wife, were all equally powerless, when directed to the obstruction of his efforts to save souls. Unless he had married a woman of a truly kindred spirit, it would have been far better for him to remain single. With a wife of Mrs. Vazeille's temper it was impossible that he should be happy; for he could not accommodate himself to her will without sinning against God, by the neglect of that work to which he believed himself divinely called, and the prosecution of which he therefore felt to be matter of absolute duty.

It has been thought by some persons, that Mr. John Wesley treated his fretful wife with coldness and reserve; and that on this ground she had just reason to complain. But the reverse of this is the fact. Several of his letters to her, which were written after their marriage, have been preserved. They display the utmost tenderness of affection, such as few female hearts could have withstood, and justify the opinion, that, had it been his happiness to be married to a person that was worthy of him, he would have been one of the most affectionate husbands that ever lived. Those who think that he was constitutionally cold and repulsive utterly mistake his character. But nothing that he could either do or say would his wife kindly receive. In almost every word that he uttered, and every action that he performed, she found fresh ground of dislike and complaint. According to Charles's testimony, (and he was a competent judge,) nothing could surpass the patience of his brother, in bearing with his perverse and murmuring spouse. At first she carried her complaints to Charles; but soon even he and his wife became objects of her bitter hostility; so that her language to them was scarcely less severe than that which she applied to her hapless husband. Some scores of documents in her hand-writing are still in existence, which attest the violence of her temper, and would warrant the conclusion that there was in her a certain degree of mental unsoundness. The name by which Mr. Charles Wesley generally called her was, "My Best Friend:" for no other person told him of his faults with half the vehemence and particularity which characterized her rebukes and admonitions.

When Mr. Charles Wesley was first called to soothe the mind of his discontented sister-in-law, he received complaints from Bradford, in Wiltshire, affecting the moral character of James Wheatley, one of the preachers whom he and his brother had appointed to assist them. Some months before this, he had entertained strong doubts respecting Wheatley, and had seriously admonished him, but without effect. The man was sullen and obstinate. He had indeed become a thorough Antinomian, both in principle and action. At first he denied the charges which were preferred against him; then confessed them, when confronted with his accusers; then attempted to justify the acts of wickedness of which he had been found guilty; and, last of all, declared that the preachers in general were addicted to the same practices. Ten of them met him in the presence of the Wesleys, and challenged him to the proof of the allegation; but in this he entirely failed. Having convicted him of slander, in addition to his other crimes, and perceiving in him no signs of repentance, the brothers solemnly cut him off from all future connection with them and their fellow-labourers. After his dismissal he went to Norwich, where he was comparatively unknown.

There he commenced an independent ministry ; for some time endured bitter persecution ; and then became very popular ; till his wickedness, which he continued to practise, was brought to light, and awakened the public indignation. Wheatley was, there is reason to believe, the first preacher that was ever expelled from the Methodist body. His life was a tissue of inconsistencies. At the beginning of his public labours, he gave satisfactory proof of deep piety and exemplary zeal ; and Mr. John Wesley expressed, in a private letter to Howell Harris, his admiration of Wheatley's spirit. While he was stationed in Ireland he contracted an acquaintance with some Antinomians, and imbibed their unholy principles. He immediately changed his mode of preaching, expatiating almost exclusively upon the sufferings of Christ, and the mercy of God, with little or no reference to practical holiness as essential to the Christian character. Confining his attention, and that of his hearers, to the merits of Christ's passion, overlooking the spirituality of Christ's law, and the righteousness of his government, this wretched man silenced the voice of conscience, and, apparently without remorse, abandoned himself to practices which have left an indelible brand upon his memory. His very preaching was sensual, being addressed to the passions of his hearers, rather than to their understandings and consciences.

While Wheatley's case was under examination Mr. Charles Wesley says, "I carried my brother home, and offered to join with him heartily and entirely." He adds, that Wheatley's accusation "put my brother and me upon the resolution of strictly examining into the life and moral behaviour of every preacher in connection with us ; and the office fell upon me. I set out for this purpose on Saturday, June 29th, 1751."

It is but justice to the preachers of that day to say, that Mr. Charles Wesley's inquiries concerning them, prosecuted in various parts of the kingdom, completely contradicted the statement of Wheatley. When he was removed from their fraternity no other instance of moral delinquency could be found among them. Two or three Mr. Charles Wesley speaks of as deficient in abilities ; and expresses an opinion that his brother had not exercised sufficient caution in their appointment. One of them, Michael Fenwick, he directed to return to his secular business, as being destitute of the talents requisite for the Christian ministry. But he records not a word of complaint respecting the piety or the deportment of any of the men who were regularly employed in the itinerant work. His silence is their eulogy ; for to detect sin among them, if there were any, was the direct object of his mission.

The following selections from the journal which he wrote during this excursion will show the spirit by which he was actuated, and the state of religion in various parts of the kingdom. He was still characterized

by that zeal and devotedness which had marked his course from the commencement of his itinerant ministry.

“ July 5th. Between six and seven I set out with sister Perrin, my wife, sister Beck, and honest Francis Walker. Coming to Worcester in the afternoon, we heard, the rioters had been at the room on Monday evening, in expectation of me, and made great disturbance. I doubted all along whether I had any business here at this time; yet at the desire of the poor people I went to their room at seven. Almost as soon as I began, the mob interrupted; but in spite of their lewd, hellish language, I preached the gospel with much contention. They had no power to strike the people, as usual; neither did any molest us on our way home.

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

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

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

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

“ July 7th. I preached out to a numerous congregation, whom I could

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

"July 8th. I preached at five with much freedom, and hope of their recovery. In the afternoon the curate met me; a well-disposed youth, just come from college, where his tutor, Mr. Bentham, gave him an early prejudice for true religion. He invited me to his lodgings, joined with us in serious conversation, and singing, and seeming ready for all good impressions. At six I preached on Bromwich-heath to a multitude of the poor, who heard me gladly; and I knew not when to leave off.

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

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

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

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

By their patience and steadfastness of faith they have conquered their fiercest adversaries. God gives them rest; and they walk in his fear and comfort, increasing daily both in grace and number.

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

"July 12th. I took my leave of them at Wednesbury, exhorting them to continue in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers. Sister Perrin met and found much grace among the women. Half a dozen more wandering sheep I gathered in, and

restored to their brethren. I preached at Birmingham to several of the better rank, who received the word with a ready mind.

“ July 13th. At morning and at noon my mouth was opened to make known the mystery of the gospel.

“ July 14th. I examined the society, who adorn the gospel of Christ. I heard a good sermon at church, about using the world as not abusing it. But, alas! it supposed the congregation to be Christians. I preached at five before brother Bridgens’s door. We expected a disturbance; but the power of the Lord was over all. The cloud stayed on the assembled society. The word of exhortation went from my heart to theirs. The Spirit helped us to pray, especially for some at Bristol; and our souls were like a watered garden.

“ July 15th. At five I took horse with our brother Bridgens, an old disciple, past eighty, and lodged at Duffield. July 16th, at two, I rejoiced to meet some of our dear children in Sheffield. I encouraged them by that *most* glorious promise, ‘ Behold, He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him!’ The door has continued open ever since Mr. Whitefield preached here, and quite removed the prejudices of our first opposers. Some of them were convinced by him, some converted, and added to the church. ‘ Him that escapes the sword of Jehu shall Elisha slay.’

“ July 17th. I preached at Rotherham, and met, to my comfort, several solid believers. I talked severally with the growing society. I returned and preached, in the streets at Sheffield, without life or power, to a wild, tumultuous rabble. I was equally dead at the society.

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

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

“ July 19th. I preached once more to this lively, loving people, and left them sorrowful, yet rejoicing. We had a pleasant ride to

Wakefield, where our brother Johnson received us joyfully. He himself was sick of a fever; but the Lord makes his bed; and he waits upon Him without trouble, care, or choice. By five we were welcomed to Leeds by our sister Hutchinson and others. I preached at eight to many more than the house could hold. The Lord gave us a token for good.

“July 20th. The leaders informed me, that of the two hundred and fifty members of the society every one could challenge the world, ‘which of you convinceth me of sin?’ I visited a faithful brother, whose wife and sister were drawing back. We laboured to restore them in the spirit of meekness, and the Lord added weight to our words. They departed for a while, we trust, that we might receive them again for ever. At eight I preached the gospel to a multitude of poor sinners, unfeignedly poor, and hungering after righteousness.

“July 21st. I preached in the shell of our house, on Zech. iv, 9: ‘The hands of Zerubbabel have laid the foundation of this house, his hands shall also finish it; and thou shalt know that the Lord of hosts hath sent me unto you.’ I rode to Birstal, where John Nelson comforted our hearts with an account of the success of the gospel in every place where he has been preaching, except Scotland. There he has been beating the air for three weeks, and spending his strength in vain. Twice a day he preached at Mussleborough to some thousands of *mere* hearers, without converting one soul.

“I preached at one to a different kind of people. Such a sight have I not seen for many months. They filled the valley, and side of the hill, as grasshoppers for multitude. Yet my voice reached the most distant, as I perceived by their bowing at the holy name. Not one appeared unconcerned. I directed them to ‘the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.’ God gave me the voice of a trumpet, and sent the word home to many hearts. After evening service I met them again, but much increased, and lifted up my voice to comfort them by the precious promises which were then fulfilled in many. The eyes of the blind were opened; the ears of the deaf unstopped; the lame men leaped like harts; and the tongue of the dumb sung. The society collected from all parts, filled their new room; whom I earnestly exhorted to walk as becometh the gospel.

“July 23d. I showed the believers of Leeds how they ought to walk, from, ‘Ye are the salt of the earth,’ &c. In the evening I preached repentance and forgiveness in the name of Jesus to a mixed multitude of rich and poor. I visited a sick sister, destitute of all things, yet triumphing over want, sickness, death.

“July 24th. I preached at Woodhouse, faint and ill, as before a fever. So I told Sally, yet strove to hold up till I had written, with many tears, to my dear J. Hutchinson. At eight the fever came.

“ July 25th. I was carried to Miss Norton’s, who quitted her house for us, and Sarah Perrin.

“ July 26th. John Nelson assured me that above seventy had died in triumph out of Birstal society only.

“ July 29th. Dr. Milner constantly attended me. I had some discourse with Paul Greenwood, an Israelite indeed; glad to work with his hands, as well as to preach.

“ August 1st. M. Polier, a minister from Switzerland, was brought to me by my doctor. He inquired thoroughly into our affairs. I told him all I knew of the Methodists, with which he appeared fully satisfied. He seemed a man of learning and piety. In the evening we were strangely drawn out in prayer for him.

“ August 6th. I prayed with the society, in solemn fear of God present. It seemed as if he spoke with an articulate voice, ‘ Return unto me, and I will return unto you.’ My faith was greatly strengthened for the work. The manner and instruments of carrying it on I leave entirely to God.

“ August 8th. I took horse for Newcastle, with Sally, sister Perrin, Miss Norton, and William Shent. We could get no further than Topcliff. I found an aged woman reading Kempis, and asked her the foundation of her hope. She simply answered, ‘ A good life.’ I endeavoured to teach her better, and preached Christ the atonement, as the only foundation. She received my saying with tears of joy. We joined in fervent prayer for her. All the family seemed much affected. I found myself refreshed in body, as well as soul, and easily rode on to Sandhutton.

“ August 9th. By noon our travels ended at Newcastle. My companions are better, both in mind and body, for their long journey. I preached, but very feeble, on, ‘ The third part I will bring through the fire.’ Preaching, I perceive, is not now my principal business. God knoweth my heart, and all its burdens. O that he would take the matter into his own hand, though he lay me aside like a broken vessel!

“ August 11th. I felt the fever hanging about me all day, notwithstanding the bark, which I continue taking. The society appeared lively and solid. I vehemently exhorted them to watch and pray, as well for the labourers as themselves, that none of us might bring a reproach upon the gospel.

“ August 12th. I had much discourse with a brother from Scotland, who has preached there many weeks, and not converted one soul. ‘ You may just as well preach to the stones,’ he added, ‘ as to the Scots.’ Yet to keep my brother’s word, I sent William Shent to Mussleborough. Before he went, he gave me this memorable account of their late trial at Leeds :—

“ ‘ At Whitecoat-hill, three miles from Leeds, a few weeks since, as our brother Maskew was preaching, a mob arose, broke the windows and doors, and struck the constable, Jacob Hawley, a brother. On this we indicted them for an assault; and the ringleader of the mob, John Illingworth, indicted our brother the constable, and got persons to swear the constable struck him. The grand jury threw out our indictment, and found that against us. So we stood trial with them on Monday, July 15th, 1751; and the recorder, Richard Wilson, Esq., gave it in our favour, with the rest of the court. But the foreman of the jury, Matthew Priestley, with two others, Richard Cloudsley and Jabez Bunnell, would not agree with the rest, being our avowed enemies; the foreman, Mr. Murgatroyd’s great friend and champion against the Methodists.

“ ‘ However, the recorder gave strict orders to a guard of constables, to watch the jury, that they should have neither meat, drink, candles, nor tobacco, till they were agreed in their verdict. They were kept prisoners all that night, and the next day till five in the afternoon, when one of the jury said he would die before he would give it against us. Then he spoke closely to the foreman concerning his prejudice against the Methodists, till at last he condescended to refer it to one man. Him the other charged to speak as he would answer it to God in the day of judgment. The man turned pale, and trembled, and desired another might decide it. Another, Joseph Hardwick, being called on, immediately decided it in favour of the Methodists. After the trial, Sir Henry Ibison, one of the justices, called a brother, and said, *You see God never forsakes a righteous man. Take care you never forsake him.*

“ ‘ While the trial lasted, hundreds of our enemies were waiting for the event, who showed by their fierceness what they designed, had we lost our cause. They intended to begin with pulling down our house; but thanks be to God, who hath not delivered us over as a prey into their teeth.

“ ‘ The judge of the court was Richard Wilson, Esq., recorder of Leeds. Justices: J. Frith, mayor; alderman Micklethwaite; alderman Denison; alderman Sawyer; A. Smith; A. Brooks. Jury: Matthew Priestley, Richard Cloudsley, Jabez Bunnell, U. Briscoe, William Wormill, Richard Cockell, Joseph Naylor, Joseph Inkersley, George Dixon, Richard Sharp, William Upton, and Joseph Hardwick. There were four witnesses against, and six for, us.’

“ August 13th. I rode with my little family to Sunderland. I examined the society of about one hundred, most of whom received the atonement in meeting their classes: an argument for such meetings as I cannot get over. At seven I preached in a large, convenient room, filled with attentive souls, on whom I called, ‘ Behold the Lamb of God,

which taketh away the sin of the world !' For an hour and a half my strength held out.

" August 14th. At nine we set out, and in half an hour's riding overtook a woman and girl leading a horse. She begged us to help them up, and forward them on their way. We did so ; but the horse turned with them again, and rode back toward Sunderland. We had the riders to pick up again, and remount. Their horse we put between us ; but he broke through a gap, and galloped back. When he had shaken them off he stood still. I bade my companion take up the girl behind him, hoping the horse would carry the woman alone : but in vain ; though we all beat the poor beast, to drive him on, he kicked and flounced till he had dismissed his rider. I then said, ' Surely, good woman, God withstands you. You are going somewhere contrary to his will. I can compare your horse to nothing but Balaam's ass. What can be the meaning of it ?' She answered, ' Sir, I will tell you all ; for there must be something extraordinary in the great pains you have taken with me. That child I had by a gentleman who promised me marriage, but since married another, because richer than I. I am going to try if he will do any thing for the child and me : but I fear it is not pleasing to God.' I asked what she had to live upon. She told me, she was married to a blacksmith ; had a child by him ; and it was but low with them. I advised her to take God's warning, and utterly renounce the first wicked man ; to spend the rest of her days in repentance, and working out her salvation ; gave her something ; and recommended her to a sister in Sunderland. She seemed overwhelmed with joy and gratitude, mounted with her child, and the horse carried them quietly home.

" August 16th. At three I was sent for by the jailer's wife, to a poor wretch under sentence of death, for murdering his own daughter of fourteen. Never have I spoken to a more hardened, ignorant, stupid sinner. He utterly denied the fact. I prayed for him, but with little hope. After preaching at the Orphan-house, I commended him to the prayers of the congregation, and we found free access to the throne. At my next visit I perceived little change in him ; only he suffered me to speak, and said nothing of his innocence.

" August 18th. I heard Jonathan Reeves at Sheephill, and added a few words in confirmation of his. I returned to Newcastle comforted. I preached in great weakness. At our love-feast the spirit of supplication was given, and the poor murderer brought to our remembrance. I have not been more refreshed for many a day.

" August 20th. I preached in the prison, on, ' Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, having been made a curse for us.' Still I could not discern any signs of true repentance in the poor man, though

he is to die to-morrow. He persists in his innocence; but confesses he deserves far worse punishment at the hands of God. I prayed over him with tears; and told him, our next meeting would be at the judgment-seat. I was ready to wonder why Providence had directed me to him, and engaged his people to pray for him, when one informed me, that while I was earnestly praying for him in the congregation, a woman had received forgiveness. Many other good ends may be answered, which we do not know: at least, our prayers shall return again into our own bosom. At night I was drawn out in prayer again for him, and continued instant therein for half an hour. The people were deeply affected. It is impossible for so many prayers to be lost.

“August 21st. The first news I heard this morning from Jonathan Reeves was, that he had been with John Downes and others, visiting the poor malefactor; and they verily believed he had found mercy. He told them his heart was so light, he could not express it; and he was not in the least afraid to die. Two days before, Jonathan Reeves had talked an hour and a half with him, and put him in great fear; but now he appeared quite calm and resigned, and so continued to the last moment. I took horse at nine for Horsley, leaving Jonathan to attend the execution, and bring us word. He overtook us in the afternoon, with the same account of his convert, who showed all the marks of repentance and faith in death. I passed the afternoon with Mr. Carr, a young minister from Scotland, and our brother and sister Ord, from Hexham. I preached at seven, quite overcome with the heat. By noon I returned to Newcastle.

“August 23d. I spake with our brother Allen, an exhorter, whom one would fain have persuaded to forsake his business. I persuaded him to continue in it.

“August 24th. At one I set out with Sally, sister Perrin, Miss Norton, &c. I preached at Durham repentance, and faith in our Lord Jesus.

“August 25th. We communicated at the Abbey. I preached in a yard to many quiet hearers, on, ‘Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!’ I enlarged much at the society.

“August 26th. I set out at six with Miss Norton, S. Perrin, &c. We lodged at Thirsk, and dined the next day at York. I preached at six to many deeply-attentive hearers; and passed a restless night, expecting the return of my fever.

“August 28th. I received strength to preach in the afternoon, and meet the society. Next morning, Miss Norton and S. Perrin set out with William Shent for Leeds, and we for Epworth. It happened to be the fair-day, which increased our evening congregation. I exhorted them to come boldly to the throne of grace; and the word did not return empty.

“August 31st. I rode with S. W. to Misterton; and prayed by an old believer, who had saved all her house by prayer. Before the gospel came, she had in faith asked life for them; and as soon as the Methodists preached here, her sons and daughters, brothers and sisters, and all her kin, who are the principal persons in the town, received the truth, and entered into the society. I found a multitude of gracious souls, who greedily drank the word, ‘I have blotted out thy transgressions as a thick cloud.’ It was a time of great refreshing, both for them and me.

“Sept. 1st. I met the society from six to eight, and rejoiced over them as over our Kingswood colliers in their first love. I preached at nine with double power. Many cried after Jesus. One fainted through vehemence of desire. I was forced to leave them, and return to the dead souls in Epworth. There I preached at the Cross, and met the society, whom I endeavoured to stir up, to the recovery of their former zeal.”

From Epworth Mr. Charles Wesley went to Sykehouse, and thence to Leeds, where he joined the faithful friends from whom he had parted at York. He remained about a fortnight in Leeds and the neighbourhood, preaching to the people; holding private conversations with the preachers, whom he collected together from all quarters, that he might hear them preach, and ascertain their views and spirit. Robert Swindells he found inclined to Calvinism, but teachable; David Trathen and John Webb, confirmed predestinarians; and John Bennet, grieved, and strongly prejudiced against Mr. John Wesley, in consequence of some untruths which had been insidiously stated to him. Here he also met with William Darney, a man of considerable notoriety in his day. William was a native of Scotland, of blunt manners, and of great energy and perseverance, who itinerated through an extensive district of country, in Yorkshire and Lancashire, preaching, and forming religious societies. His theological views were Calvinistic. In the pious vicar of Haworth he had a friend and patron; but he does not appear to have been in strict communion with any body of religious people. The persons whom he collected together were generally called “Wiliam Darney’s societies.” This eccentric evangelist had a considerable facility in versification, and thought some of his poetic musings sufficiently important for publication. They are among the most rude and unpolished compositions that were ever committed to the press.

During his stay in Leeds Mr. Charles Wesley held a conference of the preachers, of which he has left the following curious account in his private journal:—

“Sept. 11th. Mr. Grimshaw came, and soon after Mr. Milner. At

ten we began our conference; at which were present John Nelson, William Shent, Christopher Hopper, Thomas Colbeck, Jonathan Reeves, John Bennet, Paul Greenwood, Michael Fenwick, Titus Knight, from Halifax, Robert Swindells, and Matthew Watson. All these I had invited, and given them notes. Webb and Trathen came afterward, but were not admitted. Brother Mortimer also, and William Darney, whom I appointed to talk with before we met again in the afternoon.

“Had any one asked me the end of our conference, I could not have told him; only that I came to make observations, to get acquainted with the preachers, and see if God had any thing to do with us, or by us.

“After prayer (in which I found much of the presence of God) I began, without design, to speak of the qualifications, work, and trials of a preacher; and what I thought requisite in men who act in concert. As to preliminaries and principles, we all agreed. This conversation lasted till one. I carried Mr. Grimshaw, Milner, and Bennet to dinner at Miss Norton’s.

“At three we met again. But first I talked to Mortimer, whom I admitted; and to William Darney, whom I rejected. Two hours more we spent in friendly, profitable conference. I told them my heart, freely and fully, concerning the work and the workmen. We parted in the spirit of love.

“At six I preached to thousands in the new house, from, ‘Behold, He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him!’ We have not had such a time together since I came. The same power rested on the society. Our souls were as a watered garden. Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift!

“Sept. 12th. I took a delightful leave of them at five. We all agreed to postpone opinions till the next general conference, settled the affairs of the church, the best we could, and parted friends.

“At three I took horse with Mr. Grimshaw, Milner, Shent, Bennet, for Birstal. I expounded Isaiah xxxv, with great enlargement and assistance. I rejoiced with the steadfast society, and concluded the happy day with John Bennet in prayer.

“Sept. 13th. I let him preach in the morning; which he did to the satisfaction of all. I rode with Jonathan Reeves to Bradford; preached repentance and remission of sins in the street, to many seemingly serious people; baptized a Dissenter’s child; and rode on to Skircoat-green. It was near sunset before I began there. The house would not contain one-fifth of the hearers. I stood out, (the wall sheltering me, and a hill the people, from the high wind,) and invited them to Christ, the Justifier. Great life I perceived among them; and very little in the society; whom I therefore sharply reproved.

“Sept. 14th. I heard John Bennet again. He spake sound words, that could not be reprov'd; and they had a visible effect on the hearers. I reached Keighley by noon; preached at four to about one thousand as well-behaved hearers as I have lately seen; on whom I called, with an open mouth and heart, ‘Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!’ Great life I also found in the society.

“Sept. 15th. I bestowed an hour on the leaders, a dozen steady, solid men. I left Paul Greenwood to preach, and hastened to Haworth. I never saw a church better filled: but after I had prayed in the pulpit, the multitude in the church-yard cried out, they could not hear, and begged me to come forth. I did so, and preached on a tomb-stone. Between three and four thousand heard me gladly. At two I called again, to above double the number, ‘Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!’ The church leads and steeple* were filled with clusters of people, all still as night. If ever I preached gospel, I preached it then. The Lord take all the glory!

“I took horse immediately, and followed our nimble guide, Johnny Grimshaw, to Ewood. His father came panting after us. Sarah Perrin and her namesake met us from Birstal, and brought Mr. Shent. We passed a comfortable evening together.

“Sept. 16th. I preached at nine, in a convenient field, to about a thousand believers, or conscious unbelievers; and again at three to about three thousand. Their spirit carried me beyond myself. Such a lively people I have not met with, so simple, loving, zealous. I could have gladly stayed to live and die with them.”

Here Mr. Charles Wesley took leave of his friend Mr. Grimshaw, and of William Shent and Darney; giving written instructions, that unless Darney would abstain from railing, begging, and printing nonsense, he should not be allowed to preach in any of the Methodist societies and meeting-houses. William Shent was charged with the execution of this order. The indulgence conceded to Darney, with these limitations, was granted solely at the instance of Mr. Grimshaw, to whom it was difficult to deny any thing.

Mr. Charles Wesley's next remove was to Manchester, where he preached to large congregations, and was pleased with the society, many of its members being in all the simplicity and ardour of their first love. Here he spent some time in friendly conversation with his old acquaintance, John Byrom, the poet, who received the doctrine of salvation by faith with the Wesleys, but was now an admirer of the unintelligible lore of Jacob Behmen. He freely censured what he thought to be wrong in the Methodists; and Charles listened with all deference

* The roofs of the old churches in England are covered with *lead* instead of slate. The steeple is generally a square tower with a flat roof.—*Amer. Ed.*

and respect to the reproofs which were administered; remarking, "Of such reprovers, how shy are we by nature! yet such are our best friends."

He was accompanied by John and Grace Bennet to Bolton, where he found the peace of the society partially disturbed by the Calvinistic sermons of Robert Swindells and John Webb. He endeavoured to promote peace and forbearance among those who held jarring opinions. Leaving Lancashire, he preached with enlargement and power to his old persecuted friends at Wednesbury; he held the first watch-night at Birmingham; he ministered to his friends at Evesham and Oxford; and arrived in London on the 4th of October, accompanied by his faithful and devoted wife. "Our long journey," says he, "ended there as prosperously as it began. The people were ready, and joined heartily with us in prayer and thanksgiving."

It will be observed that Mr. Charles Wesley speaks of John Bennet with great respect and affection. Some of the preachers at the Leeds conference doubted the soundness of John's theological principles, and would fain have instituted an inquiry into the subject; but Charles screened him from their attacks. His temper was indeed soured; but Charles thought that he might be reclaimed by kindness; especially as Bennet disavowed all intention of retiring from the itinerant ministry in connection with his old friends. In this, however, Charles was mistaken. Before the end of the year Bennet became more violent; avowed his belief of the Calvinian theory; and ultimately became an Independent minister; to the grief of his wife, who had been brought to God through the ministry of the Wesleys, and sincerely loved them for their work's sake.

From this date there is a chasm in Mr. Charles Wesley's journal till September, 1756, with the exception of one or two short fragments.

During this interval Mrs. Wesley took many extensive journeys with her husband, riding mostly behind him on horseback, enduring not a few inconveniences, and meeting with adventures which she was accustomed to relate, in the society of her friends, to the end of her very protracted life. In the gallery of the chapel at Leeds she found two rooms partitioned off, for the accommodation of the preachers in their regular visits to the town. In the evening they were expected to preach and meet the society, to resume their pulpit labours the next morning at five o'clock, and then pass on to their next appointment. To sleep in the chapel therefore was a convenience. When Mrs. Wesley visited Leeds, one of these rooms, to save expense, was occupied by a number of labouring men; and in going to her apartment in the evening she had to pass through the room where these weary and unpolished men were sleeping. This untoward circumstance shocked

her delicacy more than any thing that she met with in her new mode of life.

Once, in returning to the south, she rode behind her husband in one day from Manchester to Stone, in Staffordshire, passing through Macclesfield, Congleton, and Newcastle-under-Line. Having taken some refreshment at the inn where they intended to pass the night, she retired into the garden, and there sat down to rest herself. It was a fine summer evening; and though wearied with a journey of fifty miles, thus inconveniently taken, a heavenly calm came over her spirit, corresponding with the scene around her. She raised her sweet and melodious voice in a hymn of praise to her Saviour, who had so freely shed abroad his love in her heart. Her singing attracted the ear of some young ladies in an adjoining garden, who stood in silent attention on the other side of the hedge, listening to strains which were equally devout and tasteful. Their father was a clergyman, who came and joined them with equal delight. When Mrs. Wesley had finished, he complimented her upon her voice and skill, and invited her to sing in his church on the following sabbath. But having learned who she was, and being given to understand that if he would have her in his choir, he must allow her husband to occupy the pulpit, he declined the services of both. A Methodist sermon, even from a clergyman, he could not tolerate upon any terms.

On another occasion she accompanied her husband to Norwich, where a furious mob assembled to maltreat the preacher and his companions. Lest she should receive any harm, as the wife of Mr. Charles Wesley, it was deemed requisite that she should not pass along the street with him, but in company with a female friend. That friend was the lady of Colonel Galatin, who, being tall and handsome, attracted general attention, and was grievously annoyed; while Mrs. Wesley, being, like her husband, little of stature, was overlooked by the crowd, and passed to her lodgings uninjured.

Few ministers, it is presumed, have been subject to greater variation of feeling than Mr. Charles Wesley. When travelling from place to place, preaching the word of life, and witnessing the power of divine grace in the conversion of ungodly men, his joy sometimes rose to rapture, and at other times his energies were paralyzed by despondency, and he earnestly desired to descend into the grave.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MRS. CHARLES WESLEY was the mother of eight children. It may therefore be supposed that she could not long accompany her husband in those very extensive journeys to which he had been accustomed. His labours indeed became gradually limited, till they were almost exclusively confined to London and Bristol. As it was requisite that he should spend much time in the metropolis, and the family residence was in Bristol, he was often separated from her. During their absence his letters to her were numerous; and they were uniformly characterized by tender affection and fervent piety. Many of them have been preserved; but unhappily scarcely any are fully dated, so that it is impossible to ascertain the time at which they were written. A few selections will show the spirit of the writer to great advantage. They are equally honourable to the man, the husband, and the minister of Christ.

“The Foundery, May 10th. I had not time the last post to tell my dearest Sally what comfort I had in doing the last office to an old child of mine, who came this week to the grave as a ripe shock of corn. From her grave I hastened to preach our Lord’s ascension; and we shared in his triumph, and rejoiced in hope of receiving all the gifts he has received for us.

“Our meeting of the leaders was a most solemn assembly. The Lord is surely teaching us how to worship him. All perceived, they were met in his name. All were bowed down at his feet. His Spirit made intercession for us, and for you. For one blessed hour our flesh did indeed keep silence before him.

“This morning I strongly insisted upon selling all, if we would buy the pearl. Mr. Venn breakfasted with me at Mrs. Boulton’s, and comforted my heart by assuring me that Mr. Madan is entirely clear of predestination; that one Mr. Hawes, a Hutchinsonian, preaches in a church, in Oxford, Christ crucified, with amazing success; both townsmen and gownsmen flocking in crowds to hear him. I administered the sacrament to one who has been long confined to his restless bed of pain and death; but happy in the midst of all his sufferings, and patiently waiting for the consummation of his bliss.

“My next stage was to brother Hammond’s; a poor wandering sheep, that did run well for years, but left us upon his marriage, and Christ too. The last time I was in town I persuaded him, after twelve years’ interruption, to come to Spitalfields chapel. He came; and the Lord laid hold of him again, and brought him back to the fold. Since

then he has constantly attended every ordinance with his old companions; and we have, I trust, received him for ever.

“I met poor Miss Dyer, that was, who has gone through a sea of sorrows since her fatal marriage to Mr. Cayley. Rely and Wheatley confirmed him in his Antinomian principles. He soon acted up to his principles; and discarded his wife with all aggravations of the blackest ingratitude. I took great delight in mourning with her.

“I have been praying with Mrs. Chambers, who draws nearer and nearer her end. She was quite calm, and even desirous to depart. We have often wrestled for her, and cannot doubt.”

“My ever Dearest Sally,—Your illness would quite overwhelm me, were I not assured that it shall work together for your good, and enhance your happiness through eternity. How does this assurance change the nature of things!

‘Sorrow is joy, and pain is ease,
If thou, my God, art here!’

The slightest suffering received from him is an inestimable blessing: another jewel added to your crown. Go on, then, my faithful partner, doing and suffering his blessed will, till out of great tribulation we both enter his kingdom, and his joy, and his glory everlasting.

“I do not doubt your punctually observing your good and wise mother’s advice, both in this and all things: and I rejoice in hope of finding you on Wednesday se’nnight well in all senses.

“Will you allow me to own I envy poor happy Miss L——? if the time of her departure is indeed at hand. Surely she is taken from the evil to come; and we shall find her again in the New Jerusalem, where is no more death, or curse, or pain, or sighing; but all tears are wiped away from our eyes.

“Yesterday my brother and I passed with our friends at Shoreham. All inquired after you in the kindest manner; but Mr. Perronet’s language concerning *his daughter** would lose much by repetition. They all join with us in the most affectionate salutations. So does Mrs. Blackwell, and Mrs. Dewal, and Grace Murray, and T. Butts, and many more than I have room to mention.”

“My Dearest of Friends,—Happy, happy Mr. Parkinson! I feared he would take his flight before I saw him. Yet I seem to feel he blessed me at his death. Let my last end be like his! Comfort his poor sister till I come.

“I parted with Miss Bosanquet, Mrs. G——, and Miss Edwards to-day at the Lord’s supper. It was a feast indeed! We called on our absent friends to be partakers.”

* The name by which this venerable man used to call Mrs. Charles Wesley.

“My Dearest Friend,—It is late; yet I must write to tell you how impatient we all are to see you. The preachers will guard you to town. Do not refuse even brother Oddie, or brother Oliver. If none of them are ready, brother Sheen, or Mr. Lewis, will, I know, attend you as far as Marlborough. Shall not Isaac meet you at Reading? on what day?

“I have preached three times within five days: on Tuesday evening at the Foundery, on looking unto Jesus: afraid I spoke too plain. This evening Mr. Grimshaw preached at Zoar. My strength continues. Thank God for that.

“Bring my account-book. We depend on having you with us next week. The Lord prosper your journey! Adieu!”

“My dear partner will look for me at the heels of my letter. Yesterday I saw Mrs. Bird. At her baptism she was quite overpowered, and struck speechless. Now she tells me, in going home that night such joy sprung up in her heart as she never felt before: a joy unspeakable, and full of heaven. It lasted all night. She could have rejoiced to give up her spirit then, knowing she should be saved eternally. Since then she has been frightened at the withdrawing, or, at least, abatement, of her happiness. I told her she must expect temptation, as well as comfort; and our Lord’s own baptism was immediately followed by temptation. She grows in grace. Her husband, a poor backslider, is much stirred up. They earnestly invite you to their house in town or country. Mrs. Hogg joins. She also is awakened by a loud and extraordinary call to prepare for her dissolution.

“Yesterday I visited our loving Miss Hervey, who breathes nothing but love to you. I spent two hours with Mrs. and Mr. Venn. The former stands her ground as yet. I saw Miss Chambers and Mr. Downing; drank tea at Vauxhall, with Mrs. Kiteley; got two hours’ useful conversation with our friends at Lewisham; and, returning, found at my lodgings faithful John Downes. I have already seen cause for rejoicing in my longer continuance here.”

“London, Easter-eve. May the choicest blessings of God go along with these lines, and meet you well at Ludlow! On Friday I trust he will grant me my heart’s desire, even the sight of one I love next to himself. I am apt to believe you left our happy friend waiting still for the consummation of her happiness. She may hover some time at the gate of paradise. I cannot oppose ‘her wish, for nurse and you to go with her,’ if I might make the third. But my best-beloved friend has many happy days yet to employ in that service which is perfect freedom.

“O what great troubles has He showed you! and yet did he turn and refresh you; yea, and brought you up from the depth again! He will also bring you to great honour, and comfort you on every side. And if he makes me an instrument, I cannot but be comforted myself.

“ My strength is as my day. George Whitefield has taken off great part of my labour. I let him preach yesterday at the chapel, Seven-Dials, reserving myself for the watch-night. In consideration whereof we had service this morning an hour later. These things I mention in proof of my great carefulness, and in hope you will follow a good example.

“ The Foundery. My Most-beloved Friend,—Our last Lord’s day deserves to be had in remembrance. I read the whole service, except the first lesson; preached near an hour, and never with greater enlargement. After the sacrament we could have prayed for ever. The Spirit rested upon us; and it seemed as if every soul was a watered garden.

“ Although the number of communicants was so great, I dismissed them at one; laid hold on Miss Wells, and carried her to dine with me at sister Phips’s; and then to sister Boults, and the Foundery. There again my mouth was opened, to warn, and to encourage. My subject was, ‘ If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land; but if ye refuse and rebel, ye shall be devoured by the sword: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.’ In the society I was unexpectedly *required* to pray for Mr. Lindsey, for Mr. Waller, and for a friend in Bristol, and her two children. Those prayers were *given*, and therefore *sealed*, prayers. We continued in fellowship and in prayers till eight. Then I was less weary than in the morning.

“ The pain in my face, which began to revisit me on Saturday, was carried off this night. I rose with it on Monday morning; yet it did not hinder my expounding the forty-sixth Psalm, and meeting the select band. I rode over to Low-Leyton, and spent an agreeable day with loving Lady Piers, and courteous Mr. Howard, both of them full of kind inquiries concerning you and your family. In the evening I met on the road my friend Mr. Lloyd, and rode another hour with him. I received strength to preach this morning at the Foundery; and the Lord of hosts was with us. Mr. Phené took his last leave of me, full of gratitude, both to me, and our children; who, out of their little, have contributed sixty pounds for the relief of their distressed brethren in Germany: besides five guineas for himself. The Lord Jesus be your portion, and bless you and yours for ever! Adieu!”

“ Frith-street, near Seven-Dials, April 16th. My Very Dear Friend,—We go on well. I administered the sacrament yesterday morning at five in Spitalfields, and here at nine. The Lord was comfortably with us. A third time I preached to a vast congregation at the Foundery, and bestowed an hour or two on the whole society. They are in no manner of danger of loving me too little. We had a blessed time of it, which so renewed my bodily strength, that I walked on harts’

feet to Mr. Panson's: he, his wife, and a troop accompanying us. Many kind inquiries, be sure, there were after you and your family. I preached at five this morning, and had a good number of communicants. Brother Wright and his sister salute you. Him I shall probably bring with me to Bath; but more probably Robert Windsor. On this day three weeks we purpose taking horse, not without hopes of meeting you at Bath. My stay at Bristol will be very short; yet my stay may be longer at Brecknock. But observe! we come and go together: therefore give our friends no expectation of my leaving you behind me. Look you to nurse Sennick: as much air and sunshine as you please; but not a grain of salt, or a bit of meat, for Jackey.

"I have met Lady Piers at my host's. She bids me say to you, in her name, every thing that is kind. I must break off. The Lord bless you with the Spirit of grace and supplications! Adieu!"

"Seven-Dials, Feb. 15th. My Dearest Partner,—Abide under the shadow of the Almighty. Let us trust him for each other. He never faileth them that seek him. And whoso putteth his trust in the Lord, mercy embraceth him on every side.

"At one yesterday my host took me in his chariot to Lady Huntingdon's. Not finding her, we drove on to Major Galatin's. Here we dined and drank tea. She carried me to the chapel. Mr. Simpson read prayers. I preached, from, 'And the Spirit and the bride say, Come,' &c. Great power was with the word. Many cried after Christ, yet not so as to disturb us. I was much refreshed myself. I stayed till nine, conversing with Mrs. Galatin and William Perronet. I lodged rather than slept at the chapel-house. An old woman's hooping-cough made me keep a watch-night against my will.

"I breakfasted this morning with William Wright's poor widow, and Betty Duchesne. Then I found my friend in New Norfolk-street. Our joy at meeting was equal. We soon got to her Isaac; and my soul was all sympathy.

"On friends deceased full heartily we wept; and prayed too, according to God. Before twelve she carried me to Sir Charles Hotham, just snatched again from the brink of the grave. Young Lady Hotham, and Gertrude, Miss Melly, with Mrs. Cartaret, and Cavendish, joined me in fervent prayer and love. There were many kind inquiries after you, be sure, and after Mrs. Grinfield. We had above an hour of close conversation. I dined at Major Galatin's; and am now got away to salute my dearest Sally. And now let me inquire concerning our son Charles;

'The last, not least, in love.'

How many more teeth can he show? Can you bear to hear him in the night, and not rise to—help him? no: but to hurt yourself. Can

you forbear listening after his cries, or hearing them in your dreams? Mrs. Galatin drank *her* son's health to-day, and wished it too, and his and his mother's company. Many are of her mind. I can give them no hopes of seeing you, till, if it please God, you have weaned your child. In the summer her ladyship promises you a visit. My heart is with you all, and yet in the work here. I trust the Lord sent me hither. Help together by your prayers. Be very particular about yourself. The Lord be your strength and peace! Adieu!"

"Feb. 18th, 19th, Westminster. My Dearest Friend,—My strength suffices for my *moderate* work. As I do not expose myself to the night air, my teeth, head, limbs, are very quiet. I am sorry that poor Mrs. Vigor has been so ill; but hope she has quite lost her pain.

"Mrs. Galatin sends her hearty love. The major desires to be kindly remembered to you; and again he gives his love. I send his words; which you ought to value, as he never deals in *formal* salutations.

"Yesterday morning my text was, 'Learn of me.' The great Prophet was in the midst of us, applying his own word. He is never absent from his supper. Our hearts were warmed with his presence, and drawn out in mighty prayer for our Church and nation, and all mankind.

"Mr. Fletcher read prayers again in the afternoon. I testified, 'If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.' Our chapel was crowded, as on the fast-day. Lady Huntingdon, Lady Gertrude, Mrs. Cartaret, and a multitude of strangers attended. I continued my discourse for a whole hour; the Lord being my strength, and giving me utterance. In the society we were greatly refreshed and quickened. Mrs. Galatin carried me home, and a very comfortable evening we had together.

"Monday. I breakfasted with our most faithful friend, Lady Huntingdon; dined at the major's; whither I returned at night, from preaching on the death of the righteous.

"Tuesday. I called on Mrs. Cartaret, and Cavendish, who have not lost their first love, either for the Master or servants. We prayed, and parted—in body.

"Tuesday night I dined at Lady Huntingdon's, with Miss Shirley, and Mr. Jones. The latter I came to talk with; but I only saw him with my eyes. Just before dinner we were alarmed with the chimney being on fire. Lady Huntingdon calmly ordered a wet blanket to be applied close to the chimney, so as quite to exclude the air. It quenched the fire instantaneously. After dinner Lord Huntingdon came, and I went. The Lord bless my dearest Sally and Charles! Adieu!"

“ July 3d, Moorfields. Last Wednesday Miss Gideon carried me to preach at Welling. It was a day comparatively well spent.

“ Thursday, June 28th. I called to see sister Pearson, speechless and expiring. At the name of Jesus she recovered her speech and senses. I asked, ‘ Are you afraid to die ? ’ ‘ O no,’ she answered ; ‘ I have no fear ; death has no sting ; Jesus is all in all.’

How did I even contend to lay
My limbs upon that bed !
I ask'd the angels to convey
My spirit in her stead.”

“ June 3d. From conferring with our preachers, I took my progress to Betsy, Mrs. Cartaret, Miss Gumley, Mr. Romaine, and brother Butcher. I found the greatest blessing at the last house—of God.

“ Sunday, July 1st. My morning subject was, ‘ Ye have sold yourselves for naught ; and ye shall be redeemed without money.’ He convinced our hearts that thus saith the Lord. I prayed at the table for poor, happy, dying J. Matthews. I met near two thousand of the society at the Foundery, and rejoiced as in the months that are past, when the candle of the Lord was upon our head.

“ Monday. I passed two useful hours at Miss Bosanquet’s. Eight orphans she has taken to train up for God. I dined at brother Hammond’s and walked with Peggy Jackson and Nancy to a poor backslider, rejoicing, and triumphing over death and hell. I picked up a stray sheep, and delivered him into the hands of his old leader, brother Parkinson. I walked home, near three miles. Adieu !”

“ Friday night, London. Can I *threaten* my bosom friend with any evil ? No ; but I sometimes mind her of that blessed day when we shall put off these tabernacles. But I do not think we shall be long divided. Yet, if it gives you pain, I shall endeavour to forbear. Has our dear Molly got the start of us both ? I expect the next post will bring me news of her triumphant departure. If she is yet in the body, tell her my spirit is with her spirit, never to be divided. If she has taken her flight,—in a few moments we shall overtake her.

“ On Wednesday afternoon our cousin Betty was to visit me at the chapel. I called first on her, and found her confined to her bed by a fever. We had much close talk : when I asked her why she hoped to be saved. She gave me the usual answer : ‘ Because I never committed any *great* sin ; and because I have *done* my best,’ &c. I soon beat her out of her plea, and showed her the true way of salvation. She made very little opposition, and seemed desirous to know Jesus Christ. Yesterday I saw her again, and left her a guinea. I have wrote to her mother, and to ours. Mrs. Dudley, I hope, will be able to get her a

place, if she recovers; which is most probable. She must make me amends for the short loss of her sister.

“I fear you are in great trouble, from the extraordinary depression I have felt all this day. Surely you have cause of rejoicing in our happy friend.

‘For can we mourn to see
Our fellow-prisoner free?’

If she *is* in Abraham’s bosom, she is there as our forerunner. The Lord prepare my better soul, and me, for our translation! then farewell sin and pain. Then all our soul shall be love, and all our business praise!”

“July 25th, Knightsbridge. My Beloved Friend,—Yesterday I dined with Miss Darby and Billy Ley. Ask Mr. Brown, Mr. Rouquet, or whom else you meet, if they can get him a curacy at or near Bristol. I walked with him to the Lock, where Mr. Madan sincerely desired and pressed me to preach; but in vain. If I cannot do the poor rich people good, I would not hinder him from doing it. I attended an hour to the singers; and heard Mr. Madan for another hour or more, on searching the Scriptures. His chapel is always crowded, and many souls will doubtless be saved through his ministry. He showed me a young woman, lately acquitted of murdering her child, though the fact was undeniable. She seems now under deep convictions.

“I got a good deal of rest last night; breakfasted this morning with Mrs. Gumley, who made me an offer of Drayton living, in Oxfordshire, the drunken incumbent being near death. I neither refused nor accepted it; for I had not consulted you. I dined at Mrs. Gideon’s. We spent half an hour before dinner in the best way. She is setting out for Brighthelmstone, weak in body, as weak can be, but strong in faith working by love. The gospel ministers have thrown away upon her much pains, to alienate her from my brother and me. She is too humble to imbibe their envious spirit.

“Sunday afternoon. I preached in the morning on, ‘I will bring the third part through the fire;’ and many rejoiced for the consolation. We had a vast number of communicants; and the Spirit of supplication was abundantly poured out.”

“London, August 17th. I often reflect on that hard saying, ‘Son of man, behold, I take away the desire of thine eyes with a stroke;’ and ask myself, ‘Could I bear Ezekiel’s trial?’ Whether I shall ever be called to it, God knoweth; for known unto him are all his works. But it is far more probable that my beloved Sally will see many days in the vale after my warfare is accomplished, and my weary soul at rest. Here indeed we have laid the foundation of an eternal friendship, and hasten to our consummation in bliss above. Till then we scarcely

begin to know the end of our meeting upon earth. O that we may fully answer it, by helping each other on to heaven, and by bringing very many with us to glory!

“ God, I humbly hope, will hear my prayers, and give me to find you well on Wednesday. On this day se’night, at twelve, I have appointed to preach at Leominster. Please to send them notice, if opportunity serves. I fully designed to bring Salthouse with me; but he cannot leave the books at this time, without great loss, and disappointment of my subscribers. But be not frightened, as if I should come alone. Mr. Waller guards me the first day’s journey; and some friends from Worcester I expect to meet me at Evesham. Besides, and above all, you know the ministering spirits will wait upon me, if you ask their Master to send them.

“ From Ludlow to Bristol, I presume you will spare us Harry, or some other; and I depend upon our sister’s company, according to promise. I must be in Bristol the last day of this month. Observe, I give you legal notice, that you may order your matters accordingly. My heart is with you, and your dear worthy parents and relations. Blessed be God that they are *near* also. O that we all may be joined to the Lord in one spirit with him! My brother is deeply engaged with his classes. God owns and blesses him much. Last Sunday was a time of great refreshing. Many here inquire after you out of true affection, and bewail your settling in Bristol.

“ Thursday afternoon. Yours of August 13th has just now brought me the mournful news of your increasing illness. Yet would I say, ‘It is the Lord; let him do as seemeth him good.’ Still my hope of you is steadfast, that hereby you shall be partaker of his holiness, who in kindest love chastens you for your good. And you may be bold to say, ‘When He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold.’

“ Thursday night. I am just returned from Lewisham, where Mrs. Dewal joined us in a hymn for you, and sends her kindest love. On Monday she and Mrs. Blackwell travel to Oxford: so I am in no danger of wanting company so far.

“ How has God dealt with poor, dear Mrs. L——! I shall think it long till you inform me. Neither can I let go my hope of seeing you better, if not quite recovered, on Wednesday. It would break my heart to leave you behind me, even at Ludlow, while compelled to Bristol myself. I hope to reach the Hundred-House by ten on Wednesday; and do not despair of meeting there some kind guides to Ludlow.

“ My time is out. Farewell, and a thousand times farewell in the Lord, thy peace, thy strength, thy life eternal!”

These selections from the private letters which were addressed by Mr. Charles Wesley to his wife, through a series of years, demonstrate

the strength and tenderness of his affection as a husband and a father, and his ceaseless solicitude for her spiritual welfare. He is perpetually reminding her of the great end for which life was given; of the nearness of eternity; and of her privilege, by supplication, and a mighty faith in Christ, to hold uninterrupted communion with God, and partake of the divine nature. To the providence and grace of God, as the grand and only means of comfort and salvation, he is constantly directing her attention.

His social and pastoral habits are also here strongly exhibited. He had an extensive circle of friends, by whom he was tenderly beloved. With them and their families he sympathized in all the joys and afflictions of life. When they were in sickness and sorrow he visited them, for the purpose of encouragement and prayer; and he brought their respective cases before the Lord, in the assemblies of his people, especially upon sacramental occasions, when they were commended to the divine mercy by the united intercessions of the brotherhood. The society in London was numerous, and deaths among the members were frequent. The calm and triumphant manner in which he often saw his spiritual children, and those of his brother, die in the Lord, filled him with humility, thankfulness, and solemn joy; and his earnest hope of future glory led him to desire immediately to follow them to the heavenly paradise. Lady Huntingdon opened her house in London for divine worship, and the ministry of Christ's gospel. Here Mr. Whitefield and other eminent ministers held forth the word of life, and were heard by several of the nobility and gentry, who cultivated a taste for spiritual religion. In these holy exercises Mr. Charles Wesley occasionally took part, and was equally esteemed and beloved by those who had an opportunity of attending his ministrations. His intercourse with persons of rank, who sought his acquaintance for the purpose of religious edification, was frequent; but never abused. He asked for no worldly preferment. He "coveted no man's silver, or gold, or apparel." He affected not the delicacies of rich men's tables. He lowered not the dignity of the ministerial character, by flatterring the great, conniving at their vices, softening the truth of God, or assuming an effeminacy of manners. There was in him a simplicity, a generous frankness, and a warmth of affection, which endeared him to all who were able to appreciate moral worth.

His official services in London were numerous. His labours were divided among four principal chapels, besides subordinate places of worship, and occasional services, of which he was not sparing. He regularly preached in the Foundery; in the West-street chapel, Seven-Dials; in the Snowsfields chapel, Southwark; and in that which the French Protestants had formerly occupied at Spitalfields, but had now

vacated for a larger in the same neighbourhood. In one or other of these chapels he appears, when in London, to have administered the Lord's supper every sabbath-day; and sometimes in two of them, beginning one of these sacred services at the early hour of five o'clock in the morning. He and the society were exemplary in their attendance upon this ordinance; and they generally found it to be accompanied by an especial blessing. In the administration of this sacrament, as well as in that of baptism, he always used the form contained in the Book of Common Prayer; but he did not confine himself to it. He was often drawn out largely in extemporary prayer. His "Hymns for the Lord's Supper," accompanied by an extract from Dr. Brevint's treatise, and from Thomas à Kempis, were freely used by the society. Thus employed, he was blessed, and made a blessing. The anointing of the Holy One rested upon him in sensible and rich effusions; for he was happy and useful; people crowded in great numbers to hear him; and the members of the society walked in faith and love. Between his doctrine and his practice there was a beautiful harmony.

It will be observed, that among his personal friends, with whom he was accustomed in those times to meet by appointment, were Mr. and Mrs. Venn, whom he has also mentioned with respect in others of his letters. This excellent clergyman, who was afterward successively vicar of Huddersfield and of Yelling, now held the curacy of Clapham, and the lectureship of two or three churches in London. His wife was the daughter of Dr. Bishop, of Ipswich, who preached the Lady Moyer Lectures in 1724-5: a divine of considerable attainments. The son and grandson of Mr. Venn, who have written his life, seem very anxious to sever him, in the public estimation, from all connection with the Methodists in the early periods of his religious career.

The grandson, speaking of Mr. Venn, and of his contemporaries among the evangelical clergy, says, "I apprehend it may be shown, that, for the most part, these men derived their views of the truth directly from the word of God; that their labours were chiefly devoted to the revival of true religion in the Church; and that those labours were, under God, the main cause of the revival which followed.

"I am aware that a different view of the case is often given; and that the labours of Mr. Whitefield and the Wesleys are regarded not only as the means of the revival of religion among persons connected with their societies, but also of that which took place among the clergy. A preface, and more especially a preface to a somewhat bulky volume, is not the place for entering at large into a question which may be controverted; but I may be permitted, perhaps, to point out how far the present volume seems to support the view of this question which I have ventured to suggest.

“The case of Mr. Venn himself is clearly stated in the Memoir, in these words:—‘This change of his sentiments was not to be ascribed to an intercourse with others: it was the steady progress of his mind, in consequence of a faithful and diligent application to the Holy Scriptures, unbiased by an attachment to human systems. It was not till some years afterward that he became acquainted with any of those preachers who are usually known by the name of evangelical; that is, in conformity with the motives and hopes held out to us in the gospel of Christ.’”*

It is added, with reference to the same subject, “As far as we can trace the operation of human agency, it seems to me, that the effects of the labours of the Wesleys, and their immediate coadjutors, were chiefly manifest in the extension of Methodism; as the effects of the evangelical clergy were in the improved tone of religion in the established Church: that there were thus two kindred, but separate and independent, streams of light, penetrating the gloom which brooded over the Christian community. That which flowed in the channel of Methodism burst forth, indeed, in a more resplendent and sudden blaze: the other proceeded by a more gradual and quiet, but progressive, course.”†

All this doubtless appears plausible and satisfactory to a Churchman, who deprecates every deviation from his own ecclesiastical order; but it is merely a matter of theory and opinion, which we believe no man ever did or can prove. No revival of religion appeared in the national Church, until some years after the Wesleys and Mr. Whitefield entered upon their bold and irregular course: and certainly the means which they employed to rouse a slumbering Church and people were no secret. This thing was not done in a corner. Preaching in fields and market-places, as well as in private houses, barns, and churches, and travelling through the length and breadth of the land, they caused their voices to be everywhere heard, and *forced* religion upon the attention of all classes of the community. Their doctrines, proceedings, and character, therefore, became subjects of general inquiry and discussion. The very fact, that gentlemen of education and talent voluntarily exposed themselves to the violence of mobs, and stood forth under the summer’s sun, and the winter’s snow, calling the outcasts of mankind to repentance, was in itself calculated to make a deep impression upon every thoughtful mind. At the same time these apostolic men widely dispersed tracts, pamphlets, and books, of various sizes, in prose and verse, explaining the nature of Christian godliness, recommending it as the one thing needful, and enforcing the universal necessity of repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ. How far

* Preface to the Life of the Rev. Henry Venn.

† Ibid.

the excellent clergymen who were raised up to revive religion more immediately in the Church were influenced by these means, in the beginning of their religious inquiries and convictions, perhaps they themselves were not able, in every instance, to ascertain. Most of them, however, in the progress of their course, were brought into direct personal intercourse with the Wesleys and Mr. Whitefield, and were enlightened, animated, and encouraged by the conversation, ministry, and example of these men of God.

So far as Mr. Venn is concerned, the case is clear. He became deeply serious about the time of his ordination in 1747; a period at which Mr. Whitefield and the Wesleys had been distributing their writings, and preaching in all directions, for several years, and had succeeded in making a deep impression upon the public mind. Mr. Venn was born in London, and partly educated there, and the neighbourhood, and partly in Bristol; and these cities are well known to have been the principal scenes of Methodistical labour and excitement in those times. He must have been both blind and deaf, neither to have seen nor heard any thing of the men who, in his immediate vicinity, were actually "turning the world upside down." For some time after his ordination, Mr. Venn's views of evangelical truth were very defective; yet, as he addicted himself to prayer, fasting, and the study of the Bible, his light increased, and he saw more distinctly the way of salvation through the great and only atonement. In 1754 he accepted the curacy of Clapham, and obtained his London lectureships; in 1757 he married Miss Bishop; and in 1759 he was appointed to the vicarage of Huddersfield. When resident in London he had frequent intercourse with John and Charles Wesley; as is manifest from various notices in John's Journal, and other writings,* and from Charles's letters: and it is acknowledged by the biographers of Mr. Venn that, during this period, his knowledge of divine things, and his personal piety, were greatly improved. They say, "In 1756 he laboured under a severe illness, which incapacitated him for duty, for more than eight months. This, however, was a most important season to him. He had time to reflect upon his principles and his conduct; and he used to observe, that, *after that period, he was no longer able to preach the sermons which he had previously composed.* His views of eternal things had now become clearer; his meditations on the attributes of God more profound; his views of the greatness of the salvation of Christ more distinct; *and the whole of his religion had received that tincture of*

* In a letter addressed by Mr. John Wesley to Mr. Blackwell, and dated, Bandon, July 12th, 1758, it is said, "You people in England are bad correspondents. Both Mr. Downing, Mr. VENN, and Mr. Madan, are a letter in my debt."—Wesley's Works, vol. vi, p. 703.

more elevated devotion, which rendered his conversation and preaching doubly instructive."*

The endeavour to prove that Mr. Venn acquired and maintained his enlightened and effective piety, independently of Methodistical influence, is therefore a hopeless task. Nor is the attempt itself to be commended. Whatever spiritual good exists in any man, he has received it from the God of all grace, who, in the exercise of his sovereign wisdom and mercy, selects and employs what instrumentality he pleases in the accomplishment of his own designs; nor have any of his creatures a right to say to him, "What doest thou?" The fact is undeniable, that John and Charles Wesley were the personal friends of Mr. Venn, when this justly-celebrated clergyman obtained his best and highest qualifications for the sacred office. Charles was also a spiritual adviser of Mr. Venn's amiable and intelligent wife, at the commencement of her pious course. If they were both benefited by the counsel, prayers, and spirit of the brothers, neither their posterity, nor the members of the Church to which they belonged, have any reason to be ashamed. But whether they are or not, the case is not altered. The biographers of Mr. Venn may "wash him with nitre, and take much sope," yet they will never be able to remove from his character and memory the glorious reproach of Methodism.

Though the Wesleys and Mr. Whitefield were still unable to think alike concerning the five perplexing points at issue between the disciples of Calvin and Arminius; and it was requisite, on this account, that they should pursue an independent course; yet they still remained one in heart; and in this respect set before the world an edifying example of Christian forbearance. Up to the year 1753, Mr. Whitefield and his people worshipped in their wooden tabernacle, near Moorfields; but at this period they united to form a more substantial and commodious erection upon the same site. While this work was in progress the Wesleys favoured them with the use of the Foundery. This seasonable kindness Mr. Whitefield acknowledges in the following characteristic letter to Mr. Charles Wesley, which he evidently wrote in the fulness of his grateful and generous heart:—

"London, March 3d, 1753. My Dear Friend,—I thank you and your brother, most heartily, for the loan of the chapel. The favour shall be returned, if ever you have the like occasion to borrow. Blessed be God, the work goes on well. On Thursday morning the first brick was laid, with a sweet solemnity. I preached from Exodus xx, and the latter part of the 24th verse. Afterward we sung, and prayed for God's blessing upon 'all places where' his glorious 'name is recorded.'

* Life of Venn, p. 24. Sixth edition.

The wall is now about a yard high. The building is to be eighty feet square. It is upon the old spot. We have purchased the house; and, if we finish what we have begun, shall be rent-free for forty-six years. We have above eleven hundred pounds in hand. This, I think, is the best way to build. Mr. Steward's death so affected me, that, when I met the workmen that night, to contract about the building, I could scarce bear to think of building tabernacles.

“Strange that so many should be so soon discharged, and we continued! Eighteen years have I been waiting for the coming of the Son of God: but I find we are immortal till our work is done. O that we may never live to be ministered unto, but to minister! Mr. Steward spoke for his Lord as long as he could speak at all. He had no clouds, or darkness. I was with him till a few minutes before he slept in Jesus. I have good news from several parts. A door is opening at Winchester. Surely the little leaven will ferment, till the whole kingdom be leavened. Even so, Lord Jesus. Amen! Pray, how does our elect lady? I hope to write to her ladyship next post.

“My poor wife hath had another plunge. We thought she was taken with a palsy; but, blessed be God, she is now recovering. Our joint love attends you, and yours, and your brother, and his household. That you all may increase with all the increase of God, is the earnest prayer of, my dear friend,

“Yours most affectionately in our common Lord.”

In the loss of his friends by death Mr. Whitefield suffered only a common lot. The Wesleys drank largely of the same bitter cup. On the 10th of August this year Mr. John Meriton closed his earthly career. It will be recollected, that this clergyman was a member of the first Methodist conference; he travelled extensively as a minister of the truth; and meekly bore his share of the reproach and violence which were awarded to all those faithful men who attempted to awaken and convert a slumbering and guilty people.

It appears to have been in the autumn of the year 1753 that Mr. Charles Wesley paid his last visit to Cornwall, leaving his wife in Bristol, with his only child, a son about twelve months old. All the information that we have concerning this journey is contained in the two subjoined letters, addressed to his wife, and a fragment of a third, in which he says that he was going to see the Land's End. The letters breathe his usual spirit of zeal and enterprise, and intimate that the work of God was in a state of encouraging progress.

“Redruth, Oct. 4th. Here I am—mourning under my disappointment, I comforted myself all the way with assured hopes of a letter

waiting here to welcome a poor traveller. But my beloved Sally has missed an opportunity of comforting me. Yet I will not forbear writing, in the midst of my best business, to one whom my soul loves, whose perfection I long for, whom I trust to meet at the marriage of the Lamb.

“It would have done you good to have been with us at St. Mewan’s, on Monday evening, while the great congregation felt

‘Th’ o’erwhelming power of saving grace.’

Next morning we were in like manner refreshed at St. Ewe. Last night at Penrhyn our hearts were comforted with our Lord’s presence. I find my way prepared in every place, and want nothing but you to be a partaker of our joy.

“A dear friend of ours brought up an evil report of this land. It flows with milk and honey. I scarce believe it to be Cornwall, the accommodations everywhere are so good, and the people so cleanly: not a whit inferior to those in the north. Very many loving friends of yours, whom you never saw, inquire after you. By and by I shall allure you hither, especially if Becky will bear you company. This day se’night I expect to revisit this place. If I do not first hear from you, I question whether I shall have the heart to write again before my return to Bristol. You may suppose me something eager to know what is become of our son and heir, our sister, friends in Garth, London, Bristol, &c. What are you about? How do you go on in your family? whether my brother is come? whom have you heard at the room? what visits have you made, or received? and, above all, how your own soul prospers? and what benefit you reap from daily retirement? John Trembath cleaves to me. He sends his love. Give mine to dearest Beck, &c. Remember me in all your prayers. I am in my calling, quite contented, and cheerfully labouring in the vineyard. May the peace and love of God spring up in your hearts, and keep them always! Farewell.

“Wednesday night. I am come from preaching to a most attentive multitude. This place seems quite subdued to our Lord. Their hearts are all bowed before him. He gives me uncommon strength. A very great door is opened. The poor people have got in their harvest, and are now at leisure to be gathered in themselves. The heavens smile upon us, and the weather seems made on purpose for preaching. I generally begin a quarter before six, and continue till past seven. It is now past nine, my hour of rest. The everlasting arms be underneath you! Adieu.”

“Gwennap, Oct. 11th. My Very Dear Sally,—I bless God in your behalf, that you are better in body, and *more* languishing for spiritual

health. Pray that my coming may be a furtherance, not hinderance, to this. My bodily strength increases, the more I use it for my Lord. Every day brings its blessing, both to me, and to those that hear me. It is pleasant travelling with such an errand. Nothing but the company of my true yokefellow could make it pleasanter. The *next* time you hinder me in my work will be the first time. But we may learn even from our enemies what to guard against. The more heartily I labour in the vineyard, the longer I shall continue with you. Let us join with greater earnestness than ever to seek the kingdom of God together. And let our dearest Beck make up the three-fold cord.

“You do not consider, I lodge most nights in little towns, where is no post. It is much I can write so often.

“We must shut up our doors at five o’clock, if we can no otherwise get retirement. But most of our friends would favour our retreat from them at that hour. If resolution be not wanting on our part, we shall find the custom as practicable as my father did for forty years.

“I am creeping toward you, and rejoice to be thirty miles nearer than on Sunday. If nothing extraordinary retard me, I hope to see you,—let me see,—whenabouts will it be?—about Tuesday, Oct. 24th, N. S.; or, at the furthest, some time the week after next. Direct, after receiving this, to Tiverton.

“I wish my horse may escape the staggers. Many horses about us fall down dead in a moment. But thou, Lord, shalt save both man and beast. Remember me at family prayers, and in private. I am afraid of myself, that, when I return, I shall cumber the ground as heretofore. Preaching once a week in the country might be a means of preventing it: but nothing will do without private prayer. Pray me a successful journey. The Lord bless you and yours, and keep us to our happiest meeting around his throne!”

The reference to five o’clock, as the hour of secret devotion, is not the least interesting part of this letter. It would seem that Mrs. Wesley had complained that her intercourse with the Lord at this sacred time had been interrupted by visitants; and her husband intimates, that if they could not otherwise secure their hour of private prayer, they must fasten the door of the house. The rector of Epworth, it is here stated, employed this part of the day in secret converse with God for the long space of forty years. His example in this was followed by his two sons.

The friendship which subsisted between Mr. John and Charles Wesley was very tender and confidential. It was also marked by Christian fidelity. They entertained precisely the same views concerning the nature and importance of true religion, and the manner of

its attainment. Yet their characters were very dissimilar. Charles was the child of feeling and emotion; and John of intellect, who demanded a reason for every thing. This difference of temperament occasioned in some instances a diversity in their courses of action; and they did not hesitate to tell each other what they deemed erroneous or reprehensible in their conduct. After John's marriage their personal intercourse was for some years less frequent than it had formerly been; his wife cherishing toward her brother- and sister-in-law feelings of strong dislike, which she was seldom backward to express. Her invectives were more impassioned than welcome, and served to keep apart those whose hearts were one, and who lived and laboured for the same object.

Toward the close of the year 1753 Mr. John Wesley deemed it his duty to address his brother in the language of reproof and caution, but without any approach to anger or unkindness. Under the date of Oct. 20th he says, "I came back from Bedford last night. I know not whether it was your will or no; (I believe not;) but I am sure it was God's will, for you to call there. How do you judge whether a thing be God's will or no? I hope not by inward impressions. Let us walk warily. I have much constitutional enthusiasm; and you have much more. I give you a dilemma. Take one side, or the other. Either act really in connection with me, or never pretend to it. Rather disclaim it, and openly avow you do not, and will not. By acting in connection with me, I mean, take counsel with me once or twice a year, as to the places where you will labour. Hear my advice before you fix, whether you take it or no. At present you are so far from this, that I do not even know when and where you intend to go: so far are you from following any advice of mine; nay, even from asking it. And yet I may say, without vanity, that I am a better judge in this matter than either Lady Huntingdon, Sally, Jones, or any other; nay, than your own heart; that is, will. I wish you all peace, zeal, and love."

On the 31st of the same month he wrote again, pressing the necessity of acting by united counsels. He concludes by saying, "Why do you omit giving the sacrament in Kingswood? What is reading prayers at Bristol, in comparison of this? I am sure, in making this vehement alteration you never consulted me."

When these letters were written Mr. John Wesley was in a declining state of health. He thought, indeed, when he wrote the last of them, that the disease was subdued, and he was convalescent. "My fever intermitted," says he, "after twelve hours. After a second fit, of about fourteen hours, I began taking the bark, and am now recovering my strength." In this, however, he was mistaken. The complaint returned with greater violence, and, in a few weeks, it was generally

thought that his case was hopeless. He continued, with his wonted zeal, to preach, administer the Lord's supper, and meet classes, under great personal suffering and weakness, till the 26th of November, when Dr. Fothergill, the celebrated Quaker physician who attended him, declared that he could not remain in London another day, but at the certain hazard of his life. "If any thing does thee good," said the doctor, "it must be the country air, with rest, asses' milk, and riding daily." His symptoms were those of confirmed consumption: a severe cough, pain in the breast, fever, with the loss of strength. Not being able to sit upon his horse, he was conveyed in a coach to the house of his faithful friends, Mr. and Mrs. Blackwell, of Lewisham, where he found every accommodation that his circumstances required.

In the mean while the news of his danger spread, and caused a deep and general sympathy. Charles was in Bristol when the distressing intelligence was communicated to him. He was the less prepared for it, because of the impression which he had received from recent letters, that his brother was decidedly improved in his health. A valuable fragment of his journal, which he wrote at the time, will give the best view of his feelings, of his brother's condition, and of the excitement which was produced by this unexpected visitation of divine Providence. On his way to London, and during his stay there, it will be observed, his trouble was increased by the company and care of Mr. Hutchinson, a friend of the family, who was suffering both from bodily disease and mental aberration.

"Nov. 29th, 1753. Between nine and ten," says he, "Lady Huntingdon surprised us by bringing Mrs. Galatin to see us. She had met with her at Bath, and conducted her to our house, with the mournful news of my brother's danger. I concluded, from several letters last received, and mentioning his recovery, and design of officiating at the chapel, that he was out of all danger; but Mrs. Gallatin assured us, she thought he would have expired at the altar last Sunday.

"Mr. Sims, a clergyman, followed Lady Huntingdon, full of his first love. We joined in the Lord's supper, and found much power to pray, particularly for my brother.

"At two, as Mr. Hutchinson and I were setting out, we were met by a letter from Mr. Briggs, informing me that I must make haste, if I would see my brother alive. This made us all renew our entreaties to Mr. Hutchinson, not to accompany me, lest he should retard me in my journey. But he would not be dissuaded, resolving, if I left him, to follow me in a post-chaise. I was therefore forced to take him, sorely against my will, in a chaise to Bath. We got to Mrs. Naylor's with the night. He could not sleep for cold. Nov. 30th, we prayed with great earnestness for my brother. My heart was melted into warm

desires of his recovery. Between seven and eight we set forward, in a post-chaise, and came safe to Newbury before night.

“Saturday, Dec. 1st. My companion was strengthened to set out again before seven. Soon after seven we were brought safe to Mrs. Boulton's. She had no expectation of us, and was therefore quite unprepared. I had no other place to lodge my poor friend than the noisy Foundry. He had not more sleep than I expected.”

On his arrival at the Foundry, Mr. Charles Wesley addressed the following hasty letter to his wife. From Bath he had sent her a short note, requesting her to hold herself in readiness to follow him to London, should this be necessary.

“My Dearest Sally,—God has conducted us hither, through an easy, prosperous journey. My companion is better for it, not worse. But, first, you expect news of my brother. He is at Lewisham, considerably better: yet still in imminent danger, being far gone, and very suddenly, in a consumption. I cannot acquit my friends of unpardonable negligence, since not one of them sent me word of his condition, but left me to hear it by chance. I hasten to him to-morrow morning, when I have stationed my patient at Mrs. Boulton's. To-night he lodges in the green-room; I in sister Aspernal's. Send this immediately to sister Jones, and bid her see to it, that Wick be not neglected on Monday night. I passed my word, that I or John Jones should preach there. Frank Walker, or whoever supplies our place, must inform them that we hasten to see my brother before he dies. If my brother recovers, his life will be given to our prayers. Pray always, and faint not.”

“Sunday, Dec. 2d. The first news I heard last night in Moorfields was, that my brother was something better. I rode at nine to Lewisham; found him with my sister, and Mrs. Blackwell, and Dewal. I fell on his neck, and wept. All present were alike affected. Last Wednesday he changed for the better, while the people were praying for him at the Foundry. He has rested well ever since; his cough is abated, and his strength increased: yet it is most probable he will not recover, being far gone in a galloping consumption; just as my elder brother was at his age.

“I followed him to his chamber, with my sister, and prayed with strong desire, and a good hope of his recovery. All last Tuesday they expected his death every hour. He expected the same, and wrote his own epitaph. ‘Here lieth the body of John Wesley, a brand, not once only* plucked out of the fire. He died of a consumption, in the fifty-first year of his age; leaving, after his debts were paid, not ten pounds

* Mr. Wesley, after his recovery, inserted this epitaph in his printed Journal, leaving out the clause, “not once only,” which contains an allusion to his almost miraculous escape from the parsonage-house at Epworth, when it was on fire.

behind him ; praying, *God be merciful to me, an unprofitable servant.* He desired this inscription, if any, should be put upon his tomb-stone.' He made it his request to his wife and me, to forget all that is past, which I very readily agreed to ; and once more offered her my service in great sincerity. Neither will I suspect hers ; but hope she will *do* as she *says*.

"I have been generally blamed for my absence in this time of danger. Several asked, 'Does Mr. Charles know of his brother's illness?' and were answered, 'Yes, yes ; many have informed him.' All my correspondents agreed in their accounts that my brother was much better : of which his ministering last Sunday at the chapel left me no doubt. Then they might have apprized me of his danger ; but none thought of me till Tuesday, when they looked for his death every hour. He had ordered letters to be wrote by Charles Perronet to the preachers to meet on the 21st instant ; but not a word of notice was sent to me. Now I hear, several letters were wrote me on Tuesday night ; but I have left them unreceived at Bristol.

"I attended my brother while he rode out for the air, and was surprised to see him hold out for three quarters of an hour, and even gallop back the whole way. In the afternoon I met the leaders, and spoke them comfort ; then called on my patient, J. Hutchinson, whose journey has done him more good than harm.

"My text at the Foundery was, 1 John v, 14, 15. Whether the congregation received benefit I know not, being myself confused, and overwhelmed with trouble and sorrow.

"God made me to the society, I trust, a son of consolation. I showed them the cause of my brother's danger, even our own unprofitableness, and the nation's rejecting his testimony. I strongly exhorted them to repent, and do their first works ; and *on no other condition* to hope for my brother's recovery. I told them I was persuaded his time was come ; and he would have died now, had not the prayer of faith interposed, and God commanded the shadow to go backward : that still his life was altogether precarious, and they must wrestle on, before the decree brought forth, for a full reverse of the sentence. In prayer God gave us strong cries and tears, and consolation of hope. I told them that I neither could nor would stand in my brother's place ; (if God took him to himself ;) for I had neither a body, nor a mind, nor talents, nor grace, for it.

"The whole society appear alive, so stirred up, so zealous, so prayerful, as I never knew them. Many backsliders are returning to us. Many secret friends now show themselves. The strangers stop us in the streets with their inquiries ; and the people in general seem to find out the value of a blessing they are going to lose.

“I carried Mr. Hutchinson to a quieter lodging, which the friendly Mr. Lloyd offered us at his house. John Jones comes post-haste from Bristol; spent the useful evening with us; and then slept with me at the Foundery.

“Monday, Dec. 3d. I was at a loss for a subject at five, when I opened the Revelation, and with fear and trembling began to expound it. Our Lord was with us of a truth, and comforted our hearts, with the blessed hope of his coming to reign before his ancients gloriously. Martin Luther, in a time of trouble, used to say, ‘Come, let us sing the forty-sixth Psalm.’ I would rather say, ‘Let us read the Revelation of Jesus Christ.’ What is any private or public loss, or calamity; what are all the advantages Satan ever gained, or shall gain, over particular men, or churches, when all things, good and evil, Christ’s power, and antichrist’s, conspire to hasten the grand event, to fulfil the mystery of God, and make all the kingdoms of the earth become the kingdoms of Christ?

“I asked each of the select band, whether they could pray in faith for my brother’s life. God has kept them all in darkness and suspense. Those who have most power with him have received no certain answer, being constrained to give him up FIRST, if haply they may then receive him again, as from the dead. Some have told me it was parting with a right eye, with one much dearer than their natural father. Many have found strong increasing hope of his recovery; and a few, whose experience I less depend on, are confident of it.

“I called on loving, faithful Damaris Perronet, and then visited my patient at Mr. Lloyd’s. With him I stayed till near one, the time I had appointed for prayer at the Foundery. Many faithful souls then joined me in behalf of my brother; or, rather, of the Church and nation. Neither was our Lord absent. Great comfort and confidence we received, that all shall work together for good; even for the glory of God, and furtherance of the gospel.

“From intercession I waited on my sister to Dr. Fothergill, who is much pleased with his patient’s present case, and greatly approves of his hastening to the Hotwells at Bristol. To-morrow afternoon he promises to visit him at Lewisham.”

In the course of this day, Mr. Charles Wesley addressed the following letter to his wife. It contains some particulars which he has not inserted in his journal, relative to his present circumstances and those of his brother:—

“Dearest Sally,—I hope you have recovered your fright. My brother may live, if he hastens to Bristol. Prayer is made daily by the church to God for him: yet no one, that I can find, *has received his petition*. Whether he comes or not, I am stationed here till after

Christmas. My brother entreated me yesterday, and his wife, to forget all that is past, on both sides. I *sincerely* told him I would, for his sake, as well as Christ's sake. My sister said the same.

"Mrs. Blackwell and Dewal send you a loving heart. They have but one, you know, between them. Dudy Perronet salutes you in great love, as does Mr. Lloyd.

"Next Friday we spend in prayer for my brother, meeting at five, seven, ten, and one. Join all who love him for his work's sake.

"Who is your chaplain? When none is near, you should read prayers yourself, as my mother, and many besides, have done. Be much in private prayer. What the Lord will do with me I know not; but am fully persuaded I shall not long survive my brother. Farewell."

He adds, in his journal, "Dec. 4th. I proceeded in the Revelation, and found the blessing promised to those who read or hear the words of that book. From six to seven I employed with the preachers in prayer for my brother and the church.

"This morning I got the long-wished-for opportunity of talking fully to him of all which has passed since his marriage: and the result of our conference was, perfect peace and harmony.

"Mrs. Dewal and Blackwell observed what a fair opportunity my wife might have had for inoculating with her sister. I answered, that I left every one to his own conscience; but for my part, I looked upon it as taking the matter out of God's hands; and I should choose, if it depended on me, to trust her entirely to him. Before five I returned to the Foundery, and found two letters from Lady Huntingdon: the first informing me they apprehended my wife was taken ill of the small-pox, as soon as I left her: the second, that it was come out, and the confluent kind. She had been frightened, after my departure, with one's abruptly telling her my brother was dead, and sickened immediately."

On receiving the sad intelligence of his wife's dangerous illness, Mr. Charles Wesley consulted his friend Mr. Lloyd, of Devonshire-square, who advised him by all means to fly where his heart directed. He preached in the evening on John xiv, 1, 2. The next morning, taking the advice of his friend, he left London for Bristol, where he arrived about four o'clock in the afternoon of the next day. "I found my dearest friend," says he, "on a restless bed of pain, loaded with the worst kind of the worst disease. Mrs. Vigor and Jones were ministering to her day and night. Sister Burgess, a most tender, skillful Christian woman, was her nurse. Good Lady Huntingdon attends her constantly twice a day, having deferred her journey to her son, on this account.

"She had expressed a longing desire to see me just before I came,

and rejoiced for the consolation. I saw her alive, but O how changed! 'The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint! From the sole of the foot, even unto the head, there is no soundness in her; but wounds, and putrefying sores.' Yet under her sorest burden she blessed God that she had not been inoculated, receiving the disease as immediately sent from God. I found the door of prayer wide open, and entirely acquiesced in the divine will. I would not have it otherwise. God choose for me and mine, in time and eternity!"

For the long space of twenty-two days Mrs. Wesley continued in imminent danger from this dreadful disease, uncertain respecting the issue. A part of this anxious time her husband was compelled to spend in London, supplying the chapels there; his afflicted brother being still laid aside from his ministry. He preached comfort to others while his own heart was sad; daily apprehending that the next post would bring the intelligence that his wife was no more. In this emergency Mr. Whitefield gave striking proof of that generous and sympathetic spirit by which he was actuated. He wrote a letter to Mr. John Wesley, full of encouragement and affection, which has been often printed, and is well known. Two letters of a similar kind he also addressed to his friend Charles, which are equally worthy of being preserved as an honour to his memory. They were both written in London, and sent to Charles in Bristol.

"Dec. 13th, 1753. My Dear Friend,—The Searcher of hearts alone knows the sympathy I have felt for you and yours; and in what suspense my mind hath been concerning the event of your present circumstances. I pray and inquire, inquire and pray again; always expecting to hear the worst. Ere this can reach you, I expect the lot will be cast, either for life or death. I long to hear, that I may partake, like a friend, either of your joy or sorrow. Blessed be God for that promise, whereby we are assured that all things work together for good to those who love him! This may make us, at least, resigned when called to part with our Isaacs. But who knows the pain of parting, when the wife and the friend are conjoined? To have the desire of one's eyes cut off with a stroke, what but grace, omnipotent grace, can enable us to bear it? But who knows? perhaps the threatened stroke may be recalled; and my dear friend enjoy his dear yoke-fellow's company a little longer. Surely the Lord of all lords is preparing you for further usefulness by these complex trials. We must be prepared, if we would bring forth more fruit.

"Your brother, I hear, is better. To-day I intended to have seen him; but Mr. Blackwell sent me word, he thought he would be out for the air. I hope Mr. Hutchinson is better. But I can scarce mention any body now, but dear Mr. Wesley. Pray let me know how it goes

with you. My wife truly joins in sympathy and love. Night and day indeed you are remembered by, my dear friend, Yours," &c.

"Dec. 20th, 1753. My Dear Friend,—I most sincerely rejoice, and have given private and public thanks, for the recovery of your dear yoke-fellow. My pleasure is increased by seeing your brother so well as I found him on Tuesday at Lewisham. O that you may *both* spring afresh, and your latter end increase more and more! Talk not of having no more work to do in the vineyard. I hope all our work is but just beginning. I am sure it is high time for me to begin to do something for Him who hath done and suffered so much for me. Near forty years old, and such a dwarf! The winter come already, and so little done in the summer! I am ashamed, I blush, and am confounded; and yet God blesseth us here. Truly, his outgoings are seen in the Tabernacle. The top-stone is brought forth. We will now cry, 'Grace! grace!' I must away. Our joint respects attend you *all*. I hope Mr. Hutchinson mends. I hear his brother is dead. Lord, make us, make me also ready! My most dutiful respects await our elect lady. God willing, she shall hear soon from, my dear friend,

"Yours," &c., "in our common Lord."

Scarcely was Mrs. Wesley so far recovered as to be considered out of danger, when her infant son was attacked by the fearful disease. This was a severe affliction to both the parents; for he was their only child; their first-born; one year and four months old. He had shown a mental precocity with regard to music of which there are few examples, having both sung a tune, and beaten time, at the age of twelve months. He bore the honoured name of John Wesley. Intelligence of his sickness was conveyed to the father in London by the following letter, written by Miss Rebecca Gwynne, Mrs. Wesley's sister;—

"Sunday night, December 30th. As we suppose my dear brother Wesley will be glad to know how the poor little boy does, I cannot help writing by this post to inform you, that he rested tolerably last night; but has the distemper very thick; and the doctor says he cannot tell what sort it will prove till the ninth day is passed, being so treacherous a disorder. About Wednesday we hope the worst will be over. My sister desires her love and thanks to all friends who were so kind as to remember her. My eyes are so weak, that I can only add our love, and desires to see you as soon as possible."

To this letter Mrs. Wesley affixed the following postscript:—"Many thanks I return my dearest friend for his last; and I trust all your prayers will be answered on me. Nothing is worth living for, but to

enjoy and glorify our God. O that this may be the end for which my life is lengthened! I found no desire for a longer continuance on earth, than till I found my soul meet for the inheritance of the saints in light; and that I firmly believe Christ would have granted even me, had he called me hence in my late dangerous illness. To walk always in the light of God's countenance is most desirable; but some seem more highly favoured in that than others. I long to be one of those; but when will it be? You have been short in gratitude in not writing to my worthy doctor, who is daily here to see dear Jacky. My heart yearns for him so, that I wish I could bear the distemper again, instead of him: but he is in our great Preserver's hands, who cares for him. The Lord bless you. Farewell."

The suffering little innocent only survived the writing of this letter eight days, when his redeemed spirit entered into rest. His remains were interred before the father returned to Bristol. Some of his light and delicate hair, folded in paper, lies before the writer of this narrative. This sacred family relic bears the following inscription, neatly written by the bereaved mother:—"My dear Jacky Wesley's hair: who died of the small-pox, on Monday, Jan. 7th, 1753-4, aged a year, four months, and seventeen days. I shall go to him; but he never shall return to me."

It was not to be expected that Mr. Charles Wesley could pass through these scenes of domestic affliction, bereavement, and deliverance,—of chastisement and mercy,—without pouring forth the feelings of his heart in sacred verse. It was in devotional poetry that his emotions, both of joy and sorrow, found their most natural and appropriate expression. Accordingly he composed two hymns, under the title of "Oblation of a sick Friend," which describe the working of his mind while the wife of his bosom was suspended between life and death. They are remarkable for their tenderness and piety.

Of the severity of Mrs. Wesley's sufferings from the small-pox ample proof has already been given. Her husband said, that there was no sound part in her entire frame, from the soles of her feet to the crown of her head. Some private letters state, that, after the disease had generally disappeared, it was a considerable time before her nose was healed. The consequence was, that, after her recovery, her features were so completely changed, that her most intimate friends could not know her, by merely looking at her countenance; so deep was the impress which the malady had left of its virulence. Her husband showed the tenderness and strength of his affection by declaring, that he admired her more than he had ever done before. She was about twenty years younger than himself; and now that she had lost her beauty, she had also lost her very youthful appearance; so that the

unseemly disparity between their ages was no longer perceptible. This delicate remark, which he often repeated, was highly characteristic of the man, and well calculated to remove any uneasy feeling that might perchance have arisen in her mind.

Mr. Charles Wesley had another ground of grateful joy, besides that of his wife's recovery. His brother also began to regain his lost strength, and was likely soon to resume his wonted labours. Under the advice of his physicians, Mr. John Wesley retired to the Hotwell, near Bristol; and being for a time unable either to travel or preach, he applied himself to writing explanatory notes upon the New Testament: a work which he had long meditated; but which, in all probability, he would not have undertaken, had it not been for this unexpected sickness. When he had made some considerable progress in his work, he was visited by Charles from London; and they spent several days together, comparing the translation of the gospels with the original Greek; and reading Dr. Heylyn's Lectures, and Doddridge's Family Expositor, of which important use was made in the publication. Charles, who was an excellent critic, and possessed a fine taste in composition, afforded his brother more assistance in this work than in any other with which John's name was connected. The revisal of the book, some years after it had been printed, was greatly indebted to his piety, taste, and judgment.

As the spring and summer advanced, John was able to resume his ministry, and he went forth to his labour with increased spirituality and power. At the same time Charles Skelton, an itinerant preacher of some standing, and of useful talents, resigned his connection with the Wesleys, and became an Independent minister. This awakened considerable jealousy among his brethren, lest others should follow his example. They therefore entered into a written agreement at the ensuing conference, not to act independently of each other; so that the breach which had caused uneasiness among them served to put them upon their guard, and unite them more closely together. Skelton appears to have begun his course as an Independent minister at Bury St. Edmund's. He afterward became the pastor of a small congregation in Southwark, which is said to have become extinct long before his death. As an itinerant preacher he was very useful; and his secession was a cause of deep regret. When he left his old friends he changed his creed; but from that period he appears to have been of little benefit to the world. His light was hid under a bushel, and his influence scarcely felt.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN the month of July, 1754, Mr. Charles Wesley accompanied his brother to the neighbourhood of Norwich, where he continued several weeks, preaching in the open air with superior zeal and effect. John remained in a delicate state of health, so as to be unable to bear either a rapid journey, or frequent preaching. He therefore soon left Charles, to prosecute his work with such help as he could obtain, and retired again to the Bristol Hotwell, by the advice of Dr. Fothergill. Their design in leaving London together at this time appears to have been, partly the improvement of John's health; and partly that they might unitedly revise and transcribe the Notes on the New Testament, at the house of their friends, Captain and Mrs. Galatin, of Lakenham, who were both pious, and their personal friends. At this period the Wesleys had no place of worship in Norwich; and if they had any society, it was very small.

Norwich was at this time in a state of violent excitement. When the Wesleys expelled James Wheatley from their community, he came to this city, where he appears to have been an entire stranger. He began to preach in the midst of bitter opposition, but succeeded at length in collecting a considerable number of people, whom he called his "lambs," and became somewhat honourable. His doctrine and manner were smooth and soft, addressed to the tender passions of the people, rather than to their understandings and consciences; and in his private conduct he was a perfect libertine. Hitherto he had succeeded in the concealment of his wickedness; but it was now brought to light, and the successive disclosures that were made awakened the public indignation, and armed the mob with tenfold fury. The populace understood not the niceties of theological controversy; but they knew that a teacher of Christianity ought not to be a wholesale adulterer.

Such was the state of things when Mr. Charles Wesley arrived. The following brief notices, which he wrote at the time, will show the situation in which he was placed. They prove, too, that his spirit as a field-preacher was unimpaired. He was still able to brave the noise of the waves, the madness of the people, and maintain the truth of God amidst the fiercest opposition. There was in him a living energy which nothing from without could either subdue or intimidate. He usually preached twice a day during his stay in Norwich; and the result was, the opening of a Methodist chapel in that city.

"July 8th, 1754. At four I took horse for Norwich, with my brother, Charles Perronet, and Robert Windsor. We were in fear for my bro-

ther, lest the heat and the journey should be too great for him ; but the rain which God sent down all yesterday had laid the dust, and cooled the air. The clouds also were ordered to attend us all the day ; so that we had an easy and a pleasant ride to Braintree.

“ July 9th. Still God, in the weather, favoured us, and brought us safe to Bury, and ten miles beyond it.

“ July 10th. Our leisurely travelling allowed us many hours for writing. Between seven and eight we set out, and by eleven reached Attleborough. Here our brother Edwards met us, and brought us in the evening to Captain Galatin’s, at Lakenham, a mile and a half from Norwich. The captain brought us news that the whole city was in an uproar about poor Mr. Wheatley, whose works of darkness are now brought to light, whereby the people are so scandalized and exasperated, that they are ready to rise, and tear him to pieces. We therefore do not wonder that the clergy are not forward to show their friendly inclinations toward us. Yet one has sent us a civil message, excusing his not visiting us till the tumult is over.

“ July 11th. Captain Galatin dined with the mayor, a wise, resolute man, who labours for peace ; but greatly apprehends the rising of the people. We thought it best to lie by till the storm should a little subside. Still the waves rage horribly. The streets ring all day with James’s wickedness. From morning till night, the captain informs us, the mayor has been employed in taking the affidavits of the women whom he has tried to corrupt. These accounts are printed, and cried about the city.

“ What could Satan or his apostles do more, to shut the door against the gospel, in this place, for ever ? Yet several came to us, entreating us to preach ; and at night a great number were gathered together to hear us. The advertisement we had printed here, last year, disclaiming Mr. Wheatley, did much good, and with the blessing of God helped the people to distinguish. Our host also has assured the mayor, Mr. Wheatley is no Methodist, or associate of ours ; and the clergy, as well as people in general, are sensible of our inviolable attachment to the Church.

“ July 12th. We continued in our retreat, transcribing the Notes,* and leaving God to work, and prepare our way at Norwich.”

Mr. John Wesley says, “ On Sunday the 14th, at seven in the morning, my brother took his stand in the street. A multitude of people quickly gathered together, and were tolerably quiet, all things considered. I would willingly have taken his place in the evening, but had neither voice nor strength.”

Charles adds, under the date of July 16th, “ A lady yesterday sent

* The Rev. John Wesley’s Notes on the New Testament.

my brother an invitation to preach in her great room, at the window, whence he might be heard by those without. But to-day an alderman, threatening persecution, has made her draw back. I walked to Lakenham, and stopped my brother. The rest of the day we spent in transcribing.

“July 17th. Word was brought us that the gentlemen were much displeased with their disappointment last night. In the morning James Wheatley overtook me and Charles Perronet in our way to Lakenham. I would hope he intended to pass by us; but Charles, looking back, and spying him, forced him to stop, and speak to us. He asked me how I did; to which I made no answer. Charles cried out, ‘Ride on, James; ride on; do not talk to us. I pray God give you repentance.’ He asked me then how my brother did; but still I said nothing. Then, recovering himself, he said, ‘And God give you repentance, Mr. Perronet.’ I bade Charles turn back, and leave him; which he did; being grieved at the hardness of his heart.

“At six in the evening we went forth. My text was, ‘The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.’ The people were amazingly serious. All behaved with the utmost decency. It is evidently the Lord’s doing! Some of the fiercest persecutors are our fastest friends, and constantly attend the word. Many appear affected under it. Not one dares open his mouth against it as yet. My brother recapitulated and confirmed my sayings. In the mouth of two witnesses shall every word be established.

“July 18th. At four my brother, by the advice of Charles Perronet, set out with him for Bristol. By how strange a providence has he been brought hither, that he might be sent hence to the Hotwell, the only probable means of restoring his health! I preached at five, from, ‘O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself; but in me is thine help,’ Hosea xiii, 9. Still their patience of the truth continues, or even increases. Near a thousand we have every morning. One man, after I had concluded, spoke a rude word, which drew upon him the general indignation. At night I had a multitude of the great vulgar and small to hear me, with three justices, and nine clergymen. The Lord opened my mouth, to convince them of sin; and many, I am persuaded, felt the sword of the Spirit in the word.

“July 20th. I declared to a more numerous audience, it being market day, ‘Ye have sold yourselves for naught; and ye shall be redeemed without money.’ The butchers were continually passing; yet all was quiet till I had done. I passed the day at Lakenham, as usual.

“July 21st. My audience at seven was greatly increased. I spoke

from the first three verses of Isaiah lxi ; but dwelt on those words, ' He hath sent me to preach glad tidings to the meek,' or poor. I laboured, as all the week past, to bring them to a sense of their wants ; and to this end I have preached the law, which is extremely wanted here. The people have been surfeited with smooth words and flattering invitations. The greater cause have we of wonder and thanksgiving, that they can now endure sound and severe doctrine. I received the sacrament again from the bishop's hands, among a score of communicants. If the gospel prevails in this place, they will find the difference. I went to St. Peter's, and thence to the street. It rained all the time that I was declaring the office of Christ, in his own words, Isaiah lxi ; yet none departed. My congregation was lessened by the weather : but those who did attend were all serious, and seemed to receive the word as a thirsty land the showers.

" July 22d. The rain hindered my preaching. God is providing us a place, an old large house, which the owner, a justice of the peace, has reserved for us. He has refused several, always declaring he would let it to none but Mr. John Wesley. Last Saturday Mr. Edwards agreed to take a lease for seven years ; and this morning Mr. S——n has sent his workmen to begin putting it into repair. The people are much pleased at our taking it. So are not Satan and his Antinomian apostles.

" My brother's prophecy is true, that all our caution and tenderness toward them will not hinder their saying all evil of us. The only curse I have had bestowed on me in Norwich was by a *good* woman of Mr. Wheatley's society : several of which I doubt not are gracious souls, in whose shame and sorrow I sincerely sympathize. Others *show* what manner of spirit they are of by tearing their *supposed* enemies in pieces. They have already found out, that it is I, and our little society of eighteen, have set the people against poor Mr. Wheatley ; and I am come hither, with my brother, to execute a design we and Mr. Keymer laid against him in London. I trust, our few children will take my counsel, not to answer them a word ; not to meddle with their distractions ; but to stand still.

" July 23d. At five I declared the end of our Lord's coming, even that they might have life, and have it more abundantly. The seriousness of the people deepens at every discourse. I met Mr. S——n at the house, which is at present a mere heap of rubbish, without walls, roof, floor, doors, or windows. What will this chaos produce ? I think it no bad omen, that it was originally a *foundery* !

" I wrote all day at Mr. Edwards's. I hear the blaspheming of the multitude. Their mouths are full of vile expressions,

' Offence and torture to the sober ear.'

Wo unto the man who gives such occasion to the enemy to speak reproachfully! At seven I expounded the barren fig-tree to a people who, notwithstanding all their stumbling-blocks, can endure sound doctrine.

“ July 24th. I preached the gospel from Isaiah xliii, 22, &c. My congregation at night was considerably increased by the market-folk out of the country. I preached repentance from Rev. i, 7. The Lord opened my mouth to convince. His word begins to sink into their hearts. Many were in tears on every side. Toward the close, a huge man tried to ride up to me; but the people interposed again and again, till a serious stout man took and led his horse away, and kept the poor drunkard at a due distance. Some in the public-house behind me were noisy and troublesome; on whom I turned, and recommended them to the prayers of the congregation. Satan often shows his willingness and inability to hurt or hinder us. In spite of all, the gospel has free course, and daily gains ground on the hearers' hearts.

“ July 25th. The rain drove me into brother Edwards's house. Only the sincere and serious attended. The poor have a right to the gospel. I then preached Christ crucified from Zech. xii, 10. They did in that hour look on Him they had pierced, and mourn; particularly one hardened rebel, (that was,) who was in tears the whole time. Yesterday a woman came to me, to ask my pardon for having railed at me, or rather, at Mr. Edwards, while passing her. She belonged to the Tabernacle. I commended her ingenuousness, wished all her society like her, and gave her a book. From this many stories were made. I think it best to have no communication at all with Mr. Wheatley, or any of his followers: neither to mention nor to think of him any more than if there was no such sect or sinner upon earth.

“ I passed the day at Lakenham; and at seven preached to a mixed multitude of good and bad. Some of the baser sort talked lewdly and blasphemously, till I turned, and set the terrors of the Lord in array against them. No wonder the slaves could not face me. The words directed to them made many a *sincere* heart tremble. I went on with more power than ever. So immediately did God bring good out of evil. The number of mourners increases. By and by they will be ripe for the gospel.

“ July 26th. I enforced on many listening souls our Lord's most important words, ‘ Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find.’ I enjoyed my long-sought solitude all day at Lakenham.

“ July 30th. I preached at five from Isaiah xxxv, and found my mouth opened, as well as the hearers' hearts. The more Satan rages, the more our Lord will own and bless us. A poor rebel, at the conclusion, lifted up his voice; for whom I first prayed, and then, turning full upon

him, preached repentance and Christ to his heart. I desired him to turn his face toward me, but he could not. However, he felt the invisible chain, which held him to hear the offers of grace and salvation. I have great hopes that Satan has lost his slave. Some have assured me, they saw him depart in tears.

“ I began once more transcribing Dr. Young’s Night Thoughts. No writings but the inspired are more useful to me.

“ At St. Peter’s I heard a very innocent sermon on public worship. There is no railing at present in any of the churches. The bishop of Exeter’s Letter was cried about the streets all day. We prayed, and went forth at seven, expecting Satan’s appearance. A multitude attended to Hosea xiv, 1. My heart was much enlarged. A very few showed their willingness to disturb, but were soon suppressed. I did not spare them; and the Lord gave weight to his word. I plainly perceive, there is no strength or counsel against the Lord. Many persons there doubtless are in this great city who would fain stop the course of the gospel, and drive it out. Several complain that their fellows will not suffer them to persecute. To say nothing of the clergy, can Mr. Taylor’s followers digest our doctrine of original sin? Can either the Pharisees or Sadducees, with which this place abounds, wish us success? Here are swarms of Papists and Antinomians, who bear us equal good-will. And all Christ’s enemies have a sword put into their hands by that wretched man. It is Satan’s and his interest, that the world should look upon us as all alike. And with this view, no doubt, the Rev. Mr. — published his scandals of my brother. But he may find himself mistaken. It is too gross to pass even at Norwich. The clergy, I hear, declare they are satisfied of Mr. John Wesley’s unexceptionable character; and the generality of the people are much displeased at the nonsensical tale.

“ July 31st. I expounded Isaiah xxxii, 1, 2, to a quiet, attentive congregation, who constantly attend, about two hundred of them, and seem more and more to know their wants. At night I laid the axe to the root, and showed them their actual and original corruption. The strong man was disturbed in his palace, and roared on every side. My strength increased with the opposition. A gentleman on horseback gnashed upon me with his teeth; but my voice prevailed; and they retreated to their stronghold, the alehouse. There with difficulty they procured some butchers to appear in their quarrel; yet they had no commission to approach, till I had done. Then, in the last hymn, they made up to the table with great fury. The foremost often lifted up his stick, to strike me, being within his reach: but he was not permitted. I stayed to pray for them, and walked quietly to my lodgings. Poor Rabshakeh muttered something about the bishop of Exeter; but did not accept of

my invitation to Mr. Edwards's. I am persuaded more good has been done to-night than by any of my former discourses. The concern and love of the people for me are much increased by my supposed danger. We joined together in praise and thanksgiving, as usual; and I slept in peace.

"August 1st. My morning congregation made me ample amends for last night's tumult: so serious, so affected with the word of truth. When I gave notice of preaching in the evening, I did not know what a riotous day it is. Yet after prayer, I went forth, to keep my word, and see if the Lord had any work for me. The hill was covered with drunkards and rioters: but we saw the hand of God turning them aside, and keeping them at a distance. My subject was, 'What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?' The congregation looked like sheep in the midst of wolves: but the wolves had a bridle in their mouths, and could not hurt or disturb the serious. Satan must rage, for his kingdom suffers loss. Many followed me home, with whom I spent some time in prayer. By the time that the streets are too hot to hold us, we hope our house will be ready.

"August 2d. I spoke comfortably to the sincere, from Matt. v, 3, &c. A gentleman faced me, while I brought all the threatenings of God's word to bear upon him. He often changed colour, in spite of all his diabolical resolution. The poor people were not ashamed to show their concern. They felt the word, if he did not; and were melted down through his obduracy.

"I am at a loss for a church, 'Squire D—— having sent his servant to forbid my preaching any more under his wall. I thought of removing my pulpit to Mr. Edwards's door; but Providence ordered it otherwise, by sending such violent rain to-day as flooded all the street around us, and filled it up with mire.

"It being fair-day, we had a large company of drunkards to wait upon us at seven. I stood under a window of the Bell. Satan quickly sent me two of his drunken champions, who did all in their power to interrupt me. Their heads were just as high as mine; and one laid his mouth to my ear, and talked almost the whole time. I was forced, in my own defence, to speak as loud and as fast as I could. And they had no power to disturb me, while I applied the most blessed promise, Isaiah xxxv, 10. Many experienced the power of the gospel, preached with much contention. The wild beasts of the people were quite tame while I pressed through the midst of them.

"August 3d. I preached Christ, the way, the truth, and the life, with great enlargement; the spirit of the people assisting me. They seem a people prepared of the Lord. He was with us this morning of a truth.

“August 4th. I met the society at five, with some new members, or rather candidates; for such I esteem them all. I exhorted them to walk unblameable in all the commandments and ordinances. We had sweet fellowship in singing and prayer. At seven I expounded blind Bartimeus; and the Lord bowed their hearts who heard. We never had so large a morning congregation, or so serious. Surely God hath much people in this city.

“I breakfasted at Mrs. Overton’s, on whose ground Mr. Wheatley’s first Tabernacle was built. She has offered herself as a candidate of society, having stayed in the other till sin forced her out. They are above measure displeas’d with her. She regards it not, but follows on to know the Lord.

“I communicated at the cathedral. An elderly clergyman pointed me, at the table, to where the ministers were. The number of communicants begins to increase: a sign we do not make a separation, as a zealous advocate of the Church charged me, in going home. I endeavoured to set him right; and he was in a good measure appeas’d.

“Poor James has given them cause for suspicion. He too came to the cathedral at first, as my opponent told me, and pretended to bring others, till he had got so much hold of them, as to take them all from it, and turn them Dissenters. How has he increased our difficulties! But the power and blessing of God can set all right.

“I met the society after dinner, and strongly exhorted them to bring forth fruits meet for repentance. I was in great heaviness till five; and then invited a huge multitude to the great supper, and gave an historical account of the Methodists. Some thought our congregation larger than any before. More serious they surely were. A few ragged drunkards stood at a distance, but were not suffered to make a noise till I had done. Then they lifted up their voice, which made me begin again. I exhorted, sung, prayed, and exhorted again. It was a glorious opportunity. Thanks be to God, who gives us the victory. Our house was crowded afterward. For an hour I spoke, sung, prayed, ‘after God.’ A fair prospect we have of a flourishing society, such as shall not be ashamed when they speak with their enemies in the gate. Every soul present, I am persuaded, felt the nearness of our Lord.

“August 5th. That scripture was fulfilled, ‘Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.’ We knew not how to part; though we never part now without a blessing. Five more gave in their names as candidates for the society. Last night a poor backslider came to me, with tears of sincere repentance. He had run well; been a leader in London; but forsaken the fountain of living

water. The Lord has sent after the one lost sheep. I have a strong hope that he will rise again, to fall no more.

“To-day I heard that as soon as I had named my subject yesterday morning, blind Bartimeus, some went away, crying that they had heard enough of him from Wheatley. Poor James had attempted that history, and made lame work of it, and of many others; which straitens me much. I cannot yet preach from my favourite texts, because he has. He has,*as much as in him lay, poisoned the fountain, debased the language of God, hardened the people’s hearts, palled their spiritual appetite, and made them even loath religion, and all that belongs to it. What mountains are these in their way to Christ! They can never flow down, but at his presence.

“I dined at Lakenham, and returned with Mrs. Galatin to Norwich. Mrs. Overton, a sincere follower after Christ, drank tea with us. We had hardly time for a prayer before we went forth. A gentleman had been with me yesterday, desiring me to vindicate him from the aspersion of disturbing me in preaching. For his satisfaction I preached, contrary to my design, on the hill. The rioters were there in great numbers. I called them to repentance; but they stopped their ears, and ran upon me, casting dirt and stones, &c. I stood it for three quarters of an hour; but it was fighting with beasts. None of us were hurt by their violence, but several frightened. The poor women had the worst of it. The lewd sons of Belial are furnished with weapons enough from the Tabernacle, and talk as inspired by their father. Our people were a good deal discouraged, fearing it will grow worse and worse. (We have a Butler here also, a ringleader of the rioters.*) I endeavoured to hearten them, and exhorted them to greater diligence in prayer. Prayer is our only refuge; and if our hands be steady, Israel shall prevail.

“August 7th. I preached from Micah vi, 8. At seven, God, in answer to our continual prayer, opened the door, in spite of all the powers of darkness. Preaching to these people is indeed threshing the mountains; yet several of them show great hungering for the word.

“August 8th. Our morning hour is always peaceable, and attended with the blessing of the gospel. The house is filled with the sincere; and the half awakened listen without. I preached a little after six this evening, according to my notice in the morning, and so disappointed most of the rioters. One drunkard was sent to molest us; but the bridle was in his as well as his master’s mouth. Many felt the meaning of those awful words: ‘Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and given him a name which is above every name: that at the name

* The allusion is to Butler, the ballad-singer at Cork, whose riotous proceedings have been already described.

of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth.' We afterward returned thanks in the house, and earnestly prayed for the course of the gospel; as we always do, both before and after preaching.

"August 9th. I rose after four. At five the Lord was mightily with us, to confirm his word, 'He shall save his people from their sins.' Mrs. Br., Mrs. Galatin, with our brother and sister Edwards, joined me in praise and prayer till near seven: a custom we hope, with God's blessing, to continue. At six a tumultuous crowd surrounded me, while I cried aloud, 'Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts,' &c. Satan visibly laboured in his children to hinder the gospel; which yet they could not hinder. A poor harlot shrieked out for the first quarter of an hour incessantly. I could hear no word but Wheatley. I turned toward her, (but she did not care to show her face,) and pressed her to enter the kingdom with her sister harlots. We heard no more of her. Her allies stood motionless till I dismissed them.

"A huge, black, grisly man, followed me into the house, whom I took for a collier. He told me he was a tinker, T. Boulton by name; had been in all Mr. Wheatley's riots, and fought for him forty times; that, understanding I should settle here, he came to offer me his service, and would henceforward fight for me. I thanked him for his non-necessary kindness; gave him a word of advice, and a book; and he went away hugely satisfied. I hear it was he that drove off the noisy harlot. We joined, as usual, in giving God the glory of his overruling providence.

"I should not forget that this morning Mr. Wheatley had the modesty to pay us a visit. Mrs. Edwards opened the door, and seeing him, without speaking a word, bad or good, shut it again.

"August 11th. I walked to Norwich by five, and met the society, to our mutual comfort. At seven our street was filled from end to end. I strongly preached 'God in Christ, reconciling the world to himself.' He stood by his ambassador, and bowed the hearts of all who heard the word. We never yet had so open a door. Two or three from the Tabernacle mocked at the beginning; but the stream carried them also away before it. This hour and a half has made us amends for all our troubles and buffetings. We acknowledged God hearing prayer. Our brethren at London have surely wrestled for us, and prevailed. We had double the usual number of communicants at the cathedral. All who are healed by *our* ministry go and show themselves to the priest, and enter into the temple with us.

"I wonder we should miss so long, so convenient a place for preaching as our own street is. The foundry shuts us up on one side; and

Mr. Edwards's and his neighbours on the other. Above three thousand may conveniently stand about the door, and twice as many at the end of Hog-hill. Every place was crowded in the evening, while I enforced the faithful, acceptable saying, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. His power bent down all opposition, and cleared his own way into their hearts. All seemed melted down, or broken to pieces, either by the fire or the hammer. The gospel had free course. The word was glorified, and ran very swiftly. Let all who prayed for its success give God the praise, and pray on: so shall it grow mightily, and prevail over this great, wicked city. Some of the best of the parish, as well as strangers, joined with us for an hour longer in prayer and thanksgiving. I enforced upon them, by particular, close application, both my morning and evening discourse. The Lord was evidently with us in his convincing power.

“August 13th. I walked to Norwich. Many seem ready to close with Christ, and come at his call, the weary and heavy laden. The more disposed they are to receive the gospel, the more he opens my mouth to make it known. I got a useful hour in the evening for conversation and prayer with our wakening neighbours.”

In this diligent and faithful manner Mr. Charles Wesley exercised his ministry in the open air at Norwich, for several successive weeks. Early in the morning, and late in the evening, was he at the post of duty; meeting the small society for the purpose of private instruction and encouragement; and in public showing the people the entire corruption of their nature, the spirituality of the law of God, their personal guilt, and just exposure to the miseries of hell; with the method of a sinner's justification through faith in the blood of atonement, and the universal holiness which every believer is both able and bound to exemplify. His preaching was at once evangelical and practical. It was equally removed from the cold and subtle Rationalism of Dr. John Taylor, then resident there, and the whining Antinomianism of James Wheatley. Its seasonableness was undeniable; and it was well adapted to lay the foundation of a permanent work of God in that city. His self-denial, unwearied application to the work of saving souls, and the success with which his efforts were crowned, show that his heart was right with God. Such fidelity on his part was a favourable omen for the country, while his brother was still enfeebled by disease.

Where Mr. Charles Wesley spent the remainder of this year, after his removal from Norwich, we are not informed; but early in the following January we find him at Brecon; having been called thither on account of the dangerous illness of Mrs. Grace Bowen. He left his wife in London. Grace Bowen was the daughter of a clergyman. She was a woman of a superior understanding. For many years she had

resided in the Gwynne family, and had nursed all the children, Mrs. Charles Wesley among the rest. When the Wesleys preached at Garth and the neighbourhood, she was among the first that received the truth. From that time, to her correct morals she added deep Christian piety, and led a most exemplary and useful life. She was therefore highly and justly esteemed. When Charles arrived, this devout matron had fled to the heavenly paradise.

In a letter to his wife, he says, "I rode hard to see her before her flight; but it was my loss, not hers, that the chariot carried her up last Thursday. I only write, in the utmost haste, to assure you, my best beloved friend, that I am perfectly well, and all our friends here. More in my next. Salute our friends in both Squares."

"Brecon, Jan. 10th. My dearest Sally would be greatly comforted, to hear what I hear hourly of our translated friend. She insisted on Becky's rejoicing as soon as she should be safe landed: which checked her sorrow indeed; and God has further comforted her by my coming. But my Sally, I fear, wants me on the same occasion. Yet why should I fear your self-love should get the better of your love and desire of a friend's happiness? Her last human desire was to see you and me; but this also she gave up a week before her departure, and lay rejoicing and praising God, and blessing all about her with her prayers and counsels.

"Some weeks before she said to your sisters, 'You may think it delusion; but I do really enjoy at times such joy as is unutterable, and full of glory.' Expect more particulars in the hymns I am making for her. Poor Becky has lost her only friend. She and I are very happy together; and the society are in a very flourishing way. Yesterday I spent an hour with Howell Harris, to our mutual satisfaction. His soul is, after all, alive to God, and put life into me. Monday I spend with him and his wife, who is ready to eat me up for joy. To-morrow I dine at Garth; on Sunday preach at Bulth, Maesmynis, another church in the way hither, and here at night. This people will not let me be idle; and I do not much desire it. To-morrow J. Jones returns to Bristol. On Tuesday I follow. We had a tedious passage of three hours on the water. It is well you was not with us. How fare you at the Square? How fare our friends? My best love, and in the best (that is, *your own*) manner, to the colonel, Mrs. Gumley, and Mrs. D—, and Miss Derby. You have perfected her in English, by this time, I nothing doubt. I suppose you are thinking ere now to remove. In the latter end of this month I hope to find you well in Devonshire-square. When come our friends to Bath? My father, mother, Becky, &c., salute you most affectionately. The Lord have you always in his keeping! Farewell.

"Friday, one o'clock. I have just come from preaching to the pri-

soners. Your last refreshed me with the news of your tolerable health, the rheumatism excepted. Mrs. Gumley is very kind and obliging. If you think of me, I am not behind with you. Only our *happy friend* shares my best thoughts with you. She has fought the good fight, and finished her course with joy. I am half impatient to be with her. On Thursday I purpose writing to you from Bristol. My letter may welcome you to your old lodgings. Direct your next to me at Bristol. Once more I commend you to our everlasting Friend!"

"Brecon, Jan. 14th, 1755. My Dearest Sally,—I hope you have left your cough behind you. Grosvenor is not half so agreeable to our taste and constitution as Devonshire-square. I leave this place tomorrow, having made the most of my short time. Brother Howell was very civil to me at Garth; Lady Rudd, not uncivil. I preached on Sunday in two churches; had a miserable ride over the hill to Brecon, drowned with rain; but received no hurt. Yesterday I spent mostly at Trevecka. God has not rejected his old servant there. He joins with his wife in cordial love to us both. Touching the family I cannot say much. Poor Becky would be glad to escape from among them. The little society is her chief comfort. The grand preliminary will, I hope, be settled to our satisfaction: then you may depend upon her, when a tender, faithful nurse is needed.

"Your old nurse and friend requires our congratulation, not condolence. She lies close to dear Molly Leyson. Peggy and Jacky also are of the party above. They are singing together, and pitying *us*. I think it long ere I overtake and join them. Hold out faith and patience a little longer, and we shall all meet around the throne. My love to Mr. Lloyd, if returned. You should comfort poor Betsy. Perhaps the enclosed may help. We *ought* to rejoice: that is certain: but self-love hinders. Remember me to Mr. Montague, and Jane Hands, and J. Boulton, and all inquirers. My best respects and thanks to our friends, whom you have left, or are leaving. I will not despair of seeing them in Charles-street before spring. The Lord shall order all things. Farewell in him."

Under the date of Jan. 14th, 1755, Mr. Whitefield addressed a letter from Virginia to his friend Mr. Charles Wesley, breathing his usual spirit of zeal and kindness. He says, "My Dear Friend,—Some time ago, when at New-York, I heard you was sick. This, I suppose, hath been the occasion of my not hearing from you. Well! blessed be God, sick or well, we can go on our way to heaven. This is begun on earth. If it was not so, what should I do in this pilgrim way? I suppose my circuit upon the continent already hath been two thousand miles; and a journey of six hundred more before I reach Bethesda yet

lies before me. Scenes of wonder have opened all the way. A thousandth part cannot be told. In Virginia the prospect is very promising. I have preached in two churches, and this morning am to preach in a third. Rich and poor seem quite ready to hear. Many have been truly awakened. Continue to pray for a poor but willing hunter after souls. O it is heavenly sport!

‘Christ’s presence doth my pains beguile,
And makes the wilderness to smile.’

“About May I hope to see England. O that you may see me grown in grace! But, alas! alas! I am a dwarf. Lord Jesus, quicken my tardy pace. My cordial respects await your dear yoke-fellow, your brother, and all that are concerned for, or inquire after, my dear friend,
“Yours most affectionately in our common Lord.”

Every one who had watched the proceedings of the Wesleys, and considered the principles in which they had been trained, must have perceived, from the beginning of their irregularities, that soon or late they would be involved in serious difficulties with regard to the established Church. Through the force of education and example, as we have already seen, when they were at Oxford and in Georgia, they were among the strictest of strict Churchmen, and would have thought it almost a sin even to save a soul from hell, except in accordance with the rubric, and in the use of the Book of Common Prayer. They denied the validity of baptism when administered by men who had only received presbyterian ordination; for they thought that the laying on of a bishop’s hands was essential to the ministerial character; and that those who had only been ordained “by the laying on of the hands of the presbytery,” were mere laymen,—though they might belong to Protestant national churches, such as those of Scotland and Holland,—and could therefore perform no proper ministerial act. Greatly were they shocked when some of their own sons in the gospel began to preach; and they resolved at once to silence them by the strong hand of power. But in this they were overruled. They saw that God was with the men whom they charged to hold their peace. Their spirit was devout; and their ministrations were sanctioned by the divine blessing, not in a few solitary instances merely, but in the actual conversion and salvation of multitudes. Hence the brothers were not only reconciled to this innovation, but defended it, and rejoiced in it, as a means which Christ himself had provided for extending his kingdom in the world: and they were the more satisfied, because the preachers and their converts attended the religious services of the established Church. For a time it was not difficult to preserve this state of things, because the societies and preachers were few in number, and were continually under the eye

of the brothers, to whose judgment and authority every one paid the most profound deference.

But at length difficulties arose. The question of separation from the Church, and of the administration of the sacraments by the preachers, was agitated, and caused great searchings of heart in various directions. The year 1755 was a sort of crisis in Methodism, because then a controversy on these subjects began, which was not finally settled until some years after the founders of the system had ended their life and labours. In London and Bristol the Lord's supper was regularly administered by a clergyman; but in most other places both the preachers and the societies were expected to attend this ordinance in their several parish churches. In many instances the clergy who officiated there were not only destitute of piety, but were immoral in their lives; and doubts arose, whether such men, notwithstanding their ordination, were true ministers of Christ, and whether it was not a sin to encourage them in the performance of duties for which they were so manifestly destitute of the requisite qualifications. The clergyman at Epworth, who repelled Mr. John Wesley from the Lord's table, and assaulted him before the whole congregation, was notoriously drunk at the time. In other cases the doctrine which was taught in the churches was deemed not only defective, but positively erroneous; especially when justification by faith, and the work of the Holy Spirit, were peremptorily denied and opposed. Several of the clergy were directly concerned in the instigation of riotous proceedings against the Methodists, by which their property was destroyed, and their lives were endangered; and if the sufferers forgave these injuries, it was too much to expect that they would contentedly receive the memorials of the Saviour's death at the hands of men who had encouraged such outrages upon humanity and justice. If John Nelson could profitably receive the holy communion from the minister who, by bearing false witness against him, had succeeded in tearing him away from his family, and sending him into the army, every one had not John's meekness and strength of mind. Not a few of the clergy absolutely refused to administer the Lord's supper to the Methodists. When these people approached the table of the Lord, they were singled out among the communicants, and denied the sacred emblems of their Redeemer's body and blood. This was the case, as we have seen, at Bristol, at Leeds, in Derbyshire, and other places; so that the Methodists were compelled either to receive the Lord's supper at the hands of their own preachers, or in the Dissenting chapel, or to violate the command of the Lord, who has charged all his disciples to "eat of this bread, and drink of this cup." Great uneasiness therefore existed among the preachers, and in several of the societies.

In this emergency the embarrassment of the Wesleys was increased by the fact, that the preachers who were unfriendly to that strict union with the Church which had been hitherto maintained, were generally the most pious and gifted of their brethren. At the head of this band was Joseph Cownley, whom Mr. John Wesley afterward pronounced one of the best preachers in England. Among them were also Edward and Charles Perronet, the two sons of the venerable vicar of Shoreham; who were both educated men, and possessed of considerable talent, as is manifest from their publications, both in prose and verse. Their piety was indisputable. Of this class of preachers also was Thomas Walsh. This very remarkable man was a native of Ireland, and was designed for the Romish priesthood; but having obtained a knowledge of the truth, he renounced the errors of Popery, and connected himself with the Methodist body. His application to study was intense and unremitting, and the fruits of his industry were surprising. Mr. John Wesley declared him to be the best Biblical scholar he ever knew. If he were questioned respecting any Hebrew or Greek word in Holy Scripture, he would, after a short pause, specify how often it occurred in sacred writ, and its precise signification in each place. He preached with great fervour and energy, both in the Irish and English languages; and in prayer he was mighty and prevalent. This truly great and holy man enjoyed in a high degree the confidence of Mr. John Wesley, because of the wisdom of his counsels, and the integrity of his principles and life. The whole of these preachers, and probably some others, generally absented themselves from the services of the established Church; and they occasionally administered the Lord's supper to the people who were like-minded with themselves, and also to one another.

This further innovation upon the order of the Church exceedingly distressed Mr. Charles Wesley, who had long been reconciled to the irregularity of lay-preaching; and his grief was not a little increased by an apprehension that his brother secretly encouraged these proceedings. He even suspected that these preachers might have obtained ordination by the imposition of John's hands. For he knew that his brother was strongly attached to them; that he had serious doubts concerning many things connected with the established Church; and that he had by implication avowed his right to ordain: having many years ago published to the world his conviction, that, in the apostolic church, bishops and presbyters were of the same order. These apprehensions Charles disclosed in his correspondence with Walter Sellon, the clergyman of Smisby, in Leicestershire. Sellon had formerly been a Methodist preacher, and the master of Kingswood school. On the recommendation of the Huntingdon family he had obtained episcopal

ordination. As a clergyman he was eminently zealous and useful, though not very regular in his efforts to convert and save souls. He retained a strong affection for his old friends, and enjoyed their entire confidence. Mr. Charles Wesley pressed this sensible and able man to write to his brother pointedly and strongly against the administration of the sacraments by the Methodist preachers, and on the necessity of a close adherence to the Church. He also pressed him by all means to attend the next conference, for the purpose of urging these points both upon Mr. John Wesley and the preachers; pledging himself to obtain admission for him into that assembly. Mr. Sellon appears to have written to Mr. John Wesley on these subjects, and also to Charles Perronet; but we have no proof that he was present at the conference. Probably his limited income, and his parochial duties, detained him at home. His living was known to be poor, and his labours severe. In the progress of his correspondence with Sellon, Mr. Charles Wesley confessed that his suspicions respecting his brother were unfounded. No such countenance as he supposed had been given to the preachers who thus acted upon the principles of separation. The following passages which occur in Mr. Charles Wesley's letters to his clerical friend at Snisby bear upon the subjects just mentioned:—

“London, Dec. 14th. [1754.] My Dear Brother and Friend,—Write again, and spare not. My brother took no notice to me of your letter. Since the Melchizedekians have been taken in, I have been excluded his cabinet council. They know me too well to trust him with me. He is come so far as to believe a separation quite lawful, only not yet expedient. They are indefatigable in urging him to go so far, that he may not be able to retreat. He may lay on hands, say they, without separating. I charge you keep it to yourself, that I stand in doubt of him: which I tell you, that you may pray for him the more earnestly, and write to him the more plainly.

“In May our conference is. You must be there, if alive. We can hold it no longer, (the Methodist preachers, I mean,) but must quickly divide to the right or left, the church or meeting. I know none fitter for training up our young men than yourself, or John Jones. We must, among us, get the sound preachers qualified for orders. My partner salutes you in increasing love. Many thousands, besides her, shall prosper, because they love our Jerusalem. Farewell in Christ.”

“My Dear Brother,—I have seen your honest, friendly letter to Charles Perronet; for which I thank you, both in behalf of myself and the Church of England. In your fidelity to my old honoured mother, you are a man after my own heart. I always loved you, but never so much as now. O pray for the peace of Jerusalem! They shall prosper that love her. I know you wish her prosperity. You think upon her

stones ; and it pitieth you to see her in the dust. How unlike the spirit of poor Perronet, and his associates ! What a pity such spirits should have any influence over my brother ! They are continually urging him to a separation ; that is, to pull down all he has built, to put a sword in our enemies' hands, to destroy the work, scatter the flock, disgrace himself, and go out like the snuff of a candle.

“ May I not desire it of you, as a debt you owe the Church, as well as him, to write him a full, close, plain transcript of your heart on the occasion ? Charles Perronet, you know, has taken upon him to administer the sacrament, for a month together, to the preachers, and twice to some of the people. Walsh and three others have followed his vile example. The consequence you see with open eyes. O that my brother did so too ! Our worthy friend at Clifton* could not but believe my brother had laid on his hands, or they would not have dared to act thus. You have her thoughts in mine.

“ I have heard your sincerity called in question, as if you ran with the hare, and held with the hounds. I do not believe a word of it, as this letter proves. Only let me caution you, not to communicate this to any one. You must make one at our conference in Leeds, which will be in May. I will give you timely notice. Pray for us. I stand alone, as our preachers imagine. Nevertheless the Lord stands by me. The Lord Jesus bless you and keep you unto that day.”

“ London, Feb. 4th, 1755. My Dear Brother,—There is no danger of my countenancing them, but rather of my opposing them too fiercely. It is a pity a good cause should suffer by a warm advocate. If God gives me meekness, I shall, at the conference, speak, and spare not. Till then it is best the matter should sleep, or we should make the delinquents desperate, and their associates among the preachers hypocrites. My brother purposely holds his peace, that he may come to the bottom of them. Your letters, and some others wrote with the same honesty, have had the due effect on him. He has spoken as strongly, of late, in behalf of the Church of England, as I could wish ; and everywhere declares he never intends to leave her. This has made the Melchizedekians draw in their horns, and drop their design. We must know the heart of every preacher ; and give them their choice of the church or the meeting. The wound can no longer be healed slightly. Those who are disposed to separate had best do it while we are yet alive.

“ It seems not proper to show my brother your last to me. Write to him again, and urge it upon his conscience, whether he is not bound to prevent a separation, both before and after his death ; whether, in order to this, he should not take the utmost pains to settle the preachers,

* Lady Huntingdon.

discharging those who are irreclaimable, and never receiving another without this previous condition, that he will never leave the Church.

“ He is writing an excellent treatise on the question, whether it is expedient to separate from the Church of England; which he talks of printing. Be very mild and loving in your next, lest he should still say, the separatists show a better spirit than their opposers. You may honestly suppose him now of our mind. I will answer for your admission to the conference at Leeds in the beginning of May. My brother says his book will be out next summer. I will allow him till next winter. Is not Nicholas Norton under the influence of Charles Perronet? Poor Meriton is dead; therefore I say nothing of him. John Jones will thank you for a title. William Prior I suppose you know is ordained; without learning, interest, or aught but Providence to recommend him.

“ What are you doing in your part of the vineyard? and how does the work prosper? Write largely, and often. The Lord of the harvest is thrusting out labourers in divers places. Mr. Romaine, Venn, Dodd, Jones, and others here, are much blessed. Pray for them, as well as us. The Lord be your strength. Robert Windsor is a pillar of our Church. Farewell in Christ.”

These letters are particularly valuable, not only as exhibiting the state of feeling among the Methodist preachers in those times, but for the light which they shed upon Mr. Charles Wesley's character. With the real difficulties of the case he did not attempt to grapple. He does not show how the scruples of such men as Cownley, Walsh, and the Perronets, could be removed; nor how the spiritual wants of the societies were to be met in those places where they were repelled from the table of the Lord. Such was his impetuosity, that he could see nothing in the scruples of these men but pride; and he was resolved to force all the people to an attendance upon their several churches, whatever they might hear there, and though they went with the certainty of being driven from the holy communion. Such a course was not suited to the occasion. The persons concerned were not children, either in years, understanding, or piety. They were rebuked, but not convinced; and left to utter their complaints in all directions. To treat them in this manner was only to restrain the evil for a time. It was not removed. Mr. John Wesley pursued a different course. He also was anxious to preserve the people and preachers in communion with the established Church; but he would not, even for the attainment of this object, dismiss from the itinerant ministry men of whose uprightness, piety, and usefulness he had the fullest evidence. Nor would he deal harshly with men whom he thought to be in error, when he saw that conscience was concerned.

As one means of preserving the Methodists in union with the Church, Mr. Charles Wesley was anxious to get the best and ablest of the preachers prepared for holy orders, and then ordained by the bishops; and he thought that Mr. Sellon and John Jones might be advantageously employed in the work of their education. Jones, who had belonged to the medical profession, was a man of learning, and very useful as an itinerant preacher. He was treated with great confidence by the brothers, being a man of extraordinary sobriety of judgment. Charles, it will be observed, bespeaks for him a title to orders, that he might be invested with the clerical character. At that time he did not succeed; but afterward Jones was episcopally ordained, and became a parochial minister, as did a few others of his brethren. Their itinerancy was then at an end; and the design of Methodist preaching, to spread Christian holiness all over the land, was proportionably defeated. Mr. John Wesley viewed these subjects, not as a theorist, but as a practical man. All feeling of personal taste and prejudice, and all forms of ecclesiastical order, he subordinated to the higher object of reforming the nation, by turning the people from sin to holiness.

Mr. Charles Wesley is generally happy in the application of epithets. Whether he intends to praise or blame, the names which he gives to the parties whom he designs to characterize are usually appropriate and striking. But here his shrewdness and tact forsake him. He assumes that the clergy of the established Church were priests after the order of Aaron; and he calls the Methodist preachers "Melchizedekians," to denote their inferiority. They were not in the "succession;" as Melchizedek was "without father, without mother, without descent." But when he used the name of Melchizedek for such a purpose, he did not "consider how great this man was." Melchizedek was "king of righteousness," and "king of peace," as well as "priest of the most high God;" and, as the inspired author of the Epistle to the Hebrews shows, was vastly superior to Aaron, and the whole tribe of Levi; inasmuch as Levi himself, in the person of Abraham, paid tithes to this priest of the kingly order, who blessed the patriarch of the whole Jewish nation: "and without all contradiction, the less is blessed of the better." Joseph Cownley, Thomas Walsh, and the Perronets, however disposed to magnify their office, as itinerant evangelists, would hardly have aspired to such a distinction as this honourable title properly denotes.

The time of the conference at length drew near, when the claims of these "Melchizedekians" were to be heard and canvassed. Mr. Charles Wesley, as the impassioned and determined advocate of Churchmanship, repaired to Leeds, whence he addressed the following letter to his wife:—

"Leeds, April 29th. To my Dearly-beloved Partner,—Grace, mercy,

and peace, from God the Father, and Christ Jesus our Lord! You thought it long till you heard from me again. I made such short stages, (as much to save my horse as myself,) that I did not reach this place till yesterday. At Birmingham, Sheffield, Barley-hall, and Leeds, are many kind inquirers after you: too many to name. I told them my hopes of your continued welfare. Their prayers for you will come back in the time of need. Moderate travelling I find good for me, having never had better health since you knew me. I look every post for a good account of my Sally. This evening I expect to find my brother at Birstal. I pity his poor wife, if now upon the road. There she is likely to stick, till the warm weather comes. The roads are almost impassable for wheels. I am going to breakfast with Miss Norton, who is as far from the spirit of my *best friend* [Mrs. John Wesley] as east from west. What shall you and I do to love her better? 'Love your enemies,' is with man impossible: but is any thing too hard for God? I fear you do not constantly pray for her. I must pray, or sink—into the spirit of revenge. Miss Norton is very much at your service, but flies from her house before the face of my sister. She retreats to Wakefield, before the conference, for an obvious reason.

"H. Thornton and his wife, &c., &c., &c., send cordial greetings, and poor old declining Mrs. Hutchinson. I have been crying in the chamber, whence my J. Hutchinson ascended. My heart is full of him; and I miss him every moment. But he is at rest.

"When did our Clifton friends leave you? Have you looked out for lodgings first, and by and by for a house, for my dear George? Mr. James can assist you in a letter, but very privately. My friend must not be named. Are you much in private prayer? Adieu!"

A few things in this letter call for remark. The affecting reference to J. Hutchinson proves the strength of the writer's affection for his late friend, who had now been dead nearly twelve months. It will be recollected that he accompanied Mr. Charles Wesley from Bristol to London, in the latter end of the year 1753, when Mr. John Wesley was thought to be dying. At that time he was in a backsliding state, and had deeply fallen from God. He died at Leeds on the 23d of July following; and in the room where he expired Mr. Charles Wesley wept at the remembrance of him. When he was near his end Mr. Charles Wesley wrote a hymn, commending him to the divine mercy, and praying for the recovery of his forfeited peace and holiness. The request was granted. Before he yielded up his spirit, his backslidings were healed, and he was able to testify of the goodness of God to his soul. Two hymns on the occasion of his happy death Mr. Charles Wesley afterward published.

The "dear George," here mentioned, was the Rev. George Stone-

house, formerly vicar of Islington, whose curate Mr. Charles Wesley was, till driven away by the churchwardens. Having imbibed the views of the Moravians, he resigned his vicarage, and went to live at Dornford, near Woodstock, in Oxfordshire. He was now a widower, and had cast his eye upon "Molly Stafford," whom he thought suitable to be his second wife. About the middle of this month he visited Bristol, and on his return wrote to Mrs. Charles Wesley, requesting her to give him her opinion concerning this good woman. It was the misfortune of this eccentric man to be possessed of an independent fortune. Had he been poor, he would, in all probability, have retained his living at Islington, and remained an efficient minister of Christ to the end of his life. His property supplied him with the means of following his whims and caprice. In another letter to his wife, which was written about this time, Mr. Charles Wesley says, "George Stonehouse has been a great comfort to me already. My words have not been lost upon him. He is worth all the pains we can bestow upon him. I have made a convert of my brother toward him: why? My sister was out of the way."

From Leeds Mr. Charles Wesley went to Birstal, where he met his brother by appointment, in the afternoon of Monday, April 28th. Here they remained together for several days, examining, with the greatest care, the claims of the established Church on the one hand, and of dissent on the other, that they might be fully prepared for the discussion of the question of separation at the conference, which was just at hand. In reference to this interview, Mr. John Wesley says, in his Journal,—

"We began reading together, 'A Gentleman's Reasons for his Dissent from the Church of England.' It is an elaborate and lively tract, and contains the strength of the cause: but it did not yield us one proof that it is lawful for us (much less our duty) to separate from it. In how different a spirit does this man write from honest Richard Baxter! The one dipping, as it were, his pen in tears; the other, in vinegar and gall. Surely one page of that loving, serious Christian, weighs more than volumes of this bitter, sarcastic jester." Mr. Charles Wesley's letters to his wife throw further light upon this subject. He says,—

"My time is chiefly spent with my brother, at Birstal, in reading over the Dissenter's book. He found and showed me many flaws in his arguments against the Church, which he interweaves and answers in his excellent treatise on that question, whether it be expedient to separate from the Church of England? Mr. Grimshaw (whom the separatists claimed for their own) designed coming to the conference, only to take his leave of us, if we did of the Church. All the preachers in the north are unanimous for it. Satan has done his worst, and con-

firmed us in our calling. I preach constantly, to save my brother; and the word has free course. Honest John Nelson, William Shent, and forty more, salute and, what is better, pray for you. Come boldly to the throne of grace, that you may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need. Farewell."

The conference met at Leeds, according to appointment, on the 6th of May. Sixty-three preachers were present. The reason for so large an attendance was, that the relation of the Methodists to the Church might be fully considered, and that, as much as possible, a uniformity of principle and action might be secured. Mr. John Wesley says, "The point on which we desired all the preachers to speak their minds at large was, whether we ought to separate from the Church. Whatever was advanced, on one side or the other, was seriously and calmly considered; and on the third day we were all fully agreed in that general conclusion, that, whether it was lawful or not, it was no ways expedient."

In this important and protracted discussion, Mr. John and Charles Wesley expressed their minds freely and strongly; and every one was invited to declare his views without restraint. Mr. Walsh and his friends engaged to desist from the administration of the Lord's supper; such was their deference to the judgment of their brethren, and especially to the Wesleys, who were over them in the Lord. With this general conclusion Mr. John Wesley appears to have been satisfied. The practical object which he had in view was gained; and he would not interfere with the workings of private conscience, except in the way of reasoning and persuasion. Not so his more ardent brother. Charles perceived that many of the preachers were unconvinced, so that future agitations would in all probability arise, and obstruct the harmony which for the present was established. The permanent maintenance of strict Churchmanship he saw to be more than questionable. Early, therefore, in the morning of the day after the debate was closed in the conference, he left Leeds, without even informing his brother of his intention, and returned to London, taking Rotherham, Sheffield, Birmingham, and other places in his way. From Rotherham he thus addressed his wife:—

"I snatch a few moments, before the congregation comes, to salute my dearest Sally in the love that never faileth. To-morrow night, or Sunday morning, I hope to call on my lady. Last Saturday afternoon, after my brother and I had settled every thing in the four preceding days, on my way to Wakefield I met—my good angel and sister. I have done her honour before the people, and behaved, though I say it, very much like a gentleman: only that I took French leave this morning; that is, left Leeds without telling either her, or her husband. He

will follow me quickly with a letter; but I am hardened to causeless reproofs. I trust my Sally is more than patient of my absence. You should rejoice that my Lord continues to use me. May his presence make you infinite amends! Miss Norton sends her respects. She loves none of the Methodists, but Mr. Edwards—and me.

“I left the brethren in conference; yet I do not repent my trouble. You will be content to wait a little for particulars. All agreed not to separate; so the wound is healed—slightly. Yet some good news I may bring you from Leeds, if we live a month longer. My love to Sarah Jones. Her husband is detained by my brother, but will overtake me, I hope, at Birmingham. I want to hear that your sisters are both with you. If not, it is your own fault, or theirs. Three weeks I am fast at London; then we may meet, all four of us, in Charles-street, if the Lord permit. On Wednesday night I was assisted in preaching in a wonderful manner. The subject was, ‘My grace is sufficient for thee.’ The Lord be your peace and strength! Farewell.

“We have had our Lord’s presence, according to his promise. I have delivered my own soul in this society, exhorting them to continue steadfast in fellowship with the Church of England. The same exhortation I hope to leave with every society throughout the land. On such an occasion you will cheerfully spare me. Good night.”

“Birmingham, May 12th. I am just come hither from Donnington, where I passed yesterday most agreeably. Our friend’s* prayers you are always sure of, and they avail much. Your two last I hope to find time for answering at Dornford, which I expect to see on Wednesday. We draw nearer and nearer, and shall soon be intimately one, and eternally swallowed up in divine love. Once more, my dearest partner, look up. Farewell.”

On the 28th of May he wrote from London to the following effect:—“I am ready to wish you may not have shown my last to Mrs. Jones and Vigor. They will fear where no fear is, as if I was running away outright. But my heart is more closely united to the true Methodists than ever.

“Beck must recover her music: must positively, or not look me in the face. It lies upon you to drag her to the harpsichord, and tie her down in her chair. I have great encouragement in my labours. Numberless are my Sally’s well-wishers: and their prayers cannot but prevail. George Whitefield returns your love with interest.

“Wednesday afternoon. I write from George Stonehouse’s other lodgings, whence we adjourn to Mr. Waller’s. My heart is in haste to drag my body after it to Bristol. I have told George, I shall not wait for him. He says he will not be detained, but set out with me on

* Lady Huntingdon.

Monday se'nnight. Our first day's stage is to Wycomb; the second to Dornford, where I rest my beast; on Friday or Saturday following I trust the Lord will bring us together."

"London, May 31st. Dearest Sally,—I count the days between us, and look toward Charles-street sleeping and waking. This evening I hope will bring sister Davis safe to Bristol. I have sent you a pound of tea, and half a pound to Sarah Jones, which I beg her to accept. Be sure, refuse her money. If you want any more, tell me so in your next. Lady Huntingdon I expect at Clifton about the middle or end of July. On Thursday I read my epistle a second time to a crowded audience, and yesterday at the watch-night. Seven hundred are sent by this day's carrier. George and I spent the morning at Mrs. Grinfield's, who sends her love and prayers after you. We dined at Mr. Waller's. The Lord preserve my dearest Sally!"

The "epistle" which is here mentioned, as having been read to a "crowded audience," at a watch-night, was a small pamphlet, in verse, which Mr. Charles Wesley put to press immediately after his return from the conference, under the title of "An Epistle to the Rev. Mr. John Wesley, by Charles Wesley, Presbyter of the Church of England." It is an earnest and spirited composition, written in the fulness of the author's heart, declarative of his yearning affection for the established Church, and of his determination to labour and die in her service. He describes, in affecting terms, her fallen condition, both with regard to her ministry, and the general practice of her children; he freely censures what he conceives to be wrong in her, especially her worldliness; and expresses his earnest hope that the time was come for the recovery of her lost spirituality. Not the least interesting part of this production is the writer's avowal of unalterable friendship for his brother, and his conviction of his brother's fidelity, and oneness of heart with himself.

While Mr. Charles Wesley was in this state of anxiety respecting Methodism and the Church, his brother endeavoured to moderate his zeal for outward conformity, and give him more practical views of their calling. Two of his letters, addressed to Charles upon this occasion, have been preserved, and show the state of John's mind in reference to the questions at issue. He thus speaks, under the date of June 20th, 1755:—

"Do not you understand that they all promised by Thomas Walsh, not to administer, even among themselves? I think that a huge point given up; perhaps more than they could give up with a clear conscience. They showed an excellent spirit in this very thing. Likewise when I (not to say you) spoke once and again, spoke *satis pro imperio*, [with sufficient authority,] when I reflected on their answers, I admired their spirit, and was ashamed of my own. The practical

conclusion was, not to separate from the Church. Did we not all agree in this? Surely either you or I must have been asleep, or we could not differ so widely in a matter of fact. Here is Charles Perrotet raving, because his friends have given up all; and Charles Wesley, because they have given up nothing; and I, in the midst, staring and wondering both at one and the other. I do not want to do any thing more, unless I could bring them over to my opinion; and I am not in haste for that.

“Cyprian is a terrible witness of the sense of the then church;* for he speaks it not as his own private sense, but an incontestable allowed rule: and by *Antistes* there, I really believe he means the minister of a parish. That pinches me. Nevertheless, I think with you, till I get more light; though I should be hard set to defend myself against a skilful adversary. When I am convinced it is my duty, I will follow Cyprian’s advice. The same say you, and no more. I do not fluctuate yet; but I cannot answer the arguments on that side of the question. Joseph Cownley says, ‘For such and such reasons, I dare not hear a drunkard preach, or read prayers.’ I answer, I dare: but I cannot answer his reasons.”

Eight days after the date of this letter, Mr. John Wesley again wrote to his brother on the same subject. “Wherever I have been in England,” says he, “the societies are far more firmly and rationally attached to the Church than ever they were before. I have no fear about this matter. I only fear the preachers’ or the people’s leaving, not the Church, but the love of God, and inward or outward holiness. To this I press them forward continually. I dare not, in conscience, spend my time and strength on externals. If, as my lady says, all outward establishments are Babel, so is this establishment. Let it stand for me. I neither set it up, nor pull it down. But let you and I build up the city of God.

“Thomas Walsh (I will declare it on the house-top) has given me all the satisfaction I desire, and all that an honest man could give. I love, admire, and honour him; and wish we had six preachers in all England of his spirit. But enough of this. Let us draw the saw no longer, but use all our talents to promote the mind that was in Christ. We have not one preacher who either proposed, or desires, or designs (that I know) to separate from the Church at all. Their principles in this single point of ordination I do not approve: but I pray for more and more of their spirit (in general) and practice. Driving may make me fluctuate; though I do not yet.”

* The passage in Cyprian to which allusion is here made, Mr. Wesley had cited in a former letter. It is, *Populus a scelerato Antistite separare se debet*. “It is the duty of the people to separate themselves from a wicked bishop.”

In several of his letters, Mr. Charles Wesley speaks in strong terms of commendation of a treatise against separation from the Church, which his brother was preparing for the press. This treatise was submitted to the friendly inspection of the Rev. Samuel Walker, the minister of Truro, in Cornwall: a wise and holy man, who was very useful in his own parish, and avoided the irregularities in which the Wesleys, Mr. Grimshaw, Meriton, Sellon, and a few other clergymen, felt it their duty to indulge. Mr. Walker advised that the treatise should not be printed. He thought, that, in all probability, it would call forth rejoinders, and provoke a controversy from which the Church was likely to derive injury rather than benefit. The fact is, Mr. Wesley acknowledged the justice of many of the objections which Dissenters urged against the spiritual courts, some parts of the Liturgy and the canons, and the character of too many of the clergy; and his object was, to show that these objections, though founded in truth, and therefore possessing great force, did not form a sufficient ground for separation. The premises, however, being to a considerable extent admitted, Mr. Walker was apprehensive that other persons, not having that bias in favour of the Church which swayed his judgment and that of the Wesleys, would draw an opposite conclusion. He therefore deprecated the agitation of the questions thus mooted. His advice was kindly taken, and acted upon; so that the treatise was suppressed, and has remained in manuscript to this day, though some parts of it have been published in a different form. That Mr. Charles Wesley, with all his admiration of the Church, (and that admiration was both profound and conscientious,) concurred with his brother in the views which he entertained respecting her blemishes and defects, is evident from various passages in the poetical "epistle" which he published at this time.

Upon this occasion, both the Wesleys entered into a correspondence with Mr. Walker, on the question of preserving the Methodists in union with the established Church. He advised the extinction of itinerant preaching, and of the public ministrations of unordained men. To secure this, he recommended that the ablest and best-qualified preachers should be prepared for holy orders, and fixed in parishes; that those who disapproved of the Church should be dismissed; and the rest employed in taking care of the societies, without preaching at all. The judgment of Mr. Adam, of Wintringham, was also requested: but he was less liberal than even Mr. Walker; and laid down principles which would at once have silenced every unordained preacher, and broken up all the societies, without any regard for private conscience, and the spiritual destitution which everywhere prevailed. Mr. Charles Wesley was favourable to the ordination and settlement of the preachers; for he was full of hope, that pious clergymen would be everywhere raised

up to carry on the revival of religion which was so auspiciously begun. This correspondence led to no practical result. The people were everywhere perishing for lack of knowledge; and Mr. John Wesley could not impose silence upon men whom he believed God himself had raised up, to assist in reforming the nation. Thousands of ignorant and profligate people, in all parts of the land, were by the instrumentality of these men turned to Christ, and made upright and holy. A ministry episcopally regular, producing similar effects, he would have greatly preferred, had it pleased God to raise it up; but he justly thought that it was better to save the people irregularly, than suffer them to die in their sins. By this principle he was resolved to abide, though all his clerical brethren should frown upon him, and his own familiar friend throw discouragements in his way. Upon his firmness at this time, under God, depended the continuance of that system of itinerant preaching from which the nation and the world have derived the most substantial advantages.

Mr. Walker and Mr. Adam gave such advice as they thought best adapted to the maintenance of church-order, without duly considering the spiritual wants of the nation: Mr. Wesley kept steadily in view the higher object of turning ungodly men to righteousness; regarding the most perfect ecclesiastical discipline (though highly important and desirable in its place) as nothing more than a means to an end. Mr. Edwin Sidney, in his *Life of Mr. Walker*, speaks of Mr. Wesley as greatly inferior to that excellent man in sound judgment and practical wisdom. Perhaps his opinion may be somewhat modified when he views the subject of their correspondence in the light which eternity will shed upon it. In that light it will be more distinctly seen whether or not the everlasting interests of redeemed men ought to be sacrificed to an external uniformity, which the Holy Scriptures nowhere enjoin as matter of absolute duty.

That Mr. John Wesley attached less importance to his union with the Church than to the spread of true religion in the country by means of itinerant preaching, he distinctly avows in the following letter to his brother, which bears the date of June 23d, 1755. The youth mentioned in the first paragraph was their nephew, of whose support and education they had taken the charge, now that he was abandoned by his apostate father:—

“A gentleman, who keeps an academy at Brompton, offers to take Westley Hall for nothing, to teach him the ancient and modern tongues; and when he has learned them, to give him thirty pounds a year, and his board, if he will stay to assist him. His mother thinks (and I cannot say much to the contrary) that such an offer is not to be slighted. Send us your judgment upon the matter as soon as possible.

“ I am *proximus ardet Ucalegon!** [Ucalegon next burns.] The good bishop of London has excommunicated Mr. Gardiner for preaching without a license. It is probable the point will now be determined concerning the Church. For if we must either *dissent*, or *be silent. actum est!* [it is all over.] We have no time to trifle!”

In a letter written a few weeks afterward, he adds, “ You are by no means free from temptation. You are as positive as if you had never seen either Stillingfleet or Baxter. I am very calm and cool, determining nothing, but to do nothing rashly. Now which is more in the temptation? To my thought, you are in it, and over head and ears. Your gross bigotry lies here, in putting a man on a level with an adulterer, because he differs from you as to church government. What miserable confounding the degrees of good and evil is this!”

At this time Mr. John Wesley requested his brother to visit the societies in Cornwall; but this service he declined, for reasons which do not appear. He continued his ministry, however, in London and the neighbourhood with undiminished fidelity and zeal. We cannot give a connected detail of his labours during the summer and autumn of the year 1755; but the following concise extracts from his letters to his wife will show the spirit by which he was actuated, and the blessing which attended his word. They also contained some curious and interesting notices concerning contemporary events and characters. Mr. John Wesley had undertaken the journey to Cornwall, but was not accompanied by his fretful and murmuring wife. Charles Perronet was in London, and had charge of the works which Mr. John Wesley was passing through the press.

The subjoined letter was franked by Lord Fortesque, and addressed to Mrs. Wesley at Dornford, where she was on a visit to Mr. Stonehouse, the ex-vicar of Islington, and his pious sister:—

“ Sept. 13th. How fares my dearest Sally? and her companions, and host, and hostess? I think it long since I saw you; but it must be longer still before we meet again. On Thursday I went to bed at seven, and slept away my headache. Yesterday I visited Islington and the Green. All vacant hours I employ in transcribing my own important history. To-morrow I preach for the first time. On Monday I take horse for Canterbury. I have just received a warm epistle from

* The allusion is to the following passage in Virgil's *Æneid*.—*Amer. Ed.*

“ Now Hector's warning proved too clear and true,
The wiles of Greece appear'd in open view;
The roaring flames in volumes huge aspire,
And wrap thy dome, Deiphobus, in fire;
Thine, sage Ucalegon, next sunk to ground,
And stretch'd a vast unmeasured ruin round.”—PITT.

my sworn friend the colonel. It would do you good to hear how tenderly he writes of you. How does your *rector* perform? If he will not be your chaplain at night, I must desire and insist on you, Beck, or Suky's praying together, both morning and evening. Speak to this in your next; and rejoice me by telling me it is done. The people here had taken it into their heads, that I should never come to them again. Had it been so, many of our oldest and best children would have followed me to Bristol, or America: and such as could not would have withdrawn from the society.

"Sunday afternoon. Such a number of communicants I have not seen for months past. I was much assisted in preaching on, 'The Spirit and the bride say, Come,' &c. It is plain my work is not yet over. The congregation were almost all in tears. We made intercession at the sacrament,—or rather the Spirit for us, and for all who did run well, especially the first labourers. I only wanted you to be a partaker.

"I called two minutes before preaching on Mrs. Wesley, at the Foundry; and in *all that time* had not one quarrel. My subject was, 'He that testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly. Amen, even so. Come, Lord Jesus.' The Foundry was never fuller; and the word never more effectual.

"Monday morning, four o'clock. I took my leave of Mr. Lloyd, setting out for Derby, and I for Canterbury. Charles Perronet attended me to Greenwich, where I breakfasted with his mother and sister. We have had much talk together. I took off the burden I had laid on him by my late letters; and really believe they did him service. He thanked me; asked my pardon; and has been in high spirits ever since.

"I crept on, singing, or making hymns, till I got unawares to Canterbury. Mrs. Galatin came to welcome me immediately, and Mr. Phené, Edward Perronet, &c. They all require you. I too should be glad to have you always at my elbow; or to spend the winter with you between St. Ann's, London, and Bristol. But I dare not let loose my wishes, or choose for myself, till the will of Providence appears. Our first thing temporal is to get out of debt; which is impracticable, if we kept house the approaching winter. To-morrow I go to Margate; and should willingly bestow a fortnight upon my crazy carcass; but I must officiate at Spitalfields on Sunday next.

"Tuesday afternoon. I have just seen the king, who looks quite hearty. I dined with Major Galatin, who sends his love, and desires with his wife to see you. It is good for me to be here, or wherever the Lord finds me employment. I commend you all to the grace of our Lord Jesus. Farewell!"

"Sept. 22d. You see my friend is very tractable. Deal gently; and

he may resume his office by and by, and administer the sacrament and word to us and the people. Love will do more than argument, and prayer most of all. We must pray him back to our Church and arms. Speak every thing that is kind and grateful for me to my dear George, and his most agreeable sister.

“On Wednesday last I drove Mr. Lepine to Margate, over a delightful bowling-green, as you will allow by and by. Dudy Perronet was more rejoiced at the sight of me than I can tell you. For above two hours she walked about, to show me the country, the cliffs, the machines for bathing. She is risen like Venus from the sea, so healthy and handsome, you would scarcely know her again.

“I regretted my notice for officiating at Spitalfields, which alone hindered my bestowing a fortnight on my scurvy carcass. Nothing but the *cure* of all evils will prevent my bathing there next season. You would bear me company, if you were not afraid of losing your rheumatism. Multitudes wash away your complaint with the salt water.

“We returned by tea time to the major’s. I read prayers and preached at our chapel; and could hardly resist their importunity for a promise of my speedy return; which I had surely given, had my health been my first concern. Thursday, I took my leave with a comfortable sacrament. Mrs. Galatin, Miss Bradshaw, Mrs. Symonds, and others, accompanied me to the farmer’s,* as usual, were we prayed and parted.

“Charles was my companion to Chatham. I preached there at night, and prayed in the morning. Friday. My comrade opened all his great designs to me on the road. He is quite happy in the recovery of what he never lost,—my hearty good-will toward him, and his family.

“We dined with them at Deptford. His father, mother, and sisters, attended my preaching. Our room was crowded. With great enlargement I explained the testimony of Jesus, and answer of his church: ‘Surely I come quickly. Amen, even so. Come, Lord Jesus.’ The poor people were overjoyed to see and hear me once more. It is four years since I preached there last.

“Saturday was all swallowed up in transcribing my journal. At eight in the evening I met the people crowding to our lecture at the Foundry. The meeting of the penitents it was called. Now all sorts come, whether in the society or out of it.

“Sunday, Sept. 21st. The congregation at Spitalfields were, I had almost said, too many for me. Two hours were all employed with the communicants. The greatest number of them I ever remember. The spirit of supplication was poured out, which renewed my strength of body. I took coach for my brother Wright’s, whom I found, with sur-

* Mr. Perronet had a farm, in the neighbourhood of Canterbury, which was managed by a confidential servant.

prise, on a sick, perhaps a death, bed. He is struck down by the dead palsy; longed, above all things, for my coming; rejoiced and wept to see me. His stubborn heart was much softened by the approach of death. Now he is a poor sinner indeed, full of horror and self-condemnation, yet not without hope of mercy.

"I read prayers at the chapel, and preached on Mary's good part. Had you seen us together, you would not fear my suddenly-parting from this loving people. I met the society, and strongly exhorted them to the obedience of faith. I prayed again with my poor penitent, and left him a little more easy and composed.

"I went to bed at the chapel-house, but could not sleep. I rose at twelve, and lay down again, till a messenger called me between one and two to my brother. He told me he was dying; that his feet were dead already; he was perfectly sensible; told me before his wife* how he had settled his affairs; (not enough to her advantage, I think;) expressed a good hope and earnest desires for one, one only thing; wished for the voice of a trumpet, to warn all mankind not to walk in the paths wherein he had walked. He would make me a witness of his reconciliation with his wife; and said he expected to die at four or five.

"I spoke comfortably to him of Jesus our atonement, our peace, our hope. I prayed with free access; (as we did last night in the society;) saw no symptoms of immediate death, yet would not lessen his apprehension of it. I waited with Mr. Brogden for Dr. Ross's coming: who came at last, and ordered him more blisters on his legs, &c. I preached at five to a numerous congregation, and prayed with confidence for a Christless dying sinner. I slept till eight; and prayed with him, then a little better; yet more sorrowful and contrite. I breakfasted with Mrs. Jaques, and came hither to converse with my own Sally.†

"I carried my sister Hall to dine with Mrs. Webb, and thence rode to Little-Chelsea, to visit brother Cowper in a mad house. His madness is, if such there be, diabolical. He has not spoken for these four months. But the deaf and dumb devil was disturbed by our prayers, and forced to say, 'Charles, thou art a priest of Baal. I do not receive thee.' I told him, 'Satan, thou art a liar, and knowest I am a priest of God, and servant of Jesus Christ; and this poor soul shall know it, when thou art cast out by our prayers.' This you may keep to yourself. I shall never print it in my journal.

* This was Wright's second wife. His first had for some years been sleeping in her "quiet grave," into which she had long desired to descend, as the place

"Where broken hearts can bleed no more."

It would appear from these notices that he was unkind to them both.

† This letter was written in the house which was connected with the chapel in West-street, Seven-Dials. It was near Frith-street, Soho, the residence of his brother Wright, and the place where his sister Mehetabel a few years before died in the Lord.

“ After preaching at the chapel, I obeyed a summons from Mrs. Rich, and found her with our friends from the hill. Much talk we had of you. The particulars expect in my next. Good night.”

The notice which Mr. Charles Wesley gives of his visit to a maniac at Chelsea is curious and characteristic. Unlike his brother, he was strongly inclined to skepticism on the subject of modern diabolical possessions; and he here casts a slur upon the account of such cases which John had inserted in his printed Journal. Yet here he expresses a concurrence in his brother's opinion, but intimates that he would not publish it to the world. In this he shows more reserve, but less singleness of mind, than his brother usually exhibited. John did not hesitate openly to declare the honest convictions of his heart, whatever the world might think of his views, and of the facts to which they related.

Toward the close of the year 1755, two marriages were about to take place, in which Mr. Charles Wesley took a lively interest, and in which he was engaged to officiate. One was that of George Stonehouse, at Dornford; and the other that of Miss Degge, a very intelligent and pious lady, and an intimate and esteemed friend, who had promised her hand to a nobleman belonging to the Rutland family. She was the niece of Mrs. Gumley, the lady of the colonel of that name. Mr. Charles Wesley was hence induced to think of his own marriage; of the providential steps which led to it, and the results to which it had given rise. The consequence was a feeling of lively gratitude to God, and to all the parties concerned, which he thus expressed in a letter to his wife, accompanied by an account of the terrible earthquake which had just occurred at Lisbon:—

“ In reading over the passages of *our* history,” says he, “ you cannot think what love I feel toward every one of *our* family. Your mother, sister, father, cousins, nurse, so behaved as to deserve my esteem and love during life. I look back with delight on every step, every circumstance, in that whole design of providential love. I rejoice with grateful joy at our blessed union, and feel my obligations to every person instrumental therein. Above all, I desire to thank my great Benefactor for giving you to my bosom, and to fulfil his gracious end by leading you to the marriage of the Lamb.

“ We had a glorious watch-night. I must defer my journey to Canterbury, because next Friday is our day of fasting and humiliation. Give them at Clifton notice.

“ I send you a copy of a letter from a merchant at Lisbon, dated, Nov. 4th, 1755:—‘ Dear Sir,—You will have heard of a violent earthquake we have had at Lisbon, which has demolished the whole city, and the greatest part of its inhabitants. To give you a description of this dreadful calamity would make your heart bleed. Those who have

saved their lives think that sufficient, though they have lost their whole fortune. We have had continual shocks these three days. This morning we had two, and expect more, as the weather continues very hot. It is now as hot as it is with you at midsummer. My uncle and his family, with myself, were miraculously preserved. One half of the English as well as the Portuguese merchants will be ruined; for what the earthquake spared, a violent fire, which still rages, destroys. There is no knowing yet who is dead, and who living. The villages within several miles of this place are entirely destroyed. This I write from my encampment in a field, belonging to my uncle's country house, about a mile and a half from Lisbon. God grant England may never experience such a disaster!

"Send me a copy of my hymns on our wedding-day. Have you paid our landlord?"

"Dec. 4th, Dornford. My dearest Sally anticipates what I am going to write. George and Susanna are inseparably one! We are just returned from church. 'The day so calm, so cool, so bright,' looks like April 8th.* You only are wanting in Miss Stonehouse's place. She shows great self-command. We had a most successful journey. It would have done you good to have accompanied us. All here regret your absence.

"Miss Degge's marriage may be delayed some days or weeks. I shall write more determinately from London, for which I set out tomorrow. By the 7th of next month I may turn my face westward, unless the French interpose. The Lord fill your heart with prayer and love! Farewell.

"Dec. 7th. On Thursday morning I set out at eight, without bidding the bride good morrow, and rode to Tetsworth, in a severe frost. There we were glad to take shelter in a post-chaise.

"My brother tells me the French are expected every hour, by General Hawley, in battle array; that the government have not the least doubt of the invasion, but will do their best to repel force by force. I question whether my brother's soldiers, with all his haste and pains to train them up, will not be too tardy to rescue us.

"Great things have been done for Lisbon. A ship was immediately sent off with a thousand barrels of flour; another from Falmouth, laden with herrings, pickaxes, &c.; a man-of-war, to guard the port and ruins, &c. On the day of the earthquake they were to have had an act of faith; that is, a bonfire of the poor Jews and heretics. All the English, therefore, went out of town, as usual, and so escaped.

"You may direct for me at Mr. Wright's, plumber, in Frith-street, Soho, Westminster, till further orders."

* Mr. Charles Wesley's own wedding-day.

“Westminster, Dec. 26th. My beloved friend would rejoice to be among us; for the Lord is with us of a truth. The word never returns void. This morning I preached on Stephen, praying for his murderers, and pressed his example upon the hearers, feeling, at the same time, that I could myself love my worst enemy. How safe and happy should we always be, if incapable of resentment! How open to misery till we come to this! I want to *see* an injury done myself or friends, without *feeling* it: or, rather, to feel it in a way of sorrow and compassion, not of anger or revenge. Why should I be as the troubled sea through the breath of every injurious person? My peace has too long laid at another’s mercy. The Lord arm us both with that love which beareth all things, hopeth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things!

“Keep all Farley’s newspapers against I come. We must not despair yet of setting my brother right, and through him the preachers.”

Such was the spirit in which Mr. Charles Wesley closed the important and eventful year of 1755. His anxieties were profound and incessant; yet he continued the exercise of his ministry with his wonted energy and success, and his ever-active mind poured forth its feelings in sacred verse. Nothing could separate him, either in labour or affection, from his brother, notwithstanding their diversity of opinion respecting the national Church, and the certain prospect of their future collision on the same subject. Many of the people belonging to the societies were his own children in the Lord; and his heart clave to them in that relation, while he also regarded them as among the excellent ones of the earth.

The fine hymn beginning,—

How happy are the little flock,
Who, safe beneath their guardian Rock,
In all commotions rest,

was written after hearing of the destruction of Lisbon, and of the expected invasion of England by the French. He sent it in a somewhat unfinished form in a letter to his wife.

In the course of this year his poetry assumed something of a new character. He did not confine himself to the composition of hymns, but wrote several poetic epistles to different friends, on topics which deeply interested his own mind. That which he addressed to his brother concerning the Church, and published in the month of May, has been already mentioned. Howell Harris was in danger of losing his zeal and usefulness through the influence of the principles which had laid aside Gambold and Stonehouse; and the poet of Methodism endeavoured to rouse him from the soothing dream by an epistle of the most stirring kind; contrasting Howell’s former energy with his present supineness. The Welsh evangelist was half inclined to be offended

with the liberty thus taken; and Charles followed up the blow by a second epistle, confirming the first, and describing in strong terms the antichristian tendency of the Quietism which his friend had begun to affect. The charm was broken; and the Cambrian itinerant, by a renewal of his former activity, proved that he was "Harris still."

Mr. Charles Wesley also addressed an epistle to Mr. Whitefield, full of affection and poetic fire, lamenting their differences of opinion, especially the unkind and misguided warmth connected with it; and inviting that "good soldier of Jesus Christ" to an untiring perseverance in the gigantic course of labour to which they were called, and had been so signally sanctioned by the divine blessing. To these sentiments the generous heart of Mr. Whitefield eagerly responded. Hence Mr. John Wesley states in his Journal, under the date of Nov. 5th, "Mr. Whitefield called upon me. Disputings are now no more. We love one another, and join hand in hand to promote the cause of our common Master."

Two epistles Mr. Charles Wesley also sent to the ex-vicar of Islington, (who was wasting his life in retirement at Dornford,) anticipating, with an affection the most tender and yearning, his deliverance from the spell by which he was bound, and a renewal of his active services in the cause of Christ and of mankind. In one of these compositions he makes an affecting reference to the first Mrs. Stonehouse, who was one of his spiritual children, and was now in paradise. His "friend George" thanked him for these kind and Christian epistles; but remarked that there were in them passages of which he did "not approve." This was to be expected; for when reproof is just, and therefore touches the conscience, it is seldom liked. Mr. Stonehouse, however, forgave the liberty of expostulation that had been taken with him; and at his second marriage, as we have seen, he requested Mr. Charles Wesley to perform the ceremony: for which acceptable service he received from the happy bridegroom the sum of ten guineas; which was doubtless found to be very useful, as the poet was at this time so straitened in his circumstances as to have intimated to his wife the necessity of giving up housekeeping for the winter.

Count Zinzendorf too was favoured with an epistle from this faithful monitor; not indeed in the shape of compliment or congratulation, but of free and earnest rebuke. The perversion of such men as Gambold and Stonehouse was a sin which he knew not how to forgive, or even to palliate. The theology of which the count was now the abettor, Mr. Charles Wesley regarded as unscriptural and dangerous. It was that of Antinomianism and of universal restoration. The alienation of pious men from the Church of England, for the purpose of forming them into a distinct and separate church, in which this distinguished foreigner

had considerable success, Mr. Charles Wesley deprecated as an evil of fearful magnitude. To the conversion of men from sin to holiness he attached the utmost possible importance; but proselytism, and especially proselytism to inglorious silence and inactivity, he could not endure.

These various epistles, with another of earlier date, which was addressed "to a Friend," Mr. Charles Wesley transcribed into a volume, to which he gave the title, "Epistles to Moravians, Predestinarians, and Methodists. By a Clergyman of the Church of England." It bears the following motto:—"And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also must I bring, and they shall hear my voice: and there shall be one fold, and one Shepherd," John x, 16. The probability is, that he intended at some time to commit the whole to the press: but that design he did not fulfil.

CHAPTER XX.

THE circumstances of the British nation at the beginning of the year 1756 were such as to excite the most painful feelings in every pious, humane, and patriotic mind. A terrible mortality had just been prevalent among the cattle, in various parts of England, so as, in some places, to leave scarcely any alive. Serious quarrels were commenced between the French and English colonies in North America; and many of the Protestants there were exposed to robbery and murder from their Romish neighbours. Lisbon had just been swallowed up by an earthquake. France assumed a hostile attitude; and her army, bent upon plunder, and full of hatred to Protestantism, threatened to cross the Channel, subvert the liberties of England, and seize the property which was there amassed. The people at home, having been long inured to peace, were supine, and indisposed to arm themselves, even in self-defence. What the issue would be, no one could divine; but the providential horizon was dark, and many persons apprehended great national suffering, with perhaps the subversion of Protestantism in this its strong hold.

In this emergency the Methodists, like faithful watchmen, sounded the trumpet of danger. Mr. Whitefield published a stirring "Address to Persons of all Denominations, occasioned by the Alarm of an intended Invasion;" in which he depicted, in strong colours, the cruel and intolerant spirit of Popery; and called upon all who valued their religion and liberty to apply themselves by prayer and personal effort to preserve both inviolate.

Mr. John Wesley, it would appear from a passage in one of his brother's letters, advised some of his people to learn the military exercise, that they might be the better prepared to defend their country and homes, in case the threat of invasion should be carried into execution. He also published his "Serious Thoughts occasioned by the late Earthquake at Lisbon;" addressed particularly to the higher classes of society, many of whom, influenced by a skeptical philosophy, saw nothing in the earthquake and the pestilence but the regular operations of nature. Mr. Wesley strongly asserts the moral government of God; the duty of penitence before him on account of private and national sins; and recommends true spiritual religion, as the best preparative for all calamities; since it alleviates the sorrows of life, and prepares men for a world of security and blessedness, where neither sickness nor death can enter.

At the same time he published his modest, but faithful, "Address to the Clergy," as the men who ought to lead the way in the national reformation. A few devoted men had been raised up in the Church; but the great body of the clergy still slumbered at the post of duty; or only exerted their energies to obstruct the revival of religion which had now been some years in progress. If any man in the land was justly authorized to admonish these unfaithful watchmen, it was John Wesley; for no man of his age had either done or suffered so much for the public welfare, or had been so successful in stemming the torrent of iniquity, and in turning men to righteousness. From what was believed to be the bed of death, he had recently been raised almost by miracle: but he still regarded eternity as near; for his health was far from being established. One evening, in returning from preaching, he says, "I came, as well as usual, to Moorfields; but there my strength entirely failed, and such a faintness and weariness seized me, that it was with difficulty I got home. I could not but think, how happy it would be, (suppose we were ready for the Bridegroom,) to sink down, and steal away, at once, without any of the hurry and pomp of dying! Yet it is happier still to glorify God in our death, as well as our life."* The charge of arrogance and presumption, which some preferred against him on account of this "Address," was nothing to a man who was just ready to step into the world of spirits. His main concern was, by fulfilling his task of duty, to meet his Almighty Judge with acceptance.

In this crisis of the national affairs Mr. Charles Wesley was not behind his brethren in effective zeal, though his services were of a somewhat different kind. The government appointed the 6th of February as a day of fasting and public humiliation before God; and he composed and printed seventeen hymns adapted to the solemn occa-

* Journal, Dec. 12th, 1755.

sion.* Several of them are of considerable length; and in sublimity and force are equal to any compositions that had ever proceeded from his pen. They express the deepest sorrow on account of the national guilt; the profoundest alarm at the prospect of God's impending judgments; and strong confidence in him as the only refuge in the time of danger. Three of these hymns were afterward inserted in the general Wesleyan Collection. They are,—

Righteous God, whose vengeful vials;
Stand th' omnipotent decree;
How happy are the little flock.

Two stanzas in the first of these hymns were omitted by Mr. John Wesley, when he made the general collection, as not suited to popular use. One of these is remarkable:—

Earth, unhinged as from her basis,
Owns her great Restorer nigh;
Plunged in complicate distresses,
Poor distracted sinners cry:
Men their instant doom deploring,
Faint beneath their fearful load:
Ocean working, rising, roaring,
Claps his hands to meet his God.

The bold personification of the sea, contained in the last two lines, doubtless refers to a fact which John Wesley thus states in his "Serious Thoughts:"—"Who can account for the late motion in the waters; not only that of the sea, and of rivers communicating therewith, but even that in canals, fish-ponds, cisterns, and all either large or small bodies of water? It was particularly observed, that, while the water itself was so violently agitated, neither did the earth shake at all, nor any of the vessels which contained that water. Was such a thing ever known or heard of before?"

The following stanzas are also very striking. They are selected

* Concerning the observance of this day in London, Mr. John Wesley says, "The fast-day was a glorious day; such as London has scarce seen since the Restoration. Every church in the city was more than full; and a solemn seriousness sat on every face. Surely God heareth the prayer; and there will be a lengthening of our tranquillity. Even the Jews observed this day with a peculiar solemnity. The form of prayer which was used in their synagogue began, 'Come, and let us return unto the Lord; for he hath torn, and he will heal us;' and concluded with those remarkable words:—'Incline the heart of our sovereign lord, King George, as well as the hearts of his lords and counsellors, to use us kindly, and all our brethren the children of Israel; that in his days, and in our days, we may see the restoration of Judah, and that Israel may dwell in safety, and the Redeemer may come to Zion. May it be thy will! And we all say, Amen.'"—Journal:

from a hymn, in six parts, founded upon the fourth chapter of Jeremiah's prophecies :—

I saw the earth by sin destroy'd,
And, lo, it lay wrapp'd up in night,
A chaos without form, and void,
And robb'd of all its heavenly light.

I saw, and, lo, the mountains shook,
The hills moved lightly to and fro,
The birds had all the skies forsook,
Nor man nor beast appear'd below.

I saw, and, lo, the fruitful place
Was to a ghastly desert turn'd ;
Beneath JEHOVAH'S frowning face,
The ghastly desert droop'd and mourn'd.

The nation suddenly o'erthrown
I saw before the waster's sword ;
The cities all were broken down,
In presence of their angry Lord.

This tract, possessing so much poetic beauty and strength, breathing the most fervent and elevated piety, and so well adapted to the existing state of things, quickly passed to a second edition, in the title of which the reference to the fast-day was omitted ; that day having passed away.

The publication of this admirable tract was not the only service which Mr. Charles Wesley rendered to the cause of religion and of the nation in this season of distress. He also reprinted, with enlargements, the "Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution," which he had composed during the rebellion of 1745, as being applicable to the present state of the country, menaced, as in the former instance, by Papal intolerance. At the same time he put to press another edition of his "Hymns on the Earthquake of 1750," with three additions : one, a prayer for the English in America ; another, on the destruction of Lisbon ; and a third for the year 1756. A part of that on the overthrow of Lisbon was afterward inserted in the general Wesleyan Collection. It begins,—

Wo to the men on earth who dwell,
Nor dread th' Almighty's frown.

Such was the manner in which this man of God aided the devotions of the more religious part of the nation, and endeavoured to render the afflictive dispensations of divine Providence subservient to the cause of piety, and the improvement of public morals. His hymns, which far surpassed in power and correct versification all similar compositions that had before appeared in the English language, must have

produced considerable effect at the time, adapted as they were to public events upon which every eye was intensely fixed.

The early part of the year 1756 Mr. Charles Wesley appears to have spent in Bristol; for there he printed the tracts which have been just mentioned, adapted to the state of the nation. His brother was in London and the neighbourhood during this period. Taking Bristol and Wales in his way, Mr. John Wesley embarked for Ireland at the end of March, and remained there till the middle of August following; and it is probable that Charles took his place in the metropolis: for as the societies there were accustomed to a weekly sacrament, and none were allowed to administer it but clergymen who had received episcopal ordination, it was requisite that one of the brothers should generally be in town.

The conference of this year was held in Bristol. It did not begin till toward the close of August. From the last conference Mr. Charles Wesley had abruptly retired, when he found that he could not bring either his brother or the preachers fully to entertain his views concerning the Church; and he then hastily said, "I have done with conferences for ever." The remark was made under the influence of momentary excitement, and did not express the fixed purpose of his mind. Accordingly he met his brother and the preachers at this their annual assembly in Bristol. About fifty of them were present: a large number for that time; but less by ten than were in Leeds the year before. The rules of the society, of the bands, and of Kingswood school, were carefully reviewed; and some verbal alterations were made in those of the bands. The others remained as they were, and all pledged themselves afresh to observe and enforce them. The question of remaining in the Church was also brought under consideration; and a unanimity like that of the last year prevailed. Mr. John Wesley says, "We largely considered the necessity of keeping in the Church, and using the clergy with tenderness; and there was no dissenting voice. God gave us all to be of one mind and of one judgment. My brother and I closed the conference by a solemn declaration of our purpose never to separate from the Church; and all our brethren concurred therein."*

About a fortnight after the conclusion of this conference, Mr. Charles Wesley left home, on a visit to the societies in the principal towns of Staffordshire, Yorkshire, and Lancashire; for the purpose of correcting what he might find amiss, of encouraging them in their Christian course, of preaching to them the word of life, and of extending the work of God wherever there should be an open door. This was a very eventful journey; and the record which he kept of his daily pro-

* Journal.

ceedings and observations throws great light upon the state of feeling among the Methodists with respect to the established Church. The alienation of affection from the Church, which he had observed and lamented in some of the preachers, was by no means confined to them. The fact is undeniable, the clergy, with few exceptions, did not like the Methodists, and pursued a conduct toward them which was the reverse of conciliatory. Not a few of them neither preached the truth, nor lived as became their sacred office. Mr. Charles Wesley also found, in various places, that persons of Dissenting principles had become members of the Methodist societies, and used their influence to draw away their brethren from the ministrations of the clergy. Several of them had indeed become members of Dissenting churches, that they might enjoy a ministry which more fully accorded with their own views, and receive the Lord's supper at the hands of men whose practice was agreeable to their profession. The attempt to force the Methodists to an attendance upon the services of the Church, by refusing to them the sacraments from their own preachers, and by closing their chapels during the sabbath, except early in the morning, and in the evening, drove many of them into a state of actual separation both from the Church and their own societies, and placed them in the hands of Dissenters. At Leeds Mr. Edwards had assumed the character of an Independent minister, as Charles Skelton had done in the south, and drawn away the greater part of the society with him. Titus Knight afterward followed the same course in Halifax; and several of the Baptist and Independent churches in Lancashire and the west of Yorkshire were formed in these times, in a great measure out of the Methodist societies, because of the position in which these societies were placed in regard of the national Establishment, and the spirit of the clergy. It will be observed, that Mr. Whitefield was at this time travelling over the same ground, and co-operated with his friend Mr. Charles Wesley, in the kindest manner, to keep the Methodist societies together, and induce them, according to their original order, to attend the prayers and sacrament in their several parish churches.

The notices which Mr. Charles Wesley has given, in his journal of this tour, concerning the societies formed by his old friend and companion, Mr. Ingham, and of his intercourse with his clerical brethren, Mr. Crook, of Hunslet, and Mr. Williamson, of York, are interesting and valuable. When he met with a pious clergyman, his soul exulted within him; and he thought that the whole Church of England was just about to be purified from lukewarmness and formality, and appear in all the beauty and glory of New-Testament Christianity. What he desired, he readily believed. Most of Mr. Ingham's societies were afterward broken up, through the influence of Antinomian tenets, borrowed

from Sandeman and Glass, which involved them in fatal disputes. A copious extract from Mr. Charles Wesley's private journal is here subjoined:—

“Sept. 17th, 1756. At seven I left Bristol, with John Downes, and came to Walbridge by two. In the evening several attended the word, and seemed stirred up to watch and pray. I spake to each of the little, steady society. Forty-three have kept together, for years, under the care of our brother Watts. There are no disputes or disorders among them. I added a few words, exhorting them to continue steadfast in the communion of the Church of England. We were much refreshed, and parted in great love.

“Sept. 18th. I set out at six, and in three hours reached Cheltenham. The twelve miles thence to Evesham cost us near six hours: but we rode the short, that is, the vale way; and have taken our leave of it for ever. By four we got, weary enough, to Mr. Canning's. The preaching-room was full. I exhorted them to watch and pray always, that they might be counted worthy to escape all these things which shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of man. Again, at seven in the morning, and at five in the evening, they received my saying, the Lord applying his own word, both to awaken and to confirm.

“I went to church, morning and afternoon; and between the services visited three or four of the society, who had been disabled by age and infirmity from assembling with their brethren, and were therefore neglected, as not belonging to them. I wrote their names again in the society-book, with Mr. Canning's family, and J. Watson's, who seemed all resolved to do the first works. I did not forget to confirm the brethren in their calling; that is, to live and die in the Church of England.

“Sept. 20th. After commending them to God, and to the word of his grace, I rode with our loving guide, J. Watson, toward Birmingham. At Studley he left us, full of his former zeal, and resolved to carry fire among his neighbours of the village to which he is removed. About two we got to Birmingham, and soon after heard at the door Mr. P'anson's voice. He brought life with him. As a watchman of Israel, I warned a numerous audience of the sword coming. The word seemed to sink into their hearts. I had not time to meet the society; but in conversing with several I conceived fresh hopes that they will at last become a settled people. Some who had forsaken us, I received in again.

“Sept. 21st. The Lord gave us a parting blessing. Mr. P'anson's chaise kept pace with us to Ashby, where our brother Adams received us joyfully. The wild beasts here are tamed, at least, if not converted. None molested while I pointed them to the Lamb of God, who taketh

away the sin of the world. We prayed earnestly for these hardened sinners. I was comforted with the little company of twenty-one, who meet to build up each other. Great life and love was in the midst of them.

“Sept. 22d. I warned them of the impending judgments, and left them standing on the watch-tower. We passed a profitable hour at Donnington-Park, with Mr. H. Mr. I'anson attended us five or six miles on our way to Nottingham, which we reached by two. I spent the afternoon in taking down the names of the society, and conversing with them. We rejoiced to meet once more, after so long a separation. My subject both at night and in the morning, was, ‘I will bring the third part through the fire.’ It was a time of solemn rejoicing. There had been, twelve months ago, a great revival and increase of the society; but Satan was beginning again to sow his tares. My coming at this season will, I trust, be the means of preventing a division.

“Sept. 23d. It rained hard all night. John Downes's lame horse detained him at Nottingham, by which the poor people got another sermon. At seven I set out in the rain with a blind guide, who at last blundered out his way to Sheffield. Here also I delivered my own soul; and the people seemed awakened and alarmed. I spake plainly and lovingly to the society of continuing in the Church: and though many of them were Dissenters and predestinarians, none were offended.

“Sept. 24th. I had left William Shent sick in Charles-street; but to my great surprise, entering brother Green's, at Rotherham, this morning, the first person I set my eyes on was William himself. The Sunday after I left him he had had another fit of his ague: yet on Monday morning he would needs mount his horse, and ride homeward. He had only one visit from his ague on the road, and grew stronger and stronger, by virtue of prayer more than physic.

“Sept. 25th. I encouraged them by that precious promise, ‘I will bring the third part through the fire;’ and parted in great love. At eight I preached on the same subject at Barley-hall, and found there the never-failing blessing. I rode on with William Shent, who was threatened last night with the return of his fever. I was at a loss for a companion to York, when, in passing through Hunslet, one called after me. I turned, and saw Mr. Crook, who told me Dr. Cockburn was at his house, and had waited for me this week, to carry me to York. We lighted, and spent a delightful hour with the doctor (my old school-fellow) and him, both in their first love; both full of life, and zeal, and simplicity. Mr. Crook pressed me to assist him at the morning sacrament.

“Sunday, Sept. 26th. At seven I preached to the people at Leeds, on, ‘Thy kingdom come.’ The disciples lifted up their heads. I

walked with Dr. Cockburn to Hunslet. Mr. Crook insisted on my preaching; which I did again from the same words. His congregation seemed to make no opposition to the truth. There were hundreds of communicants, mostly of Mr. Crook's awakening.

"We passed an hour and a half at his house with the voice of joy and thanksgiving. Then he pressed me into the service again. His church, which holds nearly as many as our preaching-house, was filled from end to end. At his desire I preached from those words: 'His blood be on us, and on our children.' Our Lord turned the curse into a blessing.

"I doubted my strength, yet set out for Leeds. The room was excessively crowded, both within and without. I was very faint as I mentioned my text, 'When these things begin to come to pass, then look up; for the time of your redemption draweth near.' The word refreshed both soul and body. The hearers were variously affected. O that all may be found watching!

"I could speak of nothing but love in the society, for I felt nothing else. Great was our rejoicing over each other. Satan, I believe, has done his worst, and will get no further advantage by exasperating their spirits against their departing brethren. They were unanimous to stay in the Church, because the Lord stays in it, and multiplies his witness therein, more than in any other church in Christendom.

"Sept. 27th. I was surprised at the numbers that flocked to the early preaching, and eagerly received that saying of our Lord, 'Behold, I come as a thief: blessed is he that watcheth, and keepeth his garments.' I breakfasted with Miss Norton, and found nothing in my heart toward her but love. She was not so evil affected toward her forsaken brethren as I expected. Nothing can ever bring such as her back, but the charity which hopeth all things, beareth all things, endureth all things.

"Several came to confer with me, particularly Benjamin S——. I had great satisfaction with him. While we were drinking tea at a brother's, Mr. Edwards found me out. We talked freely and lovingly till the time of preaching. I walked with him to the house. Mr. Crook was another of my hearers. My text was, 'His blood be upon us, and upon our children.' The power of the Lord was present, more than yesterday. I went to the Church prayers with several who have been long dealt with to forsake them utterly. They will stand the firmer, I hope, for their shaking.

"Sept. 28th. I set out with the doctor and William Shent for York. The rain brought back poor William's ague. I preached from Hab. iii, 2: 'O Lord, revive thy work.' The crowd made our room excessively hot; but that did not hinder their attention.

"Sept. 29th. Our preacher stationed here had quite left off preach-

ing in the morning. Many told me, I could not get a congregation at five; but I found it otherwise. The room was almost full while I explained, 'Being made free from sin, and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life.' I insisted largely on freedom from sin, as the lowest mark of faith, and the necessity of labouring after holiness. The hearers appeared much stirred up.

"I spent the day in conversing with all comers. The doctor's house was open to all, and his heart also: his whole desire being to spread the gospel.

"Sept. 30th. My subject was John v, 14: 'Afterward Jesus findeth him in the temple, and said unto him, Behold, thou art made whole: sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee.' I warned them against that sweet doctrine, 'Once in grace, always in grace,' but not in a controversial way; pointed out some of the infinite ways whereby they might forfeit their pardon; exhorted them to go to church, that they might be found of Jesus in the temple: and, above all, to pray always, that that word might be written on their hearts, 'Go and sin no more.'

"The day was well spent in making up a difference which the sower of tares had occasioned among the principal members of the society. Between six and seven I got the society together, with many out of the country, and for two hours showed them how they ought to walk. They gladly received instruction.

"Oct. 1st. I preached again to the awakened, and perceived the word take place. I breakfasted with T. Brook, who has once more left the brethren. I went with him to the minster,* which he constantly frequents. I met at his house Miss T——, earnestly seeking salvation. The means of awakening her was 'Theron and Aspasio.' I heard that the young woman who cried out last night under convictions was the same hour delivered into the glorious liberty of God's children.

"I passed an hour at Mr. D——'s, and answered his candid objections. I had an opportunity of vindicating my old friend Benjamin Ingham. It is hard a man should be hanged for his looks; for the *appearance* of Moravianism. Their spirit and practices he has as utterly renounced as we have: their manner and phrase cannot so soon be shaken off.

"I found out Mercy Bell, and had sweet fellowship with her. I marvel not that the Friends (so fallen from their first simplicity) cannot receive her testimony.

"We had a most triumphant watch-night. We began between seven
 * Minster—the cathedral church.

and eight. The enemy did not like our employment, and stirred up his servants without to interrupt us; but our voices prevailed. We sung the 'Hymns in a Tumult' with great calmness and consolation. Mr. Williamson's maid was deeply wounded. The shout of a King was in the midst of us; and the people thought it full early to part at eleven.

"Oct. 2d. The whole day was spent in singing, conference, and prayer. I attended the choir service. The people there were marvelously civil, and obliged me with the anthem I desired, Hab. iii, 'a feast for a king,' as Queen Anne called it. Mr. Williamson walked with me to his house, in the face of the sun. I would have spared him; but he was quite above fear. A pious, sensible Dissenter, clave to us all day, and accompanied us to the preaching. I discoursed on my favourite subject: 'I will bring the third part through the fire.' We glorified God *in* the fire, and rejoiced in hope of coming forth as gold.

"Sunday, Oct. 3d. From five till near eight I talked closely with each of the society; then, on Mr. Williamson's request, preached on the ordinances, from Isaiah lxiv, 5: 'In those is continuance, and we shall be saved.' I dwelt longest on what has been most neglected, family prayer, public prayer, and the sacrament. The Lord set to his seal, and confirmed the word with a double blessing. I dismissed them at nine. Our preachers had often kept them till near ten, and thereby hindered their going to church.

"I received the sacrament at the minster. It was a solemn pass-over. They were forced to consecrate twice, the congregation being doubled and trebled through my exhortations and example. Glory be to God alone! I found great faith to pray for him that consecrated, and heard afterward that it was Mr. B——; one who had known the Methodists from their rise at Oxford, and was no enemy to them. I expect (if I hold out myself) to meet that soul in paradise.

"I went to Mr. Williamson's church. He read prayers, as one that felt them, and then beckoned me. According to our private agreement I stepped into the pulpit when no one expected it, and cried to a full audience, 'The kingdom of God is at hand: repent ye, and believe the gospel.' They were all attention. The word did not return void, but accomplished that for which it was sent. Neither is he that planted any thing; neither is he that watereth.

"Dr. Cockburn carried me in his chair to Acomb. I lost my voice in the rain, and could not, without much straining, cry, 'Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world!' A clergyman and the gentry of the place were present. The rain dispersed us in half an hour. I attempted to meet the society at York, but could not speak to be heard. We got thereby a longer evening at the hospitable doctor's. Mr. Williamson and his family, &c., were helpers of our joy.

" Oct. 4th. I took my leave, in the words of the apostle, 'The grace of God which bringeth salvation hath appeared unto all men; teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in the world.' From hence I strongly pressed the obedience of faith. We parted in body only.

" Through God's blessing on my week's stay among them, I hope, 1. Peace and love are restored. 2. They will recover their rising at five. 3. They are brought back again to church and sacrament, and family prayer.

" Dr. Cockburn and his lady attended me to Tadcaster, where I found both voice and strength to point many earnest souls to the all-atoning Lamb. The gentry listened, as well as the poor. Both dismissed me with blessings.

" It rained as soon as we took horse. We were quickly wet to the skin, the high wind driving the storm full in our faces. I was most concerned for poor William Shent, and forced him to stop at the first house. There I reprov'd a countryman for swearing, and gave a word of advice which was kindly taken. We took refuge again at Seacroft, and enjoyed the last fair hour, which brought us to Leeds by two. I renewed my strength against preaching-time; after which I met the leaders, and earnestly exhorted them to set a pattern to the flock.

" Oct. 5th. I preached in William Shent's shop. I breakfasted at Miss Norton's. There Mr. Edwards assured me, he had never *desired* any one of our children to leave us. Doubtless they did it of their own mere motion. No one ever dealt or took any pains with them about it. No one ever spoke against the Church, to unhinge them. They dropped into his mouth (as our first children into the count's) without his ever suspecting it!

" If he has robbed us of our children, I bless God to find he has not robbed us of our peace and love. He several times expressed his readiness to preach in our societies. I only answered, the people could not trust him, that he would not do in every place as he had done in Leeds. I endeavoured to treat him with due respect and love, according to that rule: 'If it be possible, as much as in you lieth, live peaceably with all men.'

" I passed the day at Mr. Crook's, who told me his experience. I cannot doubt of his having experienced the new birth. Our brethren question it, because he does not use all their phrases, and cannot follow all their violent counsels. I begged him to do nothing rashly; least of all, to go from his post, preaching everywhere like us.

" I drank tea at a sister's, who has been as the troubled sea ever since the separation; and as rough toward all, especially her husband, as Mr. Edwards is smooth. I laboured to quiet her; and she was

sensible of the great advantage Satan had gained over her. Alas, for the man by whom the offence cometh!

“I walked to Hunslet with William Shent, and heard Mr. Crook expound in the church. I dined with him, and was provoked by his zeal. Returning, I found —— at my lodgings, and threw away some words on one, wiser in his own eyes than seven men that can render a reason. He entirely justified Mr. Edwards: therefore I can have no confidence in him, that he will not do, were it in his power, as Mr. Edwards has done.

“Henry Thornton came to spend an hour or two with us; and we sharpened each other's countenance. At six I met the leaders, and inquired into the behaviour of each member of the society. Upward of forty Mr. Edwards has carried off; but not by *desiring* any to leave us! I carried them with me to prayers, and wished them to follow my example, by carrying the whole society to church with them. I returned to the room, and explained the believer's privilege, 1 Pet. i, 5: ‘Kept by the power of God, through faith unto salvation.’

“I had more talk with ——, who frankly confessed, if any of our societies should desire him to take charge of them, as a distinct body, he should not refuse them. I told him plainly, that the ground of all such designs was pride: but my words were spoken into the air.

“After church I set out in a storm for Seacroft; and rode on to Aberford. My old friend Mr. Ingham was labouring in the vineyard; but I had the happiness to find Lady Margaret at home, and their son Ignatius. She informed me that his round takes in about four hundred miles; that he has six fellow-labourers; and one thousand souls in his societies, most of them converted. I sincerely rejoiced in his success. Ignatius would hardly be satisfied at my not preaching. We passed an hour and a half very profitably, and set out again. The rain met and drove us under a tree for shelter. We narrowly missed several heavy showers, and got safe back to Seacroft before night.

“Soon after our dearest brother Grimshaw found us, and brought a blessing with him. I preached from Luke xxi, 34: ‘Take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares;’ and further enforced our Lord's warning in the society. I strongly exhorted them to continue steadfast in fellowship with each other, and the whole Church of England. Our hearts were comforted and knit together.

“Oct. 8th. We had another blessed hour with them, before we left this lively people. I continued till one in the conference with my worthy friend and fellow-labourer: a man after my own heart! whose

love of the Church flows from his love of Christ. With such may my lot be cast in both worlds!

“We spent an hour in intercession for the Church and nation. I exhorted the many persons present to continue instant in this prayer, and mark the answer and the end!

“I rode with my faithful brother Grimshaw to Bramley, and preached in a large barn, (now a convenient chapel,) to a multitude of serious souls, who eagerly received our Lord’s saying, ‘Look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth near.’ They all seemed broad awake, when I called again in the morning, ‘Watch ye, therefore, and pray always, that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of man.’ Their spirit quickened mine. We had sweet fellowship together. I have no doubt they will be counted worthy to escape, and to stand before the Son of man.

“Returning to Leeds I met my brother Whitefield, and was much refreshed by the account of his abundant labours. I waited on him to our room, and gladly sat under his word. I preached myself at Rothwell. Their large house was full, though it was a harvest-day. I warned them of the impending storm with much freedom, and faith for the sincere; concluding with a warm exhortation to continue in the ship.

“Sunday, Oct. 10th. From Isaiah lxiv, 5, ‘In those is continuance, and we shall be saved,’ I earnestly pressed the duties of constant communicating; of hearing, reading, practising the word; of fasting; of private, family, and public prayer. The society I advised to continue in fellowship, and never more give place to the sower of tares, the divider of the brethren. I spoke healingly of the breach; told them how to behave toward Mr. Skelton and the rest who have risen up to draw away disciples after them; and insisted on that apostolical precept, ‘Let all your things be done in charity.’ I did not mention the author of the last division, being convinced he had left us for bread.

“The spirit of love and union was in the midst of us. I came to Birstal before noon. My congregation was less by a thousand or two through George Whitefield’s preaching to-day at Haworth. Between four and five thousand were left to receive my warning. After church we met again. Every soul seemed to hang on the word. Two such precious opportunities I have not enjoyed this many a day. It was the old time revived. A weighty spirit ran through the congregation; and they stood like men prepared to meet the Lord.

“Oct. 11th. After preaching at five to this solid people, I returned to Leeds, and spent an hour with the leaders. They informed me that my late exhortations have stopped some who were on the point of going

away to Mr. Edwards's society, and brought others back to the Church ordinances. A woman in particular, after hearing me on Sunday morning, went to church, which she had long forsaken, and received a manifestation of Jesus Christ in the prayers. I earnestly pressed them to recommend to their brethren, both by advice and example, the neglected duties of family and public prayer, and to watch over the flock with all diligence.

"Hearing that Mr. Whitefield and Mr. Grimshaw were returning to our watch-night, I waited for them at their lodgings, with zealous, humble, loving Mr. Crook. It rained so hard, that Mr. Whitefield was agreeably surprised at eight to find our house as full as it could cram. They forced me to preach first; which I did, from, 'I will bring the third part through the fire.' My brother George seconded me in the words of our Lord, 'I say unto all, Watch.' The prayers and hymns were all attended with a solemn power. Few, if any, I hope, went unawakened away.

"Oct. 12th. I took my leave of Leeds, in prayer at William Shent's. Some having ascribed the division to him, I examined that matter to the bottom, having talked largely with all parties, especially Miss Norton, and Mr. Edwards himself. Upon the whole, I am convinced that the ground of all was Miss Norton's hatred to William Shent. This induced her to draw away Mr. Edwards from us. He could not resist the temptation of a certain provision for his family. Interest blinded his eyes; so that the means to his end seemed right and honest to him, though base and treacherous to us. As for William Shent, I do not find he did more than every upright man would have done on the occasion. He watched to counteract them who were daily seducing our children. He gave early notice to my brother of their design, and thereby drew all their resentment upon himself; as every honest preacher will, *qui cum ingeniis conflictatur ejusmodi*, [who contends with dispositions of this kind.] Since the separation (Mr. Edwards's friend informed me) he has behaved with such mildness and discretion as has kept the rest of the flock together, when violence, or harsh treatment, might have scattered them all.

"I preached in Wakefield, at ten, to a quieter audience than I ever met with there.

"I took a friendly leave of Miss Norton, who assured me, some of our ablest preachers were entirely in Mr. Edwards's interest. *Nec nihil, nec omnia*. [Neither nothing nor all things.]

"I rode to Joseph Bennet's, near Dewsbury, and preached very awakening to a mixed, attentive congregation. My vehement exhortation to the society was on the usual subject: continuance in the word, and in prayers, family and public. I passed the evening with Jonas

E——d. I would gladly part with five hundred Methodists, to be ordained and useful like him.

“Oct. 13th. The word at Birstal was clothed with power, both to awaken and to confirm. My principal concern is for the disciples, that their houses may be built on the rock, before the rains descend. I hear in most places the effect of the word; but I hearken after it less than formerly; and take little notice of those who say they receive comfort, or faith, or forgiveness. Let their fruits show. I preached at night, and rejoiced in steadfast hope of being brought through the fire.

“Oct. 14th. I baptized a Dissenter's child, and set out with faithful Titus Knight for Halifax. A mixed multitude listened to the word, ‘When thy judgments are abroad in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness.’ I have not found so great freedom in any place as this, where I expected least. I set out in hard rain for Bradford. My subject there was, ‘O Lord, revive thy work.’ Many Dissenters were present; some of them, I believe, were reached; for I spake in irresistible love, and warned them to flee from the wrath to come.

“Oct. 15th. After preaching I gathered into the fold a wandering sheep, whom John Whitford's pride and folly had scattered. Having lost her first love, she married an unconverted man; whereupon the society gave her up for lost. I rejoiced to find her miserable in prosperity, and restless to recover her only happiness.

“I found comfort in the first lesson at church. I could be glad to attend the public prayers constantly, for my own as well as for example's sake. The preaching-house was filled with those that came from far. Our Lord did not send them empty away. A girl of fourteen, who had walked from Birstal, told me she seemed carried under the word, as out of the body. What to call the manifestation of the Spirit then given her, time and temptation will show. Near two hours more we rejoiced at a primitive love-feast.

“Oct. 16th. I breakfasted again with my lost sheep that is found, for whose sake chiefly I believe myself sent to Bradford. Last night at the love-feast she recovered her shield. I took my leave of the brethren in that promise, ‘He that endureth to the end, the same shall be saved.’ I rode with faithful Thomas Colbeck to Keighley, and found at four a large, handsome room, well filled. I did my office, as a watchman, and delivered my own soul. Mr. Grimshaw assisted at the society. I recommended family religion with all my might. For near an hour and a half the cloud stayed on the assembly.

“Sunday, Oct. 17th. We had no room to spare at five in the morning, while I commended them to God, and to the word of his grace. I

preached a second time, at Haworth, (Mr. Grimshaw reading prayers,) from Psalm xlvì, 8, 9: 'O come hither, and behold the works of the Lord; what destruction he hath wrought on the earth. He maketh wars to cease in all the world.' My mouth was opened to declare the approaching judgments, and the glory which shall follow, when the Lord is exalted in all the earth. The church, which had been lately enlarged, could scarce contain the congregation, who seemed all to tremble at the threatenings, or rejoice in the promises, of God. We had a blessed number of communicants, and the Master of the feast in the midst. I prayed and exhorted afterward. Our hearts were lifted up to meet him in his glorious kingdom.

"After an hour's interval we met again, as many as the church-walls could contain; but twice the number stood without, till the prayers were over. Then I mounted a scaffold, and, lifting up my eyes, saw the fields white unto harvest. We had prayed for a fair day, and had the petitions we asked. The church-yard, which will hold thousands, was quite covered. God gave me a voice to reach them all. I warned them of those things which shall come to pass, and warmly pressed them to private, family, and public prayer. I enlarged on the glorious consequences thereof, even deliverance from the last plagues, and standing before the Son of man. I concluded, and began again; for it was an accepted time. I do not remember when my mouth has been more opened, or my heart more enlarged.

"A young preacher, of Mr. Ingham's, came to spend the evening with me at Mr. Grimshaw's. I found great love for him, and wished all our sons in the gospel were equally modest and discreet.

"Oct. 18th. He accompanied us to Heptonstall, where I preached at ten, on Isaiah lxiv, 5: 'In those is continuance, and we shall be saved.' I was very faint when I began: the more plainly did it appear that the power was not of man, but of God. I warned them of the wiles of the devil, whereby he would draw them away from the Church, and the other means of grace. I spake as the oracles of God; and God gave testimony, bowing the hearts of all present, except a few bigoted Baptists. We went on our way rejoicing to Ewood. There the hard rain cut short my discourse from Ezek. ix. Mr. Allen could not leave us yet, but rode with us next morning as far as Gawksholm. I stood on a scaffold, at the foot of a *Welsk* mountain, having all the people in front, and called, 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!' The word was as a two-edged sword. I knew not then that several Baptists were present: a carnal, cavilling, contentious sect, always watching to steal away our children, and make them as dead as themselves. Mr. Allen informed me that they have carried off no less than fifty out of one society; and that several Bap-

tist meetings are wholly made out of old Methodists. I talked largely with Grimshaw how to remedy the evil. We agreed, 1. That nothing can save the Methodists from falling a prey to every seducer, but close walking with God, in all the commandments and ordinances, especially the word, and prayer, private, family, and public. 2. That the preachers should be allowed more time in every place to visit from house to house, after Mr. Baxter's manner. 3. That a small treatise be written, to ground and preserve them against seducers, and lodged in every family.

"We came safe to Bolton, with the night. Above forty of these poor shattered people still keep together. Many of those without flocked to the word. In great bodily weakness I warned them to fly to the city of refuge; tried to calm the spirits of our children; and we were comforted together through hope of our Lord's appearing.

"Oct. 20th. I talked kindly to poor John Whitford, who seemed quite sick of his separate congregation; so headstrong and untractable; so like their humble slave and teacher! His principles, as well as his spirit, have cut off his retreat: *vestigia nulla retrorsum*, [he finds no tracks by which he may return,] when once a Methodist preacher has abused both our and our children's confidence, by setting up for himself. This he could never think of till the salt had lost its savour.

"The rain quickened our pace to Manchester. I took up my lodgings at Mr. Phillips's. My subject at night was, 'When these things begin to come to pass, then look up; for your redemption draweth near.' Many Arian and Socinian Dissenters were present, and gnashed upon me with their teeth, while I preached the coming of Jesus Christ, the one eternal, self-existing God, to take vengeance on them, and on all his enemies, who would not have him to reign over them.

"Oct. 21st. I finished my discourse to our Lord's disciples. I parted with my right hand, my brother and bosom friend, Grimshaw. I breakfasted at Mrs. F——'s, and rejoiced to find that, though she had left us, she had not utterly forsaken God. Her soul has suffered loss, yet her good desires remain. Here my old friend J. Bolton found me out, and confirmed his love to me.

"From church I went to dine with our sister Rider, still waiting for the consolation of Israel. I drank tea with Dr. Byrom, and was hard put to it to defend my brother's book against Mr. Law. We got at last to a better subject, and parted not without a blessing. At night I discoursed on Titus ii, 11. I spoke close and home on practical faith, and relative duties: but more closely still to the society.

"It seems the famous Mr. Roger Ball is now among them, picking up their pence and their persons. They were smit with admiration of so fine a man; (Thomas Williams himself was nothing to him;) and

invited him to settle with them. Another new preacher they have also got, a young Baptist, who is gathering himself a meeting out of them; like the Baptist teachers who have borrowed so many of Mr. Grimshaw's children. Our society in Manchester was upward of two hundred; but their itching ears have reduced them to half the number.

"To these I showed the melancholy state of the members of the established Church, who are the most unprincipled and ignorant of all that are called Protestants; and therefore exposed to every seducer who thinks it worth his while to turn them Dissenters, Moravians, or Papists. I told them, of all the members of the Church of England, the poor Methodists are most exposed, because serious, and therefore worth stealing; and of all the Methodists, those of Manchester are in the greatest danger, because the most unsettled and unadvisable. I challenged them to show me one Methodist who had ever prospered by turning Dissenter. I asked what would become of them when my brother should die? whether they would not then be scattered, and broken into twenty sects, old and new? To prevent this, I advised them, 1. To get grace, or the love and power of God, which alone could keep and stablish their hearts. 2. To continue in all the means of obtaining this, especially the word, and prayer of all kinds; to read the Scriptures daily, to go constantly to church and sacrament.

"Our brother Johnson tells me, since he sent the people back to church, two have received forgiveness in the prayers there, and two more in the sermon of a Church minister. There are now three sound preachers in these parts. If they continue steadfast, they may undo the great evil which the unsound preachers have done, and confirm our children in their calling.

"I cannot leave them in so unsettled a condition; and therefore intend, with God's leave, to spend another week among them. I talked with the leaders, and earnestly pressed them to set an example to the flock, by walking in all the commandments and ordinances.

"Oct. 22d. After preaching I talked with several of the society, particularly a young woman, who seemed quite overwhelmed with the love of Christ, which she received yesterday in private prayer. I went to St. Anne's prayers, and thence to the room. We began our first hour of intercession. Many more than we expected were present. I gave an exhortation, showing the end of our meeting every Friday, as Englishmen, and members of the Church of England, to deprecate the national judgments, and to pray for the peace of Jerusalem. I have rarely known so solemn an assembly. They were pleased to hear that we design to continue meeting every week.

"I went thence to seek that which was lost: poor H. O. He made

me very happy by his misery, and restlessness to return. Once more, I trust, there will be joy in heaven over him.

"I began in the evening to expound the whole armour of God, Eph. vi. After I had done, the famous Mr. Ball lifted up his voice; and a magnificent voice it was. I bade our people depart in peace, which they did. The enemy roared some time in the midst of the room, (not congregation,) threatening me for scandalizing him, and depriving his family of their bread. I believe he is defrauded of his prey, through my coming in *ipso temporis articulo*, [at the very point of time,] when he promised himself a good provision out of our society. No wonder Satan rages at his disappointment.

"I met the society in calm love. There was no further need of my mentioning Satan's apostle; for he had sufficiently showed himself. The snare, is thereby broken, and the simple souls delivered. I lovingly exhorted them to stand fast in one mind, and one spirit, in the old paths, or ways of God's appointing. Henceforth they will not believe every spirit. The Lord stablish their hearts with grace!

"Experience convinces me, more and more, that the Methodists can never prosper, or even stand their ground, unless they continue steadfast in the ordinances. The society here used to be scattered on the Lord's day, in the fields, or sleeping in their houses. This invited all the beasts of the forest to devour them. Suffice the time that is past. We are not ignorant now of Satan's devices.

"Oct. 23d. I proceeded to expound the whole armour of God. We were a little too early for Mr. Ball and his friends: two of whom last night had laid violent hands on me. One was a sister of ours, till her curiosity betrayed her into the hands of Mr. Ball.

"I breakfasted at brother Barlow's, and rejoiced in the remembrance of his blessed sister, now in glory. For seven years she adorned the gospel in all things.

"I took horse with brother Phillips for Hatfield, which we reached by one. The sun shone all day without a cloud, to the great comfort of the poor husbandmen. I found at Hatfield just such a family as *was* once at Fonmon-castle. The master indeed was absent, but had left word that his church and house expected me.

"I preached at seven to a houseful of the parishioners, on, 'Repent ye, therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord.' They bore my plain speaking. The awakened were much comforted.

"The voice of joy and thanksgiving is in the habitations of the righteous. I thought I was got back to Mr. Jones's castle. We continued our triumph two hours longer, and could hardly part at last, and not without grudging our bodies their necessary rest.

“ Sunday, Oct. 24th. I spent from seven to eight in advising and praying with the sincere, whom Mr. B—— has divided into classes, like ours. I read prayers at ten, and preached the one thing needful. The Lord filled my mouth with awakening words. I never spake more convincingly. All seemed to feel the sharp two-edged sword. The church was fuller than was ever known in a morning; but in the afternoon it was crowded, every corner of it. Indeed the Scripture comes with double weight to me in a church. If any pity me for my bigotry, I pity them for their blind prejudice, which robs them of so many blessings. My text was Lam. i, 12. The love of Christ crucified melted many hearts. I addressed myself by turns to the unawakened, the sincere, and the backsliders. For an hour God enabled me to speak with convincing and comforting power. After the psalm I began again, and recapitulated the whole. Why does God always accompany the word with a double blessing, when preached in a church? Is it a sign that he is leaving, or that he is returning to it? I have never been more assisted, since I left Bristol, than in this church, and Mr. Crook’s, and Mr. Williamson’s. Those of the Methodist preachers who have faith and patience, may by and by have all the churches in England opened to them. I got another blessed, lively hour with the society. Then my whole stock of strength was exhausted.

“ Oct. 25th. From six to seven I warned them, with many tears, tasting the bitterness of life, and the various ills we are still to be brought through. By eleven I returned to Manchester. Here I rejoiced to hear of the great good Mr. Whitefield has done in our societies. He preached as universally as my brother. He warned them everywhere against apostacy, and strongly insisted on the necessity of holiness *after* justification; illustrating it with this comparison: ‘What good would the king’s pardon do a poor malefactor, dying of a fever? So, notwithstanding you have received forgiveness, unless the disease of your nature be healed by holiness, ye can never be saved.’ He beat down the separating spirit; highly commended the prayers and services of our Church; charged our people to meet their bands and classes constantly; and never to leave the Methodists, or God would leave them. In a word, he did his utmost to strengthen our hands; and deserves the thanks of all the churches for his abundant labour of love.

“ I consulted the leaders, what could be done for this unstable people. Richard Barlow and the rest ascribed their fickleness to their neglect of the means, particularly going to church; ‘and when we advised them to it, they would answer us, *The preachers do not advise us to go; neither do they go themselves.* Nay, some spoke against it, even Christopher Hopper, and those we most confided in.’

“Oct. 26th. My *former* friend, Mr. Clayton, read prayers at the old church with great solemnity. Richard Lucas, returned from Bolton, informed me, that John Hampson had been scattering his fire-brands there also, mocking the people for going to the church. What should hinder him from providing for himself and growing family, when opportunity serves, by following Mr. Edwards’s example? Or what security can we have that all the preachers of his mind will not do the same?

“I spent the day in writing letters at sister Fanshaw’s, whom I have received again into the fold. She had never left us in heart; but the cares of the world interrupted her outward fellowship. She seems now resolved to live and die with the poor afflicted people of God.

“I made up a quarrel of many months’ standing between two sisters. The occasion of it was absolutely nothing. Such is the subtlety of our adversary.

“After preaching I examined three of the most wavering classes, and persuaded all, except the Dissenters, to go back to church and sacrament. The treacherous dealers have dealt very treacherously. Even *before* our departure the grievous wolves have entered in, not sparing the flock. How much more *after* our departure will men arise of themselves, speaking perverse things, to draw away disciples after them!

“Oct 27th. I preached from Rom. vi, 22: ‘But now, being made free from sin, and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life.’ The Lord confirmed his word with a double blessing.

“I went with John Haughton to the old church, as usual. I preached at six; then met, and lovingly reprov’d, the society. I talked with more of the classes, and could find only two who would not take advice. Amalek had smote the hindmost; so I let Amalek take them: at least, while they prefer Mr. Ball to all the Methodists. The rest, a few Dissenters excepted, determined to live and die with us in the communion of the Church of England.

“Oct. 28th. Mr. Fanshaw dragged his feeble body to the early preaching. After all his wanderings and backslidings, we have received him again, as we trust, for ever. I preached at noon near Davyhulme, with great enlargement, to a simple-hearted people, who made me some amends for my long exercise at Manchester. I passed the remainder of the day with some Manchester friends, who are not of the society. The unsteadiness of our children has kept many from venturing among us.

“We began our watch-night exactly at seven, and concluded a quarter before eleven. Hereby we had more time, with less inconvenience: and the whole congregation stayed from first to last. I ex-

pounded the ten virgins. The solemn power of God rested upon us. It was one of the happiest nights I have known.

“I was constrained to write the following letters :—

“TO MR. GRIMSHAW.

“Manchester, Oct. 29th. I could not leave this poor shattered society so soon as I proposed. They have not had fair play from our sons in the gospel; but have been scattered by them as sheep upon the mountains. I have once more persuaded them to go to church and sacrament, and stay to carry them thither the next Lord’s day.

“Nothing but grace can keep our children, after our departure, from running into a thousand sects, a thousand errors. Grace exercised, kept up, and increased, in the use of all the means, especially family and public prayer, and the sacrament, will keep them steady. Let us labour, while we continue here, to ground and build them up in the Scriptures, and all the ordinances. Teach them to handle well the sword of the Spirit, and the shield of faith. Should I live to see you again, I trust you will assure me, there is not a member of all the societies but reads the Scriptures daily, uses private prayer, joins in family and public worship, and communicates constantly. *In those is continuance, and we shall be saved.*’

“TO MY BELOVED BRETHREN AT LEEDS.

“Grace and peace be multiplied! I thank my God on your behalf, for the grace which is given unto you, by which ye stand fast in one mind, and in one spirit. My Master, I am persuaded, sent me unto you at this time, to confirm your souls in the present truth, in your calling, in the old paths of gospel ordinances. O that ye may be a pattern to the flock, for your unanimity and love! O that ye may continue steadfast in the word, and in fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers, (private, family, and public,) till we all meet around the great white throne!

“I knew beforehand, that the Sanballats and Tobiahs would be grieved when they heard there was a man come, to seek the welfare of the Church of England. I expected they would pervert my words, as if I should say, *The Church could save you.* So indeed you and they thought till I and my brethren taught you better, and sent you *in* and through all the means to Jesus Christ. But let not their slanders move you. Continue in the old ship. Jesus hath a favour for our Church, and is wonderfully visiting and reviving his work in her. It shall be shortly said, *Rejoice ye with Jerusalem, and be glad with her, all ye that love her. Rejoice for joy with her, all ye that mourn for her.* Isaiah lxvi, 10.

“Blessed be God, ye see your calling. Let nothing hinder your going constantly to church and sacrament. Read the Scriptures daily in your families; and let there be a church in every house. The word is able to build you up; and if ye watch and pray always, ye shall be counted worthy to stand before the Son of man. Watch ye, therefore; stand fast in the faith; quit yourselves like men; be strong; let all your things be done in love.

“I rejoice in hope of presenting you all in that day. Look up; for the time of your eternal redemption draweth near.’

“As the people here leave work at twelve, we pitched upon that hour for our intercession. Many flocked to the house of mourning; and again the Lord was in the midst of us, making soft our hearts, and helping our infirmity to pray. We never want faith in praying for King George, and the Church of England.

“I recovered another straggler, as I do every day. The enemy has had a particular grudge to this society. His first messenger to them was a still sister, who abounded in visions and revelations. She came to them as in the name of the Lord, and forbad them to pray, sing, or go to church. Her extravagance, at last, opened their eyes, and delivered them from the snare of Mysticism. Then the Quakers, Predestinarians, the Dippers, desired to have them, to sift them like wheat. They were afterward thrust sore at by Mr. Bennet, Williams, Wheatley, Cudworth, Whitford, Ball. It is a miracle that two of them are left together: yet I am persuaded the third part will be brought through the fire.

“I examined more of the society. Most of them have known the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. Several received it at church: one, in the Litany; another, in the Lord’s prayer. With that word, ‘Thy kingdom come,’ Christ came into his heart. To many he has been made known in the breaking of bread.

“Oct. 30th. I dined with my candid friend and censor, Dr. Byrom. I stood close to Mr. Clayton in the church; (as all the week past;) but not a look would he cast toward me,

‘So stiff was his parochial pride,’

and so faithfully did he keep a covenant with his eyes, not to look upon an old friend when called a Methodist.

“Sunday, Oct. 31st. I spake from five to seven with the rest of the classes. I left out Richard Glover, with his second wife, whom he has married, contrary to my advice, when his first was scarce cold in her grave. This scandalous practice, seldom named among the heathen, should never be tolerated among Christians. I refused tickets to James

and Elizabeth Ridgworth, till they should have enough of Mr. Ball. All the others were willing to follow my advice, and go constantly to church and sacrament. The Dissenters I sent to their respective meetings.

“At seven I found freedom to explain and enforce Isaiah lxiv, 5: ‘In those is continuance, and we shall be saved.’ It struck eight before I had got half through my subject. I breakfasted with a wanderer, and brought him back to his brethren. We were all at the old church; heard a good sermon from Mr. Clayton, on constant prayer; and joined to commemorate our dying Lord. Mr. M——, the senior chaplain, sent for me up to the table, to administer first to me, with the other clergy. I know not when I have received a greater blessing. The addition of fourscore communicants made them consecrate twice or thrice. A few of our Dissenting brethren communicated with us, and confessed to me afterward, that the Lord met them at his table. It was a passover much to be remembered. We renewed our solemn covenant with God, and received fresh strength to run the race set before us.

“I dined at Adam Oldham’s. The first *was* become last, but is now, I hope, becoming first again. I re-admitted both him and his wife into the society, with several others, who were fallen off.

“From the new church I walked to our crowded room, and once more preached up the ordinances. Now the long-delayed blessing came. The skies, as it were, poured down righteousness. The words I spoke were not my own: therefore they made their way into many hearts. I received double power to exhort the society, now upward of one hundred and fifty members, and believed for them, that they will henceforth walk in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless.

“Nov. 1st. I met about a score of the Dissenters at four, and administered the Lord’s supper, to the great consolation of us all. I took my leave in the promise we wait for, ‘I will bring a third part through the fire,’ and left a blessing behind me. Mr. Phillips attended me as far as Stone. The heavens smiled upon us all day.

“Nov. 2d. I took horse at seven, and came safe by two to my old friend Francis Ward, in Wednesbury. At night I enforced the divine counsel, Isaiah xxvi, 20, 21. I found much freedom of love among my oldest children; and they readily received my warnings; which I repeated the next morning from Psalm xlvi. I employed the morning in visiting the sick and shut up. Three or four stragglers I gathered in. I comforted our sister Spittle, left with five small children, by her husband, who was lately killed in a coal-pit, by the earth falling in. No death could be sudden to him. John Eaton was killed by falling into

a pit. His daughter Edge told me she was warned by a repeated dream of his death, and begged him in vain not to go out that morning. While I was talking to her a woman came in, and accosted me in such a bold, violent manner, that I told her I did not like her spirit. This raised and called it forth. She quickly showed herself a Nicolaitane, by her boisterous, shocking, Antinomian assurance. I told her she was a false witness for God; to which she horribly answered, 'If I am a liar, God himself is a liar.' I shut up the discourse with, 'Get thee behind me, Satan!'

"I was much assisted both at one and at seven, to warn many listening souls of the flood coming. There was great life in the society. *All* the first, I am confident, shall not become last.

"Nov. 4th. I left that promise upon their hearts, 'I will bring the third part through the fire,' and took horse with James Jones. I encouraged the remnant at Birmingham with the same words, and rode on to Worcester.

"About a score I had left here some years ago; twelve of whom are fallen off to the Quakers, seeking the living among the dead. I described the last times to between forty and fifty at sister Blackmore's; and it was a solemn time of refreshing. Nov. 5th. I set out before day with faithful John Dornford. I lodged at Cambridge Inn, and by eleven on Saturday morning, Nov. 6th, God brought me safe to my friends at Bristol."

Here Mr. Charles Wesley's private journal entirely fails us. Whether he continued it after this date is uncertain. If he did, no vestige of it appears to have been preserved.

This record which he has left of his visit to Yorkshire and Lancashire suggests many topics of remark. It is easy to perceive that the travelling preachers were very inadequately provided for, especially those of them who had families; so that they were under strong inducements to retire from their itinerancy, and become Independent ministers, whenever they met with a sufficient number of people who were willing to put themselves under their pastoral care. Not a few of the Methodists were inclined to do this, because they were denied the sacraments in their own meeting-houses, and were expected to attend divine worship, especially the Lord's supper, in their parish churches, when they had little or no sympathy with the officiating clergy, or the clergy with them.

That some of the preachers were in the habit of speaking disrespectfully of the Church and its ministers, and thus strengthened among the people the feeling of alienation from the Establishment, there can be no doubt; although there is every reason to believe that some of the accounts of this kind which were given to Mr. Charles Wesley were

greatly exaggerated. The entire blame, however, did not rest with them; for several of the preachers were as sincere Churchmen as the Wesleys themselves, and assiduously laboured to preserve the societies in their original position, as members of the Church of England. They regularly attended her services, and exhorted the people to follow their example.

Besides, it appears distinctly from Mr. Charles Wesley's own narrative, that Mr. Grimshaw's societies fell as readily into the hands of the Dissenters as did any of the societies that were solely under the care of the Methodist preachers. This devout and zealous clergyman was a Churchman after Charles Wesley's own heart. He itinerated extensively, and formed religious societies, which he regularly visited, particularly on the week-days. Those of them that lived contiguously to Haworth, so that they could attend his spiritual ministrations on the Lord's day, and receive the Lord's supper at his hands, gladly remained in union with the established Church; but many of those who had not these advantages, though urged by Mr. Grimshaw, whom they esteemed and tenderly loved as their father in the Lord, to seek edification in their own parish churches, declined his advice, and chose rather to become Dissenters, as did not a few of the people who were more immediately under the care of the Wesleys.

These facts appear fairly to justify the opinion, that had the Methodists continued permanently to act upon their original plan, compelling the people to receive the Lord's supper from the clergy, or neglect one of the most sacred duties of their Christian profession, and refusing them the privilege of divine service in their own places of worship during the best part of the sabbath, the same results would have followed. Methodism, ere this time, would have strengthened the cause of Dissent beyond all bounds, through a mistaken attempt to uphold the Church. Many of the Methodists of those times were made Dissenters, not by theories opposed to the episcopal form of church government, or to the union of the Church with the state; but by a regard for their own spiritual edification, for which, in many instances, the Church did not provide; her public and authorized functionaries lacking the true spirit of their sacred calling.

In the times of which we are speaking no plan was devised for perpetuating the union of the Methodist societies, and for preserving the doctrine and discipline of the connection, when Mr. John Wesley should be no more; and Charles was apprehensive that, whenever this event should happen, many of the preachers would become Independent ministers, and the societies Dissenting churches, with every variety of creed. His fears were justified by the unsettled state of the body, and by facts which had recently occurred. There was no power of

discipline, but in Mr. John Wesley; and Mr. Bennet, Skelton, Edwards, and Whitford, after having been admitted into the itinerant ministry, had all raised Independent churches out of the societies, and thus provided for their future subsistence and comfort by a betrayal of their trust. If cases of this kind occurred with such frequency while Mr. Wesley lived, what could be expected after his decease, but a disruption of the societies which had been raised at a vast expense of labour and personal suffering? It was "THE DEED OF DECLARATION," which was prepared several years after this period, giving an identity and a legal character to THE CONFERENCE, and investing that body with the power of government in the connection, that confirmed the union of the preachers; and the concession of the sacraments, and of divine service in church hours, by the conference, that preserved the oneness and consequent strength of the societies. But these were arrangements of which none of the parties at this early period of Methodism had any conception. Mr. John Wesley directed all his energies to the increase and edification of the societies, discountenancing all direct separation from the Church; but still making strict Churchmanship subordinate to conversion from sin, and to personal piety. He durst not neglect that which he felt to be his present duty, because of any evils that might accidentally arise from his labours after his death. The advancement of spiritual religion, as the great end of human existence and redemption, and productive of a pure morality, was the one business of his life. The ultimate separation of his societies from the Church, or their union with it, he left to God. Unless the people were made holy, he was assured that they must forever perish; but he had not the same assurance respecting their non-conformity to any particular system of church order. Charles was equally alive to the necessity of entire holiness, as a qualification without which no man shall see the Lord; but he often spoke and acted as if he thought Churchmanship essential to piety and salvation.

According to Mr. Charles Wesley's account, the Methodist society in Manchester had been tried by "false brethren," and erroneous tenets, almost beyond example. The Quakers, Quietists, Predestinarians, and Baptists, had all attempted to gain proselytes from among them. The deserters, Bennet and Whitford, both endeavoured to unsettle the minds of their former friends. Williams, Cudworth, Wheatley, and Ball followed in their rear. Williams, it will be recollected, was the man who basely attempted in London to ruin Mr. Charles Wesley's moral character, by the propagation of the most wicked falsehoods, because Charles would not assist him in his endeavours to obtain episcopal ordination. Cudworth, who had separated from Mr. Whitefield, was in doctrine a thorough Antinomian, and in spirit bitter, self-com-

placent, and contemptuous. Wheatley was as corrupt in doctrine as Cudworth; and his morals were as bad as his creed. Roger Ball was perhaps the worst person in the unholy fraternity. He contended that a man who possesses faith has a right to every thing in the world; so that in him theft is no sin, if he really need the things which he steals. Other principles he held which are too disgusting to be specified. Mr. Charles Wesley, therefore, who knew the man and his communications, did nothing more than his duty, when he resisted this "messenger of Satan," who came with a smooth tongue, and all the deceivableness of unrighteousness. Ball and Wheatley as richly deserved to be punished by the civil magistrate, as did ever culprit that was publicly whipped or placed in the pillory. By a whining softness of manner they tried, where their own characters were unknown, to obtain a morsel of bread among religious people; and "destroyed souls for the sake of dishonest gain." These immoral men, the slaves of brutal appetite, hung upon the skirts of the Methodist societies, as unclean birds follow in the rear of an army. Nor is it any uncommon thing, "when the sons of God assemble," for "Satan also to appear among them." In the apostolic times bad men laboured to counteract the effects of evangelical preaching; and when it pleased God to revive Christianity in its life and spirit, by the labours of the Wesleys and Mr. Whitefield, emissaries of the wicked one exerted themselves to obstruct the spread of practical holiness. A few of the Manchester Methodists were perverted in the day of trial; but others, "hated" both "the deeds" and tenets "of the Nicolaitanes." They "tried those who said they were apostles, and were not;" and having "found them liars," spurned both them and their polluting errors.

The account which Mr. Charles Wesley has given of Mr. Clayton is amusing. This gentleman was one of the Oxford Methodists, and afterward a fellow of the Collegiate church in Manchester. In attending the daily prayers, Charles placed himself as near his old friend as he could; but not a look would the unbending ecclesiastic cast upon his former associate, who had now rendered himself vile by assuming the character of a field-preacher. When Charles Stuart arrived in Manchester, in the rebellion of 1745, Mr. Clayton paid his respects to this exiled claimant of the British crown. For this act of disloyalty to the house of Brunswick the Jacobitical clergyman was for some time placed under suspension by his bishop. He was stiff in his Churchmanship, but an upright and respectable man. By the senior inhabitants of Manchester he is still remembered. They speak of his dignified gait, and enormous wig, as well as of the deep seriousness and the canonical regularity with which he performed his clerical duties.

CHAPTER XXI.

It is generally understood that after Mr. Charles Wesley had returned from Yorkshire and Lancashire, in the autumn of 1756, he ceased to itinerate as a preacher of the gospel. Whether this opinion is strictly correct or not, we have no means of knowing. Certain, however, it is, that, if he did at all continue his labours as a travelling preacher, his journeys became less and less frequent and extensive, till his ministrations were chiefly confined to Bristol and London, with occasional visits to some intermediate and surrounding places.

The reasons for this change in his practice have never been fully disclosed. It is probable that they were various; but in the absence of all direct evidence, we have nothing but conjecture to offer. Not a document in his handwriting, bearing the date of 1757, when he is said to have become stationary, can be found; nor even the fragment of a letter, of the same period, addressed to him by his brother: so that no original testimony bearing upon the question can be adduced. Mr. Berridge, the eccentric vicar of Everton, who was partly contemporary with him, attributes the cessation of his itinerancy to his marriage: but this could only be one among other causes; for he had now been married more than seven years; and during this period he had travelled much, sometimes with his wife, and at other times in her absence, although his journeys were not so long and widely circuitous as they formerly were. A regard for the feelings and the society of his wife, with the care of his children, doubtless contributed to detain him at home; yet the principal cause of his settlement, in all probability, was, the state of feeling which existed in many of the societies and preachers with regard to the national Church. He deemed it a matter of absolute duty, that they should all remain in strict communion with her. His brother thought separation highly inexpedient; but he could not view it in that heinous light in which it appeared to Charles. In reference to this subject he was therefore inclined to moderate counsels, and satisfied himself with gentleness and persuasion in dealing with those who were disaffected toward the Establishment; while Charles was prepared for the adoption of strong and compulsive measures. Here was therefore an obvious difficulty. Charles could not visit the principal societies in Great Britain and Ireland as a mere friend, or as one of the preachers. He must appear as possessing a co-ordinate authority with his brother; and as their views differed so very materially, they could not, in regulating the affairs of the societies, act in perfect concert. Hence he appears to have thought it the best course for him to retire, and leave

the people and preachers generally in the hands of John, whose talents for government were of the highest order. Charles could write hymns with a facility and a power which no man of his age could equal; and few could surpass him as an awakening and effective preacher; but he had no aptitude for controlling and harmonizing the discordant spirits of men. For the maintenance of discipline in cases of difficulty his faculties and habits were not at all suited. His uprightness, generosity, and the kindness of his heart were unquestionable; but his impetuosity created prejudice, and left a soreness in the minds which his brother could easily conciliate and direct. Though he ceased to travel, his union with the Methodists remained to the end of his life; and he rendered most important service to the cause of true religion, though in a more limited sphere than he had been accustomed to occupy. He still cultivated his talent for poetry; and the numerous publications which he sent forth into the world possessed a rich and substantial value.

The societies of London and Bristol were highly favoured in retaining the ministrations of such a man: but the loss to the other societies was great; for he usually carried a blessing with him wherever he went. Few men in modern times have more fully exemplified the peculiar characteristics of the eloquent Apollos. He was indeed "fervent in spirit," and "mighty in the Scriptures;" and by the resistless energy of his preaching, he "mightily convinced" the adversaries of Christ, with formalists and triflers, of every description. His power in prayer was equally striking.

The effect of his retirement from the itinerancy was the reverse of favourable, so far as he was personally concerned. His mind was naturally inclined to view things in a gloomy and discouraging aspect; but amidst the excitement, the change, and the toil of the itinerant ministry, he had no time to be melancholy, however he might be constitutionally disposed to indulge that morbid feeling. The manifest success which attended his preaching filled him with unutterable gratitude; and while all his powers were engaged in his work, he enjoyed a heaven upon earth. When he ceased to travel he was at leisure to cherish his painful forebodings; croakers and busy-bodies tormented him with letters, complaining of the ambition of the preachers, and of the alienation of the people from the Church; and the pernicious leaven of Mysticism, which he had imbibed at Oxford, and from which his mind had never been thoroughly purged, regained its ascendancy over him, so as often to interfere with his spiritual enjoyments: yet his piety and integrity of purpose were unimpeachable. Often was he in agonies of fear lest the Methodists should leave the Church, when he and his brother were dead; while John was as happy as an angel, flying through the three kingdoms, sounding the trumpet of the world's

jubilee, and joyfully witnessing, every successive year, the steady advancement of the work of God.

In the course of the year 1758 Mr. John Wesley published "Reasons against a Separation from the Church of England;" copied chiefly from the manuscript treatise on that subject, which Mr. Walker had advised him not to publish. The "Reasons" are twelve in number, and are proposed in a spirit the most mild and conciliatory. Their character is clearly indicated by the sentence which introduces them: "Whether it be *lawful* or no, (which itself may be disputed, being not so clear a point as some may imagine,) it is by no means *expedient*, for us to separate from the Church of England." To the "Reasons" are subjoined several seasonable advices, with answers to various pleas and objections. "We ought never," it is said, "to make her blemishes matter of diversion, but rather of solemn sorrow before God. We ought never to talk ludicrously of them; no, nor at all, without clear necessity. Rather, we should conceal them, as far as ever we can, without bringing guilt upon our own conscience. And we should all use every rational and Scriptural means, to bring others to the same temper and behaviour." "It would be well for every Methodist preacher, *who has no scruple concerning it*, to attend the service of the Church as often as he conveniently can."

Such was the moderation of John's counsels. Charles took higher ground. He affixed the following postscript to his brother's pamphlet:—"I think myself bound in duty to add my testimony to my brother's. His twelve reasons against our ever separating from the Church of England are mine also. I subscribe to them with all my heart. Only, with regard to the first, I am quite clear that it is neither *expedient* nor *lawful* for me to separate; and I never had the least inclination or temptation so to do. My affection for the Church is as strong as ever; and I clearly see my calling; which is, to live and die in her communion. This, therefore, I am determined to do, the Lord being my helper.

"I have subjoined the hymns for the lay-preachers; still further to secure this end, to cut off all jealousy and suspicion from our friends, or hope from our enemies, of our having any design of ever separating from the Church. I have no secret reserve, or distant thought of it. I never had. Would to God all the Methodist preachers were, in this respect, like-minded with

CHARLES WESLEY."

The hymns here referred to are seven in number; and most of them are of considerable length. They were appended to Mr. Wesley's "Reasons," when published in a separate pamphlet; and are strongly descriptive of the fallen state of the established Church, with regard to doctrine, discipline, and morals, and of that spirit of zeal, devotion, and

self-denial by which the early Methodist preachers were distinguished. The writer speaks of those irregular evangelists as being "not of the sacred order;" yet he distinctly acknowledges their divine call to the work in which they were employed.

In the spring of this year, 1758, Mr. Charles Wesley had a severe fall, from which, at the time, dangerous consequences were apprehended. With the particulars of the case we are not acquainted. He refers to it in the following letter to his friend William Perronet, a son of the vicar of Shoreham, and a medical practitioner. From the effects of this disaster he seems to have thought that he should never fully recover.

"Bristol, March 25th, 1758. Dear Will,—I expected to have seen you before this time; but a severe fall has stopped me for a season. Mr. Ford blooded me the next day; and Dr. Middleton, and a troop of female surgeons, joined in consultation about me. I cannot stoop without pain; neither do I expect a perfect cure in this world. So much for my (important) self.

"Your last but one mentions 'business, and variety of company, as a remedy for your dejection of spirits.' Strange that one who has tasted the true medicine of life should talk so idly! If you have forsaken the Fountain, in vain do you hew out broken cisterns. They can hold no water. Despair of help, till you recover your first love. Acquaint yourself again with Christ, and be at peace. I pray God deliver you from every show and shadow of happiness, and keep you miserable, till you see and find happiness in him!"

A few days after this letter was written Mr. Charles Wesley took his final leave of that very surprising man, Thomas Walsh, who passed through Bristol, on his way from London to Ireland, there to suffer and die. As he has been subjected to unmerited censure, as being one direct cause of those distressing mental conflicts which Mr. Walsh endured in his last illness, it will be requisite carefully to examine the facts of the case. Those conflicts are most affectingly described by Mr. Walsh's biographer; and the reasons of them are thus stated by the Rev. Melvill Horne:—

"Soon after his ordination, Mr. Fletcher preached a sermon at West street chapel, in which he made some remarks on the dying hours of good men. He supposed, that some comparatively weak believers might die most blessedly; and some strong ones, for the further purification of their faith, or for reasons inscrutable to us, might have tremendous conflicts. At the meeting of the bands, that excellent man, Mr. Thomas Walsh, opposed this doctrine, and told him, he thought it

bore hard against God's justice, faithfulness, and covenant love to his servants. Mr. Fletcher modestly observed, that God's wisdom was sovereign and inscrutable; and though he was sorry he had given offence, yet he could not, with a good conscience, retract what he had said. With some degree of warmth, (the constitutional failing of Mr. Walsh,) he replied, 'Be it done unto you according to your faith; and be it done unto me according to mine!' Here the matter rested. In about two years Mr. Walsh died; and so very severe were his dying conflicts, that they produced a very strong sensation among his brethren, and in none more than in Mr. Fletcher. In April, 1759, he wrote thus to Mr. Charles Wesley:—'With a heart bowed down with grief, and eyes bathed in tears, occasioned by our late heavy loss, I mean the death of Mr. Walsh, I take my pen to pray you to intercede for me. What! that sincere, laborious, and zealous servant of God! was he saved only as by fire? And was not his prayer heard till the twelfth hour was just expired? O where shall I appear? I who am an unprofitable servant? Would to God my eyes were fountains of water, to weep for my sins! Would to God I might pass the rest of my days in crying, *Lord, have mercy upon me!* All is vanity,—grace, talents, labours, if we compare them with the mighty stride we have to take into eternity.'

"His own sermon, Mr. Walsh's remarks, and distressing end, made a lasting impression on Mr. Fletcher's mind. Often did he speak of it with amazement to Mrs. Fletcher; and would conclude with saying, 'Be it our care to lead holy lives. The comfort of our deaths we must leave with the Lord, who will do all things well.'

"I need not advert to the triumphant end with which the Lord saw good to crown his humble faith; but in justice to that wonderful man, Mr. Walsh, who, in the short space of nine years, from nineteen to twenty-eight, ran a race of piety and ministerial labour which shames ninety-nine out of a hundred of Christ's ministers, I must undraw a veil which, for certain reasons, Mr. James Morgan thought prudent to draw over the closing hours of his friend, that some clew may be given to what appears inexplicably mysterious. And, no doubt, the knowledge Mr. Fletcher afterward had of the causes which led to, and in some degree explained, the conflicts his friend suffered, did greatly lessen his astonishment.

"Mr. Walsh had offered his hand to a pious woman, among the Methodists, whom he considered as a widow. She respectfully declined it, saying, though she had not seen her husband for seven years, and had some reason for thinking him dead, yet until she had better authority to go on, she deemed it her duty not to alter her state. In this very sufficient reason Mr. Walsh cheerfully acquiesced. And here the

business should have rested. But unhappily the good woman could not keep her own secret. She imparted it to Mr. Wesley, who hated all secrets, and could keep none. Michael Fenwick spread it abroad; and circumstances were so misrepresented, that Thomas Walsh fell into great and undeserved reproach. His preachings, fastings, hard studies, and the incessant labours of a mind which, like a sharp sword, cuts its scabbard, had brought him far into a consumption. He wished to breathe his native air, and for a while to repose, until he could again resume his labours. He was to embark at Bristol. After preaching till he was bathed in perspiration, Mr. Charles Wesley, to whom every exaggerated report had been made, took him out to walk in private, in a keen east wind. There he got a violent cold, and was distressed beyond measure to be told, that his conduct, in the transaction I have reported, had done more harm to religion than his life and labours had honoured it. Under these trying circumstances of mind, and dangerous state of health, he embarked for Ireland. There he found very unkind family friends, who would dispute with a dying man. His physicians proved unskilful; and as they could do nothing for him, they declined doing what he proposed. Depressed by disease, labouring under unmerited reproach, severely judged by some he best loved, and grieved to the soul to think religion should be stabbed through his side, his faith fainted, his patience forsook him, and he complained bitterly, 'his physicians were ignorant, and his friends cruel.' Now was the hour of the power of darkness. Satan, who had often fallen before the lightning of his doctrine, and who could not stand against his praying faith, rallied his broken powers, and led them, reinforced by the black troops of death, to a final conflict.

"The God of patient Job permitted his malice to accuse, and his subtlety for a while to stagger, his dying servant. Driven to the brink of despair, his eye was still raised to Him who was lifted up to draw all men to him. Again joy beamed from his eye, and lighted up his ghastly countenance. He sprang up in his bed, clasped his hands together, and exclaimed, 'My Beloved is mine, and I am his!' Thus died this brave soldier of Jesus Christ."

Such is Mr. Horne's account; and in the absence of contrary evidence, its general truth may be admitted; especially as Mr. John Wesley says, "There were some circumstances not commonly known, which easily account for the darkness he went through before he went to paradise."* But the view which it gives of Mr. Charles Wesley's conduct in the affair is unquestionably at variance with fact. The most fastidious censor could not find in the part which Mr. Walsh acted any just ground of blame. He understood that the lady was a widow; and

* Works, vol. vi, p. 716.

when he was told that he was in error, he immediately acquiesced in her decision, and withdrew his suit. What could he do more? To reprove a dying man, who had long given proof of the utmost purity of character, for a mere mistake, as if he had been guilty of immorality, would have been an outrage upon every principle of charity, justice, and humanity. Happily for Mr. Charles Wesley's memory, we have direct proof that he did not treat his afflicted friend in the cruel and unfeeling manner which is imputed to him. On the contrary, as might have been expected, considering the kindness of his heart, he did every thing in his power to soothe and cheer the suffering man, whose extraordinary abilities, and high moral worth, he duly appreciated. During Mr. Walsh's stay in Bristol he showed him every mark of attention and tender sympathy; he corresponded with him in the same spirit after Mr. Walsh had gone to Ireland; and, by his affectionate letters, he greatly alleviated the pain and anguish which he could not remove. Of this we have the most unexceptionable proof,—the testimony of Mr. Walsh himself. Two letters, written by him from Ireland, and addressed to Mr. Charles Wesley, have been preserved, as if on purpose to disprove Mr. Horne's injurious allegation; and as they illustrate this part of Mr. Walsh's personal history, as well as that of his friend, they are here given entire. The first was written just after the afflicted man had left Bristol; the other, six months later.

“Cork, April 17th, 1758. Rev. and Very Dear Sir,—God has all power; therefore we arrived safe here on the Saturday next after I left Bristol. We were tossed with tempest; I may say, ‘a day and a night in the deep;’ for the sea ran over the vessel. But, as you prayed, ‘Jesus was in the ship.’ He was my support, and did strengthen and comfort my heart. O that I could praise and love him, and live more to the glory of his name! Trials make Christ precious to us.

“Dear sir, how shall I sufficiently thank you for all your kindness? I know it is God that gave us union and love. To the prayer of faith nothing is impossible. I trust love will abound. Mr. Hopper is here, and is well, and God has prospered him. Mr. Wesley is still in Dublin, but intends to leave it next week. It would give me a singular pleasure to hear from you, and to hear dear Mrs. Wesley and the child are well. When you write to her, I request you would give my best respects, and to any of those good friends I saw at your house, especially Mrs. Grinfield. I find such union with Bristol people as I never found before; and as to London saints, they are written in my mind. Yet it is very uncertain whether I shall see them till the resurrection of the just. If you please to write to me, direct for me at Mr. Thomas

Jones's, Merchant, in Cork. Dear sir, requesting your prayers and advice, I am
Your truly affectionate and dutiful son."

"Rossmead, Oct. 9th, 1758. Rev. and Very Dear Sir,—Your letter was very refreshing to me; and while I read it the power of God rested on me. But truly I was ashamed that you should speak in such language to me. It is certain I pray earnestly for you, being moved thereto, not by a mere sense of duty, but by hearty love, and a remembrance of your kindness.

"My spiritual state is this: First, I have a constant assurance of the favour of God. Secondly, A steadfast confidence that my present afflictions will work together for my good. Thirdly, That whenever God calls me hence, Jesus will receive my spirit. Fourthly, I am tried to the uttermost. All the grace God has given me can hardly bear the pains I feel. Indeed my soul is often sorrowful. I grieve, though not enough, that my love to God is so little; and that I do not desire more earnestly to be with Christ. Yet I live by faith, and constantly pray for submission and thankfulness. In prayer my soul is often enlarged; and I am led much to pray that the God of patience and consolation would give all his children to be like-minded: I mean chiefly, that they should love one another. Ah, Lord! why do not thy children love and agree, as thou hast given them commandment, and even prayed that they should? When will thy prayer be answered? Well, blessed Jesus, we shall agree in thy presence.

"It is long since I wrote a letter; but you have constrained me. I am worse and worse, as to my disorder. I have a violent cough, profuse night sweats, a high and almost continual fever, wind in my stomach: finally, every part is pained in its turn. But to this day the Lord has not shown me clearly whether this sickness be unto death. O that I may be always ready! My strength fails me. I can only add, a thousand loves and respects to my friends at Bristol. Upon you, my dear sir, and the kind wife of your bosom, and all that belong to you, may the blessing of God for ever abide! Shall I hear again from you? I am, Rev. Sir,
Your affectionate son.

"P. S. Dear sir, excuse my putting you to cost. I could not get a frank here; and I was afraid if I sent the letter by London, you would not receive it for a long time, if at all. O forget not to pray for me! I believe really you do make intercession for me. I often, with pleasure, told my friends, Mr. Charles Wesley prays for me; yea, and sings a verse for me too."

Such was the grateful and devout language of this great man, drawn forth by the Christian affection and sympathy of Mr. Charles Wesley.

The statement of Mr. Horne, viewed in connection with these letters, affords a striking illustration of the uncertainty of oral tradition, especially when various parties are concerned in the transmission of a report. That Thomas Walsh's distress, in his last illness, was at all occasioned by Charles Wesley's severity and unkindness, is here positively disproved. He was one of the truest friends on whom Thomas Walsh could rely in the hour of trial. This holy and learned man lingered till the month of April following, when he slept in Jesus. A few friends prayed with him on the Sunday evening; and when they had concluded, he desired to be left alone, in order, as he said, "to meditate a little." They withdrew; and he remained deeply recollected for some time. He then burst out, in a sort of transport, and pronounced with a dying voice, but with joy unutterable, "He is come! He is come! My Beloved is mine, and I am his! His for ever!" In uttering these words he resigned his soul to the Lord Jesus, in the twenty-eighth year of his age.

How deeply Mr. Charles Wesley was affected by the death of Thomas Walsh, is apparent from the three hymns which he wrote on the occasion, and in which he describes the history and character of the deceased.

A few months after he had parted from Thomas Walsh in Bristol, Mr. Charles Wesley paid a visit to the surviving members of his brother Samuel's family, in Devonshire, preaching, with his wonted energy and spirit, at various places, both in going and returning. His brother's widow was now dead; but she had left a daughter, who lived in Barnstaple, and was married to an apothecary of the name of Earle. He gives an interesting account of this journey, and of its results, in the following letters addressed to his wife. It would appear that he was still suffering from the effects of the dangerous fall which he had in the spring. The narrative is incomplete, referring to a former letter, which has not been preserved. His son Charles, who is mentioned in the correspondence, was now about nine months old; and his daughter Patty, to whom a touching reference is made, had been dead more than three years. The letter, it will be perceived, was written in Barnstaple, but relates several occurrences which took place before his arrival in that town.

"Barnstaple, Sept. My dear Sally waits for the continuation of my history. I think it left off on Saturday morning, Sept. 2d. After preaching I breakfasted at one Miss Parkhouse's, a simple, zealous disciple, in her first love. I spent the day in my prophet's chamber, and preached again at night with more enlargement.

"Sunday, Sept. 3d. My text in the morning was, 'In those is continuance, and we shall be saved.' Almost all the society met me at the

Lord's table. The minister administered to me first, as if he wanted to gain the hearts of our people. Our room was too narrow for us in the evening; so we borrowed the market-house, which is capable of holding thousands. Thousands attended gladly while I explained and applied, 'The poor have the gospel preached to them.' My mouth was opened to make known the mystery of salvation by grace. Another lively hour I passed with the society, and with all our absent-present brethren. I believe you had a good time at Bristol and London; for we seemed all to drink into one spirit.

"Sept. 4th. After preaching and breakfast, I set out at eight, with a guide, for Barnstaple, the weather flattering us with a fair day. I rode a Spanish pace for the first mile: then the sky was overcast, and the rain returned. My companion would have enticed me on; but I turned my mare's head, and marched back as sober and contented as you could wish. There were scattered showers most of the day. I got two more opportunities of preaching; and,

"Sept. 5th, took horse at seven, to make a second effort. The clouds gathered, and kept us in awe for the two first hours. To escape a shower we baited at a little alehouse; gave a word of advice to the poor ignorant landlord and his daughter; and went on our way, (and a vile one it was,) without any more rain, till we came, between twelve and one, to North-Moulton, twenty measured miles from Tiverton. Mr. Roberts was the first that planted the gospel in this place. The 'squire and the minister, as usual, were the chief persecutors. Both people and preacher were cruelly treated, but conquered all by love and patience. The captain of the mob cut his own throat; but lived long enough to repent, and ask pardon of the poor injured people. I preached to them the pure gospel, with more comfort and life than I have done since I left Bristol. Not a word seemed to be lost upon them. The seed fell upon good ground. I had a feast with them; so I wanted none elsewhere. My friendly old host gave us the best he had; but the bacon and hen were such, that my teeth could not penetrate them. However, our clean warm bed made us amends.

"Sept. 6th. I found the room full at five, and exhorted them to come boldly to the throne of mercy and grace. My throat was a little sore through last night's straining. I applied a flannel plaster, (some of what you furnished me with,) and watched my time for setting out. Twice or thrice I ordered the horses back to the stable, as the clouds gathered again. At last we mounted, and rode through the town *almost*; for near the end of it the rain began, and drove me back. I made another attempt, and got so far as to cut off my own retreat. We were got half way to South-Moulton, three measured miles from North-Moulton, when the rain forced us through. I stood up in my stirrups,

and ventured a trot. We put in at a brother's, in the town, till it was fair; then rode on toward Barnstaple, ten miles distant. In less than two miles' riding a heavy shower drove us to seek shelter at an ale-house. Two miles further a second storm threatened to wet us to the skin. We fled toward the park-keeper's lodge, near Lord Fortescue's; the woman inviting us in. My mare took possession of the porch. Our hostess had just lost her husband. I gave something to one of her four little children, and a word of advice to the widow. We had only one more bait in the way to Barnstaple, which we reached by noon.

"I changed my clothes at a public house, opposite Mr. Earle's, who set out in the morning, I heard, for the country. I inquired after my niece, at her house. The last time I had seen her was at Tiverton, seventeen years ago, just after her father's death. She was then twelve years old. I knew her by him. She perfectly remembered me, and was overjoyed at the sight of me. She has borne eight children, but all of them are dead except one girl. She had recently been confined. She has known affliction; and it has not been lost upon her. I forced myself away from her in a quarter of an hour.

"By this time Mr. Earle was returned, hearing accidentally of my arrival. Your letter had given the first alarm. He was most hospitably glad to see me, (the first of his wife's relations, on the father's side,) and sent over for my things. I was much pleased with him, (as frank and open as his father-in-law,) and more with his little girl. She is past seven; full of life and sense; and as fond of me, after an hour's acquaintance—as I of her.

"I made several short visits to Phill the elder, who was never so well in any labour as this. I was astonished to see her, comparing her with you; though she is very far from a strong woman; about as thin and *handsome* as her father. Imagine you saw me between my child and grandchild; and bring us all three with a wish to Bristol. She was very inquisitive after her aunt there, and her small cousin. We are very happy together. She gathers strength every hour: she *says*, through the sight of me.

"Friday night. I have now had several conferences with my niece and her husband, and several walks with him. Their frights and prejudices vanish apace. They even venture to take the lion by the beard. I pray with the family morning and evening; and am quite convinced, God has sent me to this house.

"My sister passed her three years of widowhood in a house by herself, pining continually after her old companion, till she overtook him in paradise. She died in perfect peace. So did her mother, past fourscore, a little after her. Her departure was quite triumphant. Such,

I trust, will be the end of my Sally's parents: such your end, and mine.

"If our dear Mrs. Davis is come to die with us, give my love and blessing to her, and tell her I hope to share in her triumph over our last enemy; and to follow her shortly, if it be our Lord's will that I should see her safe landed before me.

"Remember me to all friends, particularly John Nelson, and Mrs. Vigor, Grinfield, Farley, Brown, James, Stonehouse. Direct your next to me at Tiverton. Next week I expect to spend thereabouts. The nearer I come, the plainer I shall see my way to Bristol, which I do not hope to reach before the end of the month. My niece sends her affectionate duty to you, and is quite ready, were she able, to accept of your invitation. Next summer, if we live so long, I have *half* promised to *fetch* her to you.

"This country is worse than Wales for posts. I suppose a letter from you is waiting for me at Tiverton. Send me word when my brother re-visits you. I dreamed last night that Sarah had let Charles fall, and killed him. You will look to him, I think; but for his sake and mine look to yourself also. Mr. and Mrs. Earle greet you. May the Lord bless my dearest Sally! May the good Shepherd gently lead her, and carry her and her ewe lamb in his bosom! Adieu!"

"Barnstaple, Sept 10th. My Dearest Partner,—I am got into a conjurer's circle, or enchanted castle, and can find no way out. The stronger my niece grows, the more conversible, and harder to be left. I have been deeply engaged in my brother's manuscript poems, but want time to copy them. I cannot but believe it will not be long before I overtake my brother. Therefore was I constrained to come hither, at this time, as a debt I owed him. I shall last as long as I can; that you may be assured of, seeing it is my duty to God and you. The people of this place are abundantly civil, not excepting even the clergy. I am invited by them also, but decline visiting, as I can neither smoke, nor drink, nor talk their language. Yesterday I could not refuse drinking tea with an old friend and relation of my brother and sister, whose grandfather, like mine, was turned out on St. Bartholomew's day. She and several others desire to hear me preach; but preaching is not my present business.

"I have been at church, but not much edified. O what a famine of the word! How long shall God's people perish for lack of knowledge!

"You will be glad to hear I have quite recovered my first day's ride, and am now doubly careful not to *run* into the same inconvenience. My few remaining days I would willingly spend in peace and retirement, and

'Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore
Of that vast ocean I must sail so soon.'

My Sally will help me forward. O let us be diligent, to be found of Him in peace, without spot, and blameless! Adieu!"

"Tiverton, Sept. 12th. My Dearest Creature,—Yesterday morning I hardly tore myself from poor Phill. Her husband walked with me a mile, and parted with tears. He also has a very tender heart. They will not be easy till we meet again, either at Bristol or Barnstaple.

"They forced a servant upon me as far as North-Moulton, fifteen miles from Barnstaple. We marched with great deliberation; and whenever we ventured upon a trot, I rode standing. The afternoon was all my own. At night I declared the end of our Lord's coming, that we 'might have life.' The door was again wide open. I bestowed an hour upon my host and his family, in singing, conference, and prayer.

"Tuesday morning. I rose at four, preached at five, set out after breakfast, and reached this place, twenty miles from North-Moulton, by one. God be praised for your health continued."

From various passages in these letters, it is manifest, that the object of Mr. Charles Wesley's journey to Devonshire, at this time, was not merely to show his respect for his brother's memory, and his affection for his niece and her family, but also the edification and enlargement of the societies in various places. Hence he spent considerable time in preaching to them, and in giving them such advice and encouragement as their cases seemed to require. Why he declined to preach at Barnstaple does not appear. On the sabbath he attended divine worship at the church, but derived little benefit from what he heard there. Yet he was grieved whenever the Methodists absented themselves from such ministrations. Notwithstanding the civility of the Barnstaple clergy, he had no oneness of heart with them, and therefore declined their society. Upon the same principle those Methodists acted, who desired to receive the Lord's supper at the hands of their own preachers, and to attend their own places of worship only on the sabbath-day.

Neither the delights of social intercourse, nor the spiritual prosperity of his own people, could induce Mr. Charles Wesley to forget the public welfare, and the cause of religion generally. England was still at war with France, and Austria and France with Prussia; so that while domestic tranquillity was menaced, the Protestant interest on the European continent was in imminent peril. Notwithstanding the revival of primitive Christianity which was in progress, the body of the clergy yet slept at the post of duty, ungodliness everywhere prevailed, and the people perished in sin and ignorance. In the principal Methodist societies a meeting was held every Friday, at twelve o'clock, for the purpose of interceding with God in behalf of the church, the nation,

and the world; and apparently to assist the good people who took part in these pious services, and to strengthen the principles of Christian patriotism and philanthropy everywhere, he published, during this year, (1758,) "Hymns of Intercession for all Mankind:" with this appropriate motto: "I exhort, therefore, that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, be made for all men," 1 Tim. ii, 1.

During the year 1759 Mr. Charles Wesley published a fourth edition of his "Funeral Hymns," greatly enlarged. Here for the first time appeared the three exquisite compositions, which for sweetness and spirituality were never surpassed, beginning,—

How happy every child of grace;
And let this feeble body fail;
Come let us join our friends above.

But this tract is rendered especially interesting by the insertion of various hymns which were written on occasion of the deaths of several pious individuals, the writer's personal friends—the Rev. John Meriton, John Hutchinson, Grace Bowen, Thomas Walsh, the Rev. James Hervey, and other persons whose names are not given at length.

Mr. Hervey was one of the Oxford Methodists, and was greatly indebted, while at the university, to the kindness of Mr. John Wesley, whom he acknowledged to have acted toward him the part of a father and a friend. Till a late period of his life, he cherished toward both the Wesleys sentiments of fraternal affection; when, having received the doctrine of absolute predestination, and admitted William Cudworth to his confidence, he was induced to assume the character of a controversialist, and enter the lists against the man to whom he owed every feeling of gratitude and esteem. His strength failed him before he had completed his design; and finding that death was at hand, he directed the manuscript to be destroyed, because it was unfinished, and because some of it was written in a character which no one but himself could decipher. His brother, however, thinking that a book which bore the name of Hervey, and was directed against John Wesley, would be a gainful speculation, placed it in the hands of Cudworth, with liberty, as he himself confessed, to "put out and *put in*" what he pleased. Cudworth, who was accustomed to speak of God's elect as having nothing whatever to do with the divine law, hated most cordially the theology which the Wesleys taught, inculcating as it did the necessity of universal holiness in order to acceptance before the judgment-seat of Christ. He therefore undertook the welcome task allotted to him, glad to send forth into the world his own views and prejudices under the honoured name of James Hervey; so that the "Eleven Letters"

soon appeared. In this publication the venerable man who had been one of the best friends of the deceased, and was, beyond comparison, the most laborious, self-denying, and useful minister of his age, was treated with insult and contumely, and represented as hardly fit for the society of infidels, much less for that of sincere Christians. The book was reprinted in Scotland; and, bearing the sanction of Hervey's name, and designed to cover John Wesley with odium, it was extensively read, and by many persons greatly applauded.

Mr. Charles Wesley in all probability composed his two tender and affectionate hymns on Mr. Hervey's death immediately after that sad event had occurred, and before the injurious libel had appeared; but still containing a reference to the peculiar opinions of which his deceased friend had latterly become the advocate. At a subsequent period he was somewhat indelicately requested to write an epitaph on Mr. Hervey, probably to be placed upon a tablet to his memory. This service he declined, feeling the deep and unprovoked injury which was inflicted upon his brother by the interpolated and dishonest publication, which was circulated through the three kingdoms, and induced many uninformed persons to consider Mr. John Wesley as a pestilent heretic. Instead of writing the desired epitaph, he wrote the following pithy lines, which he left among his manuscripts:—

O'erreach'd, impell'd by a sly Gnostic's art,
To stab his father, guide, and faithful friend,
Would pious Hervey act th' accuser's part?
And *could* a life like his in malice end?

No: by redeeming love the snare is broke;
In death his rash ingratitude he blames;
Desires and *wills* the evil to revoke,
And dooms th' unfinish'd libel to the flames.

Who then for filthy gain betray'd his trust,
And show'd a kinsman's fault in open light?
Let *him* adorn the monumental bust,
Th' encomium fair in brass or marble write.

Or if they need a nobler trophy raise,
As long as Theron and Aspasio live,
Let Madan or Romaine record his praise;
Enough that Wesley's brother can *forgive!*

Mr. John Wesley answered, in a spirit of meekness, all that related personally to himself in the "Eleven Letters;" and Mr. Sellon, under the name of "A Country Clergyman," effectually refuted the doctrinal statements which were conceived to be unfavourable in their bearing upon practical religion; so that the effects of the book, which made a great noise at the time, were ultimately neutralized. Mr. Hervey's

brother also, who had pocketed a considerable sum of money by the volume, was betrayed into some usurious and illegal pecuniary transactions, in consequence of which he lost the whole of his unrighteous gains. The just retribution of Providence in this affair was pointed out to him by the blunt honesty of Ebenezer Blackwell, with whom he kept his banking account.

While Mr. Charles Wesley was grieved at this unchristian attempt to hinder his brother's usefulness, he was also distressed, in common with others of his patriotic countrymen, on account of the perilous state of the nation. The war with France was still in progress; and through a good part of the year 1759 a dread of invasion was again generally prevalent. The French made extensive arrangements for the simultaneous invasion of England, Ireland, and Scotland; and the Romish Pretender to the British crown was said to be hovering in the rear of the enemy's forces, ready to avail himself of the enterprise, should it prove successful, to assert his claim, and expel the Protestant dynasty of Great Britain. The following letters to Mrs. Wesley were written under these circumstances:—

“Mr. Madan and his mother stayed with me till near eight. We prayed fervently against the French. Their attempt is a very serious affair. Our soldiers are hastening to encamp in proper places. I verily believe God's people will either be delivered *from* the danger, or *in* it.

“You are in one of the safest places in England; but your best security is the wall of brass which surrounds you. I trust you and your little ones to the Lord, who will either turn aside the evil, or say to his disciples, ‘When ye shall hear of wars, be not troubled.’”

“June 29th. My Dear Sally,—Trust in the Lord, for yourself and children. They are in safe hands. The hairs of their heads, as well as yours, are all numbered. If they live, they will live to see troublous times. Yet I do not wish them to be taken from the evil, because that evil may be softened and moderated to you through their partaking. I sit waiting for the news, like old Eli; yet not trembling for the ark. *That* the Lord will take care of, I nothing doubt. All I meet with have great faith for the cause and people of God.

“Yesterday I preached at the Foundery with great freedom, and prayed among the bands with far greater. We did not forget you. You will soon receive the answer.

“Saturday night. I got two hours this morning with Lady Huntingdon, and dined with her and Mr. Madan and Jones. All expect the French. Admiral Rodney is gone to burn their broad-bottomed vessels, or die in the attempt. He desired the king, in case he fell, to take care of his widow and family. Two hundred thousand pounds have been expended on the French boats at Havre-de-Grace and Dunkirk.

Each carries three hundred men, and is so contrived as to land their men on horseback. In five hours they may reach the Sussex coast. Last Sunday night twelve of a society of ours there were seized, and carried on board the vessels that guard the coast. Their prayers may do good service.

“My brother writes that I should give notice to all our society, to spend Wednesday, July 11th, in fasting and prayer, that God may be entreated for the land. Tell John Jones, and let him tell others.

“On Thursday Mr. Madan and his wife set out for Clifton. He will pay you an early visit. I cannot answer for her. If she *should* favour you with her company, you will show her how she ought to behave in her own house.

“The post is going. The Strength and Consolation of Israel be yours! Farewell, my dearest Sally. You fear God, and need fear nothing else.”

“Moorfields, Sunday night. My dearest Sally’s letter did not reach me till this morning. I was in hopes the worst was over with Charles. The hooping-cough does not always accompany the measles, and will not, I trust, in his case. The girl may not have them at all. However, expect them, and expect both the children to be brought safe out of them. We have good times here; that is certain; and the better, for the nearness of the French. I read part of the prayers, and preached on Psalm xxix, 10, 11. I was so full of matter I scarcely knew what I said. The Lord owned his word. Great was our confidence in his faithful mercies, his almighty love.

“I continued instant in prayer for near half an hour after the sacrament. We wrestled for our Israel, and all the Reformed Churches. I could not help praying, in a particular manner, for the brave admiral, who is gone to sacrifice his life, if need be, for his king and country. The whole congregation, I believe, were sensible of the divine presence: but it was not, in my apprehension, like last Sunday.

“Neither Mr. Carty nor I can guess what I ought to do if the French were landed. It will be showed me in that day.

“My brother is alarmed by false intelligence, that we have only eleven thousand soldiers in all England. My oracle, the colonel, reckons upon seventeen thousand. But the matter will not be determined by numbers. If the French land, and the Lord of hosts is with us, they will make more haste back than they came with. I know not why it is, that I do not fear them more. I usually am most afraid before the danger. Perhaps the dread and the evil may now come together. However, we shall keep them off by prayer as long as we can.

“I read prayers and preached again. My subject was, ‘Comfort ye, comfort ye my people.’ He did administer his abundant consolations

I prayed with great earnestness for the nation : if with great faith also, we shall know by and by.

“ Mrs. Galatin just now informs me, that yesterday’s express has thrown the council into the utmost alarm and hurry. The colonel could not learn particulars. Even the lords of the bedchamber are ignorant of the secret. It is supposed that news is come of the embarkation of the French. At present the wind is against them ; and if God is against them too, what signify all their designs and threatenings ?

“ I hastened in a coach to meet the society at the Foundéry. We continued together, praying and pleading for our country till near eight. Had you been with us, I think your fears of the Papists would have been abated. We seemed all to be got into our strong city, whose walls and bulwarks are Salvation. Monday, at five, I encouraged them from the words above, and spent half an hour in prayer with the select band.

“ I bestowed an hour on my parting friend Madan, and commended him to the grace of God in prayer. He is happy to carry his family with him. When shall I see mine again ? I hope the storm, if it should come, will not separate us long. He informed me of that blessed soul, Lady Hotham’s, release. What particulars do you hear ? I prayed fervently for the poor disconsolate mourners ; and would write, if I thought any words of mine could comfort them.

“ It is now near five whole weeks since I saw you, and your children. Nothing could pacify me in my banishment, but the will of God confining me here. It is still more doubtful whether I shall attend the conference. The Lord direct me and you in all things, and preserve the little ones !”

“ July 5th. My Beloved Sally,—On Tuesday I breakfasted with Mr. Romaine and his wife, who were very loving and open. He expects to be thrust out of the churches soon.

“ Mrs. Cox and Mr. Waller joined us in the afternoon. At six I read the letters to a full audience, and dwelt mostly on our blessed Thomas Walsh. It was a time much to be remembered. I prayed with the leaders, and pleaded for our sinful land. It was near ten before I got to rest.

“ Yesterday I breakfasted with our afflicted friend, Lady Huntingdon, and joined heartily in her sorrow for the loss of that lovely creature at Clifton, of whom the world was not worthy.

“ I rode over Westminster-bridge, and dined in the Borough, at Mr. Bignel’s. There Mr. Lloyd took me up, and carried me to Lewisham. I looked in upon Mrs. Dewal and Mrs. Blackwell, whose inquiries after you and your family were interrupted by that gentle creature, and my particular favourite, Mr. Blackwell. He was above measure gracious ;

yet I left him in ten minutes for Miss Chambers's company. He seized on my trembling companion, who hardly made his escape before night. He overtook me on the road, and set me down near my lodgings.

"I breakfasted to-day at the Foundery, not with my *best friend*, whom I have not yet had the happiness to see. My brother's last helps me to see a little before me. He consults me whether it would not be best to have the conference here. I shall advise him to it. It will be the second week in August. Then I might see you the sooner, after spending some weeks at Margate. This would I do, if the Lord permit.

"You say, 'Mr. Ireland apprehends no danger;' nor any worldly man, except our governors. Do not you hope, nor flatter yourself, that it is a false alarm. If Providence does not interpose, Jerusalem is ruined. Take care the spirit of the world, which is the spirit of slumber, and fatal security, does not seize upon you. No power less than that which defeated the Spanish armada will rescue England now. You will see my thoughts (but not mine only) in a penny hymn-book I shall publish against the fast.

"You may safely direct to me at the Foundery, only not omitting *Charles*, nor mentioning my *best friend*.*

"Bonner's-Hall. I have been dining here, at Mr. Barnes's, with Thomas Maxfield and his wife. It is now above five weeks since I saw my dearest Sally, or her children; and will be more than five weeks longer, if not double the time, before I must hope for that happiness again.

"How does your money hold out? as for me, I spend none, and have none to spend; yet I want nothing but the grace of Christ Jesus. The Lord will order all things, particularly when it is best for our meeting. May you now and always find your happiness in him!"

"London, July 7th. My Dearest Friend,—Can you cast all your care on Him who careth for you and your little ones? If I could not trust Him with you, I should be much uneasy. An express is come, that Admiral Rodney has set fire to Havre-de-Grace, and burnt some of the broad-bottomed boats. If the news is confirmed, and not aggravated, it may retard the designed invasion. That it is designed in earnest, no man in his senses can doubt of. On Wednesday afternoon we met in the Borough some prisoners in coaches, strongly guarded. They were Frenchmen, caught ascending our coasts. I have looked for good from Admiral Rodney, ever since we were so drawn out in prayer for him. Give John Jones the enclosed against the fast day.

* The reason of this precaution was, that Mrs. John Wesley used to open the letters that were placed within her reach, to find matter of accusation against her husband, and against Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wesley.

“We have just heard of another embarkation of eighteen thousand French coming upon us from another quarter. But if God be for us, who can be against us? and that he is for us, is past a doubt with those that have his mind. I fear nothing so much as my own heart; yet I daily find God is greater than my heart. Let us pray the best we can, and expect the fulness of the promise.

“Saturday night. No letter from Sally concerning herself and children! You want, it seems, to try my patience. I will be even with you, and try your courage, by informing you, (but the information comes from Charles Perronet,) that the people of Canterbury are in the utmost confusion, the men all up in arms, the women all screaming, through a sudden alarm and panic, that the French are seen off Dover. It is a false alarm; that is certain: or it would have been here before any private letter. I think I must steal away to you, to be quiet; for Mr. Ireland and Dr. Middleton have *insured* you at Bristol. Get a friend to write when you cannot; or I shall have no rest in my spirit. The Lord bless you with his peace. Adieu!”

In this emergency of the national affairs some trusted in the valour, strength, and skill of the fleet and army, and expressed their unhallowed confidence by singing profane songs. Mr. Charles Wesley's hope was in the merciful providence of God; and his fear arose from an apprehension that the people of England might have filled up the measure of their iniquities, and rendered themselves ripe for the divine vengeance. Of the miseries of a people who are subjected to the insolence and plunder of a conquering army, he had a deep and just impression; but in this case he was the most afraid of the loss of Protestant liberty, and of its religious advantages. The testimony of history, respecting the cruel intolerance of Popery, had not been lost upon his intelligent and susceptible mind.

To assist the devotions of the praying remnant, in this crisis, as he had done upon former occasions, he published “Hymns on the expected Invasion, 1759.” At a subsequent period, Mr. John Wesley endeavoured to encourage the people of England, by referring to the revival of true religion which was everywhere manifest; saying that he could not find in all history, that a nation was ever given up to ruin, when the Spirit was poured out upon the people, and large numbers were turned to God by a true conversion. Charles dwells upon the same thought in this tract.

In this case also prayer was prevalent, and the nation was saved. On the 20th of November the French fleet was brought to action by Admiral Hawke, and defeated, between Belleisle and Cape Quiberon. For this signal victory public thanksgivings were offered to almighty God; and Mr. Charles Wesley's ever-fruitful mind supplied appropriate sen-

timents for the occasion in "Hymns to be used on the Thanksgiving-day, Nov. 29th, 1759, and after it." This publication contains fifteen hymns, including one of great length, and peculiar spirit, entitled, "The Song of Moses, sung by Great Britain and Ireland for the victory given them over the French Fleet, Nov. 20th, 1759." The people in the south of England were now freed from their alarms; but the Scotch and the Irish were still in danger. God, however, interposed also in their behalf, and the impending evil was averted.

The beginning of the year 1760 found Mr. Charles Wesley in London, diligently and happily employed in his work. He was also favoured with the company and assistance of Mr. Fletcher, who had obtained ordination about a year and a half before, and was not yet presented to the vicarage of Madeley. In a letter to Mrs. Wesley, dated Moorfields, Jan. 3d, he thus speaks of himself, and of the pious foreigner, now naturalized as an English clergyman:—"My dear Sally's wish has been often mine, to have died in my infancy. I escaped many such thoughts last Saturday, by forgetting it was my birth-day till night, when Mr. Fletcher's prayer put me in mind of it. Yesterday I dined alone with my faithful friend and yours, Lady Huntingdon, and passed the evening with her in close conference. This morning I breakfasted at Lady Piers's, and dined at Mr. Lloyd's, with Mrs. Gumley and Miss Derby. The length of the entertainment, and very trifling conversation, tired me to death. I am escaped hither, to write to my beloved partner. Next to feeling Christ present, the most desirable state is, to feel Christ absent. This we often do. O that we did it always! Mr. Caslon told me he had wrote to Mr. Farley, that he could not send him the Syriac types till he informed him how many of each letter he wanted. Adieu!"

Soon after writing this letter Mr. Charles Wesley's tender sympathies were excited, and some months of his life embittered, by a terrible calamity in the Huntingdon family, several members of which were endeared to him by a sincere and sanctified friendship. The Earl Ferrers, the cousin of Lady Huntingdon,—a man of infidel principles, and immoral life,—perpetrated an atrocious murder upon Mr. Johnson, his own steward. He sent for the ill-fated man to attend him at Stanton, and contrived to send all his men out of the way; so that when the intended victim arrived, there were no persons in the house but himself and three female servants. When Mr. Johnson entered the room, the earl locked the door; then ordered him to settle an account; and afterward produced a paper purporting to be a confession of the steward's villany, and required him to sign it. Mr. Johnson refused; and the earl, drawing a pistol out of his pocket, ordered him to kneel down, which the terrified man did upon one knee. His lordship called

out, so loud as to be heard by one of the women at the kitchen door, "Down on your other knee! Declare that you have acted against Lord Ferrers. Your time is come; and you must die!" He then fired; and the ball entered Mr. Johnson's body, just under the last rib. He rose up and expressed, both by his looks and broken sentences, the sensations of a dying man. The infatuated criminal continued to insult and torment the sufferer for several hours after he was placed under the care of a physician. The shot was fired in the afternoon, and Mr. Johnson died the next morning, the murderer rejoicing in what he had done. The ennobled felon was lodged in the jail of Leicester, and thence removed to the Tower in London, where he remained two months before he was tried by the House of Peers.

The first mention of this melancholy case in the correspondence of Mr. Charles Wesley is in the following letter, addressed to him by the Hon. and Rev. Walter Shirley, the brother of the earl, and a clergyman in Ireland:—

"Loughrea, Feb. 23d, 1760. Rev. and Dear Sir,—Blessed be the great God, who hath enriched your heart with love, and filled your mind with divine wisdom; and blessings upon blessings on thy head, thou sweet messenger of comfort, for thou hast refreshed my bowels, and caused me to rejoice even in tribulation.

"O my worthy friend, how infinitely am I obliged to you for the tender attention you paid to the deep affliction of my sister, and your earnest endeavours (which I behold as if I had been present) of turning all to the advantage of her precious soul. O may those falling tears that trickle down into her bosom be as the dew of heaven, to dissolve all that is stony about her heart, and sweetly prepare it for the more durable impressions of God's grace!

"What shall I say of my unhappy brother? what of my poor mother? what of the innumerable evils in array before me? In the strength of the Lord I am about to oppose myself to this mountain of griefs, seeing plainly that it is God's will I should go to England. Committing myself to the care and disposal of my ever-gracious God, I purpose to set out on this melancholy journey next week, and wish above all things that I may either meet with you or your dear brother on my arrival in London. My excellent friend Lady Huntingdon has wrote to me very affectionately on this occasion. May God reward her sweet loving soul!

"I find this wretched man has refused to see any of his relations and friends. I am determined, however, I will not be easily repulsed. I will carry him, spite of himself, I will yet carry him, the message of everlasting peace, if now at length he may be brought to accept of it. As to his life, I doubt it is past hope; but if the Lord will hear me,

and grant to my earnest petitions the saving of his poor soul, I think I should not in the least repine, whatever should be determined concerning his fate. I know, my dear sir, you at least will not leave me to pray alone. O let us raise an army of blessed saints, that we may besiege the throne of grace, and be mightily prevailing with importunate wrestlings! Surely, surely we shall not be cast out. I have His encouraging words yet sounding in my ears, 'As yet have ye asked *nothing*. Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.' O what a mighty something have I to ask! but the Lord says, our joy shall be full: 'ask, and ye shall receive.' Lord, I believe; Lord, I ask in faith: for thy name's sake, grant me the request of my lips. O turn the heart of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just! Grant me but this; and then, whether unto life or death, dispose of him as thou seest good. I think I perceive in myself, even now, a token for good. If I may not expect the happiness of seeing you in London, at least, for God's sake, let me hear from you; and direct to me at the Honourable Mrs. Shirley's, in the Halfmoon-street, Piccadilly.

"I am, with the greatest truth, my dear Mr. Wesley's most sincere friend, and affectionate brother in the Lord."

Never did any transgressor of the laws of God and man betray more determined obduracy than this right honourable murderer. Every means that Christian zeal and compassion could suggest was tried to bring him to an acknowledgment of his crime, and induce him to pray for mercy in the name of the Lord Jesus; but all in vain. He was deaf to every warning, expostulation, and entreaty. His broken-hearted brother, Lady Huntingdon, and others, all endeavoured to effect his conversion, but without success. Prayer was also made for him in the closet, the family, and in public religious assemblies, particularly on the Lord's day, and special meetings of intercession were held in his behalf, during the period which elapsed between the commission of the dreadful act and his execution; yet he died without giving any indication of the slightest regret for what he had done, much less that he desired the pardoning mercy of God through the sacrifice of Christ.

No man showed a more tender and generous concern for this wretched culprit than Mr. Charles Wesley; and the Methodists in London generally followed his example. This will best appear by a few selections from his letters to his wife, who was in Bristol. He seldom wrote to her without making some reference to this unhappy man; for the salvation of whose soul he mourned and wept, as for the salvation of a brother.

"Seven-Dials, April 11th. My Dearest of Creatures,—Yesterday

evening I buried my brother Ellison.* Sister Macdonald, whom he was always very fond of, prayed by him in his last moments. He told her he was not afraid to die, and believed God, for Christ's sake, had forgiven him. I felt a most solemn awe overwhelming me while I committed his body to the earth. He is gone to increase my father's joy in paradise; who often said, every one of his children would be saved, for God had given them all to his prayer. God grant I may not be the single exception! I rode to Lady Piers's. Mr. Fletcher met me there. We found her wonderfully recovered. Such a cure is next to a resurrection from the dead.

"I preached at the chapel, 'Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.' Many, I doubt not, experienced him to be such. I met the leaders, and our Lord in the midst. We concluded our prayers with intercession for the murderer.

"Jermyn-street, April 17th. Yesterday morning I walked at six to Mr. Panson's, with my friend Fletcher. My heart was overwhelmed with sorrow. Not in my own will did I enter the place of judgment. George Whitefield, his wife, and a truly good woman, one Mrs. Beckman, sat next to us. We waited till half-hour past eleven before the lords came. They entered with the utmost state, first the barons, then the lords, bishops, earls, dukes, and lord high steward. The solemnity began with reading his commission; after which he took his place, one step beneath the throne. Most of the royal family, the peeresses, and chief gentry of the kingdom, and the foreign ambassadors present, made it one of the most august assemblies in Europe.

"Next, I think, were read the bills from the country, and indictment against Lord Ferrers, who was summoned to the bar. He was brought in by the deputy-governor of the Tower, preceded by the axe. He knelt down at the bar, till the lord high steward bade him rise. His indictment was read; to which he pleaded, 'Not guilty.' Then the king's counsel, the attorney-general, opened the charge against him, which was a repetition of the indictment, and the proofs thereof, with little, if any, exaggeration. The witnesses were called to prove it: the three maids, who deposed they heard the pistol go off, and saw Mr. Johnson on his knee, and then upon the bed wounded, &c. His daughter's testimony was much fuller; and the surgeon's proved the murder premeditated, with the most horrid circumstances of aggravated malice and cruelty. A collier, who seized my lord, concluded. Their testimonies perfectly agreed. The judge asked the prisoner, after each deposition, whether he would ask the witness any questions. He asked two or three, which I thought trivial.

* He was the brother-in-law of Mr. John and Charles Wesley, having married their sister Susanna.

“At first he seemed undaunted; but as the proofs came up stronger and fuller, he lost his courage, and sunk visibly down into the lowest dejection. By a quarter before three the king’s counsel finished their proof; and I believe there was not a single person in the court but believed the prisoner guilty. The particulars are too long to send you; and you will see them at large in the trial when it is printed.

“My lord high steward then called upon him to make his defence. He appeared in the utmost confusion, and said he was not prepared; must advise with his counsel; and begged longer time. Some of the lords, particularly Lord Mansfield, (that is, the famous Murray,) and Lord Hardwick, desired he might explain a little the nature of his intended defence, that they might know whether it was reasonable to give him longer time. He could not satisfy them; said, the circumstances he was in made him incapable; and the indisposition of his mind, or family complaint, disqualified him. He was understood to mean his lunacy; although he could hardly speak through fear and perturbation. Lord Ravensworth, his only friend, except Lord Talbot, spoke in his behalf. Others replied, till they cried, ‘Adjourn.’ Then the lords withdrew for above an hour, and, returning, required him to proceed directly to his defence.

“He had often declared, that he would much rather die than allow himself to be out of his senses; but ‘skin for skin, all that a man hath will he give for his life.’ His pride was come down so far as to call witnesses of his lunacy. The two first deposed in general only, without being able to name any particular facts or words in proof of his being disordered. When the king’s counsel came to cross-examine them, they were so baffled and confounded, that they contradicted themselves, recanted every shadow of proof they had brought, and proved the prisoner in his senses beyond all doubt. It was now seven o’clock, and the lords adjourned again. We waited some time, and then departed ourselves. I was never so weary in my life. My companion was in the same condition. Soon after eight we were glad to go to bed, after prayer for the poor, unhappy criminal.

“This morning we were in the hall again by six. We expected the lords till near twelve. They came, and heard more witnesses of the lunacy till near three. Poor Lord Ferrers was compelled to question them himself, and even his own brothers. Mr. Shirley, the clergyman, spake most for his service: and the king’s counsel could not invalidate any thing he said. But, alas! neither his nor Dr. Munro’s testimony came up to the point, or proved any real fact of madness.

“The prisoner concluded his defence with a paper read by the clerk, wherein he said all for himself that could be said. Then the solicitor-

general recapitulated all, answered the prisoner's witnesses, and demonstrated his guilt and wilful murder.

"The court adjourned, and in half an hour returned, all but the bishops, who are never present in condemning. The lord high keeper asked the lords whether he should recapitulate the whole again, as usual, or whether they would go immediately to give their vote. They all agreed to the latter. Then he solemnly asked them, one by one, beginning at the youngest baron, 'My lord, such a one,—suppose William earl of Dartmouth,—what says your lordship? Is Lawrence Earl Ferrers guilty, or not guilty, of the felony and murder laid to his charge?' The lord, laying his hand on his breast, answered, 'Guilty, upon my honour.'

"I counted one hundred and six who gave this answer; among them Lord Talbot, the prisoner's friend, and Lord Westmoreland, his father-in-law; and, last of all, the lord high steward himself. Then the poor criminal was sent for, and kneeling at the bar heard from the judge the unanimous judgment of all his peers, that he was guilty of felony and murder. My heart and that of most others bled for him. We expected the judge would immediately pass sentence, when he called, 'Adjourn;' probably to give the criminal a few more hours of life. Soon after five we left the court for Mr. Panson's, and walked thence to our lodgings, nothing near so weary as yesterday; as you may judge by the length of this letter. To-morrow I suppose we shall hear the sentence pronounced, which will soon after be executed.

"The Lord bless you and your little ones. Farewell in Christ!"

Sentence of death was, of course, passed upon this miserable man, and righteously executed on the 5th of May following. But even the certain and immediate prospect of dying failed to make any salutary impression upon his heart, rendered callous by infidel speculation. Mr. Charles Wesley composed three hymns of supplication for him; continued his importunate addresses to the throne of grace in his behalf, in union with his friends by whom he was surrounded; and, in writing to one of the preachers in a distant part of the country, he shows the depth of his compassionate feeling by saying, "Help together in your prayers for a poor murderer, Lord Ferrers!"

The earl deprecated hanging, as the death of ordinary felons, and requested to die by decapitation, as more befitting a nobleman; but this was denied. He outraged the public feeling by choosing to be conveyed to the place of execution, not in a mourning coach, but in his own landau, drawn by six horses, and he himself clad in his splendid wedding-dress. He was impatient of all religious conversation; confessed his belief that there is a God; but made no acknowledgment

either of divine revelation, or of a Mediator. On surveying the apparatus of death he gave a slight motion of dissatisfaction; kneeled down while the Lord's prayer was repeated; and with great energy uttered the ejaculation, "O God, forgive me all my errors! pardon all my sins!" He turned pale when the rope was put round his neck, but quickly recovered himself; and in five minutes after he was turned off life was extinct. Many a penitent convict, trusting in Christ as his Saviour, had Mr. Charles Wesley comforted when doomed to suffer the extreme penalty of the law; but there is no comfort in infidelity, with all its pride and affectation of philosophy.

While the case of Earl Ferrers was still pending, Mr. Charles Wesley's anxieties were again strongly excited on the subject of Methodism and its relation to the Church. Many of the preachers, he found, had obtained licenses under the Act of Toleration; that law having been framed for the relief of Protestant Dissenters: and this he considered a virtual renunciation of their connection with the Church of England. In several cases, however, the licensing of the preachers, as well as of the places where they officiated, was rather a matter of necessity than of choice; no other law affording them protection, either in conducting public worship, or in preaching the gospel of the grace of God to the neglected populace, and the spirit of persecution being extensively rampant. Mr. John Wesley, like his brother, in the first instance, opposed the preachers in obtaining licenses under the Toleration Act; but at length directed them, in cases of necessity, to put themselves under the protection of this statute.

But the most alarming occurrence at this time was, that three of the preachers, stationed at Norwich, overcome by the importunity of some members of the society, had begun to administer the sacrament of baptism, and of the Lord's supper. They did this without consulting either of the Wesleys. The offenders were Paul Greenwood, John Murlin, and Thomas Mitchell; men whose regularity, up to this period, had been most exemplary; so that they possessed the entire confidence of their fathers in the gospel. They had been solemnly "separated to the gospel of God," from all worldly business, with fasting and prayer, and that by men who were in the ministry before them; having first given satisfactory proof, by piety, gifts, and success, that they were divinely called to the work; and they doubtless thought that, with these essentials of ordination, they were justified in administering the sacraments; yet still it was distinctly understood, on their admission into this ministry, that they should, in common with their brethren in general, confine themselves to preaching the word, and the maintenance of discipline in the societies, leaving the administration of the sacraments to those who had received episcopal ordination.

This renewed attempt to render the Methodists independent of the established Church filled Mr. Charles Wesley with consternation little less than that which was excited in him by the crime of Earl Ferrers; yet not greater than the amazement and terror which seized him when he first heard of the preaching of laymen in the Methodist societies: although he had long been more than reconciled to this innovation, contrary as it was to canonical order. John Murlin came up to London, being, in all probability, summoned thither by Mr. Charles Wesley, and appears to have given considerable satisfaction by his spirit and explanations. He was deemed "sincere;" and Paul Greenwood was also directed forthwith to proceed to the metropolis, to answer for his conduct. What was thought of him, under the scrutiny and expostulations to which he was subjected, does not appear. Mr. Charles Wesley thought that the preachers and societies generally would follow the example which had been set by their brethren in Norwich; so that unless a firm stand was now made, a wide separation from the Church was inevitable. He therefore addressed a strong letter to his brother, and to several of the senior preachers, declaring the importance of the case, and requesting their prompt co-operation with himself to avert the threatening calamity. The following is his letter to his brother. It is without date; but was most probably written early in March, when John had just left London, and was pursuing his ministry in Staffordshire:—

"Dear Brother,—We are come to the Rubicon. Shall we pass, or shall we not? In the fear of God, (which we both have,) and in the name of Jesus Christ, let us ask, 'Lord, what wouldest *thou* have us to do?'

"The case stands thus:—Three preachers, whom we thought we could have depended upon, have taken upon them to administer the sacrament, without any ordination, and without acquainting us (or even yourself) of it beforehand. Why may not all the other preachers do the same, if each is judge of his own right to do it? And every one is left to act as he pleases, if we take no notice of them that have so despised their brethren.

"That the rest will soon follow their example I believe; because, 1. They think they may do it with impunity. 2. Because a large majority imagine they have a right, as preachers, to administer the sacraments. So long ago as the conference at Leeds, I took down their names. 3. Because they have betrayed an impatience to separate. The preachers in Cornwall, and others, wondered it had not been mentioned at our last conference. Jacob Rowell's honesty I commend. Christopher Hopper, Joseph Cownley, John Hampson, and several more, are ripe for a separation. Even Mr. Crisp says he would give

the sacrament if you bade him. The young preachers, you know, are raw, unprincipled men, and entirely at the mercy of the old. You could persuade them to any thing; and not you only, Charles Perronet could do the same, or any of the preachers that have left us, or any of the three at Norwich.

“Upon the whole, I am fully persuaded, almost all our preachers are corrupted already. More and more will give the sacrament, and set up for themselves, even before we die; and all, except the few that get orders, will turn Dissenters before or after our death.

“You must wink very hard not to see all this. You have connived at it too, too long. But I now call upon you to consider with me what is to be done; first, to prevent a separation; secondly, to save the few uncorrupted preachers; thirdly, to make the best of those that are corrupted.”

The following letters, addressed by Mr. Charles Wesley to different preachers, display his characteristic fear, uprightness, generosity, and love of the established Church. They also place his warmth and impetuosity in striking contrast to the calm, practical wisdom of his brother. Charles would at once resort to decisive measures, perhaps so as to dissolve the society at Norwich, which was known to be very intractable, and to silence the offending preachers. John would moderate and gradually check irregularities which he could not at once remove, but with the certainty of much evil. Charles would have all the preachers who were not Churchmen separated from their brethren, and settled, if they chose, as Dissenting ministers, and the rest ordained as clergymen; not thinking that by these measures the societies would be broken up, and the itinerancy destroyed. John would rather employ both classes of preachers in extending the work of God as widely as possible; deeming nothing upon earth so important as turning men from sin to holiness. The want of a due provision for the aged and disabled preachers is here distinctly seen: and this was another reason why so many of their brethren had already abandoned their travelling ministry. In reading these letters, as well as that to Mr. John Wesley, it must be remembered that the writer was a poet; and that he was not addressing the public. He does not, therefore, measure his terms, but uses the strong language to which he was professionally addicted. When he speaks of the Methodist preachers, for instance, as being “corrupted,” he intends no reflection either upon their doctrinal sentiments, or upon their moral conduct, but simply that they were alienated in affection from the established Church; although in many instances he knew that their alienation did not arise from the principles of systematic dissent, but from the lives and preaching of the clergy. Their “corruption” was the desire, which they sometimes expressed, that the societies and

congregations generally might have the spiritual advantages which their brethren in London and Bristol enjoyed, under Mr. Charles Wesley's own administration,—the Lord's supper in their own chapels, and divine service there on the forenoon of the sabbath-day.

TO MR. NICHOLAS GILBERT.

“London, March 6th, 1760. You have heard of Paul Greenwood, John Murlin, and Thomas Mitchell's presuming to give the sacrament at Norwich. I am the more afflicted thereat, because I had as great a love for, and confidence in, them as in any of our sons in the gospel. They never acquainted their fellow-labourers, no, not even my brother, of their design. They did it without any ordination, either by bishops, or elders; upon the sole authority of a sixpenny license: nay, all had not that. Do you think they acted right? If the other preachers follow their example, not only separation, but general confusion, must follow.

“I shall tell you my mind plainly, because I love you. My soul abhors the thought of separating from the Church of England. You and all the preachers know, if my brother should ever leave it, I should leave him, or rather he me. While ye have any grace remaining, ye can never desire to part us, whom God hath joined. You would rather waive your right, if you had it, (which I absolutely deny,) of ordaining yourselves priests, than occasion so great evil.

“Indeed you must become at last either Church ministers or Dissenting. Such as addict themselves thereto, God will make a way for their regular ordination in the Church. With these I desire to live and die. If you are of the number, I look upon you as my brother, my son, and owe you all I can do for you, as to soul, body, and estate. I never proposed a friendship, and proved false to my profession. I never (that I know) forgot a kindness done me. Your fidelity to the Church of England, although your duty, I shall accept as the greatest kindness you can possibly show me, beyond any personal benefit whatsoever.

“Now consider, and speak your mind. Will you take me for your father, brother, friend? or will you not?”

TO JOHN NELSON.

“London, March 27th, 1760. My Dear Brother,—I think you are no weathercock. What think you then of licensing yourself as a Protestant Dissenter, and baptizing and administering the Lord's supper, and all the while calling yourself a Church-of-England man? Is this honest? consistent? just? Yet this is the practice of several of our sons in the gospel, even of some whom I most loved, and most depended upon. Who would have thought that Paul Greenwood could be carried away by such dissimulation? He and John Murlin, and Thomas Mitchell,

and now, I suppose, Isaac Brown, give the sacrament at Norwich. My brother suffers them. Will not all the rest follow their example? and will not separation, yea, and general separation, ensue? and must not the work of God, so far as we are concerned, be thereby destroyed?

“John, I love thee from my heart: yet rather than see thee a Dissenting minister, I wish to see thee smiling in thy coffin.

“What can be done to save our preachers? Let all things be done in love, and meekness, and the spirit of prayer.”

TO THE REV. MR. GRIMSHAW.

“London, March 27th, 1760. My Dear Brother,—I make haste to summon you to the help of the Lord against the mighty. Is there not a cause for reprinting the enclosed? Our preaching-houses are mostly licensed, and so are proper meeting-houses. Our preachers are mostly licensed, and so are Dissenting ministers. They took out their licenses as Protestant Dissenters. Three of our steadiest preachers give the sacrament at Norwich, with no other ordination or authority than a six-penny license. My brother approves of it. All the rest will most probably follow their example. What then must be the consequence? Not only separation, but general confusion, and the destruction of the work, so far as it depends on the Methodists.

“I publish the enclosed, with my brother’s concurrence. He persuades himself, that none of the other preachers will do like those at Norwich; that they may all license themselves, and give the sacraments, yet continue true members of the Church of England; that no confusion or inconvenience will follow from these things; that we should let them do as they please till the conference: where I suppose it must be put to the vote, whether they have not a right to administer the sacraments; and they themselves shall be the judges.

“I cannot get leave of my conscience, to do nothing in the mean time toward guarding our children against the approaching evil. They shall not be trepanned into a meeting-house, if I with God’s help can hinder it. Every man ought to choose for himself; and every man shall see with his own eyes, and know what he does before he does it.

“I am convinced things are come to a crisis. We must now resolve either to separate from the Church, or to continue in it the rest of our days. If pride and the enemy did not precipitate them, our preachers would infallibly find the door into the outward ministry opened to them soon. Such as addict themselves to the service of the Dissenters, we should let depart in peace. Such as dare trust God, and venture themselves in the same bottom with us, we should cherish them as sons, and do our utmost for them, as to soul, body, and estate.

“But this I insist upon: every preacher must know his own mind,

and his brethren's; must be able to answer, 'What will become of me after our fathers are gone? Must not I become either a Dissenting or Church minister? Which would I choose?'

"To have them and things as they are, is to betray our charge; to undermine the Church; and, as far as in us lies, to destroy the work of God.

"I have read the 'Reasons' to the society here; and their hearts are as the heart of one man. Will you not join hand and heart with us, in confirming the souls of the disciples? I anticipate your answer; for I know you pray for the peace of our Jerusalem; and you prosper because you love her.

"Direct to me at the Foundery; and strengthen my hands by your counsel, and by your prayers, if you count me worthy to be called

"Your affectionate and faithful brother."

To this letter Mr. Grimshaw wrote an immediate answer, which he sent by the hand of Thomas Colbeck, one of the Methodist local preachers, who was coming up to London. The answer, which is written with great frankness, and before time had been allowed duly to weigh every subject to which it refers, contains some interesting particulars relative to Mr. Grimshaw's clerical irregularity, and the ecclesiastical censures with which he had been threatened. It expresses merely the feelings which arose in his mind when he first read the communication of his friend. He did not, in fact, withdraw from the Methodists, as, under the momentary excitement of the occasion, he declared it to be his purpose to do.

"Haworth, March 31st, 1760. My Very Dear Sir,—Having an opportunity of sending you a letter by dear brother Colbeck, who sets out for London to-morrow, I was just sitting down to write to you, when yours, as if divine Providence had some special design in it, came to hand. I write but seldom, indeed, because I have seldom much to write to you about. But now, upon my word, you have furnished me with matter to write upon. The preachers and preaching-houses are mostly licensed, you say. The evil that will follow upon this may perhaps be worse than any thing that you or your brother could have any cause to apprehend from William Darney. All I desired was only a year's probation for him, and then, as his behaviour should deserve, to be accepted by us or rejected.* Whatever John Nelson (for him I

* Darney was a favourite with Mr. Grimshaw, but disowned by Mr. Charles Wesley and most of the preachers. There is more point in this allusion than at first appears. Mr. Charles Wesley was very fastidious as to the preachers whom he would employ in the itinerancy; and Darney was one of the men whom he discountenanced, so that even Mr. Grimshaw could not obtain for him what he thought a fair trial.

suppose you meant) wrote to you, I am very well assured that the people in Birstal circuit were much blessed under his preaching.

“However, waiving that affair, this of licensing the preachers and preaching-houses is a matter that I never expected to have seen or heard of among the Methodists. If I had, I dare say I had never entered into connection with them. I am in connection, and desire to continue so: but how can I do it consistently with my relation to the Church of England? For as it is with you, so it is with us. Since the last conference, (what encouragement was then given the preachers to license themselves, God and you best know,) many of the preachers in these parts have got licensed at the quarter sessions. Several of the preaching-houses and other houses are got licensed. To be sure, the Methodists are no longer members of the Church of England. They are as real a body of Dissenters from her as the Presbyterians, Baptists, Quakers, or any body of Independents. How have I complained of this all the last winter to our brethren! Mr. Colbeck can tell you.

“I speak of my situation. Can I justify, before my provincial or a consistorial court, my preaching in a meeting-house, or my connection with a body of Dissenting ministers? Am I not liable to suspension *ab officio*, [from the office,] as well as *beneficio*? [from its emoluments.] About twelve years ago, when Archbishop Hutton was archbishop of York, among other arguments to stop me from preaching abroad, he made this one,—That I had preached in a licensed meeting-house, (meaning the Boggard-house at Leeds.) And if his grace could have proved it, (as he upon inquiry into that thing could not,) it is not improbable that he had suspended me. I promised his grace, at that time, that I never would (though determined to preach abroad) preach in a licensed house; no, nor even in that at Leeds, if it should appear to be licensed. And not many months ago, it being reported that I was to preach at a fixed time in a licensed building, the minister and churchwardens of the parish had determined to present me; but it fell out providentially that I preached in a barn near to it; and so no more was said of it. I have indeed preached now and then in a licensed house where I was a stranger, or thought no notice would be taken of it. But at the rate we go on, all the nation must be alarmed at our present proceedings: and no doubt the spiritual courts will shortly animadvert upon our doings, and perhaps other powers too, so soon as the war ceases. At present they have something else to do.

“I little thought that your brother approved or connived at the preachers’ doings at Norwich. If it be so, ‘to your tents, O Israel!’ It is time for me to shift for myself: to disown all connection with the Methodists: to stay at home, and take care of my parish; or to preach

abroad in such places as are unlicensed, and to such people as are in connection with us. I have no intention to preach the less; but to exert myself, as far as I am able, for the salvation of sinners. I hereby therefore assure you, that I disclaim all further and future connection with the Methodists. I will quietly recede, without noise or tumult. No one, mindful to continue with them, shall be either directly or indirectly hindered by me. I have other reasons, sir, for leaving the Methodists besides the above, which I shall not mention now.

“In general, as to the licensing of preachers and places, I know no expedient to prevent it. The thing is gone too far. It is become inveterate. It has been gradually growing to this ever since erecting preaching-houses was first encouraged in the land: and if you can stem the torrent, by dint of persuasion, or some other influence you may have over some of the preachers, it will be only during your own lives. So soon as you are dead, all the preachers will then do as many have already done: and even while you live, the licensed preachers, though they continue with you, will do worse than after your death. For now, even upon their sixpenny license, they will dare to administer the sacraments; whereas then they will qualify themselves further for it by obtaining Presbyterian ordination. Dissenters the Methodists will all shortly be: it cannot, I am fully satisfied, be prevented.

“Nor is this spirit merely in the preachers. It is in the people also. There are so many inconveniences attend the people, that in most places they all plead strenuously for a settled ministry. They cannot, they say, in conscience, receive the sacraments as administered in our Church. They cannot attend preaching at eight, twelve, and four o'clock on Lord's days, and go to church. They reason these things with the preachers, and urge them upon ordination and residence. They can object little against it, how little soever their minds are inclined to it. Therefore they license. For my part, though I do not approve of every thing in our Liturgy, yet I see nothing so materially amiss in it, or our Church constitution, as to disturb my conscience to that degree, as to justify my separation from her. No; where shall I go to mend myself? I believe the Church of England to be the soundest, purest, and most apostolical, well-constituted national Christian church in the world. Therefore I can, in good conscience, (as I am determined, God willing, to do,) live and die in her. But my conscience is not another man's. I believe the Methodists (preachers and members) have so much to say for their separation from our Church, as will not easily, in a conference or otherwise, be obviated.

“The doctrine of perfection runs very high, just now, in these parts. About Otley and Leeds, I am told, not fewer than thirty profess sinless perfection; and thirty more, I expect, will pretend thereto shortly. If

it be of God, it is well. Time will prove it. I wish they knew their own hearts. My perfection is, to see my own imperfection; my comfort, to feel that I have the world, flesh, and devil to overthrow through the Spirit and merits of my dear Saviour; and my desire and hope is, to love God with all my heart, mind, soul, and strength, to the last gasp of my life. This is my perfection. I know no other, expecting to lay down my life and my sword together. May the God of all grace and peace be with you and yours. Pray for me, and I will pray for you. I am

“Your sincere and affectionate brother.

“P. S. I will circulate, you may depend upon it, as many as I can of the ‘Reasons against Separation.’ Send me a hundred of them.”

Mr. Grimshaw lived about three years after writing this letter; and during this period he retained his connection with the Methodist societies and preachers, to their mutual benefit; preaching among them, and superintending their affairs, with unabated zeal and faithfulness. He distinctly saw that the Methodists could not be permanently kept in strict union with the Church. Indeed this must have been obvious from the beginning. The employment of unordained preachers, itinerant and local, and the formation of societies independent of the clergy in whose parishes they lived, was in itself a partial separation. Mr. Grimshaw confesses that he could not induce the people who were impressed by his ministry, and united together in religious societies, to attend the Lord's supper at their several parish churches. The same state of things, it will be recollected, existed four years before, when Mr. Charles Wesley visited that part of the country. The reason of this feeling Mr. Grimshaw does not state. Nor was it necessary. His own practice suggested the reason. He did not confine his ministrations to Haworth; but travelled through a wide district of country, preaching in the open air, in barns, chapels, and private houses, to crowds of people who were under the care of his clerical brethren. Why did he this? Because he knew that not a few of his brethren neither preached nor lived according to their holy vocation; so that the objects of their charge were perishing for lack of knowledge. For this reason the people absented themselves from their own churches, and sighed for a stated ministry which they and their families could regularly attend on the Lord's day, at convenient hours, to their “edification and comfort.” Mr. Charles Wesley, Mr. Grimshaw, and others who entertained their views, resisted these claims with all their might; but they could not extinguish the desire from which the claims proceeded. They wept, they argued, they expostulated, they entreated, they distributed with both hands “Reasons against Separation;” but they were unconsciously disputing against the very feeling and taste

which their own preaching had produced, and which must remain as long as their preaching retained its spiritual, energetic, and converting character.

When these excellent men contended that the Methodist preachers must either be clergymen or Dissenting ministers, they were not aware of the design of Providence to raise up in the nation a middle party, not directly identified with either, but exerting a salutary influence upon both. In those times, indeed, no human sagacity could foresee how the Methodist succession could be secured. God, however, has taken care for this. The Wesleyan Methodists have never, as a body, either avowed or entertained a belief, that an ecclesiastical establishment, episcopacy, or the use of a liturgy, is unlawful. In the strict sense of the word, therefore, they are not Dissenters. Separatists from the established Church most of them unquestionably are; and occupy an independent position between the two great bodies, with one of which Mr. Charles Wesley thought they must necessarily be identified. Yet even a regular attendance upon the religious services of the Church, by all who choose it, is not at all inconsistent with membership in the Methodist societies; nor is it even discountenanced.

The view which Mr. Charles Wesley and Mr. Grimshaw took of what they call "licenses" was partial and unworthy of their superior sense. They themselves were clergymen, and their gowns generally secured them respect, and protected them from violence. Not so with the less honourable lay-preachers. They had no means of protection from mobs and ill-minded individuals, in the discharge of their ministry, but such as the law of toleration provided; and to enjoy the benefits of that law, they must take the prescribed oaths, and receive the requisite certificate: that is, they must be licensed. And it was only by a similar process, with respect to the houses where they preached, that they and their hearers could be secured from the operation of persecuting statutes, enacted in a former age. It was hard to condemn men for placing themselves under the protection of law. If the law and those who administered it would regard the Methodist preachers and congregations as Dissenters, those defenceless persons, who had no other means of protection, were not to blame. They had no reason to believe that the legislature would alter the law to suit their convenience. Without licenses both the preachers and their hearers would have been at the mercy of every ruffian in the land, and many of them must have been ruined by imprisonment and heavy fines. That the preachers generally claimed a right to administer the sacraments on the authority of their licenses, for which it appears each of them paid "sixpence," is very unlikely. They were not fools. Their licenses were obtained as means of security against bad men, and unjust laws.

Their authority to administer the sacraments was derived from their alleged divine call to the pastoral work, connected with their official and recognised "separation to the gospel of God;" which they appear to have regarded as their ordination, although not performed by the imposition of hands. The expediency of such administration, under their peculiar circumstances, was another question.

It is somewhat pleasant to read Mr. Charles Wesley's statement, that all the Methodists in London, to a man, were agreed in sentiment with him, and were resolved to live and die in the Church of England. The fact is, they had every thing that the Methodists in the country desired: divine service in Church hours, and the Lord's supper in their own chapels. They had even more. These London favourites were almost continually indulged with the presence of one or other of the Wesleys, teaching them early and late from the pulpit, baptizing their children, and dispensing to them every sabbath-day the sacred memorials of redeeming mercy.

"Deep in rich pastures, will thy flocks complain?"

A Yorkshire Methodist might have addressed these metropolitan Church-folks, who seldom went near a church except at a wedding or a funeral, as Job did his healthy and loquacious friends: "I also could speak as ye do: if your soul were in my soul's stead, I could heap up words against you, and shake mine head at you."

The project of Mr. Charles Wesley to procure episcopal ordination for several preachers, appeared to him a matter of immense importance; but it savours more of the anxious Churchman, than of the zealous Methodist, whose own movements had been notoriously irregular. His object in this was twofold. It was to prevent separation from the Church, and to secure a provision for the preachers in the time of old age. But the scheme was impracticable. It was not likely that any bishop would ordain the whole of these simple-hearted and laborious men, who had never breathed the air of a college, and whose habits were alien from canonical order: and if any bishop were to ordain them, it would only be on condition that each of them should confine his ministrations within the limits of a parish. In this case, there would have been an end to that itinerant preaching which was everywhere so greatly sanctioned by the divine blessing; and most of the Methodist societies must have been dissolved. Painful as were the privations of the preachers, especially in the time of age and infirmity, few of them, had the proposal been made, could have been induced to accept a comfortable maintenance upon these terms. They chose rather to endure the severities of hunger, if such were the will of God, than abandon the people of their charge, and leave the uninstructed multitudes of their countrymen to perish for lack of knowledge. The fact

is, Mr. Charles Wesley was a poet and a preacher; but he had not, as he himself confessed, the practical wisdom which was requisite to superintend and conduct an extensive work of God, like that with which he was connected. Happily for the Methodists and the world, the preachers had entire confidence in the judgment of his brother, who kept them steadily engaged in the work of saving souls. In the exercise of a noble faith they persevered in their original calling; they sought not the clerical office for a morsel of bread; and God in his providence took care of their temporal interests.

At this time Joseph Cownley, having been compelled by affliction to desist from the more laborious duties of the itinerancy, had become resident at Newcastle, where he preached as he was able, with great acceptance and usefulness, to the end of his life. Hearing of the irregularity which had taken place at Norwich, and knowing Mr. Charles Wesley's deep anxiety respecting the state of the Methodists generally, he availed himself of the opportunity of writing to him on these subjects. He complains of the want of all suitable provision for the preachers who, like himself, were disabled by age or disease; and with his usual good sense adverts to Charles's favourite project of getting the preachers episcopally ordained. "There are several of my brethren," says he, "who might make the like complaint with me, who have not fled either to the gown or cloak for succour, and who, I would persuade myself, have no thoughts of doing it, unless they could do it, and be Methodist preachers still." "I can easily believe that many, if not most, of those who shall survive you, and from right principles continue in the work, will separate from the Church, except, as my friend Hopper says, you get them fastened where they are by prevailing on one or more of the bishops to ordain them. Could this be done, it is highly probable that Methodism might continue as it is till death should remove them also; for they would be able, notwithstanding all the opposition of false brethren, to keep the bulk of the people where they are. But then what bishop, either in England or Ireland, will ever do this? will ordain a Methodist preacher, to be a Methodist preacher? For my part, as poor and worthless a wretch as I am, I could not submit to it on the terms on which most of my brethren have hitherto got it. What happened at Norwich we had not so much as heard of till Mr. Hopper received yours. We have since heard what was done, and who were the doers of it.

"Give me leave now to press you to do what I think is your bounden duty: I mean, to visit the north this summer. We have excused you to the poor people, who long earnestly to see you, till we can do it no longer. If you refuse to come now, we can say neither more nor less about it, (if you are neither sick nor lame,) than that you cannot, be-

cause you will not. If you could not preach at all, it would do them good only to see your face. If it should suit Mrs. Wesley to come with you, I have a tolerable house, prettily situated, that should be at your service, as long as you pleased; and we would make it as agreeable to you as we possibly could."

In his letter to Mr. Grimshaw, it will be observed, Mr. Charles Wesley says that his brother approved of the administration of the sacraments by the preachers at Norwich. Be this as it may, there is no reason to believe that he immediately interposed to put an end to it. In his notice of the ensuing conference, which was held in the month of August following, he says not one word on the subject; but appears to have been exceedingly happy with his preachers, and to have been perfectly free from all those gloomy apprehensions concerning them which possessed the mind of his brother and of their mutual friend at Haworth. He says, in his Journal, "I spent two days with the preachers, who had been waiting for me all the week: and their love and unanimity were such as soon made me forget all my labour."

Charles, however, would not allow the matter to rest. His alarm for the Church was deep and incessant. After a lapse, therefore, of somewhat more than twelve months, his brother, in a letter addressed to him, says, "Our conference ended, as it began, in peace and love. All found it a blessed time:

*Excepto, quod non simul esses, cetera leti.**

"I do not at all think, to tell you a secret, that the work will ever be destroyed, Church or no Church. What has been done to prevent the Methodists leaving the Church, you will see in the Minutes of the conference. I told you before, with regard to Norwich, *dixi*. [I have given my decision.] I have done at the last conference all I can or dare do. Allow me liberty of conscience, as I allow you."

The preacher who had taken the lead in administering the sacraments at Norwich died about seven years afterward, and was characterized by Mr. John Wesley as "honest Paul Greenwood." He adds, "He could ill be spared; but he was ready for the Bridegroom; so it was fit he should go to him."

In the year 1761 Mr. Charles Wesley was in a very unsatisfactory state of health. He was laid aside from the public duties of his ministry, and retired to Bath, for the benefit of its waters. Here his ever-active mind, as usual, was employed in the composition of sacred hymns, which he subsequently published to the spiritual profit of many. While he was in this situation he received the following kind letter from the vicar of Shoreham:—

* "In all respects we were very joyful while together. Your absence was the sole abatement of the general happiness."

“ April 29th. My Very Dear Brother,—Upon inquiring after your health, the last week, in London, I received the disagreeable account of your being ill at Bath. It would be a great pleasure to hear that God had given success to those waters, and that your health was in a fair way of being restored. This must certainly be the prayer of all your friends, especially of those who have the advancement of Christ’s kingdom sincerely at heart. Your Lord has made you not only a very laborious, but a very successful, labourer in his vineyard: and therefore may it be his blessed will thus to continue his faithful servant for years to come! However, I doubt not but his divine grace has long since taught your heart to say, ‘Not my will, but thine be done.’ He certainly knows best when that work is finished which he has given you to do.

“ It has pleased the divine goodness to exercise me, for some months past, with sore afflictions in my family. This is the fifth time, within forty years, that my dear wife has laboured under deep distress of soul, mind, and body. But I trust, through the prayers of her friends, (among which I hope for yours,) she will once more be delivered. My son Jacky was given over several times since last Christmas, in a violent complicated fever; but, through the blessing of God on the great care and skill of Dr. Turner, he is restored again.

“ May the Lord Jesus ever be with all of us, both in life and in death! I am, with sincere respects, both to yourself and your very dear spouse, my dear brother,
 Yours most affectionately.”

CHAPTER XXII.

IN the year 1762 Mr. Charles Wesley favoured the Christian church with two additional volumes of sacred poetry. They were entitled, “Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures.” Most of them are concise, but some are of considerable length. They are two thousand and thirty in number, and are founded upon particular texts, beginning with Genesis, and ending with the Revelation of St. John. Many of them are inserted in the general Wesleyan Collection; not a few display a singular ingenuity; and nearly all breathe the same spirit of pure and fervent devotion which so strikingly marks his former compositions. They prove the author to have been a diligent, accurate, and critical student of the sacred books, and often throw an interesting light upon important passages. The metres present an agreeable variety; and, with a few exceptions, the entire work is perhaps one of

the best uninspired manuals for the Christian closet that was ever published in the English language.

The volumes are introduced by the following laconic and pointed preface:—"God having graciously laid his hand upon my body, and disabled me for the principal work of the ministry, has thereby given me an unexpected occasion of writing the following hymns. Many of the thoughts are borrowed from Mr. Henry's Comment, Dr. Gell on the Pentateuch, and Bengelius on the New Testament.

"Several of the hymns are intended to prove, and several to guard, the doctrine of Christian perfection. I durst not publish one without the other.

"In the latter sort I use some severity; not against particular persons, but against enthusiasts and Antinomians, who, by not living up to their profession, give abundant occasion to them that seek it, to cause the truth to be evil spoken of.

"Such there have been in every age, in every revival of religion. But this does in no wise justify the men who put darkness for light, and light for darkness; who call the wisdom of God foolishness, and all real religion enthusiasm.

"When the wheat springs up, the tares also appear; and both grow together until the harvest: yet is there an essential difference between them. This occasions a difference in my expressions, and as great a seeming contradiction, as when I declare with St. Paul, A man is justified by faith, and not by works; and with St. James, A man is justified by works, and not by faith only.

"My desire is, rightly to divide the word of truth. But who is sufficient for these things? Who can check the self-confident, without discouraging the self-diffident? I trust in God, none of the latter will take to themselves what belongs to the former only.

"Reader, if God ministers grace to thy soul through any of these hymns, offer up a prayer for the weak instrument, that, whenever I finish my course, I may depart in peace, having seen in Jesus Christ his great salvation."

Few persons would think of going to the verbose Commentary of Matthew Henry for the elements of poetry; but the genius of Charles Wesley, like the fabled philosopher's stone, could turn every thing to gold. Some of his eminently beautiful hymns, strange as it may appear, are poetic versions of Henry's expository notes. One specimen may be given. The commentator, explaining the name of God, as it was given to Moses, and recorded in Exodus xxxiv, 6, 7, says,—

"(1.) He is *merciful*. This bespeaks his pity and tender compassion, like that of a father to his children. This is put first, because it is the first wheel in all the instances of God's good-will to fallen man,

whose misery makes him an object of pity. Let us not then have either hard thoughts of God, or hard hearts toward our brethren. (2.) He is *gracious*. This bespeaks both freeness and kindness. It intimates not only that he hath a compassion to his creatures, but a complacency in them, and in doing good to them; and this of his own good-will, and not for the sake of any thing in them. His mercy is grace, free grace. This teaches us to be not only pitiful, but courteous. (3.) He is *long-suffering*. This is a branch of God's goodness which sinners' badness gives occasion for. Israel's had done so. They had tried his patience, and experienced it. He is long-suffering; that is, he is slow to anger, and delays the execution of his justice. He waits to be gracious, and lengthens out the offers of his mercy. (4.) He is *abundant in goodness and truth*. This bespeaks plentiful goodness. It abounds above our deserts, above our conception and expression. The spring of mercy is always full, and streams of mercy always flowing. There is mercy enough in God, enough for all, enough for each, enough for ever. It bespeaks promised goodness, goodness and truth put together, goodness engaged by promise, and his faithfulness pawned for the security of it. He not only does good, but by his promise he raises our expectation of it, and even obliges himself to show mercy. (5.) He *keepeth mercy for thousands*. This denotes, [1.] Mercy extended to thousands of persons. When he gives to some, still he keeps for others, and is never exhausted. He has mercy enough for all the thousands of Israel, when they shall multiply as the sand. [2.] Mercy entailed upon thousands of generations, even those upon whom the ends of the world are come. Nay, the line of it is drawn parallel with that of eternity itself. (6.) He *forgiveth iniquity, transgression, and sin*. Pardoning mercy is specified, because in that divine grace is most magnified; and because that is it which opens the door of all other gifts of his divine grace. He forgives offences of all sorts, iniquity, transgression, and sin, multiplies his pardons, and with him is plentiful redemption."

The valuable sentiments thus expressed in humble prose Mr. Charles Wesley imbodyes in elegant and energetic verse. He sings in the full exercise of faith, and of adoring gratitude; and millions of hearts and voices still unite in the same hallowed strain:—

Merciful God, thyself proclaim
 In this polluted breast;
 Mercy is thy distinguish'd name,
 Which suits a sinner best:
 Our misery doth for pity call,
 Our sin implores thy grace;
 And thou art merciful to all
 Our lost, apostate race.

Thy causeless, unexhausted love,
 Unmerited and free,
 Delights our evil to remove,
 And help our misery :
 Thou waitest to be gracious still,
 Thou dost with sinners bear,
 That saved we may thy goodness feel,
 And all thy grace declare.

Thy goodness and thy truth to me,
 To every soul, abound,
 A vast, unfathomable sea,
 Where all our thoughts are drown'd ;
 Its streams the whole creation reach,
 So plenteous is the store,
 Enough for all, enough for each,
 Enough for evermore.

Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are,
 A rock that cannot move ;
 A thousand promises declare
 Thy constancy of love :
 Throughout the universe it reigns,
 Unalterably sure ;
 And while the truth of God remains,
 The goodness must endure.

Reserves of unexhausted grace
 Are treasured up in thee,
 For myriads of the fallen race,
 For all mankind, and me.
 The flowing stream continues full,
 Till time its course hath run ;
 And while eternal ages roll
 Thy mercy shall flow on.

Merciful God, long-suffering, kind,
 To me thy name is show'd ;
 But sinners most exult to find,
 Thou art a pardoning God.
 Our sins in deed, and word, and thought,
 Thou freely dost forgive ;
 For us thou by thy blood hast bought,
 And died that I might live.

Dr. Gell was a London clergyman, who flourished during the commonwealth. He was a profound Biblical scholar, and a man of great spirituality of mind ; but somewhat mystical in his views of religion. Most strenuously did he contend, in opposition to the prevalent theology of his day, that it is the privilege of the people of God to be saved from all sin during the present life. He published an "Amended transla-

tion" of the five books of Moses, and designed the publication of a similar work on the entire Scriptures; but his manuscript, the anxious labour of many years, was mostly consumed in the great fire of London, which occurred in the year 1666. The remainder, relating to some portions of the New Testament, was printed after his death, in two thin folio volumes. This very wise and holy man was a favourite writer with Mr. Charles Wesley, who admired both his spirit and divinity.

Bengelius is well known as a Lutheran minister, of extraordinary piety and erudition. Many of Mr. John Wesley's notes on the New Testament are translated from the works of this celebrated critic and expositor. Mr. Charles Wesley had been led to a careful examination of Bengelius's writings, in consequence of the assistance which he had been called to render his brother, in preparing his translation of the New Testament, and the explanatory notes with which it is accompanied.

In Mr. Charles Wesley's "Short Hymns" two points of doctrine are introduced, in which he differs from his brother. They are spiritual darkness, and Christian perfection. He assumes that, sometimes, by an act of mere sovereignty, God withdraws from his people the light of his countenance, leaving them in the most distressing uncertainty whether or not they are the objects of his favour; that this is done as a means of their advancement in holiness; and that, in these seasons of anguish and dismay, they are not only abandoned to the fiercest temptations of the wicked one, but also to severe mental chastisements inflicted by the hand of their heavenly Father. These were views which he had received, not from the sacred volume, but from the writings of the Mystics, to which he had given implicit credence in the earlier periods of his religious course. His brother had long abandoned these peculiarities altogether, having now become "a man of one book." Charles still adhered to them, because they accorded with those morbid feelings to which he was constitutionally prone. One example may be given:—

Shall man direct the sovereign God,
 Say, "He cannot use his rod
 But for some fresh offence?
 From saints he never hides his face,
 Or suddenly their comforts slays,
 To prove their innocence?"

Nay, but he casts the righteous down,
 Seems on his beloved to frown,
 Yet smiles their fears to see:
 He hears the oft-repeated cry,
 "Why, O my God, my Father, why
 Hast thou forsaken me?"

Then let the patient, perfect man,
 His integrity maintain,
 But not before his God :
 The Lord may crush a sinless saint,
 As once he left his Son to faint
 And die beneath his load.

The sentiment contained in the concluding lines of this hymn is one to which Mr. Charles Wesley often refers in his poetry, and upon which he was accustomed to lay great stress. The Lord Jesus was crucified by wicked hands, and treated with the bitterest hatred and scorn. He was also "forsaken" by his Father; it "pleased the Lord to bruise him," and to "put him to grief;" so that his "soul was exceeding sorrowful, even unto death;" and "his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling to the ground." In various passages of the New Testament believers are described as having "fellowship" with him in "his sufferings," and being "conformable unto his death." These and other texts of a similar kind, it is presumed, denote two things: First, that the persons here referred to have become dead to sin through the sacrifice of Christ. They are no longer under condemnation on account of it; and it has no dominion over them. In this sense they are mystically "crucified with Christ," and "dead with" him. Secondly, such passages also denote the liability of believers to suffer persecution, even in its severest forms, for Christ's sake: and when they endure reproach, insult, contumely, wrong, and violence, even to martyrdom, on account of the "righteousness" which he has enjoined, and which they practise for the honour of his name, they have "fellowship" with him in his sufferings; for they are, in their degree, treated as he was, and for the same cause. Those who thus "suffer with him" shall "reign" and "be glorified with him."

But the assumption, that the children of God are ever "forsaken" by him, as Christ was in the garden and upon the cross, and that he in the same manner "bruises" them, and "puts them to grief," is conceived to be more than doubtful. The Lord Jesus was thus "delivered up," not as matter of discipline, or of personal trial, but for the expiation of the world's guilt; for "his soul" was made "an offering for sin." In this work he "trod the wine-press alone." No one can have any proper "fellowship" with him in the redemption of the lost souls of men. There is no atoning efficacy in the sufferings of all the saints upon earth, either for themselves or for others. Good men may be brought into "heaviness through manifold temptations," arising from Satanic influence, sickness, want, bereavement, and a thousand other evils; but that they need ever lose the joyous witness of God's adopting love, of their filial relation to him, and their hope of heaven, is at

variance with the general tenor of the apostolic writings, which call upon them to "rejoice evermore," and to "rejoice in the Lord always." Such admonitions would be absurd, and compliance with them impossible, if, without any spiritual declension, or sin committed on their part, they are treated as was the Lord Jesus when he died as the substitute of sinful men.

Such were the views of Mr. John Wesley. Spiritual darkness he attributes to various causes. "But I dare not rank among these," says he, "the bare, arbitrary, sovereign will of God. He 'rejoiceth in the prosperity of his servants.' 'He delighteth not to afflict or grieve the children of men.' His invariable will is our sanctification, attended with 'peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.' These are his own free gifts; and we are assured, the 'gifts' of God 'are,' on his part, 'without repentance.' He never repenteth of what he hath given, or desires to withdraw them from us. Therefore he never *deserts* us, as some speak. It is we only that *desert* him."*

"'But is not darkness much more profitable for the soul than light? Is not the work of God in the heart more swiftly and effectually carried on during a state of inward suffering? Is not a believer more swiftly and thoroughly purified by sorrow, than by joy? by anguish, and pain, and distress, and spiritual martyrdoms, than by continual peace?' So the Mystics teach; so it is written in their books; but not in the oracles of God. The Scripture nowhere says, that the absence of God best perfects his work in the heart. Rather, his presence, and a clear communion with the Father and the Son. A strong consciousness of this will do more in an hour, than his absence in an age. Joy in the Holy Ghost will far more effectually purify the soul, than the want of that joy; and the peace of God is the best means of refining the soul from the dross of earthly affections. Away then with the idle conceit, that the kingdom of God is divided against itself: that the peace of God, and joy in the Holy Ghost, are obstructive of righteousness; and that we are saved, not by faith, but by unbelief; not by hope, but by despair!"†

The time at which Mr. Charles Wesley published his "Short Hymns" was an important period in the history of Methodism. For many years he and his brother had preached with signal success in various parts of Great Britain and Ireland, and multitudes of people through their labours were turned to God; yet he had often observed to John, that their pentecost was not come. Richer measures of divine influence he believed were still in reserve, and would ere long be shed upon them, and upon the people among whom they laboured, producing effects still more marked and glorious. That long-anticipated time seemed now to

* Works, vol. iii, p. 410.

† Works, vol. iii, pp. 416, 417.

have arrived. An unusual degree of divine power attended the preaching of the word in almost every place ; so that "believers were added to the Lord, multitudes, both of men and women," beyond all former example. While converts were greatly multiplied, the lukewarm were quickened ; backsliders were reclaimed ; and not a few of those who had for years adorned their religious profession entered into a higher state of holiness and spiritual enjoyment than they had heretofore experienced. They believed, in fact, that they had received that "perfect love" which "casteth out fear," and which the Wesleys, both in their ministry and writings, had uniformly taught to be attainable in this life by all the people of God. Some hundreds of persons, of established religious character, professed to have attained to this ; and their whole spirit and conduct confirmed their testimony. They were examples of holy cheerfulness, of meekness and charity, and of diligence in every duty.

But at length the tares appeared among the wheat. In London a class of persons arose, who assumed that they were wiser than their teachers, and ran into the wildest extravagances ; so as even to take upon themselves to prophesy. They were patronized and encouraged by Thomas Maxfield, whom the bishop of Derry had ordained, that he might assist Mr. Wesley ; and, as the generous prelate expressed himself, "that the good man might not work himself to death." Mr. John Wesley bore with these misguided persons as long as any hope of reclaiming them remained ; but finding that their conduct was matter of public scandal, and that they were incorrigible, he separated the ring-leaders from the society, and publicly disowned both the men and their proceedings. Maxfield himself afterward withdrew, and caused a severe rent in the London society.

It is a characteristic of a great mind steadily to adhere to well-ascertained principles, even when they are abused by weak or bad men. Some years after Luther had revived the Scriptural doctrine of justification by faith, he saw it applied to the most licentious purposes by ranting Antinomians ; yet he abandoned not this truth, but maintained it with stern fidelity to the day of his death. Mr. John Wesley had derived his views of Christian perfection from a diligent, prayerful, and long-continued study of the Holy Scriptures ; and when he saw the doctrine perverted and abused by George Bell and his wild associates, his views concerning it remained unchanged. He still contended, on the authority of Holy Scripture, that it is every man's duty to love God with all his heart, and mind, and soul, and strength, and his neighbour as himself ; and that provision is made in the evangelical covenant for bringing the children of God, even in the present world, to this blessed state of conformity to his will. If men were indeed required to bring themselves to this state, they might well despair of attaining to it ; but

with the word of the living God as the warrant of their confidence, and the almighty Spirit as their sanctifier, they ought never to despair of coming up to this standard, so as to "perfect holiness in the fear of the Lord."

Until this time it had been understood that Mr. Charles Wesley agreed with his brother on this as well as every other doctrine of Christian verity; although he had repeatedly used unguarded expressions in his hymns, which could not be justified. But now his views on this subject appear to have undergone a change, in consequence of the extravagance and pride of which he was a distressed witness. He did not from this time contend, as do many, for the necessary continuance of indwelling sin till death; but he spoke of Christian perfection as a much higher attainment than either he or his brother had previously regarded it. In his estimation, it is not to be obtained by a present act of faith in the mercy, truth, and power of God; but is rather the result of severe discipline, comprehending affliction, temptation, long-continued labour, and the persevering exercise of faith in seasons of spiritual darkness, when the heart is wrung with bitter anguish. By this painful and lingering process he believed that the death of "the old man" is effected, and a maturity is given to all the graces of the Christian character. Upon this theory no man can ever say that he has attained to this state: and hence Mr. Charles Wesley condemned "the witnesses," as he called them; that is, the persons who testified of the time and manner in which they were delivered from the root of sin, and made perfect in love; regarding them as self-deceived. In some of his "Short Hymns" he has given considerable prominence to these peculiarities of opinion.

The change in Mr. Charles Wesley's manner of speaking on the subject of Christian perfection, as might be expected, gave considerable uneasiness to his brother, who felt it to be very undesirable that they should even seem to contradict each other in their ministry and writings. In a letter, therefore, addressed to Miss Furley, a very devout young lady, who was afterward married to John Downes, he says, "Take care you are not hurt by any thing in the 'Short Hymns,' contrary to the doctrines you have long received."

On this subject he also says, in a letter to Charles, "That perfection which I believe, I can boldly preach; because I think I see five hundred witnesses of it. Of that perfection which you preach, you think you do not see any witness at all. Why, then, you must have far more courage than me, or you could not persist in preaching it. I wonder you do not, in this article, fall in plumb with Mr. Whitefield. For do not you, as well as he, ask, 'Where are the perfect ones?' I verily believe there are none upon earth; none dwelling in the body. I cor-

dially assent to his opinion, that there is no such perfection here as you describe: at least, I never met with an instance of it; and I doubt I never shall. Therefore I still think, to set perfection so high is effectually to renounce it."

The matter still rested with considerable weight upon his mind. At a subsequent period he therefore again addressed Charles on the same subject. "Some thoughts," says he, "occurred to my mind this morning, which I believe it may be useful to set down: the rather, because it may be a means of our understanding each other clearly; that we may agree as far as ever we can, and then let all the world know it.

"I was thinking on Christian perfection, with regard to the thing, the manner, and the time.

"1. By perfection I mean the humble, gentle, patient love of God and man, ruling all the tempers, words, and actions: the whole heart, and the whole life.

"I do not include an impossibility of falling from it, either in part or in whole. Therefore I retract several expressions in our hymns, which partly express, partly imply, such an impossibility.

"And I do not contend for the term *sinless*, though I do not object against it.

"Do we agree or differ here? If we differ, wherein?

"2. As to the manner, I believe this perfection is always wrought in the soul by faith, by a simple act of faith; consequently, in an instant.

"But I believe a gradual work, both preceding and following that instant.

"Do we agree or differ here?

"3. As to the time, I believe this instant generally is the instant of death, the moment before the soul leaves the body.

"But I believe it may be ten, twenty, or forty years before death.

"Do we agree or differ here?

"I believe it is usually many years after justification; but that it *may be* within five years, or five months, after it. I know no conclusive argument to the contrary. Do you?

"If it *must be* many years after justification, I would be glad to know how many. *Pretium quotus arrogat annus?* And how many days or months, or even years, can you allow to be between perfection and death? How far from justification *must it be?* and how near to death?

"If it be possible, let you and me come to a good understanding, both for our own sakes, and for the sake of the people."

What answer Mr. Charles Wesley returned to this candid and sensible letter, we have no means of ascertaining. Full as he was of poetic fire, being the creature of feeling, it was not his practice to analyze doctrinal principles with logical exactness. He was far more expert

at beating down spiritual pride by a pithy rebuke, administered either in prose or verse.

A few months after the publication of the "Short Hymns," he received the following letter from his faithful and affectionate friend Mr. Perronet, of Shoreham. That venerable man, it will be observed, modestly intimates that, in some of the hymns, there was an undue degree of severity toward certain professors of religion, whose errors rather proceeded from weakness of understanding, or the want of information, than any corrupt principle in the heart. Mr. Perronet, in a very feeling manner, adverts to the sufferings of his excellent wife, who for many years was greatly afflicted both in body and mind.

"Shoreham, Jan. 1st, 1763. My Reverend and Dear Brother,—I thank you for the favour of your last visit, and should have been glad if it could have been repeated. I doubt not but we, however, enjoy the benefit of your prayers; and I desire we may ever enjoy them.

"The dear companion of my life is still in the fiery furnace, from whence I doubt not but she will be delivered like gold purified in the fire; or, as you express it in your obliging letter to my son Billy, 'she will be gathered as a ripe shock of corn into the heavenly garner.' I have lately read over your last hymns, with the same pleasure which your former always gave me. Does my friend inquire whether all the verses equally please? Let Horace answer for me:—

*Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura.**

"But I will still add another cause to what Horace mentions; and to which he was certainly a stranger: A pious zeal for the honour of God and religion; and a pious fear lest delusions should overspread the Methodist church. These, my dear friend, are highly laudable, and highly becoming the Christian divine, and the Christian poet. That there are some things which want setting to rights, is most certain: but let us take care that while we root up the tares, we root not up the wheat at the same time! Let us endeavour to preserve the latter, though it may be attended in a gracious heart with many of the former. Let not a pious soul deny the work of God, in itself, because it is either unusual, or in a larger abundance, than we looked for, or expected.

"At the first dawnings of Methodism, surely there were many mistakes in many gracious souls: and how many zealots were there who

* "But where the beauties more in number shine,
I am not angry when a casual line
(That with some trivial faults unequal flows)
A careless hand, or human frailty, shows."—FRANCIS.

condemned the whole together! Let this teach us that prudence and moderation, that coolness and discernment, which the present outpouring of the Spirit so plainly requires from us. I am so thoroughly convinced that it is a work of God, and so desirous that it may spread over the earth, but especially in my valley of dry bones, that I am quite grieved for any interruption it may meet with, either from those who give or those who may take offence.

“My dear brother will easily excuse this freedom from one who loves him, and which he uses because he loves him. We rejoice much at your happy recovery; not merely for your own sake, or that of your family, but for the sake of thousands who are yet unborn. I wish your dear spouse an entire freedom from her pain; and I wish all of you a safe and glorious journey through time to eternity. May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with all of us! Our love and respects are with each of you. Thine most affectionately.”

A few weeks after writing this truly Christian letter, the devout vicar of Shoreham was deprived of his wife, whose life and sufferings were brought to a close. She died on the 5th of February, in the seventy-fourth year of her age. No man possessed a heart more tender and sympathetic toward the afflicted than Mr. Charles Wesley; and his letter of condolence to his bereaved friend was very cordially received by that most excellent man, who thus acknowledges the receipt of it:—

“March 14th, 1763. My Reverend and Very Dear Brother,—The obliging favour of yours is come safe to hand; for which you have my sincere thanks and acknowledgments. I never indeed wanted so much consolation, through a troublesome pilgrimage of near seventy years; though I have been frequently in the furnace of affliction, and frequently tossed from wave to wave upon a boisterous ocean. However, my God was always my support, and constantly proportioned the strength to the day: but, like an all-wise and gracious Physician, he reserved the highest cordial for the time of deepest distress. All glory be to his holy name!

“How low did the Lord lay his poor, afflicted child! He laid her even in the dust for two years together. Her constant moan was, her bad heart; her want of faith, and divine love; her want of every spark and shadow of goodness; her want of Christ, which was the foundation of all her spiritual sufferings. But I know assuredly that her God has abundantly supplied all her wants, according to his riches in glory, by Christ Jesus. I often told her that he certainly would. But what she could not then believe, she now perfectly knows. It is true, that the time of our separation is only as a moment; but even during that moment, as you justly observe, I should be very desolate without the divine presence. I desire, therefore, that it may be a part of both your

prayers, that I and mine may ever enjoy it. I am greatly obliged to your dear partner for her tender and Christian sympathy. May the good God fit every one of us for all events! and may he carry us all safe to his eternal kingdom of glory, through Christ Jesus!

“My family joins in much love and respects to yourself, and good Mrs. Wesley. I am, my very dear friend and brother,

“Thine most affectionately.”

The death of Mrs. Perronet was quickly followed by that of the apostolic Grimshaw, who was somewhat suddenly called away in the midst of his labours and usefulness. On the 5th of March, 1763, he wrote to Mr. Charles Wesley concerning the persons in London who professed to have received the blessing of entire sanctification; but as he had obtained his information respecting them merely from report, and erroneously supposed that they were all as foolish and extravagant as George Bell, it would be unjust both to them and him to publish his letter. His censures are based upon misapprehension. There is no reason to believe that he at all dissented from Mr. John Wesley's doctrine of Christian perfection, correctly understood. The beginning and end of this letter afford a fine view of the writer's spirit, just about to enter into the joy of his Lord. Addressing his friend Mr. Charles Wesley, he says, “God bless you, and yours, and brother Downes! Who wrote last, I know not: you or I. Judge as you please. This I know, I love you dearly. The work of God prospers in these parts.” “We have taken above a hundred of Mr. Ingham's scattered members into society, who behave well, and are very solicitous for the life and power of godliness. I hope we shall pick up many more of them. I rejoice and give God thanks that he hath so renewed your strength. May he long continue it for his own glory, his people's benefit, your own and your family's comfort! I desire my sincere respects to your spouse, and Mr. Downes; being

“Your very respectful and affectionate brother.”

From this letter it is manifest that Mr. Grimshaw had reconsidered the subject of his intended withdrawal from the Methodists, as declared on a former occasion. When Mr. Ingham's people, being forsaken by their instructors, were scattered as sheep without a shepherd, he assisted in gathering them into the Methodist fold; and speaks of their union with the Methodists as matter of thankfulness and joy. Hence we learn, that he not only continued his itinerant ministry, in connection with Mr. Wesley's preachers, but also shared in the pastoral care of the people who were united together in Christian fellowship.

About five weeks after the date of the letter, of which an extract has just been given, Mr. Grimshaw fell asleep in Jesus. Mr. Venn, then

of Huddersfield, preached a sermon on the mournful occasion, which he also published; and Mr. Thomas Colbeck, a Methodist local preacher, who was on the spot, and a personal friend of the deceased, gave the particulars of his illness and dissolution in a letter to Mr. Charles Wesley. This interesting document, written at the time, affords additional proof, were it needed, of Mr. Grimshaw's connection with the Methodists to the close of his useful life.

“Keighley, May 21st, 1763. Reverend and Dear Sir,—I should have answered your letter sooner, but expected to have an opportunity of looking over Mr. Grimshaw's papers: and if I could have met with any thing for your purpose, I intended to send you a copy: but I believe Mr. Venn desired to peruse them before he published the sermon; and they are in his hand. Before this time I suppose you have had an opportunity of seeing Mr. Venn's sermon, to which is annexed a short sketch of Mr. Grimshaw's life. It would be an acceptable service to thousands in these parts to be favoured with an elegy on the mournful occasion. You cannot exceed the truth in describing the humility, uprightness, unintermitted labours, and universal love of that man of God who is now inheriting the promises. Our dear and much-regretted friend was divinely persuaded that, as life had not, so neither could the ghastly tyrant, separate him from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. His consolations, from almost the moment the fever seized him, were neither few nor small. He frequently expressed himself as if he was as happy as it is possible to be while clothed with mortality, and as fully satisfied that when the silver cord of life should be loosed, an abundant entrance would be ministered to his joyous soul, into the holiest through the blood of atonement, as if he had already been an inhabitant of the heavenly Jerusalem.

“The apothecary, and all who visited Mr. Grimshaw, were not in the least degree apprehensive of any symptoms attending his disorder, which seemed to threaten dissolution; yet he seemed to have some intimation that the Master called for him; for before he was confined to his bed, he gave directions in writing about his funeral; requesting that he might have a poor man's burial-suit, and a poor man's coffin; and that about twenty of his spiritual brethren, and nearest relations, might pay their last respects to what of him could die, by attending his corpse to the place of interment. He desired that a Methodist preacher at least might be invited to preach upon Phil. i, 21: ‘For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain:’ a scripture which he caused to be engraved upon the candlestick, pulpit, and walls of the church, and which was exemplified in the whole of his ministerial labours, for above twenty years. He did not cease frequently, and oftener than he sat down to his own table, to distribute to famishing souls the bread of life; and

truly he was an able scribe, not accustomed to deal in the false commerce of unfelt truths, but ready to bring out of the treasury of a rich experience things new and old. It was the meat and drink of Mr. Grimshaw, to labour for God; and he never appeared to be so much in his proper element as when he was about his heavenly Father's business."

Thus ended the life of the Rev. William Grimshaw; one of the best and most useful men of his age. For some time after he had entered upon the sacred office, he was an entire stranger to Christian piety, and was not even moral in his conduct; but having been deeply convinced of sin, and endured the anguish of a wounded conscience, he was filled with unutterable peace and joy by believing in Christ, and obtained power over the sins by which he had formerly been enslaved. His great concern was then to make known to others the salvation of which he was a happy partaker. It is questionable whether any clergyman ever surpassed him in laborious zeal. In addition to the duties of his own parish, he travelled in all directions, without either fee or reward, preaching Christ in the open air, and in barns, as well as from house to house; undaunted either by the severity of the weather, the badness of the roads, the rudeness of the people, or the prospect of persecution. His own church being too small, another of ample dimensions was erected on its site, which still remains as a monument of his energetic ministry. It bears the pious inscriptions of which Mr. Colbeck speaks; so that if the eye of the worshipper should happen to wander, it can scarcely move in any direction without meeting some striking text of holy writ, adapted to fix the attention upon subjects of everlasting importance.

The Wesleys and Mr. Whitefield delighted to visit this man of God, and were always welcome to his pulpit. Their occupation of it, however, was sometimes dispensed with. On these festive occasions, when "divers came from far," the church was not unfrequently filled to suffocation, and yet thousands could not gain admission. In such cases a window was taken out of the church, on the right side of the pulpit, and the itinerant ambassador of Jesus, bringing the news of divine mercy through the cross, stood in the opening, where the thousands within and without could hear words whereby they might be saved.

The most profligate of his parishioners revered Mr. Grimshaw; for they "felt how awful goodness is." While the choristers sung the psalm, between the prayers and the sermon, he occasionally retired for the purpose of visiting a public-house in the neighbourhood; and if he found any tipplers there, he drove them before him to the church like a flock of sheep, hanging down their heads like delinquents as they were. The house is still standing, with a small window toward the church, through which it is said some one was usually appointed to watch during the time of divine service on the sabbath, that he might

give the alarm to his companions when the cassocked monitor made his appearance. When they had timely warning of his coming, they are reported to have fled in all directions, with the utmost haste, that they might escape his dreaded reproofs and expostulations.

Of this holy man it may be truly said, that, from the time of his conversion till his death, he knew nothing but Jesus Christ, and him crucified. The delights of domestic intercourse, of learned ease, of elegant literature, and of polished society, he freely sacrificed, and lived for the one object of turning sinners to the Lord Jesus; and in the sight of crowds of happy converts, whom he saw from sabbath to sabbath listening with tears of grateful joy to his ministry, and pressing to the table of the Lord, he must have felt the highest gratification, forming a rich reward for his incessant toil and self-denial. His clerical brethren were offended with his irregularity, and still more with the censure which his diligence and spirituality reflected upon their guilty supineness. By his superiors in the Church he was also threatened with ecclesiastical prosecutions: but none of these things moved him; for he was happy in the approval of his own conscience, and in the success of his ministry, while the blessings of multitudes came upon him for his unwearied labours of love.

Into the niceties of theological controversy Mr. Grimshaw appears never to have entered. His views of evangelical truth were, of course, in substantial agreement with those of the Wesleyan ministers; since he was voluntarily united with them in public labour to the end of his life. Among the descendants of his hearers at Haworth it is said that his ministry was tinged with Calvinism after he had been visited by Mr. Whitefield; and that after one of the Wesleys had been with him, and preached in his church, he zealously asserted God's universal love to man. The fact is, he was more intent upon the conversion of sinners, than upon the settlement of metaphysical questions arising out of the doctrines of Christianity; yet his affectionate co-operation with the Methodist preachers affords sufficient proof that he had no fixed and serious objections to their creed.

Mr. Charles Wesley was deeply affected by the death of his friend at Haworth. He wrote two beautiful hymns on the occasion, celebrating the grace of God, as manifested in the piety, usefulness, and final triumph of this good minister of Jesus Christ. He also preached a sermon on the close of Mr. Grimshaw's labours, most probably at West-street, where the devout people united with him in thanksgiving to God for the glorification of his honoured servant. His own mind was greatly quickened at this time, and his preaching was attended by double power. In a letter to his wife he therefore says, "God prospers my labours as at the beginning of my course. Perhaps it is a blaze before

death. I preached last night from the twenty-third Psalm, to my own astonishment when the hour was past. My vehemence occasioned my bleeding at the nose for a long time. Last Wednesday night I was near two hours preaching of blessed Mr. Grimshaw. The chapel was crowded with attentive hearers. I am to preach twice to-morrow; again on Tuesday evening; a funeral sermon on Thursday," &c.

Five days after Mr. Grimshaw entered into rest, Mr. Charles Wesley was called to mingle his tears with those of Lady Huntingdon, on the death of her daughter, Lady Selina Hastings. She died in her twenty-sixth year, after an illness of sixteen days. With the mother of this youthful victim of disease, Mr. Charles Wesley had lived in habits of intimacy and Christian friendship more than twenty years, and had received from her many acts of kindness, of which it was impossible that his generous heart should ever lose the impression. The formation of Lady Selina's character he had also observed, having been a frequent visiter of the family. He could not therefore be unaffected under the sad bereavement; for the deceased was dear to her widowed mother. Writing to Mrs. Wesley on Ascension day, he says, with his usual faith and tenderness, "This morning Lady Selina ascended! Great reason we have to believe she died in Christ. Her mother only said, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!'"

This was a time of deep anxiety and sorrow to Mr. Charles Wesley; not on account of death's ravages merely, but the injury done to the cause of religion by misguided men. After all the disgrace which had been brought upon the Methodists in London, by the folly of George Bell and his wild associates, Thomas Maxfield succeeded in effecting an extensive division; so that where love and peace had formerly reigned, there was now confusion, tale-bearing, unkindness, harsh judging, and every evil work. From the desponding tone of feeling into which such a state of things was likely to throw him, and to which he was constitutionally prone, the wise vicar of Shoreham endeavoured to rouse him by the following beautiful letter. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wesley were both in a suffering state of health.

"Shoreham, July 6th, 1763. My Reverend and Dear Brother,— Whither should a mourner in Zion fly for consolation? especially one whose very heart seems to be broken for Zion's sake? Should he not fly to Him who has promised 'beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness?' There let us send him; and there let the pious mourner be comforted.

"Satan has certainly kindled a fire; but nothing except the chaff shall be consumed by it. Thy endeavours to quench it shall, at least, bring down a blessing upon thy own head, though they should succeed

no further. Thy warnings, not meeting with credit, are only a part of thy cross. Take it up, my brother, and follow thy great Master! A sincere friend of thine has, for more than six times seven years, been talking to the dead. Would you change crosses with him? He would, if it was lawful. But God commands you both to bear your own. Thy will be done! It is undoubtedly a trying time for the poor Methodist church. But the keeper of the vineyard will watch over it, notwithstanding all the craft and all the violence of the enemy. Christ will only purge his floor, and gather his wheat into the garner; and when he has fanned away the chaff, let us hope to see much pure grain, though smothered over at present.

“Talk not of thy former uselessness, or of being reduced again to it. The Lord is only trying thee, to make thee still a more glorious instrument in his hands. I hope divine Providence will so order matters, that we shall have the pleasure of seeing you at Shoreham. In the mean while, may the waters, and every other prescription, be attended with a signal blessing! And if it seem meet to the divine wisdom, may we soon hear that your dear companion has recovered her health. All here join in hearty respects and good wishes to you both, and in the same to our dear brother. The Lord Jesus Christ be with us all! Amen. Thine most affectionately.”

This truly Christian letter was, after a few months, followed by another of the same kind, from the same intelligent and friendly divine:—

“Shoreham, Nov. 25th. My Reverend and Dear Brother,—I take the present opportunity of acknowledging the favour of yours, which is just come to hand. I sympathize with you in all your afflictions, and have still hopes that light, even great light, will soon shine out of this darkness. The church of Christ, you know, has often been brought to the lowest ebb; and then her Lord, who knows the best time, has arose to her deliverance. Fear not, my dear brother, but even against hope believe in hope; and we shall both see the salvation of God!

“I believe this world, I mean the moral part of it, appears to us exactly alike. It seems, like the ancient chaos, to be ‘without form, and void,’ and ‘darkness’ surrounds it. But a glorious time is approaching, when the Sun of righteousness shall rise upon it with healing in his wings, and make it a more glorious paradise than ever! We shall see it, my dear brother; we shall certainly see it; though not with these bodily eyes: and we shall rejoice over it with the whole choir of saints. In the mean while, let us rejoice in submitting quietly to the divine will. Let us patiently do and suffer what our Lord has appointed for us; and he that shall come will come, and will tarry no longer than is best for us.

“We should have been glad to have seen both you and our dear sister. But perhaps the Lord has decreed, we shall not meet till we meet for ever. Thy will be done! Our love and respects are with you both. The Lord Jesus be with all of us!

“Thine most affectionately.”

The vicar of Shoreham was not the only friend by whose correspondence Mr. Charles Wesley was encouraged at this period, tried as he was by personal and domestic affliction, and by the state of the London society, which had for more than twenty years shared largely in his labours and care. From Mr. Whitefield, then in America, he also received a letter, full of affection, zeal, and hope:—

“New-York, Dec. 26th, 1763. My Dear old Friend,—Once more I write to you from this dying world. Through infinite, unmerited mercy, I am helped to preach twice or thrice a week, and never saw people of all ranks more eager in Philadelphia and this place than now. Lasting impressions, I trust, are made. At New-Jersey College we had sweet seasons among the sons of the prophets: and I have had the like pleasure of conversing with new-creature ministers of various denominations. Ere long we shall join the elders about the throne. Then shall we all greatly marvel, and try who can shout loudest, ‘He hath done all things well.’ Neither you, nor your brother, nor the highest archangel in heaven, shall, if possible, outdo even me, though less than the least of all. Continue to pray for me, as such. I hope your brother lives and prospers. How is our friend Ireland and family? God bless him and you. Remember me, in the kindest manner, to your dear yoke-fellow, and all inquiring friends; and assure yourselves of not being forgotten in the poor addresses of, my dear friend,

“Yours in Jesus.”

Concerning Mr. Charles Wesley’s personal history, during the years 1764 and 1765, little information is to be obtained. In the spring and summer of the first of these years he was in London, and his wife in Bristol. At that time they were both in an infirm state of health. Writing to her, under the date of May 17th, he says,—

“My Dear Sally,—Yesterday my doctor flattered without hurting me; for I did not believe one word he said; feeling the contrary every day and hour.

“Sunday, May 13th. I preached at the chapel from, ‘God sent his Son Jesus to bless you, in turning you away, every one of you, from his iniquities;’ and stayed two hours longer at the table. We dined at Mrs. Hermitage’s, where your absence spoiled our cheer. I could not throw off the burden, having left you in so poor and low a way. May you find the God that heareth prayer a very present help in time of trouble! If I may believe the brethren who came to me in the even-

ing, the word in the morning did not return empty : but I took no comfort from it myself.

“Monday, May 14th. I began the New Testament at the chapel, expounding, ‘He shall save his people from their sins.’ My audience was made up of our own and Mr. Whitefield’s, and Mr. Madan’s hearers. I kept them near an hour, and rode home weary enough. Nothing but your letter could have refreshed me.

“Tuesday, May 15th. I breakfasted near sister Boulton, who declines fast. I visited Mr. Matthews, still nearer the haven. The first warm weather will, probably waft him home. To hear that you are tolerably well does me more good than any thing I have met with in London. To be set free from all the tender ties of nature, you scarcely expect : and who in his senses would wish you so to be ? ‘Without natural affection,’ is the character of a heathen. But may not natural affection become inordinate ? You are not in danger of the defective, but of the excessive, extreme. God alone can make us happy.

‘Who builds on less than an immortal base,
Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to death.’

‘Acquaint now thyself with him, and be at peace.’ Remind the preachers to pray for me in the society. The strength and consolation of Israel be yours ! Adieu !”

It is probable that Mr. Charles Wesley spent the greater part of the year 1765 in Bristol ; or, if he devoted as much time to London as he had long been accustomed to do, that Mrs. Wesley accompanied him there ; so that their epistolary correspondence was interrupted. Early in the following year his brother addressed to him an affectionate but very stirring letter, of which an extract is subjoined. He appears to have thought that Charles was too much occupied with the care of his family, and did not sufficiently exert his remaining strength for the advancement of the work of God.

“Dear Brother,—We must, we must, you and I at least, be all devoted to God ! Then wives, and sons, and daughters, and every thing else, will be real, invaluable blessings. *Eia age, rumpe moras !* [Come, bestir yourself, and lay aside delay.] Let us this day use all the power we have ! If we have enough, well ; if not, let us this day expect a fresh supply. How long shall we drag on thus heavily, though God has called us to be the chief conductors of such a work ? Alas, what conductors ! If I am (in some sense) the head, and you the heart, of the work ; may it not be said, ‘The whole head is sick, and the whole heart is faint ?’ Come, in the name of God, let us arise, and shake ourselves from the dust ! Let us strengthen each other’s hands in God, and that without delay. Have *senes sexagenarii* [old men that have attained their sixtieth year] (who would have thought that we should

live to be such?) time to lose? Let you and me, and our house, serve the Lord in good earnest. May his peace rest on you and yours! Adieu!"

After the lapse of a few months, Mr. John Wesley again addressed his brother in a similar strain. He suggested that they ought more frequently to meet and correspond with each other; and he gives a striking view of the peculiar talents which each of them possessed, and of the manner in which they should be employed, especially in preaching. "I think," says he, "you and I have abundantly too little intercourse with each other. Are we not old acquaintance? Have we not known each other for half a century? and are we not jointly engaged in such a work as probably no two other men upon earth are? Why then do we keep at such a distance? It is a mere device of Satan. But surely we ought not, at this time of day, to be ignorant of his devices. Let us therefore make the full use of the little time that remains. We, at least, should think aloud, and use to the uttermost the light and grace on each bestowed. We should help each other—

‘Of little life the best to make,
And manage wisely the last stake.’

"O insist everywhere on full redemption, receivable now by faith alone! consequently to be looked for now. You are made, as it were, for this very thing. Just here you are in your element. In connection I beat you; but in strong, short, pointed sentences, you beat me. Go on in your own way, what God has peculiarly called you to. Press the instantaneous blessings: then I shall have more time for my peculiar calling, enforcing the gradual work."

Mr. Charles Wesley was, with his brother, deeply convinced of the necessity of entire devotedness to God. His health was still delicate; he was sensible of the decay of his strength; and he had a solemn impression that his life was hastening to a close. The subjoined extracts from letters to his wife show what manner of spirit he was of at this period, with the energy and success of his ministrations. Notwithstanding the distractions which Maxfield and his unruly companions had occasioned, the congregations in London were large, and the society, purged of the foul leaven, was in a state of sound prosperity. Both the public preaching and the sacramental services were numerous attended; and "the power of the Lord was present," to wound the careless, and heal the broken in heart.

"Sunday. My dear friend will be glad to hear, we have had a feast of fat things this morning. I am just come from preaching holiness for an hour, and administering to a multitude of communicants.

"My doctor gave me full instructions last night. Islington waters

he forbids. Steel would be fatal, he says, and throw me into a dropsy. My body requires a quite different regimen from what it did last year, and with good management (if you believe him) may last these dozen years. He will hardly cheat me into a hope of many months longer; yet I may live to hear Charles talk Latin and Greek.

“It is observable, what some tell me, that on Thursday night, after my preaching poverty of spirit, such a spirit of humility fell upon the bands, at their meeting, as had not been known for months or years past. Every mouth was stopped; not one *boasting* word of perfection was heard. They lay low in the dust before the Friend of sinners, ashamed and confounded at his presence. One of Mr. Maxfield’s society, after hearing me, cried out, ‘This poverty of spirit will destroy all *our* perfection!’ Another fairly confessed herself undeceived, and gave up her perfection, because, as she said, she had never been poor in spirit. It is surprising, the readiness of the people to receive my sayings. I do not despair of their all coming right at last.”

“Jermyn-street, June 7th. Last Sunday was the Lord’s day indeed. My subject at Spitalfields was, ‘The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms: and he shall thrust out the enemy from before thee, and shall say, Destroy.’ From hence I strongly preached the great salvation; too great for my dear partner to believe; yet she may obtain it before me, who am first convinced of it in my understanding. It should seem I spoke as the oracles of God, by the abundant testimony he gave to the word of his grace. For near an hour he opened my mouth to declare the mystery of the gospel, so as I have seldom spoken. A thousand hearers, I believe, would have ventured their lives on the truth of my report. We had near twelve hundred communicants. I prayed for the eight children appointed to death on Wednesday next. The Spirit did surely help our infirmities, and the consolations of God were not small with us. Several testify their having received the love of Christ under the late preaching. If it be so, they will show it by keeping his commandments. I lately blamed Mr. Venn for his long sermon; and at the Foundery I preached one of near an hour and a half long, to above five thousand listening souls. Five or six hundred more it is supposed to hold since the alterations. My subject was, ‘Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters.’ I was much drawn out, you may suppose, by my keeping the people so long. Never was I assisted more. Give God the glory. My strength was renewed by the interval between. I felt little weariness, and slept as well as usual.

“Monday, June 5th. I spent three hours of the morning with Mr. and Mrs. Powis, whose friendship for me has already alarmed my fellow-labourers. Who can stand before envy? It is the minister’s

besetting sin. To break the force of it, I requested my friends to hide me in a corner of their hearts, and never to mention my name. They saw the necessity of so doing. We had a blessed meeting together.

“ June 6th. I rode with brother Butcher and Collison to Shoreham. By the way we breakfasted at Greenwich with brother Dornford, once a witness of *his own* perfection, but now very tame and sober-minded. A serious Dissenter and his wife joined with us in singing and prayer. Then we went on our way rejoicing. In my other letter you see my reception at Shoreham. This morning J. Perronet accompanied me to brother Staniforth's, in Greenwich. His wife is just ready for the Bridegroom. We met for the better here also. Here is a fresh demand for my ‘ Short Scripture Hymns.’ ”

“ My Dear Sally,—My friends are of my mind, that it is a pity I should be here without my family, because none else can so well, and so naturally, care for me; although every one is ready to make my stay convenient to me. At present I look no further than Bristol, and Michael's-hill. Perhaps I may live to see you settled there; perhaps not. You will find a few sincere friends, after me. in Mr. James, Mrs. Vigor, Mr. Butcher, Collison, and Kemp. My work, I very well know, keeps me alive more than it wears me out. That and my life will probably end together. It is superfluous, yet I cannot help cautioning you about Charles, (and Sally too,) to take care he contracts no acquaintance with other boys. Children are corrupters of each other.

“ My brother, I presume, will look upon you on Wednesday se'n-night, in his flight to the Land's End. He is an astonishing youth! and may be saluted, like the eastern monarchs, ‘ O king, live for ever.’ ”

“ The Foundery, August 19th. Yesterday I passed at Ham, with our dear colonel, [Galatin,] his partner, and Miss Bradshaw. He seems swiftly declining, and ripening for glory. God may rebuke the nightly fever, and restore his strength. If he and we live to another year, we shall most probably see and receive him in Michael's-hill.

“ I visited Mrs. Whitefield, a little better. She expresses great love to you and me. George preaches himself to death. Blessing and love to the children. Farewell in Christ!”

“ My Dear Sally,—Last night my brother came. This morning we spent two blessed hours with George Whitefield. The threefold cord, we trust, will never more be broken. On Tuesday next my brother is to preach in Lady Huntingdon's chapel at Bath. That and all her chapels (not to say, as I might, herself also) are now put into the hands of us three. My brother and sister will call on you, I presume, on Wednesday. The Lord Jesus hear, and preserve, and bless you!”

“ London, Sept. 7th. My Dearest Sarah,—You will catch our joy at the rebound. At Spitalfields this morning I testified repentance

toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. He never fails to confirm this doctrine. After the sacrament I was carried out in prayer, particularly for our dear Colonel Galatin, hastening to his Father's house, for poor deluded Mrs. G——, and for that proudest, stubbornest of men, Thomas Maxfield. Our absent friends were brought to my remembrance, with all our brethren and companions in tribulation; and I seemed to have faith for every one of them, that not one would be found among the goats in that day. We dined, a troop of us, at Mr. Judd's. Thence I walked to Lydia Vandome's, and gave her the sacrament. Mrs. Ratcliffe was there, a lady from Bath. She had heard me that evening, in deepest distress, and when she came home, opened on those words of mine:—

Who is the trembling sinner, who
That owns eternal death his due?
Waiting his fearful doom to feel,
And hanging o'er the mouth of hell?
Peace, troubled soul, thou need'st not fear;
Thy Jesus saith, 'Be of good cheer.'
Only on Jesus' blood rely;
He died that thou might'st never die!

The Spirit applied the word 'thy Jesus' to her heart, and assured her, God for his sake had forgiven her. She continued unspeakably happy for two years, and is still among the children. She keeps her chariot merely to attend the preaching. We had great fellowship together in singing and prayer. I drank tea with Nanny Hervey, where I found two of my oldest children, full of faith and love. For an hour and a quarter I continued exhorting, comforting, and praying with the society, who quite filled the Foundry. Our children I remembered in an accepted time, and wrestled in faith for the condemned malefactors.

"Sept. 9th. Many thanksgiving-bills were put up on Sunday night for grace received at the chapel in the morning. Among others, one poor simple woman of eighty-seven was filled with the Comforter. Some of her words were, 'The Lord has put such faith into me as I never had before; and I love him with all my soul, and heart,—and lungs.' Brother Kemp, who gave me the relation, believes she is clearly justified. Seldom or never do I hear of any such good by my ministry at Bristol. This morning I spent an hour in friendly, close conference with George Whitefield, who is treated most magnificently by his own bigoted children for his love to us. My love to all. Farewell in Christ."

"Sept. 15th. Yesterday we triumphed from morning till night. In the morning my subject was, 'We have a strong city: salvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks.' Several received the blessing of

the gospel, and among others our dearest Mrs. Davis. Some time ago our happy friends would have said, she received a clean heart. She did certainly find power to trust in the Lord entirely, and believes through his grace she shall trust in the Lord for ever. 'Now,' said she, 'I find, both in my soul and in my body, that I shall be soon released.' In the afternoon my text was, 'His blood be on us, and on our children for ever.' The chapel was excessively full. Many had stayed there all day. Mr. Hall stood just behind me. The backsliders, and deniers of their Lord, were laid upon my heart. All, I am ready to believe, felt the virtue of that blood; or at least some benefit by it. Farewell in Christ."

While Mr. Charles Wesley thus applied himself with all diligence to his ministerial and pastoral duties, in an enfeebled state of health, he did not diminish aught of his labours as a Christian poet; but steadily kept in view the spiritual improvement of the church of God, by the publication of sacred verse. In the course of this year, 1766, he sent forth a new volume, entitled, "Hymns for Children, and others of Riper Years." It contains one hundred hymns, in a great variety of metres. It would perhaps be difficult to mention any uninspired book, that, in the same compass, contains so much evangelical sentiment. The hymns are full of instruction, and yet thoroughly devotional in their character. There is nothing puerile in them, either with respect to thought or expression. The language is simple, yet terse, pure, and strong. The topics which they embrace are the truths and facts of Christianity, especially in their bearing upon personal religion.

In the course of the following year this pious and indefatigable man, whose genius seemed inexhaustible, published two other volumes of devotional poetry. One of these is entitled, "Hymns on the Trinity;" and the other, "Hymns for the use of Families, and on various Occasions." The "Hymns on the Trinity" are a hundred and eighty in number. The greater part of them are founded upon particular passages of Holy Scripture; and the whole are arranged under five distinct heads:—Hymns on the Divinity of Christ; on the Divinity of the Holy Ghost; on the Plurality and Trinity of Persons in the Godhead; on the Trinity in Unity; Hymns and Prayers to the Trinity.*

* The publication of Mr. Charles Wesley's "Hymns on the Trinity" was an innocent occasion of calling forth, after a lapse of several years, one of the most harsh and unjust censures that was ever passed upon his honoured brother. The Rev. William Jones, of Nayland, the friend and biographer of Bishop Horne, was the offender in this case. In the life of that prelate, he says, when speaking of Mr. Wesley, "Among his own people he seemed to do more than he did. Of this I was informed by a bookseller, who, like others, had been injured in his trade by the encroachments of Mr. Wesley in the way of *book-making*; and I was witness to some instances of this myself. He put his name to a translation of Thomas à Kempis, as if the translation had been his own;

Some persons have thought that the doctrine thus proposed is rather a matter of opinion than of practical importance. But this is a fatal mistake. An acknowledgment of the Trinity in Unity lies at the foundation of all personal godliness. We can have no access to God, in any

but a friend showed me an old translation, with which it agreed, so far as we could see, in every word. He put his name to a 'Compendium of Philosophy,' though he tells us curiously in the preface, it was taken from the work of a professor at Jena, in Germany: yet he must be allowed great merit in amplifying the work. He sold a work of mine, as if it had been an original work, partly copied, and partly put into English verse, without asking the consent, or making a word of acknowledgment in the title or preface, to the author. He was free to produce any possible good from any labour of mine, without being envied; but such proceedings have too much the appearance of party-craft to consist well with honest, unaffected piety."—Life of Dr. Horne, p. 109. Edit. 1831.

The answer to these serious allegations is easy. Mr. Wesley did not "put his name to a translation of Thomas à Kempis, as if the translation had been his own." His edition of Kempis was published in the year 1735, and bears the following title: "The Christian's Pattern; or, a Treatise of the Imitation of Christ. Written originally in Latin, by Thomas à Kempis. With a Preface, containing an Account of the Usefulness of this Treatise; Directions for reading it with Advantage; and likewise an Account of this Edition. Compared with the Original, and corrected throughout, by John Wesley, M. A., Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxon." Here is no intimation whatever, that "the translation was his own," but the direct contrary. Did ever translator, since the world began, say of his work, that it was "compared with the original, and corrected throughout?" To prevent the very possibility of mistake, the title refers to the preface for "an account of this edition;" and in that preface it is said, "Although this edition of the Christian Pattern be the same, as to the main of the translation, with that printed at London in the year 1677; yet it differs from it in the following particulars: First, in being divided, like the Latin, into distinct sentences. Secondly, in being closer to the original. Thirdly, in being plainer. Lastly, in being clearer." Mr. Wesley expatiates upon each of these particulars.

In all this, there is not only no apparent attempt to mislead, but the utmost openness and candour. Every means is used to avoid even the semblance of the dishonesty with which he is charged. So far was Mr. Jones from being a "witness" of what he alleges, that, had he examined the subject with even ordinary attention, he would have been a "witness" to the contrary, and would have rebuked his friend for criminating an innocent man.

Equally unjust is the censure upon Mr. Wesley on account of his "Compendium of Philosophy." His design was, to supply the common people, who had little money to expend in the purchase of books, and little time for reading, with a concise but comprehensive view of Natural Philosophy, that they might see and adore God in his works. He found a Latin treatise, written by John Francis Buddæus, professor of philosophy in the university of Jena, adapted to the end which he proposed. He therefore translated it into English, retrenching, enlarging, and altering every chapter, and almost every section, and illustrating and confirming the whole by copious notes. With the work in this shape he was not satisfied, and therefore in subsequent editions incorporated the notes with the text. He is censured for "putting his name" to this work; but what "name" could he with truth prefix to it, but his own? In the form which it bore, it was the work of John Wesley, and of no other man upon earth. No one

act of divine worship, but through the mediation of his Son, and the gracious aid of his Spirit. Pardon can only be obtained through the atonement and intercession of the Son of God; and when obtained, it is witnessed to the heart by the Holy Ghost, who also regenerates and sanctifies the believing penitent. The Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, thus revealed, are the one and undivided object of confidence and love; and are worshipped as the living and only true God. There is not in the English language a volume that, in so small a compass, shows more clearly the Scriptural doctrine on this subject, with its practical importance; and it has this peculiar advantage, that it proposes the

supposed that he had made all the philosophical experiments, the results of which he has laid before his readers, or visited all the burning mountains, and the localities of the various earthquakes, which he describes. Every one, of course, understood that the work, like all other similar publications, was a compilation. Like a wise man, Mr. Wesley availed himself of all the sources of information that were open to him; and like an honest man, he states in the preface what he had aimed at, and what he had done. By no just process of reasoning, yet known to the world, can it be shown that there was the slightest dishonesty in the form of these interesting and instructive volumes. If Mr. Wesley was entitled to "great merit for amplifying the work" of the Jena professor, he was no less entitled to commendation for expunging its mistakes, and for rendering it available to the mere English reader, to whom but for him it would have remained a dead letter.

When Mr. Jones adds, "He sold a work of mine, as if it had been an original work," he says what is not true. Mr. Wesley never "sold a work" written by Mr. Jones; and was therefore under no obligation either to ask Mr. Jones's "consent," or to make any "acknowledgment." Nor did Mr. Charles Wesley commit the alleged fault, though his book on the Trinity furnished the occasion for the querulous charge. With the exception of the title, and the headings of the chapters, his book consists exclusively of hymns, and texts of Holy Scripture. The hymns were not Mr. Jones's. He does not even lay claim to the "English verse;" and surely the texts of holy writ were as much Charles Wesley's, as they were Mr. Jones's, or those of any other man. If no person is at liberty to quote a text of Scripture, because another has quoted it before him, the Bible would long since have become a useless book. Mr. Jones himself acknowledged no such principle; and by what right would he impose it upon the Wesleys?

It is painful to see a man of Mr. Jones's elevated character, a clergyman, a scholar, and a philosopher, writing with so little regard for either charity or truth. The fact is, he was offended with Mr. Wesley's irregularity. A bookseller, knowing his prejudices, and that any thing against John Wesley would be acceptable, related some direct falsehoods to the disparagement of the man whom Mr. Jones disliked; and Mr. Jones, without due examination, adopted the falsehoods, sent them to the press, and transmitted them to posterity, with the sanction of his name, to the injury of Mr. Wesley, who was well known to be sleeping in his grave when this libel upon him was written. We will not throw back upon Mr. Jones the unjust censure which he has so unceremoniously hurled at Mr. Wesley, "Such proceedings have too much the appearance of party-craft to consist with honest, unaffected piety;" but we will say, that such practices ought to be carefully avoided by every one who bears the name of Christian. If the New Testament is to be credited, truth and charity are too sacred to be trifled with.

subject, not as a matter of controversy, but of faith, and adoration, of prayer, thanksgiving, and praise.

Mr. Charles Wesley was no speculatist in theology. To form human theories on the Trinity, he would have thought to be little less than blasphemy. Resting in the testimony of inspired Scripture, as understood by the church catholic, he adored the Father, as the Fountain of the Godhead; the Son, as eternally begotten of the Father; and the Holy Ghost, as eternally proceeding from both. So that he confessed the eternal Father, the eternal Son, and the eternal Spirit, distinct in personality, but perfectly one in nature and substance; all uniting in the redemption and salvation of fallen man, and equally entitled to the absolute confidence, and love, and worship of "all in earth, and all in heaven." He had some years before published a small tract of hymns and doxologies to the Holy Trinity; but in the volume now printed he exhibits the subject of the Trinity in its full bearing.

Mr. Charles Wesley's Family Hymn-book is a remarkable work. It consists, to a great extent, of hymns which he had written under circumstances of peculiar excitement, affecting him as a husband, a father, and the head of a family. Others of them were composed for the use of his pious friends in seasons of especial anxiety, sorrow, and joy. It is not probable that one of them was written with reference to an imaginary case, which possibly might occur. They are all the genuine effusions of his heart: a heart eminently tender, sympathetic, generous, and deeply imbued with Christian feeling. The hymns relate to domestic mercies, and domestic affliction, in all their varieties of form; including marriage, the birth of children, baptism, sickness, recovery, bereavements, the case of unconverted and persecuting relations, retirement into the country, removing to a new habitation. Notwithstanding the nature of these subjects, not one of the hymns contains a stanza that is either trite or mean. The most common concerns of life are dignified by Christian sentiment, expressed in language of almost unrivalled force and beauty; and the spirit which pervades the entire book is that of enlightened and fervent devotion. No person of a pure mind can read this volume without loving its author. In admiration of the man, the poet is forgotten. The affectionate husband, the yearning father, the warm-hearted friend, the meek, submissive, praying, trusting, grateful Christian, is here seen in all his loveliness and glory; though nothing could be further from his thoughts than an exhibition of himself. His only design in publishing the workings of his own heart was, to assist Christian families, in all the affairs of life, devoutly to recognise the providence and grace of God.

The Family Hymn-book contains some verses which describe the author's feelings and state at the time of its publication. In the letters

which he addressed to his wife a few months before, he refers to a project that they had formed, of removing to another house in Bristol. Michael's-hill was mentioned as the place which they had thought of for their future residence. On a former occasion he had intimated to her, that they should probably remove to London. To these schemes, and to the enfeebled state of his health, he alludes in these touching lines :—

The Son of man supplies
My every outward need,
Who had not, when he left the skies,
A place to lay his head :
He will provide my place,
And in due season show
Where I shall pass my few sad days
Of pilgrimage below.

No matter where, or how,
I in this desert live,
If when my dying head I bow,
Jesus my soul receive :
Bless'd with thy precious love,
Saviour, 'tis all my care
To reach the purchased house above,
And find a mansion there.

Saviour, I would not take
One step in life alone,
Or dare the smallest motion make,
Without thy counsel known :
Thee I my Lord confess,
In every thing I see,
And thou, by thine unerring grace,
Shalt order all for me.

Surely thou wilt provide
The place thou know'st I need,
A solitary place to hide
Thy hoary servant's head :
Where a few moments more,
Expecting my release,
I may my father's God adore,
And then depart in peace.

What matters it to me,
When a few days are past,
Where I shall end my misery,
Where I shall breathe my last ?
The meanest house or cot
The hoary hairs may screen
Of one who would be clean forgot,
And live and die unseen.

Exposed I long have been
 In this bleak vale of tears,
 Midst scenes of vanity and sin
 Consumed my threescore years :
 I turn my face aside,
 Sick of beholding more,
 And wish the latest storm t' outride,
 And reach the happy shore.

As dead already here,
 Without desire or hope,
 Till from this earth I disappear,
 I give the creature up ;
 In temporal despair
 Contentedly abide,
 And in my flesh the tokens bear
 Of Jesus crucified.

Mr. Charles Wesley was sensible of the decay of his strength, and was therefore apprehensive, considering his age, that his labours would soon end; and as his brother was still more advanced in life, it was doubtless a matter of some concern to them both, whether or not the sacred office would be perpetuated in his offspring. At the beginning of the year 1768, a third son was born to him; and there seemed a fair probability that one of them might become a minister of Christ. On the 15th of January John wrote to him, and thus alludes to the subject; at the same time stating a fact relative to their family of singular curiosity. The nonconformity of their forefathers was of more ancient date than is generally apprehended.

“It is highly probable,” says he, “one of the three will stand before the Lord. But, so far as I can learn, such a thing has scarce been for these thousand years before, as a son, father, grandfather, *atavus*, *tritavus*, preaching the gospel, nay, and the genuine gospel, in a line. You know Mr. White, some time chairman of the assembly of divines, was my grandmother’s father.”

If it was hoped that the infant, who was called John James, would live to receive a dispensation of the gospel, the expectation, as in many similar cases, was cut off. While the father was discharging his ministerial duties in London early in the following July, he received intelligence that its infant spirit had been caught up to paradise. The following is an extract of a letter which Mrs. Wesley sent to him:—

“My Dearest Mr. Wesley,—This comes to acquaint you, that our dear little babe is no more. His agony is over; but it was a hard struggle before he could depart. He was dying all yesterday, from ten o’clock; and about nine last night he departed. He screamed three times about half an hour before he died, that he could be heard from nurse’s parlour to the other side of the street; not through guilt, that

is my comfort, but through extreme pain. Perhaps, was I of Calvin's opinion, I might have attributed it to a different cause: but glory be to the Redeemer's love, in declaring, for the consolation of distressed parents, that 'of such is the kingdom of heaven!' O that I may arrive as safely in the harbour of eternal peace!

"The rest of the children are well at present; but we know not how long they may be so. The small-pox is at the next door but one to us; and I fear for my little Sammy. I can add no more than, the united love of many here attends you. Mr. Roquet called to-day, and desired his; so did Mrs. Jones, of Fonmon; Mrs. Vigor, and Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, join the children and me in duty and love."

To this simple and affecting communication, Mr. Charles Wesley returned the following answer to his sorrowing wife. Happy the woman that had such a husband!

"'Father, not as I will, but as thou wilt.' 'Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.' Let my dearest companion in trouble offer up this prayer, with as much of her heart as she can: and God, who knoweth whereof we are made, and considereth that we are but dust, will, for Christ's sake, accept our weakest, most imperfect desires of resignation. I know the surest way to preserve our children is to trust them with him, who loves them infinitely better than we can do. I received your trying news at nine this morning; walked directly with my sympathizing friend F—— to take a place. All full, but the Bath coach for to-morrow. I shall come thereby somewhat later to my beloved Sally, and Charley, and his sister. But the Lord is with you already. The Lord is with you always. This has been a solemn day. You must not deny my love to my sweet boy, if I am enabled to resign him for his heavenly Father to dispose of. I cannot doubt his wisdom or goodness. He will infallibly do what is best, not only for his own children, but for us, in time and eternity. Be comforted by this assurance. Many mourn with and pray for you, and your little ones. I shall tread on the heels of my letter, if the Lord prosper my journey. He comes with me. Let us confidently expect him, the great Physician of soul and body. Peace be with you! May the Lord Jesus himself speak it into your heart,—'My peace I give unto you!'"

From this letter it appears that Mr. Charles Wesley had made the necessary arrangements for visiting his wife in Bristol, and attending the funeral of his child. Something, however, with which we are not acquainted, occurred to prevent the fulfilment of his purpose by detaining him in London. Instead of her husband, therefore, Mrs. Wesley received a second letter, which she acknowledges in the following manner. Her Christian gentleness and resignation are very apparent. Though deprived of his presence and counsel, both at the death and

funeral of her infant, and apprehending another of her children to be in imminent danger, she maintains a calm self-possession, and utters no unseemly lamentations: a strong intimation that she was not unworthy of the esteem and affection with which he invariably regarded her.

“ July 11th, 1768. I this day received both my dearest Mr. Wesley’s letters. You can sympathize with me, in the loss of my dear little babe: which is moderated to me by the small expectation I had of his life, together with the consideration of the sufferings he went through; which are now at an end; and he is eternally secured from the malice of men and devils. When I come to die, I shall be thankful. At present I can only say, ‘The Lord is righteous in all his ways,’ and orders all things for good to his children. May I be found of that happy number, in the day when he makes up his jewels! On Saturday evening the child was buried.

‘ Who next shall be summon’d away?
My merciful God, is it I?’

“ I employed Birt, and desired the clerk to take care of the tombstone, &c. I hope it will not again be removed for the few that remain of our offspring; though I dread it for my dear Samuel. He eats but little animal food; and I intend to give him less, while the small-pox is in the neighbourhood. But I remember all these means, together with physic, were used for my dear Jacky, before he sickened, but to no purpose. We shall be glad to see you returned, when you think you can leave London with freedom, knowing you can be spared: otherwise I would not wish you to neglect the public on my account, especially as your ministry is so much blessed in that place. My dear Mrs. Vigor has shown her usual love to me in all my troubles; and unites with Mr. and Mrs. James, and Mrs. Jones, of Fonmon, in kind love. Charles and Sally send their duty.”

The subjoined letter, which was written in answer to this, shows that Mr. Charles Wesley had now determined to remove his family to the neighbourhood of London; his brother and all his friends there approving of this arrangement. The reasons for it are not stated, but may be easily conjectured. The society in the metropolis was larger and more important than that in Bristol, and therefore required greater pastoral care. His ministry was also more numerously attended there, and more successful.

“ July 16th, 1768. My Dearest Sally,—Our preparation could not save the first Jacky, because God had prepared a better thing for him. The means may keep Samuel with us. Let us be thankful that he still holds up. If he should have the distemper soon, I believe it will only lessen his beauty. I long to see him and you, but fear I must be detained another week in town. On Monday Mr. Kemp, and Beck, and

I go to see a house at Hackney, and another at Newington, either of which he thinks will suit us exactly. If Beck and I are of the same judgment, we shall take it.

“Write again, about Samuel particularly. Yesterday I dined at Islington, and shall on Monday again. Last night I was with the committee, who are entirely devoted to our service. My brother himself is quite pleased with our having a house near London: so are all the people, which I need not tell you. On Thursday night the Foundery was crowded with serious hearers of every sort. My subject was, ‘He is able to save to the uttermost all them that come unto God by him.’”

“I finish this at Lewisham. Our beloved Mrs. Blackwell wishes you all happiness from her sick-bed of pain. She is come very near the crisis, yet resigned and happy. Such may I be when in her circumstances! The Lord bless and preserve you all! Adieu!”

CHAPTER XXIII.

EARLY in the year 1770 Mr. Charles Wesley received a letter from his friend Mr. Whitefield, then labouring with his wonted energy, zeal, and hope, upon the vast continent of America. The letter was written in Georgia, and gives an encouraging account of the progress of the gospel in that colony, where he and the Wesleys began their ministerial career. Upward of thirty years had now elapsed since Mr. John and Charles Wesley left their charge in that place, being treated with cruelty and injustice by a disobedient and a gainsaying people. It must have afforded them a high gratification, to learn that the children of the original settlers, to whom they ministered the word amid bitter discouragements and opposition, cherished a love of the truth, and paid a becoming attention to their spiritual interests.

“Bethesda, Jan. 15th, 1770. My Very Dear Old Friend,—I wrote to your honoured brother from on board ship. Since then what wonders have I seen! what innumerable mercies have I received! a long, trying, but, I humbly hope, profitable passage. My poor, feeble labours, are owned in Charleston; and every thing is more than promising in Georgia. The increase of this once-so-much-despised colony is incredible. Good, I trust, is doing at Savannah, and Bethesda is like to blossom as a rose: the situation most delightful, very salubrious, and every thing excellently adapted for the intended purpose. All admire the goodness, strength, and beauty of the late improvements. In a few months the intended plan, I hope, will be completed, and a solid, lasting

foundation laid for the support and education of many as yet unborn. Nothing is wanted but a judicious and moderately-learned, single-hearted master. Surely the glorious Emmanuel will point out one in his own due time. Do pray. I am sure, prayers put up above thirty years ago are now answering: and I am persuaded we shall yet see greater things than these. Who would have thought that such a worthless creature as this letter-writer should live to be fifty-five years old? I can only sit down and cry, 'What hath God wrought!' My bodily health is much improved, and my soul is on the wing for a northern gospel range.

"You and all your connections will not cease to pray for me. I would fain begin to do something for my God. My heart's desire and incessant prayer to the God of my life is, that the word of the Lord may prosper in your hands, and run and be glorified more and more. O to work while it is day! O to be found all on the full stretch for Him who was stretched, and groaned, and bled, and died for us! Unutterable love! I am lost in wonder and amazement, and therefore, although with regret, I must hasten to subscribe myself, my very dear sir, less than the least of all.

"P.S. Cordial love awaits your whole self, and inquiring friends, and all that love the everlasting, altogether-lovely Jesus in sincerity. I hope to write to your honoured brother soon. Brethren, pray for us."

This appears to have been the last communication that Mr. Charles Wesley received from his estimable friend. Mr. Whitefield continued his labours till the succeeding autumn, when his strength failed, and he ceased to preach and live. "He was not; for God took him." After spending about a month in Boston and its neighbourhood, preaching every day, he went to Old-York; preached there, Sept. 27th, and at Portsmouth the day after. The next morning he set out for Boston; but before he arrived at Newbury, where he had engaged to minister the word of life, he was importuned to preach. The house not being large enough to contain the people, he addressed them in an open field. As he had been infirm for several weeks, this so exhausted his strength, that when he came to Newbury he could not get out of the ferry-boat without the help of two men. In the evening, however, he recovered his spirits, and appeared with his usual cheerfulness. He went to his chamber at nine o'clock, his fixed time, from which no company could divert him, and slept better than he had done for some weeks before. He rose at four in the morning, and went into his closet, when it was observed that he was unusually long in private. Returning to his companion, he threw himself on the bed, and lay about ten minutes. He then fell upon his knees, and prayed most fervently to God, that, if it were his will, he might that day finish his Master's work. He

then desired his man to call Mr. Parsons, the clergyman, at whose house he was : but in a minute, before Mr. Parsons could reach him, he died, without a sigh or groan.* It was the morning of the sabbath-day ; and instead of addressing the eager crowds who anticipated the pleasure of hearing him, and of uniting with him in the worship of God, he went to join the general assembly, and church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven.

The report of Mr. Whitefield's death caused a feeling of deep regret among his numerous friends, both in England and America ; and many sermons were preached and published on the melancholy occasion. No men showed greater respect to his memory than Mr. John and Charles Wesley, with whom he had maintained a sincere friendship through the greater part of his life. At the request of the executors, Mr. John Wesley preached Mr. Whitefield's funeral sermon, first in the Tabernacle of Tottenham-court-road, and afterward in that of Moorfields. The sermon, which was read at both places to an immense concourse of people, and was forthwith published, contains a character of Mr. Whitefield, equally just and honourable. Mr. Wesley also preached on the same occasion at the Tabernacle in Greenwich, in compliance with the request of the trustees of that place of worship. On a subsequent day he preached on the same subject at Deptford ; remarking in his Journal, " In every place I wish to show all possible respect to the memory of that great and good man."

Mr. Charles Wesley was neither unaffected nor silent when he received the distressing intelligence that his friend was no more. He wept at the remembrance of one who was his son in the gospel, one of his earliest religious companions, and for many years one of the most useful men of his age. He poured forth the sorrows of his heart in an " *Elegy on the Death of the Rev. George Whitefield ;*" which he immediately printed in a handsome octavo pamphlet, every line of which appears to have flowed from his inmost soul. It describes, in pure and sterling English, the piety, zeal, talents, energy, and usefulness of the deceased ambassador of Christ, and glorifies God in him, as the sole author of all the good that he possessed, and that he was a means of producing in others. This beautiful poem, for such it is, has long been out of print, and therefore is known to few readers, even among those who take an interest in the history of these men of God.

Several notices of Mr. Whitefield's character and personal history have already been given in this volume, from which some opinion may be formed of him, both as a man and a minister of Christ. He was not remarkable either for the depth or the comprehensiveness of his views, or for the extent of his erudition. Nor did he ever excel in

* Wesley's Works, vol. i, p. 474.

authorship, or as a reasoner. Had he published nothing, his character would have been far higher in the estimation of posterity than it is ever likely to be, now that so many of his sermons and other compositions have been committed to the press. The fame of his preaching would have filled the world with wonder, had the whole of his discourses been confined to the pulpit, and none of his writings appeared in print.

In his spirit he was eminently affectionate, and susceptible of grateful feeling. He loved his friends most cordially, and never forgot a favour that was shown him. Yet he possessed great firmness and independence of mind; so that when his judgment and conscience were convinced, nothing could move him from his purpose, or induce him to deviate from what he believed to be the path of duty. For Mr. John and Charles Wesley his respect was all but unbounded; yet when he had embraced the Calvinian view of predestination, he chose rather to separate from them than deny what he believed to be the truth. Nor could any fear of ecclesiastical censure restrain him from calling sinners to repentance in fields and market-places, when he thought that the spiritual necessities of the people, and the honour of his Saviour, rendered these irregularities matter of duty. He feared no man's displeasure in turning sinners to Christ.

As a preacher he was unrivalled. His heart burned with love to Christ, and yearned with compassion for the souls of unconverted men. His eloquence was inspired, and sanctified, and made effective, by the love of Christ. In all his ministrations, this was the master-principle. Yet he possessed personal advantages to which few men can lay equal claim. His voice was musical, strong, and sonorous, so as generally to reach, without difficulty, the vast assemblages of people by whom he was surrounded. He had a fluency of expression which few public speakers can command, so as never to be at a loss for the most appropriate words to convey his meaning. In pleading with sinners he often wept aloud, stamped with his feet, and uttered warnings, expostulations, and entreaties the most impassioned and overwhelming. His person was graceful, especially in the earlier period of his life, and his action corresponded with the subjects upon which he was discoursing. There were certain favourite topics which he often introduced into his sermons, especially the sufferings of Christ; and though his stated hearers knew beforehand the very expressions that would be used, the tones in which they would be uttered, and the action which would accompany them, these topics never failed to produce their legitimate impression. They were never heard without tears. Mr. John Wesley had preached in the open air in Georgia before Mr. Whitefield was ordained; but Mr. Whitefield led the way in field-preaching in England, and success-

fully urged both the Wesleys to follow his example. In this, as well as in other departments of ministerial service, Mr. Whitefield was a moral hero. Not only did thousands of the common people, both in Europe and America, hear from his lips the words of revealed truth, but also several of the nobility. When Lady Huntingdon opened her house in London for regular preaching, on a week-day, several from the higher classes of society were his stated hearers there; and even Deistical statesmen, such as Bolingbroke and Chesterfield, drawn by the report of his eloquence, heard from him the sacred truths of Christianity. He was a man of uncommon powers, fitted by the providence and grace of God to awaken the consciences of an ignorant, irreligious, and slumbering people.

The death of Mr. Whitefield, connected with the very uncertain state of his own health, appears to have made a deep impression upon the mind of Mr. Charles Wesley. He was led to a serious consideration of his own removal into the spiritual and eternal world. It had long been the habit of his life to embody his religious feelings in hymns of prayer and praise to God; and in the present instance he was induced to review the past with penitence and gratitude, and to anticipate the future with desire and hope. In less than two years, therefore, from the decease of his friend, he published a small volume, now extremely rare, entitled, "Preparation for Death, in several Hymns." They are forty in number, and are indeed appropriate to the occasion on which they were written; expressing deep humiliation and shame before the Lord, at the remembrance of past unfaithfulness, with an absolute reliance upon the sacrifice of Christ, for present pardon, for perfected holiness, and for final acceptance with God. In these most devout compositions the vanity of the world is strikingly acknowledged, with the frailty and helplessness of man, especially in sickness, age, and infirmity; and earnest longings are expressed for that heavenly rest, where there is no more pain, and where all is quietness and assurance for ever. A more pious manual was never sent forth from the press. It relates, with solemn interest, to a period which cannot be far from any one; and he is the wisest and the happiest man who is the best prepared for that certain event.

Mr. Whitefield caused the first separation among the Methodists, by his zealous inculcation of the peculiar tenets of Calvinism. But the personal controversy which was thus excited was of short continuance, so far as the press was concerned. When Mr. John Wesley had published his "Sermon on Free Grace," Mr. Whitefield his "Letter" in reply, and Mr. Charles Wesley his "Hymns on God's Everlasting Love," the contending parties "agreed to differ." Each maintained his own views, and recommended them both from the pulpit and the press,

but without any mention of each other's names. Notwithstanding their differences of opinion, they spoke respectfully of each other in public, and occasionally exchanged pulpits, as an open declaration of their mutual esteem and love. But it was not likely that this state of things would be permanent. The questions at issue were of so stirring a kind, that a full discussion of them, soon or late, must have appeared inevitable to every intelligent observer. Scarcely were Mr. Whitefield's remains cold in the grave before the smothered flame was rekindled.

The doctrine of justification by faith was one of the most prominent tenets of Methodism, as it was of the Protestant Reformation. But every student of ecclesiastical history must perceive the danger of extremes. Such is the infirmity of human nature, that nothing can be more common than for the teachers of religion, in avoiding one extreme, to run into another of the opposite kind. In opposing the Pharisaic spirit, which was so generally prevalent in England, many persons who had been concerned in the late revival of Christian godliness preached justification by faith, so as to countenance the Antinomian delusion; if not intentionally, yet by a misleading phraseology. Some of Mr. Wesley's preachers, with all their supposed legality, were not free from blame in this matter. Of this their venerable father, Mr. John Wesley, was aware; and applied a seasonable remedy to the existing evil. One of the most important objects of his yearly conference with them was the preservation among them of a unity in doctrine and operation, and the maintenance of a pure discipline.

In the conference of 1770, which was held in London, the question, "What can be done to revive the work of God where it is decayed?" was discussed, and various suggestions were offered. The result of the whole was a strong recommendation that the preachers should visit the people from house to house; assist in the circulation of the cheap religious books, of which a large assortment had been prepared; preach frequently in the open air, and regularly at five o'clock in the morning; encourage lively singing in the congregations; observe a quarterly fast in the societies; meet the children of their people weekly, for the purpose of catechetical instruction; and so arrange their plans of labour as to allow each preacher to attend the service of the established Church on two Sundays every month. To these directions were added the following, relative to the substance of their ministrations:—

"Take heed to your doctrine. We said in 1744, 'We have leaned too much toward Calvinism.' Wherein?"

"1. With regard to *man's faithfulness*. Our Lord himself taught us to use the expression; and we ought never to be ashamed of it. We ought steadily to assert, on his authority, that if a man is not 'faithful in the unrighteous mammon,' God will not give him the true riches.

"2. With regard to *working for life*. This also our Lord has expressly commanded us. 'Labour,' *εργαζέσθε*, literally, 'work for the meat that endureth to everlasting life.' And, in fact, every believer, till he comes to glory, works *for* as well as *from* life.

"3. We have received it as a maxim, that a man is to do nothing in order to justification. Nothing can be more false. Whoever desires to find favour with God should 'cease from evil, and learn to do well.' Whoever repents, should do 'works meet for repentance.' And if this is not *in order* to find favour, what does he do them for?

"Review the whole affair.

"1. Who of us is *now* accepted of God.

"He that now believes in Christ, with a loving and obedient heart.

"2. But who among those who never heard of Christ?

"He that feareth God, and worketh righteousness, according to the light he has.

"3. Is this the same with 'he that is sincere?'

"Nearly, if not quite.

"4. Is not this salvation by works?

"Not by the *merit* of works, but by works as a *condition*.

"5. What have we then been disputing about for these thirty years?

"I am afraid, about words.

"6. As to merit itself, of which we have been so dreadfully afraid: we are rewarded 'according to our works,' yea, 'because of our works.' How does this differ from, *for the sake of our works*? And how differs this from *secundum merita operum*? as our works *deserve*? Can you split this hair? I doubt I cannot.

"7. The grand objection to one of the preceding propositions is drawn from matter of fact. God does, in fact, justify those who by their own confession neither feared God nor wrought righteousness. Is this an exception to the general rule?

"It is a doubt, God makes any exception at all. But how are we sure that the person in question never did fear God and work righteousness? His own saying so is not proof; for we know how all that are convinced of sin undervalue themselves in every respect.

"8. Does not talking of a justified or a sanctified *state* tend to mislead men? almost naturally leading them to trust in what was done in one moment? Whereas we are every hour and every moment pleasing or displeasing to God, according to our works: according to the whole of our inward tempers, and our outward behaviour."

Every one must at once perceive that these propositions were not designed for popular use. They were theological theses, submitted by Mr. Wesley to the consideration of his preachers, and intended to guard the evangelical doctrine of salvation by grace from Antinomian abuses.

Had he been addressing himself to general readers, he would have expressed his meaning more at large, and so as to prevent the possibility of misapprehension: a precaution which he deemed unnecessary when he was writing to his preachers, who thoroughly understood both his general doctrine, and his present purpose. The doctrinal alarm contained in the Minutes was as seasonable as it was important, and was dictated by a sound discretion. The vile Antinomianism, the encroachments of which they were intended to resist, is one of the greatest evils that ever afflicted the church, and obstructed the work of God. Notwithstanding the obvious design of the Minutes, they were an occasion of calling forth against the author hostilities unexampled in severity, and which have never ceased to this day. In speaking to men who knew his whole creed, he did not consider it requisite to go into other points, in which they were all agreed; but he no more intended to deny his former tenets than to turn Mohammedan. Justification by faith, for instance, had, up to this period, been the most prominent subject of his ministry, as it continued to be till the day of his death.

When Mr. Wesley published the Minutes of 1770, the peculiar friendship for him which Lady Huntingdon formerly cherished had for some time been partially withdrawn. At the beginning of her religious course, he was a means of great spiritual good to her; and she long returned his kindness and fidelity with every expression of esteem and attachment. She entertained all his theological views, even those relating to the question of Christian perfection; and she strengthened his hands when a separation from the Moravians was deemed necessary, and some of his best friends forsook him. But at length her opinions underwent an alteration. She formed an acquaintance with Mr. Whitefield, whom she justly admired, and after his example embraced the Calvinian theory of absolute predestination. Both before and after this change in her sentiments, her piety was unquestionable, and her zeal exemplary. She was never ashamed of her Christian profession, but nobly confessed her Lord before the higher classes of society, with whom her rank entitled her to associate, and used all her influence to bring others to a saving knowledge of Christ. Having opened her house in London for the preaching of God's word, with encouraging success, she proceeded to the purchase and erection of chapels in fashionable cities and watering places, which were supplied to a great extent by ministers of the established Church, many of whom were favourable to her ladyship's Calvinistic views, and were attended by large congregations. She had also formed a college at Trevecka, in Wales, for the training of ministers; so that she was at the head of a numerous body of people, and had the direct countenance of a majority of the evangelical clergy, not a few of whom treated Mr. Wesley with

coldness and reserve because of his firm denial of their favourite tenets of absolute election, and final perseverance. He annoyed them grievously by pressing upon them the dreadful counterpart of their doctrine,—the fixed and hopeless reprobation of the non-elect. He believed that her ladyship, with several of her confidential friends, were jealous of his power, while they disliked his theology.

It is not therefore surprising, that when the Minutes made their appearance, she condemned them in the strongest terms; declared that she could even “burn against them;” and determined that if any of the students in her college agreed with Mr. Wesley in these doctrinal propositions, he should be dismissed. Mr. Fletcher, the devout vicar of Madeley, was the president of the institution; and Mr. Joseph Benson the classical tutor, having been placed in that office at the recommendation of Mr. Wesley and Mr. Fletcher. He had given proofs of superior piety and talent; but having avowed his concurrence with Mr. Wesley, he was forthwith discharged, with a certificate, stating that no complaint lay against either his personal character, his scholarship, or his ability to teach. Mr. Fletcher, who was as decidedly anti-Calvinistical as Mr. Wesley, felt that when his friend was discarded, he could not honourably retain his connection with the college. As all his services were gratuitous, and his reputation for piety, genius, and uprightness was high, her ladyship doubtless found it a difficult task to command him to retire: he therefore resolved to tender his resignation, and spare her the pain of an ungracious act.

In this state of affairs Mr. John Wesley felt it his duty to write to Lady Huntingdon in a tone of expostulation, and of self-defence. The letter has not been published; but the temper of the writer may be gathered from his correspondence with Mr. Benson, which was carried on at the same time. Under the date of Nov. 30th, 1770, he says, “For several years I had been deeply convinced, that I had not done my duty with regard to that valuable woman; that I had not told her what, I was thoroughly assured, no one else would dare to do, and what I knew she would bear from no other person, but possibly might bear from me. But being unwilling to give her pain, I put it off from time to time. At length I did not dare to delay any longer, lest death should call one of us hence. So I at once delivered my own soul, by telling her all that was in my heart. It was *my business*, my proper business, so to do; as none else either could or would do it. Neither did I at all take too much upon me. I know the office of a Christian minister. If she is not profited, it is her own fault, not mine. I have done my duty. I do not know there is one charge in that letter, which is either unjust, unimportant, or aggravated; any more than that against the doggerel hymns, which are equally an insult upon poetry and com-

mon sense." About a month afterward he adds, "This morning I have calmly and coolly read over my letter to Lady Huntingdon. I still believe every line of it is true. And I am assured I spoke the truth in love. It is great pity any who wish her well should skin over the wounds which are there searched. As long as she resents that office of true esteem, her grace can be but small."

The letter of Mr. Wesley was not received by her ladyship in the spirit which these notices concerning it express. From this period she appears to have cherished toward him a feeling of deep and resolute hostility. As he was anxious to give no just offence to any one, he examined the Minutes again and again, with the utmost care; and the result was an increased conviction of their truth, and of their reasonableness at that time. He felt therefore that he could neither retract nor soften them without violating his conscience. Writing to one of his correspondents in Bath, he says, "At the instance of some who were frightened thereby, I have reviewed them over and over; I have considered them in every point of view; and truly the more I consider them, the more I like them; the more fully I am convinced, not only that they are true, agreeable both to Scripture and sound experience, but that they contain truths of the deepest importance, and such as ought to be continually inculcated by those who would be pure from the blood of all men."

Equally fixed and determined were the adversaries of these doctrinal propositions. The next Methodist conference was to be held in Bristol, early in the ensuing August; and it was resolved by Lady Huntingdon, and Mr. Shirley, (who acted as her agent in the whole business,) to get up an anti-Wesleyan demonstration in that city, at the same time. To effect this object the following letter was printed, and widely circulated:—

"Sir,—Whereas Mr. Wesley's conference is to be held at Bristol, on Tuesday the 6th of August next, it is proposed by Lady Huntingdon, and many other Christian friends, (real Protestants,) to have a meeting at Bristol, at the same time, of such principal persons, both clergy and laity, who disapprove of the underwritten Minutes; and as the same are thought injurious to the very fundamental principles of Christianity, it is further proposed, that they go in a body to the said conference, and insist upon a formal recantation of the said Minutes; and in case of a refusal, to publish their protest against them. Your presence, sir, on this occasion, is particularly requested: but if it should not suit your convenience to be there, it is desired that you will transmit your sentiments on the subject to such persons as you think proper to produce them. It is submitted to you, whether it would not be right, in the opposition to be made to such a dreadful heresy, to recommend it

to as many of your Christian friends, as well of the Dissenters, as of the established Church, as you can prevail on to be there, the cause being of so general a nature. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

“WALTER SHIRLEY.”*

To this letter was affixed an extract from the Minutes, which were alleged to be heretical, and a copy of the protest which the intended assembly was to adopt, in case Mr. Wesley and his preachers should refuse to alter their creed, at the dictation of the parties who modestly assumed “dominion over their faith.” That Mr. Wesley might be acquainted with the process which was going on against him, a copy of the circular was forwarded to his brother, as soon as it was printed, accompanied by the following letter from Lady Huntingdon:—

“Bath, June 8th, 1771. Dear Sir,—Enclosed you have your brother’s Minutes, sent with those resolutions taken in consequence of their appearing in the world, and that under the proper explanation of them, viz., ‘Popery unmasked.’ They have long affected my mind with deep concern; and thinking that all ought to be deemed Papists who did not disown them, I readily complied with a proposal of an open disavowal of them. The friendship I have endeavoured to show you and him for so many years could never have been less, but for that confession your brother has made of *his* creed. I can therefore look upon what I do, as no more than bearing an honest testimony, in that simplicity and godly sincerity with which I have desired to hold the fundamental principles of that Church to which I belong, and universally with all the reformed and Protestant churches in the world. I shall ever, from Scripture, as well as the happy demonstration of truth to my own conscience, maintain the sufficiency of that glorious sacrifice for sinners as the *whole* of my salvation, abhorring all merit in man, and giving that glory to Jesus Christ, which alone to him eternally belongs. You must see in this view, that neither partiality nor prejudice has any thing to do in this whole affair. Principles that make shipwreck of faith, and of course of a good conscience, are what I have to object to; and no gloss, ever so finely drawn over these apostate sentiments, can alter their nature or consequence to me. Things of such vast importance ever exclude the man. He is, like every other man, weak and insufficient, and does therefore demand a Christian temper of opposition, and his infirmities tenderly covered: but his principles set up another gospel, and so exclude that of Jesus Christ, and thus expose thousands

* The following potscript was subjoined to this letter:—“Your answer is desired, directed to the Countess of Huntingdon, or the Rev. Mr. Shirley, or John Lloyd, Esq., in Bath, or Mr. James Ireland, Bristol, or to Thomas Powis, Esq., at Berwick, near Shrewsbury, or to Richard Hill, Esq., at Hawkstone, near Whitchurch, Shropshire. Lodgings will be provided. Inquire at Mr. Ireland’s, Bristol.”

of immortal souls to the just suspicions of denying the only Lord God that bought them, and in civil as well as religious professors make us appear rebels to God our King, and the most wicked enemies of our country. None can blame any who from such withdraw themselves.

“As you have no part in this matter, I find it difficult to blame your brother to you; while as an honest man I must pity and not less regard you, as you must suffer equal disgrace, and universal distrust, from the supposed union with him. I know you so well, and believe the Lord who brings light with truth will also show you, that no mean disguises, or a less interesting point, could thus influence me in that stand I make, and which appears to me of that consequence to the salvation of souls.

“May every best blessing attend you; and may you be found faithful in life and in death to Him who has so loved us, and to whom, throughout all eternity, all praise and glory our heaven must ever resound with. I am, dear sir,

“Your ever faithful and sincere friend and servant, for Christ’s sake.

“The copy enclosed is the first that has been sent out by me to any one. I have done this in order that with the greatest openness your brother might be informed by you.”

Few men respected Lady Huntingdon more than Mr. Charles Wesley. For many years he had lived in habits of intimacy with her, and corresponded with her; and he with his family had received from her many acts of substantial kindness, of which he was deeply sensible. But her attack upon the good name of his brother produced an effect the reverse of what she intended. He knew his brother’s infirmities better than she did, and he also knew his brother’s sterling worth. He knew that John Wesley was no “Papist,” either masked or “unmasked,” but as “real a Protestant” as those who appropriated to themselves exclusively the honourable title. He knew well that his brother was no “rebel to God or king,” nor “wicked enemy of his country,” though traduced under these characters by one of his spiritual children. With meekness, therefore, but with instinctive firmness and promptitude, Mr. Charles Wesley resented the attempt to alienate him from the brother of his heart, to whom he had always yielded a just preference. What he thought of the most unbecoming and unfeminine letter of Lady Huntingdon, may be gathered from the two short but significant sentences which he inscribed on the back of it: “Lady Huntingdon’s LAST. UNANSWERED BY JOHN WESLEY’S BROTHER!”

In what manner the calumnious circular, which was intrusted to Mr. Charles Wesley, was communicated to John, we know not; but as he was not himself inclined to surrender that liberty of speech which Lady Huntingdon wished to restrict, so he certainly did not advise his

brother tamely to submit to her dictation as to what he should publish. On the 6th of July following, he says in a letter to John, "I have just finished Brandt's 'History of the Synod of Dort.' Cannot you oblige us with a short extract out of him? out of 'Redemption Redeemed?'"* or whom you choose? I verily think, you are *called* to drive reprobation back to its own place."

In their further correspondence on the subject, Mr. John Wesley makes the following communication to Charles. It was written a few days before the conference began, and shows that, though his name was cast out as evil, his conscience was pure, and therefore his manly spirit was unsubdued. "We cannot put out what we never put in. I do not use the word *merit*. I never did, neither do now, contend for the use of it. But I ask you, or any other, a plain question. And do not cry, 'Murder!' but give me an answer. What is the difference between *mereri*, and *to deserve*? or between *deserving*, and *meritum*? I say still, I cannot tell. Can you? Can Mr. Shirley, or any man living? In asking this question, I neither plead for merit, nor against it. I have nothing to do with it. I have declared a thousand times, there is no goodness in man till he is justified; no merit, either before or after; that is, taking the word in its proper sense: for in a loose sense, *meritorious* means no more than *rewardable*.

"As to reprobation, seeing they have drawn the sword, I throw away the scabbard. I send you a specimen. Let fifteen hundred be printed as soon as you please."

It would be difficult, in the entire range of ecclesiastical history, to find an instance of greater impertinence than this entire proceeding of Lady Huntingdon and her kinsman. They assume authority publicly to brand Mr. Wesley as a heretic of the worst kind, a heretic whose doctrine affected not the circumstantials of religion merely, but "the very fundamental principles of Christianity," merely because he asserted the conditionality of the covenant of grace: a tenet which had been avowed and defended by many of the wisest and holiest men that ever lived. Richard Baxter, for instance, has said far stronger things on the necessity of obedience than Mr. Wesley had ever advanced.

Her ladyship and Mr. Shirley also claim authority over the conscience and understanding of Mr. Wesley, and over those of the entire body of his preachers, as well as a right, at their own pleasure, to intrude into the private assembly of these ministers. Without asking permission, they propose, accompanied by others like-minded with them, to go to the conference, not even to teach or expostulate with the ignorant and erring men there assembled, but to demand "a formal

* An elaborate work in defence of general redemption, by the celebrated John Goodwin.

recantation" of their theological principles. An Englishman's house is no longer his castle when these personages have a claim to make in behalf of their own creed.

They even treat the people whom they invite to meet them with little more respect than the Methodist preachers. For while they summon all classes of religious people to Bristol, they tell these strangers what to do when assembled. A form of a protest is provided for them; so that the clergy and laity, Churchmen and Dissenters, are to act as these modest directors shall dictate!

Never were rashness and presumption more effectually rebuked than on this occasion. Many copies of the circular, we are informed, were sent forth, in all directions; and every person who received one was urged to press the matter upon his neighbours, and secure as numerous an attendance at Bristol as possible. What then was the result of all this mighty preparation? Absolutely nothing. From all that appears, neither man, woman, nor child, repaired to Bristol in compliance with the summons, either to beard Mr. Wesley and the conference, or to adopt the "protest." The promised "lodgings" were unoccupied. The "protest" remained in the pocket of the party by whom it was written. No stranger showed his face in the city.

It is natural to inquire, what could be the reason of this failure. Was it that there were no religious people in the land who disapproved of the Minutes? Far from it. Multitudes, both in the Church and out of it, were decidedly opposed to them, even for this one sentence: "We have leaned too much toward Calvinism." Many of the evangelical clergy were favourable to Calvin's theory, as were the great body of Dissenters. Why then did they not obey the summons which called them to Bristol? Simply because the entire movement was unjust and ridiculous. What right had Lady Huntingdon and Mr. Shirley to impose their creed upon Mr. Wesley, any more than he had to impose his upon them? Suppose Mr. Wesley had been weak enough to invite all sorts of people to meet him at Trevecka, and to demand of Lady Huntingdon and Mr. Shirley, with the tutors and students of the college there, a formal recantation of the doctrine of absolute election to eternal life, he would have made himself a laughing-stock to all England. If her ladyship and her kinsman could not see the unseemly position in which they placed themselves, other people could see it, and blush for the folly which it betrayed.

When it was found that the call which was given to the clergy and laity was not responded to, Lady Huntingdon and Mr. Shirley both altered their tone toward Mr. Wesley. On the day before the conference met, each of them addressed a letter to him, expressing regret that their printed circular was drawn up in unbecoming language, declaring

that they meant no personal offence, and requesting to know whether it would be agreeable to Mr. Wesley and his preachers, that a deputation should attend the conference, for the purpose of coming to a better understanding. Mr. Wesley returned a *verbal* answer, inviting Mr. Shirley and his friends to come on the *third day* after the conference had assembled; thus teaching them that he would not allow them to intrude into his conference at their pleasure. If they thought that Calvinism placed them above English law and good manners, it was requisite that they should be better taught. Eight persons attended on the day of the muster, all of whom were either dependant upon Lady Huntingdon, or under her personal influence. At the head of these was Mr. Shirley, her ladyship's cousin, who was accompanied by Mr. Glascot and Mr. Owen, two of her preachers; by Mr. Lloyd, of Bath, and Mr. Ireland, of Bristol, whose names appear in the circular, and who were therefore pledged to support its object; by two students belonging to her college at Trevecka; and by Mr. Winter, who had accompanied Mr. Whitefield to America, and was now under her ladyship's direction. Such men as Venn, Romaine, Madan, and Berridge, with the entire body of the Dissenters, stood aloof from the fraternity. The Calvinistical clergy did not like the doctrine of the Minutes any more than Mr. Shirley or Lady Huntingdon did; but they knew that John Wesley was "in Christ before" they were; that he had by the grace of God led the way in that revival of spiritual religion, the benefits of which they enjoyed in common with thousands more; and they esteemed him on account of his talents, erudition, piety, labours, usefulness, and age. They could not therefore treat him with rudeness and public disrespect, nor connect themselves with the circular letter, which was a dishonour to all the parties that identified themselves with it. The intemperate language in which it was expressed, and the offensive proposals which it contained, were alike revolting to every generous and candid mind. Even those who had drawn it up, and sent it forth, were ashamed of it, when they had ascertained the public feeling. Lady Huntingdon confessed in her letter to Mr. Wesley, just before the conference assembled, that her own friends, as well as his, were offended with its tone and object. And well they might; for it was thoroughly un-English in its character, and conceived in the haughty, sullen, and intolerant spirit of the Synod of Dort, whose creed it was intended to promote. The parties concerned in it wanted nothing but the civil power to give effect to their purpose; and then wo to John Wesley and his anti-Calvinistical preachers!

On the entrance of the deputation into the conference, which was unusually large in consequence of the trumpet of opposition which Mr. Shirley had blown, Mr. Wesley engaged in prayer. Mr. Shirley then,

at his own request, read to the conference the letters which he and Lady Huntingdon had addressed to Mr. Wesley four days before. When this was done, he expressed a "hope that the submission made was satisfactory to the gentlemen of the conference. This was admitted; but then it was urged, that as the offence given by the circular letter had been very public, so ought the letter of submission."* To this Mr. Shirley immediately consented.

Mr. Wesley then stood up, and stated, that for more than thirty years he had invariably preached the doctrine of justification by faith; and that there was nothing in the Minutes which at all opposed that vital truth of Christianity. He complained of hostility to himself, even from persons who were under obligations to him, and from whom therefore he was entitled to a far different treatment. Mr. Shirley, in the most solemn manner, disclaimed all personal hostility, so far as he was concerned. He added, that his object simply was, to oppose the doctrine of the Minutes, which he believed to be of dangerous tendency; that he had in his possession "numerous protests and testimonies against them, sent from Scotland, and from various parts of these kingdoms; and that it must seem very extraordinary indeed, if so many men of sense and learning should be mistaken, and that there was nothing really offensive in the plain, natural import of the Minutes."† He expressed his belief that Mr. Wesley and the preachers "themselves (whatever meaning they might have intended) would allow that the *more obvious* meaning of the Minutes was reprehensible." He therefore "recommended to them, nay, begged and entreated, for the Lord's sake, that they would go as far as they could with a good conscience, in giving the world satisfaction."

These are Mr. Shirley's own statements; and they are highly characteristic of the man: feeble, but withal sincere, devout, and well-intentioned. The Minutes were avowedly anti-Calvinistical, and therefore necessarily "offensive" to a large number of people in "Scotland, and in various parts of these kingdoms." Of this there could be no doubt. But then Mr. Wesley was no Calvinist, and never professed to be such; and if, in the frank avowal of his opinions, others who were differently minded took "offence," he was not to blame. His design was not to "offend" any one, but to discharge his own conscience. Mr. Shirley assumes that, because "many men of sense and learning" disapproved of the Minutes, they must be erroneous. Alas for the church, alas for the world, if nothing is ever to be said that "men of sense and learning" will not quarrel with!

This good man, in his address to the conference, appears also to have been utterly unconscious that the course which he was pursuing was

* Shirley's Narrative, p. 13.

† Ibid.

essentially unjust in this respect, that he did not view the Minutes in connection with Mr. Wesley's other publications, and known sentiments; as if the Minutes contained the whole of his creed. Whereas they were the mere record of a conversation, the design of which was to guard from abuse the doctrine of justification by faith, which he and his preachers held with as much tenaciousness and consistency as any other ministers that ever lived, or that then existed.

Lady Huntingdon's biographer says, "Mr. Wesley drew up a declaration, which was acquiesced in by Mr. Shirley and his friends."* This statement, like many others put forth in the multifarious publication of that nameless author, is not true. The "declaration" was not "drawn up" by Mr. Wesley, as every one who is acquainted with his style will at once perceive. It wants the precision with which he was accustomed to express himself; and the conclusion of the last sentence is neither sense nor grammar. Mr. Shirley wrote it, and proposed it to the conference, as a something which he desired to "give the world satisfaction." His own words are, "I said, I hoped they would not take offence (for I did not mean to give it) at my proposing to them a declaration which I had drawn up, wishing that something at least analogous to it might be agreed to. I then took the liberty to read it; and Mr. Wesley, after he had made some (not very material) alterations in it, readily consented to sign it; in which he was followed by fifty-three of the preachers in connection with him; there being only one or two that were against it."†

The following is the "declaration" here referred to:—"Bristol, August 9th, 1771. Whereas the doctrinal points in the Minutes of a conference, held in London, August 7th, 1770, have been understood to favour justification by works: now the Rev. John Wesley and others, assembled in conference, do declare, that we had no such meaning; and we abhor the doctrine of justification by works, as a most perilous and abominable doctrine. And as the said Minutes are not sufficiently guarded, in the way they are expressed, we hereby solemnly declare, in the sight of God, that we have no trust or confidence but in the alone merits of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ for justification or salvation, either in life, death, or the day of judgment. And though no one is a real Christian believer, (and consequently cannot be saved,) who doeth not good works, where there is time and opportunity, yet our works have no part in meriting or purchasing our justification from first to last, either in whole or in part."

All the preachers who were at the conference appear to have affixed their names to this document, except Thomas Olivers, who spoke largely against it. There was nothing in the "declaration" contrary to

* Vol. ii, p. 242.

† Shirley's Narrative.

those sound theological views which Mr. Olivers has expressed in his various publications; but he was deeply offended with the part which Mr. Shirley had previously acted; and he would not commit himself to the man who had written the scandalous circular. According to Mr. Fletcher, Olivers regarded the affair of the "declaration" as "a patched-up peace;" and as such he would have nothing to do with it. Because he claimed the right of private judgment in this affair, Lady Huntingdon's biographer honours him with the character of a "fiery-tempered, over-zealous man."

When the conference had complied with Mr. Shirley's wishes, they put him into a position which he had not anticipated, and which, for a time, interrupted the joy of his success. "After the declaration had been agreed to," says he, "it was required of me, on my part, that I would make some public acknowledgment that I had mistaken the meaning of the Minutes. Here I hesitated a little; for though I was desirous to do every thing (consistently with truth and a good conscience) for the establishment of peace and Christian fellowship; yet I was very unwilling to give any thing under my hand that might seem to countenance the Minutes in their obvious sense. But then, when I was asked by one of the preachers, whether I did not believe Mr. Wesley to be an honest man, I was distressed on the other hand, lest by refusing what was desired, I should seem to infer a doubt to Mr. Wesley's disadvantage. Having confidence therefore in Mr. Wesley's integrity, who had declared he had no such meaning in the Minutes as was favourable to justification by works; and considering that every man is the best judge of his own meaning, and has a right so far to our credit; and that, though nothing else could, yet the declaration did convince me they had some other meaning than what appeared: I say, these things considered, I promised them satisfaction in this particular, and a few days afterward sent Mr. Wesley the following message, with which he was very well pleased:—

"'Mr. Shirley's Christian respects wait on Mr. Wesley. The declaration agreed to in conference, August the 8th, 1771, has convinced Mr. Shirley he had mistaken the meaning of the doctrinal points in the Minutes of the conference held in London, August 7th, 1770; and he hereby wishes to testify the full satisfaction he has in the said declaration, and his hearty concurrence and agreement with the same.'"

Mr. Shirley says, with respect to his interview with the conference, "The whole was conducted with great decency on all sides. We concluded with prayer, and with the warmest indications of peace and love. For my own part, I was perfectly sincere, and thought it one of the happiest and most honourable days of my life."*

* Narrative, p. 17.

When Mr. Fletcher received the circular letter, inviting him to take part in the crusade against Mr. Wesley at the Bristol conference, he was induced more carefully to examine the Minutes, against which the outcry was raised; and perceiving their seasonableness and design, as well as their consistency with the general tenor of Holy Scripture, he resolved to write in their defence, and that of their injured author. He completed his purpose in "Five Letters to the Hon. and Rev. Author of the Circular;" and transmitted the whole in manuscript to Mr. Wesley, that he might print or suppress them according to his judgment. Having carefully read them, and struck out a few passages which he thought contained censures too severe upon Mr. Shirley, Mr. Wesley resolved upon their publication. He therefore placed them in the hands of William Pine, his chief printer, directing that they should be conducted through the press, and sent forth into the world, with all convenient speed. The fulfilment of this charge was intrusted to Mr. Olivers, who was left in Bristol.

In the mean while intelligence was sent to Mr. Fletcher of Mr. Shirley's modest and friendly behaviour at the conference, so different from the spirit of the circular letter; and this induced him to resolve, if possible, to prevent the publication of his Letters in their present form. They were addressed to Mr. Shirley, and often in a strain of powerful and just rebuke; and he now wished, if it were not too late, to spare that gentleman's name and feelings. For this purpose he wrote with all haste to Mr. Ireland, requesting that the press might be stopped, and the pamphlet for the present withheld from the public. But though no copies had been put into circulation, the work was all printed, or nearly so, and notice had been given of its immediate sale. Mr. Ireland went to the printer with Mr. Fletcher's letter; but Pine acted according to the orders which he had previously received, and which in all probability Mr. Olivers urged him to follow. The "Five Letters" therefore quickly appeared, and were read with great eagerness; the popularity of the writer, the nature of the subject, and the excitement of the occasion, all giving a superior interest to the book.

The conduct of Mr. Wesley in putting to press his friend's vindication of the Minutes, and of Mr. Olivers and others in its publication, when the author wished to recall it, is severely censured by the biographer of Lady Huntingdon; but with singular unfairness and injustice. To make out a case of accusation against Mr. Wesley, it is assumed that the "declaration" which he and the preachers signed was a "recantation of the Minutes;" and that they should be first recanted, and then defended, is described as a strange proceeding. But the sophism is too thin to deceive any person of ordinary discernment. Mr. Wesley never recanted the Minutes, and never intended to recant them; nor

did Mr. Shirley at the time understand the "declaration" in any such light. A sense was put upon the Minutes which Mr. Wesley never intended, and which was in direct opposition to the uniform tenor of his preaching and writings. *That sense* he always disavowed, and disavowed in the "declaration;" but he never gave up the Minutes in their just and designed signification. He and the preachers do not say in the "declaration," "We retract our former principles;" but, "*We had no such meaning,*" as that which was imputed to us. If they had retracted the Minutes, how could they call upon Mr. Shirley to confess himself in error in opposing them? and how could Mr. Shirley say, as he does in his apology, that he had "*mistaken the meaning of the doctrinal points in the Minutes?*" In his "Narrative" relating to the subject, which he wrote and published at the time, Mr. Shirley never speaks of the "declaration," which Mr. Wesley and the preachers had signed, as any retraction of their former principles; nor could he do this without stultifying both himself and his apology. It is highly disingenuous in the writer of Lady Huntingdon's Life to speak of it in this light, which he does again and again.* To Mr. Wesley, it is said, "must be attributed the guilt of letting loose the dogs of war. He commenced the dispute by publishing Mr. Fletcher's defence of the Minutes, after having publicly drawn up and signed a *refutation* or *recantation* of the obnoxious principles which they contained."† This language outhierods Herod. A "recantation" of the "principles contained" in the Minutes was neither "drawn up" nor "signed" by Mr. Wesley; and to "refute" them, in their legitimate and intended sense, was out of the power of any man. It would be to refute one half of the Bible, and take away the foundation of all practical religion.

The bold assumption that "the guilt" of commencing this controversy, if "guilt" there were, rested upon the head of Mr. Wesley, will never be conceded^e except by those partial judges who view the subject with only one eye. But perhaps the statement was put forth rather as an experiment upon the public credulity, than as a point which was cordially believed. In his leading theological principles Mr. Wesley preserved a strict consistency through the whole of his public life. He

* To make an impression upon the public mind injurious to Mr. Wesley, great prominence was given to this subject in the advertisement of Lady Huntingdon's Life, which was said to contain, among other things of great importance, a document of intense interest, in which Mr. Wesley and his preachers retracted their own doctrines. The trick was despicable. The document which was represented as such a curiosity had been before the world nearly seventy years! It was published both by Mr. Wesley and Mr. Shirley; and was well known to exist in Watson's Life of Mr. Wesley, a work to which Lady Huntingdon's biographer distinctly refers, and where he must have seen it.

† Lady Huntingdon's Life and Times, vol. ii, p. 249.

openly avowed and defended the doctrine of general redemption, the respectiveness of God's decrees, and the consequent conditionality of the evangelical covenant; but while he claimed the right of private judgment himself, he acknowledged the same right in others, and therefore in no instance attempted to force the peculiarities of his creed upon any man. Never did he officiously interfere with the doctrinal sentiments of Lady Huntingdon and her people. When she occasionally asked him to preach in her chapels, if he was able, he complied with her wishes; but in no case did he abuse her confidence by advancing principles of which he knew she did not approve. Yet he had an undoubted right in his own chapels, and among his own people, freely to inculcate his views of divine truth, and to caution his preachers on the subject of their doctrine. For doing this "the dogs of war were let loose" upon him, and urged to hunt him down, as an abettor of "dreadful heresy," which was subversive of the "very fundamental principles of Christianity." The huntsman's horn was sounded by Lady Huntingdon and her kinsman; and by them the object which "the dogs" were to pursue, and the place where they were to assemble and begin the chase, were pointed out. Upon them, therefore, and not upon Mr. Wesley, the alleged "guilt" rested. All that he did in the case was to defend himself against the unjust imputations which were cast upon him: and this he was bound to do, if he would preserve the efficiency of the ministry which he had received, and for the exercise of which he was accountable both to God and man. By what code of morals can it be proved to be a sin for a minister of Christ, when unjustly assailed, to put forth an honest defence of his tenets and character? The endeavour to transfer the blame from the authors of a dishonourable conspiracy to the victim whom they attempted to crush, after the notable failure of the scheme, is an instance of hardihood upon which few historians would venture.

With respect to the publication of Mr. Fletcher's pamphlet, when he himself wished to recall it, the statements of Lady Huntingdon's biographer are particularly unfair and misleading. He conceals an important fact, the knowledge of which is essential to a right understanding of the transaction. Mr. Fletcher's design was not to abandon the controversy into which he had felt it his duty to enter, but to carry it on in another form. He wished to spare the feelings of Mr. Shirley, but resolved to defend the Minutes. The intimation, therefore, that if Mr. Fletcher's wishes had been complied with, there would have been no controversy, is notoriously at variance with truth. In his letter to Mr. Ireland, recalling the manuscript, Mr. Fletcher expressly said, "that whether the Letters were suppressed or not, the Minutes *must be vindicated*; that Mr. Wesley owed it to the Church, to the real Pro-

testants, to all his societies, and to his own aspersed character; and that, after all, the controversy did not seem to him to be so much, whether the Minutes should stand, as whether the Antinomian gospel of Dr. Crisp should prevail over the practical gospel of Jesus Christ.* Why did Lady Huntingdon's biographer suppress this important declaration? It occurs in the letter to which he refers, and upon which he lays the stress of his argument in throwing the blame of the controversy upon Mr. Wesley.

On the appearance of the "Five Letters," in defence of the Minutes, and of their injured author, Mr. Shirley found himself in a situation which he little expected when he was engaged in writing the circular, and in directing copies of it to religious people throughout the three kingdoms. In a sad and subdued tone he complained of the "bitterness" of the Letters. To him, indeed, they must have been gall and wormwood: not because the spirit of the writer was at all unkind, but because of the nature of the subjects upon which he dwelt. The Letters fix the true sense of the Minutes, (concerning which there never was any diversity of opinion among the men to whom they were addressed, and for whose guidance they were written,) by a reference to the general tenor of Mr. Wesley's writings, and well-known sentiments; and prove that the propositions which they contain are in full accordance with the Holy Scriptures. They describe, in a few but significant words, the labours and usefulness of Mr. Wesley, and administer a just rebuke to those who would force upon his words a meaning which he never intended, and strenuously disavowed; and then attempt, through their own misrepresentations, to injure his reputation, and blast the fruit of his ministry. Unhappily for Mr. Shirley, he had some time before published a small volume of sermons, embodying principles far more legal than those which were contained in the Minutes; and these Mr. Fletcher quoted, urging upon the writer the flagrant inconsistency and injustice of stigmatizing Mr. Wesley as a "heretic," while he himself was a still greater offender in the same way. All this was "bitter," because it was true. Never was reproof more justly merited than by the author of the circular, or more effectively administered than by the vicar of Madeley in the "Five Letters;" the piety and kindness with which they were imbued rendering them increasingly cutting. The tender-hearted writer of the Letters was, however, distressed at what he had done, and compared himself to an unpractised surgeon performing a dangerous operation upon a beloved friend. He grieved for Mr. Shirley, whom he had deeply wounded, and wrote to him a letter of apology and affection. But while he was ready to sink into despondency, he was encouraged by his friends, who assured him

* Preface to the Second Check to Antinomianism.

that he had done nothing more than the case called for and justified. One of the private letters which Mr. Fletcher received and published upon this occasion, there is reason to believe was written by Mr. Charles Wesley. It was dated from London, where Charles then resided; and it contains the reproachful epithets which Lady Huntingdon had applied to Mr. John Wesley in the letter which she sent to Charles with the circular. This letter, which partakes of Charles's energy and decision, and of his brotherly affection and fidelity, was as follows:—

“I reverence Mr. Shirley for his candid acknowledgment of his hastiness in judging. I commend the Calvinists at the conference, for their justice to Mr. Wesley, and their acquiescence in the declaration of the preachers in connection with him. But is that declaration, however dispersed, a remedy adequate to the evil done, not only to Mr. Wesley, but to the cause and work of God? Several Calvinists, in eagerness of malice, had dispersed their calumnies through the three kingdoms. A truly excellent person herself, in her mistaken zeal, had represented him as a ‘Papist unmasked,’ a ‘heretic,’ an ‘apostate.’ A clergyman of the first reputation informs me, a poem on his apostacy is just coming out. Letters have been sent to every serious Churchman and Dissenter through the land, together with the Gospel Magazine. Great are the shoutings, ‘Now that he lieth, let him rise up no more!’ This is all the cry. His dearest friends and children are staggered, and scarce know what to think. You, in your corner, cannot conceive the mischief that has been done, and is still doing. But your Letters, in the hand of Providence, may answer the good ends you proposed by writing them. You have not been too severe to dear Mr. Shirley, moderate Calvinists themselves being judges, but very kind and friendly, to set a good, mistaken man right, and probably to preserve him from the like rashness as long as he lives. Be not troubled, therefore, but cast your care upon the Lord.”*

Mr. Shirley declined to answer the “Five Letters,” deeply as they implicated his character; but he drew up and published a “Narrative” of the proceedings in which he had been concerned: including the circular; the Minutes, to which it referred; his letter to Mr. Wesley, with that of Lady Huntingdon, written just before the assembling of the conference; an account of the interview of the deputation with that body; the declaration; his own acknowledgment that he had mistaken the import of the Minutes; with his own reflections upon the whole affair. Mr. Shirley also recanted his volume of sermons, from which Mr. Fletcher had made some quotations; declaring that he would not, in future, hold himself responsible for any doctrine that it contained. The spirit of this pamphlet is in general excellent. It is characterized

* Preface to the Second Check to Antinomianism.

by meekness, piety, and benevolence; and affords strong presumption, that had the honourable and reverend author been left to himself, he would never have acted the part which involved him in so much blame and trouble. It is painful to see the name of such a man, devout, naturally amiable and affectionate, affixed to the circular. But the fierce and intolerant spirit of that document was not the spirit of Walter Shirley. It bore the impress of a far different mind.

Ten years before this period Mr. Shirley had come from Ireland to London, on occasion of the trial of his brother, the Earl Ferrers. It had then been his earnest desire, that on his arrival in London he might meet with one of the Wesleys: men whom, above all others, he deemed the most likely to sympathize with him, and administer comfort to his bleeding heart. Mr. John Wesley was engaged in his itinerant duties; but Charles was in London, and showed him kindness even surpassing that of a brother. He visited Mr. Shirley and his sister almost daily; and the Methodists of London, at Charles's instigation, prayed for the guilty earl, and his unfortunate relations, at the sacramental table, as well as in their more public religious services; they held meetings of special prayer and fasting, in behalf of the same parties: it was therefore inexcusable in Mr. Shirley, now that his wounds were healed, to assail the brother of Charles Wesley, and the spiritual father of these praying people, and, without either proof or probability, in justification of the deed, brand him publicly as a heretic, and endeavour to engage both Churchmen and Dissenters to combine against him. The case of Mr. Shirley, while it calls for both censure and pity, is full of instruction and warning. It is an impressive comment upon the apostolic maxim, "Evil communications corrupt good manners."

Though the spirit of Mr. Shirley's "Narrative" was unexceptionable, the tract contained principles which Mr. Fletcher considered to be of dangerous tendency: he therefore wrote a reply to it, under the title of "A Second Check to Antinomianism;" in which he strengthens and confirms the reasonings of his former publication, and assures his opponent, that the letter of apology which he had formerly sent to him had no relation whatever to the doctrinal sentiments which he defended, but solely to the personal and polemic dress in which they were presented.

When the conference was concluded, and Mr. Fletcher's vindication of the Minutes had appeared in print, Mr. Wesley addressed the following letter to Lady Huntingdon, who was the chief cause of all the clamour that had been recently raised against him. It shows how deeply he felt the injustice of her conduct.

"My Dear Lady,—When I received the former letter from your

ladyship, I did not know what to answer; and I judged, not only that silence would be the best answer, but also that with which your ladyship would be best pleased. When I received your ladyship's of the second instant, I immediately saw that it required an answer; only I waited till the hurry of the conference was over, that I might do nothing rashly.

"I know your ladyship would not 'servilely deny the truth.' I think, neither would I; especially that great truth, justification by faith; which Mr. Law indeed flatly denies, (and yet Mr. Law was a child of God,) but for which I have given up all my worldly hopes, my friends, my reputation; yea, for which I have so often hazarded my life, and by the grace of God will do again. The principles established in the Minutes I apprehend to be no way contrary to this, or to that 'faith,' that consistent plan of doctrine, which was 'once delivered to the saints.' I believe, whoever calmly considers Mr. Fletcher's Letters will be convinced of this. I fear, therefore, 'zeal against those principles' is no less than zeal against the truth, and against the honour of our Lord. The preservation of his honour appears so sacred to me, and has done for above these forty years, that I have counted, and do count, all things loss in comparison of it. But till Mr. Fletcher's printed Letters are answered, I must think every thing spoken against those Minutes is totally destructive of His honour, and a palpable affront to him, both as our prophet and priest, but especially as the king of his people. Those Letters, which therefore could not be suppressed without betraying the honour of our Lord, largely prove that the Minutes lay no other foundation than that which is laid in Scripture, and which I have been laying, and teaching others to lay, for between thirty and forty years. Indeed it would be amazing that God should at this day prosper my labours as much, if not more than ever, by convincing as well as converting sinners, if I was 'establishing another foundation, repugnant to the whole plan of man's salvation under the covenant of grace, as well as the clear meaning of the established Church, and all other Protestant churches.' This is a charge indeed! but I plead, 'Not guilty;' and till it is proved upon me, I must subscribe myself, my dear lady,

"Your ladyship's affectionate but much-injured servant."

Whether Lady Huntingdon sent any answer to this truly Christian epistle, does not appear; but her biographer states, that she wrote to Mr. Shirley concerning it, saying, "that she could in no way explain Mr. Wesley's letter, except by attacking his integrity, or suspecting that his judgment was impaired."* This was indeed an expeditious method of getting out of a difficulty. Her ladyship had charged Mr. Wesley

* Life of Lady Huntingdon, vol. ii, p. 244.

with heresies, which not only placed him beyond the pale of all Protestant churches, but of Christianity itself; and when he remonstrates, and refers to direct proof of the contrary, she turns a deaf ear to his plea, and intimates that he is either a knave, or in his dotage! Such was the justice awarded to a venerable servant of the Lord Jesus, and that by one of the gentler sex, when he presumed to warn his fellow-labourers against what he conceived to be speculative Antinomianism!

Whether Mr. Wesley's understanding was decayed or not, Mr. Shirley felt that the mind of the vicar of Madeley was too acute and powerful for him, and therefore retired from the controversy which he had been the first to provoke. On his retirement Mr. Richard Hill came forward as the opponent of Mr. Fletcher, and of the doctrines contained in Mr. Wesley's Minutes. He was a gentleman of family and fortune in Shropshire, and had already gained some celebrity by the publication of two bulky pamphlets, entitled, "*Pietas Oxoniensis*," [Oxford Piety,] and "*Goliath Slain*," concerning the expulsion of six students from the University of Oxford, for the alleged crimes of praying and expounding the Scriptures. Mr. Hill had given proofs of decided piety, was a thorough Calvinist, and not destitute of ability; but he had neither the learning, the temper, nor the Biblical and theological knowledge, which were requisite in a writer on the quinquarticular controversy. He entered the field with ample confidence, and without the least apparent apprehension that he might by possibility be unsuccessful. Such, however, was the event. Mr. Fletcher refuted his arguments, and, by the mere force of reason, extorted from him a confession in favour of some of the very propositions which he had pledged himself to disprove. In the course of this controversy Mr. Hill was raised to the rank of a baronet; but this neither supplied him with new arguments, nor improved his temper.

When Mr. Fletcher had published four of his "*Checks to Antinomianism*," Sir Richard addressed to him a private letter, proposing to discontinue the controversy, and immediately to suppress all that he had ever written respecting the Minutes, if Mr. Fletcher would do the same. To this he could not accede. He had taken up his pen, not for personal victory, but the establishment of truth; not for party objects, but to check the doctrinal and practical Antinomianism which was gaining ground: he could not therefore betray the cause of righteousness which he had espoused, for the sake of a hollow peace. While he cherished the utmost respect for his opponent, he deemed it his duty to persevere in his career of authorship. The baronet's letter was left among the manuscripts of Mr. Charles Wesley. Hence the probability, that his advice was solicited by his friend, the vicar of Madeley, at this stage of the controversy. What that advice was, may be easily conjectured,

considering Charles's strong views concerning the questions at issue. When Sir Richard's offer was declined, he sent Mr. Fletcher an angry letter, and soon after published another tract; to which Mr. Fletcher replied with his wonted piety and logical skill, in a "Fifth Check to Antinomianism." Sir Richard then lost all patience, and, without asking even for an armistice, sounded a retreat. The fact is, he was fairly worsted; to save appearances, he accused his opponent of "execrable Swiss slander;" declined all further discussion with him; and assigned as the reason, the badness of Mr. Fletcher's spirit, and his unfair mode of argumentation. Whatever works Mr. Fletcher might publish in future, the baronet declared that he would never read one of them. If Mr. Fletcher's spirit was bad, and his mode of reasoning illogical, Sir Richard had nothing to do, but calmly expose them both, and then his triumph would have been complete; but the truth is, he felt that he could not answer Mr. Fletcher's arguments, either to his own satisfaction, or that of other people; and therefore the sooner he was out of the field the better.

The Rev. Rowland Hill, then a young man of greater zeal than discretion, took up the cause of his brother; but his reasonings, which were not remarkable for their cogency, derived no force from the manner in which they were proposed. To civility and gentleness he made no pretensions, though he seemed to expect these qualities in others. Mr. Fletcher's answer to him was as decisive as that with which the baronet refused to grapple; and the reproof which he received for his very unscrupulous language was mild, but just and powerful.

The witty vicar of Everton, the Rev. John Berridge, was not content to be a silent spectator of this contest, and therefore published his "Christian World unmasked," in opposition to the tenets of his friends Mr. Wesley and Fletcher. This publication presented a striking exhibition of the writer's peculiar habits of thought: queer, ludicrous, grotesque. He undertook to split hairs with a witness; for he set up a distinction between "a Jewish if," and "a Christian if;" maintaining that the "if" with which Christians are concerned is of a negative character. It "does not belong to the circumcised race," and "wears no dripping beard." His reasonings against "sincere obedience" were not quite so harmless as his disquisitions respecting what he called "the valiant sergeant If." The wit which the vicar of Madeley possessed was as keen and brilliant as that of the vicar of Everton, and in this case far more effective. Mr. Berridge's attack upon the principles of practical religion was completely neutralized; and he is said to have acknowledged his defeat in language humiliating to himself, but significant, and such as cannot be repeated. As a minister, Mr. Berridge was very laborious and self-denying, and for some time he was emi-

nently useful. He adopted an habitual jocularity of manner in speaking and writing on sacred subjects, which was strikingly opposed to the example and spirit of the sacred writers, though in full accordance with the irreverence and vulgarity of Antinomianism. He published a hymn-book, containing several of Mr. Charles Wesley's beautiful compositions, which he afterward suppressed, because of the Wesleyan character of its theology, and substituted for it a volume of his own composing, in which is some of the most arrant doggerel the world has ever seen, scarcely a whit superior to the rude trash which was put forth by William Darney.*

The Rev. Augustus Toplady came in the rear of Mr. Fletcher's opponents, and was decidedly the ablest man among them. He was a person of reading and research; and his style was clear and vigorous. Yet there is far more rhetoric than close argumentation in his writings: and he could bear no man's contradiction on the subject of Calvin's peculiarities. To him an advocate of general redemption, and of conditional decrees, seemed scarcely less hateful than a fiend. Mr. Fletcher analyzed the "Scheme of Christian and Philosophical Necessity" which this unbending advocate of absolute predestination sent forth into the world, and proved it to be equally at variance with sound philosophy and Scripture truth. Mr. Sellon ably answered the alleged "Proof" of the Calvinism of the Church of England, which Mr. Toplady published.

In this controversy Messrs. Fletcher and Wesley had more oppo-

* The following is an extract from Mr. Berridge's preface to his poetic effusions:—
 "Many volumes of hymns have been lately published; some of them a new composition, others a mere collection; and it may seem needless to add one more to the number, especially after having published a collection myself. But ill health, some years past, having kept me from travelling or preaching, I took up the trade of hymn-making: a handicraft much followed of late, but a business I was not born or bred to, and undertaken chiefly to keep a long sickness from preying on my spirit, and to make tedious nights pass over more smoothly. Some tinkling employment was wanting, which might amuse and not fatigue me.

"Besides, I was not wholly satisfied with the collection I had published. The bells indeed had been chiefly cast in a celebrated foundery; and in ringing were tunable enough; none more so; but a clear gospel tone was not found in them all. Human wisdom and strength, perfection and merit, give Zion's bells a Levitical twang, and drown the mellow tone of the gospel outright."—Berridge's *Sion's Songs or Hymns*, 1785.

The facetious author here indulges himself in a little harmless but unworthy misrepresentation. In the hymns which were published by the Wesleys there is not a line in favour of "*human* wisdom and strength, perfection and merit." All "*wisdom, strength, and perfection,*" they ascribed to the grace of God; and to "*merit,*" in the strict and proper sense of that term, they were as decidedly opposed as was the vicar of Everton or any of his brethren. He could cast a slur upon the creed of the Wesleys, but he could not refute it.

nents than publicly appeared. The Rev. Martin Madan, of the Lock Hospital, did not take an open and prominent part against them; but he is mentioned in Mr. Fletcher's private correspondence, as having circulated a manuscript answer to the Minutes, as revising the angry pamphlets of Mr. Rowland Hill, and encouraging him in his anti-Wesleyan authorship. Mr. Madan, who was educated for the bar, possessed considerable powers of mimicry. He accompanied some of his jovial companions to hear Mr. John Wesley, that, on their return, he might divert them by acting the Methodist preacher. The word which he heard laid hold upon his conscience; so that when they called upon him, after the service, to "take off John Wesley," he significantly answered, "John Wesley has taken me off;" and declined to act the buffoon, at the expense of that man of God. He obtained episcopal ordination, became a popular preacher of the truth, and for some years was a cordial friend of the Wesleys. Afterward he embraced the Calvinian theory, and turned his hand and tongue against the man whom God had employed as the instrument of his salvation. His unkind treatment of Mr. Wesley was the beginning of that downward course which ultimately led to the irretrievable loss of his own reputation and usefulness.

Three of Mr. Fletcher's opponents, the brothers Hill and Mr. Toplady, were far from confining their attention to theological questions. One object which they were mainly anxious to accomplish, and to which their ceaseless efforts were pertinaciously directed, was the annihilation of Mr. Wesley's influence, by the ruin of his character. Sir Richard assailed Mr. Wesley's intellectual reputation, and laboured to prove him a mere fool, without any fixed principles of divinity, and therefore incessantly contradicting himself. In his endeavour to attain this object, he manifested a zeal and perseverance which were worthy of a better cause. He collected ridiculous and absurd stories concerning Mr. Wesley, without any very scrupulous anxiety whether they were true or false, and placed them upon public record, as entitled to universal credit. Mr. Wesley had published several volumes and tracts, of his own composition. He had also abridged a large number of works, written by different authors, and published them in fifty volumes, under the name of "A Christian Library." Some of these he had abridged in travelling, so that his erasures were not always distinct. The consequence was, that the printer had occasionally inserted passages which were intended to be omitted. Mr. Charles Wesley had also published several volumes and tracts in verse, some of which John had never seen till they appeared in print: and of a part of these he had publicly expressed his disapprobation. All these works Sir Richard Hill collected; and assuming that Mr. John Wes

ley was answerable for every expression with which his name was connected, and for every verse that his brother Charles had written, the baronet selected from the whole of these publications, sentences, half-sentences, and quarter-sentences, in which there appeared any discrepancy, and arranged them in parallel columns, as Mr. John Wesley's contradictions of himself. The inference to be drawn from the whole was, his incompetency to teach, and consequent unworthiness of the public confidence.

Nothing could be more disingenuous and unfair than such a mode of criticism. A man may surely abridge and recommend a book, as being on the whole edifying and instructive, without making himself responsible for the absolute correctness of every word and sentence which it contains; and to make a man answerable for what he had never seen, but in print, as was the case with a part of Mr. Charles Wesley's poetry, was the perfection of injustice. Had the baronet tried his skill upon the Bible, on the same principle that he adopted with respect to Mr. Wesley's writings, he would have found ample scope for his perverted ingenuity, and have been shocked at his own impiety and success. It would be an easy task to convict divine inspiration itself of contradiction, by breaking off words and parts of sentences from their proper connection, and placing them in juxtaposition with each other.

Mr. Wesley examined all the examples of contradiction which Sir Richard had charged upon him; and confessed that in one instance, and one only, with all his labour and pains, the baronet had succeeded. It occurred in a note on the New Testament, which he promised to correct, whenever the book should be reprinted. Upon the publication of Sir Richard's idle tales, and his elaborate attempts to convict Mr. Wesley of contradiction, his brother Charles wrote the following spirited epigram:—

Why do the zealots of Geneva rage,
 And fiercest war with an old prophet wage?
 Why doth their chief with blackest slanders load
 A hoary servant of the living God?
Sincerely hate, *affectedly* condemn?
 "Because he contradicts himself—not them!"
 Let Wesley then a different method try,
 Himself gainsay, his own report deny;
 Evade or contradict the general call,
 And teach, "The Saviour did *not* die for all."
 This contradiction openly confess'd
 Would cancel and atone for all the rest!

Mr. Toplady and Mr. Rowland Hill attacked Mr. Wesley's good name with a deeper feeling than that of Sir Richard, and in a somewhat different manner. He assailed Mr. Wesley's intellect: they his

moral character. He represented Mr. Wesley as a fit object of laughter and contempt: they spoke of him as an object of abhorrence and detestation; as a man that was corrupt in mind and heart. They acknowledged in him no virtue, and no excellence whatever; nothing that entitled him to either esteem or love, or that even called for pity; but treated him with less respect than, under ordinary circumstances, they would have treated a convicted felon. Nor does it appear that either of them, to the last moment of his life, manifested the least relenting toward this venerable man. If Mr. Wesley as a religious teacher was of the slightest benefit to any human being, and was not covered with universal execration, it was not because of any forbearance toward him on the part of the Rev. Rowland Hill and Augustus Toplady.

The fact is, they "ploughed with his heifer." His jealous wife was their oracle; and while she was attempting to persuade all who would listen to her, that her husband was a bad man, Mr. Hill held her up to the public confidence, as a person whose testimony was entitled to implicit credit. Whether she was always of a sound mind may be justly questioned. Repeatedly was she detected in the utterance of deliberate untruths, of her own invention, and in the distribution of forged and interpolated documents, against her husband. Yet she found a patron in Mr. Hill. In one of the bitterest pamphlets that ever emanated from the press, he says, "I fear, by Mr. John's conduct, that he has been a stranger to true religion all his life-time: and while he behaves as he does to *the wife of his bosom*, with whom I have the honour of a personal acquaintance, I cannot be persuaded to alter my opinion."* When Mr. Toplady was on his death-bed, and, as he expresses it, was "every day in view of dissolution," he wrote for the press what he calls his "Dying Avowal;" and in this document he says, with respect to Mr. Wesley, "I most sincerely hope, my last hours will be much better employed than in conversing with *such* a man."† Mr. Wesley, in one of his letters of expostulation addressed to his wife, complains that she submitted his private papers to the

* Imposture Detected, p. 22. 1777.

† Page 4. 1778. The reason of Mr. Toplady's "Dying Avowal" was this:— During the illness which preceded his decease, a report was circulated, that he had requested an interview with Mr. Wesley, and expressed regret for some things that he had written against him. This report was carried to the dying man, who was indignant that any one should suppose he would make a concession to John Wesley. At his own request, therefore, Mr. Toplady was carried to his chapel, where he declared his unvarying attachment to the principles which he had long held, and protested that he had nothing to retract with regard to the Arminian leader, against whom he had so freely written. He was thence carried back to his death-bed, where he wrote the substance of his address, and ordered it to be immediately printed in a small tract.

With whom the report had its origin, it is impossible to say. Probably some good

inspection of these gentlemen, who were so notoriously hostile to his character. What use they made of these the day of judgment will declare. But neither they, nor the unhappy woman whom they encouraged, ever produced the smallest vestige of proof that their injurious allegations were founded in fact.

It is only justice to the leading persons among the predestinarians of those times to say, that they did not believe the slanderous reports against Mr. Wesley, which his wife propagated, and to which Mr. Hill especially made himself a party. Mr. Whitefield, who was intimately acquainted with Mr. Wesley, and who well knew all that his wife had to say against him, did not believe them: and hence his declaration in his will, which was made only a few months before his lamented death: "I leave a mourning ring to my honoured and dear friends and disinterested fellow-labourers, the Rev. Messrs. John and Charles Wesley, in token of my indissoluble union with them, in heart and Christian affection, notwithstanding our difference in judgment about some particular points of doctrine."

Lady Huntingdon, with all her warmth of opposition to Mr. Wesley's creed, did not believe the aspersions which were cast upon his moral character. Had she done so, she would not have wept at the remembrance of the separation which had taken place between them. Dr. Thomas Haweis, who was her ladyship's chaplain, and a strict predestinarian, after Mr. Wesley's death, publicly avowed the friendship which had subsisted between himself and that great man, and entered his caveat against the reports which had been industriously propagated to his disadvantage; at the same time declaring his dissent from Mr. Wesley's anti-Calvinistical views. "I hope never," says he, "to be ashamed of the friendship of John Wesley." "I need not speak of the exemplariness of his life. Too many eyes were upon him to admit of his halting: nor could his weight have been maintained a moment longer than the fullest conviction impressed his people, that he was an eminently favoured saint of God, and as distinguished for his holy walk, as for his vast abilities, indefatigable labour, and singular usefulness."*

man, less hardy in his spirit than Mr. Toplady, suggested that a reconciliation with the man whom he had so bitterly traduced would be at once Christian and desirable, before he went hence to be no more seen; and another, hearing the remark, might innocently mistake it for a statement of fact. Mr. Toplady, whose ruling passion was strong in death, attributed the report to "the perfect liars:" that is, to Christians who believed it to be their duty and privilege to love their God and Saviour with all their heart, and soul, and mind, and strength, and their neighbour as themselves. Such persons, being connected with John Wesley, the dying man assumed to be addicted to the utterance of wilful and deliberate falsehood. Such was the spirit of this sturdy polemic, unsoftened even by the immediate prospect of death.

* History of the Church, vol. iii, pp. 274, 275.

Mr. Charles Wesley was no indifferent spectator, when so many reckless and unprovoked attacks were made upon his brother's good name and usefulness. In the year 1776, two masked assassins, who assumed the not-inappropriate names of SCORPION and SNAP-DRAGON, assailed him in a London newspaper, regardless of truth and decency. They professed to ground their charges against him upon his private papers, which his wife had placed in their hands. Their insinuations were wicked and cruel, and advanced in a spirit of deep malignity; but not even a shadow of proof could they adduce to the disadvantage of the man whose character and ministry they attempted to destroy. While this persecution against his brother was in progress, Mr. Charles Wesley addressed the following epigrammatic lines "to a friend," concerning what he justly calls these "infamous publications:"—

You ask the cause of all this pother,
 And brother stigmatized by brother:
 Why all these floods of scandal shed
 With curses on a hoary head.
 'Tis but the malice of a party,
 As blind and impotent as hearty,
 A Popish and Geneva trick,
 "Throw dirt enough, and some will stick,
 Will choke the reprobate Arminian,
 And damn him in the world's opinion."

They blacken, not because he tries
 To blind, but open, people's eyes;
 They blacken, to cut short dispute,
 With lies and forgeries confute,
 And thus triumphantly suppress
 The calm debate,* and calm address;†
 At once decide the controversy,
 And boast, "He lies at Calvin's mercy!"
 Mercy perhaps they might have shown
 The nation's old *deceiver* John;
 But patriots-elect will never
 Forgive the nation's *undeceiver*.

The meekness and equanimity with which Mr. John Wesley met these heartless attacks upon his reputation may be seen from the subjoined statement, which was made by Miss Sarah Wesley, the intelligent daughter of his brother. The persecuted man well knew that he was thus assailed, not because of any moral delinquencies of which he was guilty, but because he could not receive the peculiarities of the Genevan theology. "I think it was in the year 1775," says this lady, "my uncle promised to take me with him to Canterbury and Dover.

* Predestination Calmly Considered.

† Calm Address to the Americans.

About this time Mrs. Wesley had obtained some letters which she used to the most injurious purposes, misinterpreting spiritual expressions, and interpolating words. These she read to some Calvinists, and they were to be sent to the Morning Post. A Calvinist gentleman, who esteemed my father and uncle, came to the former, and told him that, for the sake of religion, the publication should be stopped, and Mr. John Wesley be allowed to answer for himself. As Mrs. Wesley had read, but did not show the letters to him, he had some doubts of their authenticity; and though they were addressed to Mr. John Wesley, they might be forgeries: at any rate, he ought not to leave town at such a juncture, but clear the matter satisfactorily.

“My dear father, to whom the reputation of my uncle was far dearer than his own, immediately saw the importance of refutation, and set off to the Foundery, to induce him to postpone his journey; while I, in my own mind, was lamenting such a disappointment, having anticipated it with all the impatience natural to my years. Never shall I forget the manner in which my father accosted my mother, on his return home. ‘My brother,’ said he, ‘is indeed an extraordinary man. I placed before him the importance of the character of a minister; the evil consequences which might result from his indifference to it; the cause of religion; stumbling-blocks cast in the way of the weak; and urged him by every relative and public motive, to answer for himself, and stop the publication. His reply was, *Brother, when I devoted to God my ease, my time, my life, did I except my reputation? No. Tell Sally I will take her to Canterbury to-morrow.*’ I ought to add, that the letters in question were satisfactorily proved to be mutilated, and no scandal resulted from his trust in God.”*

Mr. Thomas Olivers, who took a somewhat prominent part in this controversy, was treated with especial contumely by Sir Richard Hill. He is also honoured with a due share of censure in Lady Huntingdon’s Life, where many persons who were far less entitled to commendation are highly extolled. Thomas Olivers was an eminent example of the grace of God, and acquired a character of which neither he nor his friends had any reason to be ashamed. In early life he was left an orphan; and having no adequate religious or moral training, he acquired a fearful hardihood in sin. He learned the business of a shoemaker, and after the expiration of his apprenticeship travelled extensively in the country, getting work where he could, contracting debts, and pleased with his own cleverness in cheating unsuspecting tradespeople.

He was at length convinced of sin, brought to repentance, by God’s blessing upon a sermon which he heard Mr. Whitefield preach in the

* Watson’s Life of Mr. Wesley, pp. 188, 189.

open air ; after which he joined the Methodist society, and gave proof by his conduct that he was a new creature. Recollecting that he was entitled to some property under his father's will, he claimed it, bought a horse, visited every place where he had contracted any debt, paid every farthing that he owed, with interest when the parties would receive it, and asked pardon of all the people whom he had wronged. After due trial, Mr. Wesley appointed him to a circuit as a travelling preacher ; and when he had for many years laboured faithfully in that office, and improved his mind by diligent study and reading, he was fixed in London, and intrusted with the correction of Mr. Wesley's publications as they passed through the press. Mr. Wesley was his best earthly friend ; and he returned the kindness which he received with true filial esteem and love. He wrote many tracts in defence of his father and friend against the libellous publications of the Messrs. Hill and Toplady, which are creditable to his talents, and display a grateful affection which every generous heart cannot but admire. The vindication of Mr. Wesley was a crime which Sir Richard Hill could never forgive ; and hence he lavished upon this humble Methodist preacher the most contemptuous nick-names, which ill became a baronet, a graduate of the University of Oxford, a member of parliament, and, above all, a professor of spiritual religion. He never answered the arguments of Thomas Olivers, but contented himself by speaking of this opponent as an impertinent quadruped, altogether beneath his notice, and whose barking he would not even order his footman to silence by the lashes of his whip ! Notwithstanding all these airs of superiority,

“Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow ;
The rest is all but leather and prunella.”

The baronet has long been reduced by death to a level with Thomas Olivers ; and this gentleman, with all his advantages of birth, title, and education, has left no such monuments of genius as the man whom he affected to regard with contempt, but really feared. To say nothing of Olivers's prose publications, one of the noblest hymns in existence, the hymn to “the God of Abraham,” was his composition. It will doubtless be sung by spiritual worshippers, of every denomination, with delight and profit, as long as the English language is understood. The fine melody entitled “Helmsley,” and adapted to the hymn,

“Lo ! He comes, with clouds descending,”

was composed by him, with other specimens of sacred verse and sacred music, which have been greatly admired by competent judges. “This author was,” says Mr. Fletcher, “twenty-five years ago, a mechanic, and, like ‘one’ Peter, ‘alias’ Simon the fisherman, and like ‘one’ Saul,

'alias' Paul a tent-maker, has had the honour of being promoted to the dignity of a preacher of the gospel; and his talents as a writer, a logician, a poet, and a composer of sacred music, are known to those who have looked into his publications."

When Mr. Fletcher was left by his opponents in full possession of the field, he still persevered in his unwearied literary labours, guarding on the one hand the doctrine of salvation by grace, and on the other hand that of practical holiness. No man ever wrote on the five points with equal copiousness, judgment, and piety. His style and manner are his own; so is his mode of argumentation; and both are beautiful in their originality. That a foreigner should be able to write English with such correctness, fluency, and idiomatic propriety, is truly surprising. But he was a man of singular quickness and vivacity of thought. The benevolence of his heart, arising from his deep piety, is strikingly apparent in all his writings. It is common for disputants and students to read controversial authors; but Mr. Fletcher's is the rare case of a polemic, whose works are resorted to and delighted in by the most devout and spiritually minded, who study them for the improvement of their piety, and as a means of strengthening every heavenly affection. Various attempts have of late been made to lower his reputation, and to persuade the world that in point of temper he was in no degree superior to the men with whom he had to contend. But the absurdity of the assumption is too glaring to obtain credit with any one who has read his writings and theirs. It is not denied that Mr. Fletcher's works have given pain, exquisite pain, to persons of unquestionable piety. But it does not follow that a book has been written in a bad spirit because it produces this effect. Piety is sometimes found in connection with undue attachment to erroneous opinions. What is called "bitterness" in Mr. Fletcher is the bitterness of unwelcome doctrine, set forth with all the advantages of language, confidence, and argument. He himself confessed that in opposing what he conceived to be error, he had in some instances used stronger terms than the occasion required; but no person has ever been able to find in the writings of this holy man a single outbreak of personal malignity, trying as were the circumstances in which he was often placed.

The biographer of Lady Huntingdon has given a very short passage from a private letter, apparently to prove that Mr. Fletcher deeply repented of having engaged in this controversy.* General readers would have been better able to form a judgment on this subject, if the whole of the letter had been given. It is well known that Mr. Fletcher regretted the personal character which the controversy assumed at the beginning; but that he had no doubt respecting the doctrines which he

* Vol. ii, p. 245.

defended, and of his duty to write in their defence, is manifest from the fact, that, after the letter in question was written, he persevered for several years in his controversial career; and on closing his argumentation with Sir Richard Hill, he makes the following remarkable declaration:—

“In one of the three letters which introduce the fictitious creed, Mr. Hill says, ‘Controversy, I am persuaded, has not done me any good;’ and he exhorts me to examine closely whether I cannot make the same confession. I own that it would have done me harm, if I had blindly contended for my opinions. Nay, if I had shut my eyes against the light of truth; if I had set the plainest scriptures aside, as if they were not worth my notice; if I had overlooked the strongest arguments of my opponents; if I had advanced groundless charges against them; if I had refused to do justice to their good meaning or piety; and, above all, if I had taken my leave of them by injuring their moral character, by publishing over and over again arguments which they have properly answered, without taking the least notice of their answers; if I had made a solemn promise not to read one of their books, though they should publish a thousand volumes; if, continuing to write against them, I had fixed upon them (as ‘unavoidable’ consequences) absurd tenets, which have no more necessary connection with their principles, than the doctrine of general redemption has with Calvinian reprobation; if I had done this, I say, controversy would have wounded my conscience or my reason; and, without adding any thing to my light, it would have immovably fixed me in my prejudices, and perhaps branded me before the world for an Arminian bigot. But as matters are, I hope I may make the following acknowledgment without betraying the impertinence of proud boasting.

“Although I have often been sorry that controversy should take up so much of the time which I might with much more satisfaction to myself have employed in devotional exercises; and although I have lamented, and do still lament, my low attainments in the meekness of wisdom, which should constantly guide the pen of every controversial writer; yet I rejoice that I have been enabled to persist in my resolution either to wipe off, or to share, the reproach of those who have hazarded their reputation in defence of pure and undefiled religion. And if I am not mistaken, my repeated attempts have been attended with these happy effects. In vindicating the moral doctrines of grace, I hope that, as a man, I have learned to think more closely, and to investigate truth more ardently, than I did before. There are rational powers in the dullest souls, which lie hid as sparks in a flint. Controversial opposition and exertion, like the stroke of the steel, have made me accidentally find out some of the latent sparks of reason, for which I should

never have thanked my Maker if I had never discovered them. I have frequently been thankful to find that my horse could travel in bad roads better than I expected ; nor do I think that it is a piece of Pharisaism to say, I am thankful to find that my mind can travel with more ease than I thought it could through theological roads, rendered almost impassable by heaps of doctrinal rubbish, brought from all parts of Christendom, and by briars of contention which have kept growing for above a thousand years.

“ To return : as a divine, I see more clearly the gaps and stiles at which mistaken good men have turned out of the narrow way of truth, to the right hand and to the left. As a Protestant, I hope I have much more esteem for the Scripture in general, and in particular for those practical parts of it which the Calvinists had insensibly taught me to overlook or despise. And this increasing esteem is, I trust, accompanied with a deeper conviction of the truth of Christianity, and with a greater readiness to defend the gospel against infidels, Pharisees, and Antinomians. As a preacher, I hope I can now do more justice to a text, by reconciling it with contrary scriptures. As an anti-Calvinist, I have learned to do the Calvinists justice in granting that there is an election of distinguishing grace for God’s peculiar people, and a particular redemption for all believers who are faithful unto death. And by that means, as a controvertist, I can more easily excuse pious Calvinists, who, through prejudice, mistake that Scriptural election for their Antinomian election, and who consider that particular redemption as the only redemption mentioned in the Scriptures. Nay, I can, without scruple, allow Mr. Hill, that his doctrines of ‘ finished salvation ’ and irresistible grace are true with respect to all those who die in their infancy. As one who is called an Arminian, I have found out some flaws in Arminianism, and evidenced my impartiality by pointing them out, as well as the flaws of Calvinism. As a witness for the truth of the gospel, I hope I have learned to bear reproach from all sorts of people with more undaunted courage. And I humbly trust, that were I called to seal the truth of the doctrines of grace and justice, against the Pharisees and the Antinomians, I could, divine grace supporting me to the last, do it more rationally, and, of consequence, with greater steadiness.

“ Again : as a follower of Christ, I hope I have learned to disregard my dearest friends for my heavenly Prophet ; or, to speak the language of our Lord, I hope I have learned to forsake father, mother, and brothers, for Christ’s sake, and the gospel’s. As a disputant, I have learned that solid arguments and plain scriptures make no more impression upon bigotry, than the charmer’s voice does upon the deaf adder ; and by that means, I hope I depend less upon the powers of reason, the letter

of the Scripture, and the candour of professors, than I formerly did. As a believer, I have been brought to see and feel that the power of the Spirit of truth, which teaches men to be of one heart and of one mind, and makes them think and speak the same, is at a very low ebb in the religious world; and that the prayer which I ought continually to offer is, 'O Lord, baptize Christians with the Spirit of truth, and the fire of love. Thy kingdom come! Bring thy church out of the wilderness of error and sin, into the kingdom of righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.' As a member of the Church of England, I have learned to be pleased with our holy mother, for giving us floods of pure morality to wash away the few remaining Calvinian freckles that remain upon her face. As a Christian, I hope I have learned, in some degree, to exercise that charity which teaches us boldly to oppose a dangerous error, without ceasing to honour and love its abettors, so far as they resemble our Lord; and enables us to use an irony, with St. Paul and Jesus Christ, not as an enemy uses a dagger, but as a surgeon uses a lancet or a caustic. And, lastly, as a writer, I have learned to feel the truth of Solomon's observation: 'Of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness to the flesh. Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man,' and the sum of the anti-solifidian truth which I endeavour to vindicate.

"I do not say that I have learned any of these lessons as I should have done; but I hope I have learned so much of them as to say, that in these respects my controversial toil has not been altogether in vain in the Lord. And now, reader, let me entreat thee to pray, that if I am spared to vindicate more fully what appears to us the Scriptural doctrine of grace, I may be so helped by the Father of lights and the God of love, as to speak the pure truth in perfect love, and never more drop a needlessly-severe expression. Some such have escaped me before I was aware. In endeavouring to render my style nervous, I have sometimes inadvertently rendered it provoking. Instead of saying that the doctrines of grace, so called, represent God as 'absolutely graceless' toward myriads of 'reprobated culprits,' I would now say, that, upon the principles of my opponents, God appears 'devoid of grace' toward those whom he has absolutely 'reprobated' from all eternity. The thought is the same, I grant, but the expressions are less grating, and more decent. This propriety of language I labour after, as well as after more meekness of wisdom. The Lord help me and my antagonists to keep our garments clean! Controvertists ought to be clothed with an ardent, flaming love for truth, and a candid, humble regard for their neighbour. May no root of prejudice stain that flaming love! no bigotry spot that candid regard! no malice rend our seamless

garments! and if they are ever rolled in blood, may it be only in the blood of our common enemies,—destructive error, and the man of sin!”*

Such was the language of Mr. Fletcher when he had been some years engaged in this arduous conflict, and had ample opportunities for judging of its effects upon his own mind, as well as upon the minds of others. It is certainly not the language of penitence, that he had become a disputant, but rather of humble gratitude, that while he had successfully defended what he believed to be revealed truth, his own personal piety was increased.

The writer of *Lady Huntingdon's Life and Times* says, “The effect of the controversy was most pernicious. Without eliciting truth, or illustrating difficult texts, the combatants inflamed the spirit of party, and rendered the two bodies of Methodists, for several years, more hostile to each other than almost any other differing sects. Both parties were driven to extremes.”† This anonymous writer may be allowed

* Fictitious and genuine Creed.

† Vol. ii, p. 250. Various attempts have been made within the last few years to produce an impression unfavourable to Mr. Wesley and Mr. Fletcher, as having dishonoured themselves in this controversy by unchristian feeling and intemperate language. The Messrs. Hill and Toplady, it is confessed, did not uniformly manifest the meekness of wisdom; but it is intimated that their opponents, if not equally guilty, were criminal in a very high degree. The proof which has of late been adduced in support of this assumption is curious, and cannot by possibility be satisfactory to the writers who have employed it. When Mr. Rowland Hill applied to Mr. Wesley the most reproachful epithets, his own friends complained of his acrimony; and he, in vindication of himself, contended that Mr. John and Charles Wesley had used similar language. The following are the examples which he produced:—“Devil's factors—Satan's synagogue—Children of the old roaring, hellish murderer, who believe his lie—Advocates of sin—Witnesses for the father of lies—Blasphemers—Satan-sent preachers—Devils—Liars—Fiends.” “These terms,” says Mr. Hill, “are taken out of different poems, composed by those gentlemen; all of which, if I greatly mistake not, are still upon sale.”—Full Answer to the Rev. J. Wesley's Remarks, p. 30.

The author of the “*Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon*,” (vol. ii, p. 247,) the Rev. Edwin Sidney, in his *Life of the Rev. Rowland Hill*, (p. 108,) and Mr. Jones, in his *Memoir of Mr. Hill*, (p. 555,) have all urged this quotation from Mr. Hill's pamphlet, in reply to Mr. Watson, who has awarded the prize of temper in this controversy to Mr. Wesley and Mr. Fletcher. Mr. Sidney remarks, in a tone of surprise, “Wesley's biographer, Watson, a great and good man, surely was not aware of these expressions when he called the publications of his party ‘models of temper, and calm but occasionally powerfully reproofing.’” Mr. Watson did not use the language here ascribed to him with reference to “his party” in general. He confines it to Mr. Wesley. Of the vicar of Madeley, whose manner was not “calm,” but animated, he speaks in different terms. “It is refreshing,” says he, “to remark, in the writings of the ‘saintly Fletcher,’ so fine a union of strength and meekness; an edge so keen, and yet so smooth; and a heart kept in such perfect charity with his assailants, and so intent upon establishing truth, not for victory, but for salvation.”

Whether Mr. Watson was aware of “the expressions” here imputed to Mr. John

to speak for his own party; but when he includes Mr. Fletcher in these sweeping censures, he enunciates his own prejudices merely, and not the truth. For nothing are Mr. Fletcher's writings more remarkable than the light which they shed upon "difficult texts" of Holy Scripture; and the light which he brings to the sacred books is not the "palpable obscure" of a vain metaphysical philosophy, affecting to be wise above what is written, and intruding into those things which are not revealed. It is the light which inspiration sheds upon itself, and which is elicited by comparing spiritual things with spiritual. No human compositions more effectually rebuke the practice of taking one half of the Scriptures, and leaving the other, than do those of the vicar of Madeley. There is not a book in the English language equal to his "Scripture Scales," for "illustrating difficult texts," and guarding the inquirer against dangerous extremes. The method of ascertaining the

and Charles Wesley, we know not, nor need we stay to inquire, as they are irrelevant to the question at issue. Mr. Watson is speaking of the controversy which arose out of the Minutes of 1770, and which was carried on in sober prose; and Mr. Sidney professes to quote some poetry which was published several years before those Minutes were written! When Mr. Hill wrote, he was not sure that the poems were on sale, but apprehended that they might be out of print.

With respect to the "expressions" in these poems, so strangely introduced, it may be observed, (1.) That in controversy unverified quotations pass for nothing. On what subjects and occasions were the "poems" written? and where are they to be found? Till they are produced, and we can judge of the true meaning of the "expressions" which they are said to contain, they are of no avail in the argument. (2.) Some of the "expressions" objected to are contained in Scripture, and are therefore in themselves not liable to any just exception. They may be ill applied, it is true; but having been used by Christ and his apostles, they might be used by John and Charles Wesley without any just blame. (3.) One of the "expressions" at least is obviously falsified. All of them are professedly "taken out of different poems composed by gentlemen" of accurate scholarship, many specimens of whose versification are before the world. Will Mr. Sidney seriously maintain that the following sentence occurs in any "poem," written by John or Charles Wesley, or by any man that had the least conception of metrical composition: "Children of the old roaring, hellish murderer, who believe his lie?" Whatever Mr. Hill or Mr. Sidney may say, no man will ever believe that the learned and accomplished brothers, whom it is sought to degrade, ever published this "expression" in any "poem" with which they connected their names. (4.) Admitting the authenticity of "these expressions," and that they imply a just reflection upon the men to whom they are attributed, in what way, it may be asked, do they affect the character of Mr. Fletcher, who was the principal writer in defence of the Minutes? The "poems" from which they are said to be selected were written, if written at all, while he was a youth, in Switzerland, and had never set his foot upon British ground. How then do they prove him guilty of "acidity," or of any thing else? Neither Mr. Sidney, nor Mr. Jones, nor the biographer of Lady Huntingdon, can believe that they reflect the slightest dishonour upon the vicar of Madeley; yet every one of these gentlemen has produced "these expressions" to prove that he, as well as Mr. Wesley, was an angry disputant, notoriously deficient in Christian meekness!

mind of the Holy Ghost, by taking the Scriptures as a whole, and comparing one part with another, is universally allowed by sound Protestants to be the most just and unexceptionable; and this is precisely the plan which Mr. Fletcher pursued with unexampled success.

The effect of Mr. Fletcher's writings has been powerful, extensive, and lasting. Never since they appeared has the remark been called for in the Methodist conference, "We have leaned too much toward Calvinism." Their influence upon the men who differ from him on the five points has also been most salutary, though few of them like to confess it. They have served to produce a more guarded and practical style of preaching and writing than formerly prevailed. Where are the ministers now who would openly declare from the pulpit, that all the sins of the elect, past, present, *and to come*, are for ever cancelled? and that David was as much a child of God when committing adultery and murder, as when he was leading the devotions of the tabernacle? Yet these points, with others of a similar nature, were strenuously contended for in the controversy with Mr. Fletcher; and such was the Antinomianism which he attempted to "check."

Few books in the English language have been more extensively read, during the last seventy years, than those of "the saintly Fletcher;" and the demand for them increases almost every year. They are the most sought after and admired by persons of the deepest piety. To say that they "elicit no truth," "illustrate no difficult" scripture, and serve only to "inflammé the spirit of party," is to contradict the testimony of twice ten thousand witnesses possessed of spiritual discernment, and of heavenly affections. It is as palpable an absurdity as to say, that Mr. Whitefield's preaching was of no possible benefit to mankind.

Mr. Charles Wesley took a lively interest in the rise and progress of this controversy, though his name has rarely been connected with it. He corresponded with his friend, the vicar of Madeley, and encouraged him in his arduous undertaking. Mr. Fletcher transmitted his manuscripts to him for revision, begging of him to expunge every expression that was calculated to give unnecessary pain, and to pay especial attention to the grammar and theology of the whole. He also confided to Mr. Charles Wesley the task of conducting them through the press, the correction of which was inconvenient to himself, because of his distance from London. The fact is, that nearly every thing that Mr. Fletcher published, not even excepting his political tracts, and his treatise on original sin, passed under the eye and hand of Mr. Charles Wesley before it was given to the world. Their correspondence, therefore, was frequent and confidential, especially while this controversy was in progress. Not that the compositions of his friend needed much emendation; but his criticisms gave Mr. Fletcher confidence,

and were highly valued. In 1775 Mr. Fletcher said to him, "Nobody helps me but you; and you know how little you do it. Deprive me not of that little. Your every hint is a blessing to me." In another letter he says, "You have your enemies, as well as your brother. They complain of your love for music, company, fine people, great folks, and of the want of your former zeal and frugality. I need not put you in mind to cut off all sinful appearances. You were taught to do this before I knew any thing of the matter. Only see you abound more and more, to stop the mouth of your adversaries, or of your jealous friends."

An extract from one of Mr. Charles Wesley's letters Mr. Fletcher has inserted in his answer to Sir Richard Hill. It accounts for some unguarded expressions in his early hymns. "I was once," says he, "on the brink of Antinomianism, by unwarily reading Crisp and Saltmarsh. Just then, warm in my first love, I was in the utmost danger, when Providence threw in my way Baxter's treatise, entitled, 'An Hundred Errors of Dr. Crisp demonstrated.' My brother was sooner apprehensive of the dangerous abuse which would be made of our unguarded hymns and expressions than I was. Now I also see and feel we must all sink, unless we call St. James to our assistance. Yet let us still insist as much or more than ever on St. Paul's justification. What God has joined together let no man put asunder. The great Chillingworth saw clearly the danger of separating St. James from St. Paul. He used to wish that whenever a chapter of St. Paul's justification was read, another of St. James might be read at the same time."

Though Lady Huntingdon was no party to the base attacks which were made upon Mr. Wesley's moral character, her eagerness to fix upon him the charge of heretical pravity inflicted a deep wound in the generous and upright mind of Charles; whose correspondence with her was indeed resumed, but never with its former cordiality and warmth.

Mr. Charles Wesley had the solid gratification of seeing his brother, as well as Mr. Fletcher, retire from this controversy with an untarnished reputation. Neither of them wrote any thing of which their friends could be justly ashamed; they freely attacked the principles of their opponents, but made no dishonourable reference to private character; and the absolute failure of all the attempts which were made to fix a stain upon Mr. John Wesley's morals, only served to establish the conviction of his purity. His assailants showed what they would have done, had they possessed the power; but, with all their means and appliances, they could adduce no proof whatever in support of their unchristian and cruel insinuations, which therefore recoiled upon their own heads.

It is only justice to Lady Huntingdon to say, that she did not retain to the end of her life the hostility to Mr. Wesley which marked her conduct when the controversy respecting the Minutes was begun. At that period her biographer says no less than "sixty clergymen were employed by her;" so that she was the acknowledged head of a large body of people. Her inability to bear a rival in Mr. Wesley, who dissented from her creed, and the conspiracy which she headed, to ruin his character, and put an end to his influence, for giving a doctrinal warning to his preachers, of which she chose to disapprove, have left a blot upon her spiritual escutcheon which no ingenuity can obliterate. The part which she took in reference to the circular was altogether unjustifiable, and was especially revolting in a person of her sex. But considering the adulation which she was accustomed to receive from many quarters, as "the elect lady" of the age, and the unnatural position in which she was placed, the wonder is that she acted with so much humility and gentleness. If no man is wise at all times, we have no right to demand absolute discretion in a woman. It is honourable to Lady Huntingdon that she lived to regret the part which she had unhappily taken in respect of her spiritual father, and early religious friend and adviser.

She survived Mr. Wesley about five months. After his death a small tract was published, containing the interesting particulars of his last illness, with the expressions to which he gave utterance in the immediate prospect of dissolution. It was drawn up with the beautiful simplicity of truth, and bore the initials of his friend Elizabeth Ritchie. A copy of this document fell into the hands of Lady Huntingdon, who read it with superior interest, because, according to the natural course of things, the time of her own departure was at hand. She sent for Joseph Bradford, who for many years had been Mr. Wesley's travelling companion, and asked him if this account of Mr. Wesley was true; and whether he really died acknowledging his sole dependance upon the meritorious sacrifice of Christ, for acceptance and eternal life. He assured her ladyship that the whole was strictly true; and that, from his own knowledge he could declare, whatever reports to the contrary had been circulated, the principles which Mr. Wesley recognised upon his death-bed had invariably been the subjects of his ministry. She listened with eager attention to this statement; confessed, she had believed that he grievously departed from the truth; and then, bursting into tears, expressed her deep regret at the separation which had in consequence taken place between them. The spell, which ought never to have bound her spirit, was then broken. During his life-time it does not appear that she was at all reconciled to him; but when he had yielded up his soul to God, and was placed beyond the reach of human

censure, she acknowledged him, not as "a dreadful heretic," but as "a good minister of Jesus Christ."* They now see eye to eye; and their former misunderstandings are forgotten; or, if remembered at all, are seen in connection with that sacrificial blood through which they were mercifully atoned for and forgiven.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MR. CHARLES WESLEY removed his family from Bristol to London in the year 1771. He did not fix his residence in Hackney or Stoke-Newington, as he once intended, but in Chesterfield-street, St. Mary-le-bone. The circumstances which led him to reside there deserve to be recorded. When the Methodists of London and Bristol were subscribing toward a London residence for this honoured minister, the proposal reached the ear of Mrs. Gumley, the aunt of Lady Robert Manners, (formerly Miss Degge,) and she immediately stopped further proceedings, by handing over, gratuitously, to her friends Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wesley, the lease (which had upward of twenty years to run) of her handsome town residence. The house was richly furnished, and completely prepared for occupation. All these accommodations this excellent lady generously presented to the Methodist clergyman and his family, whom, it is needless to say, she highly esteemed. She did this at the very time that Lady Huntingdon withdrew her friendship from the Wesleys, because they refused, after her example, to change their creed. The house was subject to a yearly ground-rent, of which the half-yearly receipts remain. It was about three miles from the Foundery, where his brother generally resided when in London; so that they were at an inconvenient distance from each other. John regretted this, because it prevented him from consulting Charles on many subjects connected with their work, in which it was desirable that they should act by united counsels.

Before Mr. Charles Wesley removed the rest of his family from Bristol, he brought with him to London his eldest son, who bore his father's name, and when a mere boy commanded universal admiration by his extraordinary musical genius. The father was highly gratified with his son's abilities, and the respect which was everywhere shown him; but his own health was so delicate, that he was apprehensive of a speedy removal from his wife and children, and an entrance into the world of spirits, to which many of his pious friends were already gone.

* The particulars of this interview Mr. Bradford related to the Rev. George Morley, by whom they were kindly communicated to the writer of this narrative.

The following are extracts from his letters to Mrs. Wesley, who was still in Bristol:—

“London, May 1st, 1771. I clearly saw it my duty to bring Charles up, although I were sure to drop my old bones in the ground adjoining. I have taken the best care of him I could; and am still waiting upon him as his loving servant. On Tuesday evening, at Mr. Kelway’s, we met Mr. Smith and Mr. Tate. They stared, and looked at each other, as if they did not believe their own ears, while Charles played like his master. It was hard to say which of the three was most delighted. The first masters count it an honour to assist him.”

“May 16th. I want country air to perfect my recovery. Charles cannot be better. We rejoice in hope of seeing you all next week. I am stepping into the pulpit. The Lord bless and prosper you and yours in all things!”

When Mr. Charles Wesley was settled with his family in London, he served the congregations and societies there with great efficiency, and cherished that spirit of prayer by which he had been distinguished from the time when he obtained the peace and holiness which are consequent upon a vital faith in Christ. There were seasons in which he was drawn out in intercession in behalf of particular friends, especially at the Lord’s table. A singular instance of this occurred in the year 1772. He remembered the arduous controversy in which Mr. Fletcher was engaged, and one Sunday commended him with deep feeling to the especial care and blessing of God. He afterward mentioned the subject in a letter to Mr. Fletcher, from whom he received the following remarkable answer:—

“July 5th, 1772. I thank you for the letters you have lately sent me. Your loving directions are seasonable. You asked me in one of them, how I found myself the Sunday before. Your question surprised me so much the more, as I had spent some time that day in wondering how I was inwardly loosed, and how prayer and praise came from a much greater depth than usual in my heart; which, glory be to God, hath in general remained with me ever since, together with greater openings of love, and clearer views of Christian simplicity and liberty. I thought I was merely indebted to the Lord’s love for this enlargement; but I am still more thankful that he would have my gratitude pass through the channel of brotherly love, by which his bounty came down to me. I desire, then, you will add thanksgiving to prayer.”

Mr. Charles Wesley’s friendship for his brother was tender and inviolable. Nothing could separate them in affection. They differed in their views respecting the Church, and on other questions; but, to the end of their lives, their mutual love was constant and unimpaired. In the summer of 1775, Charles’s submission to the divine will was put

to the severest test by an illness of his brother, from which his recovery was extremely doubtful. Mr. John Wesley was travelling in the north of Ireland, when he was seized with a fever of a very dangerous kind. His tongue was much swollen, and as black as a coal. He was convulsed all over; and for some time his heart did not beat perceptibly, nor was his pulse discernible. Mr. Joseph Bradford, his faithful friend and travelling companion, addressed the following letter to Charles, apprizing him of his brother's situation:—

“July 19th, 1775. Rev. and Very Dear Sir,—I suppose you have received my letter, dated the 16th, in which I informed you of your brother's sickness. From the time I wrote he has continued very ill. On Saturday morning, with much entreaty, he was prevailed with to call in a physician. The medicines which he proposed gave present ease, and I was in hopes he would have soon recovered. In the afternoon he grew much worse, and continued so all night. About three yesterday morning he appeared to be in the agonies of death. I think his pulse beat at least one hundred and thirty times in a minute, his flesh was like fire, and he was convulsed from head to foot. But blessed be God, that he hath continued him so long, and endued his servant with much patience to suffer. What will be the event, God only knows. I fear. I think the fever is not so violent; but he continues very ill.

“Yesterday we left Tanderagee, and came to Mr. Grier's, about a mile from Lisburn. The family are Methodists, and live in as handsome a manner as any in the kingdom, and have an estate which brings in some hundreds annually to support it. The people are friendly, and with pleasure provide all things necessary. Here he is to stay until the Lord is pleased to restore him, which I hope will be soon. Mr. Wesley is very happy and composed under this afflictive providence. He has no choice either to live or die, but with submission to the divine will. Yesterday morning one of our sisters, not knowing that he was ill, came from Armagh to Tanderagee, to hear him preach. He, seeing her come into the room, said, ‘Sister Russell came to hear me preach, but did not think she should come to see me die. The Lord does all things well.’ When I informed your brother that I was writing to you, he desired me to send his love, and to tell you that he gains no ground, but is of opinion that when the fever is turned, he shall recover rapidly. The Lord hasten the time! A word of advice from you would be thankfully received.”

In this very trying emergency the public sympathy was strongly excited; for scarcely any person seems to have expected Mr. Wesley's recovery. The newspapers announced that he was dead. Under this impression the vicar of Shoreham wrote a letter of condolence to Charles; but hearing that Mr. Wesley was better, he forbore to send it. Mr.

Fletcher was more prompt. He knew the unsettled state of the Methodist societies, for whose preservation no adequate provision was made in the event of Mr. Wesley's death, and endeavoured to rouse Charles to a sense of his responsibility, that he might take his brother's place; advising that the senior preachers should be convened together in London, and that some plan should be formed by their united counsels for carrying on the work of God; offering his own assistance, but with his characteristic meekness and humility. The following is his letter, which ought to be for ever preserved as a memorial of his kindness to the Wesleys, and fidelity to the cause which they lived to serve:—

“Madeley, July 2d, 1775. My Very Dear Brother,—The same post which brought me yours, brought me a letter from Ireland, informing me of the danger of your dear brother, my dear father, and of his being very happy in, and resigned to, the will of God. What can you and I do? What, but stand still, and see the salvation of God? The nations are before him but as the dust that cleaves to a balance; and the greatest instruments have been removed. Abraham is dead; the fathers are dead; and if John come first to the sepulchre, you and I will soon descend into it. The brightest, the most burning and shining lights, like the Baptist, Mr. Whitefield, and your brother, were kindled to make the people rejoice in them ‘for a season,’ says our Lord. ‘For a season.’ The expression is worth our notice. It is just as if our Lord had said, ‘I give you inferior lights, that ye may rejoice in them for a season. But I reserve to myself the glory of shining for ever. The most burning lights shall fail on earth; but I, your Sun, will shine to all eternity.’ Come, my dear brother, let the danger of our lights make us look to our Sun more steadily: and should God quench the light of our Jerusalem below, let us rejoice that it is to make it burn brighter in the Jerusalem which is above; and let us triumph in the inextinguishable light of our Sun, in the impenetrable strength of our Shield, and in the immoveableness of our Rock.

“Amidst my concern for the church in general, and for Mr. Wesley's societies in particular, I cannot but acknowledge the goodness of God, in so wonderfully keeping him for so many years, and in preserving him to undergo such labours as would have killed you and me ten times over, had we run the same heats of laborious usefulness. The Lord may yet hear prayer, and add a span to his useful life. But forasmuch as the immortality of the body does not belong to this state, and he has fulfilled the ordinary term of human life, in hoping the best, we must prepare ourselves for the worst. The God of all grace and power will strengthen you on the occasion. Should your brother fail on earth, you are called not only to bear up under the loss of so near a relative;

but, for the sake of your common children in the Lord, you should endeavour to fill up the gap, according to your strength. The Methodists will not expect from you your brother's labours; but they have, I think, a right to expect that you will preside over them while God spares you in the land of the living. A committee of the oldest and steadiest preachers may help you to bear the burden, and to keep up a proper discipline, both among the people and the rest of the preachers: and if at any time you should want my mite of assistance, I hope I shall throw it into the treasury with the simplicity and readiness of the poor widow, who cheerfully offered her next to nothing. Do not faint. The Lord God of Israel will give you additional strength for the day; and his angels, yea, his praying people, will bear you up in their hands, that you hurt not your foot against a stone; yea, that, if need be, you may leap over a wall. I am by this time gray-headed, as well as you; and some of my parishioners tell me that the inroads of time are uncommonly visible upon my face. Indeed I feel as well as see it myself, and learn what only time, trials, and experience can teach. Should your brother be called to his reward, I would not be free to go to London till you and the preachers had settled all matters. My going just at such a time would carry the appearance of vanity, which I abhor. It would seem as if I wanted to be somebody among the Methodists. We heartily join here the prayers of the brethren for your brother, for you, and the societies. Paper-fails, not love. Be careful for nothing. Cast your burden upon the Lord, and he will sustain you. Farewell in Christ."

By the merciful interposition of divine Providence, the threatening calamity was averted. Mr. Charles Wesley was not compelled to assume the government of the societies, under the pressure of which he would have inevitably sunk. His brother soon recovered, so as to be able to resume his labours; and a few years afterward he was led to make such legal provision for the perpetuity of the connection, as has been a means of its preservation and prosperity to the present day. When the danger was passed away, the venerable vicar of Shoreham addressed the following beautiful letter to Mr. Charles Wesley, in which he mentions a blessed revival of religion in his own parish, which had long been unfruitful under rich spiritual culture:—

"Sept. 27th, 1775. My Rev. and Very Dear Brother,—It is now a long time since I had the pleasure of seeing thee, or hearing from thee. The news of your brother's recovery from the grave (to which the public papers had consigned him) prevented a letter of condolence from being sent you, which wanted only sealing up. Since that time we have heard both of your own sickness and restoration, upon which accounts we congratulate with you and my dear daughter, and your whole family, as well as with the whole society. The Lord has more

work for your brother. When that is finished, the crown is ready. Go on, and prosper!

“All glory to God, there has been a very extraordinary outpouring of the Spirit among us, though altogether in a silent manner. We have not only a very large number of hearers, especially on Sunday evenings, so that in the summer a great many stand in the garden, but, blessed be God, we have many growing and increasing in divine grace. May the Lord still increase their numbers and increase their grace! This must give you a particular pleasure, if you recollect that this very day, just twenty-nine years ago, we were saluted with noise, and dirt, and stones, and rotten eggs, after you had preached in the church for the first time, and which salutations continued long after we were returned home. How are times happily altered! Glory be to God!

“As to myself, I am a standing monument of the divine goodness. Be you the judge. An ancient unworthy divine, near the eighty-third year of his age, who never kept any assistant, (for so the Lord decreed,) is carried through his Sunday’s labour, forenoon and afternoon, sometimes a large communion, with other incidental duties, such as christenings and burials, and afterward speaking and praying in the room; but so assisted by divine goodness as seldom or never to experience any fatigue or weariness! What miracles of mercy are these! May I ever retain a due and grateful sense of them! and may I ever labour to walk worthy of them! I know you will join heartily in the same petitions. May the Lord hear both of us!

“I hope shortly to congratulate our dear brother *vivâ voce*. I wrote not to him, as being assured he was overwhelmed with letters. We shall be glad when Providence brings you and yours this way. However, I know a time is coming when we shall all meet, and never part again. Our love and respects are with you all. The Lord be with us!

“Thine affectionately.”

Before Mr. John Wesley was seized with this dangerous illness, he had prepared a concise History of England for popular use, partly original and partly abridged from various authors. He was a decided friend of monarchy, but no less a friend of civil and religious freedom; and the wrongs which were inflicted upon the Puritans and Nonconformists, under the Stuart dynasty, filled him with honest indignation. The correction of this work, as it passed through the press, was intrusted to his brother, who demurred to a censure passed upon Charles the First, whom some writers describe as a faithless tyrant, and others as a martyr. Charles wrote to his brother, proposing the omission of a clause; and as he did not receive an immediate answer, he again pressed the subject upon his brother, in the following letter, which is highly characteristic of the writer’s principles and spirit:—

“Chesterfield-street, Dec. 29th, 1775. Dear Brother,—I must continue to plead for my namesake, till you grant my request, by omitting your ‘*but.*’ ‘He was rigorously just, but wanting in sincerity.’ ‘Just,’ but false. You mention it indeed as a supposition only; therefore you may more easily give it up. Such a drawback from his good character will exceedingly grieve more than me, as much as it will please the patriots and republicans. At such a time as this, especially, when it is the fashion to ‘blacken the tyrant,’ you and I should not join in the popular cry, but rather go against the stream. Let Macauley and company call the king’s murder, ‘This great act of national justice.’ Let Cromwell declare, ‘He could not be trusted,’ to palliate his own villany. Let not your hand be upon him, or mine.”

Having, as he supposed, received his brother’s silent consent to the proposed alteration, Mr. Charles Wesley returned the following answer:—“I am not such a corrector as N. N., or C. P., to put in or out, and give you no notice of it. Believing you have obliged me by granting my request, I have drawn a line over the Oliverian reflection, and accept your omitting it as the greatest favour and kindness you can do me.”

In a memorandum affixed to copies of these letters, Mr. Charles Wesley says, “His final answer was, ‘He could not in conscience say less evil of him.’ ‘With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.’ Observe, ye who survive us!”*

When Mr. Fletcher manifested so tender a sympathy toward Mr. John Wesley, during his illness in Ireland, and offered his generous assistance in preserving the union of the Methodist preachers and societies, it was not imagined that in the course of a few months the continuance of his own life would be less hopeful than that of his afflicted friend. Yet so it was. In the summer of 1776 his health failed, and he had all the symptoms of a confirmed consumption. The disease was doubtless accelerated, if it was not directly caused, by his intense and incessant application to study, during the preceding five years. It is indeed surprising that he should have been able, in so comparatively short a period, to produce so many works, displaying so much research and profound thought; for nearly the whole of his publications were written within this period, including those on the Calvinistic controversy, his “Appeal,” on the doctrine of original sin, his political tracts, and some minor pieces. He did indeed enjoy the retirement of a country village; but his parish was extensive, and his official duties were numerous. Most of his books were written under circumstances of strong excitement; for the eyes of two eager parties were fixed upon

* The sentence stands thus in Mr. Wesley’s History of England:—“He was rigorously just; but is supposed to have been wanting in sincerity.” Vol. iii, p. 221.

him; he knew that every argument he employed would be strictly scrutinized; and his chief opponents were not at all scrupulous as to the use which they would make of any inadvertency that might be discovered in his reasoning. His was not a leisurely authorship, on such questions of theology as were most congenial with his own feelings. The subjects upon which he wrote were forced upon him by his opponents; and not a day was to be lost in supplying an antidote to what was conceived to be dangerous error. The wonder is, that his health did not sooner fail under the weight of responsibility which rested upon him. While he suffered from what appeared to be incurable disease, prayer was made for him without ceasing, and by no man with greater ardour and importunity than Mr. Charles Wesley. Among his papers is a hymn, which he composed on the occasion, and which there is reason to believe was used by the societies in London and Bristol, especially at the weekly sacrament.

Soon after Mr. Charles Wesley had written this hymn, and while he was still uniting his supplications with those of the Methodists generally in behalf of the afflicted vicar of Madeley, he was called to sympathize with Mr. Perronet, who had suffered a painful bereavement in the death of his son Charles. This very excellent man, who was brought to the knowledge of God in early life, through the instrumentality of Mr. Charles Wesley, and for some years was a zealous and useful Methodist preacher, has been frequently mentioned in this narrative. His piety was deep and enlightened, and his abilities very considerable, as his compositions both in prose and verse testify; but his health was delicate, so that he was compelled to desist from his itinerant ministry. Somewhat more than twenty years before his death he attempted, with several others of his brethren who were like-minded, to introduce the sacraments into the Methodist meeting-houses, for which he was severely rebuked by Mr. Charles Wesley; and it does not appear that he persisted in this course, when he found that those who were over him in the Lord were decidedly opposed to it. He was a very holy man; a consistent witness of the full Christian salvation; and a principal instrument of that extraordinary revival of religion in Shoreham, of which his father speaks in language of grateful joy. About seven months before he died he was visited at Canterbury by Mr. John Wesley, who says in his Journal, "I had a long conversation with that extraordinary man, Charles Perronet. What a mystery of Providence! Why is such a saint as this buried alive by continual sickness?" His aged and venerable father was deeply affected by the death of this son, whom he tenderly loved. Mr. Charles Wesley sent him a letter of condolence, which the sorrowing parent thus acknowledges:—

“ August 13th. My Very Dear and Rev. Brother,—I thank you for your very kind and Christian condolence. Sympathizing joys and tears are duties becoming Christians here below. The gospel was not designed to destroy our passions, but to direct them aright, and to regulate all their motions. My late dear Charles led a painful, sorrowing life, almost all his days. I speak as to the outward man; but at his heart I believe was always sincere before God. He felt inward comforts, which this world could neither give nor rob him of. God wisely and graciously adapts all our sufferings to our wants and necessities, and kindly makes poor nature often to groan, out of pure love and compassion. All glory to his great name! I can speak this from my own happy experience. My ways have been spread with briars and thorns, by far the greatest part of my life; and many a bitter cup has my heavenly Father forced me to drink. But, to the praise of his grace, he enables me to see the suitableness and necessity of his dealings with me, and at the same time to rejoice and bless his holy name. What love, what condescension is here! Is it not abundant goodness in the Lord, to guide us in our temporal and spiritual concerns? But how astonishing is that grace which stoops so low as to give us the reasons why he deals thus and thus with us! O, my dear brother, how good is God! You know him to be so by frequent experience. We can both say, with the royal Psalmist, ‘They that know thy name will put their trust in thee.’

“How long my stay below shall be, is only known to God. When he has nothing more for me to do or suffer, I have an humble, full assurance, that, through the merits and mediation of the Lord Jesus, he will send for me home, where I trust I shall one day see my whole dear family and yours, and rejoice with all the other children of God, through a glorious eternity. I send my love to my dear sister, yourself, and dear family. The Lord Jesus be with all of us!

“Thine most affectionately.”

In the year 1777 the public mind was strongly excited on finding a clergyman of celebrity and superior abilities convicted of felony, and placed under sentence of death. That unhappy man was Dr. William Dodd, whose preaching and authorship had long rendered his name familiar to all classes of people. His publications were numerous, amounting to upward of fifty, among which was a valuable Commentary on the Holy Scriptures, in three folio volumes, which he had compiled from various sources, especially the inedited papers of Dr. Cudworth, which he by mistake attributed to Locke, and those of Dr. Waterland. He took a very active part in the erection of the Magdalen Hospital, for which he acquired a just popularity; and his ministry attracted many hearers. Vanity, accompanied by a lavish expenditure,

was his ruin. Being pressed with pecuniary difficulties, he committed an act of forgery upon the earl of Chesterfield, who had formerly been his pupil, for which he was condemned to be hanged; and all attempts to obtain for him even a commutation of punishment were unavailing.

No class or people under heaven had a livelier interest in the compassion of Mr. Charles Wesley than the guilty victims of law, among whom the humane and once-popular Dr. Dodd now took his place. In the days of his prosperity he had often cast a slur upon Mr. John Wesley and his creed; but in his trouble and humiliation he sought the counsel and asked for the prayers of the itinerant and field-preacher. Mr. Wesley visited him in prison, accompanied by his brother Charles. They found him with every mark of true penitence, and both had a cheering hope that he obtained mercy at the hands of God, though the law and its administrators were inexorable. The yearning and devout pity of Mr. Charles Wesley's heart is particularly manifest in the verses which he wrote on the mournful occasion. His tender solicitude ceased not till the repentant transgressor was placed beyond the reach of all human help. While the fate of Dr. Dodd was yet undecided, Mr. Charles Wesley poured forth the sympathetic feelings of his heart in a poetical prayer for him.

While the doctor was under sentence of death, Miss Bosanquet, who was afterward married to Mr. Fletcher, carried on a regular correspondence with him on the all-important subject of his personal salvation; and few persons were better qualified to give him the advice and encouragement that he needed. Mr. John Wesley intimated to the doctor in his cell, that perhaps some such humiliating process was necessary to bring him to repentance, and a believing acceptance of Christ as his Saviour from sin; and it is edifying to see the critic, the orator, the commentator, the elegant scholar, meekly receiving instruction from a sensible and devout lady, who from her own experience could explain to him the nature and fruits of justifying faith. She knew "the sinner's short way to God:" a secret which many an erudite teacher never understood.

He highly appreciated her Christian services, and for her satisfaction sent her the following note:—"June 25th, 1777. My Dear Friend,—On Friday morning I am to be made immortal! I die with a heart truly contrite, and broken under a sense of its great and manifold offences, but comforted and sustained by a firm faith in the pardoning love of Jesus Christ. My earnest prayers to God are, that we may meet and know each other in that kingdom toward which you have been so long and so happily travelling. I return you my most affectionate thanks

for all your friendly attention to me ; and have no doubt, should any opportunity offer, you will remember my excellent but most afflicted partner in distress. I do not know where to direct to worthy Mr. Parker, but beg to trouble you with my dying love and kind remembrance to him. The Lord Jesus Christ be with your spirits ! Amen."

The importance which Mr. Charles Wesley attached to this document may be learned from the fact, that he treasured up among his papers a copy of it in his own hand-writing. On the morning of June 27th, 1777, the day of Dr. Dodd's execution, he wrote respecting him some impressive stanzas.

It will be observed, that Dr. Dodd, in his last note to Miss Bosanquet, requests her, should it ever be in her power, to befriend his bereaved wife. With this touching request there can be no doubt that Miss Bosanquet would be ready to comply. But her aid could be of little avail. The loss of Dr. Dodd's character, his imprisonment, his trial, his condemnation, the suspense connected with the unsuccessful attempts to obtain a commutation of punishment, and, above all, the terrible execution, were too much for the affectionate and sensitive mind of Mrs. Dodd to sustain. Reason fled ; and this unfortunate lady died a maniac, at Ilford, in Essex. Such were the bitter fruits of unsanctified pulpit popularity !

On the 1st of October Mr. Charles Wesley addressed the following valuable letter to his daughter, who was pursuing her youthful studies :—
 " Bristol. My Dear Sally,—Your friends and ours at the Common have laid us under great obligations. I wish I could return them, by persuading *her* to seek till she finds the pearl, which is constant happiness ; and by persuading *him* to give himself entirely to One whose service is perfect freedom, and whose favour and love is heaven in both worlds.

" I never thought the bands would suit you. Yet many of them possess what you are seeking. You also shall bear witness of the power and peace, the blessedness of heart-religion. You also shall know the Lord, if you follow on to know him. Other knowledge is not worth your pains. Useful knowledge, as distinguished from religious, lies in a narrow compass, and may be soon attained, if your studies are well guarded and directed. We must have a conference on this subject. We may also read your verses together. They want perspicuity, which should be the first point ; but they are worth correcting.

" All your powers and faculties are so many talents, of which you are to give an account. You improve your talent of understanding, when you exercise it in acquiring important truth. You use your talent of memory aright, when you store it with things worth remembering, and enlarge by using and employing it. You should therefore be always getting something by heart. Begin with the first book of

Prior's Solomon, the vanity of knowledge. Let me see how much of it you can repeat, when we meet.

"Miss Hill is likely now to be a good fortune. You need not envy her, if you are a good Christian. Seek first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you. Charles has a turn to generosity; Sam to parsimony. You must balance them both. Or, you may follow your mother's and my example, and keep in the golden mean. There are many useful things which I can teach you, if I live a little longer. But I dare never promise myself another year. You know, I suppose, that October 9th I hope to reach Chesterfield-street. Your aunts allure me the next day to Tarriers, that I may spend two or three days with them before I carry your mother and brothers home. It is utterly uncertain *how* I shall be after my long journey.

"Miss Morgan is gone to Wales, full fraught with knowledge, which she may be safely trusted with; for she knows Jesus Christ, and him crucified. There poor Prior came short: therefore his Solomon makes so melancholy a conclusion. Probably I have taken my last leave of Bristol. Certainly I shall never more be separated eight weeks from my family. I half repented my leaving you, last Thursday night, which I spent in pain, and three days more in confinement. I am nourishing myself up for a journey, with my philosophical brother. Joseph attends us, and will look after

"My dearest Sally's loving father and friend."

Having returned to London, he again wrote to his daughter, who still remained at Guildford:—"Marybone, Oct. 11th. My Dear Sally, —I greatly miss you here, yet comfort myself with the thought that you are happy in your friends at Guildford. For their sake, as well as yours, I am content to want you a little longer; but hope nothing will hinder our meeting on Friday next. I think you may avail yourself of my small knowledge of books and poetry. I am not yet too old to assist you a little in your reading, and perhaps improve your taste in versifying. You need not dread my severity. I have a laudable partiality for my own children. Witness your brothers, whom I do not love a jot better than you: only you be as ready to show me your verses as they their music.

"The evenings I have set aside for reading with you and them. We should begin with history. A plan or order of study is absolutely necessary. Without that, the more you read, the more you are confused, and never rise above a smatterer in learning.

"Take care you do not devour all Mr. Russell's library. If you do, you will never be able to digest it. Your mother joins me in love to Charles and you, and all your hospitable friends. When shall we see Mr. John Russell?"

When Mr. Charles Wesley left Bristol in 1778, he thought it doubtful whether he should ever see that city again, such was his feebleness, occasioned by age and disease. Yet at the close of the following year we find him there. Some person, under the influence of angry feeling, had expressed a wish for his brother's death; and he immediately turned the imprecation to a good account by publishing in the form of a handbill a prayer for his life, which was first sung in the society-meeting at Charles's dictation.

The year 1780 is remarkable in the annals of England on account of the destructive riots in London, which took place in connection with the insane exploits of Lord George Gordon, of anti-Popish notoriety. During the preceding year an act of parliament had been passed in favour of the Roman Catholics in England and Wales, freeing them from several degrading and injurious disabilities under which they had previously laboured. In consequence of this, they began to exert themselves for the propagation of their tenets, in a manner which created considerable alarm. A society was formed, under the name of "The Protestant Association," one leading object of which was to obtain a repeal of the late statute, which was alleged to be dangerous to the Protestant religion. Of this institution Lord George Gordon, who was a member of the House of Commons, and at least a man of weak intellect, was made the president. Neither of the Wesleys appears to have been a member of the association; but soon after it was organized, John wrote a letter, which was inserted in one of the public papers, attempting to prove, that no Roman Catholic could give any adequate security for his loyal behaviour under any government that his Church might deem heretical. This letter, in which he spoke favourably of the published address of the association, drew him into a controversy with Father O'Leary, a Romish priest, who denied that his Church had ever promulgated the doctrine, "that no faith is to be kept with heretics." In this controversy Mr. Wesley disavows all wish to coerce the Roman Catholics. He would concede to them full liberty to practise their own forms of worship, and profess their peculiar tenets; but he would withhold from them the power to injure their Protestant fellow-subjects, because their Church would justify them in the abuse of that power, should a favourable opportunity occur.

A petition to the legislature, praying for a repeal of the late act, was prepared by the association; and great zeal was manifested in procuring signatures to it. To this document no less than one hundred thousand persons are said to have affixed their names; and, to give it the greater weight, the petitioners were invited to meet in St. George's-fields, and thence to walk in procession to the House of Commons, on the day that the petition was to be presented by the president of the

association. About fifty thousand persons accordingly assembled, and accompanied Lord George to Westminster, on the 2d of June. It is more easy to collect such an immense assemblage of people than to control and direct them. There is no reason to believe that the persons who arranged the proceedings of this day intended any thing directly mischievous; yet the result was most calamitous, both with respect to property and life. On that day the populace ill-treated several members of both houses of parliament; and in the evening a mob pulled down the Romish chapel of the Sardinian ambassador, in Lincoln's-inn-fields, and another in Warwick-street, Golden-square. After this a scene of unexampled devastation ensued. The dwelling-houses of Roman Catholics, as well as their places of worship, were demolished, and the materials burned in the streets. Protestant senators, especially those who were known to have been favourable to the act, were subjected to every outrage, and were glad to escape with their lives. Kennet, the lord mayor of London, had neither understanding nor energy to meet this fearful state of things; and the other magistrates appear to have been panic-struck; so that for several days and nights no effectual resistance was offered to the rioters. Some of them were indeed apprehended, and lodged in Newgate; but their infuriated and daring brethren destroyed the jail by fire, and liberated the guilty inmates. The civic authorities being powerless, the government at length interposed; the military were called into action; many lives were in consequence sacrificed; but the riots were effectually quelled, and further mischief was prevented. The whole affair was alike disgraceful to the people, and to the magistracy. One party were cruel and lawless, the other were cowards.

At this time Mr. John Wesley was pursuing his itinerant ministrations in the north of England; but Charles was in London, an agonized spectator of the miseries of anarchy. He wrote to his brother on the 8th of June, giving him an account of what was passing around him. He says, "The floods have risen, and lift up their voice. Last night the mob were parading, and putting us in bodily fear. My wife and sister Thackwray kept a watch-night. Some of the Tabernacle have asked if Charles Wesley was not with the petitioners; and were surprised to hear I was not. 'What then,' said they, 'does he not stand up for the Protestant cause?' In the papers you read a very small part of the mischief done. It is nothing, they say, to what they intend to do. But they have made a good beginning! Brother Thackwray was an eye-witness. He saw them drag the bishop of Lincoln out of his coach, and force him to kneel down. They treated him unmercifully; began to pull the house down, to which he fled for shelter; were scarcely persuaded by the owner (whose wife was almost frightened to death)

to let him escape at eleven at night. Another bishop wisely cried out, 'Huzza! No Popery!' and was dismissed with shoutings. Lord Mansfield would have reasoned with them; but they would not hear him, and handled him almost as roughly as the bishop of Lincoln. They arrested several of the members, particularly Sir George Saville, broke his wheels in pieces, and forced him to sit in his carriage on the ground. He durst not stir out of it. They pulled off the archbishop's wig.

"Imagine the terror of the poor Papists. I prayed with the preachers at the chapel, and charged them to keep the peace. I preached peace and charity, the one true religion, and prayed earnestly for the trembling, persecuted Catholics. Never have I found such love for them as on this occasion; and I believe most of the society are like-minded. General Monkton computed the mob at ninety thousand; yet said he would engage to conquer them all with five hundred soldiers. Tomorrow they promise to demolish the nunneries at Hammersmith. It will be a day of business at the House of Parliament, and in the city.

"Monday noon. I breakfasted with John Pawson, John Atlay, and Dr. Coke, leaving a bonfire behind me of the spoils of chapels. John Atlay I found in a dreadful taking. He had been kept up all night by the bonfire in Moorfields. The mob was busied with destroying the remains of the chapel there, and three large houses adjoining, (one the priest's,) of which nothing has escaped the flames. The instruments which the associators make use of first are boys with hatchets, who coolly cut every thing to pieces, then bring it out, and cast it into the fire. An engine stands by in readiness to *prevent mischief*. John Atlay trembled for our chapel. The same incendiaries, if employed and paid, would as freely burn us and ours."

On the same day Mr. Charles Wesley addressed the following letter to his daughter, who was at the house of a friend in the country:—"Dear Sally,—I have but a minute for writing. We are all well: your mother not yet frightened out of her wits. Last night she sheltered her sons at your aunt's, and sat up to guard them. She wants to fly to Wales. I offer to send her and Sam to Bristol. Charles will stay with me, and trust Providence. Matters here are in a dreadful situation. You are happily out of their reach. Particulars you may read in the papers."

On the 14th of the month he again addressed her:—"My Dear Sally,—The roaring of the waves is ceased; but the agitation continues. If God had not rebuked the madness of the people at the very crisis, London had now been no more! No wonder your mother was terrified, when I was *proscribed* as a Popish priest: for I never signed the petition, or ranked among the patriots. The den of lions is as safe a place as any. London, Wales, Wick, is alike; for the Lord of hosts

is with us ; the God of Jacob is our refuge. I leave you safe in the everlasting arms. Were I like Nehemiah, I would say, 'Should such a man as I flee?' Our faith will be put to the trial on Monday. But God has given a token to them that fear him."

There was considerable mystery connected with these destructive movements. It seemed incredible that such immense assemblages of people could be collected together daily, and carry on so methodically, and with such determined perseverance, their schemes of hostility to the Romanists and their friends, unless there were one or more designing minds secretly directing the whole. England was then at war with France and America ; and some people suspected that the gold of these countries was employed on the occasion. Others thought that the more violent of the Whig politicians were concerned in the affair, for the purpose of rendering the government increasingly odious, and of bringing about a change of administration. But of the correctness of these surmises no proof was ever adduced. Lord George Gordon, who appeared to be the most directly concerned, as the instigator of the mischief, was apprehended and tried ; but there being no evidence that he was implicated in any of the outrages that were perpetrated, he was acquitted. When once the public peace was broken, and it was seen that the civil authorities were intimidated, so that men might engage in riot and plunder with impunity, idle and dissolute people in general would be ready to join the fray. Mobs in all ages resemble that at Ephesus : "Some cried one thing, and some another : for the assembly was confused ; and the more part knew not wherefore they were come together." Notwithstanding Mr. John Wesley's Protestant letter, the destruction of his chapel in the City-road, then newly built, was apprehended ; and most probably it would have shared the fate of what were called mass-houses, had it not been for the interference of the military, by which the evil was arrested in its progress.

In the midst of these exciting scenes, it was not likely that Mr. Charles Wesley's muse would be silent. He beheld with indignation the malice of the rioters, and the womanish fears of the London magistrates, and lashed them both with merciless severity in a poem which he published under the title of, "The Protestant Association," in four cantos ; to which he added two satirical addresses to the city, rebuking them for their disloyalty to the king, when he, in pity for their helplessness, had saved them from ruin, by his timely and spirited interposition.

These troubles in the state were connected with uneasiness in the church. The difference of opinion and feeling which had long subsisted between Mr. John and Charles Wesley, with respect to the established Church, was at this period undiminished. John witnessed the

spread of religion with the liveliest gratitude to God, and was full of hope and confidence in regard of the future. Charles thought there was in many of the preachers and societies a strong bias in favour of separation, from which he apprehended a calamity no less terrible than the breaking up of the Methodists into innumerable Dissenting sects. The only means of preventing this evil, which he thought would entirely destroy the good that had been done, he deemed a strict union with the Church of England. John beheld almost everywhere the societies enlarged, by the accession of persons who were really turned from sin to holiness; and this he felt to be a benefit of the most substantial kind. He did not as yet see how the preachers and people could be kept together when he was no more; but he was assured that the work was the Lord's, and in his hands it might be safely left. Permanent evil, he knew, could not result from the spread of vital religion, the love of God and man, springing from a lively faith in the world's Redeemer. Unless the preachers declared themselves to be decided Churchmen, Charles eyed them with alarm. If they were zealous for God, and laboured with all their might for the conversion of sinners, John loved them, and encouraged them in their work. He resolved to do what he could to prevent them and the societies from leaving the Church; but their continuance in it was with him a subordinate object. His great concern was, to save souls from sin and hell.

Mr. Charles Wesley attended the conference of 1780, which was held in Bristol. He saw, or thought he saw, in that annual assembly the working of principles unfavourable to that strict Churchmanship which he believed to be essential to the continuance of that revival of religion which had long been in progress; and hence he poured forth the feelings of his mind in the following stanzas. They are said to have been "written after the conference in August, 1780; the last which the writer was present at." It will be observed that he attended about as many "last conferences" as the good Richard Baxter uttered and published "last words."

Why should I longer, Lord, contend,
 My last important moments spend
 In buffeting the air?
 In warning those who will not see,
 But rest in blind security,
 And rush into the snare?

Prophet of ills why should I live,
 Or by my sad forebodings grieve
 Whom I can serve no more?
 I only can their loss bewail,
 Till life's exhausted sorrows fail,
 And the last pang is o'er.

Here then I quietly resign
 Into those gracious hands divine,
 Whom I received from thee,
 My brethren and companions dear,
 And finish with a parting tear
 My useless ministry.

Detach'd from every creature now,
 I humbly at thy footstool bow,
 Accepting my release ;
 If thou the promised grace bestow,
 Salvation to thy servant show,
 And bid me die in peace.

To this tone of sadness and despondency the cheerful buoyancy of Mr. John Wesley formed a perfect and beautiful contrast. Speaking in his Journal of this conference, he says, "We have always been hitherto straitened for time. It was now resolved for the future we will allow nine or ten days for each conference; that every thing relative to the carrying on of the work of God may be maturely considered." On the ninth day after their assembling, he says, "We concluded the conference in much peace and love." Charles retired from the conference to weep, and John to rejoice. One was full of constitutional fear, the other of gracious hope. Charles's gloom was doubtless increased by disease. His sufferings at this time were great, and his symptoms alarming. For a considerable time he was under a necessity of living upon dry toast. While he was in a very uncertain state of health, suspended between life and death, he said, in a letter to his eldest son, "I have heard my father say, God had shown him he should have all his nineteen children about him in heaven. I have the same blessed hope for my eight. His blessing be upon you all!"

CHAPTER XXV.

OF the eight children whom Mrs. Wesley presented to her husband, and whom he declared his earnest expectation of meeting in heaven, five died in their infancy. The other three survived both their parents. The bereaved mother sacredly preserved a lock of hair belonging to each of those who were taken to an early rest. These touching relics, all neatly folded up, and labelled by herself, lie before the writer of this narrative.

John, their first-born, concerning whom some notices have been already given, died of the small-pox, Jan. 7th, 1753-4, aged one year, four months, and seventeen days.

Martha Maria died on Friday, July 25th, 1755, aged one month and two days.

Susanna, so called after her honoured grandmother, the wife of the rector of Epworth, died on Easter-Sunday, April 11th, 1761, aged eleven months.

Selina, who doubtless received her name from respect for the countess of Huntingdon, died Oct. 11th, 1764, aged five weeks.

John James died on Tuesday, July 5th, 1768, aged seven months.

When this fifth death among her children occurred, Mrs. Wesley was deeply distressed, and earnestly besought the Lord, if it were his will, that she might be spared the pain of following another of them to the grave. Her request was granted, and her sons Charles and Samuel, with her daughter Sarah, who were then young, lived to a good old age.

The sons are well known to have been eminently distinguished by musical genius and talent, the early development of which excited general surprise. Their father watched with deep interest the bent and capabilities of their minds, and kept notes of their boyish history, which he placed in the hands of the Honourable Daines Barrington, a friend of the family; who published the account in his quarto volume of "Miscellanies," in the year 1781. The following notices are copied from Mr. Charles Wesley's private papers, which contain several particulars that were never before published:—

"Charles was born at Bristol, Dec. 11th, 1757. He was two years and three quarters old when I first observed his strong inclination to music. He then surprised me by playing a tune on the harpsichord, readily, and in just time. Soon after he played several, whatever his mother sung, or whatever he heard in the streets. From his birth she used to quiet and amuse him with the harpsichord; but he would not suffer her to play with one hand only, taking the other, and putting it to the keys, before he could speak. When he played himself she used to tie him up by his back-string to the chair, for fear of his falling. Whatever tune it was, he always put a true base to it. From the beginning he played without study or hesitation, and, as the masters told me, perfectly well. Mr. Broadrip, organist at Bristol, heard him in petticoats, and foretold he would one day make a great player. Whenever he was called to play to a stranger, he would ask, in a word of his own, 'Is he a musicker?' and if answered, 'Yes,' he played with the greatest readiness. He always played with spirit. There was something in his manner above a child, which struck the hearers, learned or unlearned.

"At four years old I carried him with me to London. Mr. Beard was the first that confirmed Mr. Broadrip's judgment of him, and kindly

offered his interest with Dr. Boyce, to get him admitted among the king's boys. But I had then no thoughts of bringing him up a musician. A gentleman carried him next to Mr. Stanley, who expressed much pleasure and surprise at hearing him, and declared he had never met one of his age with so strong a propensity to music. The gentleman told us, he never before believed what Handel used to tell him of himself, and his own love of music, in his childhood. Mr. Madan presented my son to Mr. Worgan, who was extremely kind, and, as I then thought, partial to him. He told us, he would prove an eminent master, if he was not taken off by other studies. Mr. Worgan frequently entertained him with the harpsichord. Charles was greatly taken with his bold, full manner of playing, and seemed even then to catch a spark of his fire.

“At our return to Bristol we left him to ramble on till he was near six: then we gave him Mr. Rooke for a master: a man of no name, but very good-natured, who let him run on *ad libitum*, while he sat by, more to observe than to control him. Mr. Rogers, the oldest organist in Bristol, was one of his first friends. He often set him on his knee, and made him play to him, declaring he was more delighted in hearing him than himself. I always saw the importance (if he was to be a musician) of placing him under the best master that could be got, and also one who was an admirer of Handel; as my son preferred him to all the world. But I saw no likelihood of my being able to procure him the first master, as well as the most excellent music, and other necessary means of acquiring so costly an art.

“I think it was at our next journey to London, that Lady Gertrude Hotham heard him with much satisfaction, and made him a present of all her music. Mrs. Rich had before given him Handel's songs, and Mr. Beard, Purcell's, with Scarlatti's Lessons. Sir Charles Hotham was particularly kind, promised him an organ, and that he should never want any means or encouragement in his art. But he went abroad soon after, and was thence translated to the heavenly country. With him Charles lost all hope and prospect of a patron and benefactor. Névertheless he went on, with the assistance of nature only, and his two favourite authors, Handel and Corelli, till he was ten years old. Then Mr. Rogers told me, ‘it was high time to put him in trammels;’ and soon after, Mr. Granville, at Bath, an old friend of Handel, sent for him. After hearing him play, he charged him to have nothing to do with any great master, ‘who will utterly spoil you,’ he added, ‘and destroy any thing that is original in you. Study Handel's Lessons, till perfect in them. The only man in London who *can* teach you them is Kelway; but he *will* not, neither for love nor money.’

“Soon after we went up to town. Charles, notwithstanding Mr.

Granville's caution, had a strong curiosity to hear the principal masters there. I wanted their judgment and advice for him. Through Mr. Bromfield's recommendation, he first heard Mr. Keeble, (a great harmonist and lover of Handel,) and his favourite pupil, Mr. Burton. Then he played to them. Mr. Burton said, he had a very brilliant finger: Mr. Keeble, that he ought to be encouraged by all lovers of music; yet he must not expect it, because he was not born in Italy. He advised him to pursue his studies in Latin, &c., till fourteen, and then apply himself in earnest to harmony. Mr. Arnold treated him with great affection; said he would soon surpass the professors; and advised him not to confine himself to any one author, or style, but to study and adopt what was excellent in all. Dr. Arne's counsel was the same with Mr. Keeble's: to stay till he was fourteen, and then give himself up to the strictest master he could get. Vinto confessed that he wanted nothing but an Italian master. G——, urged by Mr. Madan, at last acknowledged that 'the boy played well,' and was for sending him to Bologna, or Paris, for education!

"They all agreed in this, that he was marked by nature for a musician, and ought to cultivate his talent. Yet still I mistrusted them, as well as myself, till Mr. Bromfield carried us to Mr. Kelway. His judgment was decisive, and expressed in more than words; for he invited Charles to come to him, whenever he was in London, and promised to *give* him all the assistance in his power. He began with teaching him Handel's Lessons; then his own sonatas, and Scarlatti, and Geminiani. For near two years he instructed him gratis, and with such commendations as are not fit for me to repeat. Mr. Worgan continued his kindness. He often played, and sung over to him, whole oratorios. So did Mr. Battishil. Mr. Kelway played over the Messiah, on purpose to teach him the time and manner of Handel. He received great encouragement from Mr. Savage. Mr. Arnold was another father to him. Mr. Worgan gave him many lessons in thorough-base, and composition. Mr. Smith's curiosity drew him to Mr. Kelway's, to hear his scholar, whom he bade go on, and prosper, under the best of masters. Dr. Boyce came several times, to my house to hear him; gave him some of his own music; asked, if the king had heard him, and expressed much surprise when we told him no.

"My brother enriched him with an inestimable present of Dr. Boyce's three volumes of cathedral music. It now evidently appeared that his particular bent was to church music. Other music he could take pleasure in, (especially what was truly excellent in Italian,) and played it without any trouble; but his chief delight was in oratorios. These he played over and over from the score, till he had them by heart, as

well as the rest of Handel's music, and Corelli, and Scarlatti, and Geminiani.

"These two years he has spent with his four classical authors, and in composition. Mr. Kelway has made him a player; but he knows the difference between that and a musician; and can never think himself the latter till he is master of thorough-base. Several have offered to teach it him; but as I waited, and deferred his instruction in the practical part, till I could get the very best instructor for him, so I kept him back from the theory. The only man to teach him that, and sacred music, he believes to be Dr. Boyce."

Of Charles's aptitude for learning, some idea may be formed from the remarks of Mr. Kelway, uttered from time to time, while he observed the skill and proficiency of his pupil. The following are selected from several others which occur in the father's notes. They were taken when Charles was about twelve years of age.

"I never saw one carry his hand so well. It is quite a picture. It is a gift from God. How would Handel have shaken his sides, if he could have heard him!" "You will be an honour to me. Handel's hands did not lie on the instrument better than yours do." "Were you my own son, I could not love you better. Go on, and mind none of the musicians, but Handel. You have a divine gift." "One cannot hear him play four bars without knowing him to be a genius."

"I will maintain, before all the world, that there is not a master in London that can play this sonata as he does. The king would eat up this boy. I must carry him some morning to St. James's." "His very soul is harmony. Not one of my scholars could have learned that in a year, which you have learned in ten lessons." "He treats me with my own music. I wish Handel and Geminiani were now alive: they would be in raptures at hearing him! Never have I heard any man play with such feeling!"

"The king has asked after him again. I told his majesty, he had learned more in four months than any other would in four years. He asked me, if he intended to make music his profession. I answered, no; and that he did not want any thing, &c."

"I loved music when young; but not so well as he does. One would think he had been the composer of this. He gives the colouring; the nice touches, the finishing strokes, are all his own. I love him better and better. He has it from God. He is a heaven-born child. This boy consoles me. He raises my spirits whenever I hear him. He has more taste and feeling than all our band. What colouring! What lights and shades! I could *cry* to hear him."

"He is an old man at the instrument. He is not a boy. He is the greatest genius in music I have ever met with." "They say I cannot

communicate my skill : but I dare maintain, there is not such another player as this boy in England ; nor yet in France, or Spain, or Italy."

Mr. Charles Wesley adds, " I carried Mr. Russell, the painter, to Mr. Kelway's. He told me afterward, that he knew the finest passages by the change of Charles's colour. I have seen the tears run down Mr. Kelway's cheeks while Charles was playing out of Handel's Lessons. ' If I was without the door,' said he, ' and did not know he was dead, I should aver it was Handel himself that played.' "

When Charles was about nineteen, the father wrote the following particulars respecting him :—" As I am no judge of music myself, I cannot answer for the justness of Mr. Kelway's sentiments concerning the art and its professors. Much less do I subscribe to his high opinion of his pupil. Mr. Kelway's sincerity I do not doubt. His judgment also is unquestionable. Yet he might be under a secret bias. He had lately published his sonatas. They were ill received, and even decried, by the masters in general. Charles very highly esteemed them, as next to Handel and Geminiani. This naturally prejudiced Mr. Kelway in his favour, and accounts in some measure for his violent encomiums. I do not yet perceive that Charles is hurt, either by Mr Kelway's praises or prejudices.

" Charles has now been some years under Dr. Boyce's tuition, learning composition, and hopes to continue learning as long as the doctor lives. At the same time he retains the most grateful veneration for his old master, Mr. Kelway, and played to him, while he was able to hear him, every week. He believes he has the two greatest masters in Christendom. Dr. Boyce and he seem equally satisfied. I hope he has caught a little of his master's temper, as well as his skill. A more modest man than Dr. Boyce I have never known. I never heard him speak a vain or ill-natured word, either to exalt himself, or to depreciate another."

This was written in the year 1777 ; and early in 1779 Dr. Boyce died. The eulogium which Mr. Charles Wesley here passes upon the character of that very celebrated musician, he afterward repeated, and even strengthened, in a fine ode on the doctor's death, which the poet's son, the grateful pupil of the deceased, set to music.

Mr. Charles Wesley's second surviving son was also trained to music as a profession. If he did not excite so much attention in very early life as a performer, when a mere boy he surpassed Charles in musical composition. In this his precocity was wonderful. The following is the father's own account of this surprising genius :—

" Samuel was born on St. Matthias's day, Feb. 24th, 1766, the same day which gave birth to Handel, eighty-two years before. The seeds of harmony did not spring up quite so early as in his brother ; for he

was three years old before he aimed at a tune. His first were, 'God save great George our King,' Fischer's Minuet, and such like, picked up from the street organs. He did not put a true base to them till he had learned his notes. While his brother was playing, he used to stand by with his childish fiddle, scraping, and beating time. One observing him, asked me, 'And what shall this boy do?' I answered, 'Mend his brother's pens.'

"Mr. Arnold was the first who, hearing him at the harpsichord, said, 'I set down Sam for one of my family.' But we did not much regard him, coming after his brother, or suspect that the block contained a statue. The first thing that drew our attention was, the great delight he took in hearing his brother play. Whenever Mr. Kelway came to teach him, Sam constantly attended, and accompanied Charles on the chair. Undaunted by Mr. Kelway's frown, he went on; and even when his back was to the harpsichord, he crossed his hands on the chair, as the other did on the instrument, without ever missing a time.

"He was so passionately fond of Scarlatti, that if Charles ever began playing him before Sam was called, he would cry and roar as if he had been beaten. Mr. Madan, his godfather, finding him one day so belabouring his chair, told him he should have a better instrument by and by. I have since recollected Mr. Kelway's words, 'It is of the utmost importance to a learner, to hear the best music;' and, 'If any man would learn to play well, let him hear Charles.' Sam had this double advantage from his birth. As his brother employed the evenings in Handel's oratorios, Sam was always at his elbow, listening, and joining with his voice. Nay, he would sometimes presume to find fault with his brother's play, when we thought he could know nothing of the matter.

"He was between four and five years old when he got hold of the oratorio of Samson, and by that alone taught himself to read. Soon after he taught himself to write. From this time he sprung up like a mushroom; and when turned of five could read perfectly well; and had all the airs, recitations, and choruses of Samson and the Messiah, both words and notes, by heart. Whenever he heard his brother begin to play, he would tell us whose music it was, whether Handel, Corelli, Scarlatti, or any other, and what part of what lesson, sonata, overture, &c.

"Before he could write he composed much music. His custom was to lay the words of an oratorio before him, and sing them all over. Thus he set (extempore for the most part) Ruth, Gideon, Manasses, or the Death of Abel. We observed when he repeated the same words, it was always to the same tunes. The airs of Ruth, in particular, he made before he was six years old; laid them up in his memory till he

was eight; and then wrote them down. I have seen him open the Prayer-book, and sing the Te Deum, or an anthem from some psalm, to his own music, accompanying it with the harpsichord. This he often did after he had learned his notes, which Mr. Williams, a young organist of Bristol, taught him between six and seven. How or when he learned counterpoint I can hardly tell: but without being ever taught it, he soon wrote in parts.

“He was full eight years old when Dr. Boyce came to see us, and accosted me with, ‘Sir, I hear you have got an English Mozart in your house. Young Linley tells me wonderful things of him.’ I called Sam to answer for himself. He had by this time scrawled down his oratorio of Ruth. The doctor looked over it very carefully, and seemed highly pleased with the performance. Some of his words were, ‘These airs are some of the prettiest I have seen. This boy writes by nature as true a base, as I by rule and study. There is no man in England has two such sons as you.’ He bade us let him run on *ad libitum*, without any check of rules or masters. After this, whenever the doctor visited us, Sam ran to him with his song, sonata, or anthem, and the doctor examined them with astonishing patience and delight.

“As soon as Sam had quite finished his oratorio, he sent it as a present to the doctor, who immediately honoured him with the following note:—‘Dr. Boyce’s compliments and thanks to his very ingenious brother-composer, Mr. Samuel Wesley, and is very much pleased and obliged by the possession of the oratorio of Ruth, which he shall preserve with the utmost care, as the most curious product of his musical library.’

“For the short time that Sam continued under Mr. Williams, it was hard to say which was the master, and which the scholar. Sam chose what music he would learn; made his master learn the violoncello, to accompany him; and often broke out into extempore play, his master wisely letting him do as he pleased. During this time he taught himself the violin. A soldier assisted him about six weeks, and, some time after, Mr. Kingsbury gave him twenty lessons. His favourite instrument was the organ.

“He spent a month at Bath, while we were in Wales; served the abbey on Sundays; gave them several voluntaries; and played the first violin in several private concerts. He returned with us to London, greatly improved in his playing. There I allowed him a month for learning all Handel’s overtures. He got and played them over to me in three days. Handel’s concertos he mastered with equal ease, and some of his lessons, and Scarlatti’s. Like Charles, he learned the hardest music without any pains or difficulty.

“He borrowed his Ruth to transcribe for Mr. Madan. Parts of it he

played at Lord Le Despencer's, who rewarded him with some of Handel's oratorios. Mr. Madan now began carrying him about to his musical friends. He played several times at Mr. Wilmot's, to the nobility, and some eminent masters and judges of music. They gave him music to play, and subjects to pursue, which he had never seen. Mr. Burton, Mr. Bates, &c., expressed their approbation in the strongest terms. His extempore fugues, they said, were just and regular; but they could not believe that he knew nothing of the rules of composition.

"Several companies he entertained for hours together with his own music. As quick as his invention suggested, his hand executed it. The learned were astonished. Sir John Hawkins cried out, 'Inspiration! inspiration!' Dr. C—— candidly acknowledged, 'He has got that which we are searching after.' An old musical gentleman, hearing him, could not refrain from tears. Dr. Burney was greatly pleased with his extempore playing, and pursuing the subjects and fugues which he gave him; but insisted, like the rest, that he must have been taught the rules. Mr. Stanley and Mr. Burney expressed the same surprise and satisfaction. An organist gave him a sonata he had just written, not easy, or very legible. Sam played it with the greatest readiness and propriety, and better (as the composer owned to Mr. Madan) than he could himself.

"Lord Barrington, Lord Aylsford, Lord Dudley, Sir Watkin Wynne, and other lovers of Handel, were highly delighted with him, and encouraged him to hold fast his veneration for Handel, and the old music. But old or new was all one to Sam, so it was but good. Whatever was presented, he played at sight, and made variations on any tune: and as often as he played it again made new variations. He imitated every author's style, whether Handel, Bachschobert, or Scarlatti himself. One asked him how he liked Mozart's music. He played it over, and said, 'It is very well for one—of *his years*.'

"He went and played to Mr. Kelway, whom I afterward asked what he thought of him. He would not allow him to be comparable to Charles; yet commended him greatly, and told his mother, it was a gift from God to both her sons; and as for Sam, he never saw so free and *degagé* a gentleman. Mr. Madan had often said the same, that Sam was everywhere as much admired for his behaviour as for his playing.

"Between eight and nine he was brought through the small-pox, by Mr. Bromfield's assistance, whom he therefore promised to reward with his next oratorio.

"If he loved any thing better than music, it was regularity. Nothing could exceed his punctuality. No company, no persuasion could keep him up beyond his time. He never could be prevailed upon to hear any

opera or concert by night. The moment the clock gave warning for eight, away ran Sam in the midst of his most favourite music. Once he rose up after the first part of the Messiah, with, 'Come, mamma, let us go home; or I sha'nt be in bed by eight.' When some talked of carrying him to the queen, and, to try him, asked if he was willing to go: 'Yes, with all my heart,' he answered; 'but I won't stay beyond eight.'

"The praises bestowed so lavishly on him did not seem to affect, much less to hurt, him; and whenever he went into the company of his betters, he would much rather have stayed at home. Yet when among them, he was free and easy; so that some remarked, he behaved as one bred up in a court, yet without a courtier's servility.

"On our coming to town this last time, he sent to Dr. Boyce the last anthem he had made. The doctor thought, from its correctness, that Charles must have helped him in it. But Charles assured him, that he never assisted him otherwise than by telling him, if he asked, whether such or such a passage were good harmony: and the doctor was so scrupulous, that when Charles showed him an improper note he would not suffer it to be altered.

"Mr. Madan now carried him to more of the first masters. Mr. Abel wrote him a subject, and declared, 'Not three masters in town could have answered it so well.'

"Mr. Cramer took a great liking to him; offered to teach him the violin; and played some trios with his brother and him. He sent a man to take measure of him for a violin, and is confident a few lessons would set him up for a violinist.

"Sam often played the second violin, and sometimes the first, with Mr. Tradway, who declared, 'Giardini himself could not play with greater exactness.'

"Mr. Madan brought Dr. Nares to my house, who could not believe that a boy should write an oratorio, play at sight, and pursue any given subject. He brought two of the king's boys, who sung over several songs and choruses in Ruth. Then he produced two bars of a fugue. Sam worked this very readily and well, adding a movement of his own, and then a voluntary on the organ, which quite removed the doctor's incredulity.

"At the rehearsal at St. Paul's, Dr. Boyce met *his brother* Sam; and, showing him to Dr. Howard, told him, 'This boy will soon surpass you all.' Shortly after, he came to see us; took up a jubilate which Sam had lately written; and commended it as one of Charles's. When we told him whose it was, he declared, he could find no fault in it: adding, there was not another boy upon earth who could have composed it; and concluding with, 'I never yet met with that person who owes so

much to nature as Sam. He comes among us, dropped down from heaven !”

“ Mr. Smith, who assisted Handel in managing the oratorios, gave Sam two bars of a fugue, composed for the organ, which Sam, though at the harpsichord, treated as a movement for the organ ; and when he had worked it in a masterly manner for some time, fell into a second movement, which so naturally arose out of the former, that Mr. Smith recognized his own notes, adding at the same time, that composers were not, from this instance, to be hastily charged with plagiarism.

“ Some months before this, Mr. Baumgarden gave him the subject of a fugue, which Sam pursued a considerable time on the organ. Mr. Baumgarden declared it was almost note for note the same with a fugue which he had written, and never showed to any one. He inferred from hence, that his train of ideas and Sam’s were very similar. He has since declared that he verily believed there was not in Europe such an extempore player as Sam.”

In addition to this narrative, which was written by Mr. Charles Wesley, and may by some persons be suspected of a father’s partiality, the following notices concerning the juvenile musician are selected from the account published by the Hon. Daines Barrington. They fully confirm the statements of the father.

“ I first had an opportunity of being witness of Master Samuel Wesley’s great musical talents at the latter end of 1775, when he was nearly ten years old. To speak of him first as a performer on the harpsichord, he was then able to execute the most difficult lessons for the instrument at sight ; for his fingers never wanted the guidance of the eye in the most rapid and desultory passages. But he not only did ample justice to the composition in neatness and precision, but entered into its true taste, which may be easily believed by the numbers who have heard him play extemporary lessons in the style of the eminent masters.

“ He not only executed crabbed compositions thus at sight, but was equally ready to transpose into any keys, even a fourth ; and if it was a sonata for two trebles and a base, the part of the first treble being set before him, he would immediately add an extemporary base and second treble to it. Having happened to mention this readiness in the boy to Bremner, (the printer of music in the Strand,) he told me that he had some lessons which were supposed to have been composed for Queen Elizabeth, but which none of the harpsichord masters could execute, and would consequently gravel the young performer. I, however, desired that he would let me carry one of these compositions to him, by way of trial, which he accordingly did, when the boy immediately placed it upon his desk, and was sitting down to play it ; but I stopped him by mentioning the difficulties he would soon encounter, and that therefore

he must cast his eye over the music before he made the attempt. Having done this very rapidly, (for he is a devourer of a score, and conceives at once the effect of the different parts,) he said that Bremner was in the right; for that there were two or three passages which he could not play at sight, as they were so queer and awkward, but that he had no notion of not trying; and though he boggled at those parts of the lesson, he executed them well at the second practice.

“ I then asked him how he approved of the composition; to which he answered, ‘ Not at all,’ though he might differ from a queen; and that attention had not been paid to some of the established rules. He then pointed out the particular passages to which he objected; and I stated them to Bremner, who allowed that the boy was right; but that some of the great composers had occasionally taken the same liberties. The next time I saw Master Wesley, I mentioned Bremner’s defence of what he had blamed; on which he immediately answered, that when such excellent rules were broken, the composer should take care that these licenses produced a good effect: whereas these passages had a very bad one. I need not dwell on the great penetration, acuteness, and judgment of this answer. Lord Mornington, indeed, who has so deep a knowledge of music, has frequently told me, that he always wished to consult Master Wesley upon any difficulty in composition; as he knew no one who gave so immediate and satisfactory information.

“ Though he was always willing to play the compositions of others, yet for the most part he amused himself with extemporary effusions of his own most extraordinary musical inspiration, which unfortunately were forgotten in a few minutes: whereas his memory was most tenacious of what had been published by others.

“ His invention in varying passages was inexhaustible. I have myself heard him give more than fifty variations on a known pleasing melody, all of which were not only different from each other, but showed excellent taste and judgment. This infinite variety probably arose from his having played so much extempore, in which he gave full scope to every flight of his imagination, and produced passages which I never heard from any other performer upon the harpsichord.

“ He was desired to compose a march for one of the regiments of Guards; which he did to the approbation of all who ever heard it; and a distinguished officer of the royal navy declared that it was a movement which would probably inspire steady and serene courage when the enemy was approaching. As I thought the boy would like to hear this march performed, I carried him to the parade at the proper time, when it had the honour of beginning the military concert. The piece being finished, I asked him whether it was executed to his satisfaction: to which he replied, ‘ By no means;’ and I then immediately intro-

duced him to the band, which consisted of very tall and stout musicians, that he might set them right. On this Sam immediately told them, that they had not done justice to his composition. To which they answered the urchin, with both astonishment and contempt, 'Your composition!' Sam, however, replied, with great serenity, 'Yes, *my composition!*' which I confirmed. They then stared, and severally made their excuses, by protesting that they had copied accurately from the manuscript which had been put into their hands. This he most readily allowed to the hautboys and bassoons, but said the French horns were in fault; who, making the same defence, he insisted upon the original score being produced, and, showing them their mistake, ordered the march to be played again, which they submitted to with as much deference as they would have shown to Handel."

With these facts before him, it is not surprising that Mr. Charles Wesley should resolve to devote his sons to music as a profession. Their propensity to the science was strong; their talent and genius were unquestionable; so that both in composition and practice they appeared to the greatest advantage. While they were mere children, the most competent judges spoke of them in language of admiration, and in some cases even wept for joy, on witnessing their extraordinary powers. And yet, in forming his determination, we may be allowed to doubt whether the father really took that comprehensive view of the subject which its importance demanded. Noble as is the science, and capable of being applied to the most beneficial purposes, it rarely secures the requisite remuneration for the time and mental ability expended upon it. As a handmaid to devotion, when it is suitably used, it cannot be too highly commended; but in Protestant countries, the science, especially in its recondite branches, is more frequently employed as a means of mere amusement, than as a help in divine worship. Men of genius, therefore, who practise music as a means of subsistence, must often expect to pine in want, unless they will apply their powers to the gratification of the worldly and irreligious, or stoop to the drudgery of private tuition. With regard to his younger son, Mr. Charles Wesley at length found that the profession to which he was destined led to results of a painful nature. But the discovery was not fully made till it was too late to retrace the steps which had been taken.

Mr. Charles Wesley's sons, though one in their love of music, and equally successful in the cultivation of it, were very different in their personal character. Charles enjoyed the advantages of a classical education, being regularly trained in a school at Bristol; but he appears to have been incapable of excelling in any thing except music, in reference to which he was all but inspired. He was affable, kind, good-humoured, and easy; buried in music; vain of his abilities in the

science, to which his knowledge was in a great measure limited. His conversation consisted chiefly of anecdotes which he had collected in the course of his professional engagements. In his manners he had all the ease and elegance of a courtier; but it is doubtful whether, through the entire course of his life, he was able to dress himself without assistance. If left to himself, he was almost sure to appear with his wig on one side, his waistcoat buttoned awry, or the knot of his cravat opposite one of his shoulders. His morals were correct, and his respect for his parents most tender and reverent; but in early life his mind was not deeply impressed with the solemn truths of religion.

Samuel, on the other hand, was possessed of great intellectual power and acuteness. His mind was truly Wesleyan: quick, shrewd, and penetrating. He was mostly educated by his father, especially in Latin. His knowledge was extensive; his conversation elegant, agreeable, instructive, and varied; and he was capable of excelling in any science or profession to which he might apply himself. Yet his natural disposition was not so harmless and kindly as that of Charles; nor did he cherish that deep filial affection by which his brother was always distinguished. The father's principal concern respecting Charles was, that he did not give his heart to God. Samuel, even in his youth, showed a waywardness of temper, that cost his father many a pang of sorrow, which he expressed in pious and energetic verse.

When these young gentlemen had acquired a superior proficiency in music, and celebrity in various quarters, they attempted to turn their attainments to some practical account, by beginning a series of select concerts, which they continued for several years in a large room, fitted up for that purpose in the house of their father, in Chesterfield-street, St. Mary-le-bone. The first was held in the year 1779. The price of a ticket for each course was three guineas. The regular subscribers varied in number from thirty to upward of fifty; but several persons attended them occasionally, who did not subscribe to an entire course, so that the room, which held about eighty persons, was usually crowded. Considerable sums of money were in this way obtained; but the expense of providing performers, refreshments, attendants, &c., was a heavy tax upon the receipts, so that the profits were but small. Among the regular and more distinguished subscribers to these concerts were the bishop of London, Lord Dartmouth, Lord Barrington, Lord and Lady Le Despencer, the Honourable Daines Barrington, the Danish and Saxon ambassadors, Dr. Shepherd, Mr. Madan, and several others, both clerical and lay.

The earl of Mornington was not only a constant attendant upon these concerts, but also a frequent performer upon the violin. For some years he breakfasted weekly with the family of Mr. Charles Wesley,

and spent much time with the two sons, practising upon different instruments, and conversing on subjects connected with their favourite study. He used to carry his violin under his coat, as he passed along the street, and often remarked to his friends the Wesleys, that he should never be ashamed to be mistaken for a professional teacher of music. This nobleman of elegant taste and polished manners, whose skill in musical science rivalled that of his friends the young Wesleys, took little interest in politics, and still less in military exploits.

There was another personage of distinction who attended these concerts, and is entitled to especial notice: the venerable General Oglethorpe, with whom the colony of Georgia had its origin, and under whose patronage John and Charles Wesley had gone to that settlement forty-five years before. He was now considerably more than eighty years old, but retained his faculties in surprising freshness and vigour. He was at this time a friend and companion of Dr. Johnson; and probably attended the concerts from a feeling of regard for the father of the youthful musicians, who had been his secretary in a distant land, and who had not always been treated by him with that generous confidence to which he was entitled by his fidelity. It is said that the aged general, about this time, meeting with Mr. John Wesley, kissed his hand, and showed him every mark of profound respect. He could not be less impressed in favour of Charles, who had stood in a nearer relation to him, and whose pious integrity he had invariably witnessed.

It is at once instructive and gratifying to find, that while the musical genius of his sons drew many strangers to his house, Mr. Charles Wesley felt his responsibility to God for the people who were so unexpectedly brought within the range of his influence. He was not merely the gratified father of two youthful musicians, who were universally admired, but also the faithful minister of Christ, who was intrusted with a message of truth and mercy, which he was to deliver "in season, and out of season." Two examples of his faithfulness may be properly mentioned in this place. In the latter end of the year 1776, Mr. Kelway, who was far advanced in life, had a dangerous illness; and when he was partially recovered, Mr. Charles Wesley addressed to him the following affectionate letter:—

"Nov. 23d. Dear Sir,—The joy I felt at seeing you on Monday somewhat resembled the joy we shall feel when we meet again without our bodies. Most heartily do I thank God that he has given you a longer continuance among us, and I trust a resolution to improve your few last precious moments. We must confess, at *our* time of life, that ONE THING is needful, even to get ready for our unchangeable, eternal state. What is that readiness, or meetness? You are convinced of my sincere love for your soul; and therefore allow me the liberty of a

friend. As such I write, not to teach you what you do not know ; but to stir up your mind by way of remembrance, and exhort both you and myself :

‘ Of little life the best to make,
And manage wisely the last stake.’

“ When God came down from heaven, to show us the way thither, you remember his first words : ‘ The kingdom of God is at hand : *repent* ye, and *believe* the gospel.’ He himself declares, ‘ The kingdom of God is within you ;’ even ‘ righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost ;’ and assures us, every one who seeks, finds it ; every one that asks, receives it. Him hath God exalted to give both repentance and remission of sins. Faith also is the gift of God, through Jesus Christ, its author and finisher. The true repentance is better felt than described. It surely implies a troubled and wounded spirit, a broken and contrite heart. It is what the publican felt, when he could only cry, ‘ God be merciful to me, a sinner ;’ what Peter felt when Jesus turned and *looked* on him ; and what the trembling jailer felt when he asked, ‘ What must I do to be saved ?’ By this brokenness of heart our Saviour prepares us for divine faith, and present pardon sealed upon the heart in PEACE which passes all understanding ; in joy unspeakable, and full of glory ; and in love which casts out the love of sin, especially our bosom sin, our ruling passion, whether the love of pleasure, of praise, or of money.

“ Now, my dear sir, this meetness for heaven is what I must earnestly wish you and myself, even repentance, faith, and love. And all things are now ready for you. One look of Jesus Christ can break your heart this moment, and bind it up by faith and pardoning love. One day is with him as a thousand years : and he is still the Man who receiveth sinners, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

“ ‘ I will pardon those whom I reserve,’ is his promise ; and for this gracious end he has reserved you, and has held your soul in life for above seventy years. For this end he has delivered you in innumerable evils ; blessed you with innumerable blessings ; and for this end, I humbly hope, his providence brought you acquainted with, dear sir,

“ The faithful servant and friend of your soul.”

Mr. Charles Wesley did not confine his regards merely to professional men, and such as might consider themselves his equals. The earl of Mornington shared in his kind and Christian concern. He addressed to that nobleman a letter of spiritual advice, to which he received the following answer. Every document that casts light upon the history of the Wellesley family must be interesting to Englishmen. This letter shows that the father of the duke of Wellington was a sincere believer in the gospel, and had a deep sense of the fear of God.

While he admired the musical genius of the two younger Wesleys, he set a high value upon the friendship of their devout father, which he regarded as an advantage conferred upon him by divine Providence. The letter is endorsed by Mr. Charles Wesley, "Serious Lord Mornington."

"Duke-street, Portland-square, Sept. 9th, 1778. I should have much sooner acknowledged the receipt of my dear and worthy friend's kind letter, had I not been much engaged in business, occasioned by the perplexed state of affairs in Ireland. I entirely agree with you, that there was something very singular and uncommon in the manner by which we were made acquainted with each other; and the more I consider it, the more I am persuaded that there was the interposition of a superior power to that of man in it. I can with truth say that I esteem the commencement of your acquaintance as one of the happiest moments of my life; and hope, with the blessing of God, to merit in some degree the too partial opinion I am afraid you have conceived of me.

"Indeed you do me but justice in believing me to be a servant of God, though a most unworthy one; and if I can plead the smallest degree of merit, it is that I have a true sense of my own unworthiness. Blessed with a most upright and religious parent in my father, (for my mother died when I was four years of age,) I was early instructed in my duty to God; and as I never associated with the idle, but have always lived a domestic life, I have escaped some snares that might otherwise have fallen in my way. My faith in Christ, his own words and works, as delivered in the holy Gospels, has from my earliest years been so strong, that I never would enter into the reading of controversial books. I did not want to be converted to what I most firmly believe. All I pray for is, to be made more perfect in the true faith and knowledge of my Saviour, by whose merits alone I can hope for the pardon of my sins. It is a very easy matter to be a good Christian; as He says himself, and assigns the reason: for his yoke is easy, and his burden is light. I have in truth, my revered friend, a most lively faith, and so strong an assurance that it is my own fault if I am not eternally happy, that it is impossible for me to find words to express myself.

"I am one of few words. I never talk upon religion but in my own family; and here I can say with Joshua, that I and my house will serve the Lord. For one in the rank of life to which I am called by Providence, I have always been remarkably retired, as I always wished to be as much master of myself and my actions as possible: therefore I never was, or ever shall be, a good courtier.

"After saying so much about myself, it is time to come to that part of your letter where you mention your ideas as to my two young friends. I think you are perfectly right in changing your design of having them introduced to a certain musical gentleman, which I agree with you

would not answer. Keep them up a little longer. Their merit will make its own way upon so much the surer footing, as it is independent. I hope you will live to see it; and though you have been called out of your retirement back into a world you wished to keep clear of, yet you have the satisfaction of finding that the world is obliged to come to you, and not you go to them. I hope I need not take any pains to assure you how much I am interested in their success in life, and how truly happy I shall be to render my young friends those services they so justly merit. I look upon myself, in the contracted state I am in here, as doing a kind of penance: but though it be very irksome at present, yet it comes to the reward of a consciousness that I am doing justice to my neighbour, and a firm persuasion that, with God's assistance and blessing on my honest intentions, my latter days will be, like Job's, better than my first. I pray God bless you, and send you all happiness here and hereafter."

The earl of Mornington died in less than three years after writing this letter. The phraseology is not in every instance such as persons of enlightened and established piety would use, but the spirit of it is admirable. The noble earl enjoyed his property in consequence of Charles Wesley's refusal to accept it; and there is reason to believe that the Methodist clergyman, at this period of his life, was a means of conferring upon his lordship a blessing of far richer value. A spirit so meek and teachable as the letter indicates, was prepared to receive those lessons of evangelical instruction which no man was better qualified to give than the reverend friend to whom the letter was addressed.

Mr. John Wesley, who tenderly loved his brother's children, did not entertain so favourable an opinion of their musical exhibitions as did their more partial father. Writing to John, after the first concert was finished, Charles says, "I am clear, without a doubt, that my sons' concert is after the will and order of Providence. It has established them as musicians, and in a safe and honourable way. The bishop has since sent us word, that he has never heard any music he liked so well, and promises Charles five scholars next winter.

"Here is a musical child from Norwich, whom Sam cherishes and recommends. He has sent him many customers, so that his mother gets ten pounds a day by them. He has played before their majesties. We neither envy his gains nor his honours. We do not repent that we did not make a show or advantage of our swans. They may still make their fortunes, if I would venture them into the world: but I never wish them rich. You also agree with me in this. Our good old father neglected every opportunity of selling our souls to the devil."

Mr. John Wesley published this letter in the *Arminian Magazine*,

but with a caveat against his brother's opinion, that the concerts were in the "order of Providence." On that point Charles was "clear without doubt." John declared himself to be "clear of another mind." He probably thought that the professional advantages which his nephews might reap from this display of their talents would be more than counterbalanced by their exposure to the temptations of the gay world, which they were not prepared, by deep personal piety, to meet and resist. Their temporal interest was perhaps advanced; but their spiritual dangers were increased.

And yet it is a fact, that neither of the brothers, though their abilities were unquestionable, could ever obtain the patronage which their qualifications authorized them to expect. Dr. Shepherd introduced Charles to George III., with whom he became a great favourite. The king was passionately fond of Handel's music; and as scarcely any man could play it on the organ as could this gifted performer, he received many marks of the royal approbation. George IV., also, whom Charles often declared to be an excellent judge of music, showed him more than common respect. While he was prince of Wales, he made Charles his private organist; and after his accession to the throne, he treated him with undiminished kindness and esteem. But in his attempts to obtain official and lucrative appointments Charles was singularly unsuccessful; the name of Wesley, which he had the honour to bear, operating to his disadvantage. He offered himself for the situation of organist at St. James's chapel, at St. Paul's cathedral, at the Charter-house, at Gresham College, at St. George's church, in Hanover-square, and at Westminster-abbey, when vacancies occurred, and was rejected in every instance. When he preferred his request at St. Paul's, he was rudely repelled by the reverend gentlemen in whom the appointment was vested, with the abrupt and unseemly answer, "We want no Wesleys here!" being apprehensive, it would seem, that, under his "volant touch," the tones of the organ would imbue the worshippers with the spirit of Methodism. Be this as it may, these ecclesiastics certainly needed some one to teach them Christian courtesy. The king heard of their incivility, and sent for the unfortunate organist to Windsor, where he expressed regret at what had occurred; and added, "Never mind. The name of Wesley is always welcome to me."

After the king had lost his sight, Mr. Charles Wesley was one day with his majesty alone, when the venerable monarch said, "Mr. Wesley, is there any body in the room but you and me?" "No, your majesty," was the reply. The king then said, "It is my judgment, Mr. Wesley, that your uncle, and your father, and George Whitefield, and Lady Huntingdon, have done more to promote true religion in the country

than all the dignified clergy put together, who are so apt to despise their labours."

In one of his visits to Carlton-house, during the residence of the prince regent there, one of the pages refused to admit him by the front entrance, and ordered him to go round, and seek admission by a less honourable way. He obeyed. The prince saw him approach, and inquired why he came in that direction. Charles explained; and the prince, sending for the page, gave him such a rebuke as he was not likely soon to forget; and commanded, that whenever Mr. Wesley came, he should be treated with all possible respect.

While Mr. Charles Wesley, jun., enjoyed the patronage of the father, he was not less esteemed by the daughter. He had the honour of teaching music to the Princess Charlotte, from whom he received a silver snuff-box, with a suitable inscription, upon which he set a high value.

He used to say, that when he was once dining with the late Bishop Burgess, who always manifested a strong regard for the Wesley family, a young clergyman at the table, who seemed desirous of displaying an orthodox contempt for Methodism, addressing the learned prelate, said, "My lord, when I was passing through —, I saw a man preaching to a crowd of people in the open air. I suppose he was one of John Wesley's itinerants." "Did you stop to hear him?" answered the bishop. "O no, my lord," said the clergyman: "I did not suppose he could say any thing that was worth hearing." The bishop ended the conversation by significantly saying, "I should think you were very much mistaken. It is very probable, that man preached a better sermon than either you or I could have done. Do you know, sir, that this gentleman," pointing to Charles, "is John Wesley's nephew?"

When Charles was rising into life he was an object of deep solicitude both with his father and his uncle, who were anxious that he should become a spiritual man. They saw and lamented the vanity of his mind, and urged him to a decided surrender of himself to his Saviour, that he might live for God and eternity. In one of his letters the affectionate father says, "Be content with your station, and seek not great things. Aspiring, living above themselves, in one word, ambition, is the ruin of the nation. It is natural to us, especially to youth; but what is religion for, if not to conquer our passions? If you, and your brother, and sister, would enter the kingdom of heaven, you must leave ambition, vanity, pride, behind you, and be of the few, not of the many."

His uncle also offered him the most valuable counsel in the following letters:—"August 4th, 1781. Dear Charles,—It has been much upon my mind to-day, that I am still indebted to you. There is a debt of love, which I should have paid before now. But I must not delay

it any longer. I have long observed you with a curious eye; not as a musician, but as an immortal spirit, that is come forth from God, the Father of spirits, and is returning to him in a few moments. But have you well considered this? Methinks if you had, it would be ever uppermost in your thoughts. For what trifles, in comparison of this, are all the shining baubles of the world!

‘Wise is the man that labours to secure
The mighty, the important stake;
And by all methods strives to make
His passage safe, and his reception sure.’

“God has favoured you with many advantages. You have health and strength, and a thousand outward blessings. And why should not you have all the inward blessings which God has prepared for those that love him? You are good-humoured, mild, and harmless. But *unless you are born again*, you cannot see the kingdom of God. But ask, and you shall receive; for it is nigh at hand! I am, dear Charles,

“Your affectionate uncle.”

“Sept. 8th, 1781. Dear Charles,—Your letter gave me a good deal of satisfaction. You received my advice just as I hoped you would. You are now as it were in the crisis of your fate: just launching into life, and ready to fix your choice, whether you will have God or the world for your happiness. Scripture and reason tell you now, what experience will confirm, if it pleases God to prolong your life, that he ‘made your heart for himself; and it cannot rest till it rests in him.’ You will be in danger of being diverted from this thought by the fashion of the world. The example of those that are round about us is apt to get within our guard. And indeed their spirit steals upon us in an unaccountable manner, and inclines us to think as they think. Yet you cannot avoid being very frequently among elegant men and women, that are without God in the world. And as your business, rather than your choice, calls you into the fire, I trust you will not be burned: seeing He whom you desire to serve is able to deliver you, even out of the burning, fiery furnace. I am, dear Charles,

“Your very affectionate uncle.”

When Charles was about twenty-five years of age he cherished an attachment to a young girl, of good repute, but without the distinctions of birth and fortune. His parents opposed the match, partly upon this ground: but his uncle John, who decidedly preferred ‘good sense, piety, and virtue before money and an honourable ancestry, encouraged him in the courtship, and gave him fifty pounds as a wedding-present. The father, however, had other objections to the intended marriage, which he expressed in the following valuable letter to his son. It affords a striking illustration of the character of both.

“Bristol, August 30th, 1782. Dear Charles,—If any man would learn to pray, the proverb says, let him go to sea. I say, if any man would learn to pray, let him think of marrying. For if he thinks aright, he will expect the blessing and success from God alone, and ask it in frequent and earnest prayer. Hitherto, my dear Charles, your thoughts of marriage have not made you more serious, but more light, more unadvisable, more distracted. This has slackened my desire to see you settled before I leave you. You do not yet take the way to be happy in a married state. You do not sufficiently take God into your council. No one step or action in life has so much influence upon eternity as marriage. It is a heaven or a hell, they say, in this world: much more so in the next. Hear the angel in Watts’s ode:—

‘Mark, said he, that happy pair,
 Marriage helps religion there;
 Where kindred souls their God pursue,
 They break with double vigour through
 The dull, incumbent air.’ ”

By some means or other the courtship was broken off, and Charles does not appear to have ever again seriously entertained the thought of marriage. Nor indeed is it probable, considering the peculiar character of his mind, that this disappointment caused him any deep or lasting regret. His temper was gay and easy, and music was all the world to him. It was more than his business and delight. It seemed to be the very end of his being. With his organ his heart was never sad. He could play well; and he knew it. Hence the frequency of his father’s admonitions, calling him to humility and soberness of temper. “You are right,” says he, “in keeping up your interest with Dr. W——. You are kind in excusing his and your other doctor’s vanity. It would be intolerable for you to cast the first stone at either. Modesty, you allow, becomes a mathematician, but not a musician. But you had better be a Newton in music, and leave others to commend you. You are too humble. Swift, you know, was too proud to be vain.

“Self-love is not in itself sinful. There is a right and just self-love, which sets a man upon securing his only true, that is, his eternal, happiness. This self-love, my dear Charles, is at present dormant in you: but I hope it will wake before your eyes are closed. Do not defer beginning, ‘because you cannot be equal to me.’ You may, if you please. You certainly may follow me to paradise.”

If Mr. Charles Wesley was deeply concerned on account of the elder of his sons, because he was a stranger to the spirit of Christianity, though moral and harmless, he had reason to be much more anxious for Samuel, who was less tractable, and in whom the absence of true piety was more apparent. Mr. Madan, who was an adept in music, was

Samuel's godfather; and when the boy displayed his early powers as a musician, this clergyman carried him from place to place, among his friends, as a sort of prodigy. The child, though very young, was sensible and observant. He therefore felt that he was degraded, and conceived a prejudice against his father for suffering him to be thus exhibited as a boyish wonder. This to him was an essential injury, and the beginning of that downward course which he afterward bitterly lamented. From this time he was indisposed to pay a just deference to his father's judgment; and he lost that tender filial affection which, had it been cherished in all its power, would have operated as a restraint upon his passions, and have kept him in the way of receiving spiritual good. The weakening of this principle in the child of a pious parent is an evil of the most serious magnitude.

When Samuel was about seven years of age he was thus addressed by his pious and anxious father, who was then in London, and the son in Bristol:—

“March 6th, 1773. Come now, my good friend Samuel, and let us reason together. God made you for himself; that is, to be for ever happy with him. Ought you not, therefore, to serve and love him? But you can do neither, unless he gives you the power. ‘Ask,’ he says himself, ‘and it shall be given you:’ that is, pray him to make you love him; and pray for it every morning and night, in your own words, as well as in those which have been taught you. You have been used to say your prayers in the sight of others. Henceforth go into a corner by yourself, where no eye but God's may see you. There pray to your heavenly Father, who seeth in secret; and be sure he hears every word you speak, and sees every thing you do, at all times, and in all places.

“You should now begin to live by reason and religion. There should be sense, even in your play and diversions: therefore I have furnished you with maps and books and harpsichord. Every day get something by heart, whatever your mother recommends. Every day read one or more chapters in the Bible. I suppose your mother will take you now, in the place of your brother, to be her chaplain, to read the psalms and lessons when your sister does not. Mr. Fry must carry you on in your writing. I do not doubt your improvement both in that and music. God will raise you up friends when I am in my grave, where I shall be very soon: but your heavenly Father lives for ever, and you *may* live for ever with him, and *will*, I hope, when you die.

“Foolish people are too apt to praise you. If they see any thing good in you, they should praise God, not you, for it. As for music, it is neither good nor bad in itself. You have a natural inclination to it: but God gave you that; therefore God only should be thanked and

praised for it. Your brother has the same love of music, much more than you; yet he is not proud or vain of it. Neither, I trust, will you be. You will send me a long letter of an answer, and always look upon me both as

Your loving father and your friend."

The kind instructions of this Christian parent were not received with due filial deference; and hence he had occasion to mourn over his son, who, as he advanced in life, departed more and more from the good and the right way. Among the friends of the family was the well-known Mary Freeman Shepherd, a relation of Mr. Blackwell, the banker. She possessed a masculine intellect, and superior literary attainments; but was a Roman Catholic, and withal eccentric and revengeful. She gained considerable ascendancy over the mind of Samuel, and led him to an open avowal of his Popery; for, unknown to his father, he had joined the Church of Rome, and was not unfrequently seen figuring away in the idolatrous services of the mass. She was strongly suspected of being one principal cause of his apostacy; but this she absolutely denied, and declared that he was a disciple of the pope before she had any acquaintance with him whatever; and that a young Frenchman, one of Samuel's companions, had induced him to renounce the Protestant faith. The fact is, he was not pious, but was led by a blind sentimentality; and the blandishments of Papal worship presented the finest scope for the exercise of his musical talents.

It was deemed requisite that his connection with the Church of Rome should be disclosed to his unsuspecting father; and a consultation was held among his new friends as to the manner in which this should be done. It was suggested that Samuel himself was the most suitable person to inform his parent of the change which had taken place in his views. But he declined the task, and declared that he could not bear to witness the distress into which he knew the discovery would plunge his susceptible and aged father, whose tenderest affection he had shared from his infancy. It was then recommended that Father O'Leary, the Popish priest, should be the bearer of the unwelcome intelligence. This was strenuously opposed by Mrs. Shepherd, who observed that Mr. Charles Wesley was a clergyman, a scholar, and a gentleman; and was therefore entitled to superior respect. Whereas Father O'Leary had written against Mr. John Wesley in the spirit and manner of a buffoon; and to send such a man, with such a message, would be nothing less than an insult. A father's feelings were not to be wantonly trifled with.

At last it was agreed to request the dutchess of Norfolk, as the highest Roman Catholic peeress in the realm, to wait upon Mr. Charles Wesley, at his house in Chesterfield-street, and inform him that his son had renounced the Protestant faith, and become a member of the Church to

which she herself belonged. There was a propriety in this arrangement, because her own son had subjected her to a similar trial, by renouncing the Church of Rome, and embracing the Protestant religion. She assented to this proposal, and communicated to the venerable man, trembling with age and infirmity, the intelligence which imbibited the residue of his life. Being aware of her intended visit, he received her in his robes, as a priest of the Church of England. She soon perceived the deep distress of mind into which he was thrown by the disclosures which she made to him respecting his unhappy son, and attempted to soothe him by suggesting that the young convert might be acting under the influence of divine grace, and be swayed by the love of God. The father, who too well knew the character of his son, and the nature of the errors which he had embraced, pacing his large drawing-room in great agitation, exclaimed, "Say, 'the loaves and fishes,' madam! say, 'the loaves and fishes!'"

Mr. Charles Wesley passed through various sorrows in the course of his eventful life; but nothing grieved him so much as his Samuel's entrance into the idolatrous Church of Rome, against which he believed the severest threatenings of Holy Scripture to be levelled. He regarded that community as thoroughly corrupt, and therefore a declared object of the divine vengeance. In his closet, when he thought of his son, his feelings rose to agony, as his private papers most affectingly declare. He wept and made supplication for his child, whom he now regarded as lost to him and the rest of the family. The very sight of one who was so dear to him, now a captive in mystic Babylon, caused his heart to bleed afresh. He did not think that his son would permanently remain a Romanist. The abominable superstitions, and still more abominable immoralities, of the corrupt community into which Samuel had entered, the father thought, would ere long appear in all their atrocity; and he was afraid lest the young man, having forsaken his former guides, would take refuge in infidelity, as ten thousand educated Romanists have done. As the unhappy wanderer refused any longer to listen to his father's instructions, that father could only commend him to God's mercy in incessant prayer.

The other children were the sorrowing witnesses of their gray-headed father's anguish: and hence the affecting entry of his daughter in one of his manuscript books, where she found a hymn of prayer for Samuel's recovery, when, some years before, he was afflicted with the small-pox: "Alas! this prayer was raised for his son Samuel! How little do parents know what evils are prevented by early death!"

The following stanzas, selected from many others of a similar kind, show the manner in which Mr. Charles Wesley felt and prayed in regard of his youngest born, now doubly dead:—

Farewell, my all of earthly hope,
 My nature's stay, my age's prop,
 Irrevocably gone!
 Submissive to the will divine,
 I acquiesce, and make it mine;
 I offer up my son!

But give I God a sacrifice
 That costs me naught! my gushing eyes
 The answer sad express,—
 My gushing eyes, and troubled heart,
 Which bleeds with its beloved to part,
 Which breaks through fond excess!

Yet since he from my heart is torn,
 Patient, resign'd, I calmly mourn
 The darling snatch'd away:
 Father, with thee thy own I leave;
 Into thy mercy's arms receive,
 And keep him to that day.

Keep (for I nothing else desire)
 The bush unburnt amidst the fire,
 And freely I resign
 My child, for a few moments lent,
 (*My child no longer!*) I consent
 To see his face no more!

But hear my agonizing prayer,
 And O preserve him, and prepare
 To meet me in the skies,
 When throned in bliss the Lamb appears,
 Repairs my loss, and wipes the tears
 For ever from my eyes!

While Mr. Charles Wesley wept and prayed over his lost son, and in the bitterness of his grief sighed for his own dismissal from the body, Mr. John Wesley attempted to reclaim the wanderer, by showing him his real character as a fallen and unholy man. He would not gratify the perverted youth by arguing with him the long-agitated questions of transubstantiation, infallibility, confession, purgatory, and the number of the sacraments; but tried to convince him that he was a sinner; so that even admitting all his new opinions to be true, and important as he assumed them to be, he must perish everlastingly unless he were born again to a life of holiness. The following letter, which he addressed with yearning pity to his erring nephew, is highly characteristic of his enlightened piety and faithfulness:—

“August 19th, 1784. Dear Sammy,—As I have had a regard for you ever since you was a little one, I have often thought of writing to you freely. And I am persuaded, what is spoken in love will be taken in

love: and if so, if it does you no good, it will do you no harm. Many years ago I observed, that as it had pleased God to give you a remarkable talent for music, so he had given you a quick apprehension of other things, a capacity for making some progress in learning, and, what is of far greater value, a desire to be a Christian. But, meantime, I have often been pained for you, fearing you did not set out the right way. I do not mean with regard to this or that set of opinions, Protestant or Romish. All these I trample under foot. But with regard to those weightier matters, wherein if they go wrong, either Protestants or Papists will perish everlastingly. I feared you was not *born again*: and ‘except a man be born again,’ if we may credit the Son of God, ‘he cannot see the kingdom of heaven:’ except he experience that inward change of the earthly, sensual mind, for the mind which was in Christ Jesus. You might have thoroughly understood the Scriptural doctrine of the new birth, yea, and experienced it long before now, had you used the many opportunities of improvement which God put into your hands, while you believed both your father and me to be teachers sent from God. But alas! what are you now? Whether of this church or that, I care not. You may be saved in either, or damned in either. But I fear, you are not born again: and except you are born again, you cannot see the kingdom of God. You believe the Church of Rome is right. What then? If you are not born of God, *you are of no church*. Whether Bellarmine or Luther be right, you are certainly wrong, if you are not ‘born of the Spirit;’ if you are not renewed in the spirit of your mind in the likeness of Him that created you. I doubt you was never convinced of the necessity of this great change. And there is now greater danger than ever, that you never will; that you will be diverted from the thought of it, by a train of new notions, new practices, new modes of worship; all which put together, (not to consider whether they are unscriptural, superstitious, and idolatrous, or no,—I would as soon pick straws as dispute of this with *you*, in your present state of mind,)—all, I say, put together, do not amount to one grain of true, vital, spiritual religion.

“O Sammy, you are out of your way! You are out of God’s way! You have not given him your heart. You have not found, nay, it is well if you have so much as sought, happiness in God! and poor zealots, while you are in this state of mind, would puzzle you about this or the other church! O fools and blind! Such guides as these lead men by shoals to the bottomless pit. My dear Sammy, your first point is, to repent, and believe the gospel. Know yourself, a poor, guilty, helpless sinner! Then know Jesus Christ, and him crucified. Let the Spirit of God bear witness with your spirit, that you are a child of God: and let the love of God be shed abroad in your heart, by the Holy Ghost,

which is given unto you: and then if you have no better work, I will talk with you of transubstantiation or purgatory. Meantime, I commend you to Him who is able to guide you in all truth; and am, dear Sammy,
 “Your affectionate uncle.”

Mr. Charles Wesley's daughter, and his other son, though they were at this time strangers to religion in its life and power, deeply regretted the step which their wayward brother had taken, in renouncing the Protestant faith, and assuming the Romish profession. Charles expressed this feeling in a letter to his uncle, which called forth the following answer. The venerable man, it will be observed, endeavours to turn to a good account the sad occurrence which they all lamented, by teaching truths of the utmost importance.

“May 2d, 1786. I doubt not both Sarah and you are in trouble, because Samuel has ‘changed his religion.’ Nay, he has changed his opinion and mode of worship: but that is not religion; it is quite another thing. ‘Has he then,’ you may ask, ‘sustained no loss by the change?’ Yes, unspeakable loss; because his new opinion, and mode of worship, are so unfavourable to religion, that they make it, if not impossible to one who once knew better, yet extremely difficult.

“What then is religion? It is happiness in God, or in the knowledge and love of God. It is faith working by love; producing ‘righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.’ In other words, it is a heart and life devoted to God; or communion with God the Father, and the Son; or, the mind which was in Christ Jesus, enabling us to walk as he walked. Now, either he has this religion, or he has not: if he has, he will not finally perish, notwithstanding the absurd, unscriptural opinions he has embraced, and the superstitious and idolatrous modes of worship. But these are so many shackles, which will greatly retard him in running the race that is set before him. If he has not this religion, if he has not given God his heart, the case is unspeakably worse: I doubt if he ever will; for his new friends will continually endeavour to hinder him, by putting something else in its place, by encouraging him to rest in the form, notions, or externals, without being born again, without having Christ in him, the hope of glory, without being renewed in the image of Him that created him. This is the deadly evil. I have often lamented that he had not this holiness, without which no man can see the Lord. But though he had it not, yet, in his hours of cool reflection, he did not hope to go to heaven without it: but now he is or will be taught, that, let him only have a right faith, (that is, such and such notions,) and add thereunto such and such externals, and he is quite safe. He may indeed roll a few years in purging fire; but he will surely go to heaven at last!

“Therefore you and my dear Sarah have great need to weep over

him : but have you not also need to weep for yourselves ? For, have you given God your hearts ? Are you holy in heart ? Have you the kingdom of God within you ? righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost ? the only true religion under heaven. O cry unto Him that is mighty to save, for this one thing needful ! Earnestly and diligently use all the means which God hath put plentifully into your hands ! Otherwise I should not at all wonder if God permit you also to be given up to a strong delusion. But whether you were or were not, whether you are Protestants or Papists, neither you nor he can ever enter into glory, unless you are now cleansed from all pollution of flesh and spirit, and perfect holiness in the fear of God."

In the history of the unfortunate Samuel Wesley we have a striking illustration of the spirit of Popery. He was not pious when he was persuaded to enter into the Romish community ; and during his stay there he was not at all improved either in his temper or morals. Yet the friends of the Papacy gloried in their convert ; and he himself was wishful to do something that should distinguish him among his new connections. He therefore composed a high mass for the use of the chapel of Pope Pius the Sixth, who then wore the triple crown ; and for this service he received the thanks of the pontiff, transmitted through the vicar apostolic. Popery, however, had never taken any deep hold upon his understanding and conscience. It was with him a matter of taste, opinion, and sentiment. For a few years he attended its fascinating ceremonial, without any solid benefit, either intellectual, spiritual, or moral, and then withdrew from the Papal Church, saying that he did not " care a straw for any excommunication that her priesthood could utter." To make proselytes, and thus extend her own secular dominion, is the leading design of the Church of Rome. The sanctification of her children is a very subordinate object, if any object at all. The devoted father and uncle of Samuel Wesley laboured for the one purpose of turning men from sin to holiness, that, like the apostles of their Lord, they might " present every man perfect in Christ Jesus ;" and they felt that their ministrations were comparatively useless, if bad men were not converted into saints. In this respect Popery and Methodism are essentially different from each other ; and it was a fatal mistake in Samuel Wesley when he turned his back upon the holy and happy religion of his parents for the worldly blandishments of " the mother of harlots."

When this young man had ceased to " hear the instructions of his father," and " forsaken the law of his mother," he was exposed to other evil influences besides that of Popery. He received quite as much injury from his god-father and patron, the Rev. Martin Madan, as from the agents of " the man of sin." This clergyman, who for many years

was a popular preacher in London, was the chaplain of the Lock Hospital, founded for the benefit of penitent females, who had wandered from the paths of virtue. Commiserating their case, he endeavoured to lower the standard of Christian morality, so as to extenuate their sin, if not justify several of them in the profligate course which they had pursued. For this purpose he published a large and elaborate work, in which he attempted to prove that Christianity, as well as Judaism, tolerates polygamy. The unhallowed reasonings of this erring guide, conducted in the spirit and manner of a special pleader, and intended to adapt the standard of Christian morals to the taste of the sensual, there is reason to fear, inflicted a permanent injury upon many a youthful mind not thoroughly disciplined in divine truth, and imbued with a love of holiness. The son of Mr. Charles Wesley unhappily did not escape uninjured by the speculative poison of this eloquent and plausible man, whose character and influence (happily for the world!) gradually declined from the time at which he proposed his unhallowed theory.

Miss Sarah Wesley was younger than her brother Charles, and a few years older than Samuel. She was born in Bristol, as were all the other children. For some time she attended the school of Miss Temple, in that city, but was taught Latin by her father, as was her brother Samuel also. Like both her parents, and her brothers, she was little of stature. She bore a striking resemblance to her father in her features, and especially in her profile. In mature life she was remarkable for the acuteness and elegance of her mind, as well as for the accuracy and extent of her information: so that she was qualified to move with advantage in the highest literary circles. Mrs. Hannah More, Miss Benger, Miss Hamilton, Miss Porter, Miss Aikin, Mrs. Barbauld, Dr. Gregory, and many other persons of distinction, were her personal friends, and none of them had any reason to be ashamed of her companionship. Her love and esteem for her father were very strong, and his regard for her was tender and enduring. He took great pains in the cultivation of her intellect; and his numerous private letters to her, written when he was separated from his family, show the affectionate interest which he took in her spiritual improvement. It was the intense desire of his heart that she should be a Christian indeed. One day, during her childhood, when she was repeating her Latin lesson to him, before she had sufficiently mastered it, he said, somewhat impatiently, "Sarah, you are as stupid as an ass." She said nothing, but lifted up her eyes with meekness, surprise, and imploring affection. On catching her look, he instantly burst into tears, and finished the sentence by adding, "And as patient!"

Miss Wesley, possessing the true philosophic spirit, had considerable power over the mind of her faithful brother Charles. Once, when

he was somewhat dejected, feeling that his talents had not been adequately rewarded, he came to her, bringing some of his beautiful compositions, and requesting that she would tie them up for him. "All my works," said he, "are neglected. They were performed at Dr. Shepherd's in Windsor, but no one minds them now!" She answered, in a sprightly tone, "What a fool you would be to regret such worldly disappointments! You may secure a heavenly crown, and immortal honour, and have a thousand blessings which were denied to poor Otway, Butler, and other bright geniuses. Johnson toiled for daily bread till past fifty. Pray think of your happier fate." "True," said he, meekly, and took away his productions with sweet humility. Having recorded this anecdote, she adds, "Lord, sanctify all these mundane mortifications to him and me. The view of another state will prevent all regrets."

During Mr. Charles Wesley's residence in London, he lived in habits of intimacy with several persons of distinction, who honoured him with their friendship, notwithstanding his Methodism. He had free intercourse with Lord Mansfield, whom he had befriended in his boyhood, at Westminster school. He sometimes consulted his lordship on questions affecting the Methodists in their relation to the established Church; and that eminent lawyer declared his readiness to render any service in his power both to him and his brother. Dr. Boyce (one of the fathers of modern church music) and Mr. Kelway (the musical tutor of Queen Charlotte) were frequent visitors of the family in Chesterfield-street. Lord Dartmouth cultivated the friendship of Mr. Charles Wesley on a religious account; and Dr. Johnson mentions him as a person with whose views and habits he was familiar. Speaking of the case of Elizabeth Hobson, of Sunderland, he remarked, in reference to the brothers, "Charles Wesley, who is a more stationary man, does not believe the story."* Among Charles's papers are two notes in the hand-writing of the doctor, one addressed to the father, and the other to the daughter, inviting them to dine with him. The first of these is as follows:—"Sir,—I beg that you, and Mrs. and Miss Wesley, will dine with your brother and Mrs. Hall, at my house in Bolt-court, Fleet-street, to-morrow. That I have not sent sooner, if you knew the disordered state of my health, you would easily forgive me.

"I am, sir, your most humble servant,

"Wednesday."

"SAM. JOHNSON."

Writing to Miss Wesley, the doctor says, "Madam,—I will have the first day that you mention, my dear, on Saturday next; and, if you can, bring your aunt with you, to

Your most humble servant,

"Oct. 28th, 1783."

"SAM. JOHNSON."

* Boswell's Life of Johnson, vol. vii, p. 141. Edit. 1835.

Among Mr. Charles Wesley's friends may also be ranked the late Mr. Wilberforce, then a young statesman, just rising into life. Their first interview took place at the house of Mrs. Hannah More; and is thus described by that pious and philanthropic man:—"I went, I think in 1786, to see her, and when I came into the room Charles Wesley rose from the table, around which a numerous party sat at tea, and coming forward to me, gave me solemnly his blessing. I was scarcely ever more affected. Such was the effect of his manner and appearance, that it altogether overset me, and I burst into tears, unable to restrain myself."*

Justly as Mr. Charles Wesley was esteemed on account of his piety and abilities, there are persons who indulge suspicions injurious to his religious character. They have supposed him to be the sabbath-breaking clergyman whom Cowper has strongly censured in his "Progress of Error," under the fictitious name of Occidus: and certainly if the poet's description were applicable to him, he would ill deserve the admiration in which he has been held as a man of God. But there is, in fact, no just ground to believe that he was the person intended. If he was, the poet was grossly deceived, and wrote not satire, but direct slander. The passage is as follows:—

"Occidus is a pastor of renown;
 When he has pray'd and preach'd the sabbath down,
 With wire and catgut he concludes the day,
 Quavering and semiquavering care away.
 The full concerto swells upon your ear;
 All elbows shake. Look in, and you would swear
 The Babylonian tyrant with a nod
 Had summon'd them to serve his golded god;
 So well that thought th' employment seems to suit,
 Psaltery and sackbut, dulcimer and flute.
 'O fie! 'tis evangelical and pure:
 Observe each face, how sober and demure!
 Ecstasy sets her stamp on every mien;
 Chins fallen, and not an eyeball to be seen.'
 Still I insist, though music heretofore
 Has charm'd me much, (not e'en Occidus more.)
 Love, joy, and peace make harmony more meet
 For sabbath evenings, and perhaps as sweet.
 "Will not the sickliest sheep of every flock
 Resort to this example as a rock;
 There stand, and justify the foul abuse
 Of sabbath hours with plausible excuse:—
 'If apostolic gravity be free
 To play the fool on Sundays, why not we?"

* Life of Wilberforce, vol. i, p. 248.

If he the tinkling harpsichord regards
 As inoffensive, what offence in cards?
 Strike up the fiddles, let us all be gay!
 Laymen have leave to dance, if parsons play.'"

This passage must be taken in connection with one of Cowper's letters, in which he speaks on the same subject; and both together contain direct proof that Occiduus and Charles Wesley were two very different persons. Writing to his friend Mr. Newton, under the date of Sept. 9th, 1781, the poet says, "I am sorry to find that the censure I have passed upon Occiduus is even better founded than I supposed. Lady Austen has been at his sabbatical concerts, which, it seems, are composed of song-tunes and psalm-tunes indiscriminately; music without words; and I suppose one may say consequently without devotion. On a certain occasion, when her niece was sitting at her side, she asked his opinion concerning the lawfulness of such amusements as are to be found at Vauxhall and Ranelagh; meaning only to draw from him a sentence of disapprobation, that Miss Green might be the better reconciled to the restraint under which she was held, when she found it warranted by the judgment of so famous a divine. But she was disappointed. He accounted them innocent, and recommended them as useful. Curiosity, he said, was natural to young persons; and it was wrong to deny them a gratification which they might be indulged in with the greatest safety; because the denial being unreasonable, the desire would still subsist. It was but a walk, and a walk was as harmless in one place as another; with other arguments of a similar import, which might have proceeded with more grace, at least with less offence, from the lips of a sensual layman. He seems, together with others of our acquaintance, to have suffered considerably in his spiritual character by his attachment to music."*

That Mr. Charles Wesley could not be the person here intended is undeniable, unless Cowper was criminally inattentive to facts, and guilty of the foulest calumny, which is disproved by the goodness of his heart. No proof whatever exists that Mr. Charles Wesley suffered any spiritual declension through "attachment to music." He loved to hear it indeed; (for who does not?) but he had only a superficial acquaintance with it as a science. In early life he occasionally played on the flute; but he had discontinued that practice long before Cowper became an author. He confesses that he could not judge of the performances of his sons, but was guided by the opinions of others. When the sons had chosen music as a profession, they were bound to excel in it to the utmost limit of their ability; and it could be no fault in the father to encourage them in that which was matter of duty.

* Grimshawe's Cowper, vol. i, p. 292.

But "sabbatical concerts," partly religious and partly secular, he had none. On this subject we have the express and solemn testimony of his younger son, who was living when Cowper's letter was published, and to whom the question of its reference to his father was proposed by the writer of this narrative. He promptly returned a written declaration on the subject, in which he says, "The occasional performances by my brother of some portions of sacred music on Sunday were never desecrated by the admixture of 'song-tunes,' or any other airs but those dedicated exclusively to sacred subjects." Samuel Wesley was resident in the house of his father at the time here referred to, and is therefore a competent witness in the case. The playing of song-tunes on the sabbath can never be reconciled with Christian morality. But if holy music is a part of the employment and happiness of heaven, as the Scriptures declare it is, it cannot be inappropriate to the evening of the Lord's day, when used devotionally: and no evidence exists that Mr. Charles Wesley ever countenanced it in any other form. According to Samuel Wesley's account, his brother occasionally played upon the harpsichord or the organ, in their father's house, on the sabbath-day; and no one else. He had no fellow-performers. Whereas Occiduis had a whole band of musicians. "The full concerto swelled upon the ear" of the passer-by; and those who witnessed the scene were ready to imagine that Nebuchadnezzar had summoned his whole band, to play upon "the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer;" in honour of the golden image which he had set up in the plain of Dura. "All elbows shook" in the orchestra, and the listening crowd below were thrown into ecstasies. Can it be needful to adduce any other proof, that Charles Wesley's house was not the scene of these profane exhibitions? and that he had no concern in them whatever?

To theatrical amusements, as pregnant with the most frightful evils, he was religiously opposed, and therefore could not be the man who "accounted them as innocent, and recommended them as useful." When Cowper wrote his poem and his letter, in which he censures Occiduis, Mr. Charles Wesley's hymns for watch-night services had been in public circulation nearly forty years; and in one of them he had by name, and in terms the most unqualified, condemned the amusements of the theatre, and of similar places of resort:—

The civiler crowd
 In theatres proud
 Acknowledge His power,
 And Satan in nightly assemblies adore:
 To the masque and the ball
 They fly at his call,
 Or in pleasures excel,
 And chant in a grove to the harpers of hell.

In a marginal note, designed to explain the last of these terribly-expressive lines, it is said that Vauxhall and Ranelagh gardens are here especially meant. One direct effect of Mr. Charles Wesley's ministry was to detach play-goers from their diversions, as both vain and sinful. When Mrs. Rich, of the Covent-garden theatre, received his doctrine, and acknowledged him as her spiritual adviser, as has been already stated, she abandoned the stage for ever, to the grief and mortification of her husband, who had derived considerable gains from her powers as an actress. It is also remarkable, that at the very time when Cowper was writing, Samuel Wesley desired to attend the theatres, and his father would not suffer him. The son was greatly offended with the restraint which was imposed upon him; but he lived long enough to see that it was salutary, and kindly intended. That Mr. Charles Wesley ever encouraged any one to attend such places, Samuel, who had felt the weight of his father's authority on this subject, declared to be "flagrantly untrue," and opposed to his "consistent and unflinching enmity to vicious temptation." It is, in fact, doubtful whether any man of his age was a more strenuous and successful opponent of all such dissipating and unhallowed amusements. The conclusion, therefore, that Occidius was some other person, and not the poet of Methodism, is inevitable. If the description of Occidius be applied to him, it is notoriously untrue.

Who, then, it may be inquired, was the mysterious personage who thus offended against the sanctity of the sabbath, and advised young people to attend the theatre, and other places of mere amusement? He was "a pastor of renown," and deemed "evangelical." These characteristics apply directly to Mr. Madan, who was a popular clergyman, of Calvinian tenets;* well known to be musical in his taste and habits; and as an avowed advocate of polygamy, he could not be very nice in his views of Christian morality. Cowper also states, in one of his letters, that in writing "The Progress of Error," where the character of Occidius is drawn, he had Madan in his eye.† Madan was Cowper's cousin, with whose habits and views he was well acquainted; and many of Cowper's letters show how deeply he was offended with the unhallowed levity of his kinsman's speculations.

Should it be inquired on what ground the name of Occidius could be given to Madan, the answer is, that the word properly signifies "western," and may refer to the situation of the Lock Hospital, where

* "The Lock chapel was the favourite resort of religious characters in the time of the Rev. Martin Madan, not only from the high popularity of his talents as a preacher, but from the fidelity and impressive energy with which he proclaimed the fundamental doctrines of the Scripture."—Grimshawe's Cowper, vol. iii, p. 320.

† Southey's Cowper, vol. iv, pp. 79, 80.

Mr. Madan preached, and was attended by listening multitudes. It was at the "west-end" of London, "near Hyde-park-corner," as is stated on the title-page of a volume of hymns which Madan published for the use of his congregation.

Taking all these considerations into the account, it is far more probable that Cowper intended, under the name of Occiduus, to censure the popular and speculative Madan, than Mr. Charles Wesley, who then occupied only a very subordinate place among public men, being aged, sickly, and infirm. For twenty years he had exercised his ministry in two or three Methodist chapels, into which few wealthy and fashionable religionists ever entered. To "renown," in the popular sense of that term, he had then little claim; and it is doubtful whether, as an anti-Calvinist, Cowper would have acknowledged him to be "evangelical." In one of his letters, written about the time that he was censuring Occiduus, Cowper mentions Mr. Fletcher, of Madeley, and expresses a doubt whether that holy man was indeed a Christian; so prejudiced was he against what he understood to be Mr. Fletcher's anti-Calvinistical doctrine, which was substantially that of Mr. Charles Wesley.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE means which Mr. John and Charles Wesley felt it their duty to adopt, for the revival of true religion in the three kingdoms, after they had themselves obtained the vital Christian faith, placed them in great difficulties with regard to the established Church; and those difficulties pressed upon them with increasing weight as they advanced in life. When the societies were few in number, they were easily persuaded to attend the services of the Church, especially the Lord's supper; but in process of time many joined them who had been educated in the principles of Dissent; and several of these would on no account unite in the worship of the Establishment. Others were unwilling to attend, because they could not receive the doctrine of their respective clergymen, or because their clergymen were not even moral in their lives. How to meet the views of these people, without opening the Methodist chapels during the time of divine service in the churches, and without allowing the preachers to administer the sacraments, it was not easy to determine. The very agitation of these questions Mr. Charles Wesley could not endure. All unwillingness to attend the services of the Church he regarded as little less than stubbornness and rebellion. No man ever censured ungodly ministers with greater severity than he,

especially those of the established Church; but he would concede nothing in favour of those who had any scruples concerning the ministrations of these men. Whatever might be the personal character of the clergy, or the doctrines they taught, he contended that the Methodists were to be preserved in strict connection with the Church of England; even where the clergy refused to administer to them the sacrament of the Lord's supper.

Mr. John Wesley was a more practical man. The Church was dear to him; and, next to the salvation of souls, the object dearest to his heart was the attendance of his spiritual children upon her ordinances. But among these children he found several who never did belong to her communion, and whom he could not induce to tread her courts; and not a few of these were devout and peaceable. They were free from a factious spirit, and gave satisfactory proof that they were actuated by conscientious motives. Such men he could neither coerce nor despise; but how to meet their case, without departing further from the order of the Church than he had yet done, or ever intended to do, cost him years of anxious thought.

Another subject of deep interest to Mr. Wesley, and to his preachers and people generally, was the continuance of the itinerant ministry, and of the discipline which he had established in the societies, when he should be no more. While he lived he was a centre of union to them all. Every one was ready to defer to his judgment, and his power to appoint the preachers was unquestioned. He determined that, after his decease, the power which he possessed should devolve upon the conference: but there arose a question as to the manner in which that body should be constituted. Hitherto the conference consisted of preachers whom Mr. Wesley invited to meet him once a year for the purpose of united counsel. Unless something, therefore, were done, to give the conference a legal existence, independently of Mr. Wesley's presence and will, it could not survive him. The chapels would remain; but there would be no power to station the preachers, and to superintend the societies.

This subject appeared in all its importance at the Bristol conference of 1783, during which Mr. Wesley had a dangerous illness, so that for some days his recovery was very doubtful. Early in the morning he was seized with an impetuous flux, which was followed by a violent cramp, first in his feet, legs, and thighs, then in his side and throat. The medicine which was administered removed the cramp, but took away his speech, hearing, and power of motion; so that for several days he lay as a mere log, and was in continual fever. Had he died at that time, according to all human probability, the itinerant ministry which he had organized must have ceased, and the societies have been

dissolved. The preachers felt the critical situation in which they were placed, and united to request their venerable father, on his recovery, to provide against a casualty which might be ruinous to the work in which they were engaged. He acceded to their wishes, took the best legal advice that was accessible, and in the month of February following executed the "DEED OF DECLARATION," which he caused to be enrolled in his majesty's high court of chancery, appointing by name one hundred travelling preachers "the conference of the people called Methodists," defining their powers, and providing for the filling up of vacancies from time to time. He reserved to himself and his brother, however, during their life-time, the right of appointing the preachers to the different chapels. "Without some authentic deed," says he, "fixing the meaning of the term, the moment I died the conference had been nothing. Therefore any of the proprietors of the land on which our preaching-houses were built might have seized them for their own use; and there would have been none to hinder them; for the conference would have been nobody, a mere empty name. In all the pains I have taken about this absolutely necessary deed, I have been labouring not for myself, (I have no interest therein,) but for the whole body of Methodists; in order to fix them upon such a foundation as is likely to stand as long as the sun and moon endure. That is, if they continue to walk by faith, and to show forth their faith by their works; otherwise, I pray God to root out the memorial of them from the earth."*

This deed, as might be expected, gave great offence to some of the preachers whose names were not in it; so that at the ensuing conference considerable excitement prevailed. Mr. Fletcher was present, and interceded with Mr. Wesley in behalf of these refractory sons in the gospel, and the parties appeared to be reconciled; but three of them afterward withdrew from their work: Mr. Joseph Pilmoor, and John Hampson, father and son. Mr. Pilmoor went to America, where he was ordained, at Mr. Charles Wesley's recommendation, by one of the American bishops. The elder Mr. Hampson became the minister of a small Dissenting congregation; the conference allowing him a small annuity to the end of his life, as a mark of their respect, and an acknowledgment of his former services. The younger Mr. Hampson obtained episcopal ordination, and the living of Sunderland. He wrote a Life of Mr. Wesley, which he put to press with indecent haste, while the remains of that venerable man were scarcely cold in his grave; and spoke of the deceased, to whom he was indebted for his education, and therefore for his preferment, in a manner that reflected little credit upon his heart. His book is a sort of quiver, from which the detractors of Mr. Wesley generally select their arrows.

* Wesley's Works, vol. vii, p. 310.

At this conference the ministrations of Mr. Fletcher were attended by a power and effect which those who witnessed them could never forget. He preached on the case of the prophet who was sent from Judah to Bethel, to testify against the idolatry which was practised there; who, after the delivery of his message, "was disobedient to the word of the Lord," and was therefore slain by a lion. Mr. Fletcher described him as "an Antinomian," whose fate was a solemn warning to all religious teachers. He encouraged the Methodist preachers in their work, by assuring them that, while they lived in the spirit of their holy vocation, and delivered the truth of God with evangelical faithfulness, every arm that was stretched out to arrest them would be dried up, as in the case of Jeroboam. His attitude and whole manner in prayer were those of a man who felt that he had the fullest access to God, and who with adoring confidence conversed with him face to face. His hands were stretched toward heaven, his countenance lighted up with reverent joy, and every one was ready, because of the solemn awe which the manifested presence of God inspired, to "wrap his face in his mantle," and sink into the dust of humiliation.

At the time of this conference Mr. Wesley had in contemplation one of the most important measures that he ever adopted for the advancement of the work of God: the elevation of his societies in America into a regular church, by providing for the administration of the sacraments by their own preachers. In reference to this object, he consulted his faithful friend the vicar of Madeley, and a few weeks after the conference prosecuted his pious design.

The war of American independence was now ended, and the people of the United States were acknowledged to be no longer under the British crown. Many of the Protestant clergy, from whom the Methodists had hitherto received the sacraments, had left the country, or ceased to officiate; and the societies generally on that vast continent, amounting to upward of eighteen thousand members, had none to baptize their children, or administer to them the memorials of their Saviour's passion. The character of the episcopal clergy in America was at that time extremely low. Several of them during the war had acted as soldiers, and others by their negligence and sin were a scandal to the sacred office. This is acknowledged by writers belonging to their own Church. Dr. Seabury, an American clergyman, came to England, for the purpose of obtaining consecration to the episcopal office from the English prelates. After waiting for two years, his request was denied. He then applied to the Scottish bishops, who had derived their orders from the Nonjurors of the reign of William and Mary; and from them he at length received the desired honour. In the mean while the American Methodists, who had no sympathy either with Dr. Seabury,

or the bishops by whom he was consecrated, looked to Mr. Wesley as their spiritual father, and implored his advice and aid. Having considered the subject in all its bearings, he resolved to appoint Dr. Coke and Mr. Asbury joint superintendents over the American preachers and societies, with power to ordain others for the full duties of the ministry.

Mr. Asbury had long been a faithful labourer in America, where he had commanded great respect by his piety, wisdom, and usefulness. Dr. Coke had now been in connection with Mr. Wesley about eight years, and had approved himself by his fidelity and zeal. He was born at Brecon, in South Wales, and educated at the University of Oxford, where he became a Deist under the influence of his fellow-colle-gians. Having recovered his faith in divine revelation, by a careful study of its evidences, he was ordained as a clergyman of the Church of England, and obtained the curacy of South-Petherton, in Somersetshire, where he was shamefully persecuted, and at length dismissed, on account of his faithfulness in attempting to turn the people from sin to holiness. He then connected himself with Mr. Wesley, who often observed that Dr. Coke was to him a second Thomas Walsh. An expression of higher respect he could scarcely have uttered. The doctor, who, like the two Wesleys, was little in stature, was eminently active, lively, and disinterested. Of ordinary difficulties he made no account; for his heart was all on fire to extend the blessings of salvation to the ends of the earth. In promoting the settlement of Methodist chapels in England, so that they should not be alienated from the connection, and in preparing the "DEED OF DECLARATION," he had rendered services of the most substantial value to Mr. Wesley and his people.

On the morning of September 1st, 1784, Mr. Wesley, by the imposition of hands, solemnly appointed the doctor to the work which he had assigned him, being assisted by the Rev. James Creighton, a very pious and intelligent episcopal clergyman, who then officiated in the Methodist chapels in London. Immediately after, with the assistance of Dr. Coke and Mr. Creighton, Mr. Wesley ordained Mr. Whatcoat and Mr. Vasey, to act as elders in America, by baptizing and administering the Lord's supper. He also published, for the use of his people both in England and America, a Liturgy, differing little from that of the established Church, but shortened in most of its services.

For several years Mr. Wesley's preachers had been stationed in some of the principal towns in Scotland, and societies were formed under their care; but the members, in many instances, were in circumstances scarcely better than those of their brethren in America immediately after the war. There were indeed clergymen in Scotland; but several of them absolutely refused to admit the Methodists to the Lord's

table, except on the condition that they would renounce all future connection with the Methodist ministry and discipline. During the conference of the following year, therefore, which was held in London, Mr. Wesley ordained three of his preachers to administer the sacraments in North Britain. "Having," says he in his Journal, "with a few select friends, weighed the matter thoroughly, I yielded to their judgment, and set apart three of our well-trying preachers, John Pawson, Thomas Hanby, and Joseph Taylor, to minister in Scotland; and I trust God will bless their ministrations, and show that he has sent them."

In performing these acts of ordination, it is presumed Mr. Wesley was perfectly justifiable from the necessity of the case, and the peculiar relation in which he stood to the people whose spiritual interests he had in view. They were his children in the Lord, begotten through the gospel; deprived of the sacraments which Christ had instituted, and which they could not therefore neglect but at the hazard of their souls. To meet their wants, in this crisis of their affairs, was his imperative duty; and the only question was as to the manner in which this could be the most effectually done. With respect to America, he might have requested one of the English prelates to ordain some of his preachers; but he had no hope from this quarter, having some time before asked the bishop of London to ordain one, and been refused. In the present case it was requisite that the American preachers in general should be ordained, or the necessities of the societies could not be met, scattered as they were over an immense tract of country: and what English bishop could have access to them all? or would lay his hands upon them, if they were even brought across the Atlantic for the purpose? The king of Denmark is said to have directed his bishops, in this emergency, to ordain for the American ministry such persons as they might deem qualified. But what affinity existed between the Danish bishops and the American Methodists? or between the American Methodists and Dr. Seabury, who returned to the United States about twelve months after Dr. Coke had gone thither invested with Mr. Wesley's authority? Had any bishops, whether English, Scottish, or Danish, appointed the Methodist preachers of America to the sacred office, they would, of course, have expected to direct and control the proceedings of the men whom they had thus sanctioned; and it is impossible to say how far this would have interfered with the free and apostolic labours to which these itinerant evangelists had been accustomed, and which the Lord had so greatly blessed. "As our American brethren," says Mr. Wesley, "are now totally disentangled both from the state and from the English hierarchy, we dare not entangle them again, either with the one or the other. They are now at full liberty simply to follow the Scriptures and the primitive church. And we judge it best that

they should stand fast in the liberty wherewith God has so strangely made them free."* For a bishop to ordain any Methodist preachers for Scotland was out of the question. They must be ordained by Mr. Wesley himself, or not at all.

No principle has been more distinctly recognised in the Methodist connection, and more sacredly guarded, than this,—that personal piety, and an inward call of the Holy Spirit, are essential to the ministerial office. Every man therefore who is appointed to that office among them is required to give satisfactory evidence of unfeigned repentance, of a vital faith in Christ, and of the renewal of his heart by the power of the Holy Ghost; as well as that he possesses competent gifts as a preacher, and is actually owned of God in the conversion of sinners from the error of their way. It is satisfactory to know that these principles were preserved in the Methodist ordinations for America. Dr. Seabury, the American bishop, would have ordained those of the transatlantic preachers whom he might deem duly qualified; but would he have submitted to such a searching examination respecting his own personal reconciliation with God, the regeneration of his heart, and the inward call of the Holy Spirit, as they had all undergone? and without this, how could they, with their principles and usages, accept ordination at his hands? It would have been a strange inconsistency to require spiritual-mindedness in one another, as essential to the pastoral office, and yet receive their appointment to that office from a man of whose spirituality they had not satisfactory proof. Mr. Charles Wesley, in his eagerness for episcopacy, would have sacrificed the principles upon which the Methodists had hitherto invariably acted; but his sharp-sighted brother spared the American preachers the pain and dishonour of such inconsistency in the most solemn transaction of their lives. It is not intended by these remarks to insinuate that Bishop Seabury was not a converted man. But in the absence of all direct evidence on the subject, it is gratifying to know that he was not employed in conferring the ministerial character upon the numerous and important body of preachers belonging to the Methodist Church in America. In their case, as well as in that of their brethren in Great Britain, the doctrine of a special divine call to the Christian ministry, and given only to spiritual men, was preserved inviolate.

In ordaining ministers for America and Scotland, Mr. Wesley did not think that his only justification arose from the necessity of the case. He believed that the act was right in itself, as being in full accordance with the doctrine of Holy Scripture, and the practice of the early Christians. It had long been his conviction that, in the apostolic churches, presbyters and bishops were of the same order, and therefore had an

* Works, vol. vii, p. 312.

equal right to ordain. This principle is well known to have been avowed by Archbishop Cranmer, and by most of the Protestant reformers on the European continent. The ordination of ministers in the Church of Scotland, and in the reformed churches of Holland, France, and Switzerland, is performed not by bishops, as a distinct order, but by presbyters, such as Mr. Wesley himself was; so that if his ordinations were invalid, such have been those of a large proportion of the clergy of Protestant Christendom for the last three hundred years. And yet Mr. Wesley did not object to episcopacy, as being in itself unlawful, or necessarily an evil. When several ministers are united together, as in a national church, or in a religious connection like that of the Methodists, there must be government; and government supposes authority and subordination. What he objected to was the assumption, that diocesan episcopacy, possessing the exclusive power of ordination and government, was instituted by Christ, and is binding in all ages upon the universal church. He learned from St. Paul, not only that the presbyters might "rule," but also "rule well;" and that the presbyters of the church at Ephesus were made bishops by the Holy Ghost, and yet were known as presbyters still. Lord King's book on the "Constitution of the primitive Church," and the "*Irenicum*" of Bishop Stillingfleet, were works to which he generally referred in proof of the correctness of his views. He did not deny that there has been, from the apostolic age, a succession of men to whom the name of bishop was applied; but he did deny that they had existed from the beginning, and by divine appointment, as a peculiar order, each of them having had a special ordination to the episcopal office, as essentially distinct from that of a presbyter. Such a succession he declared no man could prove. If in the case of any bishop such special ordination has been wanting, the succession for which the strict and rigid episcopalians contend is vitiated; the chain is broken; and the ordinations that have been subsequently performed in the same line, though they should be even the acts of an archbishop, are not a whit better than those of the presbyter John Wesley; for no man can communicate to another what he does not himself possess.

Few writers have expressed themselves with greater clearness on this subject than an episcopal clergyman of a former age. The Rev. George Lawson, rector of More, in Shropshire, in the reign of Charles II., one of the ablest theologians of that period, thus expresses himself:—"Though both the definition and the institution of a bishop be uncertain, and there is no universal consent in respect of either, yet I think a constant superintendent, not only over the people, but the presbyters, within a reasonable precinct, if he be duly qualified and rightly chosen, may be lawful, and the place agreeable to Scripture: yet I do

not conceive that this kind of episcopacy is grounded upon any divine special precept of universal obligation, making it necessary for the being of a church, or essential constitution of presbyters. Neither is there any scripture which determines the form, how such a bishop, or any other, may be made. Yet it may be grounded upon general precepts of Scripture concerning decency, unity, order, and edification; but so that order and decency may be observed any other way, and unity and edification obtained by other means.

“But there are many in these our days which make episcopacy, invested with the power of ordination at least of that necessity, that if ministers are not ordained by them, they are no ministers. They make the being of the ministry, and the power of the sacraments, to depend on them: and they further add, that without a succession of these bishops we cannot maintain our ministry against the Church of Rome. But, 1. Where do they find in Scripture any special precept of universal and perpetual obligation, which doth determine that the imposition of hands of the presbytery doth essentially constitute a presbyter; and that the imposition of hands, if it did so, was invalid without an hierarchical bishop, or a certain constant superintendent, with them? And if they will have their doctrine to stand good, such a precept they must produce; which they have not done, which I am confident they cannot do. 2. As for succession of such bishops, after so long a time, so many persecutions, and so great alterations in the churches of all nations, it is impossible to make it clear. Eusebius himself doth so preface his catalogue of bishops, that no rational man can so much as yield a probable assent unto him in that particular. But suppose it had been far clearer, yet it could not merit the force of a divine testimony: it would have been only human, and could not have been believed but with a probable faith. Nay, Irenæus, Tertullian, Eusebius, and others, do not agree in the first and immediate successors of the apostles; no, not of the Roman Church. For Irenæus makes Clemens the third, whom Tertullian determines to be the first, from the apostles. Yet they all agree in this, that the succession of persons, without succession of the same doctrine, was nothing. Tertullian confesseth that there were many churches which could not show the succession of persons, but of doctrine, from the apostles; and that was sufficient. And the succession of persons is so uncertain, that whosoever shall make either the being of a church, or the ministry, or the power of the sacraments, depend upon it, shall so offend Christ's little ones, and be guilty of such a scandal, as ‘it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea.’ The power of saving men's souls depends not upon succession of persons, according to human institutions, but upon the apostolical doctrine, accompanied

by the divine Spirit. If upon the exercise of their ministerial power men are converted, find comfort in their doctrine and the sacraments, and at their end deliver up their souls unto God their Redeemer, and that with unspeakable joy; this is a divine confirmation of their ministry, and the same more real and manifest than any personal succession.

“To maintain the ministry of England from their ordination by bishops, and the bishops by their consecration according to the canons of the council of Carthage, was a good argument *ad hominem*; yet it should be made good (as it may be) by far better arguments, and such as will serve the interest of other Protestant and reformed churches, who have sufficiently proved their ministry legal; and by experience, through God’s blessing upon their labours, have found it effectual. But suppose the succession of our English episcopacy could be made good since the Reformation; it is to little purpose, except you can justify the Popish succession up to the time of the apostles; which few will undertake, none (I fear) will perform. Divers reasons persuade me to believe they cannot do any thing in this particular to purpose; but among the rest this doth much sway with me,—that there can be no succession without some distinct and determinate form of consecration and ordination; and except this form be determined by special precept of Scripture, it cannot be of divine obligation. But any such special precept, which should prescribe the distinct forms of consecration and ordination, we find not at all. We have some examples of constituting church officers by election, with the imposition of hands and prayer; yet this was common to all, even to deacons. So that the very forms of making bishops and presbyters, as we find them, both in the English book of ordination, and the pontifical of Rome, are merely arbitrary, as having no particular ground, but at the best only a general rule in Scripture, which leaves liberty for several distinct forms.

“If any, notwithstanding all this, out of an high conceit of episcopacy, will refuse communion with such churches as have no bishops, and yet are orthodox; or will account those no ministers, who are ordained by presbyters without a bishop; let such take heed lest they prove guilty of schisms.”*

Nothing that Mr. John Wesley ever said or did gave his brother half so much offence as these ordinations. Charles adhered to the principle of “apostolical succession,” and of the divine appointment of three orders of ministers: yet he could bear with patience to hear his brother assail these principles in theory, if he only kept the Methodists in union with the established Church. Whereas he imagined that from these ordinations separation was inevitable. The Church of England did not

* Lawson’s “Model of Civil and Ecclesiastical Government,” pp. 234–238. Edit. 1689.

indeed exist either in the United States of America, or in Scotland; but the principle of presbyterian ordination among the Methodists was recognised; and the men who had received such ordination from his brother, he saw, could, after his brother's death, if not even before, ordain their brethren, and thus introduce the sacraments into the chapels generally, and draw away the societies from their parish churches. He had little confidence in Dr. Coke's discretion, and thought that, on his return from America, he might by possibility ordain the whole body of the preachers. The elements of separation appeared to him to be now officially adopted, and at work; the professions of union with the Church, which he and his brother had reiterated through life, he thought were violated; their strenuous and persevering efforts to resist the spirit of Dissent were given up and neutralized; the work of God irreparably injured; and the name of Wesley dishonoured for ever! Such were Charles's extreme views on the occasion; and he mourned that he had not died before the arrival of that day.

Mr. John Wesley was perfectly satisfied with what he had done, as being matter of strict duty, from which the most beneficial results would arise; but he knew the thoughts of his brother, and therefore spared his feelings with respect to the ordinations till they were actually performed. Charles was in Bristol when the ordinations for America took place; but he was not aware of them till the service was ended. Nothing could interrupt the friendship of the brothers, hallowed as it was by religion, and cemented by their long-continued union in conducting a deep and extensive revival of religion. They had also a perfect conviction of each other's uprightness of purpose. But their correspondence at this time assumed an unwonted earnestness of reasoning and expostulation; yet in no respect unworthy of Christian men, and aged ministers. Under these circumstances of excitement Mr. Charles Wesley addressed the following letter to Dr. Chandler, an episcopal clergyman, who was about to embark for the new world. It is deeply interesting, on account of the particulars which it contains concerning the writer's early history.

“ London, April 28th, 1785. Rev. and Dear Sir,—As you are setting out for America, and I for a more distant country, I think it needful to leave with you some account of myself, and of my companions through life. At eight years old, in 1716, I was sent by my father, rector of Epworth, to Westminster school, and placed under the care of my eldest brother Samuel, a strict Churchman, who brought me up in his own principles. My brother John, five years older than me, was then at the Charter-house. From Westminster College, in 1727, I was elected student of Christ-church. My brother John was then fellow of Lincoln. My first year at college I lost in diversions. The next I

set myself to study. Diligence led me into serious thinking. I went to the weekly sacrament, and persuaded two or three young scholars to accompany me, and to observe the method of study prescribed by the statutes of the university. This gained me the harmless nickname of Methodist. In half a year my brother left his curacy at Epworth, and came to our assistance. We then proceeded regularly in our studies, and in doing what good we could to the bodies and souls of men.

“I took my master’s degree, and only thought of spending all my days at Oxford. But my brother, who always had the ascendant over me, persuaded me to accompany him and Mr. Oglethorpe to Georgia. I exceedingly dreaded entering into holy orders: but he overruled me here also, and I was ordained deacon by the bishop of Oxford, Dr. Potter, and the next Sunday, priest, by the bishop of London, Dr. Gibson. Our only design was, to do all the good we could, as ministers of the Church of England, to which we were firmly attached, both by education and by principle. My brother still thinks her the best-constituted national Church in the world.

“In 1736 we arrived, as missionaries, in Georgia. My brother took charge of Savannah, (and I of Frederica,) waiting for an opportunity of preaching to the Indians. I was, in the mean time, secretary to Mr. Oglethorpe, and also secretary for Indian affairs. The hardship of lying on the ground, &c., soon threw me into a fever and dysentery, which in half a year forced me to return to England. My brother returned the next year. Still we had no plan, but to serve God, and the Church of England. The lost sheep of this fold were our principal care, not excluding any Christians, of whatever denomination, who were willing to add the power of godliness to their own particular form. Our eldest brother, Samuel, was alarmed at our going on, and strongly expressed his fears of its ending in a separation from the Church. All our enemies prophesied the same. This confirmed us the more in our resolution to continue in our calling; which we constantly avowed, both in public and in private; by conversation, and preaching, and writing; exhorting all our hearers to follow our example.

“My brother drew up rules for our societies, one of which was, constantly to attend the Church prayers, and sacrament. We both signed them, and likewise our hymn-books. When we were no longer permitted to preach in the churches, we preached (but never in church hours) in houses, or fields, and sent, or rather carried, from thence multitudes to church, who had never been there before. Our society in most places made the bulk of the congregation, both at prayers and sacrament. I never lost my dread of separation, or ceased to guard our societies against it. I frequently told them, ‘I am your servant as long as you remain in the Church of England; but no longer. Should

you forsake her, you would renounce me.' Some of the lay-preachers very early discovered an inclination to separate, which induced my brother to print his 'Reasons against Separation.' As often as it appeared, we beat down the schismatical spirit. If any one did leave the Church, at the same time he left our society. For near fifty years we kept the sheep in the fold; and having filled the number of our days, only waited to depart in peace.

"After our having continued friends for above SEVENTY years, and fellow-labourers for above FIFTY, can any thing but death part us? I can scarcely yet believe it, that, in his eighty-second year, my brother, my old, intimate friend and companion, should have assumed the episcopal character, ordained elders, consecrated a bishop, and sent him to ordain our lay-preachers in America! I was then in Bristol, at his elbow; yet he never gave me the least hint of his intention. How was he surprised into so rash an action? He certainly persuaded himself that it was right.

"Lord Mansfield told me last year, that ordination was separation. This my brother does not and will not see; or that he has renounced the principles and practice of his whole life; that he has acted contrary to all his declarations, protestations, and writings, robbed his friends of their boasting, and left an indelible blot on his name, as long as it shall be remembered.

"Thus our partnership here is dissolved, but not our friendship. I have taken him for better for worse, till death do us part; or rather, re-unite us in love inseparable. I have lived on earth a little too long, who have lived to see this evil day. But I shall very soon be taken from it, in steadfast faith that the Lord will maintain his own cause, and carry on his own work, and fulfil his promise to his church, 'Lo, I am with you always, even to the end!' Permit me to subscribe myself,
Rev. and dear sir, Your faithful and obliged servant and brother.

"P. S. What will become of those poor sheep in the wilderness, the American Methodists? How have they been betrayed into a separation from the Church of England, which their preachers and they no more intended than the Methodists here! Had they had patience a little longer, they would have seen a real bishop in America, consecrated by three Scotch bishops, who have their consecration from the English bishops, and are acknowledged by them as the same with themselves. There is therefore not the least difference between the members of Bishop Seabury's church, and the members of the Church of England. He told me, he looked upon the Methodists in America as sound members of the Church, and was ready to ordain any of their preachers whom he should find duly qualified. His ordinations would be indeed genuine, valid, and episcopal.

“But what are your poor Methodists now? Only a new sect of Presbyterians. And after my brother’s death, which is now so near, what will be their end? They will lose all their influence and importance; they will turn aside to vain janglings; they will settle again upon their lees; and, like other sects of Dissenters, come to nothing!”

Such were the distressing feelings of Mr. Charles Wesley in reference to his brother’s ordinations for America. Of his perfect sincerity no doubt can be entertained. As a poet he was a prophet by general consent; but never were unfortunate vaticinations more completely disproved by time, than those which he uttered on this occasion. Nearly sixty years have now elapsed since those ordinations were performed, and the “name” of John Wesley, so far from being dishonoured by “an indelible blot,” is still “as ointment poured forth,” and was never more respected. The American Methodists, so far from “losing their influence and importance,” from “turning aside to vain janglings,” from “settling upon their lees,” and from “coming to nothing,” in consequence of the ordinations which were given to them, have from that time gone on to prosper beyond all former example; so that at this day they are the most numerous body in the Union. Their Church has indeed violated the theory of a succession of bishops as a distinct order from the apostles. It has an episcopacy which was originated by a presbyter; but it has not been a whit the less salutary on this account. As an instrument of extensive spiritual good to the souls of men, it appears to immense advantage when compared with the American episcopacy with which Bishop Seabury stood connected. In the Methodist Church the great design of the sacraments, of preaching, and of ecclesiastical discipline, has been answered. The members are undeniably justified through faith in the blood of Jesus, and are sanctified by the power of the Holy Ghost. Husbands and wives, parents and children, the aged and the young, the rich and the poor, the master and the servant, have exhibited, and still exhibit, both in life and death, the piety, the zeal, the charity, the justice, the holiness, peace, and joy of apostolical Christianity, which Mr. Charles Wesley has described in his incomparable hymns. Could he have witnessed the triumphant extension of the work of God in connection with the ordinations, which at the time almost broke his heart, he would have smiled at his honest mistake, and have wiped away his needless tears.

Those tears, however, for the time were bitter, and copiously shed, as the following letter, which he addressed to his brother, will show. It is dated some months after that to Dr. Chandler; and, being written in all the confidence of brotherly friendship, contains stronger expressions than he would use to a stranger.

“Bristol, August 14th, 1785. Dear Brother,—I have been reading

over again your 'Reasons against a Separation,' printed in 1758, and your Works; and entreat you, in the name of God, and for Christ's sake, to read them again yourself, with previous prayer, and stop, and proceed no further, till you receive an answer to your inquiry, 'Lord, what wouldest *thou* have me to do?' Every word of your eleven pages deserves the deepest consideration: not to mention my testimony and hymns. Only the seventh I could wish you to read,—a prophecy which I pray God may never come to pass.

"Near thirty years since then, you have stood against the importunate solicitations of your preachers, who have scarcely at last prevailed. I was your natural ally, and faithful friend; and while you continued faithful to yourself, we two could chase a thousand. But when once you began ordaining in America, I knew, and you knew, that your preachers here would never rest till you ordained them. You told me they would separate by and by. The doctor tells us the same. His Methodist Episcopal Church in Baltimore was intended to beget a Methodist Episcopal Church here. You know he comes, armed with your authority, to make us all Dissenters. One of your sons assured me, that not a preacher in London would refuse orders from the doctor. Alas! what trouble are you preparing for yourself, as well as for me, and for your oldest, truest, best friends! Before you have quite broken down the bridge, stop, and consider! If your sons have no regard for you, have some regard for yourself. Go to your grave in peace: at least, suffer me to go first, before this ruin is under your hand. So much, I think, you owe to my father, to my brother, and to me, as to stay till I am taken from the evil. I am on the brink of the grave. Do not push me in, or imbitter my last moments. Let us not leave an indelible blot on our memory; but let us leave behind us the name and character of honest men.

"This letter is a debt to our parents, and to our brother, as well as to you, and to

Your faithful friend."

To this very earnest letter Mr. John Wesley returned the following answer. The line of poetry which it contains is Charles's own. It occurs in his Elegy on the death of Mr. Jones.

"Plymouth, August 19th, 1785. Dear Brother,—I will tell you my thoughts with all simplicity, and wait for better information. If you agree with me, well: if not, we can, as Mr. Whitefield used to say, agree to disagree. For these forty years I have been in doubt concerning that question, What obedience is due to

'Heathenish priests, and mitred infidels?'

I have from time to time proposed my doubts to the most pious and sensible clergymen I knew. But they gave me no satisfaction. Rather

they seemed to be puzzled as well as me. Obedience I always paid to the bishops, in obedience to the laws of the land. But I cannot see that I am under any obligation to obey them further than those laws require. It is in obedience to these laws that I have never exercised in England the power which I believe God has given me. I firmly believe I am a Scriptural Ἐπίσκοπος, [bishop, or overseer,] as much as any man in England, or in Europe: for the uninterrupted succession I know to be a fable, which no man ever did or can prove. But this does in nowise interfere with my remaining in the Church of England, from which I have no more desire to separate than I had fifty years ago. I still attend all the ordinances of the Church, at all opportunities; and I constantly and earnestly advise all that are connected with me so to do. When Mr. Smyth pressed us to separate from the Church, he meant, 'Go to church no more.' And this was what I meant twenty-seven years ago, when I persuaded our brethren not to separate from the Church.

"But here another question occurs, 'What is the Church of England?' It is not all the people of England. Papists and Dissenters are no part thereof. It is not all the people of England, except Papists and Dissenters. Then we should have a glorious Church indeed! No: according to our twentieth article, a particular church is 'a congregation of faithful people,' (*cætus credentium* [company of believers] are the words of our Latin edition,) 'among whom the word of God is preached, and the sacraments duly administered.' Here is a true logical definition, containing both the essence and the properties of a church. What then, according to this definition, is the Church of England? Does it mean all the believers in England, (except the Papists and Dissenters,) who have the word of God and the sacraments duly administered among them? I fear this does not come up to your idea of the Church of England. Well, what more do you include in the phrase? 'Why, all the believers that adhere to the doctrine and discipline established by the Convocation under Queen Elizabeth.' Nay, that discipline is well-nigh vanished away; and the doctrine both you and I adhere to.

"All those reasons against a separation from the Church, in this sense, I subscribe to still. What then are you frightened at? I no more separate from it now than I did in the year 1758. I submit still (though sometimes with a doubting conscience) to 'mitred infidels.' I do indeed vary from them in some points of doctrine, and in some points of discipline; (by preaching abroad, for instance, by praying extempore, and by forming societies;) but not a hair's breadth further than I believe to be meet, right, and my bounden duty. I walk still by the same rule I have done for between forty and fifty years. I do nothing rashly.

It is not likely I should. The heyday of my blood is over. If you will go on hand in hand with me, do. But do not hinder me, if you will not help. Perhaps if you had kept close to me, I might have done better. However, with or without help, I creep on: and as I have been hitherto, so I trust I shall always be,

“Your affectionate friend and brother.”

To this letter Mr. Charles Wesley returned the following reply:—

“Marybone, Sept. 8th, 1785. Dear Brother,—I will tell you my thoughts with the same simplicity. There is no danger of our quarrelling; for the second blow makes the quarrel; and you are the last man upon earth whom I would wish to quarrel with. That juvenile line of mine,

Heathenish priests, and mitred infidels,

I disown, renounce, and with shame recant. I never knew of more than one ‘mitred infidel,’ and for him I took Mr. Law’s word.

“I do not understand what obedience to the bishops you dread. They have let us alone, and left us to act just as we pleased, for these fifty years. At present some of them are quite friendly toward us, particularly toward you. The churches are all open to you; and never could there be less pretence for a separation. That you are a Scriptural *Ἐπίσκοπος*, or overseer, I do not dispute. And so is every minister who has the cure of souls. Neither need we dispute whether the uninterrupted succession be fabulous, as you believe, or real, as I believe; or whether Lord King be right or wrong. Your definition of the Church of England is the same in prose with mine in verse. By the way, read over my ‘Epistle,’ to oblige me, and tell me you have read it, and likewise your own ‘Reasons.’

“You write, ‘All those reasons against a separation from the Church, I subscribe to still. What then are you frightened at? I no more separate from it than I did in the year 1758. I submit still to its bishops. I do indeed vary from them in some points of discipline; (by preaching abroad, for instance, praying extempore, and by forming societies;) [might you not add, and by ordaining?] I still walk by the same rule I have done for between forty and fifty years. I do nothing rashly.’ If I could prove your actual separation, I would not; neither wish to see it proved by any other. But do you not allow that the doctor has separated? Do you not know and approve of his avowed design and resolution to get all the Methodists of the three kingdoms into a distinct, compact body? a new episcopal church of his own? Have you seen his ordination sermon? Is the heyday of his blood over? Does he do nothing rashly? Have you not made yourself the author of all his actions? I need not remind you that, *qui facit per alium facit per se*, [he who does any thing by means of another does it himself.]

“I must not leave unanswered your surprising question, ‘What then are you frightened at?’ At the doctor’s rashness, and your supporting him in his ambitious pursuits; at an approaching schism, as causeless and unprovoked as the American rebellion; at your own eternal disgrace, and all those frightful evils which your ‘Reasons’ describe. ‘If you will go on hand in hand with me, do.’ I do go, or rather creep on, in the old way in which we set out together, and trust to continue in it till I finish my course. ‘Perhaps if you had kept close to me, I might have done better.’ When you took that fatal step at Bristol, I kept as close to you as close could be; for I was all the time at your elbow. You might certainly have done better, if you had taken me into your council.

“I thank you for your intention to remain my friend. Herein my heart is as your heart. Whom God hath joined, let not man put asunder. We have taken each other for better for worse, till death do us—part? no: but unite eternally. Therefore in the love which never faileth, I am
Your affectionate friend and brother.”

On the 13th of September Mr. John Wesley returned the following answer:—

“Dear Brother,—I see no use of you and me disputing together; for neither of us is likely to convince the other. You say, I separate from the Church. I say, I do not. Then let it stand. Your verse is a sad truth. I see fifty times more of England than you do; and I find few exceptions to it. I believe Dr. Coke is as free from ambition as from covetousness. He has done nothing rashly, that I know. But he has spoken rashly, which he retracted the moment I spoke to him of it. To publish as his present thoughts what he had before retracted, was not fair play. He is now such a right hand to me as Thomas Walsh was. If you will not or cannot help me yourself, do not hinder those that can and will. I must and will save as many souls as I can while I live, without being careful about what may *possibly be* when I die. I pray do not confound the intellects of the people in London. You may thereby a little weaken my hands, but you will greatly weaken your own.”

The correspondence of the brothers on this subject was concluded by the subjoined answer by Charles:—

“London, Sept. 19th, 1785. Dear Brother,—I did not say, you separate from the Church; but I did say, ‘If I could prove it, I would not.’ That ‘sad truth’ is not a new truth. You saw it when you expressed in your ‘Reasons’ such tenderness of love for the unconverted clergy. Of your second Thomas Walsh we had better talk than write. How ‘confound their intellects?’ how ‘weaken your hands?’ I know nothing which I do to prevent the *possible* separation, but pray. God forbid

I should sin against him by ceasing to pray for the Church of England, and for you, while my breath remains in me! I am

“Your affectionate brother.”

This correspondence between the brothers is particularly valuable, as illustrating the character of both. Their love for each other was strong and tender; and if any thing could have restrained John from performing his acts of ordination, it was his regard for Charles: but such was his conviction of duty, that he chose rather to grieve the dearest friend that he had in the world than refrain from doing that to which he believed himself providentially called in the peculiar exigency of his spiritual children.

When Mr. John Wesley professed to remain in union with the Church of England, he did not mean that his conduct was canonically regular; for the reverse of this was notoriously the fact. He deviated from the order of the Church by the erection of chapels over which the English prelates had no control; by the employment of preachers on whose heads episcopal hands had not been laid; by forming religious societies everywhere, independently of the clergy in whose parishes the members of those societies lived; as well as by field-preaching, and extemporary prayer. But at the same time he attended the religious services of the Church, and urged all his societies to follow his example. He now further deviated from the order of the Church by ordaining men for the administration of the sacraments in America and Scotland; but this did not dissolve the kind of union which he professed, and which he had maintained for nearly fifty years. That Lord Mansfield, speaking as a lawyer, should pronounce the act of ordination, when performed by a presbyter without the concurrence of a bishop, to be separation from the Church of England, considering the nature of its constitution, is not at all surprising. Such it was, *in a sense*, and such had been Mr. Wesley's acts from the year 1738. In that year both the brothers began to act independently of the ecclesiastical authorities. Yet John, as well as Charles, loved the doctrine of the Church, delighted in her worship, and never departed from her order, but when he deemed it his absolute duty, the eternal interests of mankind being concerned. When his brother first heard of the ordinations, he regarded them as separation; but it is evident, from the altered tone of his correspondence, that his views were at least partially changed. “If I could prove you to have separated,” says he, “I would not.”

It is easy to perceive that Mr. Charles Wesley's opposition to his brother's ordinations was rather a matter of feeling than of reason and argument. He proposed nothing that was feasible for meeting the wants of the American and Scottish Methodists; and in expostulating

with John he pleads the respect which was due to their late father and elder brother. He forgot that the plea of filial and fraternal regard applied with equal force against himself. Their father and brother were canonically regular, and would have condemned all that the brothers had been doing for near fifty years. Had Charles acted upon their principles, he would never have preached at Moorfields and Kennington-common; he would never have instructed and warned the neglected Romanists of Ireland, the Cornish miners, the colliers of Kingswood, the keelmen of Newcastle, or the outcasts of Staffordshire. The Foundery would never have been opened by him and his brother; and, according to all human probability, ten thousand souls to whom he and his brother were the instruments of salvation would have been lost for ever. Family honour is of no account when compared with the interests of redeemed men, and the extension of Christ's kingdom. The truest respect for their deceased father and brother was to act in full accordance with those impressive views of religion which are disclosed to the minds of disembodied spirits, who see every thing, not in the dim and flickering light of time, but in the full blaze of eternity.

In this correspondence, it will be observed, Mr. Charles Wesley, complaining that he had not been taken into the whole of his brother's councils, says, "I was your natural ally." John rejoins, "If you had kept close to me, I might have done better." Charles evades this gentle reproof, by pleading that he was at his brother's elbow in Bristol when the ordinations for America were performed. He knew that this was not what was meant. For thirty years he had left his brother to regulate the preachers and societies as he could; confining his own ministrations chiefly to London and Bristol, and not even attending the conferences with regularity.

Though he evaded the reproof at the time, he evidently felt its force, and therefore took his place in the conference of 1786, which was held in Bristol. The occasion was very important. Dr. Coke had returned from the United States, where he had fulfilled his charge, and was about to repair to the provinces of British America, with a band of missionaries, whom he was to fix in the most destitute and promising localities. At this conference, Mr. John Wesley, unconvinced by his brother's letters and verbal remonstrances, ordained six or seven others of his preachers to administer the sacraments, some of whom went to Scotland, and others to the West Indies.* He was urged to ordain a preacher for some place in Yorkshire; but this he declined; yet he made and published the following important concession on the subject of public service in Church hours on the Lord's day:—

* Bradburn's "Are the Methodists Dissenters?" p. 12. Second edition.

“Perhaps there is one part of what I wrote some time since, which requires a little further explanation. In what cases do we allow of service in Church hours? I answer,

“1. When the minister is a notoriously wicked man.

“2. When he preaches Arian or any equally pernicious doctrine.

“3. When there are not churches in the town sufficient to contain half the people. And,

“4. When there is no church at all within two or three miles. And we advise every one who preaches in the Church hours, to read the Psalms and Lessons, with part of the Church prayers; because we apprehend this will endear the Church service to our brethren, who probably would be prejudiced against it, if they heard none but extemporary prayer.”*

The spirit which prevailed in this conference was every way satisfactory. About eighty preachers were present, and their general unanimity afforded Mr. John Wesley the richest gratification. In his printed Journal he says, “We met every day at six and nine in the morning, and at two in the afternoon. On Tuesday and on Wednesday morning the characters of the preachers were considered, whether they were already admitted or not. On Thursday in the afternoon we permitted any of the society to be present, and weighed what was said about separating from the Church: but we all determined to continue therein, without one dissenting voice: and I doubt not but this determination will stand, at least till I am removed into a better world. On Friday and Saturday most of our temporal business was settled. Sunday, I preached in the room morning and evening; and in the afternoon at Kingswood, where there is rather an increase than a decrease in the work of God.

“Monday, the conference met again, and concluded on Tuesday morning. Great had been the expectations of many, that we should have had warm debates; but, by the mercy of God, we had none at all: every thing was transacted with great calmness; and we parted, as we met, in peace and love.”

At this time Mr. Charles Wesley cultivated the friendship of Mr. Latrobe, the intelligent and liberal-minded minister of the Moravian Church, then resident in England. He appears to have shown him the manuscript poetic epistles which, many years before, he had written to Count Zinzendorf, and other members of that community, containing strong censures upon the tenets which the count inculcated, and for which he thought the Moravian Church should not now be held responsible. Miss Wesley, with the concurrence of her father, frequently attended the Moravian chapel; and he wished to bring about

* Minutes of Conference, vol. i, p. 191.

a better understanding between that Church and the Methodist body. Before the conference was concluded he addressed a letter to Mr. Latrobe, in which he says, "My brother, and I, and the preachers, were unanimous for continuing in the old ship. The preachers of a Dissenting spirit will probably, after our death, set up for themselves, and draw away disciples after them. An old Baptist minister, forty years ago, told me, he looked on the Methodists as a seminary for the Dissenters. My desire and design, from the beginning to this day, is, to leave them in the lap of their mother.

"The bishops might, if they pleased, save the largest and soundest part of them back into the Church; perhaps to leaven the whole lump, as Archbishop Potter said to me. *But I fear, between you and me, their lordships care for none of these things.* Still I should hope, if God raised up but one primitive bishop, and commanded the porter to open the door. The friendly intercourse of your society and ours might be another likely means of preserving our children in their calling. My brother is very well inclined to such a correspondence. So is (would you think it?) the writer of those epistles.

"Should I live to meet my brother in London, he will desire a conference with you. You will first settle your preliminary article, and then venture, I should think, to converse with him and me. If our Lord is pleased to use us as peacemakers, under him, we may yet do something toward preventing any separation at all. The great evil which I have dreaded for near fifty years is a schism. If I live to see that evil prevented, and also to see the two sticks (the Moravian and English Church) become one in our Saviour's hand, I shall then say, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace!'"

From this letter it is manifest, that Mr. Charles Wesley's jealousies of the preachers arose principally from his want of intercourse with them. They were scattered over the country where he never went; and from the Dissenting prejudices of a few, he judged of the rest. Whereas when he met eighty of them in this conference, he found them, with few exceptions, one in mind and heart with himself and his honoured brother. That they were not inclined to violent measures, is demonstrated by their Christian moderation when he and his brother were no more. The government of the connection devolved upon them at the period of the French revolution; and under all the excitement connected with that event, and the passion for change which it created, the body of Methodist preachers maintained a steady adherence to the principles in which they had been nurtured by their venerated father in the gospel. Instead of seeking ordination from Dr. Coke or any other man, and generally proceeding to the administration of the sacraments, as Mr. Charles Wesley apprehended, the majority of them firmly with-

stood all attempts to innovate upon their original plan, and denied the sacraments to the societies till all further resistance was unavailing. The preachers in general sought no ordination at the hands of Dr. Coke; nor did the doctor, after Mr. Wesley's death, attempt to introduce any of those changes in the body which Mr. Charles Wesley feared.

He still clung to his favourite notion, that in the national Church, "a bishop" of the "primitive" stamp would arise, and by the imposition of his hands sanction the ministrations of the Methodist preachers. That they were called of God, he had the fullest conviction; and earnestly did he desire that some episcopal "porter" would "open the door" for their admission to what he deemed the regular pastorate. For many years he prayed for this; and when no answer appeared, he trusted that their continued exclusion would be overruled for good. He deprecated separation as an evil in itself, and lamented the circumstances which rendered it unavoidable.

Yet there was a singular discrepancy between his theory of Churchmanship and his conduct. For thirty years he made more noise on the subject of the continued union of the Methodists with the Church, than any man of the age; and all this while he was, beyond comparison, the greatest practical separatist in the whole connection. Mr. John Wesley spent most of his time in travelling through Great Britain and Ireland, often preaching twice every day, and two or three times on the sabbath. Rarely, however, did he preach in Church hours, except when he officiated for a brother clergyman. He so arranged his public services as to attend the church where he happened to be; and he pressed the people that heard him to accompany him thither. Many of the itinerant preachers pursued the same course. They preached to their own congregations at an early hour on the Sunday morning, at noon, and in the evening; and in the forenoon and afternoon they were present, with their people, at the service of the Church. This was the recognised plan of Methodist practice; and though several refused to conform to it, especially where the clergy were unfriendly or immoral, yet others were even zealous for it, especially where the clergy were kind and tolerant.

But this was not the state of things in London, under the administration of Mr. Charles Wesley. He preached twice during Church hours every sabbath, and indulged the society with a weekly sacrament at their own places of worship; so that they had no opportunity of attending their several churches, nor any motive to attend them. He conducted divine worship indeed according to the order of the Church of England, except that he used extemporary prayer, and sung his own beautiful hymns; but he and the society had otherwise no more con-

nection with the established Church than any Dissenting minister and congregation had. He was under no episcopal control; the chapels in which he officiated were licensed by no bishop; and the clergy in whose parishes those chapels were situated were never consulted as to the time and manner of divine service. The uneasiness which frequently arose in some of the country societies took its origin in part from this state of things. They wished to be upon an equality with their metropolitan brethren; and they were never satisfied, either during the lifetime of the Wesleys, or after their death, till this was conceded to them.

In the principal Methodist chapels in Great Britain and Ireland the Lord's supper is now administered, and divine service is conducted during Church hours. Some persons speak of this as an absolute departure from Wesleyan Methodism. It is a departure from the general practice of original Methodism; but it is an assimilation of Methodism in the country to Methodism as it existed in London under the personal administration of Mr. Charles Wesley, with the full concurrence and co-operation of his brother. The only difference is, that the sacraments are now administered by men who have received a presbyterian appointment to the sacred office; whereas in London they were always administered by episcopal clergymen. Mr. Charles Wesley thought that when he and his brother were dead, the preachers would split into endless divisions. The fact is, their union, under the "Deed of Declaration," has been far more complete than it ever was before; and they unanimously agree to walk in the path which was marked out by his example. They have departed from Charles Wesley's theory, but they follow his practice. They love his memory, and smile at his gloomy forebodings, which time has demonstrated to have had no just foundation.

Great as was Mr. Charles Wesley's affection for the established Church, no man had a keener perception of her blemishes than he; and while he censured his brother for not rising to what he considered the true standard of Churchmanship, he himself often spoke of the clergy, not excepting even the bishops, in language of far greater severity than his brother ever used. For the preaching of unordained men, he was a strenuous advocate; and he had a solemn persuasion that the Methodist preachers were called of God to labour in the word and doctrine. He regarded them as a means of reviving decayed piety in the land, and of rousing the clergy to a due sense of their responsibilities. With as much decision as his brother, he spurned canonical regularity when it interfered with the salvation of souls, by imposing silence upon unordained men. It would be unjust to his memory, not to give a few specimens of his manner of writing on these subjects.

Eldad, they said, and Medad, there,
 Irregularly bold,
 By Moses uncommission'd, dare
 A separate meeting hold!
 And still whom none but Heaven will own,
 Men whom the world decry,
 Men authorized by God alone,
 Presume to prophesy!

How often have I blindly done
 What zealous Joshua did,
 Impatient to the rulers run,
 And cried, "My lords, forbid!
 Silence the schismatics; constrain
 Their thoughts with ours t' agree;
 And sacrifice the souls of men
 To idle unity!"

Moses, the minister of God,
 Rebukes our partial love,
 Who envy at the gifts bestow'd
 On those we disapprove.
 We do not our own spirit know,
 Who wish to see suppress'd
 The men that Jesu's Spirit show,
 The men whom God hath bless'd.

Master, for thine we cannot own
 The workmen who themselves create,
 Their call receive from man alone,
 As licensed servants of the state,
 Who to themselves the honour take,
 Nor tarry till thy Spirit move,
 But serve for filthy lucre's sake
 The souls they neither feed nor love.

In vain in their own lying words
 The haughty self-deceivers trust;
 The harvest's and the vineyard's lords
 In vain their true succession boast:
 Their lawful property they claim
 The apostolic ministry;
 But only labourers in name,
 They prove they are not sent by thee.

Who but the Holy Ghost can make
 A genuine gospel minister,
 A bishop bold to undertake
 Of precious souls the awful care?
 The Holy Ghost alone can move
 A sinner sinners to convert,
 Infuse the apostolic love,
 And bless him with a pastor's heart.

Not all the hands of all mankind
 Can constitute one overseer ;
 But spirited with Jesu's mind,
 The heavenly messengers appear :
 They follow close with zeal divine,
 The Bishop great, the Shepherd good,
 And cheerfully their lives resign,
 To save the purchase of his blood.

Extracts of a similar kind, and of still greater severity, might easily be multiplied ; but these will suffice to show the writer's habits of thought on the subjects to which they refer. He was a Churchman, and acknowledged an "apostolic succession;" but he also acknowledged a scribe-and-Pharisee succession, which repines and mourns at the conversion of sinners, unless the work be carried on precisely in the manner which men prescribe : a "succession" which would rather see mankind live in ignorance and sin, and even perish by thousands, than that they should be sanctified and brought to heaven by what is called an "irregular" and "unauthorized" instrumentality. Wicked ministers, whatever hands had been laid upon them, he declared to be no servants of the living God.

It is not therefore surprising, that, as Mr. Charles Wesley drew near the close of life, he became less hostile to his brother's ordinations. As long as he was able to labour, he continued to serve the Methodist congregations with his wonted faithfulness. Within less than twelve months of his death, writing to his brother, he says, "I served West-street chapel on Friday, and yesterday. Next Saturday I propose to sleep in your bed. Samuel Bradburn and I shall not disagree.

"Stand to your own proposal. Let us agree to differ. I leave America and Scotland to your latest thoughts and recognitions." "Keep your authority while you live ; and after your death *detur digniori*, or, rather, *dignioribus*.* You cannot settle the succession."

Before Mr. John Wesley closed his life he saw, as every intelligent observer must have seen, that the sacraments in their own chapels, and administered by their own preachers, could not be permanently withheld from the whole of the Methodist societies in England. Earnestly indeed did he desire that they should rather attend these ordinances in their several parish churches ; and he did every thing in his power to secure this point ; but he could not succeed. The thing was in itself impossible. The people knew his wishes, and most of them deferred to his authority ; but there were cases in which he could not even press them to frequent the ministrations of the clergy.

In the year 1781 he received a letter from five members of his society

* "Let it be given to *one* who is more worthy of it ; or, rather, to *those* who are more worthy of it."

at Baildon, in the west of Yorkshire, soliciting his advice on the subject of their attendance at church. Such was the doctrine taught there, that they were rather injured than benefited by it. He knew the men to be not captious, but "of a loving spirit, of an unblameable conversation;" and their communication, says he, "is worthy of the greater regard, as they speak, not only in their own name, but in the name of many who wish to have a conscience void of offence, both toward God, and toward man." In reply to their request he says, "It is a delicate as well as important point, on which I hardly know how to answer. I cannot lay down any general rule. All I can say at present is, If it does not hurt you, hear them: if it does, refrain. Be determined by your own conscience. Let every man in particular act as he is fully persuaded in his own mind."*

In less than five years afterward he says, in a letter to his brother, "The last time I was at Scarborough I earnestly exhorted the people to go to church; and I went myself. But the wretched minister preached such a sermon, that I could not in conscience advise them to hear him any more."

These were not solitary cases, nor could they be regarded as matters of indifference. They pressed heavily upon Mr. Wesley, who now began to feel the infirmities of age; for the result to which they inevitably led was too manifest. He deemed it requisite, therefore, repeatedly to refer to the subject in his monthly Magazine. In the autumn of 1788, speaking of the entire separation of Mr. Ingham's and Lady Huntingdon's people from the Church, he says, with regard to his own societies, "Such a separation I have always declared against; and certainly it will not take place (if ever it does) while I live. But a kind of separation has already taken place, and will inevitably spread, though by slow degrees. Those ministers, so called, who neither live nor preach the gospel, I dare not say are sent of God. Where one of these is settled, many of the Methodists dare not attend his ministry; so, if there be no other church in the neighbourhood, they go to church no more. This is the case in a few places already, and it will be the case in more: and no one can justly blame me for this; neither is it contrary to any of my professions."

At the close of the following year he again adverts to the perplexing subject. Having mentioned the efforts which had been formerly made to effect a separation, and which he and his brother had laboured to suppress, he adds, "The grand argument (which in some particular cases must be acknowledged to have weight) was this: 'The minister of the parish wherein we dwell neither lives nor preaches the gospel. He walks in the way to hell himself, and teaches his flock to do the

* Works, vol. vii, pp. 306, 307.

same. Can you advise them to attend his preaching?" I cannot advise them to it. 'What then can they do on the Lord's day, suppose no other church be near? Do you advise them to go to a Dissenting meeting, or to meet in their own preaching-house?' Where this is really the case, I cannot blame them if they do. Although, therefore, I earnestly oppose the general separation of the Methodists from the Church, yet I cannot condemn such a partial separation in this particular case. I believe, to separate thus far from these miserable wretches, who are the scandal of our Church and nation, would be for the honour of our Church, as well as to the glory of God."

In accordance with these principles, and with an existing state of things which he deeply regretted, but could not control, Mr. Wesley ordained three of his preachers to administer the sacraments in England, wherever they might deem it necessary; but in a sermon on the sacred office, which he published about the same time, he strongly urged upon the body of the preachers the duty of confining themselves to preaching the word of life, as their original and special calling, and to abstain from administering the sacraments altogether. The three men whom he selected from their brethren, and invested with what he considered the full ministerial character, were Mr. Alexander Mather, Thomas Rankin, and Henry Moore. The following is a copy of the certificate of ordination given to Mr. Moore, as published by himself:—

"Know all men by these presents, that I, John Wesley, late fellow of Lincoln College, in Oxford, presbyter of the Church of England, did, on the day of the date hereof, by the imposition of my hands and prayer, (being assisted by other ordained ministers,) set apart Henry Moore, for the office of a presbyter in the church of God: a man whom I judge qualified to feed the flock of Christ, and to administer the sacraments of baptism and the Lord's supper, according to the usage of the Church of England; and as such I do hereby recommend him to all whom it may concern. In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this twenty-seventh day of February, in the year of our Lord 1789.

JOHN WESLEY

"Present and assisting,

"JAMES CREIGHTON, }

"PEARL DICKENSON, }

Presbyters of the Church of England."

With this document and the facts connected with it before him, the reader will perceive what credit is due to the Messrs. Wilberforce and Dr. Pusey, in their statements respecting Mr. Wesley and his preachers. The brothers assert, in the Life of their father, "John Wesley was no Dissenter, nor were any of his preachers suffered during his life-time to attempt to administer the sacraments of the Church."* The Oxford

* Vol. i, p. 248.

professor avers, with equal confidence, "that Wesley reluctantly took the step of ordaining at all; that he meant those whom he ordained to be subordinate auxiliaries to the ministry; and that, to the last, he refused, in the strongest terms, his consent that those thus ordained should take upon them to administer the sacraments. He felt that it exceeded his powers, and so inhibited it, however it might diminish the numbers of the society he had formed."*

Thus it is that grave men, whose very office binds them to attach a peculiar sacredness to truth, fearlessly dogmatize on subjects which they never took the pains to understand! Mr. Wesley expressly appointed about twenty of his preachers to perform those acts which these clergymen tell the world he absolutely forbade them to meddle with! thus dealing their censures blindfold, regardless of the injury they may inflict. With a large class of writers it seems to be now an admitted principle, that they are under no obligation to confine themselves to strict veracity when speaking of Methodism and its founder. But whatever blame may be justly imputable to Mr. Wesley and his preachers, the men who violate truth, with ample means of correct information within their reach, should be the last to assume the office of censors. * A convicted transgressor of the ninth commandment is ill prepared to undergo a strict cross-examination in preferring the charge of "schism" against his neighbour. Moral precepts are at least as binding as those which relate to church order.

But no man in modern times has written against Mr. Wesley's ordinations with such flippancy and uncharitableness as the Rev. Edwin Sidney, the biographer of Mr. Walker, of Truro. The following is a specimen of his style and manner:—"His strange expedient of calling in Erasmus, the Greek bishop, to ordain his preachers, brought upon him, and not without reason, the censures of his opponents, particularly of Toplady, who proclaimed the bishop 'a vagrant' and 'an impostor.' Indeed it was doubtful whether he was what he pretended to be. But to what inconsistencies may not any man be driven, by once giving way to the miserable excuse of *expediency*? His last act of all, however, was the most extraordinary. When he wanted ordained preachers for America, he, of a sudden, in his old age, found out, by reading Lord King's account of the primitive Church, that bishops and presbyters are of the same order. This new and convenient discovery determined him to ordain Dr. Coke, who hesitated at first, but was overruled by the arguments that had weighed with his friend. He, having consented, was invested with authority by Wesley, who actually gave him *letters of ordination*, to go out and ordain in America, stating in them, 'I, John Wesley, *think myself to be providentially called at this time,*

* Letter to the Bishop of Oxford, p. 151.

to set apart some persons for the work of the ministry in America.' *Therefore* he sent out Dr. Coke, 'a presbyter of the Church of England,' to preside over the flock of Christ! The plain answer to this presumptuous act seems never to have occurred to either Wesley or Coke,—That if, as they agreed, *presbyter* and *bishop* was the same order, the consecration was a useless ceremony; for the latter, having been regularly ordained, was previously thereto as good a bishop as the former!"*

A short analysis of this quotation will show its character. An equal number of misrepresentations in so small a compass it would be difficult to produce. It is no breach of charity to say, that truth is not the object of men who write in this manner.

Erasmus, the Greek bishop here mentioned, came to England in the year 1763. It is not true that Mr. Wesley "called in" this stranger "to ordain his preachers." One of them only was ordained by him with Mr. Wesley's consent. The reason was, the pressing necessity for help in the administration of the Lord's supper in London, now that Thomas Maxfield had withdrawn. Other preachers, of their own accord, obtained ordination from this foreigner, which so displeased Mr. Wesley, that he expelled every one of them. John Jones, the man who was ordained, was every way worthy of the distinction which he sought. His health afterward declined, so that he retired from the labours of the itinerancy, and became the head-master of the Free School at Harwich, and curate to Dr. Gibson, the vicar of that town. He also succeeded the doctor in the vicarage. In sobriety and moral worth few persons have excelled him. He was the author of an excellent Latin Grammar, and was a graduate in medicine as well as in arts.

But Mr. Toplady, we are told, "proclaimed the bishop 'a vagrant' and 'an impostor.'" And what of that? Had Mr. Sidney been contemporary with this rude polemic, and questioned any of his favourite opinions, Mr. Toplady would, without a moment's hesitation, have called him far worse names. The use of such language proves nothing, except the absence of meekness and courtesy in those who are accustomed to use it. Before Dr. Jones accepted ordination, he ascertained that Erasmus had "abundant unexceptionable credentials as to his episcopal character." He wrote to the patriarch of Smyrna, who attested the fact under his own hand. The bishop was also identified by several gentlemen who had seen him in Turkey.†

In assigning reasons for the steps which he had taken for the purpose of giving his societies in America the sacraments and a regular

* Life of Walker, p. 260. Second edition.

† Myles's History of the Methodists, p. 88.

ministry, Mr. Wesley says, in a document which he published at the time, "Lord King's account of the primitive Church convinced me, *many years ago*, that bishops and presbyters are the same order, and consequently have the same right to ordain." He then intimates that his views on this subject had been *long known*; so that he adds, "*For many years* I have been importuned, from time to time, to exercise this right, by ordaining part of our travelling preachers."* This statement Mr. Walker's biographer positively contradicts. He avers, that "the discovery" respecting the equality of bishops and presbyters, by Mr. Wesley, was "sudden," and made in his "old age;" that it was "new," as well as "convenient;" being made just "when he wanted ordained preachers for America." This is a direct attack upon the veracity of Mr. Wesley, who could not be mistaken on such a subject. If the "discovery" was "sudden," made in his "old age," and made to suit his "convenience," he stands convicted of deliberate falsehood, and the whole affair of his ordinations savours of fraud and dissimulation. In this unscrupulous manner does an evangelical clergyman write concerning one of the most eminent ministers of modern times!

What then is the evidence in the case? Did Mr. Wesley utter an untruth? Was he a downright dissembler? or is Mr. Sidney, in this instance, a rash and faithless historian? On referring to Mr. Wesley's printed Journal, under the date of Jan. 20th, 1746, we read, "I set out for Bristol. On the road I read over Lord King's account of the primitive Church. In spite of the vehement prejudice of my education, I was ready to believe that this was a fair and impartial draught: but if so, it would follow that bishops and presbyters are essentially of one order." Here we find "the discovery" which Mr. Sidney says was made in "his old age," actually published when the author was comparatively young, and nearly forty years before he "wanted ordained preachers for America."

The same principle Mr. Wesley openly avowed in his "Explanatory Notes on the New Testament," which he first published in the year 1755, and at various periods afterward, to the end of his life. On the clause, "Sending to Ephesus, he called the elders of the church," (Acts xx, 17,) he says, "These are called bishops in the 28th verse; rendered overseers in our translation. Perhaps elders and bishops were then the same; or no otherwise different than are the rector of a parish, and his curate." His note on Phil. i, 1, is as follows:—"With the bishops and deacons,—The former properly took care of the internal state, the latter, of the externals, of the church, 1 Tim. iii, 2, 8: although these were not wholly confined to the one, nor those to the other. The word bishops here includes all the presbyters at Philippi,

* Wesley's Works, vol. vii, p. 311.

as well as the ruling presbyter: the names bishop and presbyter, or elder, being promiscuously used in the first ages." Here we find the same "discovery," not only "made," but publicly avowed, long before Mr. Wesley's "old age."

In the year 1780, four years before he "wanted ordained preachers for America," Mr. Wesley says, in a letter to his brother, "Read Bishop Stillington's '*Irenicum*,' or any impartial history of the ancient church; and I believe you will think as I do. I verily believe, I have as good a right to ordain, as to administer the Lord's supper."

The reader may now judge between Mr. Wesley and his accuser, who prefers against him so fearful a charge. On the part of Mr. Sidney we have bold assertion, uttered with an air of contempt,—and nothing else. On the side of Mr. Wesley we have direct documentary evidence, of the strongest kind. In reply to this unprovoked attack upon his moral character, the venerable accused shall answer for himself, in the memorable words which he uttered upon a somewhat similar occasion, not long before he ended his life of glory and shame:—"I am not a man of duplicity. I am not an old hypocrite, a double-tongued knave. I now tell a plain tale, that the good which is in me may not be spoken evil of. I have no temporal end to serve. I seek not the honour that cometh of men. It is not for pleasure that, at this time of life, I travel three or four thousand miles a year. It is not for gain.

No foot of land do I possess,
 No cottage in the wilderness;
 A poor wayfaring man,
 I lodge a while in tents below,
 Or gladly wander to and fro,
 Till I my Canaan gain."

That "Canaan" he has long since gained; and it is gratifying to recollect, that, whatever were his faults, he never falsified the facts of history, for the purpose of defaming the dead.

What Mr. Sidney means when he accuses Mr. Wesley of "giving way to the miserable excuse of expediency," it is difficult to say. Does he insinuate, that in his public conduct Mr. Wesley was not actuated by a sense of duty, but submitted to incessant labour and hardship, as an expedient for the attainment of some base and selfish end? What then, we ask, was that end? and how were the means which he adopted conducive to it? Did he play the hypocrite when he sacrificed his reputation as a scholar and a gentleman? when he exposed his life to the rage of mobs, and his person to the extremes of heat and cold, by teaching the outcasts of men the way of salvation in the open air? Was the employment of unordained preachers a matter of "wretched

expediency?" Is then the jest of the comedian to be adopted as a sober truth, that it is far better for the sick to die than be cured by men whom the medical profession have not authorized? Is lay-preaching a greater evil than unrestrained wickedness in this life, and the fire of hell in the world to come?

Mr. Sidney blames Mr. Wesley for all the extravagance of Ranters and others; just as if lay-preaching took its origin from him; and that nothing can be in itself good and justifiable that is capable of abuse. Upon the same principle he must condemn the Reformation from Popery, on account of the licentiousness of speculation by which it has been dishonoured; and even Christianity itself, because of the Antinomian purposes to which it has sometimes been applied.

Or does the charge of "wretched expediency" refer to Mr. Wesley's ordinations? If so, we will remind Mr. Sidney of a few facts, with which he can hardly be unacquainted, but over which he has chosen to throw a veil. Mr. Wesley and Mr. Walker were both intent upon promoting a revival of spiritual religion in the Church of England. This was their avowed object. Yet they adopted different methods in order to the attainment of it. Mr. Wesley was irregular. Mr. Walker adhered to the prescribed order of the Church. They carried on a correspondence on the subject; and Mr. Sidney awards the prize of wisdom and just argument to Mr. Walker, whom he describes as vastly superior to Mr. Wesley in these honourable qualifications. Mr. Wesley, with all his irregularity, laboured to the end of his life to preserve his people in union with the established Church; yet he could not succeed, his object being in most cases defeated by the clergy. He therefore did consent, that some of his societies should have the Lord's supper administered to them by their own preachers. With a reference to this he performed his ordinations. Many years after his death, his people generally fell into this plan, and are now a distinct community. Yet their public conduct has demonstrated to the whole nation that they are not hostile to the Church, as such. They have refused to join in the cry for its subversion; they quietly contribute to its support; and they would be still more friendly, if they were not so often treated as "heathen men and publicans."

The piety of Mr. Walker was unimpeachable, and so was the sincerity of his attachment to the Church: yet, with all his regularity, his ministry resulted in a direct and formal separation from her pale. After his death the more devout part of his congregation attended the church, as usual; but they felt that the "apostolical succession" was interrupted there. They "knew the voice of the good Shepherd;" but "a stranger would they not follow;" they therefore formed themselves

into an Independent church, which continues to this day, perhaps the most powerful Dissenting body of the kind in the entire county of Cornwall.

Hence it appears that unwillingness to receive the Lord's supper at the hands of immoral clergymen was not peculiar to the Methodists. It characterized Mr. Walker's people, and those of Mr. Venn; for they also became a congregation of Independents when he resigned his charge at Huddersfield. Mr. Wesley could himself receive the memorials of his Saviour's death from an ungodly man; but he confessed that he could not answer the objections which some of his spiritual children urged against the practice. His respect for the conscientious scruples of good men, which he could not remove, and which were justified by arguments that he could not answer, was a higher principle than "wretched expediency." However such writers as Mr. Sidney may choose to speak, if Christians are solemnly "commanded, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, to withdraw themselves from every brother that walketh disorderly;" (2 Thess. iii, 6;) and "if any man that is called a brother be a fornicator, or covetous, or an idolater, or a railer, or a drunkard, or an extortioner," it is their duty "not to keep company with such a one," nor so much as "to eat with him;" (1 Cor. v, 11;) it will be difficult to prove that they ought publicly so to recognise "such a one" for a minister of the Lord Jesus, as at his hands to "eat of *that* bread, and drink of *that* cup." Mr. Wesley laboured through a long life to secure this; and when he could not succeed, he met the case in a manner which he believed to be justifiable on Scripture principles, and by the practice of the primitive church. Mr. Walker's ministry in Truro led to the establishment of strict and systematic Dissent, and such Dissent as has been connected with riotous proceedings in opposition to church-rates. Why was Mr. Sidney silent concerning this fact, when he was extolling Mr. Walker, and depreciating the founder of Methodism?

The official and solemn appointment of Dr. Coke as a superintendent in the Methodist Church of America may appear to Mr. Sidney a "presumptuous act," and "a useless ceremony;" and yet the proof of these assumptions is perhaps less easy than he apprehends it to be. Granting that the doctor "having been regularly ordained" a presbyter, before what is called "his consecration" took place, "was as good a bishop" as Mr. Wesley himself; he could only exercise the episcopal office among those who were willing to receive him under that character. He could ordain no ministers but such as would accept his ordination; he could superintend no societies but such as would submit to his rule. Intelligence was communicated to him, that he would not be received in America, except under Mr. Wesley's express appoint-

ment. It was therefore his own special request that he might receive such appointment by imposition of hands and prayer; and that a written declaration to that effect should be given him. A copy of his letter to Mr. Wesley, containing this request, and assigning this reason, has been preserved. It states that Mr. Fletcher's advice was, that letters testimonial of the different offices to which Mr. Wesley should appoint the doctor and his companions should be received by them respectively.

With the doctor's request Mr. Wesley complied; and when he said, "I *think* myself to be providentially called at this time to set apart some persons for the work of the ministry in America," he did not speak doubtfully. In his Journal, he expresses himself thus: "Being *clear in my own mind*, I took a step which I had long weighed, and appointed Mr. Whatcoat and Mr. Vasey to go and serve the desolate sheep in America." In the circular letter which he sent to America, he speaks with similar confidence: "*Here, therefore, my scruples are at an end*; and I conceive myself *at full liberty*, as I violate no order, and invade no man's right, by appointing and sending labourers into the harvest."

When Mr. Sidney says that "the plain answer" which he gives to Mr. Wesley's "act," in "setting apart" Dr. Coke for the work assigned him in America, "seems never to have occurred to either Wesley or Coke," and thus claims the merit of readily perceiving what they could not discover, he is very much mistaken; as he would at once have ascertained had he examined the history of the transaction which he is so forward to condemn. Mr. Wesley stated to the doctor, "that as he had invariably endeavoured, in every step he had taken, to keep as closely to the Bible as possible; so, on the present occasion, he hoped he was not about to deviate from it: that keeping his eye upon the conduct of the primitive churches in the ages of unadulterated Christianity, he had much admired the mode of ordaining bishops, which the church of Alexandria had practised: that to preserve its purity, that church would never suffer the interference of a foreign bishop, in any of their ordinations; but the presbyters of that venerable apostolic church, on the death of a bishop, exercised the right of ordaining another from their own body, by laying on of their own hands; and that this practice continued among them for two hundred years, till the days of Dionysius."*

The ordination of Mr. Whatcoat and Mr. Vasey can only be pronounced "presumptuous" on principles which invalidate half the ordinations in Protestant Christendom; principles which place Protestant Scotland, Germany, Holland, Switzerland, and France, out of the pale of Christianity: and the ordination of Dr. Coke we think fully justifiable from Scripture precedent. Let the following passage of holy writ be

* Drew's Life of Dr. Coke, p. 72, Ame. edit.

duly considered: "Now there were in the church that was at Antioch certain prophets and teachers; as Barnabas, and Simeon that was called Niger, and Lucius of Cyrene, and Manaen, which had been brought up with Herod the tetrarch, and Saul. As they ministered to the Lord, and fasted, the Holy Ghost said, Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them. And when they had fasted and prayed, and laid their hands on them, they sent them away." Acts xiii, 1-3.

At the time of this solemn transaction, St. Paul had been about ten years in the apostolic office; and Barnabas had long been an efficient teacher of Christianity, and a "man of note among the disciples." St. Paul was not an apostle "of men, neither by man, but by Jesus Christ, and God the Father, who raised him from the dead." He was not appointed to the apostolic office, nor did he receive his apostolic qualifications, from any man, or any number of men; and therefore was not now ordained to the work of the ministry, nor raised to any new order in the church. The theory of Dr. Hammond, that St. Paul was ordained at Antioch the bishop of a diocese, and that of Archbishop Wake, that he was there ordained to the apostolic office, are both directly opposed to his own express declaration, Gal. i, 1. With Barnabas he was solemnly "separated," by fasting, prayer, and the imposition of hands, to the task of evangelizing an extensive tract of country. This was done by the express direction of the Holy Ghost, under whose anointing these messengers of truth went forth to a service which was unquestionably included in their original commission. Here then we have an example, not only of men laying their hands upon the head of an equal, as in the case of Barnabas; but of men laying their hands upon the head of one who in gifts and office was far superior to them all. St. Paul was "not a whit behind the very chief of the apostles;" yet on his re-entrance upon his itinerant ministry, after remaining at Antioch twelve months, the hands of men who could never aspire to the apostolate were laid upon his honoured head. Nor was this a mere ceremony, or a blessing pronounced upon Paul and Barnabas. It was a direct and official "separation" of them to a particular service, which they are afterward said to have "fulfilled." Acts xiv, 26. The objection which Mr. Sidney has urged against the imposition of Mr. Wesley's hands on the head of Dr. Coke, because the doctor was already of the same order with himself, applies with greater force against the imposition of the hands of Simeon, Lucius, and Manaen, on the head of St. Paul. Yet this act was commanded and sanctioned by the Holy Ghost. The other, therefore, cannot, on the ground alleged by Mr. Sidney, be either "presumptuous," or "useless." It did not raise Dr. Coke to an order essentially different from that which he already

occupied ; nor was it intended thus to raise him ; but it was a solemn and becoming recognition of his appointment to a work of pre-eminent importance and responsibility. The assumption of the name of bishop was the doctor's own act, and was opposed to Mr. Wesley's design. The humble title of superintendent was that which he assigned both to the doctor and Mr. Asbury. And yet the appointment of a bishop by presbyters is no novelty, as the early history of the church of Alexandria demonstrates, as well as that of the Lutheran Church in Germany. In the appointment of Dr. Coke, Mr. Wesley did no more than the great German reformer had done to meet the wants of the people whom God had given him. Every reader of ecclesiastical history knows that Martin Luther, again and again, with the aid and concurrence of his fellow-presbyters, ordained bishops for the Protestant Church of Germany.

To answer all Mr. Sidney's aspersions upon Mr. Wesley, and all his misrepresentations of Mr. Wesley's principles and acts, would be an endless task. The fact is, he seems to have gathered all his knowledge concerning this venerable man from the pamphlets of the Messrs. Hill and Toplady, written under the excitement of unsanctified controversy, without listening for a moment to Mr. Wesley's own statements and reasonings. The Jewish law condemned no man before he was heard, and it was known what he had done ; neither was it "the manner of the Romans" to pass sentence upon any one till he had been confronted with his accuser ; but Mr. Sidney is bound by no such formalities. If justice between man and man be a matter of mere opinion, his allegation, that Mr. Wesley was destitute of even heathen honesty might well provoke a smile ; but if "God spake these words, and said, Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour," the subject assumes a very different character. Many of this great man's revilers have already gone with him to give an account to the "one Lawgiver, who is able to save and to destroy." Mr. Sidney must also meet him before the judgment-seat of Christ. If it should then appear, that John Wesley really was a man of God, and an instrument of good to the world, it will afford no pleasure to Mr. Sidney that he has so often spoken of him without any regard for either candour, charity, or truth.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ONE of the most affecting incidents connected with advancing life is the loss of early friends, who successively retire to "the house appointed for all living." They are seen no more in the domestic and

social circle, and in the sanctuary of God. Their advice is no longer available in cases of difficulty, and their sympathy in affliction. The post ceases to bring their desired and welcome epistles; and when they are remembered in the closet, where for years they were daily commended to the divine mercy, the solemnly-affecting thought recurs, that they cannot now be benefited by our prayers. "I shall go to him; but he will not return to me."

Mr. Charles Wesley survived most of his early religious companions. Before he left the world, many even of his spiritual children died in the Lord. Of the death of Hervey, Grimshaw, and Whitefield, mention has already been made; and others followed; so that he was at length left in the midst of a new generation. Many of these he loved and esteemed; but his tenderest friendships were dissolved; and they had indeed been deep and sincere.

The Rev. Henry Piers, the pious vicar of Bexley, appears to have died in the year 1769. He was, as we have seen, Mr. Charles Wesley's son in the gospel, and a cordial friend to him and his brother. It is probable that he was an Irishman; for he was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. Before he obtained the vicarage of Bexley, he held the curacy of Winwick, in Lancashire. He was a member of the first conference, and shared in the glorious dishonour of early Methodism; though there is no evidence that he ever violated canonical order. His spirit was timid and gentle; yet he bore a noble testimony to the truth before the clergy at their visitation; and when Mr. Wesley went to Oxford, to preach for the last time before the university, Mr. Piers accompanied him thither, and publicly walked from the church of St. Mary's, with him, his brother Charles, and Mr. Meriton, (four meek and fearless confessors!) when "of the rest durst no man join himself to them." Lady Huntingdon's biographer states, that soon after the first Methodist conference, Mr. Piers was presented to a living in Ireland; but this we believe to be a mistake. According to the parish register of Bexley, he ended his life and labours in that village, the vicarage of which he held for thirty-three years. The register of christenings bears his signature to the close of the year 1767; and in the beginning of the year 1770 his successor entered upon his office. Mr. Piers published three sermons, and a biographical account of the men who compiled the book of Common Prayer. From these productions of his pen it would appear that he was a great admirer of the formularies of the English Church, the devout and evangelical spirit of which he had thoroughly imbibed.

Ebenezer Blackwell, the faithful and undeviating friend of the Wesleys, closed his upright life, April 21st, 1782, at his house in Lewisham. Mr. Charles Wesley was doubtless present on the occasion; for

among his manuscripts are two hymns, which bear the same date, one, a "Prayer for Mr. Blackwell, departing;" and the other, "On the Death of Mr. Ebenezer Blackwell."

On the 24th of August following Mr. John Wesley made the following touching entry in his Journal:—"My brother and I paid our last visit to Lewisham, and spent a few pensive hours with the relict of our good friend Mr. Blackwell. We took one more walk round the garden and meadow, which he took so much pains to improve. Upward of forty years this has been my place of retirement, when I could spare two or three days from London. In that time, first Mrs. Sparrow went to rest; then Mrs. Dewal; then good Mrs. Blackwell; and now Mr. Blackwell himself. Who can tell how soon we may follow them?"

The holy life of the venerable Perronet now began to draw toward a close. After the death of his afflicted wife, his daughter Damaris sustained the care of his family, and was his tender friend and companion. She was a most faithful and upright woman, truly devoted to God, and zealous of good works. Her life was spent in acts of benevolence, and in persevering efforts to advance the cause of true religion; yet her health was delicate, and such as subjected her to considerable mental depression. On the 9th of September, 1782, this excellent lady suddenly expired in a fit of apoplexy. No trial could perhaps have been more severe to her aged father; yet his resignation surprised all who witnessed it. When he found, after every means had been tried for her recovery, that her sanctified spirit had actually taken its flight, he rose up, and with deep and solemn emotion exclaimed, "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty: just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints. Who shall not fear thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name?" This was a scene never to be forgotten by those who were present. On the Sunday after her funeral, he preached from Mark xiii, 33: "Take ye heed: watch and pray, for ye know not when the time is."

Mr. Charles Wesley, whose heart was ever charged with generous sympathy, addressed a letter of condolence to the bereaved vicar of Shoreham; who thus acknowledged his kindness:—

"Oct. 23d, 1782. My Very Dear Brother,—As I cannot personally thank you, for your late Christian condolence, I take the first opportunity of doing it by letter. My loss indeed is very great; but her gain, I am certain, is much greater. Nor has the Lord left me destitute; for he has graciously raised up to my help my dear grand-daughter, Elizabeth Briggs; one of much grace, prudence, and discretion. All glory be to his holy name!

"My heavenly Father entered me very early into the school of Christ; and has more or less continued me in it (adored be his good-

ness!) for full fourscore years. I was not more than eight years old when I began to taste of grief and sorrow; but I know that every bitter cup proceeded from divine love; and therefore what abundant reason have I to be thankful! May God preserve you and yours, and me and mine, through all the paths of suffering grace here, to his eternal kingdom of glory hereafter! Love to all. Thine affectionately."

A few weeks afterward he addressed another letter to his friend Mr. Charles Wesley; in which he says, "It is a most certain truth, that God is not limited to times, places, or persons. On the contrary, how often has he mercifully disappointed our most anxious fears! So that we must leave all events to his divine wisdom; see his hand in every thing; and ever bow down before him with the deepest reverence.

"Behold, my dear brother, the astonishing signs of the times! Babylon is destroying herself with her own hands. That infernal court, the Inquisition, that perfect emblem of hell upon earth, is tottering to the ground. The infallible pope himself, with Catholic kings and princes, seem all to join in the confederacy. But what wonder? It is only a preparation for the grand kingdom of Christ upon earth. Lord, hasten the time! Fear not for your dear son Charles. I trust he will pass through the court untainted, like Daniel and his three companions. If I live till the 23d of December, I enter into my ninetieth year; and if the prayers of such an old divine can be of any service, he and his worthy family may depend upon them. The divine blessing be with all of us, and all belonging to us! My love to all, and in particular to the dear companion of your life. We shall one day meet."

Such was the spirit of this "very aged man." He spent most of his time in his study, in reading and devotion, abstracted from the world, and thinking mostly of heaven. His communion with God was sanctifying and joyous, and his intercourse with his family cheering and benevolent. To the future prosperity of the church, as described in the prophetic scriptures, his attention was much directed; and with even rapturous emotions he anticipated the final overthrow of idolatry, and every form of antichristian error, and the universal extension of evangelical truth, holiness, and peace. His bodily infirmities increased; his deafness rendered him almost incapable of conversation; but his intellect retained its vigour; and, as in the case of St. John, divine love seemed to be the very element of his being.

Thus he was found when the heavenly summons came. The winter of the year 1784-5 was perhaps one of the severest ever known in England. The first fall of snow happened October 7th, and the last April 3d. The extreme cold lasted five months and twenty-four days. During all that time, with the exception of about twelve days in January, the frost continued, and the earth was covered with snow. Every pre-

caution was taken to preserve Mr. Perronet from cold ; but the weather affected him, so that he began visibly to decline. On Saturday, May 7th, 1785, he was remarkably cheerful. In the afternoon he desired his grand-daughter to leave him alone. When she returned, she observed a peculiar sweetness and animation in his countenance. As she entered the room he smiled upon her, and tears of joy ran down his face. He had been reading the last three chapters of the book of Isaiah, which he recommended to her perusal ; and said he had such a view from them of the great things which the Lord was about to do upon the earth as had filled him with joy and wonder.

During the next day he was in the same heavenly disposition, and conversed with several of the people who came to attend the public worship of God. His pain appeared to be gone, and his spirits were lively. His grand-daughter attended him, as usual, after he was in bed ; and when she took leave of him for the night, he said to her, "The Lord bless you, my dear, and all that belong to you ! Yea, he will ; I know he will !" Many times he repeated these words with great emphasis ; and after she had left the room, she distinctly heard him utter them. The next morning, when she entered his chamber, the spirit was fled ! On the following Saturday his remains were interred in the same grave with his wife and daughter, attended by a large concourse of people. Mr. Charles Wesley read the funeral service, and preached the next day on the appropriate text, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright ; for the end of that man is peace."

It has been already observed that Mr. Perronet was the confidential adviser of the two Wesleys through the greater part of their public life : so that Charles used to call him "the archbishop of the Methodists." In his own practice, as a clergyman, he appears to have been quite regular ; but two of his sons were travelling preachers. Both of them, it will be recollected, were anxious to introduce the sacraments into the Methodist chapels ; and with this the current phraseology of their father was in full accordance. Even in his letters to Mr. Charles Wesley he speaks of "the Methodist Church." In one of those letters he says, "Honest brother Mitchell is my assistant, once a fortnight, at the water-house, where he preaches to a very quiet audience. I make no doubt Methodism, notwithstanding all the wiles of Satan, is designed by divine Providence to introduce the approaching millennium." When the preachers visited Shoreham, Mr. Perronet's house was their home ; and in a room, which he fitted up under his own roof, they regularly ministered the word of life. In his spirit and manners he was a perfect gentleman, and a Christian ; and a more spotless and upright character has seldom adorned any section of the universal church. He wrote several able and edifying tracts in defence of those views of

divine truth which the Wesleys so successfully taught. These valuable productions of his pen well deserve to be republished.

Mr. Charles Wesley's respect for the Perronet family did not end with the funeral of its revered head. It extended to the posterity of that blessed man, especially to Miss Elizabeth Briggs, for whom her grandfather had cherished so sincere a respect. She remained for some time at Shoreham, where she was very useful and highly esteemed in the village. Mr. Charles Wesley encouraged her in her labours of love. The following letter he addressed to her twelve months after the death of the holy man whom she had served:—

“April 28th, 1786. My Dear Betsy,—You are once more in your proper place, and experience that word: ‘He that watereth others shall be watered also himself.’ I expect Shoreham will be like Epworth. After my father's departure, the whole town was taken. If the Lord give me strength, I hope to see you and your flock in the summer.

“‘*Sad anniversary of his translation,*’ do you call it? and your ‘loss irreparable?’ The day was the most joyful and happy he ever knew; and your loss is momentary, and reparable in a happy eternity. We ought only to rejoice and give thanks for his having been lent to the world near a century. Therefore from this time, observe, I can allow you to mourn no more. I am always glad to hear of your affairs. You need take no thought for the morrow, but say, ‘In all my ways I acknowledge thee; and thou shalt direct my paths.’ My wife and daughter join in true love for you, with, my dear Betsy,

“Your faithful friend and servant.”

At a subsequent period, and in the prospect of her removal from Shoreham, he wrote to her as follows:—

“For the short time I have to stay here, I shall be happy to assist, in any degree, a child of my blessed father, and yours, now waiting for us in paradise. You will not be discharged so easily. There is more work for you to do, and more affliction for you to suffer, before you are permitted to depart in peace. I shall strive hard to see you before you leave Shoreham. We depend upon your coming straight to us, after you have paid your duty to your mother. I stay in town on purpose to receive you. My wife and Sally long to see you. My love to the whole society. Remember in your faithful prayers, dear Betsy,

“Your loving servant and friend.”

On the removal of this pious and intelligent young lady from Shoreham, she took up her residence in Hoxton-square, where Mr. Charles Wesley addressed to her the following kind letter, on her arrival:—

“Dear Betsy,—I am a prisoner here by an inflammation in my eyes; or I should have met you more than half way: probably the last time we should meet on earth. Send me a line of information concerning

your dear mother's health, and all your family. The enclosed account of them came from Ned Perronet. You have the best right to it. How many of them in glory are expecting us! We shall have time enough for conversing with them when time is no more. My family affectionately salute you, particularly my secretary Sally. The Lord will give you, if it be best, a far more useful, if not more loving, friend than

“Your faithful and affectionate C. W.”

In the spring of 1788 Miss Briggs was married to the Rev. Peard Dickenson, who had been the curate of her grandfather at Shoreham. He had so approved himself by his piety, diligence, and zeal, that many of the parishioners united in a petition to the dean and chapter of Westminster, with whom the right of presentation was vested, that he might be appointed Mr. Perronet's successor in the vicarage. But one of the prebends claimed it for his eldest son, and the request was denied. After this Mr. Dickenson connected himself more closely with Mr. Wesley, and to the end of his life officiated as a clergyman in the Methodist chapels of London. He was a sound scholar, a spiritual and exemplary minister of the Lord Jesus; and with Mr. Creighton assisted Mr. Wesley in some of his latest ordinations.

Within little more than three months after the death of Mr. Perronet, Mr. John and Charles Wesley lost another of their ablest and most faithful friends, the devoted vicar of Madeley, who died after an illness of a few days, caught in the discharge of his clerical duties. Few men have ever excelled him in piety, and perhaps none were ever more honoured in their latter end. The particulars of his triumphant death, drawn up with inimitable simplicity and force by his estimable widow, are too well known to need repetition here. Being indulged with the richest manifestations of God's mercy in Christ, he called upon all around him to unite in the loudest ascriptions of praise. Such was the fulness of his spiritual joy, that he expressed a desire for a gust of praise that should go to the ends of the earth. Having the most elevated and impressive views of the atonement of Christ, he often exclaimed,

“Jesu's blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries!”

and added, in the full exercise of an appropriating faith,

“Mercy's full power I soon shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love!”

In this manner the holy Fletcher, the eloquent and successful advocate of the Wesleyan theology, closed his eyes upon every earthly object, and passed to the enjoyment of his endless reward, August 14th, 1785.

The account of his sickness, death, and funeral, Mrs. Fletcher transmitted to Mr. Charles Wesley, accompanied by the following note:—

“Madeley, August 24th, 1785. Dear Sir,—Enclosed you have an account of my feelings when I thought myself dying, as did most about me. I prayed for strength to do justice to my dearest, dearest love. I wrote it in one day, but could not go over it a second time. Take it, then, as it flowed from my full heart, without a second thought, and pray for your deeply distressed friend. I cannot find your brother. I wrote to him at first, but have got no answer. I stay here, if I live, half a year, to get the people regularly settled in society. My cup is bitter indeed; but I shall be soon with him, and together we shall behold His glory.”

The time now began rapidly to approach when Mr. Charles Wesley perceived that he also must die. His removal into the world of spirits was not an event that came upon him unawares. To prepare for it had been the leading business of the greater part of his life. He expected it therefore, not with alarm, but with hope and desire. His treasure and his heart were already in heaven; and the abiding consciousness which he had of his title to the future inheritance, resulting from his filial relation to God, and of his meetness for it, through the sanctifying power of the Holy Ghost, filled him with adoring thankfulness. Deeply was he sensible that he possessed no proper merit in the sight of God; and he knew that he needed none, according to the tenor of the evangelical covenant. Hence his self-abasement was profound; his reliance upon the sacrifice and intercession of Christ, entire; and his hope of glory was that of a sinner, who knew that he was both justified and sanctified by grace, and looked for eternal life as a gift to be gratuitously bestowed upon a believing penitent.

He waited for the coming of the Lord in patient labour, as well as in sanctifying hope. The lease of the Foundery in London expired about the year 1777, when the commodious chapel in the City-road was built, and the congregation removed thither. In this new and more elegant erection, or in some other of the metropolitan chapels, Mr. Charles Wesley generally preached in the morning and afternoon of every sabbath, except when he was supplying the congregations in Bristol, or was disabled by affliction. A few persons are still living, who attended these his latest ministrations. According to their testimony, he was singularly tender and affectionate in his manner, when addressing those that were “afflicted in mind, body, or estate,” and especially those who mourned under a penitent conviction of sin. In beating down the pride of self-righteousness, the presumption of Antinomianism, and the obtrusive forwardness of superficial and doubtful piety, he was awfully solemn and awakening; for he spoke “like one having authority.”

If his thoughts did not flow freely in the pulpit, he was very deliberate, making long pauses, as if waiting for the promised communication of

divine influence. In such cases he usually preached with his eyes closed; he fumbled with his hands about his breast; leaned with his elbows upon the Bible; and his whole body was in motion. He was often so feeble as to be under a necessity of once or twice calling upon the congregation to sing, in the course of his sermon, that he might partially recover himself, and be able to finish his discourse. When he had strength, and his mind was under peculiar excitement, as it often was, he expressed himself with fluency and power. His sentences were short and pointed, charged with the most weighty truths; and the language was such as all understood and felt. His sermons were the effusions of a heart overflowing with divine truth and love. They were rich in Scripture sentiment, and in Scripture phraseology, "as it were a paved work of sapphire." In prayer he was copious and mighty, especially upon sacramental occasions, when he seemed to "enter into the holiest of all by the blood of Jesus." Greatly was he enfeebled by age and disease; yet he continued his public religious services, in this spirit and manner, till within a few months of his death.

For condemned felons his compassionate concern continued undiminished to the last. His tender heart yearned over this class of transgressors. He visited them in their cells; wept with them because of their guilt and misery; taught them the way to the mercy-seat of God, through the death of his Son; prayed with them; brought their case before his congregations, and urged his friends to invoke the divine pity upon them. The last publication that he sent from the press was a tract of twelve pages, entitled, "Prayers for condemned Malefactors." It consists of hymns adapted to their use, breathing the spirit of fear and contrition, and distinctly recognising the evangelical doctrine of free and present salvation from sin, to be obtained by faith in the sacrificial death of Christ. In these labours of love he was signally owned of God. The tract just mentioned, which was printed in the year 1785, had respect to a large number of culprits who suffered at that time. In a manuscript note, appended to one of those hymns, he says, "These prayers were answered Thursday, April 28th, 1785, on nineteen malefactors, who all died penitent. Not unto me, O Lord, not unto me!" Thus, like his Saviour, he affected not the society of the rich and powerful, but condescended to men of low estate. He sought out the most abject of the race, whom he endeavoured instrumentally to save. When he succeeded, his joy rose to rapture.

At this period of his life his appearance and habits were peculiar. "He rode every day (clothed for winter even in summer) a little horse, gray with age. When he mounted, if a subject struck him, he proceeded to expand and put it in order. He would write a hymn thus

given him on a card, (kept for that purpose,) with his pencil in short-hand. Not unfrequently he has come to the house in the City-road, and, having left the pony in the garden in front, he would enter, crying out, 'Pen and ink! pen and ink!' These being supplied, he wrote the hymn he had been composing. When this was done, he would look round on those present, and salute them with much kindness; ask after their health; give out a short hymn, and thus put all in mind of eternity. He was fond of that stanza upon those occasions:—

There all the ship's company meet, &c."

In age the sympathies of his heart were unimpaired. To his friend Mr. William Marriot, who had lost a son by the small-pox, he addressed the following affectionate letter toward the close of the year 1785:—
 "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord. This, my dear friend, is, I doubt not, the language of your sorrowful hearts: sorrowful, yet resigned to unerring wisdom and goodness. Jesus wept to see his creatures weeping. He does not disapprove your feeling your loss; neither do you offer to God a sacrifice which costs you naught. Your comfort is, that he orders all things well, and makes all things work together for good to them that love him. My partner sympathizes with yours. We lost our only son by the small-pox. You find several hymns on the occasion in the funeral hymns, which are too suitable. That God may sanctify your affliction, and make it instrumental to your eternal happiness, is the earnest prayer of
 Your faithful friend and servant."

In the month of February, 1788, Mr. Charles Wesley was reduced to a state of great weakness, but was able still occasionally to go abroad. A memorandum which he wrote at this time is worth preserving, as a striking illustration of the uprightness which marked his conduct through life. The balance of a small account, of some years' standing, was demanded of him by a music-seller, the correctness of which was not very apparent. He immediately transmitted the money, with the following note:—"If there is the least doubt, Mr. Wesley always takes the safest, that is, his neighbour's, side; choosing to pay a bill twice or twenty times, rather than not at all. He will be obliged to Mr. Wright for a line of acknowledgment, that he is now out of his debt."

On the 18th of this month his brother addressed to him the laconic but friendly note:—"Dear Brother,—You must go out every day, or die. Do not die to save charges. You certainly need not want any thing as long as I live."

The time was now come for Mr. John Wesley to leave London, and itinerate through the country. He says, "I took a solemn leave of the congregation at West-street, by applying once more what I had en-

forced fifty years before, 'By grace are ye saved, through faith.' At the following meeting the presence of God, in a marvellous manner, filled the place. The next evening we had a very numerous congregation at the new chapel, to which I declared the whole counsel of God. I seemed now to have finished my work in London. If I see it again, well; if not, I pray God to raise up others, that will be more faithful and more successful in his work!"

On the following day it is probable the brothers took leave of each other, to meet no more in this world. Charles was so enfeebled, that it was doubtful whether he would ever be able to resume his work. Four days after their separation Mr. John Wesley addressed to him an affectionate letter from Bath, in which he says, "Many inquire after you, and express much affection, and desire of seeing you. In good time! You are first suffering the will of God. Afterward he has a little more for you to do: that is, provided you now take up your cross, (for that it frequently must be,) and go out at least an hour in a day. I would not blame you, if it were two or three. Never mind expense. I can make that up. You shall not die to save charges. I shall shortly have a word to say to Charles, or his brother, or both. Peace be with all your spirits!"

On the 5th of March, having arrived in Bristol, Mr. John Wesley again wrote to his brother, saying, "I hope you keep to your rule, of going out every day, although it may sometimes be a cross. Keep to this but one month, and I am persuaded you will be as well as you was at this time twelve-month. If I ventured to give you one more advice, it would be this, 'Be master of your own house.' If you fly, they pursue. But stand firm, and you will carry your point."

Mr. Charles Wesley was now too feeble to correspond with his brother. His daughter watched over him with tender solicitude, and appears from time to time to have transmitted to her uncle an account of her revered parent. He sent her the following letter from Bristol, under the date of March 7th:—

"My Dear Sally,—When my appetite was entirely gone, so that all I could take at dinner was a roasted turnip, it was restored in a few days, by riding out daily, after taking ten drops of elixir of vitriol in a glass of water. It is highly probable this would have the same effect in my brother's case. But in the mean time, I wish he would see Dr. Whitehead. I am persuaded there is not such another physician in England: although, to confound human wisdom, he does not know how to cure his own wife. He must lie in bed as little as possible in the day-time: otherwise it will hinder his sleeping at night. Now, Sally, tell your brothers from me, that their tenderly-respectful behaviour to their father (even to asking his pardon, if in any thing they have

offended him) will be the best cordial for him under heaven. I know not but they may save his life thereby. To know that nothing will be wanting on your part gives great satisfaction to, my dear Sally,

“Yours very affectionately.”

The suggestion respecting the calling in of Dr. Whitehead appears to have been followed by the family. “I visited him several times,” says the doctor, “in his last sickness; and his body was indeed reduced to the most extreme state of weakness. He possessed that state of mind which he had been always pleased to see in others: unaffected humility, and holy resignation to the will of God. He had no transports of joy, but solid hope and unshaken confidence in Christ, which kept his mind in perfect peace.”*

Mr. John Wesley, who was still at Bristol, wrote the subjoined letter to his brother, on the 17th of March:—“Dear Brother,—I am just setting out on my northern journey, but must snatch time to write two or three lines. I stand and admire the wise and gracious dispensations of divine Providence! Never was there before so loud a call to all that are under your roof. If they have not hitherto sufficiently regarded either you, or the God of their fathers, what is more calculated to convince them, than to see you hovering so long upon the borders of the grave? And I verily believe, if they receive the admonition, God will raise you up again. I know you have the sentence of death in yourself. So had I more than twelve years ago. I know nature is utterly exhausted. But is not nature subject to His word? I do not depend upon physicians, but upon Him that raiseth the dead. Only let your whole family stir themselves up, and be instant in prayer: then I have only to say to each, ‘If thou canst believe, thou shalt see the glory of God!’ Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might.”

The intelligence which was conveyed to Mr. John Wesley, respecting his brother, was increasingly unfavourable: hence the peculiarity of the following letter, which he addressed to his niece, and which indicates that her father was in the last state of exhaustion, unable to receive any nourishment. It was written from Worcester, and dated March 20th:—

+ “My Dear Sally,—Mr. Whitefield had, for a considerable time, thrown up all the food he took. I advised him to slit a large onion across the grain, and bind it warm on the pit of his stomach. He vomited no more. Pray apply this to my brother’s stomach the next time he eats. One in Yorkshire, who was dying for want of food, as she threw up all she took, was saved by the following means:—Boil crusts of white bread to the consistence of a jelly:—add a few drops of lemon-juice, and a little loaf sugar:—take a spoonful once or twice an

* Life of the Rev. Charles Wesley, p. 369.

hour. By all means, let him try this. If neither of these avail, (which I think will not be the case,) remember the lady at Paris, who lived several weeks without swallowing a grain, by applying thin slices of beef to the stomach. But, above all, let prayer be made continually; and probably he will be stronger after this illness than he has been these ten years. Is any thing too hard for God? On Sunday I am to be at Birmingham; on Sunday se'nnight, at Madeley, near Shifnal, Salop. My dear Sally, adieu!"

Hence it appears that Mr. John Wesley still entertained a hope of his brother's recovery. The decree, however, was gone forth, and no means could avail for the preservation of his life. While he remained in the state of extreme feebleness to which the letter of John refers, having been silent and quiet for some time, he called Mrs. Wesley to him, and requested her to write the following lines at his dictation:—

In age and feebleness extreme,
 Who shall a sinful worm redeem?
 JESUS, my only hope thou art,
 Strength of my failing flesh and heart;
 O could I catch a smile from thee,
 And drop into eternity!

For fifty years Christ as the Redeemer of men had been the subject of his effective ministry, and of his loftiest songs; and he may be said to have died with a hymn to Christ upon his lips. He lingered till the 29th of March, 1788, when he yielded up his spirit into the hands of his God and Saviour, at the advanced age of seventy-nine years and three months.

Information of the solemn event was sent by Mr. Bradburn to Mr. John Wesley; but as the letter was wrongly directed, it did not reach him till the 4th of April, the day before the funeral took place. He could not therefore attend the remains of his brother to the grave;* but he immediately sent the following letter to his bereaved sister-in-law:—

"Macclesfield, April 4th. Dear Sister,—Half an hour ago I received a letter from Mr. Bradburn, informing me of my brother's death. For eleven or twelve days before I had not one line concerning him. The last I had was from Charles, which I delayed to answer, expecting every day to receive some further information. We have only now to learn that great lesson, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord!' If it had been necessary, in order to serve either him or you, I should not have thought much of

* "If Mr. Bradburn's letter of March 29th had been directed to Birmingham, where I then was, I should have taken coach on Sunday, the 30th, and been with you on Monday, the 31st. But all is well. By that mistake I am much further on my journey."—Manuscript letter to the Rev. Peard Dickenson, from Mr. Wesley.

coming up to London. Indeed, to serve you, or your dear family, in any thing that is in my power, will always be a pleasure to, dear sister,

“Your affectionate friend and brother.”

On the same day Miss Sarah Wesley drew up the following letter, which she addressed to her uncle:—

“Dear and Honoured Uncle,—We were all present when my dear respected father departed this life. His end was, what he particularly wished it might be, peace! For some months past he seemed totally detached from earth. He spoke very little, nor wished to hear any thing read but the Scriptures. He took a solemn leave of all his friends. I once asked if he had any presages that he should die. He said, ‘No;’ but his weakness was such, that he thought it impossible he ‘should live through March.’ He kindly bade me remember him, and seemed to have no doubt but I should meet him in heaven.

“All his prayer was, ‘Patience, and an easy death!’ He bade every one who visited him to supplicate for these; often repeating, ‘An easy death!’ He told my mother, the week before he departed, that no fiend was permitted to approach him; and said to us all, ‘I have a *good hope!*’ When we asked if he wanted any thing, he frequently answered, ‘Nothing but Christ!’ Some person observed, that the valley of the shadow of death was hard to be passed. ‘Not with Christ,’ replied he.

“On March 27th, after a most uneasy night, he prayed, as in an agony, that he might not have many such nights. ‘O my God,’ said he, ‘*not many!*’ It was with great difficulty he seemed to speak. About ten days before, on my brother Samuel’s entering the room, he took hold of his hand, and pronounced, with a voice of faith, ‘I shall bless God to all eternity, that ever you were born. I am persuaded I shall!’ My brother Charles also seemed much upon his mind. ‘That dear boy!’ said he, ‘God bless him!’ He spoke less to me than to the rest, which has since given me some pain. However, he bade me trust in God, and never forsake him; and then he assured me, that he never would forsake me.

“The 28th my mother asked if he had any thing to say to us. Raising his eyes, he said, ‘Only thanks! love! blessing!’

“Tuesday and Wednesday he was not entirely sensible. He slept much, without refreshment, and had the restlessness of death for, I think, the whole week. He was eager to depart; and if we moved him, or spoke to him, he answered, ‘Let me die! let me die!’ A fortnight before, he prayed, with many tears, for all his enemies, naming Miss Freeman. ‘I beseech thee, O Lord, by thine agony and bloody sweat,’ said he, ‘that she may never feel the pangs of eternal death.’ When your kind letter to my brother came, (in which you affectionately tell him, that you will be a father to him and my brother Samuel,) I

read it to our father. ‘He will *be kind to you,*’ said he, ‘when I am gone. I am certain your uncle *will be kind* to all of you.’

“The last morning, which was the 29th of March, being unable to speak, my mother entreated him to press her hand, if he knew her; which he feebly did. His last words which I could hear were, ‘Lord—my heart,—my God!’ He then drew his breath short, and the last so gently, that we knew not exactly the moment in which his happy spirit fled. His dear hand was in mine for five minutes before, and at the awful period of, his dissolution. It had often been his desire that we should attend him to the grave; and though he did not mention it again (which he did the place of his burial) during his illness, we all mean to fulfil his wish; trusting we shall be supported, as we have been hitherto, in our afflicting situations.

“My dear, honoured uncle, my mother presents you her respectful love, and my brothers join with me in duty, begging your prayers for the widow and the fatherless! I am

“Your afflicted and dutiful niece.”

This tender and interesting communication Mr. John Wesley answered from Manchester, on the 12th of April, as follows:—“My Dear Sally,—I thank you for the account you have given me. It is full and satisfactory. You describe a very awful scene. The time, I doubt not, was prolonged on purpose that it might make the deeper impression on those that might otherwise soon have forgotten it. What a difference does one moment make when the soul springs out of time into eternity! What an amazing change! What are all the pleasures, the business of this world, to a disembodied spirit? Let *us* therefore be ready; for the day is at hand! But the comfort is, it cannot part you long from, dear Sally,

Yours invariably.”

By the same post Mr. Wesley sent the following letter to his sister-in-law:—“Dear Sister,—The account which Mr. Bradburn gave me of my brother’s removal was very short and unsatisfactory. But the account which Sally has given me is such as it should be, particular and circumstantial. I doubt not but the few solemn words that he spoke, before he went hence, will prove a lasting blessing to all that heard them. If I may take upon me to give you a little piece of advice, it is, to keep little company. You have a handsome occasion of contracting your acquaintance, and retaining only a small, select number, such as you can do good to, and receive good from. I am, my dear sister,

Your affectionate friend and brother.”

The funeral of this honoured minister took place on the 5th of April. His remains, by his own desire, were interred in the church-yard of St. Mary-le-bone, near his own residence in Chesterfield-street. The pall was supported by eight clergymen of the Church of England. In

addition to his name and age, the following lines are inscribed upon his tomb-stone. They were written by himself on the death of one of his friends ; but could not be more justly applied to any other person.

With poverty of spirit blest,
Rest, happy saint, in Jesus rest ;
A sinner saved, through grace forgiven,
Redeem'd from earth to reign in heaven !
Thy labours of unwearied love,
By thee forgot, are crown'd above ;
Crown'd, through the mercy of thy Lord,
With a free, full, immense reward !

As a friendship of the most tender and confidential kind had through life subsisted between Mr. John and Charles Wesley, and they had been labourers together for half a century in carrying on a deep and extensive work of God, it was John's desire that their remains should rest together in the tomb which he had prepared in the ground connected with the chapel in the City-road ; but this Charles declined, because the ground was not consecrated.* It was under the influence of this disappointment that Mr. John Wesley wrote the paper on the inutility of consecrating burying-grounds, which he inserted in his monthly Magazine. He thought that churches and chapels require no consecration but that which arises from the celebration of God's worship ; and that burying-grounds are made sacred by the ashes of the pious dead, rather than by ceremonies of Popish origin, which the New Testament never mentions.

Some persons have thought that the part which Mr. Charles Wesley took in opposition to his brother's ordinations, and against the administration of the sacraments by any man on whose head the hands of a bishop had not been laid, must have rendered him an object of dislike and jealousy among the Methodist preachers generally. But this is a mistake. Those who knew him best were convinced of his integrity and conscientiousness ; and though they might dissent from his views of ecclesiastical order, they admired the man, whom they saw to be as generous as he was upright. Mr. Bradburn, for instance, whose opinions concerning episcopal ordination were very different from those of Mr. Charles Wesley, was honoured with the personal friendship of this eminent man, and in return regarded him with the profoundest

* "It is a pity but the remains of my brother had been deposited with mine. Certainly that ground is holy as any in England ; and it contains a large quantity of 'bonny dead.'"—Private letter of Mr. Wesley to the Rev. Peard Dickenson.

Mr. Wesley here alludes to a dying saying of Haliburton : "I was just thinking on the pleasant spot of earth I shall get to lie in, beside Mr. Rutherford, Mr. Forrester, and Mr. Anderson. I shall come in as the little one among them, and I shall get my pleasant George in my hand ; and O we shall be a knot of bonny dust !"

respect and admiration; as is manifest from the following letter, which he addressed to Mr. Bardsley, a brother preacher, a few days after Mr. Charles Wesley's interment:—

“Mr. Charles Wesley died just as any one who knew him might have expected. I have had the pleasure and profit of his acquaintance and correspondence for years, and shall have a great loss of a true friend now that he is gone. I visited him often in his illness, and sat up with him all night, the last but one of his life. He had no disorder but old age. He had very little pain. His mind was as calm as a summer evening. He told me he should die in March, some months before. He often said, ‘I have no particular desire to die; but I want the whole will of God to be done in and by me.’ He always seemed fearful of suffering something dreadful before death. In this he was quite disappointed; for no one could pass easier out of time than he did. He said many things about the cause of God, and the preachers, that did him much credit. He frequently said, ‘I am a mere sinner, saved by the grace of God my Saviour.’ This sort of language one would expect from most professors; but from one of his years and experience, it was truly pleasing.

“His general character was such as at once adorned human nature and the Christian religion. He was candid, without cowardly weakness; and firm, without headstrong obstinacy. He was equally free from the cold indifference of lifeless formality, and the imaginary fire of enthusiastic wildness. He never was known to say any thing in commendation of himself, and never was at a loss for something good to say of his divine Master. His soul was formed for friendship in affliction, and his words and letters were as a precious balm to those of a sorrowful spirit. He was courteous, without dissimulation; and honest, without vulgar roughness. He was truly a great scholar, without pedantic ostentation. He was a great Christian, without any pompous singularity; and a great divine, without the least contempt for the meanest of his brethren. He died, or rather fell asleep, on Saturday, March 29th, 1788, in the eightieth year of his age. I preached his funeral sermon at West-street, and at the new chapel, on Sunday, April 6th, to an inconceivable concourse of people, of every description, from 2 Sam. iii, 38: ‘A prince and a great man is fallen this day in Israel.’ I am not sure but I shall publish the sermon. Our chapels are hung in black around the pulpits, desks, &c., and all the people are in mourning.”

Such was the latter end of Mr. Charles Wesley, one of the most useful and gifted men of his age. Perhaps the state of extreme physical exhaustion in which he lay for several days, rendered him incapable of those rapturous joys with which some persons have been

indulged in their last hours; but had they been vouchsafed to him, it is doubtful whether he would have made them known. The mystical views of religion which he received in early life, and which he again cherished after he had desisted from his itinerancy, led him rather to conceal than declare what the Lord had done for him. Yet thus much we learn, that he forgave all his enemies, and prayed for them. He renounced all confidence in himself, and in the spirit of a penitent trusted in Christ alone for acceptance and eternal life. Hence his conscience was at rest, and his heart was all gratitude, submission, and hope, longing after his heavenly home. Thus did he exemplify his own inimitable verses:—

Walk with me through the dreadful shade;
 And, certified that thou art mine,
 My spirit, calm and undismay'd,
 I shall into thy hands resign.
 Long as my God shall lend me breath,
 My every pulse shall beat for him.

Mr. John Wesley's kindness to his brother's family, after their bereavement, was in perfect consistency with his character, and honourable to him in the highest degree. This is strikingly apparent from the following letters, selected from several others which he addressed to his sister-in-law, and his intelligent niece:—

“Blackburn, April 21st. You will excuse me, my dear sister, for troubling you with so many letters; for I know not how to help it: I find you and your family so much upon my heart, both for your own sakes, and for the sake of my brother. But I am much easier now, that I find you are joined with honest John Collinson, whom I know to be not only a man of probity, but likewise a man of diligence and understanding. I am therefore persuaded he will spare no pains in doing for you what you wish to be done. So that I shall be hardly wanted among you, as he will fully supply my lack of service. I only wish both Charles and Sammy may follow your example, in keeping little company, and those of the best sort; men of sound understanding, and solid piety; for such only are fit for the acquaintance of men of sense. I commit you all to Him that loves you; and am, my dear sister,

“Ever yours.”

On his arrival in London, in the month of July, he says in his Journal, “I spent an hour in Chesterfield-street, with my widowed sister and her children. They all seemed inclined to make the right use of the late providential dispensation.” A few days after this interview he resumed his correspondence:—

“City-road, July 25th. My Dear Sister,—You know well what a regard I had for Miss Gwynne, before she was Mrs. Wesley. And it

has not ceased from that time till now. I am persuaded it never will. Therefore I will speak without reserve just what comes into my mind. I have sometimes thought you are a little like me. My wife used to tell me, 'My dear, you are too generous. You don't know the value of money.' I could not wholly deny the charge. Possibly you may sometimes lean to the same extreme. I know you are of a generous spirit. You have an open heart, and an open hand. But may it not sometimes be too open, more so than your circumstances will allow? Is it not an instance of Christian, as well as worldly prudence, to cut our coat according to our cloth? If your circumstances are a little narrower, should you not contract your expenses too? I need but just give you this hint, which I doubt not you will take kindly from, my dear Sally,

Your affectionate friend and brother."

"North-Green, August 7th. Dear Sister,—As the conference ended yesterday afternoon, my hurry is now a little abated. I cannot blame you for having thoughts of removing out of that large house. If you could find a lodging to your mind, it would be preferable on several accounts: and perhaps you might live as much without care as you did in the great mansion at Garth. I was yesterday inquiring of Dr. Whitehead, whether Harrogate would not be better for Sally than the sea-water. He seems to think it would: and I should not think much of giving her ten or twenty pounds, to make a trial. But I wish she could see him first, which she may do any day between seven and eight in the morning. I am, my dear Sally,

Yours most affectionately."

"City-road, Dec. 21st. My Dear Sister,—It is undoubtedly true, that some silly people (whether in the society or not I cannot tell) have frequently talked in that manner, both of my brother and me. They have said that we were well paid for our labours. And indeed so we were, but not by man. Yet this is no more than we were to expect, especially from busy bodies in other men's matters. And it is no more possible to restrain their tongues, than it is to bind up the wind. But it is sufficient for us, that our own conscience condemned us not; and that our record is with the Most High. What has concerned me more than this idle slander is a trial of another kind. I supposed, when John Atlay left me, that he had left me one or two hundred pounds beforehand. On the contrary, I am one or two hundred pounds behindhand, and shall not recover myself till after Christmas. Some of the first moneys I receive I shall set apart for you; and in every thing that is in my power, you may depend upon the willing assistance of, dear Sally,

Your affectionate friend and brother."

The following are some of his letters to his niece, written about the same period:—

"April 21st. What a comfort it is, my dear Sally, to think, 'The

Lord liveth!' nay, and that our intercourse with our human friends will be more perfect hereafter than it can be while we are encumbered with the house of clay. You did not send me those verses before. They were very proper to be his last, as being worthy of one bought by the blood of the Lamb, and just going forth to meet him! Now, my Sally, make the best of life. Whereunto you have attained, hold fast. But you have not yet received the Spirit of adoption, crying, Abba, Father! See that you do not stop short of it. The promise is for you! If you feel your want, it will soon be supplied; and God will seal that word upon your heart, 'I am merciful to thy unrighteousness; and thy sins and iniquities I remember no more.' Dear Sally, adieu!"

"Newcastle-upon-Tyne, May 29th. My Dear Sally,—How often does our Lord say to us, by his adorable providence, 'What I do, thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter:' and how unspeakable is our gain, if we learn only this, to *trust* God further than we can see him! But it is a stroke that you have long expected. One of fourscore has lived out his date of years. And it is not strange, that he is taken away, but that I am left. The great lesson which you have to learn is, 'Take no thought for the morrow:' if you do, your fault brings its own punishment. You are to live to-day. You have still a friend, the medicine of life! And you have your great Friend always at hand. There is a rule for *you*: 'When I am in heaviness, I will think upon God;' and it is not lost labour. 'May the peace of God rest upon you.' So prays
Yours in tender affection."

"Bristol, Sept. 26th. Dear Sally,—The reading of those poisonous writers, the Mystics, confounded the intellects both of my brother and Mr. Fletcher, and made them afraid of (what ought to have been their glory) the letting their light shine before men. Therefore I do not wonder that he was so unwilling to speak of himself, and consequently that you knew so little about him. The same wrong humility continually inculcated by those writers, would induce him to discontinue the writing his journal. When I see those detached papers you speak of, I shall easily judge whether any of them are proper to be published. Do you not want money? You can speak freely to, my dear Sally,
"Yours most affectionately."

Among other valuable manuscripts which were left by Mr. Charles Wesley were three small quarto volumes of hymns, and poems on various subjects; he left also a poetic version of a considerable part of the book of Psalms, which was inserted, with short notes, in the Arminian Magazine. But his chief work, and that upon which he bestowed the greatest pains, consists of hymns on the four Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles, in five quarto volumes. The following memoranda, at

the end of the last volume, show something of the labour which the pious author expended upon the work:—

“Finished, April 24, 1765.—Θ. Δ.

The revisal finished, April 24, 1774.—Θ. Δ.

Another revisal finished, Jan. 28, 1779.—Θ. Δ.

A third revisal finished, Feb. 29, 1780.—Θ. Δ.

A fifth revisal finished, Aug. 6, 1783.—Θ. Δ.

A sixth finished, Oct. 28, 1784.—Θ. Δ.

The seventh, if not the last, January 11, 1786.—*Gloria Tri-uni DEO!*

The LAST finished, May 11, 1787.—HALLELUJAH!”

“Many of these,” says the Rev. John Wesley, are little, if any, inferior to his former poems, having the same justness and strength of thought, with the same beauty of expression; yea, the same keenness of wit on proper occasions, as bright and piercing as ever.” Having at a subsequent period read them with greater care, he adds, “Some are bad; some mean; some most excellently good. They give the true sense of Scripture, always in good English, generally in good verse. Many of them are equal to most, if not to any, he ever wrote; but some still savour of that poisonous Mysticism, with which we were both not a little tainted before we went to America. This gave a gloomy cast, first to his mind, and then to many of his verses. This made him frequently describe religion as a melancholy thing: this so often sounded in his ears, ‘To the desert!’ and strongly persuaded in favour of solitude.”

These invaluable compositions have become, by purchase, the property of the Wesleyan conference, and it is hoped will, at some future period, form a part of a uniform edition of the entire Works of this prince of devotional poets.

A passage in a private letter of the late Mr. Wilberforce, published by his sons in his Life, requires some explanation in this place. That excellent man says, “From respect to that great and good man, Mr. Charles Wesley, I many years ago prevailed on two friends to join in allowing his widow an annuity, which she still receives. I have often, I own, thought it a great reflection on the Methodists, that they suffered such a person to be in real want, as she was when I undertook her cause.”*

Had Mr. Wilberforce acquainted himself with the facts of this case, perhaps he would have thought “the Methodists” less to blame than he assumed. It has been already stated that Mr. John Wesley secured to his brother, on his marriage with Miss Gwynne, the payment of one hundred pounds a year, during his life, which was to be continued to

* Vol. iii, p. 511.

his wife in case she should survive him. This sum, which was independent of the salary that he received from the stewards of the societies to whom he preached, was duly paid as long as Mr. John Wesley lived; and he made provision in his will for its payment to his brother's widow to the end of her life. After Mr. John Wesley's death, Mrs. Wesley and her family, thinking perhaps that the continued union of the Methodist connection was doubtful, and this annuity uncertain, requested that the principal might be paid, and proposed to relinquish all future claims. A request coming from such a quarter could not be denied. But instead of purchasing another annuity with the money, or lending it on better security than it was thought the Methodist conference could give, Mrs. Wesley and her family lived upon it, till it was all expended. But that she was found in a condition of "real want," as stated by Mr. Wilberforce, is more than doubtful. In this he was certainly mistaken. She lived with her eldest son, who was one of the most accomplished musicians of the age; and with her daughter, who was scarcely less accomplished in literature. The necessities of their aged mother were few; and it was impossible that they should suffer her to be destitute of even the comforts of life. She might have no certain income of her own, and be dependant upon them; but this is very different from being "in real want." Her son and daughter were both in the receipt of considerable sums of money, the fruit of their own talents.

After giving proof of the want of confidence in "the Methodists," and of deficient forethought in the management of their own affairs, it may well be supposed that Mrs. Wesley and her children would wish to conceal her condition from the people to whose care she had been left by her revered husband and brother-in-law. Yet when it was known that she had expended her property, the "Methodists" were not less generous than even Mr. Wilberforce. They gave her an annuity as long as she lived, and that, if we are not mistaken, to a larger amount than even he procured for her; they also gave an annuity to her daughter; then to her son Charles; and at last to Samuel. It would not be difficult to show that Mr. Charles Wesley and his family received from "the Methodists," in consideration of the benefits derived from his incomparable hymns, not less than ten thousand pounds. This sum is indeed not too large, considering the nature of Mr. Charles Wesley's bequest; (for his hymns are such as gold can never purchase;) yet it is sufficient to prove that the pre-eminent services which he rendered to the cause of spiritual religion have not been quite overlooked, and that the censure which has been sent forth in Mr. Wilberforce's name might well have been spared. It is as unjust as it is unseemly. To publish, without due inquiry, *ex-parte* statements, to the

injury of a people who have merited no blame, is "a great reflection" upon the parties who thus offend, let them be who they may. The attempt to exalt such a man as Mr. Wilberforce, by depreciating "the Methodists," as if they had less respect for one of the Wesleys than he possessed, like the endeavour to raise his fair fame as the opponent of the slave-trade, by undervaluing the services of the venerable Clarkson, is in bad taste. His sons, who have done this, have not been guided by a sound discretion. It is a proof of the substantial worth of their father's character, that it has not suffered much in consequence of the means which they have adopted to elevate it in the public estimation.

It is only needful to add, that Mrs. Wesley, having survived her husband about thirty-four years, died December 28th, 1822, at the advanced age of ninety-six. Sarah died at Bristol, when on a visit to that city, on the 19th of September, 1828, aged sixty-eight years. Charles died in London, May 23d, 1834, in the seventy-seventh year of his age. Samuel also died in London, on the 11th of October, 1837, in the seventy-second year of his age. Charles and Sarah were never married. They were both members of the Methodist society. Samuel left several children, who are now living.

In the Minutes of the annual conferences, Mr. John Wesley was accustomed from year to year to insert short notices of the deceased preachers. The following is his account of his brother, contained in the obituary of 1788:—

"Mr. Charles Wesley, who, after spending fourscore years with much sorrow and pain, quietly retired into Abraham's bosom. He had no disease; but after a gradual decay of some months,

'The weary wheels of life stood still at last.'

His least praise was his talent for poetry: although Dr. Watts did not scruple to say that that single poem 'Wrestling Jacob' was worth all the verses he himself had written."

It was not the intention of Mr. John Wesley to satisfy himself with this laconic record concerning his brother. He immediately began to collect materials for a biographical account of the man with whom he had been through life so entirely one in heart; and he requested his niece to furnish him with all the facts she could recollect that could assist him in the compilation of such a work. But life with him was too far advanced, and his other engagements too numerous, to admit of the fulfilment of his design. He died before he had made much progress in the compilation. No man was so well qualified to execute the responsible task; as no other person had so thorough a knowledge of the deceased.

The following epitaph is inscribed upon a marble tablet in the City-road chapel. The sentence which is placed at the head of it Mr. Charles Wesley is said to have frequently uttered :—

“God buries his workmen, but carries on his work.”

Sacred to the Memory

OF

THE REV. CHARLES WESLEY, M.A.,

EDUCATED AT WESTMINSTER SCHOOL,

AND SOME TIME STUDENT AT CHRIST-CHURCH, OXFORD.

AS A PREACHER,

HE WAS EMINENT FOR ABILITY, ZEAL, AND USEFULNESS,

BEING LEARNED WITHOUT PRIDE,

AND PIOUS WITHOUT OSTENTATION ;

TO THE SINCERE, DIFFIDENT CHRISTIAN,

A SON OF CONSOLATION ;

BUT TO THE VAIN BOASTER, THE HYPOCRITE, AND THE PROFANE,

A SON OF THUNDER.

HE WAS THE FIRST WHO RECEIVED THE NAME OF METHODIST ;

AND, UNITING WITH HIS BROTHER, THE REV. JOHN WESLEY,

IN THE PLAN OF ITINERANT PREACHING,

ENDURED HARDSHIP, PERSECUTION, AND DISGRACE,

AS A GOOD SOLDIER OF JESUS CHRIST ;

CONTRIBUTING LARGELY, BY THE USEFULNESS OF HIS LABOURS,

TO THE FIRST FORMATION OF THE METHODIST SOCIETIES

IN THESE KINGDOMS.

AS A CHRISTIAN POET HE STOOD UNRIVALLED ;

AND HIS HYMNS WILL CONVEY INSTRUCTION AND CONSOLATION

TO THE FAITHFUL IN CHRIST JESUS,

AS LONG AS THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE IS UNDERSTOOD.

HE WAS BORN THE XVIII OF DECEMBER, MDCCVIII,

AND DIED THE XXIX OF MARCH, MDCCLXXXVIII,

A FIRM AND PIOUS BELIEVER IN THE DOCTRINES OF THE GOSPEL,

AND A SINCERE FRIEND TO THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MR. CHARLES WESLEY, like his brother John, was considerably below the middle stature. He was somewhat stouter than his brother, but not corpulent. There are persons now living who remember to have seen them both, with Dr. Coke, all at once engaged in the administration of the Lord's supper in the City-road chapel. These excellent clergymen were all of the same diminutive height; and yet no other men of their day exerted a wider influence upon the world, or an influence that is likely to be more permanent. Charles was short-sighted, and abrupt and singular in his manners, but without the slightest approach to affectation. In honest simplicity of mind he was never surpassed. He has been spoken of as desultory in his habits: nothing, however, can exceed the neatness of his handwriting till he was far advanced in life, and the exactness with which he kept his pecuniary accounts. At college John is said to have often dreaded his visits. He would run against his brother's table; disarrange his papers; ask several questions in quick succession; and often retire without even waiting for the answers.

His attainments as a scholar were worthy of the advantages which he enjoyed, as a pupil of Westminster school, and a member of the University of Oxford. With the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and French languages he was well acquainted. His son Samuel believed that he read German; but his daughter, when questioned on the subject, spoke doubtingly. In a letter addressed to him at Oxford by his father, he is urged to persevere in the study of Arabic, and of the mathematics: but it is probable that, after he left the university, he paid little attention to either of these branches of learning. Classical and Biblical literature he cultivated to the end of his protracted life. His exact and critical knowledge of the Holy Scriptures is strikingly manifest in his hymns. Among the Romans, Horace and Virgil were his favourite authors. Large portions of the *Æneid* he had committed to memory, and occasionally repeated them, with unrivalled taste and spirit, for the gratification of his friends. Sometimes he did the same in self-defence. When Indivine, the drunken captain with whom he sailed from Charleston, poured forth volleys of invective against him, he defended himself by repeating Virgil in Latin; and once, when his unhappy sister-in-law, Mrs. John Wesley, had secured him and her husband in a room whence they could not escape, and then told them of their faults, real and imaginary, with a vehemence which they could neither resist nor interrupt, Charles bethought him of Virgil, and gave utterance to the

strains of the Mantuan bard in such a manner as at length to obtain a respite, with permission to escape.

Considering his scholarship, taste, and genius, there can be no doubt, that, had he devoted himself to secular literature, he would have taken a high rank among the poets of Great Britain. He would have rivalled Dryden himself, whom he greatly resembles in fluency, copiousness, and power. The specimens which he has left, both in print and manuscript, prove that in grave satire he was not inferior to Churchill. When exposing the selfishness and disloyalty of the pretended patriots of his day, he is terribly severe. His invectives resemble successive flashes of lightning, which scathe every object that they strike. That men of bad morals should assume the character of public reformers, filled him with honest and irrepressible indignation.

Had Mr. Charles Wesley practised himself largely in translation, there can be no doubt he would have excelled in that as much as in original composition. Various short specimens he has given in the prose writings of his brother; and these possess great merit. They are terse and yet easy and poetical. The following is a beautiful imitation of the very tender Latin verses which Bishop Lowth wrote on the sudden death of his beloved daughter, who expired at the tea-table, in the family circle. Placing a cup of coffee upon the salver, she said, "Take this to the bishop of Bristol." The cup fell in an instant, with the hand by which it was held; and she expired without a groan, in her twenty-sixth year. The prelate for whom the cup was designed was the celebrated Bishop Newton, the learned author of the elaborate and valuable "Dissertations on the Prophecies."

*Cara, vale, ingenio præstans, pietate, pudore,
Et plusquam nata nomine, cara, vale!
Cara Maria, vale! At veniet felicius ævum
Quando iterum tecum, sim modo dignus, ero.
Cara, redi, lætâ tum dicam voce, paternos
Eia age in amplexus, cara Maria, redi!*

Farewell, my dearest child, farewell!
Wise, pious, good, beyond thy years!
Thy ravish'd excellence I feel
Bereaved—dissolved in softest tears.

But soon, if worthy of the grace,
I shall again behold thee nigh,
Again my dearest child embrace:
"Haste, to my arms, Maria, fly!

"To a fond father's arms return,"
I then in ecstasies shall say,
"No more to part, no more to mourn,
But sing through one eternal day!"

The soul of Mr. Charles Wesley was formed for friendship. He possessed such a frankness of disposition, combined with such warmth of affection, and integrity of purpose, as at once commanded the esteem and love of all who were like-minded. His sympathies were deep and tender; so that his friendship was felt to be of inestimable value, especially in seasons of affliction, when help is the most needed. He was indeed "a brother born for" the benefit of those who are in "adversity," and possessed great power to soothe and cheer. The pain and sickness in which much of his life was spent, the successive deaths of five children, added to the natural and gracious tenderness of his heart, enabled him so to enter into the views and feelings of the sorrowful, that they were at once strengthened and encouraged, and blessed God for the consolation of which he made his servant the instrument.

His personal intercourse with his pious friends was indeed interrupted by death; but his affection for them, after they had entered into the celestial paradise, was still cordially cherished. Of the reality and nearness of the spiritual world, and of the certain blessedness of those who die in the Lord, he had a perfect conviction; and many times, when his friends died, his spirit struggled to get free from the fleshly burden, and accompany them in their flight to the heavenly world. When they had entered into rest, their spirits seemed still to be near, and to converse with him thought to thought, and feeling to feeling. To this solemnly-interesting subject he often refers in his poetry.

A similar feeling toward him was indulged by many when he had entered into rest. Several years after his death his memory was cherished by his friends with the strongest affection.

His friendship for his brother was inviolable. It was so when, "being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness," they vainly endeavoured to obtain purity of heart before they were justified. Their regard for each other assumed a higher character when, through a faith of the operation of God, they "received the atonement," and the promised gift of the Holy Spirit, filling them with peace and joy, subduing the otherwise unconquerable evils of their nature, and inspiring them with all holy and benevolent affections. From that period they were indeed

"True yoke-fellows by love compell'd
To labour in the gospel field;"

and nothing could dissolve their oneness of heart.

As they advanced in their work, they entertained different views, not of its nature, but of the manner in which it should be carried on, and the objects to which it should be directed. Both of them had the fullest conviction that the revival of religion which they everywhere

witnessed was the work of God; for no human power could make thousands of ignorant, miserable, and ungodly people permanently wise, and holy, and happy. Their spiritual children, both in life and death, exhibited all the characteristics of apostolical Christianity. Charles was anxious that this revival of religion should be conducted in subserviency to the Church of England, in which he thought it would ultimately merge. John was mainly intent upon extending it to the utmost possible limit, both at home and abroad, leaving its connection with the Church to be determined by providential circumstances. He believed that men might be saved out of the Church of England; but he knew that "without holiness no man shall see the Lord." His ordinations, therefore, and the favour which he showed to the preachers and people who refused to attend the Church service, gave Charles exquisite pain, but diminished not his affection. He himself animadverted upon some of John's acts; but he would allow no other person to censure him. He refused to write an epitaph on Mr. Hervey, whose "Eleven Letters" contain many violations of candour and truth; thinking it enough for him, as the "brother" of the injured man, to "forgive" the wrong that had been done. Lady Huntingdon attempted to alienate him from his brother, by telling him, in a private letter, that John was a teacher of "heresy" and "Popery;" but, deeply as he was indebted to her kindness, he rebuked her for her unseemly bigotry, and declared that death itself should never separate him from the brother of his heart. He was linked to him by no selfish feeling, or mere instinct of nature, but by the "love that never faileth;" and his generous friendship was returned by his brother with equal fidelity and warmth.

In the various domestic relations the conduct of Mr. Charles Wesley was most exemplary. His filial reverence and affection toward both his parents were as profound as they were justly merited. Toward both his brothers, and all his sisters, he was an example of fraternal kindness. They witnessed through life his readiness to serve them as much as lay in his power. What he was as a husband the preceding narrative declares. To his wife he disclosed the secrets of his heart, with perfect confidence and unreserve; and in her society he sought for solace when troubled with the affairs of the world and the church. His concern for her comfort, his sympathy with her in affliction, and, above all, his pious solicitude for her spiritual improvement, are attested in the whole of his correspondence with her, of which many specimens have been given. Several of his hymns were originally written for her use and benefit. They were acts of supplication in times of necessity and sorrow; of resignation under bereavements; or of adoring gratitude for divine mercies. He received her as a gift from God; he regarded her as his best earthly friend; and he ever treated her as an heir with

himself of eternal life. Often did he remind her, that the most important end of their union was their mutual improvement in personal holiness; and most assiduously did he labour to bring her into increasing union with Christ, their living head. In a letter which he addressed to her when he felt his strength decay, he says, "My best of Friends, —I am going the way of all the earth; and what shall I do for you before we part? I can only pray, and very imperfectly, that the providential end of our meeting may be answered upon you in both worlds. You married me, that you might be holier and happier to all eternity. If you have received less spiritual good than you expected, it is chiefly my fault. I have not set you the pattern I ought. For the same reason, I have been of so little use to my children. But it is too late to attempt it now. My night cometh, or rather is come. I leave you to the God of all grace, who is ready to supply all your wants. Time fails me for the rest. I may have another opportunity; I may not. The Lord be yours and your children's portion!" Such were the humbling views which this Christian husband and parent entertained concerning himself!

He doubtless fell into an error in bringing up both his sons to the musical profession. But he was led to this decision by the strong bias of their minds, and the superior genius which they discovered in composition and performance. There are few fathers, it is presumed, who could, under the same circumstances, have come to a different determination. All the world admired the powers of his precocious boys. Royalty itself was charmed into admiration; and old musicians wept for joy when they heard the organ, under the plastic touch of the young Wesleys, express every variation and combination of sound. His children were accustomed, to the end of their lives, to speak of him as the kindest and best of fathers. That he knew the true theory of domestic government is obvious from his hymns on that subject; and if in any thing he failed, as the head of a family, it was in the maintenance of his just authority. Yet he would not suffer his son Samuel to attend the theatres; nor would he tolerate in any member of his family what he deemed offensive in the sight of God. His children were mostly educated by himself; and the letters which he addressed to them when they were from home, many of which have been preserved, express the tenderness of his love, and his yearning desire for their salvation.

Mrs. Susanna Wesley is well known to have disapproved of the revolution of 1688. Yet none of her sons inherited her views. Her son Samuel was a stanch Tory, but not a Jacobite; and men more loyal to the house of Brunswick than were her sons John and Charles never existed. All their influence through life they exerted on the side of the Protestant monarchy, which at some periods was in considerable danger. Both of them freely used the press in behalf of the Brunswick

dynasty, whose mild and equal sway has conferred upon the nation the most substantial benefits.

With Mr. Charles Wesley, loyalty was a part of religion. The king he regarded as God's vicegerent; and hence he obeyed the laws, and supported the throne, not from worldly or selfish motives, but for conscience' sake. Some of the most Christianly-loyal compositions in the English language are unquestionably his hymns for the king. Several of these he published; and many others he left among his manuscripts.

If we may judge from the success of his preaching, he greatly excelled in that important branch of ministerial duty. For upward of fifteen years, after he had obtained the Christian salvation, he was incessantly employed as an itinerant. He travelled from the Land's End to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, through a considerable part of Wales and Ireland, ministering the word of life in churches, private houses, and the open air, with a zeal which many waters could not quench, which no violence of opposition could daunt, and with an effect not at all inferior to that of either his brother or Mr. Whitefield.

There was nothing artificial in his sermons. To a strictly logical arrangement, and the arts of secular oratory, he was indifferent. His discourses were the effusions of the heart, rather than the offspring of the intellect, or of the imagination. They were not characterized by abstract reasoning, or by showy ornament. Of the Bible he was a diligent and enraptured student; and its facts, doctrines, language, and imagery were indelibly engraven upon his mind. In the delivery of God's word he expected and received the promised aid of the Holy Spirit; and under the divine unction he spoke with irresistible power and authority. His heart was inflamed with zeal for the honour of Christ, and yearned over the souls of the people; the tears ran down his cheeks; his tongue was loosed; and he poured forth the truth of God, in the very phraseology of inspiration, with an effect that was overwhelming. He gave such views of the evil of sin, and of the certain damnation of the impenitent and unregenerate, as terrified the consciences of the ungodly and the sinner, who fell down upon their knees, and, in bitter anguish, called upon God for his mercy. At the same time, he expatiated upon the perfect sacrifice of Christ, the efficacy of his blood, the tenderness of his compassion, and the freeness of his grace, with such a power of conviction, as to induce those whose spirits were contrite *even then* to believe to the saving of their souls. He generally delivered his message in short and pointed sentences, which all could understand, and all could feel. When his own heart was deeply impressed, he not unfrequently extended his sermon to the length of two hours, and even more; for he felt that he had a work to accomplish: the people were ignorant and wicked: they needed in-

struction, conversion, salvation. To turn them from sin to Christ was the very end of his preaching; and he knew not how to close the service, and dismiss the poor guilty souls around him, until this great design of the divine mercy was fulfilled. Often was his heart gladdened by success. Under his ministry many a hardened sinner began to pray; and from the religious services which he conducted, even in the open air, many a penitent publican went to his house justified. In the latter years of his life he was so enfeebled by age, disease, and sorrow, that his preaching was rather deliberate and tender, than powerful and awakening; yet on some occasions, to the end of his life, it partook of the vehemence and energy which had characterized it in his earlier years.

In a few cases he followed the example of the early fathers of the church, in giving a mystical interpretation to particular passages of Scripture, which was not intended by the Holy Ghost, and which a just criticism therefore would not allow. The Jewish church, for instance, depressed by the Babylonian invasion and captivity, is personified by the weeping prophet, and introduced as saying, in the depth and bitterness of her grief, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me in the day of his fierce anger," Lam. i, 12. From this most affecting appeal Mr. Charles Wesley sometimes preached, representing it as addressed by the Lord Jesus to careless people of every class, who live regardless of the evil of sin, and of the sacrifice which was offered as an atonement for it. From the parable of the good Samaritan, also, which is designed to inculcate the duty of humanity, even to strangers, he often took occasion to show the miserable state of fallen man, and the compassion of Christ as a Saviour. In these and a few other cases of a similar nature a degree of violence was done to the sacred text; yet the doctrine taught was not fanciful, but the inspired truth of God. The texts, legitimately interpreted, would not support the doctrine of the sermons, and therefore should not have been selected for the purpose; but the doctrine itself was deducible from the general tenor of the sacred volume. The sermons therefore were blessed to the people; for the Holy Ghost will put honour upon his own truth whenever it is faithfully inculcated. Yet the most excellent way is that of taking every passage of holy writ in its legitimate sense. The leading truths of Christianity are supported by such a body of Scriptural evidence, that there is no need to have recourse to doubtful authority. Mr. Charles Wesley was not singular in these inadvertencies; but they are not to be defended nor imitated.

There was a peculiarity in his mental constitution, which serves to

explain many things in his conduct that would otherwise appear inexplicable. Above almost every other man, he was the child of feeling; so that it was with the utmost difficulty he ever divested himself of a deep and solemn impression that had been made upon his mind. When once he had seriously received any principles, and regarded them as true and important, he generally retained them to the end of his life. He indeed entertained counter-principles, and cherished them with equal tenacity, but without abandoning the old ones. Through many years, therefore, he entertained on various subjects two sets of principles, and alternately acted upon them, with equal sincerity: nor does it appear that he ever thought of reconciling them with each other, or even suspected their inconsistency.

When he and his brother returned from Georgia, they both held the same defective and erroneous theological views; and it would be very difficult to point out the slightest difference in their spiritual state. At that time John, with comparative readiness, but with due caution, received the doctrine of present salvation from sin by faith in the Lord Jesus, as taught by Peter Böhler. Not so Charles. He was Böhler's English tutor, and may therefore be fairly supposed to have had more intercourse with this intelligent and pious stranger than his brother; yet it was not till the day before the learned German left London for America, that Charles received this Scriptural doctrine; nor even then, till he was broken by disease, and there appeared little hope that he would live many days longer. In this state of affliction, suspended between life and death, burdened with a sense of guilt and unholiness, he received the animating truth, and soon after by faith entered into a state of spiritual rest and joy.

The doctrine which he then received, he never renounced; and from this time his creed was decidedly improved: yet was he never thoroughly divested of the unevangelical Mysticism which in early life he learned from Mr. Law and other writers. To the all-important tenet of justification by faith he adhered with undeviating tenacity; and also to the fact, that, in the order of nature, justification precedes sanctification, although the two blessings can never be separated from each other. He also believed that the vital faith in Christ, by which the sinner obtains acceptance with God, is immediately followed by the Spirit of adoption, crying in the heart, Abba, Father. Thus far he thought with his brother. But on the question of the abiding witness of adoption, and on that of progressive and entire sanctification, he vacillated to the end of his life, according to the state of his own feelings. In accordance with the gloomy tenets of his early and erring guides, he imagined that the witness of the Spirit is occasionally withdrawn by an act of the divine sovereignty, and not as the consequence

of actual sin ; so that the children of God are sometimes left in the deepest mental darkness and anguish, in order to their trial and purification : an opinion for which, as his brother has shown,* there is no foundation in the Scriptures of truth. In some of his hymns he most distinctly assumes that the state of entire sanctification, or Christian perfection, (including deliverance from all sin, and loving God with all the heart, soul, mind, and strength,) is attainable by faith, and therefore attainable *now* : but in others of his hymns, he censures those who profess to have attained to this state, and represents it as only the result of faith, labour, and suffering, especially mental suffering, continued to the end of life. The sincerity with which he held these discordant views is manifest from this consideration,—that he has embodied them in the most solemn forms of devotion. These peculiarities in his teaching gave considerable uneasiness to his brother, who therefore deemed it requisite to caution some of his correspondents against the “poisonous Mysticism” which Charles occasionally, and in his gloomy moods, introduced into his hymns ; and in a tone of expostulation he mentions the subject in his letters to Charles, explaining the views which they both avowed in the early conferences, and, with their colleagues, solemnly pledged themselves to teach ; at the same time requesting Charles to give his reasons for sometimes differing from himself and all his brethren. This challenge it does not appear that Charles ever accepted. The subject was with him rather a matter of feeling than of logical deduction.

The peculiarity of his mind, to which reference has just been made, was especially manifest in regard of ecclesiastical affairs. In early life he received from his brother Samuel a deep impression that bishops are, by the appointment of God, an order superior to presbyters ; and that the imposition of their hands in ordination is absolutely necessary to convey the true ministerial character. To those only who were episcopally ordained would he concede the right to execute what he called “the priest’s office,” by consecrating the sacramental elements, and administering them to the people. Yet while he invested the episcopal clergy with such high and sacred prerogatives, he censured not a few of them with appalling severity. He characterized many of them as the mere “servants of the state,” who had never been called of God to minister in holy things.

In nothing was the peculiarity of Mr. Charles Wesley’s mind more apparent than in his thinkings and feelings with reference to the established Church. The strength of his affection for her is undeniable. At any period would he, without hesitation, have laid down his life rather

* In his sermon on the Wilderness State, and in that on Heaviness through manifold Temptations.

than intentionally abandon her communion, or injure her spiritual interests. A fear lest the Methodists should forsake her, was beyond comparison the greatest trouble of his life; and to the last he cherished a hope that some bishop would be raised up, who would ordain the Methodist preachers generally, and thus formally admit them to a ministry to which he believed them to be called of God. To this he looked, as the consummation of his desires and hopes upon earth. As to himself, he often declared, that, were he to forsake the Church of England, he durst not meet the disembodied spirit of his father in paradise. Yet it has been shown that for many years his Churchmanship consisted in the bare use of the Liturgy; for he was under none of the Church's authorities; and by preaching in Church hours, and administering the Lord's supper in the Methodist chapels, he contributed, more than any other man whatever, to create among the societies generally a desire for the same order, and thus prepared the way for the independent position which Methodism has since assumed, although nothing could be further from his thoughts and purpose.

There is also reason to believe that he was the first to administer the Lord's supper in a Methodist place of worship; and that he thus acted without his brother's concurrence, or even knowledge. At an early period of their irregular labours Mr. John Wesley had a conversation with the bishop of Bristol, in which his lordship expressed his displeasure at having heard that the brothers administered the holy communion to their societies separately. Mr. Wesley answered, that they had never done this; and he believed they never should.* Such were his views at the time. A few months after this conversation, one of the Bristol clergy drove Mr. Charles Wesley away from the Lord's table, with several converted colliers, who had accompanied him to receive the memorials of their Redeemer's passion. He then took these poor despised men to the humble school-house which had just been erected for the benefit of their children, in Kingswood, and there administered to them the sacred elements; thus introducing, on his own responsibility, the practice of separate communion. In theory he was the most rigid and unbending Churchman in the Methodist body; but in his own practice he was decidedly the most liberal of all his contemporaries. The reason is, that he was guided, in matters of this nature, rather by his feelings than by calm and dispassionate reasoning. He spurned with indignation the very thought of Methodistical independence, while, with the most perfect and undeniable sincerity, he acted upon principles which led to its general adoption.

With all his love of the Church, and admiration of episcopacy, he was as decided as his brother in the approval of lay-preaching; and

* Wesley's Works.

when occasion served, he was equally fearless in avowing his opinions on the subject. He once met with Dr. Robinson, the primate of Ireland, at the Bristol Hotwells. They had been friends together at college. The following conversation took place between them, as they paced to and fro, and referred to their former history. It displays to great advantage Charles's honesty, and readiness of thought.

PRIMATE.—“I knew your brother well. I could never credit all that I have heard respecting him and you. But one thing in your conduct I could never account for,—your employing laymen.”

CHARLES WESLEY.—“My lord, it is your fault.”

P.—“My fault, Mr. Wesley!”

C. W.—“Yes, my lord; yours and your brethren's.”

P.—“How so, sir?”

C. W.—“Why, you hold your peace, and the stones cry out.”

P.—“Well, but I am told they are unlearned men.”

C. W.—“Some of them are in many respects unlearned: so the dumb ass rebukes the prophet.”

After this his grace dropped the subject.

Mr. Charles Wesley remarked, in one of his private letters, that the difference between him and his brother was this,—that his brother's maxim was, “First the Methodists, then the Church;” whereas his was, “First the Church, then the Methodists;” and that this difference arose from the peculiarity of their natural temperament. “My brother,” said he, “is all hope; I am all fear.” There is much truth in this statement; but it does not exhibit the whole truth of the case. So far as theory and the habit of thought produced by education were concerned, Charles did unquestionably prefer the Church to the Methodists; but his heart clave to the Methodists with a deeper passion than the Church ever commanded. He chose Methodism and poverty, in preference to strict Churchmanship and wealth: a significant expression of his real character. A competent authority has stated, that a living of the value of five hundred pounds a year was offered to him,* which he respectfully declined, resolving rather to serve the Methodist congregations, with a scanty income, than accept preferment, and tear himself away from his old friends with whom he expected to spend a blessed immortality. Many of the Methodists were his spiritual children; and among them he had from the beginning enjoyed the true communion of saints. He saw in them a deep and extensive work of God, in the benefits of which he himself largely participated; and neither the offer of worldly advancement, nor the tendency to separation from the Church which he witnessed and lamented, could ever induce him to withdraw from

* Moore's Life of Wesley, vol. ii, p. 372.

their community. With them he chose to live and die. "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

It is indeed difficult to conceive how Mr. Charles Wesley could have confined himself strictly to the rubric of the Church in the celebration of divine worship. No man loved the Liturgy more than he did, or was better able to appreciate the beauties of that incomparable form of sound words; but he could not be restrained from giving expression to his feelings in extemporary prayer, appropriate hymns, and exhortation, especially when administering the Lord's supper. In the Methodist societies and congregations he found the people always ready to sympathize with him in those deep and solemn feelings of holy joy and desire, to which he was accustomed to give utterance, and which indeed were often irrepressible. To an exactly measured and mechanical round of duty, a mind like his could not adapt itself, but with exquisite pain. Freedom of thought and expression was essential to his happiness. In the breast of such a man the fire must, occasionally at least, break forth in all its brightness, and the intensity of its heat. On some occasions he occupied two or three hours in administering the Lord's supper to the Methodist societies in London; and yet, even then, he and his fellow-communicants knew not how to part; so rich and abundant was the influence from above which rested upon them.

The very efficient itinerant ministry which he long exercised, and which it pleased God to crown with abundant success, must for ever endear his memory to the Methodist societies, both in Great Britain and Ireland. But for his unwearied labours the work could not have been extended so widely as it was; for several of the societies were formed by him, and others greatly enlarged. When he ceased to travel, his ministry was connected with much self-denial. He did not live in ease, and in the bosom of his family. For nearly fifteen years it is probable that he spent at least one half of his time in London, while his wife and children were in Bristol; and he often saw them not for even two or three months together. Such was the conscientiousness with which he fulfilled his pastoral duties, that he remained with his flock, when their spiritual necessities required his presence, in seasons of severe domestic affliction. He was repeatedly absent from home when his children sickened and died, and his beloved wife greatly needed his counsel and sympathy. To such a husband and father, this was no light sacrifice. But he had learned to "endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ;" and his habits, through life, partook of the severity which he and his brother practised when they left the quiet and learned retirement of Oxford for an American wilderness.

It is as a writer of devotional poetry, that Mr. Charles Wesley will be permanently remembered, and that his name will live in the annals

of the church. In the composition of hymns, adapted to Christian worship, he certainly has no equal in the English language, and is perhaps superior to every other uninspired man that ever lived. It does not appear that any person besides himself, in any section of the universal church, has either written so many hymns, or hymns of such surpassing excellence. Those which he published would occupy about ten ordinary-sized duodecimo volumes; and the rest which he left in manuscript, and evidently designed for publication, would occupy at least ten more. It would be absurd to suppose that all these are of equal value; but, generally speaking, those of them which possess the least merit bear the impress of his genius.

It is doubtful whether any man has written the English language with greater purity and strength than Mr. Charles Wesley. He introduces words derived from the Greek, Latin, and French languages, when they are necessary, because of the metre, or the rhyme, and to give a greater variety to his diction; otherwise he almost always uses words of Saxon origin, the force and beauty of which are universally felt. An opinion has prevailed that several of his hymns were greatly improved by his brother, who gave them an elegance and polish which they did not originally possess. But this is true only to a very limited extent. Mr. John Wesley shortened many of his brother's hymns, when he inserted them in his general collection; in some instances he joined two or three short ones together; such allusions as were strictly personal and local he expunged, so as to adapt the stanzas in which they occurred to general use; but in other respects the alterations which he introduced into Charles's compositions were very few. The correctness of Mr. John Wesley's taste will not be disputed; and in logical clearness and arrangement he had few equals; but even in prose, while he excelled most men in simplicity and strength, Charles rivalled him in terseness, and surpassed him in spirit. Both in prose and verse Charles's words and idioms are thoroughly English. Nor did John's taste in poetry always come up to Charles's standard. In his copy of the Arminian Magazine he has animadverted upon some pieces which John admired, and therefore inserted in that publication.

To Mr. Charles Wesley it was a great advantage, that he was so well trained in classical learning. Had he not been a sound scholar, he could never have fully exercised his high vocation as a devotional poet, and the church would not have derived the full benefits of his genius. Being familiar with the great poets of antiquity, he had a perfect knowledge of the laws of versification. While he possessed the true poetic spirit, he thoroughly understood "the art of poetry;" so that his compositions are not only free from the literary blemishes and defects which disfigure the works of many less-instructed writers, but

in their numbers and general structure invariably display the hand of a master. Of him, as well as of an elder poet, it might be justly said, that he no sooner began to write, whether "prosing or versing," than it was apparent that "the style by certain vital signs it had was likely to live." This the intelligent vicar of Shoreham at once perceived and declared.

The ease and freedom with which he wrote are very apparent. His brother has remarked that whenever he detected a stiff sentence in any of his own prose writings, he expunged it instantly, deeming stiffness in an author an unpardonable offence against good taste. Charles manifestly cherished the same feeling with regard to verse. It cannot be said of him, as Dr. Johnson said of Prior, that the words which he selects to express his meaning are reluctantly "forced" into the situations which they occupy, and "do their duty sullenly." They rather appear formed for the exact service which is assigned them; and seldom can one of them be either dispensed with or transposed without impairing the beauty or the sense. Many of his stanzas are as elegantly free in their construction as even the finest paragraphs of Addison's prose. While his sentiments and language are admired by the most competent judges of good writing, his hymns are perfectly intelligible to the common people; thousands of whom, possessed of spiritual religion, feel their truth and power, and sing them with rapturous delight. His metres are very numerous, perhaps more so than those of any other English writer whatever; and it is difficult to say in which of them he most excelled. There are twenty-six metres in the Wesleyan collection in general use; and several others occur in the volumes which Charles published in his own name. This variety renders the reading of his books exceedingly agreeable. His cadences never pall on the ear, and never weary the attention. Like scenes in nature, and the best musical compositions, they are perpetually varying, and charm by their novelty.

As his object in writing was not the establishment of his own reputation, but the advancement of Christian piety, by fanning the flame of devotion, he was not so solicitous for the originality of his thoughts, as for their truth and importance. Occasionally, therefore, he did not hesitate to borrow a thought from other men, and cast it into his own mould; and while he proposed it in his own incomparable diction, he never failed to expand and improve it. He did not borrow the thoughts of other men, because he was himself destitute of the inventive faculty; for his hymns which are perfectly original are far more numerous, and embrace a wider range of subjects, than those of any other writer in the English language. His object in composition was first his own edification, and then the edification of the church; and he was ready

to press into his service whatever was likely to advance these holy designs.

Two examples of the manner in which he occasionally availed himself of the writings of other men are subjoined. The first is taken from Dr. Brevint's "Christian Sacrifice;" the other from the "Night Thoughts" of Dr. Young: a work to which Mr. Charles Wesley was especially partial.

"This victim having been offered up in the fulness of times, and in the midst of the world, which is Christ's great temple, and having been thence carried up to heaven, which is his sanctuary; from thence spread salvation all around, as the burnt-offering did its smoke. And thus his body and blood have everywhere, but especially at this sacrament, a true and real presence. When he offered himself upon earth, the vapour of his atonement went, and darkened the very sun: and by rending the great veil, it clearly showed he had made a way into heaven. And since he is gone up, he sends down to earth the graces that spring continually both from his everlasting sacrifice, and from the continual intercession that attends it. So that we need not say, 'Who will go up into heaven?' since without either ascending or descending, this sacred body of Jesus fills with atonement and blessings the remotest parts of his temple."

These impressive sentiments are thus versified by our Christian poet:—

Victim divine, thy grace we claim,*

While thus thy precious death we show;

Once offer'd up a spotless Lamb,

In thy great temples here below,

Thou didst for all mankind atone,

And standest now before the throne.

Thou standest in the holiest place,

As now for guilty sinners slain,

The blood of sprinkling speaks, and prays

All prevalent for helpless man;

Thy blood is still our ransom found,

And speaks salvation all around.

The smoke of thy atonement here

Darken'd the sun, and rent the veil,

Made the new way to heaven appear,

And show'd the great Invisible:

Well pleased in thee, our God look'd down,

And call'd his rebels to a crown.

He still respects thy sacrifice,

Its savour sweet doth always please;

The offering smokes through earth and skies,

Diffusing life, and joy, and peace:

To these thy lower courts it comes,
And fills them with divine perfumes.

We need not now go up to heaven,
To bring the long-sought Saviour down;
Thou art to all already given,
Thou dost even now thy banquet crown,
To every faithful soul appear,
And show thy real presence here.

The very just and striking sentiments contained in the "Night Thoughts," often proposed with great abruptness and force, were exactly suited to Mr. Charles Wesley's peculiar temper and mental habits. He therefore esteemed this book next to the Holy Scriptures. Yet could he, when occasion served, surpass Young himself in living energy both of thought and expression, as the following example demonstrates. The author of the "Night Thoughts" exclaims,—

"Of man *immortal!* hear the lofty style:
If so decreed, th' Almighty Will be done.
Let earth dissolve, yon pond'rous orbs descend,
And grind us into dust. The *soul* is safe;
The *man* emerges; mounts above the wreck,
As tow'ring flame from *nature's* funeral pyre;
O'er devastation, as a gainer, smiles;
His charter, his inviolable rights,
Well-pleased to learn from thunder's impotence,
Death's pointless darts, and hell's defeated storms."

Mr. Charles Wesley, taking up the theme, thus sings in still loftier strains, and with a greater power of expression:—

Stand th' omnipotent decree!
Jehovah's will be done!
Nature's end we wait to see,
And hear her final groan:
Let this earth dissolve, and blend
In death the wicked and the just,
Let those pond'rous orbs descend,
And grind us into dust.
Rests secure the righteous man!
At his Redeemer's beck,
Sure t' emerge, and rise again,
And mount above the wreck.
Lo! the heavenly spirit towers,
Like flames o'er nature's funeral pyre,
Triumphs in immortal powers,
And claps her wings of fire!
Nothing hath the just to lose
By worlds on worlds destroy'd;
Far beneath his feet he views,
With smiles, the flaming void;

Sees this universe renew'd,
 The grand millennial reign begun,
 Shouts with all the sons of God
 Around th' eternal throne!

Resting in this glorious hope
 To be at last restored,
 Yield we now our bodies up
 To earthquake, plague, or sword:
 Listening for the call divine,
 The latest trumpet of the seven;
 Soon our soul and dust shall join,
 And both fly up to heaven.

These and many other selections from the poetry of Mr. Charles Wesley must strike every one as examples of the true sublime. His was the genuine lyrical spirit, sanctified and invigorated by the Holy Ghost, expressing itself in gushes and sudden bursts of feeling, ascending at once to the loftiest eminence apparently without an effort. He aimed at "no middle flight," but at a direct ascent to the heaven of heavens. There he beheld the THREE-ONE GOD, as the endless portion of his people.

One of the most striking peculiarities of Mr. Charles Wesley's poetry is its energy. He always writes with vigour, for he is always in earnest. As he felt deeply, and had a singular command of language, he expresses himself with great force. Never does he weaken his lines by unnecessary epithets, or any redundancy of words; and he evidently aimed more at strength than smoothness. Yet he had too fine an ear ever to be rugged; and whenever he chose, he could rival the most tuneful of his brethren in the liquid softness of his numbers.

But the crowning excellence of his hymns is the spirit of deep and fervent piety which they everywhere breathe.

In the range of their subjects they embrace the entire system of revealed truth, both doctrinal and practical, with the principal facts of Scripture history; and apply the whole of them to purposes of personal godliness. The perfections of the divine nature; the care and bounty of God's universal providence; the glory of Christ, as the everlasting Son of the Father, the almighty Creator and Preserver of all things; his incarnation, spotless example, miracles, personal ministry, atonement, resurrection, ascension to heaven, intercession, saving power, faithfulness, mercy, mediatorial government; the Godhead of the Holy Spirit, and his work in the entire process of human salvation; the connection of his operations with the mediation and glory of Christ; the Christian salvation, comprehending the preventing grace of God, giving repentance unto life, justification before God, the inward witness of adoption, the regeneration of the heart, progressive sanctification, the

full renewal of the soul in the image of God, the perfect love of God and man; the Christian sacraments; the duties of Christianity, in all the relations of life; the happiness of the separate spirits of the just; the resurrection of the dead; the dissolution of the universe; the general judgment; the final perdition of ungodly men; the everlasting felicity of the righteous, in the enjoyment of God: these, with a thousand other topics connected with them, constitute the subjects of his incomparable poetry. All these he has illustrated with a diction of unrivalled purity, strength, and beauty, and formed into addresses to God, in adoration, confession, prayer, deprecation, thanksgiving, and praise. Every feeling of the heart, from the first communication of light to the understanding, producing conviction of sin, and desires after God and Christ, till salvation from sin is attained, the conflicts of the spiritual warfare are ended, and the sanctified believer enters into the heavenly paradise, is imbodied in his hymns. The sorrows of penitence, the confidence of faith, the joys of pardon, holiness, and hope, the burning ardour of divine love, the pleasures of obedience, the warmth of universal benevolence, and the anticipations of future glory, he has not merely *described*, but *expressed*, and that in all their fulness and depth.

The poetry of this very eminent man is thoroughly evangelical. It is humiliating to see in the collections of hymns used by Arian and Socinian congregations, many which bear the names of orthodox divines. They relate mostly to the works and providence of God, and other subjects of a collateral kind, without any reference to the Trinity of Persons in the Godhead; the atonement for sin made by the death of Christ, justification through faith in his blood, and the influence of the Holy Ghost, as one of the benefits of Christ's mediation. Whereas these glorious peculiarities of the evangelical revelation constitute the very substance of Charles Wesley's verse. They cannot be expunged by a slight alteration in the phraseology. If these verities are excluded, the hymns in general are destroyed; and hence his compositions, notwithstanding their high and undeniable poetical merit, are seldom found in the devotional books of heterodox worshippers. From the day in which he found rest to his soul, by faith in the blood of Christ, and entered upon his glorious career as a devotional poet, he might justly say,—

“Hail, Son of God, Saviour of men! Thy name
 Shall be the copious matter of my song
 Henceforth; and never shall my harp thy praise
 Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin!”

An opinion has been advanced, that his genius appears to the greatest advantage in his “Hymns for Families,” where he has invested the ordinary affairs of life with sacredness and dignity, and expressed in

true poetic language the anxieties, joys, and sorrows which arise out of the domestic relations. But if the writer of this narrative might be allowed to avow a preference, where all is excellent, he would specify the funeral hymns, including, not only those which were published under that name, but all that were written on occasion of the deaths of pious individuals to whom the poet was personally known. These would, if collected, form an ample volume; and their sentiments and diction are beyond all praise. They are throughout characterized by a tenderness of affection, a meek submission to the will of God, a warmth of Christian friendship, and a triumphant hope arising out of the truths of the gospel, which place them decidedly at the head of all similar compositions in the English language. Notwithstanding the sameness of the occasions which called them forth, they present an astonishing variety of thought and phraseology; and exhibit such a view of the power of Christianity to cheer and sustain in the prospect of dissolution, as involuntarily to extort the exclamation, "Let me die the death of the righteous; and let my last end be like his!"

The poetical talent that was committed to the trust of Mr. Charles Wesley involved a responsibility, the full extent of which it would be impossible to estimate. He was endued with a power which scarcely any other man has been called to wield: a power of promoting the spiritual benefit, not only of the multitudes whom his living voice could reach, but of millions whom he never saw. During the last fifty years few collections of hymns, designed for the use of evangelical congregations, whether belonging to the established Church, or to the Dissenting bodies, have been made without a considerable number of his compositions, which are admired in proportion as the people are spiritually-minded. His hymns are therefore extensively used in secret devotion, in family worship, and in public religious assemblies. Every sabbath-day myriads of voices are lifted up, and utter, in the hallowed strains which he has supplied, the feelings of penitence, of faith, of grateful love, and joyous hope, with which the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of life, has inspired them; and are thus in a course of training for the more perfect worship of heaven. Faithfully did he consecrate his talent to the Lord; and the honour which the Lord has conferred upon his servant is of the highest order: an honour widely extended, and increasing with every successive generation. As long as the language in which they are written is understood, and enlightened piety is cherished, the hymns of this venerable man will be used as a handmaid to devotion. They were not "obtained by the invocation of dame Memory and her siren sisters, but by devout prayer to that eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim, with the hallowed fire of his altar, to purify the lips of

whom he pleases." They are perfectly free from all sickly sentimentality, especially that which some modern poets affect, by a perpetual reference to consecrated places, sacred vestments, holy water, and the trumpery of papal Rome; as if religion were a mere matter of the imagination, and Christians were still under the Jewish law. His hymns are as rational and manly in sentiment, as they are pure and elegant in composition. Their theology is thoroughly Scriptural.

To the Wesleyan societies and congregations, wherever situated, especially in Great Britain and America, these hymns are of inestimable value, and exert an influence which is only exceeded by that of the Holy Scriptures. No other hymns in the English language so fully exhibit those just views of apostolical Christianity which the author and his brother were a means of reviving. All that these men of God taught in the pulpit, and thousands of their spiritual children have experienced, the hymns adequately express. They assume that it is the common privilege of believers to enjoy the direct and abiding witness of their personal adoption; to be made free from sin by the sanctifying Spirit; to live and die in the conscious possession of that perfect love which casteth out fear; and they express a strong and irrepressible desire for these blessings, with the mighty faith by which they are obtained. Thus he teaches the mourning penitent to pray for pardon, and the peace of God which attends it:—

O that I could the blessing prove,
My heart's extreme desire!
Live happy in my Saviour's love
And in his arms expire! &c.

In reference to the higher blessing of entire sanctification, he thus sings:—

Where the indubitable seal
That ascertains the kingdom mine?
The powerful stamp I long to feel,
The signature of love divine!
O shed it in my heart abroad!
Fulness of love, of heaven, of God!

No man ever excelled him in expressing the power of faith:—

The thing surpasses all my thought,
But faithful is my Lord;
Through unbelief I stagger not,
For God hath spoke the word.

Faith, mighty faith, the PROMISE sees,
And looks to THAT ALONE,
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, "It shall be done!"

My flesh, which cries, "It cannot be,"
 Shall silence keep before the Lord;
 And earth, and hell, and sin shall flee
 At Jesu's everlasting word.

Great praise is due to the excellent Dr. Watts for the hymns with which he favoured the churches. Many of them are exceedingly beautiful and devotional. He had the honour, too, of taking the lead in this most important service; being the first of our poets that successfully applied his talents to such lyrical compositions as are adapted to the use and edification of Christian assemblies. But in the vehement language of the heart, in power of expression, in the variety of his metres, and in the general structure of his verse, he is not equal to Charles Wesley, any more than in richness of evangelical sentiment, and in deep religious experience. The doctor teaches Christians to sing, with mixed emotions of desire, hope and doubt,

"*Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er,
 Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.*"

Whereas Charles Wesley has attained the desired eminence, and thence triumphantly exclaims,

The promised land, from Pisgah's top,
 I now exult to see!
 My hope is full (O glorious hope!)
 Of immortality.

It was no hyperbole, but a sober truth, which the pious Fletcher uttered when he said, "One of the greatest blessings that God has bestowed upon the Methodists, next to the Bible, is their collection of hymns."

The special providence of God is strikingly seen in raising up John and Charles Wesley as the chief instruments of the revival of religion to which the name of Methodism has been given. They were one in mind and heart; both were highly gifted, and have been a means of conferring the most substantial benefits upon the grateful people who have entered into their labours: yet their endowments and services were vastly dissimilar; and their work would have been seriously defective had either of them been wanting. John was a means, under God, of giving the Methodists their theology and discipline; yet, with these mighty advantages, what could they do without the hymns of Charles? How could they give adequate expression to the feelings of their hearts in their various religious services, if this "sweet singer" had never lived, or had directed his genius for poetry to other objects? An eminent man is reported to have said, "Let who may legislate for

any people ; only let me compose the ballads which they sing, and I will form their character." It is doubtful whether any human agency whatever has contributed more directly to form the character of the Methodist societies than the hymns of Charles Wesley, which they are constantly in the habit of singing, and with which their memories are therefore richly charged. The sermons of the preachers, the instructions of the class-leaders, the prayers of the people, both in their families and social meetings, are all tinged with the sentiments and phraseology of his hymns. In his beautiful and expressive lines many of them are accustomed to give utterance to their desires and hopes, their sorrows and fears, their confidence and joy ; and in innumerable instances they have expired with his verses upon their lips. Multitudes of them have died, whispering in faint accents, but with holy joy and hope,—

My Jesus to know,
And feel his blood flow,
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below.

What is there here to court my stay,
And keep me back from home,
While angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come !

They have found his hymns and spiritual songs to breathe the very language of heaven ; and they have only exchanged them for the song of Moses and of the Lamb.

It is an important fact, that this gifted man, apparently without design, has anticipated all the wants of the Wesleyan Connection, with respect to devotional poetry. He has supplied it with hymns adapted to every religious service, even missionary meetings, which were unknown in his time, and (strange as it may seem!) even the ordination of ministers. He did indeed speak to the people in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, to their edification and comfort. In every place, and at all times, he " had a hymn, had a psalm," suited to the occasion ; for he was

"Married to immortal verse."

At funerals, at weddings, in the domestic circle, in the public congregation, at the table of the Lord, he was prepared to lead the devotions of those around him. When attended by immense multitudes in the open air, and under the wide canopy of heaven, he called upon them to sing with heart and voice,—

Ye mountains and vales, in praises abound ;
Ye hills and ye dales, continue the sound :
Break forth into singing, ye trees of the wood,
For Jesus is bringing lost sinners to God., &c.

On the return of his wife's birth-day, he invited her to join in the holy and joyous strain :—

Come away to the skies,
My beloved, arise,
And rejoice on the day thou wast born, &c.*

It may truly be said of him, as of the heavenly minstrels, that his "harp" was "ever tuned;" and that whenever he

"Introduced
His sacred song, he waken'd raptures high."

In every object of nature, in every event of life, and especially in the gracious provisions of the gospel, he saw the hand and heart of God ;

"Then into hymns
Burst forth, and in celestial measures moved."

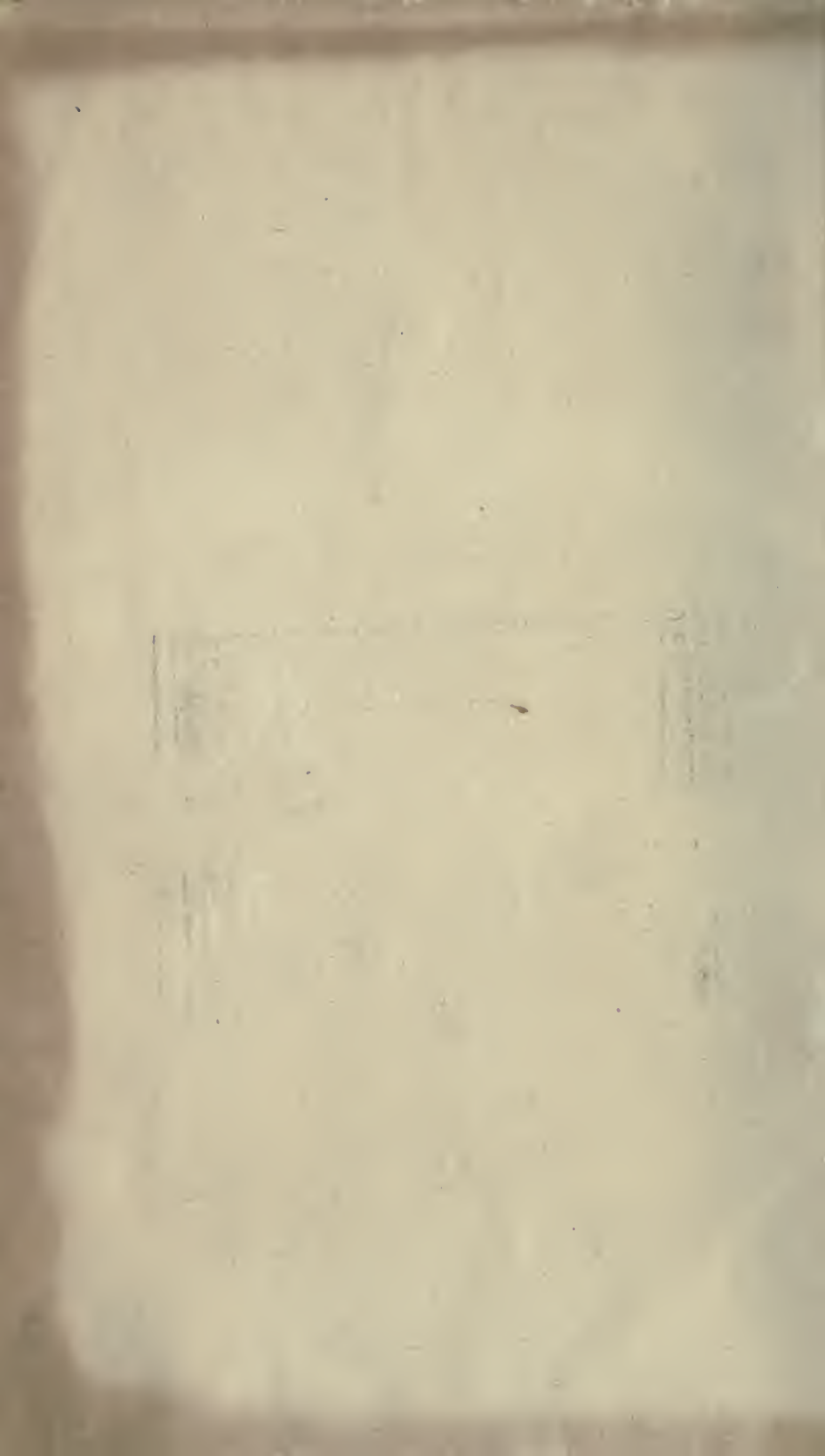
His heart overflowed with sacred verse till it ceased to beat ; and his tuneful voice was never silent till it was silenced in death. He is gone ; but the imperishable fruit of his sanctified genius remains, as one of the richest legacies ever bequeathed to the church by her faithful sons. As to himself, he still lives in the region of holy music and holy love ; and there sings

"Before the sapphire-colour'd throne
To Him that sits thereon,
With saintly shout, and solemn jubilee,
Where the bright seraphim, in burning row,
Their loud, uplifted angel-trumpets blow ;
And the cherubic host, in thousand choirs,
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy psalms
Singing everlastingly."

* Methodist Hymn-Book, page 357.

THE END.

Ready, 1864, Rev. 20, 1864, Sherburne



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Jackson, Thomas
The life of the Rev.
Charles Wesley

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