

# A Shorthand Treasure-Trove: Early Lady Huntingdon Letters to Charles Wesley

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## *Abstract*

This publication provides the access to (at least excerpts from) a number of important letters of the Countess of Huntingdon to Charles Wesley, as preserved by Wesley in shorthand, and expanded here for the first time. The letters provide new insights into the relationship of Lady Huntingdon and the Wesley brothers, as well as early Methodism more generally.

## *Introduction*

Students of Rev. Charles Wesley (1707–88) have long known that he became acquainted with Lady Selina (Shirley) Hastings, Countess of Huntingdon (1707–91) in the early 1740s, and corresponded with her on occasion. But there has been little sense of the frequency of their initial correspondence, since secondary studies tended to focus instead on her early letters to John Wesley. Recent scholarship has begun to shift this focus. In particular, in 2006 John R. Tyson and Boyd S. Schlenther published a volume transcribing selections from Lady Huntingdon’s surviving correspondence, which includes 22 letters from her to Charles Wesley between 1742 and 1744.<sup>1</sup> Tyson and Schlenther make no claim to being exhaustive, and about a dozen more letters

<sup>1</sup> John R. Tyson, with Boyd S. Schlenther, *In the Midst of Early Methodism: Lady Huntingdon and Her Correspondence* (Lanham, MD: Scarecrow Press, 2006), 50–70 (there are actually 23 letters; the letter of Feb. 24, 1742, is mistakenly identified as to John Wesley).

of Lady Huntingdon to Charles Wesley during this time period are known to survive in some form.<sup>2</sup> These surviving materials add up to about one letter a month over these three years from Lady Huntingdon's side (though they are not so evenly spaced). Meanwhile only six letters from Charles Wesley to Lady Huntingdon during this time period are known to survive in some form, which might suggest that this was a rather one-sided correspondence. The purpose of this essay is to introduce an important resource that significantly enlarges our knowledge of the early correspondence between these two early leaders in the Methodist revival.

The resource is a bound manuscript notebook that has long resided in the Methodist Archives in Britain, but its value remained untapped because it is filled entirely with items recorded by Charles Wesley in a unique form of shorthand developed by John Byrom, most of which have not been previously deciphered.<sup>3</sup> The notebook (which I designate "MS Shorthand Letters," to distinguish from some other shorthand collections) is divided into two discrete, separately-numbered sections. The opening 14 pages of the first section contain shorthand copies of Wesley family letters and statements concerning the disturbances caused by the supposed ghost "Old Jeffrey" at the Epworth rectory in 1716–17, all of which are known from other longhand and published forms. Pages 17–25 are devoted to a shorthand copy of a letter of John Wesley to his father, dated December 10–19, 1734.<sup>4</sup> And on page 26 (the last remaining in this section) is the beginning of a

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<sup>2</sup> Most of these further letters are part of the collection of Lady Huntingdon papers upon which Tyson and Schlenther drew, in the Methodist Archive and Research Centre (hereafter, MARC) at the John Rylands Library, in Manchester, England: shelfmark, MA 1977/504. The letters in that collection not included in their volume are items 11, 83, 86, 87 (all in box 1) and 92, 95, 97, 98, 99, 100 (in box 2). One other manuscript letter they lack is dated June 9, 1743, and resides in the archives of St. John's College, Auckland, New Zealand. Finally, a published transcription of one further letter, dated around Aug. 25, 1742, appears in [A.C.H. Seymour,] *The Life and Times of Selina Countess of Huntingdon* (London: William Edward Painter, 1839), 1:56–57.

<sup>3</sup> MARC, MA 1977/567. Cf. Timothy Underhill, "John Byrom's Shorthand: An Introduction," *Transactions of the Lancashire and Cheshire Antiquarian Society* 104 (2008): 61–91; and Underhill, "John Byrom and the Contexts of Charles Wesley's Shorthand," *Wesley and Methodist Studies* 7 (2015): 26–53.

<sup>4</sup> This letter is published in Frank Baker et al. (eds.), *Bicentennial Edition of the Works of John Wesley* (Nashville, TN: Abingdon, 1984ff), 25:397–409. See Baker's comments on the sources for the letter on p. 409.

shorthand copy of a letter from John Wesley to John Burton, dated October 10, 1735.<sup>5</sup>

The second section runs for 31 numbered pages and is titled on page one (in shorthand): "Extracts of Lady Huntingdon Letters / January 1745." This section contains 66 discrete entries. Two entries toward the end are copies of Charles Wesley letters (one to Lady Huntingdon and one to the Bishop of London); and one entry (#41) is a single line that is part of a letter that is excerpted at greater length later in the section (#54). This leaves 63 entries that appear to be extracts from distinct letters of Lady Huntingdon to Charles Wesley. For the first 37 of these entries (through page 16b) there is no known surviving longhand copy of the letter excerpted. By contrast, longhand copies survive for the final 26 letters from Lady Huntingdon (which help demonstrate both that entries are distinct letters, and that Wesley's shorthand extracts are reliable—if sometimes polished—transcriptions). It is an expansion of the shorthand in this second section that appears below, published with permission of the John Rylands Library, University of Manchester (where the Methodist Archives now reside) and the trustees for Methodist Church Purposes, The Methodist Church in Britain.

In browsing the entries below readers will soon notice that Wesley did not arrange them in chronological order, and did not always include a date. Some undated letters can be assigned a date on internal evidence, including particularly #19—which demonstrates that correspondence between these two began as early as March 1741. Moreover, the new items evidenced in this collection *double* the number of known letters that Lady Huntingdon sent Wesley by the end of 1744. The shorthand records also demonstrate that Wesley wrote frequently to Lady Huntingdon, since she often thanks him for his most recent epistle. At the same time, they help explain why only one of Wesley's letters during this time period survives in longhand,<sup>6</sup> since Lady Huntingdon assured Wesley at least once that she had burned his letter after reading it (see #13)—likely at his request. It is possible that Wesley also burned the initial letters from Lady Huntingdon after he excerpted them in this collection.

This brings us to the question of the purpose of this collection. Why did Wesley sit down in January 1745 to compile excerpts from over 60 of Lady

<sup>5</sup> The full letter survives in a longhand copy and is published in *ibid.*, 25:439–42.

<sup>6</sup> MARC, MA 1977/504/2/96 (an undated letter from mid-Oct. 1741, in the hand of an amanuensis). From shorthand records of CW's reply on some of Lady Huntingdon's letters, and other shorthand sources, we know at least partial contents of five other letters during this period.

Huntingdon's letters to him? The stimulus is suggested by the presence of Wesley's letter to the Bishop of London, dated February 8, 1745, at the end of the collection. This letter asserts Wesley's innocence of a charge that he had "committed lewdness" with a woman. The woman was Elizabeth Story, who would later recant the accusation—admitting she made the charge at the encouragement of Thomas Williams, an itinerant Methodist preacher who was angry at Charles Wesley for not supporting his efforts to obtain ordination (since he lacked the requisite university degree).<sup>7</sup>

But how did this relate to Lady Huntingdon. The answer resides in another note by Wesley in Byrom's shorthand, this one the entry for January 3, 1745 in his manuscript journal.<sup>8</sup> Wesley records being summoned to Lady Huntingdon's residence, where she expressed concern about the accusation. After insisting on his innocence, Wesley voiced frustration that his "friend" did not simply take him at his word. When he referred to Lady Huntingdon again about three weeks later (again in shorthand), it was as an "old friend" who would no longer be worshiping at the West Street chapel with the Wesley brothers.<sup>9</sup> In short, during January 1745 Charles Wesley was distressed by what he saw as the loss of Lady Huntingdon's friendship, and he handled his disappointment by combing through her letters, pulling out her words of friendship, affirmation, and recognition of the contribution of his ministry to her spiritual life.<sup>10</sup>

Finally, a comment on the text that follows. John Byrom's shorthand, as employed by Charles Wesley, is constructed of consonant sounds, with vowel markers; with the latter often omitted when assumed to be obvious. Moreover, it frequently uses single letters for entire words, abbreviations for phrases, and the like. Thus, expansion of the shorthand necessarily involves varying degrees

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<sup>7</sup> See Randy L. Maddox and Timothy Underhill, "Untwisting the Tangled Web: Charles Wesley and Elizabeth Story," *Wesley and Methodist Studies* 8 (2016): 175–83.

<sup>8</sup> S T Kimbrough Jr. & Kenneth G. C. Newport (eds.), *The Manuscript Journal of the Rev. Charles Wesley, M.A.* (Nashville, TN: Kingswood Books, 2008), 432–33; hereafter, *CW, MS Journal*.

<sup>9</sup> *Ibid.*, 434.

<sup>10</sup> Inserted loose-leaf into MS Shorthand Letters is also a page containing in shorthand a poem titled "An Address to a Friend." The poem is to Sarah Perrin, another of Wesley's female friends in the early 1740s, who was also troubled by the charges against him. An expansion of the poem can be found at <https://divinity.duke.edu/initiatives/cswt/charles-manuscript-verse>.

of interpretation and hypothetical renderings.<sup>11</sup> I place curly brackets { } around *all* material expanded from shorthand as a reminder that it is an expansion, not a transcription. When more than one reading might make sense, I give the letter(s) present in the shorthand, enclosing the remainder of my suggested expansion in single brackets [ ]. When the expansion is more tentative, I add a query within the brackets [?]. And on occasions where I have not discerned a proposed expansion I give the letter(s) present in shorthand followed by a dash in single brackets [-] for each apparent word. I have generally ignored Wesley's cross-outs, and have added or amended punctuation as deemed necessary for readability. My confidence in the expansions that follow is increased by the fact that Dr. Timothy Underhill, the leading expert on Byrom's shorthand, has kindly reviewed the text and suggested corrections. The ability to compare Wesley's shorthand text with surviving longhand letters in the later part of this collection also adds to this confidence.

*{Extracts of Lady Huntingdon Letters}*  
*[compiled in] {January} 1745*<sup>12</sup>

[#1]

{April} 1741<sup>13</sup> [c. April 10<sup>14</sup>]

{Sir,

{You must think me a m[onster of] in[gratitud]e. — This will assure you how much you are in my thoughts and always in my prayers. I plead for you as for myself, and at the bottom of my last letter I had wrote I was very gratified you had received much comfort. It rejoiced me exceedingly to find by that cordial you

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<sup>11</sup> See Timothy Underhill, "John Byrom's Shorthand: An Introduction," *Transactions of the Lancashire and Cheshire Antiquarian Society* 104 (2008): 61–91.

<sup>12</sup> I will reference this collection of extracts as MARC, MA 1977/567/2, since it is a discretely numbered second section in the notebook.

<sup>13</sup> In this and other instances, dates which CW placed at the end of extracts are moved to the top.

<sup>14</sup> In cases where CW gives only a broad date for the letter (like here), or no date, the most likely date is given editorially (in single brackets), based on contents and other records of the travels of LH and CW.

had sent me and which I received yesterday,<sup>15</sup> that the treasure was found which had only left you for a time in order to increase your future gifts. The reason you could not bear my letters to you was, I find, owing to the impossibility I find of saying things bad enough of myself or by any words of giving you a clear conception of the ideas my soul has of the divine love. Suffice that I tell you the more I have of the one, the stronger I feel the other. For shame, anger, despair, etc., all are united at times, but there is a fire which will break forth under them, and will destroy them all. These lie at the top and smother the fire for a while, and their removal only causes the increase of heat. Christ is the burning sacrifice upon the little altar of my heart, and there he breathes his precious words crying “Abba Father.” He wants to break through these bonds of clay; they are too small for him, so that the flame seems ready to break forth every moment. Strange madness this to the carnal man, but more certain to the faithful than anything he sees.

{I will call the last Easter day<sup>16</sup> one [of] the most happy days of my life. Your prayers I daily feel, and your brother’s. Oh the prayer of faith is mighty indeed! A million of thanks for your hymns; I love them extremely.

{You have been a great earthly blessing to me. May the Lord of all power and majesty assist you with his mighty arm, and make you an instrument of bringing many sons into glory, which I am almost certain you are yet intended for.

{I am your most sincere and affectionate friend in the Lord.  
{You are much beloved here.}

Source: CW shorthand extract; MARC, MA 1977/567/2, p. 1a.

[#2]

{March 1742} [c. Mar. 10]

{Did not p[ersecution] bring great experience with it, I should much lament your p[resent] situation.<sup>17</sup> Your trial of faith will end gloriously for your soul’s brighter luster in a day which will soon bring to light the hidden things of

<sup>15</sup>This letter of CW to LH is not known to survive.

<sup>16</sup>March 29, 1741. CW was in London preaching, but no journal or journal letter survives to record the text. In a letter of Apr. 2, 1741 to JW, LH commented: “I cannot forget while I live the comfort he [CW] was the minister of to my soul on Easter day.” See *Wesley Banner* 1 (1849): 45–46.

<sup>17</sup>CW was in the middle of an extended stay in Bristol, where he was dealing with some turmoil; see the set of shorthand notes from this period in CW, *Journal Letters*, 94–97.

darkness and make manifest all the counsels of the unfaithful.<sup>18</sup> Let nothing rob you, my friend, of this hope. Look forward with joy. Happy you, whose eye is single! Fear not, your body will soon be full of light.<sup>19</sup> Look on God's promises. Alert your[?] enemies the way of the wicked shall not prosper. Leave off wrath, and let go displeasure.<sup>20</sup> Fret not thyself about the ungodly.<sup>21</sup> They are ignorant of God's righteousness, which they would have like unto theirs. They can see their sin and be easy with it; nay, happier than without it. And they think this reason good enough to believe he will be as well pleased with them with it as without it. Ignorant indeed are they of this party who can thus think of him. I look on them as the flourishing bay-tree, whose place I shall soon seek and find it no more.<sup>22</sup> Want of charity does not draw this from me, but God's word obliges me to declare it; for woe to the docile[?] in heart and tongue! I am sure nothing but sympathy and godly sincerity can ever work with God long. No unclean thing can enter into his presence; neither will he suffer his faithful to be grieved with their devices. Faith and love we know will land us safe in our heavenly journey; and so mighty in operation that they will carry us through all the tempests of sin and Satan. I love all that is good in them, and pray they may see more, that they may be of use to me. It is good to know [the] m[eaning] of C[hristian] h[umility]. And how I tremble when I say this—so poor, so weak, so vile as I am; how do I differ from them?

{I am weary by reason of my sin. Deliverance from this and I ask no more. I wait patiently till the Lord shall incline his ear unto me.<sup>23</sup> But alas it may be far off. I know that I have not one Christian temper which would bear to be examined for a moment; and tried we must be, as if some strange thing happened unto us. Thus you see what a friend you have to trust. Alas, my friendship is not worth your once thinking of. It is the effect of a selfish pleasure through a real good done to myself. Just as the publicans [i.e., sinners] disapproved by our Lord, what thanks have you to love those who are friends to you in all things.<sup>24</sup> Heathenish friendship indeed!

{I hope the time will come when the clean heart shall produce the fruits of true holy friendship, as a real and vital principle, unalterable, incommunicable;

<sup>18</sup> See 1 Cor. 4:5.

<sup>19</sup> See Matt. 6:22.

<sup>20</sup> See Ps. 37:8 (BCP).

<sup>21</sup> See Ps. 37:1 (BCP).

<sup>22</sup> See Ps. 37:35–36.

<sup>23</sup> See Ps. 116:2.

<sup>24</sup> Luke 6:32.

and till then disclaim it as unworthy m[ilk] of k[indness] to accept of. You have many jewels added to your crown on my account. And if this be for one poor soul so unthankful to God and you, how vast (I must rejoice to think of it for you) will be the treasures belonging to you for those who have fought the good fight and finished their course with joy. You will enter into the joy of our Lord and your works shall follow you, and great they are. To the Lord I give the glory, and will while he gives me either an heart or thought to praise him. I must do it on your behalf. May the Almighty preserve your heart and eye single to his glory alone. And out of your weakness will he ordain strength.

{Blessed is the man whose delight is in the law of the Lord, and in his law doth he exert himself day and night.<sup>25</sup> You do not see this b[lessing] for yourself; nevertheless God is faithful—it belongs to you with a thousand more.

{Our prayers are constant and fervent for you. I have heard by one the hymn for [bl-?<sup>26</sup>] is never [ll-?] at the Foundery.<sup>27</sup> ...<sup>28</sup>

{I do not ask your prayers, for I am sure I know your heart. Miss Cowpers<sup>29</sup> beg to be commended in love. I have a long letter to send to that beloved friend of mine, your brother.<sup>30</sup> Tonight I had the first sheets of his journal to see, as they are to be printed and nothing shall pass which I think will not do justice to that holy man's grace, wisdom, and judgment.

<sup>25</sup> See Ps. 1:2.

<sup>26</sup> The shorthand could also be “bf-,” “rl-,” or “rf-.” While it does not seem to fit the shorthand, this may be referring to CW's hymn “The Whole Armour of God,” published as a broadsheet in Feb. 1742.

<sup>27</sup> JW was in Wales most of Mar. 1742, returning to London only at the end of the month.

<sup>28</sup> CW gives four dashes, almost certainly indicating some material is elided.

<sup>29</sup> Anne Cowper (1713–43) and her sister Frances (“Fanny,” 1716–42) were daughters of William Cowper, Esq. (1695–1756), Knight Harbinger to George II (their mother Anne was deceased by 1741). The sisters lived in East Barnet, Hertfordshire (about 3 miles southwest of LH's home in Enfield Chase). Shortly after he returned to London from Bristol in September 1741, CW was instrumental in their evangelical conversion. The Cowpers were friends of Lord and Lady Huntingdon, so CW entrusted the sisters to her as their spiritual guide. In early Feb. 1742 LH took the Cowper sisters with her to Bath, a place she visited for the waters when in poor health. Part of the reason for this trip was that Fanny was ailing from “consumption.” The sisters continued on with LH to her estate in Leicestershire at the end of that month, and Fanny died there on May 27, 1742.

<sup>30</sup> The letter she sent to JW on Mar. 15, 1742.

{May the Lord keep and preserve you. Stand in him alone, and sure I am you will be soon delivered into the glorious liberty of the children of God.<sup>31</sup> I have uncommon faith for you even this very moment.

{Farewell.

{Your most unworthy friend in the Lord.}

Source: CW shorthand extract; MARC, MA 1977/567/2, pp. 1b-2a.

[#3]

{November} 11, [17]42

{God brought us all safe here on Friday<sup>32</sup> and I was much comforted by yours.<sup>33</sup> How does the Lord correct all he loves! I must thank him for it. I am sure neither of your sickness[es] will be unto death for he will first heal all your infirmity.

{I have heard overmuch about the still ones. The work they mock is God's. They behave like Moravians[?], stop all going to church, and all means [of grace]; and go now so much further as to hinder all church, going to school, learning the catechism, etc. They spare none of the flock. I am sure they will soon prove whose instruments they are.

{I have no wish about anything. A c[lean] h[earth] and to be b[ond]ed in love is all my soul labours after. I am amazed hourly at God' goodness, how he can let so worthless a worm live by him a single moment. I am sure of your prayers, from which I am still kept from the utmost sufferings in b[ody? and] l[-]. I dare not so much as think what I shall be tomorrow, though I feel my soul united to God alone. I feel no joy in anything but him. All the language of my heart is nothing but "Save Lord, or I perish." There is life in this, but no consolation.

{If you are with any who die in the faith, put them upon praying for me, that I may endure to the end. I can now pity you in your conflicts of faith. Let me know how you are in health and what amounts of your b[rother] and d[epend] upon the ardent prayers of your most faithful friend.

<sup>31</sup> See Rom. 8:23.

<sup>32</sup> Likely Nov. 5. Lord and Lady Huntingdon would have come to their home in Enfield Chase, just outside London, prior to the start of Parliament on November 16, 1742.

<sup>33</sup> This letter is not known to survive.

{Since I wrote this I have been called upon to resign my youngest son.<sup>34</sup> I f[aithfully] gave him up, and felt without a single wish concerning him. God has b[orne] him out of his fits to the yonder vale. It is hard for a mother to forget her sucking child,<sup>35</sup> but this I do not find when God calls. All he does is both easy and pleasant to me.}

Source: CW shorthand extract; MARC, MA 1977/567/2, p. 2b.

[#4]

[c. May 1741<sup>36</sup>]

{My Dear Friend,

{When I tell you the sight of you would yield true spiritual consolation to my soul, you will know I want it much. Satan does not try me by his still devices. He has quite done with those. They are too professed to hurt, for they overturn no less than the whole word of God. Short experience of that doctrine will make us believe as the still ones do that there is no Christian holiness, for we shall be able to find none in ourselves. A time is coming that the old serpent must have the form of an angel of light<sup>37</sup> or he will be soon cast forth. He will be a disciple of our Lord in everything but those which are the true glory of our Lord. He will let us fear God, but not perfect holiness in that filial fear. He will let our con[cern] be of h[igh] h[eavenly] things but not in h[oliness]. I have reason to be sure of some deep [omen?] working in that q[uar]ter}.

{Let us stand fast in the profession of a true faith without wavering.<sup>38</sup> I hope the Lord will direct you both not to join with any, should never so many be converted, to declare these truths it seems to me as if you and your brother only are intended for. All have so remarkably fallen that have had any share with you, but I think you will remain his faithful witnesses.

{I am cast down, perplexed, and disquieted. I think my course is at a stand. I have a million of fears that I go backward, or not so forward in the knowledge of

<sup>34</sup>The name of this son is unknown; he would have been born at least a year after Henry (born Dec. 1739; died Sept. 1758). Lady Huntingdon would lose two more sons to smallpox within a year: Fernando (1732–Apr. 23, 1743), and George (1730–Dec. 24, 1743).

<sup>35</sup>See Isa. 49:15.

<sup>36</sup>This letter was almost certainly written while the Wesley brothers were in discussion with the Moravians about possible union in Apr. and May 1741.

<sup>37</sup>See 2 Cor. 11:14.

<sup>38</sup>See Heb. 10:23.

heavenly things as that great and loving saviour would give me. Oh it is, I am sure, some unfaithfulness in me. I am torn to pieces with these distracting thoughts. At times my mind wanders from him which so long has dealt with [my<sup>39</sup>] sleeping and waking. The awfulness would make me doubt my forgiveness at times, which at other times I would die at a stake to evidence my belief of.

{My moments are so few with your brother that I cannot open my soul. But the very sight of him dispels my clouds. How glad shall I be to see you! Your brother has not made a positive[?] promise, but not left me quite destitute of hope that one will come. Oh may the Lord send you amongst us. I have a most true love for you both. And I charge you as you regard your profession of Christian love to me that in every dif[ficult] baulk where there remains the least shadow of probability of my assisting you, that you call upon me and make it known to me. I am sure could you know how happy such a confidence would make me, you would prove at all times you thought me worthy of it; though I am worthy of nothing but perdition, had not the mighty price been paid for me.

{Let me hear from you when your time permits. It is comfort and peace and comes to remind me of those hours of refreshment I have had; and they will return when the mighty Lord shall appear.

{Pray for me. I wish I could offer up prayers for myself as full of faith and love as I do for you and your brother, but I will h[umbly] wait and hope and continue my supplications for you.

{My Lord<sup>40</sup> expresses much love and kindness to you.}

Source: CW shorthand extract; MARC, MA 1977/567/2, p. 3.

[#5]

[August 1741]

{My Dear Friend,

{Though I love you so well, I cannot say but the distress of mind you mention does not so much surprise me.<sup>41</sup> You have as much comfort as the present exigence requires; an unbelieving world must have more yet to convince them. Go on; God has much in store for you here, and a never-fading crown of glory hereafter. I have felt in my prayers of faith for you that your time is not yet. I have much, over much consolation in the Lord, not only a peace but great joy

<sup>39</sup>The shorthand appears to read "with him"; presumably a slip.

<sup>40</sup>I.e., her husband, Lord Theophilus Huntingdon.

<sup>41</sup>CW's letter to Lady Huntingdon is not known to survive.

in believing. My will is only God's. I have not one pleasure of whatever sort or kind soever which I would not as joyfully resign by and by to him as ever I received it. I hunger and thirst after his will only.

{Have you not talked with God as a man talked with his friend!<sup>42</sup> Oh how sweet is that communion! I am [ashake?] when I go about to tell you what the Lord does for my soul daily. Tears of joy and love are my portion almost continually. His presence is so great I dare not lift up my head. As these are God's gifts, I will declare them, but not to any except you or your brother. These the Lord of[fers?] me that I may not sit still. I know he is not now an[gry] with me; but he will make me love him so that I must show forth his praise and tell of all his wondrous works.<sup>43</sup>

{I was extremely surprised at a visit yesterday of Mr. Simpson,<sup>44</sup> Kinchin,<sup>45</sup> Broughton,<sup>46</sup> and Langley<sup>47</sup>—all still. I find their business was to vindicate Mr. Simpson's proceedings.<sup>48</sup> I told them I was very sincere and should tell them plainly that their neglect of all or[dinances] was what I disapproved of; though

<sup>42</sup> See Exod. 33:11.

<sup>43</sup> See Ps. 105:2 (BCP).

<sup>44</sup> John Simpson (b. c. 1710) studied at Lincoln College, Oxford, with JW as his tutor. After graduation in 1731 Simpson was ordained and served as curate in Grayington, Lincolnshire for a while. By 1739 Simpson was in London, and became one of the leaders in the Fetter Lane society advocating "stillness."

<sup>45</sup> Charles Kinchin (1711–42) matriculated at Corpus Christi college, Oxford in 1725; receiving his BA and MA, and elected a fellow of the college in 1731, and dean in 1736. An early member of the "Oxford Methodists," Kinchin gave leadership when the Wesley brothers departed for Georgia. Ordained and installed as rector of Dummer in 1735, Kinchin also supervised a series of Oxford Methodists as curates. While leaning toward the Moravians, Kinchin died before the first congregation was formally established in England.

<sup>46</sup> Thomas Broughton (1712–77) matriculated at University College, Oxford in 1731. Another of the "Oxford Methodists," he served briefly as a fellow of Exeter College. In 1736 he was ordained deacon and became curate at the Tower of London, and in 1741 became lecturer of All Hallows, Lombard Street, a position he held till his death. Unlike Simpson and Kinchin, Broughton soon rejected emphasis on instantaneous conversion and assurance of faith, leading to his estrangement from both the Moravians and the Wesley brothers.

<sup>47</sup> The first vowel mark is absent, so this could be "Longley." The identity of this person is uncertain. One possibility is Adam Langley (c. 1703–89), a graduate of Trinity College, Oxford, and rector of West Horsley, Surrey from 1727–58. Langley was also made rector of St. Matthew, Friday Street, London in 1742 and was sympathetic to the evangelical revival.

<sup>48</sup> Having aligned with the Moravians, in November 1740 Simpson moved to Ockbrook, Derbyshire and began preaching in a community there founded by Benjamin Ingham that had been turned over to the Moravians. Lady Huntingdon raised objections

they denied this in words. That the [English] Moravians had a closeness I thought kin to the G[ermans]. That all th[ings] should be d[-]d in the h[oly] s[criptures?]. Mr. Simpson plainly told me he had one ob[jection?] of the Church of England. I answered I hope he allowed s[anctity?] in it. And as little r[egard] as he paid to a visible church, yet the Moravian church had her order as well as we. He then said ours was a fallen church and there was no life in it. I replied I knew God could raise the dead, as was evident in the Moravians, so lately raised out of their sleep of death; and that in weakness God's strength was made perfect.<sup>49</sup> I instanced in myself, of whom the world and clergy had reported that I had left the church. I knew it would be their joy and delight were it so, but I will stand by God's power in it, and let them see Christianity was in it to their reproach. He then asked in his case what I would have him do. I told him as you and your brother did, and not forsake our mother [church] because she was weak. But I found his whole intention is to overturn all order, and have told his followers and himself that I will never countenance any ways for setting up a r[ival?] counter-church.

{I then addressed myself to Mr. Kinchin and hoped he did not mean to follow Mr. Stonehouse's<sup>50</sup> example. He assured me he had no such design at present. But from his knowledge I found a little more of the Moravian counsel would make him forget his obedience to his mother [church]. I said the enemy of our souls had gained much by separating us. It is easy to discover their design is to become popes to the w[hole] w[orld]; and they will not receive any[thing] which is not their own. It is not an open enemy that has done us this wrong. It is a pit[?] strange to them, and their unchristian coolness to us, and their having scattered God's people.

about his teachings to the leaders in Fetter Lane, and he returned to London to address her concerns in Aug. 1741.

<sup>49</sup> See 2 Cor. 12:9.

<sup>50</sup> George Stonehouse (1713–93) matriculated at Pembroke College, Oxford in 1729, receiving his BA (1733) and MA (1736). Ordained deacon in June, and elder in Sept. 1737, Stonehouse was appointed vicar of St. Mary's, Islington in 1738. He was part of the "Oxford Methodists" during his student years, and opened his pulpit and churchyard to the Wesley brothers and Whitefield at the outset of the revival, until his churchwardens ended this practice. In 1739 Stonehouse married Mary Crispe (b. 1722), a wealthy heiress, to the chagrin of her family (because of Stonehouse's 'Methodist' connections). Mary met James Hutton and later Count Zinzendorf through her husband's circle of friends and was soon a devoted Moravian (even adopted by Zinzendorf as his daughter). While George Stonehouse's sympathies toward the Moravians were less fervent, in 1740 he sold his Islington living and retired to the Dornford estate of his wife, near Wootton, Oxfordshire.

{I do not find they are at all stolid about justification and sanctification. They told me they were poor sinners. I asked if they thought there was no other state for God's people but that; that the parable of the p[rodigal] made it appear quite otherwise to me; and that sanctification implied much more. I own it seems to me a contradiction in terms, for I cannot conceive that anyone can will a sin after that grace, if they continue depending upon Christ; and a poor sinner properly b[rought] to a state in confession. I should sooner choose to say the love of God shed abroad in my heart had made me a worm and nothing.

{My heart is much lifted up for you both. I must say no more than that you will not forget one who is as low as the dust from the Lord God in her soul. May you rest in the Lord now and ever more.}

Source: CW shorthand extract; MARC, MA 1977/567/2, p. 4.

[#6]

{August} 4, [17]41

{This morning your dear brother has been with me. He adds great joy and p[atience] to me whenever I see him. He is rich but not proud of his riches, therefore they will continue with him. He tells me he thinks you will be soon in town. I hope God will protect you against the still ones. They will be a trial for you. Pope Cennick<sup>51</sup> will be here. But I shall soon find you out. For till they have sealed up your mouth, which is their design, I shall have patience and let them go on. But these will be taking all into their own hands. And what they will attempt ere long I am sure. But God is able to keep us from falling and will you. I shall see you as soon as you come to town.<sup>52</sup>

{There seems at present an universal work of Satan prevailing for a time. May the Lord build us up, and keep Satan under our feet till we trample on all p[owers of] h[ell].}

<sup>51</sup>John Cennick (1718–55), a native of Reading, Berkshire, experienced a religious transformation in 1737, and sought out the Methodists in Oxford in late 1738. In 1739 JW employed him to teach at the Kingswood school, but he also preached occasionally and helped administer the society there. In 1741, however, Cennick broke with JW, aligning first with Whitefield, and then throwing in his lot with the Moravians—for whom, in 1745, he became a pioneer preacher in Ireland. Remember LH's suggestion in her letter to CW c. May 1741 that preachers drawn to the Moravians all longed to be popes.

<sup>52</sup>CW was in Bristol through Sept. 22 (*MS Journal*), but in London challenging the "still ones" by Oct. 24 (see LH to JW, Oct. 24, 1741).

Source: CW shorthand extract; MARC, MA 1977/567/2, p. 5a.

[#7]

{November} [17]41

{Patience must have its perfect work.<sup>53</sup>

{I have that perfect confidence in God that all events, since they come from him, have the same effect upon me. I find nothing p[eachful?] more than that. I sometimes think God is too tender over me; that he will not only p[rotect] me from the b[arren] evil w[orld], if soon remove me out of it. For he is the joy and end of all things to my soul. I neither propose nor feel pleasure in anything else. And though I may ere after by and by through fear, it is only because I love him better than all else. Your pious soul will, I know, rejoice for me, as these are the returns of your prayers for me, to help me forward on my journey through life and eternity.

{I know my heart is not clean. I do nothing speak, nothing think, nothing that is good. His Spirit worketh in me only to will but not always to do of his good pleasure.<sup>54</sup> For when I would do good, evil is present with me.<sup>55</sup> I mention this that you may wonder at [the] lov[ing kindness] of our heavenly Father. Surely no worm ever received so much that was so completely unworthy. But he delights to show his power in the lowest d[egree] of weakness, therefore he so vouchsafes to hear me. I hope you will think when you see Miss Cowpers that they grow in grace and in the knowledge of our mighty Lord Jesus the beloved. I find by yours you want consolation. God will deal with you as he did by Abraham; you are his child, but he will try you more before you are called his friend. The honour you will prove before you go hence. I only wish you that confidence of yourself which I always feel for you. I am sure you will finish your course with joy and to the glory of his church on earth. Fear not the storms and tempests of so short a day's journey. Think of his mercies past and humbly wait for more. He that shall come will come. I long you should triumph in

<sup>53</sup> See James 1:4.

<sup>54</sup> See Phil. 2:13.

<sup>55</sup> See Rom. 7:21.

expectation till you can triumph in faith. I can rejoice over you, but over poor Mr. Ellis<sup>56</sup> I could do nothing but mourn.}

Source: CW shorthand extract; MARC, MA 1977/567/2, p. 5b.

[#8]

[c. May 15, 1742]

{The enclosed has put me into such a mixture of joy and delight, my heart is full of praise, I know not myself. See how God is with you. Forget not this his love to you. An answer to your prayer has this soul obtained.<sup>57</sup> You must give him glory. Added to my joy of today I had my dear friend's letter.<sup>58</sup> They ever fill my heart with comfort. You can have no idea how great a blessing I think your friendship. Who but yourself could rejoice at any future prospect of h[oliness] for me. Indeed, when you do, I cannot help wondering at your charity. It is only that love you bear to God can make you ever once think of me who am less than the least of God's people.

{I find my heart so full of gratitude upon receiving yours that I could not let this day pass without your knowing how often you are the subject of my thoughts and prayers; and not of mine only, for my dear little saint<sup>59</sup> I believe will be held up before I seal this to put in a prayer of commendation for you, the last she will ever write. She is in a fine frame of mind. You would delight in her, but I want more and more fire till the vessel is filled up to the brim. This dear creature has the Lord in her and could rejoice the heart of any Christian. She has all her faith can give her; but should our faith be more, shall we not grasp all the promises, all the riches of Christ! Can our desires end? I do not yet see what I imagine to be the divine nature; this exceeds all the bounds of my comprehension. I think I can lie at our Lord's feet and bless him for his love, his infinite love to this ransomed soul; but at the same time I lift up mine

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<sup>56</sup> Edward Ellis (1711–95) was a contemporary of CW at Westminster, before receiving his BA at Emmanuel College, Cambridge. He served as rector of Markfield 1737–49, where LH supported a school. This letter reflects his ambivalence about the emerging revival (see LH to JW, Mar. 15, 1742).

<sup>57</sup> LH had apparently received a letter from one of CW's converts in Bristol.

<sup>58</sup> The letter of CW to LH is not known to survive.

<sup>59</sup> Fanny Cowper.

eyes and hearken to those gracious words of his, "Ye shall see greater things than these."<sup>60</sup>

{Why say you nothing of Mr. Hodges as my child in the faith?<sup>61</sup> Had he not your prayers? I feel jealous of any that is not to be your c[are and] r[esponsibility]. I want more to follow you than you would have yourself. That poor dear soul which is now your child I trust God will comfort as he lieth sick upon his bed.<sup>62</sup> Tell him I love him and we pray for him and shall continue so to do.

{The Lord has taken away all impatience about my dear saint. Her sufferings are great, but her thoughts of death when she shall meet her Lord are full of hope and joy. I fear she still loves me too well. It is beyond what you can conceive; but she hopes (she says) she does not offend as it is the affection of a child to the parent. But when shall all idolatry be taken from us? Not till God is all in all in our souls.

{Farewell, my friend. The Lord be your God unto death and crown you with everlasting glory in his day. Oh may we meet at his right hand!}

Source: CW shorthand extract; MARC, MA 1977/567/2, pp. 5c–6a.

[#9]

{June} 4, [17]41

{My Dear Friend,

{I have been much rejoiced by the sight of your dear brother John, who told us you was well. I could not write to you sooner. He goes on Monday, I hope, to fix a school at Markfield and to open their eyes there.<sup>63</sup> You and the Lord may vouchsafe to make use of me as he once did the women in the gospel, as a labourer with you.<sup>64</sup> God has accepted many prayers of mine for you,

<sup>60</sup>John 1:50.

<sup>61</sup>Rev. John Hodges (1700–77), rector of Wenvoe, was one of the Welsh clergy most sympathetic with the Wesley brothers' early work in Wales (mentioned in CW's *MS Journal* in Nov. 1740). This letter suggests that LH was instrumental in his "evangelical" awakening.

<sup>62</sup>Apparently a convert in Bristol?

<sup>63</sup>JW, currently in London, was in Markfield on June 10, 1741.

<sup>64</sup>See Phil. 4:3.

that you may declare his truth unto all people, even [fools and scoffers?<sup>65</sup>]. Tell it unto the heathen and such as do not call upon his name. This is the truth that maketh men of one mind; this bringeth the prisoner out of captivity. All will be bowed down by love when they hear this truth, this everlasting truth, that we are all recon[cil]ed to God through the death of his son. I have declared that, though I may not live to see it, that this one truth will unite all nations and op[inions]. For our differences in these days of darkness have only been about the several methods of reconciling ourselves to God. But I believe and therefore will I speak, and hitherto all men have had their eyes and their hearts veiled, and they did not see these welts of [stripe upon stripe?], this God suffering, dying, for all. When this is known, how soon will anti[pathy] come to an end and all knees [shall bow] and tongues confess s[alvation] of our God.<sup>66</sup> I am in high openness of heart. May the great [redeeming saviour of the whole world<sup>67</sup>] bless and st[rengthen] and endue you with power to declare what he hath done for souls. All will fall before you. Go on. It is a glorious work, and the God of all comfort rest eternally with [you].

{Prayed by your faithful sister in the Lord.

{Do let me hear from you soon.}

Source: CW shorthand extract; MARC, MA 1977/567/2, p. 6b.

[#10]

[c. October 20, 1741]

{God has been very merciful to you, and not to you only, but to one whom you know of all the unbelievers upon earth the worst. I could not be easy without I heard today and beg you will let the bearer know exactly how you do. For I must insist upon your having some skilful surgeon, unless you are much better.<sup>68</sup> You are sure of the humblest and most faithful prayers my wretched heart can offer up for you. The Cowpers are in the highest measure of love I have ever seen. They are willing to die to testify Christ's love to them. They say "I know, I am sure I know him, and that he loves me." The joy I have felt on their account is more than tongue can tell.

<sup>65</sup>The shorthand indicates a phrase with one word beginning "v/f" and the other "s."

<sup>66</sup>See Phil. 2:10–11, Rom. 14:11. Cf. Isa. 52:10.

<sup>67</sup>The shorthand is just "rsww."

<sup>68</sup>Replying to CW's letter of c. Oct. 18, 1741; where he mentions the injury to his arm when a coach overturned, which was treated by "his surgeon"—i.e., his mother.

{Adieu.

{To the Rev. Mr. —  
The name at length<sup>69</sup>}

Source: CW shorthand extract; MARC, MA 1977/567/2, p. 7a.

[#11]

[c. October 27, 1741<sup>70</sup>]

{I truly compassion you. I know what that l[oss?] must be to you. But God is our strength, therefore fear nothing. He will leave you a way to escape. He will give you power, if you ask it, to act for his glory alone. His only w[isdom] can direct you; but his servant must be tried to the uttermost, because his Lord loves him. I rejoice you felt so much calm and peace [about our?] openness of heart. I am sure we ought often to search our hearts and examine them and watch unto prayer now, lest the enemy get an advantage over us. Oh could you see how poor a worm I am, you would agree my name should be cast out from amongst the church of God. Oh happy exchange would it be to my soul to be as one of the least of these little, little ones that attend upon your societies. Had you seen my impatience in my not coming on Sunday,<sup>71</sup> I do not believe you would have spoke to me after. Yet the whole time I could not help thinking that God was wise in it and that that trial was best for me.

{I believe your time of full trial is at hand. My heart is all day long inclined to offer you up in prayer to God, that you may fight the good fight of faith. My spirits were much sunk in parting with you. I blamed myself overmuch. Sure it was the danger you met with since you left me by the accident that evening caused my fear for you.

{The Lord, even the mighty God, has given your brother much w[isdom] in a letter to me.<sup>72</sup> He has humbled me even to the dust. He tells me stillness is creeping in upon me, and seduces me; [to] beware of proudness for it will conquer the work of God in my soul. Mine is not proudness, but shame of myself,

<sup>69</sup> CW may have recorded this information to show LH had been careful to make sure that the letter, sent to the Foundery, got to him rather than JW.

<sup>70</sup> The date is based on CW's return to London (replacing JW) in late Sept. 1741, and the reference to JW's letter.

<sup>71</sup> Oct. 25, 1741 was a Sunday.

<sup>72</sup> The letter (not known to survive) to which Lady Huntingdon replied on Oct. 24, 1741.

which would make me conceal God' gifts. The knowledge of his love almost distresses me. Who can believe this and look on me? The clock now strikes seven, and now here you have us!<sup>73</sup> I am going to offer you up.

{I have prayed in faith for you. I hope your soul has been comforted. Enclosed I send you your first fruits of East Barnet.<sup>74</sup> Had you seen them hang about my neck with tears of love on Sunday, it would have melted you down. Mother [fairest?<sup>75</sup>! All was too little to testify their affection for me.

{You cannot possibly believe how earnest my prayers are for you. God has given into your hands my immortal soul. Watch over it as you are to give an account. Upon considering this I [happened upon] Romans} 10:15 {"And how shall they preach except they be sent! How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of those that preach the gospel of peace and bring glad tidings of good things."<sup>76</sup> May the almighty and all-wise God preserve and protect you, and renew you in w[isdom?], etc., and we with the whole church of Christ may rejoice till eternity. Send me a very particular account of your bodily health.

{I believe you will think the petitions of prayer the most [extraordinary?] you ever met with:

{The following petitions were made in prayer and obtain.

{After first begging to be assured of faith, she was directed to Acts, "Be not afraid but speak and hold not thy peace, for I am with thee."<sup>77</sup>

{The person then offered up in prayer that they might have power over the present evil hour. She was then directed to Luke} 4:34,<sup>78</sup> {"And Jesus rebuked him saying, Hold thy peace and come out of him; and when the devil had thrown him in the midst, he came out of him and hurt him not."

{The next was one about two disciples to be admitted into the ministry. The answer to this was John} 1:37, {"And the two disciples heard him speak and followed him."

{The third and last was that she might be enabled by God to cherish the poor of his church. She was then led to the latter part of the} 29th {verse of

<sup>73</sup> I.e., LH and the Cowpers are joining CW in their appointed time of prayer.

<sup>74</sup> A letter from Fanny Cowper (and possibly one from her sister Anne that does not survive), whose home was in East Barnet.

<sup>75</sup> The shorthand indicates a word beginning with "f" or "v"; likely an honorific title the Cowpers bestowed upon LH.

<sup>76</sup> Combining Rom. 10:15 and Isa. 52:7.

<sup>77</sup> Acts 18:9.

<sup>78</sup> Actually, Luke 4:35.

John} 13, {"That Jesus had said to them, Buy those things that we have need of against the feast, or that the poor should have something given them."}

Source: CW shorthand extract; MARC, MA 1977/567/2, pp. 7b–8a.

[#12]

{April} 1741 [c. April 17]

{Dear Friend,

{I cannot tell you how much I feel my heart drawn towards you. The Lord has made you a most wonderful instrument of comfort to my soul. You are ever in my prayers and almost always in my thoughts offered up to God from my inmost soul. I am sure the Lord will give you power to overcome. I am sure my tears and prayers for you will be heard in his own good time. They are offered up at the throne of grace with strong faith and love. My whole heart and soul I feel only to be the Lord's, black and miserable as I am. But he has, I know he has, covered all my unrighteousness, and I rejoice every hour.

{I am sure you cannot guess the comfort your journals and letters give me. My heart could scarce bear it in your letter where you mentioned my hopes of glory. My soul was quite struck down with love of God and overproud.

{All here go on well, praise the Lord. One of my maids whom you awakened has continued in so deep a mourning state ever since and I know not well what to do with her.

{Your dear brother John was with me a little.<sup>79</sup> I feel my heart more open to you, but I cannot tell why. But I love him with great warmth.

{I am soon to have two of our brethren to test me, to ask me some questions of the hope that is in me. I find the d[ear] m[adam] is much reproached for leaning too much to you and your friends. Oh how do I rejoice in the scoffs and reproaches of all London. All my great and w[orldly] acquaintances have cut me off, but the Lord I know cared for me. This thought is more than I can bear. I am sunk in shame that he should love such a creature as me. Oh that I could now hide my head in the dust. I pray for you as I do for my own soul. Strengthen, strengthen him thou mighty Lord, and may he shine forth as an angel of light now and for evermore.

<sup>79</sup>JW visited Lady Huntingdon at Enfield Chase on Apr. 15, 1741; see JW, *Diary, Works*, 19:458.

{My Lord<sup>80</sup> is much yours in heart.}

Source: CW shorthand extract; MARC, MA 1977/567/2, p. 8b.

[#13]

[c. September 15, 1741<sup>81</sup>]

{How can my good friend suspect me that I should have forgotten anyone I believe God loves so well. Never believe it, should the whole world declare it unto you. No, be assured neither life nor death nor things present nor things to come shall be able to separate my heart from the lovers of my dear Redeemer.<sup>82</sup>

{Your letter, burned now, makes me sure of a thing which I have long suspected, that your heart is not open to me as mine is to you. Something lies at the bottom and torments you. For I am sure were you quite open, the snare would be broken and you delivered, and you could bear anything. You will not let me offer my prayers aright for you. I am sure God does not willingly afflict the children of men.<sup>83</sup> You will be st[rengthened] at l[ast].

{I guess your brother has sent you the con[ference] between him and the Count.<sup>84</sup> It is a strange r[elation?], but God will bring to light the hidden things of darkness.<sup>85</sup> There is a deep mystery yet undiscovered in this man, but it will be found out.

{How few are single of eye and heart! Oh tear me hence or make my whole body full of light. My soul rests now in him. I have not one wish or desire but to be more and more his. And though I am not in my first love, I have a sure hope and confidence as an anchor of the soul that never fails me. Neither hell nor devil do I fear.

{When I read, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God,"<sup>86</sup> I cannot bear up under the elevated praise of my soul. My heart asks me, "Do not you desire to be d[issolve]d and to be with Christ?" "Oh yes," I say with every fibre of my soul and being. There are many things remain in me which I cannot reconcile with this. Nor is this my portion always. But God who knows all

<sup>80</sup> I.e., her husband, Lord Huntingdon.

<sup>81</sup> Dated by the reference to JW's meeting with Count Zinzendorff.

<sup>82</sup> See Rom. 8:38.

<sup>83</sup> See Lam. 3:33.

<sup>84</sup> See the record of JW's conversation with Count Zinzendorff in his *Journal*, Sept. 3, 1741, *Works*, 19:211–15.

<sup>85</sup> See 1 Cor. 4:5.

<sup>86</sup> Matt. 5:8.

things knows I love him. I beg you in the most earnest manner not to fail me in all spiritual consolation. Your prayers I know I feel I have. But fail not to acquaint me of every instant of which my soul may give glory to God. When I remove hence I shall almost perish for hunger.

{Farewell. May the Almighty pour down upon you all those blessings my own soul most longs for.}

Source: CW shorthand extract; MARC, MA 1977/567/2, p. 9a.

[#14]

{February} 1742 [c. February 8]

{I have not one doubt but our prayers are heard for you. I am sure God guards you as the apple of his eye.<sup>87</sup> I wish I were but the thin th[-] part bit as precious to him. Though this I am quite sure of, I would not receive one instance of his love that must be taken from you. I am in great h[eaviness] through manifold temptations. Oh how grievous is it to think but one moment of anything beside the love of our dear Redeemer! How much better would it be to be d[issolve]d and to be with him. My heart is sorrowful even unto death. But this is my cross, which I will take up and fully own till b[lessedness] I attain.

{I think I every moment drink the deadly wine which does not hurt me. We all find how painful the hours are in which we must not talk of the great love of our Master. Of me you can have no adv[antage]. I long and pray every moment for the time when the whole world shall be converted unto him. My heart longed after him even in a dry place where no water is. Satan tells me "Well now you will go to sleep"; but I call mightily upon the Lord, and am kept.

{O faint not. God has great favour for you. For your sake I long that God would make me an instrument to strengthen your hands. But I believe he will take even this from me. I hate and abhor myself as in dust and ashes.<sup>88</sup> I am a compound of all evil. The weak machine would sink into nothing with the thoughts of its own vileness did not the love of Christ now and then draw a veil over it.

{The God of all grace be with you always.

<sup>87</sup> See Ps. 17:8.

<sup>88</sup> See Job 42:6.

{I find it hard to leave off when I am writing to you on things of God. My soul is drawn out to you always. We sang the parting hymn after we left you.<sup>89</sup> We pray constantly for you, your brother, etc., [that you] may com[fortably] grow in grace. The Lord increase you more and more till he calls you hence, full of the fruit of your labour, to receive you to his highest mansion in glory, there to dwell with him forever and ever.}

Source: CW shorthand extract; MARC, MA 1977/567/2, pp. 9b–10a.

[#15]

{Lichfield}  
{February} 12, 1741/2

{We are just come in Lichfield tired after walking and strolling over a most dreary common in the dark, which we once thought must have been our habitation all night. But out of this the Lord hath delivered. We gave him praise, and most praise in the day of our distress, and went on our way rejoicing. How little are all outward difficulties to a Christian. I have no idea of any situation in which my heart could not give glory to God. He that trusts in the Lord can lack nothing. May you ever experience this.

{We reached Gloucester the second day.<sup>90</sup> Upon our coming into the town, Mr. [George] Whitefield met us, and told me he was to preach seven miles from that place, but would wait on me at 8:00 that evening. Accordingly he did and held forth in conversation till 11:00. Lady Betty<sup>91</sup> has engaged to write the heads down and send it you. He had a great mind to have me an elect sister; but I told him I was now so much happier than him, and expected so much more than he had any idea of, that I should lose much by the exchange. He talked well, and had collected the very flowers of all writers on that head to convince me. But alas he did not know what a mule he had to deal with. I feared [for] my companions, but I praise God that in the morning I found his conversation had had a very extraordinary affect upon us all, and most effectively settled both me and them in the most certain persuasion of unr[ighteousness?] I had ever experienced. He did not fail to hear of his unfaithfulness. He showed

<sup>89</sup>LH's group (including the Cowpers) had been with CW and JW in Kingswood on Feb. 7, 1742. See the hymn "Upon Parting with His Friends," in *HSP* (1740), 49–54.

<sup>90</sup>LH's group was traveling from Bath to her estate at Castle Donington. They apparently left Kingswood/Bristol on Feb. 8; so reached Gloucester on Feb. 9.

<sup>91</sup>LH's daughter, Elizabeth Frances Hastings (1731–1808).

much of the s[corn?] of them all, only concealed with more art. I cannot [believe] God thinks to use him long; he seems alone in the world, and I told him I believed the final overthrow of his hour was near. He could ill bear it.

{I can never think of Sunday last without giving praise and glory to God.<sup>92</sup> Indeed it was one of the happiest days of my life. But this and all other pleasures I resign again into his hands who gave them. And desire nothing but that his holy will may be done in all things. The only h[appiness] of a creature consist[s] in his obedience, and where that is wanting love must be wanting; and just so defective as our love, in the same degree must be our h[appiness], for it is this only principle can keep the soul in peace.

{We have all experienced your prayers and we hope you have ours. I have not a doubt any moment but you will be determined to know nothing but Christ and him crucified. Seek no pleasure in anything but God. Despise all earthly things. Let no c[-] find admittance into your heart for one moment. Watch, and Christ will keep all out. Oh may you be more than conqueror through him that loves you. May you spend many days to his glory here and receive a never-fading crown when your earthly [ <sup>93</sup> ] can last no longer.}

Source: CW shorthand extract; MARC, MA 1977/567/2, p. 10b.

[#16]

[undated]

{I feel great desires for your prayers. These prayers will not fail to g[-]. The heart will be b[earer] of the fruits. In spite of sin and stain[?] I thank God for you, and do every day for having known you, and for every blessing you have received God shall have my thanks. Though you know my poverty and misery, neither do you despise me. This must be God's love in your heart, for of all over whom the Lord hath made you overseer, [there is] none so vile, none so unworthy, none so ungrateful as myself. Oh my friend, if you ever name anything of a single ounce of f[itness?] of me it fills me with utter ab[horrence]. I know the Lord will bless you for your mindful care of my soul, so shall you suffer no loss by your w[ork].}

<sup>92</sup>There had been a gathering of Wesley supporters from Bath, Bristol, and Wales at Kingswood on Sunday, Feb. 7, 1742; see JW, *Journal* (*Works*, 19:250).

<sup>93</sup>CW leaves an open space between these words; likely he could not decipher LH's hand at this point.

Source: CW shorthand extract; MARC, MA 1977/567/2, p. 11a.

[#17]

[undated]

{I cannot express the tender gratitude I feel for your thoughts of me by the dying b[rother?].<sup>94</sup> I have no doubt of the comf[ort] of my death. I think I feel as sure of him as anything I now see or feel. It is your faith and t[eaching?] that afford this hope to my soul and the unbounded confidence I have in God. You will not think or imagine you owe me anything when but the other day I said God had so blessed me in your friendship and the light and heat communicated by you that I thought there was any moment but I could lay my life down at your feet. Alas it is not even h[alf?] less than it for which under God I am indebted to you. All ob[servations?] are so low, so poor, when this is named that nothing but love can console them. When you know me a little more, you will find I remember more of anything than you can think of.

{Your brother I may [dp]. You will assume[?] much by him.}

Source: CW shorthand extract; MARC, MA 1977/567/2, p. 11b.

[#18]

[c. October 1, 1741]

{I beg of God to restore you your h[umble?] f[aithfulness?] here, joined to eternal life.

{I trembling read the letter enclosed from Bristol,<sup>95</sup> not only from the base ingratitude I saw in it, but [I] felt what I should become. I saw the copy of that er[-] I am sure I shall one day be. Look for it. I must be servile[?] which my soul so abhors. I believe it is good for you, and therefore on your behalf I rejoice. You will have me say what you must do, and it is nothing more than preparing [heirs?] of myself.}

Source: CW shorthand extract; MARC, MA 1977/567/2, p. 11c.

<sup>94</sup>Possibly Robert Jones, who died in June 1742.

<sup>95</sup>This was likely the letter that CW received from an unidentified writer concerning George Whitefield preaching predestination in Bristol, which he sent an extract from in his letter to JW on Sept. 28, 1741.

## [#19]

[c. March 15, 1741<sup>96</sup>]

{When one member suffers all the members suffer. Hence from the share I bear with, you may derive a d[rop of] that comfort, hoping I shall be p[ossibly?] with them of that k[ingdom?]<sup>97</sup> which shall be r[esto]red in him.

{My h[ear]t sank with gratitude at your r[emembrance] of me by the dying minister.<sup>98</sup> Your compassion breaks me to pieces continually, so that my whole soul is nothing but confusion. I scarce dare lift my eyes to heaven. My heart is in thanks for the b[lessing] of your ministry.

{This b[lessing] we<sup>99</sup> ask con[stantly] for you and [that God] would show forth his strength in you while the enemy oppressed you; and also that he has been with you in writing every word of your sermon.<sup>100</sup>

{I am frightened lest it should be Mr. Hodges that has forsaken you.<sup>101</sup> My joy is, your strength is not in man; and all this you lose would have added nothing unto you. I can resign always with pleasure, knowing more surely than that I am alive, that all things work together for good to you and your brother. You are only thus h[inder]ed lest you should be too highly ex[ult]ed by the work God does by your hand. Though I am convinced of this, yet I feel impatiently in your b[ehalf], and wish earnestly my w[illingness?] might share it with you for your relief; but my vile h[ear]t would sink under it.

{I rejoice with you over your sister. I love her as the Lord's now, and I did love her before because she had then two brothers.

{I commend you, with your brother, to the Lord, hoping this will have a share in my departing breath should you be b[elow?] or ab[ove?] when this ransomed soul leaves the house of clay.}

*Source:* CW shorthand extract; MARC, MA 1977/567/2, p. 11d.

<sup>96</sup>Dated from reference to Kezia Wesley's death.

<sup>97</sup>The opening shorthand letter might be a "g" rather than a "k".

<sup>98</sup>Kezia Wesley died Mar. 9, 1741 in London. CW was by her side, as evident in his letter of Mar. 10 to JW. LH speaks specifically of CW's recently deceased sister later in this letter, and is apparently referring to her informally as a "minister" of God's grace here.

<sup>99</sup>The shorthand has "he"; likely a mistake as "we" closely resembles.

<sup>100</sup>Likely the sermon on "the believer's privilege; i.e., power over sin" that CW preached on Mar. 17 (see CW letter to JW, Mar. 16–17, 1741).

<sup>101</sup>This is likely Joseph Hodges (1710–78), a smith in London, who was one of the members of the Fetter Lane society and friendly with the Wesley brothers through Feb. 1741, then sided with the Moravians in the split.

[#20]

[c. June 1742]

{My desires have been long that God should appoint or honour me to deal amongst his people. You ch[urched<sup>102</sup>] near me, where I could be a l[eaders] with them has been my p[etition], indeed that was my dear Miss Fanny [Cowper]'s. But my p[etition] has been added still f[requent]ly, to ask for an h[ousehold] in En[field], an h[ousehold] of the faithful where all things might be in common.<sup>103</sup> Nothing less than this would be a trial of our faithfulness, or make any stand against [the powers of Satan]. H[appiness] would be fully to live among the faithful, who while scattered about the world would be even shamed to own them. A little then supported by the un[ion] of such well dedicated to God's service and the good of all. Oh the thought is delightful! By this nursery we might soon stop stillness and all other growing evils. Do think about it. God would prosper it, I am sure he would, should this receive room or be thought worth my further consideration.

{Let us not be weary in well-doing. Leave the work to God. He will revive it in mere years; but he will crush us beneath his feet if we aim at less than the salvation of all men. The Church [of England]'s foundation is sound and ap[ostol]ical, and p[robab]ly may be one of the best national churches upon earth. I had as leave be called daughter of the Church of England as another. But oh what hard mouths of w[ickedness], what vile p[rofessors?] of such a faith, what intolerable deception, what a sorry bad f[lock of] g[oats] about her.<sup>104</sup> God in his own time can alter all this. She has you her witnesses, for in you and your brother, whom God has called to show what he will do for her, and bring to her through you his message. You are to wrestle against principalities and powers and sow in hopefulness.<sup>105</sup> Cease not to do it. A nation is the same to God as a single man.

{I am with great t[enderness] of s[pirit], most faithfully  
 {Your friend in the Lord Jesus.}

Source: CW shorthand extract; MARC, MA 1977/567/2, p. 12a.

<sup>102</sup>LW was trying to persuade CW to take a parish appointment.

<sup>103</sup>See the refinement of this idea in her letter of July 19, 1742 to CW.

<sup>104</sup>See Matt. 25:31–46.

<sup>105</sup>See Eph. 6:12, 2 Cor. 9:6.

## [#21]

[April–May 1742<sup>106</sup>]

{She neither doubts nor fears any m[oment]; bids me say to you she now remembers you in all her prayers, and believes God will give her p[ure] eyes before her hour of death that she may be able to pray for you in full triumph of faith. She has a most true affection for you, reminds us of [sr?] often and wishes the k[ingdom?] to be with you. She seems to have no sort of love of anything but the church of God, so strong is this b[eacon of] f[aith].

{My h[ear]t can never be faithful [to any?] one.}

Source: CW shorthand extract; MARC, MA 1977/567/2, p. 12b.

## [#22]

[c. September 1742<sup>107</sup>]

{Sure I am the Lord loves you, and therefore he corrects you. This great love might be a reason why this s[ickness] should be unto death, but that same love he bears will as well preserve you long to bring many more souls to him and much increase to your g[lory], of which I am sure every day you continue here will be a means. And me he will likewise show unto evil and abase me that I may not have sorrow but s[incerity?], but he will suffer you to see me safe landed through this s[eason of] t[esting?] ere he calls you hence.

{I wonder not at your joy accomp[anying?]. This will increase when you decrease more and more. I doubt not but you will have felt the power of our prayers before this reaches you.

{Surely I shall soon have done wondering at anything of ingratitude I see in myself, either to God or man; for if I loved either right, my love would be like his, permanent and lasting through all events the same.

{I am writing to m[- of?] k[-], and may his strength be ever with you that as your day, so your strength may be.<sup>108</sup> My petitions to God are that every wish of your soul for his glory may find its full completion, and that we may meet at his right hand in eternity.

{Farewell, my friend, my faithful friend.}

<sup>106</sup>Dated by apparent focus on Fanny Cowper's illness.

<sup>107</sup>Date based on reference to CW's illness.

<sup>108</sup>See Deut. 33:25.

Source: CW shorthand extract; MARC, MA 1977/567/2, p. 12c.

[#23]

[c. May 20, 1742]

{Some of my l[anquishing] saint's<sup>109</sup> words have been: "I am so happy and filled with joy I hardly know what to do." I said, "My dear your hands are very cold." "Oh, they are best so and pleasantest; a few minutes ago they were very hot, and I then thought the same. I have found that I feel it not." She called me to pray with, and after continuing in prayer she then said "Oh my mother, my dear mother, God will bless you, I know he will. It is you that have led me on and guided me in the ways of the Lord. I must conclude what I suffered from a sense of glory to God and love to her. I cannot tell you for I am broke to pieces.}

Source: CW shorthand extract; MARC, MA 1977/567/2, p. 13a.

[#24]

[undated]

{I can pray for nothing but your on[- and] f[-]. Your [gv-] by this time are over. God has relieved you from the burden. Do not once think about me. I feel always the same towards you, and believe ever shall. But it is sufficient I do so today, and I will trust God for tomorrow. I have had the greatest measure of faith I was ever yet possessed of. I have felt and known should I have asked God for the whole world I should have had it. I saw and knew all things are possible to him that believes. But alas I wanted not God's g[uidance?] nor w[arning of?] s[in?] but his love. I allowed that and might be g[iven?] to his loving correction[?]<sup>110</sup>. The memory of my p[-] then is taken from me, but they are all noted in his book.}

Source: CW shorthand extract; MARC, MA 1977/567/2, p. 13b.

<sup>109</sup>Fanny Cowper.

<sup>110</sup>This might instead be a word starting with "ch."

[#25]

[undated]

{The sinner will be b[-] and you soon de[liver]ed. There was not one hour when you were here last but I was assured God looked upon you with love. But this you will not believe. Depend both on faith in my prayer for you, and feel comfort which so poor a case can afford. I am sure God will never leave you nor forsake you; and that there is none he loves (as from [the] bottom of my soul I believe he does you) but he corrects. But the fire will not hurt you, I am well assured.

{Believe me, with most sincere affection,  
 {Your most faithful sister in the Lord Jesus Christ.}}

Source: CW shorthand extract; MARC, MA 1977/567/2, p. 13c.

[#26]

[undated]

{I give God continual thanks on your behalf that he not only has by your go[ing?], but still continues by your l[etters] to add great comfort and instruction for my soul's growth in all st[rength and] w[isdom]. My constant consolation is that I shall ever remain an one of your inward l[abours of] l[ove] to our Saviour, who is alone able never to forget them, so it is fruit that will abound to your c[redit?]. I would feel less ashamed than I do for your p[atience?] with me.}

Source: CW shorthand extract; MARC, MA 1977/567/2, p. 13d.

[#27]

[c. June 1743]

{You cannot guess the joy to me which our opening the [Reformed chapel<sup>111</sup>] caused. I cannot help hoping there was another hand directed ours in the doing it.

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<sup>111</sup>The shorthand reads only "rc." In May 1743 John Wesley arranged to rent a former Huguenot (French Reformed) chapel on West Street in London, in which they soon reserved a seat for LH when she was in London.

{I had a letter from that holy and good man Mr. Piers,<sup>112</sup> whom I love in simplicity and godly s[incerity]. His letter is the p[roof] of him.

{You have filled my heart with great gratitude to you for the hymns. We feel need daily to commend you to that very love which is able to keep, and will I trust keep and present you spotless before the presence of his glory forever. Which is the f[ervent] petition of

{Your unworthy sister in the Lord Jesus.}

Source: CW shorthand extract; MARC, MA 1977/567/2, p. 13e.

[#28]

[undated]

{Could I find a stronger ap[proval?] than that you have already given to me, I should have tried to have rev[i]led you in it. Depend, if you can, upon the prayers of one of your lambs not worthy yet to be called of your fold. She has yet to receive of you as God's shepherd much tender care, ere she can be of that fold you will soon have joy of over. I thank one I may for the p[urpose] of God must stand, and he heareth prayer, and mine always on your behalf. This he does as he best knows how much of your pastoral tuition is required by me, and means to probe you by his partial ac[ceptance] of my poor petition.}

Source: CW shorthand extract; MARC, MA 1977/567/2, p. 14a.

[#29]

[undated]

{“The angel of the Lord tarrieth round about them that fear him and delivereth them.”<sup>113</sup> I am just rose from off my knees where I have been offering you up. The words above were yesterday given me for you. In the middle of reading the psalms you was uppermost in every one of them. A thing I never experienced before for any one. Fear not, the hour is coming in which you will

<sup>112</sup>Henry Piers (1695–1770), grandson of an Irish baron, was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. After a curacy in Winwick, Lancashire, in 1737 he became vicar of Bexley, Kent, the parish of the Delamotte family. While visiting the Delamottes in 1738, CW befriended Piers and helped him towards a conversion experience, awakening his support of the evangelical movement. Through the 1740s Piers was particularly supportive of the Wesley brothers, then his concentration narrowed to his own parish.

<sup>113</sup>Ps. 34:7 (BCP).

rejoice evermore. I have had great reason to bless and praise God in all things since we parted.

{The Lord, who I am sure is with you of a truth, teach you. He will soon send you comfort unspeakable. I have been enabled to pray long and earnestly for you. I have been wonderfully blest this day, for which I am much ashamed. O how is it possible God can love such a creature. It must be you and the rest of his faithful church who are heard on my behalf. What shall I say to you for all his compassion on my soul. Sure I am you cannot expect to hear what is due to you from me. No you will choose to live without it, rather than seem to wrong my heart.

{I most earnestly commit you to the Lord and pray that he may give you every blessing temporal or eternal.

{I know your letters are all much for my good. They keep me humble. Oh how does he deal with his dear child! Could you know how much he delights in the pious state of your soul. He sees you a short time hence when you will be all his. Be assured your recompense of this suffering is so great your present faculties can have no idea of it.}

Source: CW shorthand extract; MARC, MA 1977/567/2, p. 14b.

[#30]

[undated]

{As I think there remains no incentive that you have not given me to employ my perpetual thanks and gratitude, these my minuter blessings ought be sufficient for my adoration and praise every morning. Pity and pray for me.

{Your faithful but unworthy friend.}

Source: CW shorthand extract; MARC, MA 1977/567/2, p. 14c.

[#31]

[undated]

{If you could have done more to engage or enlarge my esteem than you have done already, this lot enough so remained would claim all the gratitude my baseness has to give.

{Oh my friend, you will mix your tears with mine.}

Source: CW shorthand extract; MARC, MA 1977/567/2, p. 14d.

[#32]

[undated]

{I long to tell you the loose stones of the tower are scattered upon the face of the earth,<sup>114</sup> but the mercy seat he has placed with you. He will hide us all in Christ, and let all his glory pass by us when we are about to b[e]hold the fair blessings of the Lord.<sup>115</sup> I find I am to receive all the blessings through these people which all ever unite to minister to me by the saints. I am so joined in s[weet] h[armony] with them that I am convinced they are to be my fellow citizens throughout eternity. And it adds no small con[solation] thinking you are to become the leader of so glorious a triumph, you and the children whom God hath given you. My faith never has failed me one moment for you, but it is more than I can express. For I should l[ong] to exchange with you did I not fear and know how sad an experience it would be for you. And this alone can make me cease to desire even this b[lessing]: but it does not h[inder] my praying my last end may be like thine. I rejoice in the hope of it.

{You will no longer doubt of the nature of my faith for you, while it can be brought in his light to my own soul. A way you could never have seen. But though God so blesses you in h[ealth and] ch[arity] to so poor a worm as your weak friend is, it will p[robably] seem to me but in my power to stick more clearly to this point. The present restraint is from God, and I desire to wait his leisure.}

Source: CW shorthand extract; MARC, MA 1977/567/2, pp. 14e–15a.

[#33]

[undated]

{Your desires in their season will be filled. Wait when the Lord of ch[astening? and] l[ove] shall be your portion.}

Source: CW shorthand extract; MARC, MA 1977/567/2, p. 15b.

<sup>114</sup>See Gen. 11:4.

<sup>115</sup>Cf. Exod. 33:18–23.

## [#34]

[undated]

{Did you think the remains of an old nature, or rather the few dregs of it, would make me fear [discipline of the Lord?] to my soul? No, my friend, I hope God's grace will make me mourn with you, and entreat heaven on your behalf. You know not how ef[fective] my prayers may be for you ere long. [...<sup>116</sup>] The least hope you gathered in the world, the Lord may now call you to deliver up. May he direct you in all your ways and guide you in all his paths. In the world you will have tribulation, but be of good cheer.<sup>117</sup> Keep your eye upon the cross and your course will be easy.

{I desire no more than your prayers, not for life, but that I may [prove humble?] in the flames, and be saved from offending my God and my Lord.}

Source: CW shorthand extract; MARC, MA 1977/567/2, p. 15c.

## [#35]

[undated]

{These trials I have longed much for, that I may know assuredly what spirit I am of. Neither faith nor love are of any value till they are tried, and no Christian will ever have both ef[fective]ly wrought in him but by first passing the fire.

{The case you mention does not s[urprise] me. That dejection and niceness<sup>118</sup> shows it is no more than the trials of all sincere minds. [The] cross is underneath all. And the stronger this spiritual temptation, the greater will be the s[ense of] w[oe] and revulsion. I would have him neither doubt nor fear but never depart from the means [of grace]. As to the trouble of his old tempers, these till destroyed will show themselves. My h[aughtiness?] grieved me more than I can express, for no afflictions are like these. In these cases we must pass through the purging fire.}

Source: CW shorthand extract; MARC, MA 1977/567/2, p. 15d.

<sup>116</sup>CW leaves a gap in the line of shorthand here; likely indicating he has elided a section.

<sup>117</sup>See John 16:33.

<sup>118</sup>Used in sense of "squeamishness."

## [#36]

[undated]

{What the world calls difficulties I never consider but in this light, that they are utilized to enhance the glory of our conquest, or as trials of our opening faith.

{Had you not long ago from so many repeated instances of your faith put it out of my power to return you thanks, I should endeavor it now.

{I am t[orment]ed about the person whose case you so much lament, and did I not hope always from God I should fear his resolution of leaving the world of the living would be exacted. But this is no more in his power to do than to alter his present state of doubts for light. But tell him I say of his cause was he [i.e., Christ] born and for this end came he into the world;<sup>119</sup> and that imp[atience?] in [hg<sup>120</sup>] will last no longer than till our old nature is quite extirpated. I believed nothing will be found so effectual to remove this as simply to follow the command "Watch and pray, and etc."<sup>121</sup> He always leaves this way to escape.

{My present wishes are that none but you and your brother should go into the highways to compel them to come in.<sup>122</sup>}

Source: CW shorthand extract; MARC, MA 1977/567/2, p. 15e.

## [#37]

[c. November 5, 1742<sup>123</sup>]

{It is not to be expressed how God has blessed your words in this place. It is a matter of rejoicing to me every hour. I begged of our Lord while you was here, to seal your ministry by some witness, and oh who can d[eny] his l[ove]. The night you was last at Markfield one of that little flock sickened in the word and died last evening truly in the faith.

<sup>119</sup> See John 18:37.

<sup>120</sup> The shorthand is "hg" with a dot either indicating a vowel for a single word or that this is a phrase).

<sup>121</sup> See Matt. 26:41.

<sup>122</sup> See Matt. 22:9.

<sup>123</sup> The first surviving evidence of CW preaching in Markfield is his *MS Journal* account for Oct. 19, 1743. But LH was then in London, not at Donington Park (near Markfield). So this likely refers to CW's visit described by LH in a letter to Mary Jones dated Oct. 27, 1742 (Glamorgan Wales Archives, DF/F/51).

{I am amazed that I have not wearied out both you and your brother's care of my soul, and often look up and see devils[?] there on earth, such ch[allenges?] as this, and commend your souls in the l[ittleness?] of my faith to him who alone is able to pay the mighty debt for me. I find no doubt but the Lord prospers all who fear him.

{God will bless you forever. He hath chosen you to bear his name amongst the heathen. You are a vessel unto honour fit for the Master's use.<sup>124</sup>}

Source: CW shorthand extract; MARC, MA 1977/567/2, p. 16a.

[#38]

[undated]

{It hurt me exceedingly you should ever suffer it to enter into your heart that you pretended anything you was not to me. I have long known your integrity and honour to be such as I have never met with in any but yourself. The Lord will increase it more, then more, and bless all you do.}

Source: CW shorthand extract; MARC, MA 1977/567/2, p. 16b.

[#39]

[May 30, 1742<sup>125</sup>]

{My spirit was refreshed by my dear friend's letter,<sup>126</sup> and indeed I wanted all comfort. I think I almost live without hope, and did you not hope for me, I should sink beneath my load of sin. I think I am content to suffer this, for I look only to the faithfulness of my Lord. Yesterday I attended my dear departed sister [Fanny Cowper] to the church,<sup>127</sup> where will ere long be the repository of my ashes, and according to her last request saw her laid down as near the place where I am to lie as possible, her head being placed where will lie my feet. What will you say to my spiritual sufferings on this occasion? It was nothing like natural grief. For when she expired I felt a joy, and have never found one moment in which self seemed to resist the divine will. But my spirit mourns, lest after all I

<sup>124</sup>See 2 Tim. 2:21.

<sup>125</sup>Dated in the surviving longhand version.

<sup>126</sup>A shorthand copy survives of a letter CW sent LH about May 25, 1742; MARC, DDWes 3/5.

<sup>127</sup>Fanny Cowper died on May 27, 1742, and was buried at LH's parish church.

should be of the number of those who come when the door is shut. I could, were I near you, pour out my soul in much sorrow unto you. But I shall praise and adore him for his love to you. I have said and felt I wished you could rejoice even upon the condition that my consolations were small. That dear saint's prayers you now feel. Often, very often, I listened unto words of her faith. And the morning before she was struck with death, she sat up in her bed and with a loud voice and mighty earnestness prayed for you, and said she had had all her petitions of last week she lived. In prayer with me, when I offered you up, she stopped me with "He will be blessed, I am sure he will." And she said at last when she prayed for you, your brother, or wretched me, it was like asking something she had already received. [...<sup>128</sup>]

{I have much delight and longing after those who do nothing but serve the Lord and live to him. Them only I call blessed. Pray for the time when every breath I draw may only be to love and praise him. I feel as one lost in all things but those of God.

{Your dear brother [JW] I hope to see shortly. The Lord will bless his going out. He gave us great comfort but I could not help telling him I was sure you loved me better than he did. He flattered me by telling me you only showed it more. The Lord keep and bless you, and multiply every spiritual blessing upon you. Pray for me that he may do with me as seemed him good, and if he will lay his hand upon me. His blessed will be done. It is through much tribulation we must enter into the kingdom.}

Source: MARC, MA 1977/567/2, p. 16c; a polished and much abridged copy of a longhand letter that survives: MARC, MA 1977/504/2/97.

[#40]

[c. May 28, 1742<sup>129</sup>]

{Fanny's Death}

{About 7 o'clock on Thursday evening the Lord called upon my dear friend to deliver up that spirit he had given her. She had been during all her illness so

<sup>128</sup>Here and in following letters (where the longhand versions survive), I insert editorial indications of CW's longer elisions in his extracts, to aid in comparing to the longhand text in those cases where this is published in Tyson, *In the Midst of Early Methodism*.

<sup>129</sup>Fanny died on May 27, 1742.

resigned that though I expected a great change at her death, I found none. Your brother left us on Sunday morning for the north, and that day she passed in great spirits. As soon as she was put to bed they came for me. I found her faint and extreme cold, and not able to speak, kneeled down by her, and she whispered, "Don't grieve for me, I am not<sup>130</sup> dying now." I asked how she found her soul towards God. She answered "Sweetly, sweetly! Oh very happy!" I then bade her pray. She said, "I cannot; do you. If it is the will of God, I should be glad to see Mr. Wesley once more, nought else." In this state of insensibility she continued til night. [She] seemed rather better in the morning, but soon after complained of most intense pain in her bowels and stomach. We had entreated of the Lord immediate relief of that extreme suffering, and in about three minutes the pain left her. She said, "Your see, I have no faith when it comes to the trial, or why should I complain?"

{I pressed her to call upon the Lord without ceasing. Now and then she called upon me to pray. On Thursday morning she called me to her and we received the communion. She expressed pleasure upon hearing it was Ascension day. Her agonies of death for full forty-five hours can hardly be conceived. About six hours before she expired she asked if they did not see Saint John at the foot of the bed. They answered it was probably a messenger for her who was to be invisible to all but herself. She said, "Yes, he is there." I never found her able to pray vocally, only the last hour, when her speech was near gone. Then by some amens we heard, we thought she was at prayer. About that time I asked her if she knew me. She said, "Yes, my jewel, and the Lord forever bless you." This is all I could get from her. I thought her change of countenance before she expired was something more than I could have conceived; from a face full of anguish and misery, it was at once converted to the most angelic complacence I had ever seen.

{She drank of her Lord's cup, and so did I. For from 7:00 till 9:00 of the day in which she died, oh what did my soul undergo? Not from the thought of her loss, but through doubts and fears, and distress of soul such as I thought it was not possible to go through. The very remembrance makes me ready now to sink into the earth. I was for this time without faith, without love, or God. [I] fell continually on my knees; prayed when my soul would let me. But oh, I have never in my whole life, were all my sufferings put together, found the like misery. My soul was shook within me. [...] I flung myself down upon the bed, and am persuaded Satan was in the room. I felt even a sensible power over my body

<sup>130</sup>The shorthand reads "now dying now"; a slip in transcription by CW.

from him. He wanted to drive me to all sort of violence that were desperate.  
The remains I feel now. But our Lord will deliver the prey from those teeth.  
{The Lord Jesus be your guide in life and through death.}

Source: MARC, MA 1977/567/2, p. 17a; polished and abridged copy of a long-hand account that survives: MARC, MA 1977/504/2/99.

[#41]

[November 1743]

{God has sealed your ministry at Markfield.}

Source: MARC, MA 1977/567/2, p. 17b; a single line excerpted from a long-hand letter that survives: MARC, MA 1977/504/2/94 [see larger short-hand extract of same letter below on p. 21].

[#42]

[November 1743]

{The Lord two nights ago as wondrously delivered from fire as he did before from the robber. That tremendous fear hung over me three hours, as if I was going to appear before the presence of God. While I lay waiting for mercy the news was brought me at midnight. Two minutes more and I should have entered into rest. For more sufferings am I reserved, though I trust not for lasting ones. [...] May the Lord of life and power bruise Satan under your feet shortly. My whole heart says Amen!}

Source: MARC, MA 1977/567/2, p. 18a; an excerpted paragraph from a long-hand letter that survives: MARC, MA 1977/504/1/8 (cf. Tyson, *In the Midst*, 68).

[#43]

{September} [5,] 1744

{It is ever matter of rejoicing to me to find the gracious God is still calling sinners to redemption.

{Mr. [Edward] Ellis grows in grace as is evidenced by his humility. He has great experience in the spiritual life. He strongly holds the suffering all things,

and literally turning the other cheek. All evil and darkness, I am convinced, arises from the weak and proud starts of young believers. I feel much consolation that I have lately been tried. I find such a liberty in having nothing to do but to bear all things as cannot be expressed. [...]

{A man came from Nottingham in the name of threescore who wanted to fly in the magistrate's face because he would not let them meet every night. In a morning he would not hinder them. I made them go to him and return him thanks for the freedom they have, and to assure him that, so far as their conscience will treat them to, they will be obedient to him in all things. Strange advice some of your people would imagine, who think because they serve God they are to rule all mankind instead of being servants to all. I know nothing would disappoint the devil like our closely following our Lord's advice. Who can harm you if he but follows of that which is good? Mr. Ellis and I are determined neither by word or deed to suffer one hair of our enemy's head to be hurt if we can prevent. I am silent upon this matter to all who think this may be carrying the matter higher than the gospel, but I see it to be practice of our Lord and that is enough for me.}

Source: MARC, MA 1977/567/2, p. 18b; a polished and abridged copy of a longhand letter that survives: MARC, MA 1977/504/1/16.

[#44]

[October 25, 1743<sup>131</sup>]

{Oh I am weak and miserable beyond expression or thought. It has been a sore trial, your brother's sufferings at Wednesbury.<sup>132</sup> But I see the power and glory of Christ rests upon him. I can never pray for either of you but I have you before me as Moses and Elias on the mount,<sup>133</sup> above all and nearest to the Lord. You will both feel and know this in its season. [...]

{I can say no more but that you make the meanest of all those that would love the Lord Jesus ashamed in his presence when you ever say I have for any one moment been made useful to you. The time will come when I shall be created anew in Jesus Christ unto good works.}

<sup>131</sup>Dated in surviving longhand letter.

<sup>132</sup>See JW's account of the riot targeting the Methodists in Wednesbury in his *Journal*, Oct. 20, 1743, *Works*, 19:343–49.

<sup>133</sup>See Matt. 17:1–8, Mark 9:2–8, Luke 9:28–36.

Source: MARC, MA 1977/567/2, p. 18c; a polished shorthand extract of second and fourth paragraphs of longhand letter that survives: MARC, MA 1977/504/1/80 (cf. Tyson, *In the Midst*, 67–68).

[#45]

[c. July 12, 1743]

{Surely the Lord shall come. Oh my friend, how unbelieving is my heart! From this have I suffered more than I am able to express. Dear Miss Cowper lies in the same way.<sup>134</sup> I know you remember us. My spirit in sleep rejoiced in God and gave him praise, but I found no gladness of heart. “Praise him for his n[oble] acts.” “Praise him according to his excellent greatness.” These words came so strong and powerful that they waked me. They comforted me, proving it is the Spirit that maketh intercession according to the will of God. For my heart was a stone. I doubt not but my unfaithfulness hath shocked you. But indeed my sufferings are great. I go through the fire and the Lord giveth me to repel the darts of Satan by the power of faith.}

Source: MARC, MA 1977/567/2, p. 18d; a shorthand abridgement of first paragraph of a longhand letter that survives: MARC, MA 1977/504/1/11.

[#46]

[c. July 25, 1743<sup>135</sup>]

{All the opposition which you can meet with, I am convinced, will be but for the furtherance of the gospel in the end. And under the shadow of his wings will he hide you, that this fierceness of man shall turn to his praise and to the increase of your crown. It is a great promise that when our Lord finds his servant so doing over his household, he shall make him ruler over all. Surely you will look for this promise, for you are now giving them their meat in due season. And I trust you can never now think that our Lord delayeth his coming. [...]

{I know my desires are to him and to the love of his name. I want nothing in earth or heaven but to walk before him with Enoch’s testimony.<sup>136</sup>}

<sup>134</sup>Anne Cowper, the sister of Frances (“Fanny”) Cowper—who had died in May 1742. Anne was now sick, and would die in Sept. 1743.

<sup>135</sup>Dated as July 1743 in CW’s endorsement of the surviving longhand letter.

<sup>136</sup>See Heb. 11:5.

Source: MARC, MA 1977/567/2, p. 19a; polished and much abridged copy of a longhand letter that survives: MARC, MA 1977/504/1/15 (cf. Tyson, *In the Midst*, 66).

[#47]

[c. July 5, 1743<sup>137</sup>]

{My Dear Friend,

{You visited me in the time of my distress.<sup>138</sup> But no soul can conceive the darkness, perplexity, and misery I have constantly surrounding me. It is what I have never felt since I was known of God. [...]

{Pray for me, my friend, if you have any love for me. This I know, that if you have one grain of charity for me it must be because you excel any others in this grace. And that because you will not know how worthless a worm she is who knows herself more obliged to you than any creature living.}

Source: MARC, MA 1977/567/2, p. 19b; extracts from the opening and third paragraph of a longhand letter that survives: MARC, MA 1977/504/1/13 (cf. Tyson, *In the Midst*, 64).

[#48]

[c. May 30, 1743<sup>139</sup>]

{Oh my friend, how could you add to the affection of your servant for Christ's sake? Can your heart receive a sense of gratitude from things the very name of which seems rather a reproach for what I have not done. For this cause am I made sorrowful by your thanks.

{The state of your mind also is my constant burden. You have forgot that you were once fed, and then you knew there was over and above of what you had eaten. Your thoughts of yourself rather comfort me, though for a time you are in heaviness. The knowledge of your wants is the earnest of your future abundance. I have always thought these troubles to be absolutely necessary in your situation. Your knowledge and success might puff you up. And this I take to be the sole reason of your conflicts, to show you what is in man is first made manifest to you that you may testify of these things. Assure yourself all are alike

<sup>137</sup>Dated as July 1743 in CW's endorsement of the surviving longhand letter.

<sup>138</sup>CW was briefly in London July 3–10, 1743.

<sup>139</sup>Dated by references to CW's itinerary in surviving longhand letter.

and it is pride and want of spiritual sight which will not let all think the same of themselves. Your impatience at the discovery of this in your heart bears down all views of hope. But this is no proof your deliverance is not at hand. Oh that you could but trust him who has so often assured you none shall be able to pluck you out of his hand. This persuasion for you cometh of him that hath called me. But alas, well may you reject this shadow of hope, when I sink under the burden of my own corruptions. [...]

{I would mourn with you and beg God for you, and employ my strength to your service, if my evil heart does not deceive me. But of all creatures you have ever yet met with, depend on me the least. So shall you not be disappointed. My continual knowledge of my own unfaithfulness to God convinces me that next to myself he is weakest who depends on one word I say. Every action of my life but one sense of ungratefulness to God and man. [...]

{Let us fix our single eye upon God and work for him. And if need be, die for him. Oh he is a gracious master to serve! Let us stand in faith by his promises that he who trusts in him shall not be ashamed. The cross is great and heavy, but we have not long to carry it.}

Source: MARC, MA 1977/567/2, p. 19c; an abridged and polished copy of a longhand letter that survives: MARC, MA 1977/504/2/92.

[#49]

[January 2, 1743<sup>140</sup>]

{I am, without doubt or fear, mourning and that instantly for my deliverance from this bondage of corruption. But though it is suffering, it is a happy suffering. [...] I often remember you, and beg your reward for all your labours of love to me may go along with you through a blest eternity, of which I have not a single doubt. [...] I rejoice over the little flock I find here (Bath<sup>141</sup>). Our prayers, now a year old, are not forgotten. May the Lord Jesus abide with you and give you an increase of all spiritual blessings.}

Source: MARC, MA 1977/567/2, p. 20a; an abridged copy of second paragraph of a longhand letter that survives: MARC, MA 1977/504/1/5 (cf. Tyson, *In the Midst*, 61).

<sup>140</sup>Dated by CW's endorsement of the surviving longhand letter and LH's recent relocation to Bath.

<sup>141</sup>CW added the location parenthetically in his shorthand summary.

## [#50]

[May 23, 1742]

{I have just parted with your brother who has been, I doubt [not], to pay his last visit to our dear friend [Miss Cowper].<sup>142</sup>

[...]

{By the latter part of your letter you would rather convince me I had no faith, no not in the least degree. For because you might find none at the moment you was writing the letter, [...] you concluded you never had any faith. [...] Nothing but the finger of God writing his law upon our hearts can cast out these devils of doubt and unbelief. Let neither a false humility bring you to this declaration nor impatience of temper make you disown the works of God. Or if this is positively the case, you cannot but think the testimony of believers and the promises of God are sure.}

*Source:* MARC, MA 1977/567/2, p. 20b; an abridged and polished copy of a longhand letter that survives: MARC, MA 1977/504/1/82 (cf. Tyson, *In the Midst*, 54, first three paragraphs).

## [#51]

[c. September 1, 1743<sup>143</sup>]

{I have had some secret hope you would write to me, for I sit alone as a sparrow upon the house top,<sup>144</sup> weary and faint in my mind, oppressed, perplexed, and distressed. Oh when shall all these things end? I look with longing for that shadow of death, for it is no more death to those who sleep in Jesus.

[...]

{I shall rejoice to find you can still say out of Egypt God hath called his son.<sup>145</sup> May he continue daily to bless you with the choicest of his spiritual blessing, that every promise which he has ever made to man may find its full completion in you, to your endless joy and comfort. Which I most constantly and fervently pray, whenever the Spirit of prayer or supplication is given me. Join in prayer for me with your faithful people, for a weaker more unworthy worm does not breath.}

<sup>142</sup>JW was in Castle Donington for this visit from May 22–24, 1742.

<sup>143</sup>Dated by reference to Henry Piers and Anne Cowper in surviving longhand letter.

<sup>144</sup>See Ps. 102:7.

<sup>145</sup>See Hosea 11:1.

Source: MARC, MA 1977/567/2, p. 20c; polished shorthand excerpts from the second and fourth paragraphs of a longhand letter that survives: MARC, MA 1977/504/2/98.

[#52]

[c. September 25, 1741<sup>146</sup>]

{God can give comfort by the meanest and basest things. I wish you so much of that from him that all my expectations are continually full of it. And I am only preparing a channel by which it may be conveyed.

{My own state is awaiting upon the Lord till he renews my strength. I have seen him at some distance for this week full of love and mercy. This has made me restless. Tears are my portion now. But he has given me my heart's desire and has not denied me the request of my lips. He has not taken me in hand yet, but I am sure he will. And his love is able to make me a vessel of honour. All power for good seems taken from me. If I write, I am without thought. If I read, I am not the better. If I pray without ceasing, I am the same. If I entreat the Lord with tears, still no power is given. He seems neither angry nor pleased with me. This troubled me above all things. And while I was in this painful situation these words entered, like heaven entered into my soul: "Wait thou upon the Lord and he shall renew thy strength."<sup>147</sup> I could forever pray to him. I feel his presence now, but not with like light and joy, yet with great faith.

{I do not want you to think highly of me, though I wish you always to think kindly of me. I know your charity will always be my security. And when I cease to love the Lord above all things, do you try to forget the most unfaithful of his creatures.}

Source: MARC, MA 1977/567/2, p. 20d; an abridged and polished copy of a longhand letter that survives: MARC, MA 1977/504/1/86.

[#53]

[undated]

{I beg you to continue your prayers for me. You know me so well that I need not tell you how much I want them, and how poor and miserable a creature I am.

<sup>146</sup>Dated by reference to CW's pending return from Bristol to London in the surviving longhand letter.

<sup>147</sup>Cf. Isa. 40:31.

Could you see the state of my soul, I know you would mourn with me. Who can express the loving kindness of the Lord and show forth all his praise? His patience with me is amazing, who neither do or speak one thing to his glory! I could almost die at the sad reflection.

{I entreat your prayers. They avail much. To the God of all love I commend you. I know he will repay you a thousand fold on my behalf. And though I fall, yet shall you ever give glory to him, for a never fading crown of the Lord will you wear to all eternity. O I am faint and weary in my mind for that time in which I shall not offend my Lord, my beloved. That the time may be hastened, and that you may very soon receive the pledge of your inheritance, that the Lord Jesus may be your guide unto death and then receive you into his everlasting arms, is the fervent prayer and sure hope of your most unworthy but sincere friend.}

Source: MARC, MA 1977/567/2, pp. 20e–21a; extract of the second paragraph of a longhand letter that survives: MARC, MA 1977/504/1/83.

[#54]

[November 1743<sup>148</sup>]

{As clay in the hands of the potter I am and would be a lump without form and void of all good.<sup>149</sup> But the Lord can speak and it shall be.<sup>150</sup> He will command and it shall be created. Oh wondrous love. And I shall be a monument of this mercy, a vessel to show forth his praise! I am lost when I consider that in my present state God should suffer me to have any power with him. Neither could I account for it but from his promises that he calls the things which are not as though they were.<sup>151</sup> Therefore are secrets of the Lord made known unto us. Mighty are thy works oh God, and that my soul knoweth right well. His power is known by the visible things he has made,<sup>152</sup> but his wisdom and love are as hid treasure in the soul of man, and till felt there, are not known of any.

<sup>148</sup> Dated in surviving longhand letter.

<sup>149</sup> See Jer. 18:6.

<sup>150</sup> See Ezek. 12:25.

<sup>151</sup> See Rom. 4:17.

<sup>152</sup> See Rom. 1:20.

{Our life is hid with Christ in God!<sup>153</sup> What weighty words are these! They imply nothing less than the actual possession of eternity in the soul. It can never be comprehended by our outward senses that a man should live with Christ here upon earth and no man know this but God; that he should seem to receive from man, and yet have nothing from him; that he should be thankful to man, loving to man, nay and at times happy in man, and yet only happy in Christ. [It] is most mysterious but most true, and made manifest by the Spirit which alone searcheth these deep recesses of God.<sup>154</sup>

{I have just make an offering of you, as I do continually, but particular requests about you I know nothing of. They all seem too little for you now, and you will ere long be lost in his immensity.}

Source: MARC, MA 1977/567/2, p. 21b; a polished and abridged copy of first three paragraphs of a longhand letter that survives: MARC, MA 1977/504/2/94 (cf. Tyson, *In the Midst*, 68–69).

[#55]

[May 27, 1743<sup>155</sup>]

{Your packet this morning revived my fainting spirit. The journal which so particularly describes your parting at Wednesbury, and those words of your own upon the occasion, “And I found I have them in my heart to live and die with them,” filled me with inexpressible comfort. I could not help saying with Milton:

{But grateful to acknowledge whence his good  
Descends, thither with heart, and voice, and eyes  
Directed in devotion to adore

<sup>153</sup> See Col. 3:3.

<sup>154</sup> See 1 Cor. 2:10.

<sup>155</sup> LH is clearly responding to a journal letter from CW covering May 19 (when he silenced a woman preacher) and his visit to Wednesbury May 20–23, 1743. The actual letter addressed to LH is not known to survive, but the copy CW retained for his records does: MARC, DDCW 6/3; published in Randy L. Maddox et al. (eds.), *The Journal Letters and Related Biographical Items of The Rev. Charles Wesley, M.A.* (Nashville: Kingswood Books, 2018), 117–25.

And worship God supreme, who made him chief  
Of all his works.<sup>156</sup>

{I found myself much ashamed, though secretly honoured by your vouchsafing my account of our behaviour a place in your journal. Had I longer continued over these particulars, it would have saved me much pain, which in reading the hymns it was impossible to escape. In these instances my prayers are often heard in that I fear. We have been just calling our absent friends together and praying for the ministers in particular.

{I find myself weary of all things I do, as all is too little for God. Nothing satisfies me. I am labouring in my mind after greater enlargements. I am apt to be active at first in undertakings, but when I find myself no nearer the end purposed, then I am tired and broke, if the imperfect serves. [...]

{I wish not to make you think better of yourself than you do, but to remember the lights you have had; they are so many pledges of God's love. And let this patience work experience, and then your hope will abide sure. But I write as one quite in the dark about your state. All I know of it is, that should I see the same in anyone else, I should say what would highly offend you to hear, that I think you so uncommonly blessed that I know none beside like unto you. I know you stumble not, and by this I am to judge, and would judge that you walk in the light.

{We spent yesterday most happily. We remembered our absent friends every hour in the day. We entreated God's peculiar favour for all those lately called, and the fullness of his grace for all.

{No one can fear so much for me as I do for myself. And often to escape this fear I would be glad to yield up my breath, for in me is nothing but the evil of a second Judas.

{I am hardly in possession of any comfort, but my eye carries me so far beyond to so much greater things that all is at nothing. How immense is the capacity of an human soul bent heavenward. As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy; and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly. The earth soon grows too little for us; and all we meet with here serves only to increase our thirst after immortality.}

<sup>156</sup>Milton, *Paradise Lost*, vii.512–16.

Source: MARC, MA 1977/567/2, pp. 21c–22a; an abridged and polished copy of a longhand letter that survives: MARC, MA 1977/504/1/89 (cf. Tyson, *In the Midst*, 69–70).

[#56]

[c. July 19, 1742<sup>157</sup>]

{In a severe overturn I was roused and found to my shame and amazement that I was in the everlasting arms. For while the event was doubtful, I had a degree of joy and happiness which I do not know I ever experienced but when walking with God in times of r[–].<sup>158</sup> I had but too sensible measures of God’s love to me. As to my body I am without fear or thought about it. I want only to dwell with God and walk before him with a perfect heart.

{My soul has been these three days in constant supplication with God to give my friends and me a little Herrnhut,<sup>159</sup> a spot upon this globe against which the gates of hell cannot prevail. I am sure it must be a town of our own building, secured in property to us alone. That the few souls who are forward enough but now scattered may become an household to the Lord, and have a community of goods. I have by [me] a plan for this purpose and rejoice that there may some time be such a people. Should God ever give me sufficient for such an undertaking, I think it is one of the first things I should do. With joy could I engage in such a design, as I truly believe God would be with us in the undertaking, and carry it on for this purpose, that his own should not be scattered as sheep here [without] any shepherd, but together be able to make a stand against all the powers of the devil. Half an hour’s discourse with my friends upon this head would make me very happy.

{I rejoice to find the fruits of my friend’s labours, and that there are witnesses in many dark corners rising up to show the power of God unto salvation through the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ.

{Wednesday, June 30. I had great weight upon my spirits all this day. Found no power to speak to some company, which has oppressed me beyond measure. Oh my baseness and vileness, that one day should pass without declaring the goodness of God! The devil always whispering in my ear, “You can

<sup>157</sup>This journal letter covers through July 17. CW’s endorsement indicates it was received in Aug.

<sup>158</sup>The word in the longhand letter is very hard to decipher and it is unclear what word CW is indicating by the shorthand letter “r”.

<sup>159</sup>The Moravian community set up by Zinzendorf in Germany.

do no good, it will signify nothing." But from the misery I suffer by neglecting to speak, I am sure good was to have been done, and God would have blessed what I said. If the Lord suffer me any more, I think nothing shall ever make me hold my peace. I mourn and grieve without ceasing, and feel great eagerness of spirit after the Lord. But faithfulness, or love, or any one thing whereby my soul could be comforted, I know not.

{Though Satan would make me fear, yet still at times my spark of grace is alive and the Lord will not leave me, but make my way plain before my face. This my absent friends I trust will ask for me, and they shall obtain it. Oh how gladly would I die, could I by so doing perform the will of God. Who can paint the distress of my soul? How gladly would I forget myself and look only to the Lord.

{I thought I should be able to rejoice in my retirement, but find there is no peace for the wicked. I long to weep my life away, but this is vain likewise. I sometimes think a way will shortly be opened, and this spirit of intercession for a commonwealth of the faithful continuing with me carries conviction with it. While not as often as I waked I found these words or the like in my mouth: "Lord, suffer it so to be." And whenever I pray for it, it is as if my whole heart would fly upwards towards God. He will not deny the prayer of his own Spirit, for it maketh intercession.

{Thursday} [June] 31. {My soul chooseth strangling rather than life. I feel no desire after anything here. I would be void of all things but God. But so burdened am I it is more than can be expressed. Surely thou will turn and refresh me again after that thou hast afflicted me. [...]

{I see so much the vanity of the great and rich that I long often to sink down into poverty. But the Lord holds mine eyes that they behold not vanity with any desire after it. [... ] All outward things are nothing, a sad, dull tale everyday repeated, and without the love of God, insufferable. But love makes us rejoice in all outward things, not for their own sakes, but because he alone is the author and giver of them.

{I feel my soul now thankful for the sound of some distant bells which raise my soul to him. Oh might my prayers and sighs enter his ears as these do mine! I find a sort of sorrowing joy, a mixture which our Lord feels for the wanderers of his flock. Methinks I could fly to him. My love would bear my soul, if once disengaged from this lump of clay. Oh give me, give me to dwell with thee forever!

{July} 13. {This week I have been called to comfort the mourners. I have still with me one poor girl of a sorrowful spirit. How does she go mourning all

the day long! Such a picture of humility I never saw. I feel my heart so united to her that when she weeps my spirit weeps over her. She has forsaken all, had good desires in her childhood, but by David Taylor was first brought to see her heart.<sup>160</sup> She has, in poverty no wants but Christ. She lives without joy. Neither is she impatient, but waits his time, without thinking the Lord hard in his tarrying. She doubts not his faithfulness. But her sins are a sore burden, too heavy for her to bear. She wept bitterly at my reading her Hannah Richardson's conflicts.<sup>161</sup> Upon my talking and praying with her she said she had comfort, but it was as the morning cloud and early dew that passes away.<sup>162</sup> I never look upon her but with love.

{Spent some hours on Sunday [July 14] with my poor women. Found them very simple and joyful at the glad tidings. We all gave glory to God and partook of our absent friend's joys.

{As to my own soul, oh how it longs after all that love the Lord! These three last days I have been much refreshed by the coming of a most faithful soul who is a little child. I found I could open my heart with all simplicity to him in that affair which lies so impressed upon my mind, that God would shortly find out a resting place for his people. It struck him much and his heart was lifted up to God for this thing. He bears it on his heart. The Lord directed him to Ezekiel 34, which to the very letter explains God's actual promise of this very thing to us, and at the end of the 36th [chapter] commands us to ask it of him. Thus saith the Lord God, "I will yet for this be enquired of by the house of Israel, to do this for them."<sup>163</sup> This brings me to entreat that these three chapters may be read and explained often to the church. And be always instant with God d[ay and] n[ight] for the fulfilling of his promise.

{After the time he had afflicted me, he hath brought forth my soul and comforted me anew by this hope. The Lord grant they may receive it with like power to their souls. This will be the seed from whence shall spring the kingdom of the Lord and of his Christ. Let us take heed that we neglect not these promises. Let us ask him for the means that lead to this end. All the children of

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<sup>160</sup>David Taylor (1715–83) underwent a spiritual awakening in the mid-1730s, while a servant in LH's household. With her encouragement he was soon preaching and gathering societies in the Sheffield area, in some association with Benjamin Ingham.

<sup>161</sup>Charles Wesley, *A Short Account of the Death of Mrs. Hannah Richardson* ([London: Strahan, 1741]).

<sup>162</sup>See Hosea 13:3.

<sup>163</sup>Ezek. 36:37.

God will be brought to this and we shall all think the same thing. We are for some end devised at present.

{The Lord increase you more and more.}

Source: MARC, MA 1977/567/2, pp. 22b–24a; a polished and somewhat abridged copy of a longhand letter that survives: MARC, MA 1977/504/1/85 (cf. Tyson, *In the Midst*, 57–59).

[#57]

[c. October 30, 1742<sup>164</sup>]

...<sup>165</sup> {She seems deeply affected at the trouble it gave you, and on her knees entreats your pardon. And that you will cease to remember the whole of this affair—wherein it causes you to be troubled; but forget not the wondrous effects, which may be useful to many.

[...] {I would say something of myself, meaning to say all things in gratitude to you for the wondrous trouble you must have had on my account by your own confession.} ...<sup>166</sup> {Real simplicity is what we all want. But dwells there on earth such blessedness, and I not seek after it as one of those precious stones which the building is composed of? I have a faint persuasion that the Lord will ere long visit you with sickness or some affliction. But as your day is will your strength be.<sup>167</sup> You will overcome and be more than conqueror. Yet in this rejoice not, but rejoice that your name is written in heaven. It is more sure to me than anything I see. I found your prayers, they are always answered and that instantly.

{I look for a new creation of soul, which though I have a taste, I am not in possession of. This I know it will be as surely after his word as after his image. [...]

{If anything is to be made instrumental for my salvation, it must be that one thing. Ask anything of me and it shall be given you. To your prayers I find will all my blessings be given. This I am sure of. [...] I trust you have found our petitions since you left us. [...]

<sup>164</sup>Dated by reference to Mary Jones in surviving longhand letter; and LH's letter to Mary Jones dated Oct. 27, 1742 (Glamorgan Wales Archives, DF/F/51).

<sup>165</sup>This ellipsis is given by CW himself, showing he has omitted the opening paragraphs of the letter.

<sup>166</sup>CW marks another elision.

<sup>167</sup>See Deut. 33:25.

{Admire with me the paternal affection of your brother's letter. How grateful I feel heaven only knows.}

Source: MARC, MA 1977/567/2, p. 24b; an extract of a longhand letter that survives: MARC, MA 1977/504/1/91 & MA 1977/504/1/82 (last three pages which had come unattached and were placed in a file with a letter of May 24; cf. Tyson, *In the Midst*, 55–56).

[#58]

[c. April 15, 1742<sup>168</sup>]

{Fanny}

{I am sorry my dear friend should make any excuse for the shortness of his letter. Your remembrance of me will be sufficient, were it by a word to convince me of your prayers, which I feel continuously. Your hymns are a great comfort to us, and more now as poor Miss Fanny [Cowper] declines so fast. The Lord increases her every day. She sent for me last night thinking she was near her end. We prayed continuously till she found herself comforted. Then she said she should not die that night, though she knew she should [die] in this illness, and then broke out into such overflowings of thanksgiving to God, and such affection to me, that nature well nigh sunk under it. I asked her how her soul was. She answered without doubt or fear; she knew God would finish his work. She seemed extremely desirous [of] death a week ago, but then said she was sure the reason why she was not released was her having so much will in it. She speaks little to any but me, and loves none else to be near her. A single word of complaint has never once come from her mouth. If her sufferings were more she says she could bear it. About three nights ago she said she had not one part about her from which she did not feel pain, but it was no uneasiness to her. Had she her wish she would be just what she then was.

{Thus she goes on—without any great joy, but with a broken will and settled peace and sure hope. She told the minister the other day that she knew she was not fit for God, but sure she was this would be accomplished in its time. I pressed sending for her father or any of her friends in the flesh. She said “No, no!” Had not her sister [Anne] been here she should not have had a thought about her. Her whole of love seems set on me—as the instrument God had made use of for her soul's good. This instance of his love to me in this soul will

<sup>168</sup>The surviving longhand letter is endorsed by CW as received in Apr. 1742.

surely make me humble all my days. I do not feel the least regret in parting with her. People of the world who heard our discourse would wonder extremely, for we all talk of her death as a thing that was to happen, but without the appearance of anything except joy. Her excess of tenderness hurt me violently last night, else I have felt nothing but a sure hope of her happiness.

{What more letters you write direct to her. And it will be a great delight to hear from you, and that you bear a love to her. I want to give her all my happiness. Her baptism of fire is at hand. The Comforter will soon come.

{Many things you have said to me came into my mind—particularly your distress of soul and backwardness to the work of ministry, when something rebuked my concern: "What are his thoughts of himself? Must not God's work be done by him?" I send the words just as they entered, to stop any farther thought with relation to your state. I hope you will find shortly more supplies of strength. Go on with a single eye, and there is nothing can stand against a believer in Christ.

{I am your most faithful sister.}

Source: MARC, MA 1977/567/2, pp. 24c–25a; an abridged copy of a long-hand letter that survives: MARC, MA 1977/504/1/4 (cf. Tyson, *In the Midst*, 52–53).

[#59]

[c. April 1743<sup>169</sup>]

{I always find a difficulty in writing upon the things of God. The sense I feel of my own wretchedness would force me to think aloud to you. But should self or vanity creep in, or should any words I use enlarge the sense to make you think more of the gifts of God than I have received, oh how would my soul be burdened with guilt. Even in bewailing my nothingness how am I distressed to say no more of this than what I truly enjoy. That I am impatient beyond all bounds of the weariness and painfulness of this mortal nature is most sure. No thought, word, or action of mine but what abides the constant and universal condemnation of my whole soul. And am I this, my friend, in his sight who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity. I neither can nor will ever forgive myself, though he has forgiven me. He views me in that robe wherewith he hath adorned me and constrains me to say:

<sup>169</sup>Dated by reference to CW being the "first cause in God's hand of every blessing I possess for two years." Cf. LH to CW, c. Apr. 10, 1741 (entry #1 above).

{Me for thine own thou lov'st to take,  
 In time, and in eternity;  
 Thou never, never wilt forsake  
 An helpless worm that trusts in thee.<sup>170</sup>

{But oh how ashamed and confounded am I before him! Surely he will regard the low estate of his handmaid, and bid her lift up her head when her redemption draweth near.

{I look upon all his past gifts, and for these I stand amazed and swallowed up in praise, adoration, and love. He kindly meant them to convey some true treasure unto my soul. But all his ends I destroy by pride, and self, and that whole spring of evil which is in me. And oh shocking thought! Thus unfaithful am I in the broad light of his countenance! I know his power is able to make me anew, and how do I long to give him the glory for this new creation or sanctuary of body, soul, and spirit—to be a temple of the loving God.

{As to my health, I think nothing about it. My vehement desires after God swallow up all, and exceed even my prayers, tears, etc.—all, all are unsatisfactory. My spirit groans and that instantly. I am crucified to the world and the world to me. All events in it are alike to me, but the advancement of God's glory in his saints. My little all has long been his. But when I would make an offering of myself, oh how would I hide this sinful sacrifice from his eyes. How do I make the Son of God, my faithful high priest, grieve by the feeling from his eyes. And not less than this do I owe you, that should the Lord ever make me a vessel fit for his own use it is wholly through his r[esponding?] to his saints' prayers, for his delight is in them. I feel constantly that I am given to them because they have asked it. And can words now express what I owe you? All? Double and more than this is due to you, the first cause in God's hands of every blessing I possess for two years.

{Did not my confidence in the Lord Jesus lift up my heart in continued gratitude and assurance that you would exceed many in glory, I should receive many testimonies of your friendship rather with pain than pleasure, as I could never look for any recompense for you short of that mansion, that where he is there you may be also. I have at times doubted all things, but was never suffered to do anything but rejoice in this hope for you. If you cannot be prevailed upon to believe me, yet now and then remember I had once said this, and that in the strongest certainty I ever yet spoke of anything. You may now reject my confidence, imagining it proceeds either from partiality to the instrument of my

<sup>170</sup>CW, "At Lying Down," st. 7, *HSP* (1740), 130.

soul's good or from a general judgment that you have your fruit unto holiness and therefore your end must be everlasting life. But neither the one nor both of these have anything to do in this particular.

{Beware of your charity, and to secure it receive not hastily an accusation against any man. But above all receive not the opinions of others whose hearts are not established with grace, lest they make you partaker of their evil spirit of prejudice—the bane of all true piety.

{As to Mr. [George] W[hitefield], it is certain you should not enter into each other's labours, but to divide the harvest, and make the borders secured. And this is all I mean by an agreement, for none other will ever be admitted while your opinions are not the same. I see the mercy of God in suffering this division for a time, and believe your present attention to the flock wise and good. And as you have been faithful over a few, God will fulfil his promise and make you lord over many. For through you or by you will many in all nations be made glad.

{The Lord bless you and make you faithful to him. Whereunto he has called you, even to death, that you may meet with joy that crown which is reserved for you.}

Source: MARC, MA 1977/567/2, pp. 25b–26a; a polished and slightly abridged copy of a longhand letter that survives: MARC, MA 1977/504/1/87.

[#60]

[February 7, 1743<sup>171</sup>]

{The simplicity of your obedience to our Lord's commands is sufficiently evidenced by the brotherly love you express for my health. I hope nothing will suffer your faith to be removed from this certain truth that all events, however little understood by us, are best. And though the enemy would rob you of your farther confidence in prayer, bid him depart. That all your requests are made known unto God is most sure. He will do all you want and infinitely above all you think. But appoint him, not instruments, for this end. Out of the stones will he raise up faithful children.<sup>172</sup>

<sup>171</sup>Dated by postmark and CW's docketing on surviving longhand letter.

<sup>172</sup>See Matt. 3:9.

{It is now above three years that he has sought fruit on this barren fig-tree.<sup>173</sup> Marvel not therefore if to your sight it should wither away. [...] The potter hath power over his clay, and knows best how to form it. When faith and love are joined under the most severe pains, the Spirit will glory that the vessel is mouldering according to the will of God. Is not this an evident mark that nothing but unfathomable love could occasion these sufferings? In the midst of them I find a power given me of obtaining immediate deliverance. God strongly speaks to my soul in these words: "I would not willingly afflict thee, so I offer thee ease, but pain is better for thee." Shall I not take his word and rather glory in my infirmities? Be assured that no state until heaven is greater than this, lying full of faith, a suffering object of the divine mercy. Neither health or life dare I ask for. I want nothing but that his will may be done in me and by me, and this I desire with all the power of my soul.

{I now look on all my past suffering with tears of gratitude, that I have shared in that whereof all the church are partakers. As I love him more than all earth and heaven, so will I trust him for my all in both. Let this, my friend, be your comfort, that you have watched over me as one that was to give account, while longsuffering. And always remember it is my fault if you do not give up this weak straggler with joy.

{I find a wondrous liberty from all created good. My guardian angel, fear, has now taken up of her proper post. She watches over the mortal body for good, humbling me continually and putting me in mind: "You are nothing. You have nothing. You can do nothing." I do not find she ever exceeds her office at any time but when the eye is off God. She is, next [to] the Lord, my comforter, the darling companion of my soul.

{It is now seven days since I have had any return of my illness, your prayers are heard for me. I am so sensible of the concern you express for me that you must not expect to hear anything of my health unless it be to give thanks.}

Source: MARC, MA 1977/567/2, pp. 26b–27a; an extract of a letter that survives: MARC, MA 1977/504/1/6 (cf. Tyson, *In the Midst*, 61–62).

[#61]

{February 24, 1741/2}

{I cannot forebear continually giving you the tribute of a grateful heart. We are comforted by your letters. The Lord will, I doubt not, increase you more

<sup>173</sup>LH is referring back to her initial awakening under the ministry of Benjamin Ingham.

and more. You are a chosen vessel to the Lord. Trust his love. Oh, it is able to do all things! Depend on our warmest prayers for your assistance on April 4.<sup>174</sup> He who can do all things will, I doubt [not], give you a right and knowing zeal, and blend wisdom of the serpent with innocence of the dove.

{Let not your hands hang down, my dear friend. Think often that you are set for the defense of the gospel. Trample on man and devils. The hour is hastening when it will be seen how faithful a Master we serve. Your arm shall even break a bow of steel.<sup>164175</sup> Believe, believe! All is possible to him that believeth!<sup>176</sup>

{All your friends here esteem you highly. And that you may long shine a pattern for many that believe, and share everlastingly in the highest joys of the blessed, is [ere?] earnest and fervent prayers of your most, most unworthy friend.}

Source: MARC, MA 1977/567/2, p. 27b; an abridged and polished copy of the body of a letter that survives: MARC, MA 1977/504/1/2 (cf. Tyson, *In the Midst*, 450).

[#62 – CW to LH]

{Mine to Lady Huntingdon}

[August 22, 1742<sup>177</sup>]

{I did not mean you in Mrs. [Mary] Jones' affair because I could be no judge whether such a thing would be proper or agreeable to you.<sup>178</sup> Yet we both spoke of it as a most desirable thing if attainable. I can answer for her that you can lay no greater obligation upon her than by submitting to such a trust. But would it not be (I speak in the simplicity of my heart) a disgrace to you to be joined with such an one as my brother or me? If your love for the living and the

<sup>174</sup>Preaching his university sermon at Oxford.

<sup>175</sup>See Ps. 18:4.

<sup>176</sup>See Mark 9:23.

<sup>177</sup>Dated by the postmark on LH's original letter to CW and the connection to the death of Robert Jones.

<sup>178</sup>Mary Forrest (1712–88, of Minehead, Somerset) married Robert Jones (1706–42) of Fonmon Castle near Cardiff, Glamorganshire in 1732. Robert came under the influence of Howell Harris in 1741, became a Methodist, and the couple became warm friends of JW and CW. Mary's husband died in June 1742, and CW had sought advice about helping support her.

dead settle[?] here, would not my brother be properer of the two? I neither desire nor expect (but rather deprecate as far as I dare) a long continuance here. I shall never see fifty—I hope I never shall. But my time is in God’s hand.

{Was I to let loose my wishes, I should most vehemently desire after I have this time delivered my message to lay down my head and be no more seen. I have in me what would break any heart but mine, was it only this circumstance that I have no one person upon earth to whom I can open my heart. I never had but one whom I could trust, and to her it is not permitted.}

Source: MARC, MA 1977/567/2, p. 27c (bottom of page, upside down); an extract from paragraphs 2 and 3 of CW’s longer shorthand record of his reply on the overleaf of LH’s letter to him dated Aug. 16, 1742 (MARC, MA 1977/504/1/84; cf. Tyson, *In the Midst*, 67).

[#63]

{Tuesday, May} 25, [1742]

{Fanny}

{My dying friend told me this morning that she had just parted with our faithful minister and guide in the Lord Jesus, Mr. [John] Wesley. But said he had expressed some hope of seeing her again; and she too thought it probable God might continue her for that end. We went to prayers. Whatsoever I asked for, she continually interrupted me with “Yes, yes, I am sure all this will be,” and added “When I ask anything for Mr. Wesley the Spirit seems to reply the thing is done. Why do you continue to ask?”

{As soon as I ceased praying she began in an extreme loud, strong manner, asking severally for all with the utmost vehemence. Then she said the thought of death grieved her only when she thought of me, knowing my extreme weakness, and how often I had been distressed when it seemed to threaten a near approach. Then by way of comfort to me she said, “Neither in life nor death shall I be parted from you. I shall lie near you, I desire as near as possible. You won’t go to my funeral will you?” I answered, if she desired it I would. “Oh yes!” she replied with great pleasure expressed in her face. I should be glad. Here I must spare myself the painful reflection of the thousand affectionate things she spoke, which with such multitude of blessings, as I neither look nor ask for of myself.

{This day she passed in high and exalted thanks, confessing herself a mere worm. God alone was exalted in her soul. I prayed and sang much with her. She expressed great concern lest any peevish word should have dropped from her in her sickness. Said she had received much hope for her sister. Was all calmness and peace.

{Soon after she was put to bed I was fetched to her as just dying. She seemed quite senseless, and the apothecary thought she would never speak more. I kneeled down with my face close to hers, and asked how she found her soul towards God. She answered, "Happy, happy, sweetly, sweetly! Don't grieve. I am not dying now. If it be the will of God, I shall see Mr. Wesley. But as God pleases. I don't desire it otherwise."

{Next morning she said "I never see you but you give me new joy and comfort." Soon after she was seized with the most violent colic and said "Oh pray for me, for my sufferings are more than can be expressed!" In deep distress we fell on our knees and besought the Lord that she might instantly be delivered from that extremity. He was present to heal that moment. For by the time we rose the pain was gone, and returned no more. But her agonies for five hours were as intense as possible.

{When she had not strength herself she bade us pray, and seemed not easy but while we were praying or singing. But when the spirit of prayer returned to her, she would suffer none of us to pray. And when her spirit was well-nigh gone we found by her frequent amens that she was in continual prayer.

{Upon our telling her it was Ascension day, and that in a few hours she would ascend, she shined very joyful and said, "Do you think it will be so soon?" She received great comfort in the sacrament. I said "I fear your pain is so great now that you must have forgot me." She answered, "No, no, surely! And the Lord in heaven forever bless you."}

Source: MARC, MA 1977/567/2, p. 28; copy of a longhand letter that survives: MARC, MA 1977/504/2/93 (cf. Tyson, *In the Midst*, 57).

[#64]

[c. May 5–6, 1742<sup>179</sup>]

{Fanny}

{We all rejoiced over yours.<sup>180</sup> Dear Miss Fanny, weak as she is, wanted a pen and ink to copy your hymns, that she might have them by her. We talk of the approaching hour [of death,] and I pray for her as for one whom the Lord hath summoned. She says she expects more, surely the completion of all the promises, than anything she sees. Oh happy soul, that will so soon be delivered! What shall I say to show you how happy I think it? My tears would convince you if you were here. Oh what a vile worm am I! You never can know how evil my heart is! I weary out God's love, yet I feel no desire but that God's will should be done in all things. Oh how miserable is it to find pleasure in anything but him! This thought distracts me.

{I know I do not offend by my tenderness of this object before me. She is placed here by God for this end. And when I think of my Saviour's love herein, I could fall down before him, never to rise again. First that he should reflect his light to her through this vile clay! And then make me the instrument of leading her to her spiritual father, by whom God has given her blessings many, and these only as pledges of those which eye hath not seen nor ear heard. This she now waits for, full fort[ified?] with hope. This is great! But what tongue can express the love which brought her to witness this here? I often weep over her to testify what my words never can. What you have done for this soul you will find repaid you in a day that you think not of it. We pray for you over her every night and often in the day. To our prayer she ever adds a most sincere amen, especially when I entreat the Lord to reward your labours of love to us all a thousandfold.

{She sings, prays, or reads all day and all night, and says why should sleep waste her time. I think you would love her now. I feel that for her which I never did before. If you can figure to yourself that you could ever see me in her state and that I should ever exact from you that love, pity, and joy I feel for her—with these ideas, my dear friend, sit down and make an hymn: for just such a one. I want to sing over her. I hardly can ask this when you almost every post prevent

<sup>179</sup>The surviving longhand letter is dated May 1742, and the relative health of Fanny Cowper would likely put it early in that month.

<sup>180</sup>No letter of CW to LH and the Cowpers in late Apr. of early May 1742 is known to survive.

[i.e., anticipate] me by showing in the kindest manner your remembrance of your absent friends.

{Thursday night, eleven o'clock

{I have left that dear soul ready to yield up her spirit into his hands who gave it. Oh pray for me, my tears must pray for her. I never beheld so saint-like a countenance. She told me she thought her stay could not now be long here, for she found all nature sinking within her. She was so composed that she seemed unmoved at my broken accents in prayer, which even three days ago affected her with a return of love and tenderness. Her desire is never to have me from before her eyes one moment. Her affection seems the strongest that can be conceived yet without weakness or what may be called inordinate. It is easily seen that she loves to have me and me only do all things for her, yet she never shows any anxiety if I do not. All her broken sleeps are only fresh supplies of strength for prayer, singing, or reading. And when she awakes out of them it is with a verse or line of an hymn, or short lifting up her heart in prayer. Should she continue long, she will convince all who are not already convinced. Cease not to pray that this witness in death may add many to the church.

{<sup>181</sup>Saturday morning. We all mourned over yours.<sup>182</sup> I cannot think but you felt with us, or rather our tears of gratitude over your letters aroused from you some moments of sympathy. Dear Miss Fanny joyed over her letter and now says she should bear you on her heart while she lives and with her last breath pray for you. She owes you all the obligations she can to anyone, and indeed (except it be myself) she says true, none can owe you more. You have all this due to you, but my obligations are of that nature they can be never paid here. But sure I am "for as much as you did it unto one of these you did it unto me,"<sup>183</sup> will sound throughout all heaven. And I the door keeper in the house of my God, shall witness the wreath [with] which your brow shall be crowned. I now rejoice in hope thereof, and will rejoice till that which I now know only in part shall be done away.}

*Source:* MARC, MA 1977/567/2, p. 29; a polished copy of Lady Huntingdon's letter of May 5–6, 1742, which survives: MARC, MA 1977/504/1/90 (cf. Tyson, *In the Midst*, 56); and then an excerpt from her letter of c. Mar. 7, 1742, which also survives: MARC, MA 1977/504/1/41 (cf. Tyson, *In the Midst*, 54–55).

<sup>181</sup>The extract from the letter of c. Mar. 7, 1742 begins here.

<sup>182</sup>Again, this letter is not known to survive.

<sup>183</sup>Matt. 25:45.

## [#65]

[c. September 7, 1743<sup>184</sup>]

{Miss [Anne] Cowper's Death}

{I am just come from visiting the breathless clay of my dearest friend. The greatest marks of peaceful happiness I have seen in any face adorns the temple she has left. If you are here early on Saturday morning you may see her, for I shall not have her secured up till noon. She often asked the day before her death if they were sure you prayed for her. I long to see you crowned with all the promises of God. And as the poorest worm on earth, depart when mine eyes shall have seen salvation of the Lord. You, though in the meanest place, I may rejoice to behold you next to him in heaven as you are on earth. (My whole soul rejects this insufferable \_\_\_\_\_<sup>185</sup>)

{Farewell my best of friends}

Source: MARC, MA 1977/567/2, p. 30; an excerpt from a surviving letter: MARC, MA 1977/504/2/95.

## [#66]

{Letter to Bishop of London}

{The Foundery}

{February} 8, 1744/5

{My Lord,

{Sometime ago I was informed that your Lordship had received some allegations against me by one <sup>186</sup> charging me with committing or offering to commit lewdness with her. I have also been lately informed that your Lordship has been pleased to say if I solemnly declared my innocence you should be satisfied. I therefore take this liberty and do hereby solemnly declare that neither did I ever commit lewdness with that person neither did I ever solicit her thereunto, but am innocent in deed, word, and thought as touching this thing.

{As there are other such slanders cast on me, and no less than all manner of evil spoken of me, I must beg leave further to declare mine innocence as to all

<sup>184</sup>Anne Cowper died on Sept. 7, 1743.

<sup>185</sup>The parenthetic comment is CW's insertion, which he leaves incomplete.

<sup>186</sup>CW leaves a blank space rather than giving the accuser's name (Elizabeth Story).

other women likewise. It is now near twenty years since I began working out my salvation, in all which time, God, in whose presence I speak, has kept me from either committing any act of adultery or fornication, or soliciting any person whatsoever thereto. I never did the action. I never spoke a word inducing any one to such evil, I never harboured any such design in my heart.

{If your Lordship requires any further purgation I am ready to repeat this declaration viva voce, and to take the blessed sacrament in proof of it. I am, my Lord

{Your Lordship's dutiful son and servant,

C. W.}

Source: MARC, MA 1977/567/2, p. 31; a copy with minor variants of a letter included in longhand in CW's *MS Journal* (MARC, DDCW 8/1), dated Feb. 7, 1745.



### *About the Author*

Randy L. Maddox is William Kellon Quick Professor Emeritus of Wesleyan and Methodist Studies at the Divinity School, Duke University. His scholarly interest focuses on the theology of John and Charles Wesley and the theological developments in the later Methodist/Wesleyan tradition. In addition to numerous articles he is author of *Responsible Grace: John Wesley's Practical Theology* (Kingswood Books, 1994); a contributor to *Wesley and the Quadrilateral: Renewing the Conversation* (Abingdon Press, 1997); and editor of *Aldersgate Reconsidered* (Kingswood Books, 1990), *Rethinking Wesley's Theology for Contemporary Methodism* (Kingswood Books, 1998), and *The Cambridge Companion to John Wesley* (with Jason Vickers; Cambridge University Press, 2010). Maddox is the Institute Secretary of the Oxford Institute of Methodist Theological Studies, and General Editor of the Wesley Works Editorial Project, for which he has edited two volumes: Vol. 12: *Doctrinal and Controversial Treatises I* (Abingdon Press, 2012) and Vol. 32: *Medical and Health Writings* (with James Donat; Abingdon Press, 2018). He has also served as president of the Wesleyan Theological Society, co-chair of the Wesley Studies Group of the American Academy of Religion, and General Editor of the Kingswood Books imprint of Abingdon Press.