

## MS Epistles<sup>1</sup>

This manuscript collection was entitled by Wesley “Epistles to Moravians, Predestinarians and Methodists. By a Clergyman of the Church of England.” It comprises eight epistles in decasyllabic couplets. All but one of the items (the “Epistle to a Friend,” which appears in MS Shorthand Verse) seem to have been written in 1755 and prepared for publication in that year. The *Epistle to John Wesley* (1755) was actually released at that time, while the *Epistle to Whitefield* (1771) was not issued in print until after Whitefield’s death.

The manuscript is a bound volume, with pages about 3.75 x 6.25 inches in size. Wesley numbered both sides of the pages in the volume. But he placed the text on the odd-numbered (recto) pages, reserving the verso for occasional notations of corrections or suggested alternative wording. This transcription of the manuscript presents the odd-numbered pages, as numbered by Wesley, and incorporates the occasional corrections on even-numbered pages in footnotes.

MS Epistles is part of the collection in the Methodist Archive and Research Centre, accession number MA 1977/557 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 2). The transcription below is provided with permission of the Librarian and Director, The John Rylands Library, The University of Manchester.

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<sup>1</sup>This document was produced by the Duke Center for Studies in the Wesleyan Tradition under the editorial direction of Randy L. Maddox, with the diligent assistance of Aileen F. Maddox. Last updated: February 25, 2012.

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**Epistles.**

**To Moravians, Predestinarians  
and Methodists.**

**By a Clergyman of the Church  
of England.**

**“And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I  
must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be  
one Flock,<sup>2</sup> and one Shepherd.”—John x. 16.**

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<sup>2</sup>Ori., “fold.”

I.<sup>3</sup>  
**Epistle to a Friend,**  
**Written in the year 1743.<sup>4</sup>**

My more than Friend, accept the Warning Lay,  
The little All a gratefull Heart can pay.  
An Heart with Sorrow, Shame, and Love weigh'd down,  
Which in Another's Folly feels its own,  
The mournfull Matter comes with pain t' indite,  
And bleeds to dictate what my Hand must write.

Partner of all my Cares, on Thee I call,  
Come, weep with me my hapless Brethren's Fall;  
A man of griefs, I only live to weep  
The smitten Shepherds, and the scatter'd Sheep; 10  
To mourn, and pray for Those that did run well,  
And mark the Rocks, on which they foully fell,  
If haply after times may warier prove,  
And stand securely low in Jesus' pardning Love.

Since first the Master bad us quickly go,  
And call the Guests to his great Feast below,  
Whome'er in the high-ways or streets we find,  
The poor, and maim'd, and impotent, and blind;  
What havock of the Flock hath Satan made,  
What wild Confusion when the Shepherds stray'd! [20]<sup>5</sup>  
Poor wavering Souls, he sifted them like Wheat,  
Trode all their graces down beneath his feet:  
Angel of light, he charm'd their dazled eyes,  
Suited to every Taste his pleasing Lies,

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<sup>3</sup>An earlier version, longer with some significant variants, appears in the transcript of MS Shorthand Verse, 10–24. This longer version was published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:171–87, with footnotes indicating the portions found only in shorthand.

<sup>4</sup>Wesley mentions reading this epistle to a congregation in London on July 9, 1743 in his *MS Journal*.

<sup>5</sup>Wesley incorrectly placed the margin line number for 20 on line 18. This is corrected above and subsequent margin line numbers are adjusted accordingly.

Beguil'd them with a feign'd Humility,  
 And Promises to set *poor Sinners* free;  
 Free from the Yoke, the Cross, the *Christian Law*,  
 The contrite Mourning, and the duteous<sup>6</sup> Awe,  
 The Work of growing Faith, the tender Care  
 Of patient Hope emerging from Despair, [30]  
 The joyfull Labour of unwearied Love,  
 The bold Contention for a Throne above,  
 The wrestling Fight, the Strife to enter in,  
 The gospel-hope of Liberty from Sin,  
 The great Salvation here, the glorious Prize,  
 The perfect Heart, the sinless Paradise.

From these the Tempter labour'd to remove  
 Those that first tasted of the Saviour's Love,  
 Labour'd alas! with too succesfull Toil,  
 And made their helpless Souls his easy Spoil. [40]  
 "No Law, no Sufferings, no subjected Will,"  
 His *other* Gospel only preach'd "*Be still*,"  
 From all the Bondage of Obedience free,  
 And rest secure in nature's<sup>7</sup> Liberty.

They heard, they listen'd to the soothing Tale,  
 They let the Foe with flesh and blood prevail,  
 No more continued in the written Word,  
 But<sup>8</sup> vilely cast away both Shield and Sword,  
 Gave up the Cause of Christ to Satan's Hands,  
 Rejected GOD's, and bow'd to Man's Commands. [50]

No longer now their watch the Watchmen keep,  
 But love to slumber, and lie<sup>9</sup> down to sleep,  
 Their eye-lids in *poor Sinnership* they close,  
 Or rock'd in *Calvin's Arms* supinely doze.

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<sup>6</sup>Ori., "humbling."

<sup>7</sup>Ori., "carnal."

<sup>8</sup>Ori., "And."

<sup>9</sup>Ori., "lay."

“*Always in grace, if once!*” their foot stands sure,  
Their Lives unholy, and their Hearts impure,  
The reedy Pillars can no more remove,  
Secure, to Satan’s Wish, in *self-electing* Love.

Who first the foul Apostasy began,  
Cast off his Church, and wore a foreign Chain? [60]  
A bold and hardy Soldier once he was,  
And chearfully took up the Master’s Cross,  
Set like a Flint his honest, open Face,  
And witness’d Jesus free unbounded Grace:  
But soon into Delusion’s Whirlpool drawn,  
We mourn our Friend forever lost and gone;  
Gone from his Mother-Church, and native Land,  
And tamely subject to our Foe’s Command,  
In deeper Mire his stumbling Feet stick fast,  
And the *poor Sinner* turns *Elect* at last; [70]  
Disowns the Truth his Pen did once maintain,  
And I[ngha]m<sup>10</sup> now *brings up the ghostly Train*.<sup>11</sup>

He falls; but not alone: the Ruin spreads  
To steadier Hearts, and more discerning Heads:  
My Pattern of intrepid constant Zeal  
Into their Hands, a nobler Victim, fell.  
A Soul in each hard Trial fully shown,  
The kindest Brother, and the tenderest Son,  
Mild, duteous, loving to his household Foes,  
As strong to suffer He, as they t’ oppose: [80]  
No Threatning then his steady Purpose broke,  
Firm as the beaten Anvil to the Stroke.  
Sweet, humble, Soul, dispassionate and meek  
He suffer’d Wrong, and turn’d the other Cheek,

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<sup>10</sup>Benjamin Ingham (1712–72); the name is spelled out in MS Shorthand Verse.

<sup>11</sup>Wesley added a mark at the end of line 72 that refers to a note on p. 4: “alluding to his sermon against Predestination ‘Piscator shall bring up the ghostly train’” [intended reference is uncertain]. After line 72, Wesley struck out the following last two lines of the paragraph:

~~Poor fainting I[ngha]m quits the glorious strife,  
And sells his GOD and Churches for a Wife:~~

As a result, Wesley ended up omitting lines 73–76 of the shorthand version in MS Shorthand Verse.

He turn'd against the Storm his fearless Face,  
 And calmly triumph'd in his Lord's Disgrace:  
 He triumph'd till<sup>12</sup> the German Tempter<sup>13</sup> came  
 And caught his Heart by a *poor Sinner's* Name,  
 With specious Promises of cheaper Ease,  
 Of sudden Freedom, and unlabour'd Peace: [90]  
 Who could at first discern th' Angelick Foe,  
 So fair his voluntar'ly humble Show, }  
 So soft he whisper'd, and he stoop'd so low!

My Friend, himself devoid of selfish Art,  
 Open'd with ease his unsuspecting Heart,  
 Receiv'd un'wares the deadly Doctrine in  
 Of smooth-tongued Pleaders for the World and Sin;  
 Who taught him to forego the painfull Strife,  
 And led him down a flowery Way to Life,  
 Easy, and broad; without Disgrace or Loss, [100]  
 Choak'd<sup>14</sup> with no Thorns, and cumbred with no Cross:  
 A Way, from Thought far distant, and from Care,  
 No Works, no Bondage, no Obedience there,  
 No Law to wake him from his golden Dream,  
 (The Lamb was humble, meek, and chast *for* Him)  
 No thwarting of his dear-*lov'd stiff-neck'd* Will;  
 The Law was all fulfill'd in one soft Word—*Be still!*

True to his Principle, the Sinner poor  
 Threw off the Cross, and pray'd, and preach'd no more:  
 His Fasts,<sup>15</sup> and Toils, and Fights, and Sufferings end, [110]  
 He quits his Standard, and deserts his Friend,  
 Lets his worst Foe his dearest Friend exclude,  
 And makes a Virtue of Ingratitude;  
 Foregoes his Function, and his Calling's Prize,  
 Sees the Wolf come, and as an Hireling flies,

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<sup>12</sup>“He triumph'd till” has “Not long; for soon” written as an alternative on p. 6.

<sup>13</sup>I.e., Philipp Heinrich Molther (1714–80), a Moravian.

<sup>14</sup>Ori., “~~Clogg'd~~”; “Cloak'd” written as a change on p. 6.

<sup>15</sup>Ori., “Fastings.”

The Shepherd flies, forsakes his trembling<sup>16</sup> Fold,  
And St[onehouse]<sup>17</sup> sells his little Flock for gold.

Ah! what avails it, that our friendly Care  
Had pluck'd him once out of the Fowler's Snare!  
From Bonds of Mystic Dotage set him free, [120]  
Reserv'd at last for worse Captivity!  
While new Delusions charm his dazzled eyes,  
And other Schemes, and other *Germans* rise:  
'Scap'd from one Gulph a deeper he descends,  
And *Tauler*<sup>18</sup> but begun what *Moulther*<sup>19</sup> ends.

Here let me pause, my former Friend survey,  
Ee'r yet he started from the narrow way:  
Brave, generous, just, and open as the Light,  
Firm as a Rock, and obstinately right!  
Demons and Men he knew with ease to chase, [130]  
Or stop their flight, and heighten their disgrace:  
Quick to retort, and ready to reply,  
He bound his Foes, nor suffer'd them to fly,  
While from his Lips resistless Wisdom broke,  
He look'd in Lightning, and in Thunder spoke.

His shining Steps I follow'd from afar,  
The meanest Captain in the glorious War.  
Imbolden'd by his Faith, disdain'd to fly,  
With him determin'd both to live and die.  
Vain flattering Hope! my Fellow-soldier's fled, [140]  
My dear Right-hand cut off, my St[onehouse] dead!  
Dead, worse than dead!—<sup>20</sup>

And must I give him up! and never more  
With joyfull Lips our common Lord adore?  
Never with Him to GOD's own Temple move,  
And take the Tokens of expiring Love?

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<sup>16</sup>Ori., “weeping.”

<sup>17</sup>George Stonehouse (1714–93), vicar of Islington; the name is spelled out in MS Shorthand Verse.

<sup>18</sup>Johannes Tauler (c. 1300–1361).

<sup>19</sup>Philipp Heinrich Molther.

<sup>20</sup>The second half of line 146 through line 151 of the version in MS Shorthand Verse are omitted.

With solemn Reverence at his Altar bow!  
 Must I no more embrace my St[onehouse] now,  
 Or yoked<sup>21</sup> with Him pursue the Gospel-plow?  
 The German Pope<sup>22</sup> cries No! To exile driven,  
 A Prey into our Hands He now is given,  
 And if he 'scapes from Us—may meet his Friends in Heaven.

Weak, wavering *Rogers*<sup>23</sup> too the Work gives ore;  
 Enters; goes out; and shuts the Gospel-door.  
 Drawn in by Sectaries insidious Art,  
 He gives them all his Head, and all his Heart;  
 Labours, and toils the *five dear Points* to prove,  
 Nor boggles once at *Reprobating Love*  
 (What's that to Thee, quoth *Acourt's*<sup>24</sup> fiery Zeal,<sup>25</sup>  
 If GOD should blow ten thousand worlds to Hell?)  
 Against his Friends the Party-tool exclaims,  
 His Haters gladdens, and his Lovers shames,  
 Rashly renounces his Baptismal Vow,  
 And rails on his forsaken Mother now,  
 Dips in th' *unhallow'd Stream* (baptiz'd before)  
 Sinks down in Stillness, and is seen no more.

Wh[itefield]<sup>26</sup> 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 antient 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?"

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<sup>21</sup>Ori., "cheerfully."

<sup>22</sup>I.e., Count Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf (1700–60), leader of the Moravians.

<sup>23</sup>Jacob Rogers; cf. Wesley's *MS Journal* (16 April 1739).

<sup>24</sup>Cf. Mrs. Acourt in Wesley's *MS Journal* (20 April 1739).

<sup>25</sup>Across from this line, Wesley added "~~calmer~~" on p. 10. Apparently he considered this as an alternative for "fiery" but changed his mind.

<sup>26</sup>George Whitefield (1714–70); the name is spelled out in MS Shorthand Verse.

Meek, patient, humble, wise above his years,  
 Unbrib'd by Pleasures, and unmov'd<sup>27</sup> by Fears,  
 From Strength to Strength the young Apostle goes,  
 Pours like a Torrent, and the Land or'eflows; [180]  
 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 'scap'd that Plague, that deadly Draught,  
 Which rigid *Calvin* from old *Dominick* caught!  
 Unless to Heathen *Zeno* we ascribe [190]  
 What *Mahomet* taught his wild *Elected* Tribe.  
 Shall Wh[itefield] too mispend his noble might  
 To wash the Ethiop Reprobation white?  
 Shall Wh[itefield] 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 Murtherer of my Friend?  
 No: while the Breath of GOD these Limbs sustains,  
 Or flows one Drop of Blood within these Veins, [200]  
 War, endless War, with Satan's Scheme I make,  
 Full vengeance on the hellish Doctrine take,  
 It's sworn, eternal Foe, for my own Wh[itefield]'s sake!<sup>28</sup> }

Surely a meaner Tongue sufficient was  
 A baser Advocate for such a Cause.

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<sup>27</sup>Ori., "unaw'd."

<sup>28</sup>The next eighty lines (213–292) of the version in MS Shorthand Verse are omitted.

Let Germans rest, from Christ's sweet yoke set free  
 And hug themselves in fleshly Liberty,  
 Call themselves happy, wretched, rich and poor,  
 Sick, and in health, and cured without a Cure,  
 Honour in words whom they in works deny, [210]  
 Or humbly dare to give their GOD the lie,  
 Immortalize their pitifull Complaints,  
 And live, and die, poor Sinners—and poor Saints;  
 But O! shall Wh[itefield] yield with Sin to dwell?  
 Shall Wh[itefield] make a covenant with Hell?  
 No marvel then that vulgar Souls should rise,  
 Translating Sin, like *Enoch*, to the skies,  
 That Fools should rave to highest Madness driven,  
 And poorest *Hutchings*<sup>29</sup> plead for Sin in Heaven.

O that his Masters never here had been, [220]  
 His smooth outlandish Advocates for Sin!  
 Who bring us Faith, to aggravate our Want,  
 Who proselyte us first, and then transplant;  
 Instruct<sup>30</sup> their simple Convert to decry,  
 The Remnant, and its Blessedness destroy,  
 In Fetters\*<sup>31</sup> of false Freedom vow to bind  
 Every unsettled, every gracious Mind, }  
 Nor leave one Shepherd, or one Sheep behind.

I see their cruel Waste with streaming eyes, [230]  
 And still my Soul in strong Abhorrence cries,  
 What all, ye Spoilers! must ye needs seize all?  
 Not leave us One? Not my own Flesh? My H[all]?<sup>32</sup>  
 My Bosom-friend? And will ye Brothers<sup>33</sup> part?  
 And can ye steal away his loving Heart?  
 Then all are lost: our human Hopes are fled:  
 We cease from Man—for H[all] to Us is dead!

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<sup>29</sup>John Hutchings (b. 1716), a friend of Charles Wesley from Oxford days.

<sup>30</sup>Ori., “~~Who teach~~” changed to “Instruct.”

<sup>31</sup>Wesley marked this word, almost certainly meaning to add at the bottom of the page “Fetter Lane.” It has been added by a later hand in pencil.

<sup>32</sup>Westley Hall (1711–76), Wesley’s brother-in law; the name is spelled out in MS Shorthand Verse. Cf. Wesley’s lament about “poor Moravianized Mr Hall” in *MS Journal* (July 3, 1743).

<sup>33</sup>Ori., “Brethren.”

Yet One, and only One, I thought secure,  
 His Eye so single, and his Foot so sure,  
 A Friend so oft approv'd, so thoroughly tried,  
 So closely by my every Heart-string tied, } [240]  
 Nor Men nor Friends could tear him from my Side.  
 My other Soul, another yet the same  
 My first of Friends—and G[ambold]<sup>34</sup> was his Name.

My First of Friends he *was*—but is no more,  
 O German Witchcraft! O Satanic Power!  
 Shall G[ambold] too (a Name forever dear,  
 Forever mention'd with a following Tear)  
 Shall G[ambold] too his hold at last let go,  
 Start from his Calling like a broken Bow, } [250]  
 Counsel with flesh and blood, and Germans take,  
 His weeping Flock, and blushing Friends forsake,  
 Give up the Fulness of eternal Life?  
 And could they bribe his Virtue with a Wife?  
 Him from his Friends, and Church, and Oath remove,  
 And chain him down their Slave by Creature-love?

Or let our poor degraded Brother say  
 What mov'd him first to cast his shield away,  
 His Country, and his Ministry disclaim,  
 And all his Friends, and all his Brethren shame?  
 “*He found an Impulse*”—and with reason just } [260]  
 Obey'd his Impulse to betray his Trust.  
 He found an Impulse to soft slumbring Ease,  
 He found an Impulse his own Flesh to please,  
 To eat, and drink, and sleep out half the day,  
 To cast his Living, and his Cross away:

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<sup>34</sup>John Gambold (1711–71); the name is spelled out in MS Shorthand Verse.

An Impulse to take part with flesh and blood,  
 “A downward Appetite to mix with Mud”  
 An Impulse to our fallen Nature’s Shame,  
 What all except<sup>35</sup> *The Brethren*<sup>36</sup> blush to name.

And is it come to this? Poor ruin’d Friend, [270]  
 Here must his excellent Endowments end?  
 For this did he go thro’ the Learned Round,  
 In Knowledge, and Self-diffidence abound?  
 So meekly wise, so awed with modest Fear,  
 So kind, and constant, simple and sincere!  
 Had GOD for this enrich’d his noble Mind,  
 And all his Gifts and all his Graces join’d,  
 Form’d for Himself, as with divinest Art,  
 The wisest Head, and yet the humblest Heart?  
 He seem’d design’d our Breaches to repair, [280]  
 The Burthen of our guilty Land to bear,  
 A chosen Vessel of peculiar Grace  
 The Tabernacle of our GOD to raise.  
 But who shall raise the fallen Champion up?  
 Our Age’s Boast, the Pillar of our Hope,  
 He sinks, with such a Weight of Blessings crown’d  
 And buries his Ten Talents in the Ground,  
 Bids Country, Friends, and Church, and State farewell,  
 Skulks in a Widow’s House,—and teaches Girls<sup>37</sup> to spell! +

Shame on his Teachers! wanton to subdue [290]  
 Our choicest Souls, and strip, and mock them too!  
 Would none but G[ambold] serve your meanest Needs,  
 And plant your Cabbage with inverted heads?

+ At Broadoaks, in Essex.

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<sup>35</sup>Ori., “but.”

<sup>36</sup>I.e., the Moravians.

<sup>37</sup>Ori., “Boys.”

Surely by Heaven ordain'd for nobler Ends;  
 Till torn by you from his dismembred Friends,  
 He now forgets their Constancy and Truth,  
 The kind Companions of his helpless Youth,  
 Who joy'd for years his every Grief to share  
 Lov'd him, and cherish'd with parental<sup>38</sup> Care,  
 And snatch'd him from the Whirlpool of Despair.  
 Held, when he oft would back to Egypt draw,<sup>39</sup>  
 And kept him close imprison'd by the Law.  
 Who still, when Faith in the first Measure came,  
 Urg'd and provok'd him all the Grace to claim  
 Restless th' immeasurable Breadth to prove,  
 The Length, and Height and Depth of perfect Love.

} [300]

He now beholds us struggling with our Fate,  
 Crush'd by our own, and a whole Nation's Weight,  
 Beholds as those his Soul had never known,  
 Standing to fall the last; orepowr'd, alone,  
 Worn out with endless Toil; in youth decay'd,  
 By Friends deserted, and by Friends betray'd;  
 Hated by All: expos'd to Satan's Power,  
 And jeoparding our Lives thro' every Hour.  
 He sees, and leaves us, in our greatest Need,  
 Our dearest Friend to our worst Foe is fled;  
 Leaves us, to lavish our last Drop of Blood,  
 Leaves us to Bonds, or Pain, or Death pursued:  
 O glorious Proof of German Gratitude!

[310]

}

Could I in such Distress my G[ambold] leave?  
 My gushing Eyes the ready Answer give.  
 Still must I weep or'e my departed Friend,  
 Till all my Sympathy above shall end,

[320]

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<sup>38</sup>Ori., "a Father's"; "parental" written as a change on p. 20.

<sup>39</sup>Ori., "go."

There, only there the Rest from Grief is given,  
And GOD shall wipe away these Tears in Heaven.

Till then, on You I call, ye *Sinners poor*,  
My Brethren, Friends, and Countrymen restore,  
All who have e'er beneath your Harrow stood, } [330]  
All whom your cruel Treachery hath subdued  
To draw your Water, and to hew your Wood.  
Ye knew to clip their Wings, and cool their Zeal,  
And bow their Spirits to your wanton Will,  
To captivate, and make them yours for Life,  
"Bow down, ye Slaves, and catch a German Wife!  
[<sup>40</sup>Or raise your Hopes, ye dowried Damsels,<sup>40</sup> higher,  
[<sup>41</sup>We have a Count for You! A Count admire,  
[<sup>41</sup>Almost as Noble—as an English 'Squire!'" ]

Such the Inducements, such the prosperous Arts,  
Whereby ye steal away our Goods and Hearts,  
On British Souls your foreign Rule extend, } [340]  
Unnaturaliz'd to serve your basest End.  
The long-sought Proselyte, that cleaves to you,  
Must bid his Country, Friends, and Church adieu,  
From all his Bonds, and old Engagements free,  
Wean'd of his Love for Truth and Piety.  
Plain honest *Jacob* now is taught to lie,  
And artless H[utto]n<sup>41</sup> lisps Hypocrisy,  
Ready on all your Services to run,  
A zealous Brother, but a wretched Son,  
A faithless Friend, a weak misguided Youth } [350]  
A shortliv'd Boaster of his constant Truth,  
Dearest of all that fell by German Art,  
And still the Burthen of my aching Heart.

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<sup>40</sup>Across from this line, Wesley added "Miss R." on p. 22. This would be Dinah Raymond, who became the wife of the Moravian Henry Conrad de Larisch.

<sup>41</sup>James Hutton (1715–95); the name is spelled out in MS Shorthand Verse.

But do ye thus your Gratitude approve,  
 And pay us back our hospitable Love?  
 Ye generous Strangers, whom our Voice commends,  
 Ye calm Supplanters of your thoughtless Friends  
 Your Friends and Patrons WE, who made you known,  
 Gave you your Power to hurt, and rob us of our own  
 Like Rachel of our little ones bereav'd, [360]  
 By Those excluded whom Ourselves received.  
 Tis Yours by Whispers base to undermine,  
 Stab in the dark, and compass your Design.  
 Trusted by Us our feeble Flock to keep  
 (Alas! we set the Wolf to guard the Sheep)  
 Ye caught th' Occasion, and with deepest Art  
 Labour'd to alienate our Childrens Heart,  
 Wean of their Fondness for their Absent Guide,  
 And turn the lame unsettled Souls aside:  
 While weak in Faith our infant Church ye find, [370]  
 Like Children tost about with every Wind,  
 Ready to listen to each specious Tale,  
 And hastning lest<sup>42</sup> their Bread of Life should fail;  
 How did ye make their helpless Souls a Prey,  
 Wide-scattering in the dark and cloudy Day!  
 How did ye catch them with a lying Hope,  
 "To Us ye all *must* come, to be built up!  
 "We are *the* Men, ye arrogantly cry,  
 "Wisdom, Experience, Faith, with Us shall die:  
 [<sup>c</sup>]Your Teachers may awaken Souls, and draw, [380]  
 [<sup>c</sup>]But cast them off, *they only preach the Law*,  
 [<sup>c</sup>]Works, Bondage, Holiness, Obedience press;  
 [<sup>c</sup>]We are the Guides to Ease, and Happiness!

---

<sup>42</sup>Ori., "least."

[“Your Pastors, Works, and Ordinances leave,  
 [“Our Promises instead of GOD’s receive;  
 [“Call yourselves poor; be happy, and be still,  
 [“Souls, take your ease, and follow your own will,  
 [“And dress, and eat, and drink, and sleep your fill. }  
 [“Or marry—in the name of flesh and blood,  
 [“Increase, and multiply; but at our Nod, } [390]  
 [“Fly hence, and freight our Ships, and till our Lands abroad.  
 [“Our own dear Children are not fit for Toil,  
 [“Your coarser Hands shall cultivate their Soil,  
 [“Labour to feed your Lords with zealous Strife,  
 [“Free from the Law Divine, but German Slaves for Life.<sup>[9]</sup>

Hail happy Souls, by Mercy snatch’d away,  
 By Jesus taken from this evil Day!  
*Kinchin*,<sup>43</sup> my earliest Friend, than Life more dear,  
 Thy Sacred Memory claims the pious Tear.  
 Man cannot now estrange thy simple Heart,  
 Join’d to the Spirits of the Just Thou art, } [400]  
 And never more shalt from thy Brethren part.  
 How swiftly here did thy kind Saviour move  
 Thy Soul to rescue from a meaner Love,  
 With jealous Care thine Innocence to save,  
 And caught thee from the Bridebed to the Grave,  
 Summon’d the Marriage-feast above to share,  
 And solemnize thy nobler Nuptials there.

Thou too to thine eternal Rest art gone,  
 O lovely *Delamotte*,<sup>44</sup> my Son, my Son! } [410]  
 Swift as a fleeting Shade or shortliv’d Flower,  
 Thy Soul is fled beyond th’ Oppressor’s Power.  
 But didst Thou not, ee’r yet the Gulph was past,  
 Look back, and make thy former Love thy last?

---

<sup>43</sup>Charles Kinchin (1711–42).

<sup>44</sup>William Delamotte (1718–43).

Didst Thou not for thy old Companions mourn,  
 And pine, and wish, and languish to return?  
 Thy Masters may thy dying words conceal,  
 But could not in their Toils detain thee still,  
 Out of their Reach Thou art forever gone,  
 The Charm dissolv'd, again Thou art our own,  
 O lovely Delamotte, my Son, my Son!

} [420]

Yes, ye still Tyrants, Death shall set them free,  
 Who cannot sooner fly your Tyranny,  
 Or from your Yoke, like resty *Simpson*,<sup>45</sup> break,  
 Or shake the iron Bondage from their Neck:  
 Yet some shall fly, and clean escape away,  
 Ye cannot always hold your slippery Prey,  
 Witness your trusty Friend, and warm Associate B[ray]<sup>46</sup>  
 Ye caught with Guile, but could ye hold him fast?  
 He settles in the *best Extream* at last,  
 Dead Souls the Temple of the Lord miscalls,  
 And for the Church once more mistakes the Walls,  
 Blindly admires, and copies W[oga]n's<sup>47</sup> Zeal,  
 Wrongheaded W[oga]n, who with right good Will  
 Runs on, and sweats, and pants, and labours up the Hill  
 Chearfull th' intolerable Yoke to draw,  
 And kiss the Rod, and hug the scourging Law,  
 As sworn to buy the Grace so freely given,  
 And discipline Himself from Hell to Heaven.

} [430]

}

Yet better to the Law Divine submit,  
 Than trample it, like you, beneath our feet,  
 Better to quake the Prison-walls within,  
 Than bold break out, and serve the Law of Sin

[440]

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<sup>45</sup>John Simpson (b. 1709–10).

<sup>46</sup>John Bray; the name is spelled out in MS Shorthand Verse.

<sup>47</sup>William Wogan (1678–1758).

Than listen to your Antinomian Lore,  
Make void the Law of Christ, and work for GOD no more.

We now have weigh'd you in the sacred Scale,  
Your Virtues light fly up, your Faults prevail,  
We find you wanting and throw off your Power,  
Teachers ye are and Popes to us no more:  
Learn then *for once* from Us; the Word receive, [450]  
The kindest Word our injur'd Love can give.

Ye little Foxes, who our Vinyard spoil,  
Ye cunning Hunters, who lay waste our Isle,  
Go hence, and steal, and lie for GOD no more,  
Warn'd by my friendly Lay, ye Sinners poor:  
(Or call it Railing; Railing it shall be:  
Your Words and Thoughts with mine can ne'er agree)  
Evil, that Good may come, no longer do,  
But quit your Spoils, and bid our Land adieu, [460]  
Release your Prisoners, and give back your Prey,  
Depart in peace—and ship Yourselves away,  
Leave, if ye love us, leave our pillag'd Shore,  
Go hence, and lie, and steal for GOD no more.

Dare ye reject my Love? reject, but know  
Henceforth I list myself your open Foe,  
Foe to your Deeds not You: with sword and fire  
Your Deeds I persecute, till all expire:  
To thwart your Aim, I spend my latest Breath,  
I live to pluck the Prey out of your Teeth:  
Be sure I still will on your Shoulders fly, [470]  
And chase you hence, or in the Effort die.  
No foot of Earth unfought ye here shall have,  
Till W[ogan] sinks into his Mother's Grave,

Till level lies our Temple with the ground,  
And not one Stone is on another found

But shall it fall? My Soul your Hope defies,  
Our Church again shall from her Ruins rise,  
Spite of your Pains, the Remnant shall take root,  
Revive once more, and bring forth golden Fruit:  
Yes, we again shall see our gospel-days, } [480]  
Sion again her drooping head shall raise, }  
And all the Earth resound her everlasting Praise.

Sion, kind Mother of degenerate Sons,  
My Spirit for thy Desolations moans,  
Thy Children's Plagues with awfull Grief I see,  
The Rebels smart for their impiety, }  
They surely fall from GOD, who fall from Thee.

They saw the Ship by many a Tempest tost,  
Her Rudder broken, and her Tackling lost,  
Left her to sink without their helping Hand, } [490]  
Look'd to Themselves<sup>48</sup> and basely 'scap'd to land.  
But shall I too the sinking Church forsake?  
Forbid it Heaven, or take my Spirit back!  
No, ye Diviners sage, your Hope is vain, }  
While<sup>49</sup> but one Fragment of our Ship remain, }  
That single Fragment shall my Soul sustain. }  
Bound to that sacred Plank my Soul defies }  
The great Abyss, and dares all Hell to rise, }  
Assur'd, that Christ ON THAT shall bear me to the Skies.

And ye, my Brethren, whom I leave behind, } [500]  
Lay up my Sayings in your thoughtfull Mind,  
Beware the German Wolf, when I am dead,  
When from these Limbs the weary Soul is fled,

---

<sup>48</sup>Ori., "~~Secur'd themselves~~"; "Look'd to Themselves" written as a change on p. 32.

<sup>49</sup>"While" has "If" written as an alternative on p. 32.

His warfare when your<sup>50</sup> Guide and Shepherd ends,  
 Escap'd from all his Foes, and all his Friends:  
 Then hear me speak, tho' dead, and cry, Beware!  
 Remember then my ever-watchfull Care,  
 My Zeal to keep you from the Hunter's Snare.<sup>51</sup>  
 Your steady Faithfullness, like me, approve,  
 Nor ever from a desolate Church remove, [510]  
 Your Faith let neither Fiends nor Germans shake,  
 Your Legacy, my Zeal for Sion take,  
 And love Jerusalem for the great Shepherd's sake.<sup>52</sup>

Father, regard the faithfull fervent Prayer,<sup>53</sup>  
 And me, and all my scatter'd Brethren spare,  
 Recall the Shepherds, and the Sheep bring back,  
 And save the Remnant for thy Jesus' sake.  
 See the great Advocate of<sup>54</sup> Sinners stand,  
 To ward thy vengeance from a guilty Land,  
 Turn not away the Presence of thy Son,  
 But save us, save us, by thy Grace alone, [520]  
 Thy Jesus cries Forgive, and seal them for thine own.

---

<sup>50</sup>Ori., "his."

<sup>51</sup>Ori., "Care."

<sup>52</sup>Lines 601–620 of the version in MS Shorthand Verse are omitted.

<sup>53</sup>Ori., "Father, regard the Remnant's faithfull Prayer" changed to "Father, regard the faithfull fervent Prayer."

<sup>54</sup>Ori., "for."

**II.<sup>1</sup>**  
**Epistle to H[owel] H[arris], 1755.**

Awake, Old Soldier, to the fight half won,  
 And put thy strength, and put thy<sup>2</sup> Armour on:  
 Nor dream Thyself a Vessel cast aside,  
 Broken by stubborn Will, and marr'd by Pride.  
 Most proud, self-will'd, and wrathfull as Thou art,  
 Yet GOD hath surely seen thy simple Heart,  
 Quench'd with his Blood the oft-rekindled Fires,  
 Nor ever left thee to thy vain Desires,  
 But sav'd ten thousand times from Satan's power,  
 And snatch'd thee from the Gulph wide-yawning to devour. 10

Then let our Saviour GOD have all the praise,  
 And gladly<sup>3</sup> call to mind the former days,  
 When GOD, who waked thy soul to second Birth,  
 Sent forth a new-born Child, to shake the Earth,  
 To tear the Prey out of the Lion's teeth,  
 And spoil the trembling Realms of Hell and Death,  
 By violent Faith to seize the Kingdom given,  
 And open burst the Gates of Vanquish'd Heaven.

Still doth thy lingring Indolence require  
 A Pattern fair to set thy Soul on fire? 20  
 Behold his Shining Footsteps from afar,  
 And trace with me that Thunderbolt of war.  
 Legions of Fiends and men in vain oppose;  
 A single Champion 'gainst a World of Foes,  
 He rushes on: the Bloody Sign lifts up,  
 And shouts exulting from the Mountain-top.

---

<sup>1</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:188–90. Wesley apparently sent this as a letter to Howell Harris dated March 1, 1755. A secondary transcript of this letter from Harris's papers, endorsed as received on March 3, can be found in *Proceedings of the Wesley Historical Society*, 6 (1908): 8–11. The original may have been lost, it is not present in the collection of the papers of Howell Harris, now housed at the University of Wales. The variants in this secondary transcript are noted here.

<sup>2</sup>*PWHS* 6 (1908), 9 reads "thine" instead of "thy."

<sup>3</sup>*PWHS* 6 (1908), 9 reads "humbly" instead of "gladly."

His Voice the strongest Holds of Hell oreturns,  
 His Word like Fire in the dry Stubble burns,<sup>4</sup>  
 Impetuous, as a Torrent, pours along,  
 Or blasts, as<sup>5</sup> Lightning, the rebellious Throng. 30  
 Smote by his Sling, and scatter'd by his eye,  
 Goliath falls, and the Philistines fly:  
 Where'er he turns, appall'd with sudden dread  
 Shrinks<sup>6</sup> the foul Monster Vice, and hides his head,  
 Satan with all his wicked Spirits gives place,  
 And mourns his Works destroy'd before the Stripling's Face.

Who is this Stripling (let my Friend inquire)  
 So void of Fear, so full of heavenly Fire?  
 Say, hast thou ever known him? Search, and try,  
 And read his Features with a curious Eye; [40]<sup>7</sup>  
 Mark well his Love, Simplicity, and Zeal,  
 And tell thy Heart—if *Thou* art H[arri]s still.

If thou art H[arri]s still, awake, arise,  
 Renew the Fight, and labour<sup>8</sup> up the skies.  
 But first Thyself with due<sup>9</sup> Abhorrence see,  
 And humbly own The Saviour wants not Thee;  
 Able from other quickned Stones to raise  
 Children of GOD, and Instruments of Grace.  
 He knows to baffle, and abase the proud,  
 And justly stiles Himself The Jealous GOD, [50]  
 Nor will his Glory to Another give,  
 Or share with Worms his high Prerogative.  
*There is none good but GOD: let all confess*  
 The Father's Fulness in the Prince of Peace;  
 Fall every Soul before Immanuel's Throne,  
 And cry, Exalted be the Lord alone!

---

<sup>4</sup>Lines 27–28 appear on p. 38, but Wesley struck out the lines and began them again on p. 39.

<sup>5</sup>*PWHS* 6 (1908), 9 reads “like” instead of “as.”

<sup>6</sup>Ori., “*Flies*”; “Shrinks” written as a change on p. 38. *PWHS* 6 (1908), 9 reads “*Flies*.”

<sup>7</sup>Wesley incorrectly showed the margin line number for 40 on line 38, which is shown corrected above. The margin line numbers after 40 have been corrected to reflect this error.

<sup>8</sup>*PWHS* 6 (1908), 10 reads “re-labor” rather than “and labour.”

<sup>9</sup>*PWHS* 6 (1908), 10 reads “deep” instead of “due.”

Allows my Howel's Heart the Saviour's Claim?  
 Bows all within thee to his<sup>10</sup> awfull Name?  
 Who honourst Him, Thou *must* Thyself despise,  
 Thou must be poor and vile in thy own eyes, [60]  
 Vile dust, and sinfull Ashes! Beast, and Fiend!  
 By Thee, and me *shall* the Redeemer send?  
 Is his great Spirit bound? or unconfin'd?  
 Restrain'd to us? or free for all mankind?  
 Freely He works, if Thou and I stand still,  
 Blows as He lists, and sends by whom He will;  
 Chooses the weak, the foolish, and the base,  
 To spread his gospel, and advance his praise  
 T' unnerve the strong, deject the towring Thought  
 Confound the wise, and bring the great to nought, [70]  
 That none may arrogate Jehovah's Right,  
 Nor Flesh presume to boast in Jesus glorious Sight.

Purg'd from all Self-esteem, and Self-regard,  
 A Vessel for the Master's Use prepar'd,  
 Conscious of all thy Weaknesses and Wants,  
 The chief of Sinners, and the least of Saints,  
 Go forth, a Witness for th' Atoning Lamb,  
 Go forth, compleatly arm'd with Jesus Name.  
 Trust in his Name (for Thou hast prov'd him true)  
 And waiting on thy Lord, thy Strength renew. [80]  
 He looks thee back thy Strength! the Gift receive,  
 And daily dying by the Gospel live.  
 Live for His sake who bled upon the Cross,  
 Live, to be sacrific'd for Jesus Cause.  
 When Thou the Travail of thy Soul hast seen  
 More Outcasts found, and forc'd them to come in,

---

<sup>10</sup>PWHS 6 (1908), 10 reads "the" instead of "his."

To feel the Virtue of thy Gospel-word,  
And know, and glorify their pardning Lord;  
When Thou the Work assign'd hast fully done,  
And made the Saviour's Grace to Thousands known, [90]  
Commanded then with Triumph to remove,  
Incline thy head, like Him who reigns above, }  
And die, to pay Him back his dear expiring Love.

**III.**<sup>1</sup>  
**Epistle**<sup>2</sup>  
**To the Revd. Mr. G[eorge] Whitefield,**  
**1755.**

Come on, my W[hitefield] (since the Strife is past  
 And Friends at first are Friends again at last)  
 Our hands, and hearts, and counsels let us join,  
 In mutual League, t' advance the Work divine,  
 Our one Contention now, our single Aim  
 To pluck poor Souls as Brands out of the Flame  
 To spread the Victory of that Bloody Cross,  
 And gasp our latest Breath in the Redeemer's Cause.

Too long alas! we gave to Satan place,  
 When Party-zeal put on an Angel's Face, 10  
 Too long we listen'd to the cousening Fiend,  
 Whose Trumpet sounded "For the Faith contend!"  
 With hasty blindfold Rage in Error's Night,  
 How did we with our Fellow-soldiers fight!  
 We could not then our Father's Children know  
 But each mistook his Brother for his Foe.  
 "Foes to the Truth can you in Conscience spare?  
 "Tear them (the Tempter cried) in pieces tear!"  
 So thick the Darkness, so confus'd the Noise,  
 We took the Stranger's for the Shepherd's Voice 20  
 Rash Nature wav'd the Controversial Sword,  
 On fire to fight the Battles of the Lord,  
 Fraternal Love from every Breast was driven,  
 And bleeding Charity return'd to Heaven.

---

<sup>1</sup>Wesley eventually published this as *Epistle to Whitefield* (1771).

<sup>2</sup>Ori., "An Epistle."

The Saviour saw our Strife with pitying Eye,  
 And cast a Look, that made the Shadows fly:  
 Soon as the Day-spring in his Presence shon,<sup>3</sup>  
 We found, the two fierce Armies were but One.  
 Common our Hope, and Family, and Name,  
 Our Arms, our Captain, and our Crown the same, 30  
 Inlisted all beneath Immanuel's Sign,  
 And purchas'd every Soul with pretious Blood divine.

Then let us cordially again embrace  
 Nor e'er infringe the League of Gospel Grace:<sup>4</sup>  
 Let us in Jesus Name to battle go,  
 And turn our Arms against the Common Foe;  
 Fight, side by side, beneath our Captain's Eye,  
 Chase the Philistines, on their shoulders fly,  
 And more than Conquerors in the Harness die. }

For whither I am born to "*blush above*," 40  
 On Earth suspicious of Electing Love,  
 Or you, orewhelm'd with honourable Shame,  
 To shout the *Universal* Saviour's Name,  
 It matters not; if, all our Conflicts past,  
 Before the great white Throne we meet at last.  
 Our only Care, while sojourning below,  
 Our real Faith by real Love to shew;  
 To blast the Aliens' Hope, and let them see  
 How Friends of jarring Sentiments agree;  
 Not in a Party's narrow Banks confin'd, 50  
 Not by a Sameness of Opinions join'd,  
 But cemented with the Redeemer's Blood,  
 And bound together<sup>5</sup> in the Heart of GOD.

---

<sup>3</sup>I.e., "shone."

<sup>4</sup>Ori., "Nor evermore infringe the League of Grace" changed to "Nor e'er infringe the League of Gospel Grace."

<sup>5</sup>Ori., "forever"; "together" written as a change on p. 46.

Can we forget from whence our Union came,  
 When first we simply met in Jesus Name?  
 The Name mysterious of the GOD Unknown,  
 Whose secret Love allur'd, and drew us on,  
 Thro' a long, lonely, legal Wilderness,  
 To find the promis'd Land of gospel-peace. 60  
 True Yokefellows we *then agreed* to draw  
 Th' intolerable Burthen of the Law,  
 And jointly lab'ring on with zealous strife  
 Strengthen'd each others Hands to work *for* Life,  
 To turn against the World our steady Face,  
 And valiant for the Truth injoy Disgrace.

Then when we serv'd our GOD thro' Fear alone,  
 Our Views, our Studies, and our Hearts were One;  
 No smallest Difference damp't the Social Flame,  
 In Moses' School we thought and spoke the same:  
 And must we, now in Christ, with shame confess, [70]<sup>6</sup>  
 Our Love was greater, when our Light was less?  
 When darkly thro' a Glass with servile Awe  
 We first the Spiritual Commandment saw,  
 Could we not then, our mutual Love to shew,  
 Thro' Fire and Water for each other go?  
 We could: we did. In a strange Land I stood,  
 And beckon'd thee to cross th' Atlantick Flood:  
 With true Affection wing'd, thy ready mind  
 Left Country, Fame, and Ease, and Friends behind,  
 And eager all Heav'ns Counsels to explore, 80  
 Flew thro' the watry World, and grasp'd the shore.

Nor did I linger, at my Friend's Desire,  
 To tempt the Furnace, and abide the Fire,  
 When suddenly sent forth, from the high-ways  
 I call'd poor Outcasts to the Feast of Grace,

---

<sup>6</sup>Wesley incorrectly showed the margin line number for 70 on line 71, which is shown corrected above.

Urg'd to pursue the Work by Thee begun,  
 Thro' good and ill Report I still rush'd on,  
 Nor felt the Fire of popular Applause,  
 Nor fear'd the torturing Flame in such a glorious Cause.

Ah! wherefore did we ever *seem* to part, 90  
 Or clash in Sentiment, while one in Heart?  
 What dire Device did the old Serpent find  
 To put asunder Those whom GOD had join'd?  
 From Folly and Self-love Opinion rose,  
 To sever Friends, who never yet were Foes,  
 To baffle and divert our noblest Aim,  
 Confound our Pride, and cover us with Shame;  
 To make us blush beneath her shortliv'd power  
 And glad the World with One triumphant Hour.

But lo! the Snare is broke, the Captives freed, } 100  
 By Faith on all the hostile Powers we tread,  
 And crush thro' Jesus Strength the Serpents head.  
 Jesus hath cast the curst Accuser down,  
 Hath rooted up the Tares by Satan sown,  
 Kindled anew the never-dying Flame,  
 And rebaptiz'd our Souls into his Name.  
 Soon as the Virtue of his Name we feel,  
 The Storm of Strife subsides, the Sea is still:  
 All Nature bows to his supream Command,  
 And two are One in his Almighty Hand. } 110  
 One in his Hand O may we still remain,  
 Fast bound with Love's indissoluble Chain,  
 (That Adamant which Time and Death defies,  
 That Golden Chain, which draws us to the skies!)  
 His Love the Tie<sup>7</sup> that binds<sup>8</sup> us to his Throne,  
 His Love the Bond that perfects us in one,  
 His Love (let all the Ground of Friendship see)  
 His Love alone constrains our Hearts t' agree, }  
 And gives the Rivet of Eternity.

---

<sup>7</sup>Ori., "Bond."

<sup>8</sup>Ori., "ties."

IV.<sup>1</sup>  
**Epistle**  
**to H[owel] H[arris].**

Again, my Howel, lend a patient ear  
 To a kind Friend, who only *seems* severe  
 To Lines uncolour'd with insnaring Art,  
 By Love inspir'd, and flowing from the Heart:  
 No soft Address shall sooth thy secret Pride,  
 No skilfull Flattery of thy weaker side,  
 But friendly Boldness thro' the Verse be shewn,  
 Plain, honest Truth, and Roughness like thy own,  
*Roughness by none despis'd, by most rever'd,*  
*By Fools avoided, and by Villains fear'd.*

10

When first thy Ministerial Course began,  
 Thy Hand was against every Child of man;  
 And every Child of man in vain withstood  
 The Weapons, and the Battleaxe of GOD:  
 By Thee the Nations He to pieces broke,  
 By Thee to Sinners He in thunder spoke,<sup>2</sup>  
 And pleas'd his Strength in weakness to make known  
 Turn'd the infernal Kingdom upside down,  
 While thy glad Soul confess'd The Work was all his own. }

Ah! wherefore is thy former Zeal decay'd,  
 What Delilah thy Secret hath betray'd,  
 And shorn thee of thy Strength? in what Disguise  
 Came the sly Fiend, to put out both thine eyes?  
 Who hath bewitch'd my old Companion, who?  
 Say, shall I drag him into open view?  
 The Matchiavilian Sorcerer uncase,  
 And shew my H[arri]s *all* the Monster's Face?

20

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<sup>1</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:190–96.

<sup>2</sup>Wesley originally wrote lines 15 and 16 in reverse order, but numbered them in the column to reorder as shone here.

No; let him rest for me, secure from blame,  
 And change his Shape, as often as his Name:  
 My Fellow-servant once, without my Hand 30  
 To his own Master let him fall, or stand:  
 Whatever call'd, to GOD I give him up,  
 Bishop, or Count, or Ordinary, or Pope,  
 Fair, foul, or doubtfull be his Character,  
 I spare him; for perhaps<sup>3</sup> he *was* sincere.

Yet will I touch the Apple of his eye,  
 And tax his blood and wound Theology,  
 The childish, dark, materializing Plan,  
 Which swallows up the Godhead in the Man,  
 Confounds the Persons in the Great Three-One, 40  
 And quite absorbs the Father in the Son.  
 Or GOD the Father our "*Pappa*" shall be,  
 And GOD the H[oly] Ghost—a Monstrous SHE,  
 "*Mother of Jeshua, our dear heart's flamelein*"  
 Our Everlasting GOD—"our Brother Lamblein!"

Such the Divinity, and such the *Words*  
 Wherewith their Teachers catch the *Cross-air-birds*,  
 Teachers, who in a lisping Child's disguise,  
 To captivate their Hearts, put out their eyes;  
 Who banish Carnal Reason in disgrace, 50  
 But set up Carnal Nonsense in its place:  
 Nonsense in Rhyme, from Rhyme and Reason free,  
 Sad, doggrell Stuff, miscall'd Simplicity!  
 Larded with Latin, Greek, and Hebrew Scraps,  
 Discreetly chatter'd by the Cross-air-apes,  
 Who bowing to the dark mysterious Power,  
 The less they understand,<sup>4</sup> admire the more.

So in a Sister-Church, that cannot err,  
 The Votaries their learned Suit prefer

---

<sup>3</sup>Ori., "~~his Person for~~" changed to "him; for perhaps."

<sup>4</sup>Ori., "~~comprehend~~"; "understand" written as a change on p. 54.

Not help'd by Reason, but their Beads alone, 60  
 They pray, *quite simple*, in a Tongue unknown,  
 Mixing the Parrot's with the Cuckow's Note,  
 Implicitly devout, they pray by rote!  
 Sweet Innocents, whom the *old* Pontiff rules,  
 They offer GOD the Sacrifice of Fools,  
 Confirm *the Brethren's* precedented Plea,  
 And justify their vain Battology.

“What is it that in all their meetings sounds?<sup>[a]</sup>  
 Wounds,<sup>(a)<sup>5</sup></sup> wounds, and woundholes, nothing else but wounds  
 Scorn on the Saviour's Blood they vilely bring, 70  
 And talk of it, as of a Common thing;  
 As *Literally* drank by them, and chew'd,  
 Gross, corporal, material Flesh and Blood;  
 As Christ after the Flesh were only known,  
 And known the' Eternal GOD by Them alone;  
 Nor can He to a gasping Sinner give  
 A Grain of Faith, without The Brethren's Leave.

THE Brethren They! *the* Children, and *the* Bride!  
 Servants and Legalists are all beside,  
 Nor find him, whom without the Pale they seek; 80  
 The Philadelphian Church, The Catholic,  
<sup>[“Lo! here is Christ, and no where else,<sup>[a]</sup> they cry,</sup>  
<sup>[“Find him with us, or in your Sins ye die.”</sup>  
 Die in our Sins? nay, that can never be;  
 The Devils shall be saved, and why not we?  
 “A private Doctrine that, to few made plain:”  
 Private; yet such as all their Guides maintain,  
 No matter what the Augsburg Dotards teach,  
 No matter what the *old* Apostles preach.

“The *old* Apostles<sup>[a]</sup> (trembling I pursue 90  
 The blasphemous Suggestions of the *new*)

---

<sup>5</sup>Wesley inserted a superscripted “(a)” here. However, there is no attached note. Here and on the next two pages he almost certainly intended to cite from a couple of critical treatments of the Moravians that had recently been published: Andreas Frey, *A True and Authentic Account of Andrew Frey* (London: J. Robinson, 1753); and George Lavington, *The Moravians Compared and Detected* (London: Knapton, 1755). In this case, see the prominent emphasis on wounds in Frey, including the chain “wounds, wounds, wounds,” on p. 37.

Inspir'd, as we *suppose*, and taught of GOD,  
 Yet never knew, or rightly<sup>6</sup> understood  
 The Count's Theology of wounds and blood.<sup>(b)7</sup>  
 By their false Tricks, the *honest* Gentlemen  
 Cross cut the Cloth and marr'd the Saviour's plan.  
 The Plan they mangled, and they spoil the Cloth:  
 Who then can chuse but mock the cred'lous *Bible-moth*?

}

Yet spite of all the Brethren's pious Pains  
 Our love for the old slighted Book remains: 100  
 Whether they pity, or expose our Foible,  
 Our superstitious Fondness for the Bible,  
 They cannot cure it yet, or disincumber  
 Our Head, and Conscience of its *biblish Lumber*,<sup>(c)8</sup>  
 And vainly for our blind Obedience look,  
 Unless we first deliver up The Book.

Their Rabbi cannot be by Us ador'd,  
 Who use our Reason, and hold fast the Word,  
 Who by the Sacred Oracles abide,  
 And only trust in One Unerring Guide: 110  
 Howe'er beset, insnar'd we shall not be  
 By cloudy Cant, or plain Obscenity,  
 Nor *will* receive, by whomsoe'er allow'd  
 "A *sleeping, ignorant, adulterous God!*"<sup>(d)9</sup>

But who can paint the Conjugal Intrigues,  
 The Secrets of the wallowing *Cross-air-pigs*?  
 Themselves their own Interpreters should be,  
 And comment on their marriage Mystery.  
 Yet O! the Text doth no Expounder need,  
 The shamefull meaning he who runs may read; 120

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<sup>6</sup>Ori., "fully."

<sup>7</sup>As on the prior page, there is no attached note. But see this description of Zinzendorf's theology in Lavington, *Moravians Compared*; 4–5, 37.

<sup>8</sup>Another case with no attached note. The quote can be found in Frey, *Authentic Account*, 30; and Lavington, *Moravians Compared*, 42.

<sup>9</sup>Another undeveloped note. Wesley's likely citation in this case is less clear.

Too plain in their authentic Page<sup>(e)</sup><sup>10</sup> it lies,  
 To shock the chaste, and feed the wanton eyes,  
 Break down ingenuous Nature's sacred Fence  
 And undermine her thoughtless Innocence;  
 To poison and corrupt the tender Mind,  
 No more in Bonds of Discipline confin'd,  
 To set frail Youth from Virtue's Fetters free,  
 And wipe off *all* the Blush of Modesty.

Lo! they expose to view the naked Plan,  
 And dare proclaim "find fault with it who can!" 130  
 Of Honour destitute, but not of Pride,  
 The Veil of Decency they cast aside,  
 As Adamites despise our needless dress,  
 Our Superfluity of Bashfulness,  
 Which weakly to the Shades for Refuge flies;  
 Their Virtue scorns the Fig-leaves of Disguise,  
 In Filthiness their Virtue dwells secure  
 From Stain—for all things to the pure are pure.

What shall I do? declare it, or suppress  
 Their Scheme of consecrated Wantonness, 140  
 Which dares the Beastly Appetite inshrine,  
 And teaches us, that "Lust is all Divine!"  
 Lewdly restores the "*Worship Conjugal*"  
 Set up at Lampsacus,<sup>11</sup> and hatch'd in Hell,  
 While Earth is shock'd, and Hell orejoy'd to hear  
 The horrid, execrable devilish Prayer!  
 In vain I would their "*Vice-god Husband*"<sup>(f)</sup><sup>12</sup> hide,  
 Or draw the Veil they madly cast aside,  
 Who blasphemously glorying in their shame  
 With harden'd Front on the House-top proclaim  
 What all the MITRED Heathen blush to name! 150

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<sup>10</sup>As in previous examples, there is no attached note. Wesley may be referring obliquely to the title of Frey's *Authentic Account*.

<sup>11</sup>Lampsacus was an ancient Greek city notorious for the obscene worship that was paid to Priapus, the Greek god of garden fertility. During the Middle Ages, some raised him into a saint.

<sup>12</sup>Wesley's last indication of a citation. Cf. Lavington, *Moravians Compared*, 96.

What could the Author of so foul a Scheme  
 Do more, to make the Infidel blaspheme?  
 To make Religion (by her Friends prophan'd,  
 Her *sole* Supporters) stink throughout the Land  
 To turn the Lame out of the Narrow Way,  
 The Souls of simple Innocents to slay,  
 Excite a Loathing of the Saviour's Blood,  
 And force the World to cry "There is no GOD!"

How could the Leader of so wise<sup>13</sup> a Sect 160  
 So long deceive, and captivate th' Elect?  
 By what Inchantment, what Satanic Art  
 Steal, and detain my Howel's upright Heart?  
 He could *not* keep thee, for a time misled,  
 Thy upright Heart hath rectified thy Head:  
 Prostrate to man Thou canst no longer fall,  
 Divinely taught the Saviour GOD to call  
 Thy Prophet, Priest, and King, thine all in all. }

Didst Thou the Gift of Faith from Man receive,  
 Or by the German Ministry believe? 170  
 Reflect; the solemn Day recall to mind,  
 When the good Shepherd came his Stray to find:  
 His pitying eye thy helpless Soul pursued,  
 Polluted in its Sins and in its Blood,  
 Caught by his Wrath, with hellish Pains dismay'd  
 He saw thee prostrate at his Altar laid,  
 Nor could from thy Distress his Face avert,  
 But<sup>14</sup> spake the sudden Pardon to thy Heart;  
 Thou didst the unexpected Grace receive,  
 And Mercy bad the Dying Sinner live. 180

O what a Flame within thy Bosom burn'd  
 When to Himself thy Heart the Saviour turn'd!

---

<sup>13</sup>Ori., "tame."

<sup>14</sup>Ori., "And."

Thy Heart was simple Love, and pure Desire,  
 Thy Lips were touch'd with consecrated<sup>15</sup> Fire,  
 Thy work was Publishing the Saviour's Grace,  
 And all thy Life a Sacrifice of Praise.

Who with that Zeal thy fervent Spirit stirr'd?  
 Who thy Mouth open'd to dispense the Word?  
 A Messenger of joyfull Tidings made,  
 And bless'd thee with a Voice which woke the dead? 190  
 The Lord (let Him alone the glory have)  
 The Lord thy Gospel and Commission gave,  
 Himself, without the Help of man, reveal'd  
 His Spirit taught thee, and his Arm upheld.  
 No foreign Church did then thy Light supply,  
 Or *added* to thy powerfull Ministry:  
 No Tempter then with soft persuasive Art  
 From thy old Mother stole thine honest Heart:  
 No Man of Sin, above the Scripture wise,  
 With childish Gibberish charm'd thy dazzled eyes. 200  
 Or in foul Phrase audaciously exprest  
 Ideas foul—the Language of the Beast!  
 But Jesus did his prosperous Servant own  
 And thy Sufficiency was all from GOD alone.

Then let the Lord thy GOD be still thy Guide,  
 And cast thy German Oracles aside,  
 Wise to untwist the Evil from the Good,  
 Abhor the Poison, and admit the Food,  
 The Upright own, the Hypocrite reject,  
 But shake off all the Spirit of their Sect, 210  
 Their Yoke shake off, assert thy Liberty,  
 And in thy former Calling live, and die.

So may the Lord thy Usefulness restore,  
 Thy *true* Simplicity, and gracious Power,

---

<sup>15</sup>Ori., “consecrating.”

With all Increase of Good thy Soul increase,  
With all his Plenitude<sup>16</sup> of Blessings bless;  
So may<sup>17</sup> thy latest Works thy first exceed,  
While thousand Saints with Harris at their head,  
Fight their way thro' to the Eternal Throne,  
And seize the glorious Kingdom for their own,  
And all the Hosts of GOD are swallow'd up in One.

} 220

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<sup>16</sup>Ori., "~~the Fulness of his~~"; "his Plenitude" written as a change on p. 66.

<sup>17</sup>Ori., "shall."

V.<sup>1</sup>

## Epistle

To the Revd. Mr. G[eorge] S[tonehouse], 1755.<sup>2</sup>

But *has Almighty LOVE*<sup>3</sup> vouchsaf'd to hear  
 His mournfull Servant's long-forgotten prayer?  
*Is* the Snare broken, and the Danger past?  
 And *is* my S[tonehouse] clean escap'd at last?  
 The Dead to life restor'd? the Wanderer found?  
 The Captive freed—*almost* without a Wound?  
 Yet unassur'd of thy Return I seem,<sup>4</sup>  
 And scarcely dare believe the pleasing Dream,  
 From deep Despair so suddenly caught up  
 Above the Height of my most sanguine Hope,  
 I faint beneath the Answer of my Prayer,  
 And own the Bliss too violent to bear.

10

The Joy within, the Passionate Surprize  
 Bursts from my Lips, and gushes from my eyes!  
 I see my Friend—sent back from Him above,  
 With eyes of wonder, and with Tears of Love.  
 I have, I have (when my last Hope was fled)  
 Receiv'd again my Isaac from the Dead;  
 Gone from my Arms, a tedious season gone,  
 But by a Miracle of Grace unknown  
 Return'd with me to live, eternally my own.

}

20

Come then, old Comrade, to my Arms again,  
 And pay me in an Hour for years of Pain,  
 So wholly form'd for Friendship as Thou art,  
 Come to thy warmest Chamber in my Heart.  
 Where hast Thou been so long? estrang'd from me,  
 By Those with whom thy Soul could ne'er agree:

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<sup>1</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:196–200.

<sup>2</sup>Ori., “Epistle to Mr. G[eorge] S[tonehouse], 1755” changed to “Epistle To the Revd. Mr. G[eorge] S[tonehouse], 1755.”

<sup>3</sup>Ori., “*the Gracious GOD*”; “*Almighty LOVE*” written as a change on p. 68.

<sup>4</sup>Ori., “am.”

As soon might purest Light with Darkness dwell,  
 And Virtue match with Vice and Heaven with Hell,  
 As artless S[tonehouse] (tho' deceiv'd a while  
 By feign'd Simplicity) abide with Guile,  
 Or sell his Conscience for a Tyrant's Smile. } 30

In vain his thousand wiles the Tyrant tried  
 To win thy stubborn Virtue to his side;  
 Preclude thy flight, cut off thy late Retreat,  
 Or drive thy harass'd Reason from its Seat:  
 The utmost Reach of human hellish Art  
 Could only bind, but not corrupt<sup>5</sup> thy Heart.  
 Thy firm Integrity disdain'd to join  
 Thy Country's Foe, or favour his Design: } 40  
 Let Others<sup>6</sup> run to fetch him in his Prey,  
 Or take his vile Commissions to betray,  
 Thou woudst not be on Satan's Errands sent,<sup>7</sup>  
 Like G[ambold] turn a Tyrant's Instrument,  
 Like G[ambold] gild *his* words, and spread *his* snare,  
 Like G[ambold] to his *ipse dixit* swear.  
 Or, as our Benefic'd decoying Brother,  
 Paid by One Church, who labours for Another  
 Trapans his simple Flock with pious Fraud,  
 And steals poor Souls for the Moravian God. } 50

Thou never couldst the proud Oppressor brook,  
 Or stoop submission to a foreign Yoke;  
 Whoever bow the Neck, or crook the Knee,  
 No Incense shall the *Pagod* have from Thee;  
 Who<sup>8</sup> after all his Pains to break, or bend  
 Thy Roman Spirit to his slavish End,

---

<sup>5</sup>Ori., "inslave."

<sup>6</sup>Ori., "Whoever" changed to "Let Others."

<sup>7</sup>In between lines 40 and 41, Wesley originally included a variation of part of this line before deciding to use it as line 43: "~~Nor woudst Thou be on Satan's Err.~~"

<sup>8</sup>Ori., "But."

At last disclaims thee for *his* Minister,  
 Too plain to flatter, and too brave to fear,  
 Nobly unfit for Him, or His, to trust,  
 So firmly good, so obstinately just! 60

While Thousands listen'd to his soft Command,  
 "Close shut your eyes, and then give me your Hand,"  
 While Thousands yielded to th' Usurper's Sway,  
 Denied, and tamely cast their Faith away;  
 He never could o're Thine dominion get,  
 Or once confuse, and draw thee to his Net.  
 The Gift of GOD woudst thou to Man resign?  
 To Man give up the Oracles Divine?  
 Renounce thy Reason, to be led by *his*,  
 Or plunge Implicit in the dark Abyss? 70  
 No, my brave Friend! the Hope of Thee was vain;  
 Their base Designs provok'd thy just Disdain:  
 Nor woudst thou lend an ear, or cast an eye  
 On their low Rhymes, or barefac'd Ribbaldry,  
 Whereby (when Reason and the Word are gone)  
 Their Captives blind they lead securely on:  
 They give them pois'nous Trash for wholsom Food,  
 Ringing the Butcher's Change of "Wounds and blood"<sup>9</sup>  
 From Step to Step seduce their easy Prey,  
 Their Love to Truth and Virtue purge away; 80  
 The simplest Innocence with Guile infect,  
 And fit them—for the Service of the Sect.

Yet have they mist for once their surest aim,  
 Midst all their Craft to blind, and Power to tame,  
 Blunt, honest S[tonehouse] still remain'd the same: }  
 Single, yet unsubdued, his way he fought }  
 Thro' Earth and Hell combin'd, nor ever caught }  
 The dire contagious Ill, or drank the deadly Draught.

---

<sup>9</sup>Wesley wrote lines 77 and 78 in the opposite order shown here, but placed numbers in the margin to switch them to this order.

So in Death's Capitol th' Athenian Sage  
 Outbrav'd the Fever's pestilential Rage, 90  
 Secure in Virtuous Health the Plague defied,  
 Heaps upon heaps expiring at his side:  
 (As that which made his Mind so firmly good,  
 Had braced his Nerves, and purified his Blood,  
 As Virtue, which so perfectly he knew,  
 Immortaliz'd his Soul—and Body too:)  
 On all beside the Putrid Air might seize,  
 The Plague could never taint—A Socrates.

What was it then that *kept* thee in their hands,  
 Foe to their Deeds, and deaf to their Commands? [100]<sup>10</sup>  
 Why so late turn'd to thy old Friends again?  
 May I the melancholy Cause explain,  
 Disclose the recent Wound, the lingring Smart,  
 And wake the Sorrows of thy bleeding Heart?  
 Alas! Thou couldst not take thy flight *alone*,  
 And break an Heart, far dearer than thine own,  
 Thou couldst not *seem* to Innocence unkind,  
 Or leave thy pretious Hostage still behind.  
 T'was Love detain'd thee, generous, holy Love  
 For One—who *sees* thee freed—and smiles above! 110  
 Redeem'd at last from *her* Captivity—  
 She lives!—but first she died—to ransom Thee!

Hail happy Soul! no more a Prisoner here,  
 Thy glorious Change requires a joyfull Tear:  
 Caught from the Toils, with kindred Saints to live  
 Where none thy open Confidence deceive,  
 Where every Soul by Intuition known,  
 Transparent shines, and artless as thy own!

---

<sup>10</sup>Wesley incorrectly placed the margin line number for 100 on line 101, which is shown corrected above.

Then I shall find thee with the white-robed Quire,  
 Pure as Thyself, who SEE th' Eternal Sire, 120  
 Part of *my* Crown, when from the Dust I rise,  
 Rebuilt, and claim MY Daughter, in the skies.

O what a Conscience, what an Heart is theirs,  
 Which Nature's tenderest Ties in sunder tears!  
 How vile the Men, who means infernal find  
 To part the Souls by<sup>11</sup> GOD and Nature<sup>12</sup> join'd!  
 And can my Friend the treacherous Tribe<sup>13</sup> forgive  
 Who thrive by Falshood, and by Rapine live,  
 Delight to torture whom they first inslave,  
 Cruel as Hell, and greedy as the Grave!<sup>14</sup> 130  
 Forgive them still; but turn from such away,  
 No more constrain'd with Hypocrites to stay,  
 Nor ever from thy old Companions stray. }

Cleave to the Souls, who as thy own sincere,  
 Temper their ardent Love with filial Fear,  
 The *weightier matters* in their Lives express,  
 Lovers of Mercy, Truth, and Righteousness;  
 Spiritual Tyranny, like Thee, disclaim  
 And bow to none, but the All-saving Name,  
 Far from insidious Guile, and cruel Zeal, [140]<sup>15</sup>  
 From Lust of Wealth and Power, as Heaven from Hell.

And O! if I might be so greatly blest  
 To *keep* my Station in thy Friendly Breast,  
 To have my lovely Pattern still in view,  
 And Thee, tho' with unequal Steps, pursue,  
 How should I then my few short Hours improve  
 To noblest Purposes of Christian Love,  
 Labour with Thee t' insure the glorious Prize,  
 And die, to meet my S[tonehouse] in the Skies;

---

<sup>11</sup>Ori., “whom.”

<sup>12</sup>Ori., “~~himself had~~” changed to “and Nature.”

<sup>13</sup>“Tribe” has “Few” written as an alternative on p. 76.

<sup>14</sup>Ori., “Greedy as Hell, and cruel as the Grave!” changed to “Cruel as Hell, and greedy as the Grave!” Wesley made this change by numbering “Greedy” and “cruel” to show that the two words should be reversed in the order shown above.

<sup>15</sup>Wesley incorrectly placed the margin line number for 140 on line 141, which is shown corrected above. The margin line numbers after 140 have been corrected to reflect this error.

Redeem'd from Earth, and finally forgiven,  
And found triumphant at thy Feet in Heaven!

VI.<sup>1</sup>  
Epistle to the same.<sup>2</sup>

S[tonehouse], my Answer'd Prayer, my Life restor'd,  
Come, join with me to praise our common Lord,  
Whose Love all-wise almighty to redeem,  
Hath blest me with an Everlasting Theme;  
Whose Blood (when Death on all my Hopes was writ)  
Hath sent his Prisoner up out of the Pit!  
The Lord alone *could* the Deliverance send,  
The Lord alone could give me back my Friend,  
Thy struggling<sup>3</sup> Spirit from the Snare release,  
And bid my happy Soul depart in peace. 10

With awe the Name tremendous I adore,  
Which made the Deep refund, the Grave restore,  
The Fire its burning Property forget,  
The ravenous Lion lick his Servant's feet,  
Reviv'd the Miracles of antient days,  
Made bare his Arm, and magnified his grace,  
That Earth and Heaven might in the Wonder join  
"Was ever Power, was ever Love like Thine!"

How have I pin'd to see this joyfull Day,  
And the proud Foe defrauded of his Prey! 20  
The *German Nimrod*, skilfull to beset,  
And hunt the Choicest Souls into his Net,  
His more than Papal Tyranny maintain,  
And Lord o're every tender Conscience reign.  
How have I cried, What, no Redemption near!  
Then let the Rocks relent, the Spoiler hear!  
Hear, thou remorseless Plunderer of the Poor,

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<sup>1</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:200–203.

<sup>2</sup>Ori., "A Second Epistle to Mr. G[eorge] S[tonehouse]" changed to "Epistle to the same."

<sup>3</sup>Ori., "upright."

Of all thy Captives only One restore,  
Give back my S[tonehouse] and I ask no more!

But when I ceas'd from Man in calm despair, 30  
And left with GOD my unregarded Prayer,  
When I had *quite* resign'd my Partner up,  
Till both should meet the Lamb on Sion's Top,  
The Rescue came! the GOD of truth and grace  
Appear'd! the Mountains flow'd before his Face,  
The Lord led captive thy Captivity,  
And lo! my First of Friends—on *earth* I see!

Can I enough the outstretch'd Arm admire,  
Which brought thy Soul uninjur'd thro' the Fire!  
The Lord Himself, Jehovah, Jesus came, 40  
The Son of Man walk'd with thee in the Flame:  
The Flame had power to brighten and refine,  
But not to kindle on the Charge divine:  
So strangely thro' the purging Furnace brought,  
Thy Spirit is not warm'd, or Garment caught,  
As pure from Malice as from Guile thou art,  
With not one Spark of Anger in thy Heart.

No red-hot Zealot Thou, whose furious Mind  
Abhors the Party he has left behind,  
Runs headlong to the opposite Extream, [50]<sup>4</sup>  
Fierce to accuse, and eager to condemn:  
Darkness and Light Thou canst not wildly blend,  
The Foe to pure Religion, and the Friend,  
Or tax alike the vilest and the best,  
False and sincere, Oppressor, and Opprest.  
The pitying Love a difference knows to make,  
The Part of injur'd Innocence to take,

---

<sup>4</sup>Wesley incorrectly placed the margin line number for 50 on line 49, which is shown corrected above. The margin line numbers after 50 have been corrected to reflect this error.

Those, who the Depths of Satan have not known,  
Poor helpless Sheep, what Evil have they done?  
Spoil'd of their Goods, and Friends, and Liberty [60]  
Yet taught to think that they *alone* are free,  
That they *alone* have felt the Saviour's Blood,  
And known Him very Man, and very GOD.  
What tho' by cunning Craftiness misled,  
They fondly follow their Designing Head  
Yet do they closely walk with Christ in white,  
Their Judgment wrong, their Life is in the right,  
Their Hearts are principled with filial Fear,  
If straitned, upright, and if blind, sincere.

Happy the Souls that can in Christ confide, [70]  
GOD, and his faithfull Promise on their side!  
No Injury from Poison they receive,  
They daily drink the deadly thing and live:  
They visit undevour'd the Lion's Den,  
And in the Furnace unconsum'd remain,  
Secure amidst the Depths of hellish Art,  
The Innocents take the Deceiver's Part, }  
Yet love the Lord their GOD with all their heart.

Hast thou not known them such, my rescued Friend, [80]  
Their Fellow-prisoner once, for years detain'd?  
And wilt thou not their souls with pity see,  
And long, and labour for their Liberty?  
Yes; for the Friend of Liberty Thou art,  
And Mercy breaths her Spirit in thy Heart:  
Then hear her Whisper in thy generous Breast,  
And rise determin'd to relieve th' Opprest;  
Go to their Help, in perfect Meekness go,  
The Tyrant's open, sworn, eternal Foe,

Detect his Wiles, unravel his Design,  
And vindicate the Work, and Cause Divine. [90]

Canst thou in such a Cause *begin* to fear,  
Or startle at the Rage of Satan near?  
Surely the Foe will for his Kingdom fight,  
And tear the Men, who drag him into Light:  
But lo! the Lord, who circumscribes his power,  
And bounds his Agent's dark, delusive Hour,  
Shall skreen thee with the Buckler of his Hand,  
Shall like a Wall of Brass around thee stand,  
Till Thou hast spoil'd the Robber of his prey,  
The Tempter chas'd with his "*good Friend*"<sup>†</sup> away, [100]  
(So closely leagued unwary Souls to seize)  
And loos'd the Bands of powerfull Wickedness,  
Dissolv'd the Charm of hellish Sorcery,  
Burst every Yoke, and set the Captives free.

So shall the Captives freed with Songs return,  
And Thousands bless the Day that Thou wast born,  
Born to confound the Wisdom from beneath,  
Born to subvert the Realms of Hell and Death;  
So shall thy Lord, before his Host above,  
Thy faithfull Zeal with heavenly Smiles approve } [110]  
And seat thee on his Throne of Everlasting Love.

<sup>†</sup> Alluding to a Line of the Count's  
"Thou art the Devil, my good Friend!"<sup>5</sup>

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<sup>5</sup>This note is in the hand of John Wesley, added at some point after the original manuscript was completed. The reference is to Count Zinzendorf.

[VII.]<sup>1</sup>  
 Epistle  
 To the Revd. Mr. J[ohn] W[esley].

My first, and last unalienable Friend,  
 A Brother's Thoughts with due regard attend,  
 A *Brother* still *as thy own Soul belov'd*  
 Who speak to learn, and write to be reprov'd:  
 Far from the factious<sup>2</sup> undiscerning Crowd,  
 Distrest I fly to Thee, and think aloud,  
 I tell thee, wise and faithful as Thou art,  
 The Fears and Sorrows of a burthen'd Heart,  
 The Workings of (a blind, or heavenly?) Zeal  
 And all my Fondness for THE CHURCH I tell, 10  
 The Church, whose Cause I serve, whose Faith approve,  
 Whose Altars reverence, and whose Name I love.

But does she still exist in more than Sound?  
 The Church—alas! where is she to be found?  
 Not in the men, however *dignified*,  
 Who *would* her Creeds repeal, her Laws deride,  
 Her Prayers expunge, her Articles disown,  
 And thrust the Filial Godhead from his Throne.  
 Vainest of all their Antichristian Plea,  
 Who cry "*The Temple of the Lord are We!*"<sup>3</sup> 20  
 "We have the Church, nor will we quit our hold."—  
 Their hold of what? the Altar? or the Gold?  
 The Altars Theirs who will not light the Fire?  
 Who spurn the Labour—but accept the Hire;  
 Who not for Souls, but their own Bodies care,  
 And leave to Underlings the Task of Prayer?

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<sup>1</sup>Published as *An Epistle to the Reverend Mr. John Wesley* (1755).

<sup>2</sup>Ori., "curious"; "factious" written as a change on p. 88.

<sup>3</sup>Jeremiah 7:4.

As justly might our christen'd Heathen claim,  
 Thieves, Drunkards, Whoremongers, the Sacred Name,  
 Or Rabble-rout succeed in their Endeavour  
 With *high-church and Sacheverel*<sup>4</sup> forever! 30  
 As *Arians* be for Orthodox allow'd,  
 For Saints, the Sensual, covetous, and proud, }  
 And Satan's Synagogue for the true Church of GOD.

Then let the zealous Orthodox appear,  
 And challenge the contested Character:  
 Those, who renounce the whole Dissenting Tribe,  
 Creeds, Articles, and Liturgy subscribe,  
 Their Parish-church who never once have mist,  
 At Schism rail—and hate a *Methodist*.  
 "The Company of faithfull Souls" are These, 40  
 That strive to stablish their own Righteousness  
 But count the Faith Divine a Madman's Dream?  
 Howe'er they to Themselves may Pillars seem,  
 Of Christ, and of his Church they make no part:  
 They never knew—the Saviour, in their Heart.

But Those, who in their hearts have Jesus known, }  
 Believers, justified by Faith alone  
 Shall we not Them *the faithfull People* own?  
 In whom the Power of Godliness is seen,  
 Must we not grant the Methodists *the men*? 50  
 No; tho' we granted them from Schism free,  
 From wild enthusiastic Heresy,  
 From every wilfull Crime, and moral Blot,  
 Yet still the Methodists *The Church* are not:

---

<sup>4</sup>Henry Sacheverell (1674–1724).

A single Faculty is not the Soul,  
A Limb the Body, or a Part the whole.

Whom then, when every false Pretender's cast,  
With truth may we account The Church at last?  
"All who have felt, deliver'd from above,  
"The heavenly<sup>5</sup> Faith, that works by holy<sup>6</sup> Love, 60  
"All that in pure religious Worship join,  
"Led by the Spirit, and the Word divine,  
"Duelly<sup>7</sup> the Christian Mysteries partake  
"And bow to Governours for Conscience sake:"  
In these *The Church of England* I descry,  
And vow with *these alone* to live and die.

Yet while I warmly for her Faith contend,  
Shall I her Blots and Blemishes defend?  
Inventions *added* in a fatal Hour,  
Human Appendages of Pomp and Power, 70  
Whatever shines in outward<sup>8</sup> Grandeur great,  
I give it up—A Creature of the State!  
Wide of the Church, as Hell from Heav'n is wide,  
The Blaze of Riches, and the Glare of Pride,  
The vain Desire to be intitled<sup>9</sup> *Lord*,  
The Worldly Kingdom, and the Princely Sword.

But should the bold Usurping Spirit dare  
Still higher climb, and sit in *Moses* Chair,  
Power ore my Faith and Conscience to maintain;  
Shall I submit, and suffer it to reign? 80  
Call it *the Church*, and Darkness put for Light,  
Falshood with Truth confound, and Wrong with Right?  
No: I dispute<sup>10</sup> the Evil's haughty Claim,  
The Spirit of the World be still its Name,

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<sup>5</sup>"Heavenly" has "holy" written as an alternative on p. 92.

<sup>6</sup>"Holy" has "humble" written as an alternative on p. 92.

<sup>7</sup>Ori., "AII."

<sup>8</sup>Ori., "earthly"; "outward" written as a change on p. 92.

<sup>9</sup>Ori., "saluted"; "intitled" written as a change on p. 92.

<sup>10</sup>Ori., "deny"; "dispute" written as a change on p. 92.

Whatever call'd by Man, 'tis purely Evil,  
'Tis Babel, Antichrist, and Pope, and Devil.

Nor would I e'er disgrace the Church's Cause  
By penal Edicts, and compulsive Laws,  
(Should wicked Powers, as formerly prevail  
T' exclude her choicest Children from her Pale) 90  
Or force my Brethren in her Forms to join,  
As every Rite and Rubric<sup>11</sup> were Divine,  
As all her Orders on the Mount were given,  
And copied from the *Hierarchy* of Heaven.  
Let Others for the Shape and Colour fight  
Of Garments short or long, or black or white,  
Or fairly match'd, in furious Battle join  
For and against, the Sponsors, and the Sign,  
Copes, Hoods, and Surplices the Church miscall, 100  
And fiercely run their heads against *the Wall*;  
Far different Care is mine; o're Earth to see  
Diffus'd her true essential Piety,  
To see her lift again her languid Head,  
Her lovely Face from every Wrinkle freed,  
Clad in the simple, pure, primeval Dress,  
And beauteous with internal Holiness,  
Wash'd by the Spirit and the Word from Sin,  
Fair without Spot, and glorious all within.

Alas! how distant now, how desolate  
Our captive Zion in her fallen State! 110  
Deserted by her Friends, and laugh'd to scorn,  
By inbred Foes, and bosom Vipers torn!  
With Grief I mark their<sup>12</sup> rancorous Despight,  
With horror hear the clam'rous *Edomite*;

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<sup>11</sup>Ori., "Usage."

<sup>12</sup>Ori., "her."

“Down with her to the ground, who fiercely cries,  
 “No more to lift her head, no more to rise!  
 “Down with her to the Pit, to Tophet doom  
 “A Church emerging from the Dregs of *Rome!*  
 “Can there in such a Church Salvation be?  
 “Can any Good come out of Popery?<sup>[1]</sup> } 120  
 Ye moderate Dissenters come, and see.

See us, when from the Papal Fire we came,  
 Ye frozen Sects, and warm you at the Flame,  
 Where for the Truth our Host of Martyrs Stood  
 And clapp’d their hands, and seal’d it with their Blood.  
 Behold *Elijah’s* fiery Steeds appear,  
 Discern the Chariot of *our* Israel near!  
 That flaming Car, for whom doth it come down?  
 The Spouse of Christ?—or whore of Babylon?  
 For Martyrs, by the scarlet whore pursued 130  
 Thro’ Racks and Fires, into the Arms of GOD.  
 The Church of Christ are These, by Torture driven  
 To Thrones triumphant with their Friends in Heaven.  
 The Church of Christ (let all the Nations own)  
 The Church of Christ *and England*—is but One!

Yet vainly of our Ancestors we boast,  
 We who their Faith and Purity have lost,  
 Degenerate Branches from a noble Seed,  
 Corrupt, apostatis’d, and doubly dead;  
 Will GOD in such a Church his work revive? 140  
 “It cannot be, that these dry Bones should live.<sup>[2]</sup>

But who to teach Almighty Grace shall dare  
 How far to suffer, and how long to spare?

Shall man's bold Hand our Candlestick remove,  
 Or cut us off from our Redeemer's Love?  
 Shall Man presume to say "There is no Hope:  
 "GOD *must* forsake, for *we* have giv'n her up,  
 "To save<sup>13</sup> a Church so near the Gates of Hell  
 "This is a Thing—with GOD impossible!"<sup>1</sup>

And yet this thing impossible *is* done, 150  
 The Lord hath made his Power and Mercy known  
 Strangely reviv'd our long-extinguish'd Hope,  
 And brought out of their graves his People up.  
 Soon as we prophecied in Jesus Name,  
 The Noise, the Shaking, and the Spirit came!  
 The Bones spontaneous to each other cleav'd,  
 The Dead in sin his powerful word receiv'd, }  
 And felt the quickning Breath of GOD, and liv'd. }  
 Dead Souls to all the Life of Faith restor'd  
 (The House of Israel now,) confess the Lord, 160  
 His People, and his Church, out of their graves  
 They rise, and testify that Jesus saves,  
 That Jesus gives the multiplied Increase,  
 While One becomes a thousand Witnesses.

Nor can it seem to Souls already freed  
 Incredible, that GOD should wake the dead,  
 Should farther still exert his saving Power,  
 And call, and quicken twice ten thousand more,  
 Till our whole Church a mighty Host becomes,  
 And owns the Lord, the Opener of their Tombs. 170

Servant of GOD, my Yoke-fellow and Friend,  
 If GOD by *us* to the dry bones could send,

---

<sup>13</sup>Ori., "raise."

By *us* out of their graves his People raise,  
 By *us* display the Wonders of his grace,  
 Why should we doubt his Zeal to carry on  
 By abler Instruments the Work begun,  
 To build our Temple that in Ruins lay,  
 And re-convert a Nation in a Day,  
 To bring our Sion forth, like gold refin'd,  
 With all his Saints in closest Union join'd  
 A Friend, a Nursing-mother to mankind. } 180

Surely the Time is come for GOD to rise,  
 And turn upon our Church his glorious eyes,  
 To shew her all the Riches of his Grace,  
 To make her throughout all the Earth a Praise,  
 For O! his Servants think upon her Stones,  
 And in their Hearts his pleading Spirit groans:  
 It pitieth them to see her in the Dust,  
 Her Lamp extinguish'd, and her Gospel lost:  
 Lost—till the Lord, the great Restorer came, 190  
 Extinguish'd—till his Breath reviv'd the Flame  
 His Arm descending lifted up the Sign,  
 His Light appearing bid her “rise and shine,”  
 Bid her glad Children bless the heavenly Ray,  
 And shout the Prospect of a Gospel-day.

Meanest and least of all her Sons, may I  
 Unite with Theirs my Faith and Sympathy?  
 Meanest and least—yet can I never rest,  
 Or quench the Flame inkindled in my Breast:  
 Whether a Spark of Nature's fond Desire, 200  
 Which warms my Heart, and sets my Soul on fire,  
 Or a pure Ray from yon bright Throne above,  
 Which melts my yearning Bowels into Love;

Even as Life, it still remains the same,  
 My fervent Zeal for our Jerusalem,  
 Stronger than Death, and permanent as true,  
 And purer Love it *seems* than Nature ever knew.

For Her, whom her apostate Sons despise,  
 I offer up my Life in sacrifice,  
 My Life in cherishing a Parent spend, 210  
 Fond of my Charge, and faithfull to the end:  
 Not by the Bonds of sordid Interest tied,  
 Not gain'd by Wealth, or Honours to her side,  
 But by a *double* Birth her Servant born:  
 Vile for her sake, expos'd to general Scorn,  
 Thrust out as from her Pale, I gladly roam,  
 Banish'd myself to bring her wanderers home:  
 While the lost Sheep of Israel's House I seek,  
 By Bigots branded for a Schismatick,  
 By real Schismaticks disown'd, decry'd, 220  
 As a blind Bigot on the Church's side:  
 Yet well-content (so I my Love may shew  
 My friendliest Love) to be esteem'd her Foe,  
 Foe to her Order, Governours, and Rules;  
 The Song of Drunkards, and the Sport of Fools;  
 Or, what my Soul doth as Hell-fire reject,  
 A Pope—a Count—and Leader of a Sect.

Partner of my Reproach, who justly claim  
 The larger Portion of the glorious Shame  
 My Pattern in the Work and Cause Divine, 230  
 Say, is thy Heart as *bigotted* as mine?

Wilt Thou with me in the old Church remain  
And share her Weal or Woe, her Loss or Gain,  
Spend in her Service thy last Drop of Blood,  
And die<sup>14</sup>—to build the Temple of our GOD?

Thy Answer is in more than Words express  
I read it thro' the Window in thy Breast,  
In every Action of thy Life I see  
Thy faithfull Love, and filial Piety:  
To save a sinking Church Thou dost not spare 240  
Thyself, but lavish all thy Life for Her;  
For Sion sake Thou wilt not hold thy peace,  
That she may grow, impatient to decrease,  
To rush into thy Grave, that she may rise,  
And mount with all her Children to the skies.

What then remains for us on earth to do,  
But labour on, with Jesus in our view,  
Who bids us kindly for his Houshold care,  
Calls us the Burthen of his Church to bear  
To feed his Flock, and nothing seek beside, 250  
And nothing know, but Jesus crucified.

When first sent forth to minister the word,  
Say, did we preach ourselves, or Christ the Lord?  
Was it our Aim Disciples to collect,  
To raise a Party, or to found a Sect?  
No; but to spread the Power of Jesus name  
Repair the Walls of our Jerusalem,  
Revive the Piety of antient Days,  
And fill the Earth with our Redeemer's Praise.

---

<sup>14</sup>Ori., “beg.”

Still let us steadily pursue our End, 260  
And only for the Faith divine contend,  
Superior to the Charms of Power and Fame,  
Persist thro' Life, invariably the same:  
And if indulg'd our Heart's Desire to see,  
Jerusalem in full Prosperity,  
To pristine Faith and Purity restor'd;  
How shall we bless our good redeeming Lord,  
Gladly into his<sup>15</sup> Hands our Children give,  
Securely in their Mother's Bosom leave,  
With calm Delight<sup>16</sup> accept our late Release, 270  
Resign our Charge to GOD, and then depart in Peace.

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<sup>15</sup>Ori., "our."

<sup>16</sup>Ori., "~~With confidence~~"; "With calm Delight" written as a change on p. 106.

[VIII.]<sup>1</sup>  
 An Epistle  
 To the Rt. Hon. and Rt. Revd. C[ount] Z[inzendorf].

While envious Foes against thy Fame conspire,  
 And by depressing raise thy Spirit higher,  
 By stubborn Facts attempt their Charge to fix,  
 By conjuring up the Ghosts of Hereticks  
 Thy Virtue wrong, thy Dignity disgrace,  
 And daub with thickest Dirt thy comely Face:  
 Permit an humble Bard, inspir'd by Thee,  
 To give thee back *thine own* Apology,  
 In *thine own Words* thy praises to rehearse  
 And paint *thy Hero* in heroic Verse, 10  
 Till all confess thy *Fascinating* Power,  
 And those who censure most, *admire* thee more.

There is a Time, when Merit is allow'd  
 To praise itself, magnanimously proud,  
 When conscious Virtue its Reward may claim;  
 Philosophers and Kings have done the same.  
 Tho' Criticks cold condemn the generous Boast,  
 And say, that "Honour, when assum'd, is lost";  
 Tis great, tis noble, and becomes thee well  
 To fetch from high thy glorious Parellel! 20  
 To whom shoudst Thou compare a Soul like thine,  
 But to a *Socrates* or *Antonine*?  
 Who but a Cesar his own Acts shou'd paint?  
 Who but a Z[inzendorf] record Himself a Saint?

Constrain'd at last, Thou dost Thyself display  
 And rise majestic into open Day,  
 Thou dost (with *Pain* no doubt, and huge Distress)  
 Give *thy own Face* a farther *Comliness*,

---

<sup>1</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:203–214.

Shew us thy lovely Self, for All to ape,  
Pure abstract Virtue in an human Shape. 30

And first *thy Person (with Thyself)* we own,  
*Perhaps, not every where alike unknown,*  
*Not one extravagant, or ill design'd*  
To shadow forth the Vastness of thy mind:  
Thy portly mein august, thy solemn Pace,  
And Self-importance stamp't upon thy Face,  
Must every Eye and every Heart engage,  
And loudly speak the high-born Personage.  
Or if they fail, the World shall learn from Thee,  
In every Page thine antient Pedigree: 40  
Thy Muster-roll *Lords, Dukes, and Burgraves* fill,  
(*From Sovereigns too descended by the Spill.*)  
In every Act Thou dost Thyself declare,  
*Like People of a public Character,*  
Thine *Ancestors* and *Territories* tell,  
And *Titles* high, that to a Mountain swell.  
Yet the *grand Monde* Thou dost<sup>2</sup> long since forego,  
*Not without Means its Grandeurs all to know,*  
Yet hast thou cast thy *Riches all* aside,  
*Houses and Honours, Stateliness and Pride;* 50  
Howe'er thou mayst to reasning Minds appear  
Thy own most despicable Trumpeter,  
Vainest of all the Potsherds of the Earth,  
Eternal Boaster of thy Rank and Birth,  
Proud as a supercilious Worm can be,  
Amazing *Preacher of Humility!*

*Like others of thy Rank* (like Kings that go  
To foreign Courts) Thou *dwelst incognito*:

---

<sup>2</sup>“Dost” has “didst” written above it as an alternative.

Like Persian Kings, conceal'd from vulgar Sight,  
*Thou livst in England a meer Anchorite* 60  
 Lodg'd in thy garret, as an humble Cell,  
 And rarely by thy Subjects visible.  
 Thrice happy They, if suffer'd to draw near,  
 With meek Devotion, and religious Fear,  
 They see thee in thy Palace once a year. }

So in his Shrine the Indian Pagod sits,  
 And seldom his blind Worshippers admits,  
 Some crafty Bramin, rais'd above the rest,  
 Who knows the Crowd, and acts a God the best:  
 By Satan taught Divinity t' assume, 70  
 He darts his Glory thro' the sacred Gloom,  
 A living Image, sent them from the skies,  
 Solemn he waves his Hands, and rolls his eyes,  
 Affects to shake the Temple with his Nod,  
 And the whole Nation cries—Behold our God!

Yet is thy *Converse* (if Thyself we hear)  
*Open, and cordial, lively, and sincere:*  
*Thy Cabinet too is open day and night,*  
 And every *simple* Soul may get a sight:  
 Accessible thou art to great and small, 80  
*Fond to be broken in upon by all.*  
 Find in his heart to censure Thee who can,  
*An happy, harmless, inoffensive Man!*  
 So blith, and debonair, so frank, and free,  
 Thy very Servants are as great as Thee.

But well thou knowst thy Grandeur to maintain,  
 And take the Reins of Government again,  
 To make the servile Tools their distance keep,  
 Instructed when to run, and when to creep,

To watch the Motions of thy sovereign Will, 90  
 Fly at thy Nod, or tremble and be still,  
 With prostrate Awe thy praises to repeat,  
 And lick the Dust beneath thy sacred Feet.

So the grand Monarch lays his State aside,  
 And all the Trammels of Majestic Pride,  
 Bright Sun of Empire he shrinks in his rays,  
 And frolicsom amidst his Courtiers plays:  
 But at his Pleasure, when the Revel burns,  
 Tis quench'd at once: for lo! the King returns!  
 Messieurs orewhelm'd again with awe profound 100  
 Fall at the dazzling Sight, and kiss the ground,  
 The abject Souls cringe to their haughty Lord,  
 And L·O·U·is<sup>3</sup> shines, by all his Slaves ador'd.

Nor art thou less benevolent than great,  
 Less good, than conscious of thy high Estate.  
 Thy Love, *thou sayst*, is vast and unconfin'd,  
 The Patron Thou, the *Titus* of Mankind.  
 Tho' rebel Methodists excite thy Passion,  
 And force thy Meekness to a *Deviation*,  
 To all beside thy Charity extends, 110  
 Papists and Protestants it comprehends:  
 Jews, Turks, and Infidels may lodge apart,  
 Nor ever clash in thy capacious Heart.  
 Thou knowst the blind Mahometan to please,  
*And hint his Wants with delicate Address:*  
 The Jews thou dost with kindest Smiles approve  
*And Thee, tis wonderful how much they love.*

---

<sup>3</sup>I.e., Louis (Ludwig)—Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf.

“They love (but what of wonderful in this?)  
 “One who betrays his Master with a Kiss,  
 “Who spurns, and crucifies him every day<sup>[2]</sup> 120  
 So some malignant Methodist wou’d say.

Yet spite of Envy, thy bewitching Smile  
 The widest Contraries can reconcile:  
 All sorts thou dost into thy Service take,  
 Of all a wondrous Coalition make,  
 Where Luther’s Partizans with Calvin’s join,  
 And Orthodox and Heterodox combine,  
 Together jumbled in a common Mass  
 (Their Head at least of pure Corinthian Brass)  
 Thy dear religious Tropus’s unite 130  
 No matter which is wrong, and which is right,  
 Suffice that in one Point they all agree  
 To shut their eyes, and blindly worship Thee.

So when *Old Noll*<sup>4</sup> our Church and State or’ethrew,  
 The Saints into an holy League he drew,  
 The various Sects alike cajol’d carest,  
 And warm’d them in his large impartial Breast,  
 Cherish’d with equal Favour and Esteem,  
 (For all Religions were the same to Him)  
 A Preacher now, and now a crophair’d Brother, 140  
 Pray’d with one Party, and sung psalms with tother,  
 He let their Tenets and their Heads alone,  
 So all conspir’d to prop th’ Usurper’s Throne.

Thy Meekness next demands th’ applauding Song,  
 So long attack’d, invincible so long,  
 While from all Quarters shot, the Libels fly,  
 But never tempt thee to a rash Reply:  
 Nor greater Haste thy Gravity will make,  
 Than Spaniard whipt, or Bruin at a stake.

---

<sup>4</sup>A common designation for Oliver Cromwell.

No lame Defence shall from thy mouth proceed, [150]  
 Thou wilt not answer, for Thou wilt not read;  
 So tender to condemn, so loath to blame,  
*Or spoil thy Notion of a favourite Name!*  
 A thousand Stabs can scarcely make thee groan,  
 Till Whitefield fetches out—*And Thou my Son!*  
 Till Rimius<sup>5</sup> gives us in an English Dress  
 Thy *modest* Hymns, and *upright* Practices,  
 Impertinently questions *Is it so?*  
 And racks thy Conscience for a *Yes, or No.*

So be it then! the harmless Man of peace 160  
 No longer mild, and meek to an Excess,  
 By Foes (or clam'rous Followers?) compell'd,  
 His sevenfold Target grasps, and takes the field.  
 Great as La Mancha's Knight,<sup>6</sup> with stately Pace  
 He issues forth, and shews his rueful Face.  
 He issues forth, his desperate Foes to find,  
 And trusty *Sancho* follows close behind.

Ah! lovely Pair, which shall we most admire  
 The Knight magnanimous, or gentle Squire?  
 Ah, lovely Pair! in whom combin'd we see 170  
 The lordly Boast, and low Scurrility!  
 Strange Contrast! in the self-same Page appear,  
 Th' illustrious Count, and quondam<sup>7</sup> Bookseller!  
 We read transported: but we ask perplext,  
 Whose is the Comment, Friend, and whose the Text?  
 Our shrewd Suspicion, if the Truth were known  
 Text, Comment, Notes, and *Stile*—are all thy own.

And first, while pleas'd thy Principles to beg,  
 Thou bidst us only answer with our Leg,  
 And humbly hopst, thy Friends will be so just 180  
 As take thy every Saying upon trust.

---

<sup>5</sup>Henry Rimius, a Moravian, translated some of Zinzendorf's hymns.

<sup>6</sup>I.e., Don Quixote.

<sup>7</sup>Ori., "broken."

Who call thee Rabbi, and Papa, and Lord,  
 Say black is white, they still will take thy word,  
 To reasoning Men thy Word is not enough,  
 Nor all thy Dogmata without their Proof;  
 Thy Word they doubt, thy Doctrines they deny,  
 And scorn with *ipse dixit* to comply,  
 And madly careless of thy gathering Frown,  
 Invite the Storm, and bring the Thunder down.

Woe to the Men, by whom thy Wrath is stirr'd, 190  
 Who take an angry Lion by the Beard!  
 Thy own Resentment skilful to conceal,  
 Thou rarely liftest up thy *desperate Heel*,  
 But dost thro' *Hutton's*<sup>8</sup> Pen their faces claw,  
 And tear their eyes out with *Grimalkin's* Paw,  
 Who to impeach thy Character shall dare,  
 When dreadful *Hutton* threatens *not to spare?*  
 Spit out of thy own Mouth—! whose *borrow'd* Sword,  
 Whose deadly Pen draws blood at every Word.  
 Thy furious Foil, he shews how meek thou art, [200]  
 And compliments Thee with the calmer Part,  
 The slower Thou to wrath, he runs the faster,  
 And cunning James plays booty with his Master.

How oft to save thy Modesty the Pain,  
 And covertly commend Thyself again,  
 Dost Thou thy Servant's various Talents try,  
 And teach him when to bully,—and to lie;  
 With nicest Flattery when to daub thy Face,  
 Loudly extol, and *violently praise*,  
 Publish both far and near thine high Desert, [210]<sup>9</sup>  
 How good, how great, how—everything thou art,  
 Repeat the Words deliver'd him from Thee,  
 And cry throughout the Nation—*This is He!*

---

<sup>8</sup>James Hutton, converted under John Wesley, turned Moravian.

<sup>9</sup>Wesley incorrectly placed the margin line number for 200 on line 210, which is shown corrected above. The margin line numbers after 210 have been corrected to reflect this error, as well as any other lines misnumbered.

This is the Man (the Man himself avers)  
 Who public Weal to private Gain prefers!  
 A Patriot, to his own entirely blind,  
 Who freely serves the Interest of Mankind;  
*Servant of Servants!* to no Country bound,  
 Who deals his Blessings to the Nations round,  
 (His Recipes for<sup>10</sup> Souls, till now unknown, [220]  
 Nostrum's and grand Arcanum's of his own)  
 Assures the World their only Good he seeks:  
 And *Hutton* swears—Tis Gospel all he speaks!

Thus when the wonderful High-German Sage  
 In pure Benevolence ascends the Stage,  
 The generous Friend of Misery *appears*,  
 And takes the Vulgar by five hundred Ears  
 (His Med'cines rather bent to give than sell,  
 So cheap, so rare, and all infallible;)  
 Facetious *Andrew* holds the second Place, [230]  
 And loudly ecchoes what his Master says,  
 Extols his Skill, extols his Remedies,  
 Extols his public Spirit to the skies:  
 The ductile Herd his powerful Rhetoric feels,  
 And gapes—and swallows all the Doctor's Pills.

In Love to Man Thou dost thy Merits shew,  
 In Justice to thine injur'd Virtue too,  
 And still the more thy Libellers debase,  
 The more Thou dost thine own Perfections praise.  
 But shall I praise thy tardy bashful Friends [240]  
 For forcing thee to make Thyself amends?  
 Thyself to clear th' Aspersion of thy Fame,  
 And blaze the Glories of thy own great Name?

---

<sup>10</sup>Ori., "of."

What Pity tis, that such an humble Man  
 Shou'd *seem* so haughty, arrogant, and vain,  
 His own Exploits in swelling words declare,  
 And father them upon *The Editor!*  
 Wou'd no Ally thine Excellence proclaim,  
 The Pencil snatch, and save thee from thy shame?  
 Not one observe the old Defensive League, [250]  
 Nor steady C[ennick],<sup>11</sup> nor judicious G?<sup>12</sup>  
 What all forsake thee at thy greatest Need!  
 Has Gambold too forgot to write and read?  
 Or dost thou keep him ready at thy Beck  
 As thy Sheet-Anchor, and thy latest Stake,  
 And let that *Zani* in thy Cause appear  
 To wipe thee with his sn\_\_\_\_\_<sup>13</sup> Handkercher! †  
 A Champion worthy Thee! Equipp'd for fight,  
 With neither Nails to scratch, nor Teeth to bite,  
 Fit for his warm important Master's Use [260]  
 As hot and heavy as a Taylor's Goose,  
 The dullest Scholar, and the poorest Tool,  
 That ever issued from a Dutchman's School.

Then let me drop him; and with Wonder new  
 My fav'rite Theme, my noble Count pursue,  
 Who conscious of his Quality and Birth  
 Treats, like a Sovereign, with the Lords of earth,  
 Offers the Sceptre first, for Them to sway,  
 Maker of Kings, and gives his Realms away.  
 When all refuse the Triple Diadem, [270]  
 By Right divine it justly falls to Him,  
 Head of the Church he then vouchsafes to be,  
 Ascends the Throne, and founds his new Theocracy.

† An elegant Epithet of the Editor's!

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<sup>11</sup>John Cennick (1718–55).

<sup>12</sup>There is no line drawn after the “G,” though this is almost certainly short for John Gambold, as appears two lines later. Charles appears to intend the short form to preserve metre and rhyme.

<sup>13</sup>Almost certainly: “snotty.”

*Servant of Servants* hail!—but O! the words  
 Give back, and let me greet thee Lord of Lords!  
 For Lords, thou sayst, from every side resort,  
 To swell the Grandeur of thy Papal Court:  
 The Arbiters of Life and Death resign  
 Their Power despotic, to be ruled by thine,  
 And Princes absolute submit to Thee, [280]  
 Princes are proud to wear thy Livery,  
 Like Sheba's Queen on all thy Greatness gaze,  
 And learn thy sweet inimitable Lays.

But more than all thy Greatness I admire  
 The heavenly Music of thine Infant Quire,  
 Melodious Babes, who in exactest time<sup>14</sup>  
 Chaunt thy *well-suited* Hymns, and squall in Rhyme  
 The cross-air-pigs, how prettily they squeak,  
 And sing—or ever they have learn'd to speak,  
 Charming to hear, and wondrous to behold [290]  
 Thy lovely Songsters—of a twelve month old!  
 A Truth how like a legendary Tale,  
 Where Fishes speak in Popish Miracle,  
 Worthy to be receiv'd by such alone  
 As bow to the sagacious Middleton,<sup>15</sup>  
 Who tells us, Men may breathe without their Lungs,  
 Run without Legs—and *talk without their* Tongues.

Who now, when Z[inzendorf] a Fact has told,  
 What Infidel can his Assent withhold?  
*Maxims* howe'er thou modestly mayst call [300]  
 Thy words, thy Words are *Demonstrations* all.  
*Too great to scatter dust* in prying eyes,  
*Thou scornst Evasion, Cunning, and Disguise*

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<sup>14</sup>Ori., “Rhyme.”

<sup>15</sup>See Conyers Middleton, *A Free Inquiry into the Miraculous Powers, which are Supposed to have Existed in the Christian Church* (London: Manby & Cox, 1749), 183.

And Guile, tis evident, can ne'er agree  
 With all thy *natural Simplicity*.  
 Thou sayst it, and we need no longer fear  
 The sly ecclesiastic Kidnapper,  
 Who never didst a *Sister-Church* betray  
 Weaken, or steal her choicest Sons away. [310]  
 If Numbers left her, could it be thy Fault?  
 'Twas Spangenberg *depriv'd her of her Salt*:  
 Moulter<sup>16</sup> or Böhler play'd the cunning Thief,  
 And L·O·U·is came *too late* to her Relief:  
 Constant t' *oppose* thy Agents, but in vain;  
 Thou couldst not give her back her Salt again;  
 Thou couldst not help it—or unlearn thy Skill  
*Of making Proselytes against thy Will*:  
 But not a single Man, of high degree,  
 Or low, was taken from the Church by Thee.

And canst thou look us in the Face, and say [320]  
 Thou never madst one Methodist thy Prey?  
 Thou never didst our easy Trust deceive,  
 Thou never didst or lie for GOD, or thief!  
 As truly might *thy own Cartouch* deny  
 He ever did one Act of Robbery,  
 And modestly his roguish Comrades blame,  
 For plundering all the Country—in his Name.  
 But say, what means this Bleating in my Ear?  
 Whence came the Lambs which in thy Fold I hear?  
 Who hath begotten These that own thy sway? [330]  
 Let every sad deserted Pastor say:  
 Or if thou hast not quite put out his eyes,  
 Let G[ambold] answer that his Master lies.

Why should I hope thy Confidence to shame,  
 Or ask—Hast ever heard of W[esley]'s Name?  
 Of Wh[itefield] or the rest, who many a year

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<sup>16</sup>I.e., Philip Henry Molther, a disciple of Zinzendorf.

Brought forth their Children for the murderer?  
 Didst thou not track them by thy trusty Spies,  
 Claim the young Converts as thy lawful Prize,  
 Pursue the trav'ling Soul thro' Desarts wild, [340]  
 Like the Red Dragon watching for the Child?

But here thy Modesty insists again  
 "Thy Proselytes in their own Church remain."<sup>[31]</sup>  
 Is Stonehouse then both out of mind and sight?  
 And *was* not G[ambold] *once* thy Proselyte?  
 "Yes; but except the Brethren qualified,  
 "Who separated by Law, the rest abide."  
 Like Ferrets in the Boroughs (taught no doubt  
 By Thee) they stay to drive their Neighbours out:  
 And when conform'd entirely to thy mind, [350]  
 They quit the Church—they leave their *Names* behind  
 We have their Names, and Thou eleven Parts,  
 Their Hands, their Heads, their Purses, and their Hearts.

Yet dost thou wipe thy Mouth and take thy Ease,  
 Confronted by a thousand Witnesses,  
 With steady Face the plainest Fact deny,  
 (*I never took them from the Church, not I !*)  
 Insult our Reason with thy proud Defence,  
 And bear us down by Dint of Impudence!—  
 Of Eloquence I mean—the hasty word [360]  
 Escap'd, unworthy of so great a Lord,  
 Who on his own Integrity relies,  
 Superior to a World of Enemies,  
 Affects with cool Disdain his Foes to see  
 And glories in his unfelt Infamy.

With equal Modesty, and equal Grace,  
 Immortal *Henley* lifts his flinty Face,

Wraps himself up in his own Virtuous Mind,  
 And conscious of his Worth, defies Mankind,  
 He laughs at Shame, so far beyond its Power, [370]  
 And piques himself, that he *can blush no more*.

But why should my degrading Fancy dare  
 A Sovereign with a low Buffoon compare?  
 A King without the Name, whose Statutes bind  
 The Conscience of his Slaves, and chain ye mind;  
 While absolute himself, he stoops to none,  
 Mixt with ye Lords of earth, and reigns alone.

Ye Lords of earth, for your own Interest wise,  
 Where'er he comes, your more than Subject prize,  
 Your mighty Guest with due Distinction greet, [380]  
 And Z[inzendorf] as on a level meet.  
 For if you like him not, alas for You!  
 Alas for yours! He makes his threatenng true }  
 With cruel haste, and bids your Realms adieu. }  
 Deaf to the Self-accuser's late Complaint, }  
 Leaves you to feel your Loss, and mourn your Want, }  
 And envy happier Climes th' illustrious Emigrant.

But kindly first he bids you all beware  
 Mistakes, for Servitude he cannot bear  
 (Servant of Servants tho' Himself he call, [390]  
 His meek Humility is verbal all)  
 Cannot against his mind your Laws receive,  
 Or tame Obedience on Compulsion give;  
 So truly great, a Slave he will not be,  
 Who to his Life prefers his Liberty.

How like those Worthies, in the Lists of Fame,  
 Who rais'd to highest Heaven the *Roman* Name!  
 Whose haughty Spirit untam'd, could never brook  
 The Power of Kings, or bear a Tyrant's Yoke.  
 Yet what they valued most, their Virtuous Pride [400]  
 Their Justice tore from all the World beside.  
 With glorious Liberty supremely blest,  
 Foremost of men, they doom'd to chains the rest,  
 Gaul'd with their Fetters every freeborn Mind  
 The Scourge, the Pest, the Lords of all Mankind.

But what Thou art, *thou thinkst*, cannot be guest,  
 A Lord, or Cheat, a Blessing or a Pest:  
 Thy Character must still a Secret be,  
 Unriddled *in the present Century*.  
 Yet that succeeding Times may justly prize, [410]  
 The Count beneficent, the Patriot wise,  
 The Prelate good, Thou leav'st a Copy fair,  
 A Sketch of thine immortal Character:  
 The Master-strokes Thou dost thyself supply,  
 Materials grand for thy own History;  
 The glorious Fact, that vindicates thy Fame,  
 And sticks among the Stars thy deathless Name;  
 So meekly good, so graciously inclin'd  
 To sooth the Curious Passion of Mankind,  
 Thou givst them all in every Age, to know [420]  
 The *noblest Deed* thou e'er performdst below.  
 To latest Times recorded let it be  
 The Proof supreme of human Dignity!  
 Stand it in England's<sup>17</sup> Chronicles confest,  
 That Bishop Z[inzendorf], above the rest  
 Inthron'd, and foremost of the Sacred Line,  
 A Bishop with Authority Divine,

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<sup>17</sup>“England’s” has “Europe’s” written as an alternative on p. 134.

Greatest and best of Men—What did he do?  
(Posterity will scarce believe it true)

Worthy of all Posterity to note—

*He walk'd on foot, and preach'd in a black Coat!*

[430]