

WESLEY HIS OWN BIOGRAPHER.

Selections

FROM THE

J O U R N A L S

OF THE

REV. JOHN WESLEY, A.M.,

SOMETIME FELLOW OF LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD.

WITH THE ORIGINAL ACCOUNT OF HIS DEATH.

LONDON :

C. H. KELLY, 2, CASTLE STREET, CITY ROAD, E.C.;

AND 66, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

1891.

PREFACE.

THE surpassing charm of Wesley's *Journals* has been acknowledged warmly by all sound judges who have made acquaintance with them. Very few, indeed, have attained such a wide and various reading, such a fine literary faculty and feeling, and such a mastery of the English language, as Dr. Southey and Dean Stanley; both of whom expressed enthusiastic admiration of these unique and animated records. Dean Stanley's attention was not directed to the *Journals* before he himself was famous as a biographer and Church historian. During our own residence in Oxford he came into possession of the papers of an accomplished Hebraist who had heard Wesley's last sermon before the University, and had written a most graphic, though very far from friendly description of that memorable scene. Struck by the moral heroism which Wesley had displayed on that occasion, the biographer of Arnold procured at once a copy of John Wesley's *Journals*. He read them with avidity and wonder, and expressed his admiration of them in the highest terms to another leading member of the University, who made no secret of his Methodist extraction. With characteristic kindness, the latter lost no time in communicating to the Wesleyan-Methodist Superintendent a judgment which he knew must greatly gratify him.

It is not difficult to understand the spell which Wesley's *Journals* cast upon men of nobleness and genius like Dr. Southey and Dean Stanley; and, indeed, on all open-minded, open-hearted readers. They are, first of all, the manifestation of a heroic, saintly character: grand in its simplicity, awe-inspiring in its altitude, clear and sharp in outline, impressively and attractively individual in its contour, yet rich in colouring and robed in light; like some porphyritic Alp as mirrored in the heaven-reflecting bosom of an Italian lake. For Wesley's *Journals* are his most naïve self-revelation. Published in succession, after short and busy intervals, their authenticity could be thoroughly tested, and were fully attested by thousands of contemporaries. John Wesley's life was in fact *an open book*; his nature was translucent as his style.

And, although his intellectual and spiritual stature was gigantic, it was wonderfully well-proportioned. In the *Journals* we have an absolutely genuine full-length portrait—an authentic, perfect presentation—of this truly great man. And the omissions in the present edition, so far from impairing that portrait rather enhance its effectiveness; inasmuch, as nothing is left out which would interest the general reader, but only theological or ecclesiastical matter which tended rather to discourage and repel the youthful and the busy, to impede the flow of the narrative, to damp its interest and to break its continuity. It is thus made much more attractive to the young especially, into whose hands it would not be easy to put a more usefully entertaining or

a more healthily stimulating book. There can scarcely be a more necessary or a more alluringly benignant part of education than to set before young readers historic personages who have bravely surrendered everything, dared everything, endured everything, in the service of God and of their fellow-men: have attempted and accomplished great things for their Divine Redeemer and their redeemed race. In the front rank of these saint-heroes John Wesley marches through the ages, and through the world, his chosen and appropriate "parish." The youthful reader when he has finished this delightful autobiography may well sing with Bunyan's Christian:

"Here I have seen things *rare* and *profitable*;
Things *pleasant*; *dreadful*; things to make me stable
In what I have begun to take in hand;
Then let me think on them, and understand."

And still more loudly:

"Who would true valour see,
Let him come hither:
One here will constant be,
Come wind, come weather:
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avowed intent
To be a pilgrim.
Whoso beset *him* round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound;
His strength the more is:

No lion can him fright;
He'll with a giant fight;
But he *will* have a right
To be a pilgrim.
Hobgoblin nor foul fiend
Can daunt his spirit:
He knows he at the end
Shall life inherit.
Then fancies fly away!
He'll fear not what men say,
He'll labour night and day
To be a pilgrim."

This quiet, cheerful courage is one of the most striking features of John Wesley's character. He confronted, entered on, passed through, and emerged from the most exciting and appalling dangers with the calmest buoyancy, as if conscious of a charmed life; then slept like a child under the parental roof, and went forth the next morning as if nothing extraordinary had happened on the day before. It was this holy *nonchalance* which most impressed the hero-hearted Robert Hall, who describes Wesley as "the *quiescence of turbulence*;" because he enjoyed the profoundest tranquillity whilst creating around him the most intense excitement. In truth, he seemed to be the still and silent centre of a sweeping, healthful, balance-rectifying cyclone. His lines are undoubtedly depictive of his own habitual experience:

"Careful without care I am,
Nor feel my happy toil,
Kept in peace by Jesu's Name,
Supported by His *smile*;

Calm on tumult's wheels I sit,
Midst busy multitudes alone,
Sweetly waiting at Thy feet,
Till all Thy will be done."

And this was not a mere felicity of natural temperament. It was a direct fruit of faith. In fact, the contrast between his own perturbation and misgivings, and the sweet serenity of his Moravian fellow-voyagers, during the Atlantic tempest, first awoke him to the shallowness and insecurity of his own religious experience.

There can surely be no more fitting or more fruitful preparation for the solemnizing of the Centenary of Wesley's death than a recurrence to the leading incidents and experiences of an Apostolic life which has been more productive of benefit to the human race than that of almost any other man since the Apostolic times.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

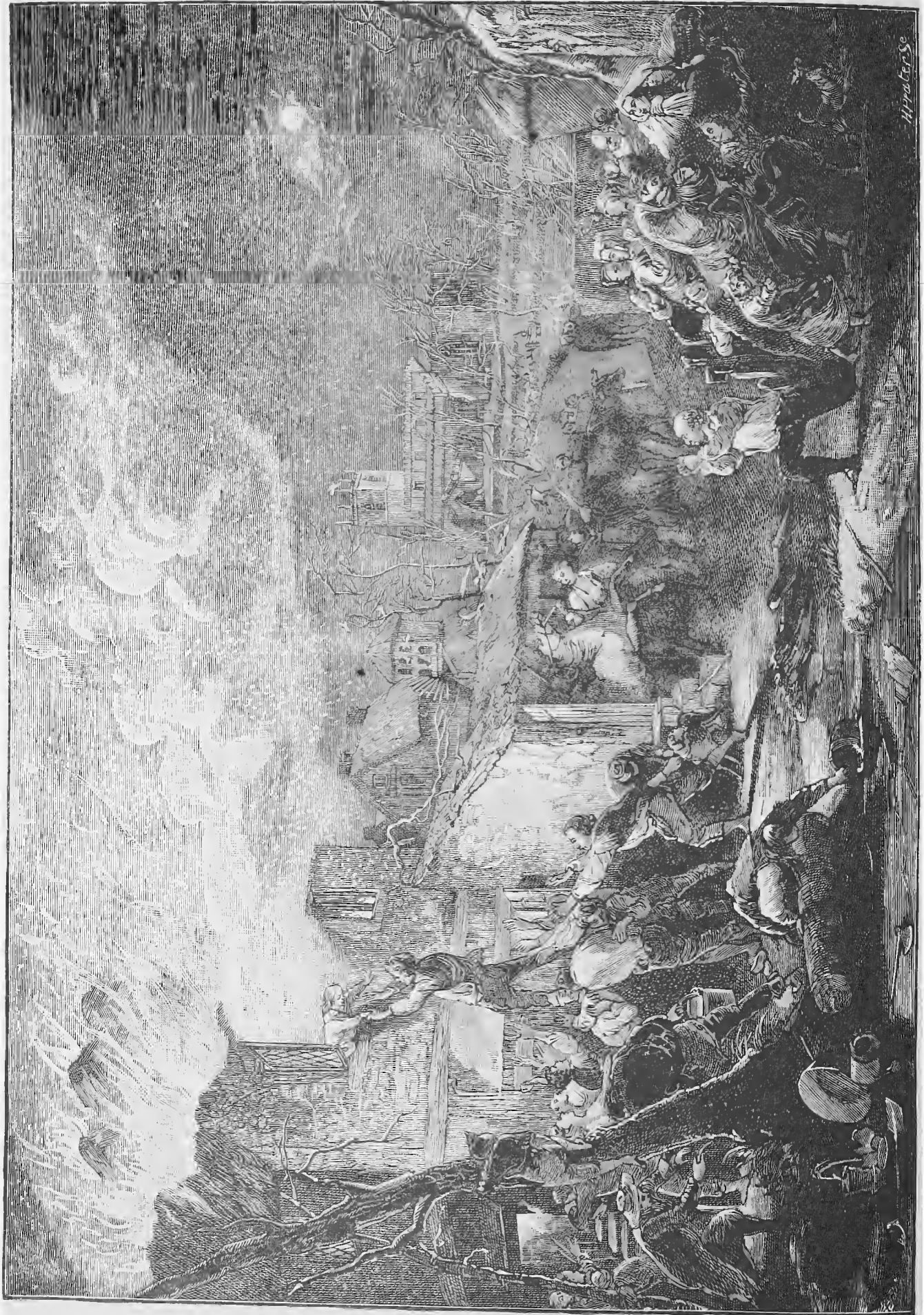
	PAGE		PAGE
FRONTISPIECE : JOHN WESLEY.			
ABERDEEN, Marischal College	312	Chester	306
— Old, King's College	311	— Wesley preaching in	253
Abergavenny	117	Chesterfield, Lord	430
Amsterdam	75	Clarke, Dr. Adam	611
— Amstel Hotel	550	Class-meeting, first Methodist	153
— the Tingel	546	Cockermouth Castle	258
Armagh	355	Coke, Dr.	445
<i>Arminian Magazine</i> , facsimile of contents page of		Colchester Castle	571
first number	466	Cole, Joseph, Dr. Hamilton, and John Wesley	617
— facsimile of Address to the Reader	467	Corfe Castle	415
BACON, Lord	593	Cork, Cove of	232
Ballyshannon	337	— on the Lee near	235
— salmon-leap from below	337	— Wesley at	245
Bangor Cathedral	285	Coventry	503
Bass Rock	391	DARGLE, on the	339
Bath	96	Darlington	595
Belfast, Donegal-place	477	Delft	544
— Methodist College	284	Derby, first chapel in	596
Berwick-on-Tweed, the Old Bridge	224	— London-road Chapel	596
Beverley Minster	349	Dispensary for the Poor, the first	211
Birmingham, Handsworth College	537	Dodd, Dr.	450
— King Edward's School	471	Doddridge, Dr.	268
Birstal. <i>See</i> NELSON, JOHN.		Dorking, High-street	507
Blair, Hugh, D.D.	495	Douglas	452
"Blazed trees"	45	Dover Castle	613
Böhler, Peter	54	Downes, John, taking Wesley's face	417
Bolton, Children's Home, Edgworth	457	Dresden	80
— riot at	237	Dublin Castle, the Clock Tower	463
Boothbank, Cheshire	256	— Phoenix Park	229
Bosanquet, Mary	427	— Sackville-street	422
— birthplace	428	— St. Patrick's Cathedral	254
— home of	429	— Trinity College	542
Boston, Centenary Chapel	516	Dudley Castle	326
— Church	515	Dumbarton Castle	437
Brackenbury, R. C.	598	Dunbar	496
Bradford, Joseph	427	Dundee, High-street	559
Bradford Town Hall	434	Durham	412
— Yorks, where John Nelson was imprisoned	154	Dutch canal and windmill	548
Bristol Cathedral	400	EDINBURGH, Arthur's Seat	347
— Ebenezer Chapel, King-street	470	— High School	327
— Horsefair the old room in the	504	— Princes-street	535
— Hotwells	267	— Tolbooth	408
— In Pithay	123	Epworth Church	502
— Maryleport-street	123	— Market Cross	501
— Portland-square	470	— Memorial Chapel, Schools and Manse	562
— Wesley's first preaching-house	281	— Wesley preaching on his father's tomb	161
— room over	308	— Wesley's escape from fire	x
Broughty Castle	321	Exeter, Guildhall	121
Butler, Bishop	361	FALMOUTH	199
Byrom, Dr.	399	Feversham, Wesley preaching in an inn at	52
CAMBORNE, Wesley riding through	261	Fletcher, John	288
Cambridge, King's College Chapel	569	— birthplace	289
— Leys School	570	— Mary. <i>See</i> BOSANQUET, MARY.	
Canterbury Cathedral	247	Foley, Ambrose, house at Quinton, where Wesley	
— West gate	263	stayed	574
Cardiff Castle	461	— tea-service presented by Wesley to Mr. and	
Carlisle, the Norman keep and castle-yard	369	Mrs.	575
Castlebar Methodist Church	398	Franklin, Dr.	255
Castleton, Castle Rushen	523	Frome, Market-place	483
Causton, Mr., and Wesley	39	Fulneck	508
Chapel-en-le-Frith, the late and the present Wesleyan Chapel, with school-room	592	GAMBOLD, J.	873

	PAGE		PAGE
Gateshead-Fell, Wesley on, in a snowstorm	191	London Bridge, accident to Wesley on	249
George II.	280	— City-road Chapel, Wesley laying foundation	451
— III.	591	— stone	484
Germans on board ship during a storm	18	— in 1778	505
Giant's Causeway, horizontal formation	475	— interior, 1861	572
Glamis Castle	313	— in 1880	90
Glasgow	356	— Clerkenwell, crypt of St. John's	293
— Cathedral	291	— Charterhouse	92
— Tron Church	497	— Fetter-lane Chapel, interior	218
Gloucester	112	— first Benevolent Loan Society	211
— Cathedral, the Monks' Lavatory	553	— first Dispensary for the Poor	134
Gordon, Lord George, and Wesley	518	— Foundery	270
Gravesend, Wesley embarking at	15	— Hackney, the Black and White House	539
Gray, Thomas	449	— Highgate, Lauderdale House	61
Grimsbay	500	— Islington	109
Grimshaw, William	225	— Kennington	269
Guernsey	609	— Kensington Gardens	295
— Mon Plaiser	610	— Lewisham, Mr. Blackwell's house	357
HAARLEM, Town Hall	549	— Marshalsea Prison	132
Haime, John	257	— Moorfields, Old Bedlam	150
— at the Battle of Dettingen	185	— Newgate, door of	212
Hamilton, Dr., Wesley and Joseph Cole	615	— St. Nicholas' Gate, accident to Wesley at	63
Hampton Court	386	— Savoy Chapel	385
Hanby, Thomas	589	— Southwark, Long-lane Chapel	279
Handel	297	— Spitalfields, French Church	465
Hannam Mount	98	— Stoke Newington, Abney House	334
Harris, Howell	130	— Tower, playing to the lions at the	364
Hatfield	214	— Westminster School	171
— House	602	— West-street Chapel, interior	377
Haverford West,	522	Londonberry	424
Haworth Church	225	— Walker's monument	488
Heptonstall Chapel	564	Lowestoft, view near	343
— Church	404	Lowth, Bishop	403
Herrnhuth	81	MACCLESFIELD, Christ Church	330
Hill, Rowland	457	Madeley Church and Vicarage	458
Holyrood Palace	512	Malvern Abbey Church	360
Hopper, Christopher	241	Manchester	433
Howth	341	— Cathedral	521
Huddersfield, Market-place	494	— Central Hall	520
Huntingdon, Lady	299	— Oldham-street Chapel	577
INVERNESS	329	— Royal Institute of Fine Arts	603
— Cathedral	499	Mather, Alexander	250
Ireland, Wesley's farewell to	607	Mighton-Car, riot at	485
JANE, John, preaching in the stocks	436	Minster Church, Isle of Sheppey	459
Jewish synagogue, a modern	368	Mumbles Lighthouse	167
Johnson, Dr.	438	NELSON, John	405
— — and Wesley	555	— birthplace, Birstal; study in chapel-yard; bust	454
KILKENNY, the Nore at	305	— in Wesleyan Chapel; church where buried	455
Kingswood, pear tree planted by Wesley	482	— entrance to dungeon where imprisoned at	454
— School	239	Bradford, Yorks	406
— — and Chapel	351	— preaching-chair	455
LEE, on the, near Cork	235	— sundial in Birstal Churchyard	514
Leeds	208	Newark Castle	204
— Headingley College	565	— Orphan House, exterior	165
Leicester, the Newark gate	456	— study in	441
Lichfield Cathedral	272	— new Orphan House	292
Limerick, Pery-square	474	— Pilgrim-street gate	275
— Thomond Bridge	583	— Sandgate	366
— Treaty Stone	296	— Wesley preaching at	367
Lincoln Cathedral	622	Newton, John	277
Liverpool	335	Norwich Castle	143
Llandaff Cathedral	323	— Pull's Ferry	276
Loan Society, the first Benevolent	218	Nottingham Castle	31
Lochlevin Castle	361	— Wesley preaching at	534
London, Bloomsbury, St. George's	71	OGLETHORPE, General	94
— Borough, accident to Wesley in	342	Oldham, Manchester-street Chapel	94
— Bridewell	128	Out-door preaching	94

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

ix

	PAGE		PAGE
Oxford	126	Watts, Dr.	365
— Bocardo Prison	67	Webb, Captain	397
— St. Mary's Church gateway	145	Wednesbury, riot in	178
— the Holy Club	9	Wesley, Charles... ..	140
— Wesley's pulpit at	551	Wesley, John, grandfather of the founder of Methodism	395
Pateley Bridge Chapel and inscription	510	Wesley, John, accident to, at St. Nicholas' Gate	212
Pawson, John	589	— — in the Borough, London	342
Peel, the first Sir Robert	608	— — on London Bridge	249
Peel Castle	453	— and Beau Nash	103
Pembroke Castle	332	— and Dr. Johnson	555
— Mouncton Priory	332	— and Duncan Wright with hoods on	345
Pensford, Wesley preaching at	156	— and Lord George Gordon	518
Penzance	447	— and Mr. Causton	39
Perronet, Vincent, M.A.	264	— and the farrier	174
Perth	388	— and the Plymouth Rioters	216
Plymouth, riot at	216	— and Whitefield	138
Portrush, Memorial Church and Obelisk	612	— and Wilberforce	618
Portstewart, Clarke Memorial Church	580	— at Cork	245
RAMSAY	525	— at Mighton-Car	251
Richmond, Yorkshire, the Three Towers	410	— calmness in danger	411
Ritchie, Elizabeth	633	— conversing with a young negress	34
Robertson, Dr. W.,	527	— crossing to Erith	419
Rochdale Town Hall	480	— deathbed of	facing p. 626
Romaine, Mr.	301	— Dr. Hamilton and Joseph Cole	616
Roslyn Chapel, interior	513	— electrifying	287
Ross Bridge	566	— embarking at Gravesend	15
Rotterdam	74	— escape from fire	x
SADDLEWORTH, on the road to	303	— from the painting by G. Rowney	Frontispiece
St. Albans	372	— — by Hone	362
St. Andrew's Castle, Ruins of	440	— — by J. Williams	384
St. Helen's Sound, Boat Accident near	28	— portrait in <i>European Magazine</i>	620
St. Michael's Mount	197	— furniture used by	facing p. 630
Salisbury	55	— kicked by a horse	379
Scarborough, Wesleyan Chapel, Falsgrave	412	— laying foundation stone City-road Chapel... ..	451
Scilly, crossing to	175	— on Gateshead Fell	191
— St. Mary's	176	— on the road to Saddleworth	303
Sea, a Storm at	49	— overtakes a serious man	158
Sheffield, Manor House	316	— portable pulpit	172
Shoreham Church	264	— preaching at Newcastle	facing p. 158
Shrewsbury, Tower in the Walls; Butcher Row; Old House; Market Place	491	— — at Nottingham	276
Simpson, D.	403	— — at Pensford	156
Skidway Island, Boat Accident near	22	— — his last sermon	626
Smollett, Dr.	493	— — at an inn in Feversham	52
Sligo Abbey	584	— — in Chester	253
South-leigh Church	383	— — in Gwennap Pit	320
South Stack Lighthouse,	464	— — on his father's tomb	161
Stafford Chapels	576	— — to the condemned	531
Stocks, preaching in the	436	— pulpit at Oxford	551
Sulby Glen, Wesleyan Chapel	524	— visits an Irish cabin	338
Swansea Harbour	460	Wesley, Mrs. Susanna	115
Swift, Dean	431	— grave in Bunhill Fields	162
TATTERSHALL Castle	528	— monument in City Road... ..	164
Taylor, Joseph	590	Whitby	371
Tewkesbury Abbey	489	Whitefield, George	107
Thomson, James	394	— and Wesley	138
Told, Silas, scenes in life of	486	— Tabernacle... ..	375
Trent, crossing the	183	Whitehaven Docks	310
Trevecka College	393	Wilberforce and Wesley	618
Tunbridge Wells	469	Winchelsea, St. Thomas' Church	623
UTRECHT... ..	600	— tree, under which Wesley preached his last open-air sermon	621
VENN, Mr.	300	Winchester. Cross and pent house	381
Vyverberg, the Hague at	545	— High-street	382
WALSHE, Thomas	282	Worcester Cathedral	420
		YARMOUTH	309
		York, Clifford's Tower	443
		— Wilberforce's School for the Blind	413
		ZINZENDORF, Count	77



HP Parker Sc

JOHN WESLEY'S ESCAPE FROM THE FIRE AT EPWORTH. From the original painting by HENRY PERLU PARKER.

INTRODUCTORY LETTER.

OXON, *October 18th*, 1732.

SIR,—In November, 1729, at which time I came to reside at Oxford, your son, my brother, myself, and one more, agreed to spend three or four evenings in a week together. Our design was to read over the classics, which we had before read in private, on common nights, and on Sunday some book in divinity. In the summer following, Mr. M. told me he had called at the gaol, to see a man who was condemned for killing his wife; and that, from the talk he had with one of the debtors, he verily believed it would do much good, if any one would be at the pains of now and then speaking with them. This he so frequently repeated, that on the 24th of August, 1730, my brother and I walked with him to the castle. We were so well satisfied with our conversation there, that we agreed to go thither once or twice a week; which we had not done long, before he desired me to go with him to see a poor woman in the town, who was sick. In this employment too, when we came to reflect upon it, we believed it would be worth while to spend an hour or two in a week; provided the minister of the parish, in which any such person was, were not against it. But that we might not depend wholly on our own judgments, I wrote an account to my father of our whole design; withal begging that he, who had lived seventy years in the world, and seen as much of it as most private men have ever done, would advise us whether we had yet gone too far, and whether we should now stand still, or go forward.

Part of his answer, dated September 21st, 1730, was this:—

“And now, as to your own designs and employments, what can I say less of them than, *Valde probo* : * and that I have the highest reason to bless God that He has given me two sons together at Oxford, to whom He has given grace and courage to turn the war against the world and the devil, which is the best way to conquer them? They have but one more enemy to combat with, the flesh; which if they take care to subdue by fasting and prayer, there will be no more for them to do, but to proceed steadily in the same course, and expect ‘the crown which fadeth not away.’ You have reason to bless God, as I do, that you have so fast a friend as Mr. M., who, I see, in the most difficult service, is ready to break the ice for you. You do not know of how much good that poor wretch

* I greatly approve.

who killed his wife has been the providential occasion. I think I must adopt Mr. M. to be my son, together with you and your brother Charles; and when I have such a ternion to prosecute that war, wherein I am now *miles emeritus*,* I shall not be ashamed when they speak with their enemies in the gate.

“I am afraid lest the main objection you make against your going on in the business with the prisoners may secretly proceed from flesh and blood. For ‘who can harm you if you are followers of that which is so good;’ and which will be one of the marks by which the Shepherd of Israel will know His sheep at the last day?—though if it were possible for you to suffer a little in the cause, you would have a confessor’s reward. You own, none but such as are out of their senses would be prejudiced against your acting in this manner; but say, ‘These are they that need a physican.’ But what if they will not accept of one, who will be welcome to the poor prisoners? Go on then, in God’s name, in the path to which your Saviour has directed you, and that track wherein your father has gone before you! For when I was an undergraduate at Oxford, I visited those in the castle there, and reflect on it with great satisfaction to this day. Walk as prudently as you can, though not fearfully, and my heart and prayers are with you.

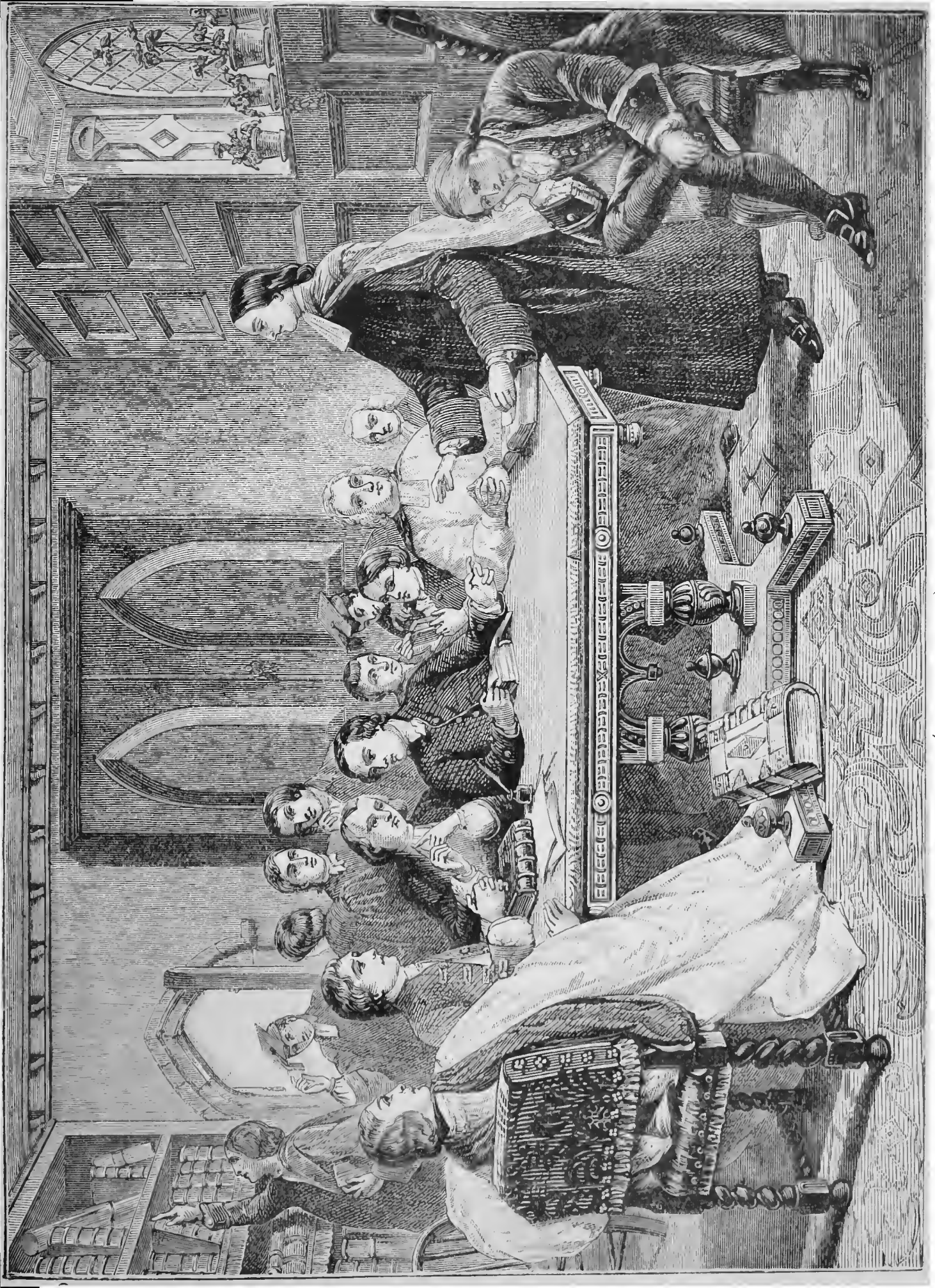
“Your first regular step is, to consult with him (if any such there be) who has a jurisdiction over the prisoners; and the next is, to obtain the direction and approbation of your bishop. This is Monday morning, at which time I shall never forget you. If it be possible, I should be glad to see you all three here in the fine end of the summer. But if I cannot have that satisfaction, I am sure I can reach you every day, though you were beyond the Indies. Accordingly, to Him who is everywhere I now heartily commit you, as being

“Your most affectionate and joyful father.”

In pursuance of these directions, I immediately went to Mr. Gerard, the Bishop of Oxford’s chaplain, who was likewise the person that took care of the prisoners when any were condemned to die: (at other times they were left to their own care :) I proposed to him our design of serving them as far as we could, and my own intention to preach there once a month, if the bishop approved of it. He much commended our design, and said he would answer for the bishop’s approbation, to whom he would take the first opportunity of mentioning it. It was not long before he informed me he had done so, and that his lordship not only gave his permission, but was greatly pleased with the undertaking, and hoped it would have the desired success.

Soon after, a gentleman of Merton College, who was one of our little

* A soldier past service.



(THE HOLY CLUB.)

company, which now consisted of five persons, acquainted us that he had been much rallied the day before for being a member of *The Holy Club*; and that it was become a common topic of mirth at his college, where they had found out several of our customs, to which we were ourselves utter strangers. Upon this I consulted my father again, in whose answer were these words:—

“*December 1st.*”

“This day I received both yours, and this evening, in the course of our reading, I thought I found an answer that would be more proper than any I myself could dictate: ‘Great is my glorying of you: I am filled with comfort, I am exceeding joyful’ (2 Cor. vii. 4). What would you be? Would you be angels? I question whether a mortal can arrive to a greater degree of perfection, than steadily to do good, and for that very reason patiently and meekly to suffer evil. For my part, on the present view of your actions and designs, my daily prayers are, that God would keep you humble; and then I am sure that if you continue ‘to suffer for righteousness’ sake,’ though it be but in a lower degree, ‘the Spirit of glory and of God’ shall, in some good measure, ‘rest upon you.’ Be never weary of well-doing: never look back; for you know the prize and the crown are before you: though I can scarce think so meanly of you, as that you would be discouraged with ‘the crackling of thorns under a pot.’ Be not high-minded, but fear. Preserve an equal temper of mind under whatever treatment you meet with from a not very just or well-natured world. Bear no more sail than is necessary, but steer steady. The less you value yourselves for these unfashionable duties, (as there is no such thing as works of supererogation,) the more all good and wise men will value you, if they see your actions are of a piece; or, which is infinitely more, He by Whom actions and intentions are weighed will both accept, esteem, and reward you.”

Upon this encouragement we still continued to meet together as usual; and to confirm one another, as well as we could, in our resolutions, to communicate as often as we had opportunity; (which is here once a week;) and do what service we could to our acquaintance, the prisoners, and two or three poor families in the town. But the outcry daily increasing, that we might show what ground there was for it, we proposed to our friends, or opponents, as we had opportunity, these or the like questions:—

I. Whether it does not concern all men of all conditions to imitate Him, as much as they can, “Who went about doing good?”

Whether all Christians are not concerned in that command, “While we have time, let us do good to all men?”

Whether we shall not be more happy hereafter, the more good we do now?

Whether we can be happy at all hereafter, unless we have, according to our power, "fed the hungry, clothed the naked, visited those that are sick, and in prison;" and made all these actions subservient to a higher purpose, even the saving of souls from death?

Whether it be not our bounden duty always to remember, that He did more for us than we can do for Him, who assures us, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me?"

II. Whether, upon these considerations, we may not try to do good to our acquaintance? Particularly, whether we may not try to convince them of the necessity of being Christians?

Whether of the consequent necessity of being scholars?

Whether of the necessity of method and industry, in order to either learning or virtue?

Whether we may not try to persuade them to confirm and increase their industry, by communicating as often as they can?

Whether we may not mention to them the authors whom we conceive to have wrote the best on those subjects?

Whether we may not assist them, as we are able, from time to time, to form resolutions upon what they read in those authors, and to execute them with steadiness and perseverance?

III. Whether, upon the considerations above-mentioned, we may not try to do good to those that are hungry, naked, or sick? In particular, whether, if we know any necessitous family, we may not give them a little food, clothes, or physic, as they want?

Whether we may not give them, if they can read, a Bible, Common-Prayer Book, or Whole Duty of Man?

Whether we may not, now and then, inquire how they have used them; explain what they do not understand, and enforce what they do?

Whether we may not enforce upon them, more especially, the necessity of private prayer, and of frequenting the Church and Sacrament?

Whether we may not contribute, what little we are able, toward having their children clothed and taught to read?

Whether we may not take care that they be taught their catechism, and short prayers for morning and evening?

IV. Lastly: Whether, upon the considerations above-mentioned, we may not try to do good to those that are in prison? In particular, Whether we may not release such well-disposed persons as remain in prison for small sums?

Whether we may not lend smaller sums to those that are of any trade, that they may procure themselves tools and materials to work with?

Whether we may not give to them who appear to want it most, a little money, or clothes, or physic?

Whether we may not supply as many as are serious enough to read, with a Bible, and Whole Duty of Man?

Whether we may not, as we have opportunity, explain and enforce these upon them, especially with respect to public and private prayer, and the blessed Sacrament?

I do not remember that we met with any person who answered any of these questions in the negative; or who even doubted, whether it were not lawful to apply to this use that time and money which we should else have spent in other diversions. But several we met with who increased our little stock of money for the prisoners and the poor, by subscribing something quarterly to it; so that the more persons we proposed our designs to, the more we were confirmed in the belief of their innocency, and the more determined to pursue them, in spite of the ridicule, which increased fast upon us during the winter. However, in spring, I thought it could not be improper to desire farther instructions from those who were wiser and better than ourselves; and, accordingly, (on May 18th, 1731,) I wrote a particular account of all our proceedings to a clergyman of known wisdom and integrity. After having informed him of all the branches of our design, as clearly and simply as I could, I next acquainted him with the success it had met with, in the following words:—"Almost as soon as we had made our first attempts this way, some of the men of wit in Christ Church entered the lists against us; and, between mirth and anger, made a pretty many reflections upon the Sacramentarians, as they were pleased to call us. Soon after, their allies at Merton changed our title, and did us the honour of styling us, The Holy Club. But most of them being persons of well-known characters, they had not the good fortune to gain any proselytes from the Sacrament, till a gentleman, eminent for learning, and well-esteemed for piety, joining them, told his nephew, that if he dared to go to the weekly communion any longer, he would immediately turn him out of doors. That argument, indeed, had no success; the young gentleman communicated next week; upon which his uncle, having again tried to convince him that he was in the wrong way, by shaking him by the throat to no purpose, changed his method, and by mildness prevailed upon him to absent from it the Sunday following; as he has done five Sundays in six ever since. This much delighted our gay opponents, who increased their number apace; especially when, shortly after, one of the seniors of the college having been with the Doctor, upon his return from him sent for two young gentlemen severally, who had communicated weekly for some time, and was so successful in his exhortations, that for the future they promised to do it only three times a year. About this time there

was a meeting (as one who was present at it informed your son) of several of the officers and seniors of the college, wherein it was consulted what would be the speediest way to stop the progress of enthusiasm in it. The result we know not, only it was soon publicly reported, that Dr. — and the censors were going to blow up The Godly Club. This was now our common title; though we were sometimes dignified with that of The Enthusiasts, or The Reforming Club.”

Part of the answer I received was as follows:—

“GOOD SIR,—A pretty while after the date, yours came to my hand. I waived my answer till I had an opportunity of consulting your father, who, upon all accounts, is a more proper judge of the affair than I am. But I could never find a fit occasion for it. As to my own sense of the matter, I confess, I cannot but heartily approve of that serious and religious turn of mind that prompts you and your associates to those pious and charitable offices; and can have no notion of that man’s religion, or concern for the honour of the University, that opposes you, as far as your design respects the colleges. I should be loath to send a son of mine to any seminary, where his conversing with virtuous young men, whose professed design of meeting together at proper times was to assist each other in forming good resolutions, and encouraging one another to execute them with constancy and steadiness, was inconsistent with any received maxims or rules of life among the members. As to the other branch of your design, as the town is divided into parishes, each of which has its proper incumbent, and as there is probably an ecclesiastic who has the spiritual charge of the prisoners, prudence may direct you to consult them: for though I dare not say you would be too officious, should you of your own mere motion seek out the persons that want your instructions and charitable contributions; yet, should you have the concurrence of their proper pastor, your good offices would be more regular, and less liable to censure.”

Your son was now at Holt; however, we continued to meet at our usual times, though our little affairs went on but heavily without him. But at our return from Lincolnshire, in September last, we had the pleasure of seeing him again; when, though he could not be so active with us as formerly, yet we were exceeding glad to spend what time we could in talking and reading with him. It was a little before this time my brother and I were at London, when going into a bookseller’s shop, (Mr. Rivington’s, in St. Paul’s Churchyard,) after some other conversation, he asked us whether we lived in town; and upon our answering, “No; at Oxford,”—“Then, gentlemen,” said he, “let me earnestly recommend to your acquaintance a friend I have there, Mr. Clayton, of Brazenose.” Of this, having small leisure for contracting new acquaintance, we took no notice for the present. But in the spring following,

(April 20th,) Mr. Clayton meeting me in the street, and giving Mr. Rivington's service, I desired his company to my room, and then commenced our acquaintance. At the first opportunity I acquainted him with our whole design, which he immediately and heartily closed with: and not long after, Mr. M—— having then left Oxford, we fixed two evenings in a week to meet on, partly to talk upon that subject, and partly to read something in practical divinity.

As for the names of Methodists, Supererogation-men, and so on, with which some of our neighbours are pleased to compliment us, we do not conceive ourselves to be under any obligation to regard them, much less to take them for arguments. "To the law and to the testimony" we appeal, whereby we ought to be judged. If by these it can be proved we are in an error, we will immediately and gladly retract it. If not, we "have not so learned Christ," as to renounce any part of His service, though men should "say all manner of evil against us," with more judgment and as little truth as hitherto. We do, indeed, use all the lawful means we know, to prevent "the good which is in us from being evil spoken of:" but if the neglect of known duties be the one condition of securing our reputation, why, fare it well; we know Whom we have believed, and what we thus lay out He will pay us again.

I have now largely and plainly laid before you the real ground of all the strange outcry you have heard; and am not without hope that by this fairer representation of it than you probably ever received before, both you and the clergyman you formerly mentioned may have a more favourable opinion of a good cause, though under an ill name. Whether you have or no, I shall ever acknowledge my best services to be due to yourself and your family, both for the generous assistance you have given my father, and for the invaluable advantages your son has (under God) bestowed on,

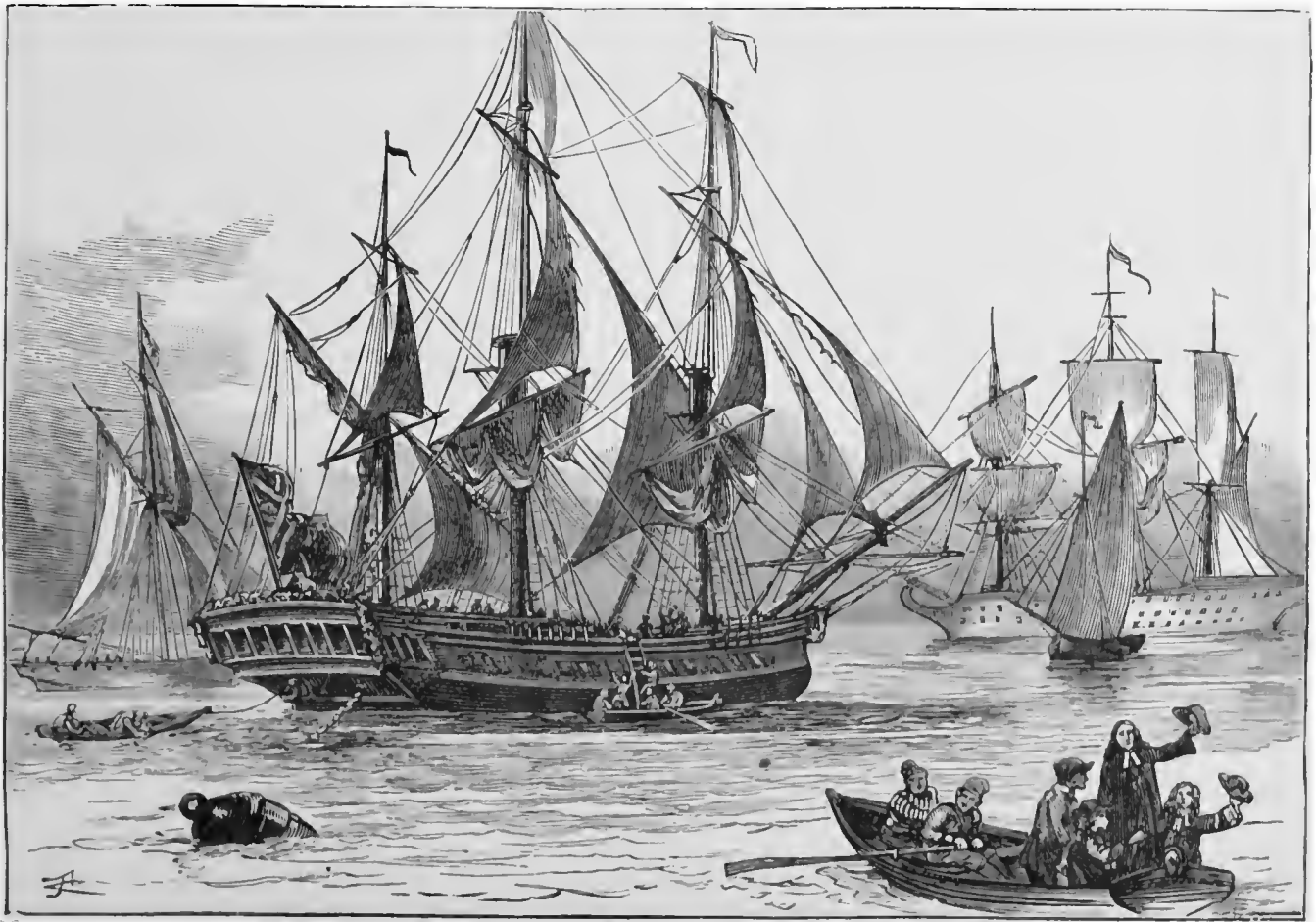
Sir,

Your ever obliged

and most obedient servant.

SELECTIONS FROM WESLEY'S JOURNALS.

Tuesday, OCTOBER 14, 1735.—Mr. Benjamin Ingham, of Queen's College, Oxford, Mr. Charles Delamotte, son of a merchant, in London, who had offered himself some days before, my brother Charles Wesley, and myself, took boat for Gravesend, in order



(MR. WESLEY EMBARKING AT GRAVESEND.)

to embark for Georgia. Our end in leaving our native country was not to avoid want, (God having given us plenty of temporal blessings,) nor to gain the dung or dross of riches or honour; but singly this,—to save our souls; to live wholly to

the glory of God. In the afternoon we found the *Simmonds* off Gravesend, and immediately went on board.

Friday, 17.—I began to learn German, in order to converse with the Germans, six-and-twenty of whom we had on board. On Sunday, the weather being fair and calm, we had the morning service on quarter-deck. I now first preached *extempore*, and then administered the Lord's Supper to six or seven communicants. A little flock. May God increase it!

Monday, 20.—David Nitschman, Bishop of the Germans, and two others, began to learn English. O may we be, not only of one tongue, but of one mind and of one heart!

Tuesday, 21.—We sailed from Gravesend. When we were past about half the Goodwin Sands, the wind suddenly failed. Had the calm continued till ebb, the ship had probably been lost. But the gale sprung up again in an hour, and carried us into the Downs.

We now began to be a little regular. Our common way of living was this:—From four in the morning till five, each of us used private prayer. From five to seven we read the Bible together, carefully comparing it (that we might not lean to our own understandings) with the writings of the earliest ages. At seven we breakfasted. At eight were the public prayers. From nine to twelve I usually learned German, and Mr. Delamotte, Greek. My brother writ sermons, and Mr. Ingham instructed the children. At twelve we met to give an account to one another what we had done since our last meeting, and what we designed to do before our next. About one we dined. The time from dinner to four, we spent in reading to those whom each of us had taken in charge, or in speaking to them severally, as need required. At four were the evening prayers; when either the second lesson was explained, (as it always was in the morning,) or the children were catechised and instructed before the congregation. From five to six we again used private prayer. From six to seven I read in our cabin to two or three of the passengers, (of whom there were about eighty English on board,) and each of my brethren to a few more in theirs. At seven I joined with the Germans in their public service; while Mr. Ingham was reading between the decks, to as many as desired to hear. At eight we met again, to exhort and instruct one another. Between nine and ten we went to bed, where neither the roaring of the sea, nor the motion of the ship, could take away the refreshing sleep which God gave us.

Friday, 24.—Having a rolling sea, most of the passengers found the effects of it. Mr. Delamotte was exceeding sick for several days; Mr. Ingham, for about half-an-hour. My brother's head ached much. Hitherto, it hath pleased God, the sea has not disordered me at all; nor have I been hindered one quarter of an hour from reading, writing, composing, or doing any business I could have done on shore.

During our stay in the Downs, some or other of us went, as often as we had opportunity, on board the ship that sailed in company with us, where also many were glad to join in prayer and hearing the Word.

Saturday, NOVEMBER 1.—We came to St. Helen's harbour, and the next day into Cowes road. The wind was fair, but we waited for the man-of-war which was to sail with us. This was a happy opportunity of instructing our fellow-travellers. May He whose seed we sow, give it the increase!

Thursday, 20.—The continuance of the contrary winds gave my brother an opportunity of complying with the desire of the minister of Cowes, and preaching there three or four times. The poor people flocked together in great numbers. We distributed a few little books among the more serious of them, which they received with all possible expressions of thankfulness.

Friday, 21.—One recovering from a dangerous illness desired to be instructed in the nature of the Lord's Supper. I thought it concerned her to be first instructed in the nature of Christianity; and, accordingly, fixed an hour a day to read with her in Mr. Law's Treatise on "Christian Perfection."

Sunday, 23.—At night I was awaked by the tossing of the ship and roaring of the wind, and plainly showed I was unfit, for I was unwilling, to die.

Tuesday, DECEMBER 2.—I had much satisfaction in conversing with one that was very ill and very serious. But in a few days she recovered from her sickness and from her seriousness together.

Sunday, 7.—Finding nature did not require so frequent supplies as we had been accustomed to, we agreed to leave off suppers; from doing which, we have hitherto found no inconvenience.

Wednesday, 10.—We sailed from Cowes, and in the afternoon passed the Needles. Here the ragged rocks, with the waves dashing and foaming at the foot of them, and the white side of the island rising to such a height, perpendicular from the beach, gave a strong idea of "Him that spanneth the heavens, and holdeth the waters in the hollow of His hand!"

To-day I spoke closely on the head of religion, to one I had talked with once or twice before. Afterwards she said, with many tears, "My mother died when I was but ten years old. Some of her last words were, 'Child, fear God; and though you lose me, you shall never want a Friend.' I have now found a Friend when I most wanted and least expected one."

Friday, JANUARY 23, 1736.—In the evening another storm began. In the morning it increased, so that they were forced to let the ship drive. I could not but say to myself, "How is it that thou hast no faith?" being still unwilling to die. About one in the afternoon, almost as soon as I had stepped out of the great cabin-door, the sea did not break as usual, but came with a full, smooth tide over the side.

of the ship. I was vaulted over with water in a moment, and so stunned that I scarce expected to lift up my head again, till the sea should give up her dead. But thanks be to God, I received no hurt at all. About midnight the storm ceased.

Sunday, 25.—At noon our third storm began. At four it was more violent than before. Now, indeed, we could say, “The waves of the sea were mighty, and raged horribly. They rose up to the heavens above, and” clave “down to hell beneath.” The winds roared round about us, and (what I never heard before) whistled as



(GERMANS ON BOARD SHIP DURING A STORM.)

distinctly as if it had been a human voice. The ship not only rocked to and fro with the utmost violence, but shook and jarred with so unequal, grating a motion, that one could not but with great difficulty keep one's hold of anything, nor stand a moment without it. Every ten minutes came a shock against the stern or side of the ship, which one would think should dash the planks in pieces. At this time a child, privately baptized before, was brought to be received into the Church. It put me in mind of Jeremiah's buying the field, when the Chaldeans were on the point of destroying Jerusalem, and seemed a pledge of the mercy God designed to show us, even in the land of the living.

We spent two or three hours after prayers, in conversing suitably to the occasion, confirming one another in a calm submission to the wise, holy, gracious will of God. And now a storm did not appear so terrible as before. Blessed be the God of all consolation!

At seven I went to the Germans. I had long before observed the great seriousness of their behaviour. Of their humility they had given a continual proof, by performing those servile offices for the other passengers which none of the English would undertake; for which they desired, and would receive no pay, saying, "It was good for their proud hearts," and "their loving Saviour had done more for them." And every day had given them occasion of showing a meekness which no injury could move. If they were pushed, struck, or thrown down, they rose again and went away; but no complaint was found in their mouth. There was now an opportunity of trying, whether they were delivered from the spirit of fear, as well as from that of pride, anger, and revenge. In the midst of the psalm wherewith their service began, the sea broke over, split the main-sail in pieces, covered the ship, and poured in between the decks, as if the great deep had already swallowed us up. A terrible screaming began among the English. The Germans calmly sung on. I asked one of them afterwards, "Was you not afraid?" He answered, "I thank God, no." I asked, "But were not your women and children afraid?" He replied, mildly, "No; our women and children are not afraid to die."

From them I went to their crying, trembling neighbours, and pointed out to them the difference in the hour of trial, between him that feareth God, and him that feareth Him not. At twelve the wind fell. This was the most glorious day which I have hitherto seen.

Monday, 26.—We enjoyed the calm. I can conceive no difference comparable to that between a smooth and a rough sea, except that which is between a mind calmed by the love of God, and one torn up by the storms of earthly passions.

Thursday, 29.—About seven in the evening, we fell in with the skirts of a hurricane. The rain as well as the wind was extremely violent. The sky was so dark in a moment, that the sailors could not so much as see the ropes, or set about furling the sails. The ship must, in all probability, have overset, had not the wind fell as suddenly as it rose. Toward the end of it, we had that appearance on each of the masts, which (it is thought) the ancients called Castor and Pollux. It was a small ball of white fire, like a star. The mariners say, it appears either in a storm, (and then commonly upon the deck,) or just at the end of it; and then it is usually on the masts or sails.

Friday, 30.—We had another storm, which did us no other harm than splitting the fore-sail. Our bed being wet, I laid me down on the floor, and slept sound till morning. And, I believe, I shall not find it needful to go to bed (as it is called) any more.

Sunday, FEBRUARY 1.—We spoke with a ship of Carolina; and Wednesday, 4th, came within soundings. About noon, the trees were visible from the mast, and in the afternoon from the main deck. In the evening lesson were these words: "A great door, and effectual, is opened." O let no one shut it!

Thursday, 5.—Between two and three in the afternoon, God brought us all safe into the Savannah river. We cast anchor near Tybee Island, where the groves of pines, running along the shore, made an agreeable prospect, showing, as it were, the bloom of spring in the depth of winter.

Friday, 6.—About eight in the morning, we first set foot on American ground. It was a small uninhabited island, over against Tybee. Mr. Oglethorpe led us to a rising ground, where we all kneeled down to give thanks. He then took boat for Savannah. When the rest of the people were come on shore, we called our little flock together to prayers. Several parts of the second lesson (Mark vi.) were wonderfully suited to the occasion; in particular, the account of the courage and sufferings of John the Baptist; our Lord's directions to the first preachers of His Gospel, and their toiling at sea, and deliverance; with these comfortable words: "It is I, be not afraid."

Saturday, 7.—Mr. Oglethorpe returned from Savannah with Mr. Spangenberg, one of the pastors of the Germans. I soon found what spirit he was of; and asked his advice with regard to my own conduct. He said, "My brother, I must first ask you one or two questions. Have you the witness within yourself? Does the Spirit of God bear witness with your spirit, that you are a child of God?" I was surprised, and knew not what to answer. He observed it, and asked, "Do you know Jesus Christ?" I paused, and said, "I know He is the Saviour of the world." "True," replied he; "but do you know He has saved you?" I answered, "I hope He has died to save me." He only added, "Do you know yourself?" I said, "I do." But I fear they were vain words.

Friday, 13.—Some of the Indians sent us word of their intention to come down to us.

Saturday, 14.—About one, Tomo Chachi, his nephew Thleeanouhee, his wife Sinauky, with two more women, and two or three Indian children, came on board. As soon as we came in, they all rose and shook us by the hand; and Tomo Chachi (one Mrs. Musgrove interpreted) spoke as follows:—

"I am glad you are come. When I was in England, I desired that some would speak the great Word to me; and my nation then desired to hear it; but now we are all in confusion. Yet I am glad you are come. I will go up and speak to the wise men of our nation; and I hope they will hear. But we would not be made Christians as the Spaniards make Christians: we would be taught, before we are baptized."

I answered, "There is but One, He that sitteth in heaven, Who is able to teach

man wisdom. Though we are come so far, we know not whether He will please to teach you by us or no. If He teaches you, you will learn wisdom, but we can do nothing." We then withdrew.

Sunday, 15.—Another party of Indians came; they were all tall, well-proportioned men, and had a remarkable softness in their speech, and gentleness in their whole behaviour.

Thursday, 19.—My brother and I took boat, and, passing by Savannah, went to pay our first visit in America to the poor heathens.

Tuesday, 24.—I went to Savannah again, whence Mr. Spangenberg, Bishop Nitschman, and Andrew Dober, went up with us to Mrs. Musgrove's, to choose a spot for the little house, which Mr. Oglethorpe had promised to build us.

At our return the next day, Mr. Delamotte and I took up our lodging with the Germans. We had now an opportunity, day by day, of observing their whole behaviour. For we were in one room with them from morning to night, unless for the little time I spent in walking. They were always employed, always cheerful themselves, and in good humour with one another; they had put away all anger, and strife, and wrath, and bitterness, and clamour, and evil-speaking; they walked worthy of the vocation wherewith they were called, and adorned the Gospel of our Lord in all things.

Saturday, 28.—They met to consult concerning the affairs of their Church; Mr. Spangenberg being shortly to go to Pennsylvania, and Bishop Nitschman to return to Germany. After several hours spent in conference and prayer, they proceeded to the election and ordination of a bishop. The great simplicity, as well as solemnity, of the whole, almost made me forget the seventeen hundred years between, and imagine myself in one of those assemblies where form and state were not; but Paul the tent-maker, or Peter the fisherman, presided; yet with the demonstration of the Spirit and of power.

Sunday, 29.—We were refreshed by several letters from England. Upon which I could not but observe, how careful our Lord is to repay whatever we give up on His account. When I left England, I was chiefly afraid of two things: One, that I should never again have so many faithful friends as I left there; the other, that the spark of love which began to kindle in their hearts would cool and die away. But who knoweth the mercy and power of God? From ten friends I am awhile secluded, and He hath opened me a door into a whole Church. And as to the very persons I left behind, His Spirit is gone forth so much the more, teaching them not to trust in man, but "in Him that raised the dead, and calleth the things that are not, as though they were."

Sunday, MARCH 7.—I entered upon my ministry at Savannah, by preaching on the Epistle for the day, being the thirteenth of the first of Corinthians. In the second

lesson (Luke xviii.) was our Lord's prediction of the treatment which He Himself and, consequently, His followers) was to meet with from the world; and His gracious promises to those who are content "naked to follow a naked Christ." "Verily I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or friends, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting."

Yet, notwithstanding these plain declarations of our Lord,—notwithstanding my own repeated experience,—notwithstanding the experience of all the sincere followers of Christ whom I have ever talked with, read or heard of; nay, and the



(“I SWAM ROUND TO THE OTHER SIDE.”)

reason of the thing evincing to a demonstration that all who love not the light must hate Him who is continually labouring to pour it in upon them; I do here bear witness against myself, that when I saw the number of people crowding into the church, the deep attention with which they received the Word, and the seriousness that afterwards sat on all their faces; I could scarce refrain from giving the lie to experience and reason and Scripture all together. I could hardly believe that the greater, the far greater part of this attentive, serious people would hereafter trample under foot that Word, and say all manner of evil falsely of him that spake it. O who can believe what their heart abhors? Jesus, Master, have mercy on us! Let us love Thy cross.

Sunday, APRIL 4.—About four in the afternoon I set out for Frederica, in a pettiawga,—a sort of flat-bottomed barge. The next evening we anchored near Skidoway Island, where the water, at flood, was twelve or fourteen foot deep. I wrapped myself up from head to foot, in a large cloak, to keep off the sand-flies, and lay down on the quarter-deck. Between one and two I waked under water, being so fast asleep that I did not find where I was till my mouth was full of it. Having left my cloak, I know not how, upon deck, I swam round to the other side of the pettiawga, where a boat was tied, and climbed up by the rope without any hurt, more than wetting my clothes. Thou art the God of Whom cometh salvation : Thou art the Lord by Whom we escape death.

Sunday, 11.—I preached at the new storehouse on the first verse of the Gospel for the day: “Which of you convinceth Me of sin? And if I say the truth, why do ye not believe Me?”

Saturday, 17.—We set out for Savannah, and reached it on Tuesday evening.

Not finding, as yet, any door open for the pursuing our main design, we considered in what manner we might be most useful to the little flock at Savannah. And we agreed, 1. To advise the more serious among them to form themselves into a sort of little society, and to meet once or twice a week, in order to reprove, instruct, and exhort one another. 2. To select out of these a smaller number for a more intimate union with each other, which might be forwarded, partly by our conversing singly with each, and partly by inviting them all together to our house; and this accordingly, we determined to do every Sunday in the afternoon.

Sunday, MAY 9.—I began dividing the public prayers, according to the original appointment of the Church: (still observed in a few places in England:) the morning service began at five; the Communion Office, (with the sermon,) at eleven; the evening service, about three; and this day I began reading prayers in the court-house,—a large and convenient place.

Monday, 10.—I began visiting my parishioners in order, from house to house; for which I set apart (the time when they cannot work, because of the heat, viz.) from twelve till three in the afternoon.

Tuesday, JUNE 1.—After praying with him [Mr. Lassel] I was surprised to find one of the most controverted questions in divinity, disinterested love, decided at once by a poor old man, without education or learning, or any instructor but the Spirit of God. I asked what he thought of paradise; (to which he had said he was going;) he said, “To be sure, it is a fine place. But I don’t mind that; I don’t care what place I am in. Let God put me where He will, or do with me what He will, so I may but set forth His honour and glory.”

Thursday, 3.—Being Ascension Day, we had the Holy Communion; but only Mr. Hird’s family joined with us in it. One reason why there were no more was, because

a few words which a woman had inadvertently spoken had set almost all the town in a flame. Alas! how shall a city stand that is thus divided against itself? where there is no brotherly love, no meekness, no forbearing or forgiving one another; but envy, malice, revenge, suspicion, anger, clamour, bitterness, evil speaking, without end! Abundant proof that there can be no true love of man, unless it be built on the love of God.

Thursday, 10.—We began to execute at Frederica what we had before agreed to do at Savannah. Our design was, on Sundays, in the afternoon, and every evening, after public service, to spend some time with the most serious of the communicants, in singing, reading, and conversation.

Saturday, 12.—Being with one who was very desirous to converse with me, but not upon religion, I spoke to this effect:—"Suppose you was going to a country where every one spoke Latin, and understood no other language, neither would converse with any that did not understand it: suppose one was sent to stay here a short time, on purpose to teach it you; suppose that person, pleased with your company, should spend his time in trifling with you, and teach you nothing of what he came for: would that be well done? Yet this is our case. You are going to a country where every one speaks the love of God. The citizens of heaven understand no other language. They converse with none who do not understand it. Indeed none such are admitted there. I am sent from God to teach you this. A few days are allotted us for that purpose. Would it then be well done in me, because I was pleased with your company, to spend this short time in trifling, and teach you nothing of what I came for? God forbid! I will rather not converse with you at all. Of the two extremes, this is the best."

Thursday, 17.—An officer of a man-of-war, walking just behind us, with two or three of his acquaintance, cursed and swore exceedingly: but upon my reproving him, seemed much moved, and gave me many thanks.

Tuesday, 22.—Observing much coldness in Mr. ——'s behaviour, I asked him the reason of it. He answered, "I like nothing you do. All your sermons are satires upon particular persons, therefore I will never hear you more; and all the people are of my mind, for we won't hear ourselves abused.

"Besides, they say, they are Protestants. But as for you, they cannot tell what religion you are of. They never heard of such a religion before. They do not know what to make of it. And then your private behaviour:—all the quarrels that have been here since you came, have been 'long of you. Indeed there is neither man nor woman in the town, who minds a word you say. And so you may preach long enough; but nobody will come to hear you."

He was too warm for hearing an answer. So I had nothing to do but to thank him for his openness, and walk away.

Wednesday 23.—I had a long conversation with Mr. —, upon the nature of true religion. I then asked him, why he did not endeavour to recommend it to all with whom he conversed. He said, “I did so once; and, for some time, I thought I had done much good by it. But I afterwards found they were never the better, and I myself was the worse. Therefore now, though I always strive to be inoffensive in my conversation, I do not strive to make people religious, unless those that have a desire to be so, and are, consequently, willing to hear me. But I have not yet (I speak not of you or your brother) found one such person in America.”

“He that hath ears to hear, let him hear!” Mark the tendency of this accursed principle! If you will speak only to those who are *willing to hear*, see how many you will turn from the error of their ways! If, therefore, striving to do good, you have done hurt, what then? So did St. Paul. So did the Lord of life. Even His word was “the savour of death,” as well as “the savour of life.” But shall you, therefore, strive no more? God forbid! Strive more humbly, more calmly, more cautiously. Do not strive as you did before,—but strive while the breath of God is in your nostrils!

Wednesday, 30.—I hoped a door was opened for going up immediately to the Choctaws, the least polished, that is, the least corrupted, of all the Indian nations. But upon my informing Mr. Oglethorpe of our design, he objected, not only the danger of being intercepted, or killed by the French there; but much more, the inexpediency of leaving Savannah destitute of a minister. These objections I related to our brethren in the evening, who were all of opinion, “We ought not to go yet.”

Thursday, JULY 1.—The Indians had an audience; and another on Saturday, when Chicali, their head-man, dined with Mr. Oglethorpe. After dinner, I asked the gray-headed old man, what he thought he was made for. He said, “He that is above knows what He made us for. We know nothing. We are in the dark. But white men know much. And yet white men build great houses, as if they were to live for ever. But white men cannot live for ever. In a little time, white men will be dust as well as I.” I told him, “If red men will learn the good Book, they may know as much as white men. But neither we nor you can understand that Book, unless we are taught by Him that is above: and He will not teach, unless you avoid what you already know is not good.” He answered, “I believe that. He will not teach us while our hearts are not white. And our men do what they know is not good: they kill their own children. And our women do what they know is not good: they kill the child before it is born. Therefore, He that is above does not send us the good Book.”

Saturday, 10.—This evening we had such a storm of thunder and lightning as I never saw before, even in Georgia. This voice of God, too, told me I was not fit to die; since

I was afraid, rather than desirous of it. O when shall I wish to be dissolved and to be with Christ? When I love Him with all my heart.

Tuesday, 20.—Five of the Chicasaw Indians (twenty of whom had been in Savannah several days) came to see us, with Mr. Andrews, their interpreter. They were all warriors, four of them head-men. The two chief were Paustoobee and Mingo Mattaw. Our conference was as follows:—

Q. Do you believe there is One above Who is over all things?

Paustoobee answered, We believe there are four beloved things above;—the clouds, the sun, the clear sky, and He that lives in the clear sky.

Q. Do you believe there is but One that lives in the clear sky?

A. We believe there are two with Him, three in all.

Q. Do you think He made the sun, and the other beloved things?

A. We cannot tell. Who hath seen?

Q. Do you think He made you?

A. We think He made all men at first.

Q. How did He make them at first?

A. Out of the ground.

Q. Do you believe He loves you?

A. I do not know. I cannot see Him.

Q. But has He not often saved your life?

A. He has. Many bullets have gone on this side, and many on that side; but He would never let them hurt me. And many bullets have gone into these young men; and yet they are alive.

Q. Then, cannot He save you from your enemies now?

A. Yes, but we know not if He will. We have now so many enemies round about us, that I think of nothing but death. And if I am to die, I shall die, and I will die like a man. But if He will have me to live, I shall live. Though I had ever so many enemies, He can destroy them all.

Q. How do you know that?

A. From what I have seen. When our enemies came against us before, then the beloved clouds came for us. And often much rain, and sometimes hail, has come upon them; and that in a very hot day. And I saw, when many French, and Choctaws, and other nations came against one of our towns; and the ground made a noise under them, and the beloved ones in the air behind them; and they were afraid, and went away, and left their meat and drink, and their guns. I tell no lie. All these saw it too.

Q. Have you heard such noises at other times?

A. Yes, often; before and after almost every battle.

Q. What sort of noises were they?

A. Like the noise of drums, and guns, and shouting.

Q. Have you heard any such lately?

A. Yes; four days after our last battle with the French.

Q. Then you heard nothing before it?

A. The night before, I dreamed I heard many drums up there; and many trumpets there, and much stamping of feet and shouting. Till then I thought we should all die. But then I thought the beloved ones were come to help us. And the next day I heard above a hundred guns go off before the fight began, and I said, "When the sun is there, the beloved ones will help us; and we shall conquer our enemies." And we did so.

Q. Do you often think and talk of the beloved ones?

A. We think of them always, wherever we are. We talk of them and to them, at home and abroad; in peace, in war, before and after we fight; and, indeed, whenever and wherever we meet together.

Q. Where do you think your souls go after death?

A. We believe the souls of red men walk up and down, near the place where they died, or where their bodies lie; for we have often heard cries and noises near the place where any prisoners had been burned.

Q. Where do the souls of white men go after death?

A. We cannot tell. We have not seen.

Q. Our belief is, that the souls of bad men only walk up and down; but the souls of good men go up.

A. I believe so too. But I told you the talk of the nation.

(Mr. Andrews.—They said at the burying, they knew what you was doing. You was speaking to the beloved ones above, to take up the soul of the young woman.)

Q. We have a Book that tells us many things of the beloved ones above; would you be glad to know them?

A. We have no time now but to fight. If we should ever be at peace, we should be glad to know.

Q. Do you expect ever to know what the white men know?

(Mr. Andrews.—They told Mr. O., they believe the time will come when the red and white men will be one.)

Q. What do the French teach you?

A. The French black kings* never go out. We see you go about;—we like that;—that is good.

Q. How came your nation by the knowledge they have?

A. As soon as ever the ground was sound and fit to stand upon, it came to

* So they call the priests.

us, and has been with us ever since. But we are young men ; our old men know more. But all of them do not know. There are but a few, whom the beloved one chooses from a child, and is in them, and takes care of them, and teaches them : they know these things ; and our old men practise ; therefore they know. But I do not practise ; therefore I know little.

Monday, 26.—My brother and I set out for Charlestown, in order to his embarking for England ; but the wind being contrary, we did not reach Port-Royal, forty miles from Savannah, till Wednesday evening. The next morning we left it.



(PULLING THE MAST INTO THE BOAT.)

But the wind was so high in the afternoon, as we were crossing the neck of St. Helena's sound, that our oldest sailor cried out, "Now every one must take care for himself." I told him, "God would take care for us all." Almost as soon as the words were spoken, the mast fell. I kept on the edge of the boat, to be clear of her when she sunk, (which we expected every moment,) though with little prospect of swimming ashore, against such a wind and sea. But, "how is it that thou hadst no faith?" The moment the mast fell, two men caught it, and pulled it into the boat ; the other three rowed with all their might, and "God gave command to the wind and seas ;" so that in an hour we were safe on land.

Saturday, 31.—We came to Charlestown. The church is of brick, but plastered over like stone. I believe it would contain three or four thousand persons. About

three hundred were present at the morning service the next day ; (when Mr. Garden desired me to preach ;) about fifty at the Holy Communion. I was glad to see several negroes at church ; one of whom told me, she was there constantly ; and that her old mistress (now dead) had many times instructed her in the Christian religion. I asked her, what religion was. She said, she could not tell. I asked, if she knew what a soul was. She answered, "No." I said, "Do not you know there is something in you different from your body ? something you cannot see or feel ?" She replied, "I never heard so much before." I added, "Do you think, then, a man dies altogether as a horse dies ?" She said, "Yes, to be sure." O God, where are Thy tender mercies ? Are they not over all Thy works ? When shall the Sun of Righteousness arise on these outcasts of men, with healing in His wings !

Tuesday, AUGUST 10.—In walking to Thunderbolt I was in so heavy a shower, that all my clothes were as wet as if I had gone through the river. On which occasion I cannot but observe that vulgar error, concerning the hurtfulness of the rains and dews of America. I have been thoroughly wet with these rains more than once ; yet without any harm at all. And I have lain many nights in the open air, and received all the dews that fell ; and so, I believe, might any one, if his constitution was not impaired by the softness of a genteel education.

Friday, 13.—We came to Frederica, where I delivered Mr. O. the letters I had brought from Carolina. The next day he set out for Fort St. George. From that time I had less and less prospect of doing good at Frederica ; many there being extremely zealous, and indefatigably diligent, to prevent it ; and few of the rest daring to show themselves of another mind, for fear of their displeasure.

Saturday, 28.—I set apart (out of the few we had) a few books towards a library at Frederica. In the afternoon I walked to the fort on the other side of the island. About five we set out homeward ; but, my guide not being perfect in the way, we were soon lost in the woods. We walked on, however, as well as we could, till between nine and ten ; when, being heartily tired, and thoroughly wet with dew, we laid down, and slept till morning. About day-break, on Sunday, the 29th, we set out again, endeavouring to walk straight forward ; and soon after sunrise found ourselves in the Great Savannah, near Frederica. By this good providence I was delivered from another fear,—that of lying in the woods ; which experience showed was, to one in tolerable health, a mere "lion in the way."

Monday, SEPTEMBER 13.—I began reading with Mr. Delamotte, Bishop Beveridge's *Pandectæ Canonum Conciliorum*. Nothing could so effectually have convinced us, that both particular and general Councils may err, and have erred ; and that things ordained by them as necessary to salvation, have neither strength nor authority, unless they be taken out of Holy Scripture.

Tuesday, OCTOBER 12.—We considered if anything could yet be done for the poor

people of Frederica ; and I submitted to the judgment of my friends ; which was, that I should take another journey thither : Mr. Ingham undertaking to supply my place at Savannah, for the time I should stay there. I came hither on Saturday, the 16th, and found few things better than I expected. The morning and evening prayers, which were read for a while after my leaving the place, had been long discontinued ; and from that time everything grew worse and worse, not many retaining any more of the form than the power of godliness.

I was at first a little discouraged, but soon remembered the word which cannot fail : “ Greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world.” I cried to God to “ arise and maintain His own cause ;” and after the evening prayers were ended, invited a few to my house ; as I did every night while I stayed at Frederica. I read to them one of the exhortations of Ephraim Syrus : the most awakening writer, I think, of all the ancients. We concluded our reading and conversation with a psalm ; and I trust our God gave us His blessing.

Monday, 18.—Finding there were several Germans at Frederica, who, not understanding the English tongue, could not join in our public service, I desired them to meet me at my house ; which they did every day at noon from thenceforward. We first sung a German hymn ; then I read a chapter in the New Testament ; then explained it to them as well as I could. After another hymn, we concluded with prayer.

Monday, 25.—I took boat, and, after a slow and dangerous passage, came to Savannah on Sunday, the 31st.

Tuesday, NOVEMBER 23.—Mr. Oglethorpe sailed for England, leaving Mr. Ingham, Mr. Delamotte, and me, at Savannah ; but with less prospect of preaching to the Indians than we had the first day we set foot in America. Whenever I mentioned it, it was immediately replied, “ You cannot leave Savannah without a minister.” To this indeed my plain answer was, “ I know not that I am under any obligation to the contrary. I never promised to stay here one month. I openly declared both before, at, and ever since my coming hither, that I neither would nor could take charge of the English any longer than till I could go among the Indians.” If it was said, “ But did not the Trustees of Georgia appoint you to be minister of Savannah ?” I replied, “ They did ; but it was not done by my solicitation : it was done without either my desire or knowledge. Therefore I cannot conceive that appointment to lay me under any obligation of continuing there any longer than till a door is opened to the heathens ; and this I expressly declared at the time I consented to accept of that appointment.” But though I had no other obligation not to leave Savannah now, yet that of love I could not break through : I could not resist the importunate request of the more serious parishioners, “ to watch over their souls yet a little longer, till some one came who might supply my place.” And this I the more willingly did, because the time was not come to preach the Gospel



(GENERAL OGLETHORPE.)

of peace to the heathens ; all their nations being in a ferment ; and Paustoobee and Mingo Mattaw having told me, in terms, in my own house, “ Now our enemies are all about us, and we can do nothing but fight ; but if the beloved ones should ever give us to be at peace, then we would hear the great Word.”

Wednesday, DECEMBER 22.—Mr. Delamotte and I, with a guide, set out to walk to the Cowpen. When we had walked two or three hours, our guide told us plainly, he did not know where we were. However, believing it could not be far off, we thought it best to go on. In an hour or two we came to a cypress-swamp, which lay directly across our way: there was not time to walk back to Savannah before night; so we walked through it, the water being about breast high. By the time we had gone a mile beyond it, we were out of all path; and it being now past sunset, we sat down, intending to make a fire, and to stay there till morning; but finding our tinder wet, we were at a stand. I advised to walk on still; but my companions, being faint and weary, were for lying down, which we accordingly did about six o'clock: the ground was as wet as our clothes, which (it being a sharp frost) were soon froze together; however, I slept till six in the morning. There fell a heavy dew in the night, which covered us over as white as snow. Within an hour after sunrise we came to a plantation; and in the evening, without any hurt, to Savannah.

Saturday, JANUARY 1, 1737.—Our provisions fell short, our journey being longer than we expected; but having a little barbecued bear's flesh, (that is, dried in the sun,) we boiled it, and found it wholesome food. The next day we reached Darien, the settlement of the Scotch Highlanders: a sober, industrious, friendly, hospitable people; whose minister, Mr. M'Leod, is a serious, resolute, and, I hope, a pious man.

On Monday evening we left Darien, and on Wednesday, the 5th, came to Frederica. Most here were, as we expected, cold and heartless: we found not one who retained his first love. O send forth Thy light and Thy truth, that they may guide them! Let them not yet follow their own imaginations!

After having beaten the air in this unhappy place for twenty days, on January 26th I took my final leave of Frederica. It was not any apprehension of my own danger, though my life had been threatened many times, but an utter despair of doing good there, which made me content with the thought of seeing it no more.

Saturday, FEBRUARY 26.—By Mr. Ingham I writ to Dr. Bray's associates, who had sent a parochial library to Savannah. It is expected of the ministers who receive these, to send an account to their benefactors of the method they use in catechising the children and instructing the youth of their respective parishes. That part of the letter was as follows:—

“Our general method is this:—A young gentleman, who came with me, teaches between thirty and forty children to read, write, and cast accounts. Before school in the morning, and after school in the afternoon, he catechises the lowest class, and endeavours to fix something of what was said in their understandings as well as their memories. In the evening he instructs the larger children. On Saturday, in the afternoon, I catechise them all. The same I do on Sunday, before the evening

service. And in the church, immediately after the second lesson, a select number of them having repeated the Catechism, and been examined in some part of it, I endeavour to explain at large, and to enforce, that part, both on them and the congregation.

“Some time after the evening service, as many of my parishioners as desire it, meet at my house, (as they do also on Wednesday evening,) and spend about an hour in prayer, singing, and mutual exhortation. A smaller number (mostly those who design to communicate the next day) meet here on Saturday evening; and a few of these come to me on the other evenings, and pass half-an-hour in the same employment.”

Friday, MARCH 4.—I writ the Trustees for Georgia an account of our year's expense, from March 1st, 1736, to March 1st, 1737; which, deducting extraordinary expenses, such as repairing the parsonage house, and journeys to Frederica, amounted, for Mr. Delamotte and me, to £44 4s. 4d.

From the directions I received from God this day, touching an affair of the greatest importance, I could not but observe, as I had done many times before, the entire mistake of those who assert, “God will not answer your prayer, unless your heart be wholly resigned to His will.” My heart was not wholly resigned to His will. Therefore, not daring to depend on my own judgment, I cried the more earnestly to Him to supply what was wanting in me. And I know, and am assured, He heard my voice, and did send forth His light and His truth.

Thursday, 24.—A fire broke out in the house of Robert Hows, and in an hour burned it to the ground: a collection was made for him the next day, and the generality of the people showed a surprising willingness to give a little out of their little for the relief of a necessity greater than their own.

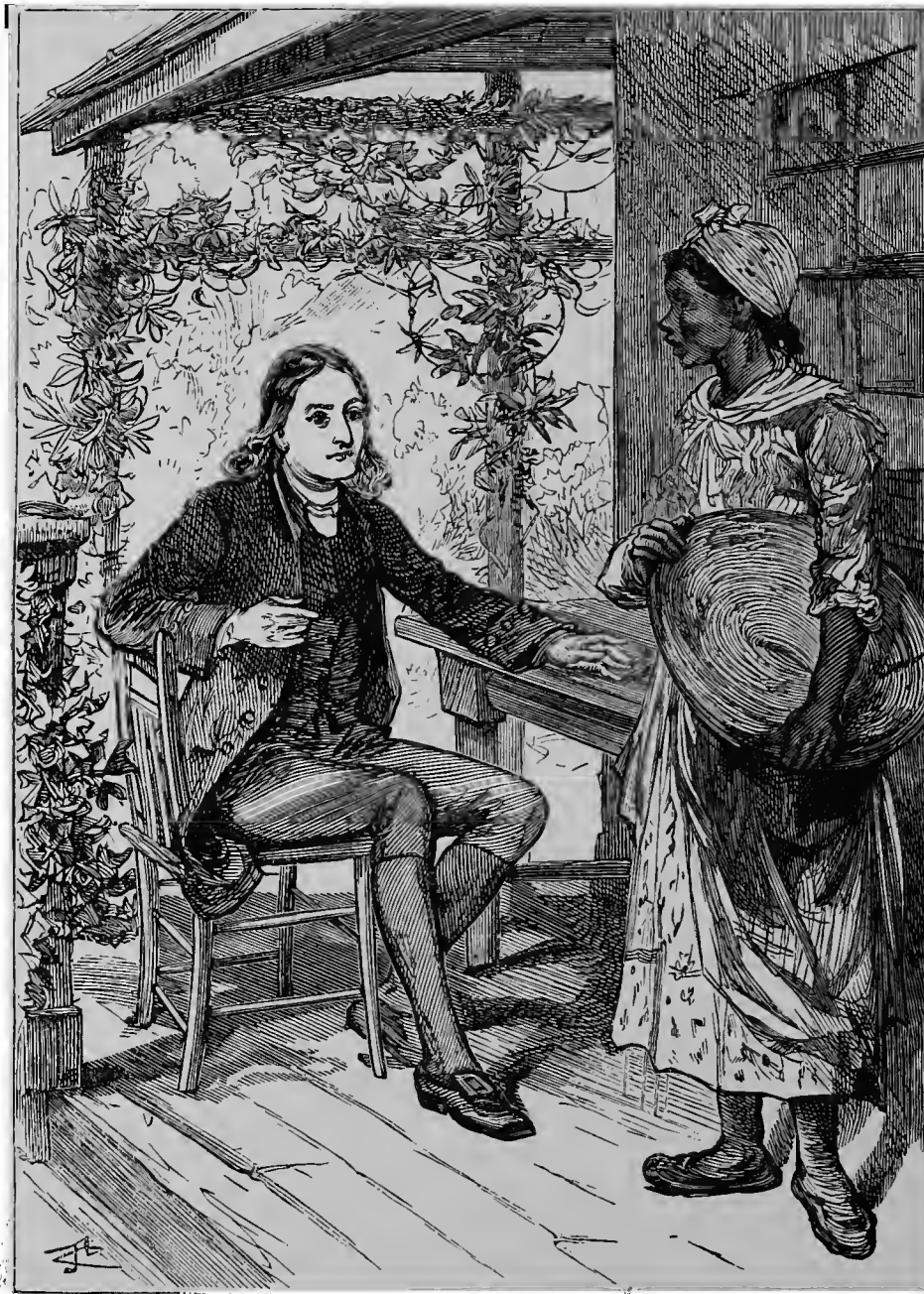
Monday, APRIL 4.—I began learning Spanish, in order to converse with my Jewish parishioners; some of whom seem nearer the mind that was in Christ than many of those who call Him Lord.

Tuesday, 12.—Being determined, if possible, to put a stop to the proceedings of one in Carolina, who had married several of my parishioners without either banns or license, and declared, he would do so still, I set out in a sloop for Charlestown. I landed there on Thursday, and related the case to Mr. Garden, the Bishop of London's Commissary, who assured me, he would take care no such irregularity should be committed for the future.

Sunday, 17.—Mr. Garden (to whom I must ever acknowledge myself indebted for many kind and generous offices) desiring me to preach, I did so, on these words ~~of~~ the Epistle for the day: “Whatsoever is born of God, overcometh the world.” To that plain account of the Christian state which these words naturally led me to give, a man of education and character seriously objected, (what is indeed a

great truth,) "Why, if this be Christianity, a Christian must have more courage than Alexander the Great."

Friday, 22.—It being the time of their annual visitation, I had the pleasure of meeting with the clergy of South Carolina; among whom, in the afternoon,



(WESLEY CONVERSING WITH A YOUNG NEGRESS).

there was such a conversation for several hours on "Christ our Righteousness," as I had not heard at any visitation in England, or hardly on any other occasion.

Saturday, 23.—Mentioning to Mr. Thompson, minister of St. Bartholomew's, near Ponpon, my being disappointed of a passage home by water, he offered me one of his horses, if I would go by land, which I gladly accepted of. He went with

me twenty miles, and sent his servant to guide me the other twenty to his house. Finding a young negro there, who seemed more sensible than the rest, I asked her how long she had been in Carolina: she said, two or three years; but that she was born in Barbadoes, and had lived there in a minister's family from a child. I asked whether she went to church there. She said, "Yes, every Sunday,—to carry my mistress' children." I asked, what she had learned at church. She said, "Nothing; I heard a deal, but did not understand it." "But what did your master teach you at home?" "Nothing." "Nor your mistress?" "No." I asked, "But don't you know, that your hands and feet, and this you call your body, will turn to dust in a little time?" She answered, "Yes." "But there is something in you that will not turn to dust, and this is what they call your soul. Indeed, you cannot see your soul, though it is within you; as you cannot see the wind, though it is all about you. But if you had not a soul in you, you could on more see, or hear, or feel, than this table can. What do you think will become of your soul when your body turns to dust?" "I don't know." "Why, it will go out of your body, and go up there, above the sky, and live always. God lives there. Do you know who God is?" "No." "You cannot see Him, any more than you can see your own soul. It is He that made you and me, and all men and women, and all beasts and birds, and all the world. It is He that makes the sun shine, and rain fall, and corn and fruits to grow out of the ground. He makes all these for us. But why do you think He made us? What did He make you and me for?" "I can't tell." "He made you to live with Himself above the sky. And so you will, in a little time, if you are good. If you are good, when your body dies, your soul will go up, and want nothing, and have whatever you can desire. No one will beat or hurt you there. You will never be sick. You will never be sorry any more, nor afraid of any thing. I can't tell you, I don't know how happy you will be; for you will be with God."

The attention with which this poor creature listened to instruction is inexpressible. The next day she remembered all, readily answered every question; and said, she would ask Him that made her, to show her how to be good.

Sunday, 24.—I preached twice at Ponpon chapel, on the thirteenth chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians. O how will even those men of Carolina, who come eight, ten, or twelve miles to hear the Gospel, rise in judgment against those who hear it not, when it is preached at their own doors!

Wednesday, 27.—I came to Mr. Belinger's plantation at Chulifinny, where the rain kept me till Friday. Here I met with an half Indian, (one that had an Indian mother and a Spanish father,) and several negroes, who were very desirous of instruction. One of them said, "When I was at Ashley-Ferry, I went to church every Sunday; but here we are buried in the woods. Though if there

was any church within five or six miles, I am so lame I cannot walk, but I would crawl thither."

Mr. Belinger sent a negro lad with me to Purrysburg, or, rather, to the poor remains of it. O how hath God stretched over this place "the lines of confusion, and the stones of emptiness"! Alas for those whose lives were here vilely cast away, through oppression, through divers plagues and troubles! O earth! how long wilt thou hide their blood? How long wilt thou cover thy slain?

This lad too I found both very desirous and very capable of instruction. And perhaps one of the easiest and shortest ways to instruct the American negroes in Christianity, would be, first, to inquire after and find out some of the most serious of the planters. Then, having inquired of them which of their slaves were best inclined and understood English, to go to them from plantation to plantation, staying as long as appeared necessary at each. Three or four gentlemen at Carolina I have been with, that would be sincerely glad of such an assistant, who might pursue his work with no more hindrances than must everywhere attend the preaching of the Gospel.

Saturday, 30.—I came to Savannah, and found my little flock in a better state than I could have expected: God having been pleased greatly to bless the endeavours of my fellow-labourer, while I was absent from them.

Wednesday, MAY 18.—I discovered the first convert to Deism that, I believe, has been made here. He was one that for some time had been zealously and exemplarily religious. But indulging himself in harmless company, he first made shipwreck of his zeal, and then of his faith. } I have since found several others that have been attacked. They have, as yet, maintained their ground; but I doubt the devil's apostles are too industrious to let them long halt between two opinions.

Wednesday, 25.—I was sent for by one who had been several years of the Church of Rome; but was now deeply convinced, (as were several others,) by what I had occasionally preached, of the grievous errors that Church is in, and the great danger of continuing a member of it. Upon this occasion I could not but reflect on the many advices I had received, to beware of the increase of Popery; but not one, that I remember, to beware of the increase of infidelity. This was quite surprising when I considered, 1. That in every place where I have yet been, the number of the converts to Popery bore no proportion to the number of the converts to infidelity. 2. That as bad a religion as Popery is, no religion is still worse; a baptized infidel being always found, upon the trial, two-fold worse than even a bigoted Papist. 3. That as dangerous a state as a Papist is in, with regard to eternity, a Deist is in a yet more dangerous state, if he be not (without repentance) an assured heir of damnation. And, lastly, That as hard as it is to recover a Papist, it is still

harder to recover an infidel : I myself having known many Papists, but never one Deist, reconverted.

Sunday, 29.—Being Whitsunday, four of our scholars, after having been instructed daily for several weeks, were, at their earnest and repeated desire, admitted to the Lord's table. I trust their zeal hath stirred up many to remember their Creator in the days of their youth, and to redeem the time, even in the midst of an evil and adulterous generation.

Indeed, about this time we observed the Spirit of God to move upon the minds of many of the children. They began more carefully to attend to the things that were spoken both at home and at church, and a remarkable seriousness appeared in their whole behaviour and conversation. Who knows but some of them may "grow up to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ?"

JUNE 25.—Mr. Causton, the store-keeper and chief magistrate of Savannah, was seized with a slow fever. I attended him every day, (as I did any of my parishioners who were in any painful or dangerous illness,) and had a good hope, from the thankfulness he showed, that my labour was not in vain.

Sunday, JULY 3.—Immediately after the Holy Communion, I mentioned to Mrs. Williamson (Mr. Causton's niece) some things which I thought reprobable in her behaviour. At this she appeared extremely angry; said, she did not expect such usage from me; and at the turn of the street, through which we were walking home, went abruptly away.

I sent Mr. Causton the following note :—

"SIR,—To this hour you have shown yourself my friend; I ever have and ever shall acknowledge it. And it is my earnest desire, that He who hath hitherto given me this blessing would continue it still.

"But this cannot be, unless you will allow me one request, which is not so easy an one as it appears: *Do not condemn me for doing, in the execution of my office, what I think it my duty to do.*

"If you can prevail upon yourself to allow me this, even when I act without respect of persons, I am persuaded there will never be, at least not long, any misunderstanding between us. For even those who seek it, shall, I trust, find no occasion against me, 'except it be concerning the law of my God.' I am, etc.

"July 5th, 1737."

Wednesday, 6.—Mr. Causton came to my house, with Mr. Bailiff Parker, and Mr. Recorder, and warmly asked, "How could you possibly think I should condemn you for executing any part of your office?" I said short, "Sir, what if I should think it the duty of my office to repel one of your family from the Holy Communion?" He

replied, "If you repel me or my wife, I shall require a legal reason. But I shall trouble myself about none else. Let them look to themselves."

Saturday, 9.—Meeting with a Frenchman of New-Orleans on the Mississippi, who had lived several months among the Chicasaws, he gave us a full and particular account of many things which had been variously related. And hence we could not but remark, what is the religion of nature, properly so-called; or, that religion which flows from natural reason, unassisted by revelation: and that even in those who have the knowledge of many truths; and who converse with their beloved ones day and night. But too plainly does it appear by the fruits, "that the gods of these heathens too are but devils."

I asked him, what was their manner of life. He said, "They do nothing but eat, and drink, and smoke, from morning till night; and, in a manner, from night till morning. For they rise at any hour of the night when they wake, and after eating and drinking as much as they can, go to sleep again." See "*The Religion of Nature truly Delineated!*"

Wednesday, 27.—I rejoiced to meet once more with that good soldier of Jesus Christ, August. Spangenberg, with whom, on Monday, August 1st, I began my long-intended journey to Ebenezer. In the way, I told him, the calm we had so long enjoyed was now drawing to an end; that I hoped he would shortly see I was not (as some had told him) a respecter of persons; but was determined (God being my Helper) to behave indifferently to all, rich or poor, friends or enemies. I then asked his advice as to the difficulty I foresaw; and resolved, by God's grace, to follow it.

In the evening, we came to New-Ebenezer, where the poor Saltzburghers are settled. The industry of this people is quite surprising. Their sixty huts are neatly and regularly built, and all the little spots of ground between them improved to the best advantage. One side of the town is a field of Indian corn; on the other, are the plantations of several private persons; all which together one would scarce think it possible for a handful of people to have done in one year.

Wednesday, 3.—We returned to Savannah. Sunday, 7th, I repelled Mrs. Williamson from the Holy Communion. And Monday, 8th, Mr Recorder, of Savannah, issued out the warrant following:—

Georgia. Savannah ss.

"To all Constables, Tithingmen, and others, whom these may concern:

"You, and each of you, are hereby required to take the body of John Wesley, Clerk:

"And bring him before one of the bailiffs of the said town, to answer the complaint of William Williamson and Sophia his wife, for defaming the said Sophia, and refusing to administer to her the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, in a public

congregation, without cause; by which the said William Williamson is damaged one thousand pounds sterling: and for so doing, this is your warrant, certifying what you are to do in the premises. Given under my hand and seal the 8th day of August, *Anno Dom.* 1737. THO. CHRISTIE."



(MR. WESLEY AND MR. CAUSTON).

Tuesday, 9.—Mr. Jones, the Constable, served the warrant, and carried me before Mr. Bailiff Parker and Mr. Recorder. My answer to them was, that the giving or refusing the Lord's Supper being a matter purely ecclesiastical, I could not acknowledge their power to interrogate me upon it. Mr. Parker told me, "However, you

must appear at the next court, holden for Savannah." Mr. Williamson, who stood by, said, "Gentlemen, I desire Mr. Wesley may give bail for his appearance." But Mr. Parker immediately replied, "Sir, Mr. Wesley's word is sufficient."

Thursday, 11.—Mr. Causton came to my house, and among many other sharp words, said, "Make an end of this matter: thou hadst best. My niece to be used thus! I have drawn the sword, and I will never sheath it till I have satisfaction."

Soon after, he added, "Give the reasons of your repelling her before the whole congregation." I answered, "Sir, if you insist upon it, I will; and so you may be pleased to tell her." He said, "Write to her, and tell her so yourself." I said, "I will;" and after he went, I wrote as follows:—

"To Mrs. Sophia Williamson.

"AT Mr. Causton's request, I write once more. The rules whereby I proceed are these:—

"'So many as intend to be partakers of the Holy Communion shall signify their names to the curate, at least some time the day before.' This you did not do.

"'And if any of these—have done any wrong to his neighbours, by word or deed, so that the congregation be thereby offended, the curate—shall advertise him, that in any wise he presume not to come to the Lord's table, until he hath openly declared himself to have truly repented.'

"If you offer yourself at the Lord's table on Sunday, I will advertise you, (as I have done more than once,) wherein you have done wrong. And when you have openly declared yourself to have truly repented, I will administer to you the mysteries of God.

JOHN WESLEY.

"August 11th, 1737."

Mr. Delamotte carrying this, Mr. Causton said, among many other warm sayings, "I am the person that am injured. The affront is offered to me; and I will espouse the cause of my niece. I am ill-used; and I will have satisfaction, if it be to be had in the world."

The words of St. James, read on Friday, were: "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation:" and those on Saturday, "My brethren, have not the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, . . . with respect of persons" (James ii. 1).

I was only afraid, lest those who were weak should "be turned out of the way;" at least so far as to forsake the public "assembling of themselves together." But I feared where no fear was. God took care of this also. So that on Sunday the 14th, more were present at the morning prayers than had been for some months before.

On *Thursday* or *Friday* was delivered out a list of twenty-six men, who were to

meet, as a Grand Jury, on Monday the 22nd. But this list was called in the next day, and twenty-four names added to it. Of this Grand Jury, (forty-four of whom only met,) one was a Frenchman, who did not understand English, one a Papist, one a professed infidel, three Baptists, sixteen or seventeen others Dissenters; and several others who had personal quarrels against me, and had openly vowed revenge.

To this Grand Jury, on Monday the 22nd, Mr. Causton gave a long and earnest charge, "to beware of spiritual tyranny, and to oppose the new, illegal authority which was usurped over their consciences." Then Mrs. Williamson's affidavit was read: after which, Mr. Causton delivered to the Grand Jury a paper, entitled,—

"A list of grievances, presented by the Grand Jury for Savannah, this day of August, 1737."

This the majority of the Grand Jury altered in some particulars, and on Thursday, SEPTEMBER 1st, delivered it again to the court, under the form of two presentments, containing ten bills, which were then read to the people.

Herein they asserted, upon oath, "That John Wesley, Clerk, had broken the laws of the realm, contrary to the peace of our Sovereign Lord the King, his crown and dignity.

"1. By speaking and writing to Mrs. Williamson, against her husband's consent.

"2. By repelling her from the Holy Communion.

"3. By not declaring his adherence to the Church of England.

"4. By dividing the morning service on Sundays.

"5. By refusing to baptize Mr. Parker's child, otherwise than by dipping, except the parents would certify it was weak, and not able to bear it.

"6. By repelling William Gough from the Holy Communion.

"7. By refusing to read the Burial Service over the body of Nathaniel Polhill.

"8. By calling himself Ordinary of Savannah.

"9. By refusing to receive William Aglionby as a godfather, only because he was not a communicant.

"10. By refusing Jacob Matthews for the same reason; and baptizing an Indian trader's child with only two sponsors." (This, I own, was wrong; for I ought, at all hazards, to have refused baptizing it till he had procured a third.)

Friday, 2.—Was the third court at which I appeared since my being carried before Mr. P. and the Recorder.

I now moved for an immediate hearing on the first bill, being the only one of a civil nature; but it was refused. I made the same motion in the afternoon; but was put off till the next court-day.

On the next court-day I appeared again; as also at the two courts following: but could not be heard, because (the Judge said) Mr. Williamson was gone out of town.

The sense of the minority of the Grand Jurors themselves (for they were by no means unanimous) concerning these presentments, may appear from the following paper, which they transmitted to the Trustees:—

“To the Honourable the Trustees for Georgia.”

“WHEREAS two presentments have been made, the one of August 23rd, the other of August 31st, by the Grand Jury for the town and county of Savannah, in Georgia, against John Wesley, Clerk.

“We, whose names are underwritten, being members of the said Grand Jury, do humbly beg leave to signify our dislike of the said presentments; being, by many and divers circumstances, throughly persuaded in ourselves, that the whole charge against Mr. Wesley is an artifice of Mr. Causton’s, designed rather to blacken the character of Mr. Wesley, than to free the colony from religious tyranny, as he was pleased, in his charge to us, to term it. But as these circumstances will be too tedious to trouble your Honours with, we shall only beg leave to give the reasons of our dissent from the particular bills.

“With regard to the first bill, we do not apprehend that Mr. Wesley acted against any law, by writing or speaking to Mrs. Williamson, since it does not appear to us, that the said Mr. Wesley has either spoke in private, or wrote to the said Mrs. Williamson, since March 12th, (the day of her marriage,) except one letter of July the 5th, which he wrote at the request of her uncle, as a Pastor, to exhort and reprove her.

“The second we do not apprehend to be a true bill; because we humbly conceive Mr. Wesley did not assume to himself any authority contrary to law: for we understand, ‘Every person intending to communicate, should signify his name to the curate, at least some time the day before;’ which Mrs. Williamson did not do; although Mr. Wesley had often, in full congregation, declared, he did insist on a compliance with that rubric, and had before repelled divers persons for non-compliance therewith.

“The third we do not think a true bill; because several of us have been his hearers, when he has declared his adherence to the Church of England, in a stronger manner than by a formal declaration; by explaining and defending the Apostles’, the Nicene, and the Athanasian Creeds, the Thirty-nine Articles, the whole Book of Common-Prayer, and the Homilies of the said Church; and because we think a formal declaration is not required, but from those who have received institution and induction.

“The fact alleged in the fourth bill we cannot apprehend to be contrary to any law in being.

“The fifth we do not think a true bill; because we conceive Mr. Wesley is

justified by the rubric, viz., 'If they' (the parents) 'certify that the child is weak, it shall suffice to pour water upon it.' Intimating (as we humbly suppose) it shall not suffice, if they do not certify.

"The sixth cannot be a true bill; because the said William Gough, being one of our members, was surprised to hear himself named, without his knowledge or privity; and did publicly declare, it was no grievance to him, because the said John Wesley had given him reasons with which he was satisfied.

"The seventh we do not apprehend to be a true bill; for Nathaniel Polhill was an Anabaptist, and desired in his lifetime, that he might not be interred with the office of the Church of England. And farther, we have good reason to believe, that Mr. Wesley was at Frederica, or on his return thence, when Polhill was buried.

"As to the eighth bill we are in doubt, as not well knowing the meaning of the word 'Ordinary.' But for the ninth and tenth, we think Mr. Wesley is sufficiently justified by the canons of the Church, which forbid 'any person to be admitted godfather or godmother to any child, before the said person has received the Holy Communion;' whereas William Aglionby and Jacob Matthews had never certified Mr. Wesley that they had received it."

This was signed by twelve of the Grand Jurors, of whom three were constables, and six more tithingmen; who, consequently, would have made a majority, had the jury consisted, as it regularly should have done, of only fifteen members, viz., the four constables and eleven tithingmen.

Friday, 30.—Having ended the Homilies, I began reading Dr. Rogers' eight sermons to the congregation: hoping they might be a timely antidote against the poison of infidelity, which was now with great industry propagated among us.

Friday, OCTOBER 7.—I consulted my friends, whether God did not call me to return to England. The reason for which I left it had now no force; there being no possibility, as yet, of instructing the Indians; neither had I, as yet, found or heard of any Indians on the continent of America who had the least desire of being instructed. And as to Savannah, having never engaged myself, either by word or letter, to stay there a day longer than I should judge convenient, nor ever taken charge of the people any otherwise than as in my passage to the heathens, I looked upon myself to be fully discharged therefrom, by the vacating of that design. Besides, there was a probability of doing more service to that unhappy people in England, than I could do in Georgia, by representing, without fear or favour to the Trustees, the real state the colony was in. After deeply considering these things, they were unanimous, "That I ought to go; but not yet." So I laid the thoughts of it aside for the present: being persuaded, that when the time was come, God would "make the way plain before my face."

Saturday, 15.—Being at Highgate, a village five miles from Savannah, consisting of (all but one) French families, who, I found, knew but little of the English tongue, I offered to read prayers there in French every Saturday in the afternoon. They embraced the offer gladly. On Saturday the 22nd, I read prayers in German likewise, to the German villagers of Hampstead; and so continued to do, once a week. We began the service (both at Highgate and Hampstead) with singing a psalm. Then I read and explained a chapter in the French or German Testament, and concluded with prayers and another psalm.

Saturday, 29.—Some of the French of Savannah were present at the prayers at Highgate. The next day I received a message from them all, "That as I read prayers to the French at Highgate, who were but few, they hoped I would do the same to those of Savannah, where there was a large number who did not understand English." Sunday, 30th, I began so to do; and now I had full employment for that holy day. The first English prayers lasted from five till half-an-hour past six. The Italian (which I read to a few Vaudois) began at nine. The second service for the English (including the sermon and the Holy Communion) continued from half-an-hour past ten, till about half-an-hour past twelve. The French service began at one. At two I catechised the children. About three began the English service. After this was ended, I had the happiness of joining with as many as my largest room would hold, in reading, prayer, and singing praise. And about six, the service of the Moravians, so called, began: at which I was glad to be present, not as a teacher, but a learner.

Thursday, NOVEMBER 3.—I appeared again at the court, holden on that day; and again at the court held Tuesday, November 22nd. On which day Mr. Causton desired to speak with me. He then read me some affidavits which had been made September 15th, last past; in one of which it was affirmed, that I then abused Mr. Causton in his own house, calling him liar, villain, and so on.

I again consulted my friends, who agreed with me, that the time we looked for was now come.

Friday, DECEMBER 2.—I proposed to set out for Carolina about noon, the tide then serving. But about ten, the magistrates sent for me, and told me, I must not go out of the province; for I had not answered the allegations laid against me. I replied, "I have appeared at six or seven courts successively, in order to answer them. But I was not suffered so to do, when I desired it time after time." Then they said, however, I must not go, unless I would give security to answer those allegations at their court. I asked, "What security?" After consulting together about two hours, the Recorder showed me a kind of bond, engaging me, under a penalty of fifty pounds, to appear at their court when I should be required. He added, "But Mr. Williamson too has desired of us, that you should give bail

to answer his action." I then told him plainly, "Sir, you use me very ill, and so you do the Trustees. I will give neither any bond, nor any bail at all. You know your business, and I know mine."

In the afternoon, the magistrates published an order, requiring all the officers and sentinels to prevent my going out of the province; and forbidding any person to assist me so to do. Being now only a prisoner at large, in a place where I knew by experience, every day would give fresh opportunity to procure evidence



(“BLAZED TREES.”)

of words I never said, and actions I never did; I saw clearly the hour was come for leaving this place: and as soon as evening prayers were over, about eight o'clock, the tide then serving, I shook off the dust of my feet, and left Georgia, after having preached the Gospel there (not as I ought, but as I was able) one year and nearly nine months.

Saturday, 3.—We came to Purrysburg early in the morning, and endeavoured to procure a guide to Port-Royal. But none being to be had, we set out without one, an hour before sunrise. After walking two or three hours, we met with an old man, who led us into a small path, near which was a line of *blazed trees*. (that is, marked

by cutting off part of the bark,) by following which, he said, we might easily come to Port-Royal in five or six hours.

About eleven we came into a large swamp, where we wandered about till near two. We then found another *blaze*, and pursued it, till it divided into two: one of these we followed through an almost impassable thicket, a mile beyond which it ended. We made through the thicket again, and traced the other *blaze* till that ended too. It now grew towards sunset; so we sat down, faint and weary, having had no food all day, except a gingerbread cake, which I had taken in my pocket. A third of this we had divided among us at noon; another third we took now; the rest we reserved for the morning; but we had met with no water all the day. Thrusting a stick into the ground, and finding the end of it moist, two of our company fell a digging with their hands, and, at about three feet depth, found water. We thanked God, drank, and were refreshed. The night was sharp; however, there was no complaining among us; but after having commended ourselves to God, we lay down close together, and (I at least) slept till near six in the morning.

Sunday, 4.—God renewing our strength, we arose neither faint nor weary, and resolved to make one trial more to find out a path to Port-Royal. We steered due east; but finding neither path nor blaze, and the woods growing thicker and thicker, we judged it would be our best course to return, if we could, by the way we came. The day before, in the thickest part of the woods, I had broke many young trees, I knew not why, as we walked along > these we found a great help in several places, where no path was to be seen; and between one and two God brought us safe to Benjamin Arieu's house, the old man we left the day before.

In the evening I read French prayers to a numerous family, a mile from Arieu's; one of whom undertook to guide us to Port-Royal.

Wednesday, 7.—We walked to Beaufort; where Mr. Jones, (the minister of Beaufort,) with whom I lodged during my short stay here, gave me a lively idea of the old English hospitality. On Thursday Mr. Delamotte came; with whom, on Friday the 9th, I took boat for Charlestown. After a slow passage, by reason of contrary winds, and some conflict (our provisions falling short) with hunger as well as cold, we came thither early in the morning, on Tuesday the 13th. Here I expected trials of a different kind, and far more dangerous. For contempt and want are easy to be borne: but who can bear respect and abundance?

Sunday, 18.—I was seized with a violent flux, which I felt came not before I wanted it. Yet I had strength enough given to preach once more to this careless people; and a few "believed our report."

Thursday, 22.—I took my leave of America, (though, if it please God, not for ever,) going on board the *Samuel*, Captain Percy.

Monday, 26.—I began instructing a negro lad in the principles of Christianity.

The next day I resolved to break off living delicately, and return to my old simplicity of diet ; and after I did so, neither my stomach nor my head much complained of the motion of the ship.

Wednesday, 28.—Finding the unaccountable apprehensions of I know not what danger, (the wind being small, and the sea smooth,) which had been upon me several days, increase, I cried earnestly for help ; and it pleased God, as in a moment, to restore peace to my soul.

Let me observe hereon, 1. That not one of these hours ought to pass out of my remembrance, till I attain another manner of spirit, a spirit equally willing to glorify God by life or by death. 2. That whoever is uneasy on any account (bodily pain alone excepted) carries in himself his own conviction, that he is so far an unbeliever. Is he uneasy at the apprehension of death ? Then he believeth not, that “to die is gain.” At any of the events of life ? Then he hath not a firm belief, that “all things work together for” his “good.” And if he bring the matter more close, he will always find, beside the general want of faith, every particular uneasiness is evidently owing to the want of some particular Christian temper.

Sunday, JANUARY 1, 1738.—All in the ship (except the Captain and steersman) were present both at the morning and evening service, and appeared as deeply attentive, as even the poor people of Frederica did, while the Word of God was new to their ears. And it may be, one or two among these likewise may “bring forth fruit with patience.”

Monday, 2.—Being sorrowful and very heavy, (though I could give no particular reason for it,) and utterly unwilling to speak close to any of my little flock, (about twenty persons,) I was in doubt whether my neglect of them was not one cause of my own heaviness. In the evening, therefore, I began instructing the cabin-boy ; after which I was much easier.

I went several times the following days, with a design to speak to the sailors, but could not. I mean, I was quite averse from speaking ; I could not see how to make an occasion, and it seemed quite absurd to speak without. Is not this what men commonly mean by, “I could not speak ?” And is this a sufficient cause of silence, or no ? Is it a prohibition from the Good Spirit ? or a temptation from nature, or the evil one ?

Saturday, 7.—I began to read and explain some passages of the Bible to the young negro. The next morning, another negro who was on board desired to be a hearer too. From them I went to the poor Frenchman, who, understanding no English, had none else in the ship with whom he could converse. And from this time, I read and explained to him a chapter in the Testament every morning.

Sunday, 8.—In the fulness of my heart, I wrote the following words:—

“By the most infallible of proofs, inward feeling, I am convinced,

“1. Of unbelief; having no such faith in Christ as will prevent my heart from being troubled; which it could not be, if I believed in God, and rightly believed also in Him:

“2. Of pride, throughout my life past; inasmuch as I thought I had what I find I have not:

“3. Of gross irrecollection; inasmuch as in a storm I cry to God every moment; in a calm, not:

“4. Of levity and luxuriancy of spirit, recurring whenever the pressure is taken off, and appearing by my speaking words not tending to edify; but most by my manner of speaking of my enemies.

“Lord, save, or I perish! Save me,

“1. By such a faith as implies peace in life and in death:

“2. By such humility as may fill my heart from this hour for ever, with a piercing uninterrupted sense: ‘I have done nothing hitherto;’ having evidently built without a foundation:

“3. By such a recollection as may cry to Thee every moment, especially when all is calm: Give me faith, or I die; give me a lowly spirit; otherwise, let life be a burden to me:

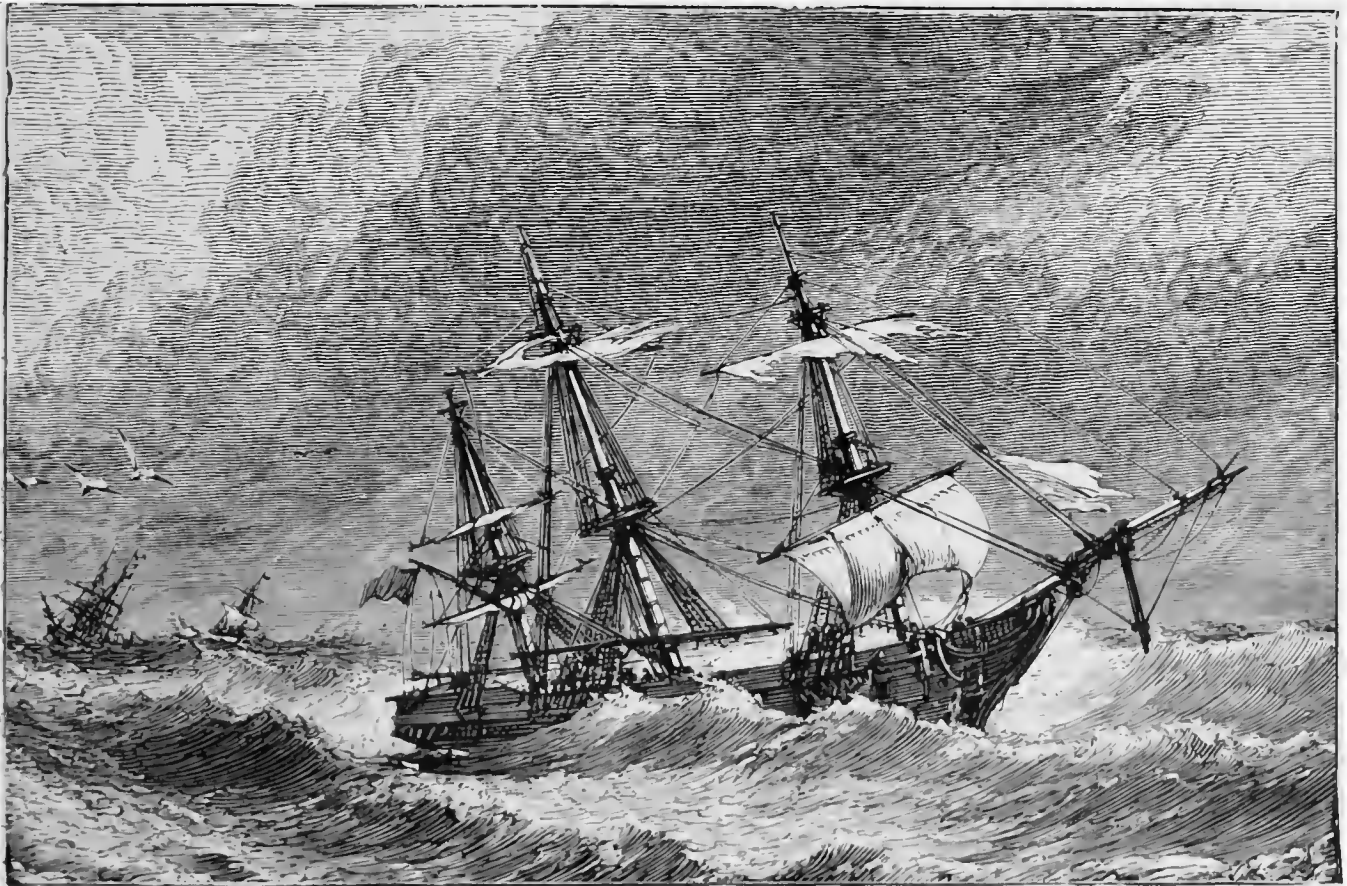
“4. By steadiness, seriousness, *σεμνοτης*, sobriety of spirit; avoiding, as fire, every word that tendeth not to edifying; and never speaking of any who oppose me, or sin against God, without all my own sins set in array before my face.”

This morning, after explaining these words of St. Paul: “I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God,” I exhorted my fellow-travellers with all my might, to comply with the Apostle’s direction. But “leaving them afterwards to themselves,” the seriousness they showed at first soon vanished away.

On *Monday*, 9, and the following days, I reflected much on that vain desire, which had pursued me for so many years, of being in solitude, in order to be a Christian. I have now, thought I, solitude enough. But am I, therefore, the nearer being a Christian? Not if Jesus Christ be the model of Christianity. I doubt, indeed, I am much nearer that mystery of Satan, which some writers affect to call by that name. So near, that I had probably sunk wholly into it, had not the great mercy of God just now thrown me upon reading St. Cyprian’s Works. “O my soul come not thou into their secret!” Stand thou in the good old paths.

Friday, 13.—We had a thorough storm, which obliged us to shut all close; the sea breaking over the ship continually. I was at first afraid; but cried to God, and was strengthened. Before ten, I lay down: I bless God, without fear. About midnight we were awakened by a confused noise of seas and wind and men’s

voices, the like to which I had never heard before. The sound of the sea breaking over and against the sides of the ship, I could compare to nothing but large cannon, or American thunder. The rebounding, starting, quivering motion of the ship much resembled what is said of earthquakes. The captain was upon deck in an instant. But his men could not hear what he said. It blew a proper hurricane; which, beginning at south-west, then went west, north-west, north, and, in a quarter of an hour, round by the east to the south-west point again. At the same time the sea running (as they term it) mountain-high, and that from many



(A STORM AT SEA.)

different points at once, the ship would not obey the helm; nor indeed could the steersman, through the violent rain, see the compass. So he was forced to let her run before the wind, and in half-an-hour the stress of the storm was over.

About noon the next day it ceased. But first I had resolved, God being my Helper, not only to preach it to all, but to apply the Word of God to every single soul in the ship; and if but one, yea, if not one of them will hear, I know "my labour is not in vain."

I no sooner executed this resolution, than my spirit revived; so that from

this day I had no more of that fearfulness and heaviness, which before almost continually weighed me down.

Tuesday, 24.—My mind was now full of thought; part of which I writ down as follows:—

“I went to America, to convert the Indians; but O! who shall convert me? who, what is he that will deliver me from this evil heart of unbelief? I have a fair summer religion. I can talk well; nay, and believe myself, while no danger is near: but let death look me in the face, and my spirit is troubled. Nor can I say, ‘To die is gain!’

‘I have a sin of fear, that when I’ve spun
My last thread, I shall perish on the shore!’

“I think, verily, if the Gospel be true, I am safe: for I not only have given, and do give, all my goods to feed the poor; I not only give my body to be burned, drowned, or whatever God shall appoint for me; but I follow after charity, (though not as I ought, yet as I can,) if haply I may attain it. I *now* believe the Gospel is true. ‘I show my faith by my works,’ by staking my all upon it. I would do so again and again a thousand times, if the choice were still to make. Whoever sees me, sees I would be a Christian. Therefore ‘are my ways not like other men’s ways.’ Therefore I have been, I am, I am content to be, ‘a by-word, a proverb of reproach.’ But in a storm I think, ‘What if the Gospel be not true? Then thou art of all men most foolish. For what hast thou given thy goods, thy ease, thy friends, thy reputation, thy country, thy life? For what art thou wandering over the face of the earth?—A dream, a cunningly-devised fable!’ O! who will deliver me from this fear of death? What shall I do? Where shall I fly from it? Should I fight against it by thinking, or by not thinking of it? A wise man advised me some time since, ‘Be still, and go on.’ Perhaps this is best, to look upon it as my cross; when it comes, to let it humble me, and quicken all my good resolutions, especially that of praying without ceasing; and at other times, to take no thought about it, but quietly to go on ‘in the work of the Lord.’”

Tuesday, 31.—Toward evening was a calm; but in the night a strong north wind brought us safe into the Downs. The day before, Mr. Whitefield had sailed out, neither of us then knowing anything of the other. At four in the morning, FEBRUARY 1, we took boat, and, in half-an-hour, landed at Deal.

It is now two years and almost four months since I left my native country, in order to teach the Georgian Indians the nature of Christianity; but what have I learned myself in the meantime? Why, (what I the least of all suspected,) that I who went to America to convert others, was never myself converted to

God.* “I am not mad,” though I thus speak; but “I speak the words of truth and soberness;” if haply some of those who still dream may awake, and see, that as I am, so are they.

Are they read in philosophy? So was I. In ancient or modern tongues? So was I also. Are they versed in the science of divinity? I too have studied it many years. Can they talk fluently upon spiritual things? The very same could I do. Are they plenteous in alms? Behold, I gave all my goods to feed the poor. Do they give of their labour as well as of their substance? I have laboured more abundantly than they all. Are they willing to suffer for their brethren? I have thrown up my friends, reputation, ease, country; I have put my life in my hand, wandering into strange lands; I have given my body to be devoured by the deep, parched up with heat, consumed by toil and weariness, or whatsoever God should please to bring upon me. But does all this (be it more or less, it matters not) make me acceptable to God? Does all I ever did or can know, say, give, do, or suffer, justify me in His sight? Yea, or the constant use of all the means of grace? (which, nevertheless, is meet, right, and our bounden duty.) Or that I know nothing of myself; that I am, as touching outward, moral righteousness blameless? Or (to come closer yet) the having a rational conviction of all the truths of Christianity? Does all this give me a claim to the holy, heavenly, divine character of a Christian? By no means. If the Oracles of God are true, if we are still to abide by “the law and the testimony;” all these things, though, when ennobled by faith in Christ,† they are holy and just and good, yet without it are “dung and dross,” meet only to be purged away by “the fire that never shall be quenched.”

This, then, have I learned in the ends of the earth—That I “am fallen short of the glory of God:” that my whole heart is “altogether corrupt and abominable;” and, consequently, my whole life; (seeing it cannot be, that an “evil tree” should “bring forth good fruit:”) that “alienated” as I am from the life of God, I am “a child of wrath,”‡ an heir of hell: that my own works, my own sufferings, my own righteousness, are so far from reconciling me to an offended God, so far from making any atonement for the least of those sins, which “are more in number than the hairs of my head,” that the most specious of them need an atonement themselves, or they cannot abide His righteous judgment; that, “having the sentence of death” in my heart, and having nothing in or of myself to plead, I have no hope, but that of being justified freely, “through the redemption that is in Jesus:” I have no hope, but that if I seek I shall find Christ, and “be found

* I am not sure of this.

† I had even then the faith of a *servant*, though not that of a *son*.

‡ I believe not.

in Him, not having my own righteousness, . . . but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith" (Phil. iii. 9).

If it be said, that I have faith, (for many such things have I heard, from many miserable comforters,) I answer, So have the devils,—a sort of faith; but still they are strangers to the covenant of promise. So the Apostles had even at Cana in Galilee, when Jesus first "manifested forth His glory;" even then they, in a sort, "believed on Him;" but they had not then "the faith that overcometh the world." The faith I want is,* "A sure trust and confidence in God, that, through the merits of Christ, my sins are forgiven, and I reconciled to the favour



(WESLEY PREACHING AT AN INN IN FEVERSHAM.)

of God." I want that faith which St. Paul recommends to all the world, especially in his Epistle to the Romans: that faith which enables every one that hath it to cry out: "I live not; but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live, I live by faith in the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me." I want that faith which none can have without knowing that he hath it; (though many imagine they have it, who have it not;) for whosoever hath it, is "freed from sin, the" whole "body of sin is destroyed" in him: he is freed from fear, "having peace with God through Christ, and rejoicing in hope of the glory of God." And he is freed from doubt, "having the love of God shed abroad in his heart, through

* The faith of a son.

the Holy Ghost which is given unto him;" which "Spirit itself beareth witness with his spirit, that he is a child of God."

Wednesday, FEBRUARY 1.—After reading prayers and explaining a portion of Scripture to a large company at the inn, I left Deal, and came in the evening to Feversham.

I here read prayers, and explained the Second Lesson to a few of those who were called Christians, but were indeed more savage in their behaviour than the wildest Indians I have yet met with.

Friday, 3.—In the evening I came once more to London, whence I had been absent two years and near four months.

Many reasons I have to bless God, though the design I went upon did not take effect, for my having been carried into that strange land, contrary to all my preceding resolutions. Hereby I trust He hath in some measure "humbled me and proved me, and shown me what was in my heart." Hereby I have been taught to "beware of men." Hereby I am come to know assuredly, that if "in all our ways we acknowledge God," He will, where reason fails, "direct our path," by lot or by the other means which He knoweth. Hereby I am delivered from the fear of the sea, which I had both dreaded and abhorred from my youth.

Hereby God has given me to know many of His servants; particularly those of the church of Hernhuth. Hereby my passage is opened to the writings of holy men in the German, Spanish, and Italian tongues. I hope too some good may come to others hereby. All in Georgia have heard the Word of God. Some have believed, and began to run well. A few steps have been taken towards publishing the glad tidings both to the African and American heathens. Many children have learned "how they ought to serve God," and to be useful to their neighbour. And those whom it most concerns have an opportunity of knowing the true state of their infant colony, and laying a firmer foundation of peace and happiness to many generations.

Sunday, 5.—In the afternoon I was desired to preach at St. John the Evangelist's. I did so on those strong words: "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." I was afterwards informed, many of the best in the parish were so offended, that I was not to preach there any more.

Monday, 6.—I visited many of my old friends, as well as most of my relations. I find the time is not yet come when I am to be "hated of all men." O may I be prepared for that day!

Tuesday, 7.—(A day much to be remembered.) At the house of Mr. Weinantz, a Dutch merchant, I met Peter Böhler, Schulius Richter, and Wensel Neiser, just then landed from Germany. Finding they had no acquaintance in England, I

offered to procure them a lodging, and did so near Mr. Hutton's, where I then was. And from this time I did not willingly lose any opportunity of conversing with them, while I stayed in London.

Wednesday, 8.—I waited on the Board of Trustees, and gave them a short but plain account of the state of the colony: an account, I fear, not a little differing from those which they had frequently received before; and for which I have reason to believe some of them have not forgiven me to this day.

Sunday, 12.—I preached at St. Andrew's, Holborn, on: "Though I give all



(PETER BÖHLER.)

my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." O hard sayings! Who can hear them? Here too, it seems, I am to preach no more.

Friday, 17.—I set out for Oxford with Peter Böhler, where we were kindly received by Mr. Sarney, the only one now remaining here, of many who, at our embarking for America, were used to "take sweet counsel together," and rejoice in "bearing the reproach of Christ."

Sunday, 19.—All this time I conversed much with Peter Böhler, but I understood him not; and least of all when he said, *Mi frater, mi frater, excoquenda est ista tua philosophia.* “My brother, my brother, that philosophy of yours must be purged away.”

Monday, 20.—I returned to London. On Tuesday I preached at Great St. Helen's, on: “If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow Me.”

Sunday, 26.—I preached at six, at St. Lawrence's; at ten, in St. Catherine Cree's church; and in the afternoon, at St. John's, Wapping. I believe it pleased God to bless the first sermon most, because it gave most offence; being indeed an



(SALISBURY.)

open defiance of that mystery of iniquity which the world calls *prudence*; grounded on those words of St. Paul to the Galatians: “As many as desire to make a fair show in the flesh, they constrain you to be circumcised; only lest they should suffer persecution for the cross of Christ.”

Monday, 27.—I took coach for Salisbury, and had several opportunities of conversing seriously with my fellow-travellers. But endeavouring to mend the wisdom of God by the wordly wisdom of prefacing serious with light conversation, and afterwards following that advice of the Mystics, “Leave them to themselves,” all I had said was written on the sand. “Lord, lay not this sin to” my “charge!”

Tuesday, 28.—I saw my mother once more. The next day I prepared for my journey to my brother at Tiverton. But on *Thursday* morning, MARCH 2nd, a

message that my brother Charles was dying at Oxford, obliged me to set out for that place immediately. Calling at an odd house in the afternoon, I found several persons there who seemed well-wishers to religion, to whom I spake plainly; as I did in the evening, both to the servants and strangers at my inn.

Saturday, 4.—I found my brother at Oxford, recovering from his pleurisy; and with him Peter Böhler; by whom (in the hand of the great God) I was, on *Sunday*, the 5th, clearly convinced of unbelief, of the want of that faith whereby alone we are saved.*

Immediately it struck into my mind, "Leave off preaching. How can you preach to others, who have not faith yourself?" I asked Böhler, whether he thought I should leave it off or not. He answered, "By no means." I asked, "But what can I preach?" He said, "Preach faith *till* you have it; and then, *because* you have it, you *will* preach faith."

Accordingly, *Monday, 6*, I began preaching this new doctrine, though my soul started back from the work. The first person to whom I offered salvation by faith alone, was a prisoner under sentence of death. His name was Clifford. Peter Böhler had many times desired me to speak to him before. But I could not prevail on myself so to do; being still (as I had been many years) a zealous assertor of the impossibility of a death-bed repentance.

Tuesday, 14.—I set out for Manchester, with Mr. Kinchin, Fellow of Corpus Christi, and Mr. Fox, late a prisoner in the city-prison.

About eight, it being rainy and very dark, we lost our way; but before nine, came to Shipston, having rode over, I know not how, a narrow foot-bridge, which lay across a deep ditch near the town. After supper I read prayers to the people of the inn, and explained the Second Lesson; I hope not in vain.

The next day we dined at Birmingham, and, soon after we left it, were reprov'd for our negligence there, (in letting those who attended us go, without either exhortation or instruction,) by a severe shower of hail. At Hedgeford, about five, we endeavoured to be more faithful; and all who heard seemed serious and affected.

In the evening we came to Stafford. The mistress of the house joined with us in family-prayer. The next morning, one of the servants appeared deeply affected, as did the ostler before we went. Soon after breakfast, stepping into the stable, I spake a few words to those who were there. A stranger who heard me said, "Sir, I wish I was to travel with you."

At Newcastle, whither we came about ten, some to whom we spoke at our inn were very attentive; but a gay young woman waited on us, quite unconcerned: however, we spoke on. When we went away, she fixed her eyes, and neither moved

* With the full Christian salvation.

nor said one word, but appeared as much astonished as if she had seen one risen from the dead.

Coming to Holms-Chapel about three, we were surprised at being shown into a room, where a cloth and plates were laid. Soon after two men came in to dinner. Mr. Kinchin told them, if they pleased, that gentleman would ask a blessing for them. They stared and, *as it were*, consented; but sat still while I did it, one of them with his hat on. We began to speak on turning to God, and went on, though they appeared utterly regardless. After a while their countenances changed, and one of them stole off his hat, and laying it down behind him, said, all we said was true; but he had been a grievous sinner, and not considered it as he ought; but he was resolved, with God's help, now to turn to Him in earnest. We exhorted him and his companion, who now likewise drank in every word, to cry mightily to God, that He would "send them help from His holy place."

Being faint in the evening, I called at Altringham, and there lit upon a Quaker, well skilled in, and therefore (as I soon found) sufficiently fond of, controversy. After an hour spent therein, (perhaps not in vain,) I advised him to dispute as little as possible; but rather follow after holiness, and walk humbly with his God.

Late at night we reached Manchester. *Friday*, the 17th, we spent entirely with Mr. Clayton, by whom, and the rest of our friends here, we were much refreshed and strengthened. Mr. Hoole, the Rector of St. Ann's church, being taken ill the next day, on *Sunday*, the 19th, Mr. Kinchin and I officiated at Salford chapel in the morning, by which means Mr. Clayton was at liberty to perform the service of St. Ann's; and in the afternoon I preached there on those words of St. Paul: "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature."

Early in the morning we left Manchester, taking with us Mr. Kinchin's brother, for whom we came, to be entered at Oxford. We were fully determined to lose no opportunity of awakening, instructing, or exhorting, any whom we might meet with in our journey. At Knutsford, where we first stopped, all we spake to thankfully received the word of exhortation. But at Talk-on-the-hill, where we dined, she with whom we were, was so much of a gentlewoman, that for near an hour our labour seemed to be in vain. However, we spoke on. Upon a sudden, she looked as one just awaked out of a sleep. Every word sunk into her heart. Nor have I seen so entire a change both in the eyes, face, and manner of speaking, of any one in so short a time.

About five, Mr. Kinchin riding by a man and woman double-horsed, the man said, "Sir, you ought to thank God it is a fair day; for if it rained, you would be sadly dirty with your little horse." Mr. Kinchin answered, "True; and we ought to thank God for our life, and health, and food, and raiment, and all things." He then rode on, Mr. Fox following; the man said, "Sir, my mistress would be glad to have

some more talk with that gentleman." We stayed, and when they came up, began to search one another's hearts. They came to us again in the evening, at our inn at Stone, where I explained both to them and many of their acquaintance who were come together, that great truth,—Godliness hath the promise both of this life, and of that which is to come.

Tuesday, 21.—In the afternoon one overtook us, whom we soon found more inclined to speak than to hear. However, we spoke, and spared not. In the evening we overtook a young man, a Quaker, who afterwards came to us, to our inn at Henley, whither he sent for the rest of his family, to join with us in prayer: to which I added, as usual, the exposition of the Second Lesson. Our other companion went with us a mile or two in the morning; and then not only spoke less than the day before, but took in good part a serious caution against talkativeness and vanity.

An hour after, we were overtook by an elderly gentleman, who said he was going to enter his son at Oxford. We asked, "At what college?" He said he did not know: having no acquaintance there on whose recommendation he could depend. After some conversation, he expressed a deep sense of the good providence of God; and told us, he knew God had cast us in his way, in answer to his prayer.

Thursday, 23.—I met Peter Böhler again, who now amazed me more and more, by the account he gave of the fruits of living faith,—the holiness and happiness which he affirmed to attend it. The next morning I began the Greek Testament again, resolving to abide by "the law and the testimony;" and being confident, that God would hereby show me, whether this doctrine was of God.

Sunday, 26.—I preached at Witham, on "the new creature," and went in the evening to a society in Oxford, where, (as my manner then was at all societies,) after using a collect or two and the Lord's Prayer, I expounded a chapter in the New Testament, and concluded with three or four more collects and a psalm.

Monday, 27.—Mr. Kinchin went with me to the castle, where, after reading prayers, and preaching on: "It is appointed unto men once to die," we prayed with the condemned man, first in several forms of prayer, and then in such words as were given us in that hour. He kneeled down in much heaviness and confusion, having "no rest in" his "bones, by reason of" his "sins." After a space he rose up, and eagerly said, "I am now ready to die. I know Christ has taken away my sins; and there is no more condemnation for me." The same composed cheerfulness he showed, when he was carried to execution; and in his last moments he was the same, enjoying a perfect peace, in confidence that he was "accepted in the Beloved."

Saturday, APRIL 1.—Being at Mr. Fox's society, my heart was so full that I could not confine myself to the forms of prayer which we were accustomed to use

there. Neither do I purpose to be confined to them any more ; but to pray indifferently, with a form or without, as I may find suitable to particular occasions.

Sunday, 2.—Being Easter-day, I preached in our college chapel, on: “The hour cometh, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live.” I preached in the afternoon, first at the castle, and then at Carfax, on the same words. I see the promise ; but it is afar off.

Saturday, 22.—I met Peter Böhler once more. I had now no objection to what he said of the nature of faith ; namely, that it is (to use the words of our Church) “a sure trust and confidence which a man hath in God, that through the merits of Christ his sins are forgiven, and he reconciled to the favour of God.” Neither could I deny either the happiness or holiness which he described, as fruits of this living faith. “The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God ;” and, “He that believeth hath the witness in himself,” fully convinced me of the former ; as, “Whatsoever is born of God, doth not commit sin ;” and, “Whosoever believeth is born of God,” did of the latter. But I could not comprehend what he spoke of an *instantaneous work*. I could not understand how this faith should be given in a moment ; how a man could at once be thus turned from darkness to light, from sin and misery to righteousness and joy in the Holy Ghost. I searched the Scriptures again, touching this very thing, particularly the Acts of the Apostles ; but, to my utter astonishment, found scarce any instances there of other than *instantaneous* conversions ; scarce any so slow as that of St. Paul, who was three days in the pangs of the new birth. I had but one retreat left ; namely, “Thus, I grant, God wrought in the *first* ages of Christianity ; but the times are changed. What reason have I to believe He works in the same manner now ?”

But on *Sunday, 23*, I was beat out of this retreat too, by the concurring evidence of several living witnesses ; who testified, God had thus wrought in themselves ; giving them in a moment such a faith in the blood of His Son, as translated them out of darkness into light, out of sin and fear into holiness and happiness. Here ended my disputing. I could now only cry out: “Lord, help Thou my unbelief !”

I asked P. Böhler again, whether I ought not to refrain from teaching others. He said, “No ; do not hide in the earth the talent God hath given you.” Accordingly, on *Tuesday, 25*th, I spoke clearly and fully at Blendon to Mr. Delamotte’s family, of the nature and fruits of faith. Mr. Broughton and my brother were there. Mr. Broughton’s great objection was, he could never think that I had not faith, who had done and suffered such things. My brother was very angry, and told me, I did not know what mischief I had done by talking thus. And, indeed, it did please God then to kindle a fire, which I trust shall never be extinguished.

Wednesday, 26.—P. Böhler walked with me a few miles, and exhorted me not to stop short of the grace of God. At Gerard’s Cross, I plainly declared to those whom

God gave into my hands, the faith as it is in Jesus : as I did next day to a young man I overtook on the road, and in the evening to our friends at Oxford. A strange doctrine, which some, who did not care to contradict, yet knew not what to make of ; but one or two, who were thoroughly bruised by sin, willingly heard, and received it gladly.

Monday, MAY 1.—The return of my brother's illness obliged me again to hasten to London. In the evening I found him at James Hutton's, better as to his health than I expected ; but strongly averse from what he called "the new faith."

This evening our little society began, which afterwards met in Fetter-lane. Our fundamental rules were as follow :—

IN obedience to the command of God by St. James, and by the advice of Peter Böhler, it is agreed by us,

1. That we will meet together once a week to "confess our faults one to another, and pray one for another, that we may be healed."

2. That the persons so meeting be divided into several *bands*, or little companies, none of them consisting of fewer than five, or more than ten persons.

3. That every one in order speak as freely, plainly, and concisely as he can, the real state of his heart, with his several temptations and deliverances, since the last time of meeting.

4. That all the bands have a conference at eight every Wednesday evening, begun and ended with singing and prayer.

5. That any who desire to be admitted into this society be asked, "What are your reasons for desiring this ? Will you be entirely open ; using no kind of reserve ? Have you any objection to any of our orders ?" (which may then be read.)

6. That when any new member is proposed, every one present speak clearly and freely whatever objection he has to him.

7. That those against whom no reasonable objection appears, be, in order for their trial, formed into one or more distinct bands, and some person agreed on to assist them.

8. That after two months' trial, if no objection then appear, they may be admitted into the society.

9. That every fourth Saturday be observed as a day of general intercession.

10. That on the Sunday seven-night following be a general love-feast, from seven till ten in the evening.

11. That no particular member be allowed to act in any thing contrary to any order of the society : and that if any persons, after being thrice admonished, do not conform thereto, they be not any longer esteemed as members.

Wednesday, 3.—My brother had a long and particular conversation with Peter Böhler. And it now pleased God to open his eyes ; so that he also saw clearly what

was the nature of that one true living faith, whereby alone, "through grace, we are saved."

Thursday, 4.—Peter Böhler left London, in order to embark for Carolina. O what a work hath God begun, since his coming into England! such an one as shall never come to an end, till heaven and earth pass away.

Sunday, 7.—I preached at St. Lawrence's in the morning; and afterwards at St. Katherine Cree's church. I was enabled to speak strong words at both; and



(ISLINGTON IN THE 18TH CENTURY.)

was, therefore, the less surprised at being informed, I was not to preach any more in either of those churches.

Tuesday, 9.—I preached at Great St. Helen's, to a very numerous congregation, on: "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?" My heart was now so enlarged, to declare the love of God, to all that were oppressed by the devil, that I did not wonder in the least, when I was afterwards told, "Sir, you must preach here no more."

Wednesday, 10.—Mr. Stonehouse, Vicar of Islington, was convinced of "the truth as it is in Jesus." From this time till Saturday, 13th, I was sorrowful and very heavy;

being neither able to read, nor meditate, nor sing, nor pray, nor do anything. Yet I was a little refreshed by Peter Böhler's letter, which I insert in his own words :—

“ I LOVE you greatly, and think much of you in my journey, wishing and praying that the tender mercies of Jesus Christ the Crucified, whose bowels were moved towards you more than six thousand years ago, may be manifested to your soul: that you may taste and then see, how exceedingly the Son of God has loved you, and loves you still; and that so you may continually trust in Him, and feel His life in yourself. Beware of the sin of unbelief; and if you have not conquered it yet, see that you conquer it this very day, through the blood of Jesus Christ. Delay not, I beseech you, to believe in *your* Jesus Christ; but so put Him in mind of His promises to poor sinners, that He may not be able to refrain from doing for you, what He hath done for so many others. O how great, how inexpressible, how unexhausted is His love! Surely He is now ready to help; and nothing can offend Him but our unbelief.

“ The Lord bless you! Abide in faith, love, teaching, the communion of saints; and briefly, in all which we have in the New Testament. I am,

“ Your unworthy Brother,

“ PETER BÖHLER.

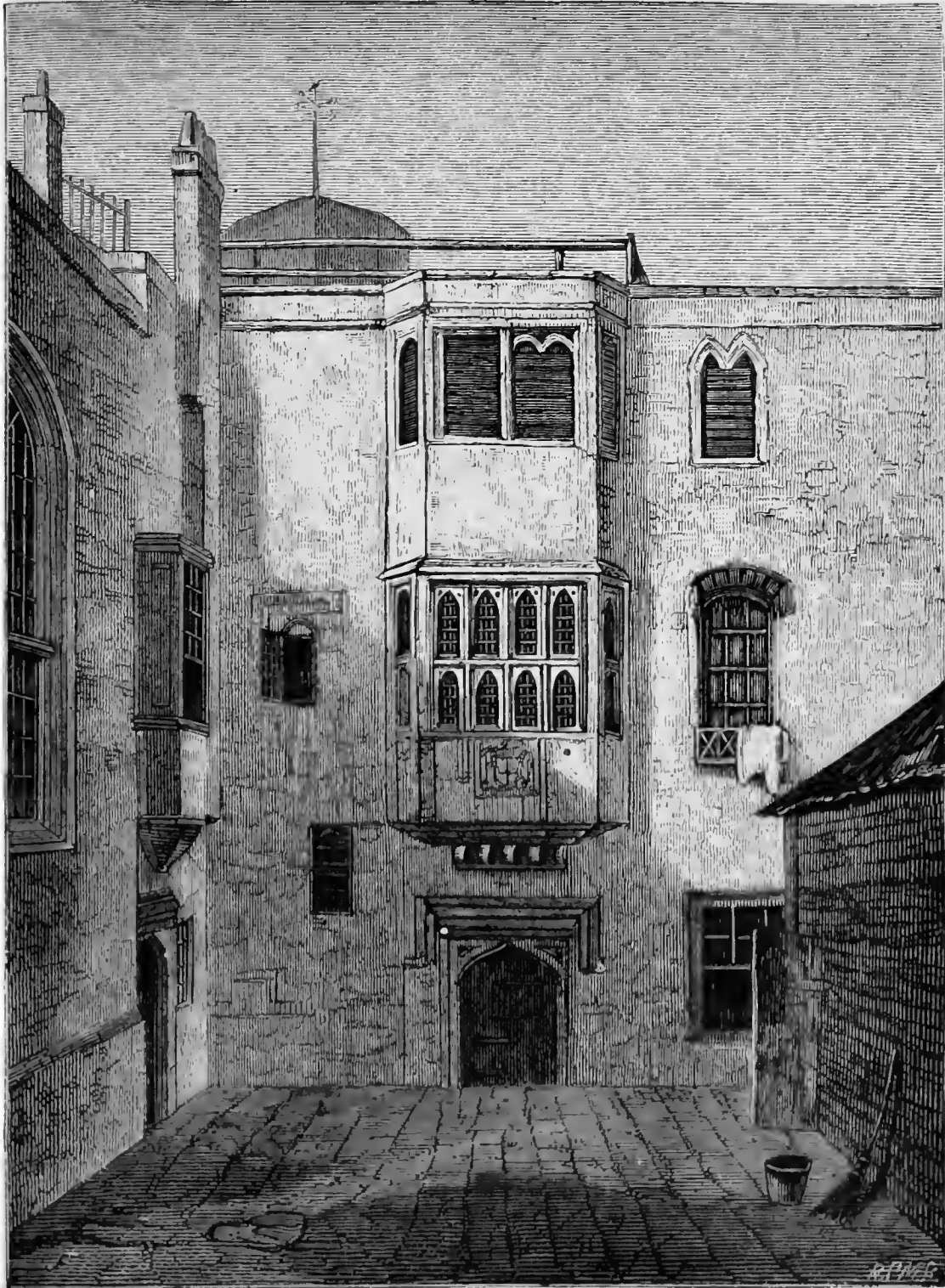
“ SOUTHAMPTON, *May 8th*, 1738.”

Sunday, 14.—I preached in the morning at St. Ann's, Aldersgate; and in the afternoon at the Savoy chapel, free salvation by faith in the blood of Christ. I was quickly apprized, that at St. Ann's, likewise, I am to preach no more.

So true did I find the words of a friend, wrote to my brother about this time :—

“ I have seen upon this occasion, more than ever I could have imagined, how intolerable the doctrine of faith is to the mind of man; and how peculiarly intolerable to *religious* men. One may say the most unchristian things, even down to Deism; the most enthusiastic things, so they proceed but upon mental raptures, lights, and unions; the most severe things, even the whole rigour of ascetic mortification; and all this will be forgiven. But if you speak of faith in such a manner as makes Christ a Saviour to the utmost, a most universal Help and Refuge;—in such a manner as takes away glorying, but adds happiness to wretched man;—as discovers a greater pollution in the best of us than we could before acknowledge, but brings a greater deliverance from it than we could before expect: if any one offers to talk at this rate, he shall be heard with the same abhorrence as if he was going to rob mankind of their salvation, their Mediator, or their hopes of forgiveness. I am persuaded that a *Montanist* or a *Novatian*, who from the height of his purity should look down

with contempt upon poor sinners, and exclude them from all mercy, would not be thought such an overthrower of the Gospel, as he who should learn, from the Author



(SAVOY CHAPEL.)

of it, to be a friend of publicans and sinners, and to sit down upon the level with them, as soon as they begin to repent.

“But this is not to be wondered at. For all *religious* people have such a quantity of righteousness, acquired by much painful exercise, and formed at last into current habits; which is their wealth, both for this world and the next. Now all other schemes of religion are either so complaisant as to tell them they are very rich, and have enough to triumph in; or else only a little rough, but friendly in the main, by telling them their riches are not yet sufficient, but by such arts of self-denial and mental refinement they may enlarge the stock. But the doctrine of faith is a downright robber. It takes away all this wealth, and only tells us it is deposited for us with somebody else, upon whose bounty we must live like mere beggars. Indeed, they that are truly beggars, vile and filthy sinners till very lately, may stoop to live in this dependent condition: it suits them well enough. But they who have long distinguished themselves from the herd of vicious wretches, or have even gone beyond *moral* men; for them to be told that they are either not so well, or but the same needy, impotent, insignificant vessels of mercy with the others: this is more shocking to reason than transubstantiation. For reason had rather resign its pretensions to judge what is bread or flesh, than have this honour wrested from it—to be the architect of virtue and righteousness. But where am I running? My design was only to give you warning, that wherever you go, this ‘foolishness of preaching’ will alienate hearts from you, and open mouths against you.”

Friday, 19.—My brother had a second return of his pleurisy. A few of us spent Saturday night in prayer. The next day, being Whitsunday, after hearing Dr. Heylyn preach a truly Christian sermon, (on: “They were all filled with the Holy Ghost:” “And so,” said he, “may *all you* be, if it is not your own fault,) and assisting him at the Holy Communion, (his Curate being taken ill in the church,) I received the surprising news, that my brother had found rest to his soul. His bodily strength returned also from that hour. “Who is so great a God as our God?”

I preached at St. John’s, Wapping, at three, and at St. Bennett’s, Paul’s-Wharf, in the evening. At these churches, likewise, I am to preach no more. At St. Antholin’s I preached on the *Thursday* following.

Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, I had continual sorrow and heaviness in my heart: something of which I described, in the broken manner I was able, in the following letter to a friend:—

“O why is it, that so great, so wise, so holy a God will use such an instrument as me! Lord, ‘let the dead bury their dead!’ But wilt Thou send the dead to raise the dead? Yea, Thou sendest whom Thou *wilt* send, and showest mercy by whom Thou *wilt* show mercy! Amen! Be it then according to Thy will! If Thou speak the word, Judas shall cast out devils.

“All my works, my righteousness, my prayers, need an atonement for them—

selves. So that my mouth is stopped. I have nothing to plead. God is holy, I am unholy. God is a consuming fire: I am altogether a sinner, meet to be consumed.

“Yet I hear a Voice (and is it not the Voice of God?) saying: ‘Believe, and thou shalt be saved.’ ‘He that believeth is passed from death unto life.’ ‘God so loved the world that He gave His Only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.’

“O let no one deceive us by vain words, as if we had already attained this faith!* By its fruits we shall know. Do we already feel ‘peace with God,’ and ‘joy in the Holy Ghost?’ Does ‘His Spirit bear witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God?’ Alas, with mine He does not! Nor, I fear, with yours. O Thou Saviour of men, save us from trusting in anything but Thee! Draw us after Thee! Let us be emptied of ourselves, and then fill us with all peace and joy in believing; and let nothing separate us from Thy love, in time or in eternity.”

What occurred on *Wednesday*, 24th, I think best to relate at large, after premising what may make it the better understood. Let him that cannot receive it ask of the Father of lights, that He would give more light to him and me.

1. I believe, till I was about ten years old I had not sinned away that “washing of the Holy Ghost” which was given me in baptism; having been strictly educated and carefully taught, that I could only be saved “by universal obedience, by keeping all the commandments of God;” in the meaning of which I was diligently instructed. And those instructions, so far as they respected outward duties and sins, I gladly received, and often thought of. But all that was said to me of inward obedience, or holiness, I neither understood nor remembered. So that I was indeed as ignorant of the true meaning of the Law, as I was of the Gospel of Christ.

2. The next six or seven years were spent at school; where, outward restraints being removed, I was much more negligent than before, even of outward duties, and almost continually guilty of outward sins, which I knew to be such, though they were not scandalous in the eye of the world. However, I still read the Scriptures, and said my prayers, morning and evening. And what I now hoped to be saved by, was, (1) Not being so bad as other people. (2) Having still a kindness for religion. And, (3) Reading the Bible, going to church, and saying my prayers.

3. Being removed to the University for five years, I still said my prayers, both in public and in private, and read, with the Scriptures, several other books of religion, especially comments on the New Testament. Yet I had not all this while so much as a notion of inward holiness; nay, went on habitually, and, for the most part, very

* That is, the proper Christian faith.

contentedly, in some or other known sin; indeed, with some intermission and short struggles, especially before and after the Holy Communion, which I was obliged to receive thrice a year. I cannot well tell what I hoped to be saved by now, when I was continually sinning against that little light I had; unless by those transient fits of what many divines taught me to call repentance.

4. When I was about twenty-two, my father pressed me to enter into Holy Orders. At the same time, the providence of God directing me to Kempis' "Christian's Pattern," I began to see, that true religion was seated in the heart, and that God's law extended to all our thoughts as well as words and actions. I was, however, very angry at Kempis, for being too strict; though I read him only in Dean Stanhope's translation. Yet I had frequently much sensible comfort in reading him, such as I was an utter stranger to before: and meeting likewise with a religious friend, which I never had till now, I began to alter the whole form of my conversation, and to set in earnest upon a new life. I set apart an hour or two a day for religious retirement. I communicated every week. I watched against all sin, whether in word or deed. I began to aim at, and pray for, inward holiness. So that now, "doing so much, and living so good a life," I doubted not but I was a good Christian.

5. Removing soon after to another college, I executed a resolution which I was before convinced was of the utmost importance,—shaking off at once all my trifling acquaintance. I began to see more and more the value of time. I applied myself closer to study. I watched more carefully against actual sins; I advised others to be religious, according to that scheme of religion by which I modelled my own life. But meeting now with Mr. Law's "Christian Perfection" and "Serious Call," although I was much offended at many parts of both, yet they convinced me more than ever of the exceeding height and breadth and depth of the law of God. The light flowed in so mightily upon my soul, that everything appeared in a new view. I cried to God for help, and resolved not to prolong the time of obeying Him as I had never done before. And by my continued endeavour to keep His whole law, inward and outward, to the utmost of my power, I was persuaded that I should be accepted of Him, and that I was even then in a state of salvation.

6. In 1730 I began visiting the prisons; assisting the poor and sick in town; and doing what other good I could, by my presence, or my little fortune, to the bodies and souls of all men. To this end I abridged myself of all superfluities, and many that are called necessaries of life. I soon became a by-word for so doing; and I rejoiced that my name was cast out as evil. The next spring I began observing the Wednesday and Friday fasts, commonly observed in the ancient Church; tasting no food till three in the afternoon. And now I knew not how to go any farther. I diligently strove against all sin. I omitted no sort of self-denial which I thought

lawful: I carefully used, both in public and in private, all the means of grace at all opportunities. I omitted no occasion of doing good: I for that reason suffered evil. And all this I knew to be nothing, unless as it was directed toward inward holiness. Accordingly this, the image of God, was what I aimed at in all, by doing His will, not my own. Yet when, after continuing some years in this course, I apprehended myself to be near death, I could not find that all this gave me any



(BOCARDO PRISON, OXFORD.)

comfort, or any assurance of acceptance with God. At this I was then not a little surprised; not imagining I had been all this time building on the sand, nor considering that "other foundation can no man lay, than that which is laid" by God, "even Christ Jesus."

7. Soon after, a contemplative man convinced me still more than I was convinced before, that outward works are nothing, being alone; and in several conversations instructed me, how to pursue inward holiness, or a union of the soul with God. But even of his instructions (though I then received them as the words of

God) I cannot but now observe, (1) That he spoke so incautiously against trusting in outward works, that he discouraged me from doing them at all. (2) That he recommended (as it were, to supply what was wanting in them) *mental prayer*, and the like exercises, as the most effectual means of purifying the soul, and uniting it with God. Now these were, in truth, as much my own works as visiting the sick or clothing the naked; and the union with God thus pursued, was as really my own righteousness, as any I had before pursued under another name.

8. In this refined way of trusting to my own works and my own righteousness, (so zealously inculcated by the mystic writers,) I dragged on heavily, finding no comfort or help therein, till the time of my leaving England. On shipboard, however, I was again active in outward works; where it pleased God of His free mercy to give me twenty-six of the Moravian brethren for companions, who endeavoured to show me "a more excellent way." But I understood it not at first. I was too learned and too wise. So that it seemed foolishness unto me. And I continued preaching, and following after, and trusting in, that righteousness whereby no flesh can be justified.

9. All the time I was at Savannah I was thus beating the air. Being ignorant of the righteousness of Christ, which, by a living faith in Him, bringeth salvation "to every one that believeth," I sought to establish my own righteousness; and so laboured in the fire all my days. I was now properly "under the law;" I knew that "the law" of God was "spiritual; I consented to it that it was good." Yea, "I delighted in it, after the inner man." Yet was I "carnal, sold under sin." Every day was I constrained to cry out: "What I do, I allow not: for what I would, I do not; but what I hate, that I do. To will is," indeed, "present with me: but how to perform that which is good, I find not. For the good which I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do. I find a law, that when I would do good, evil is present with me:" even "the law in my members, warring against the law of my mind," and still "bringing me into captivity to the law of sin."

10. In this vile, abject state of bondage to sin, I was indeed fighting continually, but not conquering. Before, I had willingly served sin; now it was unwillingly; but still I served it. I fell, and rose, and fell again. Sometimes I was overcome, and in heaviness: sometimes I overcame, and was in joy. For as in the former state I had some foretastes of the terrors of the law, so had I in this, of the comforts of the Gospel. During this whole struggle between nature and grace, which had now continued above ten years, I had many remarkable returns to prayer; especially when I was in trouble: I had many sensible comforts; which are indeed no other than short anticipations of the life of faith. But I was still "under the law," not "under grace;" (the state most who are called Christians, are content to live and die in;) for I was only striving with, not freed from, sin: neither had

I the witness of the Spirit with my spirit, and indeed could not; for I "sought it not by faith, but as it were by the works of the law."

11. In my return to England, January, 1738, being in imminent danger of death, and very uneasy on that account, I was strongly convinced that the cause of that uneasiness was unbelief; and that the gaining a true, living faith was the "one thing needful" for me. But still I fixed not this faith on its right object: I meant only faith in God, not faith in or through Christ. Again, I knew not that I was wholly void of this faith; but only thought, I had not enough of it. So that when Peter Böhler, whom God prepared for me as soon as I came to London, affirmed of true faith in Christ, (which is but one,) that it had those two fruits inseparably attending it, "dominion over sin, and constant peace from a sense of forgiveness," I was quite amazed, and looked upon it as a new Gospel. If this was so, it was clear I had not faith. But I was not willing to be convinced of this. Therefore, I disputed with all my might, and laboured to prove that faith might be where these were not; especially where the sense of forgiveness was not: for all the Scriptures relating to this I had been long since taught to construe away; and to call all Presbyterians who spoke otherwise. Besides, I well saw, no one could, in the nature of things, have such a sense of forgiveness, and not *feel* it. But I felt it not. If then there was no faith without this, all my pretensions to faith dropped at once.

12. When I met Peter Böhler again, he consented to put the dispute upon the issue which I desired, namely, Scripture and experience. I first consulted the Scripture. But when I set aside the glosses of men, and simply considered the words of God, comparing them together, endeavouring to illustrate the obscure by the plainer passages, I found they all made against me, and was forced to retreat to my last hold, "that experience would never agree with the *literal interpretation* of those Scriptures. Nor could I therefore allow it to be true, till I found some living witnesses of it." He replied, he could show me such at any time; if I desired it, the next day. And accordingly, the next day he came again with three others, all of whom testified, of their own personal experience, that a true living faith in Christ is inseparable from a sense of pardon for all past, and freedom from all present, sins. They added with one mouth, that this faith was the gift, the free gift, of God; and that He would surely bestow it upon every soul who earnestly and perseveringly sought it. I was now thoroughly convinced; and, by the grace of God, I resolved to seek it unto the end: (1) By absolutely renouncing all dependence, in whole or in part, upon *my own* works or righteousness; on which I had really grounded my hope of salvation, though I knew it not, from my youth up. (2) By adding to the constant use of all the other means of grace, continual prayer for this very thing, justifying, saving faith, a full reliance on the blood of Christ

shed for *me*; a trust in Him, as *my* Christ, as *my* sole justification, sanctification, and redemption.

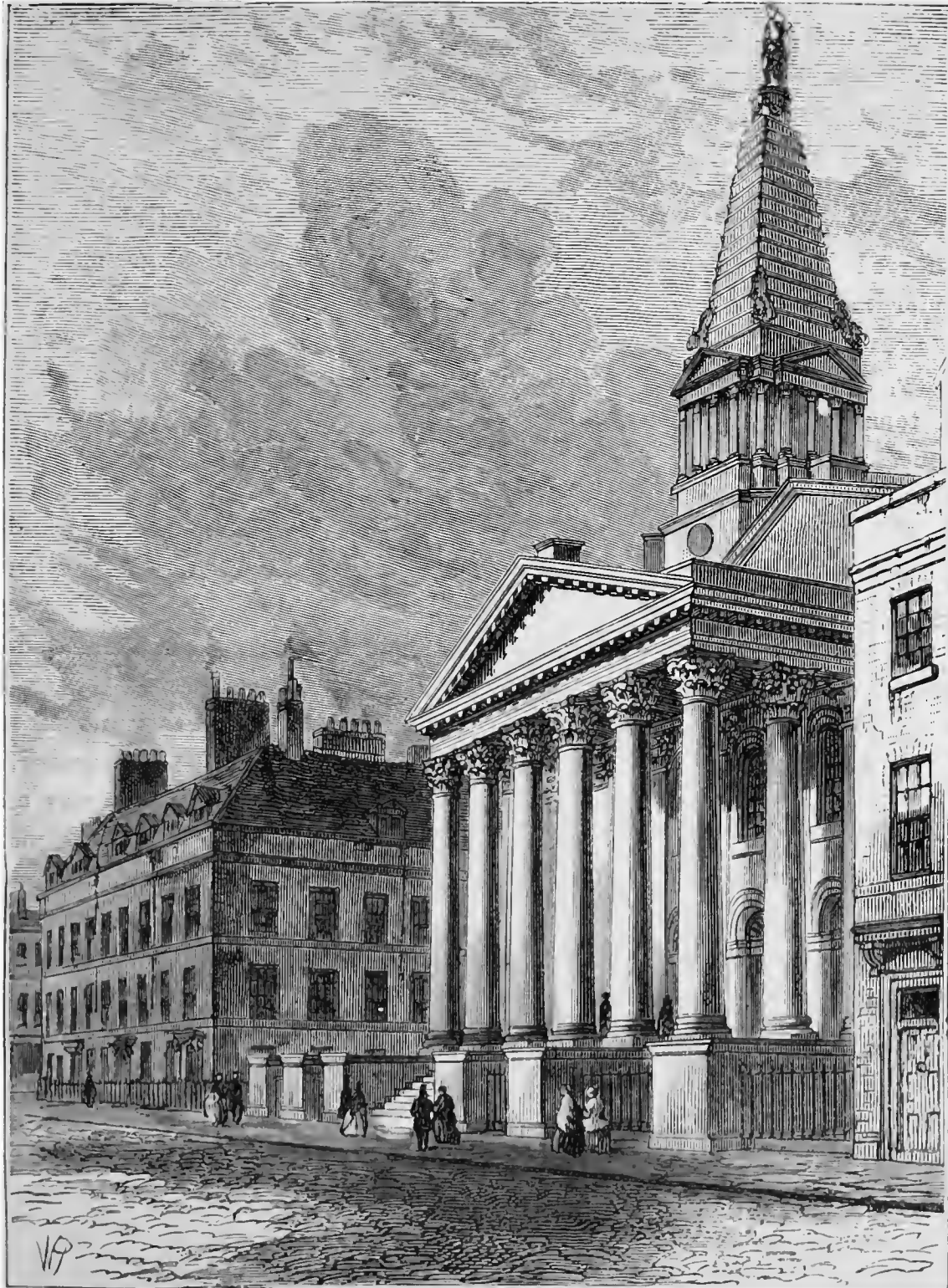
13. I continued thus to seek it, (though with strange indifference, dulness, and coldness, and unusually frequent relapses into sin,) till Wednesday, May 24th. I think it was about five this morning, that I opened my Testament on those words: "There are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises, even that ye should be partakers of the divine nature" (2 Peter i. 4). Just as I went out, I opened it again on those words: "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God." In the afternoon I was asked to go to St. Paul's. The anthem was: "Out of the deep have I called unto Thee, O Lord: Lord, hear my voice. O let Thine ears consider well the voice of my complaint. If Thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss, O Lord, who may abide it? For there is mercy with Thee; therefore shalt Thou be feared. O Israel, trust in the Lord: for with the Lord there is mercy, and with Him is plenteous redemption. And He shall redeem Israel from all his sins."

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

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

16. After my return home, I was much buffeted with temptations; but cried out, and they fled away. They returned again and again. I as often lifted up my eyes, and He "sent me help from His holy place." And herein I found the difference between this and my former state chiefly consisted. I was striving, yea, fighting with all my might under the law, as well as under grace. But then I was sometimes, if not often, conquered; now, I was always conqueror.

17. *Thursday*, 25.—The moment I awaked, "Jesus, Master," was in my heart and in my mouth; and I found all my strength lay in keeping my eye fixed upon Him, and my soul waiting on Him continually. Being again at St. Paul's in the



(ST. GEORGE'S, BLOOMSBURY.)

afternoon, I could taste the good Word of God in the anthem which began : “ My song shall be always of the lovingkindness of the Lord : with my mouth will I ever be showing forth Thy truth from one generation to another.” Yet the enemy injected

a fear, "If thou dost believe, why is there not a more sensible change?" I answered, (yet not I,) "That I know not. But this I know, I have 'now peace with God.' And I sin not to-day, and Jesus my Master has forbid me to take thought for the morrow."

18. "But is not any sort of fear," continued the tempter, "a proof that thou dost not believe?" I desired my Master to answer for me; and opened His Book upon those words of St. Paul: "Without were fightings, within were fears." Then, inferred I, well may fears be within me; but I must go on, and tread them under my feet.

Friday, 26.—My soul continued in peace, but yet in heaviness, because of manifold temptations. I asked Mr. Telchig, the Moravian, what to do. He said, "You must not fight with them, as you did before, but flee from them the moment they appear, and take shelter in the wounds of Jesus." The same I learned also from the afternoon anthem, which was: "My soul truly waiteth still upon God: for of Him cometh my salvation; He verily is my strength and my salvation, He is my defence, so that I shall not greatly fall. O put your trust in Him always, ye people; pour out your hearts before Him; for God is our hope."

Saturday, 27.—Believing one reason of my want of joy was want of time for prayer, I resolved to do no business till I went to church in the morning, but to continue pouring out my heart before Him. And this day my spirit was enlarged; so that though I was now also assaulted by many temptations, I was more than conqueror, gaining more power thereby to trust and to rejoice in God my Saviour.

Sunday, 28.—I waked in peace, but not in joy. In the same even, quiet state I was till the evening, when I was roughly attacked in a large company as an enthusiast, a seducer, and a setter-forth of new doctrines. By the blessing of God, I was not moved to anger, but after a calm and short reply went away; though not with so tender a concern as was due to those who were seeking death in the error of their life.

This day I preached in the morning at St. George's, Bloomsbury, on: "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith;" and in the afternoon at the chapel in Long-Acre, on God's justifying the ungodly;—the last time (I understand) I am to preach at either. "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt."

Monday, 29.—I set out for Dummer with Mr. Wolf, one of the firstfruits of Peter Böhler's ministry in England. I was much strengthened by the grace of God in him; yet was his state so far above mine, that I was often tempted to doubt whether we had one faith. But, without much reasoning about it, I held here: "Though his be *strong* and mine *weak*, yet that God hath given some *degree* of faith

even to me, I know by its fruits. For I have *constant peace*;—not one uneasy thought. And I have *freedom from sin*;—not one unholy desire.”

Yet on *Wednesday* did I grieve the Spirit of God, not only by not *watching unto prayer*, but likewise by speaking with sharpness instead of tender love, of one that was not sound in the faith. Immediately God hid His face, and I was troubled; and in this heaviness I continued till the next morning, *JUNE 1st*; when it pleased God, while I was exhorting another, to give comfort to my soul, and, after I had spent some time in prayer, to direct me to those gracious words: “Having therefore boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, let us draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith. Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering; (for He is faithful that promised;) and let us consider one another to provoke unto love and to good works.”

Saturday, 3.—I was so strongly assaulted by one of my old enemies, that I had scarce strength to open my lips, or even to look up for help. But after I had prayed, faintly, as I could, the temptation vanished away.

Sunday, 4.—Was indeed a feast-day. For from the time of my rising till past one in the afternoon, I was praying, reading the Scriptures, singing praise, or calling sinners to repentance. All these days I scarce remember to have opened the Testament, but upon some great and precious promise. And I saw, more than ever, that the Gospel is in truth but one great promise, from the beginning of it to the end.

Tuesday, 6.—I had still more comfort, and peace, and joy; on which, I fear, I began to presume; for in the evening I received a letter from Oxford which threw me into much perplexity. It was asserted therein, “That no doubting could consist with the least degree of true faith; that whoever at any time felt any doubt or fear, was not *weak in faith*, but had *no faith* at all; and that none hath any faith, till the law of the Spirit of life has made him *wholly* free from the law of sin and death.”

Begging of God to direct me, I opened my Testament on I Cor. iii. 1, etc., where St. Paul speaks of those whom he terms “babes in Christ,” who were “not able to bear strong meat,” nay (in a sense) “carnal;” to whom nevertheless he says: “Ye are God’s building, ye are the temple of God.” Surely then these men had *some degree* of faith; though, it is plain, their faith was but *weak*.

After some hours spent in the Scripture and prayer, I was much comforted. Yet I felt a kind of soreness in my heart, so that I found my wound was not fully healed. O God, save Thou me, and all that are “weak in the faith,” from “doubtful disputations”!

Wednesday, 7.—I determined, if God should permit, to retire for a short time into Germany. I had fully proposed, before I left Georgia, so to do, if it should please God to bring me back to Europe. And I now clearly saw the time was come. My

weak mind could not bear to be thus sawn asunder. And I hoped the conversing with those holy men who were themselves living witnesses of the full power of faith, and yet able to bear with those that are weak, would be a means, under God, of so establishing my soul, that I might go on from faith to faith, and "from strength to strength."

Thursday, 8.—I went to Salisbury to take leave of my mother. The next day I left Sarum, and on *Saturday* came to Stanton-Harcourt. Having preached faith in Christ there on *Sunday*, 11th, I went on to Oxford; and thence on *Monday* to London, where I found Mr. Ingham just setting out. We went on board the next



(ROTTERDAM.)

day, *Tuesday*, 13th, and fell down to Gravesend that night. About four in the afternoon on *Wednesday* we lost sight of England. We reached the Mease at eight on *Thursday* morning, and in an hour and a half landed at Rotterdam.

Dr. Koker, a physician of Rotterdam, was so kind, when we set forward in the afternoon, as to walk an hour with us on our way. I never before saw any such road as this. For many miles together, it is raised for some yards above the level, and paved with a small sort of brick, as smooth and clean as the Mall in St. James'. The walnut-trees stand in even rows on either side; so that no walk in a gentleman's garden is pleasanter. About seven we came to Goudart, where we were a little surprised at meeting with a treatment which is not heard of in England. Several inns utterly refused to entertain us; so that it was with difficulty we at last found

one, where they did us the favour to take our money for some meat and drink, and the use of two or three bad beds. They pressed us much in the morning to see their church, but were displeas'd at our pulling off our hats when we went in; telling us, we must not do so; it was not the custom there. It is a large old building of the Gothic kind, resembling some of our English cathedrals. There is much history-painting in the windows, which, they told us, is greatly admir'd. About eight we left Goudart, and in a little more than six hours reach'd Ysselstein.

Here we were at Baron Wattevil's as at home. We found with him a few German brethren and sisters, and seven or eight of our English acquaintance, who had settled here some time before. They lodg'd just without the town, in three or four little houses, till one should be built that would contain them all. *Saturday, 17th,*



(AMSTERDAM.)

was their Intercession-day. In the morning, some of our English brethren desired me to administer the Lord's Supper: the rest of the day we spent with all the brethren and sisters, in hearing the wonderful work which God is beginning to work over all the earth; and in making our requests known unto Him, and giving Him thanks for the mightiness of His kingdom.

At six in the morning we took boat. The beautiful gardens lie on both sides the river, for great part of the way to Amsterdam, whither we came about five in the evening. The exact neatness of all the buildings here, the nice cleanness of the streets, (which, we were inform'd, were all wash'd twice a week,) and the canals which run through all the main streets, with rows of trees on either side, make this the

pleasantest city which I have ever seen. Here we were entertained, with truly Christian hospitality, by Mr. Decknatel, a minister of the Mennonists, who suffered us to want nothing while we stayed here, which was till the *Thursday* following. Dr. Barkhausen, (a physician, a Muscovite by nation,) who had been with Mr. Decknatel for some time, showed us likewise all possible kindness. Remember them, O Lord, for good!

Monday, 19.—I was at one of the societies, which lasted an hour and a half. About sixty persons were present. I was at another of the societies on *Tuesday*, where were present about the same number.

Sunday, 25.—We hoped to reach Reinberg in the evening, but could not; being obliged to stop two hours short of it, at a little house where many good Lutherans were concluding the Lord's day (as is usual among them) with fiddling and dancing!

Monday, 26.—It was near ten at night before we came to Neus. Having but a few hours' walk from hence to Cölen, we went thither easily, and came at five the next evening into the ugliest, dirtiest city I ever yet saw with my eyes.

Wednesday, 28.—We went to the cathedral, which is mere heaps upon heaps: a huge, misshapen thing, which has no more of symmetry than of neatness belonging to it. I was a little surprised to observe, that neither in this, nor in any other of the Romish churches where I have been, is there, properly speaking, any such thing as joint worship: but one prays at one shrine or altar, and another at another, without any regard to, or communication with, one another. As we came out of the church, a procession began on the other side of the churchyard. One of our company scrupling to pull off his hat, a zealous Catholic presently cried out: "Knock down the Lutheran dog!" But we prevented any contest, by retiring into the church.

Walking on the side of the Rhine in the afternoon, I saw, to my great surprise, (for I always thought before, no Romanist of any fashion believed anything of the story,) a fresh painting, done last year at the public expense, on the outside of the city-wall, in "memory of the bringing in the heads of the three kings," says the Latin inscription, "through the gate adjoining;" which, indeed, in reverence, it seems, to them, has been stopped up ever since.

At four we took boat, when I could not but observe the decency of the Papists above us who are called Reformed. As soon as ever we were seated, (and so every morning after,) they all pulled off their hats, and each used by himself a short prayer for our prosperous journey. And this justice I must do to the very boatmen: (who upon the Rhine are generally wicked even to a proverb:) I never heard one of them take the name of God in vain, or saw any one laugh when anything of religion was mentioned. So that I believe the glory of sporting with sacred things is peculiar to the English nation!

We were four nights on the water, by reason of the swiftness of the stream, up which the boat was drawn by horses. The high mountains on each side the river, rising almost perpendicular, and yet covered with vines to the very top, gave us many agreeable prospects: a religious house, or old castle, every now and then appearing on the brow of one of them. On *Sunday*, evening, JULY 2, we came to Mentz; and *Monday*, the 3rd, at half an hour past ten, to Frankfort.

Faint and weary as we were, we could have no admittance here, having brought no passes with us; which indeed we never imagined would have been required in a time of settled general peace. After waiting an hour at the gates, we procured a messenger, whom we sent to Mr. Böhler; (Peter Böhler's father;) who immediately came, procured us entrance into the city, and entertained us in the most friendly manner. We set out early in the morning on *Tuesday*, the 4th, and about one came to Marienborn. But I was so ill, that, after talking a little with Count Zinzendorf, I was



(COUNT ZINZENDORF.)

forced to lie down the rest of the day.

The family at Marienborn consists of about ninety persons, gathered out of many nations. They live for the present in a large house hired by the Count, which is capable of receiving a far greater number; but are building one, about three English miles off, on the top of a fruitful hill. "O how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!"

Thursday, 6.—The Count carried me with him to the Count of Solmes, where I observed with pleasure the German frugality. Three of the young Countesses (though grown up) were dressed in linen; the Count and his son in plain cloth. At dinner, the next day, a glass of wine and a glass of water were set by every one, and if either were emptied, a second. They all conversed freely and unaffectedly. At ten at night we took coach again, and in the morning reached Marienborn.

I lodged with one of the brethren at Eckershausen, an English mile from Marienborn, where I usually spent the day, chiefly in conversing with those who could speak either Latin or English; not being able, for want of more practice, to

speak German readily. And here I continually met with what I sought for, viz., living proofs of the power of faith: persons saved from inward as well as outward sin, by “the love of God shed abroad in their hearts;” and from all doubt and fear, by the abiding witness of “the Holy Ghost given unto them.”

Sunday, 9.—The Count preached in the old castle at Runneberg, (about three English miles from Marienborn,) where is also a small company of those who seek the Lord Jesus in sincerity. *Wednesday, 12th,* was one of the conferences for strangers; where one of Frankfort proposing the question, “Can a man be justified, and not know it?” the Count spoke largely and scripturally upon it.

Saturday, 15.—Was the Intercession-day, when many strangers were present from different parts. I stayed till *Wednesday, 19th,* when Mr. Hauptman, Mr. Brown, and I set out together.

We dined at Offenau, where is a strange instance of moderation,—a church used every Sunday both by the Papists and the Lutherans alternately. *Thursday, 20th,* we travelled through a delightful country of hills and vales; and in the evening came to Rickhersch. The next night, (after having had the most beautiful prospect which I think I ever saw, from the top of a high hill, commanding a vast extent of various land on every side,) we, with some difficulty, and many words, procured a poor accommodation at an inn in Markful. *Saturday, 22nd,* we came through a more level open country to Saxe-Gotha in the afternoon; a neat and pleasant city, in which the Prince’s palace is indeed a fine building. In the afternoon we came to Weimar, where we had more difficulty to get through the city than is usual, even in Germany: being not only detained a considerable time at the gate, but also carried before I know not what great man (I believe the Duke) in the square; who, after many other questions, asked, what we were going so far as Hernhuth for: I answered, “To see the place where the Christians live.” He looked hard, and let us go.

Monday, 24.—We came early to Jena, which lies at the bottom of several high, steep, barren hills. The students here are distinguished from the townsmen by their swords. They do not live together in colleges, (nor indeed in any of the German Universities,) as we do in Oxford and Cambridge; but are scattered up and down the town, in lodging or boarding houses. Those of them to whom we were recommended, behaved as brethren indeed. O may brotherly kindness, and every good word and work, abound in them more and more!

At Jena, the stone pillars begin; set up by the Elector of Saxony, and marking out every quarter of a German mile, to the end of his Electorate. Every mile is a large pillar, with the names of the neighbouring towns, and their distances inscribed. It were much to be wished, that the same care were taken in England, and indeed in all countries.

Wednesday, 26.—Having a desire to see Halle, we set out thither. But we could

not be admitted into the town, when we came. The King of Prussia's tall men, who kept the gates, sent us backward and forward, from one gate to another, for near two hours. I then thought of sending in a note to Professor Francke, the son of that August Herman Francke whose name is indeed as precious ointment. O may I follow him, as he did Christ! and "by manifestation of the truth, commend myself to every man's conscience in the sight of God!"

He was not in town. However, we were at length admitted into the Orphan-House; that amazing proof, that "all things are" still "possible to him that believeth." There is now a large yearly revenue for its support, beside what is continually brought in by the printing-office, the books sold there, and the apothecary's shop, which is furnished with all sorts of medicines. The building reaches backward from the front in two wings for, I believe, a hundred and fifty yards. The lodging-chambers for the children, their dining-room, their chapel, and all the adjoining apartments, are so conveniently contrived, and so exactly clean, as I have never seen any before. Six hundred and fifty children, we were informed, are wholly maintained there; and three thousand, if I mistake not, taught. Surely, such a thing neither we nor our fathers have known, as this great thing which God hath done here!

Thursday, 27.—We at five in the evening came to the gates of Leipzig. After we had sent in our pass, and waited an hour and a half, we were suffered to go to a bad inn in the town.

Friday, 28.—We found out Mr. Merschall, and the other gentlemen of the University, to whom we were directed. They were not wanting in any good office while we stayed, and in the afternoon went with us an hour forward in our journey.

After a pleasant walk on *Saturday*, on *Sunday*, 30th, about seven in the morning, we came to Meissen. In Meissen Castle the German chinaware is made, which is full as dear as that imported from the Indies; and as finely shaped, and beautifully coloured, as any I have ever seen. After breakfast we went to church. I was greatly surprised at all I saw there: at the costliness of apparel in many, and the gaudiness of it in more; at the huge fur caps worn by the women, of the same shape with a Turkish turban; which generally had one or more ribands hanging down a great length behind. The minister's habit was adorned with gold and scarlet, and a vast cross both behind and before. Most of the congregation sat, (the men generally with their hats on, at the prayers as well as sermon,) and all of them stayed during the Holy Communion, though but very few received. Alas, alas! what a *Reformed* country is this!

At two in the afternoon we came to Dresden, the chief city of Saxony. Here also we were carried for above two hours from one magistrate or officer to another, with the usual impertinent solemnity, before we were suffered to go to our inn.

I greatly wonder that common-sense and common humanity (for these, doubtless, subsist in Germany as well as England) do not put an end to this senseless, inhuman usage of strangers, which we met with at almost every German city, though more particularly at Frankfort, Weimar, Halle, Leipzig, and Dresden. I know nothing that can reasonably be said in its defence, in a time of full peace, being a breach



(DRESDEN.)

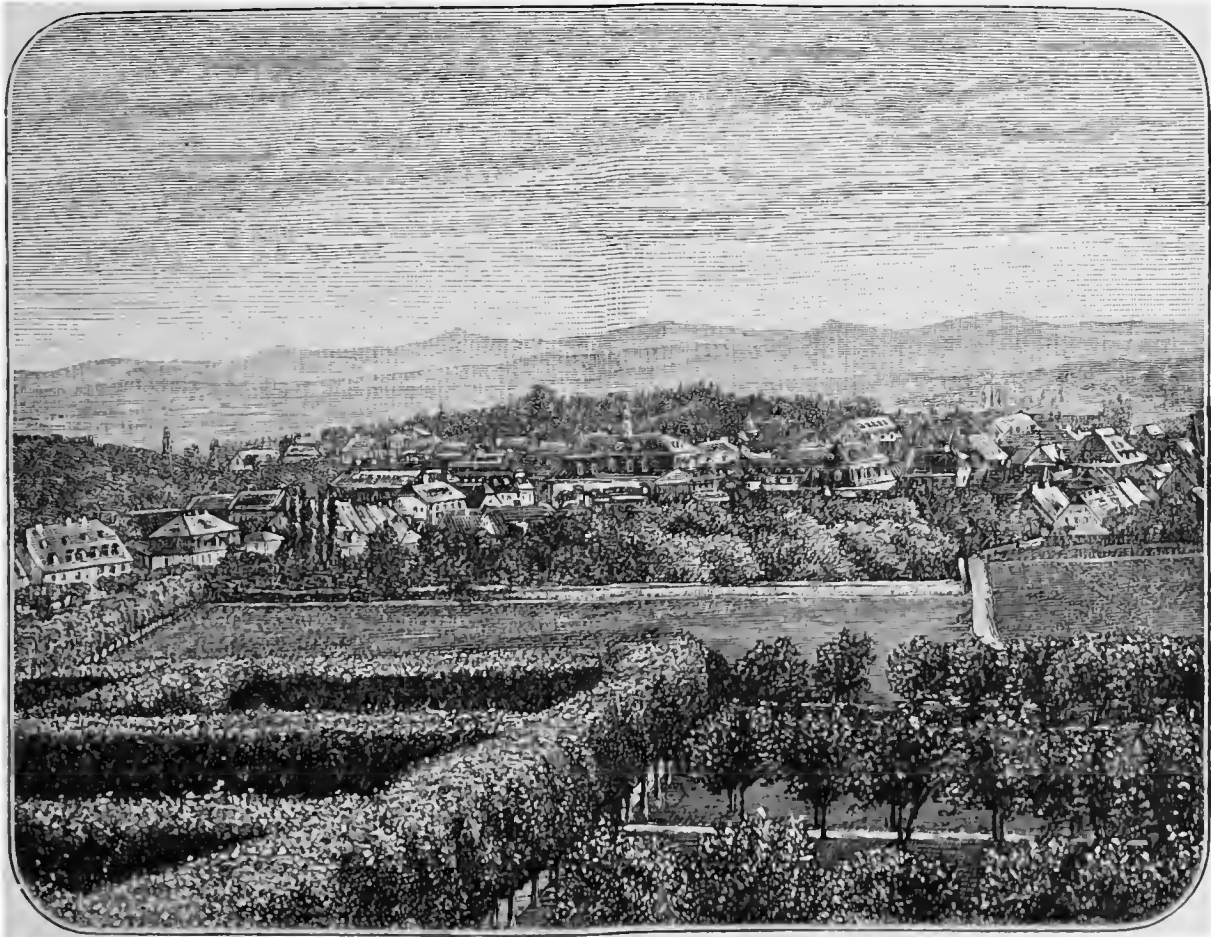
of all the common, even heathen laws of hospitality. If it be a custom, so much the worse; the more is the pity and the shame.

In the evening we saw the palace the late Elector was building when God called him away. The stone-work he had very near finished, and some of the apartments within. It is a beautiful and magnificent design; but all is now swiftly running to ruin. The new church on the outside resembles a theatre. It is eight-square, built of fine free-stone. We were desired also to take notice of the great bridge which joins the new with the old town; of the large brass crucifix upon it, generally

admired for the workmanship; and of the late King Augustus' statue on horse-back.

The next evening we came to Neustadt; but could not procure any lodging in the city. After walking half-an-hour, we came to another little town, and found a sort of an inn there: but they told us plainly, we should have no lodging with them; for they did not like our looks.

About eight we were received at a little house in another village, where God gave us sweet rest.



(HERNHUTH.)

Tuesday, AUGUST 1.—At three in the afternoon I came to Hernhuth, about thirty English miles from Dresden. It lies in Upper Lusatia, on the border of Bohemia, and contains about a hundred houses, built on a rising ground, with evergreen woods on two sides, gardens and corn-fields on the others, and high hills at a small distance. It has one long street, through which the great road from Zittau to Löbau goes. Fronting the middle of this street is the Orphan-House; in the lower part of which is the apothecary's shop; in the upper, the chapel, capable of containing six or seven hundred people. Another row of houses runs at a small distance from either end

of the Orphan-House, which accordingly divides the rest of the town (beside the long street) into two squares. At the east end of it is the Count's house: a small, plain building like the rest; having a large garden behind it, well laid out, not for show, but for the use of the community.

We had a convenient lodging assigned us in the house appointed for strangers: and I had now abundant opportunity of observing whether what I had heard was enlarged by the relators, or was neither more nor less than the naked truth.

I rejoiced to find Mr. Hermsdorf here, whom I had so often conversed with in Georgia. And there was nothing in his power which he did not do, to make our stay here useful and agreeable. About eight we went to the public service, at which they frequently use other instruments with their organ. They began, as usual, with singing. Then followed the expounding, closed by a second hymn; prayer followed this; and then a few verses of a third hymn; which concluded the service.

Wednesday, 2.—At four in the afternoon was a love-feast of the married men, taking their food with gladness and singleness of heart, and with the voice of praise and thanksgiving.

Thursday, 3, (and so every day at eleven,) I was at the Bible Conference, wherein Mr. Müller, (late master of a great school in Zittau, till he left all to follow Christ,) and several others, read together, as usual, a portion of Scripture in the original. At five was the conference for strangers, when several questions concerning justification were resolved. This evening Christian David came hither. O may God make him a messenger of glad tidings!

On *Friday* and *Saturday*, (and so every day in the following week,) I had much conversation with the most experienced of the brethren, concerning the great work which God had wrought in their souls, purifying them by faith; and with Martin Döber, and the other teachers and elders of the Church, concerning the discipline used therein.

Sunday, 6.—We went to church at Bertholdsdorf, a Lutheran village about an English mile from Hernhuth. Two large candles stood lighted upon the altar: the Last Supper was painted behind it; the pulpit was placed over it; and over that, a brass image of Christ on the Cross.

The minister had on a sort of pudding-sleeve gown, which covered him all round. At nine began a long voluntary on the organ, closed with a hymn, which was sung by all the people sitting; in which posture, as is the German custom, they sung all that followed. Then the minister walked up to the altar, bowed, sung these Latin words, "*Gloria in excelsis Deo;*" bowed again, and went away. This was followed by another hymn, sung, as before, to the organ, by all the people. Then the minister went to the altar again, bowed, sung a prayer, read the Epistle, and went away. After a third hymn was sung, he went a third time to the altar, sung a versicle,

(to which all the people sung a response,) read the third chapter to the Romans, and went away. The people having then sung the Creed in rhyme, he came and read the Gospel, all standing. Another hymn followed, which being ended, the minister in the pulpit used a long extemporary prayer, and afterwards preached an hour and a quarter on a verse of the Gospel. Then he read a long intercession and general thanksgiving, which before twelve concluded the service.

After the evening service at Hernhuth was ended, all the unmarried men (as is their custom) walked quite round the town, singing praise with instruments of music; and then on a small hill, at a little distance from it, casting themselves into a ring, joined in prayer. Thence they returned into the great square, and a little after eleven, commended each other to God.

Tuesday, 8.—A child was buried. The burying-ground (called by them *Gottes Acker*, that is, "God's ground") lies a few hundred yards out of the town, under the side of a little wood. There are distinct squares in it for married men and unmarried; for married and unmarried women; for male and female children; and for widows. The corpse was carried from the chapel, the children walking first; next the orphan-father, (so they call him who has the chief care of the Orphan-House,) with the minister of Bertholdsdorf; then four children bearing the corpse; and after them, Martin Döber and the father of the child. Then followed the men; and last of all, the women and girls. They all sung as they went. Being come into the square where the male children are buried, the men stood on two sides of it, the boys on the third, and the women and girls on the fourth. There they sung again: after which the minister used (I think read) a short prayer, and concluded with that blessing, "Unto God's gracious mercy and protection I commit you"

Seeing the father (a plain man, a tailor by trade) looking at the grave, I asked, "How do you find yourself?" He said, "Praised be the Lord, never better. He has taken the soul of my child to Himself. I have seen, according to my desire, his body committed to holy ground. And I know that when it is raised again, both he and I shall be ever with the Lord."

Several evenings this week I was with one or other of the private bands. On *Wednesday* and *Thursday* I had an opportunity of talking with Michael Linner, the eldest of the Church, and largely with Christian David, who, under God, was the first planter of it.

Four times also I enjoyed the blessing of hearing him preach during the few days I spent here; and every time he chose the very subject which I should have desired, had I spoken to him before. Thrice he described the state of those who are "weak in faith," who are justified, but have not yet a new, clean heart; who have received forgiveness through the blood of Christ, but have not received the constant indwelling of the Holy Ghost. This state he explained once from: "Blessed are the

poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven;” when he showed at large, from various Scriptures, that many are children of God and heirs of the promises, long before their hearts are softened by holy “mourning;” before they are comforted by the abiding witness of the Spirit, melting their souls into all gentleness and “meekness;” and much more, before they are renewed in all that “righteousness” which they “hungered and thirsted after;” before they are “pure in heart,” from all self-will and sin; and “merciful,” as their “Father which is in heaven is merciful.”

A second time he pointed out this state from those words: “Who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I thank God, Jesus Christ our Lord. There is therefore no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus.” Hence also, he, at large, both proved the existence, and showed the nature, of that intermediate state, which most experience between that bondage which is described in the seventh chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, and the full, glorious liberty of the children of God, described in the eighth, and in many other parts of Scripture.

This he yet again explained from the Scriptures which describe the state the Apostles were in, from our Lord’s death (and indeed for some time before) till the descent of the Holy Ghost at the day of Pentecost. They were then “clean,” as Christ Himself had borne them witness, “by the word which He had spoken unto them.” They then had faith; otherwise, He could not have prayed for them, that their “faith” might not “fail.” Yet they had not, in the full sense, “new hearts;” neither had they received “the gift of the Holy Ghost.”

The fourth sermon which he preached, concerning the ground of faith, made such an impression upon me, that, when I went home, I could not but write down the substance of it, which was as follows:—

“The word of reconciliation which the Apostles preached, as the foundation of all they taught, was, that we are reconciled to God, not by our own works, nor by our own righteousness, but wholly and solely by the blood of Christ.

“But you will say, ‘Must I not grieve and mourn for my sins? Must I not humble myself before God? Is not this just and right? And must I not first do this, before I can expect God to be reconciled to me?’ I answer, It is just and right. You must be humbled before God. You must have a broken and contrite heart. But then observe, this is not your own work. Do you grieve that you are a sinner? This is the work of the Holy Ghost. Are you contrite? Are you humbled before God? Do you indeed mourn, and is your heart broken within you? All this worketh the self-same Spirit.

“Observe again, this is not the foundation. It is not this by which you are justified. This is not the righteousness, this is no part of the righteousness, by which you are reconciled unto God. You grieve for your sins. You are deeply humble.

Your heart is broken. Well; but all this is nothing to your justification. The remission of your sins is not owing to this cause, either in whole or in part. Your humiliation and contrition have no influence on that. Nay, observe farther, that it may hinder your justification; that is, if you build anything upon it; if you think, 'I must be *so or so* contrite, I must grieve more, before I can be justified.' Understand this well. To think you must be more contrite, more humble, more grieved, more sensible of the weight of sin, before you can be justified, is to lay your contrition, your grief, your humiliation, for the foundation of your being justified; at least, for a part of the foundation. Therefore it hinders your justification; and a hindrance it is which must be removed before you can lay the right foundation. The right foundation is, not *your* contrition, (though that is not *your own*,) not *your* righteousness; nothing of *your own*; nothing that is wrought *in you* by the Holy Ghost; but it is something *without you*, viz., the righteousness and the blood of Christ.

"For this is the word: 'To him that believeth on God that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness.' See ye not, that the foundation is nothing in us? Works, righteousness, contrition? No; ungodliness only. This then do, if you will lay a right foundation. Go straight to Christ with all your ungodliness. Tell Him, 'Thou, whose eyes are as a flame of fire searching my heart, seest that I am ungodly. I plead nothing else. I do not say, I am humble or contrite; but I am ungodly. Therefore bring me to Him that justifieth the ungodly. Let Thy blood be the propitiation for me. For there is nothing in me but ungodliness.'

"Here is a mystery. Here the wise men of the world are lost, are taken in their own craftiness. This the learned of the world cannot comprehend. It is foolishness unto them: sin is the only thing which divides men from God. Sin (let him that heareth understand) is the only thing which unites them to God; that is, the only thing which moves the Lamb of God to have compassion upon, and, by His blood, to give them access to the Father.

"This is the 'word of reconciliation' which we preach. This is the foundation which never can be moved. By faith we are built upon this foundation; and this faith also is the gift of God. It is His free gift, which He now and ever giveth to every one that is willing to receive it. And when they have received this gift of God, then their hearts will melt for sorrow that they have offended Him. But this gift of God lives in the heart, not in the head. The faith of the head, learned from men or books, is nothing worth. It brings neither remission of sins, nor peace with God. Labour then to believe with your whole heart. So shall you have redemption through the blood of Christ. So shall you be cleansed from all sin. So shall ye go on from strength to strength, being renewed day by day in righteousness and all true holiness."

Saturday, 12.—Was the Intercession-day, when many strangers were present, some of whom came twenty or thirty miles. I would gladly have spent my life here; but my Master calling me to labour in another part of His vineyard, on *Monday, 14,* I was constrained to take my leave of this happy place; Martin Döber, and a few others of the brethren, walking with us about an hour. O when shall THIS Christianity cover the earth, as the “waters cover the sea?”

To hear in what manner God “out of darkness commanded this light to shine,” must be agreeable to all those in every nation, who can testify from their own experience: “The gracious Lord hath so done His marvellous acts, that they ought to be had in remembrance.”

It was on August 10th, (old style,) that I had an opportunity of spending some hours with CHRISTIAN DAVID. He is a carpenter by trade, more than middle-aged, though I believe not fifty yet. Most of his words I understood well: if at any time I did not, one of the brethren who went with me, explained them in Latin. The substance of what he spoke I immediately after wrote down; which was as follows:—

“When I was young, I was much troubled at hearing some affirm that the Pope was antichrist. I read the Lutheran books writ against the Papists, and the Popish books writ against the Lutherans. I easily saw that the Papists were in the wrong; but not that the Lutherans were in the right. I could not understand what they meant by being justified by faith, by faith alone, by faith without works. Neither did I like their talking so much of Christ. Then I began to think, How can Christ be the Son of God? But the more I reasoned with myself upon it, the more confused I was, till at last I loathed the very name of Christ. I could not bear to mention it. I hated the sound of it; and would never willingly have either read or heard it. In this temper I left Moravia, and wandered through many countries, seeking rest, but finding none.

“In these wanderings I fell among some Jews. Their objections against the New Testament threw me into fresh doubts. At last I set myself to read over the Old Testament, and see if the prophecies therein contained were fulfilled. I was soon convinced they were. And thus much I gained,—a fixed belief that Jesus was the Christ.

“But soon after this a new doubt arose, Are the New-Testament prophecies fulfilled? This I next set myself to examine. I read them carefully over, and could not but see every event answered the prediction; so that the more I compared the one with the other, the more fully I was convinced that ‘all Scripture was given by inspiration of God.’

“Yet still my soul was not in peace; nor indeed did I expect it, till I should have openly renounced the errors of Popery; which accordingly I did at Berlin. I

now also led a very strict life. I read much, and prayed much. I did all I could to conquer sin; yet it profited not: I was still conquered by it. Neither found I any more rest among the Lutherans, than I did before among the Papists.

“At length, not knowing what to do, I listed myself a soldier. Now I thought I should have more time to pray and read, having with me a New Testament and a hymn-book. But in one day both my books were stole. This almost broke my heart. Finding also in this way of life all the inconveniences which I thought to avoid by it, after six months I returned to my trade, and followed it two years. Removing then to Görlitz, in Saxony, I fell into a dangerous illness. I could not stir hand or foot for twenty weeks. Pastor Sleder came to me every day. And from him it was that the Gospel of Christ came first with power to my soul.

“Here I found the peace I had long sought in vain; for I was assured *my* sins were forgiven. Not indeed all at once, but by degrees; not in one moment, nor in one hour. For I could not immediately believe that I was forgiven, because of the mistake I was then in concerning forgiveness. I saw not then, that the first promise to the children of God is: ‘Sin shall no more reign over you;’ but thought I was to feel it in me no more from the time it was forgiven. Therefore, although I had the mastery over it, yet I often feared it was not forgiven, because it still stirred in me, and at some times thrust sore at me that I might fall: because, though it did not reign, it did remain in me; and I was continually tempted, though not overcome. This, at that time, threw me into many doubts; not understanding that the devil tempts, properly speaking, only those whom he perceives to be escaping from him. He need not tempt his own; for they ‘lie in the wicked one,’ (as St. John observes,) and do his will with greediness. But those whom Christ is setting free, he tempts day and night, to see if he can recover them to his kingdom. Neither saw I then, that the being justified is widely different from the having the full assurance of faith. The difference between these fruits of the Spirit was as yet hid from me; so that I was hardly and slowly convinced I had the one, because I had not the other.

“When I was recovered from my illness, I resolved to return into Moravia, and preach Christ to my relations there. Thence I came back to Görlitz, where I continued five years; and there was a great awakening both in the town and country round about. In this space I made two more journeys into Moravia, where more and more came to hear me, many of whom promised to come to me, wherever I was, when a door should be opened for them.”

Saturday, 12 (New Style).—We came to Neu-Kirche. Mr. Mancetius, the minister of a neighbouring town, told us that the Lutherans, as well as the Paptists, were irreconcilable enemies to the brethren of Hernhuth; that the generality of the Lutheran clergy were as bitter against them as the Jesuits themselves; that none of his neighbours

durst go thither, (unless by stealth,) being sure of suffering for it, if discovered ; that to prevent any of Hernhuth from coming to them, the Elector had forbid, under a severe penalty, any number of persons, exceeding three, to meet together on a religious account : and that he himself, for having a little society in his own parish, had been summoned to appear before the Consistory at Dresden.

In the evening we came to Dresden. But the officer at the gate would not suffer us to come in ; so that we were obliged to go on to the next village : which leaving early in the morning, on *Thursday* in the afternoon we came to Leipzig.

We were now kept only an hour at the gate, and then conducted to Mr. Arnold's, who had invited us when we were in the town before, to make his house our home. A few we found here, too, who desire to "know nothing but Jesus Christ and Him crucified." And from them we had letters to Halle, whither we came on *Friday*, 18th. But the King of Prussia's tall men (who kept the gates) would not suffer Mr. Brown to come in. Me they admitted, (in honour of my profession,) after I had waited about two hours : and one of them went with me to the Prince of Hesse, who, after a few questions, gave me leave to lodge in the city. Thence he showed me to Mr. Gotschalck's lodgings, to whom I had letters from Leipzig. He read them, and said, "My brother, what you find here, you will use as your own. And if you want anything else, tell us, and you shall have it."

I told them, my companion was without the gate. They soon procured admittance for him. And we were indeed as at home ; for I have hardly seen such little children as these, even at Hernhuth.

Saturday, 19.—I waited on Professor Francke, who behaved with the utmost humanity ; and afterwards on Professor Knappe, to whom also I am indebted for his open, friendly behaviour. Between ten and eleven, seven of the brethren set out with us, one of whom went with us two days' journey. It was the dusk of the evening on *Sunday*, 20th, when, wet and weary, we reached Jena.

Monday, 21.—In the afternoon we left Jena, several of the brethren accompanying us out of town.

Wednesday, 30.—We came to Mentz.

Thursday, 31.—We spent half-an-hour in the great church,—a huge heap of irregular building ; full of altars, adorned (or loaded rather) with abundance of gold and silver. In going out, we observed a paper on the door, which was of so extraordinary a nature, that I thought it would not be labour lost to transcribe it. The words were as follows :—

" A FULL RELEASE FOR THE POOR SOULS IN PURGATORY.

" His Papal Holiness, Clement the XIIth, hath this year, 1738, on the 7th of August, most graciously privileged the cathedral church of St. Christopher, in Mentz ;

so that every priest, as well secular as regular, who will read mass at an altar for the soul of a Christian departed, on any holiday, or on any day within the octave thereof, or on two extraordinary days, to be appointed by the Ordinary, of any week in the year, may each time deliver a soul out of the fire of purgatory."

Now I desire to know, whether any Romanist of common-sense can either defend or approve of this?

At eight we took boat; and on *Saturday*, SEPTEMBER 2nd, reached a village, an hour short of Neus. Here we overtook a large number of Switzers,—men, women, and children, singing, dancing, and making merry, being all going to *make their fortunes in Georgia*. Looking upon them as delivered into my hands by God, I plainly told them what manner of place it was. If they now leap into the fire with open eyes, their blood is on their own head.

Friday, 8.—We stepped into the Jews' synagogue, Rotterdam. I do not wonder that so many Jews (especially those who have any reflection) utterly abjure all religion. My spirit was moved within me at that horrid, senseless pageantry, that mockery of God, which they called public worship. Lord, do not Thou yet "cast off Thy people!"

The ship lingering still, I had time to exhort several English, whom we met with at our inn, to pursue inward religion; the renewal of their souls in righteousness and true holiness. Between nine and ten we went on board. In the afternoon I read prayers, and preached in the great cabin. The wind being contrary, we did not get out of the river till *Wednesday*; nor to London till *Saturday* night.

Sunday, 17.—I began again to declare in my own country the glad tidings of salvation, preaching three times, and afterwards expounding the holy Scripture to a large company in the Minories. On *Monday* I rejoiced to meet with our little society, which now consisted of thirty-two persons.

The next day I went to the condemned felons, in Newgate, and offered them free salvation. In the evening I went to a society in Bear-yard, and preached repentance and remission of sins. The next evening I spoke the truth in love at a society in Aldersgate-street: some contradicted at first, but not long; so that nothing but love appeared at our parting.

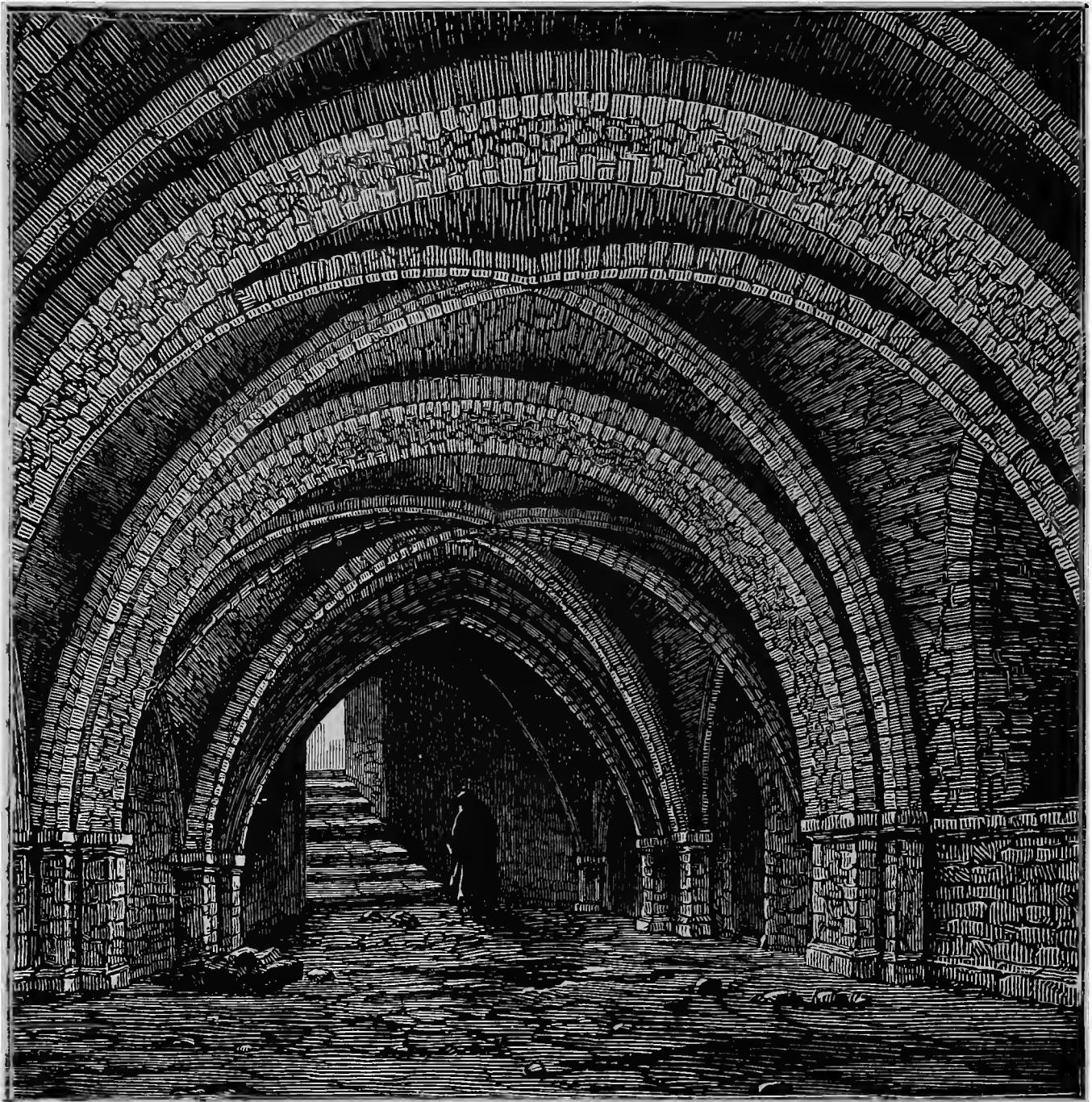
Thursday, 21.—I went to a society in Gutter-lane; but I could not declare the mighty works of God there; as I did afterwards at the Savoy in all simplicity. And the word did not return empty.

Finding abundance of people greatly exasperated by gross misrepresentations of the words I had spoken, I went to as many of them in private as my time would permit. God gave me much love towards them all. Some were convinced they had been mistaken.

On *Saturday*, 23, I was enabled to speak strong words both at Newgate and at

Mr. E.'s society; and the next day at St. Anne's, and twice at St. John's, Clerkenwell; so that I fear they will bear me there no longer.

Tuesday, 26.—I declared the Gospel of peace to a small company at Windsor.



(CRYPT OF ST. JOHN'S, CLERKENWELL.)

On *Sunday, OCTOBER 8th*, I preached at the Savoy chapel, (I suppose the last time,) on the parable (or history rather) of the Pharisee and Publican praying in the temple. On *Monday, 9th*, I set out for Oxford. In walking I read the truly surprising narrative of the conversions lately wrought in and about the town of Northampton, in

New England. Surely "this is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

Sunday, 15.—I preached twice at the castle, and afterwards expounded at three societies. *Wednesday* evening I came to London again; and on *Friday* met a society (of soldiers chiefly) at Westminster.

Friday, NOVEMBER 3.—I preached at St. Antholin's; *Sunday*, 5th, in the morning, at St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate; in the afternoon, at Islington; and in the evening, to such a congregation as I never saw before, at St. Clement's, in the Strand. As this was the first time of my preaching here, I suppose it is to be the last.

On *Wednesday*, my brother and I went, at their earnest desire, to do the last good office to the condemned malefactors. It was the most glorious instance I ever saw of faith triumphing over sin and death. One observing the tears run fast down the cheeks of one of them in particular, while his eyes were steadily fixed upwards, a few moments before he died, asked, "How do you feel your heart now?" He calmly replied, "I feel a peace which I could not have believed to be possible. And I know it is the peace of God, which passeth all understanding."

My brother took that occasion of declaring the Gospel of peace to a large assembly of publicans and sinners. O Lord God of my fathers, accept even me among them!

In the evening I proclaimed mercy to my fellow-sinners at Basingshaw church; and the next morning, at St. Antholin's. *Friday*, 10th, I set out, and *Saturday*, 11th, spent the evening with a little company at Oxford. I was grieved to find prudence had made them leave off singing psalms. I fear it will not stop here. God deliver me, and all that seek Him in sincerity, from what the world calls Christian prudence!

Sunday, 12.—I preached twice at the castle. In the following week, I began more narrowly to inquire what the doctrine of the Church of England is, concerning the much controverted point of Justification by Faith; and the sum of what I found in the Homilies, I extracted and printed for the use of others.

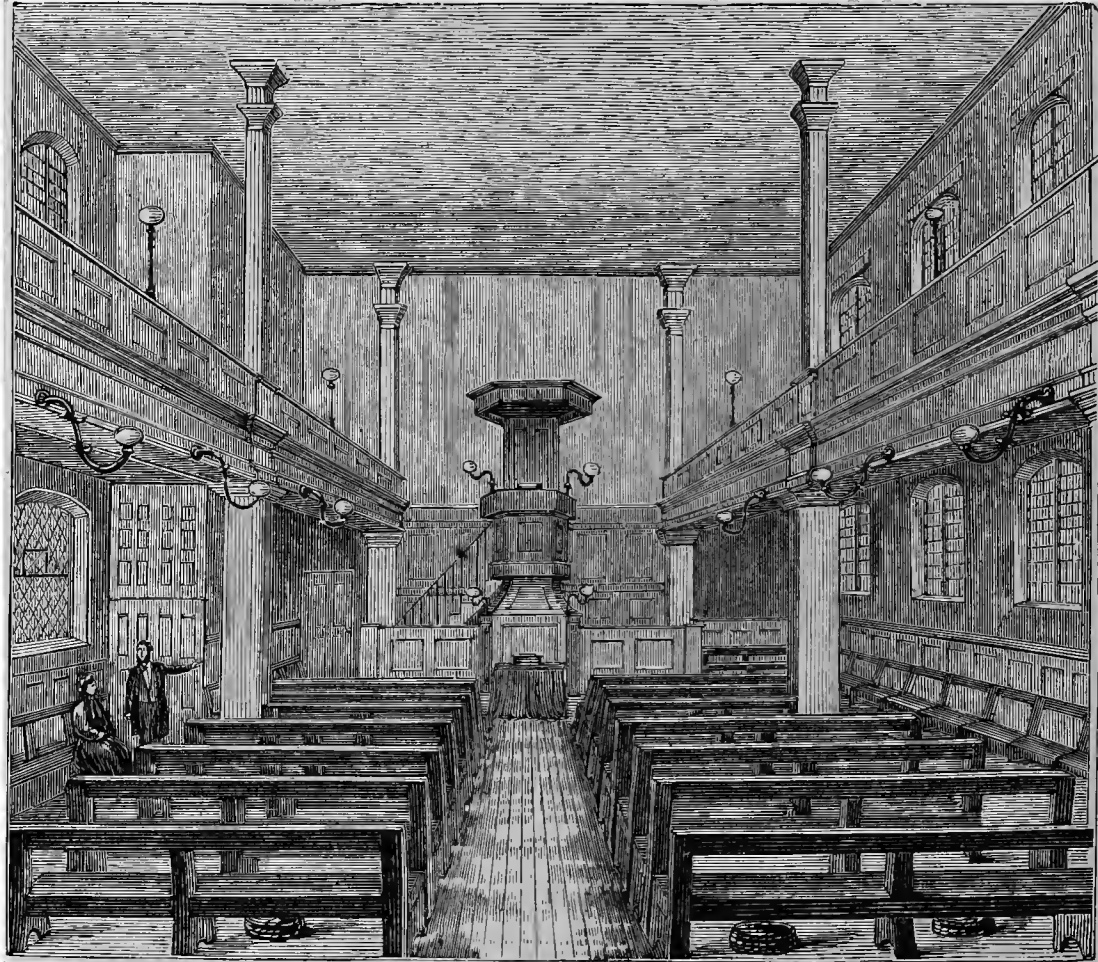
Sunday, 19.—I only preached in the afternoon, at the castle. On *Monday* night I was greatly troubled in dreams; and about eleven o'clock, waked in an unaccountable consternation, without being able to sleep again. About that time, (as I found in the morning,) one who had been designed to be my pupil, but was not, came into the porter's lodge, (where several persons were sitting,) with a pistol in his hand. He presented this, as in sport, first at one, and then at another. He then attempted twice or thrice to shoot himself; but it would not go off. Upon his laying it down, one took it up, and blew out the priming. He was very angry, went and got fresh prime, came in again, sat down, beat the flint with his key, and about twelve, pulling off his hat and wig, said he would die like a gentleman, and shot himself through the head.

Sunday, DECEMBER 3.—I began reading prayers at Bocardo, (the city prison,) which had been long discontinued.

Tuesday, 5.—I began reading prayers, and preaching, in Gloucester-green work-house; and on *Thursday*, in that belonging to St. Thomas' parish. On both days I preached at the castle.

Monday, 11.—Hearing Mr. Whitefield was arrived from Georgia, I hastened to London; and on *Tuesday, 12th*, God gave us once more to take sweet counsel together.

Wednesday, 27.—I preached at Basingshaw church; *Sunday, 31st*, to many



(INTERIOR OF FETTER-LANE CHAPEL.)

thousands, in St. George's, Spitalfields. And to a yet more crowded congregation at Whitechapel, in the afternoon, I declared those glad tidings: (O that they would know the things which make for their peace!) "I will heal their backsliding: I will love them freely."

Monday, JANUARY 1, 1739.—Mr. Hall, Kinchin, Ingham, Whitefield, Hutchins, and my brother Charles, were present at our love-feast in Fetter-lane, with about sixty of our brethren. About three in the morning, as we were continuing instant in prayer, the power of God came mightily upon us, insomuch that many cried out

for exceeding joy, and many fell to the ground. As soon as we were recovered a little from that awe and amazement at the presence of His Majesty, we broke out with one voice: "We praise Thee, O God; we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord!"

Sunday, 21.—We were surprised in the evening, while I was expounding in the Minories. A well-dressed, middle-aged woman suddenly cried out as in the agonies of death. She continued so to do for some time, with all the signs of the sharpest anguish of spirit. When she was a little recovered, I desired her to call upon me the next day. She then told me, that about three years before, she was under strong convictions of sin, and in such terror of mind, that she had no comfort in anything, nor any rest, day or night; that she sent for the minister of her parish, and told him the distress she was in; upon which he told her husband, she was stark mad, and advised him to send for a physician immediately. A physician was sent for accordingly, who ordered her to be blooded, blistered, and so on. But this did not heal her wounded spirit. So that she continued much as she was before: till the last night, He whose Word she at first found to be "sharper than any two-edged sword," gave her a faint hope, that He would undertake her cause, and heal the soul which had sinned against Him.

Thursday, 25.—I baptized John Smith (late an Anabaptist) and four other adults at Islington. Of the adults I have known baptized lately, one only was at that time born again, in the full sense of the word; that is, found a thorough inward change, by the love of God filling her heart. Most of them were only born again in a lower sense; that is, received the remission of their sins. And some (as it has since too plainly appeared) neither in one sense nor the other.

Sunday, 28.—I went, (having been long importuned thereto,) about five in the evening, with four or five of my friends, to a house where was one of those commonly called French prophets. After a time, she came in. She seemed about four or five-and-twenty, of an agreeable speech and behaviour. She asked why we came. I said: "To try the spirits, whether they be of God." Presently after she leaned back in her chair, and seemed to have strong workings in her breast, with deep sighings intermixed. Her head and hands, and, by turns, every part of her body, seemed also to be in a kind of convulsive motion. This continued about ten minutes, till, at six, she began to speak (though the workings, sighings, and contortions of her body were so intermixed with her words, that she seldom spoke half a sentence together) with a clear, strong voice, "Father, Thy will, Thy will be done. Thus saith the Lord, If of any of you that is a father, his child ask bread, will he give him a stone? If he ask a fish, will he give him a scorpion? Ask bread of Me, My children, and I will give you bread. I will not, will not give you a scorpion. By this judge of what ye shall now hear."

She spoke much (all as in the person of God, and mostly in Scripture words) of

the fulfilling of the prophecies, the coming of Christ now at hand, and the spreading of the Gospel over all the earth. Then she exhorted us not to be in haste in judging her spirit, to be or not to be of God ; but to wait upon God, and He would teach us, if we conferred not with flesh and blood. She added, with many enforcements, that we must watch and pray, and take up our cross, and be still before God.

Two or three of our company were much affected, and believed she spoke by the



(OUT-DOOR PREACHING.)

Spirit of God. But this was in no wise clear to me. The motion might be either hysterical or artificial. And the same words, any person of a good understanding and well-versed in the Scriptures might have spoken. But I let the matter alone ; knowing this, that “If it be not of God, it will come to nought.”

Sunday, FEBRUARY 4.—I preached at St. Giles', on : “Whosoever believeth on Me, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water.” How was the power of God present with us ! I am content to preach here no more.

Sunday, 25.—I preached in the morning to a numerous congregation, at St. Katherine's, near the Tower; at Islington in the afternoon. Many here were, as usual, deeply offended. But the counsel of the Lord, it shall stand.

Friday, MARCH 2.—It was the advice of all our brethren that I should spend a few days at Oxford; whither I accordingly went on *Saturday, 3rd.*

One of the most surprising instances of God's power which I ever remember to have seen, was on the Tuesday following, when I visited one who was above measure enraged at this *new way*, and zealous in opposing it. Finding argument to be of no other effect, than to inflame her more and more, I broke off the dispute, and desired we might join in prayer; which she so far consented to as to kneel down. In a few minutes she fell into an extreme agony, both of body and soul; and soon after cried out with the utmost earnestness, "Now I know I am forgiven for Christ's sake." Many other words she uttered to the same effect, witnessing a hope full of immortality. And from that hour, God hath set her face as a flint to declare the faith which before she persecuted.

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

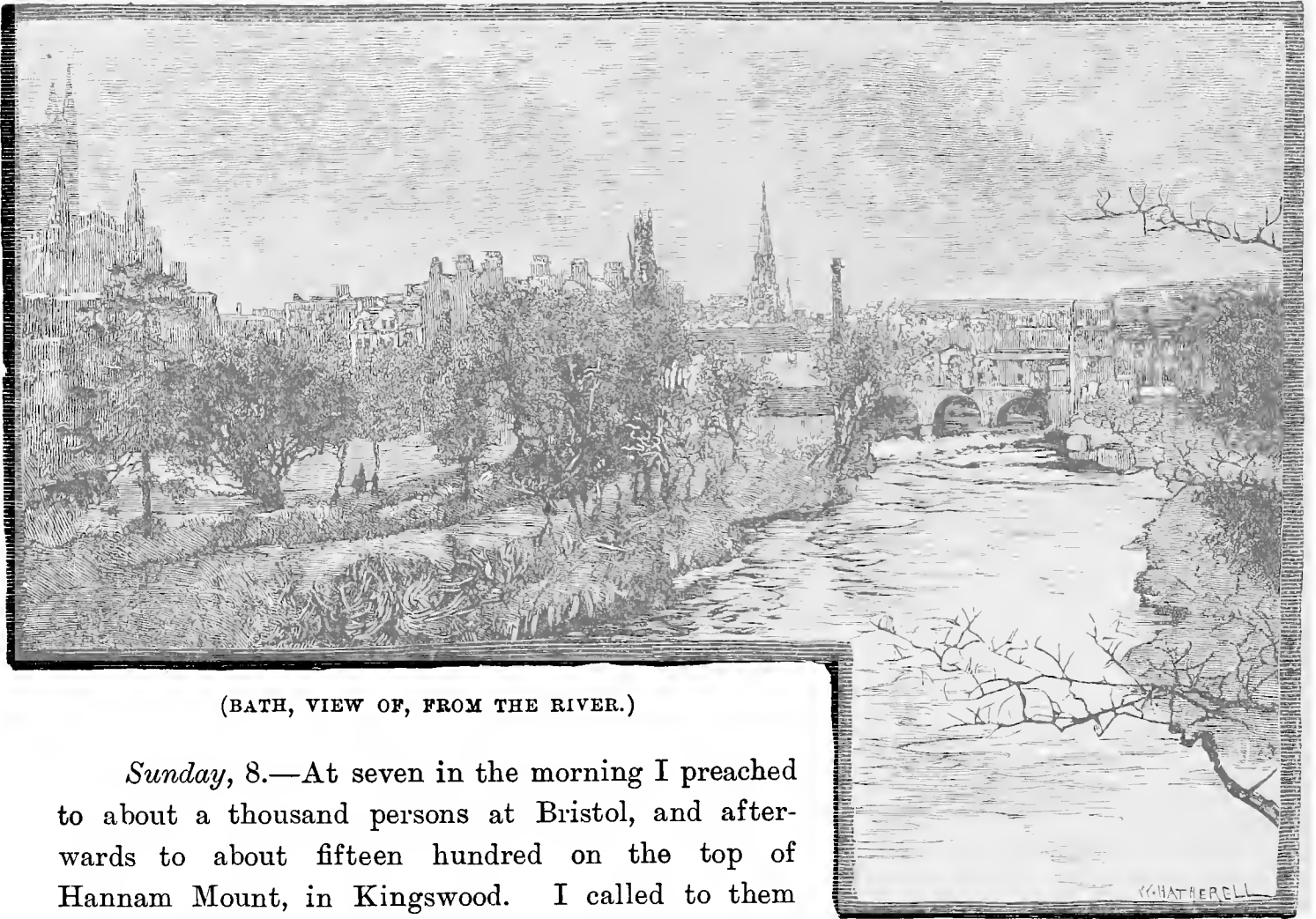
Sunday, APRIL 1.—In the evening (Mr. Whitefield being gone) I begun expounding our Lord's Sermon on the Mount, (one pretty remarkable precedent of field-preaching, though I suppose there were churches at that time also,) to a little society which was accustomed to meet once or twice in a week in Nicholas-street.

Monday, 2.—At four in the afternoon, I submitted to be more vile, and proclaimed in the highways the glad tidings of salvation, speaking from a little eminence in a ground adjoining to the city, to about three thousand people. The Scripture on which I spoke was this, (is it possible any one should be ignorant, that it is fulfilled in every true minister of Christ?) "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor; He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

At seven I began expounding the Acts of the Apostles, to a society meeting in Baldwin-street; and the next day the Gospel of St. John in the chapel at Newgate; where I also daily read the Morning Service of the Church.

Wednesday, 4.—At Baptist-Mills, (a sort of a suburb or village about half-a-mile from Bristol,) I offered the grace of God to about fifteen hundred persons from these words: "I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely."

In the evening three women agreed to meet together weekly, with the same intention as those at London, viz.: "To confess their faults one to another, and pray one for another, that they may be healed." At eight, four young men agreed to meet, in pursuance of the same design. How dare any man deny this to be (as to the substance of it) a means of grace, ordained by God? Unless he will affirm (with Luther in the fury of his Solifidianism) that St. James' Epistle is an epistle of straw.



(BATH, VIEW OF, FROM THE RIVER.)

Sunday, 8.—At seven in the morning I preached to about a thousand persons at Bristol, and afterwards to about fifteen hundred on the top of Hannam Mount, in Kingswood. I called to them in the words of the evangelical prophet: "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; come and buy wine and milk, without money, and without price." About five thousand were in the afternoon at Rose-green (on the other side of Kingswood); among whom I stood and cried, in the name of the Lord: "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink. He that believeth on Me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water."

Tuesday, 10.—I was desired to go to Bath; where I offered to about a thousand souls the free grace of God to "heal their backsliding;" and in the

morning to (I believe) more than two thousand. I preached to about the same number at Baptist-Mills in the afternoon, on: "Christ, made of God unto us, wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption."

Monday, 23.—On a repeated invitation, I went to Pensford, about five miles from Bristol. I sent to the minister, to ask leave to preach in the church; but having waited some time and received no answer, I called on many of the people who were gathered together in an open place: "If any man thirst let him come unto Me and drink." At four in the afternoon there were above three thousand, in a convenient place near Bristol; to whom I declared: "The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live."

I preached at Bath to about a thousand on *Tuesday* morning; and at four in the afternoon to the poor colliers, at a place about the middle of Kingswood, called Two-mile-hill.

Thursday, 26.—While I was preaching at Newgate, on these words: "He that believeth hath everlasting life," I was insensibly led, without any previous design, to declare strongly and explicitly, that God willeth "all men to be" thus "saved;" and to pray, that, "if this were not the truth of God, He would not suffer the blind to go out of the way; but if it were, He would bear witness to His word." Immediately one, and another, and another sunk to the earth: they dropped on every side as thunderstruck. One of them cried aloud. We besought God in her behalf, and He turned her heaviness into joy. A second being in the same agony, we called upon God for her also; and He spoke peace unto her soul. In the evening I was again pressed in spirit to declare, that "Christ gave Himself a ransom for all." And almost before we called upon Him to set to His seal, He answered. One was so wounded by the sword of the Spirit, that you would have imagined she could not live a moment. But immediately His abundant kindness was showed, and she loudly sang of His righteousness.

Friday, 27.—All Newgate rang with the cries of those whom the Word of God cut to the heart: two of whom were in a moment filled with joy, to the astonishment of those that beheld them.

Sunday, 29.—I went to Clifton, a mile from Bristol, at the minister's desire, who was dangerously ill; and thence returned to a little plain, near Hannam-Mount, where about three thousand were present. After dinner I went to Clifton again. The church was quite full at the prayers and sermon, as was the churchyard at the burial which followed. From Clifton we went to Rose-green, where were, by computation, near seven thousand; and thence to Gloucester-lane society. After which was our first love-feast in Baldwin-street. O how has God renewed my strength! who used ten years ago to be so faint and weary with preaching *twice* in one day!

Monday, 30.—We understood that many were offended at the cries of those on whom the power of God came: among whom was a physician, who was much afraid, there might be fraud or imposture in the case. To-day one whom he had known many years was the first (while I was preaching in Newgate) who broke out “into strong cries and tears.” He could hardly believe his own eyes and ears.



Engraved by J. M. G. S. S.

(HANNAM-MOUNT.)

He went and stood close to her, and observed every symptom, till great drops of sweat ran down her face, and all her bones shook. He then knew not what to think, being clearly convinced it was not fraud, nor yet any natural disorder. But when both her soul and body were healed in a moment, he acknowledged the finger of God.

Tuesday, MAY 1.—Many were offended again, and, indeed, much more than before.

For at Baldwin-street my voice could scarce be heard amidst the groanings of some, and the cries of others, calling aloud to Him that is "mighty to save." I desired all that were sincere of heart to beseech with me the Prince exalted for us, that He would "proclaim deliverance to the captives." And He soon showed that He heard our voice. Many of those who had been long in darkness saw the dawn of a great light; and ten persons, I afterwards found, then began to say in faith: "My Lord, and my God!"

A Quaker, who stood by, was not a little displeas'd at the dissimulation of those creatures, and was biting his lips and knitting his brows, when he dropped down as thunderstruck. The agony he was in was even terrible to behold. We besought God not to lay folly to his charge. And he soon lifted up his head, and cried aloud: "Now I know thou art a prophet of the Lord."

Wednesday, 2.—I did not mention one J——n H——n, a weaver, who was at Baldwin-street the night before. He was (I understood) a man of a regular life and conversation, one that constantly attended the public prayers and Sacrament, and was zealous for the Church, and against Dissenters of every denomination. Being informed that people fell into strange fits at the societies, he came to see and judge for himself. But he was less satisfied than before; insomuch that he went about to his acquaintance, one after another, till one in the morning, and laboured above measure to convince them it was a delusion of the devil. We were going home, when one met us in the street, and informed us that J——n H——n was fallen raving mad. It seems he had sat down to dinner, but had a mind first to end a sermon he had borrowed on "Salvation by Faith." In reading the last page, he changed colour, fell off his chair, and began screaming terribly, and beating himself against the ground. The neighbours were alarmed, and flocked together to the house. Between one and two I came in, and found him on the floor, the room being full of people whom his wife would have kept without; but he cried aloud, "No; let them all come, let all the world see the just judgment of God!" Two or three men were holding him as well as they could. He immediately fixed his eyes upon me, and, stretching out his hand, cried, "Ay, this is he who I said was a deceiver of the people! But God has overtaken me. I said, it was all a delusion; but this is no delusion." He then roared out, "O thou devil! thou canst not stay. Christ will cast thee out. I know His work is begun. Tear me to pieces if thou wilt; but thou canst not hurt me." He then beat himself against the ground again; his breast heaving at the same time, as in the pangs of death, and great drops of sweat trickling down his face. We all betook ourselves to prayer. His pangs ceased, and both his body and soul were set at liberty.

Sunday, 6.—I preached in the morning to five or six thousand people, on: "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of

heaven." On Hannam-Mount I preached to about three thousand, on: "The Scripture hath concluded all under sin;" at two, at Clifton Church, on Christ our "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption;" and about five, at Rose-green, on the "promise by faith of Jesus Christ," which is "given to them that believe."

Monday, 7.—I was preparing to set out for Pensford, having now had leave to preach in the church, when I received the following note:—

"SIR,—Our minister, having been informed you are beside yourself, does not care you should preach in any of his churches."

I went, however; and on Priest-Down about half-a-mile from Pensford, preached Christ our "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption."

Tuesday, 8.—I went to Bath, but was not suffered to be in the meadow where I was before; which occasioned the offer of a much more convenient place; where I preached Christ to about a thousand souls.

Wednesday, 9.—We took possession of a piece of ground, near St. James' church-yard, in the Horse Fair, where it was designed to build a room, large enough to contain both the societies of Nicholas and Baldwin-street, and such of their acquaintance as might desire to be present with them, at such times as the Scripture was expounded. And on *Saturday, 12th*, the first stone was laid, with a voice of praise and thanksgiving.

I had not at first the least apprehension or design of being personally engaged, either in the expense of this work, or in the direction of it; having appointed eleven feoffees, on whom I supposed these burdens would fall of course. But I quickly found my mistake; first with regard to the expense: for the whole undertaking must have stood still, had not I immediately taken upon myself the payment of all the workmen; so that before I knew where I was, I had contracted a debt of more than a hundred and fifty pounds. And this I was to discharge how I could; the subscriptions of both societies not amounting to one quarter of the sum. And as to the direction of the work, I presently received letters from my friends in London, Mr. Whitefield in particular, backed with a message by one just come from thence, that neither he nor they would have anything to do with the building, neither contribute anything towards it, unless I would instantly discharge all feoffees, and do everything in my own name. Many reasons they gave for this; but one was enough, viz., "That such feoffees always would have it in their power to control me; and if I preached not as they liked, to turn me out of the room I had built." I accordingly yielded to their advice, and calling all the feoffees together, cancelled (no man opposing) the instrument made before, and took the whole management into my own hands. Money, it is true, I had not, nor any human prospect or probability of procuring it; but I knew "the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof;" and in His name set out, nothing doubting.

Tuesday, 15.—As I was expounding in the Back Lane, on the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, many who had before been righteous in their own eyes, abhorred themselves as in dust and ashes. But two, who seemed to be more deeply convinced than the rest, did not long sorrow as men without hope; but found in that hour, that they had “an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous.”

Wednesday, 16.—The Scripture which came in turn at Newgate to-day, was the seventh of St. John. The words which I chiefly insisted on as applicable to every minister of Christ, who in any wise follows the steps of his Master, were these: “The world cannot hate you; but Me it hateth, because I testify of it, that its deeds are evil. There was a murmuring, therefore, concerning Him among the multitude; for some said, He is a good man: others said, Nay, but He deceiveth the people.” After sermon I was informed the Sheriffs had ordered, I should preach here, for the future, but once a week. Yea, and this is once too often, if “he deceiveth the people;” but, if otherwise, why not once a day?

Sunday, 20.—Seeing many of the rich at Clifton church, my heart was much pained for them, and I was earnestly desirous that some even of them might “enter into the kingdom of heaven.” But full as I was, I knew not where to begin in warning them to flee from the wrath to come, till my Testament opened on these words: “I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance:” in applying which, my soul was so enlarged, that methought I could have cried out, (in another sense than poor vain Archimedes,) “Give me where to stand, and I will shake the earth.” God’s sending forth lightning with the rain, did not hinder about fifteen hundred from staying at Rose-green. Our Scripture was: “It is the glorious God that maketh the thunder. The voice of the Lord is mighty in operation; the voice of the Lord is a glorious voice.” In the evening He spoke to three whose souls were all storm and tempest, and immediately there was a great calm.

Monday, 21.—While I was enforcing these words: “Be still, and know that I am God,” He began to make bare His arm, not in a close room, neither in private, but in the open air, and before more than two thousand witnesses. One, and another, and another was struck to the earth; exceedingly trembling at the presence of His power. Others cried, with a loud and bitter cry: “What must we do to be saved?” And in less than an hour, seven persons, wholly unknown to me till that time, were rejoicing and singing, and with all their might giving thanks to the God of their salvation.

In the evening I was interrupted at Nicholas-street, almost as soon as I had begun to speak, by the cries of one who was “pricked at the heart,” and strongly groaned for pardon and peace. Yet I went on to declare what God had already done, in proof of that important truth, that He is “not willing any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.” Another person dropped down, close to

one who was a strong assertor of the contrary doctrine. While he stood astonished at the sight, a little boy near him was seized in the same manner. A young man who stood up behind fixed his eyes on him, and sunk down himself as one dead; but soon began to roar out, and beat himself against the ground, so that six men could scarcely hold him. His name was Thomas Maxfield. Except J——n H——n, I never saw one so torn of the evil one. Meanwhile, many others began to cry out to the "Saviour of all," that He would come and help them, insomuch that all the house (and indeed all the street for some space) was in an uproar. But we continued in prayer; and before ten the greater part found rest to their souls.

I was called from supper to one who, feeling in herself such a conviction as she never had known before, had run out of the society in all haste that she might not expose herself. But the hand of God followed her still; so that, after going a few steps, she was forced to be carried home; and, when she was there, grew worse and worse. She was in a violent agony when we came. We called upon God, and her soul found rest.

Tuesday, 22.—I preached to about a thousand at Bath. There were several fine gay things among them, to whom especially I called: "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead; and Christ shall give thee light!"

Saturday, 26.—One came to us in deep despair; but, after an hour spent in prayer, went away in peace. The next day, having observed in many a zeal which did not suit with the sweetness and gentleness of love, I preached at Rose-green, on those words, (to the largest congregation I ever had there; I believe upwards of ten thousand souls): "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of. For the Son of Man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them."

Monday, JUNE 4.—Many came to me and earnestly advised me not to preach abroad in the afternoon, because there was a combination of several persons who threatened terrible things. This report being spread abroad, brought many thither of the better sort of people (so called); and added, I believe, more than a thousand to the ordinary congregation. The Scripture to which, not my choice, but the providence of God, directed me, was: "Fear not thou, for I am with thee: be not dismayed, for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness." The power of God came with His word: so that none scoffed, or interrupted, or opened his mouth.

Tuesday, 5.—There was great expectation at Bath of what a noted man was to do to me there; and I was much entreated not to preach, because no one knew what might happen. By this report I also gained a much larger audience,

among whom were many of the rich and great. I told them plainly, the Scripture had concluded them all under sin: high and low, rich and poor, one with another. Many of them seemed to be a little surprised, and were sinking apace into seriousness, when their champion appeared, and, coming close to me, asked by what authority I did these things. I replied, "By the authority of Jesus Christ, conveyed to me by the (now) Archbishop of Canterbury, when he laid hands upon me, and said, 'Take thou authority to preach the Gospel.'" He said, "This is contrary to Act of Parliament: this is a conventicle." I answered, "Sir, the



(MR. WESLEY AND BEAU NASH.)

conventicles mentioned in that Act (as the preamble shows) are seditious meetings; but this is not such; here is no shadow of sedition; therefore it is not contrary to that Act." He replied, "I say it is; and, beside, your preaching frightens people out of their wits." "Sir, did you ever hear me preach?" "No." "How then can you judge of what you never heard?" "Sir, by common report." "Common report is not enough. Give me leave, Sir, to ask, Is not your name Nash?" "My name is Nash." "Sir, I dare not judge of you by common report: I think it not enough to judge by." Here he paused awhile, and, having recovered himself, said, "I desire to know what this people comes here for:" on which one replied, "Sir, leave him to me: let an

old woman answer him. You, Mr. Nash, take care of your body; we take care of our souls: and for the food of our souls we come here." He replied not a word, but walked away.

As I returned, the street was full of people, hurrying to and fro, and speaking great words. But when any of them asked, "Which is he?" and I replied, "I am he," they were immediately silent. Several ladies following me into Mr. Merchant's house, the servant told me there were some who wanted to speak to me. I went to them, and said, "I believe, ladies, the maid mistook: you only wanted to look at me." I added, "I do not expect that the rich and great should want either to speak with me, or to hear me; for I speak the plain truth; a thing you hear little of, and do not desire to hear." A few more words passed between us, and I retired.

Thursday, 7.—I preached at Priest-Down, on: "What must we do to be saved?" In the midst of the prayer after sermon, two men (hired, as we afterwards understood, for that purpose,) began singing a ballad. After a few mild words, (for I saw some that were angry,) used without effect, we all began singing a psalm, which put them utterly to silence. We then poured out our souls in prayer for them, and they appeared altogether confounded.

Monday, 11.—I received a pressing letter from London, (as I had several others before,) to come thither as soon as possible; our brethren in Fetter-lane being in great confusion for want of my presence and advice. I therefore preached in the afternoon on these words: "I take you to record this day, that I am pure from the blood of all men; for I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God." After sermon I commended them to the grace of God, in Whom they had believed. Surely God hath yet a work to do in this place. I have not found such love, no, not in England; nor so child-like, artless, teachable a temper, as He hath given to this people.

Yet during this whole time, I had many thoughts concerning the unusual manner of my ministering among them. But after frequently laying it before the Lord, and calmly weighing whatever objections I heard against it, I could not but adhere to what I had some time since wrote to a friend, who had freely spoken his sentiments concerning it. An extract of that letter I here subjoin, that the matter may be placed in a clear light.

"DEAR SIR,—The best return I can make for the kind freedom you use, is to use the same to you. O may the God whom we serve sanctify it to us both, and teach us the whole truth as it is in Jesus!

"You say, you cannot reconcile some parts of my behaviour with the character I have long supported. No, nor ever will. Therefore I have disclaimed that cha-

racter on every possible occasion. I told all in our ship, all at Savannah, all at Frederica, and that over and over, in express terms, 'I am not a Christian; I only follow after, if haply I may attain it.' When they urged my works and self-denial, I answered short, 'Though I give all my goods to feed the poor, and my body to be burned, I am nothing: for I have not charity; I do not love God with all my heart.' If they added, 'Nay, but you could not preach as you do, if you was not a Christian;' I again confronted them with St. Paul: 'Though I speak with the tongue of men and angels, and have not charity, I am nothing.' Most earnestly, therefore, both in public and private, did I inculcate this: 'Be not ye shaken, however I may fall, for the foundation standeth sure.'

"If you ask on what principle, then, I acted; it was this: 'A desire to be a Christian; and a conviction that whatever I judge conducive thereto, that I am bound to do; wherever I judge I can best answer this end, thither it is my duty to go.' On this principle I set out for America; on this, I visited the Moravian Church; and on the same am I ready now (God being my Helper) to go to Abyssinia or China, or whithersoever it shall please God, by this conviction, to call me.

"As to your advice that I should settle in college, I have no business there, having now no office, and no pupils. And whether the other branch of your proposal be expedient for me, viz., 'To accept of a cure of souls,' it will be time enough to consider, when one is offered to me.

"But, in the meantime, you think I ought to sit still; because otherwise I should invade another's office, if I interfered with other people's business, and inter-meddled with souls that did not belong to me. You accordingly ask, 'How is it that I assemble Christians who are none of my charge, to sing psalms, and pray, and hear the Scriptures expounded?' and think it hard to justify doing this in other men's parishes, upon catholic principles.

"Permit me to speak plainly. If by catholic principles, you mean any other than Scriptural, they weigh nothing with me: I allow no other rule, whether of faith or practice, than the Holy Scriptures. But on Scriptural principles, I do not think it hard to justify whatever I do. God in Scripture commands me, according to my power, to instruct the ignorant, reform the wicked, confirm the virtuous. Man forbids me to do this in another's parish; that is, in effect, to do it at all; seeing I have now no parish of my own, nor probably ever shall. Whom then shall I hear, God or man? 'If it be just to obey man rather than God, judge you. A dispensation of the Gospel is committed to me; and woe is me, if I preach not the Gospel.' But where shall I preach it, upon the principles you mention? Why, not in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America; nor in any of the Christian parts, at least, of the habitable earth. For all these are, after a sort, divided into parishes. If it be said 'Go back, then, to the heathens from whence you came;' nay, but neither

could I now (on your principles) preach to them ; for all the heathens in Georgia belong to the parish either of Savannah or Frederica.

“Suffer me now to tell you my principles in this matter. I look upon all the world as my parish ; thus far I mean, that in whatever part of it I am, I judge it meet, right, and my bounden duty, to declare unto all that are willing to hear, the glad tidings of salvation. This is the work which I know God has called me to ; and sure I am, that His blessing attends it. Great encouragement have I, therefore, to be faithful in fulfilling the work He hath given me to do. His servant I am, and as such, am employed according to the plain direction of His Word : ‘As I have opportunity, doing good unto all men :’ and His Providence clearly concurs with His Word ; which has disengaged me from all things else, that I might singly attend on this very thing, ‘and go about doing good.’

“If you ask, ‘How can this be ? How can one do good, of whom *men say all manner of evil ?*’ I will put you in mind, (though you once knew this, yea, and much established me in that great truth,) the more evil men say of me for my Lord’s sake, the more good will He do by me. That it is for His sake, I know, and He knoweth, and the event agreeth thereto ; for He mightily confirms the words I speak, by the Holy Ghost given unto those that hear them. O my friend, my heart is moved toward you. I fear you have herein ‘made shipwreck of the faith.’ I fear, ‘Satan, transformed into an angel of light,’ hath assaulted you, and prevailed also.

“Blessed be God, I enjoy the reproach of Christ ! O may you also be vile, exceeding vile, for His sake ! God forbid that you should ever be other than generally scandalous ; I had almost said universally.

“I am,” etc.

Wednesday, 13.—In the morning I came to London ; and after receiving the Holy Communion at Islington, I had once more an opportunity of seeing my mother, whom I had not seen since my return from Germany.

I cannot but mention an odd circumstance here. I had read her a paper in June last year, containing a short account of what had passed in my own soul, till within a few days of that time. She greatly approved it, and said, she heartily blessed God, Who had brought me to so just a way of thinking. While I was in Germany, a copy of that paper was sent (without my knowledge) to one of my relations. He sent an account of it to my mother ; whom I now found under strange fears concerning me, being convinced, “by an account taken from one of my own papers, that I had greatly erred from the faith.” I could not conceive what paper that should be ; but, on inquiry, found it was the same I had read her myself. How hard is it to form a true judgment of any person or thing from the

account of a prejudiced relater! yea, though he be ever so honest a man: for he who gave this relation was one of unquestionable veracity. And yet by his sincere account of a writing which lay before his eyes, was the truth so totally disguised,



(THE REV. GEORGE WHITEFIELD.)

that my mother knew not the paper she had heard from end to end, nor I that I had myself wrote.

At six I warned the women at Fetter-lane, (knowing how they had been lately

shaken,) "not to believe every spirit, but to try the spirits, whether they were of God." Our brethren met at eight, when it pleased God to remove many misunderstandings and offences that had crept in among them; and to restore, in good measure, "the spirit of love and of a sound mind." •

Thursday, 14.—I went with Mr. Whitefield to Blackheath, where were, I believe, twelve or fourteen thousand people. He a little surprised me, by desiring me to preach in his stead; which I did (though nature recoiled) on my favourite subject: "Jesus Christ, Who of God is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption."

I was greatly moved with compassion for the rich that were there, to whom I made a particular application. Some of them seemed to attend, while others drove away their coaches from so uncouth a preacher.

Friday, 15.—I went to a society at Wapping, weary in body and faint in spirit. I intended to speak on Romans iii. 19, but could not tell how to open my mouth: and all the time we were singing, my mind was full of some place, I knew not where, in the Epistle to the Hebrews. I begged God to direct, and opened the Book on Hebrews x. 19: "Having therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way, which He hath consecrated for us, through the veil, that is to say, His flesh; . . . let us draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water." While I was earnestly inviting all sinners to "enter into the holiest" by this "new and living way," many of those that heard began to call upon God with strong cries and tears. Some sunk down, and there remained no strength in them; others exceedingly trembled and quaked; some were torn with a kind of convulsive motion in every part of their bodies, and that so violently, that often four or five persons could not hold one of them. I have seen many hysterical and many epileptic fits; but none of them were like these, in many respects. I immediately prayed that God would not suffer those who were weak to be offended. But one woman was offended greatly; being sure they might help it if they would,—no one should persuade her to the contrary; and was got three or four yards, when she also dropped down, in as violent an agony as the rest. Twenty-six of those who had been thus affected (most of whom, during the prayers which were made for them, were in a moment filled with peace and joy) promised to call upon me the next day. But only eighteen came; by talking closely with whom, I found reason to believe that some of them had gone home to their house justified. The rest seemed to be waiting patiently for it.

Sunday, 17.—I preached, at seven, in Upper Moorfields, to (I believe) six or seven thousand people, on: "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!"

At five I preached, on Kennington Common, to about fifteen thousand people, on those words: "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth."

Monday, 18.—I left London early in the morning, and the next evening reached Bristol, and preached (as I had appointed, if God should permit) to a numerous congregation. My text now also was: “Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth.” Howell Harris called upon me an hour or two after. He said he had been much dissuaded from either hearing or seeing me, by many who said all manner of evil of me. “But,” said he, “as soon as I heard you preach. I quickly found what



(KENNINGTON IN 1830.)

spirit you was of. And before you had done, I was so overpowered with joy and love, that I had much ado to walk home.”

It is scarce credible what advantage Satan had gained during my absence of only eight days. Disputes had crept into our little society, so that the love of many was already waxed cold. I showed them the state they were in the next day, (both at Newgate and at Baptist-Mills,) from those words: “Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath

desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat." And when we met in the evening, instead of reviving the dispute, we all betook ourselves to prayer. Our Lord was with us. Our divisions were healed; misunderstandings vanished away; and all our hearts were sweetly drawn together, and united as at the first.

Friday, 22.—I called on one who "did run well," till he was hindered by some of those called French prophets. "Woe unto the prophets, saith the Lord, who prophesy in My name, and I have not sent them." At Weaver's Hall I endeavoured to point them out; and earnestly exhorted all that followed after holiness, to avoid, as fire, all who do not speak according "to the Law and Testimony."

In the afternoon I preached at the Fishponds; but had no life or spirit in me; and was much in doubt, whether God would not lay me aside, and send other labourers into His harvest. I came to the society full of this thought; and began, in much weakness, to explain: "Beloved, believe not every spirit; but try the spirits, whether they be of God." I told them, they were not to judge of the spirit whereby any one spoke, either by appearances, or by common report, or by their own inward feelings: no, nor by any dreams, visions, or revelations, supposed to be made to their souls; any more than by their tears, or any involuntary effects wrought upon their bodies. I warned them, all these were, in themselves, of a doubtful, disputable nature; they might be from God, and they might not; and were therefore not simply to be relied on, (any more than simply to be condemned,) but to be tried by a farther rule, to be brought to the only certain test, the Law and the Testimony. While I was speaking, one before me dropped down as dead, and presently a second and a third. Five others sunk down in half-an-hour, most of whom were in violent agonies. "The pains" as "of hell came about them; the snares of death overtook them." In their trouble we called upon the Lord, and He gave us an answer of peace. One indeed continued an hour in strong pain; and one or two more for three days. But the rest were greatly comforted in that hour, and went away rejoicing and praising God.

Sunday, 24.—As I was riding to Rose-green, in a smooth, plain part of the road, my horse suddenly pitched upon his head, and rolled over and over. I received no other hurt than a little bruise on one side; which for the present I felt not, but preached without pain to six or seven thousand people.

Tuesday, 26.—I preached near the house we had a few days before began to build for a school, in the middle of Kingswood, under a little sycamore-tree, during a violent storm of rain, on those words: "As the rain cometh down from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud;—so shall My word be that goeth out of My mouth: it shall not return unto Me void. But it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

Saturday, JULY 7.—I had an opportunity to talk with Mr. Whitefield of those

outward signs which had so often accompanied the inward work of God. I found his objections were chiefly grounded on gross misrepresentations of matter of fact. But the next day he had an opportunity of informing himself better: for no sooner had he begun (in the application of his sermon) to invite all sinners to believe in Christ, than four persons sunk down close to him, almost in the same moment. One of them lay without either sense or motion. A second trembled exceedingly. The third had strong convulsions all over his body, but made no noise, unless by groans. The fourth, equally convulsed, called upon God, with strong cries and tears. From this time, I trust, we shall all suffer God to carry on His own work in the way that pleaseth Him.

Thursday, 12.—I went to a gentleman who is much troubled with what they call lowness of spirits. Many such have I been with before; but in several of them it was no bodily distemper. They wanted something, they knew not what; and were, therefore, heavy, uneasy, and dissatisfied with everything. The plain truth is, they wanted God, they wanted Christ, they wanted faith: and God convinced them of their want, in a way their physicians no more understood than themselves. Accordingly nothing availed till the great Physician came. For in spite of all natural means, He who made them for Himself would not suffer them to rest till they rested in Him.

Saturday, 14.—We had an attentive congregation at Gloucester in the evening. In the morning, Mr. Whitefield being gone forward, I preached to about five thousand there, on: "Christ our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption."

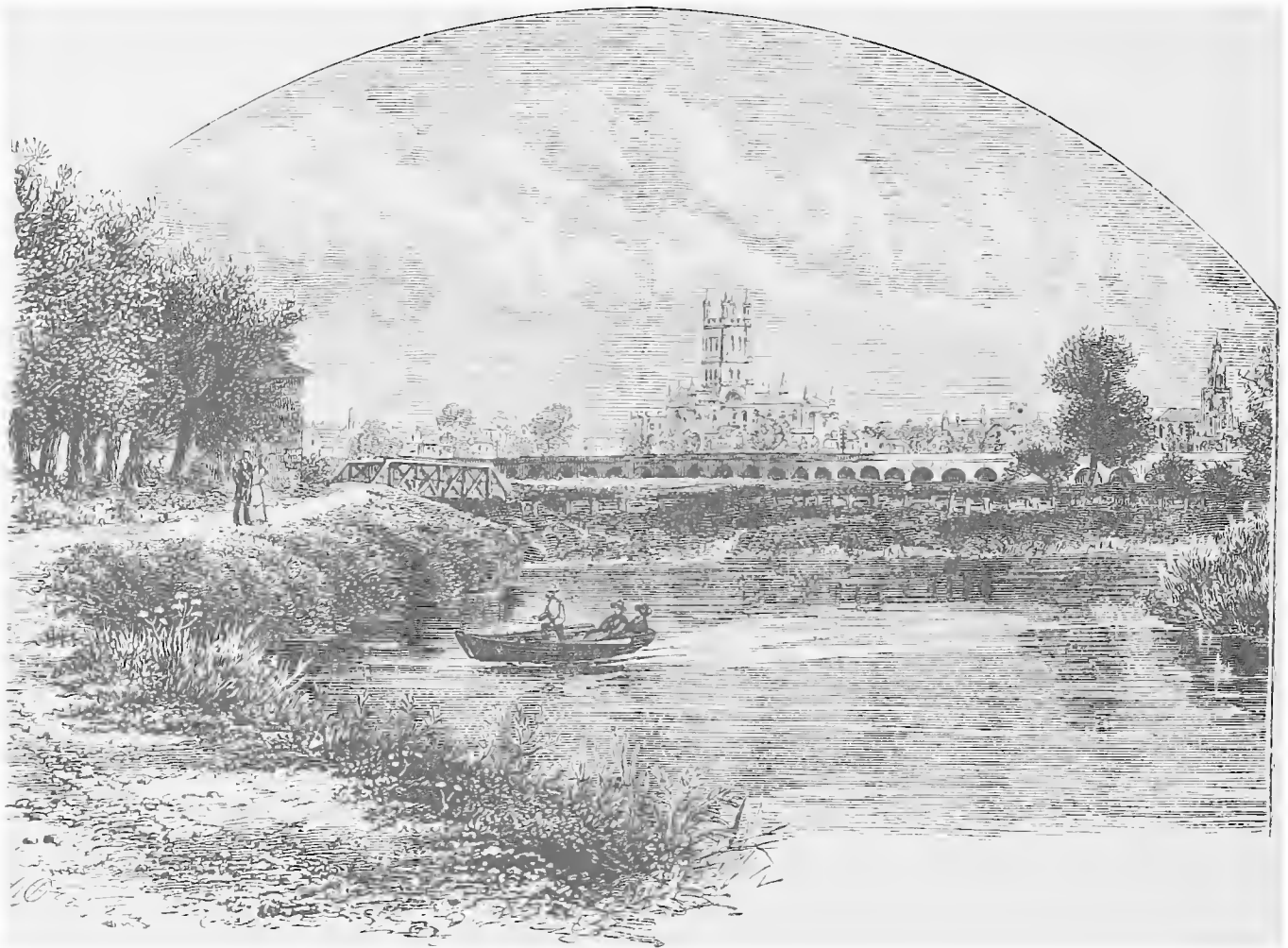
Tuesday, 17.—I wrote to Bradford, five miles from Bath, whither I had been long invited to come. I waited on the minister, and desired leave to preach in his church. He said, it was not usual to preach on the week-days; but if I could come thither on a Sunday, he should be glad of my assistance. Thence I went to a gentleman in the town, who had been present when I preached at Bath, and, with the strongest marks of sincerity and affection, wished me good luck in the name of the Lord. But it was past. I found him now quite cold. He began disputing on several heads; and at last told me plainly, one of our own college had informed him they always took me to be a little crack-brained at Oxford.

Friday, AUGUST 10.—I had the satisfaction of conversing with a Quaker, and afterwards with an Anabaptist; who, I trust, have had a large measure of the love of God shed abroad in their hearts. O may those, in every persuasion, who are of this spirit, increase a thousandfold, how many soever they be!

Monday, 27.—For two hours I took up my cross, in arguing with a zealous man, and labouring to convince him that I was not an enemy to the Church of England. He allowed, I taught no other doctrines than those of the Church; but could not forgive my teaching them out of the church-walls. He allowed, too, (which none

indeed can deny, who has either any regard to truth, or sense of shame,) that “by this teaching, many souls who, till that time, were ‘perishing for lack of knowledge,’ have been, and are, brought ‘from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God:’” but, he added, “No one can tell what may be hereafter; and therefore I say these things ought not to be suffered.” •

Indeed the report now current in Bristol was, that I was a Papist, if not a Jesuit. Some added, that I was born and bred at Rome; which many cordially



(GLOUCESTER FROM THE NORTH-WEST.)

believed. O ye fools, when will ye understand that the preaching of justification by faith alone,—the allowing no meritorious cause of justification, but the death and righteousness of Christ; and no conditional or instrumental cause, but faith,—is overturning Popery from the foundation? When will ye understand, that the most destructive of all those errors which Rome, the mother of abominations, hath brought forth, (compared to which transubstantiation, and a hundred more, are “trifles light as air,”) is, “that we are justified by works;” or, (to express the same thing a little more decently,) by faith and works? Now, do I preach this? I did for ten years;

I was (fundamentally) a Papist, and knew it not. But I do now testify to all, (and it is the very point for asserting which I have, to this day, been called in question,) that “no good works can be done before justification; none which have not in them the nature of sin.”

But how have ye not been afraid, if ye believe there is a God, and that He knoweth the secrets of your hearts, (I speak now to you, preachers, more especially, of whatever denomination,) to declare so gross, palpable a lie, in the name of the God of truth? I cite you all, before the Judge of all the earth, either publicly to prove your charge; or, by publicly retracting it, to make the best amends you can, to God, to me, and to the world.

For the full satisfaction of those who have been abused by these shameless men, and almost brought to believe a lie, I will here add my serious judgment concerning the Church of Rome, wrote, some time since, to a priest of that communion:—

“SIR,—I return you thanks both for the favour of your letter, and for your recommending my father’s Proposals to the Sorbonne.

“I have neither time nor inclination for controversy with any; but least of all with the Romanists. And that, both because I cannot trust any of their quotations, without consulting every sentence they quote in the originals: and because the originals themselves can very hardly be trusted, in any of the points controverted between them and us. I am no stranger to their skill in mending those authors who did not at first speak home to their purpose; as also in purging them from those passages which contradicted their emendations. And as they have not wanted opportunity to do this, so doubtless they have carefully used it with regard to a point that so nearly concerned them as the supremacy of the Bishop of Rome. I am not therefore surprised, if the works of St. Cyprian (as they are called) do strenuously maintain it: but I am, that they have not been better corrected; for they still contain passages that absolutely overthrow it. What gross negligence was it, to leave his seventy-fourth epistle (to Pompeianus) out of the *Index Expurgatorius*, wherein Pope Cyprian so flatly charges Pope Stephen with pride and obstinacy, and with being a defender of the cause of heretics, and that against Christians and the very Church of God? He that can reconcile this with his believing Stephen the infallible head of the Church, may reconcile the Gospel with the Koran.

“Yet I can by no means approve the scurrility and contempt with which the Romanists have often been treated. I dare not rail at, or despise, any man; much less those who profess to believe in the same Master. But I pity them much; having the same assurance, that Jesus is the Christ, and that no Romanist can

expect to be saved, according to the terms of his covenant. For thus saith our Lord: 'Whosoever shall break one of the least of these commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven.' And, 'If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book.' But all Romanists, as such, do both. *Ergo*,—

"The minor I prove, not from Protestant authors, or even from particular writers of their own communion: but from the public, authentic records of the Church of Rome. Such are the canons and decrees of the Council of Trent. And the edition I use was printed at Cölen, and approved by authority.

"And, first, all Romanists, as such, do break, and teach men to break, one (and not the least) of those commandments.

"Secondly: all Romanists, as such, do add to those things which are written in the Book of Life. For in the Bull of Pius IV., subjoined to those canons and decrees, I find all the additions following:—

"1. Seven Sacraments; 2. Transubstantiation; 3. Communion in one kind only; 4. Purgatory, and praying for the dead therein; 5. Praying to saints; 6. Veneration of relics; 7. Worship of images; 8. Indulgences; 9. The priority and universality of the Roman Church; 10. The supremacy of the Bishop of Rome. All these things therefore do the Romanists add to those which are written in the Book of Life.

"I am, —."

Wednesday, 29.—I rode with my brother to Wells, and preached on: "What must I do to be saved?" In the evening I summed up, at the new room, what I had said, at many times, from the beginning, of faith, holiness, and good works, as the root, the tree, and the fruit, which God had joined, and man ought not to put asunder.

Monday, SEPTEMBER 3.—I talked largely with my mother, who told me, that, till a short time since, she had scarce heard such a thing mentioned, as the having forgiveness of sins now, or God's Spirit bearing witness with our spirit: much less did she imagine that this was the common privilege of all true believers. "Therefore," said she, "I never durst ask for it myself. But two or three weeks ago, while my son Hall was pronouncing those words, in delivering the cup to me: 'The blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was given for thee,' the words struck through my heart, and I knew God for Christ's sake had forgiven *me* all *my* sins."

I asked, whether her father (Dr. Annesley) had not the same faith; and, whether she had not heard him preach it to others. She answered, he had it himself; and declared, a little before his death, that for more than forty years he had no darkness, no fear, no doubt at all of his being "accepted in the Beloved."

But that, nevertheless, she did not remember to have heard him preach, no not once, explicitly upon it: whence she supposed he also looked upon it as the peculiar blessing of a few; not as promised to all the people of God.



(MRS. WESLEY.)

Sunday, 9.—I declared to about ten thousand, in Moorfields, what they must do to be saved. My mother went with us, about five, to Kennington, where were supposed to be twenty thousand people. I again insisted on that foundation of all

our hope: "Believe in the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved." From Kennington I went to a society at Lambeth. The house being filled, the rest stood in the garden. The deep attention they showed gave me a good hope, that they will not all be forgetful hearers. Thence I went to our society at Fetter-lane, and exhorted them to love one another.

Thursday, 13.—A serious clergyman desired to know, in what points we differed from the Church of England. I answered, "To the best of my knowledge, in none. The doctrines we preach are the doctrines of the Church of England; indeed, the fundamental doctrines of the Church, clearly laid down, both in her Prayers, Articles, and Homilies."

He asked, "In what points, then, do you differ from the other clergy of the Church of England?" I answered, "In none from that part of the clergy who adhere to the doctrines of the Church; but from that part of the clergy who dissent from the Church, (though they own it not,) I differ in the points following:—

"First, They speak of justification, either as the same thing with sanctification, or as something consequent upon it. I believe justification to be wholly distinct from sanctification, and necessarily antecedent to it.

"Secondly, They speak of our own holiness, or good works, as the cause of our justification; or, that for the sake of which, on account of which, we are justified before God. I believe, neither our own holiness, nor good works, are any part of the cause of our justification; but that the death and righteousness of Christ are the whole and sole cause of it; or, that for the sake of which, on account of which, we are justified before God.

"Thirdly, They speak of good works as a condition of justification, necessarily previous to it. I believe no good work can be previous to justification, nor, consequently, a condition of it; but that we are justified (being till that hour ungodly, and, therefore, incapable of doing any good work) by faith alone, faith without works, faith (though producing all, yet) including no good work.

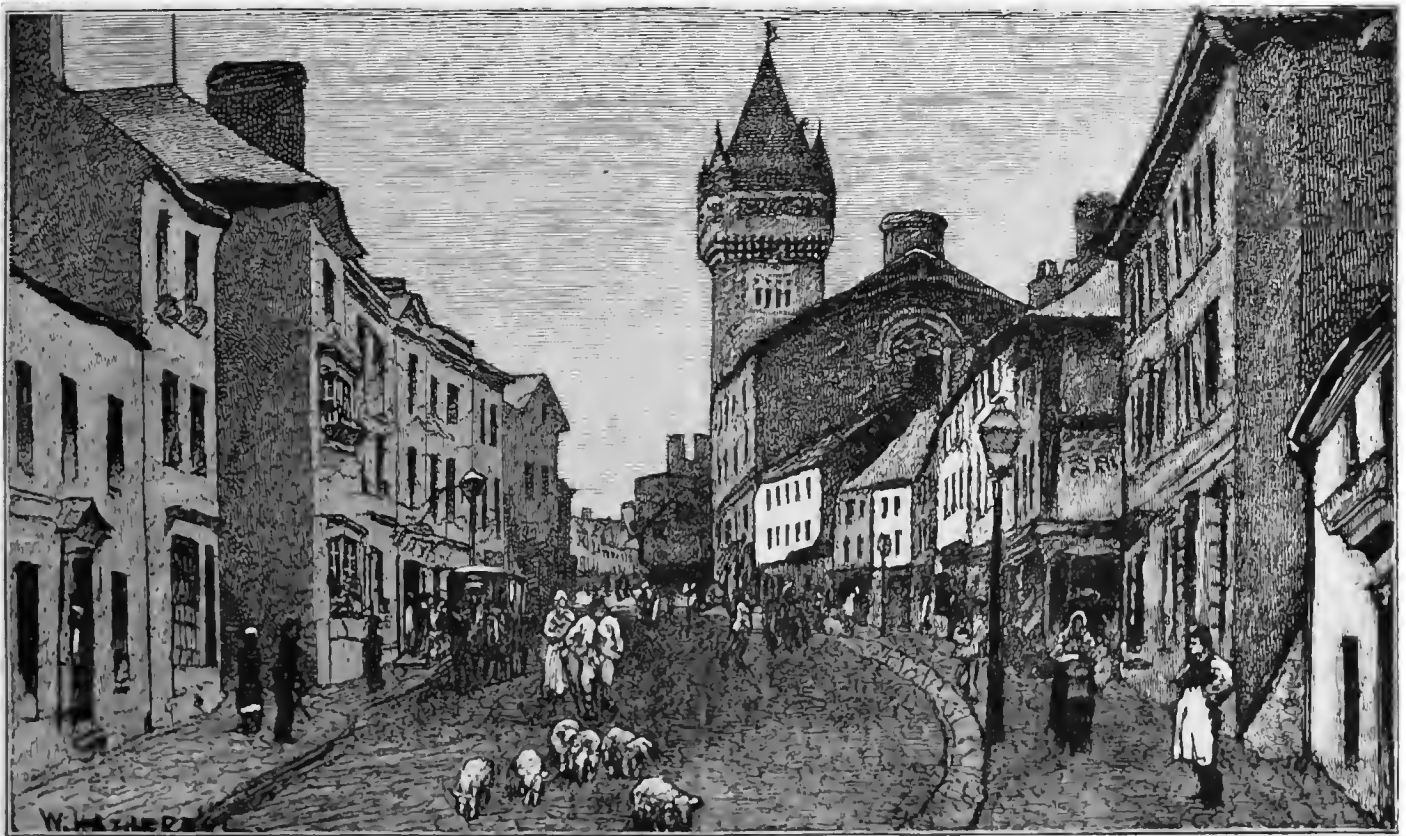
"Fourthly, They speak of sanctification (or holiness) as if it were an outward thing; as if it consisted chiefly, if not wholly, in those two points, 1. The doing no harm; 2. The doing good, (as it is called,) that is, the using the Means of Grace, and helping our neighbour.

"I believe it to be an inward thing, namely, the life of God in the soul of man; a participation of the Divine nature; the mind that was in Christ; or, the renewal of our heart, after the image of Him that created us.

"Lastly, They speak of the new birth as an outward thing, as if it were no more than baptism; or, at most, a change from outward wickedness to outward goodness; from a vicious to (what is called) a virtuous life. I believe it to be an inward thing: a change from inward wickedness to inward goodness; an entire

change of our inmost nature from the image of the devil (wherein we are born) to the image of God ; a change from the love of the creature to the love of the Creator ; from earthly and sensual, to heavenly and holy affections ;—in a word, a change from the tempers of the spirits of darkness, to those of the angels of God in heaven.

“ There is, therefore, a wide, essential, fundamental, irreconcilable difference between us ; so that if they speak the truth at it is in Jesus, I am found a false witness before God. But if I teach the way of God in truth, they are blind leaders of the blind.”



(ABERGAVENNY.)

Monday, 24.—I preached once more at Plaistow, and took my leave of the people of that place. In my return, a person galloping swiftly rode full against me, and overthrew both man and horse ; but without any hurt to either. Glory be to Him Who saves both man and beast !

Monday, OCTOBER 15.—Upon a pressing invitation, some time since received, I set out for Wales. About four in the afternoon I preached on a little green, at the foot of the Devauden, (a high hill, two or three miles beyond Chepstow,) to three or four hundred plain people, on : “ Christ our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.” In the morning I described more fully the way to salvation :

“Believe in the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved:” and then, taking leave of my friendly host, before two came to Abergavenny.

I felt in myself a strong aversion to preaching here. However, I went to Mr. W——, (the person in whose ground Mr. Whitefield preached,) to desire the use of it. He said, with all his heart,—if the minister was not willing to let me have the use of the Church: after whose refusal, (for I wrote a line to him immediately,) he invited me to his house. About a thousand people stood patiently, (though the frost was sharp, it being after sunset,) while, from Acts xxviii. 22, I simply described the plain, old religion of the Church of England, which is now almost “everywhere spoken against,” under the new name of Methodism.

Friday, 19.—I preached in the morning at Newport, on: “What must I do to be saved?” to the most insensible, ill-behaved people I have ever seen in Wales. One ancient man, during a great part of the sermon, cursed and swore almost incessantly; and, towards the conclusion, took up a great stone, which he many times attempted to throw. But that he could not do.—Such the champions, such the arms, against field-preaching!

At four I preached at the Shire-hall of Cardiff again, where many gentry, I found, were present. Such freedom of speech I have seldom had, as was given me in explaining those words: “The kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.” At six almost the whole town (I was informed) came together, to whom I explained the last six Beatitudes; but my heart was so enlarged, I knew not how to give over, so that we continued three hours.

Saturday, 20.—I returned to Bristol. I have seen no part of England so pleasant for sixty or seventy miles together, as those parts of Wales I have been in. And most of the inhabitants are indeed ripe for the Gospel. I mean (if the expression appear strange) they are earnestly desirous of being instructed in it; and as utterly ignorant of it they are, as any Creek or Cherikee Indians. I do not mean they are ignorant of the name of Christ. Many of them can say both the Lord’s Prayer and the Belief; nay, and some all the Catechism: but take them out of the road of what they have learned by rote, and they know no more (nine in ten of those with whom I conversed) either of Gospel salvation, or of that faith whereby alone we can be saved, than Chicali or Tomo Chachi. Now, what spirit is he of, who had rather these poor creatures should perish for lack of knowledge, than that they should be saved, even by the exhortations of Howell Harris, or an itinerant preacher?

Finding a slackness creeping in among them who had begun to run well, on *Sunday, 21*, both in the morning and afternoon, I enforced those words: “As ye have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in Him.”

Tuesday, 23.—I was exceedingly pressed to go back to a young woman in Kingswood. (The fact I nakedly relate, and leave every man to his own judgment of it.) I went. She was nineteen or twenty years old; but, it seems, could not write or read. I found her on the bed, two or three persons holding her. It was a terrible sight. Anguish, horror, and despair, above all description, appeared in her pale face. The thousand distortions of her whole body showed how the dogs of hell were gnawing her heart. The shrieks intermixed were scarce to be endured. But her stony eye could not weep. She screamed out, as soon as words could find their way, "I am damned, damned; lost for ever! Six days ago you might have helped me. But it is past. I am the devil's now. I have given myself to him. His I am. Him I must serve. With him I must go to hell. I will be his. I will serve him. I will go with him to hell. I cannot be saved. I will not be saved. I must, I will, I will be damned!" She then began praying to the devil. We began

"Arm of the Lord, awake, awake!"

She immediately sunk down as asleep; but, as soon as we left off, broke out again, with inexpressible vehemence: "Stony hearts, break! I am a warning to you. Break, break, poor stony hearts! Will you not break? What can be done more for stony hearts? I am damned, that you may be saved. Now break, now break, poor stony hearts! You need not be damned, though I must." She then fixed her eyes on the corner of the ceiling, and said: "There he is; ay, there he is!" We interrupted her by calling again upon God: on which she sunk down as before: and another young woman began to roar out as loud as she had done. My brother now came in, it being about nine o'clock. We continued in prayer till past eleven; when God, in a moment, spoke peace into the soul, first of the first tormented, and then of the other. And they both joined in singing praise to Him who had "stilled the enemy and the avenger."

Saturday, 27.—I was sent for to Kingswood again, to one of those who had been so ill before. A violent rain began just as I set out, so that I was thoroughly wet in a few minutes. Just at that time, the woman (then three miles off) cried out, "Yonder comes Wesley, galloping as fast as he can!" When I was come, I was quite cold and dead, and fitter for sleep than prayer. She burst out into a horrid laughter, and said, "No power, no power; no faith, no faith! She is mine; her soul is mine. I have her, and will not let her go!"

We begged of God to increase our faith! Meanwhile her pangs increased more and more; so that one would have imagined, by the violence of the throes, her body must have been shattered to pieces. One who was clearly convinced this was no natural disorder, said, "I think Satan is let loose. I fear he will not stop here." And added, "I command thee, in the name of the Lord Jesus, to tell if thou hast

commission to torment any other soul?" It was immediately answered, "I have. L—y C——r, and S—y J——s." (Two who lived at some distance, and were then in perfect health.)

We betook ourselves to prayer again; and ceased not, till she began, about six o'clock, with a clear voice, and composed, cheerful look,—

"Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow!"

Sunday, 28.—I preached once more at Bradford, at one in the afternoon. The violent rains did not hinder, I believe, more than ten thousand, from earnestly attending to what I spoke on those solemn words: "I take you to record this day, that I am pure from the blood of all men. For I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God."

Returning in the evening, I called at Mrs. J——'s, in Kingswood. S—y J——s and L—y C——r were there. It was scarce a quarter of an hour before L—y C——r fell into a strange agony; and presently after, S—y J——s. The violent convulsions all over their bodies were such as words cannot describe. Their cries and groans were too horrid to be borne; till one of them, in a tone not to be expressed, said, "Where is your faith now? Come, go to prayers. I will pray with you. 'Our Father, Which art in heaven.'" We took the advice, from whomsoever it came, and poured out our souls before God, till L—y C——r's agonies so increased, that it seemed she was in the pangs of death. But in a moment God spoke: she knew His voice; and both her body and soul were healed.

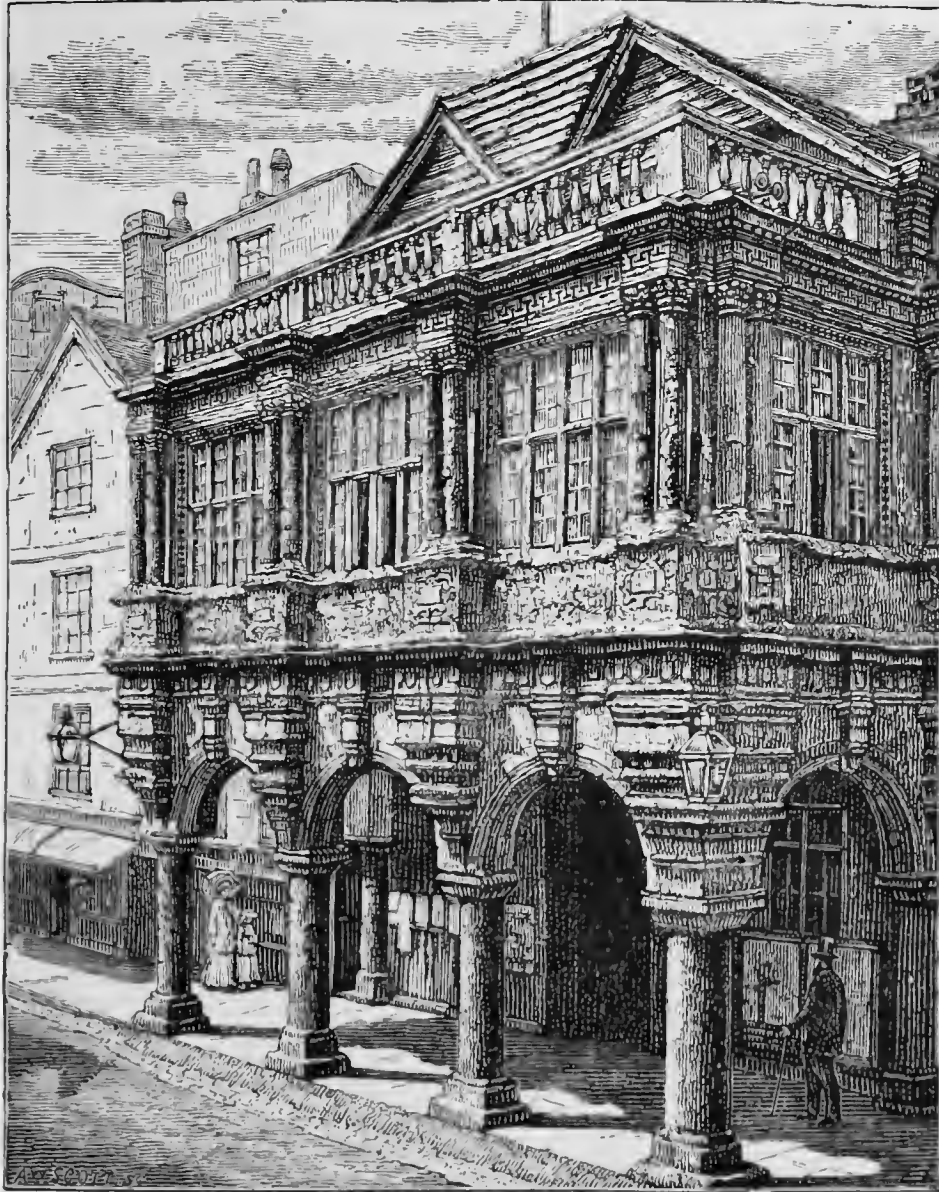
We continued in prayer till near one, when S—y J——s' voice was also changed, and she began strongly to call upon God. This she did for the greatest part of the night. In the morning we renewed our prayers, while she was crying continually.

Monday, NOVEMBER 12.—I left London, and in the evening expounded, at Wycombe, the story of the Pharisee and the Publican. The next morning, a young gentleman overtook me on the road, and, after awhile, asked me if I had seen Whitefield's Journals. I told him I had. "And what do you think of them?" said he. "Don't you think they are d—n'd cant; enthusiasm from end to end? I think so." I asked him, "Why do you think so?" He replied, "Why, he talks so much about joy and stuff, and inward feelings. As I hope to be saved, I cannot tell what to make of it." I asked, "Did you ever feel the love of God in your heart? If not, how should you tell what to make of it? Whatever is spoke of the religion of the heart, and of the inward workings of the Spirit of God, must appear enthusiasm to those who have not felt them; that is, if they take upon them to judge of the things which they own they know not."

Monday, 19.—I earnestly exhorted those who had believed, to beware of two

opposite extremes,—the one, the thinking, while they were in light and joy, that the work was ended, when it was but just begun; the other, the thinking, when they were in heaviness, that it was not begun, because they found it was not ended.

At eight I exhorted the society to wait upon God in all His ordinances; and in so doing to be still, and suffer God to carry on His whole work in their souls.



(THE GUILDHALL, EXETER.)

Saturday, 24.—We accepted an invitation to Exeter. And on *Sunday, 25*, (Mr. D. having desired the pulpit, which was readily granted both for the morning and afternoon,) I preached at St. Mary's, on: "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." Dr. W—— told me after sermon: "Sir, you must not preach in the afternoon." "Not," said he, "that you preach any false doctrine. I allow, all that you have said is true. And

it is the doctrine of the Church of England. But it is not guarded. It is dangerous. It may lead people into enthusiasm or despair."

I did not readily see where the stress of this objection (so frequently started) lay. But upon a little reflection, I saw it plain. The real state of the case is this: religion is commonly thought to consist of three things,—harmlessness, using the Means of Grace, and doing good, as it is called; that is, helping our neighbours, chiefly by giving alms. Accordingly, by a religious man is commonly meant, one that is honest, just, and fair in his dealings; that is constantly at church and Sacrament; and that gives much alms, or (as it is usually termed) does much good.

Now, in explaining those words of the Apostle: "The kingdom of God" (or true religion, the consequence of God's dwelling and reigning in the soul) "is not meat and drink," I was necessarily led to show, that religion does not properly consist in any or all of these three things; but that a man might both be harmless, use the Means of Grace, and do much good, and yet have no true religion at all. And sure it is, had God then impressed this great truth on any who before was ignorant of it, that impression would have occasioned such heaviness in his soul as the world always terms despair.

Again, in explaining those words: "The kingdom of God" (or true religion) "is righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost," I insisted that every follower of Christ ought to expect and pray for that "peace of God which passeth all understanding," that "rejoicing in hope of the glory of God," which is even now "unspeakable, and full of glory;" and above all, (as being the very life and soul of religion, without which it is all dead show,) "the love of God shed abroad in" his "heart by the Holy Ghost given unto him." But all this is "enthusiasm from end to end," to those who have the form of godliness, but not the power.

I know indeed there is a way of explaining these texts, so that they shall mean just nothing; so that they shall express far less of inward religion than the writings of Plato or Hierocles. And whoever "guards" them thus (but God forbid I should do it!) will undoubtedly avoid all danger of either driving people into this despair, or leading them into this enthusiasm.

Tuesday, 27.—I writ Mr. D. (according to his request) a short account of what had been done in Kingswood, and of our present undertaking there. The account was as follows:—

"Few persons have lived long in the west of England, who have not heard of the colliers of Kingswood; a people famous from the beginning hitherto, for neither fearing God nor regarding man: so ignorant of the things of God, that they seemed but one remove from the beasts that perish; and, therefore, utterly without desire of instruction, as well as without the means of it.

"Many last winter used tauntingly to say of Mr. Whitefield, 'If he will convert

heathens, why does not he go to the colliers of Kingswood?' In spring he did so. And as there were thousands who resorted to no place of public worship, he went after them into their own wilderness, 'to seek and save that which was lost.' When he was called away, others went into 'the highways and hedges, to compel them to come in.' And, by the grace of God, their labour was not in vain. The scene is already changed. Kingswood does not now, as a year ago, resound with cursing and blasphemy. It is no more filled with drunkenness and uncleanness, and the idle diversions that naturally lead thereto. It is no longer full of wars and fightings, of clamour and bitterness, of wrath and envyings. Peace and love are there. Great numbers of the people are mild, gentle, and easy to be entreated. They 'do not cry, neither strive;' and hardly is their 'voice heard in the streets;' or, indeed, in their



(IN PITHAY, BRISTOL.)



(MARYLEPORT STREET, BRISTOL.)

own wood; unless when they are at their usual evening diversion,—singing praise unto God their Saviour.

“That their children too might know the things which make for their peace, it was some time since proposed to build a house in Kingswood; and after many foreseen and unforeseen difficulties, in June last the foundation was laid. The ground made choice of was in the middle of the wood, between the London and Bath roads, not far from that called Two-mile-hill, about three measured miles from Bristol.

“Here a large room was begun for the school, having four small rooms at either end for the schoolmasters (and, perhaps, if it should please God, some poor children) to lodge in. Two persons are ready to teach, so soon as the house is fit to receive them, the shell of which is nearly finished; so that it is hoped the whole will be

“It is true, although the masters require no pay, yet this undertaking is attended with great expense. But let Him that ‘feedeth the young ravens’ see to that. He hath the hearts of all men in His hand. If He put it into your heart, or into that of any of your friends, to assist in bringing this His work to perfection, in this world look for no recompense; but it shall be remembered in that day, when our Lord shall say: ‘Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me.’”

Wednesday, 28.—We reached Bristol. On *Friday* many of us joined in prayer, for one that was grievously tormented. She raged more and more for about two hours, and then our Lord gave her rest.

Five were in the same agony in the evening. I ordered them to be removed to the door, that their cries might neither drown my voice, nor interrupt the attention of the congregation. But after sermon, they were brought into the room again, where a few of us continued in prayer to God (being determined not to go till we had an answer of peace) till nine the next morning. Before that time, three of them sang praise to God; and the others were eased, though not set at liberty.

Tuesday, DECEMBER 4.—I was violently attacked by some who were exceeding angry at those who cried out so; “being sure,” they said, “it was all a cheat, and that any one might help crying out, if he would.” J. Bl. was one of those who were sure of this. About eight the next morning, while he was alone in his chamber, at private prayer, so horrible a dread overwhelmed him, that he began crying out with all his might. All the family was alarmed. Several of them came running up into his chamber; but he cried out so much the more, till his breath was utterly spent. God then rebuked the adversary; and he is now less wise in his own conceit.

Thursday, 6.—I left Bristol, and (after preaching at Malmesbury and Burford in the way) on *Saturday, 8,* came into my old room at Oxford, from which I went to Georgia. Here, musing on the things that were past, and reflecting, how many that came after me were preferred before me, I opened my Testament on those words: (O may I never let them slip!) “What shall we say then? That the Gentiles, which followed not after righteousness, have attained to righteousness. But Israel, which followed after the law of righteousness, hath not attained to the law of righteousness. Wherefore? Because they sought it not by faith, but as it were by the works of the law.”

Thursday, 13.—I had some hours’ conversation with a serious man, who offered many considerations to show, “that there are no unholy men on earth; and that there are no holy men; but that, in reality, all men are alike, there being no inward difference between them.”

I was at first in doubt, what could lead a man of learning and sense into so wonderful an opinion. But that doubt was soon cleared. He had narrowly observed those whom the world calls good men, and could not but discern, that the difference between them and others was merely external; their tempers, their desires, their

springs of action, were the same. He clearly saw, although one man was a thief, a common swearer, a drunkard, and another not; although this woman was a liar, a prostitute, a Sabbath-breaker, and the other clear of these things; yet they were both lovers of pleasure, lovers of praise, lovers of the present world. He saw self-will was the sole spring of action in both, though exerting itself in different ways: and that the love of God no more filled and ruled the heart of the one, than of the other. Hence, therefore, he inferred well, "If these persons are holy, there are none unholy upon earth: seeing thieves and prostitutes have as good a heart as these saints of the world." And whereas some of these said, "Nay, but we have faith; we believe in, and rely on, Christ:" it was easily replied, "Yea, and such a faith in Christ, such a reliance on Him, to save them in their sins, have nine in ten of all the robbers and murderers, of whom ye yourselves say, 'Away with them from the earth.'"

In the afternoon I was informed how many wise and learned men (who cannot, in terms, deny it, because our Articles and Homilies are not yet repealed) *explain* justification by faith. They say, 1. Justification is twofold: the first, in this life; the second, at the last day. 2. Both these are by faith alone; that is, by objective faith, or by the merits of Christ, which are the object of our faith. And this, they say, is all that St. Paul and the Church mean by: "We are justified by faith only." But they add, 3. We are not justified by subjective faith alone, that is, by the faith which is in us. But works also must be added to this faith, as a joint condition both of the first and second justification.

The sense of which hard words is plainly this: God accepts us both here and hereafter only for the sake of what Christ has done and suffered for us. This alone is the *cause* of our justification. But the *condition* thereof is, not *faith alone*, but *faith and works* together.

In flat opposition to this, I cannot but maintain, (at least, till I have a clearer light,) 1. That the justification which is spoken of by St. Paul to the Romans, and in our Articles, is not twofold. It is one, and no more. It is the present remission of our sins, or our first acceptance with God. 2. It is true that the merits of Christ are the sole cause of this our justification: but it is not true that this is all which St. Paul and our Church mean by our being justified by faith only; neither is it true, that either St. Paul or the Church mean by faith the merits of Christ. But, 3. By our being justified by faith only, both St. Paul and the Church mean, that the *condition* of our justification is *faith alone*, and *not good works*; inasmuch as "all works done before justification have in them the nature of sin."

Thursday, JANUARY 3, 1740.—I left London, and the next evening came to Oxford: where I spent the two following days in looking over the letters which I had received for the sixteen or eighteen years last past. How few traces of inward

religion are here! I found but one among all my correspondents who declared, (what I well remember, at that time, I knew not how to understand,) that God had “shed abroad His love in his heart,” and given him the “peace that passeth all understanding.” But, who believed his report? Should I conceal a sad truth, or declare it for the profit of others? He was expelled out of his society, as a madman; and, being disowned by his friends, and despised and forsaken of all men, lived obscure and unknown for a few months, and then went to Him Whom his soul loved.



(OXFORD, FROM HEADINGTON HILL.)

Monday, 7.—I left Oxford. In the evening I preached at Burford; the next evening at Malmesbury; and on *Wednesday, 9*, I once more described the “exceeding great and precious promises” at Bristol.

Monday, FEBRUARY 4.—I came to Reading, and met with a few still hungering and thirsting after righteousness. A few more I found at Windsor in the evening. The next afternoon I reached London.

Wednesday, 6.—I went to the poor young man who lay under sentence of death. Of a truth God has begun a good work in his soul. O may it be brought to perfection. I think it was the next time I was there, that the Ordinary of Newgate came to

me, and with much vehemence told me he was sorry I should turn dissenter from the Church of England. I told him, if it was so, I did not know it: at which he seemed a little surprised; and offered at something by way of proof, but which needed not a reply.

Our twentieth Article defines a true Church, "a congregation of faithful people, wherein the true Word of God is preached, and the Sacraments duly administered." According to this account, the Church of England is that body of faithful people (or holy believers) in England, among whom the pure Word of God is preached, and the Sacraments duly administered. Who, then, are the worst dissenters from this Church? 1. Unholy men of all kinds: swearers, Sabbath-breakers, drunkards, fighters, whoremongers, liars, revilers, evil-speakers; the passionate, the gay, the lovers of money, the lovers of dress, or of praise, the lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God: all these are dissenters of the highest sort, continually striking at the root of the Church; and themselves belonging in truth to no Church, but to the synagogue of Satan. 2. Men unsound in the faith; those who deny the Scriptures of truth; those who deny the Lord that bought them; those who deny Justification by Faith alone, or the present salvation which is by faith; these also are dissenters of a very high kind: for they likewise strike at the foundation; and were their principles universally to obtain, there could be no true Church upon earth. Lastly, Those who unduly administer the Sacraments; who (to instance but in one point) administer the Lord's Supper to such as have neither the power nor the form of godliness. These, too, are gross dissenters from the Church of England, and should not cast the first stone at others.

Tuesday, 12.—The young man who was to die the next day, gave me a paper, part of which was as follows:—

"As I am to answer to the God of justice and truth, before Whom I am to appear naked to-morrow,

"I came to Bristol with a design to go abroad, either as a surgeon or in any other capacity that was suiting. It was there that I unfortunately saw Mr. Ramsey. He told me, after one or two interviews, that he was in the service of Mr. John Wesley; and that he would introduce me to him, which he did. I cannot but say, I was always fond of the doctrine that I heard from him: however, unhappily, I consented with Mr. Ramsey, and I believe between us we might take more than thirty pounds out of the money collected for building the school in Kingswood.

"I acknowledge the justice of God in overtaking me for my sacrilege, in taking that money which was devoted to God. But He, I trust, has forgiven me this and all my sins, washing them away in the blood of the Lamb.

"GWILLAM SNOWDE.

"*February 12th, 1739—40.*"

Monday, MARCH 3.—We left Reading, and on *Wednesday, 5th*, came to Bristol. It was easy to observe here, in how different a manner God works now, from what He did last spring. He then poured along like a rapid flood, overwhelming all before Him. Whereas now,

“He deigns His influence to infuse,
Secret, refreshing as the silent dews.”



(BRIDEWELL.)

Convictions sink deeper and deeper. Love and joy are more calm, even, and steady. And God, in many, is laying the axe to the root of the tree, who can have no rest in their spirits till they are fully renewed in the image of God, in righteousness and true holiness.

Wednesday, 12.—I found a little time (having been much importuned) to spend with the soldier in Bridewell, who was under sentence of death. This I continued to

do once a day; whereby there was also an opportunity of declaring the Gospel of peace to several desolate ones that were confined in the same place.

Tuesday, 18.—In the evening, just after I had explained, as they came in course, those comfortable words of God to St. Paul: “Be not afraid; but speak, and hold not thy peace: for I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee; for I have much people in this city,”—a person spoke aloud in the middle of the room: “Sir, I am come to give you notice, that, at the next Quarter-sessions, you will be prosecuted for holding a seditious conventicle.”

Thursday, 27.—I had an interview with Joseph Chandler, a young Quaker, who had sometimes spoke in their meeting, with whom I had never exchanged a word before; as indeed I knew him not either by face or name. But some had been at the pains of carrying him, as from me, a formal challenge to dispute; and had afterwards told him that I had declared, in the open society, I challenged Joseph Chandler to dispute; and he promised to come, but broke his word. Joseph immediately sent to know, from my own mouth, if these things were so. If those who probably count themselves better Christians had but done like this honest Quaker, how many idle tales, which they now potently believe, would, like this, have vanished into air!

Saturday, 29.—I think it was about this time, that the soldier was executed. For some time I had visited him every day. But when the love of God was shed abroad in his heart, I told him: “Do not expect to see me any more. He Who has now begun a good work in your soul, will, I doubt not, preserve you to the end. But I believe Satan will separate us for a season.” Accordingly, the next day, I was informed that the commanding-officer had given strict orders, neither Mr. Wesley nor any of his people should be admitted; for they were all atheists. But did that man die like an atheist? Let my last end be like his!

Tuesday, APRIL 1.—While I was expounding the former part of the twenty-third chapter of the Acts, (how wonderfully suited to the occasion! though not by my choice,) the floods began to lift up their voice. Some or other of the children of Belial had laboured to disturb us several nights before; but now it seemed as if all the host of the aliens were come together with one consent. Not only the court and the alleys, but all the street, upwards and downwards, was filled with people, shouting, cursing and swearing, and ready to swallow the ground with fierceness and rage. The Mayor sent order, that they should disperse. But they set him at nought. The chief constable came next in person, who was, till then, sufficiently prejudiced against us. But they insulted him also in so gross a manner, as, I believe, fully opened his eyes. At length the Mayor sent several of his officers, who took the ringleaders into custody, and did not go till all the rest were dispersed. Surely he hath been to us “the minister of God for good.”

Wednesday, 2.—The rioters were brought up to the Court, the Quarter-sessions

being held that day. They began to excuse themselves by saying many things of me. But the Mayor cut them all short, saying, "What Mr. Wesley is, is nothing to you. I will keep the peace: I will have no rioting in this city."

Calling at Newgate in the afternoon, I was informed that the poor wretches under sentence of death were earnestly desirous "to speak with me; but that it could not be; Alderman Beecher having just then sent an express order that they should not. I cite Alderman Beecher to answer for these souls at the Judgment-seat of Christ.

Thursday, 3.—I went into the room, weak and faint. The Scripture that came in course was: "After the way which they call heresy, so worship I the God of my fathers." I know not whether God hath been so with us from the beginning hitherto: He proclaimed, as it were, a general deliverance to the captives. The chains fell off: they arose and followed Him. The cries of desire, joy, and love were on every side. Fear, sorrow, and doubt fled away. Verily Thou hast "sent a gracious rain upon Thine inheritance, and refreshed it when it was weary."



(MR. HOWELL HARRIS.)

On Good-Friday I was much comforted by Mr. T——'s sermon at All-Saints, which was according to the truth of the Gospel; as well as by the affectionate seriousness wherewith he delivered the holy bread to a very large congregation. May the good Lord fill him with all the life of love, and with all "spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus."

Monday, 7.—At the pressing instance of Howell Harris, I again set out for Wales. In the evening I preached "repentance and remission of sins," at Lanvachas, three miles from the New Passage.

Tuesday, 8.—I preached at Pontypool, on: "By grace ye are saved, through faith;" and in the evening at Lanhithel, three miles from thence, on: "I know that in me dwelleth no good thing."

Saturday, 12.—After preaching at Lanvachas in the way, in the afternoon I came to Bristol, and heard the melancholy news that ——, one of the chief of those who came to make the disturbance on the 1st instant, had hanged himself. He was cut down, it seems, alive; but died in less than an hour. A second of them had been for some days in strong pain; and had many times sent to desire our prayers. A third came to me himself, and confessed, that he was hired that night, and made drunk

on purpose; but when he came to the door, he knew not what was the matter, he could not stir, nor open his mouth.

Monday, 14.—I was explaining the “liberty” we have “to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus,” when one cried out, as in an agony: “Thou art a hypocrite, a devil, an enemy to the Church! This is false doctrine. It is not the doctrine of the Church. It is damnable doctrine. It is the doctrine of devils.” I did not perceive that any were hurt thereby; but rather strengthened, by having such an opportunity of confirming their love toward Him, and returning good for evil.

Tuesday, 15.—I received the following note:—

“SIR,—This is to let you understand, that the man which made the noise last night is named John Beon. He now goes by the name of John Darsy. He is a Romish priest. We have people enough here in Bristol that know him.”

Friday, MAY 9.—I was a little surprised at some, who were buffeted of Satan in an unusual manner, by such a spirit of laughter as they could in no wise resist, though it was pain and grief unto them. I could scarce have believed the account they gave me, had I not known the same thing ten or eleven years ago. Part of Sunday my brother and I then used to spend in walking in the meadows and singing psalms. But one day, just as we were beginning to sing, he burst out into a loud laughter. I asked him if he was distracted; and began to be very angry, and presently after to laugh as loud as he. Nor could we possibly refrain, though we were ready to tear ourselves in pieces; but we were forced to go home without singing another line.

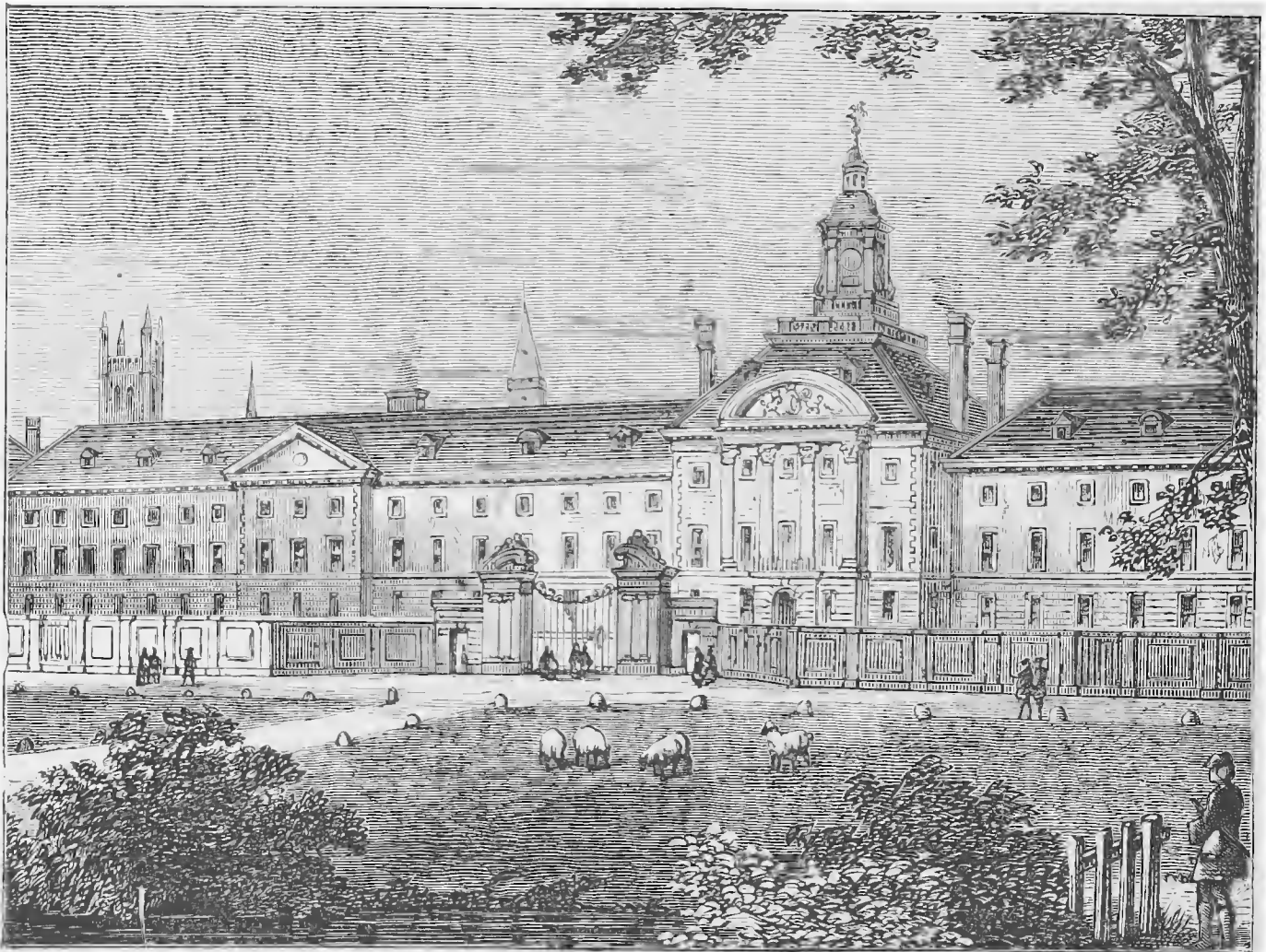
Sunday, JULY 20.—At Mr. Seward’s earnest request, I preached once more in Moorfields, on “the work of faith,” and the “patience of hope,” and the “labour of love.” A zealous man was so kind as to free us from most of the noisy, careless hearers, (or spectators rather,) by reading, meanwhile, at a small distance, a chapter in the “Whole Duty of Man.” I wish neither he nor they may ever read a worse book; though I can tell them of a better,—the Bible.

Sunday, AUGUST 3.—At St. Luke’s, our parish church, was such a sight as, I believe, was never seen there before: several hundred communicants, from whose very faces one might judge, that they indeed sought Him that was crucified.

Monday, 4.—In the evening many were gathered together at Long-lane, on purpose to make a disturbance; having procured a woman to begin, well-known in those parts, as neither fearing God nor regarding man. The instant she broke out, I turned full upon her, and declared the love our Lord had for *her* soul. We then prayed that He would confirm the word of His grace. She was struck to the heart; and shame covered her face. From her I turned to the rest, who melted away like water, and were as men that had no strength.

Sunday, 17.—I heard a sermon, setting forth the duty of getting a good estate, and keeping a good reputation. Is it possible to deny (supposing the Bible true) that such a preacher is a “blind leader of the blind”?

Thursday, 28.—I desired one who had seen affliction herself, to go and visit Mrs. G—— in Bedlam; where it pleased God greatly to knit their hearts together, and with His comforts to refresh their souls.



(OLD BEDLAM, MOORFIELDS.)

Thursday, SEPTEMBER 4.—A remarkable cause was tried: some time since, several men made a great disturbance during the evening sermon here (Bristol), behaving rudely to the women, and striking the men, who spake not to them. A constable standing by, pulled out his staff, and commanded them to keep the peace. Upon this one of them swore he would be revenged; and going immediately to a justice, made oath, that he (the constable) had picked his pocket, who was accordingly bound over to the next sessions. At these sessions, not only the same man, but two of his companions, swore the same thing. But there being eighteen or twenty witnesses on the other side.

the jury easily saw through the whole proceeding, and without going out at all, or any demur, brought in the prisoner "Not guilty."

Sunday, 14.—As I returned home in the evening, I had no sooner stepped out of the coach, than the mob, who were gathered in great numbers about my door, quite closed me in. I rejoiced and blessed God, knowing this was the time I had long been looking for; and immediately spake to those that were next me, of "righteousness, and judgment to come." At first not many heard, the noise round about us being exceeding great. But the silence spread farther and farther, till I had a quiet, attentive congregation; and, when I left them, they all showed much love, and dismissed me with many blessings.

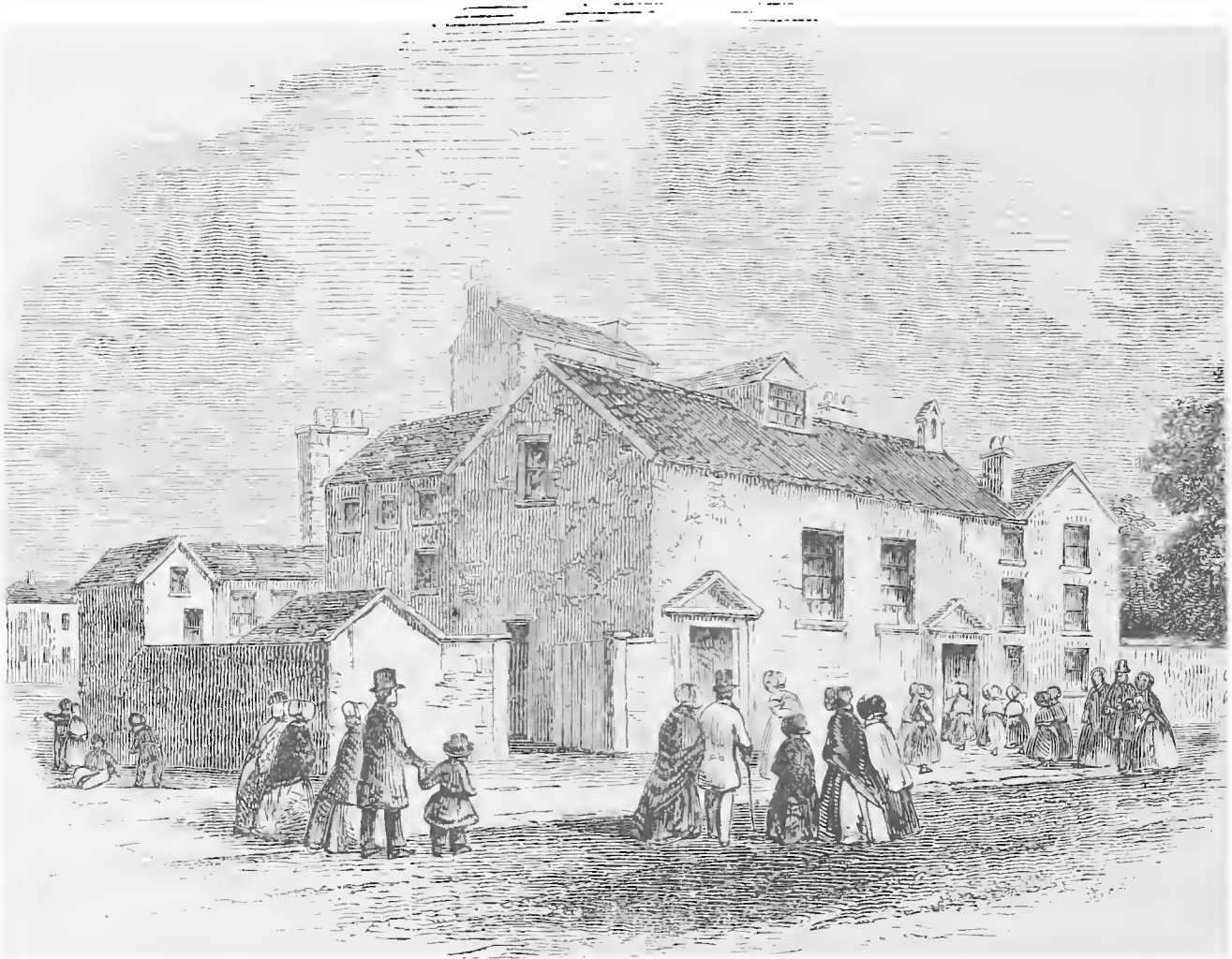
Tuesday, 16.—Many more, who came in among us as lions, in a short space became as lambs; the tears trickling apace down their cheeks, who at first most loudly contradicted and blasphemed. I wonder the devil has not wisdom enough to discern that he is destroying his own kingdom. I believe he has never yet, any one time, caused this open opposition to the truth of God, without losing one, or more, of his servants, who were found of God, while they sought Him not.

Wednesday, 17.—A poor woman gave me an account of what, I think, ought never to be forgotten. It was four years, she said, since her son, Peter Shaw, then nineteen or twenty years old, by hearing a sermon of Mr. Wh——y's, fell into great uneasiness. She thought he was ill, and would have sent for a physician; but he said, "No, no. Send for Mr. Wh——." He was sent for, and came; and after asking her a few questions, told her, "The boy is mad. Get a coach, and carry him to Dr. M——. Use my name. I have sent several such to him." Accordingly, she got a coach, and went with him immediately to Dr. M——'s house. When the doctor came in, the young man rose and said, "Sir, Mr. Wh—— has sent me to you." The doctor asked, "Is Mr. Wh—— your minister?" and bid him put out his tongue. Then, without asking any questions, he told his mother, "Choose your apothecary, and I will prescribe." According to his prescriptions they, the next day, blooded him largely, confined him to a dark room, and put a strong blister on each of his arms, with another over all his head. But still he was as "mad" as before, praying, or singing, or giving thanks continually: of which having laboured to cure him for six weeks in vain, though he was now so weak he could not stand alone, his mother dismissed the doctor and apothecary, and let him be "beside himself" in peace.

Thursday, 18.—The prince of the air made another attempt in defence of his tottering kingdom. A great number of men having got into the middle of the Foundery began to speak big, swelling words; so that my voice could hardly be heard, while I was reading the eleventh chapter of the Acts. But immediately after, the hammer of the Word brake the rocks in pieces: all quietly heard the glad tidings of salvation; and some, I trust, not in vain.

Monday, 22.—Wanting a little time for retirement, which it was almost impossible for me to have in London, I went to Mr. Piers', at Bexley; where, in the mornings and evenings, I expounded the Sermon on the Mount; and had leisure during the rest of the day for business of other kinds.

Sunday, 28.—In the afternoon I described* to a numerous congregation at Kennington, the life of God in the soul. When I came home, I found an innumerable mob



(THE FOUNDERY.)

round the door, who opened all their throats the moment they saw me. I desired my friends to go into the house; and then, walking into the midst of the people, proclaimed “the name of the Lord, gracious and merciful, and repenting Him of the evil.” They stood staring one at another. I told them, they could not flee from the face of this great God: and therefore besought them, that we might all join together in crying to Him for mercy. To this they readily agreed: I then commended them to His grace, and went undisturbed to the little company within.

Tuesday, 30.—As I was expounding the twelfth of the Acts, a young man, with

some others, rushed in, cursing and swearing vehemently ; and so disturbed all near him, that, after a time, they put him out. I observed it, and called to let him come in, that our Lord might bid his chains fall off. As soon as the sermon was over, he came and declared before us all that he was a smuggler, then going on that work ; as his disguise, and the great bag he had with him, showed. But he said, he must never do this more : for he was now resolved to have the Lord for his God.

Sunday, OCTOBER 26.—While I was enforcing that great question with an eye to the spiritual resurrection : “ Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead ? ” the many-headed beast began to roar again. I again proclaimed deliverance to the captives ; and their deep attention showed that the word sent to them did not return empty.

Monday, NOVEMBER 3.—We distributed, as every one had need, among the numerous poor of our society, the clothes of several kinds, which many who could spare them had brought for that purpose.

Tuesday, 25.—After several methods proposed for employing those who were out of business, we determined to make a trial of one which several of our brethren recommended to us. Our aim was, with as little expense as possible, to keep them at once from want and from idleness ; in order to which, we took twelve of the poorest, and a teacher, into the society-room, where they were employed for four months, till spring came on, in carding and spinning of cotton. And the design answered : they were employed and maintained with very little more than the produce of their own labour.

Friday, 28.—A gentleman came to me full of good-will, to exhort me not to leave the Church ; or (which was the same thing in his account) to use extemporary prayer ; which, said he, “ I will prove to a demonstration to be no prayer at all. For you cannot do two things at once. But thinking how to pray and praying are two things. *Ergo*, you cannot both think and pray at once.” Now, may it not be proved by the self-same demonstration, that praying by a form is no prayer at all ? *e.g.*, “ You cannot do two things at once. But reading and praying are two things. *Ergo*, you cannot both read and pray at once.” Q. E. D.

Monday, DECEMBER 1.—Finding many of our brethren and sisters offended at each other, I appointed the several accusers to come and speak face to face with the accused. Some of them came almost every day this week. And most of the offences vanished away. Where any doubt remained, I could only advise them each to look to his own heart ; and to suspend their judgments of each other, till God should “ bring to light the hidden things of darkness.”

Friday, 12.—Having received many displeasing accounts concerning our little society in Kingswood, I left London, and after some difficulty and danger, by reason

of much ice on the road, on *Saturday* evening came to my brother at Bristol, who confirmed to me what I did not desire to hear.

Sunday, 14.—I went to Kingswood, intending, if it should please God, to spend some time there, if haply I might be an instrument in His hand of repairing the breaches which had been made; that we might again, with one heart and one mouth, glorify the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Monday, 15.—I began expounding, both in the morning and evening, our Lord's Sermon upon the Mount. In the day-time I laboured to heal the jealousies and misunderstandings which had arisen, warning every man, and exhorting every man: "See that ye fall not out by the way."

Tuesday, 16.—In the afternoon I preached on: "Let patience have her perfect work." The next evening Mr. Cennick came back from a little journey into Wiltshire. I was greatly surprised when I went to receive him, as usual, with open arms, to observe him quite cold; so that a stranger would have judged he had scarce ever seen me before. However, for the present, I said nothing; but did him honour before the people.

Friday, 19.—I pressed him to explain his behaviour. He told me many stories which he had heard of me: yet it seemed to me, something was still behind; so I desired we might meet again in the morning.

Saturday, 20.—A few of us had a long conference together. Mr. Cennick now told me plainly, he could not agree with me, because I did not preach the truth, in particular with regard to Election. We then entered a little into the controversy; but without effect.

Sunday, JANUARY 11, 1741.—I met with a surprising instance of the power of the devil. While we were at the room, Mrs. J——s, sitting at home, took the Bible to read; but on a sudden threw it away, saying, "I am good enough; I will never read or pray more." She was in the same mind when I came; often repeating, "I used to think I was full of sin, and that I sinned in everything I did; but now I know better: I am a good Christian; I never did any harm in my life; I don't desire to be any better than I am." She spoke many things to the same effect, plainly showing that the spirit of pride, and of lies, had the full dominion over her. *Monday*, 12, I asked, "Do you desire to be healed?" She said, "I am whole." "But do you desire to be saved?" She replied, "I am saved; I ail nothing; I am happy." Yet it was easy to discern she was in the most violent agony, both of body and mind; sweating exceedingly, notwithstanding the severe frost, and not continuing in the same posture a moment. Upon our beginning to pray, she raged beyond measure; but soon sunk down as dead. In a few minutes she revived, and joined in prayer. We left her, for the present, in peace.

Monday, 12.—In the evening our souls were so filled with the spirit of prayer

and thanksgiving, that I could scarce tell how to expound, till I found where it is written: "My song shall be always of the lovingkindness of the Lord. With my mouth will I ever be showing Thy truth, from one generation to another."

All this day, Mrs. J——s was in a violent agony, till, starting up in the evening, she said, "Now they have done. They have just done. Cennick prayed, and Humphreys preached."* (And indeed so they did.) "And they are coming hither as fast as they can." Quickly after they came in. She immediately cried out: "Why, what do you come for? You can't pray. You know you can't." And they could not open their mouths; so that, after a short time, they were constrained to leave her as she was.

Many came to see her on *Tuesday*;—to every one of whom she spoke, concerning either their actual or their heart sins, and that so closely, that several of them went away in more haste than they came. In the afternoon Mr. J—— sent to Kingswood for me. She told him, "Mr. Wesley won't come to-night; he will come in the morning. But God has begun, and He will end the work by Himself. Before six in the morning I shall be well." And about a quarter before six the next morning, after lying quiet awhile, she broke out: "Peace be unto thee"; (her husband;) "peace be unto this house. The peace of God is come to my soul. I know that my Redeemer liveth." And for several days her mouth was filled with His praise, and her "talk was wholly of His wondrous works."

Monday, 19.—I found, from several accounts, it was absolutely necessary for me to be at London. I therefore desired the society to meet in the evening; and having settled things in the best manner I could, on *Tuesday* set out, and on *Wednesday* evening met our brethren at the Foundery.

Sunday, FEBRUARY 1.—A private letter, wrote to me by Mr. Whitefield, having been printed without either his leave or mine, great numbers of copies were given to our people, both at the door and in the Foundery itself. Having procured one of them, I related (after preaching) the naked fact to the congregation, and told them, "I will do just what I believe Mr. Whitefield would, were he here himself." Upon which I tore it in pieces before them all. Every one who had received it, did the same. So that in two minutes there was not a whole copy left. Ah! poor Ahithophel!

Wednesday, 4.—Coming from the service at St. Luke's, I found our house so crowded, that the people were ready to tread one upon another. I had not designed to preach; but seeing such a congregation, I could not think it right to send them empty away; and therefore expounded the parable of the barren fig-tree. O that it may at length bear fruit!

Tuesday, 10.—(Being Shrove-Tuesday.) Before I began to preach, many men

* Cennick and Humphreys were Mr. Wesley's earliest lay-helpers.

of the baser sort, having mixed themselves with the women, behaved so indecently, as occasioned much disturbance. A constable commanded them to keep the peace: in answer to which they knocked him down. Some who were near seized on two of them, and, by shutting the doors, prevented any farther contest. Those two were afterwards carried before a magistrate; but on their promise of better behaviour, were discharged.

Tuesday, 24.—The bands meeting at Bristol, I read over the names of the United



(MR. WESLEY'S INTERVIEW WITH MR. WHITEFIELD.)

Society, being determined that no disorderly walker should remain therein. Accordingly, I took an account of every person: 1. To whom any reasonable objection was made. 2. Who was not known to and recommended by some, on whose veracity I could depend. To those who were sufficiently recommended, tickets were given on the following days. Most of the rest I had face to face with their accusers; and such as either appeared to be innocent, or confessed their faults and promised better behaviour, were then received into the society. The others were put upon trial again, unless they voluntarily expelled themselves. About forty were by this means separated from us; I trust only for a season.

Sunday, MARCH 15.—One of the notes I received to-day was as follows:—"A person whom God has visited with a fever, and has wonderfully preserved seven days in a hay-mow without any sustenance but now and then a little water out of a ditch, desires to return God thanks. The person is present, and ready to declare what God has done both for his body and soul. For the first three days of his illness, he felt nothing but the terrors of the Lord, greatly fearing lest he should drop into hell; till after long and earnest prayer, he felt himself given up to the will of God, and equally content to live or die. Then he fell into a refreshing slumber, and awaked full of peace and the love of God."

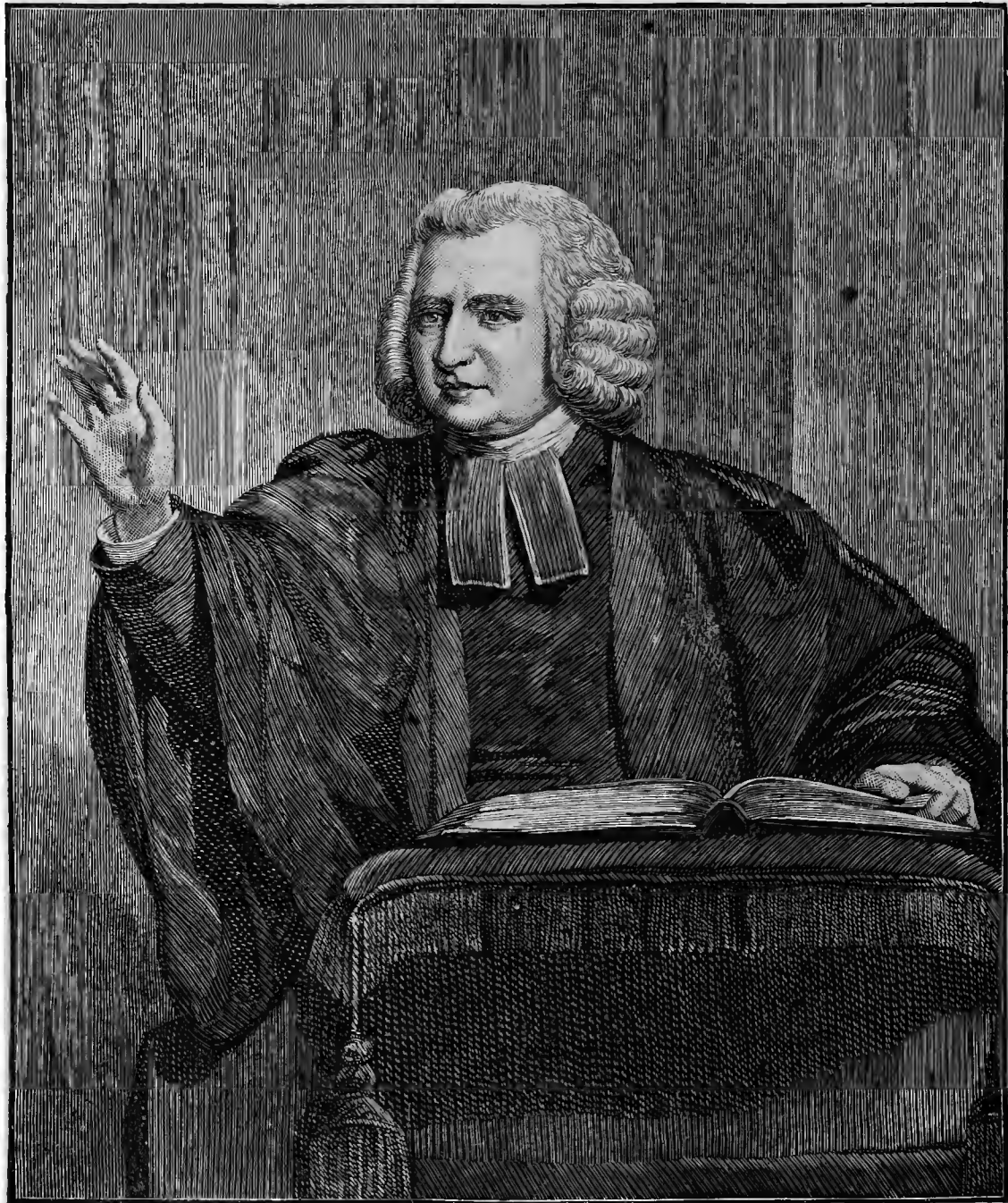
Saturday, 28.—Having heard much of Mr. Whitefield's unkind behaviour, since his return from Georgia, I went to him to hear him speak for himself, that I might know how to judge. I much approved of his plainness of speech. He told me, he and I preached two different Gospels; and, therefore, he not only would not join with, or give me the right hand of fellowship, but was resolved publicly to preach against me and my brother, wheresoever he preached at all. Mr. Hall (who went with me) put him in mind of the promise he had made but a few days before, that, whatever his private opinion was, he would never publicly preach against us. He said that promise was only an effect of human weakness, and he was now of another mind.

Monday, 30.—I fixed an hour every day for speaking with each of the bands, that no disorderly walker might remain among them, nor any of a careless or contentious spirit. And the hours from ten to two, on every day but Saturday, I set apart for speaking with any who should desire it.

Wednesday, APRIL 1.—At his earnest and repeated request, I went to see one under sentence of death in the New Prison. But the keeper told me, Mr. Wilson (the curate of the parish) had given charge I should not speak with him. I am clear from the blood of this man. Let Mr. Wilson answer for it to God.

Saturday, 4.—I believed both love and justice required that I should speak my sentiments freely to Mr. Whitefield, concerning the letter he had published, said to be in answer to my Sermon on Free Grace. The sum of what I observed to him was this: 1. That it was quite imprudent to publish it at all, as being only the putting of weapons into their hands, who loved neither the one nor the other. 2. That if he was constrained to bear his testimony (as he termed it) against the error I was in, he might have done it by publishing a treatise on this head, without ever calling my name in question. 3. That what he had published was a mere burlesque upon an answer, leaving four of my eight arguments untouched, and handling the other four in so gentle a manner as if he was afraid they would burn his fingers: however, that, 4. He had said enough of what was wholly foreign to the question, to make an open (and probably, irreparable) breach between him and me; seeing "for a treacherous wound, and for the bewraying of secrets, every friend will depart."

Monday, 6.—I had a long conversation with Peter Böhler. I marvel how I refrain from joining these men. I scarce ever see any of them but my heart burns within me. I long to be with them; and yet I am kept from them.



(REV. CHARLES WESLEY.)

Tuesday, 7.—I dined with one who had been a professed atheist for upwards of twenty years. But coming some months since to make sport with the Word of God, it cut him to the heart. And he could have no rest day nor night, till the God Whom he had denied spoke peace to his soul.

In the evening, having desired all the bands to meet, I read over the names of the United Society; and marked those who were of a doubtful character, that full inquiry might be made concerning them. On *Thursday*, at the meeting of that society I read over the names of these, and desired to speak with each of them the next day, as soon as they had opportunity. Many of them afterwards gave sufficient proof, that they were seeking Christ in sincerity. The rest I determined to keep on trial, till the doubts concerning them were removed.

Friday, 17.—I could scarce get out of bed, and almost as soon as I was up, was constrained to lie down again. Nevertheless I made shift to drag myself on, in the evening, to Short's Gardens. Having, not without difficulty, got up the stairs, I read those words, (though scarce intelligibly, for my voice too was almost gone,) "Whom He did foreknow, He also did predestinate." In a moment both my voice and strength returned; and from that time, for some weeks, I found such bodily strength, as I had never done before, since my landing in America.

Tuesday, 21.—I wrote to my brother, then at Bristol, in the following words:—

"As yet I dare in no wise join with the Moravians: because their general scheme is mystical, not Scriptural; refined in every point above what is written; immeasurably beyond the plain Gospel. For these reasons (chiefly) I will rather, God being my Helper, stand quite alone than join with them: I mean till I have full assurance, that they are better acquainted with 'the truth as it is in Jesus.'"

Friday, MAY 1.—In the evening I went to a little love-feast which Peter Böhler made for those ten who joined together on this day three years, "to confess our faults one to another." Seven of us were present; one being sick, and two unwilling to come.

Sunday, 3.—I explained at Marylebone-Fields, to a vast multitude of people: "He hath showed thee, O man, what is good. And what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" The devil's children fought valiantly for their master, that his kingdom should not be destroyed. And many stones fell on my right hand and on my left. But when I began to examine them closely, what reward they were to have for their labour, they vanished away like smoke.

Thursday, 7.—I reminded the United Society, that many of our brethren and sisters had not needful food; many were destitute of convenient clothing; many were out of business, and that without their own fault; and many sick and ready to perish: that I had done what in me lay to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to employ the poor, and to visit the sick; but was not, alone, sufficient for these things; and therefore desired all whose hearts were as my heart:

1. To bring what clothes each could spare, to be distributed among those that wanted most.

2. To give weekly a penny, or what they could afford, for the relief of the poor and sick.

My design, I told them, is to employ, for the present, all the women who are out of business, and desire it, in knitting.

To these we will first give the common price for what work they do; and then add, according as they need.

Twelve persons are appointed to inspect these, and to visit and provide things needful for the sick.

Each of these is to visit all the sick within their district, every other day: and to meet on Tuesday evening, to give an account of what they have done, and consult what can be done farther.

Friday, 8.—I found myself much out of order. However, I made shift to preach in the evening: but on *Saturday* my bodily strength quite failed, so that for several hours I could scarce lift up my head.

Sunday, 10.—I was obliged to lie down most part of the day, being easy only in that posture. Yet in the evening my weakness was suspended, while I was calling sinners to repentance. But at our love-feast which followed, beside the pain in my back and head, and the fever which still continued upon me, just as I began to pray, I was seized with such a cough, that I could hardly speak. At the same time came strongly into my mind: “These signs shall follow them that believe.” I called on Jesus aloud, to “increase my faith,” and to “confirm the word of His grace.” While I was speaking, my pain vanished away; the fever left me; my bodily strength returned; and for many weeks I felt neither weakness nor pain. “Unto Thee, O Lord, do I give thanks.”

Thursday, 21.—In the evening I published the great decree of God, eternal, unchangeable, (so miserably misunderstood and misrepresented by vain men that would be wise,) “He that believeth shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned.”

Saturday, 23.—At a meeting of the Stewards of the society, (who receive and expend what is contributed weekly,) it was found needful to retrench the expenses; the contributions not answering thereto. And it was accordingly agreed to discharge two of the schoolmasters at Bristol; the present fund being barely sufficient to keep two masters and a mistress here, and one master and a mistress at Kingswood.

Monday, JUNE 8.—I set out from Enfield-Chace for Leicestershire. In the evening we came to Northampton: and the next afternoon to Mr. Ellis' at Markfield, five or six miles beyond Leicester.

For these two days, I had made an experiment which I had been so often and earnestly pressed to do:—speaking to none concerning the things of God, unless my heart was free to it. And what was the event? Why, 1. That I spoke to none at all for four-score miles together; no, not even to him that travelled with me in the chaise, unless a few words at first setting out. 2. That I had no cross either to bear or to take up, and commonly in an hour or two fell fast asleep. 3. That I had much respect shown me wherever I came; every



(NOTTINGHAM CASTLE.)

one behaving to me, as to a civil, good-natured gentleman. O how pleasing is all this to flesh and blood! Need ye “compass sea and land” to make “proselytes” to this?

Wednesday, 10.—I preached in the morning, on the inward kingdom of God. And many, I trust, found they were heathens in heart, and Christians in name only.

Saturday, 13.—In the morning I preached on those words: “To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted to him for righteousness.” We then set out for Melbourn, where, finding the house too small to

contain those who were come together, I stood under a large tree, and declared Him Whom "God hath exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance unto Israel, and remission of sins."

Thence I went to Hemmington, where also, the house not being large enough to contain the people, they stood about the door and at both the windows, while I showed "what" we "must do to be saved."

One of our company seemed a little offended when I had done, at "a vile fellow, notorious all over the country for cursing, swearing, and drunkenness; though he was now gray-headed, being near four-score years of age." He came to me, and catching me hold by the hands, said, "Whether thou art a good or a bad man, I know not; but I know the words thou speakest are good. I never heard the like in all my life. O that God would set them home upon my poor soul!" He then burst into tears, so that he could speak no more.

Sunday, 14.—I rode to Nottingham again, and at eight preached at the market-place, to an immense multitude of people, on: "The dead shall hear the Voice of the Son of God; and they that hear shall live." I saw only one or two who behaved lightly, whom I immediately spoke to; and they stood reprov'd. Yet, soon after, a man behind me began aloud to contradict and blaspheme; but upon my turning to him, he stepped behind a pillar, and in a few minutes disappeared.

In the afternoon we returned to Markfield. The church was so excessive hot, (being crowded in every corner,) that I could not, without difficulty, read the Evening Service. Being afterwards informed that abundance of people were still without, who could not possibly get into the church, I went out to them, and explained that great promise of our Lord: "I will heal their backslidings: I will love them freely." In the evening I expounded in the church, on her who "loved much, because she had much forgiven."

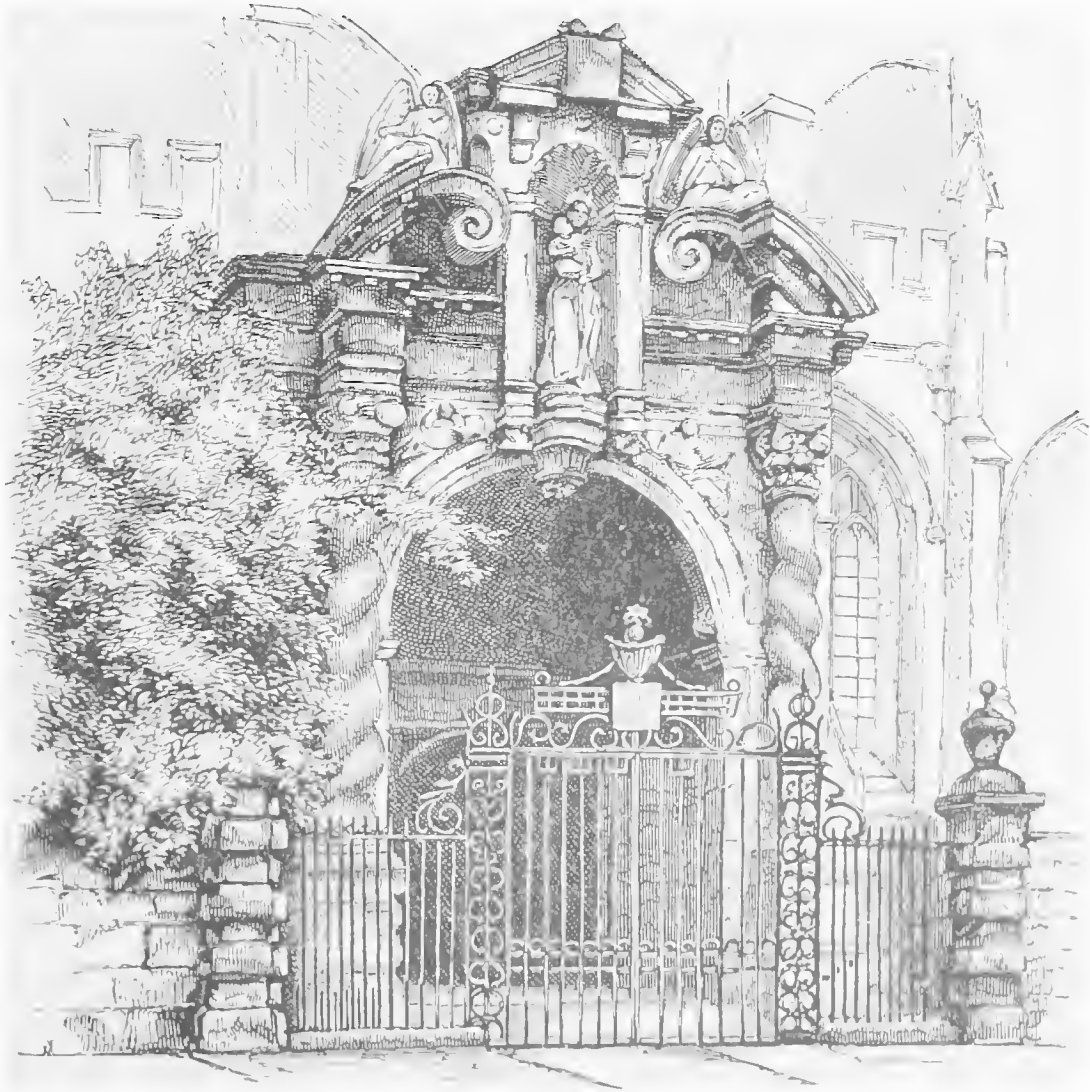
Thursday, 18.—I advised with Mr. Gambold concerning the subject of my sermon before the University; but he seemed to think it of no moment: "For," said he, "all here are so prejudiced, that they will mind nothing you say." I know not that. However, I am to deliver my own soul, whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear.

Saturday, JULY 25.—It being my turn, (which comes about once in three years,) I preached at St. Mary's, before the University. The harvest truly is plenteous. So numerous a congregation (from whatever motives they came) I have seldom seen at Oxford. My text was the confession of poor Agrippa: "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." I have "cast my bread upon the waters;" let me "find it again after many days!"

Thursday, AUGUST 20.—A clergyman having sent me word, that if I would preach in the evening on the text he named, he would come to hear me, I preached on

that text, Matt. vii. 15; and strongly enforced the caution of our Lord, to “Beware of false prophets;” that is, all preachers who do not speak as the oracles of God.

Sunday, OCTOBER 25.—After the Sacrament at All-Saints, I took horse for Kingswood; but before I came to Lawrence-hill, my horse fell, and attempting to rise again, fell down upon me. One or two women ran out of a neighbouring house, and when I rose, helped me in. I adore the wisdom of God. In this house were



(GATEWAY OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH, OXFORD.)

three persons who began to run well, but Satan had hindered them: but they resolved to set out again; and not one of them has looked back since.

Notwithstanding this delay, I got to Kingswood by two. The words God enabled me to speak there, and afterwards at Bristol, (so I must express myself still, for I dare not ascribe them to my own wisdom,) were as a hammer and a flame; and the same blessing we found at the meeting of the society; but more abundantly at the love-feast which followed. I remember nothing like it for many months. A cry was

heard from one end of the congregation to the other; not of grief, but of overflowing joy and love. "O continue forth Thy lovingkindness unto them that know Thee; and Thy righteousness unto them that are true of heart!"

The great comfort I found, both in public and private, almost every day of the ensuing week, I apprehend, was to prepare me for what followed: a short account of which I sent to London soon after, in a letter, the copy of which I have subjoined; although I am sensible there are several circumstances therein which some may set down for mere enthusiasm and extravagance:

"DEAR BROTHER,—All last week I found hanging upon me the effects of a violent cold I had contracted in Wales: not, I think, (as Mr. Turner and Walcam supposed,) by lying in a damp bed at St. Bride's; but rather by riding continually in the cold and wet nights, and preaching immediately after. But I believed it would pass off, and so took little notice of it till Friday morning. I then found myself exceeding sick: and as I walked to Baptist-Mills, (to pray with Susanna Basil, who was ill of a fever,) felt the wind pierce me, as it were, through. At my return I found myself something better; only I could not eat anything at all. Yet I felt no want of strength at the hour of intercession, nor at six in the evening, while I was opening and applying those words: 'Sun, stand thou still in Gibeon; and thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon.' I was afterwards refreshed, and slept well: so that I apprehended no farther disorder; but rose in the morning as usual, and declared, with a strong voice and enlarged heart: 'Neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, but faith that worketh by love.' About two in the afternoon, just as I was set down to dinner, a shivering came upon me, and a little pain in my back: but no sickness at all; so that I eat a little; and then, growing warm, went to see some that were sick. Finding myself worse about four, I would willingly have lain down. But having promised to see Mrs. G——, who had been out of order for some days, I went thither first, and thence to Weaver's Hall. A man gave me a token for good as I went along, 'Ay,' said he, 'he will be a martyr too by-and-by.' The Scripture I enforced was: 'My little children, these things I write unto you, that ye sin not. But if any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous.' I found no want either of inward or outward strength. But afterwards, finding my fever increased, I called on Dr. Middleton. By his advice I went home and took my bed: a strange thing to me who had not kept my bed a day (for five-and-thirty years) ever since I had the small-pox. I immediately fell into a profuse sweat, which continued till one or two in the morning. God then gave me refreshing sleep, and afterwards such tranquility of mind, that this day, *Sunday*, NOVEMBER 1st, seemed the shortest day to me I had ever known in my life.

“On *Sunday* night likewise I slept well, and was easy all *Monday* morning. But about three in the afternoon the shivering returned much more violent than before. It continued till I was put to bed. I was then immediately as in a fiery furnace. In a little space I began sweating: but the sweating seemed to increase rather than allay the burning heat. Thus I remained, till about eight o'clock; when I suddenly awaked out of a kind of doze, in such a sort of disorder (whether of body or mind, or both) as I know not how to describe. My heart and lungs, and all that was within me, and my soul too, seemed to be in perfect uproar. But I cried unto the Lord in my trouble, and He delivered me out of my distress.

“I continued in a moderate sweat till near midnight, and then slept pretty well till morning. On *Tuesday*, November 3rd, about noon I was removed to Mr. Hooper's. Here I enjoyed a blessed calm for several hours, the fit not returning till six in the evening: and then in such a manner as I never heard or read of. I had a quick pulse, attended with violent heat; but no pain, either in my head, or back, or limbs; no sickness, no stitch, no thirst. Surely God is a present help in time of trouble. And He does 'make all' my 'bed in' my 'sickness.'

“*Wednesday*, 4.—Many of our Brethren agreed to seek God to-day by fasting and prayer. About twelve my fever began to rage. At two I dozed a little, and suddenly awaked in such a disorder (only more violent) as that on Monday. The silver cord appeared to be just then loosing, and the wheel breaking at the cistern. The blood whirled to and fro, as if it would immediately force its way through all its vessels, especially in the breast: and excessive burning heat parched up my whole body, both within and without. About three, in a moment the commotion ceased, the heat was over, and the pain gone. Soon after it made another attack; but not near so violent as the former. This lasted till half-past four, and then vanished away at once. I grew better and better till nine: then I fell asleep, and scarce awaked at all till morning.

“*Thursday*, 5.—The noisy joy of the people in the streets did not agree with me very well; though I am afraid it disordered their poor souls much more than it did my body. About five in the evening my cough returned, and soon after, the heat and other symptoms; but with this remarkable circumstance, that for fourteen or fifteen hours following, I had more or less sleep in every hour. This was one cause why I was never light-headed at all, but had the use of my understanding, from the first hour of my illness to the last, as fully as when in perfect health.

“*Friday*, 6.—Between ten and twelve the main shock began. I can give but a faint account of this, not for want of memory, but of words. I felt in my body nothing but storm and tempest, hail-stones and coals of fire. But I do not remember that I felt any fear, (such was the mercy of God!) nor any murmuring. And yet I found but a dull, heavy kind of patience, which I knew was not what it ought to be.

The fever came rushing upon me as a lion, ready to break all my bones in pieces. My body grew weaker every moment; but I did not feel my soul put on strength. Then it came into my mind: 'Be still, and see the salvation of the Lord. I will not stir hand or foot; but let Him do with me what is good in His own eyes.' At once my heart was at ease. 'My mouth was filled with laughter, and my tongue with joy.' My eyes overflowed with tears, and I began to sing aloud. One who stood by said, 'Now he is light-headed.' I told her, 'O no! I am not light-headed; but I am praising God; God is come to my help, and pain is nothing; glory be to God on high!' I now found why it was not expedient for me to recover my health sooner: because then I should have lost this experimental proof, how little everything is which can befall the body, so long as God carries the soul aloft, as it were on the wings of an eagle.

"An hour after, I had one more grapple with the enemy, who then seemed to collect all his strength. I essayed to shake myself, and praise God as before, but I was not able; the power was departed from me. I was shorn of my strength, and became weak, and like another man. Then I said, 'Yet here I hold; lo, I come to bear Thy will, O God.' Immediately He returned to my soul, and lifted up the light of His countenance. And I felt, 'He rideth easily enough, whom the grace of God carrieth.'

"I supposed the fit was now over, it being about five in the afternoon, and began to compose myself for sleep; when I felt first a chill, and then a burning all over, attended with such an universal faintness, and weariness, and utter loss of strength, as if the whole frame of nature had been dissolved. Just then my nurse, I know not why, took me out of bed, and placed me in a chair. I grew easier from that hour, and had such a night's rest as I have not had before, since it pleased God to lay His hand upon me."

From *Saturday, 7, to Sunday, 15*, I found my strength gradually increasing and was able to read Turretin's "History of the Church," (a dry, heavy, barren treatise;) and the Life of that truly good and great man, Mr. Philip Henry.

Thursday, 19.—I read again, with great surprise, part of the "Ecclesiastical History of Eusebius." But so weak, credulous, throughly injudicious a writer, have I seldom found.

Friday, 20.—I began Mr. Laval's "History of the Reformed Churches in France;" full of the most amazing instances of the wickedness of men, and of the goodness and power of God. About noon, the next day, I went out in a coach as far as the school in Kingswood, where one of the mistresses lay (as was believed) near death, having found no help from all the medicines she had taken. We determined to try one remedy more; so we poured out our souls in prayer to God. From that hour she began to recover strength, and in a few days was out of danger.

Sunday, 22.—Being not suffered to go to church as yet, I communicated at home. I was advised to stay at home some time longer; but I could not apprehend it necessary: and therefore, on *Monday, 23*, went to the new-room, where we praised God for all His mercies. And I expounded, for about an hour, (without any faintness or weariness,) on: “What reward shall I give unto the Lord for all the benefits that He hath done unto me? I will receive the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord.”

I preached once every day this week, and found no inconvenience by it.

Sunday, 29.—I thought I might go a little farther. So I preached both at Kingswood and at Bristol; and afterwards spent near an hour with the society, and about two hours at the love-feast. But my body could not yet keep pace with my mind. I had another fit of my fever the next day; but it lasted not long, and I continued slowly to regain my strength.

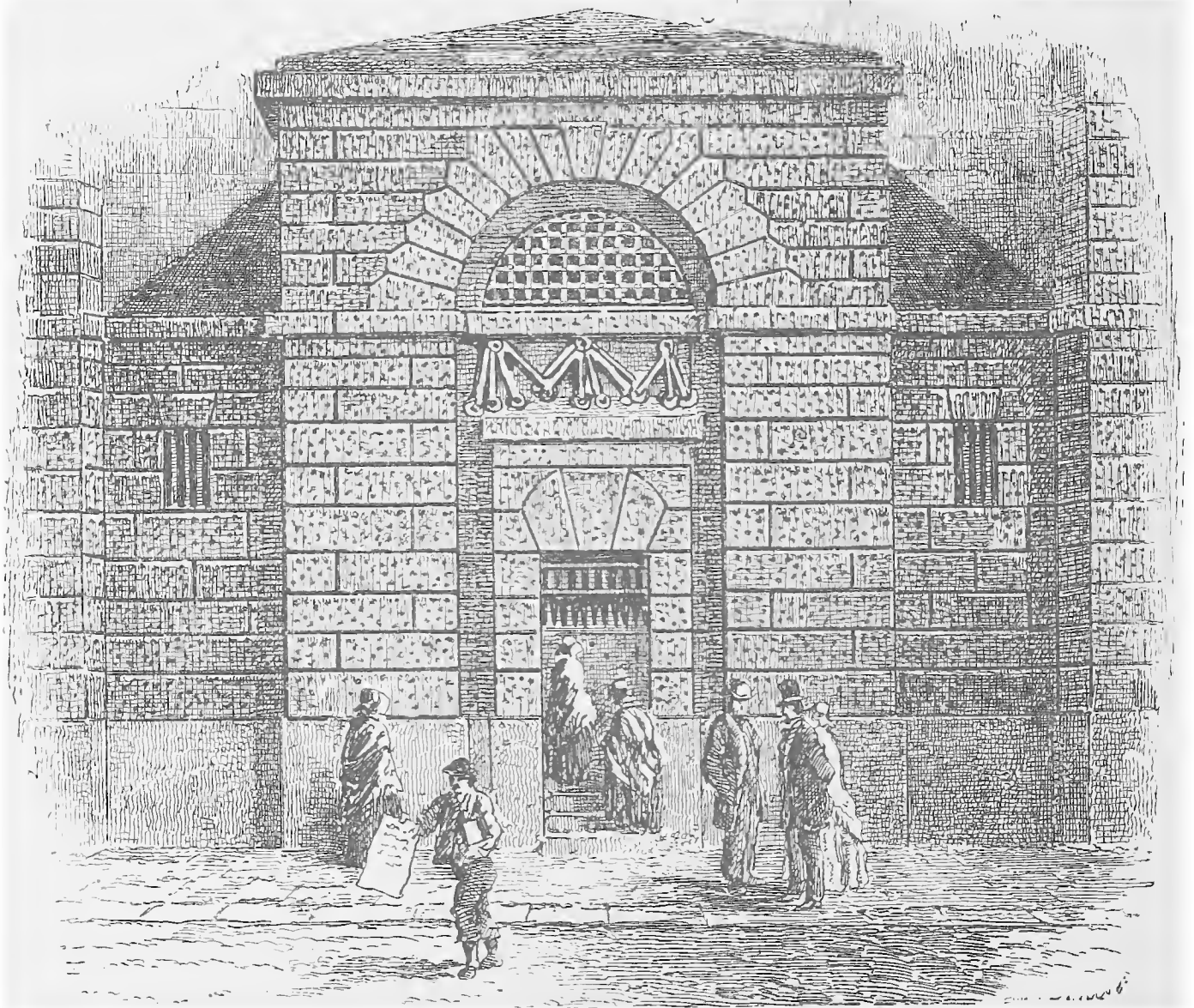
Wednesday, DECEMBER 9.—God humbled us in the evening by the loss of more than thirty of our little company, who I was obliged to exclude, as no longer adorning the Gospel of Christ. I believed it best, openly to declare both their names and the reasons why they were excluded. We then all cried unto God, that this might be for their edification, and not for destruction.

Sunday, 27.—After diligent inquiry made, I removed all those from the congregation of the faithful whose behaviour or spirit was not agreeable to the Gospel of Christ: openly declaring the objections I had to each, that others might fear, and cry to God for them.

Thursday, 31.—By the unusual overflowing of peace and love to all which I felt, I was inclined to believe some trial was at hand. At three in the afternoon my fever came; but, finding it was not violent, I would not break my word, and therefore went at four and committed to the earth the remains of one who had died in the Lord a few days before; neither could I refrain from exhorting the almost innumerable multitude of people, who were gathered together round her grave, to cry to God, that they might die the death of the righteous, and their last end be like hers. I then designed to lie down; but Sir John G—— coming, and sending to speak with me, I went to him, and from him into the pulpit, knowing God could renew my strength. I preached, according to her request, who was now with God, on those words with which her soul had been so refreshed a little before she went hence, after a long night of doubts and fears: “Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall Thy moon withdraw itself. For the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.”

At the society which followed, many cried after God with a loud and bitter cry. About ten I left them, and committed myself into His hands, to do with me what seemed Him good.

Friday, JANUARY 1, 1742.—After a night of quiet sleep, I waked in a strong fever, but without any sickness, or thirst, or pain. I consented, however, to keep my bed; but on condition that every one who desired it, should have liberty to speak with me. I believe fifty or sixty persons did so this day; nor did I find any incon-



(DOOR OF NEWGATE.)

venience from it. In the evening I sent for all the bands who were in the house, that we might magnify our Lord together.

This night also, by the blessing of God, I slept well, to the utter astonishment of those about me, the apothecary in particular, who said he had never seen such a fever in his life. I had a clear remission in the morning; but about two in the afternoon, a stronger fit than any before; otherwise I had determined to have been at the meeting of the bands: but good is the will of the Lord.

Sunday, 3.—Finding myself quite free from pain, I met the leaders, morning and afternoon; and joined with a little company of them in the great sacrifice of thanksgiving. In the evening, it being the men's love-feast, I desired they would all come up. Those whom the room would not contain stood without; while we all with one mouth sang praise to God.

Monday, 4.—I waked in perfect health. Does not God both kill and make alive? I preached morning and evening every day, for the remaining part of the week. On *Saturday*, while I was preaching at Long-lane, a rude rout lift up their voice on high. I fell upon them without delay. Some pulled off their hats, and opened their mouth no more: the rest stole out one after another. All that remained were quiet and attentive.

Monday, 11.—I went twice to Newgate, at the request of poor R—— R——, who lay there under sentence of death; but was refused admittance. Receiving a few lines from him the day he was to die, I desired Mr. Richards to try if he could be admitted then. But he came back with a fresh refusal.

It was above two years before, that, being destitute and in distress, he applied to me at Bristol for relief. I took him in, and employed him for the present, in writing and keeping accounts for me. Not long after I placed him in the little school which was kept by the United Society. There were many suspicions of him during that time, as well as of his companion, Gwillam Snowde; but no proof appeared, so that, after three or four months, they quietly returned to London. But they did not deceive God, nor escape His hand. Gwillam Snowde was soon apprehended for a robbery, and, when condemned, sent for me and said, nothing lay heavier upon him than his having thus returned evil for good. I believe it was now the desire of poor R—— too, to tell me all that he had done. But the hour was past: I could not now be permitted to see or speak with him. So that he who before would not receive the Word of God from my mouth, now desired what he could not obtain.

Thursday, 21.—I again visited many that were sick; but I found no fear either of pain or death among them. One (Mary Whittle) said, "I shall go to my Lord to-morrow; but before I go, He will finish His work." The next day she lay quiet for about two hours, and then opening her eyes, cried out, "It is done, it is done! Christ liveth in me! He lives in me:" and died in a moment.

Monday, 25.—While I was explaining at Long-lane, "He that committeth sin is of the devil;" his servants were above measure enraged: they not only made all possible noise; (although, as I had desired before, no man stirred from his place, or answered them a word;) but violently thrust many persons to and fro, struck others, and brake down part of the house. At length they began throwing large stones upon the house, which forcing their way wherever they came, fell down, together with the tiles, among the people, so that they were in danger of their lives. I then told them,

“ You must not go on thus ; I am ordered by the magistrate, who is, in this respect, to us the minister of God, to inform him of those who break the laws of God and the king : and I must do it, if you persist herein ; otherwise, I am a partaker of your sin.” When I ceased speaking, they were more outrageous than before. Upon this I said, “ Let three or four calm men take hold of the foremost, and charge a constable with him, that the law may take its course.” They did so, and brought him into the house, cursing and blaspheming in a dreadful manner. I desired five or six to go with him to Justice Copeland, to whom they nakedly related the fact. The Justice immediately bound him over to the next sessions at Guildford.

I observed when the man was brought into the house, that many of his companions were loudly crying out, “ Richard Smith, Richard Smith !” who, as it afterward appeared, was one of their stoutest champions. But Richard Smith answered not ; he was fallen into the hands of One higher than they. God had struck him to the heart ; as also a woman, who was speaking words not fit to be repeated, and throwing whatever came to hand, whom He overtook in the very act. She came into the house with Richard Smith, fell upon her knees before us all, and strongly exhorted him never to turn back, never to forget the mercy which God had shown to his soul. From this time we had never any considerable interruption or disturbance at Long-lane ; although we withdrew our prosecution, upon the offender’s submission and promise of better behaviour.

Tuesday, 26.—I explained, at Chelsea, the faith which worketh by love. I was very weak when I went into the room ; but the more “ the beasts of the people” increased in madness and rage, the more was I strengthened, both in body and soul ; so that I believe few in the house, which was exceeding full, lost one sentence of what I spoke. Indeed they could not see me, nor one another at a few yards’ distance, by reason of the exceeding thick smoke, which was occasioned by the wild-fire, and things of that kind, continually thrown into the room. But they who could praise God in the midst of the fires were not to be affrighted by a little smoke.

Monday, FEBRUARY 1.—I found, after the exclusion of some, who did not walk according to the Gospel, about eleven hundred, who are, I trust, of a more excellent spirit, remained in the society.

Thursday, 4.—A clergyman lately come from America, who was at the preaching last night, called upon me, appeared full of good desires, and seemed willing to cast in his lot with us. But I cannot suddenly answer in this matter. I must first know what spirit he is of ; for none can labour with us, unless he “ count all things dung and dross, that he may win Christ.”

Friday, 5.—I set out, and with some difficulty reached Chippenham on Saturday evening ; the weather being so extremely rough and boisterous that I had much ado to sit my horse.

Wednesday, 10, and the following days of this week, I spoke severally with all those who desired to remain in the United Society, to watch over each other in love.

Monday, 15. (Bristol.)—Many met together to consult on a proper method for discharging the public debt; and it was at length agreed: 1. That every member of the society who was able, should contribute a penny a week. 2. That the whole society should be divided into little companies or classes,—about twelve in each class. And, 3. That one person in each class should receive the contribution of the rest, and bring it in to the Stewards, weekly.



(FIRST METHODIST "CLASS-MEETING" CALLED BY THAT NAME.)*

Sunday, 21. (Bath.)—In the evening I explained the "exceeding great and precious promises" which are given us: a strong confirmation whereof I read, in a plain artless account of a child, whose body then lay before us. The substance of this was as follows:—

"JOHN WOOLLEY was for some time in your school; but was turned out for his ill behaviour. Soon after he ran away from his parents, lurking about for several days and nights together, and hiding himself in holes and corners, that his mother might not find him. During this time, he suffered both hunger and cold. Once he

* The Weekly Experience Meeting was much earlier (JOURNAL, May 1st, 1738,) but these little companies, in London, were at first called "Bands."

was three whole days without sustenance, sometimes weeping and praying by himself, and sometimes playing with other loose boys.

“One night he came to the new-room. Mr. Wesley was then speaking of disobedience to parents. He was quite confounded, and thought there never was in the world so wicked a child as himself. He went home, and never ran away any more. His mother saw the change in his whole behaviour, but knew not the cause. He would often get upstairs by himself to prayer; and often go alone into the fields, having done with all his idle companions.

“And now the devil began to set upon him with all his might, continually tempting him to self-murder: sometimes he was vehemently pressed to hang himself; sometimes to leap into the river; but this only made him the more earnest in prayer; in which, after he had been one day wrestling with God, he saw himself, he said, surrounded on a sudden with an inexpressible light, and was so filled with joy and the love of God, that he scarce knew where he was; and with such love to all mankind, that he could have laid himself on the ground, for his worst enemies to trample upon.

“From this time his father and mother were surprised at him, he was so diligent to help them in all things. When they went to the preaching, he was careful to give their supper to the other children; and when he had put them to bed, hurried away to the room, to light his father or mother home. Meantime he lost no opportunity of hearing the preaching himself, or of doing any good he could, either at home or in any place where he was.

“One day, walking in the fields, he fell into talk with a farmer, who spoke very slightly of religion. John told him, he ought not to talk so; and enlarged upon that word of the Apostle, (which he begged him to consider deeply,) ‘Without holiness no man shall see the Lord.’ The man was amazed, caught the child in his arms, and knew not how to part with him.

“His father and mother once hearing him speak pretty loud in the next room, listened to hear what he said. He was praying. He prayed very earnestly for his parents, and for his brothers and sisters by name; then for Mr. John and Charles Wesley, that God would set their faces as a flint, and give them to go on conquering and to conquer; then for all the other ministers he could remember by name, and for all that were, or desired to be, true ministers of Christ.

“In the beginning of his illness his mother asked him if he wanted anything. He answered, ‘Nothing but Christ; and I am as sure of Him as if I had Him already.’ He often said, ‘O mother, if all the world believed in Christ, what a happy world would it be!—And they may; for Christ died for every soul of man: I was the worst of sinners, and He died for *me*. O Thou that callest the worst of sinners, call *me*!’

“On Wednesday he said to his mother, ‘I am in very great trouble for my father; he has always taken an honest care of his family, but he does not know God:

if he dies in the state he is in now, he cannot be saved. I have prayed for him, and will pray for him. If God should give him the true faith, and then take him to Himself, do not you fear,—do not you be troubled: God has promised to be *a father to the fatherless, and a husband to the widow.** I will pray for him and you in heaven; and I hope we shall sing Hallelujah in heaven together.'

"To his sister he said, 'I shall die; but do not cry for me. Why should you cry for me? Consider what a joyful thing it is, to have a brother go to heaven. I am not a man; I am but a boy. But is it not in the Bible: *Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast ordained strength?* I know where I am going: I would not be without this knowledge for a thousand worlds; for though I am not in heaven yet, I am as sure of it as if I was.'

"On Wednesday night he wrestled much with God in prayer. At last, throwing his arms open, he cried, 'Come, come, Lord Jesus! I am Thine. Amen and Amen!' He said, 'God answers me in my heart, *Be of good cheer, thou hast overcome the world;*' and immediately after, he was filled with love and joy unspeakable.

"He said to his mother, 'That school was the saving of my soul; for there I began to seek the Lord. But how is it, that a person no sooner begins to seek the Lord, but Satan straight stirs up all his instruments against him?'

"When he was in agony of pain, he cried out, 'O Saviour, give me patience! Thou hast given me patience, but give me more. Give me Thy love, and pain is nothing.'

"A while after he said, 'O mother, how is this? If a man does not do his work, the masters in the world will not pay him his wages. But it is not so with God; He gives me good wages, and yet I am sure I have done nothing to gain them.'

"Then he said, 'I desire to be buried from the room; and I desire Mr. Wesley would preach a sermon over me, on those words of David, (unless he thinks any other to be more fit,) *Before I was afflicted I went astray; but now I have kept Thy word.*'

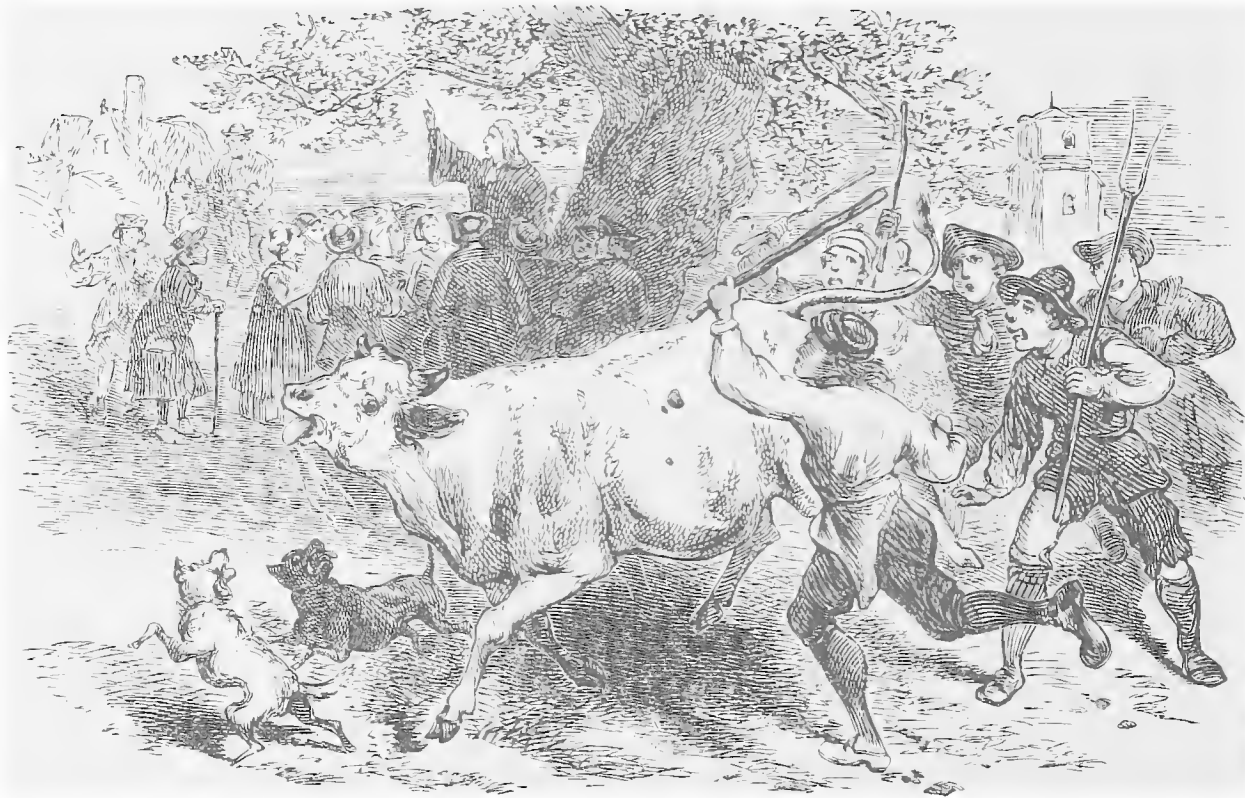
"I asked him, 'How do you find yourself now?' He said, 'In great pain, but full of love.' I asked him, 'But does not the love of God overcome pain?' He answered, 'Yes; pain is nothing to me: I did sing praises to the Lord in the midst of my greatest pain; and I could not help it.' I asked him, 'If he was willing to die:' he replied, 'O yes, with all my heart!' I said, 'But if life and death were set before you, what would you choose then?' He answered, 'To die, and to be with Christ: I long to be out of this wicked world.'

"In the morning he begged to see Mr. John Wesley. When Mr. Wesley came, and, after some other questions, asked him what he should pray for; he said, that God would give him a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within him. When prayer was ended, he seemed much enlivened, and said, 'I thought I should have died to-day: but I must not be in haste; I am content to stay.'

* N.B.—His father died not long after.

“He lived some months above thirteen years.”

Friday, MARCH 19.—I rode once more to Pensford, at the earnest request of several serious people. The place where they desired me to preach, was a little green spot near the town. But I had no sooner begun than a great company of rabble, hired (as we afterwards found) for that purpose, came furiously upon us, bringing a bull, which they had been baiting, and now strove to drive in among the people. But the beast was wiser than his drivers; and continually ran either on one side of us, or the other, while we quietly sang praise to God, and prayed for about an hour. The poor wretches, finding themselves disappointed, at length seized upon the bull, now weak



(PREACHING AT PENSFORD.)

and tired, after having been so long torn and beaten both by dogs and men; and, by main strength, partly dragged and partly thrust him in among the people. When they had forced their way to the little table on which I stood, they strove several times to throw it down, by thrusting the helpless beast against it; who, of himself, stirred no more than a log of wood. I once or twice put aside his head with my hand, that the blood might not drop upon my clothes; intending to go on, as soon as the hurry should be a little over. But the table falling down, some of our friends caught me in their arms, and carried me right away on their shoulders; while the rabble wreaked their vengeance on the table, which they tore bit from bit. We went a little way off, where I finished my discourse, without any noise or interruption.

Friday, APRIL 9.—We had the first watch-night in London. We commonly choose for this solemn service the Friday night nearest the full moon, either before or after, that those of the congregation who live at a distance may have light to their several homes. The service begins at half an hour past eight, and continues till a little after midnight. We have often found a peculiar blessing at these seasons. There is generally a deep awe upon the congregation, perhaps in some measure owing to the silence of the night, particularly in singing the hymn with which we commonly conclude,—

“Hearken to the solemn voice,
The awful midnight cry!
Waiting souls, rejoice, rejoice,
And feel the Bridegroom nigh!”

Sunday, 25.—At five I preached in Ratcliffe-square, near Stepney, on: “I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.” A multitude of them were gathered together before I came home, and filled the street above and below the Foundery. Some who apprehended we should have but homely treatment, begged me to go in as soon as possible; but I told them, “No: provide you for yourselves; but I have a message to deliver first.” I told them, after a few words, “Friends, let every man do as he pleases; but it is *my* manner, when I speak of the things of God, or when another does, to uncover my head;” which I accordingly did; and many of them did the same. I then exhorted them to repent, and believe the Gospel. Not a few of them appeared to be deeply affected. Now, Satan, count thy gains.

Thursday, MAY 6.—I described that falling away, spoken of by St. Paul to the Thessalonians, which we so terribly feel to be already come, and to have overspread the (so-called) Christian world. One of my hearers was highly offended at my supposing any of the Church of England to be concerned in this; but his speech soon bewrayed him to be of no Church at all, zealous and orthodox as he was. So that after I had appealed to his own heart, as well as to all that heard him, he retired with confusion of face.

Wednesday, 12.—I waited on the Archbishop of Canterbury with Mr. Whitefield, and again on Friday; as also on the Bishop of London. I trust if we should be called to appear before princes, we should not be ashamed.

Thursday, 20.—I set out. The next afternoon I stopped a little at Newport-Pagnell, and then rode on till I overtook a serious man, with whom I immediately fell into conversation. He presently gave me to know what his opinions were; therefore I said nothing to contradict them. But that did not content him; he was quite uneasy to know, whether I held the doctrine of the decrees as he did; but I told him over and over, “We had better keep to practical things, lest we should be angry at one another.” And so we did for two miles, till he caught

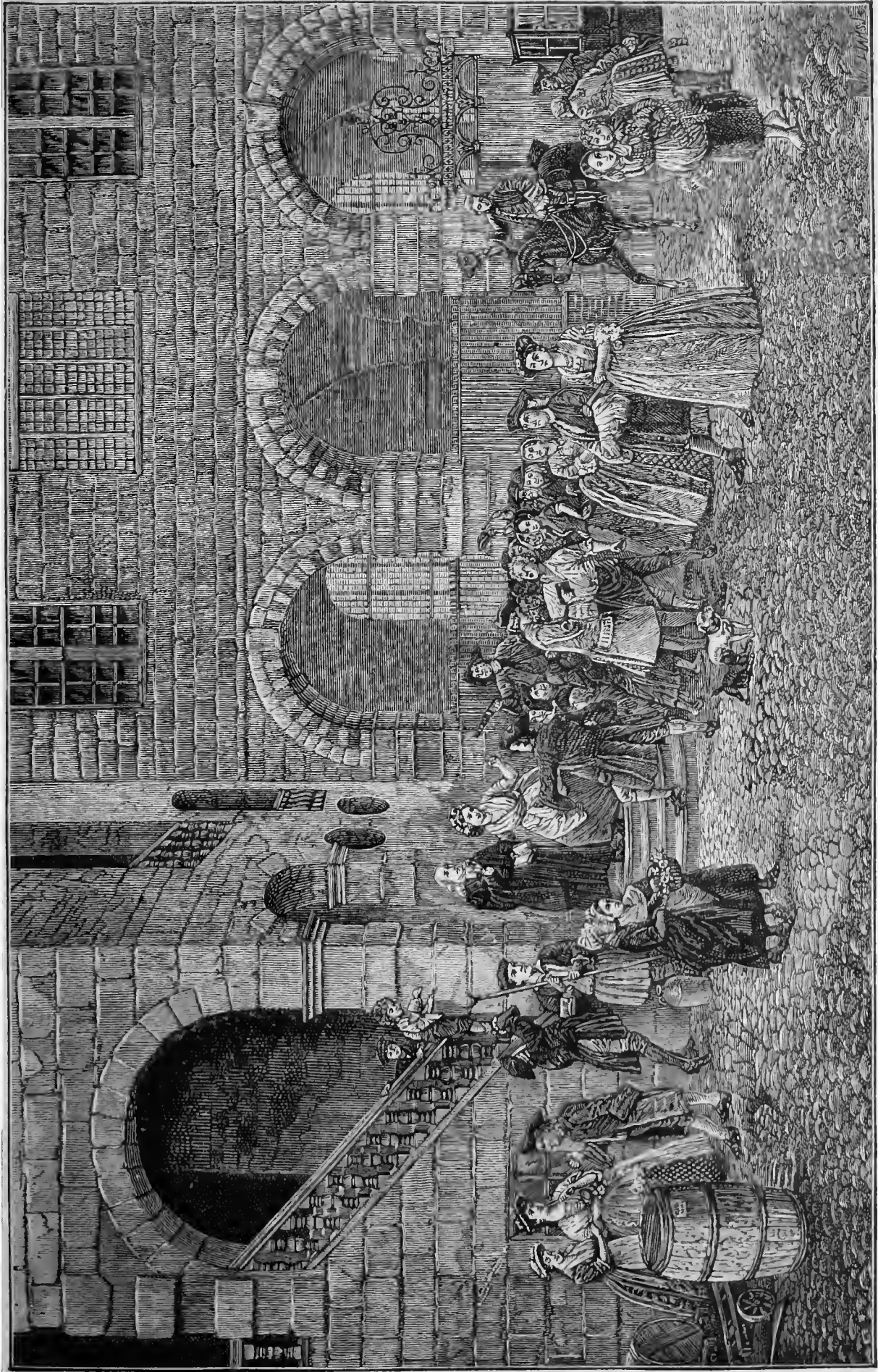
me unawares, and dragged me into the dispute before I knew where I was. He then grew warmer and warmer; told me I was rotten at heart, and supposed I was one of John Wesley's followers. I told him, "No; I am John Wesley himself." Upon which, "as one that has unawares trodden upon a snake," he would gladly have run away outright. But, being the better mounted of the two, I kept close to his side, and endeavoured to show him his heart, till we came into the street of Northampton.



(“NO; I AM JOHN WESLEY HIMSELF.”)

Thursday, 27.—We left Birstal, and on *Friday, 28th*, came to Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

I read, with great expectation, yesterday and to-day, Xenophon's "Memorable Things of Socrates." I was utterly amazed at his want of judgment. How many of these things would Plato never have mentioned! But it may be well that we see the shades too of the brightest picture in all heathen antiquity. We came to Newcastle about six; and, after a short refreshment, walked into the town. I was surprised: so much drunkenness, cursing, and swearing, (even from the mouths of little children,) do I never remember to have seen and heard before, in so small a compass of time. Surely this place is ripe for Him Who "came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."



JOHN WESLEY PREACHING ON THE SANDHILL, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE. After the painting by WILSON HEPPLER. By permission of VINCENT BROOKS, DAY, AND SON.

Sunday, 30.—At seven I walked down to Sandgate, the poorest and most contemptible part of the town; and, standing at the end of the street with John Taylor, began to sing the hundredth psalm. Three or four people came out to see what was the matter; who soon increased to four or five hundred. I suppose there might be twelve or fifteen hundred before I had done preaching; to whom I applied those solemn words: “He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and by His stripes we are healed.”

Observing the people, when I had done, to stand gaping and staring upon me, with the most profound astonishment, I told them, “If you desire to know who I am, my name is John Wesley. At five in the evening, with God’s help, I design to preach here again.”

At five, the hill on which I designed to preach was covered, from the top to the bottom. I never saw so large a number of people together, either in Moorfields, or at Kennington-Common. I knew it was not possible for the one half to hear, although my voice was then strong and clear; and I stood so as to have them all in view, as they were ranged on the side of the hill. The Word of God which I set before them was: “I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely.” After preaching, the poor people were ready to tread me under foot, out of pure love and kindness. It was some time before I could possibly get out of the press. I then went back another way than I came; but several were got to our inn before me; by whom I was vehemently importuned to stay with them, at least a few days; or, however, one day more. But I could not consent; having given my word to be at Birstal, with God’s leave, on Tuesday night.

Tuesday, JUNE 1.—As we were riding through Knaresborough, not intending to stop there, a young man stopped me in the street, and earnestly desired me to go to his house. I did so. He told me, our talking with a man, as we went through the town before, had set many in a flame; and that the sermon we gave him, had travelled from one end of the town to the other.

Saturday, 5.—I rode for Epworth. It being many years since I had been in Epworth before, I went to an inn, in the middle of the town, not knowing whether there were any left in it now who would not be ashamed of my acquaintance. But an old servant of my father’s, with two or three poor women, presently found me out. I asked her, “Do you know any in Epworth who are in earnest to be saved?” She answered, “I am, by the grace of God; and I know I am saved through faith.” I asked, “Have you then the peace of God? Do you know that He has forgiven your sins?” She replied, “I thank God, I know it well. And many here can say the same thing.”

Sunday, 6.—A little before the service began, I went to Mr. Romley, the curate,

and offered to assist him either by preaching or reading prayers. But he did not care to accept of my assistance. The church was exceeding full in the afternoon, a rumour being spread that I was to preach. But the sermon on: "Quench not the Spirit," was not suitable to the expectation of many of the hearers. Mr. Romley told them, one of the most dangerous ways of quenching the Spirit was by enthusiasm; and enlarged on the character of an enthusiast, in a very florid and oratorical manner. After sermon John Taylor stood in the churchyard, and gave notice, as the people were coming out, "Mr. Wesley, not being permitted to preach in the church, designs to preach here at six o'clock."

Accordingly at six I came, and found such a congregation as I believe Epworth never saw before. I stood near the east end of the church, upon my father's tombstone, and cried: "The kingdom of heaven is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."

Monday, 7.—I preached at Burnham, a mile from Epworth, on: "The Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins." At eight in the evening I stood again on my father's tomb, (as I did every evening this week,) and cried aloud to the earnestly-attentive congregation: "By grace are ye saved through faith."

Tuesday, 8.—I walked to Hibaldstow (about twelve miles from Epworth) to see my brother and sister. The minister of Ouston (two miles from Epworth) having sent me word I was welcome to preach in his church, I called there in my return; but his mind being changed, I went to another place in the town, and there explained: "Thou shalt call His name Jesus; for He shall save His people from their sins." At eight I largely enforced at Epworth the great truth, (so little understood in what is called a Christian country,) "Unto him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted to him for righteousness." I went thence to the place where the little society met, which was sufficiently thronged both within and without.

Wednesday, 9.—I rode over to a neighbouring town, to wait upon a Justice of Peace, a man of candour and understanding; before whom (I was informed) their angry neighbours had carried a whole wagon-load of these new heretics. But when he asked what they had done, there was a deep silence; for that was a point their conductors had forgot. At length one said, "Why, they pretended to be better than other people; and besides, they prayed from morning to night." Mr. S. asked, "But, have they done nothing besides?" "Yes, Sir," said an old man; "an't please your worship, they have *convarted* my wife. Till she went among them she had such a tongue! And now she is as quiet as a lamb." "Carry them back, carry them back!" replied the Justice, "and let them convert all the scolds in the town."

Sunday, 13.—At seven I preached at Haxey, on: "What must I do to be saved?" Thence I went to Wroote, of which (as well as Epworth) my father was rector for

several years. Mr. Whitelamb offering me the church, I preached in the morning, on: "Ask, and it shall be given you;" in the afternoon, on the difference between the righteousness of the law and the righteousness of faith. But the church could not contain the people, many of whom came from far; and, I trust, not in vain.

At six I preached for the last time in Epworth churchyard, (being to leave the



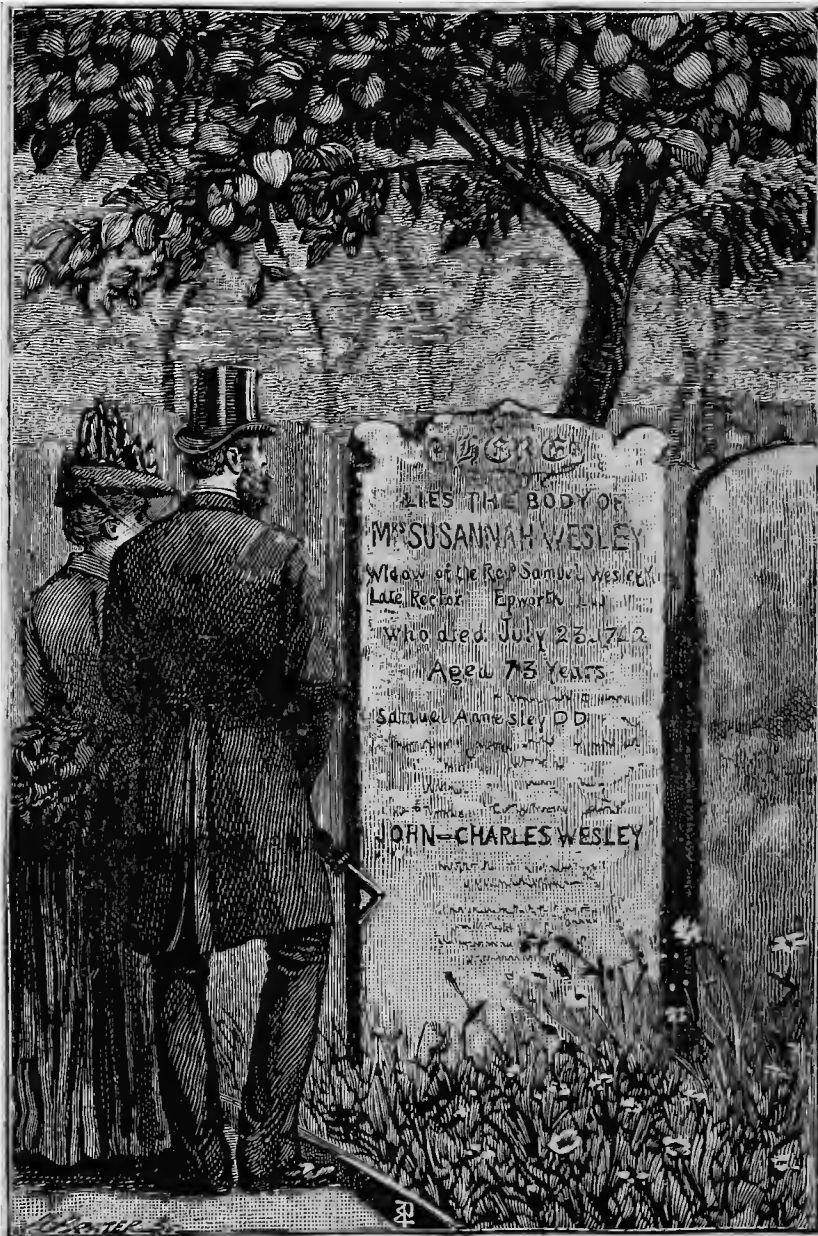
(WESLEY PREACHING ON HIS FATHER'S TOMB.)

town the next morning,) to a vast multitude gathered together from all parts, on the beginning of our Lord's Sermon on the Mount. I continued among them for near three hours; and yet we scarce knew how to part. O let none think his labour of love is lost because the fruit does not immediately appear! Near forty years did my father labour here; but he saw little fruit of all his labour. I took some pains among this people too; and my strength also seemed spent in vain; but now the fruit

appeared. There were scarce any in the town on whom either my father or I had taken any pains formerly, but the seed, sown so long since, now sprung up, bringing forth repentance and remission of sins.

Friday, JULY 23.—About three in the afternoon I went to my mother, and found her change was near. I sat down on the bedside. She was in her last conflict; unable to speak, but I believe quite sensible. Her look was calm and serene, and her eyes fixed upward, while we commended her soul to God. From three to four, the silver cord was loosing, and the wheel breaking at the cistern; and then, without any struggle, or sigh, or groan, the soul was set at liberty. We stood round the bed, and fulfilled her last request, uttered a little before she lost her speech: "Children, as soon as I am released, sing a psalm of praise to God."

Sunday, AUGUST 1.—Almost an innumerable company of people being gathered together, about five in the afternoon, I committed to the earth the body of my mother, to sleep with her fathers. The portion of Scripture from which I afterwards spoke was: "I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from Whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before



(MRS. S. WESLEY'S GRAVE IN BUNHILL FIELDS.)

God; and the books were opened: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works." It was one of the most solemn assemblies I ever saw, or expect to see on this side eternity.

We set up a plain stone at the head of her grave, inscribed with the following words:—

Here lies the Body
OF
MRS. SUSANNAH WESLEY,

THE YOUNGEST AND LAST SURVIVING DAUGHTER OF DR. SAMUEL ANNESLEY.

In sure and steadfast hope to rise,
And claim her mansion in the skies,
A Christian here her flesh laid down,
The cross exchanging for a crown.

True daughter of affliction, she,
Inured to pain and misery,
Mourned a long night of griefs and fears,
A legal night of seventy years.

The Father then revealed His Son,
Him in the broken bread made known;
She knew and felt her sins forgiven,
And found the earnest of her heaven.

Meet for the fellowship above,
She heard the call, "Arise, My love!"
"I come," her dying looks replied,
And lamb-like, as her Lord, she died.

Saturday, SEPTEMBER 4.—I was pressed to visit a poor murderer in Newgate, who was much afflicted both in body and soul. I objected; it could not be; for all the turnkeys, as well as the keeper, were so good Christians they abhorred the name of a Methodist, and had absolutely refused to admit me even to one who earnestly begged in the morning he was to die. However I went, and found, by a surprising turn, that all the doors were now open to me. I exhorted the sick malefactor to cry unto God with all his might, for grace to repent and believe the Gospel. It was not long before the rest of the felons flocked round, to whom I spoke strong words concerning the Friend of sinners, which they received with as great signs of amazement as if it had been a voice from heaven. When I came down into the common hall, (I think they called it,) one of the prisoners there asking me a question, gave me occasion to speak among them also; more and more still running together, while I declared, God was "not willing any of them should perish, but that all should come to repentance."

Wednesday, DECEMBER 1.—We had several places offered, on which to build a room for the society; but none was such as we wanted. And perhaps there was a Providence in our not finding any as yet; for, by this means, I was kept at New-castle, whether I would or no.

Saturday, 4.—A gentleman called and offered me a piece of ground. On Monday an article was drawn, wherein he agreed to put me into possession on Thursday, upon payment of thirty pounds.

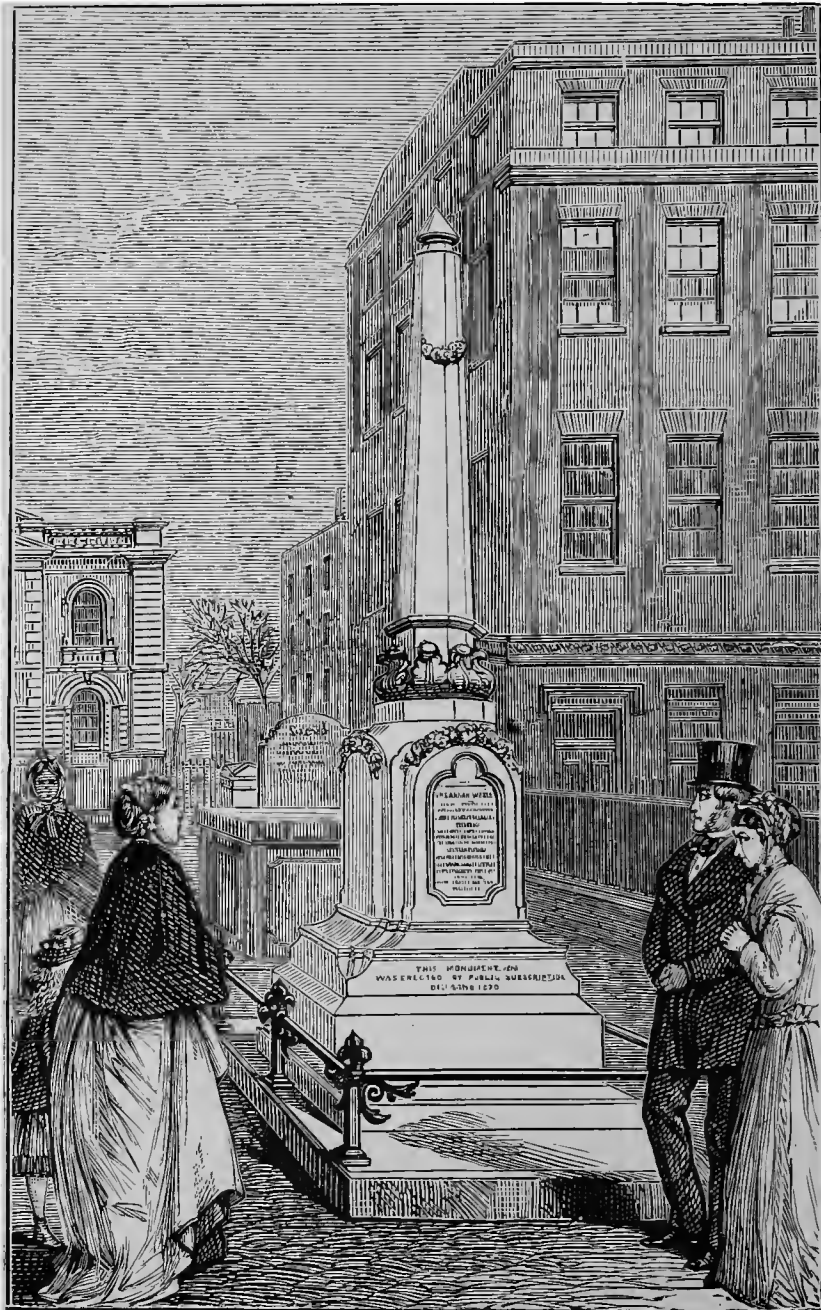
Tuesday, 7.—I was so ill in the morning that I was obliged to send Mr. Williams to the room. He afterwards went to Mr. Stephenson, a merchant in the town, who had a passage through the ground we intended to buy. I was willing to purchase it. Mr. Stephenson told him: "Sir, I do not want money; but if Mr. Wesley wants ground, he may have a piece of my garden, adjoining to the place you mention. I am at a word. For forty pounds he shall have sixteen yards in breadth, and thirty in length."

Wednesday, 8.—Mr. Stephenson and I signed an article, and I took possession of the ground. But I could not fairly go back from my agreement with Mr. Riddel: so I entered on his ground at the same time. The whole is about forty yards in length, in the middle of which we determined to build the house, leaving room for a small court-yard before, and a little garden behind, the building.

Monday, 20.—We laid the first stone of the house. Many were gathered, from all parts,

to see it; but none scoffed or interrupted, while we praised God, and prayed that He would prosper the work of our hands upon us. Three or four times in the evening, I was forced to break off preaching, that we might pray and give thanks to God.

When I came home, they told me the physician said, he did not expect Mr.



(MONUMENT TO MRS. S. WESLEY, CITY-ROAD.)

Meyrick would live till the morning. I went to him, but his pulse was gone. He had been speechless and senseless for some time. A few of us immediately joined in prayer: (I relate the naked fact:) before we had done, his sense and his speech returned. Now, he that will account for this by natural causes, has my free leave: but I choose to say, This is the power of God.

Thursday, 23.—It being computed that such a house as was proposed could not



(ORPHAN HOUSE, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.)

be finished under seven hundred pounds, many were positive it would never be finished at all; others, that I should not live to see it covered. I was of another mind; nothing doubting but, as it was begun for God's sake, He would provide what was needful for the finishing it.

Saturday, 25.—The physician told me he could do no more; Mr. Meyrick could not live over the night. I went up, and found them all crying about him; his legs being cold, and (as it seemed) dead already. We all kneeled down, and called upon

God with strong cries and tears. Mr. Meyrick opened his eyes, and called for me; and, from that hour, he continued to recover his strength, till he was restored to perfect health. I wait to hear who will either disprove this fact, or philosophically account for it.

Monday, 27.—I rode to Horsley. The house being too small, I was obliged again to preach in the open air; but so furious a storm have I seldom known. The wind drove upon us like a torrent; coming by turns from east, west, north, and south; the straw and thatch flew round our heads; so that one would have imagined it could not be long before the house must follow; but scarce any one stirred, much less went away, till I dismissed them with the peace of God.

Wednesday, 29.—After preaching (as usual) in the square, I took horse for Tanfield. More than once I was only not blown off my horse. However, at three I reached the Leigh, and explained to a multitude of people the salvation which is through faith. Afterwards I met the society in a large upper room, which rocked to and fro with the violence of the storm. But all was calm within; and we rejoiced together in hope of a kingdom which cannot be moved.

Thursday, 30.—At eleven I preached my farewell sermon in the Hospital-square. I never saw such a congregation there before; nor did I ever speak so searchingly. I could not conclude till one; and then both men, women, and children, hung upon me, so that I knew not which way to disengage myself. After some time, I got to the gate, and took horse; but even then “a muckle woman” (as one called her, in great anger) kept her hold, and ran by the horse’s side, through thick and thin, down to Sandgate. Jonathan Reeves rode with me. We reached Darlington that night, and Boroughbridge the next day.

Saturday, JANUARY 1, 1743.—I reached Epworth.

Sunday, 2.—At five, I preached on: “So is every one that is born of the Spirit.” About eight I preached from my father’s tomb, on Heb. viii. 11. Many from the neighbouring towns asked, if it would not be well, as it was Sacrament Sunday, for them to receive it. I told them, “By all means: but it would be more respectful first to ask Mr. Romley, the curate’s leave.” One did so, in the name of the rest; to whom he said: “Pray tell Mr. Wesley, I shall not give *him* the Sacrament; for he is not *fit*.”

How wise a God is our God! There could not have been so fit a place under heaven, where this should befall me first, as my father’s house, the place of my nativity, and the very place where, “according to the strictest sect of our religion,” I had so long “lived a Pharisee!” It was also fit, in the highest degree, that he who repelled me from that very table, where I had myself so often distributed the bread of life, should be one who owed his all in this world to the tender love which my father had shown to his, as well as personally to himself.

Monday, 3.—I rode to Birstal, where John Nelson gave a melancholy account of

many that *did* run well. I told him I was as willing they should be with the Germans as with us, if they did but grow in grace.

Thursday, 13.—I rode to Stratford-upon-Avon. Between one and two I preached at Stratford on: “The Son of Man hath power upon earth to forgive sins.” Most of the hearers stood like posts: but some mocked; others blasphemed; and a few believed.



(JOHN NELSON.)

I preached at Evesham in the evening; rode to Painswick the next day, and on *Saturday, 15th*, to Bristol; where, the following week, I spoke to each member of the society, and rejoiced over them, finding they had not been “barren or unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.”

Monday, 24.—I preached at Bath. Some of the rich and great were present. One of them, my Lord —, stayed very patiently till I came to the middle of the

fourth head. Then, starting up, he said: "'Tis hot! 'Tis very hot!" and got downstairs as fast as he could.

Several of the gentry desired to stay at the meeting of the society; to whom I explained the nature of inward religion, words flowing upon me faster than I could speak. One of them (a noted infidel) hung over the next seat in an attitude not to be described; and when he went, left half-a-guinea with Mary Naylor, for the use of the poor.

On the following days I spoke with each member of the society in Kingswood. I cannot understand how any minister can hope ever to give up his account with joy, unless (as Ignatius advises) he "knows all his flock by name; not overlooking the men-servants and maid-servants."

Monday, FEBRUARY 28.—I preached again at Horsley, and spoke severally with those of the society. The world now begins to take alarm, and to cast out their name as evil. After a very good woman (so-called) had used abundance of arguments to hinder her neighbour from going near these people, she told her at length, "Why, none but the wickedest people upon earth go there:" "Nay, then," replied she, "I will go immediately; for I am sure none upon earth is wickeder than me." Such be the event of all worldly wisdom!

Tuesday, MARCH 1.—I preached at two in Pelton, five miles south of Newcastle.

Tuesday, 8.—In the afternoon I preached on a smooth part of the fell (or common) near Chowden. I found we were got into the very Kingswood of the north. Twenty or thirty wild children ran round us, as soon as we came, staring as in amaze. They could not properly be said to be either clothed or naked. One of the largest (a girl about fifteen) had a piece of a ragged, dirty blanket, some way hung about her, and a kind of cap on her head, of the same cloth and colour. My heart was exceedingly enlarged towards them; and they looked as if they would have swallowed me up; especially while I was applying these words: "Be it known unto you, men and brethren, that through this Man is preached unto you forgiveness of sins."

Saturday, 12.—I concluded my second course of visiting, in which I inquired particularly into two things: 1. The case of those who had almost every night the last week cried out aloud during the preaching. 2. The number of those who were separated from us, and the reason and occasion of it.

Thursday, 17.—As I was preaching at Pelton, one of the old colliers, not much accustomed to things of this kind, in the middle of the sermon, began shouting amain, for mere satisfaction and joy of heart. But their usual token of approbation (which somewhat surprised me at first) was clapping me on the back.

Friday, 18.—As I was meeting the leaders, a company of young men, having prepared themselves by strong drink, broke open the door, and came rushing in with

the utmost fury. I began praying for them immediately ; not one opened his mouth, or lifted up a finger against us ; and after half an hour, we all went away together in great quietness and love.

Tuesday, 22.—I went to South-Biddick, a village of colliers, seven miles south-east of Newcastle. The spot where I stood was just at the bottom of a semi-circular hill, on the rising sides of which many hundreds stood ; but far more on the plain beneath. I cried to them, in the words of the Prophet, “ O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord ! ” Deep attention sat on every face ; so that here also I believed it would be well to preach weekly.

Friday, 25.—At the pressing instance of a cursing, swearing, drunken Papist, who would needs bring me into a state of salvation, I spent some hours in reading an artful book, entitled: “ The Grounds of the Old Religion. ” In the first thirty pages the author heaps up Scriptures concerning the privileges of the Church. But all this is beating the air, till he proves the Romanists to be the Church, that is, that a part is the whole. In the second chapter he brings many arguments to show, that the Scripture is not the sole rule of faith ; at least, not if interpreted by private judgment, because private judgment has no place in matters of religion ! Why, at this moment, you are appealing to my private judgment ; and you cannot possibly avoid it. The foundation of your, as well as my, religion must necessarily rest here. First you (as well as I) must judge for yourself, whether you are implicitly to follow the Church or no ; and also, which is the true Church ; else it is not possible to move one step forward.

Monday, 28.—I was astonished to find it was real fact (what I would not believe before) that three of the dissenting ministers (Mr. A——rs, Mr. A——ns, and Mr. B——) had agreed together, to exclude all those from the Holy Communion who would not refrain from hearing us. Mr. A——ns publicly affirmed, we were all Papists, and our doctrine was mere Popery.

APRIL 1.—(Being *Good-Friday*.) I had a great desire to visit a little village called Placey, about ten measured miles north of Newcastle. It is inhabited by colliers only, and such as had been always in the first rank for savage ignorance and wickedness of every kind. Their grand assembly used to be on the Lord's day ; on which men, women, and children met together, to dance, fight, curse and swear, and play at chuck, ball, span-farthing, or whatever came next to hand. I felt great compassion for these poor creatures, from the time I heard of them first ; and the more, because all men seemed to despair of them. Between seven and eight I set out with John Heally, my guide. The north wind being unusually high, drove the sleet in our face, which froze as it fell, and cased us over presently. When we came to Placey, we could very hardly stand. As soon as we were a little recovered, I went into the square, and declared Him Who “ was wounded for our transgressions,” and “ bruised

for our iniquities." The poor sinners were quickly gathered together, and gave earnest heed to the things which were spoken. And so they did in the afternoon again, in spite of the wind and snow, when I besought them to receive Him for their King; to "repent, and believe the Gospel."

On *Easter Monday* and *Tuesday* I preached there again, the congregation continually increasing. And as most of these had never in their lives pretended to any religion of any kind, they were the more ready to cry to God, as mere sinners, for the free redemption which is in Jesus.

Thursday, 7.—Having settled all things according to my desire, I cheerfully took leave of my friends at Newcastle, and rode that day to Sandhutton. At our inn I found a good-natured man sitting and drinking in the chimney-corner; with whom I began a discourse, suspecting nothing less than that he was the minister of the parish. Before we parted I spoke exceeding plain; and he received it in love.

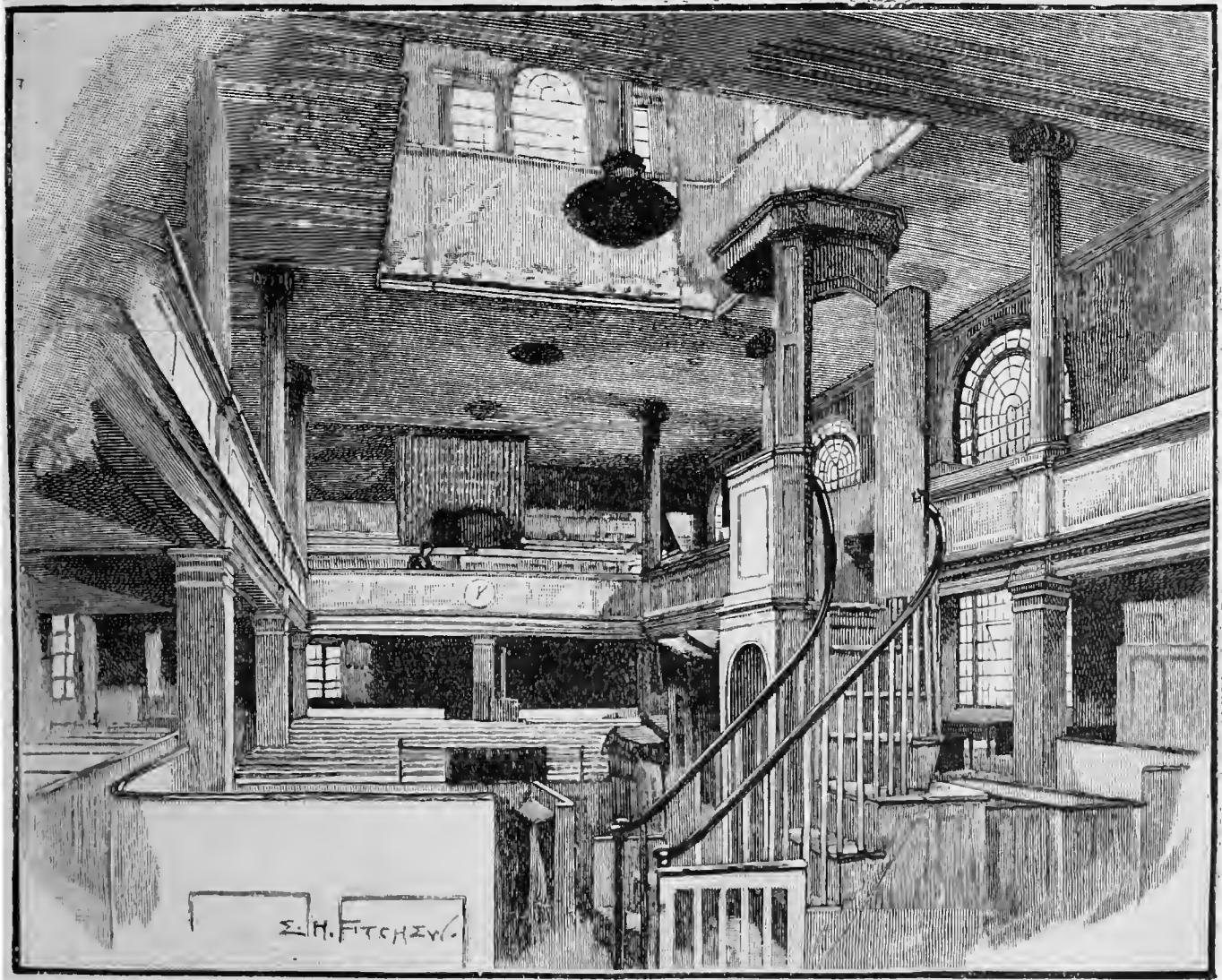
Friday, 15.—I rode to Wednesbury, but found things surprisingly altered. The inexcusable folly of Mr. W——s had so provoked Mr. E——n, that his former love was turned into bitter hatred. But he had not yet had time to work up the poor people into the rage and madness which afterwards appeared; so that they were extremely quiet both this and the following days, while I improved the present opportunity, and exhorted them, morning and evening, to "believe on the Lord Jesus," and to "work out their salvation with fear and trembling."

Yet on *Sunday, 17*, the scene began to open: I think I never heard so wicked a sermon, and delivered with such bitterness of voice and manner, as that which Mr. E—— preached in the afternoon. I knew what effect this must have in a little time; and therefore judged it expedient to prepare the poor people for what was to follow; that, when it came, they might not be offended. Accordingly, on *Tuesday, 19th*, I strongly enforced those words of our Lord: "If any man come after Me, and hate not his father and mother,—yea, and his own life, he cannot be My disciple. And whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after Me, cannot be My disciple."

While I was speaking, a gentleman rode up very drunk; and after many unseemly and bitter words, laboured much to ride over some of the people. I was surprised to hear he was a neighbouring clergyman. And this, too, is a man zealous for the Church! Ah, poor Church, if it stood in need of such defenders!

Saturday, MAY 7.—I was desired to preach at Cowbridge. We came into the town about eleven; and many people seemed very desirous to hear for themselves concerning the way which is everywhere spoken against; but it could not be: the sons of Belial gathered themselves together, headed by one or two wretches called gentlemen; and continued shouting, cursing, blaspheming, and throwing showers of stones, almost without intermission. So that after some time spent in prayer for them, I judged it best to dismiss the congregation.

Sunday, 29.—(Being *Trinity-Sunday.*) I began officiating at the chapel in West-Street, near the Seven-Dials, of which (by a strange chain of providences) we have a lease for several years. I preached on the Gospel for the day, part of the third chapter of St. John; and afterwards administered the Lord's Supper to some hundreds of communicants. I was a little afraid at first that my strength would not suffice for the business of the day, when a service of five hours (for it lasted



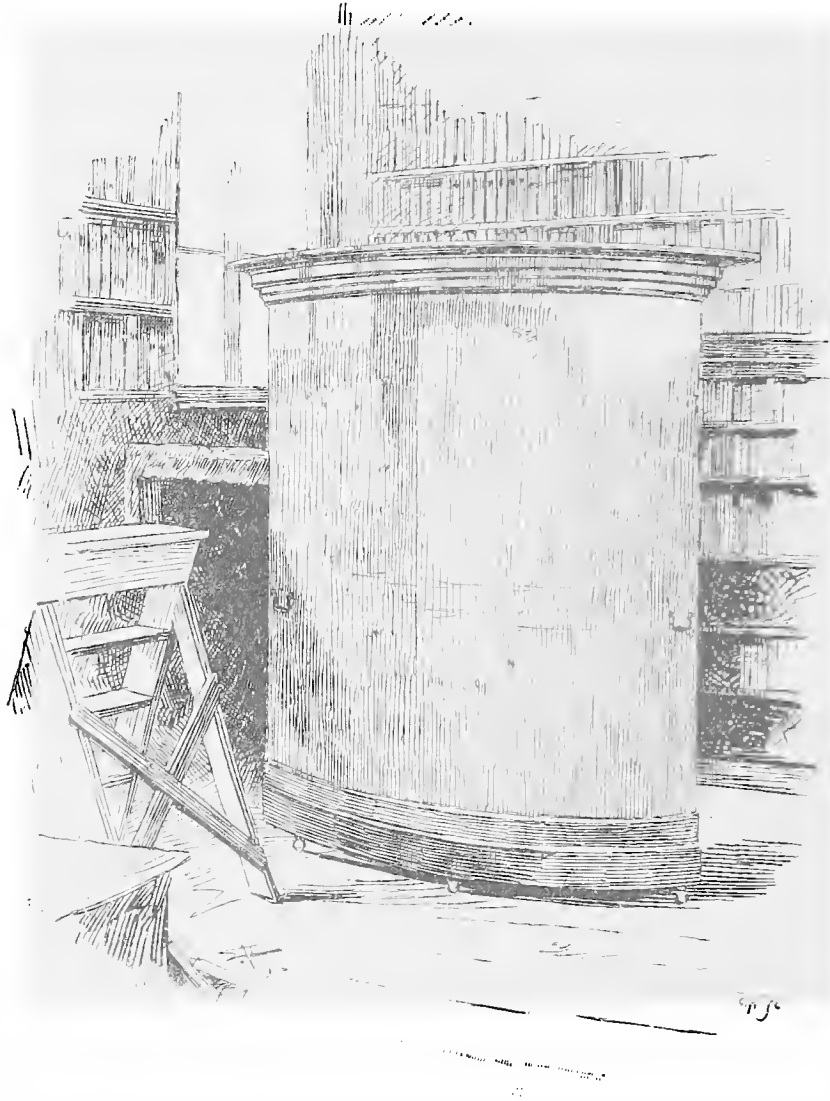
(INTERIOR OF WEST-STREET CHAPEL.)

from ten to three) was added to my usual employment. But God looked to that, so I must think; and they that will call it enthusiasm may. I preached at the Great-Gardens, at five, to an immense congregation, on: "Ye must be born again." Then the leaders met; (who filled all the time that I was not speaking in public;) and after them, the bands. At ten at night I was less weary than at six in the morning.

The following week I spent in visiting the society. On *Sunday, JUNE 5*, the

service of the chapel lasted till near four in the afternoon ; so that I found it needful, for the time to come, to divide the communicants into three parts, that we might not have above six hundred at once. "

Wednesday, 8.—I ended my course of visiting ; throughout which I found great cause to bless God ; so very few having drawn* back to perdition out of nineteen hundred and fifty souls.



(WESLEY'S PORTABLE PULPIT, KEPT AT WEST-STREET.)

Monday, JULY 4, and the following days, I had time to finish the "Instructions for Children."

Sunday, 10.—I preached at eight on Chowden-Fell, on : "Why will ye die, O house of Israel?" Ever since I came to Newcastle the first time, my spirit had been moved within me, at the crowds of poor wretches who were every Sunday, in the afternoon, sauntering to and fro on the Sandhill. I resolved, if possible, to find them a better employ ; and a soon as the service at All-Saints was over, walked straight from the church to the Sandhill, and gave out a verse of a psalm. In a few minutes I had company enough ; thousands upon thousands crowding together. But the prince of this world fought with all his might,

lest his kingdom should be overthrown. Indeed, the very mob of Newcastle, in the height of their rudeness, have commonly some humanity left. I scarce observed that they threw any thing at all ; neither did I receive the least personal hurt : but they continued thrusting one another to and fro, and making such a noise, that my voice could not be heard ; so that after spending near an hour in singing and prayer, I thought it best to adjourn to our own house.

Sunday, 17.—I preached (as I had done the Wednesday before) to my favourite congregation at Placey, on: “Him hath God exalted with His own right hand, to be a Prince and a Saviour.” I then joined a little company of them together who desire “repentance and remission of sins.”

Saturday, AUGUST 6.—A convenient chapel was offered me at Snowsfields, on the other side the water. It was built on purpose, it seems, by a poor Arian misbeliever, for the defence and propagation of her bad faith. But the wisdom of God brought that device to nought; and ordered, by His over-ruling providence, that it should be employed, not for “crucifying the Son of God afresh,” but for calling all to believe on His name.

Monday, 8.—Upon mention made of my design to preach here, a zealous woman warmly replied: “What! at Snowsfields! Will Mr. W. preach at Snowsfields? Sure he will not do it! Why, there is not such another place in all the town. The people there are not men, but devils.” However, I resolved to try if God was not stronger than them: so this evening I preached there on that Scripture: “Jesus said, They that be whole need not a Physician; but they that are sick. I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.”

Monday, 22.—After a few of us had joined in prayer, about four I set out, and rode softly to Snow-Hill; where, the saddle slipping quite upon my mare’s neck, I fell over her head, and she ran back into Smithfield. Some boys caught her, and brought her to me again, cursing and swearing all the way. I spoke plainly to them, and they promised to amend. I was setting forward, when a man cried, “Sir, you have lost your saddle-cloth.” Two or three more would needs help me to put it on; but these too swore at almost every word. I turned to one and another, and spoke in love. They all took it well, and thanked me much. I gave them two or three little books, which they promised to read over carefully.

Before I reached Kensington, I found my mare had lost a shoe. This gave me an opportunity of talking closely, for near half an hour, both to the smith and his servant. I mention these little circumstances, to show how easy it is to redeem every fragment of time, (if I may so speak,) when we feel any love to those souls for which Christ died.

Tuesday, 23.—Having found, for some time, a strong desire to unite with Mr. Whitefield as far as possible, to cut off needless dispute, I wrote down my sentiments, as plain as I could.

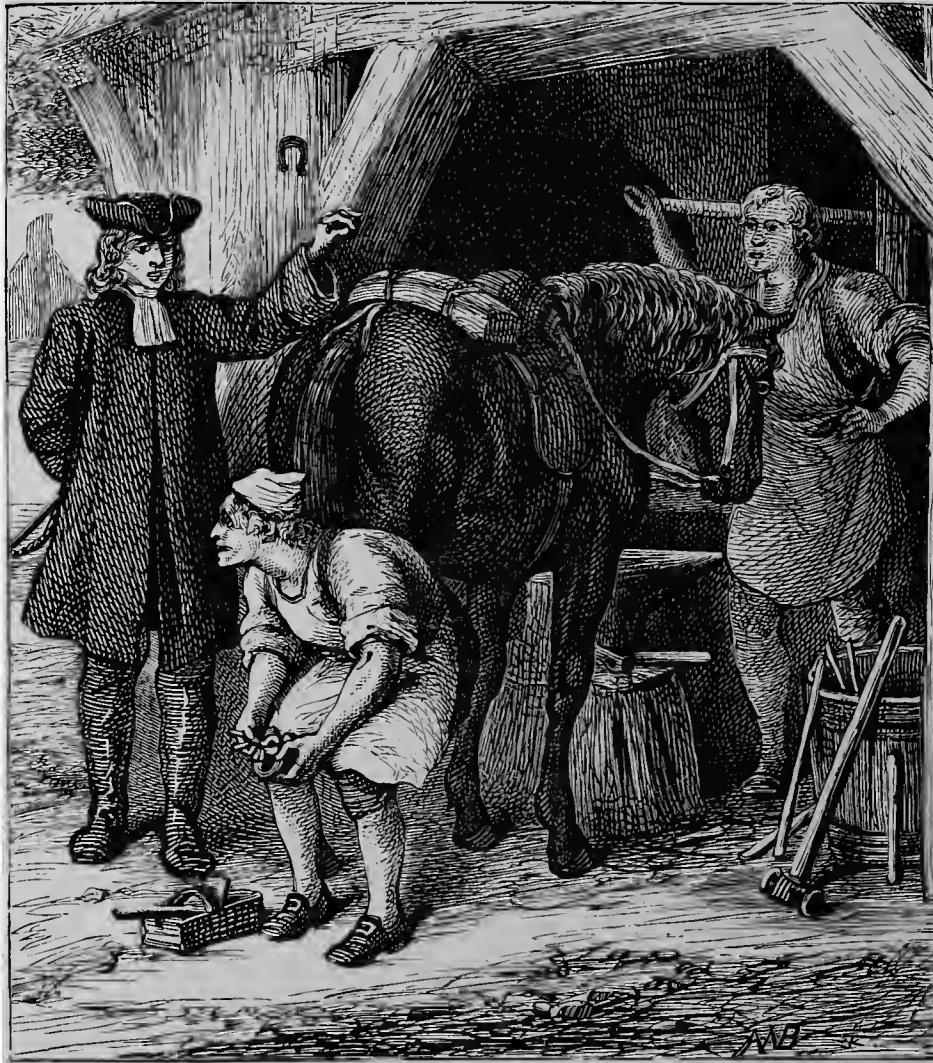
Saturday, 27.—I reached Exeter in the afternoon.

Sunday, 28.—I preached at seven to a handful of people. The sermon we heard at church was quite innocent of meaning: what that in the afternoon was, I know not; for I could not hear a single sentence.

From church I went to the castle; where were gathered together (as some

imagined) half the grown persons in the city. It was an awful sight. So vast a congregation in that solemn amphitheatre! And all silent and still, while I explained at large, and enforced, that glorious truth: "Happy are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered."

I went thence to poor Mr. V——, the clergyman, lying under sentence of death. He had for some time acted the lunatic; but I soon put him out of his play; and



(WESLEY AND THE FARRIER.)

he appeared to have wit enough in his anger. I designed to close in with him immediately; but two cruelly impertinent gentlemen would needs come into the room; so that I could say no more, but was obliged to leave him in their hands.

The lad who was to die the next day was quite of another spirit: he appeared deeply affected while we were speaking, and yet more during our prayer; and no sooner were we gone than he broke out into a bitter cry.—Who knows but he might be heard by Him that made him?

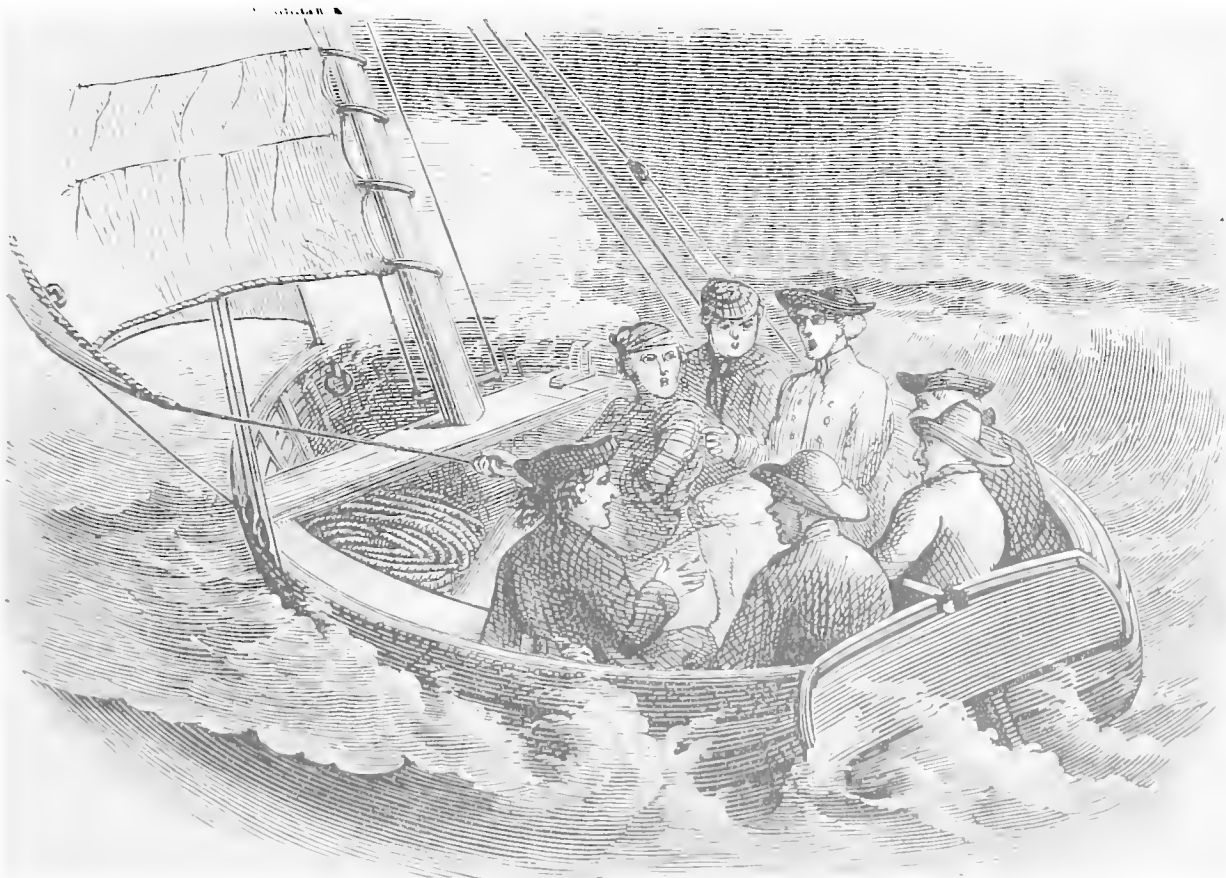
Tuesday, 30.—In the evening we reached St. Ives. At seven I invited all guilty,

helpless sinners, who were conscious they "had nothing to pay," to accept of free forgiveness.

Wednesday, 31.—I spoke severally with those of the society, who were about one hundred and twenty. As we were going to church at eleven, a large company at the market-place welcomed us with a loud huzza: wit as harmless as the ditty sung under my window, (composed, one assured me, by a gentlewoman of their own town,)

"Charles Wesley is come to town,
To try if he can pull the churches down."

Monday, SEPTEMBER 12.—I had had for some time a great desire to go and publish the love of God our Saviour, if it were but for one day, in the Isles of Scilly;



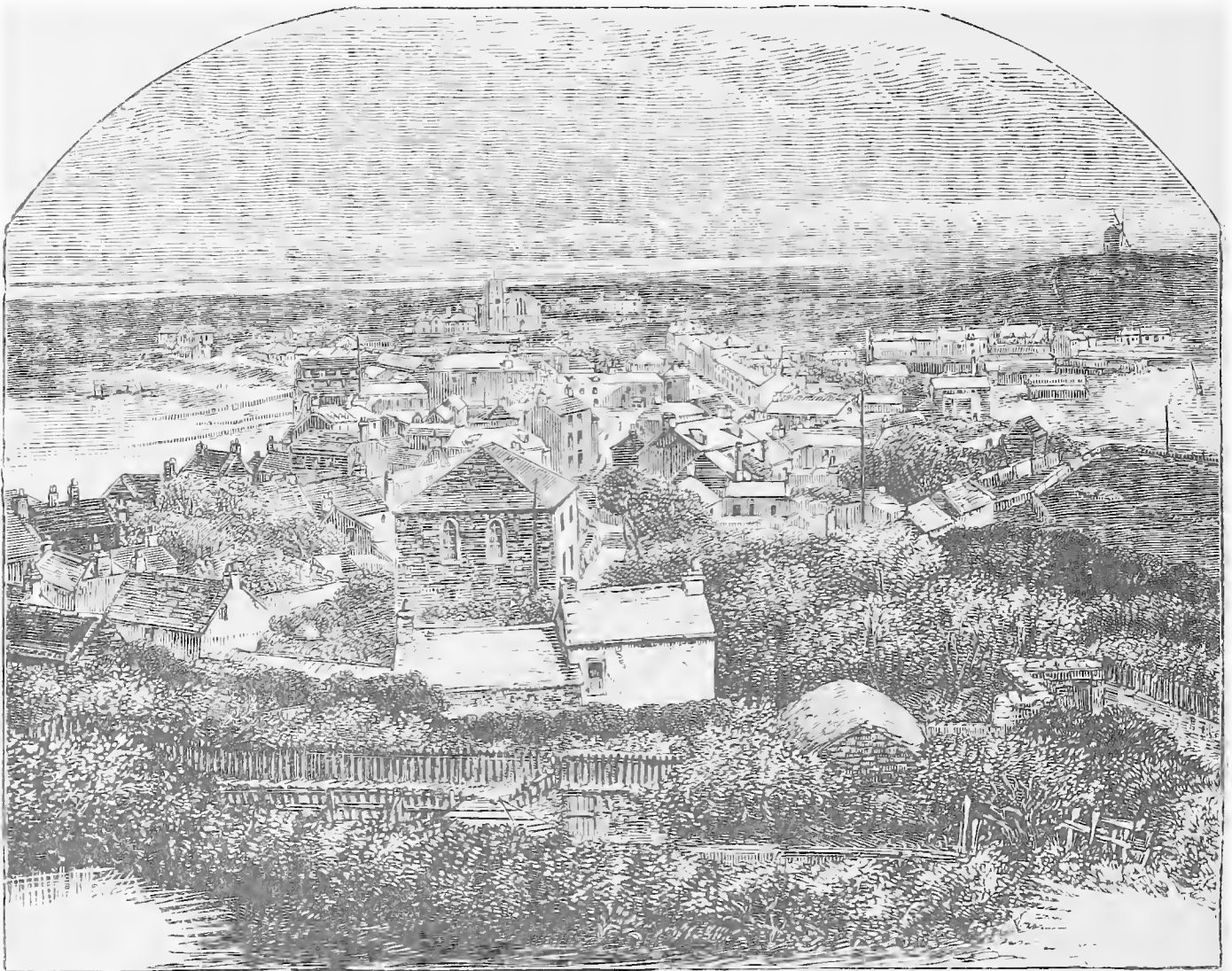
("WE ALL JOINED TOGETHER IN SINGING LUSTILY.")

and I had occasionally mentioned it to several. This evening three of our brethren came and offered to carry me thither, if I could procure the Mayor's boat, which, they said, was the best sailer of any in the town. I sent, and he lent it me immediately. So the next morning, *Tuesday, 13th*, John Nelson, Mr. Shepherd, and I, with three men and a pilot, sailed from St. Ives. It seemed strange to me to attempt going in a fisher-boat, fifteen leagues upon the main ocean, especially when the waves began to swell, and hang over our heads. But I called to my companions, and we all joined together in singing lustily, and with a good courage,—

“When passing through the watery deep,
 I ask in faith His promised aid ;
 The waves an awful distance keep,
 And shrink from my devoted head ;
 Fearless their violence I dare :
 They cannot harm,—for God is there.”

About half an hour after one, we landed on St. Mary's.

We immediately waited upon the Governor, with the usual present, viz., a



(ST. MARY'S, SCILLY.)

newspaper. I desired him, likewise, to accept of an “Earnest Appeal.” The minister not being willing I should preach in the church, I preached, at six, in the street, to almost all the town, and many soldiers, sailors, and workmen, on: “Why will ye die, O house of Israel?” It was a blessed time, so that I scarce knew how to conclude. After sermon I gave them some little books and hymns, which they were so eager to receive that they were ready to tear both them and me to pieces.

At five in the morning I preached again. And between nine and ten, having talked with many in private, and distributed, both to them and others, between two and three hundred hymns and little books, we left this barren, dreary place, and set sail for St. Ives, though the wind was strong, and blew directly in our teeth. Our pilot said we should have good luck if we reached the land; but he knew not Him Whom the winds and seas obey. Soon after three we were even with the Land's-End, and about nine we reached St. Ives.

Friday, 16.—As I was preaching at St. Ives, Satan began to fight for his kingdom. The mob of the town burst into the room, and created much disturbance; roaring and striking those that stood in their way, as though Legion himself possessed them. I would fain have persuaded our people to stand still; but the zeal of some, and the fear of others, had no ears: so that, finding the uproar increase, I went into the midst, and brought the head of the mob up with me to the desk. I received but one blow on the side of the head; after which we reasoned the case, till he grew milder and milder, and at length undertook to quiet his companions.

Tuesday, 20.—One of those who were present (at Gwennap) was Mr. P——, once a violent adversary. Before sermon began, he whispered one of his acquaintance, “Captain, stand by me; don't stir from me.” He soon burst out into a flood of tears, and quickly after sunk down. His friend caught him, and prevented his falling to the ground. O may the Friend of sinners lift him up!

Wednesday, 21.—I was waked, between three and four, by a large company of tinnors, who, fearing they should be too late, had gathered round the house, and were singing and praising God. At five I preached once more, on: “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.” They all devoured the Word.

Thursday, 22.—As we were riding through a village called Sticklepath, one stopped me in the street, and asked abruptly, “Is not thy name John Wesley?” Immediately two or three more came up, and told me I must stop there. I did so; and before we had spoke many words, our souls took acquaintance with each other. I found they were called Quakers; but that hurt not me; seeing the love of God was in their hearts.

Monday, 26.—I had a great desire to speak plain to a young man, who went with us over the New-Passage. To that end I rode with him three miles out of my way; but I could fix nothing upon him.

Saturday, OCTOBER 1.—I preached at Caerphilly in the morning, Llantrissant at noon, and Cardiff at night.

Sunday, 2.—Fearing my strength would not suffice for preaching more than four times in the day, I only spent half an hour in prayer with the society, in the morning. At seven, and in the evening, I preached in the castle; at eleven, in Wenvo church; and in the afternoon, in Portkerry church, on: “Repent ye, and believe the Gospel.”

Monday, 3.—I returned to Bristol, and employed several days in examining and purging the society, which still consisted (after many were put away) of more than seven hundred persons. The next week I examined the society in Kingswood, in which I found but a few things to reprove.

Saturday, 15.—The leaders brought in what had been contributed, in their several classes, toward the public debt: and we found it was sufficient to discharge it; which was therefore done without delay.



(RIOT IN WEDNESBURY.)

Thursday, 20.—I rode to Wednesbury. At twelve I preached in a ground near the middle of the town, to a far larger congregation than was expected, on: “Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.” I believe every one present felt the power of God.

I was writing at Francis Ward’s, in the afternoon, when the cry arose, that [the mob had beset the house. We prayed that God would disperse them; and it was so: one went this way, and another that; so that, in half an hour, not a man was left. I told our brethren, “Now is the time for us to go;” but they pressed me exceedingly to stay. So, that I might not offend them, I sat down,

though I foresaw what would follow. Before five the mob surrounded the house again, in greater numbers than ever. The cry of one and all was, "Bring out the minister; we will have the minister." I desired one to take their captain by the hand, and bring him into the house. After a few sentences interchanged between us, the lion was become a lamb. I desired him to go and bring one or two more of the most angry of his companions. He brought in two, who were ready to swallow the ground with rage; but in two minutes they were as calm as he. I then bade them make way, that I might go out among the people. As soon as I was in the midst of them, I called for a chair; and, standing up, asked "What do any of you want with me?" Some said, "We want you to go with us to the Justice." I replied, "That I will, with all my heart." I then spoke a few words which God applied; so that they cried out, with might and main, "The gentleman is an honest gentleman, and we will spill our blood in his defence." I asked, "Shall we go to the Justice to-night, or in the morning?" Most of them cried, "To-night, to-night!" on which I went before, and two or three hundred followed; the rest returning whence they came.

The night came on before we had walked a mile, together with heavy rain. However, on we went to Bentley Hall, two miles from Wednesbury. One or two ran before, to tell Mr. Lane they had brought Mr. Wesley before his Worship. Mr. Lane replied, "What have I to do with Mr. Wesley? Go and carry him back again." By this time the main body came up, and began knocking at the door. A servant told them Mr. Lane was in bed. His son followed, and asked what was the matter. One replied, "Why, an't please you, they sing psalms all day; nay, and make folks rise at five in the morning. And what would your Worship advise us to do?" "To go home," said Mr. Lane, "and be quiet."

Here they were at a full stop, till one advised, to go to Justice Persehouse, at Walsall. All agreed to this; so we hastened on, and about seven came to his house. But Mr. P—— likewise sent word, that he was in bed. Now they were at a stand again; but at last they all thought it the wisest course to make the best of their way home. About fifty of them undertook to convoy me. But we had not gone a hundred yards, when the mob of Walsall came pouring in like a flood, and bore down all before them. The Darlaston mob made what defence they could; but they were weary, as well as outnumbered: so that in a short time, many being knocked down, the rest ran away, and left me in their hands.

To attempt speaking was vain, for the noise on every side was like the roaring of the sea. So they dragged me along till we came to the town; where seeing the door of a large house open, I attempted to go in; but a man, catching me by the hair, pulled me back into the middle of the mob. They made no more stop till they had carried me through the main street from one end of the town to the other. I

continued speaking all the time to those within hearing, feeling no pain or weariness. At the west end of the town, seeing a door half open, I made toward it, and would have gone in; but a gentleman in the shop would not suffer me, saying, they would pull the house down to the ground. However, I stood at the door, and asked, "Are you willing to hear me speak?" Many cried out, "No, no! knock his brains out! down with him; kill him at once!" Others said, "Nay, but we will hear him first." I began asking, "What evil have I done? Which of you all have I wronged in word or deed?" and continued speaking for above a quarter of an hour, till my voice suddenly failed: then the floods began to lift up their voice again; many crying out, "Bring him away! bring him away!"

In the meantime my strength and my voice returned, and I broke out aloud into prayer. And now the man who just before headed the mob, turned, and said, "Sir, I will spend my life for you: follow me, and not one soul here shall touch a hair of your head." Two or three of his fellows confirmed his words, and got close to me immediately. At the same time, the gentleman in the shop cried out, "For shame, for shame! Let him go." An honest butcher, who was a little farther off, said, it was a shame they should do thus; and pulled back four or five, one after another, who were running on the most fiercely. The people then, as if it had been by common consent, fell back to the right and left; while those three or four men took me between them, and carried me through them all. But on the bridge the mob rallied again: we therefore went on one side, over the mill-dam, and thence through the meadows; till, a little before ten, God brought me safe to Wednesbury; having lost only one flap of my waistcoat, and a little skin from one of my hands.

I never saw such a chain of providences before; so many convincing proofs, that the Hand of God is on every person and thing, overruling all as it seemeth Him good.

The poor woman of Darlaston, who had headed that mob, and sworn, that none should touch me, when she saw her followers give way, ran into the thickest of the throng, and knocked down three or four men, one after another. But many assaulting her at once, she was soon overpowered, and had probably been killed in a few minutes, (three men keeping her down and beating her with all their might,) had not a man called to one of them, "Hold, Tom, hold!" "Who is there?" said Tom: "what, honest Munchin? Nay, then, let her go." So they held their hand, and let her get up and crawl home as well as she could.

From the beginning to the end I found the same presence of mind, as if I had been sitting in my own study. But I took no thought for one moment before another; only once it came into my mind, that if they should throw me into the river, it would spoil the papers that were in my pocket. For myself, I did not doubt but I should swim across, having but a thin coat, and a light pair of boots.

The circumstances that follow, I thought, were particularly remarkable: 1. That

many endeavoured to throw me down while we were going down-hill on a slippery path to the town ; as well judging, that if I was once on the ground, I should hardly rise any more. But I made no stumble at all, nor the least slip till I was entirely out of their hands. 2. That although many strove to lay hold on my collar or clothes, to pull me down, they could not fasten at all : only one got fast hold of the flap of my waistcoat, which was soon left in his hand ; the other flap, in the pocket of which was a bank note, was torn but half-off. 3. That a lusty man just behind, struck at me several times with a large oaken stick ; with which if he had struck me once on the back part of my head, it would have saved him all farther trouble. But every time the blow was turned aside, I know not how ; for I could not move to the right hand or left. 4. That another came rushing through the press, and raising his arm to strike, on a sudden let it drop, and only stroked my head, saying, " What soft hair he has ! " 5. That I stopped exactly at the Mayor's door, as if I had known it, (which the mob doubtless thought I did,) and found him standing in the shop, which gave the first check to the madness of the people. 6. That the very first men whose hearts were turned were the heroes of the town, the captains of the rabble on all occasions, one of them having been a prize-fighter at the bear-garden. 7. That, from first to last, I heard none give a reviling word, or call me by any opprobrious name whatever ; but the cry of one and all was, " The preacher ! The preacher ! The parson ! The minister ! " 8. That no creature, at least within my hearing, laid anything to my charge, either true or false ; having in the hurry quite forgot to provide themselves with an accusation of any kind. And, lastly, that they were as utterly at a loss what they should do with me ; none proposing any determinate thing, only, " Away with him ! Kill him at once ! "

By how gentle degrees does God prepare us for His will ! Two years ago a piece of brick grazed my shoulders. It was a year after that the stone struck me between the eyes. Last month I received one blow, and this evening two ; one before we came into the town, and one after we were gone out ; but both were as nothing : for though one man struck me on the breast with all his might, and the other on the mouth with such a force that the blood gushed out immediately, I felt no more pain from either of the blows than if they had touched me with a straw.

It ought not to be forgotten, that when the rest of the society made all haste to escape for their lives, four only would not stir, William Sitch, Edward Slater, John Griffiths, and Joan Parks ; these kept with me, resolving to live or die together ; and none of them received one blow, but William Sitch, who held me by the arm, from one end of the town to the other. He was then dragged away and knocked down ; but he soon rose and got to me again. I afterwards asked him, what he expected when the mob came upon us. He said, " To die for Him Who had died for us ; " and he felt no hurry or fear ; but calmly waited till God should require his soul of him.

in the middle of which we were, when, in an instant, the side of the boat was under water, and the horses and men rolling one over another. We expected the boat to sink every moment; but I did not doubt of being able to swim ashore. The boatmen were amazed as well as the rest; but they quickly recovered, and rowed for life. And soon after, our horses leaping overboard, lightened the boat, and we all came unhurt to land.

They wondered what was the matter I did not rise, (for I lay along in the bottom of the boat.) and I wondered too, till, upon examination, I found that a large



(CROSSING THE TRENT.)

iron crow, which the boatmen sometimes used, was (none knew how) run through the string of my boot, which pinned me down that I could not stir; so that if the boat had sunk, I should have been safe enough from swimming any further.

The same day, and, as near as we could judge, the same hour, the boat in which my brother was crossing the Severn, at the New-Passage, was carried away by the wind, and in the utmost danger of splitting upon the rocks. But the same God, when all human hope was past, delivered them as well as us.

Monday, 31.—We set out early in the morning, and in the evening came to Newcastle.

Wednesday, NOVEMBER 2.—The following advertisement was published :—

FOR THE BENEFIT OF MR. ESTE.

By the Edinburgh Company of Comedians, on *Friday*, November 4th, will be acted a
Comedy called,

THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS ;

To which will be added a Farce, called,

TRICK UPON TRICK ; OR, METHODISM DISPLAYED.

On *Friday* a vast multitude of spectators were assembled in the Moot Hall to see this. It was believed there could not be less than fifteen hundred people, some hundreds of whom sat on rows of seats built upon the stage. Soon after the comedians had begun the first act of the play, on a sudden all those seats fell down at once, the supporters of them breaking like a rotten stick. The people were thrown one upon another, about five foot forward, but not one of them hurt. After a short time, the rest of the spectators were quiet, and the actors went on. In the middle of the second act, all the shilling seats gave a crack, and sunk several inches down. A great noise and shrieking followed ; and as many as could readily get to the door, went out and returned no more. Notwithstanding this, when the noise was over, the actors went on with the play. In the beginning of the third act the entire stage suddenly sunk about six inches : the players retired with great precipitation ; yet in a while they began again. At the latter end of the third act, all the sixpenny seats, without any kind of notice, fell to the ground. There was now a cry on every side ; it being supposed that many were crushed in pieces : but, upon inquiry, not a single person (such was the mercy of God !) was either killed or dangerously hurt. Two or three hundred remaining still in the hall, Mr. Este (who was to act the Methodist) came upon the stage and told them, for all this, he was resolved that the farce should be acted. While he was speaking, the stage sunk six inches more ; on which he ran back in the utmost confusion, and the people, as fast as they could, out of the door, none staying to look behind him.

Saturday, JANUARY 28, 1744.—I reached London.

Wednesday, FEBRUARY 1.—Just before the time I had designed to begin preaching at the chapel, I was seized with such a pain as I do not remember ever to have felt before in my life. But I forgot it as soon as I had read my text, Psalm xviii. 1, etc. : “ I will love thee, O Lord, my strength.” And from that time I felt it no more.

About this time the soldiers abroad began to meet together, as we learned from the following letter :—

“ GHENT, *February 2nd*, 1744.

“ SIR,—I make bold to send you these lines. February 18th, 1743, we began our march for Germany. I was then much cast down, and my heart was ready to break.

But the day we marched to Maestricht, I found the love of God shed abroad in my heart, that I thought my very soul was dissolved into tears. But this lasted not above three weeks, and then I was in heaviness again; till, on April 24th, as I was walking in the fields, God broke my hard heart in pieces. And yet I was not delivered from the fear of death. I went to my quarters very sick and weak, in great pain of soul and body. By the morning I was so weak I could scarce go: but this proved a sweet night to my soul; for now I knew there was no condemnation for me, believing in Christ Jesus.

“June 16.—The day we engaged the French at Dettingen, as the battle began, I said, ‘Lord, in Thee have I trusted; let me never be confounded.’ Joy overflowed my soul, and I told my comrades, ‘If I fall this day, I shall rest in the everlasting Arms of Christ.’ Now I felt I could be content to be cast into the sea, for the sake of my dear brethren, so their eyes might be opened, and they might see, before it was too late, the things that belong unto their peace.

“When we came to winter quarters, there were but three of us joined together. But now, by the blessing of God, we are increased to twelve: and we

have reason to believe the hand of the Lord is with us. I desire, for the sake of Him Whom we follow after, that you would send us some instructions, how to proceed in our little society. God is become a mouth to me, and has blessed even my word to some of their souls. All praise, and glory, and honour be unto Him, and to the Lamb for ever and ever. From

“Your affectionate brother,

“J. H.

Wednesday, 15.—We were informed of the invasion intended by the French, who



(JOHN HAIME AT THE BATTLE OF DETTINGEN.)

were expected to land every hour. I therefore exhorted the congregation, in the words of our Lord, Luke xxi. 36: "Watch ye therefore, and pray always, that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of Man."

Saturday, 18.—I received an account, from James Jones, of another kind of invasion in Staffordshire. The substance of it was as follows:—

"On Monday, January 23, a great mob gathered together at Darlaston, a mile from Wednesbury. They fell upon a few people who were going to Wednesbury, and among the rest, on Joshua Constable's wife, of Darlaston. Some of them threw her down, and five or six held her down, beat her much, and went away.

"Monday, 30.—The mob gathered again, broke into Joshua Constable's house, pulled part of it down, broke some of his goods in pieces, and carried the rest away; particularly all his shop-goods, to a considerable value. But not satisfied with this, they sought for him and his wife, swearing they would knock their brains out. Their little children meantime, as well as themselves, wandered up and down, no one daring to relieve or take them in, lest they should hazard their own lives.

"Tuesday, 31.—About a hundred of the mob met together, on the Church Hill at Wednesbury. But hearing some of Wednesbury were resolved to defend themselves, they dispersed for that time.

"Wednesday, February 1.—Mr. Charles Wesley came to Birmingham, and the next day preached at Wednesbury. The whole congregation was quiet and attentive, nor had we any noise or interruption.

"Monday, 6.—I accompanied him part of his way, and in the afternoon came back to Wednesbury. I found the society met together, and commending themselves to God in prayer, having been informed that many, both at Darlaston and other places, had bound themselves by an oath to come on Shrove Tuesday, (the next day,) and plunder all the Methodists in Wednesbury.

"We continued in prayer till the evening. I desired as many as could, to meet me again at eight in the morning. But I had scarce begun to speak, when one came running with all speed, and told us, a large mob was coming into the town, and had broke into some houses already. I immediately retired to my father's house; but he did not dare to receive me. Nor did any one else; till at length Henry Parks took me in; whence, early in the morning, I went to Birmingham.

"The mob had been gathering all Monday night, and on Tuesday morning they began their work. They assaulted, one after another, all the houses of those who were called Methodists. They first broke all their windows, suffering neither glass, lead, nor frames to remain therein. Then they made their way in; and all the tables, chairs, chests of drawers, with whatever was not easily removable, they dashed in

pieces, particularly shop-goods, and furniture of every kind. What they could not well break, as feather-beds, they cut in pieces, and strewed about the room. William Sitch's wife was lying ill: but that was all one; they pulled away her bed too, and cut it in pieces." (Had the French come in that place, would they have done more?) "All this time none offered to resist them. Indeed, most part, both men and women, fled for their lives; only the children stayed, not knowing whither to go.

"Wearing apparel, and things which were of value, or easily saleable, they carried away; every man loading himself with as much as he could well carry, of whatever he liked best.

"Some of the gentlemen who had set the mob to work, or threatened to turn away collier or miner out of their service that did not come and do his part, now drew up a paper for those of the society to sign, importing, that they would never invite or receive any Methodist preacher more. On this condition, they told them they would stop the mob at once; otherwise, they must take what followed.

"This they offered to several; but they declared, one and all, 'We have already lost all our goods; and nothing more can follow, but the loss of our lives, which we will lose, too, rather than wrong our consciences.'

"On Wednesday the mob divided into two or three companies; one of which went to Aldridge, four miles from Wednesbury, and plundered many houses there, as they had done in several other villages. Here also they loaded themselves with clothes and goods of all sorts, as much as they could stand under. They came back through Walsall with their spoils; but the gentlemen of Walsall being apprized of their coming, raised a body of men, who met them, took what they had away, and laid it up in the Town Hall. Notice was then sent to Aldridge that every man who had been plundered might come and take his own goods.

"Mr. Wood, of Wednesbury, likewise told several, they should have what could be found of their goods, on condition they would promise not to receive or hear those preachers any more.

"On Friday, in the afternoon, I went from Birmingham, designing to go to Tipton-Green; but finding the mob were still raging up and down, I returned to Birmingham, and soon after (having as yet no more place in these parts) set out for London."

Any who desires to see a fuller and more particular account of these surprising transactions, may read a small tract, entitled, "Modern Christianity Exemplified at Wednesbury."

Before I leave this subject, it may be proper to insert an advertisement which was not long after inserted in the public papers.

In the Whitehall and London "Evening Post," Saturday, February 18th, was a paragraph with some mistakes, which it may not be amiss to rectify. "By a private

letter from Staffordshire, we have advice of an insurrection *of* the people called Methodists,—the insurrection was not *of* the people called Methodists, but *against* them,—“who upon some *pretended* insults from the Church party,”—they *pretended* no insults from the Church party; being themselves no other than *true* members of the Church of England; but were *more* than insulted by a mixed multitude of Church-goers, (who seldom, if ever, go near a church,) Dissenters and Papists,—“have assembled themselves in a riotous manner.”—Here is another small *error personæ*. Many hundreds of the mob did assemble themselves in a riotous manner, having given public notice several days before, (particularly by a paper set up in Walsall market-place,) that on Shrove Tuesday they intended to come and *destroy the Methodists*, and inviting all the country to come and join them. “And having committed several outrages,”—without ever committing any, they have suffered all manner of outrages for several months past,—“they proceeded at last to burn the house of one of their adversaries.” Without burning any house or making any resistance, some hundreds of them, on Shrove Tuesday last, had their own houses broken up, their windows, window-cases, beds, tools, goods of all sorts, broke all to pieces, or taken away by open violence; their live goods driven off, themselves forced to fly for their lives, and most of them stripped of all they had in the world.

Ever since the 20th of last June the mob of Walsall, Darlaston, and Wednesbury, hired for that purpose by their betters, have broke open their poor neighbours' houses at their pleasure, by night and by day; extorted money from the few that had it; took away or destroyed their victuals and goods; beat and wounded their bodies; threatened their lives; and openly declared they would destroy every Methodist in the country: the Christian country, where His Majesty's innocent and loyal subjects have been so treated for eight months; and are now, by their wanton persecutors, publicly branded for rioters and incendiaries!

Monday, MARCH 5.—I was much pressed to write an address to the King, which I did in the following terms:—

“TO THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY;

“*The humble Address of the Societies in England and Wales, in derision called Methodists:*

“MOST GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN,

“So inconsiderable as we are, ‘a people scattered and peeled, and trodden under foot, from the beginning hitherto,’ we should in no wise have presumed, even on this great occasion, to open our lips to your Majesty, had we not been induced, indeed constrained, so to do, by two considerations: the one, that in spite of all our

remonstrances on that head, we are continually represented as a peculiar sect of men, separating ourselves from the Established Church: the other, that we are still traduced as inclined to Popery, and consequently disaffected to your Majesty.

“Upon these considerations we think it incumbent upon us, if we must stand as a distinct body from our brethren, to tender for ourselves our most dutiful regards to your sacred Majesty; and to declare, in the presence of Him we serve, the King of kings, and Lord of lords, that we are a part (however mean) of that Protestant Church established in these kingdoms: that we unite together for this, and no other end,—to promote, so far as we may be capable, justice, mercy, and truth; the glory of God, and peace and good-will among men: that we detest and abhor the fundamental doctrines of the Church of Rome, and are steadily attached to your Majesty’s royal person and illustrious house.

“We cannot, indeed, say or do either more or less than we apprehend consistent with the Written Word of God; but we are ready to obey your Majesty to the uttermost, in all things which we conceive to be agreeable thereto. And we earnestly exhort all with whom we converse, as they fear God, to honour the king. We, of the clergy in particular, put all men in mind to revere the higher powers, as of God; and continually declare: ‘Ye must needs be subject, not only for wrath, but also for conscience’ sake.’

“Silver and gold (most of us must own) we have none: but such as we have we humbly beg your Majesty to accept; together with our hearts and prayers. May He Who hath bought us with His blood, the Prince of all the kings of the earth, fight against all the enemies of your Majesty, with the two-edged sword that cometh out of His mouth! And when He calleth your Majesty from this throne, full of years and victories, may it be with that voice: ‘Come, receive the kingdom prepared for thee, from the beginning of the world!’

“These are the continual prayers of your Majesty’s dutiful and loyal subjects,
“JOHN WESLEY,” etc.

But upon farther consideration it was judged best to lay it aside.

Tuesday, 20.—Having received a summons, from the Justices of Surrey, to appear at their court, at St. Margaret’s Hill, I did so; and asked, “Has any one anything to lay to my charge?” None made any reply. At length, one of the Justices said, “Sir, are you willing to take the oaths to His Majesty, and to sign the declaration against Popery?” I said, “I am;” which I accordingly did, and returned home.

Wednesday, APRIL 3.—About eleven we reached St. Ives. I was a little surprised at entering John Nance’s house; being received by many, who were waiting for me there, with a loud (though not bitter) cry. But they soon recovered; and we poured out our souls together in praises and thanksgiving.

As soon as we went out, we were saluted, as usual, with a huzza, and a few stones, or pieces of dirt. But in the evening none opened his mouth, while I proclaimed: "I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength. I will call upon the Lord, who is worthy to be praised; so shall I be saved from my enemies."

Thursday, 4.—I took a view of the ruins of the house which the mob had pulled down a little before, for joy that Admiral Matthews had beat the Spaniards. Such is the Cornish method of thanksgiving. I suppose, if Admiral Lestock had fought too, they would have knocked all the Methodists on the head.

Saturday, 6.—I took down part of the account of the late riot; which (to show the deep regard of the actors herein for His Majesty) was on the self-same day on which His Majesty's Proclamation against rioters was read. Yet I see much good has been brought out of it already; particularly the great peace we now enjoy.

Tuesday, AUGUST 21.—I set out with a few friends for Oxford.

Friday, 24.—(St. Bartholomew's day.) I preached, I suppose the last time, at St. Mary's. Be it so. I am now clear of the blood of these men. I have fully delivered my own soul.

The beadle came to me afterwards, and told me the Vice-Chancellor had sent him for my notes. I sent them without delay, not without admiring the wise providence of God. Perhaps few men of note would have given a sermon of mine the reading, if I had put it into their hands; but by this means it came to be read, probably more than once, by every man of eminence in the University.

I left Oxford about noon, preached at Wycombe in the evening; and on *Saturday, 25th*, returned to London.

Friday, FEBRUARY 22, 1745.—There was so much snow about Boroughbridge, that we could go on but very slowly; insomuch, that the night overtook us when we wanted six or seven miles to the place where we designed to lodge. But we pushed on, at a venture, across the moor, and, about eight, came safe to Sandhutton.

Saturday, 23.—We found the roads abundantly worse than they had been the day before; not only because the snows were deeper, which made the causeways in many places unpassable, (and turnpike-roads were not known in these parts of England till some years after,) but likewise because the hard frost, succeeding the thaw, had made all the ground like glass. We were often obliged to walk, it being impossible to ride, and our horses several times fell down while we were leading them, but not once while we were riding them, during the whole journey. It was past eight before we got to Gateshead-Fell, which appeared a great pathless waste of white. The snow filling up and covering all the roads, we were at a loss how to proceed; when an honest man of Newcastle overtook and guided us safe into the town.

Many a rough journey have I had before, but one like this I never had; between wind, and hail, and rain, and ice, and snow, and driving sleet, and piercing

cold: but it is past: those days will return no more, and are therefore as though they had never been.

“Pain, disappointment, sickness, strife,
Whate'er molests or troubles life,
However grievous in its stay,
It shakes the tenement of clay,
When past, as nothing we esteem;
And pain, like pleasure, is a dream.”

On *Monday* and *Tuesday* I diligently inquired who were offended at each other; this being the sin which, of all others, most easily besets the people of Newcastle.



(WESLEY ON GATESHEAD-FELL.)

And as many of them as had leisure to meet, I heard face to face. It was now an easy thing to remove their offences; for God was in the work; so that they were, one and all, as willing to be reconciled to each other, as I was to have them.

Wednesday, 27.—(Being *Ash Wednesday.*) After the public prayers, the little Church in our house met together. Misunderstandings were cleared up, and we all agreed to set out anew, hand in hand, and, by the grace of God, to forward one another in running the race which is set before us.

Sunday, MARCH 3.—As I was walking up Pilgrim-street, hearing a man call after

me, I stood still. He came up, and used much abusive language, intermixed with many oaths and curses. Several people came out to see what was the matter; on which he pushed me twice or thrice, and went away.

Upon inquiry, I found this man had signalized himself of a long season, by abusing and throwing stones at any of our family who went that way. Therefore I would not lose the opportunity, but on *Monday, 4*, sent him the following note:—

“ROBERT YOUNG,—I EXPECT to see you, between this and Friday, and to hear from you, that you are sensible of your fault; otherwise, in pity to your soul, I shall be obliged to inform the magistrates of your assaulting me yesterday in the street.

“I am,

“Your real friend,

“JOHN WESLEY.”

Within two or three hours, Robert Young came, and promised a quite different behaviour. So did this gentle reproof, if not save a soul from death, yet prevent “a multitude of sins.”

Sunday, 10.—We had a useful sermon at All-Saints’ in the morning, and another at our own church in the afternoon. I was much refreshed by both, and united in love both to the two preachers, and to the clergy in general.

The next day I wrote to a friend as follows:—

“NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, *March 11, 1745.*

“I HAVE been drawing up this morning a short state of the case between the clergy and us. I leave you to make any such use of it as you believe will be to the glory of God.

“1. About seven years since, we began preaching inward, present salvation, as attainable by faith alone.

“2. For preaching this doctrine, we were forbidden to preach in the churches.

“3. We then preached in private houses, as occasion offered; and, when the houses could not contain the people, in the open air.

“4. For this, many of the clergy preached or printed against us, as both heretics and schismatics.

“5. Persons who were convinced of sin begged us to advise them more particularly how to flee from the wrath to come. We replied, if they would all come at one time (for they were numerous) we would endeavour it.

“6. For this, we were represented, both from the pulpit and the press, (we have heard it with our ears, and seen it with our eyes,) as introducing Popery, raising sedition, practising both against Church and State; and all manner of evil was publicly said both of us, and those who were accustomed to meet with us.

“7. Finding some truth herein, viz., that some of those who so met together walked disorderly, we immediately desired them not to come to us any more.

“8. And the more steady were desired to overlook the rest, that we might know if they walked according to the Gospel.

“9. But now several of the bishops began to speak against us, either in conversation or in public.

“10. On this encouragement, several of the clergy stirred up the people to treat us as outlaws or mad dogs.

“11. The people did so, both in Staffordshire, Cornwall, and many other places.

“12. And they do so still, wherever they are not restrained by their fear of the secular magistrate.

“Thus the case stands at present. Now, what can we do, or what can you our brethren do, toward healing this breach? which is highly desirable, that we may withstand, with joint force, the still increasing flood of Popery, Deism, and immorality.

“Desire of us anything we can do with a safe conscience, and we will do it immediately. Will you meet us here? Will you do what we desire of you, so far as you can with a safe conscience?

“Let us come to particulars. Do you desire us (1.) To preach another, or to desist from preaching this, doctrine?

“We think you do not desire it, as knowing we cannot do this with a safe conscience. Do you desire us (2.) To desist from preaching in private houses, or in the open air? As things are now circumstanced, this would be the same as desiring us not to preach at all.

“Do you desire us (3.) To desist from advising those who now meet together for that purpose? or, in other words, to dissolve our societies?

“We cannot do this with a safe conscience; for we apprehend many souls would be lost thereby, and that God would require their blood at our hands.

“Do you desire us (4.) To advise them only one by one?

“This is impossible because of their number.

“Do you desire us (5) To suffer those who walk disorderly still to mix with the rest?

“Neither can we do this with a safe conscience; because ‘evil communications corrupt good manners.’

“Do you desire us (6.) To discharge those leaders of bands or Classes (as we term them) who overlook the rest?

“This is, in effect, to suffer the disorderly walkers still to mix with the rest, which we dare not do.

“Do you desire us, lastly, To behave with reverence toward those who are

overseers of the Church of God, and with tenderness, both to the character and persons of our brethren, the inferior clergy?

“By the grace of God, we can and will do this. Yea, our conscience beareth us witness, that we have already laboured so to do; and that, at all times and in all places.

“If you ask what we desire of you to do, we answer, 1. We do not desire any one of you to let us preach in your church, either if you believe us to preach false doctrine, or if you have, upon any other ground, the least scruple of conscience concerning it. But we desire any who believes us to preach true doctrine, and has no scruple at all in this matter, may not be either publicly or privately discouraged from inviting us to preach in his church.

“2. We do not desire that any one who thinks that we are heretics or schismatics, and that it is his duty to preach or print against us, as such, should refrain therefrom, so long as he thinks it is his duty. (Although in this case, the breach can never be healed.)

“But we desire that none will pass such a sentence till he has calmly considered both sides of the question; that he would not condemn us unheard; but first read what we have written, and pray earnestly that God may direct him in the right way.

“3. We do not desire any favour, if either Popery, sedition, or immorality be proved against us.

“But we desire you will not credit, without proof, any of those senseless tales that pass current with the vulgar: that if you do not credit them yourselves, you will not relate them to others; (which we have known done;) yea, that you will confute them, so far as ye have opportunity, and discountenance those who still retail them abroad.

“4. We do not desire any preferment, favour, or recommendation, from those that are in authority, either in Church or State: but we desire,—

“(1.) That if anything material be laid to our charge, we may be permitted to answer for ourselves. (2.) That you would hinder your dependents from stirring up the rabble against us; who are certainly not the proper judges of these matters. And, (3.) That you would effectually suppress, and thoroughly discountenance, all riots and popular insurrections, which evidently strike at the foundation of all government, whether of Church or State.

“Now these things you certainly can do, and that with a safe conscience. Therefore, till these things are done, the continuance of the breach is chargeable on you, and you only.”

The following week I visited the societies in the country. On *Thursday*, 28th, a

gentleman called at our house who informed me his name was Adams ; that he lived about forty miles from Newcastle, at Osmotherley, in Yorkshire ; and had heard so many strange accounts of the Methodists, that he could not rest till he came to inquire for himself. I told him he was welcome to stay as long as he pleased, if he could live on our lenten fare. He made no difficulty of this, and willingly stayed till the Monday se'nnight following ; when he returned home fully satisfied with his journey.

Saturday, APRIL 6.—Mr. Stephenson, of whom I bought the ground on which our house is built, came at length, after delaying it more than two years, and executed the writings. So I am freed from one more care. May I in everything make known my request to God !

Monday, 15.—In the evening I preached at the inn, in Northallerton, where Mr. Adams and some of his neighbours met me. On his saying, he wished I could have time to preach in his house, at Osmotherley, I told him, I *would* have time, if he desired it ; and ordered our horses to be brought out immediately. We came thither between nine and ten. It was about an hour before the people were gathered together. It was after twelve before I lay down ; yet (through the blessing of God) I felt no weariness at all.

Tuesday, 16.—I preached at five, on Romans iii. 22, to a large congregation, part of whom had sat up all night for fear they should not wake in the morning. Many of them I found either were or had been Papists. O how wise are the ways of God ! How am I brought, without any care or thought of mine, into the centre of the Papists in Yorkshire ! O that God would arise and maintain His own Cause ; and all the idols let Him utterly abolish !

After sermon an elderly woman asked me abruptly, “Dost thou think water baptism an ordinance of Christ ?” I said, “What saith Peter ? ‘Who can forbid water, that these should not be baptized, who have received the Holy Ghost even as we ?’” I spoke but little more, before she cried out, “’Tis right ! ’tis right ! I will be baptized.” And so she was the same hour.

Wednesday, 17.—I rode by Epworth to Grimsby. The north-east wind was full in our face, and exceeding sharp. I began preaching before eight ; but to such a congregation as I had not lately seen ; so stupidly rude and noisy, encouraged thereto by their fore-speaker, a drunken alehouse-keeper. I singled him out, and fastened upon him, till he chose to withdraw. The rest were soon calmed, and behaved very quietly till the service was ended.

Thursday, 18.—In the afternoon I rode to Hainton. Mr. Clark, the minister of Barksworth, a mile from thence, having several times sent word he should be glad to see me, I went to his house, and spent an agreeable hour with an open-hearted, friendly man, not strongly prepossessed, and, I believe, truly desirous to know the whole will of God.

Friday, 19.—William Fenwick rode with me to L——d ; the minister of which had told him again and again, “Be sure to bring Mr. Wesley with you, when he comes. It is for my soul ; for the good of my poor soul.” When we were alone, he told me, “Sir, I have read your writings ; but I could not believe them till very lately. Now I know your doctrine is true. God Himself has shown it to me. A few days since I was in a great agony of soul, praying to God to forgive my sins ; and there was such a light about me as I cannot express ; and I knew God had heard my prayer ; and my heart was filled with the love of God ; and ever since I pray and praise Him all day long.”

I asked if he had told this to any one else. He said, “I began to tell it one I thought a very good Christian ; but he seemed to think I was distracted : so I spoke no more. And indeed I don't know any that would hear me.”

I told him, “You will meet with many such trials as this, and with many others which you are not yet aware of.” He answered, “I know that I cannot bear them of myself. I have no strength, unless I watch and pray always. But I *do* pray always : and what are trials to *me* ? I am not in the world. I live in eternity. I cannot turn any way, but I see God. He is with me continually, and on every side.”

I found much comfort from this strong instance of the mercy of God.

I rode to Epworth in the afternoon. *Sunday, 21.*—I preached in the house at five, on, “Quench not the Spirit ;” about eight, at the Cross ; and again in the evening, to most of the adults in the town. Poor Mr. R.'s sermon, from beginning to end, was another “railing accusation.” Father, forgive him ; for he knoweth not what he doeth !

Monday, 29.—I preached at Taddington in the Peak, and rode from thence to Sheffield, where I preached on the floor of the late house, (which the good Protestant mob had just pulled down,) to the largest and one of the quietest congregations I ever remember to have seen there.

Thursday, JUNE 20.—Redruth. Being informed of what had befallen Mr. Maxfield, we turned aside toward Crowan church town. But in the way, we received information, that he had been removed from thence the night before. It seems, the valiant constables who guarded him, having received timely notice that a body of five hundred Methodists were coming to take him away by force, had, with great precipitation, carried him two miles further, to the house of one Henry Tomkins.

Here we found him, nothing terrified by his adversaries. I desired Henry Tomkins to show me the warrant. It was directed by Dr. Borlase, and his father, and Mr. Eustick, to the constables and overseers of several parishes, requiring them to “apprehend all such able-bodied men as had no lawful calling or sufficient

maintenance ;” and to bring them before the aforesaid gentlemen at Marazion, on Friday, 21st, to be examined, whether they were proper persons to serve His Majesty in the land-service.

It was indorsed (by the steward of Sir John St. Aubyn), with the names of seven or eight persons, most of whom were well known to have lawful callings, and a sufficient maintenance thereby. But that was all one: they were called “Methodists;” therefore, soldiers they must be. Underneath was added, “A person, his name unknown, who disturbs the peace of the parish.”

A word to the wise. The good men easily understood this could be none but the Methodist preacher; for who “disturbs the peace of the parish” like one who tells all drunkards, whore-mongers, and common swearers, “You are in the high road to hell”?

When we came out of the house, forty or fifty myrmidons stood ready to receive us. But I turned full upon them, and their courage failed; nor did they recover till

we were at some distance. Then they began blustering again, and throwing stones, one of which struck Mr. Thompson’s servant.

Friday, 21.—We rode to Marazion. (Vulgarly called Market-jew.) Finding the justices were not met, we walked up St. Michael’s Mount. The house at the top is surprisingly large and pleasant. Sir John St. Aubyn had taken much pains, and been at a considerable expense, in repairing and beautifying the apartments; and when the seat was finished, the owner died!

About two, Mr. Thompson and I went into the room where the justices and



(ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT.)

commissioners were. After a few minutes, Dr. Borlase stood up and asked, whether we had any business. I told him, "We have." We desired to be heard, concerning one who was lately apprehended at Crowan. He said, "Gentlemen, the business of Crowan does not come on yet. You shall be sent for when it does." So we retired, and waited in another room, till after nine o'clock. They delayed the affair of Mr. Maxfield (as we imagined they would) to the very last. About nine he was called. I would have gone in then; but Mr. Thompson advised to wait a little longer. The next information we received was, that they had sentenced him to go for a soldier. Hearing this, we went straight to the commission-chamber. But the honourable gentlemen were gone.

They had ordered Mr. Maxfield to be immediately put on board a boat, and carried for Penzance. We were informed, they had first offered him to a captain of a man-of-war that was just come into the harbour. But he answered, "I have no authority to take such men as these, unless you would have me give him so much a week, to preach and pray to my people."

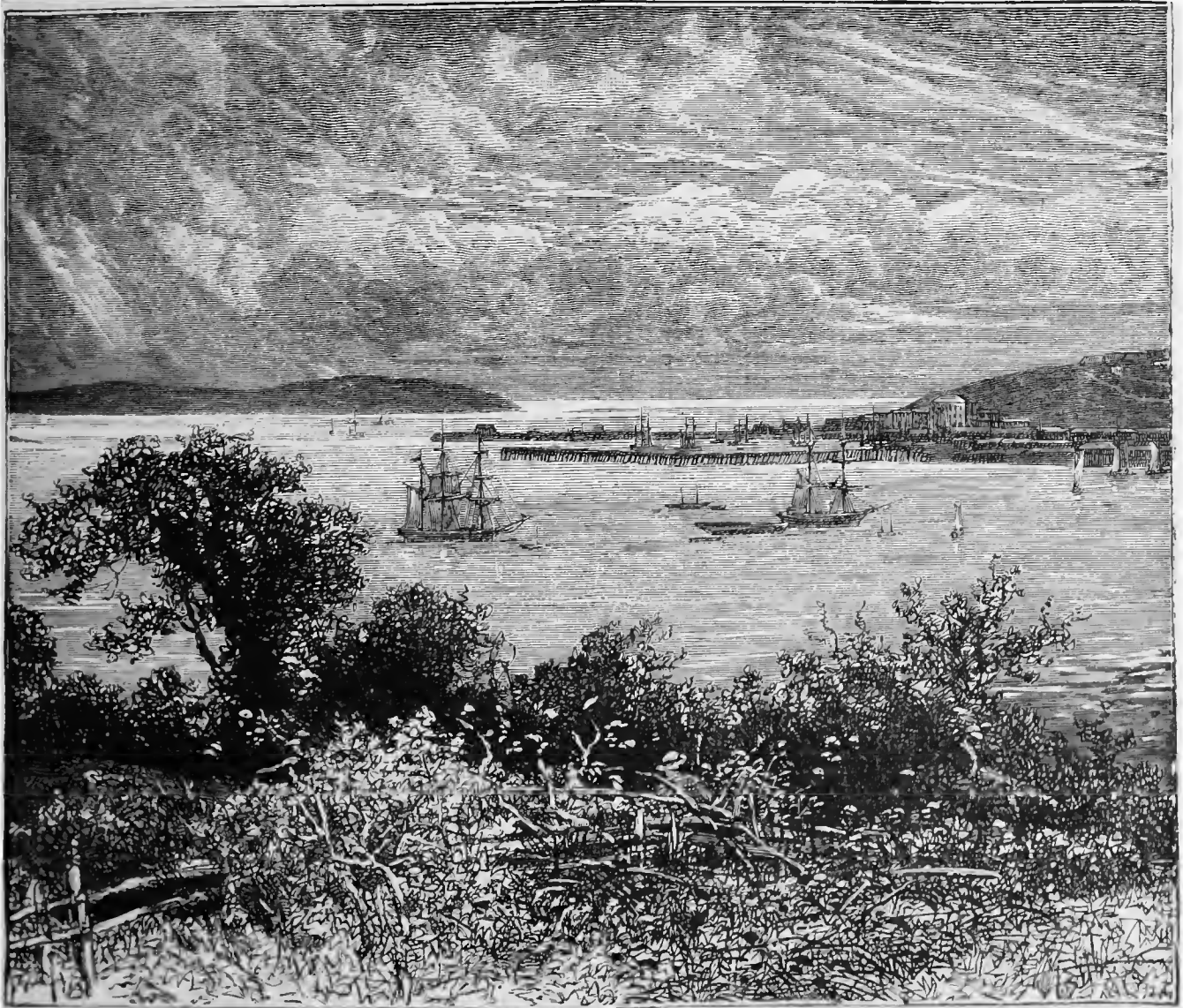
Saturday, 22.—We heard to-day, that as soon as Mr. Maxfield came to Penzance, they put him down into the dungeon; and that the mayor being inclined to let him go, Dr. Borlase had gone thither on purpose, and had himself read the Articles of War in the Court, and delivered him to one who was to act as an officer.

Tuesday, 25.—We rode to St. Just. I preached at seven. When the preaching was ended, the constable apprehended Edward Greenfield, (by a warrant from Dr. Borlase,) a tinner, in the forty-sixth year of his age, having a wife and seven children. Three years ago he was eminent for cursing, swearing, drunkenness, and all manner of wickedness; but those old things had been for some time passed away, and he was then remarkable for a quite contrary behaviour.

I asked a little gentleman at St. Just, what objection there was to Edward Greenfield. He said, "Why, the man is well enough in other things; but his impudence the gentlemen cannot bear. Why, Sir, he says he knows his sins are forgiven!" And for this cause he is adjudged to banishment or death!

Wednesday, JULY 3.—We rode to Gwennap. Finding the house would not contain one-fourth of the people, I stood before the door. I was reading my text, when a man came, raging as if just broke out of the tombs; and, riding into the thickest of the people, seized three or four, one after another, none lifting up a hand against him. A second (gentleman, so called) soon came after, if possible, more furious than he; and ordered his men to seize on some others, Mr. Shepherd in particular. Most of the people, however, stood still as they were before, and began singing an hymn. Upon this Mr. B. lost all patience, and cried out with all his might, "Seize him, seize him! I say, seize the preacher for His Majesty's service." But no one stirring, he rode up and struck several of his attendants, cursing them bitterly for not doing as they were

bid. Perceiving still that they would not move, he leaped off his horse, swore he would do it himself, and caught hold of my cassock, crying, "I take you to serve His Majesty." A servant taking his horse, he took me by the arm, and we walked arm in arm for about three-quarters of a mile. He entertained me all the time with the "wickedness of the fellows belonging to the society." When he was taking breath,



(FALMOUTH.)

I said, "Sir, be they what they will, I apprehend it will not justify you in seizing me in this manner, and violently carrying me away, as you said, to serve His Majesty." He replied, "*I seize you! And violently carry you away!* No, Sir; no. Nothing like it. I asked you to go with me to my house, and you said you was willing; and if so, you are welcome; and if not, you are welcome to go where you please." I answered, "Sir, I know not if it would be safe for me to go back through this rabble." "Sir," said he, "I will go with you myself." He then called for his

horse, and another for me, and rode back with me to the place from whence he took me.

Thursday, 4.—I rode to Falmouth. About three in the afternoon I went to see a gentlewoman who had been long indisposed. Almost as soon as I was set down, the house was beset on all sides by an innumerable multitude of people. A louder or more confused noise could hardly be at the taking of a city by storm. At first Mrs. B. and her daughter endeavoured to quiet them. But it was labour lost. They might as well have attempted to still the raging of the sea. They were soon glad to shift for themselves, and leave K. E. and me to do as well as we could. The rabble roared with all their throats, "Bring out the Canorum! Where is the Canorum?" (An unmeaning word which the Cornish generally use instead of Methodist.) No answer being given, they quickly forced open the outer door, and filled the passage. Only a wainscot-partition was between us, which was not likely to stand long. I immediately took down a large looking-glass which hung against it, supposing the whole side would fall in at once. When they began their work with abundance of bitter imprecations, poor Kitty was utterly astonished, and cried out, "O Sir, what must we do?" I said, "We must pray." Indeed at that time, to all appearance, our lives were not worth an hour's purchase. She asked, "But, Sir, is it not better for you to hide yourself? to get into the closet?" I answered, "No. It is best for me to stand just where I am." Among those without were the crews of some privateers, which were lately come into the harbour. Some of these, being angry at the slowness of the rest, thrust them away, and, coming up all together, set their shoulders to the inner door, and cried out, "Avast, lads, avast!" Away went all the hinges at once, and the door fell back into the room. I stepped forward at once into the midst of them, and said, "Here I am. Which of you has anything to say to me? To which of you have I done any wrong? To you? Or you? Or you?" I continued speaking till I came, bare-headed as I was, (for I purposely left my hat, that they might all see my face,) into the middle of the street, and then raising my voice, said, "Neighbours, countrymen! Do you desire to hear me speak?" They cried vehemently, "Yes, yes. He shall speak. He shall. Nobody shall hinder him." But having nothing to stand on, and no advantage of ground, I could be heard by few only. However, I spoke without intermission, and, as far as the sound reached, the people were still; till one or two of their captains turned about and swore not a man should touch him. Mr. Thomas, a clergyman, then came up, and asked, "Are you not ashamed to use a stranger thus?" He was soon seconded by two or three gentlemen of the town, and one of the aldermen; with whom I walked down the town, speaking all the time, till I came to Mrs. Maddern's house. The gentlemen proposed sending for my horse to the door, and desired me to step in and rest the meantime. But on second thoughts, they judged it not advisable to let me go out

among the people again: so they chose to send my horse before me to Penryn, and to send me thither by water; the sea running close by the back-door of the house in which we were.

I never saw before, no, not at Walsall itself, the hand of God so plainly shown as here. There I had many companions who were willing to die with me: here, not a friend, but one simple girl, who likewise was hurried away from me in an instant, as soon as ever she came out of Mrs. B.'s door. There I received some blows, lost part of my clothes, and was covered over with dirt: here, although the hands of perhaps some hundreds of people were lifted up to strike or throw, yet they were one and all stopped in the midway; so that not a man touched me with one of his fingers; neither was anything thrown from first to last; so that I had not even a speck of dirt on my clothes. Who can deny that God heareth the prayer, or that He hath all power in heaven and earth?

I took boat at about half an hour past five. Many of the mob waited at the end of the town, who, seeing me escaped out of their hands, could only revenge themselves with their tongues. But a few of the fiercest ran along the shore, to receive me at my landing. I walked up the steep narrow passage from the sea, at the top of which the foremost man stood. I looked him in the face, and said, "I wish you a Good-night." He spake not, nor moved hand or foot till I was on horseback. Then he said, "I wish you was in hell," and turned back to his companions.

As soon as I came within sight of Tolcarn, (in Wendron parish,) where I was to preach in the evening, I was met by many running as it were for their lives, and begging me to go no further. I asked, "Why not?" They said, "The churchwardens and constables, and all the heads of the parish, are waiting for you at the top of the hill, and are resolved to have you: they have a special warrant from the justices met at Helstone, who will stay there till you are brought." I rode directly up the hill, and observing four or five horsemen, well-dressed, went straight to them, and said, "Gentlemen, has any of you anything to say to me? I am John Wesley." One of them appeared extremely angry at this, that I should presume to say I was "Mr. John Wesley." And I know not how I might have fared for advancing so bold an assertion, but that Mr. Collins, the minister of Redruth, (accidentally, as he said,) came by. Upon his accosting me, and saying he knew me at Oxford, my first antagonist was silent, and a dispute of another kind began: whether this preaching had done any good. I appealed to matter of fact. He allowed, (after many words,) "People are the better for the present;" but added, "To be sure, by-and-by they will be as bad, if not worse than ever."

When he rode away, one of the gentlemen said, "Sir, I would speak with you a little: let us ride to the gate." We did so, and he said, "Sir, I will tell you the ground of this. All the gentlemen of these parts say that you have been a long time

in France and Spain, and are now sent hither by the Pretender; and that these societies are to join him." Nay, surely, "all the gentlemen in these parts" will not lie against their own conscience!

I rode hence to a friend's house, some miles off, and found the sleep of a labouring man is sweet. I was informed there were many here also who had an earnest desire to hear "this preaching;" but they did not dare; Sir —— V ——n having solemnly declared, nay, and that in the face of the whole congregation, as they were coming out of church, "If any man of this parish dares hear these fellows, he shall not—come to my Christmas-feast!"

Friday, 5.—As we were going to Trezilla, (in Gulval parish,) several met us in a great consternation, and told us the constables and churchwardens were come, and waited for us. I went straight on, and found a serious congregation; but neither churchwarden nor constable, nor any creature to molest us, either at the preaching, or at the meeting of the society. After so many storms we now enjoyed the calm, and praised God from the ground of the heart.

Wednesday, SEPTEMBER 18.—About five we came to Newcastle, in an acceptable time. We found the generality of the inhabitants in the utmost consternation; news being just arrived, that the morning before, at two o'clock, the Pretender had entered Edinburgh. A great concourse of people were with us in the evening, to whom I expounded the third chapter of Jonah; insisting particularly on that verse, "Who can tell if God will return and repent, and turn away from His fierce anger, that we perish not?"

Thursday, 19.—The mayor (Mr. Ridley) summoned all the householders of the town to meet him at the Town-Hall; and desired as many of them as were willing, to set their hands to a paper, importing that they would, at the hazard of their goods and lives, defend the town against the common enemy. Fear and darkness were now on every side; but not on those who had seen the light of God's countenance. We rejoiced together in the evening with solemn joy, while God applied those words to many hearts, "Fear not ye; for I know that ye seek Jesus which was crucified."

Friday, 20.—The mayor ordered the townsmen to be under arms, and to mount guard in their turns, over and above the guard of soldiers, a few companies of whom had been drawn into the town on the first alarm. Now, also, Pilgrim-street gate was ordered to be walled up. Many began to be much concerned for us, because our house stood without the walls. Nay, but the Lord is a wall of fire unto all that trust in Him.

I had desired all our brethren to join with us this day, in seeking God by fasting and prayer. About one we met, and poured out our souls before Him; and we believed He would send an answer of peace.

Saturday, 21.—The same day the action was, came the news of General Cope's defeat. Orders were now given for the doubling of the guard, and for walling up Pandon and Sally-Port gates. In the afternoon I wrote the following letter:—

“To the Worshipful the Mayor of Newcastle.

“SIR,—My not waiting upon you at the Town-Hall was not owing to any want of respect. I reverence you for your office' sake; and much more for your zeal in the execution of it. I would to God every magistrate in the land would copy after such an example! Much less was it owing to any disaffection to His Majesty King George. But I knew not how far it might be either necessary or proper for me to appear on such an occasion. I have no fortune at Newcastle: I have only the bread I eat, and the use of a little room for a few weeks in the year.

“All I can do for His Majesty, whom I honour and love,—I think not less than I did my own father,—is this, I cry unto God, day by day, in public and in private, to put all his enemies to confusion: and I exhort all that hear me to do the same; and, in their several stations, to exert themselves as loyal subjects; who, so long as they fear God, cannot but honour the King.

“Permit me, Sir, to add a few words more, out of the fulness of my heart. I am persuaded you fear God, and have a deep sense that His kingdom ruleth over all. Unto whom, then, (I may ask you,) should we flee for succour, but unto Him whom, by our sins, we have justly displeased? O, Sir, is it not possible to give any check to these overflowings of ungodliness? To the open, flagrant wickedness, the drunkenness and profaneness which so abound, even in our streets? I just take leave to suggest this. May the God whom you serve direct you in this, and all things! This is the daily prayer of, Sir,

“Your obedient servant, for Christ's sake,

“J. W.”

Sunday, 22.—The walls were mounted with cannon, and all things prepared for sustaining an assault. Meantime our poor neighbours, on either hand, were busy in removing their goods. And most of the best houses in our street were left without either furniture or inhabitants. Those within the walls were almost equally busy in carrying away their money and goods; and more and more of the gentry every hour rode southward as fast as they could. At eight I preached at Gateshead, in a broad part of the street, near the Popish chapel, on the wisdom of God in governing the world. How do all things tend to the furtherance of the Gospel!

I never saw before so well-behaved a congregation in any church at Newcastle.

as was that at St. Andrew's this morning. The place appeared as indeed the House of God; and the sermon Mr. Ellison preached was strong and weighty, which he could scarce conclude for tears.

All this week the alarms from the north continued, and the storm seemed nearer every day. Many wondered we would still stay without the walls: others told us we must remove quickly; for if the cannon began to play from the top of the gates, they would beat all the house about our ears. This made me look



(NEWCASTLE.)

how the cannon on the gates were planted; and I could not but adore the Providence of God, for it was obvious, 1. They were all planted in such a manner, that no shot could touch our house. 2. The cannon on New-gate so secured us on one side, and those upon Pilgrim-street gate on the other, that none could come near our house, either way, without being torn in pieces.

On *Friday* and *Saturday* many messengers of lies terrified the poor people of the town, as if the rebels were just coming to swallow them up. Upon this the guards were increased, and abundance of country gentlemen came in with their servants, horses, and arms. Among those who came from the north was one whom

the mayor ordered to be apprehended on suspicion of his being a spy. As soon as he was left alone he cut his own throat; but a surgeon coming quickly sewed up the wound, so that he lived to discover those designs of the rebels, which were thereby effectually prevented.

Sunday, 29.—Advice came that they were in full march southward, so that it was supposed they would reach Newcastle by Monday evening. At eight I called on a multitude of sinners in Gateshead, to seek the Lord while He might be found. Mr. Ellison preached another earnest sermon, and all the people seemed to bend before the Lord. In the afternoon I expounded part of the lesson for the day, Jacob wrestling with the angel. The congregation was so moved, that I began again and again, and knew not how to conclude. And we cried mightily to God to send His Majesty King George help from His Holy place, and to spare a sinful land yet a little longer, if haply they might know the day of their visitation.

On *Monday* and *Tuesday* I visited some of the societies in the country; and, on *Wednesday, OCTOBER 2*, returned to Newcastle, where they were just informed that the rebels had left Edinburgh on Monday, and were swiftly marching toward them. But it appeared soon that this also was a false alarm; it being only a party which had moved southward, the main body still remaining in their camp, a mile or two from Edinburgh.

On *Thursday* and *Friday* I visited the rest of the country societies. On *Saturday* a party of the rebels (about a thousand men) came within seventeen miles of Newcastle. This occasioned a fresh alarm in the town; and orders were given by the General that the soldiers should march against them on Monday morning. But these orders were countermanded.

Mr. Nixon (the gentleman who had some days since, upon being apprehended, cut his own throat) being still unable to speak, wrote as well as he could, that the design of the Prince (as they called him) was to seize on Tynemouth Castle, which he knew was well provided both with cannon and ammunition; and thence to march to the hill on the east side of Newcastle, which entirely commands the town. And if this had been done, he would have carried his point, and gained the town without a blow. The mayor immediately sent to Tynemouth Castle, and lodged the cannon and ammunition in a safer place.

Tuesday, 8.—I wrote to General Husk as follows:—

“A surly man came to me this evening, as he said, from you. He would not deign to come upstairs to me, nor so much as into the house; but stood in the yard till I came, and then obliged me to go with him into the street, where he said, ‘You must pull down the battlements of your house, or to-morrow the General will pull them down for you.’

“Sir, to me this is nothing. But I humbly conceive it would not be proper for this man, whoever he is, to behave in such a manner to any other of His Majesty’s subjects, at so critical a time as this.”

“I am ready, if it may be for His Majesty’s service, to pull not only the battlements, but the house down; or to give up any part of it, or the whole, into your Excellency’s hands.”

Friday, 11.—I rode to Epworth, and preached in the evening on the third of Jonah. I read to-day part of the “Meditations of Marcus Antoninus.” What a strange Emperor! And what a strange heathen! Giving thanks to God for all the good things he enjoyed! In particular, for his good inspiration, and for twice revealing to him in dreams things whereby he was cured of (otherwise) incurable distempers. I make no doubt, but this is one of those “many,” who “shall come from the east and the west, and sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob,” while “the children of the kingdom,” nominal Christians, are “shut out.”

Sunday, 13.—I had the satisfaction of hearing Mr. Romley preach an earnest, affectionate sermon, exhorting all men to prevent the judgments of God, by sincere, inward, universal repentance. It rained both before and after, but not while I preached at the Cross in the afternoon. In the evening I strongly exhorted the society, to “fear God, and honour the King.”

Saturday, 26.—I sent Alderman Ridley the following letter:—

“SIR,—The fear of God, the love of my country, and the regard I have for His Majesty King George, constrain me to write a few plain words to one who is no stranger to these principles of action.

“My soul has been pained day by day, even in walking the streets of Newcastle, at the senseless, shameless wickedness, the ignorant profaneness of the poor men to whom our lives are entrusted. The continual cursing and swearing, the wanton blasphemy of the soldiers in general, must needs be a torture to the sober ear, whether of a Christian or an honest infidel. Can any that either fear God or love their neighbour, hear this without concern? especially if they consider the interest of our country, as well as of these unhappy men themselves. For can it be expected, that God should be on their side who are daily affronting Him to His face? And if God be not on their side, how little will either their number, or courage, or strength avail?

“Is there no man that careth for these souls? Doubtless there are some who ought so to do. But many of these, if I am rightly informed, receive large pay, and do just nothing.

“I would to God it were in my power, in any degree, to supply their lack of service. I am ready to do what in me lies, to call these poor sinners to repentance, once or twice a day, (while I remain in these parts,) at any hour, or at any place.

And I desire no pay at all for doing this; unless what my Lord shall give at His appearing.

“If it be objected, (from our heathenish poet,) ‘This conscience will make cowards of us all;’ I answer, Let us judge by matter of fact. Let either friends or enemies speak. Did those who feared God behave as cowards at Fontenoy? Did J. H., the dragoon, betray any cowardice, before or after his horse sunk under him? Or did W. C., when he received the first ball in his left, and the second in his right arm? Or John Evans, when the cannon-ball took off both his legs? Did he not call all about him, as long as he could speak, to praise and fear God, and honour the King? as one who feared nothing, but lest his last breath should be spent in vain.

“If it were objected, that I should only fill their heads with peculiar whims and notions; that might easily be known. Only let the officers hear with their own ears; and they may judge whether I do not preach the plain principles of manly, rational religion.

“Having myself no knowledge of the General, I took the liberty to make this offer to you. I have no interest herein; but I should rejoice to serve, as I am able, my King and country. If it be judged, that this will be of no real service, let the proposal die, and be forgotten. But I beg you, Sir, to believe, that I have the same glorious cause, for which you have shown so becoming a zeal, earnestly at heart; and that therefore, I am, with warm respect,

“Sir,

“Your most obedient servant.”

Thursday, 31.—At ten I preached on the town moor, at a small distance from the English camp, (the Germans lying by themselves,) on: “Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!” None attempted to make the least disturbance from the beginning to the end. Yet I could not reach their hearts. The words of a scholar did not affect them, like those of a dragoon or a grenadier.

Friday, NOVEMBER 1.—A little after nine, just as I began to preach on a little eminence before the camp, the rain (which had continued all the morning) stayed, and did not begin again till I had finished. A lieutenant endeavoured to make some disturbance. However, when I had done, he tried to make amends, by getting up where I stood, and telling the soldiers, all I had said was very good.

Having now delivered my own soul, on *Monday, 4*, I left Newcastle. Before nine we met several expresses, sent to countermand the march of the army into Scotland; and to inform them, that the rebels had passed the Tweed, and were marching southward.

Tuesday, 5.—In the evening I came to Leeds, and found the town full of bonfires, and people shouting, firing of guns, cursing and swearing, as the English manner of keeping holidays is. I immediately sent word to some of the magistrates,

of what I had heard on the road. This ran through the town, as it were, in an instant: and I hope it was a token for good. The hurry in the streets was quashed at once;—some of the bonfires indeed remained; but scarce any one was to be seen about them, but a few children warming their hands.

Friday, 8.—Understanding that a neighbouring gentleman, Dr. C., had affirmed to many, that Mr. Wesley was now with the Pretender, near Edinburgh, I wrote him



(LEEDS.)

a few lines. It may be, he will have a little more regard to truth, or shame, for the time to come.

Wednesday, JANUARY 8, 1746.—I waited on Mr. B——e, rector of ——, who had sent to me, as soon as he had read the “Farther Appeal.” He said, “Sir, all this is sad truth; but what can we do to help it?” I went afterwards to another clergyman, who had likewise sent and desired to speak with me. How is this? I thought the publication of this tract would have enraged the world above measure; and, on the contrary, it seems nothing ever was published which softened them so much!

Tuesday, 21.—I read Bishop Butler's "Discourse on Analogy;" a strong and well-wrote treatise; but, I am afraid, far too deep for their understanding to whom it is primarily addressed.

Saturday, FEBRUARY 22.—We rode on to Leeds. I preached at five. As we went home a great mob followed, and threw whatever came to hand. I was struck several times, once or twice in the face, but not hurt at all. I walked on to the Recorder's, and told him the case. He promised to prevent the like for the time to come.

Wednesday, AUGUST 6.—I was constrained to break away from the society a Oakhill between four and five, and take horse for Shepton.

Here the good curate (I was informed) had hired a silly man, with a few other drunken champions, to make a disturbance. Almost as soon as I began, they began screaming out a psalm; but our singing quickly swallowed up theirs. Soon after, their orator named a text, and (as they termed it) preached a sermon; his attendants meantime being busy (not in hearing him, but) in throwing stones and dirt at our brethren; those of them, I mean, who were obliged to stand at the door. When I had done preaching, I would have gone out to them; it being my rule, confirmed by long experience, always to look a mob in the face; but our people took me up, whether I would or no, and carried me into the house.

Tuesday, SEPTEMBER 9.—I preached at Crowan. The night came upon us.

Wednesday, 10.—W—— T——, of Sithney, rode with me to Gwennap, a constant companion of Mr. N——'s, so long as he would join with him in riot and drunkenness. But with his drunkenness ended Mr. N——'s friendship.

When he heard that one John O——n, a tinner, was preaching, he went on purpose to make sport. But the Word of God struck him to the earth. Yet he struggled in the toils; sometimes wanting to go again; sometimes resolving never to go any more. But one day, calling at his sister's, he took up a little girl, (about four years old,) and said, "They tell me you can sing hymns. Come, sing me an hymn." She began immediately:—

" My soul, don't delay,
Christ calls thee away :
Rise ! Follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day !
No mortal doth know
What He can bestow :
What peace, love, and comfort :—Go after Him, go !"

He started up at once, and went to the preaching. And the same night he found peace to his soul.

Thursday, 25.—I came to Wycombe. It being the day on which the Mayor was chosen, abundance of rabble, full of strong drink, came to the preaching on

purpose to disturb. But they soon fell out among themselves; so that I finished my sermon in tolerable quiet.

Friday, 26.—Mr. B. went to the Mayor, and said, “Sir, I come to inform against a common swearer. I believe he swore an hundred oaths last night; but I marked down only twenty.” “Sir,” said the Mayor, “you do very right in bringing him to justice. What is his name?” He replied, “R—— D——.” “R—— D——!” answered the Mayor; “why, that is my son!”—“Yes, Sir,” said Mr. B., “so I understand.”—“Nay, Sir,” said he, “I have nothing to say in his defence. If he breaks the law, he must take what follows.”

Saturday, OCTOBER 25.—I buried the body of George Adams, a child about twelve years old. He is the first of the children brought up at our school whom God has called to Himself. From the time God manifested His love to him, he was eminently of a meek and quiet spirit. And as he lived, so he died in sweet peace.

NOVEMBER.—About this time I received a remarkable account from Grimsby, in Lincolnshire:—

“William Blow, John Melton, and Thomas Wilkinson, were going, on Friday last, in a boat on the sea near Grimsby. John Melton could swim exceedingly well, but William Blow not at all. When they were about half a league from the shore, they were both beat overboard. John Melton sunk to the bottom like a stone. William Blow sunk and rose several times, and was in the water nearly a quarter-of-an-hour before Thomas Wilkinson could get near him. At last he saw his hand above the water. He then struck down his boat-hook at a venture, and caught him by the flap of his coat, and pulled him to the boat-side. He was quite sensible, and said, ‘Tommy, I am afraid you can’t get me in.’—‘Nay, then,’ said Thomas, ‘we will sink together, for I will not let thee go.’ At last he did get him in, and brought him safe to land.

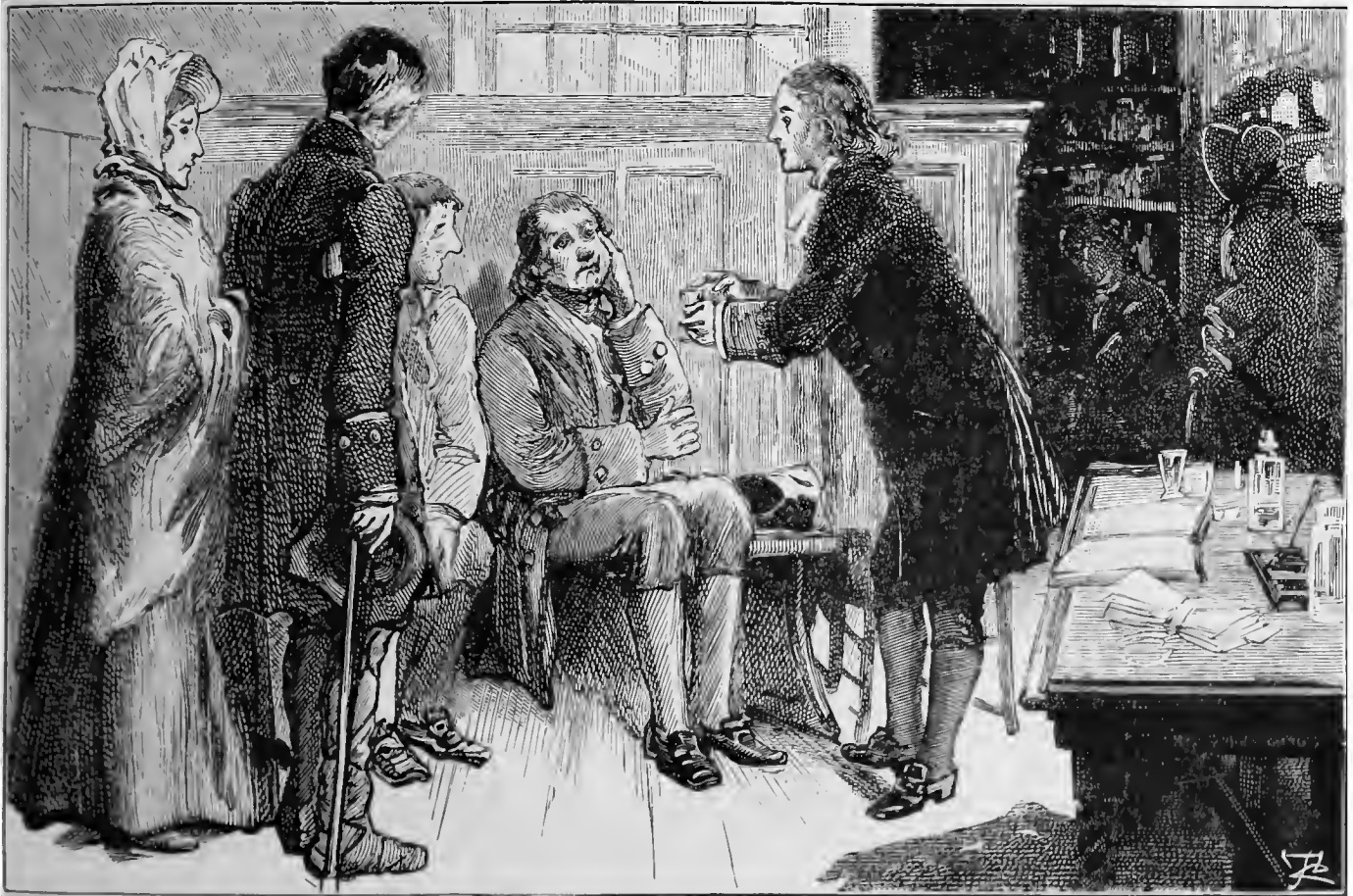
“We asked, how he could keep in the water so long, and not be drowned: he said, God gave him that thought, to keep his mouth shut, and when he was almost choked, he gave a spring up, and got a little breath. I asked him, how he felt himself when he was under water; if he was not afraid of death? He answered, No; his soul was lifted up unto the Lord, and he freely resigned himself into His hands.”

Thursday, DECEMBER 4.—I mentioned to the society my design of giving physic to the poor. About thirty came the next day, and in three weeks about three hundred. This we continued for several years, till, the number of patients still increasing, the expense was greater than we could bear; meantime, through the blessing of God, many, who had been ill for months or years, were restored to perfect health.

Monday, 15.—Most of this week I spent at Lewisham in writing “Lessons for Children;” consisting of the most practical Scriptures, with a very few, short explanatory notes.

Monday, 29.—I resumed my vegetable diet, (which I had now discontinued for several years,) and found it of use both to my soul and body; but after two years, a violent flux which seized me in Ireland obliged me to return to the use of animal food.

Tuesday, JANUARY 13, 1747.—I rode to Devizes. The town was in an



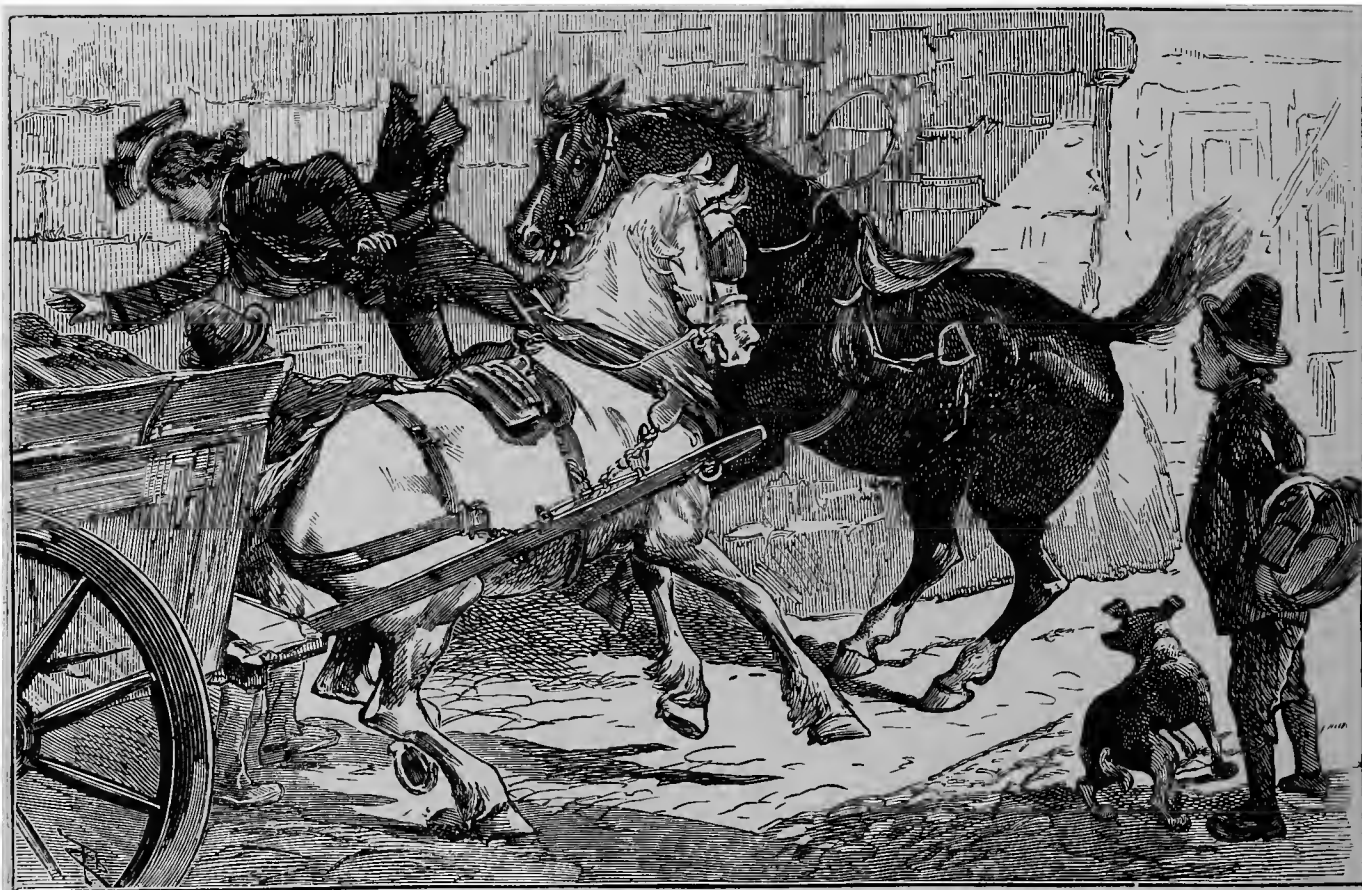
(THE FIRST DISPENSARY FOR THE POOR IN LONDON.)

uproar from end to end, as if the French were just entering; and abundance of swelling words we heard, oaths, curses, and threatenings. The most active man in stirring up the people, we were informed, was Mr. J., the C. He had been indefatigable in the work, going all the day from house to house. He had also been at the pains of setting up an advertisement in the most public places of the town of “An Obnubilative Pantomime Entertainment, to be exhibited at Mr. Clark’s;” (where I was to preach;) the latter part of it contained a kind of *double entendre*, which a modest person cannot well repeat. I began preaching at seven, on “the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.” Many of the mob came in, listened

a little, and stood still. No one opened his mouth, but attention sat on the face of every hearer.

Wednesday, 14.—I rode on to Bristol, and spent a week in great peace.

Thursday, 22.—About half-hour after twelve I took horse for Wick, where I had appointed to preach at three. I was riding by the wall through St. Nicholas-gate (my horse having been brought to the house where I dined) just as a cart turned short from St. Nicholas-street, and came swiftly down the hill. There was just room to pass between the wheel of it and the wall; but that space was taken up by



(“HE SHOT ME FORWARD OVER HIS HEAD.”)

the carman. I called to him to go back, or I must ride over him; but the man, as if deaf, walked straight forward. This obliged me to hold back my horse. In the meantime the shaft of the cart came full against his shoulder with such a shock as beat him to the ground. He shot me forward over his head as an arrow out of a bow, where I lay, with my arms and legs, I know not how, stretched out in a line close to the wall. The wheel ran by, close to my side, but only dirted my clothes. I found no flutter of spirit, but the same composure as if I had been sitting in my study. When the cart was gone, I rose. Abundance of people gathered round, till a gentleman desired me to step into his shop. After cleaning myself a little, I took horse again, and was at Wick by the time appointed.

I returned to Bristol (where the report of my being killed had spread far and wide) time enough to praise God in the great congregation, and to preach on: "Thou, Lord, shalt save both man and beast." My shoulders, and hands, and side, and both my legs, were a little bruised; my knees something more; my right thigh the most, which made it a little difficult to me to walk: but some warm treacle took away all the pain in an hour, and the lameness in a day or two.

Monday, FEBRUARY 2.—I began examining the classes. Having desired the leaders, such as had leisure, to give me a short account in writing, of those under their care, among many others, I received the following note:—

"DEAR SIR,—

"I hope my class are bending one way. K. T., A. G., A. S., M. S., M. R., E. L., and S. S., seem to retain their confidence in the Lord. W. R., L. R., S. R., H. B., I. B. the elder, and A. B., seem to be shut up in a fog, and are not able to get out on any side. They are very dead, and yet very sore. Nothing seems to do them any good, unless it be smooth as oil, and yet sharp as a razor.

"M. S., M. Q., E. E., E. B., M. H., F. B., M. S., J. B., and J. B. the younger, seem to be in earnest, seeking the Lord. J. T., M. H., appear to have a desire, and to be widely seeking something.

"It seems to me, we all want advice that is plain and cutting, awakening and shaking, and hastening us, like that of the angel: 'Escape for thy life: look not behind thee; neither tarry thou in all the plain.' I find the Lord often waking me as with thunder. Yet I find a spirit of stillness and lukewarmness to cleave to me like the skin of my flesh. The Lord shows me at times how insensibly it steals upon me; and makes me tremble, because I have not been fearing always. May He give us to feel the true state of our souls! Which, I hope, will ever be the prayer of

"Your unworthy son in the Gospel,

"JOHN HAGUE."

Ye who loved and profited by this man of God, when he was alive, hear what, "being dead" he "yet speaketh."

Sunday, 15.—I was very weak and faint; but on *Monday*, 16, I rose soon after three, lively and strong, and found all my complaints were fled away like a dream.

I was wondering, the day before, at the mildness of the weather; such as seldom attends me in my journeys. But my wonder now ceased: the wind was turned full north, and blew so exceeding hard and keen, that when we came to Hatfield, neither my companions nor I had much use of our hands or feet. After resting an hour, we bore up again, through the wind and snow, which drove full

in our faces. But this was only a squall. In Baldock-field the storm began in earnest. The large hail drove so vehemently in our faces that we could not see, nor hardly breathe. However, before two o'clock we reached Baldock, where one met and conducted us safe to Potton.

Tuesday, 17.—We set out as soon as it was well light; but it was really hard work to get forward; for the frost would not well bear or break: and the untracked



(HATFIELD.)

snow covering all the roads, we had much ado to keep our horses on their feet. Meantime the wind rose higher and higher, till it was ready to overturn both man and beast. However, after a short bait at Bugden, we pushed on, and were met in the middle of an open field with so violent a storm of rain and hail as we had not had before. It drove through our coats, great and small, boots and every thing, and yet froze as it fell, even upon our eye-brows; so that we had scarce either strength or motion left when we came into our inn at Stilton.

We now gave up our hopes of reaching Grantham, the snow falling faster and faster. However, we took the advantage of a fair blast to set out, and made the best of our way to Stamford-heath. But here a new difficulty arose, from the snow lying in large drifts. Sometimes horse and man were well-nigh swallowed up. Yet in less than an hour we were brought safe to Stamford. Being willing to get as far as we could, we made but a short stop here; and about sunset came, cold and weary, yet well, to a little town called Brig-Casterton.

Wednesday, 18.—Our servant came up and said, “Sir, there is no travelling to-day. Such a quantity of snow has fallen in the night, that the roads are quite filled up.” I told him, “At least we can walk twenty miles a day, with our horses in our hands.” So in the name of God we set out. The north-east wind was piercing as a sword, and had driven the snow into such uneven heaps that the main road was unpassable. However, we kept on, a-foot or on horseback, till we came to the White Lion at Grantham.

Tuesday, 24.—I examined the little society at Tetney. I have not seen such another in England. In the class-paper (which gives an account of the contribution for the poor) I observed one gave eight-pence, often ten-pence, a week; another thirteen, fifteen, or eighteen-pence; another, sometimes one, sometimes two shillings. I asked Micah Elmoor, the leader, (an Israelite indeed, who now rests from his labour.) “How is this? Are you the richest society in all England?” He answered, “I suppose not; but all of us who are single persons have agreed together to give both ourselves and *all we have* to God: and we do it gladly; whereby we are able, from time to time, to entertain all the strangers that come to Tetney; who often have no food to eat, nor any friend to give them a lodging.”

Wednesday, 25.—W. Fenwick begged I would call on the little flock at Tealby. Mr. B., (he said.) the minister of the place, had preached against them with the utmost bitterness, had repelled them from the Lord’s table, and zealously endeavoured to stir up the whole town against them. I called there about seven, and began to talk with two or three that were in the house where we alighted. Presently the house was full from end to end. I stood up and declared: “By grace are ye saved through faith.” Surely this day was the Scripture fulfilled: “If ye be reproached for the sake of Christ, happy are ye: for the Spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you.”

Monday, MARCH 2.—This week I read over with some young men a Compendium of Rhetoric, and a System of Ethics. I see not why a man of tolerable understanding may not learn in six months’ time more of solid philosophy than is commonly learned at Oxford in four (perhaps seven) years.

Friday, 13.—I found Mr. P. and I. almost discouraged at the doctrine of absolute and connotative nouns. I wonder any one has patience to learn Logic, but those

who do it on a principle of conscience ; unless he learns it as three in four of the young gentlemen in the Universities do : that is, goes about it and about it, without understanding one word of the matter.

In some of the following days I snatched a few hours to read "The History of the Puritans." I stand in amaze : first, at the execrable spirit of persecution which drove those venerable men out of the Church, and with which Queen Elizabeth's clergy were as deeply tinctured as ever Queen Mary's were. Secondly, at the weakness of those holy confessors, many of whom spent so much of their time and strength in disputing about surplices and hoods, or kneeling at the Lord's Supper.



(MR. WESLEY "TOOK THEM BY THE HAND.")

Tuesday, MAY 5.—We rode to Stonesey-gate, which lies in a fruitful country. Here was a larger congregation at six o'clock than I had seen since my leaving Birstal. They filled both the yard and the road to a considerable distance ; and many were seated on a long wall adjoining, which, being built of loose stones, in the middle of the sermon, all fell down at once. I never saw, heard, nor read of such a thing before. The whole wall, and the persons sitting upon it, sunk down together, none of them screaming out, and very few altering their posture : and not one was hurt at all ; but they appeared sitting at the bottom just as they sat at the top. Nor was there any interruption either of my speaking, or of the attention of the hearers.

Friday, JUNE 26.—Within two miles of Plymouth, one overtook and informed us, that, the night before, all the dock was in an uproar; and a constable, endeavouring to keep the peace, was beaten and much hurt. As we were entering the dock, one met us, and desired we would go the back-way: "For," said he, "there are thousands of people waiting about Mr. Hide's door." We rode up straight into the midst of them. They saluted us with three huzzas; after which I alighted, took several of them by the hand, and began to talk with them. I would gladly have passed an hour among them; and believe, if I had, there had been an end of the riot. But the day being far spent, (for it was past nine o'clock,) I was persuaded to go in. The mob then recovered their spirits, and fought valiantly with the doors and windows: but about ten they were weary, and went every man to his own home.

Saturday, 27.—I preached at four, and then spoke severally to part of the society. As yet I have found only one person among them who knew the love of God before my brother came.

Tuesday, 30.—We came to St. Ives before morning prayers, and walked to church without so much as one huzza. How strangely has one year changed the scene in Cornwall! This is now a peaceable, nay, honourable station. They give us good words almost in every place. What have we done, that the world should be so civil to us?

Wednesday, AUGUST 5.—Taking horse early in the morning, we rode over the rough mountains of Radnorshire and Montgomeryshire into Merionethshire. In the evening I was surprised with one of the finest prospects, in its kind, that ever I saw in my life. We rode in a green vale, shaded with rows of trees, which made an arbour for several miles. The river laboured along on our left hand, through broken rocks of every size, shape, and colour. On the other side of the river, the mountain rose to an immense height, almost perpendicular: and yet the tall straight oaks stood, rank above rank, from the bottom to the very top; only here and there, where the mountain was not so steep, were interposed pastures or fields of corn. At a distance, as far as the eye could reach, as it were by way of contrast,

"A mountain huge upreared
Its broad bare back,"

with vast, rugged rocks hanging over its brow, that seemed to nod portending ruin.

Friday, 7.—We came to Holyhead without any stop or hindrance at all.

Saturday, 8.—Finding one of the packet-boats ready, we went on board about eight o'clock in the morning.

A French privateer, which for several days had taken every ship which sailed on that coast, was taken and brought into Dublin Bay, the very morning we arrived there.

Sunday, 9.—Before ten we came to St. George's-quay.

Tuesday, 11.—I waited on the Archbishop at Newbridge, ten miles from Dublin. I had the favour of conversing with him two or three hours; in which I answered abundance of objections. In the evening I returned to Mr. Lunell's. John Trembath preached at Marlborough-street, to a large congregation both of laity and clergy, who behaved with much decency.

Wednesday, 12.—I purposely delayed examining the classes, till I had gone through the Rules of the Society, part of which I explained to them at large, with the reasons of them, every morning.

Friday, 21.—I was desired to see the town and the college. The town has scarce any public building—except the Parliament-house—which is at all remarkable.



(THE FIRST BENEVOLENT LOAN SOCIETY.)

The churches are poor and mean, both within and without. St. Stephen's Green might be made a beautiful place, being abundantly larger than Lincoln's Inn-square.

Sunday, JANUARY 17, 1748.—I made a public collection towards a lending-stock for the poor. Our rule is, to lend only twenty shillings at once, which is repaid weekly within three months. I began this about a year and a half ago: thirty pounds sixteen shillings were then collected; and out of this, no less than two hundred and fifty-five persons have been relieved in eighteen months. Dr. W., hearing of this design, sent a guinea toward it; as did an eminent deist the next morning.

Friday, FEBRUARY 12.—After preaching at Oakhill about noon, I rode to Shepton,

and found them all under a strange consternation. A mob, they said, was hired, prepared, and made sufficiently drunk, in order to do all manner of mischief. I began preaching between four and five: none hindered or interrupted at all. We had a blessed opportunity, and the hearts of many were exceedingly comforted. I wondered what was become of the mob. But we were quickly informed, they mistook the place, imagining I should alight (as I used to do) at William Stone's house, and had summoned, by drum, all their forces together, to meet me at my coming: but Mr. Swindells innocently carrying me to the other end of the town, they did not find their mistake till I had done preaching; so that the hindering this, which was one of their designs, was utterly disappointed.

However, they attended us from the preaching-house to William Stone's, throwing dirt, stones, and clods in abundance; but they could not hurt us; only Mr. Swindells had a little dirt on his coat, and I a few specks on my hat.

After we were gone into the house, they began throwing great stones, in order to break the door. But perceiving this would require some time, they dropped that design for the present. They first broke all the tiles on the pent-house over the door, and then poured in a shower of stones at the windows. One of their captains, in his great zeal, had followed us into the house, and was now shut in with us. He did not like this, and would fain have got out; but it was not possible; so he kept as close to me as he could, thinking himself safe when he was near me: but, staying a little behind,—when I went up two pair of stairs, and stood close on one side, where we were a little sheltered,—a large stone struck him on the forehead, and the blood spouted out like a stream. He cried out, “O Sir, are we to die to-night? What must I do? What must I do?” I said, “Pray to God. He is able to deliver you from all danger.” He took my advice, and began praying in such a manner as he had scarce done ever since he was born.

Mr. Swindells and I then went to prayer; after which I told him, “We must not stay here; we must go down immediately.” He said, “Sir, we cannot stir; you see how the stones fly about.” I walked straight through the room, and down the stairs; and not a stone came in, till we were at the bottom. The mob had just broke open the door when we came into the lower room; and exactly while they burst in at one door, we walked out at the other. Nor did one man take any notice of us, though we were within five yards of each other.

They filled the house at once, and proposed setting it on fire. But one of them, happening to remember that his own house was next, with much ado persuaded them not to do it. Hearing one of them cry out, “They are gone over the grounds,” I thought the advice was good; so we went over the grounds, to the farther end of the town, where Abraham Jenkins waited, and undertook to guide us to Oakhill.

I was riding on in Shepton-lane, it being now quite dark, when he cried out,

“Come down; come down from the bank.” I did as I was bid; but the bank being high, and the side very near perpendicular, I came down all at once, my horse and I tumbling one over another. But we both rose unhurt. In less than an hour we came to Oakhill.

Sunday, 21.—I preached in the morning in Lanzunfried church. The service at Buihth was not over till past two; I then began in the churchyard, notwithstanding the north-east wind, to call sinners to repentance. More than all the town were gathered together in that pleasant vale, and made the woods and mountains echo while they sung,

“Ye mountains and vales, In praises abound;
Ye hills and ye dales, Continue the sound;
Break forth into singing, Ye trees of the wood;
For Jesus is bringing Lost sinners to God.”

Wednesday, 24.—We hastened on to Holyhead; but all the ships were on the other side. I never knew men make such poor, lame excuses, as these captains did for not sailing. It put me in mind of the epigram,

“There are, if rightly I methink,
Five causes why a man should drink;”

which, with a little alteration, would just suit them:—

“There are, unless my memory fail,
Five causes why we should not sail;
The fog is thick; the wind is high;
It rains; or may do by-and-by;
Or—any other reason why.”

Tuesday, MARCH 8.—Before one we sailed out of the harbour. Having a gentle gale it soon lulled me fast asleep. I was waked before five by a violent storm: this continued two or three hours longer, and left us within sight of Howth, with a small breeze, which brought us to the Black-Rock about four in the afternoon.

Monday, 14.—I began preaching at five in the morning; an unheard-of thing in Ireland.

Wednesday, 16.—I inquired into the state of the society. Most pompous accounts had been sent me, from time to time, of the great numbers that were added to it; so that I confidently expected to find therein six or seven hundred members. And how is the real fact? I left three hundred and ninety-four members; and I doubt if there are now three hundred and ninety-six!

Let this be a warning to us all, how we give in to that hateful custom of

painting things beyond the life. Let us make a conscience of magnifying or exaggerating any thing. Let us rather speak under than above the truth. We, of all men, should be punctual in all we say ; that none of our words may fall to the ground.

Wednesday, 23.—I talked with a warm man, who was always very zealous for the Church, when he was very drunk, and just able to stammer out the Irish proverb, “No gown, no crown.” He was quickly convinced, that, whatever we were, he was himself a child of the devil. We left him full of good resolutions, which held several days.

Saturday, APRIL 2.—I hastened on to Athlone. At six I preached from the window of an unfinished house, opposite to the market-house, (which would not have contained one-half of the congregation,) on: “Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.” I scarce ever saw a better-behaved or more attentive congregation. Indeed, so civil a people as the Irish in general, I never saw, either in Europe or America.

Sunday, 3.—At two I preached on the Connaught side of the bridge, where there are only (they informed me) five or six families of Protestants. Such a company of people (many said) had never before been seen at Athlone ; many coming from all the country round, and (for the present) receiving the Word with joy. I preached again, at six, in the same place, and to nearly the same (only a little larger) congregation ; the greater part whereof (notwithstanding the prohibition of their priests) I afterward found were Papists.

Saturday, 9.—The Shannon comes within a mile of the house where I preached. I think there is not such another river in Europe : it is here ten or twelve miles over, though scarce thirty miles from its fountain-head. There are many islands in it, once well inhabited, but now mostly desolate. In almost every one is the ruins of a church ; in one, the remains of no less than seven. I fear, God hath still a controversy with this land, because it is defiled with blood.

Sunday, 10.—(*Easter-Day.*) Never was such a congregation seen before at the Sacrament in Athlone. I preached at three. Abundance of Papists flocked to hear ; so that the priest, seeing his command did not avail, came in person at six, and drove them away before him like a flock of sheep.

Monday, 11.—I preached, at five, the terrors of the Lord, in the strongest manner I was able. But still they who are ready to eat up every word, do not appear to digest any part of it.

Friday, 29.—I rode to Templemacateer, and thence toward Athlone. We came at least an hour before we were expected. Nevertheless we were met by many of our brethren. The first I saw about two miles from the town, were a dozen little boys running with all their might, some bare-headed, some bare-footed and bare-legged ; so they had their desire of speaking to me first, the others being still behind.

One who looks on the common Irish cabins, might imagine Saturn still reigned here:—

“The narrow cave a cold retreat affords,
And beasts and men screens with one common shade.”

“Common shade,” indeed! for no light can come into the earth or straw-built cavern, on the master and his cattle, but at one hole; which is both window, chimney, and door.

Thursday, MAY 5.—Though my flux continually increased, (which was caused by my eating a bad egg at Birr,) yet I was unwilling to break my word, and so made shift to ride in the afternoon to Mountmellick.

Sunday, 8.—I preached at five, though I could not well stand. I then set out for Aughrim, in the county of Galway, thirteen Connaught (that is, Yorkshire) miles from Athlone. The morning prayers (so called) began about twelve; after which we had a warm sermon against enthusiasts. I could not have come at a better time: for I began immediately after; and all that were in the church, high and low, rich and poor, stopped to hear me. In explaining the inward kingdom of God, I had a fair occasion to consider what we had just heard; and God renewed my strength, and, I trust, applied His Word to the hearts of most of the hearers.

Mr. S., a neighbouring Justice of Peace, as soon as I had done, desired me to dine with him. After dinner, I hastened back to Athlone, and began preaching about six: five clergymen were of the audience, and abundance of Romanists. Such an opportunity I never had before in these parts.

Monday, 9.—Having not had an hour's sound sleep from the time I lay down till I rose, I was in doubt whether I could preach or not: however, I went to the market-place as usual, and found no want of strength, till I had fully declared “the redemption that is in Jesus Christ.”

Many advised me not to go out at night, the wind being extremely cold and blustering. But I could in no wise consent to spare myself at such a time as this. I preached on: “Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden.” And I found myself at least as well when I had done as I was before I begun.

Tuesday, 10.—With much difficulty I broke away from this immeasurably-loving people; and not so soon as I imagined neither; for when we drew near to the turnpike, about a mile from the town, a multitude waited for us at the top of the hill. They fell back on each side, to make us way, and then joined and closed us in. After singing two or three verses, I put forward, when, on a sudden, I was a little surprised by such a cry of men, women, and children, as I never heard before. Yet a little while, and we shall meet to part no more; and sorrow and sighing shall flee away for ever.

Instead of going straight to Tullamore, I could not be easy without going round by Coolalough; I knew not why; for I did not know then that Mr. Handy's wife had an earnest desire to see me once more before I left the kingdom. She could not avoid praying for it, though her sister checked her again and again, telling her it could not be. Before the debate was concluded, I came in; so they wondered, and praised God.

Thursday, 12.—I took the straight road from hence to Dublin. Here likewise I observed abundance of ruined buildings; but I observed also, that some of them were never finished; and some had been pulled down by those who built them. Such is the amazing fickleness of this people. Almost every one who has his fortune in his own hands, “pulls down, builds up, and changes square things into round,” and leaves those monuments of his folly to all succeeding generations.

Sunday, 15.—Finding my strength greatly restored, I preached at five, and at eight on Oxmantown-green. I expected to sail as soon as I had done; but the captain putting it off, (as their manner is,) gave me an opportunity of declaring the Gospel of peace to a still larger congregation in the evening. One of them, after listening some time, cried out, shaking his head, “Ay, he is a Jesuit; that's plain.” To which a Popish priest, who happened to be near, replied aloud, “No, he is not; I would to God he was.”

Wednesday, JUNE 15.—I preached once more at St. Bartholomew's. How strangely is the scene changed! What laughter and tumult was there among the best of the parish, when we preached in a London church ten years ago! And now all are calm and quietly attentive, from the least even to the greatest.

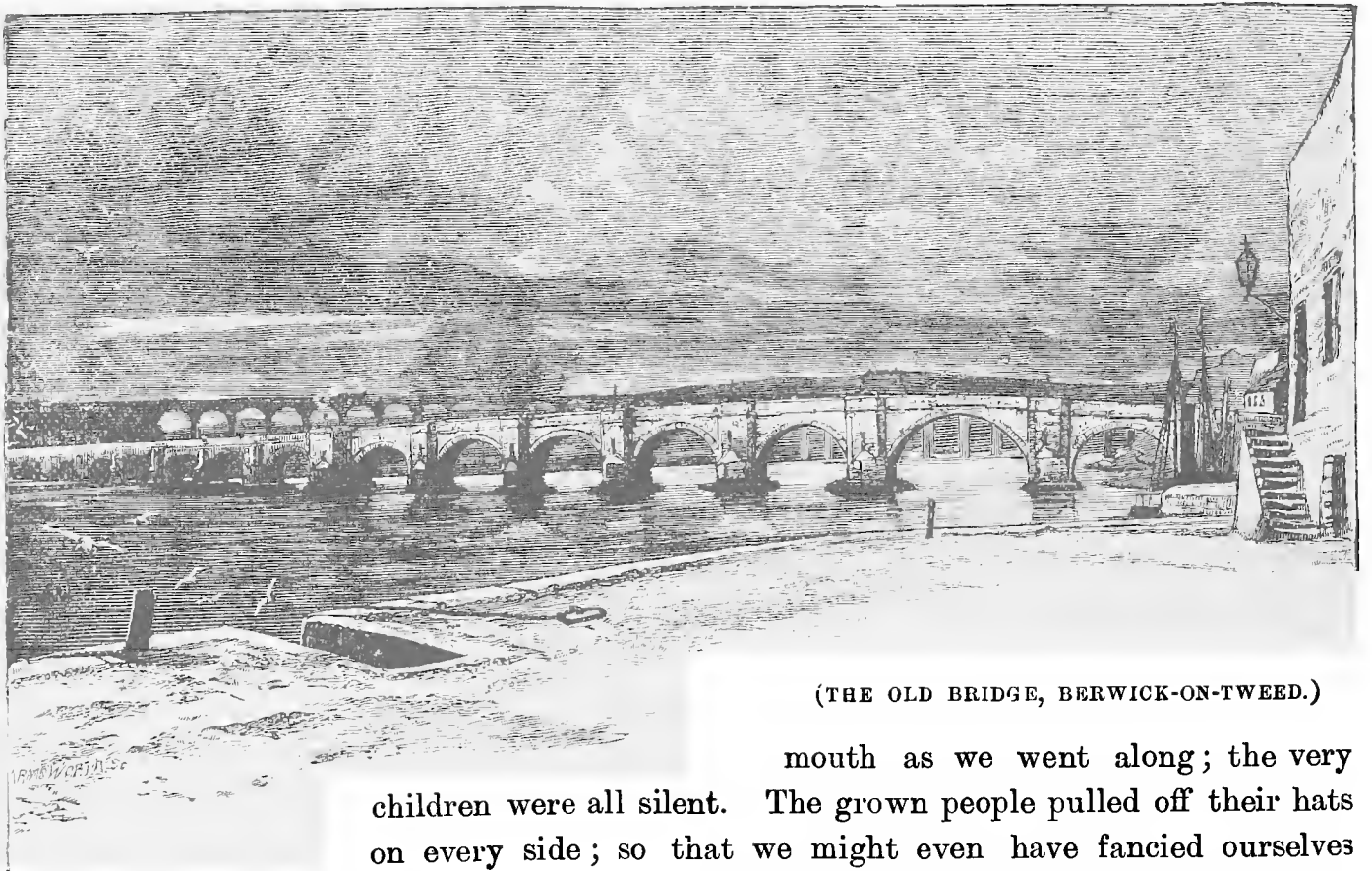
Sunday, JULY 3.—Mr. Hay, the rector, reading prayers, I had once more the comfort of receiving the Lord's Supper at Epworth. After the evening service, I preached at the Cross again, to almost the whole town. I see plainly, we have often judged amiss, when we have measured the increase of the Work of God, in this and other places, by the increase of the society only. The society here is not large; but God has wrought upon the whole place. Sabbath-breaking and drunkenness are no more seen in these streets; cursing and swearing are rarely heard. Wickedness hides its head already. Who knows but, by and by, God may utterly take it away!

I was peculiarly pleased with the deep seriousness of the congregation at church, both morning and evening: and all the way as we walked down the Church-lane, after the sermon was ended, I scarce saw one person look on either side, or speak one word to another.

Monday, 4.—I rode to Hainton. The congregation here was but small, which was chiefly owing to the miserable diligence of the poor rector. Art thou also to die, and to give an account to God of every word and work?

Wednesday, 20.—We took horse, and a little before two came to Berwick. I sent to the commander of the garrison to desire the use of a green place near his house, which he readily granted. I preached at seven to (it was judged) two thousand people. I found the generality of them just such as I expected: serious and decent; but not easy to be convinced of anything. For who can tell them what they did not know before?

Thursday, 21.—After preaching we walked round the walls, which they were repairing and rebuilding. I could not but observe to-day, how different the face of things was from what it appeared yesterday; especially after I had preached at noon. Yesterday we were halloed all along the streets; to-day none opened his



(THE OLD BRIDGE, BERWICK-ON-TWEED.)

mouth as we went along; the very children were all silent. The grown people pulled off their hats on every side; so that we might even have fancied ourselves at Newcastle. O well is it, that honour is balanced with dishonour, and good report with evil report!

At seven I preached to a far larger congregation than before. And now the Word of God was as a fire and a hammer. I began again and again, after I thought I had done; and the latter words were still stronger than the former; so that I was not surprised at the number which attended in the morning.

Friday, AUGUST 12.—In riding to Newcastle, I finished the tenth Iliad of Homer. What an amazing genius had this man! To write with such strength of thought, and beauty of expression, when he had none to go before him! And what a vein of piety runs through his whole work, in spite of his Pagan prejudices!

Yet one cannot but observe such improprieties intermixed, as are shocking to the last degree. What excuse can any man of common-sense make for

“ His scolding heroes and his wounded gods ? ”

Nay, does he not introduce even his “ Father of gods and men,” one while shaking heaven with his nod, and soon after using his sister and wife, the empress of heaven, with such language as a carman might be ashamed of ? And what can be said for



(HAWORTH CHURCH, AND REV. WILLIAM GRIMSHAW.)

a king, full of days and wisdom, telling Achilles how often he had given him wine, when he was a child and sat in his lap, till he had vomited it up on his clothes ?

Wednesday, 24.—At eight I preached at Eccleshill, and about one at Keighley. At five Mr. Grimshaw read prayers, and I preached at Haworth, to more than the church could contain. We began the service in the morning at five ; and even then the church was nearly filled.

Thursday, 25.—I rode with Mr. Grimshaw to Roughlee, where T. Colbeck, of Keighley, was to meet us.

The following letter I wrote the next morning :—

“ WIDDOP, *August 26, 1748.*

“ SIR,—Yesterday, between twelve and one o'clock, while I was speaking to some quiet people, without any noise or tumult, a drunken rabble came, with clubs and staves, in a tumultuous and riotous manner the captain of whom, Richard B., by name, said he was a deputy-constable, and that he was come to bring me to you. I went with him ; but I had scarce gone ten yards, when a man of his company struck me with his fist in the face with all his might ; quickly after, another threw his stick at my head : I then made a little stand ; but another of your champions, cursing and swearing in the most shocking manner, and flourishing his club over his head, cried out, ‘ Bring him away ! ’

“ With such a convoy I walked to Barrowford, where they informed me you was ; their drummer going before, to draw all the rabble together from all quarters.

“ When your deputy had brought me into the house, he permitted Mr. Grimshaw, the minister of Haworth, Mr. Colbeck, of Keighley, and one more, to be with me, promising that none should hurt them. Soon after you and your friends came in, and required me to promise, I would come to Roughlee no more. I told you, I would sooner cut off my hand than make any such promise ; neither would I promise that none of my friends should come. After abundance of rambling discourse, (for I could keep none of you long to any one point,) from about one o'clock till between three and four, (in which one of you frankly said, ‘ No ; we will not be like Gamaliel, we will proceed like the Jews, ’) you seemed a little satisfied with my saying, ‘ I will not preach at Roughlee at this time. ’ You then undertook to quiet the mob, to whom you went and spoke a few words, and their noise immediately ceased. I then walked out with you at the back door.

“ I should have mentioned that I had several times before desired you to let me go, but in vain ; and that when I attempted to go with Richard B., the mob immediately followed, with oaths, curses, and stones ; that one of them beat me down to the ground ; and when I rose again, the whole body came about me like lions, and forced me back into the house.

“ While you and I went out at one door, Mr. Grimshaw and Mr. Colbeck went out at the other. The mob immediately closed them in, tossed them to and fro with the utmost violence, threw Mr. Grimshaw down, and loaded them both with dirt and mire of every kind ; not one of your friends offering to call off your bloodhounds from the pursuit.

“ The other quiet, harmless people, who followed me at a distance, to see what

the end would be, they treated still worse, not only by the connivance, but by the express order of your deputy. They made them run for their lives, amidst showers of dirt and stones, without any regard to age or sex. Some of them they trampled in the mire, and dragged by the hair, particularly Mr. Mackford, who came with me from Newcastle. Many they beat with their clubs without mercy. One they forced to leap down (or they would have thrown him headlong) from a rock, ten or twelve feet high, into the river. And when he crawled out, wet and bruised, they swore they would throw him in again, which they were hardly persuaded not to do. All this time you sat well-pleased close to the place, not attempting in the least to hinder them.

“And all this time you was talking of Justice and Law! Alas, Sir, suppose we were Dissenters, (which I deny,) suppose we were Jews or Turks, are we not to have the benefit of the laws of our country? Proceed against us by the law, if you can or dare; but not by lawless violence; not by making a drunken, cursing, swearing, riotous mob, both judge, jury, and executioner. This is flat rebellion against God and the king. as you may possibly find to your cost.”

Sunday, 28.—I was invited by Mr. U., the minister of Goodshaw, to preach in his church. I began reading prayers at seven; but perceiving the church would scarce contain half of the congregation, after prayers I went out, and standing on the church-yard wall, in a place shaded from the sun, explained and enforced those words in the second lesson: “Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.”

I wonder at those who still talk so loud of the indecency of field-preaching. The highest indecency is in St. Paul's church, when a considerable part of the congregation are asleep, or talking, or looking about, not minding a word the preacher says. On the other hand, there is the highest decency in a churchyard or field, when the whole congregation behave and look as if they saw the Judge of all, and heard Him speaking from heaven.

At one I went to the Cross in Bolton. There was a vast number of people, but many of them utterly wild. As soon as I began speaking, they began thrusting to and fro; endeavouring to throw me down the steps on which I stood. They did so once or twice; but I went up again, and continued my discourse. They then began to throw stones; at the same time some got upon the Cross behind me to push me down; on which I could not but observe, how God overrules even the minutest circumstances. One man was bawling just at my ear, when a stone struck him on the cheek, and he was still. A second was forcing his way down to me, till another stone hit him on the forehead: it bounded back, the blood ran down, and he came no farther. The third, being got close to me, stretched out his hand, and in the instant a sharp stone came upon the joints of his fingers. He shook his hand, and was very quiet till I concluded my discourse and went away.

Tuesday, 30.—I preached about one at Oldfield-Brow. We rode in the afternoon to Woodley. We saw by the way many marks of the late flood; of which John Bennet, who was then upon the place, gave us the following account:—

“On Saturday, the 23rd of July last, there fell for about three hours, in and about Hayfield, in Derbyshire, a very heavy rain, which caused such a flood as had not been seen by any now living in those parts.

“The rocks were loosened from the mountains: one field was covered with huge stones from side to side.

“Several water-mills were clean swept away, without leaving any remains.

“The trees were torn up by the roots, and whirled away like stubble.

“Two women of a loose character were swept away from their own door and drowned. One of them was found near the place; the other was carried seven or eight miles.

“Hayfield churchyard was all torn up, and the dead bodies swept out of their graves. When the flood abated, they were found in several places. Some were hanging on trees; others left in meadows or grounds; some partly eaten by dogs, or wanting one or more of their members.”

Wednesday, APRIL 12, 1749.—We came to Holyhead between one and two. But all the ships were on the Irish side. One came in the next day, but could not go out, the wind being quite contrary. In this journey I read over Statius's “Thebais.” I wonder one man should write so well and so ill. Sometimes he is scarce inferior to Virgil; sometimes as low as the dullest parts of Ovid.

Sunday, MAY 7.—I preached at Athlone at five and at three, with the spirit of convincing speech. The rector preached in the afternoon, (though it is called the morning service,) a close, useful sermon on the fear of God. At five I had great numbers of the poor Papists, (as well as Protestants,) maugre all the labour of their priests. I called aloud: “Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money!” Strange news to them! One of whom had declared frankly, but a few days before, “I would fain be with you, but I dare not; for now I have all my sins forgiven for four shillings a year; and this could not be in *your* church.”

Monday, 22.—The more I converse with this people, the more I am amazed That God hath wrought a great work among them, is manifest; and yet the main of them, believers and unbelievers, are not able to give a rational account of the plainest principles of religion. It is plain, God begins His work at the heart; then “the inspiration of the Highest giveth understanding.”

Friday, JUNE 2.—I was sent for by a clergyman, who had come twelve miles or purpose to talk with me. We had no dispute, but simply endeavoured to strengthen each other's hands in God.

Tuesday, 13.—We rode over to Gloster, a beautiful seat, built by an English gentleman, who had scarce finished his house, and laid out his gardens, when he was called to his everlasting home. Sir L—— P—— and his lady dined with us,^C whether coming by accident or design I know not. About five I preached in the stately saloon, to a little company of plain, serious people; the fine ones looking on, and some of them seeming to be a little affected.

Wednesday, JULY 19.—I finished the translation of “Martin Luther’s Life.” Doubtless he was a man highly favoured of God, and a blessed instrument in His



(PHOENIX PARK IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.)

hand. But O! what pity that he had no faithful friend! None that would, at all hazards, rebuke him plainly and sharply, for his rough, untractable spirit, and bitter zeal for opinions, so greatly obstructive of the work of God!

Thursday, 20.—I saw Dr. Stephen’s Hospital, far cleaner and sweeter than any I had seen in London, and the Royal Hospital for old soldiers, standing on the top of an hill overlooking Phoenix Park. All the buildings are kept not only in good repair, but likewise exactly clean. The hall is exceeding grand: the chapel far better finished than anything of the kind in Dublin. O what is wanting to make these men happy? Only the knowledge and the love of God.

I had now an opportunity of inquiring into the real state of the late transactions

at Cork ; an account of which is subjoined, being the extracts of some papers which were about this time put into my hands.

1. THOMAS JONES, of Cork, Merchant, deposes :—

That on May 3, 1749, Nicholas Butler, ballad-singer, came before the house of this deponent, and assembled a large mob : That this deponent went to Daniel Crone, Esq., then Mayor of Cork, and desired that he would put a stop to these riots ; asking, at the same time, whether he gave the said Butler leave to go about in this manner : That Mr. Mayor said, he neither gave him leave, neither did he hinder him : That in the evening Butler gathered a larger mob than before, and went to the house where the people called Methodists were assembled to hear the Word of God, and, as they came out, threw dirt, and hurt several of them.

That on May 4, this deponent, with some others, went to the Mayor, and told what had been done, adding, “ If your Worship pleases to speak only three words to Butler, it will be all over : ” That the Mayor gave his word and honour there should be no more of it, he would put an entire stop to it : That, notwithstanding, a larger mob than ever came to the house the same evening : That they threw much dirt and many stones at the people, both while they were in the house and when they came out : That the mob then fell upon them, both on men and women, with clubs, hangers, and swords ; so that many of them were much wounded, and lost a considerable quantity of blood.

That on May 5, this deponent informed the Mayor of all, and also that Butler had openly declared, there should be a greater mob than ever there was that night : That the Mayor promised he would prevent it : That in the evening Butler did bring a greater mob than ever : That this deponent, hearing the Mayor designed to go out of the way, set two men to watch him ; and when the riot was begun went to the alehouse and inquired for him : That, the woman of the house denying he was there, this deponent insisted he was, declared he would not go till he had seen him, and began searching the house : That Mr. Mayor then appearing, he demanded his assistance, to suppress a riotous mob : That when the Mayor came in sight of them, he beckoned Butler, who immediately came down from the place where he stood : That the Mayor then went with this deponent and looked on many of the people covered with dirt and blood : That some of them still remained in the house, fearing their lives, till James Chatterton and John Reilly, Esquires, Sheriffs of Cork, and Hugh Millard, junior, Esquire, Alderman, turned them out to the mob, and nailed up the doors.

2. ELIZABETH HOLLERAN, of Cork, deposes :—

That on May 3, as she was going down Castle-street, she saw Nicholas Butler on a table, with ballads in one hand and a Bible in the other : That she expressed some

concern thereat; on which Sheriff Reilly ordered his Bailiff to carry her to Bridewell: That afterward the Bailiff came and said, his master ordered she should be carried to gaol: and that she continued in gaol from May 3, about eight in the evening, till between ten and twelve on May 5.

3. JOHN STOCKDALE, of Cork, tallow-chandler, deposes:—

That on May 5, while he and others were assembled to hear the Word of God, Nicholas Butler came down to the house where they were, with a very numerous mob: That when this deponent came out, they threw all manner of dirt, and abundance of stones at him: That they then beat, bruised, and cut him in several places: That seeing his wife on the ground, and the mob abusing her still, he called out, and besought them not to kill his wife: That on this one of them struck him with a large stick, as did also many others, so that he was hurt in several parts, and his face in a gore of blood.

4. DANIEL SULLIVAN, of Cork, baker, deposes:—

That every day but one from the 6th to the 16th of May, Nicholas Butler assembled a riotous mob before this deponent's house: That they abused all who came into the shop, to the great damage of this deponent's business: That on or about the 15th, Butler swore he would bring a mob the next day and pull down his house: That accordingly, on the 16th, he did bring a large mob, and beat or abused all that came to the house: That the Mayor walked by while the mob was so employed, but did not hinder them: That afterwards they broke his windows, threw dirt and stones into his shop, and spoiled a great quantity of his goods.

5. DANIEL SULLIVAN is ready to depose farther:—

That from the 16th of May to the 28th, the mob gathered every day before his house: That on Sunday, the 28th, Butler swore they would come the next day and pull down the house of that heretic dog; and called aloud to the mob, "Let the heretic dogs indict you; I will bring you off without a farthing cost."

That accordingly, on May 29, Butler came with a greater mob than before: That he went to the Mayor and begged him to come, which he for some time refused to do; but after much importunity rose up, and walked with him down the street: That when they were in the midst of the mob, the Mayor said aloud, "It is your own fault, for entertaining these preachers. If you will turn them out of your house, I will engage there shall be no harm done; but if you will not turn them out, you must take what you will get:" That upon this the mob set up an huzza, and threw stones faster than before: That he said, "This is fine usage under a Protestant Government; if I had a priest saying Mass in every room of it my house would not be touched:" That the Mayor replied, "The priests are tolerated, but you are not; you talk too

much ; go in, and shut up your doors :” That seeing no remedy, he did so ; and the mob continued breaking the windows, and throwing stones in, till near twelve at night.

That on May 31, the said Sullivan, and two more, went and informed the Mayor of what the mob was then doing : That it was not without great importunity they brought him as far as the Exchange : That he would go no further, nor send any help, though some that were much bruised and wounded came by : That some hours after, when the mob had finished their work, he sent a party of soldiers to guard the walls.



(THE COVE OF CORK.)

6. JOHN STOCKDALE deposes farther :—

That on May 31, he, with others, was quietly hearing the Word of God, when Butler and his mob came down to the house : That as they came out, the mob threw showers of dirt and stones : That many were hurt, many beat, bruised, and cut : among whom was this deponent, who was so bruised and cut, that the effusion of blood from his head could not be stopped for a considerable time.

7. JOHN M'NERNY, of Cork, deposes :—

That on the 31st of May last, as this deponent, with others, was hearing a sermon, Butler came down with a large mob : That the stones and dirt coming in fast, obliged the congregation to shut the doors, and lock themselves in : That the mob broke open the door ; on which this deponent endeavoured to escape through a window : That not being able to do it, he returned into the house, where he saw the mob tear up the pews, benches, and floor ; part of which they afterwards burnt in the open street, and carried away part for their own use.

8. DANIEL SULLIVAN is ready to depose farther :—

That Butler, with a large mob, went about from street to street, and from house to house, abusing, threatening, and beating whomsoever he pleased, from June 1st to the 16th, when they assaulted, bruised, and cut Ann Jenkins ; and from the 16th to the 30th, when a woman whom they had beaten, miscarried, and narrowly escaped with life.

Some of the particulars were as follows :

9. THOMAS BURNET, of Cork, nailer, deposes :—

That on or about the 12th of June, as this deponent was at work in his master's shop, Nicholas Butler came with a great mob to the door, and seeing this deponent told him he was an heretic dog, and his soul was burning in hell : That this deponent asking, "Why do you use me thus?" Butler took up a stone, and struck him so violently on the side that he was thereby rendered incapable of working for upwards of a week : That he hit this deponent's wife with another stone, without any kind of provocation, which so hurt her that she was obliged to take to her bed, and has not been right well since.

10. ANN COOSHEA, of Cork, deposes :—

That on or about the 12th of June, as she was standing at her father's door, Nicholas Butler, with a riotous mob, began to abuse this deponent and her family, calling them heretic —, saying they were damned, and all their souls were in hell : That then, without any provocation, he took up a great stone, and threw it at this deponent, which struck her on the head with such force, that it deprived her of her senses for some time.

11. ANN WRIGHT, of Cork, deposes :—

That on or about the 12th of June, as this deponent was in her own house, Butler and his mob came before her door, calling her and her family heretic —, and swearing he would make her house hotter than hell-fire : That he threw dirt and stones at them, hit her in the face, dashed all the goods about which she had in her window, and, she really believes, would have dashed out her brains, had she not quitted her shop, and fled for her life

12. MARGARET GRIFFIN, of Cork, deposes :—

That on the 24th of June, as this deponent was about her business, Butler and his mob came up, took hold on her, tore her clothes, struck her several times, and cut her mouth: That after she broke from him, he and his mob pursued her to her house, and would have broke in, had not some neighbours interposed: That he had beat and abused her several times before, and one of those times to such a degree, that she was all in a gore of blood, and continued spitting blood for several days after.

13. JACOB CONNOR, clothier, of Cork, deposes :—

That on the 24th of June, as he was employed in his lawful business, Butler and his mob came up, and without any manner of provocation fell upon him: That they beat him till they caused such an effusion of blood, as could not be stopped for a considerable time; and that he verily believes, had not a gentleman interposed, they would have killed him on the spot.

14. ANN HUGHES, of Cork, deposes :—

That on the 29th of June, she asked Nicholas Butler, why he broke open her house on the 21st: That hereon he called her many abusive names, (being attended with his mob,) dragged her up and down, tore her clothes in pieces, and with his sword stabbed and cut her in both her arms.

15. DANIEL FILTS, blacksmith, of Cork, deposes :—

That on the 29th of June, Butler and a riotous mob came before his door, called him many abusive names, drew his hanger, and threatened to stab him: That he and his mob the next day assaulted the house of this deponent with drawn swords; and that he is persuaded, had not one who came by prevented, they would have taken away his life.

16. MARY FULLER, of Cork, deposes :—

That on the 30th of June, Butler, at the head of his mob, came, between nine and ten at night, to the deponent's shop, with a naked sword in his hand: That he swore he would cleave the deponent's skull, and immediately made a full stroke at her head: whereupon she was obliged to fly for her life, leaving her shop and goods to the mob, many of which they hacked and hewed with their swords, to her no small loss and damage.

17. HENRY DUNKLE, joiner, of Cork, deposes :—

That on the 30th of June, as he was standing at Widow Fuller's shop-window, he saw Butler, accompanied with a large mob, who stopped before her shop: That after he had grossly abused her, he made a full stroke with his hanger at her head; which must have cleft her in two, had not this deponent received the guard of the hanger on his shoulder: That presently after, the said Butler seized upon this deponent: That

he seized him by the collar with one hand, and with the other held the hanger over his head, calling him all manner of names, and tearing his shirt and clothes; and that, had it not been for the timely assistance of some neighbours, he verily believes he should have been torn to pieces.

18. MARGARET TREMNELL, of Cork, deposes :—

That on the 30th of June, John Austin and Nicholas Butler, with a numerous mob, came to her shop: That, after calling her many names, Austin struck her with his club on the right arm, so that it has been black ever since from the shoulder to the elbow: That Butler came next, and with a great stick struck her a violent blow



(ON THE LEE, NEAR CORK.)

across the back: That many of them drew their swords, which they carried under their coats, and cut and hacked her goods, part of which they threw out into the street, while others of them threw dirt and stones into the shop, to the considerable damage of her goods, and loss of this deponent.

AUGUST 7.—I had the satisfaction about this time of an agreeable letter from a gentleman in Ireland, part of which is subjoined:—

“REVEREND SIR,—Your favour of the 15th instant, I received the 22nd. I am more satisfied than ever that you aim at nothing but what has an immediate tendency to the glory of God, and the salvation of mankind.

“I cannot help thinking that your design, considered in this light, (allowing even of some mistakes,) must be deemed very praiseworthy. As to myself, in particular, I

must own it gives me infinite satisfaction to find that you have spoken to so good an effect in our town and neighbourhood. My church is more frequented than ever it was; and I have the pleasure of seeing a greater decency, and more of zeal and attention, than I could have dared to promise myself; which has also this effect upon me,—that I find myself better disposed than ever to distribute to those who attend my ministry such food as may yield them comfort here and happiness hereafter. I heartily wish this may continue; and that the people may not cool. If so, we may hope to see wickedness generally decline, and virtue and godliness take place. I see this work of yours, through God's blessing, thus successfully carried on, without any ill-will or jealousy; and could wish that all the clergy were, in that respect, of the same mind with me.

“Your society here keeps up well; and is, I believe, considerably increased since you left it. I frequently attend the preaching; and though I am much reflected on for it, this does not in any wise discourage me. While I am conscious to myself that I do no harm, I am careless of what men can say of me.

“Michael Poor, lately a Roman, who is now of your society, read his recantation on Sunday last.—Pray let us know when you or your brother intend for this kingdom and town: for be sure, none wish more sincerely, to see and converse with you than I, who am sincerely, reverend and dear Sir,

“Your very affectionate brother and servant.

“August 29, 1749.”

Thursday, SEPTEMBER 21.—Moved by the pressing instances of Mr. Cownley, and convinced the providence of God called me thither, I left all my company, but Mr. Perronet, at Hinely-hill, and set out for Whitehaven. The next day I preached there in the market-place, to a multitude of people, on: “Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.” I saw they were moved, and resolved to improve the opportunity. So, after preaching, I desired those who determined to serve God, to meet me apart from the great congregation. To these I explained the design, nature, and use of Christian societies. Abundance were present again at five in the morning, though we had no room but the market-place. At three in the afternoon I preached at Hensingham, a large colliery, about a mile from the town. The eagerness of the people put me in mind of the early days at Kingswood. O why should we not be always what we were once? Why should any leave their first love? At six I preached again in Whitehaven, on: “Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden;” and at eight endeavoured to mould as many as desired it into a regular society.

Sunday, 24.—At eight I preached at the Gins, another village, full of colliers, about half a mile from the town. The congregation was very large, and deeply attentive. Between one and two I preached again at Hensingham, to as many as my voice could command, on: “Repent ye, and believe the Gospel.” Thence I hastened to church;

and in the midst of the service I felt a sudden stroke. Immediately a shivering ran through me, and in a few minutes I was in a fever. I thought of taking a vomit immediately, and going to bed. But when I came from church, hearing there was a vast congregation in the market-place, I could not send them empty away. And while I was speaking to them, God remembered me, and strengthened me both in soul and body.

Reflecting on the manner of God's working here, I could not but make the following remark:—The work in Whitehanen resembles that at Athlone more than does any other which I have seen in England. It runs with a swift and a wide



“HE SCRAMBLED FROM THEM, AND GOT INTO THE HOUSE AGAIN.”—See page 238.)

stream; but it does not go deep. A considerable part of the town seems moved, but extremely few are awake; and scarce three have found a sense of the pardoning love of God, from the time of the first preaching to this day.

Sunday, OCTOBER 8.—I preached in Leeds at seven, and between one and two began preaching at Birstal; but my voice (though I think it had not been stronger for some years) would not reach two-thirds of the congregation. I am afraid it was the same case at Leeds, when I preached at four; though I spoke with all the strength I had. Who would have expected such an inconveniency as this, after we had been twelve years employed in the work? Surely none will now ascribe the number of the hearers to the novelty of field-preaching.

Wednesday, 18.—We came to Bolton. We had no sooner entered the main street, than we perceived the lions at Rochdale were lambs in comparison of those at Bolton. Such rage and bitterness I scarce ever saw before, in any creatures that bore the form of men. They followed us in full cry to the house where we went; and as soon as we were gone in, took possession of all the avenues to it, and filled the street from one end to the other. After some time the waves did not roar quite so loud. Mr. P—— thought he might then venture out. They immediately closed in, threw him down, and rolled him in the mire; so that when he scrambled from them, and got into the house again, one could scarce tell what or who he was. When the first stone came among us through the window, I expected a shower to follow; and the rather, because they had now procured a bell to call their whole forces together. But they did not design to carry on the attack at a distance: presently one ran up and told us the mob had burst into the house. He added, that they had got J——B—— in the midst of them. They had; and he laid hold on the opportunity to tell them of “the terrors of the Lord.” Meantime D——T—— engaged another part of them with smoother and softer words. Believing the time was now come, I walked down into the thickest of them. They had now filled all the rooms below. I called for a chair. The winds were hushed, and all was calm and still. My heart was filled with love, my eyes with tears, and my mouth with arguments. They were amazed, they were ashamed, they were melted down, they devoured every word. What a turn was this! O how did God change the counsel of the old Ahithophel into foolishness; and bring all the drunkards, swearers, Sabbath-breakers and mere sinners in the place, to hear of His plenteous redemption!

Thursday, 19.—Abundantly more than the house could contain were present at five in the morning, to whom I was constrained to speak a good deal longer than I am accustomed to do. Perceiving they still wanted to hear, I promised to preach again at nine, in a meadow near the town. Thither they flocked from every side; and I called aloud: “All things are ready; come unto the marriage.” O how have a few hours changed the scene! We could now walk through every street of the town, and none molested or opened his mouth, unless to thank or bless us.

Sunday, JANUARY 28, 1750.—I read prayers, and Mr. Whitefield preached. How wise is God in giving different talents to different preachers! Even the little improprieties both of his language and manner were a means of profiting many, who would not have been touched by a more correct discourse, or a more calm and regular manner of speaking.

Thursday, MARCH 8.—To-day God gave the people of London a second warning; of which my brother wrote as follows:—

“This morning, a quarter after five, we had another shock of an earthquake, far more violent than that of February 8. I was just repeating my text, when it shook

the Foundery so violently, that we all expected it to fall upon our heads. A great cry followed from the women and the children. I immediately cried out: 'Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be moved, and the hills be carried into the midst of the sea: for the Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.' He filled my heart with faith, and my mouth with words, shaking their souls as well as their bodies."

The earth moved westward, then east, then westward again, through all London and Westminster. It was a strong and jarring motion, attended with a rumbling noise, like that of distant thunder. Many houses were much shaken, and some chimneys thrown down, but without any farther hurt.



(KINGSWOOD SCHOOL.)

Saturday, 10.—I talked at large with the Masters of Kingswood School, concerning the children and the management. They all agreed, that one of the boys studiously laboured to corrupt the rest. I would not suffer him to stay any longer under the roof, but sent him home that very hour.

Saturday, 24.—We set out at five, and at six came to the sands. But the tide was in, so that we could not pass: so I sat down in a little cottage for three or four hours, and translated Aldrich's "Logic."

Tuesday 27.—I desired Mr. Hopper to ride over to Holyhead, and inquire concerning our passage. He brought word, that we might probably pass in a day or two: so on *Wednesday* we both went thither. About eleven we were called to go on board, the wind being quite fair: and so it continued till we were just out of the harbour. It then turned west, and blew a storm. There was neither moon nor stars, but rain and wind enough; so that I was soon tired of staying on deck. But we

met another storm below : for who should be there, but the famous Mr. Gr——, of Carnarvonshire,—a clumsy, overgrown, hard-faced man ; whose countenance I could only compare to that (which I saw in Drury-lane thirty years ago) of one of the ruffians in “Macbeth.” I was going to lie down, when he tumbled in, and poured out such a volley of ribaldry, obscenity, and blasphemy, every second or third word being an oath, as was scarce ever heard at Billingsgate. Finding there was no room for me to speak, I retired into my cabin, and left him to Mr. Hopper.

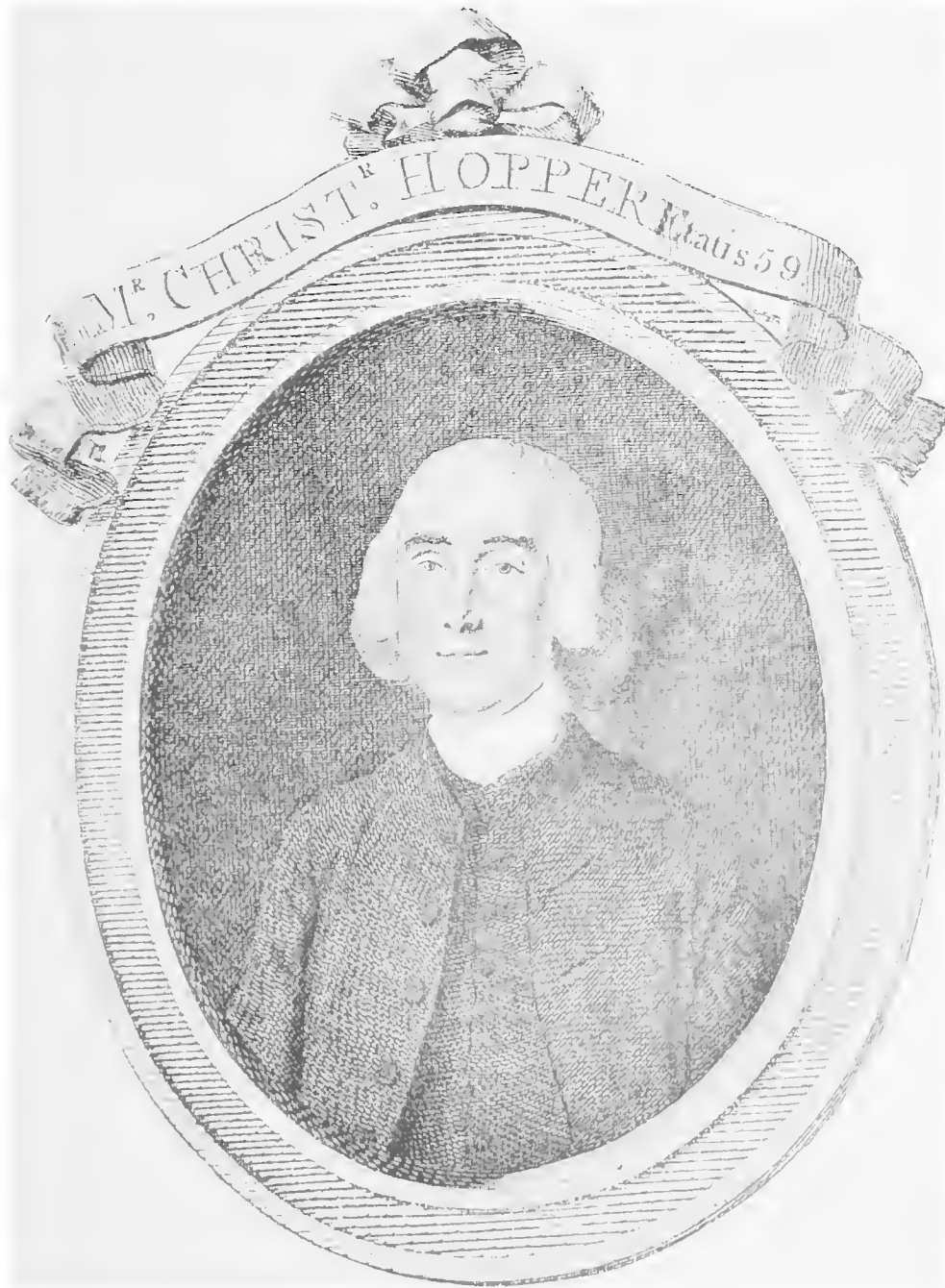
Thursday, 29.—We wrought our way four or five leagues toward Ireland ; but were driven back in the afternoon to the very mouth of the harbour ; nevertheless, the wind shifting one or two points, we ventured out again ; and by midnight we were got about half seas over ; but the wind then turning full against us, and blowing hard, we were driven back again, and were glad, about nine, to get into the bay once more.

In the evening I was surprised to see, instead of some poor, plain people, a room full of men daubed with gold and silver. That I might not go out of their depth, I began expounding the story of Dives and Lazarus. It was more applicable than I was aware ; several of them (as I afterwards learned) being eminently wicked men. I delivered my own soul ; but they could in nowise bear it. One and another walked away, murmuring sorely. Four stayed till I drew to a close : they then put on their hats, and began talking to one another. I mildly reproved them ; on which they rose up and went away, railing and blaspheming. I had then a comfortable hour with a company of plain, honest Welshmen. In the night there was a vehement storm. Blessed be God that we were safe on shore !

Saturday, 31.—I determined to wait one week longer, and if we could not sail then, to go and wait for a ship at Bristol. At seven in the evening, just as I was going down to preach, I heard a huge noise, and took knowledge of the rabble of gentlemen. They had now strengthened themselves with drink and numbers, and placed Captain Gr—— (as they called him) at their head. He soon burst open both the outward and inner door, struck old Robert Griffith, our landlord, several times, kicked his wife, and, with twenty full-mouthed oaths and curses, demanded, “Where is the parson ?” Robert Griffith came up, and desired me to go into another room, where he locked me in. The captain followed him quickly, broke open one or two doors, and got on a chair, to look on the top of a bed : but his foot slipping, (as he was not a man made for climbing,) he fell down backward all his length. He rose leisurely, turned about, and, with his troop, walked away.

I then went down to a small company of the poor people, and spent half an hour with them in prayer. About nine, as we were preparing to go to bed, the house was beset again. The captain burst in first. Robert Griffith's daughter was standing in the passage with a pail of water, with which (whether with design or in her fright, I know not) she covered him from head to foot. He cried as well as he could,

“M—urder! Murder!” and stood very still for some moments. In the meantime Robert Griffith stepped by him, and locked the door. Finding himself alone, he began to change his voice, and cry, “Let me out! Let me out!” Upon his giving



his word and honour that none of the rest should come in, they opened the door, and all went away together.

Sunday, APRIL 1.—We set out, having one of Holyhead for our guide; reached a church six or seven miles off, about eleven, (where we stopped till the service was ended,) and went on to William Pritchard's, near Llanerchmedd. I had appointed to preach there at four.

Many who were come from the town earnestly pressed me to go and preach there, assuring me it was the general desire of the inhabitants. I felt a strong aversion to it, but would not refuse, not knowing what God might have me to do. So I went. But we were scarce set down, when the "sons of Belial," from all parts, gathered together, and compassed the house. I could just understand their oaths and curses, which were broad English, and sounded on every side. The rest of their language was lost upon me, as mine was upon them. Our friends would have had me stay within; but I judged it best to look them in the face, while it was open day. So I bade them open the door, and Mr. Hopper and I walked straight through the midst of them. Having procured a guide, we then went on without hindrance, to our retreat, at Mr. Holloway's. Surely this journey will be for good; for hitherto we have had continual storms, both by sea and land.

Sunday, MAY 20.—A report being spread abroad that the Mayor designed to hinder my preaching on the Marsh in the evening, I desired Mr. Skelton and Mr. Jones to wait upon him, and inquire concerning it. Mr. Skelton asked, if my preaching there would be disagreeable to him; adding, "Sir, if it would, Mr. Wesley will not do it." He replied warmly, "Sir, I'll have no mobbing." Mr. Skelton replied, "Sir, there was none this morning." He answered, "There was. Are there not churches and meeting-houses enough? I will have no more mobs and riots." Mr. Skelton replied, "Sir, neither Mr. Wesley nor they that heard him made either mobs or riots." He answered plain, "I will have no more preaching; and if Mr. Wesley attempts to preach, I am prepared for him."

I began preaching in our own house soon after five. Mr. Mayor meantime was walking in the 'Change, and giving orders to the town-drummers and to his serjeants, —doubtless to go down and *keep the peace!* They accordingly came down to the house, with an innumerable mob attending them. They continued drumming, and I continued preaching, till I had finished my discourse. When I came out, the mob immediately closed me in. Observing one of the serjeants standing by, I desired him to keep the king's peace; but he replied, "Sir, I have no orders to do that." As soon as I came into the street, the rabble threw whatever came to hand; but all went by me, or flew over my head; nor do I remember that one thing touched me. I walked on straight through the midst of the rabble, looking every man before me in the face; and they opened on the right and left, till I came near Dant's Bridge. A large party had taken possession of this, one of whom was bawling out, "Now, hey for the Romans!" When I came up, they likewise shrunk back, and I walked through them to Mr. Jenkins's house; but a Papist stood just within the door, and endeavoured to hinder my going in; till one of the mob (I suppose aiming at me, but missing) knocked her down flat. I then went in, and God restrained the wild beasts, so that not one attempted to follow me.

But many of the congregation were more roughly handled, particularly Mr. Jones, who was covered with dirt, and escaped with his life almost by miracle. The main body of the mob then went to the house, brought out all the seats and benches, tore up the floor, the door, the frames of the windows, and whatever of wood-work remained; part of which they carried off for their own use, and the rest they burnt in the open street.

Finding there was no probability of their dispersing, I sent to Alderman Pembrock, who immediately desired Mr. Alderman Windthrop, his nephew, to go down to Mr. Jenkins, with whom I walked up the street, none giving me an unkind or disrespectful word.

Tuesday, 22.—The mob and drummers were moving again, between three and four in the morning. The same evening they came down to the Marsh, but stood at a distance from Mr. Stockdale's house, till the drums beat, and the Mayor's serjeant beckoned to them, on which they drew up, and began the attack. The Mayor, being sent for, came with a party of soldiers, and said to the mob, "Lads, once, twice, thrice, I bid you go home: now I have done." He then went back, taking the soldiers with him; on which the mob, pursuant to their instructions, went on and broke all the glass and most of the window-frames in pieces.

Wednesday, 23.—The mob was still patrolling the streets, abusing all that were called Methodists, and threatening to murder them and pull down their houses, if they did not leave this way.

Thursday, 24.—They again assaulted Mr. Stockdale's house, broke down the boards he had nailed up against the windows, destroyed what little remained of the window-frames and shutters, and damaged a considerable part of his goods.

Friday, 25.—One Roger O'Ferrall fixed up an advertisement at the public Exchange, that he was ready to head any mob, in order to pull down any house that should dare to harbour a swaddler. (A name given to Mr. Cennick first by a Popish priest, who heard him speak of a child wrapped in swaddling clothes; and probably did not know the expression was in the Bible, a Book he was not much acquainted with.)

All this time God gave us great peace at Bandon, notwithstanding the unwearied labours, both public and private, of good Dr. B——, to stir up the people. But *Saturday, 26,* many were under great apprehensions of what was to be done in the evening. I began preaching in the main street at the usual hour, but to more than twice the usual congregation. After I had spoke about a quarter of an hour, a clergyman, who had planted himself near me, with a very large stick in his hand, according to agreement, opened the scene. (Indeed his friends assured me he was in drink, or he would not have done it.) But, before he had uttered many words, two or three resolute women, by main strength, pulled him into a house; and, after expostulating a little, sent him away through the garden. But here he fell violently

on her that conducted him, not in anger, but love ; (such as it was ;) so that she was constrained to repel force by force, and cuff him soundly before he would let her go.

The next champion that appeared was one Mr. M——, a young gentleman of the town. He was attended by two others, with pistols in their hands. But his triumph, too, was but short ; some of the people quickly bore him away, though with much gentleness and civility.

The third came on with greater fury ; but he was encountered by a butcher of the town, (not one of the Methodists,) who used him as he would an ox, bestowing one or two hearty blows upon his head. This cooled his courage, especially as none took his part. So I quietly finished my discourse.

Sunday, 27.—At eight we had such a glorious shower as usually follows a calm. After church I began preaching again, on : “The Scripture hath concluded all under sin.” In the evening a large multitude flocked together : I believe such a congregation was never before seen in Bandon ; and the fear of God was in the midst. A solemn awe seemed to run through the whole multitude, while I enlarged on : “God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ.”

Wednesday, 30.—I rode to Cork. By talking with Captain——, I found there was no depending on the good offices of the colonel. He had told the captain with great openness, “If Mr. Wesley preached in the barracks, and the mob were to come and break the windows, I might have a long bill from the Barrack-master.” *Break the windows!* Nay, it is well if they had not broken the bones of all the soldiers.

A little before five I walked towards the barracks. The boys quickly gathered, and were more and more turbulent. But in a moment all was quiet. This, I afterwards found, was owing to Mr. W——, who snatched a stick out of a man’s hand, and brandished it over his head, on which the whole troop valiantly ran away.

When we came over the South-bridge, a large mob gathered ; but before they were well formed we reached the barrack-gate ; at a small distance from which I stood and cried : “Let the wicked forsake his way.” The congregation of serious people was large ; the mob stood about a hundred yards off. I was a little surprised to observe, that almost all the soldiers kept together in a body near the gate, and knew not but the report might be true, that, on a signal given they were all to retire into the barracks ; but they never stirred until I had done. As we walked away, one or two of them followed us. Their numbers increased, until we had seven or eight before, and a whole troop of them behind ; between whom I walked, through an immense mob, to Alderman Pembrock’s door.

Tuesday, JUNE 5.—I returned to Limerick. In examining the society here, I could not but take particular notice of about sixty of the Highland Regiment of soldiers,—men fit to appear before princes. Their zeal, “according to knowledge,” has stirred up many ; and they still speak for God, and are not ashamed.

Friday, 15.—We set out at four, and reached Kilkenny, about twenty-five old Irish miles, about noon. This is by far the most pleasant, as well as most fruitful country which I have seen in all Ireland. Our way after dinner lay by Dunmore, the seat of the late Duke of Ormond. We rode through the park for about two miles, by the side of which the river runs. I never saw either in England, Holland, or Germany, so delightful a place. The walks, each consisting of four rows of ashes, the tufts of trees sprinkled up and down, interspersed with the smoothest and greenest lawns, are beautiful beyond description.



(MR. WESLEY AT CORK.)

Sunday, 17.—I preached about nine in the market-place at Portarlinton: again at one; and immediately after the evening service. The Earl of D——, and several other persons of distinction, listened a while; but it was not to their taste.

Wednesday, AUGUST 15.—By reflecting on an odd book which I had read in this journey, “The General Delusion of Christians with regard to Prophecy,” I was fully convinced of what I had long suspected:—(1) That the Montanists, in the second and third centuries, were real, scriptural Christians; and, (2) That the grand reason why the miraculous gifts were so soon withdrawn, was not only that faith and holiness were well-nigh lost, but that dry, formal, orthodox men began even then to ridicule

whatever gifts they had not themselves, and to decry them all as either madness or imposture.

Wednesday, 22.—We had a Quarterly Meeting; at which were present the stewards of all the Cornish societies. We had now the first watch-night which had been in Cornwall: and “great was the Holy One of Israel in the midst of us.”

Friday 31.—Setting out early, we reached Collumpton in the evening; but as I was not expected, the congregation was small.

Sunday, SEPTEMBER 2.—I rode to Tiverton. At eight I preached to twice as many people as were present when I was here before; but even this congregation was doubled at one and at five. The meadow was then full from side to side, and many stood in the gardens and orchards round. It rained in the day several times; but not a drop fell while I was preaching. Here is an open door indeed! May no man be able to shut it!

Monday, 3.—We rode to Shaftesbury, where I preached, between six and seven, to a serious and quiet congregation. We had another happy opportunity at five in the morning, when abundance of people were present. I preached, at noon, in the most riotous part of the town, just where four ways met; but none made any noise, or spoke one word, while I called “the wicked to forsake his way.” As we walked back, one or two foul-mouthed women spoke unseemly; but none regarded, or answered them a word.

Soon after I was sat down, a constable came, and said, “Sir, the Mayor discharges you from preaching in this borough any more.” I replied, “While King George gives me leave to preach, I shall not ask leave of the Mayor of Shaftesbury.”

Monday, 24.—I left London, and, the next morning, called at what is stiled the Half-way House. Quickly after, as a young man was riding by the door, both horse and man tumbled over each other. As soon as he got up, he began cursing his horse. I spoke a few words, and he was calm. He told me he did fear God once; but for some time past he had cared for nothing. He went away full of good resolutions. God bring them to good effect!

I reached Kingswood in the evening; and the next day selected passages of Milton for the eldest children to transcribe and repeat weekly.

Thursday, 27.—I went into the school, and heard half the children their lessons, and then selected passages of the “Moral and Sacred Poems.”

Friday, 28.—I heard the other half of the children.

Saturday 29.—I was with them from four to five in the morning. I spent most of the day in revising Kennet’s “Antiquities,” and marking what was worth reading in the school.

Wednesday, OCTOBER 3.—I revised, for the use of the children, Archbishop Potter’s “Grecian Antiquities:” a dry, dull, heavy book.

Thursday, 4.—I revised Mr. Lewis's "Hebrew Antiquities:" something more entertaining than the other, and abundantly more instructive.

Saturday, 6.—I nearly finished the abridgment of Dr. Cave's "Primitive Christianity:" a book wrote with as much learning and as little judgment as any I remember to have read in my whole life; serving the ancient Christians just as Xenophon did Socrates; relating every weak thing they ever said or did.



(CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.)

Thursday, 11.—I prepared a short "History of England," for the use of the children; and on *Friday* and *Saturday* a short "Roman History," as an introduction to the Latin historians.

Monday, 15.—I read over Mr. Holmes's "Latin Grammar;" and extracted from it what was needful to perfect our own.

Monday, DECEMBER 3.—I rode to Canterbury, and preached on Rev. xx. A few turbulent people made a little noise, as I found it was their custom to do. Perceiving more of them were gathered the next night, I turned and spoke to them at

large. They appeared to be not a little confounded, and went away as quiet as lambs.

Wednesday, 5.—I walked over the Cathedral, and surveyed the monuments of the ancient men of renown. One would think such a sight should strike an utter damp upon human vanity. What are the great, the fair, the valiant now? The matchless warrior,—the puissant monarch?—

“An heap of dust is all remains of thee!
’Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be.”

Sunday, JANUARY 27, 1751.—I preached a charity sermon at Spitalfields, for the use of our poor children. The church was extremely crowded; but not many rich, not many *ευγενεις*, “well-born,” were there. It was enough that there were many of the people of God, and their Lord in the midst of them.

Wednesday, 30.—Having received a pressing letter from Dr. Isham, then the rector of our College, to give my vote at the election for a Member of Parliament, which was to be the next day, I set out early, in a severe frost, with the north-west wind full in my face. The roads were so slippery, that it was scarce possible for our horses to keep their feet: indeed one of them could not; but fell upon his head, and cut it terribly. Nevertheless, about seven in the evening, God brought us safe to Oxford. A congregation was waiting for me at Mr. Evans’s, whom I immediately addressed in those awful words: “What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?”

Thursday, 31.—I went to the schools, where the Convocation was met: but I did not find the decency and order which I expected. The gentleman for whom I came to vote, was not elected; yet I did not repent of my coming; I owe much more than this to that generous, friendly man, who now rests from his labours.

I was much surprised wherever I went, at the civility of the people,—gentlemen as well as others. There was no pointing, no calling of names, as once; no, nor even laughter. What can this mean? Am I become a servant of men? Or is the scandal of the Cross ceased?

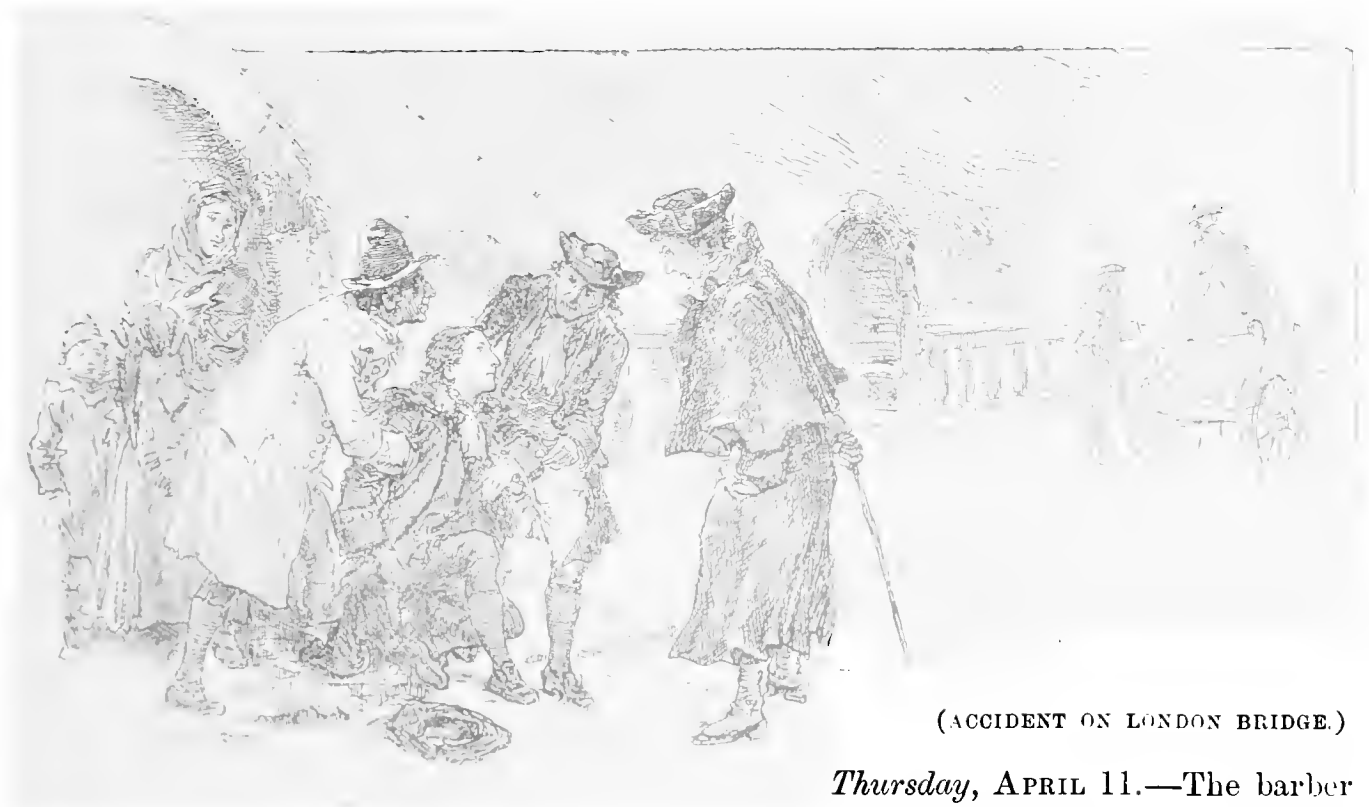
Sunday, FEBRUARY 10.—After preaching at five, I was hastening to take my leave of the congregation at Snowsfields, purposing to set out in the morning for the north; when, on the middle of London-bridge, both my feet slipped on the ice, and I fell with great force, the bone of my ankle lighting on the top of a stone. However, I got on, with some help, to the chapel, being resolved not to disappoint the people. After preaching, I had my leg bound up by a surgeon, and made a shift to walk to the Seven-Dials. It was with much difficulty that I got up into the pulpit; but God then comforted many of our hearts.

I went back in a coach to Mr. B——’s, and from thence in a chair to the Foundery;

but I was not able to preach, my sprain growing worse. I removed to Threadneedle-street; where I spent the remainder of the week, partly in prayer, reading, and conversation, partly in writing an "Hebrew Grammar," and "Lessons for Children."

Sunday, 17.—I was carried to the Foundery, and preached, kneeling, (as I could not stand,) on part of the twenty-third Psalm; my heart being enlarged, and my mouth opened to declare the wonders of God's love.

Monday, 18, was the second day I had appointed for my journey; but I was disappointed again, not being yet able to set my foot to the ground. However, I preached (kneeling) on *Tuesday* evening and *Wednesday* morning.



(ACCIDENT ON LONDON BRIDGE.)

Thursday, APRIL 11.—The barber who shaved me said, "Sir, I praise God on your behalf. When you were at Bolton last, I was one of the most eminent drunkards in all the town; but I came to listen at the window, and God struck me to the heart. I then earnestly prayed for power against drinking; and God gave me more than I asked: He took away the very desire of it. Yet I felt myself worse and worse, till, on the 5th of April last, I could hold out no longer. I knew I must drop into hell that moment unless God appeared to save me. And He did appear. I knew He loved me; and felt sweet peace. Yet I did not dare to say I had faith, till yesterday was twelvemonth, God gave me faith; and His love has ever since filled my heart."

Wednesday, 24.—Mr. Hopper and I took horse between three and four, and about seven came to Old-Camus. The Scotch towns are like none which I ever saw, either

in England, Wales, or Ireland: there is such an air of antiquity in them all, and such a peculiar oddness in their manner of building. But we were most surprised at the entertainment we met with in every place, so far different from common report. We had all things good, cheap, in great abundance, and remarkably well-dressed. In the afternoon we rode by Preston-field, and saw the place of battle, and Colonel Gardiner's house. The Scotch here affirm, that he fought on foot after he was dismounted, and refused to take quarter. Be it as it may, he is now "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

Thursday, 25.—We rode to Edinburgh. After preaching, one of the Bailies of the town, with one of the Elders of the Kirk, came to me, and begged I would stay with them a while, if it were but two or three days, and they would fit up a far larger place than the school, and prepare seats for the congregation. Had not my time been fixed I should gladly have complied.

Saturday, APRIL 11, 1752.—I preached at R——, once a place of furious riot and persecution; but quiet and calm, since the bitter rector is gone to give an account of himself to God.

Sunday, 12.—I came to Wakefield, as the bells were ringing in, and went directly to Mr. W——, in the vestry. The behaviour of the congregation surprised me. I saw none light, none careless or unaffected, while I enforced: "What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Hath not God the hearts of all men in His Hand? Who would have expected to see me preaching in Wakefield church, to so attentive a congregation, a few years ago, when all the people were as roaring lions; and the honest man did not dare to let me preach in his yard, lest the mob should pull down his houses!

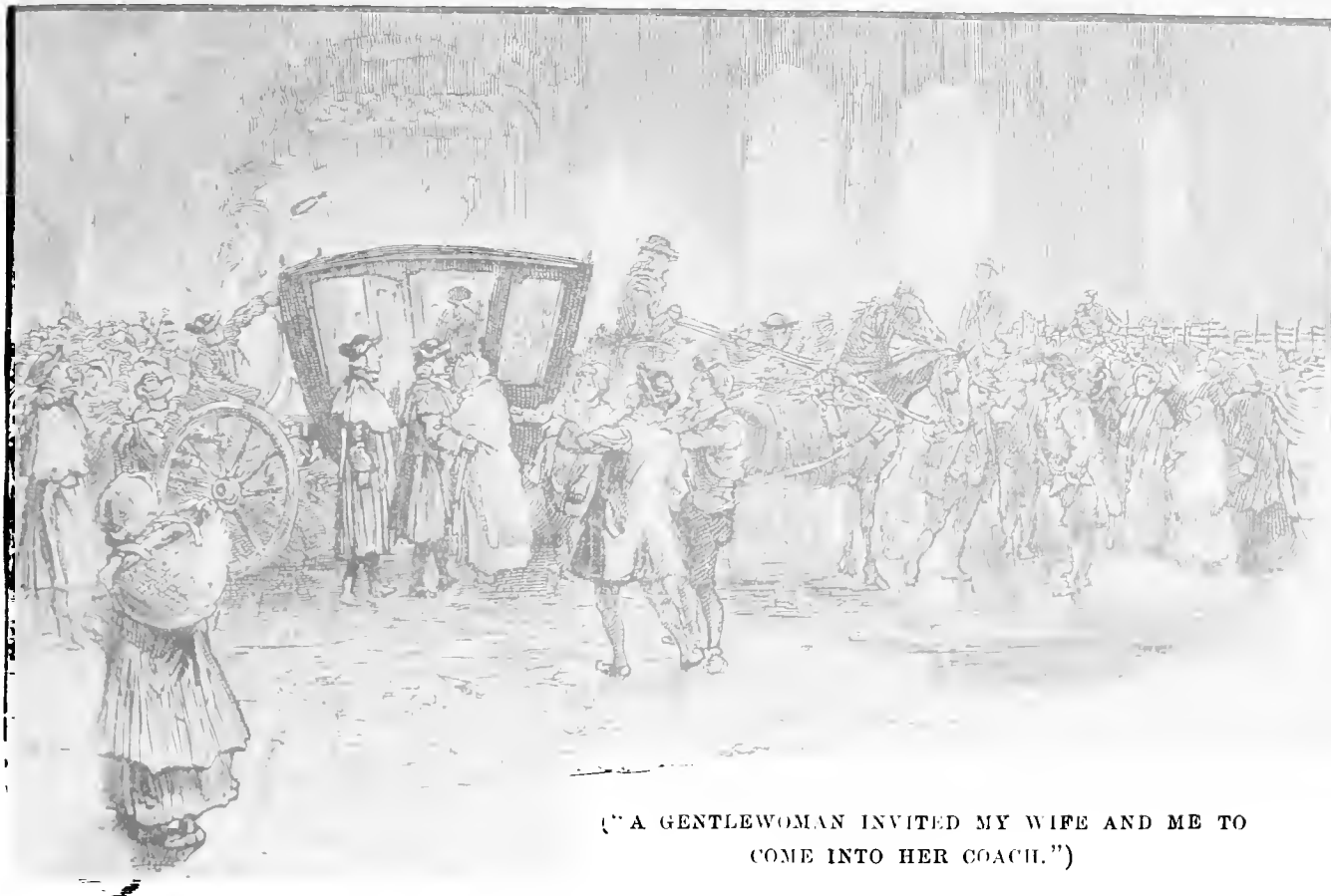
Monday, 13.—In the evening I preached at Sheffield, in the shell of the new house. All is peace here now, since the trial at York, at which the magistrates were sentenced to rebuild the house which the mob had pulled down. Surely the magistrate has been the minister of God to us for good!

Friday, 24.—When I landed at the quay in Hull, it was covered with people, inquiring, "Which is he? Which is he?" But they only stared and laughed; and we walked unmolested to Mr. A——'s house.

I was quite surprised at the miserable condition of the fortifications; far more ruinous and decayed than those at Newcastle, even before the rebellion. It is well there is no enemy near.

I went to prayers at three in the old church,—a grand and venerable structure. Between five and six the coach called, and took me to Mighton-Car, about half a mile from the town. A huge multitude, rich and poor, horse and foot, with several coaches, were soon gathered together; to whom I cried with a loud voice, and a composed spirit: "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose

his own soul?" Some thousands of the people seriously attended: but many behaved as if possessed by Moloch. Clods and stones flew about on every side; but they neither touched nor disturbed me. When I had finished my discourse, I went to take coach; but the coachman had driven clear away. We were at a loss, till a gentlewoman invited my wife and me to come into her coach. She brought some inconveniences on herself thereby; not only as there were nine of us in the coach, three on each side, and three in the middle; but also as the mob closely attended us, throwing in at the windows (which we did not think it prudent to shut) whatever came next to



(“A GENTLEWOMAN INVITED MY WIFE AND ME TO
COME INTO HER COACH.”)

hand. But a large gentlewoman who sat in my lap screened me, so that nothing came near me.

The mob, who were increased to several thousands, when I stepped out of the coach into Mr. A——’s house, perceiving I was escaped out of their hands, revenged themselves on the windows with many showers of stones, which they poured in, even into the rooms four stories high. Mr. A—— walked through them to the Mayor’s house, who gave him fair words, but no assistance; probably not knowing that himself (the Mayor) might be compelled to make good all the damage which should be done. He then went in quest of constables, and brought two with him about nine o’clock. With their help he so thoroughly dispersed the mob, that no two of them were left

together. But they rallied about twelve, and gave one charge more, with oaths, and curses, and bricks, and stones. After this all was calm, and I slept sound till near four in the morning.

Monday, JUNE 8.—We rode to Rough-Lee; and found a large, serious, and quiet congregation. There have been no tumults since Mr. White was removed. He was for some years a Popish priest. Then he called himself a Protestant, and had the living of Colne. It was his manner first to hire, and then to head the mob, when they and he were tolerably drunk. But he drank himself first into a gaol, and then into his grave.

Tuesday, 9.—[Todmorden.] I preached on the side of a mountain, to a large and earnest congregation, and then went on to Mellar-barn. I preached at six in the town; and I suppose all the inhabitants, young and old, were present. Nor have I often seen so large a congregation so universally and deeply affected.

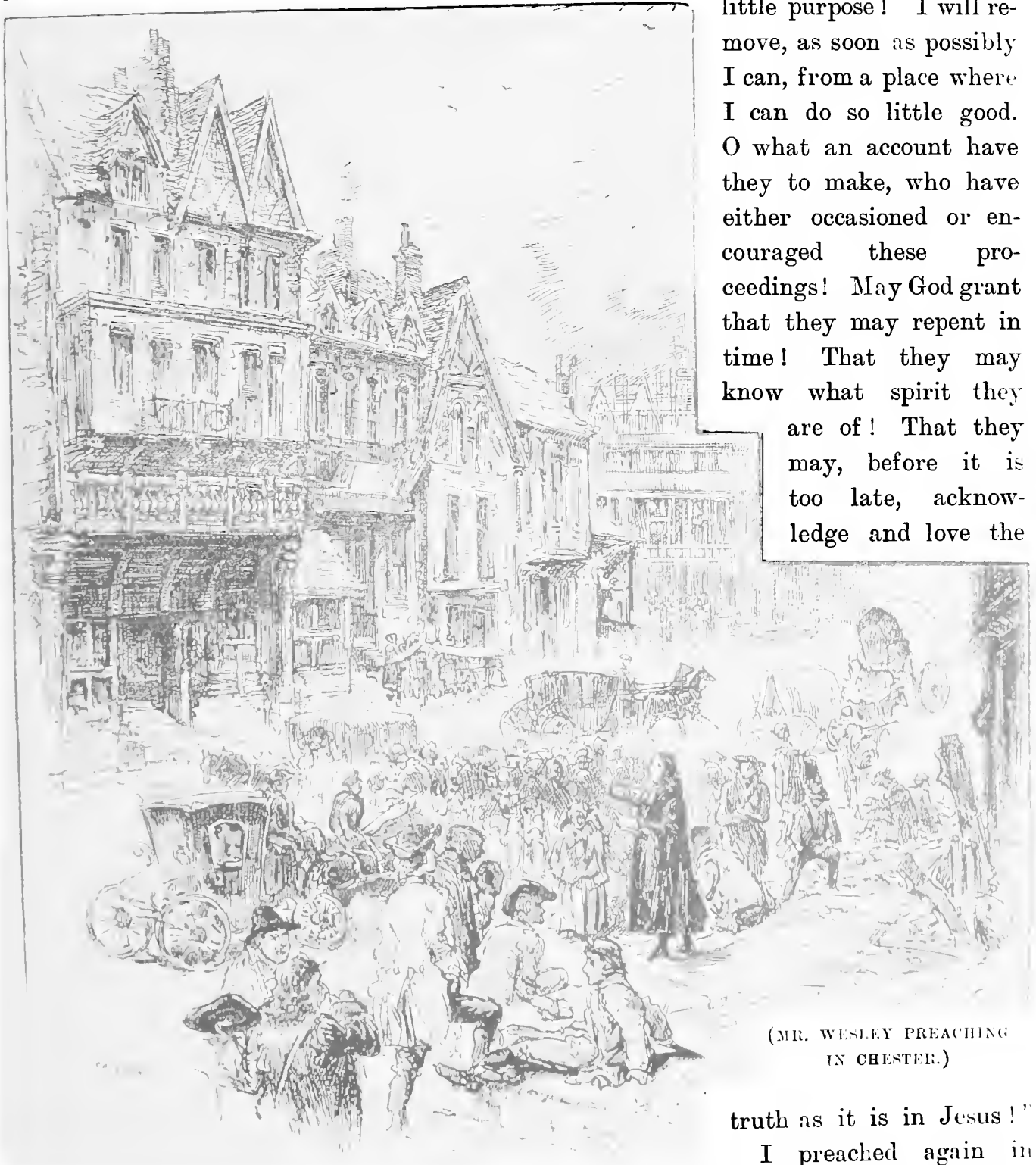
My lodging was not such as I should have chosen; but what Providence chooses is always good. My bed was considerably under ground, the room serving both for a bed-chamber and a cellar. The closeness was more troublesome at first than the coolness; but I let in a little fresh air, by breaking a pane of paper (put by way of glass) in the window; and then slept sound till the morning.

Friday, JULY 3.—I was saying in the morning to Mr. Parker, “Considering the good which has been done there already, I wonder the people of Chester are so quiet.” He answered, “You must not expect they will be so always.” Accordingly, one of the first things I heard after I came into the town was, that for two nights before the mob had been employed in pulling down the house where I had preached. I asked, “Were there no magistrates in the city?” Several answered me, “We went to the Mayor after the first riot, and desired a warrant to bring the rioters before him; but he positively refused to grant any, or to take any informations about it.” So, being undisturbed, they assembled again the next night, and finished their work.

Sunday, 5.—I stood, at seven in the morning, near the ruins of the house, and explained the principles and practice of that sect which is “everywhere spoken against.” I went afterwards to St. Martin’s church, which stands close to the place. The gentleman who officiated seemed to be extremely moved at several passages of the second lesson, Luke xvii.; particularly: “It is impossible but that offences will come; but woe unto him through whom they come. It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones.”

He began his sermon nearly in these words: “The last Lord’s Day I preached on, ‘Doing as you would be done to,’ in hopes of preventing such proceedings as are contrary to all justice, mercy, and humanity. As I could not do that, I have chosen these words for your present consideration: ‘Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of. For the Son of Man is not come to destroy men’s lives, but to save them.’”

He concluded nearly thus: "I am sorry any such outrage should be committed, particularly in this parish, where I have been teaching so many years. And to how little purpose! I will remove, as soon as possibly I can, from a place where I can do so little good. O what an account have they to make, who have either occasioned or encouraged these proceedings! May God grant that they may repent in time! That they may know what spirit they are of! That they may, before it is too late, acknowledge and love the



(MR. WESLEY PREACHING
IN CHESTER.)

truth as it is in Jesus!"

I preached again in the same place at one and at four; and the whole congregation were quiet and serious.

Monday, 13.—I bespoke the cabin in a ship bound for Dublin, which only waited

for a wind. About ten at night word was brought that she was ready to sail. We went down to the quay immediately; and found she had sailed out a quarter of an hour before, and was then off at sea. But as another ship had just weighed anchor, we went on board, and sailed without delay. But having contrary winds, it was *Friday, 17*, in the evening, before we reached Dublin.

Sunday, 19.—I preached at five and eight, but not to so large a congregation as I expected. I was greatly shocked at the behaviour of the congregation in St. Patrick's church. But all their carelessness and indecency did not prevent my finding an uncommon blessing.



(ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.)

Monday, 20.—I learned the particulars of the late riot. Some weeks ago, a large mob assembled one evening, broke many of the windows, and had just broke into the house, when a guard of soldiers came. The chief rioters were apprehended and tried. But ten or eleven of the Jurymen, being Papists, frightened the twelfth, so that he did not contradict, when they brought in their fellows, "Not guilty."

Thursday, 23.—We went to see a friend a few miles from Dublin. Before dinner Mr. Cownley and I took a walk on the sea-shore. Being somewhat tired, we thought to return a shorter way, by climbing over the rocks. We found little difficulty at first, the ascent not being steep toward the bottom; but as we went higher, it grew steeper and steeper, till we would gladly have gone back if we could. But we could

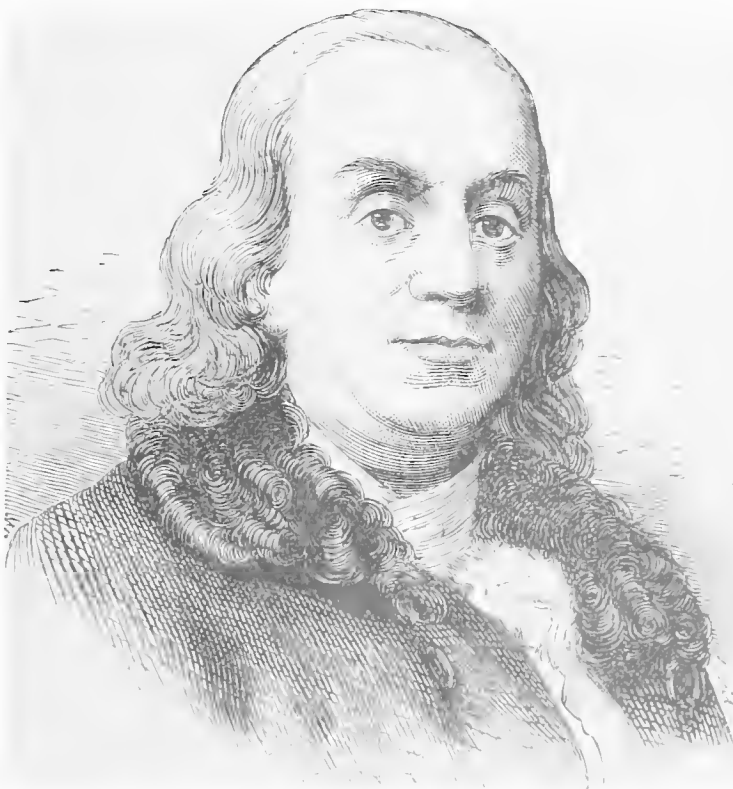
neither go nor look back ; so that we had only this choice,—to get quite to the top, or to make one step to the bottom. The stones, likewise, on which we stood, or which we took hold of, frequently gave way, and tumbled ; so that I know not whether we were ever in so much danger on the sea as we were now on the shore. But in half an hour, I know not how, we got upon firm, even ground.

Friday, OCTOBER 6.—[Cork.] The ship being under sail, we took boat, and came to Cove in the evening. All the inns being full, we lodged at a private house ; but we found one inconvenience herein : we had nothing to eat ; for our provisions were on board, and there was nothing to be bought in the town ; neither flesh, nor fish, nor butter, nor cheese.

At length we procured some eggs and bread, and were well contented.

Saturday, FEBRUARY 3, 1753.—

I visited one in the Marshalsea prison : a nursery of all manner of wickedness. O shame to man, that there should be such a place, such a picture of hell upon earth ! And shame to



(DR. FRANKLIN.)

happened, till they learned gluttony and drunkenness from the Christians,) those that were near him gave him whatever he wanted. O who will convert the English into honest Heathens !

On *Friday* and *Saturday*, I visited as many more as I could. I found some in their cells under-ground ; others in their garrets, half-starved both with cold and hunger, added to weakness and pain. But I found not one of them unemployed, who was able to crawl about the room. So wickedly, devilishly false is that common objection, “They are poor, only because they are idle !” If you saw these things with your own eyes, could you lay out money in ornaments or superfluities ?

Saturday, 17.—From Dr. Franklin’s Letters I learned : 1. That electrical fire (or ether) is a species of fire, infinitely finer than any other yet known. 2. That it is

those who bear the name of Christ, that there should need any prison at all in Christendom !

Thursday, 8.—

I visited many of the sick ; but such scenes, who could see unmoved ? There are none such to be found in a pagan country. If any of the Indians in Georgia were sick, (which indeed exceeding rarely

diffused, and in nearly equal proportions, through almost all substances. 3. That as long as it is thus diffused, it has no discernible effect. 4. That if any quantity of it be collected together, whether by art or nature, it then becomes visible in the form of fire, and inexpressibly powerful. 5. That it is essentially different from the light of the sun; for it pervades a thousand bodies which light cannot penetrate, and yet cannot penetrate glass, which light pervades so freely. 6. That lightning is no other than electrical fire, collected by one or more clouds. 7. That all the effects of lightning may be performed by the artificial electric fire. 8. That anything pointed, as a spire or tree, attracts the lightning, just as a needle does the electrical fire. 9. That the



(BOOTHBANK, CHESHIRE.)

electrical fire, discharged on a rat or a fowl, will kill it instantly; but discharged on one dipped in water, will slide off, and do it no hurt at all. In like manner, the lightning which will kill a man in a moment, will not hurt him, if he be thoroughly wet. What an amazing scene is here opened for after-ages to improve upon!

Wednesday, 21.—I visited more of the poor sick. The industry of many of them surprised me. Several who were ill able to walk, were nevertheless at work; some without any fire, (bitterly cold as it was,) and some, I doubt, without any food; yet not without that “meat which endureth to everlasting life.”

Wednesday, 28.—We rode to Bristol. I now looked over Mr. Prince’s “Christian History.” What an amazing difference is there in the manner wherein God has carried on His work in England and in America! There, above an hundred of the established

clergy, men of age and experience, and of the greatest note for sense and learning in those parts, are zealously engaged in the work. Here, almost the whole body of the aged, experienced, learned clergy are zealously engaged against it; and few, but a handful of raw young men, engaged in it, without name, learning, or eminent sense. And yet by that large number of honourable men, the work seldom flourished above six months at a time, and then followed a lamentable and general decay, before the next revival of it; whereas that which God hath wrought by these despised instruments, has continually increased for fifteen years together; and at whatever time it has declined in any one place, has more eminently flourished in others.

Saturday, MARCH 31.—I preached at Boothbank, where I met Mr. C——, late gardener to the Earl of W——. Surely it cannot be! Is it possible the Earl should turn off an honest, diligent, well-trying servant, who had been in the family above fifty years, for no other fault than hearing the Methodists?

In the evening I preached at Manchester; and on *Monday, APRIL 2*, at Davyhulme. Here I found (what I had never heard of in England) a whole clan of infidel peasants. A neighbouring alehouse-keeper drinks, and laughs, and argues into Deism all the ploughmen and dairymen he can light on. But no mob rises against him; and reason good: Satan is not divided against himself.

Wednesday, 4.—I made an end of examining the society at Manchester; among whom were seventeen of the Dragoons. It is remarkable, that these were in the same regiment with John Haime, in Flanders; but they utterly despised both him and his Master till they removed to Manchester: here it was that one and another dropped in, he scarce knew why, to hear the preaching. And they now are a pattern of seriousness, zeal, and all holy conversation.

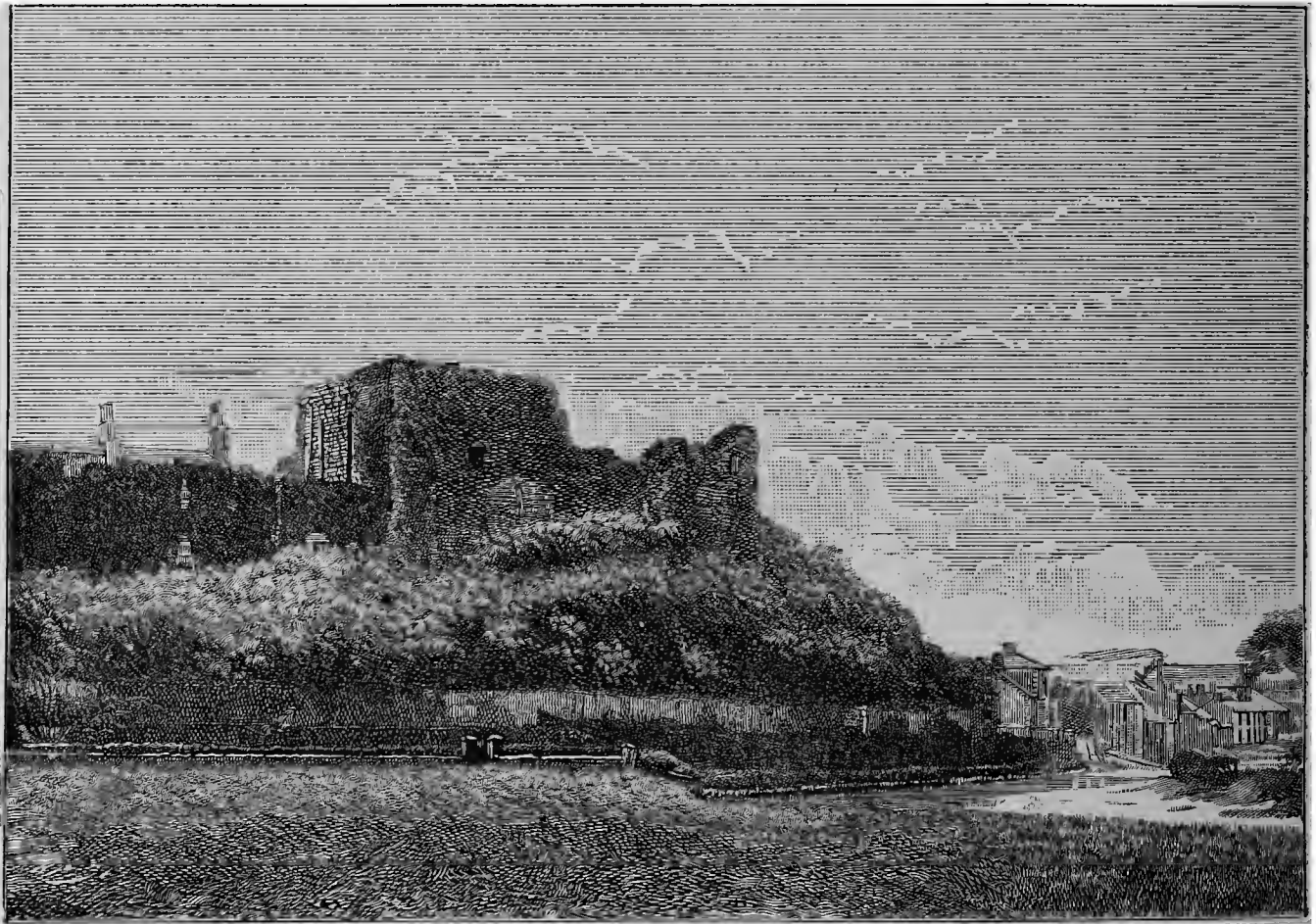
Saturday, 7.—I rode to Chipping. *Sunday, 8.*—As soon as we came into the aisle of the church from the vestry, a man (since dead) thrust himself between Mr. Milner and me, and said, "You shall not go into the pulpit." I told him, "I am only going into the desk." He said, "But you shall not go there neither;" and pushed me back by main strength. Eight or ten noisy men joined with him quickly, and set



(MR. JOHN HAIME.)

themselves in battle array. Fearing some might take fire on the other side, I desired Mr. Milner to begin the service. After prayers (for he had no sermon with him) great part of the congregation followed us to the vicarage. They came thither again after the evening service; and God made them large amends for their little disappointment in the morning.

Sunday, 15.—I preached in the afternoon at Cockermouth, to well-nigh all the inhabitants of the town. Intending to go from thence into Scotland, I inquired



(COCKERMOUTH CASTLE.)

concerning the road, and was informed I could not pass the arm of the sea which parts the two kingdoms, unless I was at Bonas, about thirty miles from Cockermouth, soon after five in the morning. At first I thought of taking an hour or two's sleep, and setting out at eleven or twelve. But, upon farther consideration, we chose to take our journey first, and rest afterward. So we took horse about seven, and having a calm, moonshiny night, reached Bonas before one. After two or three hours' sleep, we set out again without any faintness or drowsiness.

Our landlord, as he was guiding us over the Frith, very innocently asked, how much a year we got by preaching thus. This gave me an opportunity of explaining

to him that kind of gain which he seemed utterly a stranger to. He appeared to be quite amazed; and spake not one word, good or bad, till he took his leave.

Presently after he went, my mare stuck fast in a quagmire, which was in the midst of the high road. But we could well excuse this; for the road all along, for near fifty miles after, was such as I never saw any natural road either in England or Ireland; nay, far better, notwithstanding the continued rain, than the turnpike road between London and Canterbury.

We dined at Dumfries, a clean, well-built town, having two of the most elegant churches (one at each end of the town) that I have seen. We reached Thorny-hill in the evening. What miserable accounts pass current in England of the inns in Scotland! Yet here, as well as wherever we called in our whole journey, we had not only everything we wanted, but everything readily and in good order, and as clean as I ever desire.

Tuesday, 17.—We set out about four, and rode over several high, but extremely pleasant mountains to Lead-hill; a village of miners, resembling Placey, near Newcastle. We dined at a village called Lesmahaggy, and about eight in the evening reached Glasgow.

Wednesday, 18.—I walked over the city, which I take to be as large as Newcastle-upon-Tyne. The University (like that of Dublin) is only one College, consisting of two small squares; I think not larger, nor at all handsomer, than those of Lincoln College, in Oxford. The habit of the students gave me surprise. They wear scarlet gowns, reaching only to their knees. Most I saw were very dirty, some very ragged, and all of very coarse cloth. The high church is a fine building. The outside is equal to that of most cathedrals in England; but it is miserably defaced within; having no form, beauty, or symmetry left.

Thursday, 19.—At seven I preached about a quarter of a mile from the town: but it was an extremely rough and blustering morning; and few people came either at the time or place of my preaching: the natural consequence of which was, that I had but a small congregation. About four in the afternoon, a tent, as they term it, was prepared: a kind of moving pulpit, covered with canvas at the top, behind, and on the sides. In this I preached near the place where I was in the morning, to near six times as many people as before; and I am persuaded what was spoken came to some of their hearts, “not in word only, but in power.”

Friday, 20.—I had designed to preach at the same place; but the rain made it impracticable. So Mr. G. desired me to preach in his church; where I began between seven and eight. Surely with God nothing is impossible! Who would have believed, five-and-twenty years ago, either that the minister would have desired it, or that I should have consented to preach in a Scotch kirk?

We had a far larger congregation, at four in the afternoon, than the church could

have contained. At seven Mr. G. preached another plain, homely, affectionate sermon. Has not God still a favour for this city? It was long eminent for serious religion; and He is able to repair what is now decayed, and to build up the waste places.

Sunday, 22.—It rained much: nevertheless, upwards (I suppose) of a thousand people stayed with all willingness, while I explained and applied: “This is life eternal, to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ Whom Thou hast sent.” I was desired to preach afterwards at the prison; which I did about nine o’clock. All the felons, as well as debtors, behaved with such reverence as I never saw at any prison in England. It may be, some, even of these sinners, will occasion joy in heaven.

The behaviour of the people at church, both morning and afternoon, was beyond anything I ever saw, but in our congregations. None bowed or courtesied to each other, either before or after the service; from the beginning to the end of which none talked, or looked at any but the minister. Surely much of the power of godliness was here, when there is so much of the form still.

The meadow, where I stood in the afternoon, was filled from side to side. I spoke as closely as ever in my life. Many of the students, and many of the soldiers, were there; and I bear them witness, they could bear “sound doctrine.”

Saturday, JUNE 2.—Hardly knowing how to give credit to an odd story which I had heard, that one of our preachers was accustomed to preach in his sleep, I inquired more particularly concerning it, and received the following account:—

“On Friday, May 25, about one in the morning, being then fast asleep, he began to speak. There were present, in two or three minutes, William, Mary, Amelia Shent, John Haime, John Hampson, Joseph Jones, Thomas Mitchell, and Ann Foghill.

“He first exhorted the congregation to ‘sing with the spirit and the understanding also,’ and gave them directions how to do it. He then gave out that hymn, line by line,—

‘Come, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quick’ning powers!’

pitching the tune, and singing it to the end. He added an exhortation to take heed how they heard: then he named his text, 1 John v. 19: ‘We know that we are of God, and the whole world lieth in wickedness.’ He divided his discourse into six parts; undertaking to show, 1. That all true believers are of God: 2. That they *know* they are of God: 3. That the world lieth in wickedness: 4. That every individual who is of the world, is in this condition: 5. The dreadful end of such: He, 6, closed with an exhortation to those who were of God, and those who were of the world.

“After he had gone through two or three heads, he broke off, and began to speak to a clergyman, who came in and interrupted him. He disputed with him for some time, leaving him space to propose his objections, and then answering them one by

one. Afterwards he desired the congregation, now the disturber was gone, to return thanks to God; and so gave out and sung,—

‘Praise God, from Whom pure blessings flow!’

“When he had done preaching, he desired the society to meet; to whom he first gave out an hymn, as before, and then exhorted them to love one another: 1. Because they had one Creator, Preserver, and Father; 2. Because they had all one Redeemer; 3. Because they had all one Sanctifier; 4. Because they were walking in one way of holiness; and, 5. Because they were all going to one heaven.

“Having sung a parting verse, he said, (as shaking each by the hand,) ‘Good-night, brother; Good-night, sister.’ This lasted till about a quarter after two, he being fast asleep all the time. In the morning he knew nothing of all this; having, as he apprehended, slept from night to morning, without dreaming at all.” By what principles of philosophy can we account for this?

Sunday, JULY 29. — I was resolved, with God’s help, to preach where I had appointed. I had now, with the flux, a continual head-

ache, violent vomitings, and, several times in an hour, the cramp in my feet or legs; sometimes in both legs and both thighs together. But God enabled me to be thoroughly content, and thankfully resigned to Him. I desired one to preach in my place in



(MR. WESLEY RIDING THROUGH CAMBORNE.)

Ludgvan at noon, and at Helstone in the evening; and another on *Tuesday* noon, at Porkellis; promising, if I was able, to meet them in the evening.

Tuesday, 31.—After living a day and a half on claret and water, I found myself so easy, that I thought I could ride to Crowan. I found no inconvenience the first hour; but in the second my disorder returned. However, I rode on, being unwilling to disappoint the congregation, and preached on: “Be careful for nothing.” I then rode straight, as fast as I conveniently could, to Mr. Harris’s, in Camborne.

Wednesday, AUGUST 1.—At half an hour after two in the morning, my disorder came with more violence than ever. The cramp likewise returned; sometimes in my feet or hand, sometimes in my thighs, my side, or my throat. I had also a continual sickness, and a sensation of fulness at my stomach, as if it were ready to burst. I took a vomit; but it hardly wrought at all; nor did any thing I took make any alteration. Thus I continued all day, and all the following night; yet this I could not but particularly observe,—I had no head-ache, no colic, nor any pain, (only the cramp,) from first to last.

Thursday, 2.—Perceiving I gained no ground, but rather grew weaker and weaker, my stomach being drawn downward, so that I could not stand, nor lie but on my right side, I sent to Redruth for Mr. Carter, who came without delay. Here again I saw the gracious providence of God, in casting me on so sensible and skilful a man. He advised me to persist in the same regimen I was in, and prescribed no physic, except a small dose of rhubarb. But even this (as I expected it would) was thrown up again immediately.

I was now well satisfied; having had the best advice which could be procured; though my disorder continued much as before. But about five in the afternoon it ceased at once, without any visible cause. The cramp also was gone, my stomach was easy, and I laid down and slept till six in the morning.

Friday, 3.—I began to recover my strength, so that I could sit up near two hours together. And from this time, I felt no inconvenience; only that I could not talk, nor stand long without resting.

Sunday, 5.—In the afternoon I rode to Redruth, and preached to a large congregation in an open part of the street. My voice was low; but, the day being calm, I believe all could hear; and after I had done, I felt myself considerably stronger than when I begun.

Monday, 6.—I preached in Gwennap at five, and afterwards saw a strange sight,—a man that is old and rich, and yet not covetous. In the evening I preached at Penryn, and found my strength so restored, that I could speak loud enough to be heard by a numerous congregation; and thrice the next day, at Penryn, Bezore, (near Truro,) and St. Ewe.

Thursday, SEPTEMBER 27.—I was desired by Lady F—— to visit her daughter, ill of a consumption. I found much pity, both for the parent and the child, pining away in the bloom of youth, and yet not without joy; as she was already much convinced of sin, and seemed to be on the very brink of deliverance. I saw her once more on *Saturday*, 29, and

left her patiently waiting for God. Not long after, my brother spent some time with her in prayer, and was constrained, to the surprise of all that were present, to ask of God again and again, that He would perfect His work in her soul, and take her to Himself. Almost as soon as he had done, she stretched out her hands, said, "Come, Lord Jesus," and died!

Friday, OCTOBER 19.—I returned to London.

Saturday, 20.—I found myself out of order, but believed it would go off.

Sunday, 21.—I was considerably worse, but could not think of sparing myself on that day.

Monday, 22.—I rose extremely sick ; yet I determined, if it were possible, to keep



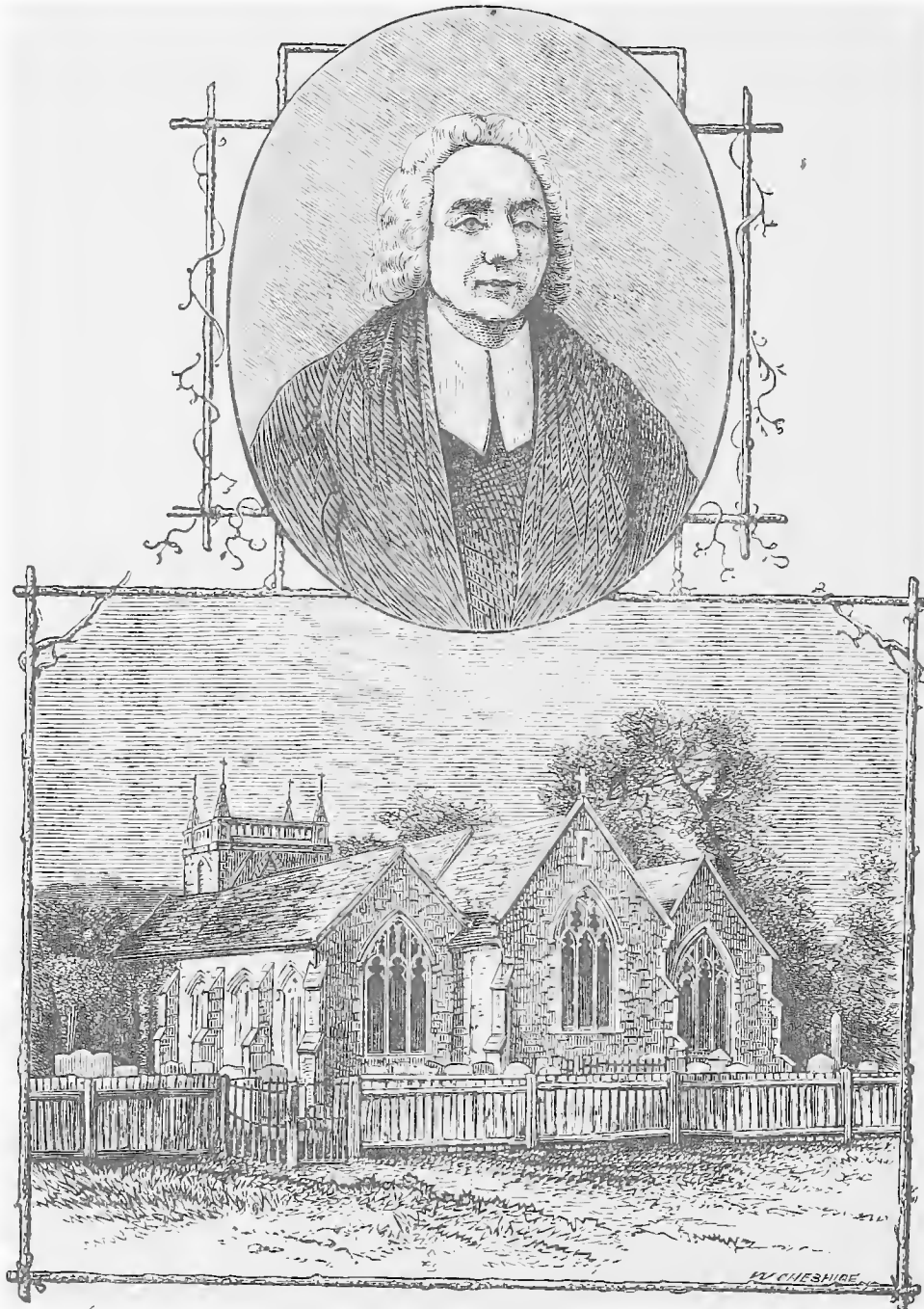
(WEST GATE, CANTERBURY.)

my word, and accordingly set out soon after four for Canterbury. At Welling, I was obliged to stop ; after resting an hour, I was much better ; but soon after I took horse, my sickness returned, and accompanied me to Brompton, near Chatham. In the evening I preached to a serious congregation, and at five in the morning. We came to Canterbury about one, when I was presently seized with the cold fit of an ague. About twelve I fell fast asleep, and waked well at seven in the morning.

Wednesday, 24.—I preached in the evening without any inconvenience, and at five in the morning. But about nine, I began shivering again. After the hot fit, I lay in a profuse sweat till eight. I then gradually cooled till I fell fast asleep, and rested sweetly till the morning.

Friday, 26.—Being determined to use that interval of health, I procured a chaise, and reached Brompton in the evening. I spoke, as I was able, in the evening; and God bore witness to the Word of His grace.

Saturday, 27.—I came to London; having received no hurt.



(SHOREHAM CHURCH, AND THE REV. VINCENT PERRONET, A.M.)

Thursday, NOVEMBER 1.—I began visiting the classes, though I found, by the loss of my voice, that my bodily strength was not so far recovered as I before imagined.

Sunday, 4.—I rode to Hayes, because I had promised, though I was much out of order. It was with the utmost difficulty that I read prayers, and preached, and

administered the Sacrament. I went through the evening service with more ease; but at night my strength quite failed. I should have taken some rhubarb the next day, but I had no time; having classes to meet from morning to night.

Thursday, 8.—In the night my disorder returned more violent than it had been since I left Cornwall. I should have taken some ipecacuanha in the morning, but had no time to spare; my business being fixed for every hour, till four in the afternoon; and by that time all my complaints were gone, so that I needed only a little food and rest.

Monday, 12.—I set out in a chaise for Leigh, having delayed my journey as long as I could. I preached at seven, but was extremely cold all the time, the wind coming strong from a door behind, and another on one side; so that my feet felt just as if I had stood in cold water.

Tuesday, 13.—The chamber wherein I sat, though with a large fire, was much colder than the garden; so that I could not keep myself tolerably warm, even when I was close to the chimney. As we rode home on *Wednesday, 14*, the wind was high and piercing cold, and blew just in our face, so that the open chaise was no defence, but my feet were quite chilled. When I came home, I had a settled pain in my left breast, a violent cough, and a slow fever; but in a day or two, by following Dr. Fothergill's prescriptions, I found much alteration for the better; and on *Sunday, 18*, I preached at Spitalfields, and administered the Sacrament to a large congregation.

Monday, 19.—I retired to Shoreham, and gained strength continually; till about eleven at night, on *Wednesday, 21*, I was obliged by the cramp to leap out of bed, and continue, for some time, walking up and down the room, though it was a sharp frost. My cough now returned with greater violence, and that by day as well as by night.

Saturday, 24.—I rode home, and was pretty well till night; but my cough was then worse than ever. My fever returned at the same time, together with the pain in my left breast; so that I should probably have stayed at home on *Sunday, 25*, had it not been advertised in the public papers, that I would preach a charity sermon at the chapel, both morning and afternoon. My cough did not interrupt me while I preached in the morning; but it was extremely troublesome while I administered the Sacrament. In the afternoon I consulted my friends, whether I should attempt to preach again or no. They thought I should, as it had been advertised. I did so; but very few could hear. My fever increased much while I was preaching; however, I ventured to meet the society; and for near an hour my voice and strength were restored, so that I felt neither pain nor weakness.

Monday, 26.—Dr. F—— told me plain, I must not stay in town a day longer; adding, "If anything does thee good, it must be the country air, with rest, asses' milk, and riding daily." So (not being able to sit an horse) about noon I took coach for Lewisham.

In the evening, (not knowing how it might please God to dispose of me,) to prevent vile panegyric, I wrote as follows :—

HERE LIETH THE BODY
OF
JOHN WESLEY,
A BRAND PLUCKED OUT OF THE BURNING :
WHO DIED OF A CONSUMPTION IN THE FIFTY-FIRST YEAR OF HIS AGE,
NOT LEAVING, AFTER HIS DEBTS ARE PAID,
TEN POUNDS BEHIND HIM :
PRAYING,
GOD BE MERCIFUL TO ME, AN UNPROFITABLE SERVANT !

He ordered that this, if any, inscription should be placed on his tomb-stone.

Wednesday, 28.—I found no change for the better, the medicines which had helped me before, now taking no effect. About noon (the time that some of our brethren in London had set apart for joining in prayer) a thought came into my mind to make an experiment. So I ordered some stone brimstone to be powdered, mixed with the white of an egg, and spread on brown paper, which I applied to my side. The pain ceased in five minutes, the fever in half an hour ; and from this hour I began to recover strength. The next day I was able to ride, which I continued to do every day till January 1. Nor did the weather hinder me once ; it being always tolerably fair (however it was before) between twelve and one o'clock.

Friday, DECEMBER 14.—Having finished all the books which I designed to insert in the "Christian Library," I broke through the Doctor's order, not to write, and began transcribing a Journal for the press ; and in the evening I went to prayers with the family, without finding any inconvenience.

Thursday, 20.—I felt a gradual increase of strength, till I took a decoction of the bark, which I do not find (such is the peculiarity of my constitution) will agree with me in any form whatever. This immediately threw me into a purging, which brought me down again in a few days, and quite disappointed me in my design of going out on Christmas-day.

Tuesday, JANUARY 1, 1754.—I returned once more to London.

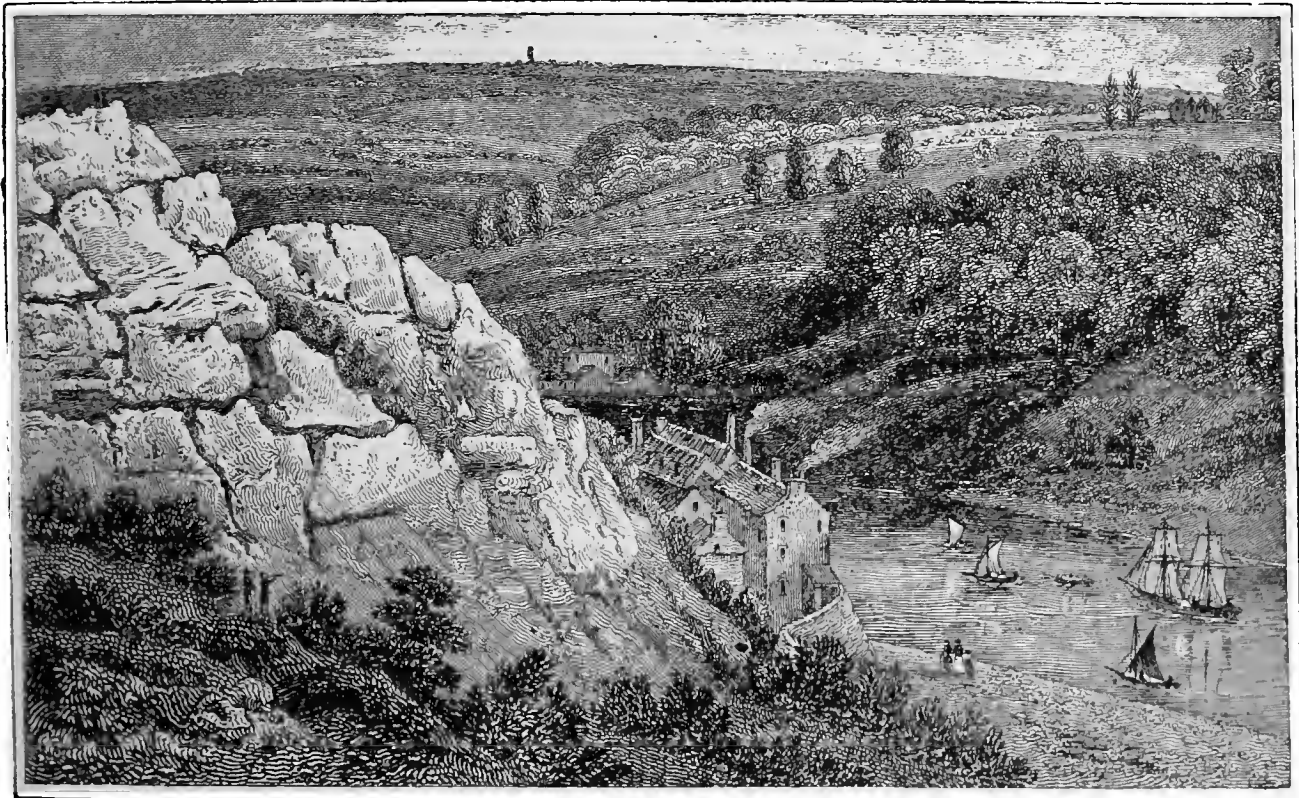
On *Wednesday*, 2, I set out in the machine, and the next afternoon came to Chippenham. Here I took a post-chaise, in which I reached Bristol about eight in the evening.

Friday, 4.—I began drinking the water at the Hotwells, having a lodging at a small distance from it ; and on *Sunday*, 6, I began writing Notes on the New

Testament : a work which I should scarce ever have attempted, had I not been so ill as not to be able to travel or preach, and yet so well as to be able to read and write.

Monday, 7.—I went on now in a regular method, rising at my hour, and writing from five to nine at night ; except the time of riding, half an hour for each meal, and the hour between five and six in the evening.

Monday, 14.—In the evening one or two of our neighbours desired to join in our family prayers ; a few more soon made the same request, so that I had a little congregation every night.



Engraved by S. Lacey

(THE HOTWELLS, BRISTOL, IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.)

Wednesday, 27.—My brother came down from London, and we spent several days together, in comparing the translation of the Evangelists with the original, and reading Dr. Heylyn's "Lectures," and Dr. Doddridge's "Family Expositor."

Tuesday, MARCH 19.—Having finished the rough draught, I began transcribing the Notes on the Gospels.

Tuesday, 26.—I preached for the first time, after an intermission of four months. What reason have I to praise God, that He does not take the word of His truth utterly out of my mouth !

Wednesday, APRIL 3.—I settled all the business I could, and the next morning retired to Paddington. Here I spent some weeks in writing ; only going to town on Saturday evenings, and leaving it again on Monday morning.

In my hours of walking I read Dr. Calamy's "Abridgment of Mr. Baxter's Life." What a scene is opened here! In spite of all the prejudice of education, I could not but see that the poor Nonconformists had been used without either justice or mercy; and that many of the Protestant Bishops of King Charles had neither more religion, nor humanity, than the Popish Bishops of Queen Mary.

Wednesday, JUNE 26.—I read one of the prettiest trifles which perhaps is extant in the English tongue, Mr. Hay, "On Deformity." Surely such a writer deserves a better subject.

Saturday, JULY 6.—I spent two hours in the gardens at Kensington. They are just fit for a King; far more grand than pleasant: and yet nothing so grand as many parts of the Peak in Derbyshire.

Monday, AUGUST 5.—I set out for Canterbury. On the way I read Mr. Baxter's "History of the Councils." It is utterly astonishing, and would be wholly incredible, but that his vouchers are beyond all exception. What a company of execrable wretches have they been, (one cannot justly give them a milder title,) who have almost in every age, since St. Cyprian, taken upon them to govern the Church! How has one Council been perpetually cursing another; and delivering all over to Satan, whether predecessors or cotemporaries, who did not implicitly receive their determinations, though generally trifling, sometimes false, and frequently unintelligible, or



(DR. DODDRIDGE.)

self-contradictory! Surely Mahometanism was let loose to reform the Christians! I know not but Constantinople has gained by the change.

Tuesday, 6.—I was much out of order: however, I preached in the evening; but could do nothing the next day.

Wednesday, 14.—I took a lodging at the New Hotwells, where I was free both from noise and hurry; and had an opportunity of drinking the water late in the evening, and early in the morning. But my course of physic was near being cut short the next day, by a large stone which was hung up as the weight of a jack. I applied to my head-cloths dipped in cold water, which presently stopped the bleeding, and so abated the swelling, that in a few hours I found no farther inconvenience.

Monday, SEPTEMBER 2.—I set out for the west.

Monday 9.—I preached at Charlton, a village six miles from Taunton, to a large congregation gathered from the towns and country for many miles round. All the farmers here had some time before entered into a joint engagement to turn all out of their service, and give no work to any, who went to hear a Methodist preacher. But



(KENSINGTON GARDENS.)

there is no counsel against the Lord. One of the chief of them, Mr. G——, was not long after convinced of the truth, and desired those very men to preach at his house. Many of the other confederates came to hear, whom their servants and labourers gladly followed. So the whole device of Satan fell to the ground; and the Word of God grew and prevailed.

Tuesday, 17.—I rode to Trowbridge, where one who found peace with God while he was a soldier in Flanders, and has been much prospered in business since his discharge,

has built a preaching-house at his own expense. He had a great desire that I should be the first who preached in it; but before I had finished the hymn, it was so crowded, and consequently so hot, that I was obliged to go out and stand at the door; there was a multitude of hearers, rich and poor. O that they may not all hear in vain!

Friday, 27.—I thought I had strength enough to keep a watch-night, which I had



(THE BLACK AND WHITE HOUSE, HACKNEY.)

not done before for eleven months. But though I broke off at eleven, I almost lost my voice; and the next evening at Weaver's Hall it entirely failed, so that I had much difficulty to conclude my sermon.

Monday, 30.—I preached at Coleford, our other Kingswood, where also the lions are become lambs.

Wednesday, OCTOBER 2.—I walked to Old Sarum, which, in spite of common-sense, without house or inhabitant, still sends two members to the Parliament. It is a large,

round hill, encompassed with a broad ditch, which, it seems, has been of a considerable depth. At the top of it is a corn-field; in the midst of which is another round hill, about two hundred yards in diameter, encompassed with a wall, and a deep ditch. Probably before the invention of cannon, this city was impregnable. Troy was; but now it is vanished away, and nothing left but "the stones of emptiness."

Friday, 4.—I came to London. On *Monday, 7*, I retired to a little place near Hackney, formerly a seat of Bishop Bonner's, (how are the times changed!) and still bearing his name. Here I was as in a College.

Saturday, 26.—Mr. Gilbert Tennent, of New-England, called upon me, and informed me of his design, now ready to be executed, of founding an American College for Protestants of every denomination: an admirable design, if it will bring Protestants of every denomination to bear with one another.

Monday, 28.—I delivered my own soul, by one more conversation with Sir——; the substance of which I wrote to him the next day in the following letter:—

"SIR,

October 28, 1754.

"Whether I see you any more in this life or no, I rejoice that I have seen you this once; and that God enabled you to bear with patience, what I spoke in the simplicity of my heart.

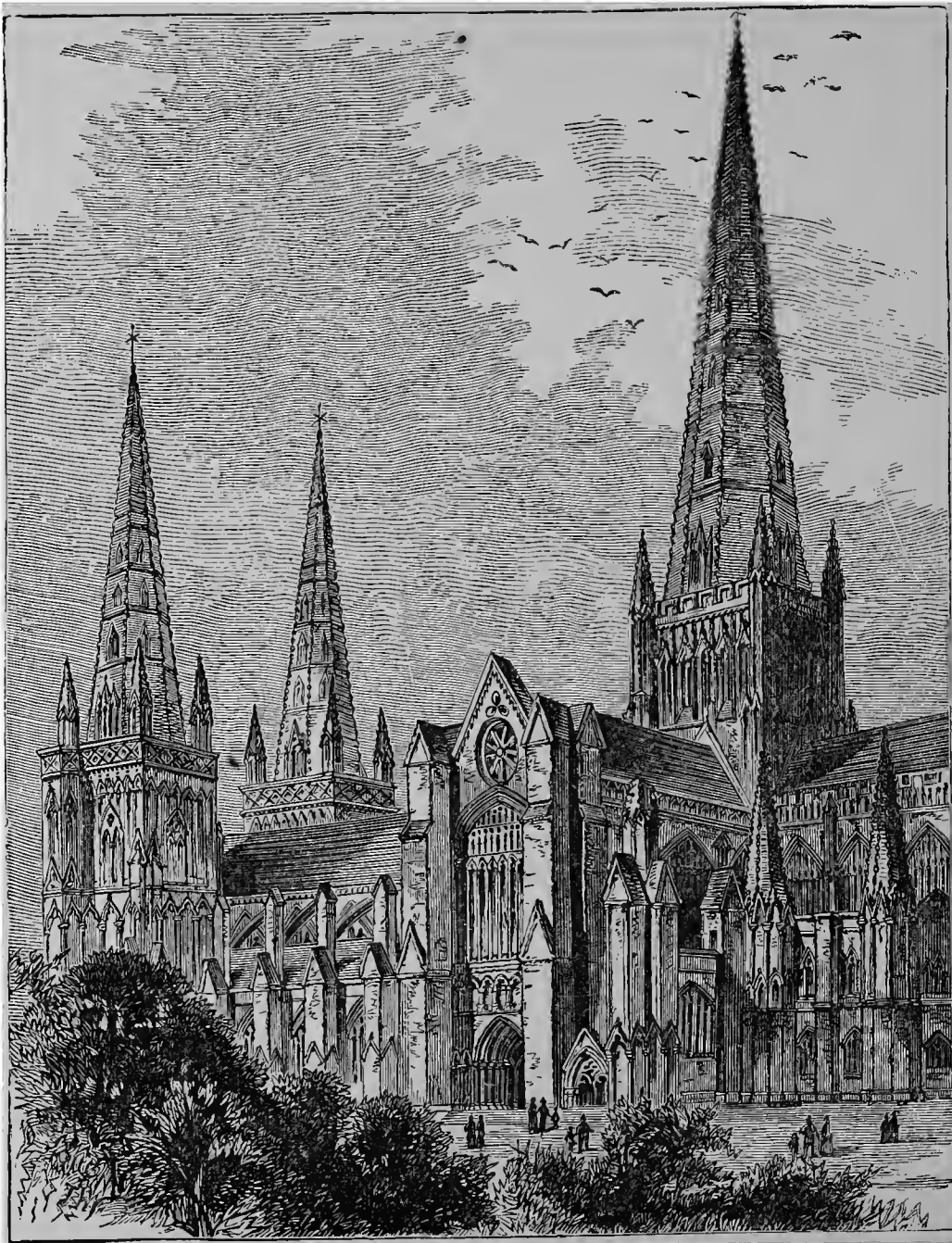
"The substance of what I took the liberty to mention to you this morning was, You are on the borders of the grave, as well as I: shortly we must both appear before God. When it seemed to me, some months since, that my life was near an end, I was troubled that I had not dealt plainly with you. This you will permit me to do now, without any reserve, in the fear and in the presence of God.

"I reverence you for your office as a Magistrate; I believe you to be an honest, upright man; I love you for having protected an innocent people from their cruel and lawless oppressors. But so much the more am I obliged to say, (though I judge not; God is the Judge,) I fear you are covetous; that you love the world: and if you do, as sure as the Word of God is true, you are not in a state of salvation.

"The substance of your answer was, 'That many people exhort others to charity from self-interest; that men of fortune must mind their fortune; that you cannot go about to look for poor people; that when you have seen them yourself, and relieved them, they were scarce ever satisfied; that many make an ill use of what you give them; that you cannot trust the account people give of themselves by letters; that, nevertheless, you do give to private persons, by the hands of Colonel Hudson and others; that you have also given to several hospitals an hundred pounds at a time; but that you must support your family; that the Lowther family has continued above four hundred years; that you are for great things,—for public charities, and for

saving the nation from ruin; and that others may think as they please, but this is your way of thinking, and has been for many years.'

"To this I replied: '1. Sir, I have no self-interest in this matter: I consult your



(LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL.)

interest, not my own; I want nothing from you; I desire nothing from you; I expect nothing from you: but I am concerned for your immortal spirit, which must so soon launch into eternity. 2. It is true, men of fortune must mind their fortune; but they must not love the world. *If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.* 3. It is true, likewise, you cannot go about to look for poor people; but you may be

sufficiently informed of them by those that can. 4. And if some of these are never satisfied, this is no reason for not relieving others. 5. Suppose, too, that some make an ill use of what you give, the loss falls on their own head; you will not lose your reward for their fault: what you laid out, God will pay you again. 6. Yet certainly you do well to have all the assurance you can, that those to whom you give are likely to make a good use of it; and therefore to expect a stronger recommendation of them than their own, whether by letter or otherwise. 7. I rejoice that you have given to many by so worthy a man as Colonel Hudson, whose word is certainly a sufficient recommendation. 8. I rejoice likewise that you have given some hundreds of pounds to the hospitals, and wish it had been ten thousand. 9. To the support of the family I did not object; but begged leave to ask, whether this could not be done, without giving ten thousand a year to one who had as much already? etc.'

“Your servant, for Christ's sake.”

Wednesday, APRIL 2, 1755.—With some difficulty we reached Stanley: there has been lately a great awakening in this country. I never saw such a congregation here before, notwithstanding the wind and rain; and all present seemed to receive the Word with gladness and readiness of mind. There is a solid, serious people in these parts, who stand their ground against all opposition. The warmest opposers are the Jacobites, who do not love us, because we love King George. But they profit nothing; for more and more people “fear God, and honour the king.”

Monday, 7.—We baited at an house six miles beyond Lichfield. An elderly man, pretty well dressed, came in. Upon inquiry, he told us he was travelling, as he could, towards his home near Hounslow, in hopes of agreeing with his creditors, to whom he had surrendered his all. But how to get on he knew not, as he had no money, and had caught a tertian ague. I hope a wise Providence directed this wanderer also, that he might have a remedy for both his maladies.

Soon after we took horse we overtook a poor man creeping forward on two crutches. I asked, whither he was going. He said, toward Nottingham, where his wife lived: but both his legs had been broke while he was on shipboard, and he had now spent all his money. This man likewise appeared exceeding thankful, and ready to acknowledge the Hand of God.

Wednesday, 9.—In the evening I preached at Manchester. The mob was tolerably quiet, as long as I was speaking, but immediately after, raged horribly. This, I find, has been their manner for some time. No wonder; since the good Justices encourage them.

Tuesday, 15.—Warrington: at six in the morning, I preached to a large and serious congregation; and then went on to Liverpool, one of the neatest, best-built towns I have seen in England: I think it is full twice as large as Chester; most of

the streets are quite straight. Two-thirds of the town, we were informed, have been added within these forty years. If it continue to increase in the same proportion, in forty years more it will nearly equal Bristol. The people in general are the most mild and courteous I ever saw in a sea-port town; as indeed appears by their friendly behaviour, not only to the Jews and Papists who live among them, but even to the Methodists (so called). The preaching-house is a little larger than that at Newcastle. It was thoroughly filled at seven in the evening; and the hearts of the whole congregation seemed to be moved before the Lord, and before the presence of His power.

Every morning, as well as evening, abundance of people gladly attended the preaching. Many of them, I learned, were dear lovers of controversy: but I had better work. I pressed upon them all "repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ."

Friday, 25.—About ten I preached near Todmorden. The people stood, row above row, on the side of the mountain. They were rough enough in outward appearance; but their hearts were as melting wax.

One can hardly conceive any thing more delightful than the vale through which we rode from hence. The river ran through the green meadows on the right. The fruitful hills and woods rose on either hand: yet here and there a rock hung over, the little holes of which put me in mind of those beautiful lines,—

*Te, Domine, intonsi montes, te saxa loquentur
Summa Deum, dum montis amat juga pendulus hircus,
Saxorumque colit latebrosa cuniculus antra!**

Saturday, 26.—I preached, at seven, to a large and serious congregation, and again at four in the afternoon. When I began, in a meadow near the house, the wind was so high, I could hardly speak. But the winds too are in God's hand: in a few minutes that inconvenience ceased, and we found the Spirit of God breathing in the midst of us, so that great was our rejoicing in the Lord.

Thursday, MAY 1.—I finished the "Gentleman's Reasons" (who is a Dissenting minister at Exeter). In how different a spirit does this man write from honest Richard Baxter! The one dipping, as it were, his pen in tears, the other in vinegar and gall. Surely one page of that loving, serious Christian weighs more than volumes of this bitter, sarcastic jester.

Tuesday, 13.—I rode on to Newcastle. I did not find things here in the order I expected. O how much discord is caused by one jarring string! How much trouble by one man who does not walk by the same rule, and agree in the same judgment with his brethren!

* This is a beautiful paraphrase on that verse in the one hundred and fourth Psalm: "The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats; and so are the stony rocks for the conies."

Thursday, 29.—I had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Gillies, from Glasgow. He preached for me in the evening, to the still greater astonishment of the warm men; who “could never have thought it of him!” Shall we not have more and more cause to say,—

“Names, and sects, and parties fall;
Thou, O Christ, art all in all?”

Friday, JUNE 6.—I read Dr. Sharp’s elaborate tracts on the “Rubrics and Canons.” He justly observes, with regard to all these, 1. That our Governors have power to dispense with our observance of them: 2. That a *tacit* dispensation is of the

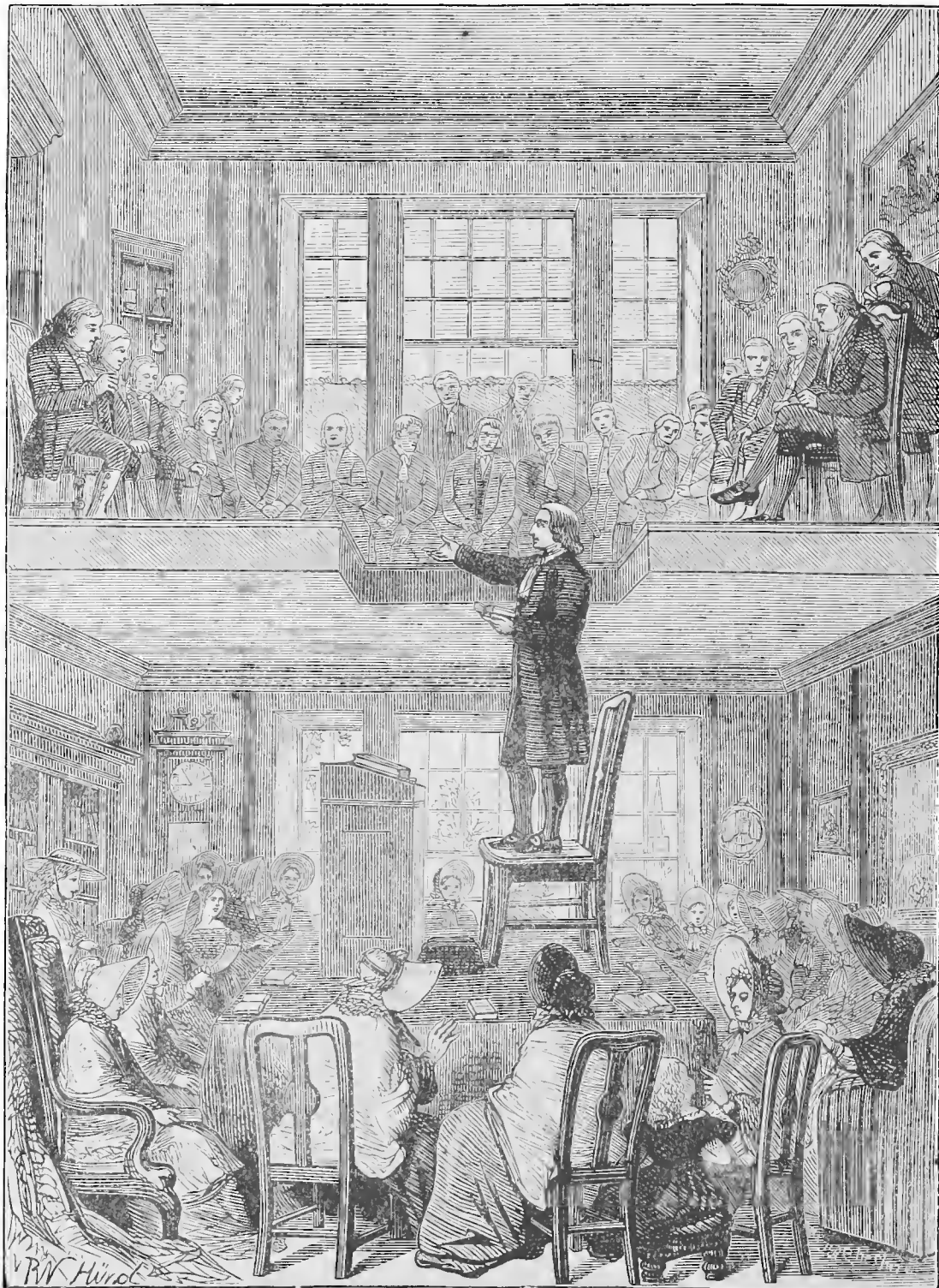


(SANDGATE, NEWCASTLE. By permission from “The Newcastle Monthly Chronicle.”)

same force with an *explicit* dispensation: 3. That their continued connivance at what they cannot but know, is a *tacit* dispensation. I think this is true; but if it be, he has himself answered his own charge against the Methodists (so called). For suppose the Canons did forbid field-preaching, as expressly as playing at cards and frequenting taverns, yet we have the very same plea for the former, as any clergyman has for the latter. All our Governors, the King, the Archbishop, and Bishops, connive at the one as well as the other.

Saturday, 7.—York. One of the Residentiaries sent for Mr. Williamson, who had invited me to preach in his church, and told him, “Sir, I abhor persecution; but if you let Mr. Wesley preach, it will be the worse for you.” He desired it nevertheless;

but I declined. Perhaps there is a providence in this also. God will not suffer my little remaining strength to be spent on those who will not hear me but in an honourable way.



(MR. WESLEY PREACHING AT NOTTINGHAM.)

Monday, 9.—I took my leave of the richest society, number for number, which we have in England. I hope this place will not prove (as Cork has for some time

done) the Capua of our preachers. When I came to Epworth, the congregation was waiting. So I went immediately to the Cross; and great was our glorying in the Lord.

Tuesday, 10.—I met the Stewards of the Lincolnshire societies, who gave us an agreeable account of the Work of God in every place.

Monday, 16.—I preached in the evening at Nottingham; and on *Thursday* afternoon reached London. From a deep sense of the amazing work which God has of late years wrought in England, I preached in the evening on those words (Psalm cxlvii. 20): “He hath not dealt so with any nation;” no, not even with Scotland or



(PULL'S FERRY, AT THE BOTTOM OF THE CLOSE, NORWICH.)

New-England. In both these God has indeed made bare His Arm; yet not in so astonishing a manner as among us. This must appear to all who impartially consider, 1. The numbers of persons on whom God has wrought: 2. The swiftness of His work in many, both convinced and truly converted in a few days: 3. The depth of it in most of these, changing the heart, as well as the whole conversation: 4. The clearness of it, enabling them boldly to say, “Thou hast loved me; Thou hast given Thyself for me:” 5. The continuance of it. God has wrought in Scotland and New-England, at several times, for some weeks or months together; but among us, He has wrought for near eighteen years together, without any observable intermission. Above all, let

it be remarked, that a considerable number of the regular clergy were engaged in that great work in Scotland; and in New-England, above an hundred, perhaps as eminent as any in the whole province, not only for piety, but also for abilities, both natural and acquired; whereas in England there were only two or three inconsiderable clergymen, with a few young, raw, unlettered men; and these opposed by well-nigh all the clergy, as well as laity, in the nation. He that remarks this must needs own, both that this is a work of God, and that He hath not wrought so in any other nation.

Monday, 23.—I was considering what could be the reasons why the Hand of the Lord (Who does nothing without a cause) is almost entirely stayed in Scotland, and in great measure in New-England. It does not become us to judge peremptorily; but perhaps some of them may be these:—1. Many of them became “wise in their own eyes;” they seemed to think they were the men, and there were none like them. And hence they refused God the liberty of sending by whom He would send; and required Him to work by men of learning, or not at all. 2. Many of them were bigots, immoderately attached either to their own opinions or mode of worship. Mr. Edwards himself was not clear of this. But the Scotch bigots were beyond all others; placing Arminianism (so called) on a level with Deism, and the Church of England with that of Rome. Hence they not only suffered in themselves and their brethren a bitter zeal, but applauded themselves therein; in showing the same spirit against all who differed from them, as the Papists did against our forefathers. No marvel then that the Spirit of God was grieved. Let us profit by their example.

Monday, 30.—I set out for Norwich, and came thither the next evening. As a large congregation was waiting, I could not but preach, though weary enough. The two following days I spoke to each member of the society; and on *Friday, JULY 4.* took horse again, though how I should ride five miles I knew not. But God so strengthened both man and beast, that I reached Bury the same night, and London the next, far less tired than when I set out from Norwich.

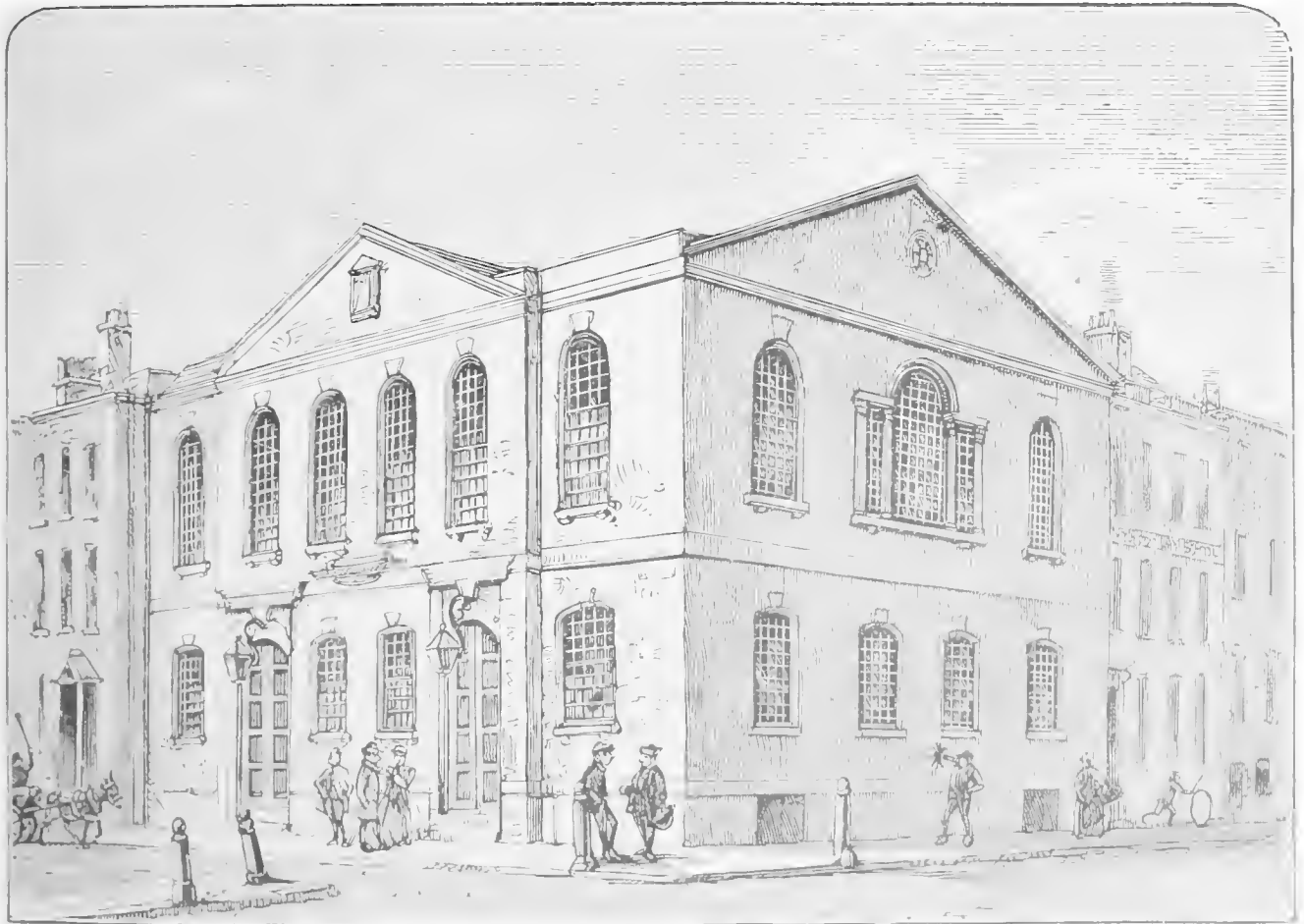
Thursday, 17.—One spent the evening with us who is accounted both a sensible and a religious man. What a proof of the fall! Even with all the advantages of a liberal education, this person, I will be bold to say, knows just as much of heart-religion, of scriptural Christianity, the religion of love, as a child three years old of Algebra.

Tuesday, 22.—To oblige a friendly gentlewoman, I was a witness to her will, wherein she bequeathed part of her estate to charitable uses; and part, during his natural life, to her dog Toby. I suppose, though she should die within the year, her legacy to Toby may stand good; but that to the poor is null and void, by the statute of Mortmain!

Wednesday, AUGUST 6.—I mentioned to the congregation another means of increasing serious religion, which had been frequently practised by our forefathers, and

attended with eminent blessing ; namely, the joining in a covenant to serve God with all our heart and with all our soul. I explained this for several mornings following ; and on *Friday* many of us kept a fast unto the Lord, beseeching Him to give us wisdom and strength, to promise unto the Lord our God and keep it.

Monday, 11.—I explained once more the nature of such an engagement, and the manner of doing it acceptably to God. At six in the evening we met for that purpose, at the French church in Spitalfields. After I had recited the tenour of the covenant



(THE FRENCH CHURCH, SPITALFIELDS.)

proposed, in the words of that blessed man, Richard Alleine, all the people stood up, in testimony of assent, to the number of about eighteen hundred persons. Such a sight I scarce ever saw before. Surely the fruit of it shall remain for ever.

Monday, 25.—I rode over the mountains, close by the sea to Llooc, a town near half as large as Islington, which sends four Members to the Parliament ! And each county in North Wales sends one !

Sunday, SEPTEMBER 14.—I rode on to Cubert. At noon I was much tired ; but I was now as fresh as in the morning.

Monday, 15.—We walked an hour near the sea-shore, among those amazing

caverns, which are full as surprising as Poole's Hole, or any other in the Peak of Derbyshire. Some part of the rock in these natural vaults glitters as bright and ruddy as gold: part is a fine sky-blue; part green; part enamelled, exactly like mother-of-pearl; and a great part, especially near the Holy Well, (which bubbles up on the top of a rock, and is famous for curing either scorbutic or scrofulous disorders,) is crusted over, wherever the water runs, with an hard, white coat like alabaster.

Wednesday, OCTOBER 29.—I returned to London. In my scraps of time, on this

and two or three other days, I read over (what I had often heard much commended) Lord Anson's Voyage. What pity he had not a better historian! one who had eyes to see, and courage to own, the Hand of God.

Wednesday, NOVEMBER 5.—Mr. Whitefield called upon me;—disputings are now no more: we love one another, and join hand in hand to promote the Cause of our common Master.

Friday, DECEMBER 12.—As I was returning from Zoar, I came as well as usual to Moorfields; but there my strength entirely failed, and such a faintness and weariness seized me, that it was with difficulty I got home. I could not but think, how happy it would be (suppose we were ready for the Bridegroom) to sink down and steal away at once, without any of the hurry and pomp of dying! Yet it is happier still



(GEORGE II.)

to glorify God in our death, as well as our life.

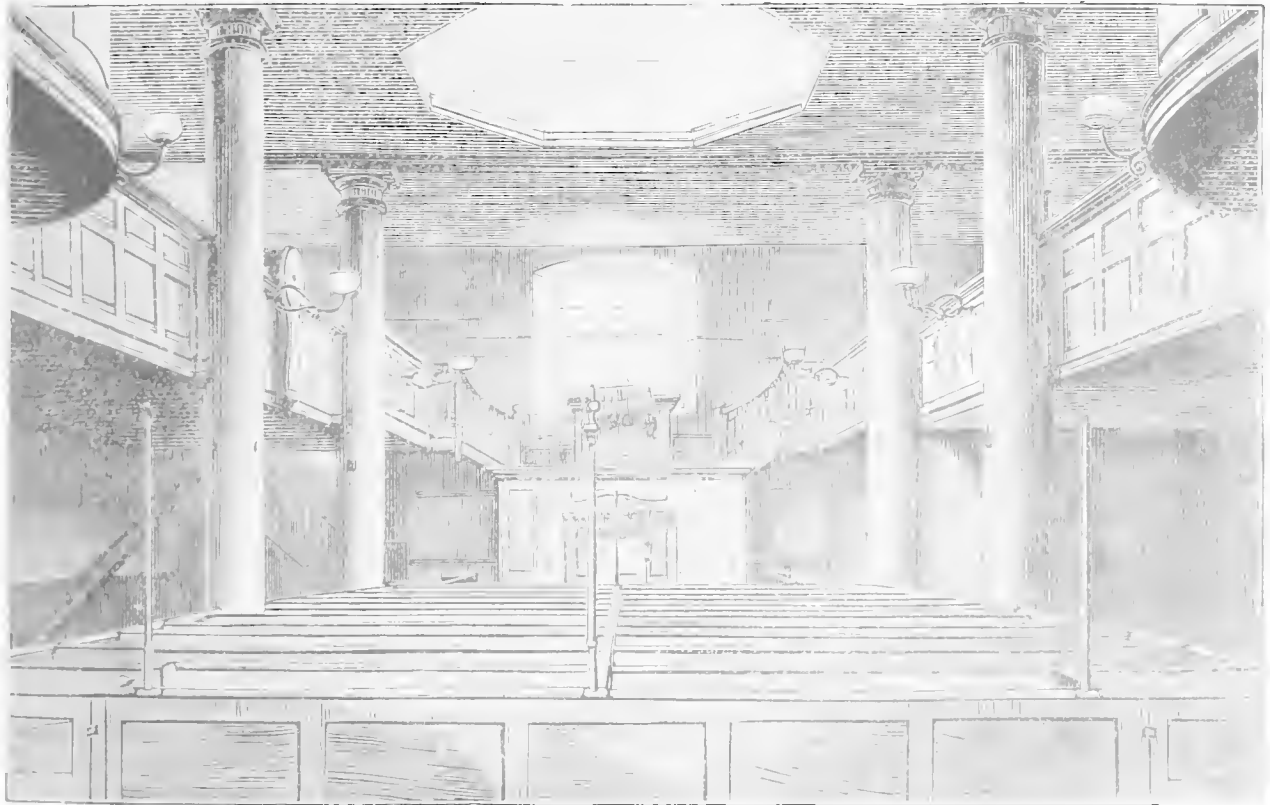
Tuesday, 23.—I was in the robe chamber, adjoining to the House of Lords, when the king put on his robes. His brow was much furrowed with age, and quite clouded with care. And is this all the world can give even to a king? all the grandeur it can afford? A blanket of ermine round his shoulders, so heavy and cumbersome he can scarce move under it! An huge heap of borrowed hair, with a few plates of gold and glittering stones upon his head! Alas, what a bauble is human greatness! And even this will not endure.

Thursday, JANUARY 1, 1756.—We had a large congregation at four in the morning.

Monday, 5.—This week I wrote “An Address to the Clergy ;” which, considering the state of public affairs, I judged would be more seasonable, and more easily borne, at this time than at any other.

Saturday, 17, and in the spare hours of the following days, I read over Mr. Pike’s *Philosophia Sacra* ; a Treatise admirably well wrote, by an ingenious man, who says all that can be said for Mr. Hutchinson’s hypothesis : but it is only an hypothesis still ; much *supposition*, and little *proof*.

Friday, FEBRUARY 6.—The fast-day was a glorious day ; such as London has scarce



(MR. WESLEY'S FIRST PREACHING HOUSE, BRISTOL.)

seen since the Restoration ! Every church in the city was more than full ; and a solemn seriousness sat on every face. Surely God heareth the prayer ; and there will yet be a lengthening of our tranquillity.

Even the Jews observed this day with a peculiar solemnity. The form of prayer which was used in their synagogue began, “Come, and let us return unto the Lord ; for He hath torn, and He will heal us ;” and concluded with those remarkable words, “Incline the heart of our Sovereign Lord King George, as well as the hearts of his Lords and Counsellors, to use us kindly, and all our brethren, the children of Israel ; that in his days and in our days we may see the restoration of Judah, and that Israel may dwell in safety, and the Redeemer may come to Zion. May it be Thy will ! And we all say, Amen.”

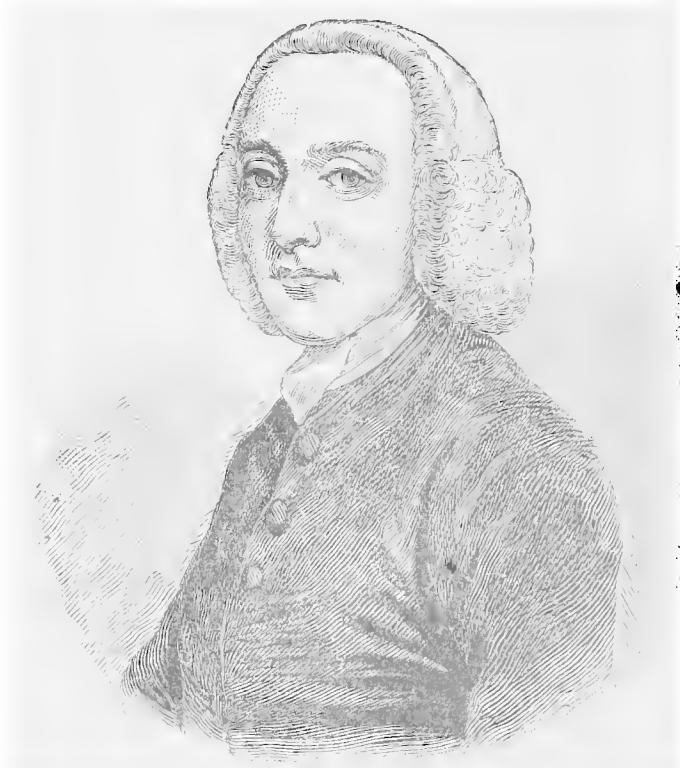
Wednesday, MARCH 3.—I found Bristol all in a flame ; voters and non-voters being ready to tear each other in pieces. I had not recovered my voice, so as either to preach or speak to the whole society : but I desired those members who were freemen to meet me by themselves ; whom I mildly and lovingly informed how they ought to act in this hour of temptation : and I believe the far greater part of them received and profited by the advice.

Thursday, APRIL 1.—Dublin. I bought one or two books at Mr. Smith's on the Blind Quay. I wanted change for a guinea, but he could not give it ; so I borrowed some silver of my companion. The next evening a young gentleman came from Mr.

Smith's to tell me I had left a guinea on his counter. Such an instance of honesty I have rarely met with, either in Bristol or London.

Sunday, 11.—I met about an hundred children, who are catechised publicly twice a week. Thomas Walsh began this some months ago ; and the fruit of it appears already. What a pity that all our preachers in every place have not the zeal and wisdom to follow his example !

Thursday, MAY 6.—I rode to Kilkenny. One of the dragoons who were quartered here, soon found us out. A few, both of the army and of the town, are joined, and constantly meet together. I preached in the barracks, in one of the officers' rooms. Still, in Ireland, the first call is to the soldiery.



(MR. THOMAS WALSH.)

Monday, 10—I went forward to Clonmel, the pleasantest town, beyond all comparison, which I have yet seen in Ireland. It has four broad, straight streets of well-built houses, which cross each other in the centre of the town. Close to the walls, on the south side, runs a broad, clear river. Beyond this rises a green and fruitful mountain, and hangs over the town. The vale runs many miles both east and west, and is well cultivated throughout.

Monday, 24.—I preached in the market-place at Kinsale.

Tuesday, 25.—I walked to the Fort. It commands the entrance of the harbour, and has three tier of guns, one over the other. It is built upon the firm rock ; is of a large extent, and the upper part of a great height from the water. But all is out of repair ; many of the cannon are dismounted ; most of them unfit for service ;

so that many think a second-rate man-of-war might take it in a few hours' time. At one I preached in the Exchange: abundance of soldiers, and the colonel, with several officers, were present; so that I conceived some hopes that the seed sown even at Kinsale will not all be lost.

At five I preached in the market-house at Inishannon to a very large and well-behaved congregation, and then went on to Bandon.

Friday, 28.—I rode out with Mrs. Jones, as I did every day, to save her life, if possible. From the hill we had a fair view of Castle Barnard, with the park adjoining; in which, a few years ago, Judge Barnard used to take such delight. Indeed, it is a beautiful place in every respect. The house is one of the most elegant I have seen in the kingdom, both as to the structure and the situation; standing on the side of a fruitful hill, and having a full command of the vale, the river, and the opposite mountain. The ground, near the house, is laid out with the finest taste, in gardens of every kind; with a wilderness, canals, fish-ponds, water-works, and rows of trees in various forms. The park includes part of each hill, with the river between, running through the meadow and lawns, which are tufted over with trees of every kind, and every now and then a thicket or grove.

Wednesday, JUNE 16.—In the afternoon I rode to Ballingarrane, a town of Palatines, who came over in Queen Anne's time. They retain much of the temper and manners of their own country, having no resemblance of those among whom they live. I found much life among this plain, artless, serious people. The whole town came together in the evening, and praised God for the consolation. Many of those who are not outwardly joined with us, walk in the light of God's countenance; yea, and have divided themselves into classes, in imitation of our brethren, with whom they live in perfect harmony.

Friday, 18.—In examining the society I was obliged to pause several times. The words of the plain, honest people came with so much weight, as frequently to stop me for a while, and raise a general cry among the hearers.

Tuesday, JULY 13.—At noon I preached at Cleggill; at five in the barrack-yard again, where the concourse of people was greater than before. Mr. P., the minister of a neighbouring parish, and another clergyman who came with him, received the truth in love: Mrs. P. (his wife) found rest to her soul.

But how is it, that almost in every place, even where there is no lasting fruit, there is so great an impression made at first, upon a considerable number of people? The fact is this:—Everywhere the Work of God rises higher and higher, till it comes to a point. Here it seems for a short time to be at a stay. And then it gradually sinks again.

All this may easily be accounted for. At first, curiosity brings many hearers: at the same time God draws many by His preventing grace to hear His Word, and

comforts them in hearing. One then tells another. By this means, on the one hand, curiosity spreads and increases, and, on the other, drawings of God's Spirit touch more hearts; and many of them more powerfully than before. He now offers grace to all that hear; most of whom are in some measure affected, and more or less moved, with approbation of what they hear, desirè to please God, and good-will to His messenger: these principles, variously combined and increasing, raise the general work to its highest point. But it cannot stand here; for, in the nature of things, curiosity must soon decline. Again, the drawings of God are not followed; and thereby the Spirit of God is grieved. The consequence is, He strives with this and this man no more, and so His drawings end. Thus both the natural and supernatural



(THE METHODIST COLLEGE, BELFAST.)

power declining, most of the hearers will be less and less affected. Add to this, that in the process of the work, "it must be, that offences will come." Some of the hearers, if not preachers also, will act contrary to their profession. Either their follies or faults will be told from one to another, and lose nothing in the telling. Men once curious to hear, will now draw back: men once drawn, having stifled their good desires, will disapprove what they approved before, and feel dislike, instead of good will, to the preacher. Others, who were more or less convinced, will be afraid or ashamed to acknowledge that conviction. And all these will catch at ill stories, (true or false,) in order to justify their change. When, by this means, all who do not savingly believe have quenched the Spirit of God, the little flock goes on from faith to faith; the rest sleep on and take their rest. And thus the number of hearers in every place may be expected first to increase, and then decrease.

Monday, 19.—No sooner did we enter Ulster than we observed the difference. The ground was cultivated just as in England; and the cottages not only neat, but with doors, chimneys, and windows. Newry, the first town we came to, (allowing for the size,) is built much after the manner of Liverpool. I preached soon after seven to a large congregation, and to great part of them at five in the morning. Afterwards I spoke to the members of the society, consisting of Churchmen, Dissenters, and Papists that were. But there is no striving among them, unless to “enter in at the strait gate.”



(BANGOR CATHEDRAL.)

Wednesday, 21.—In the morning there was such violent lightning, thunder, and rain, that the very beasts ran out of the fields, and the birds flew from their usual coverts, to take shelter in the houses.

Friday, 23.—I rode in the afternoon to Belfast, the largest town in Ulster. Some think it contains near as many people as Limerick: it is far cleaner and pleasanter.

Monday, 26.—I spoke very plain at Lisburn, both to the great vulgar and the small. But between Seceders, old self-conceited Presbyterians, New-Light men, Moravians, Cameronians, and formal Churchmen, it is a miracle of miracles if any here bring forth fruit to perfection.

The country between Lisburn and Moira is much like Berkshire, having fruitful vales on each side of the road, and well-wooded hills running even with them, at a small distance.

Friday, AUGUST 13.—Having hired horses for Chester, we set out about seven. Before one we reached Bangor, the situation of which is delightful beyond expression. Here we saw a large and handsome cathedral, but no trace of the good old monks of Bangor; so many hundreds of whom fell a sacrifice at once to cruelty and revenge. The country from hence to Penmaen-Mawr is far pleasanter than any garden. Mountains of every shape and size, vales clothed with grass or corn, woods and smaller tufts of trees, were continually varying on the one hand, as was the sea prospect on the other. Penmaen-Mawr itself rises almost perpendicular to an enormous height from the sea. The road runs along the side of it, so far above the beach, that one could not venture to look down, but that there is a wall built all along, about four foot high. Meantime, the ragged cliff hangs over one's head, as if it would fall every moment. An hour after we had left this awful place, we came to the ancient town of Conway. It is walled round; and the walls are in tolerably good repair. The castle is the noblest ruin I ever saw. It is four-square, and has four large round towers, one at each corner, the inside of which have been stately apartments. One side of the castle is a large church, the windows and arches of which have been curiously wrought. An arm of the sea runs round two sides of the hill on which the castle stands;—once the delight of kings, now overgrown with thorns, and inhabited by doleful birds only.

Saturday, SEPTEMBER 1^r.—I read over Mr. Fry's "Case of Marriage between Near Relations, Considered." It is the best tract I ever read upon the subject: I suppose the best that is extant. And two points, I think, he has fully proved: 1. That many marriages, commonly supposed to be unlawful, are neither contrary to the law of nature, nor the revealed law of God, nor the law of the land: 2. That Ecclesiastical Courts have no right to meddle with any case of this kind.

Tuesday, OCTOBER 5.—I wrote a second letter to the authors of the "Monthly Review;"—ingenious men, but no friends to the Godhead of Christ. Yet, upon farther consideration, I judged it best to drop the controversy. It is enough that I have delivered my own soul: if they scorn, they alone shall bear it.

Sunday, 10.—I preached to an huge multitude in Moorfields, on: "Why will ye die, O house of Israel?" It is field-preaching which does the execution still: for usefulness there is none comparable to it.

Monday, 11.—I went to Leigh. In this little journey I read over a curiosity indeed,—a French heroic poem, Voltaire's "Henriade." He is a very lively writer, of a fine imagination; and allowed, I suppose, by all competent judges, to be a perfect master of the French language: and by him I was more than ever convinced, that the French is the poorest, meanest language in Europe; that it is no

more comparable to the German or Spanish than a bag-pipe is to an organ; and that, with regard to poetry in particular, considering the incorrigible uncouthness of their measure, and their always writing in rhyme, (to say nothing of their vile double rhymes, nay, and frequent false rhymes,) it is as impossible to write a fine poem in French, as to make fine music upon a Jew's-harp.

Tuesday, 26.—I began reading over, with the preachers that were in town, Mr. Pike's *Philosophia Sacra*. It contains the marrow of Mr. Hutchinson's philosophy clearly and modestly proposed; but upon a close examination, I found the proofs



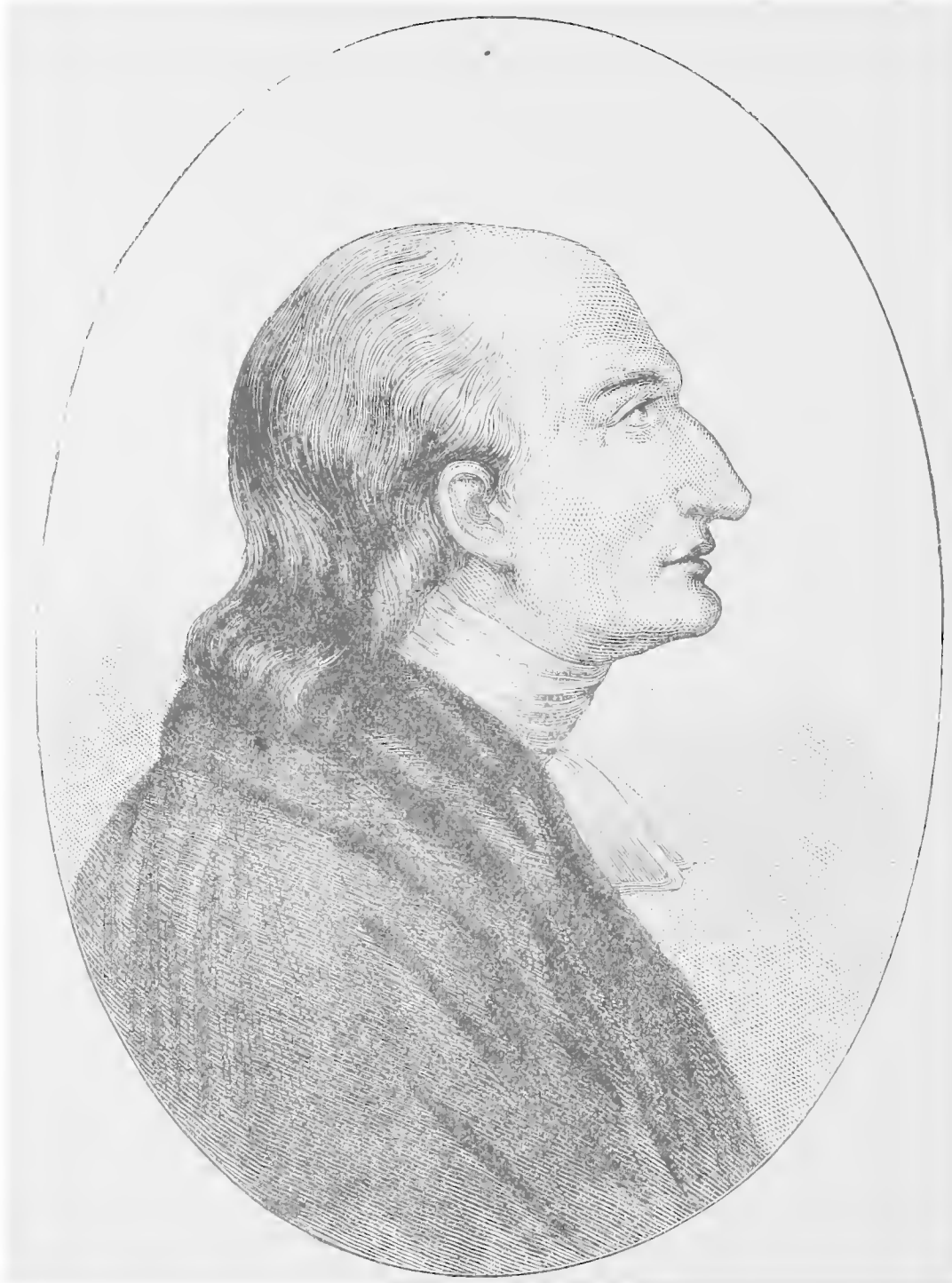
(MR. WESLEY ELECTRIFYING.)

were grievously defective. I shall never receive Mr. Hutchinson's creed, unless *ipse dixit* pass for evidence.

Monday, NOVEMBER 1, was a day of triumphant joy, as All-Saints' Day generally is. How superstitious are they who scruple giving God solemn thanks for the lives and deaths of His saints!

Tuesday, 9.—Having procured an apparatus on purpose, I ordered several persons to be electrified, who were ill of various disorders; some of whom found an immediate, some a gradual, cure. From this time I appointed, first some hours in every week, and afterward an hour in every day, wherein any that desired it, might try the virtue

of this surprising medicine. Two or three years after, our patients were so numerous that we were obliged to divide them: so part were electrified in Southwark, part at the Foundery, others near St. Paul's, and the rest near the Seven-Dials: the same



(REV. JOHN FLETCHER.)

method we have taken ever since; and to this day, while hundreds, perhaps thousands, have received unspeakable good, I have not known one man, woman, or child, who has received any hurt thereby.

Monday, 22.—I read with the preachers this week the Glasgow “Abridgment of Mr. Hutchinson’s Works;” wherein the abridgers have expressed, with surprising exactness, not only his sense, but his very spirit. But in truth, I cannot admire either; nay, I admire his hypothesis less and less; very ingenious, but quite precarious.

Sunday, FEBRUARY 27, 1757.—I had been long desired to see the little flock at Norwich; but this I could not decently do, till I was able to rebuild part of the Foundery there, to which I was engaged by my lease. A sum sufficient for that end was now



(BIRTHPLACE OF THE REV. JOHN FLETCHER, NYON, SWITZERLAND.)

unexpectedly given me, by one of whom I had no personal knowledge. So I set out on *Monday 28*, and preached in Norwich, *MARCH 1*.

Sunday, 6.—I had no help, and I wanted none; for God renewed my strength: but on *Sunday, 13*, finding myself weak at Snowsfields, I prayed (if He saw good) that God would send me help at the chapel; and I had it. A clergyman, whom I never saw before, came and offered me his assistance; and as soon as I had done preaching, Mr. Fletcher came, who had just then been ordained priest, and hastened to the chapel on purpose to assist, as he supposed me to be alone.

Monday, 14.—I went with T. Walsh to Canterbury, where I preached in the evening with great enlargement of spirit; but with greater in the morning, being much refreshed at the sight of so large a number of soldiers. And is not God able to kindle the same fire in the fleet which He has already begun to kindle in the army?

Friday, 18.—I returned to London.

Sunday, 20.—Mr. Fletcher helped me again. How wonderful are the ways of God! When my bodily strength failed, and none in England were able and willing to assist me, He sent me help from the mountains of Switzerland; and an help meet for me in every respect: where could I have found such another?

Friday, 25.—After I had read to a serious clergyman the conclusion of “The Doctrine of Original Sin,” he moved, that we might spend some time in prayer; and I found great liberty of spirit, in praying for Dr. Taylor; and a strong hope that God would show him “the truth as it is in Jesus.”

Friday, APRIL 1.—In returning to London, I read a tract on “The Law of Nature,” wrote by a Counsellor of Geneva. I am sorry to find Dr. Taylor’s poison spread to the Alps also!

Monday, MAY 9.—I rode over the mountains to Huddersfield. A wilder people I never saw in England. The men, women, and children filled the street as we rode along, and appeared just ready to devour us. They were, however, tolerably quiet while I preached; only a few pieces of dirt were thrown, and the bell-man came in the middle of the sermon, but was stopped by a gentleman of the town. I had almost done, when they began to ring the bells; so that it did us small disservice.

Friday, 27.—I preached at Branthwait about noon. Many of the congregation came from far. The rain was suspended from ten till evening, so that they had opportunity both of coming and returning. This also was an answer to prayer: and is any such too little to be remembered?

Sunday, 29.—(Being *Whit-Sunday*.) After preaching at eight and at two, I hastened to Cockermouth. I began without delay, and cried to a listening multitude: “If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink.” The Word had free course. Even the gentry seemed desirous to drink of the “living water.”

Monday, 30.—I rode to Wigton, a neat, well-built town, on the edge of Cumberland. I preached in the market-place at twelve. The congregation was large and heavily attentive. Between four and five we crossed Solway-frith; and before seven reached an ill-looking house called the Brow, which we came to by mistake, having passed the house we were directed to. I believe God directed us better than man. Two young women, we found, kept the house, who had lost both their parents; their mother very lately. I had great liberty in praying with them and for them. Who knows but God will fasten something upon them which they will not easily shake off.

Tuesday, 31.—I breakfasted at Dumfries. We rode afterward partly over and

partly between some of the finest mountains, I believe, in Europe ; higher than most, if not than any, in England, and clothed with grass to the very top. Soon after four we came to Lead-hill.

Saturday, JUNE 4.—Glasgow. I walked through all parts of the old cathedral, a very large and once beautiful structure ; I think, more lofty than that at Canterbury,



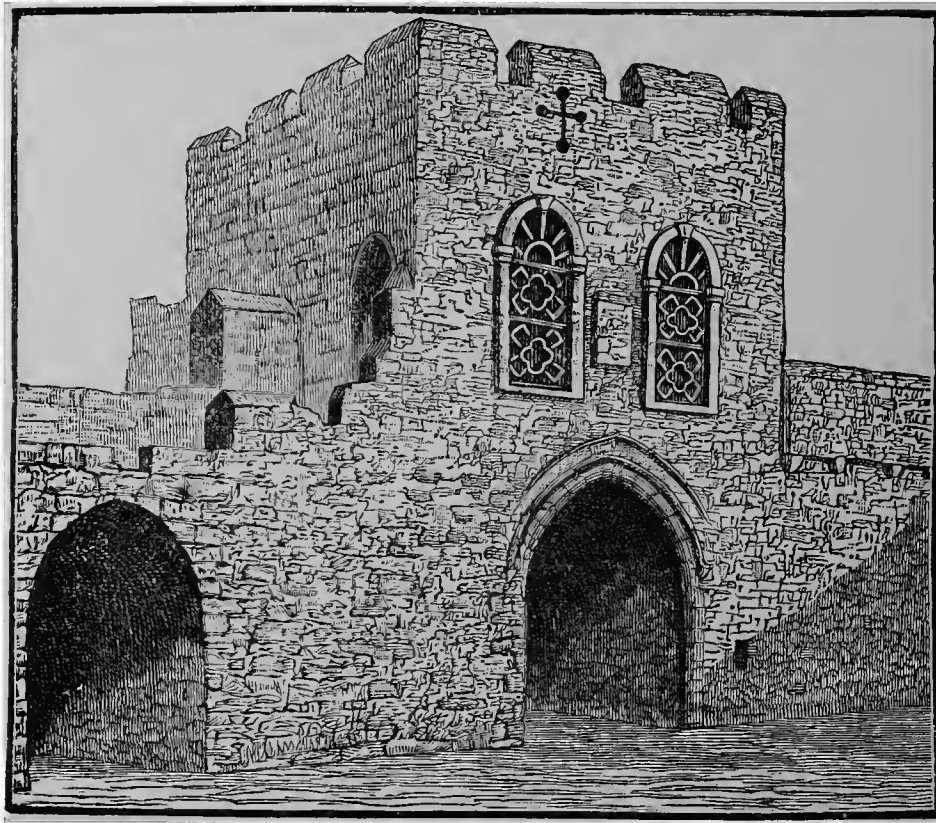
(GLASGOW CATHEDRAL.)

and nearly the same length and breadth. We then went up the main steeple, which gave us a fine prospect, both of the city and the adjacent country. A more fruitful and better cultivated plain is scarce to be seen in England. Indeed nothing is wanting but more trade, (which would naturally bring more people,) to make a great part of Scotland no way inferior to the best counties in England.

Friday, 10.—I found myself much out of order, till the flux stopped at once,

without any medicine. But being still weak, and the sun shining extremely hot, I was afraid I should not be able to go round by Kelso. Vain fear! God took care for this also. The wind, which had been full east for several days, turned this morning full west; and blew just in our face: and about ten the clouds rose, and kept us cool till we came to Kelso.

Monday, 13.—I proclaimed the love of Christ to sinners, in the market-place at Morpeth. Thence we rode to Placey. The society of colliers here may be a pattern to all the societies in England. No person ever misses his band or class: they have no jar of any kind among them; but with one heart and one mind “provoke one another to love and to good works.”



(PILGRIM-STREET GATE, NEWCASTLE. *By permission from "The Newcastle Monthly Chronicle."*)

Tuesday, 28.—I returned to Newcastle, hoarse and weak. But who can be spent in a better cause?

Thursday, 30.—I read Mr. Baxter's account of his own "Life and Times." It seems to be the most impartial account of those times which has yet ever appeared. And none that I have seen so accurately points out the real springs of those public calamities.

Monday, JULY 11.—We set out early. This and the three next days were the hottest I ever knew in England. A gentleman, who formerly traded to Guinea, assured me, that the spirits in his thermometer (the same he had when abroad) rose

as high as they did within a few degrees of the line. About nine we should have been glad to bait ; but there being no inn to be found, we lay down for a quarter of an hour under some trees, and then rode on to Slingsby.

Monday, AUGUST 8.—I took a walk in the Charter-House. I wondered that all the squares and buildings, and especially the school-boys, looked so little. But this is easily accounted for. I was little myself when I was at school, and measured all about



(CHARTER-HOUSE.)

me by myself. Accordingly, the upper boys being then bigger than myself, seemed to me very big and tall ; quite contrary to what they appear now when I am taller and bigger than them. I question if this is not the real ground of the common imagination, that our forefathers, and in general men in past ages, were much larger than now : an imagination current in the world eighteen hundred years ago. So Virgil supposes his warrior to throw a stone that could scarce be wielded by twelve men. Whereas, in reality, men have been, at least ever since the deluge, very nearly the same as we find them now, both for stature and understanding.

Sunday, SEPTEMBER 18.—Redruth. At eight, many of the French prisoners were mixed with the usual congregation. Here I learned a remarkable occurrence:—A few days ago, some hundred English, who had been prisoners in France, were landed at Penzance, by a cartel ship. Many of these passed through Redruth, going home; but in a most forlorn condition. None showed more compassion to them than the French: they gave them food, clothes, or money, and told them, “We wish we could do more; but we have little for ourselves here.” Several, who had only two shirts, gave a naked Englishman one. A French boy, meeting an English boy, who was half naked, took hold of him, and stopped him, cried over him a while, and then pulled off his own coat, and put it upon him!

Tuesday, OCTOBER 25.—In my return, a man met me near Hannam, and told me the School-house at Kingswood was burned down. I felt not one moment's pain, knowing that God does all things well. When I came thither, I received a fuller account. About eight on Monday evening, two or three boys went into the gallery, up two pair of stairs. One of them heard a strange crackling in the room above. Opening the staircase door, he was beat back by smoke, on which he cried out, “Fire! Murder! Fire!” Mr. Baynes, hearing this, ran immediately down, and brought up a pail of water. But when he went into the room, and saw the blaze, he had not the presence of mind to go up to it, but threw the water upon the floor. Meantime one of the boys rung the bell; another called John Maddern from the next house, who ran up, as did James Burges quickly after, and found the room all in a flame. The deal partitions took fire immediately, which spread to the roof of the house. Plenty of water was now brought; but they could not come nigh the place where it was wanted, the room being so filled with flame and smoke that none could go into it. At last a long ladder, which lay in the garden, was reared up against the wall of the house. But it was then observed, that one of the sides of it was broke in two, and the other quite rotten. However, John How (a young man who lived next door) ran up it, with an axe in his hand. But he then found the ladder was so short, that, as he stood on the top of it, he could but just lay one hand over the battlements. How he got over to the leads none can tell: but he did so, and quickly broke through the roof, on which a vent being made, the smoke and flame issued out as from a furnace: those who were at the foot of the stairs with water, being able to go no further, then went through the smoke to the door of the leads, and poured it down through the tiling. By this means the fire was quickly quenched, having only consumed a part of the partition, with a box of clothes, and a little damaged the roof and the floor beneath.

It is amazing that so little hurt was done; for the fire, which began in the middle of the long room, (none can imagine how; for no person had been there for several hours before,) was so violent that it broke every pane of glass but two in the window, both at the east and west end. What was more amazing still, was, that it

did not hurt either the beds, (which, when James Burges came in, seemed all covered with flame,) nor the deal partitions on the other side of the room, though it beat against them for a considerable time. What can we say to these things, but that God had fixed the bounds which it could not pass?

Sunday, DECEMBER 11.—In the evening I retired to Lewisham, and spent the following days in finishing “A Preservative against Unsettled Notions in Religion;” designed for the use of all those who are under my care, but chiefly of the young preachers.



(MR. BLACKWELL'S HOUSE, LEWISHAM.)

Friday, FEBRUARY 3, 1758.—Mr. Parker (last year Mayor of Bedford) preached at the Foundery. A more artless preacher I never heard; but not destitute of pathos. I doubt not he may be of much use among honest, simple-hearted people.

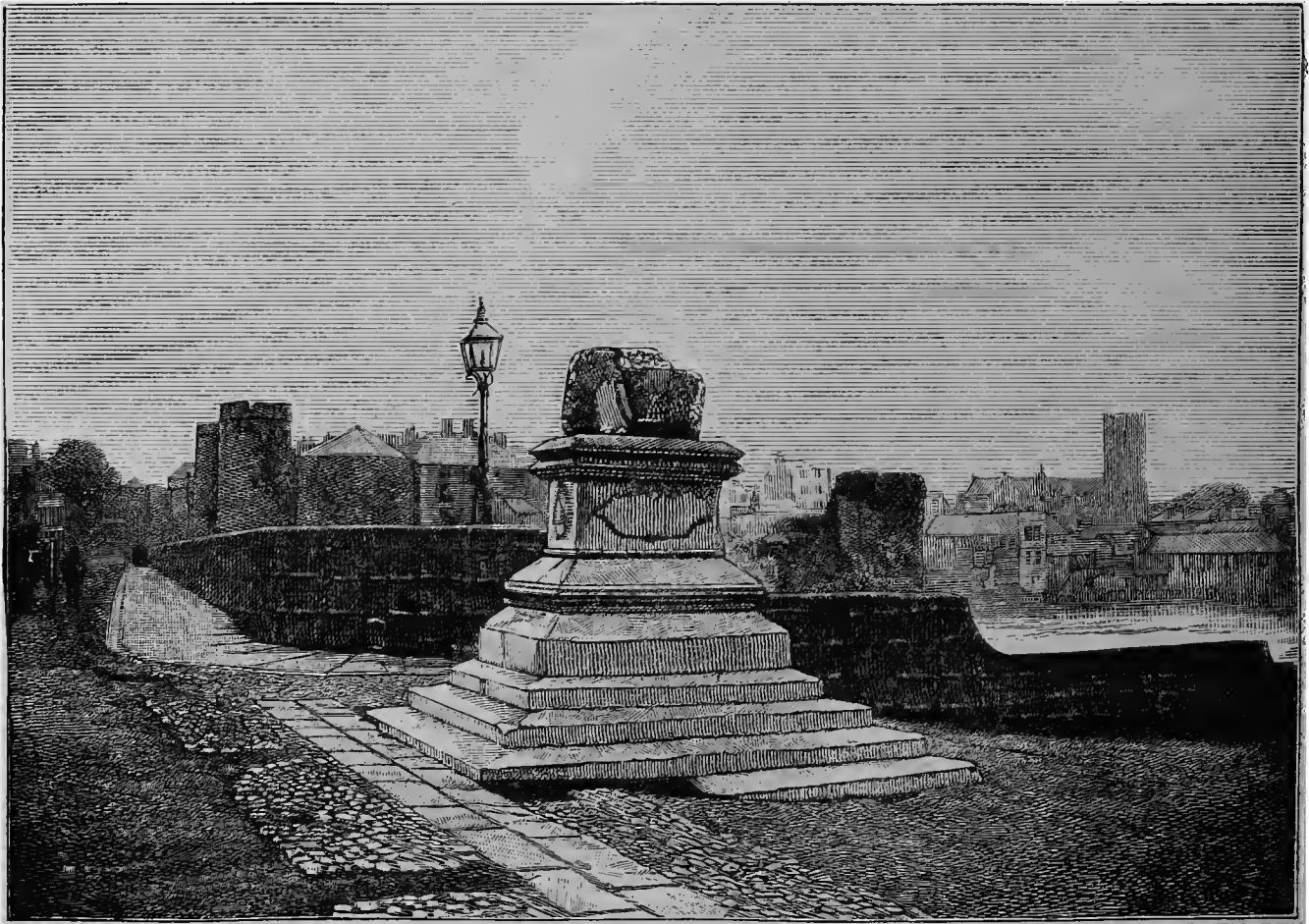
Friday, MARCH 10.—The congregation at St. Paul's was very large and very attentive. The Judge, immediately after sermon, sent me an invitation to dine with him. But having no time, I was obliged to send my excuse, and set out between one and two. The north-east wind was piercing cold, and, blowing exactly in our face, soon brought an heavy shower of snow, then of sleet, and afterwards of hail. However, we reached Stilton at seven, about thirty miles from Bedford

Rest was now the more sweet, because both our horses were lame. However,

resolving to reach Epworth at the time appointed, I set out in a post-chaise between four and five in the morning.

Sunday, APRIL 2.—The congregation was small. I took knowledge that the people of Dublin had neither seen nor heard much of self-denial, since T. Walsh left the kingdom.

All the evenings of the following week we had numerous congregations. Nothing is wanting here but rigorous discipline, which is more needful in this than in any



(THE TREATY STONE, LIMERICK.)

other nation ; the people in general being so soft and delicate, that the least slackness utterly destroys them.

Friday, 21.—I dined at Lady ——'s. We need great grace to converse with great people ! From which, therefore, (unless in some rare instances,) I am glad to be excused. Of these two hours I can give no good account.

Sunday, JULY 2.—I preached in the island near Limerick, both morning and evening, standing on the side of a large hollow, adjoining to the old camp. The ground on the sides of it sloped upward, so that the people sat on the grass, row above row. Such an amphitheatre I never saw before, in which thousands of hearers were

so commodiously placed ; and they seemed earnestly to attend to our Lord's invitation :
"Come, for all things are now ready !"

On *Tuesday* morning I began spitting blood, found a pain in my left side, a



(HANDEL.)

sensible decay of strength, and a deep wheezing cough, just the symptoms which I had some years since. I immediately applied a brimstone plaster to my side, and used a linctus of roasted lemon and honey.

Wednesday, 5.—My side was quite easy, and my hoarseness much abated: so in the evening I made shift to preach again, though not without difficulty.

Monday, 17.—I returned to Cork.

Wednesday, 19.—I began speaking severally to the members of the society. Many of them, I found, were truly alive to God. Old misunderstandings were removed. And I had the satisfaction of seeing them so united together as they had not been for many years.

Friday, 21.—I met with a tract which utterly confounded all my philosophy: I had long believed that microscopic animals were generated like all other animals, by parents of the same species; but Mr. Needham makes it highly probable that they constitute a peculiar class of animals, differing from all others in this, that they neither are generated or generate, nor subsist by food, in the ordinary way.

Tuesday, 25.—In the evening I assisted the society in renewing their covenant with God. It was to many a season of great refreshment, and the fear of God was upon all.

Sunday, 30.—I began meeting the children in the afternoon, though with little hopes of doing them good. But I had not spoke long on our natural state before many of them were in tears, and five or six so affected that they could not refrain from crying aloud to God. When I began to pray, their cries increased, so that my voice was soon lost. I have seen no such work among children for eighteen or nineteen years.

Monday, 31.—I finished the Glasgow “Abridgment of Mr. Hutchinson’s Works.” He was doubtless a man of uncommon understanding, and indefatigable application; yet the more I consider it, the less can I subscribe to his system either of divinity or philosophy; as I am more and more convinced, that they have no foundation in Scripture or sound reason.

Wednesday, AUGUST 2.—I learned two or three rules, very needful for those who sail between England and Ireland: 1. Never pay till you set sail: 2. Go not on board till the Captain goes on board: 3. Send not your baggage on board till you go yourself.

Thursday, 17.—I went to the cathedral (Bristol) to hear Mr. Handel’s “Messiah.” I doubt if that congregation was ever so serious at a sermon as they were during this performance. In many parts, especially several of the choruses, it exceeded my expectation.

Tuesday, OCTOBER 3.—One of Warminster who was at Bristol last week had desired me to call at his house. I did so this morning, and preached in his yard, to a numerous congregation of saints and sinners, rich and poor, Churchmen, Quakers, and Presbyterians, both of the old and new way. Some disturbance was expected, but there was none. The whole assembly behaved well; and instead of curses or stones, we had many blessings as we rode through the town for Salisbury.

Monday, DECEMBER 4.—I was desired to step into the little church behind the

Mansion-house, commonly called St. Stephen's, Walbrook. It is nothing grand; but neat and elegant beyond expression. So that I do not wonder at the speech of the famous Italian architect, who met Lord Burlington in Italy: "My Lord, go back and see St. Stephen's in London. We have not so fine a piece of architecture in Rome."



(LADY HUNTINGDON.)

Friday, 8.—Poor Mr. Goudicheau called upon me, formerly a Romish priest, now ready to perish for want of bread, though of an unblemished character. Can any one wonder that we have not many converts from the Church of Rome?

Monday, 11.—Most of this week I spent in preparing materials for "A Survey of

the Wisdom of God in the Creation ;” or, a full, plain, and correct system of Natural Philosophy.

Friday, 29.—I walked all over Colchester castle, perhaps the most ancient building in England. A considerable part of it is, without question, fourteen or fifteen hundred years old. It was mostly built with Roman bricks, each of which is about two inches thick, seven broad, and thirteen or fourteen long. Seat of ancient kings, British and Roman, once dreaded far and near ! But what are they now ? Is not “a living dog better than a dead lion ?” And what is it wherein they prided themselves,

as do the present great ones of the earth ?

Tuesday, FEBRUARY 27, 1759.—I walked with my brother and Mr. Maxfield to L—— H——’s. After breakfast, came in Mr. Whitefield, Madan, Romaine, Jones, Downing, and Venn, with some persons of quality, and a few others. Mr. Whitefield, I found, was to have administered the Sacrament ; but he insisted upon my doing it : after which, at the request of Lady Huntingdon, I preached on 1 Cor. xiii. 13.

Sunday, MARCH 18.—I administered the Lord’s Supper to near two hundred communicants : so solemn a season I never remember to have known in the city of Norwich. As a considerable part of them were Dissenters, I desired every one to use what posture he judged best. Had I required them to kneel, probably



(MR. VENN.)

half would have sat. Now all but one kneeled down.

Wednesday, 21.—I baptized seven adults, two of them by immersion ; and in the evening (their own ministers having cast them out for going to hear the Methodists) I administered the Lord’s Supper to them, and many others, whom their several teachers had repelled for the same reason.

Saturday, JULY 21.—Mr. Grimshaw led us to Gawksham, another lone house on the side of an enormous mountain. The congregation stood and sat, row above row, in the sylvan theatre. I believe nothing on the postdiluvian earth can be more pleasant than the road from hence, between huge, steep mountains, clothed with wood to the top, and washed at the bottom by a clear, winding stream. At four I preached to very large congregation at Heptonstall, and thence rode on to Haworth.

Sunday, 22.—At ten Mr. Milner read prayers; but the church would not near contain the congregation: so, after prayers, I stood on a scaffold close to the church, and the congregation in the church-yard. The communicants alone filled the church. In the afternoon the congregation was nearly doubled; and yet most of these were not curious hearers, but men fearing God.

Wednesday, AUGUST 8.—Our Conference began, the time of which was almost entirely employed in examining whether the spirit and lives of our preachers were suitable to their profession. On *Saturday*, in the afternoon, we concluded. Great was the unanimity and love that reigned among us.

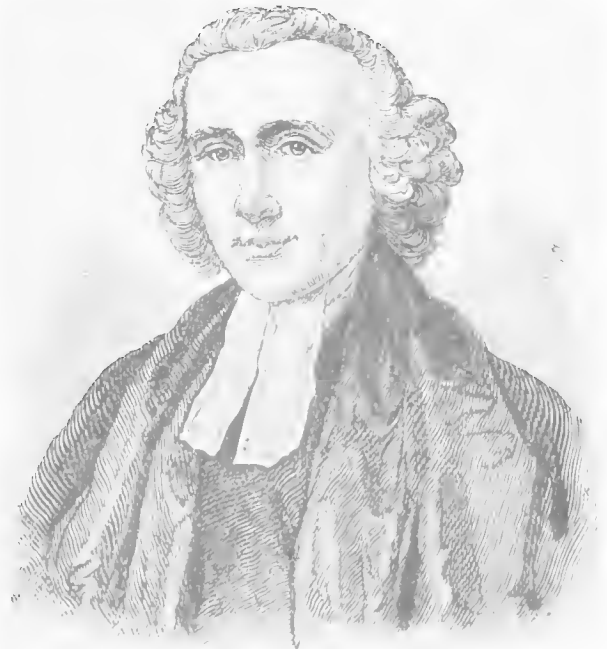
Thursday, 30.—I preached at the Tabernacle in Norwich, to a large, rude, noisy congregation. I took knowledge what manner of teachers they had been accustomed to, and determined to mend them or end them.

Accordingly, the next evening, after sermon, I reminded them of two things: the one, that it was not decent to begin talking aloud as soon as service was ended; and hurrying to and fro, as in a bear-garden. The other, that it was a bad custom to gather into knots just after sermon, and turn a place of worship into a coffee-house. I therefore desired, that none would talk under that roof, but go quietly and silently away. And on *Sunday, SEPTEMBER 2*, I had the pleasure to observe, that all went as quietly away as if they had been accustomed to it for many years.

Monday, 3.—I met the society at five, and explained the nature and use of meeting in a class. Upon inquiry, I found we have now about five hundred members. But an hundred and fifty of these do not *pretend* to meet at all. Of those, therefore, I make no account. They hang on but by a single thread.

Monday, 17.—I went to Canterbury. Two hundred soldiers, I suppose, and a whole row of officers, attended in the evening. Their number was increased the next evening, and all behaved as men fearing God.

Sunday, 23.—A vast majority of the immense congregation in Moorfields were deeply serious. One such hour might convince any impartial man of the expediency of field-preaching. What building, except St. Paul's church, would contain such a congregation? And if it would, what human voice could have reached them there? By repeated observations I find I can command thrice the number in the open air that I can under a roof. And who can say the time for field-preaching is over, while, 1.



(MR. ROMAINE).

Greater numbers than ever attend : 2. The converting, as well as convincing, power of God is eminently present with them ?

Monday, OCTOBER 15.—I walked up to Knowle, a mile from Bristol, to see the French prisoners. Above eleven hundred of them, we were informed, were confined in that little place, without any thing to lie on*but a little dirty straw, or any thing to cover them but a few foul thin rags, either by day or night, so that they died like rotten sheep. I was much affected, and preached in the evening on : “Thou shalt not oppress a stranger ; for ye know the heart of a stranger, seeing ye were strangers in the land of Egypt.” (Exodus xxiii. 9.) Eighteen pounds were contributed immediately, which were made up four-and-twenty the next day. With this we bought linen and woollen cloth, which were made up into shirts, waistcoats, and breeches. Some dozen of stockings were added ; all which were carefully distributed, where there was the greatest want. Presently after, the Corporation of Bristol sent a large quantity of mattresses and blankets. And it was not long before contributions were set on foot at London, and in various parts of the kingdom ; so that I believe from this time they were pretty well provided with all the necessaries of life.

Saturday, NOVEMBER 17.—I spent an hour agreeably and profitably with Lady G—— H——, and Sir C—— H——. It is well a few of the rich and noble are called. O that God would increase their number ! But I should rejoice, (were it the will of God,) if it were done by the ministry of others. If I might choose, I should still (as I have done hitherto) preach the Gospel to the poor.

Wednesday, 28.—I returned to London ; and on *Thursday, 29*, the day appointed for the General Thanksgiving, I preached again in the chapel near the Seven-Dials, both morning and afternoon. I believe the oldest man in England has not seen a thanksgiving-day so observed before. It had the solemnity of the General Fast. All the shops were shut up : the people in the streets appeared, one and all, with an air of seriousness : the prayers, lessons, and whole public service, were admirably suited to the occasion. The prayer for our enemies, in particular, was extremely striking : perhaps it is the first instance of the kind in Europe. There was no noise, hurry, bonfires, fireworks in the evening ; and no public diversions. This is indeed a Christian holiday, a “rejoicing unto the Lord !” The next day came the news that Sir Edward Hawke had dispersed the French fleet.

Monday, MARCH 10, 1760.—About seven in the evening I preached at Stockport, where more and more hear the Word of God, and keep it. In the morning we took horse at five, but could find none to tell us which was the road to Leeds ; so we rode on to Mottram. Following the directions we received there, we rode up a mountain, and our path ended. We made toward a large house, and the gentleman sent a servant, who pointed out the way we were to take. But soon after it divided ; and an honest man bidding us keep to the right, (meaning the left,) we did so, till we came to

the top of another high mountain, among several old stone quarries. Here that road ended. However, we went straight forward, till we came to the brow. With great difficulty we led our horses down, and rode up a path on the opposite mountain. But at the top this likewise ended. Still we thought it best to push forward. But my horse was quickly embogged. After he had thrown me on one side, and scrambled out himself, we endeavoured to walk down the mountain; but such a walk I never had before, for steepness, and bogs, and large stones intermixed. That we got to the bottom without hurt, either to man or beast, was little less than a miracle. But we



(“ WITH GREAT DIFFICULTY WE LED OUR HORSES DOWN.”)

were still at a loss, till we met a sensible man, who directed us to Saddleworth. In our inn here we found one who had frequently heard me preach at Builth, in Brecknockshire, I fear to little purpose; for on my speaking a few words, he ran away in haste. But the whole family seemed to fear God. So we did not repent of our clambering up and down the mountains.

At six we reached Leeds, sufficiently tired: but I forgot it as soon as I began to preach; and the spirit of the congregation comforted us over all our labour.

Wednesday, 12.—Having desired that as many as could of the neighbouring towns, who believed they were saved from sin, would meet me, I spent the greatest part of

this day in examining them one by one. The testimony of some I could not receive ; but concerning the far greatest part, it is plain, (unless they could be supposed to tell wilful and deliberate lies,) 1. That they feel no inward sin ; and to the best of their knowledge commit no outward sin : 2. That they see and love God every moment, and pray, rejoice, give thanks evermore : 3. That they have constantly as clear a witness from God of Sanctification as they have of Justification. Now in this I do rejoice, and will rejoice, call it what you please ; and I would to God thousands had experienced thus much : let them afterward experience as much more as God pleases.

Thursday, 20.—I had a good deal of conversation with Mr. N——n. His case is very peculiar. Our Church requires that clergymen should be men of learning, and, to this end, have an University education. But how many have an University education, and yet no learning at all ? Yet these men are ordained ! Meantime, one of eminent learning, as well as unblamable behaviour, cannot be ordained *because he was not at the University !* What a mere farce is this ! Who would believe that any Christian bishop would stoop to so poor an evasion ?

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

Friday, 9.—A little rest was acceptable.

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

Tuesday, 27.—There was a remarkable trial here :—A Swedish ship, being leaky, put into one of our harbours. The Irish, according to custom, ran to plunder her. A neighbouring gentleman hindered them ; and for so doing demanded a fourth part of the cargo : and this, they said, the law allows ! But where, meantime, is the law of God ?

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

Monday, JUNE 23.—Being the Quarterly-meeting, the stewards from all the country societies were present ; a company of settled, sensible men. Nothing is wanting in this kingdom but zealous, active preachers, tenacious of order and exact discipline.

Wednesday, JULY 9.—In the evening I preached to another colony of Germans, at Ballingarrane. The third is at Courtmatrix, a mile from Killeheen. I suppose three such towns are scarce to be found again in England or Ireland. There is no cursing or swearing, no Sabbath-breaking, no drunkenness, no ale-house, in any of

them. How will these poor foreigners rise up in the judgment against those that are round about them !

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

“The beggars but a common lot deplore :
The rich-poor man’s emphatically poor !”



(THE NORE, KILKENNY.)

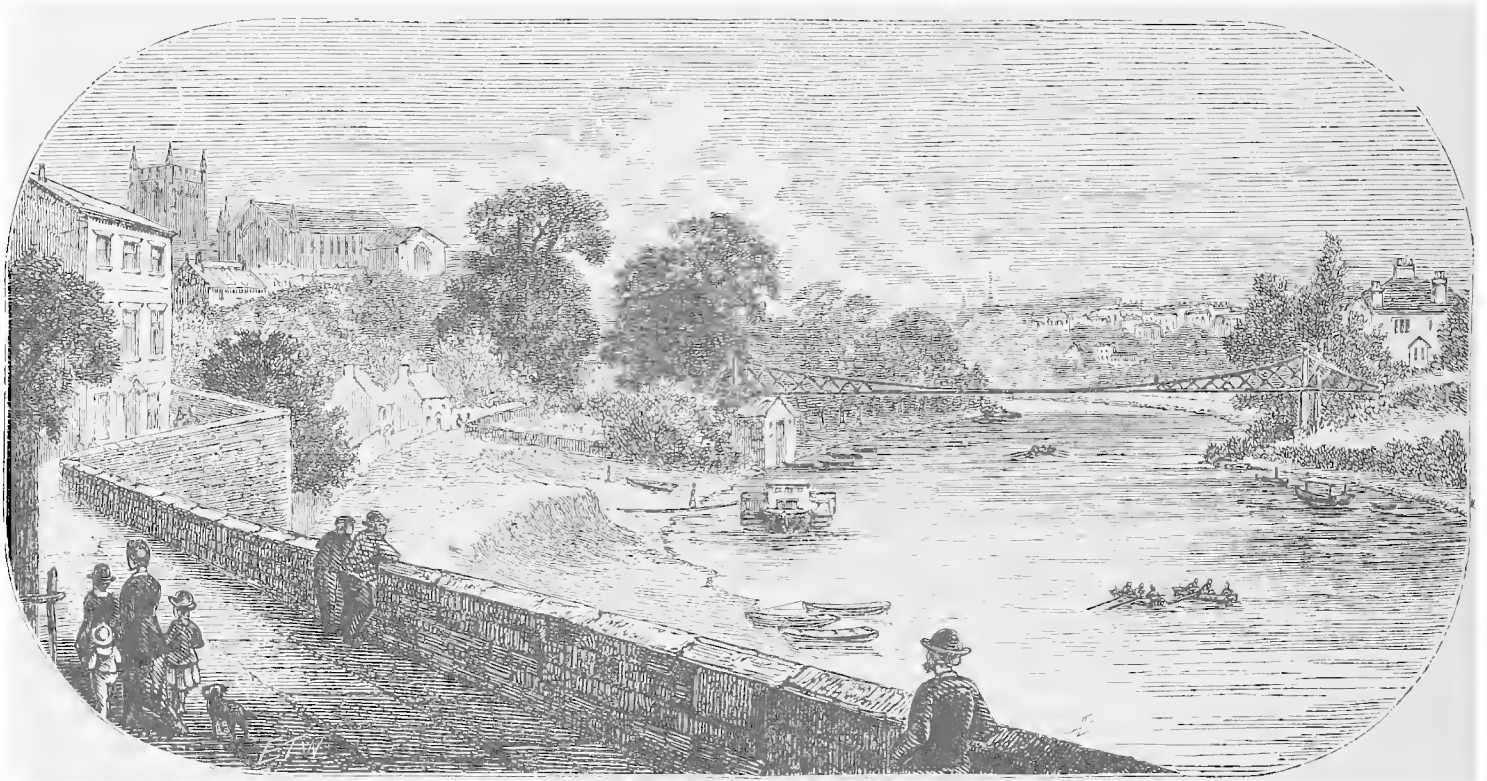
Tuesday, AUGUST 19.—We dined at Kilkenny, noble in ruins : I see no such remains of magnificence in the kingdom. The late Duke of Ormond’s house, on the top of a rock, hanging over the river, the ancient cathedral, and what is left of many grand buildings, yield a melancholy pleasure.

Friday, 22.—Dublin. In the morning the Captain sent us word he must wait for General Montague. So in the afternoon I rode over to the Skirries, where the packet lay ; but before I came thither, the wind, which was fair before, shifted to the east, and blew a storm. I saw the Hand of God, and, after resting awhile, rode cheerfully back to Dublin. It being the watch-night, I came just in time to spend a comfortable

hour with the congregation. O how good it is to have no choice of our own, but to leave all things to the Will of God!

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

Sunday, 24.—At seven I took leave of my friends, and about noon embarked in the *Nonpareil* for Chester. We had forty or fifty passengers on board, half of whom were cabin passengers. I was afraid we should have an uneasy time, in the midst of such a crowd of gentry. We sailed out with a fair wind, but at four in the afternoon



(CHESTER FROM THE WALLS.)

it failed, and left us in a dead calm. I then made the gentlemen an offer of preaching, which they thankfully accepted. While I was preaching, the wind sprung up fair; but the next day we were becalmed again. In the afternoon they desired me to give them another sermon; and again the wind sprung up while I was speaking, and continued till, about noon, on *Tuesday*, we landed at Parkgate.

Monday, SEPTEMBER 8.—A gentleman followed me to my inn at St. Columb, and carried me to his house, where were three or four more as friendly as himself. One of them rode with me seven or eight miles, and gave me a pleasing account of two young clergymen, Mr. C——and Mr. Phelps, who had the care of three adjoining parishes. Surely God has a favour for the people of these parts! He gives them so serious, zealous, lively ministers. By these and the Methodists together, the line is

now laid, with no inconsiderable interruption, all along the north sea, from the eastern point of Cornwall to the Land's-End. In a while, I trust, there will be no more cause on these coasts to accuse *Britannos hospitibus feros*.*

Wednesday, 10.—When I came to St. Ives, I was determined to preach abroad; but the wind was so high, I could not stand where I had intended. But we found a little inclosure near it, one end of which was native rock, rising ten or twelve feet perpendicular, from which the ground fell with an easy descent. A jetting out of the rock, about four feet from the ground, gave me a very convenient pulpit. Here well nigh the whole town, high and low, rich and poor, assembled together. Nor was there a word to be heard, or a smile seen, from one end of the congregation to the other. It was just the same the three following evenings. Indeed I was afraid on *Saturday*, that the roaring of the sea, raised by the north wind, would have prevented their hearing. But God gave me so clear and strong a voice, that I believe scarce one word was lost.

Sunday, 14.—At eight I chose a large ground, the sloping side of a meadow, where the congregation stood, row above row, so that all might see as well as hear. It was a beautiful sight. Every one seemed to take to himself what was spoken.

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

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

Sunday, OCTOBER 12.—I visited the classes at Kingswood. Here only there is no increase; and yet, where was there such a prospect, till that weak man, John Cennick, confounded the poor people with strange doctrines? O what mischief may be done by one that means well! We see no end of it to this day.

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

On *Tuesday* and *Wednesday* I visited some of the societies in the country. On

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

Thursday I returned to Bristol, and in the afternoon preached a charity-sermon in Newgate, for the use of the poor prisoners.

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

Wednesday, 22.—Being informed that some neighbouring gentlemen had declared they would apprehend the next preacher who came to Pensford, I rode over to give them the meeting: but none appeared.



(ROOM OVER THE PREACHING HOUSE, BRISTOL.)

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

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

Tuesday, JANUARY 20, 1761.—I inquired concerning Yarmouth, a large and populous town, and as eminent, both for wickedness and ignorance, as even any sea-port in

England. Some had endeavoured to call them to repentance ; but it was at the hazard of their lives. What could be done more ? Why, last summer God sent thither the regiment in which Howell Harris was an officer. He preached every night, none daring to oppose him ; and hereby a good seed was sown. Many were stirred up to seek God ; and some of them now earnestly invited me to come over. I went this afternoon, and preached in the evening. The house was presently more than filled ; and, instead of the tumult which was expected, all were as quiet as at London. Indeed the Word of God was quick and powerful among them, as it was again at six in the



(YARMOUTH.)

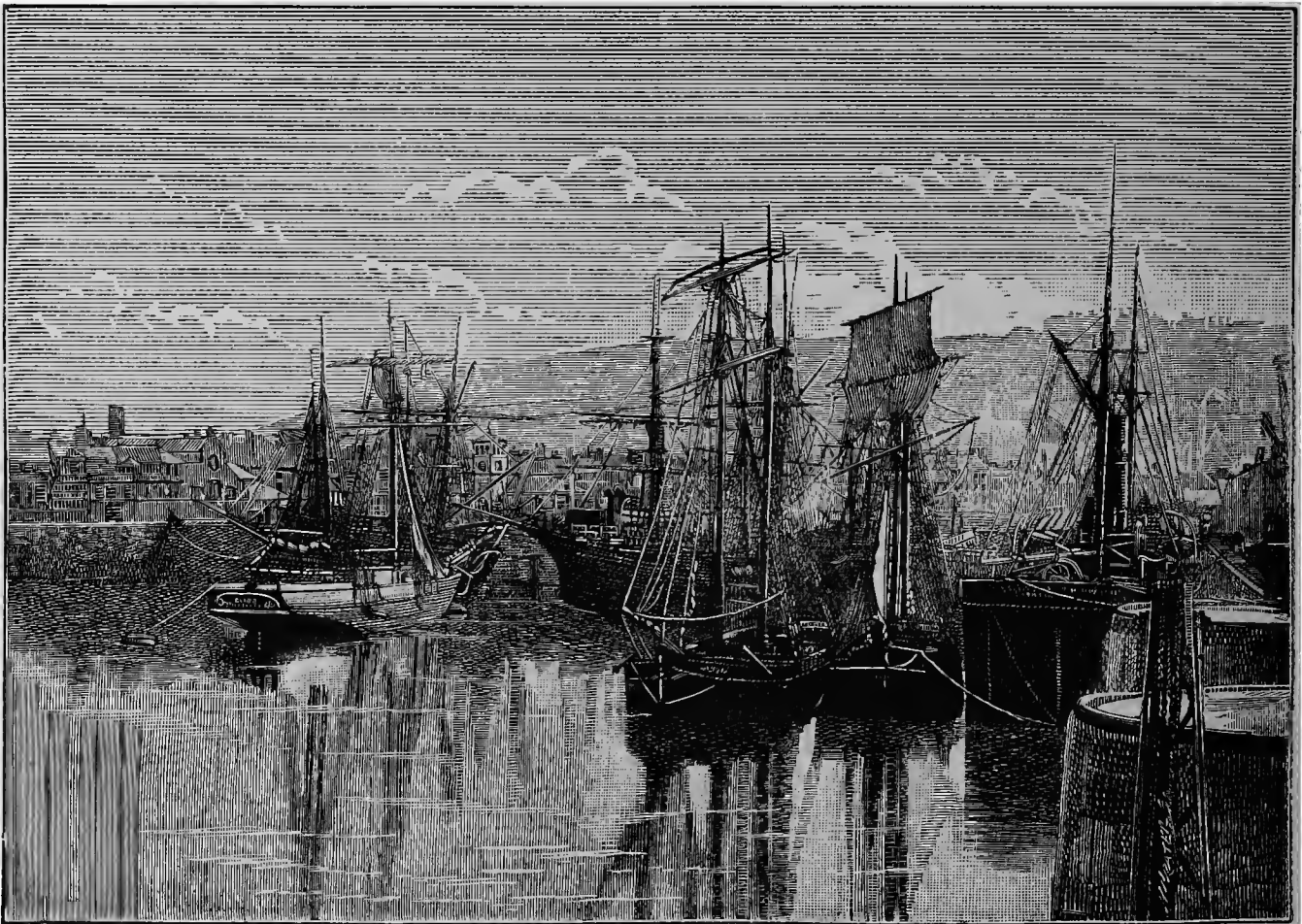
morning. At eleven I preached my farewell sermon. I saw none that was not deeply affected. O fair blossoms ! But how many of these will “ bring forth fruit unto perfection ” ?

Tuesday, FEBRUARY 24.—I retired to Lewisham, and transcribed the list of the society. About an hundred and sixty I left out, to whom I can do no good at present.

Thursday, APRIL 16.—After preaching at noon, I rode to Lower-Darwen, near Blackburn, where a large congregation behaved with deep seriousness. Leaving honest Mr. Grimshaw to preach in the morning, I set out early, and in the evening reached a little quiet house a few miles beyond Kendal, to which, I believe, we did not come in vain. The man of the house, having been long ill, was thankful for advice with

regard to his bodily disorder. And his guests appeared right willing to receive some advice with respect to their souls.

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



(THE DOCKS, WHITEHAVEN.)

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

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

Monday, 27.—Before noon we came to Solway-Frith. The guide told us, it was not passable; but I resolved to try, and got over well. Having lost ourselves but

twice or thrice, in one of the most difficult roads I ever saw, we came to Moffat in the evening.

Friday, 30.—Mr. Memis met us; and on *Saturday* morning brought us to his house at Aberdeen.

In the afternoon I sent to the Principal and Regent, to desire leave to preach in the College-close. This was readily granted; but as it began to rain, I was desired to go into the hall. I suppose this is full an hundred feet long, and seated all around.



(KING'S COLLEGE, OLD ABERDEEN.)

The congregation was large, notwithstanding the rain, and full as large at five in the morning.

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

Monday, 4.—We had another large congregation at five. Before noon twenty

more came to me, desiring to cast in their lot with us, and appearing to be cut to the heart.

About noon I took a walk to the King's College, in Old Aberdeen. It has three sides of a square, handsomely built, not unlike Queen's College in Oxford. Going up to see the hall, we found a large company of ladies, with several gentlemen. They looked, and spoke to one another, after which one of the gentlemen took courage and came to



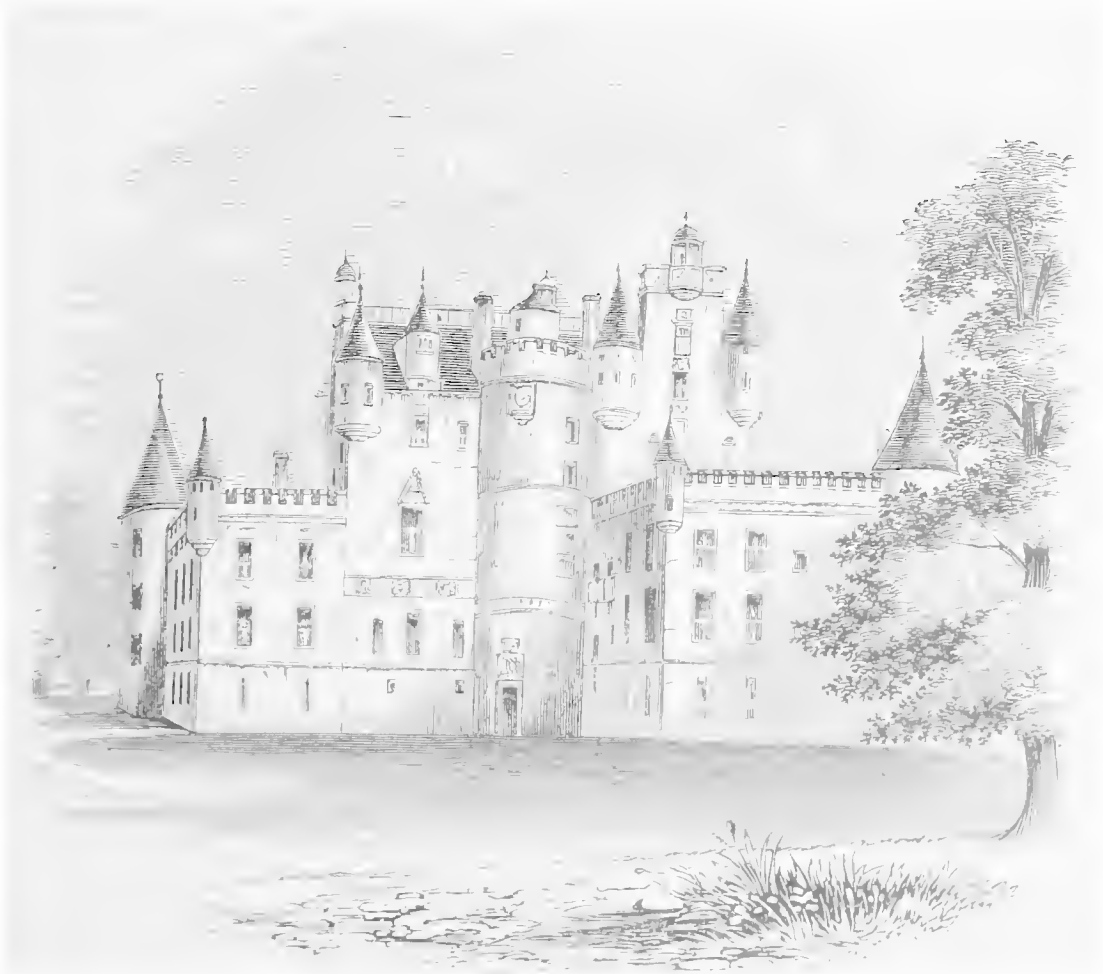
(MARISCHAL COLLEGE, ABERDEEN.)

me. He said, "We came last night to the College-close, but could not hear, and should be extremely obliged if you would give us a short discourse here." I knew not what God might have to do; and so began without delay, on: "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself." I believe the Word was not lost: it fell as dew on the tender grass.

In the afternoon I was walking in the library of the Marischal College, when the Principal and the Divinity Professor came to me; and the latter invited me to his lodgings, where I spent an hour very agreeably. In the evening the eagerness of the

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

Tuesday, 5.—I accepted the Principal's invitation, and spent an hour with him at his house. I observed no stiffness at all, but the easy good breeding of a man of sense



(GLAMIS CASTLE.)

and learning. I suppose both he and all the professors, with some of the magistrates, attended in the evening. I set all the windows open; but the hall, notwithstanding, was as hot as a bagnio. But this did not hinder either the attention of the people, or the blessing of God.

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

Thursday, 7.—Leaving near ninety members in the society, I rode over to Sir

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

About six we went to the church. It was pretty well filled with such persons as we did not look for so near the Highlands. But if we were surprised at their appearance, we were much more so at their singing. Thirty or forty sung an anthem after sermon, with such voices as well as judgment, that I doubt whether they could have been excelled at any cathedral in England.

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

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

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

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

Saturday, 16.—One of our friends importuned me much to give them a sermon at Warksworth. And a post-chaise came for me to the door; in which I found one waiting for me, whom, in the bloom of youth, mere anguish of soul had brought to the

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

Sunday, JULY 19.—I preached in Birstal room at eight. At one we had thousands, the greatest part of whom were persons "fearing God and working righteousness." I rode thence to Leeds, in order to preach a funeral sermon for Mary Shent, who, after many severe conflicts, died in great peace. It was one of the largest congregations which has been seen at Leeds; to whom I spoke very plain from part of the Gospel for the day: "Give an account of thy stewardship, for thou mayest be no longer steward."

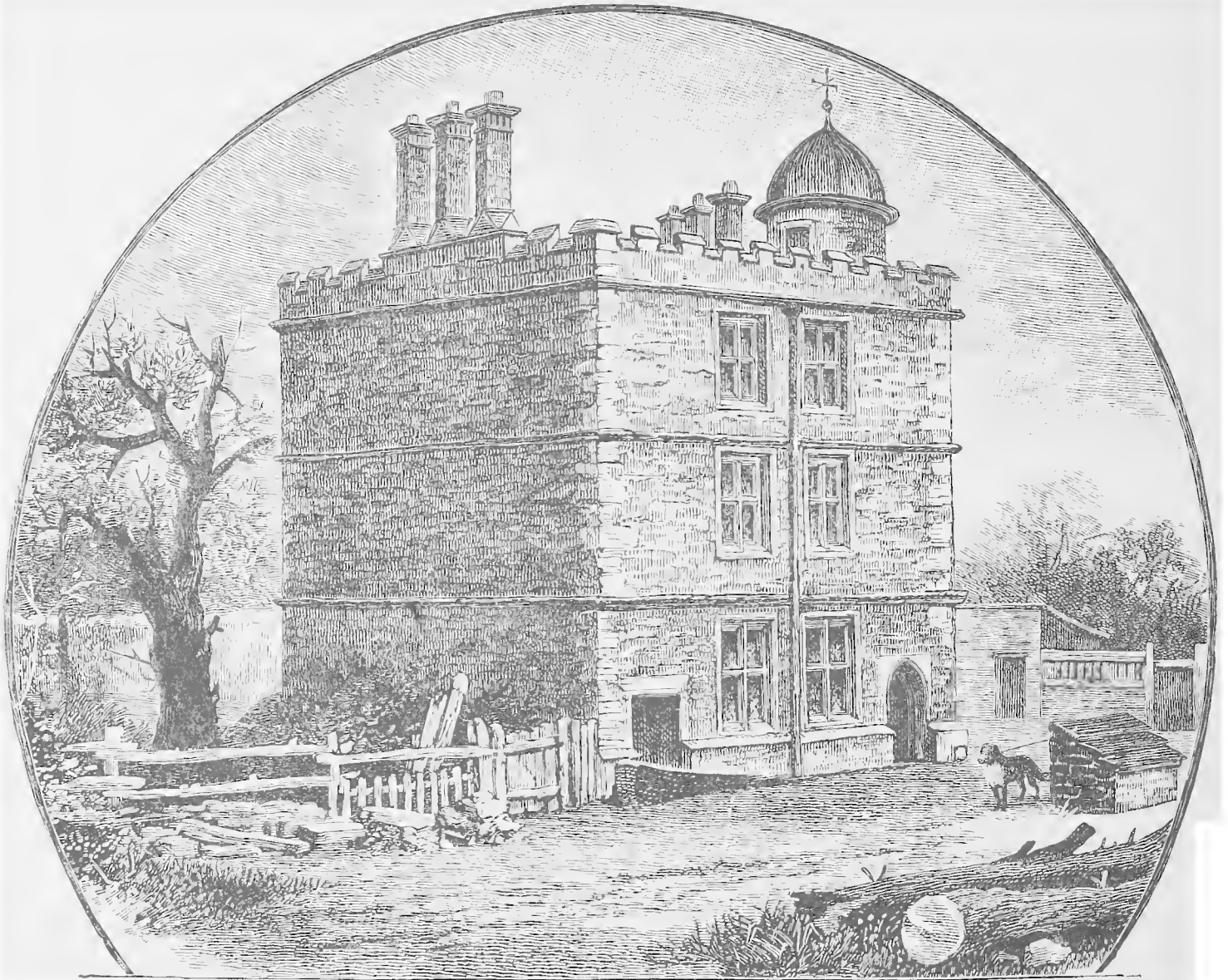
I hastened back to the love-feast at Birstal. It was the first of the kind which had been there. Many were surprised when I told them, "The very design of a love-feast is a free and familiar conversation, in which every man, yea, and woman, has liberty to speak whatever may be to the glory of God." Several then did speak, and not in vain: the flame ran from heart to heart, especially while one was declaring, with all simplicity, the manner wherein God, during the morning sermon, (on those words, "I will, be thou clean,") had set her soul at full liberty. Two men also spoke to the same effect; and two others who had found peace with God. We then joyfully poured out our souls before God, and praised Him for His marvellous works.

Monday, 20.—I came to a full explanation with that good man Mr. V——, Lord, if I must dispute, let it be with the children of the devil! Let me be at peace with Thy children!

On *Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday*, I preached at the neighbouring towns.

Friday, 24.—In speaking from those words, "In many things we offend all," I observed, 1. As long as we live, our soul is connected with the body: 2. As long as it is thus connected, it cannot think but by the help of bodily organs: 3. As long as these organs are imperfect, we are liable to mistakes, both speculative and practical: 4. Yea, and a mistake may occasion my loving a good man less than I ought; which is a defective, that is, a wrong temper: 5. For all these we need the atoning blood, as indeed for every defect or omission. Therefore, 6. All men have need to say daily: "Forgive us our trespasses."

Monday, 27.—I preached at Staincross about eleven; about five, at Barley-Hall; the next morning, at Sheffield. In the afternoon I rode on to Matlock-Bath. The valley which reaches from the town to the bath is pleasant beyond expression. In the bottom of this runs a little river, close to which a mountain rises, almost perpendicular, to an enormous height, part covered with green, part with ragged and naked rocks.



(THE MANOR HOUSE, SHEFFIELD.)

On the other side, the mountain rises gradually with tufts of trees here and there. The brow on both sides is fringed with trees, which seem to answer each other.

Many of our friends were come from various parts. At six I preached standing under the hollow of a rock, on one side of a small plain; on the other side of which was a tall mountain. There were many well-dressed hearers, this being the high season; and all of them behaved well. But as I walked back, a gentleman-like man

asked me, "Why do you talk thus of faith? Stuff, nonsense!" Upon inquiry, I found he was an eminent Deist. What, has the plague crept into the Peak of Derbyshire?

Wednesday, 29.—I preached at five near the Bath; in Woodseats at two; and in the evening, at the end of the house in Sheffield, to thrice as many people as it would have contained.

Saturday, AUGUST 1.—I rode to Clayworth, and, after preaching, laboured all I could to reconcile two brothers, who had long been quarrelling about their inheritance; but it was labour lost. Indeed the reason of the thing was clear; but passion is ever too hard for reason.

Hence I went on to Misterton; and, both in the evening and morning, spoke to a lifeless, money-getting people, in a sharper manner than ever I did before; and (I heard afterward) with good effect.

Thursday, 6.—I preached about nine at Hatfield Woodhouse; and about one at Sykehouse, to far the largest congregation which has been seen there for many years. Boast who will, that Methodism (the revival of true religion) is just coming to nothing: we know better things, and are thankful to God for its continual increase.

Tuesday, OCTOBER 13.—I preached at Newgate; at Kingswood in the afternoon; and in the evening at North-common. Here a people are sprung up, as it were, out of the earth; most of them employed in the neighbouring brass-works. We took a view of these the next day; and one thing I learned here, the propriety of that expression, Rev. i. 15: "His feet were as fine brass, burning in a furnace." The brightness of this cannot easily be conceived: I have seen nothing like it but clear white lightning.

Wednesday, 21.—I was desired by the condemned prisoners to give them one sermon more. And on *Thursday*, Patrick Ward, who was to die on that day, sent to request I would administer the Sacrament to him. He was one-and-twenty years of age, and had scarce ever had a serious thought, till he shot the man who went to take away his gun.

Friday, JANUARY 1, 1762.—We had, I believe, pretty near two thousand of the society at Spitalfields in the evening; where Mr. Berridge, Maxfield, and Colley assisted me. And we found God was in the midst, while we devoted ourselves to Him in the most solemn and explicit manner.

Monday, MARCH 8.—I retired to Lewisham, to answer Dr. Horne's ingenious "Sermon on Justification by Works." O that I might dispute with no man! But if I must dispute, let it be with men of sense.

Friday, 12.—The National Fast was observed all over London with great solemnity. Surely God is well pleased even with this acknowledgment that He governs the world; and even the outward humiliation of a nation may be rewarded with outward blessings.

Monday, APRIL 26.—In the evening I preached to a large congregation in the market-house at Lurgan. I now embraced the opportunity which I had long desired, of talking with Mr. Miller, the contriver of that statue which was in Lurgan when I was there before. It was the figure of an old man, standing in a case, with a curtain drawn before him, over against a clock which stood on the other side of the room. Every time the clock struck, he opened the door with one hand, drew back the curtain with the other, turned his head, as if looking round on the company, and then said, with a clear, loud, articulate voice, “Past one, two, three,” and so on. But so many came to see this (the like of which all allowed was not to be seen in Europe) that Mr. Miller was in danger of being ruined, not having time to attend his own business; so, as none offered to purchase it, or to reward him for his pains, he took the whole machine in pieces: nor has he any thought of ever making anything of the kind again.

Thursday, 29.—In the morning I rode to Monaghan. The commotions in Munster having now alarmed all Ireland, we had hardly alighted, when some wise persons informed the Provost there were three strange sort of men come to the *King's Arms*. So the Provost with his officers came without delay, to secure the north from so imminent a danger. I was just come out, when I was required to return into the house. The Provost asked me many questions, and perhaps the affair might have turned serious, had I not had two letters with me, which I had lately received; one from the Bishop of Londonderry, the other from the Earl of Moira. Upon reading these, he excused himself for the trouble he had given, and wished me a good journey.

Between six and seven I preached at Cootehill, and in the morning rode on to Enniskillen; the situation of which is both pleasant and strong, as it is surrounded by a deep and broad river; but fortifications it has none; no, nor so much as an old castle. The inhabitants glory that they have no Papist in the town.

After riding round and round, we came in the evening to a lone house called Carrickbeg. It lay in the midst of horrid mountains; and had no very promising appearance. However, it afforded corn for our horses, and potatoes for ourselves. So we made a hearty supper, called in as many as pleased of the family to prayers, and, though we had no fastening either for our door or our windows, slept in peace.

Monday, MAY 24.—I went with two friends, to see one of the greatest natural wonders in Ireland,—Mount-Eagle, vulgarly called Crow-Patrick. The foot of it is fourteen miles from Castlebar. There we left our horses, and procured a guide. It was just twelve when we alighted; the sun was burning hot, and we had not a breath of wind. Part of the ascent was a good deal steeper than an ordinary pair of stairs. About two we gained the top, which is an oval, grassy plain, about an hundred and fifty yards in length, and seventy or eighty in breadth. The upper part of the mountain much resembles the Peak of Teneriffe. I think it cannot rise much less than a mile perpendicular from the plain below. There is an immense prospect on one side toward

the sea, and on the other over the land. But as most of it is waste and uncultivated the prospect is not very pleasing. At seven in the evening I preached at Newport.

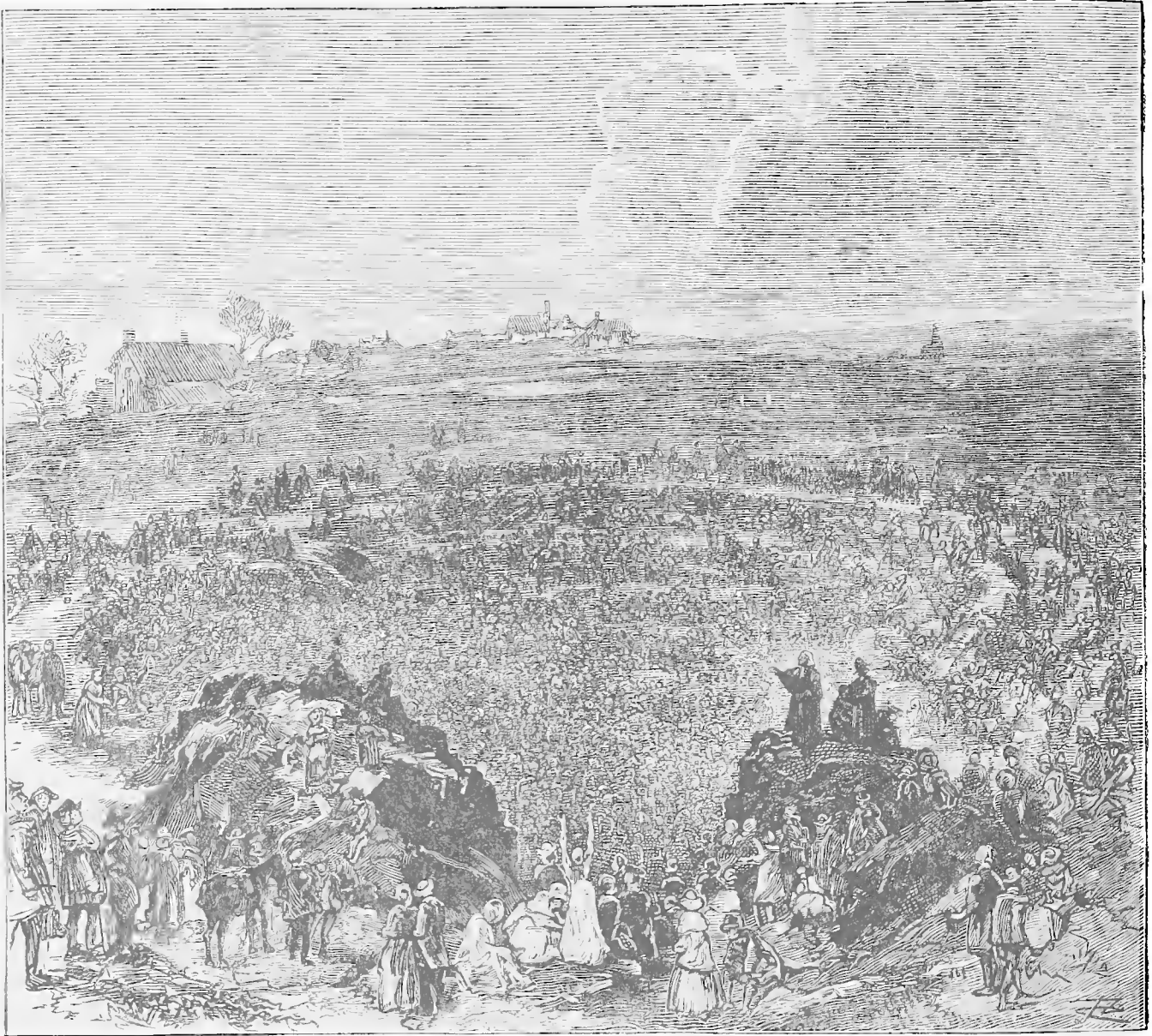
Friday, JUNE 4.—I preached at noon in Ballingarrane, to a large congregation, chiefly of Palatines. And so at Newmarket in the evening, and the morning following. These have quite a different look from the natives of the country, as well as a different temper. They are a serious, thinking people. And their diligence turns all their land into a garden.

Monday 7.—Numberless crowds ran together to see the execution of a poor deserter. And I believe some of them retained serious impressions for near four-and-twenty hours! But it was not so with the soldiers: although they walked one by one, close to the bleeding, mangled carcase, most of them were as merry within six hours as if they had only seen a puppet-show.

Monday, 14.—I rode to Cork. Here I procured an exact account of the late commotions. About the beginning of December last, a few men met by night near Nenagh, in the county of Limerick, and threw down the fences of some commons, which had been lately inclosed. Near the same time others met in the county of Tipperary, of Waterford, and of Cork. As no one offered to suppress or hinder them, they increased in number continually, and called themselves Whiteboys, wearing white cockades, and white linen frocks. In February there were five or six parties of them, two or three hundred men in each, who moved up and down, chiefly in the night; but for what end did not appear. Only they levelled a few fences, dug up some grounds, and hamstrung some cattle, perhaps fifty or sixty in all. One body of them came into Clogheen, of about five hundred foot, and two hundred horse. They moved as exactly as regular troops, and appeared to be thoroughly disciplined. They now sent letters to several gentlemen threatening to pull down their houses. They compelled every one they met to take an oath to be true to Queen Sive (whatever that meant) and the Whiteboys; not to reveal their secrets; and to join them when called upon. It was supposed, eight or ten thousand were now actually risen, many of them well armed; and that a far greater number were ready to rise whenever they should be called upon. Those who refused to swear, they threatened to bury alive. Two or three they did bury up to the neck, and left them; where they must quickly have perished, had they not been found in time by some travelling by. At length, toward Easter, a body of troops, chiefly light horse, were sent against them. Many were apprehended and committed to gaol; the rest of them disappeared. This is the plain, naked fact, which has been so variously represented.

Saturday, JULY 10.—We rode to Kilkenny, one of the pleasantest and the most ancient cities in the kingdom; and not inferior to any at all in wickedness, or in hatred to *this way*. I was therefore glad of a permission to preach in the town-hall; where a small, serious company attended in the evening.

Sunday, 11.—I went to the cathedral; one of the best-built which I have seen in Ireland. The pillars are all of black marble; but the late bishop ordered them to be whitewashed! Indeed, marble is so plentiful near this town, that the very streets are paved with it.



(WESLEY PREACHING IN GWENNAP PIT.)

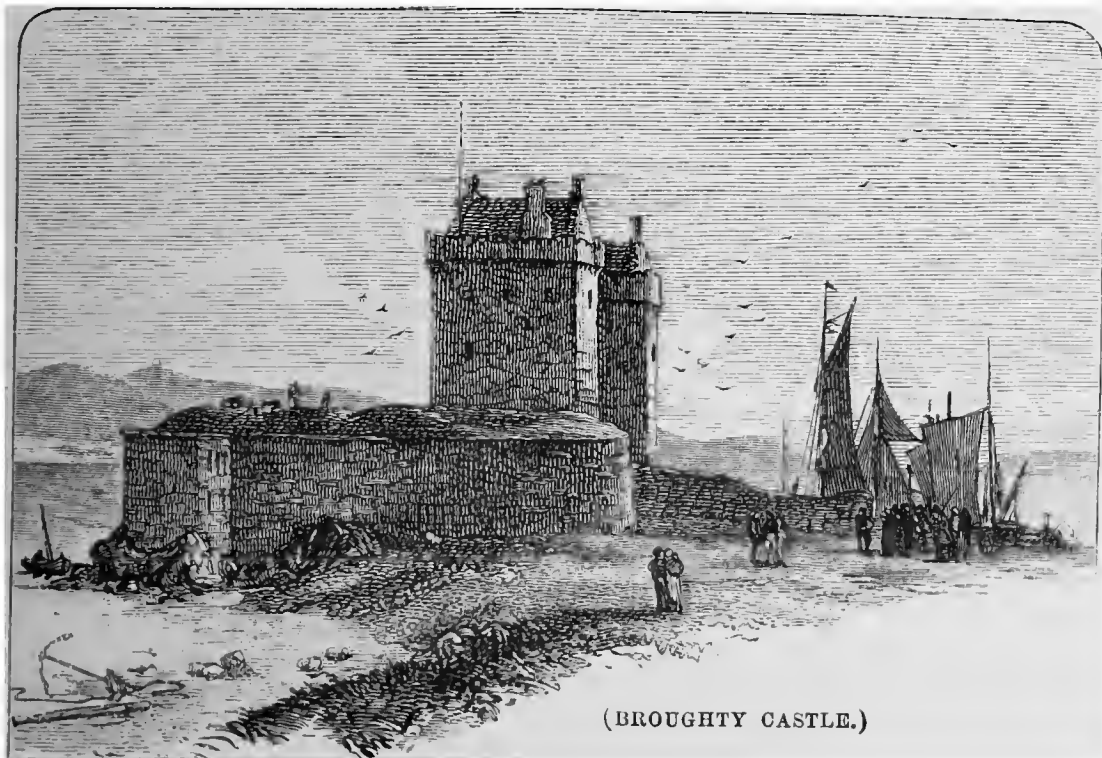
Sunday, SEPTEMBER 5.—I could not stand in the usual place at Gwennap. But at a small distance was a hollow capable of containing many thousand people. I stood on one side of this amphitheatre toward the top, with the people beneath and on all sides, and enlarged on those words in the Gospel for the day (Luke x. 23, 24): “Blessed are the eyes which see the things that ye see, and which hear the things that ye hear.”

Wednesday, 15.—We had our Quarterly-meeting. The next day I appointed the

children to meet. I expected twenty, but I suppose we had fourscore ; all of them wanting, many desiring, instruction.

The more I converse with the believers in Cornwall, the more I am convinced that they have sustained great loss for want of hearing the doctrine of Christian perfection clearly and strongly enforced. I see, wherever this is not done, the believers grow dead and cold. Nor can this be prevented, but by keeping up in them an hourly expectation of being perfected in love. I say an hourly expectation ; for to expect it at death, or some time hence, is much the same as not expecting it at all.

Saturday, NOVEMBER 6.—In the way to London I read “The Death of Abel.”



(BROUGHTY CASTLE.)

That manner of writing, in prose run mad, I cordially dislike : yet, with all that disadvantage, it is excellent in its kind ; as much above most modern poems, as it is below “Paradise Lost.”

From *Monday, 22*, to *Friday, 26*, I was employed in answering the Bishop of Gloucester's book.

Tuesday, DECEMBER 21.—I had an opportunity of looking over the register of St. Luke's Hospital ; and I was surprised to observe, that three in four (at least) of those who are admitted receive a cure. I doubt this is not the case of any other unatic hospital either in Great Britain or Ireland.

Wednesday, 22.—I heard George Bell once more, and was convinced he must not continue to pray at the Foundery. The reproach of Christ I am willing to bear ; but not the reproach of enthusiasm, if I can help it.

Monday, FEBRUARY 21, 1763.—The three next days I spent in the tedious work of transcribing the names of the society.

Monday, 28.—Preaching in the evening at Spitalfields, on: “Prepare to meet thy God,” I largely showed the utter absurdity of the supposition, that the world was to end that night. But notwithstanding all I could say, many were afraid to go to bed, and some wandered about in the fields, being persuaded, that, if the world did not end, at least London would be swallowed up by an earthquake. I went to bed at my usual time, and was fast asleep about ten o’clock.

Monday, MARCH 28.—I retired to Lewisham, and wrote the sermon on “Sin in Believers,” in order to remove a mistake which some were labouring to propagate,—that there is no sin in any that are justified.

Monday, MAY 2, and the following days, I was fully employed in visiting the society, and settling the minds of those who had been confused and distressed by a thousand misrepresentations. Indeed, a flood of calumny and evil speaking (as was easily foreseen) was poured out on every side. My point was still to go straight forward in the work whereto I am called.

Friday, 27.—We rode on to Broughty-castle, two or three miles below Dundee. We were in hopes of passing the river here, though we could not at the town; but we found our horses could not pass till eleven or twelve at night. So we judged it would be best to go over ourselves and leave them behind. In a little time we procured a kind of a boat, about half as long as a London wherry, and three or four feet broad. Soon after we had put off, I perceived it leaked on all sides, nor had we anything to lade out the water. When we came toward the middle of the river, which was three miles over, the wind being high, and the water rough, our boatmen seemed a little surprised; but we encouraged them to pull away, and in less than half-an-hour we landed safe.

Sunday, 29.—I preached at seven in the High-school yard, at Edinburgh. It being the time of the General Assembly, which drew together, not the ministers only, but abundance of the nobility and gentry, many of both sorts were present; but abundantly more at five in the afternoon. I spake as plain as ever I did in my life. But I never knew any in Scotland offended at plain dealing. In this respect the North Britons are a pattern to all mankind.

Monday, JUNE 13.—Even in Epworth a few faithful servants of Satan were left, who would not leave any stone unturned to support his tottering kingdom. A kind of gentleman got a little party together, and took huge pains to disturb the congregation. He hired a company of boys to shout, and made a poor man exceeding drunk, who bawled out much ribaldry and nonsense, while he himself played the French horn. But he had little fruit of his labour. I spoke a few words to their champion, and he disappeared. The congregation was not at all disturbed, but quietly attended to the end.



(LLANDAFF CATHEDRAL.)

Monday, 20.—I preached at Maxfield about noon. As I had not been well, and was not quite recovered, our brethren insisted on sending me in a chaise to Burslem.

Between four and five I quitted the chaise and took my horse. Presently after, hearing a cry, I looked back, and saw the chaise upside down, (the wheel having violently struck against a stone,) and well-nigh dashed in pieces. About seven I preached to a large congregation at Burslem: these poor potters, four years ago, were as wild and ignorant as any of the colliers in Kingswood. Lord, Thou hast power over Thy own clay!

Saturday, AUGUST 20.—We took horse at four, and rode through one of the pleasantest countries in the world. When we came to Trecastle, we had rode fifty miles in Monmouthshire and Brecknockshire; and I will be bold to say, all England does not afford such a line of fifty miles' length, for fields, meadows, woods, brooks, and gently-rising mountains, fruitful to the very top. Carmarthenshire, into which we came soon after, has at least as fruitful a soil; but it is not so pleasant, because it has fewer mountains, though abundance of brooks and rivers. About five I preached on the green at Carmarthen, to a large number of deeply attentive people.

Thursday, 25.—I was more convinced than ever, that the preaching like an Apostle, without joining together those that are awakened, and training them up in the ways of God, is only begetting children for the murderer. How much preaching has there been for these twenty years all over Pembrokeshire! But no regular societies, no discipline, no order or connexion; and the consequence is, that nine in ten of the once-awakened are now faster asleep than ever.

Saturday, 27.—Mr. Evans now gave me an account from his own knowledge, of what has made a great noise in Wales:—"It is common in the congregations, attended by Mr. W. W., and one or two other clergymen, after the preaching is over, for any one that has a mind to give out a verse of an hymn. This they sing over and over with all their might, perhaps above thirty, yea, forty times. Meanwhile the bodies of two or three, sometimes ten or twelve, are violently agitated; and they leap up and down, in all manner of postures, frequently for hours together." I think, there needs no great penetration to understand this. They are honest, upright men, who really feel the love of God in their hearts. But they have little experience, either of the ways of God, or the devices of Satan. So he serves himself of their simplicity in order to wear them out, and to bring a discredit on the Work of God.

About two I preached at Cowbridge, in the Assembly-room, and then went on to Llandaff. The congregation was waiting; so I began without delay, explaining to them the righteousness of faith.

Saturday, SEPTEMBER 3.—I described the one undivided "fruit of the Spirit;" one part of which men are continually labouring to separate from the other: but it cannot be; none can retain peace or joy without meekness and long-suffering; nay, nor without fidelity and temperance. Unless we have the whole, we cannot long retain any part of it.

Sunday, OCTOBER 2.—All this week I endeavoured to confirm those who had been shaken as to the important doctrine of Christian Perfection, either by its wild defenders, or wise opposers, who much availed themselves of that wildness. It must needs be that such offences will come; but “woe unto him by whom the offence cometh!”

Monday, 24.—I rode to Bury. Here the mob had for some time reigned lords paramount; but a strange gentleman from London, who was present one evening, when they were in high spirits, took them in hand, and prosecuted the matter so effectually that they were quelled at once.

Saturday, DECEMBER 17.—I dined at Dr. G——’s, as friendly and courteous as Dr. Doddridge himself. How amiable is courtesy joined with sincerity! Why should they ever be divided?

Monday, JANUARY 16, 1764.—A large number was present at five in the morning: but my face and gums were so swelled I could hardly speak. After I took horse, they grew worse and worse, till it began to rain. I was then persuaded to put on an oil-case hood, which (the wind being very high) kept rubbing continually on my cheek, till both pain and swelling were gone.

Monday, 23.—I rode to Sundon, and preached in the evening to a very quiet and very stupid people. How plain is it, that even to enlighten the understanding is beyond the power of man! After all our preaching here, even those who have constantly attended no more understand us than if we had preached in Greek.

Thursday, 26.—Returning from Bedford, I tried another way to reach them. I preached on: “Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched;” and set before them the terrors of the Lord, in the strongest manner I was able. It seemed to be the very thing they wanted. They not only listened with the deepest attention, but appeared to be more affected than I had ever seen them by any discourse whatever.

After taking Brentford, Deptford, Welling, and Sevenoaks, in my way, on *Thursday, FEBRUARY 23*, I rode to Sir Thomas I’Anson’s, (at New-Bounds, two miles beyond Tunbridge,) just quivering on the verge of life, helpless as a child, but (as it seems) greatly profited by this severe dispensation. The hall, stair-case, and adjoining rooms, just contained the people in the evening.

Friday, MARCH 16.—I met several serious clergymen. I have long desired that there might be an open, avowed union between all who preach those fundamental truths, Original Sin, and Justification by Faith, producing inward and outward holiness; but all my endeavours have been hitherto ineffectual. God’s time is not fully come.

Wednesday, 21.—We had an exceeding large congregation at Birmingham, in what was formerly the playhouse. Happy would it be if all the playhouses in the kingdom were converted to so good an use! After service the mob gathered, and threw some dirt and stones at those who were going out. But it is probable they will soon

be calmed, as some of them are in gaol already. A few endeavoured to make a disturbance the next evening during the preaching; but it was lost labour; the congregation would not be diverted from taking earnest heed to the things that were spoken.

Friday, 23.—I rode to Dudley, formerly a den of lions, but now as quiet as Bristol.

Tuesday, 27.—We rode to Donnington, where a great multitude earnestly attended, while I explained and enforced: "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."



(DUDLEY CASTLE.)

Hence we rode to Derby. Mr. Dobinson believed it would be best for me to preach in the market-place, as there seemed to be a general inclination in the town, even among people of fashion, to hear me. He had mentioned it to the mayor, who said he did not apprehend there would be the least disturbance; but if there should be anything of the kind, he would take care to suppress it. A multitude of people were gathered at five, and were pretty quiet till I had named my text. Then "the beasts of the people" lifted up their voice, hallooing and shouting on every side. Finding it impossible to be heard, I walked softly away. An innumerable retinue followed me; but only a few pebble-stones were thrown, and no one hurt at all. Most of the rabble followed quite to Mr. D——'s house; but, it seems, without any

malice prepense; for they stood stock-still about an hour, and then quietly went away.

Saturday, 31.—An odd circumstance occurred during the morning preaching. It was well only serious persons were present. An ass walked gravely in at the gate, came up to the door of the house, lifted up his head and stood stock-still, in a posture of deep attention. Might not “the dumb beast reprove” many who have far less decency, and not much more understanding?



(EDINBURGH HIGH SCHOOL, ERECTED IN 1578.)

Thursday, APRIL 5.—About eleven I preached at Elsham. The two persons who are the most zealous and active here are the steward and gardener of a gentleman, whom the minister persuaded to turn them off unless they would leave “this way.” He gave them a week to consider of it; at the end of which they calmly answered ‘Sir, we choose rather to want bread here, than to want ‘a drop of water’ hereafter.

He replied, "Then follow your own conscience, so you do my business as well as formerly."

Friday, MAY 18.—I received much satisfaction in conversing with the most honourable member of our society,—Henry Jackson, now in the ninety-fifth or ninety-sixth year of his age. He put me in mind of that venerable man, Mr. Eliot, of New-England, who frequently used to say to his friends, a few years before he went to God, "My memory is gone; my understanding is gone; but I think I have more love than ever."

Wednesday, 23.—I rode over the sands to Holy-Island, once the famous seat of a bishop; now the residence of a few poor families, who live chiefly by fishing. At one side of the town are the ruins of a cathedral, with an adjoining monastery. It appears to have been a lofty and elegant building, the middle aisle being almost entire. I preached in what was once the market-place, to almost all the inhabitants of the island, and distributed some little books among them, for which they were exceeding thankful.

Sunday, 27.—At seven I preached in the High-school yard, on the other side of Edinburgh. The morning was extremely cold. In the evening it blew a storm. However, having appointed to be on the Calton-hill, I began there to an huge congregation. At first, the wind was a little troublesome; but I soon forgot it. And so did the people for an hour and a-half, in which I fully delivered my own soul.

Monday, 28.—I spent some hours at the General Assembly, composed of about an hundred and fifty ministers. I was surprised to find, 1. That any one was admitted, even lads twelve or fourteen years old: 2. That the chief speakers were lawyers, six or seven on one side only: 3. That a single question took up the whole time, which, when I went away, seemed to be as far from a conclusion as ever, namely, "Shall Mr. Lindsay be removed to Kilmarnock parish or not?" The argument for it was, "He has a large family, and this living is twice as good as his own." The argument against it was, "The people are resolved not to hear him, and will leave the kirk if he comes." If then the real point in view had been, as their law directs, *majus bonum Ecclesiae*,* instead of taking up five hours, the debate might have been determined in five minutes.

Saturday, JUNE 2.—I rode to Aberdeen, and preached in the evening in the College-hall, and at seven in the morning, *Sunday, 3.* At four in the afternoon I preached to a crowded audience in the College kirk, at Old-Aberdeen. At seven I preached in the College-close, at New-Aberdeen. But the congregation was so exceeding large, that many were not able to hear. However, many did hear, and I think feel, the application of: "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God."

We want nothing here but a larger house. And the foundation of one is laid

* "The greater benefit of the Church."—EDIT.

already. It is true, we have little money, and the society is poor ; but we know in Whom we have believed.

Thursday, 7.—I rode over to Sir Archibald Grant's, twelve computed miles from Aberdeen. It is surprising to see how the country between is improved even within these three years. On every side the wild, dreary moors are ploughed up, and covered with rising corn. All the ground near Sir Archibald's, in particular, is as well cultivated as most in England. About seven I preached. The kirk was pretty well filled, though upon short notice. Certainly this is a nation "swift to hear, and slow to speak," though not "slow to wrath."



(INVERNESS FROM TOMNAHURICH.)

Sunday, 10.—About eight we reached Inverness. I could not preach abroad, because of the rain ; nor could I hear of any convenient room ; so that I was afraid my coming hither would be in vain, all ways seeming to be blocked up. At ten I went to the kirk. After service, Mr. Fraser, one of the ministers, invited us to dinner, and then to drink tea. As we were drinking tea, he asked at what hour I would please to preach. I said, "At half-hour past five." The high kirk was filled in a very short time ; and I have seldom found greater liberty of spirit. The other minister came afterwards to our inn, and showed the most cordial affection. Were it only for this day, I should not have regretted the riding an hundred miles.

Monday, 11.—About eleven we took horse. While we were dining at Nairn, the

inn-keeper said, "Sir, the gentlemen of the town have read the little book you gave me on Saturday, and would be glad if you would please to give them a sermon." Upon my consenting, the bell was immediately rung, and the congregation was quickly in the kirk. O what a difference is there between South and North Britain! Every one here at least loves to hear the Word of God; and none takes it into his head to speak one uncivil word to any, for endeavouring to save their souls.

Tuesday, 12.—We rode through the pleasant and fertile county of Murray to Elgin. At Elgin are the ruins of a noble cathedral; the largest that I remember to



(MADELEY CHURCH AND VICARAGE.)

have seen in the kingdom. We rode thence to the Spey, the most rapid river, next the Rhine, that I ever saw. Though the water was not breast-high to our horses, they could very hardly keep their feet. We dined at Keith, and rode on to Strathbogie, much improved by the linen-manufacture. All the country from Fochabers to Strathbogie has little houses scattered up and down; and not only the valleys, but the mountains themselves, are improved with the utmost care. There want only more trees to make them more pleasant than most of the mountains in England. The whole family at our inn, eleven or twelve in number, gladly joined with us in prayer at night. Indeed, so they did at every inn where we lodged; for among all the sins they have imported from England, the Scots have not yet learned, at least not the common people, to scoff at sacred things.

Friday, 15.—We set out early, and came to Dundee just as the boat was going off. We designed to lodge at the house on the other side; but could not get either meat, drink, or good words; so we were constrained to ride on to Cupar. After travelling near ninety miles, I found no weariness at all; neither were our horses hurt. Thou, O Lord, dost save both man and beast!

Saturday, 16.—We had a ready passage at Kinghorn, and in the evening I preached on the Calton-hill, to a very large congregation; but a still larger assembled at seven on *Sunday* morning in the High-school yard.

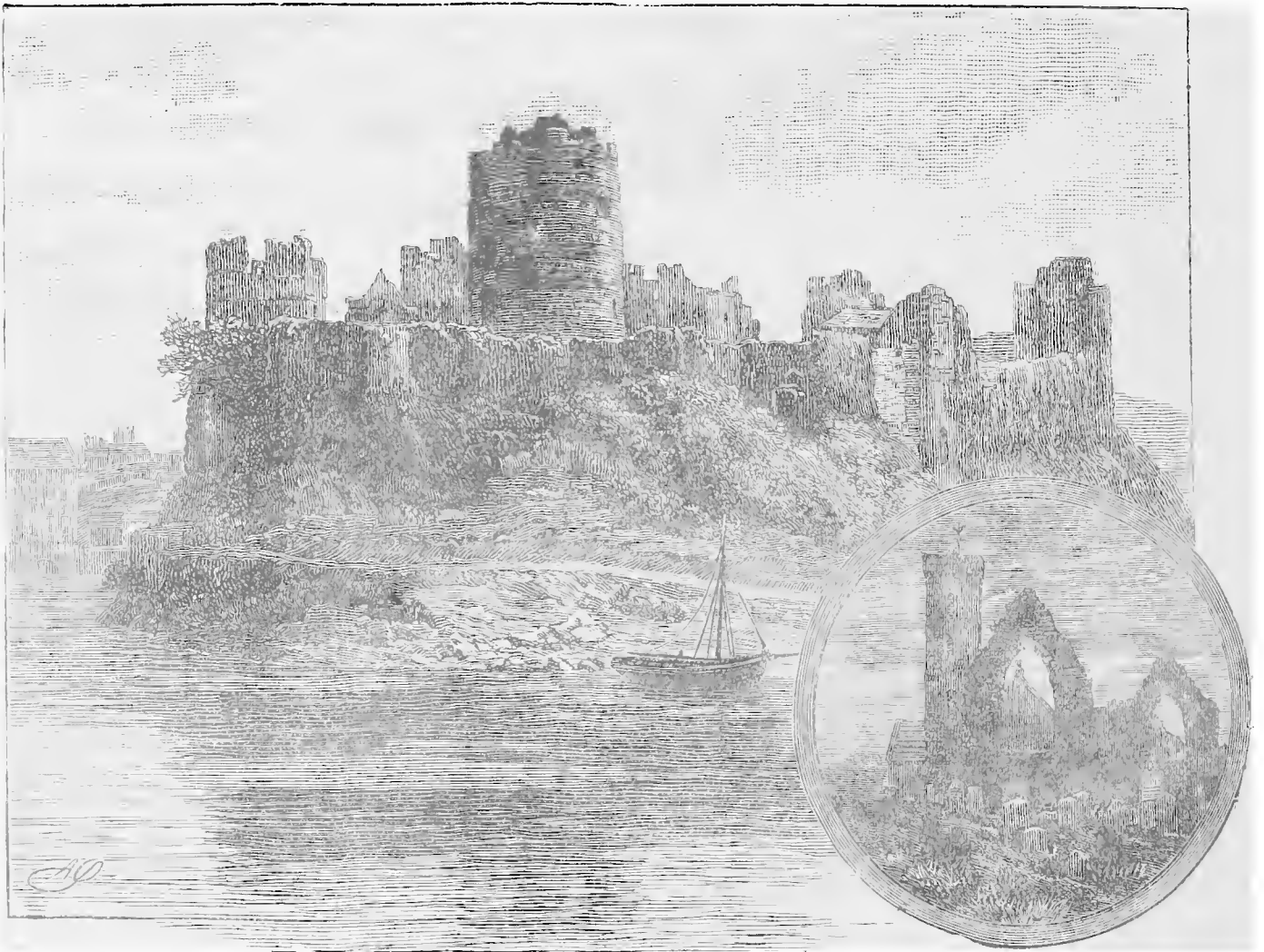
Saturday, JULY 21.—I rode to Bilbrook, near Wolverhampton, and preached between two and three. Thence we went on to Madeley, an exceeding pleasant village, encompassed with trees and hills.

Sunday, 22.—At ten Mr. Fletcher read prayers, and I preached on those words in the Gospel: "I am the good Shepherd: the good Shepherd layeth down His life for the sheep." The church would nothing near contain the congregation; but a window near the pulpit being taken down, those who could not come in stood in the church-yard, and I believe all could hear.

I found employment enough for the intermediate hours, in praying with various companies who hung about the house, insatiably hungering and thirsting after the good Word.

Wednesday, 25.—I took horse a little after four, and, about two, preached in the market-house at Llanidloes, two or three and forty miles from Shrewsbury. At three we rode forward through the mountains to the Fountain-head. I was for lodging there; but Mr. B—— being quite unwilling, we mounted again about seven. After having rode an hour, we found we were quite out of the way, having been wrong directed at setting out. We were then told to ride over some grounds; but our path soon ended in the edge of a bog. However, we got through to a little house, where an honest man, instantly mounting his horse, galloped before us, up hill and down, till he brought us into a road, which, he said, led straight to Roes-Fair. We rode on, till another met us, and said, "No; this is the way to Aberystwith. If you would go to Roes-Fair, you must turn back, and ride down to yonder bridge." The master of a little house near the bridge then directed us to the next village, where we inquired again, (it being past nine,) and were once more set exactly wrong. Having wandered an hour upon the mountains, through rocks and bogs, and precipices, we, with abundance of difficulty, got back to the little house near the bridge. It was in vain to think of rest there, it being full of drunken, roaring miners; besides that there was but one bed in the house, and neither grass, nor hay, nor corn to be had. So we hired one of them to walk with us to Roes-Fair, though he was miserably drunk, till, by falling all his length in a purling stream, he came tolerably to his senses. Between eleven and twelve we came to the inn; but neither here could we get any hay. When

we were in bed, the good hostler and miner thought good to mount our beasts. I believe it was not long before we rose that they put them into the stable. But the mule was cut in several places, and my mare was bleeding from a wound behind, two inches deep, made, it seemed, by a stroke with a pitch-fork. What to do we could not tell, till I remembered I had a letter for one Mr. Nathaniel Williams, whom, upon inquiry, I found to live but a mile off. We walked thither, and found "an Israelite



(PEMBROKE CASTLE.)

(MOUNCTON PRIORY.)

indeed," who gladly received both man and beast. After I had got a little rest, Mr Williams desired me to give an exhortation to a few of his neighbours.

Friday, 27.—We rode through a lovely vale, and over pleasant and fruitful hills, to Carmarthen. Thence, after a short bait, we went on to Pembroke.

Sunday, 29.—The minister of St. Mary's sent me word he was very willing I should preach in his church; but, before service began, the mayor sent to forbid it; so he preached a very useful sermon himself. The mayor's behaviour so disgusted

many of the gentry, that they resolved to hear where they could; and accordingly flocked together in the evening from all parts of the town: and perhaps the taking up this cross may profit them more than my sermon in the church would have done.

Tuesday, 31.—We set out for Glamorganshire, and rode up and down steep and stony mountains for about five hours.

An honest man at Kidwelly told us there was no difficulty in riding the sands; so we rode on. In ten minutes one overtook us who used to guide persons over them; and it was well he did, or in all probability we had been swallowed up. The whole sands are at least ten miles over, with many streams of quicksands intermixed. But our guide was thoroughly acquainted with them, and with the road on the other side. By his help, between five and six, we came well tired to Oxwych in Gower.

Gower is a large tract of land, bounded by Brecknockshire on the north-east, the sea on the south-west, and rivers on the other sides. Here all the people talk English, and are, in general, the most plain, loving people in Wales.

After I had stayed a while in the street, (for there was no public-house,) a poor woman gave me house-room. Having had nothing since breakfast, I was very willing to eat or drink; but she simply told me, she had nothing in the house but a dram of gin. However, I afterwards procured a dish of tea at another house, and was much refreshed. About seven I preached to a little company, and again in the morning. They were all attention; so that even for the sake of this handful of people I did not regret my labour.

Sunday, NOVEMBER 4.—I proposed to the leaders, the assisting the Society for the Reformation of Manners, with regard to their heavy debt. One of them asked, "Ought we not to pay our own debt first?" After some consultations, it was agreed to attempt it. The general debt of the society in London, occasioned chiefly by repairing the Foundery, and chapels, and by building at Wapping and Snowsfields, was about nine hundred pounds. This I laid before the society in the evening, and desired them all to set their shoulders to the work, either by a present contribution, or by subscribing what they could pay, on the 1st of January, February, or March.

Thursday, 8.—At ten (and so every morning) I met the preachers that were in town, and read over with them the "Survey of the Wisdom of God in the Creation." Many pupils I had at the University, and I took some pains with them: but to what effect? What is become of them now? How many of them think either of their tutor or their God? But, blessed be God! I have had some pupils since, who well reward me for my labour. Now "I live;" for "ye stand fast in the Lord."

Monday, 19, and the other afternoons of this week, I took up my cross, and went in person to the principal persons in our society, in every part of the town. By this means, within six days, near six hundred pounds were subscribed toward the public

debt; and what was done, was done with the utmost cheerfulness. I remember but one exception: only one gentleman squeezed out ten shillings, as so many drops of blood.

Friday, DECEMBER 14.—In the machine I read Mr. Baxter's book upon apparitions. It contains several well-attested accounts; but there are some which I cannot subscribe to. How hard is it to keep the middle way; not to believe too little or too much!



(“HE BEGAN PLAYING NEAR FOUR OR FIVE LIONS.”)

Monday, 31.—I thought it would be worth while to make an odd experiment: Remembering how surprisingly fond of music the lion at Edinburgh was, I determined to try whether this was the case with all animals of the same kind. I accordingly went to the tower with one who plays on the German flute. He began playing near four or five lions; only one of these (the rest not seeming to regard it at all) rose up, came to the front of his den, and seemed to be all attention. Meantime, a tiger in the same den started up, leaped over the lion's back, turned and ran under his

belly, leaped over him again, and so to and fro incessantly. Can we account for this by any principle of mechanism? Can we account for it at all?

Wednesday, FEBRUARY 13, 1765.—I heard “Ruth,” an oratorio, performed at Mr. Madan’s chapel. The sense was admirable throughout; and much of the poetry not contemptible. This, joined with exquisite music, might possibly make an impression even upon rich and honourable sinners.

Monday, 25.—In my way to Yarmouth I read Dr. Watts, on “The Improvement of the Mind.” He has many just and useful observations, mixed with some that are not just, and with more that are of little use, besides that they are trite and obvious



(LIVERPOOL ABOUT 1755.)

I preached at seven in a preaching-house built for the General Anabaptists; one of the most elegant buildings I have seen; which was well filled both this and the following evening with serious and attentive hearers. There now seems to be a general call to this town: surely some will hear the Voice that raises the dead.

Sunday, MARCH 10.—I made a collection in our congregation for the poor weavers who are out of employment. It amounted to about forty pounds. In the evening our own society met, and contributed fourteen pounds more, to relieve a few of their own distressed members.

Tuesday, 26.—As several ships were ready to sail from Park-Gate, I waited here two days. But the wind continuing foul, on *Friday, 29*, I crossed over to Liverpool. I was surprised at the evening congregations, particularly on *Sunday*. The house,

even with the addition of three new galleries, would not near contain the congregation; and I never before observed the Word to take such effect upon them. So that I was not sorry the wind continued in the same point on *Monday*, *Tuesday*, and *Wednesday*. Only it shifted a little on *Wednesday* morning: on which some impatient captains sailed immediately. But in a few hours it came full west again; so that they were glad to get well back.

Monday, APRIL 29.—After a short bait at Maybole in the afternoon, we went on to Girvan.

Tuesday, 30.—We rode over high and steep mountains, between Ballantrae and Stanraer; where we met with as good entertainment of every kind as if we had been in the heart of England.

We reached Port-Patrick about three o'clock, and were immediately surrounded with men, offering to carry us over the water. But the wind was full in our teeth. I determined to wait till morning, and then go forward or backward, as God should please.

Wednesday, MAY 1.—The wind was quite fair; so, as soon as the tide served, I went on board. It seemed strange to cross the sea in an open boat, especially when the waves ran high. I was a little sick, till I fell asleep. In five hours and-an-half we reached Donaghadee; but my mare could not land till five hours after, so that I did not reach Newtown till past eight.

I spent the next day here, endeavouring to lift up the hands of a poor, scattered, dejected people. In the evening I preached on the green: though it was exceeding cold, none of the congregation seemed to regard it. And a few of them do "remember from whence" they "are fallen, and" resolve to "do the first works."

Thursday, 23.—Lighting on a volume of Mr. Seed's sermons, I was utterly surprised. Where did this man lie hid that I never heard of him all the time I was at Oxford? His language is pure in the highest degree, his apprehension clear, his judgment strong. And for true, manly wit, and exquisite turns of thought, I know not if this century has produced his equal.

Monday, 27.—At five we reached Donegal, the county-town. What a wonderful set of county-towns are in this kingdom! Donegal, and five more, would not make up such a town as Islington. Some have twenty houses in them, Mayo three, and Leitrim, I think, not one. Is not this owing in part to the fickleness of the nation, who seldom like anything long; and so are continually seeking new habitations, as well as new fashions, and new trifles of every kind?

Tuesday, 28.—We breakfasted at Ballyshannon, I believe the largest and pleasantest town in the county. Beyond it, a good-natured man overtook me, with whom I talked largely and closely. He seemed much affected. If it continues, well; if not, I am clear of his blood.

In the evening I took my usual stand in the market-house at Sligo; but here how was the scene changed! I have seen nothing like this since my first entrance into the kingdom. Such a total want of good sense, of good manners, yea, of common



(BALLYSHANNON.)

decency, was shown by not a few of the hearers! It is good to visit Sligo after Londonderry: honour and dishonour balance each other. Have we done nothing here yet? Then it is high time to begin, and try if something can be done now. In the two following days I spoke as strongly as I could; and my labour was not in vain. The congregation increased very considerably, and appeared to be of another spirit. They behaved



(THE SALMON-LEAP FROM BELOW.)

better the second night than the first, and far better the third night than the second. Many of them, I believe, had a fresh call from God; and at the meeting

of the society He was eminently present: so that, notwithstanding their decay, I could not but hope there would be a "blessing in the remnant."

I expected one to meet me at Sligo; but none appearing, I set out alone at five in the morning, JUNE 1, purposing to ride the new road to Castlebar; but on second thoughts I rode straight on to Foxford. At the entrance of the town I met three gentlewomen. One of them turned and cried out, "Is not that Mr. Wesley?" I thought it odd, but rode on. At the other end of the town a gentleman met me, and, taking hold of my bridle, said, "Sir, I must beg you to turn back, and dine with me



(“THEY SEEMED MUCH FRIGHTED,” p. 339.)

at the barracks.” So I could not go the new road, which misses Foxford, because God had work for me to do there.

Saturday, 8.—I rode to Limerick, and found the preaching-house just finished. I liked it the best of any in the kingdom; being neat, yea elegant, yet not gaudy.

Sunday, 9.—In the evening I preached at Mardyke. The heat was violent, even at six; nevertheless there was a numerous congregation, both of Protestants and Papists. Some of the latter behaved with remarkable indecency,—talking and laughing, as at a play. I turned and reprov'd them. They took it well, and neither laughed nor talked any more.

Monday, 17.—Before noon we were met by a violent shower, which drove us to a little cabin, where were a company of children, with their mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother. They seemed much frightened; but one of our company, who spoke Irish, soon took away their fears. We then sang a hymn, and went to prayer. They gaped and stared abundantly; and when we went away, after giving them a small piece of money, followed us with a thousand blessings.

Sunday, JULY 14.—About five, I began in my usual place at Athlone, on the unnaught side of the river. I believe the congregation (both of Protestants and Catholics) was never so large before. Some were displeased at this; and several pieces of turf were thrown over the houses, with some stones; but neither one nor the



(ON THE DARGLE.)

her could in the least interrupt the attention of the people. Then a Popish miller (prompted by his betters, so-called) got up to preach over against me; but some of his comrades throwing a little dirt in his face, he leaped down in haste to fight them. This bred a fray, in which he was so roughly handled that he was glad to get off with only a bloody nose.

Wednesday, 17.—I preached in the grove at Edenderry. Many of the Quakers were there, (it being the time of their General Meeting,) and many of all sorts. I met here with the Journal of William Edmundson, one of their preachers in the last century. If the original equalled the picture, (which I see no reason to doubt,) what a amiable man was this! His opinions I leave; but what a spirit was here! What faith, love, gentleness, long-suffering!

Thursday, 18.—The wind in our face tempering the heat of the sun, we had a pleasant ride to Dublin. In the evening I began expounding the deepest part of the Holy Scripture, namely, the First Epistle of St. John, by which, above all other, even inspired writings, I advise every young preacher to form his style. Here are sublimity and simplicity together, the strongest sense and the plainest language! How can any one that would “speak as the oracles of God” use harder words than are found here?

Monday, 22.—I rode to Donard, a little town in the county of Wicklow. Here I met with more noise, and stupid, senseless impudence than I have found since I left England; but the chief man of the town having handled one of the disturbers roughly, and another of them being knocked down, (not by a Methodist,) I concluded my discourse without any farther hindrance.

Monday, 29.—I was desired by some friends to take a ride to the Dargle, ten or twelve miles from Dublin; one of the greatest natural curiosities, they said, which the kingdom afforded. It far exceeded my expectation. You have a high and steep mountain, covered with stately wood, up the side of which a path is cut, and seats placed at small distances. A deep vale, through which a clear river runs, lies between this and another high mountain, whose sides are clothed with tall trees, row above row, from the river to the very top. Near the summit of the first mountain, you have an opening on the one hand which commands the fruitful counties of Kildare, Dublin, and Louth, as far, in a clear, sunshiny day, as the huge mountains of Newry; on the other hand, is a fine landscape of meadows and fields, that terminates in a sea-prospect. Adding this to the rest, it exceeds anything which I have seen in Great Britain. And yet the eye is not satisfied with seeing! It never can be, till we see God.

Wednesday 31.—At the earnest desire of a friend, I suffered Mr. Hunter to take my picture. I sat only once, from about ten o'clock, to half an hour after one; and in that time he began and ended the face; and with a most striking likeness.

Friday, AUGUST 2.—One informed me that the Captain with whom I had agreed for my passage, was gone without me, but had taken my horse. I was content, believing all was for the best; but we soon heard he was only fallen down a few miles: so we took a boat and followed him; and about ten we went on board the *Felicity*, bound for Whitehaven. In about an hour we set sail. Soon after the wind turned, and was against us most part of *Saturday* and *Sunday*. On *Sunday*, I preached to our little congregation, thirteen in all, on: “The kingdom of heaven is at hand; repent ye, and believe the Gospel.” In a short time, the wind sprung up fair, but with intervals of calm; so that we did not reach Whitehaven quay till *Tuesday, 6*, between twelve and one in the morning.

Wednesday, SEPTEMBER 4.—I rode on to North-Tawton, a village where several of our preachers had preached occasionally. About six I went to the door of our inn;

but I had hardly ended the psalm, when a clergyman came, with two or three (by the courtesy of England called) gentlemen. After I had named my text, I said, "There may be some truths which concern some men only; but this concerns all mankind." The minister cried out, "That is false doctrine, that is predestination." Then the roar began, to second which they had brought an huntsman with his hounds: but the dogs were wiser than the men; for they could not bring them to make any noise at all. One of the gentlemen supplied their place. He assured us he was such, or none would have suspected it; for his language was as base, foul, and porterly as ever was



(HOWTH.)

heard at Billingsgate. Dog, rascal, puppy, and the like terms, adorned almost every sentence. Finding there was no probability of a quiet hearing, I left him the field, and withdrew to my lodging.

Wednesday, 11.—Perceiving my voice began to fail, I resolved to preach, for a while, but twice a day.

Monday, 16.—We had our Quarterly-meeting at Redruth; and it appeared, by the accounts from all parts, that the flame which was kindled the last year, though abated, is not extinguished. At six I began on the market-house steps, as usual, to a very numerous congregation; but I had not finished the hymn, when Mr. C. came and

read the Act against riots. I said, "Mr. C., I did not expect this from you; I really thought you had more understanding." He answered not, but stood like one astonished, neither moving hand nor foot. However, I removed two or three hundred yards, and quietly finished my discourse.



("A GENTLEMAN, STEPPING OUT, LIFTED ME UP, AND HELPED ME INTO HIS SHOP." p. 343.)

Saturday, OCTOBER 5.—I spent some time with the children at Kingswood. They are all in health: they behave well: they learn well; but, alas! (two or three excepted) there is no life in them!

Sunday, NOVEMBER 24.—I preached on those words in the lesson for the day: "The Lord our righteousness." I said not one thing which I have not said at least fifty times within this twelvemonth: yet it appeared to many entirely new, who much

importuned me to print my sermon, supposing it would stop the mouths of all gain-sayers. Alas, for their simplicity! In spite of all I can print, say, or do, will not those who seek occasion of offence find occasion?

Monday, DECEMBER 2.—I went to Canterbury. I had received most tragical accounts, as if the society were all fallen from grace, if ever they had any. I determined to search this to the bottom. To this end I examined them, one by one; and was agreeably surprised to find them all (none excepted) upright and blameless in their behaviour.

Thursday, 5.—I rode back to Faversham. Here I was quickly informed that the mob and the magistrates had agreed together to drive Methodism, so-called, out of the town. After preaching, I told them what we had been constrained to do by the magistrate at Rolvenden; who perhaps would have been richer, by some hundred pounds, had he never meddled with the Methodists; concluding, "Since we have both God and the law on our side, if we can have peace by fair means, we had much rather; we should be exceeding glad; but if not, we *will* have peace."

Wednesday, 11.—I had much conversation with Mr. D——e, lately a Romish priest. What wonder is it, that we have so many converts to Popery, and so few to Protestantism; when the

former are sure to want nothing, and the latter almost sure to starve?

Thursday, 12.—I rode over to Leytonstone, and found one truly Christian family: that is, what that at Kingswood should be, and would, if it had such Governors.

Friday, 13.—I examined the children, one by one. Several of them did find the love of God. One enjoys it still, and continues to walk humbly and closely with God.

Wednesday, 18.—Riding through the Borough, all my mare's feet flew up, and she fell with my leg under her. A gentleman, stepping out, lifted me up, and helped me into his shop. I was exceeding sick, but was presently relieved by a little hartshorn and water. After resting a few minutes, I took a coach; but when I was cold, found myself much worse; being bruised on my right arm, my breast, my knee, leg, and ankle, which swelled exceedingly. However, I went on to Shoreham; where, by applying treacle twice a day, all the soreness was removed, and I recovered some



(BISHOP LOWTH.)

strength, so as to be able to walk a little on plain ground. The Word of God does at length bear fruit here also, and Mr. P. is comforted over all his trouble.

Sunday, 22.—I was ill able to go through the service at West-street; but God provided for this also. Mr. Greaves, being just ordained, came straight to the chapel, and gave me the assistance I wanted. •

Thursday, 26.—I should have been glad of a few days' rest, but it could not be at this busy season. However, being electrified morning and evening, my lameness mended, though but slowly.

Wednesday, JANUARY 1, 1766.—A large congregation met in the Foundery at four o'clock, and ushered in the new year with the voice of praise and thanksgiving. In the evening we met, as usual, at the church in Spitalfields, to renew our covenant with God. This is always a refreshing season, at which some prisoners are set at liberty.

Friday, 3.—Mr. B—— called upon me, now calm and in his right mind. God has repressed his furious, bitter zeal, by means of Mr. Whitefield. He (Mr. Whitefield) made the first breach among the Methodists: O that God may empower him to heal it

Thursday, 9.—I read Bishop Lowth's "Answer" to Bishop W. If any thing human could be a cure for pride, surely such a medicine as this would!

Friday, 24.—I returned to London. *Tuesday, 28.*—Our brethren met together to consider our temporal affairs. One proposed that we should, in the first place, pay off the debt of the society, which was five hundred pounds. Towards this an hundred and seventy were subscribed immediately. At a second meeting this was enlarged to three hundred and twenty. Surely God will supply the rest!

Friday, 31.—Mr. Whitefield called upon me. He breathes nothing but peace and love. Bigotry cannot stand before him, but hides its head wherever he comes.

Sunday, FEBRUARY 2.—I dined with W. Welsh, the father of the late Society for Reformation of Manners. But that excellent design is at a full stop. They have indeed convicted the wretch who, by wilful perjury, carried the cause against them in Westminster-hall; but they could never recover the expense of that suit. Lord, how long shall the ungodly triumph?

Wednesday, 5.—One called upon me who had been cheated out of a large fortune, and was now perishing for want of bread. I had a desire to clothe him, and send him back to his own country; but was short of money. However, I appointed him to call again in an hour. He did so; but before he came, one from whom I expected nothing less, put twenty guineas into my hand: so I ordered him to be clothed from head to foot, and sent him straight away to Dublin.

Monday, 10, and the four following days, I wrote a catalogue of the society, now reduced from eight-and-twenty hundred to about two-and-twenty. Such is the fruit of George Bell's enthusiasm, and Thomas Maxfield's gratitude!

Saturday, MARCH 1.—I read Bishop Lowth's ingenious Lectures *De Poesi Hebrææ*, far more satisfactory than any thing on that subject which I ever saw before. He shows clearly, that the noblest poetry may subsist without being beholden either to rhyme or fixed measures.

Thursday, 6.—Our brethren met once more on account of the public debt. And they did not part till more than the whole (which was six hundred and ten pounds) was subscribed.

Wednesday, 12.—I rode over to Kingswood; and, having told my whole mind to the masters and servants, spoke to the children in a far stronger manner than ever I did before. I will kill or cure: I will have one or the other,—a Christian school, or none at all.

Sunday, 16.—At Kingswood we had such a congregation at ten as has not been there for several years: and I had the satisfaction to find four of our children again rejoicing in the love of God.

Wednesday, 19.—We called at a little inn, about sixteen miles from Evesham. But as Duncan Wright and I had our hoods on, the good woman was frightened, and did not care to take us in: so

we rode a mile or two farther to another house, where we came in season. After a little talk, the woman of the house said, "I fear it is not so well with me as it was once. Before I married, I used to kneel down in the cow-house, to pray to God for all I wanted. But now I am encumbered with worldly cares; and yet God has not forgotten me. Last winter, when my husband had lost the use of all



(“DUNCAN WRIGHT AND I HAD OUR HOODS ON.”)

his limbs, I prayed to God for him, and he was well." This woman knew nothing about the Methodists ; but God is nigh to all that call upon Him.

Thursday, 20.—It was as much as we could do to bear the cold before sunrise. However, we came well to Burton before eleven, where I preached to an exceeding serious congregation. In the evening I preached at Nottingham in the new house, thoroughly filled with serious hearers. Indeed there is never any disturbance here. And there could be none anywhere, if the magistrates were lovers of peace, and exerted themselves in the defence of it.

Sunday, 23.—I had thoughts of preaching in the market-place ; but the snow which fell in the night made it impracticable.

Friday, APRIL 18.—I set out for the eastern part of Lincolnshire, and after preaching at Awkborough and Barrow in the way, came the next day to our old friends at Grimsby. It put me in mind of Purrysburg, in Georgia. It was one of the largest towns in the county : it is no bigger than a middling village, containing a small number of half-starved inhabitants, without any trade, either foreign or domestic. But this they have ; they love the Gospel, hardly six families excepted.

Saturday, MAY 24.—In the evening I preached in the new room at Edinburgh, a large and commodious building.

Monday, 26.—I spent some hours at the meeting of the National Assembly. I am very far from being of Mr. Whitefield's mind, who greatly commends the solemnity of this meeting. I have seen few less solemn : I was extremely shocked at the behaviour of many of the members. Had any preacher behaved so at our Conference, he would have had no more place among us.

Thursday, JUNE 5.—It being fair, we had a more numerous congregation than ever ; to whom, after preaching, I took occasion to repeat most of the plausible objections which had been made to us in Scotland. I then showed our reasons for the things which had been objected to us, and all seemed to be thoroughly satisfied.

The sum of what I spoke was this :—

"I love plain dealing. Do not you ? I will use it now. Bear with me.

"I hang out no false colours ; but show you all I am, all I intend, all I do.

"I am a member of the Church of England : but I love good men of every church.

"My ground is the Bible. Yea, I am a Bible-bigot. I follow it in all things, both great and small.

"Therefore, 1. I always use a short private prayer, when I attend the public service of God. Do not you ? Why do you not ? Is not this according to the Bible ?

"2. I stand whenever I sing the praise of God in public. Does not the Bible give you plain precedents for this ?

"3. I always kneel before the Lord my Maker, when I pray in public.

“4. I generally in public use the Lord’s Prayer, because Christ has taught me when I pray, to say, ——.

“I advise every preacher connected with me, whether in England or Scotland, herein to tread in my steps.”

Sunday, 15.—Our room was very warm in the afternoon, through the multitude



(ARTHUR'S SEAT, EDINBURGH.)

of people ; a great number of whom were people of fashion, with many ministers. I spoke to them with the utmost plainness, and, I believe, not in vain ; for we had such a congregation at five in the morning as I never saw at Edinburgh before. It is scarce possible to speak too plain in England ; but it is scarce possible to speak plain enough in Scotland. And if you do not, you lose all your labour, you plough upon the sand.

Monday, 16.—I took a view of one of the greatest natural curiosities in the

kingdom ; what is called Arthur's seat ; a small, rocky eminence, six or seven yards across, on the top of an exceeding high mountain, not far from Edinburgh. The prospect from the top of the Castle is large, but it is nothing in comparison of this. In the evening we had another Sunday's congregation, who seemed more affected than the day before.

Tuesday, 17.—I can now leave Edinburgh with comfort ; for I have fully delivered my own soul.

Monday, 23.—I met with Mr. Knox's "History of the Church of Scotland ;" and could any man wonder, if the members of it were more fierce, sour, and bitter of spirit than some of them are ? For what a pattern have they before them ! I know it is commonly said, "The work to be done needed such a spirit." Not so : the work of God does not, cannot need the work of the devil to forward it. And a calm, even spirit goes through rough work far better than a furious one. Although, therefore, God did use, at the time of the Reformation, some sour, overbearing, passionate men, yet He did not use them *because* they were such, but *notwithstanding* they were so. And there is no doubt, He would have used them much more, had they been of an humbler and milder spirit.

Tuesday, 24.—Before eight we reached Dumfries, and after a short bait pushed on in hopes of reaching Solway-Frith, before the sea was come in. In ten minutes Duncan Wright was embogged : however, the horse plunged on, and got through. I was inclined to turn back ; but Duncan telling me I needed only go a little to the left, I did so, and sunk at once to my horse's shoulders. He sprung up twice, and twice sunk again, each time deeper than before. At the third plunge he threw me on one side, and we both made shift to scramble out. I was covered with fine, soft mud, from my feet to the crown of my head ; yet, blessed be God, not hurt at all. But we could not cross till between seven and eight o'clock. An honest man crossed with us, who went two miles out of his way to guide us over the sands to Skilburness ; where we found a little clean house, and passed a comfortable night.

Monday, 30.—About two we reached Penrith. Two of our friends guided us thence to Appleby, a county-town worthy of Ireland, containing, at least, five-and-twenty houses.

Thursday, JULY 17.—In the way to Beverley, I called upon Sir Charles Hotham, and spent a comfortable hour.

Saturday, 19.—I took a view of Beverley minster, such a parish church as has scarce its fellow in England. It is a most beautiful as well as stately building, both within and without, and is kept more nicely clean than any cathedral which I have seen in the kingdom. About one I preached at Pocklington, (though my strength was much exhausted,) and in the evening at York.

Sunday, 20.—After preaching at eight, I went to St. Saviourgate church.

Towards the close of the prayers the rector sent the sexton to tell me the pulpit was at my service. I preached on the conclusion of the Gospel for the day: "Not every one that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of My Father which is in heaven." I did not see one person laugh or smile, though we had an elegant congregation.

Sunday, August 3.—When the prayers at Haworth were ended, I preached from



(BEVERLEY MINSTER.)

a little scaffold on the south side of the church, on those words in the Gospel: "O that thou hadst known the things that belong unto thy peace!" The communicants alone (a sight which has not been seen since Mr. Grimshaw's death) filled the church. In the afternoon the congregation was supposed to be the largest which had ever been there; but strength was given me in proportion; so that I believe all could hear.

Monday, 4.—At one I preached at Bingley. In the afternoon I went to Otley;

but the town seemed to be run mad. Such noise, hurry, drunkenness, rioting, confusion, I know not when I have met with before. It was their feast-day! A feast of Bacchus, or Venus, or Belial? O shame to a Christian country! However, both the small and great rabble were so engaged, that they had no leisure to molest us; so that I preached to a large congregation under the hill with perfect quietness.

Thursday, 7.—We had as hot a day as most I have known in Georgia. However, about noon I rode to Horbury; but it was impracticable to preach abroad. So we retired into the new house; but this too was as hot as an oven. Some of the people behaved exceeding ill at first; but it was soon over. In a few minutes the whole congregation was as serious and attentive as that at Daw-green.

Friday, 8.—I rode over to Huddersfield. The church, though large, was exceeding hot, through the multitude of people.

Sunday, 10.—After Mr. Eastwood had read prayers, I came out into the church-yard, and preached to four times as many as the church could contain, on: “Are not Abana and Pharpar better than all the waters of Israel?” About one I preached at Daw-green. I judged the congregation, closely wedged together, to extend forty yards one way, and about an hundred the other. Now, suppose five to stand in a yard square, they would amount to twenty thousand people. I began preaching at Leeds, between five and six, to just such another congregation.

Tuesday, 12.—Our Conference began, and ended on Friday evening. An happier Conference we never had, nor a more profitable one. It was both begun and ended in love, and with a solemn sense of the presence of God.

Wednesday, 20.—I reached London.

It was at the earnest request of —, whose heart God has turned again, without any expectation of mine, that I came hither so suddenly: and if no other good result from it but our firm union with Mr. Whitefield, it is an abundant recompense for my labour. My brother and I conferred with him every day; and let the honourable men do what they please, we resolved, by the grace of God, to go on, hand in hand, through honour and dishonour.

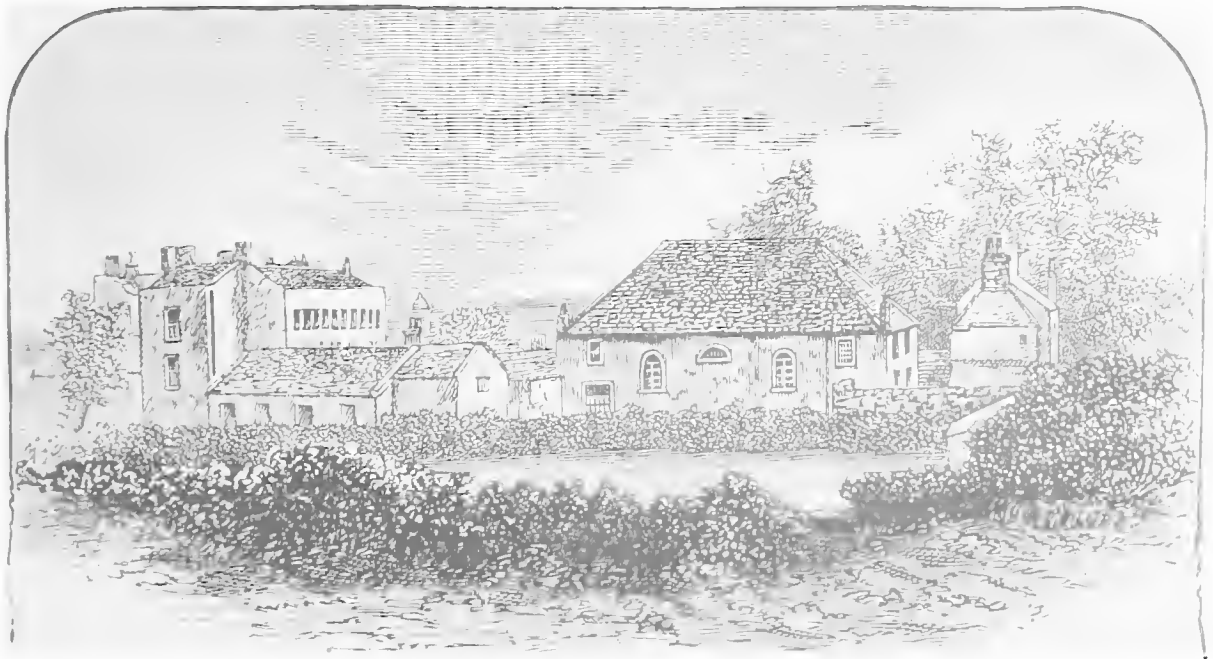
Wednesday, 27.—I rode to Bristol, and the next day delivered the management of Kingswood-house to stewards on whom I could depend. So I have cast an heavy load off my shoulders. Blessed be God for able and faithful men, who will do His work without any temporal reward!

Saturday, 30.—We rode to Stallbridge, long the seat of war, by a senseless, insolent mob, encouraged by their betters, so-called, to outrage their quiet neighbours. For what? Why, they were mad: they were Methodists. So, to bring them to their senses, they would beat their brains out. They broke their windows, leaving not one whole pane of glass, spoiled their goods, and assaulted their persons

with dirt, and rotten eggs, and stones, whenever they appeared in the street. But no magistrate, though they applied to several, would show them either mercy or justice. At length they wrote to me. I ordered a lawyer to write to the rioters. He did so; but they set him at nought. We then moved the Court of King's Bench. By various artifices, they got the trial put off, from one Assizes to another, for eighteen months. But it fell so much the heavier on themselves, when they were found guilty; and, from that time, finding there is law for Methodists, they have suffered them to be at peace.

I preached near the main street, without the least disturbance, to a large and attentive congregation.

Sunday, SEPTEMBER 14.—I preached in St. Agnes at eight. The congregation in



(KINGSWOOD SCHOOL AND CHAPEL.)

Redruth, at one, was the largest I ever had seen there; but small, compared to that which assembled at five, in the natural amphitheatre at Gwennap; far the finest I know in the kingdom. It is a round, green hollow, gently shelving down, about fifty feet deep; but I suppose it is two hundred across one way, and near three hundred the other.

Monday, 15.—I preached at Cubert, and next morning rode on to St. Columb. Being desired to break the ice here, I began preaching, without delay, in a gentleman's yard adjoining to the main street. I chose this, as neither too public nor too private.

Friday, 19.—Came a messenger from Jo. Magor, dangerously ill at Sidmouth, four or five and twenty miles off, to tell me he could not die in peace till he had

seen me. So the next morning, after preaching, I set out, spent an hour with him, by which he was exceedingly refreshed, and returned to Tiverton time enough to rest a little before the evening preaching.

Thursday, OCTOBER 9.—I waited on the good old Bishop of Londonderry, and spent two or three hours in useful conversation. In the evening I preached again at my Lady's chapel to another numerous congregation. Who knows but a few among this gay multitude may "work out their salvation with fear and trembling?"

Friday, 10.—I took a ride to Cheltenham. It being too cold to preach abroad, at six I preached in the chapel, and fully declared the whole counsel of God. Afterwards I examined the little society; and found the greater part of them lively believers, and quite free from the bigotry which is common among Churchmen, and still more among Dissenters.

Wednesday, NOVEMBER 5.—I rode by Shoreham to Sevenoaks. In the little journeys which I have lately taken, I have thought much on the huge encomiums which have been for many ages bestowed on a *country life*. How have all the learned world cried out,

*O fortunati nimium, sua si bona norint,
Agricolæ!**

But, after all, what a flat contradiction is this to universal experience! See that little house, under the wood, by the river side! There is rural life in perfection. How happy then is the farmer that lives there! Let us take a detail of his happiness. He rises with, or before, the sun, calls his servants, looks to his swine and cows, then to his stables and barns. He sees to the ploughing and sowing his ground, in winter or in spring. In summer and autumn he hurries and sweats among his mowers and reapers. And where is his happiness in the meantime? Which of these employments do we envy? Or do we envy the delicate repast that succeeds, which the poet so languishes for?—"O the happiness of eating *beans well greased with fat, bacon! Nay, and cabbage too!*"—Was Horace in his senses when he talked thus, or the servile herd of his imitators? Our eyes and ears may convince us there is not a less happy body of men in all England than the country farmers. In general, their life is supremely dull; and it is usually unhappy too. For of all people in the kingdom, they are most discontented; seldom satisfied either with God or man.

Sunday, 30.—I preached on the education of children, wherein we are so shamefully wanting. Many were now deeply convinced of this. I hope they will not all stifle that conviction.

Monday, DECEMBER 8.—I went to Canterbury; and on *Wednesday, 10,* to Dover. At all the sea-ports we have a multitude of hearers. Is not this a token for good to the nation? Surely mercy "embraces us on every side."

* "Too happy, if their happiness they knew!"

Sunday, JANUARY 11, 1767.—I made a push for the lending-stock ; speaking more strongly than ever I had done before. The effect was, that it was raised from about fifty, to one hundred and twenty pounds.

Wednesday, 21.—I had a conversation with an ingenious man, who proved to a demonstration, that it was the duty of every man that could, to be “clothed in



(“SEE THAT LITTLE HOUSE, UNDER THE WOOD,” p. 352.)

purple and fine linen,” and to “fare sumptuously every day ;” and that he would do abundantly more good hereby than he could do by “feeding the hungry and clothing the naked.” O the depth of human understanding ! What may not a man believe *if he will* ?

Thursday, MARCH 12, and two following days, I examined the society in Bristol.

Monday, 16.—Finding no ship which could take over me and my horses, I set out, with Thomas Dancer, for Liverpool.

Friday, 20.—I rode on through more storms to Liverpool: but here too I found no ship to carry my horses; so, *Monday, 23*, I set out for Portpatrick.

Thursday, 26.—We rode through miserable roads to Solway-Frith: but the guides were so deeply engaged in a cock-fight, that none could be procured to show us over. We procured one, however, between three and four: but there was more sea than we expected; so that, notwithstanding all I could do, my legs and the skirts of my coat were in the water. The motion of the waves made me a little giddy; but it had a stranger effect on Mr. Atlay: he lost his sight, and was just dropping off his horse, when one of our fellow-travellers caught hold of him.

Saturday, 28.—We rode to Portpatrick.

Sunday, 29.—The packet-boat was ready in the morning, but waited for the mail, hour after hour, till past three in the afternoon. Hereby we avoided a violent storm, and had only what they called a fresh breeze; however, this breeze drove us to Donaghadee (thirty miles) in about three hours.

Friday, APRIL 10.—At one I preached at Portadown, a place not troubled with any kind of religion. I stood in the street and cried: "Now God commandeth all men everywhere to repent." The people gathered from all sides, and when I prayed, kneeled down upon the stones, rich and poor, all round me. In the evening I preached again at Kilmoriarty.

Wednesday, 15.—I rode to Armagh. Half-an-hour before the time of preaching, an officer came, and said, "Sir, the Sovereign" (or Mayor) "orders me to inform you, you shall not preach in his town." In order to make the trial, I walked to the market-house at six. I had just begun when the Sovereign came. I was informed his name was Harcourt. He was talking very loud, and tolerably fast, when a gentleman came and said, "Sir, if you are not allowed to preach here, you are welcome to preach in Mr. M'Gough's avenue." Mr. M'Gough, one of the chief merchants in the town, himself showed us the way. I suppose thrice as many people flocked together there, as would have heard me in the market-house. So did the wise providence of God draw good out of evil! And His Word had indeed free course.

Monday, 20—Wednesday, 22.—I employed *Monday, Tuesday*, and part of *Wednesday*, in speaking severally to the members of the society.

Friday, MAY 1.—We rode by a large seat, elegantly built, and finely situated. But, to my surprise, the gates of the grand avenue were painted blue, green, and yellow, like a child's rattle. Surely the owner has never seen the pretty bauble; but will no one inform him of it? In the evening I preached in the market-house at Sligo, to a larger congregation, as well as better behaved, than when I was here before. The next evening was exceeding cold and blustering. However, the Provost

refusing me the use of the Court-house, abundance of people stood with me in the street, and most of them behaved well.

Friday, JUNE 12.—We rode to Kilkenny The sun was exceeding hot. The congregation at the town-hall in the evening was large and tolerably serious ; a few of the gentry excepted, who seemed neither to understand, nor care for any of these things. We had great part of them at five in the morning. At noon, when Mr. Morgan preached, I expected to have seen the largest company of all ; but I was mistaken : the ladies could not rise so soon ; at least they could not huddle on their



(ARMAGH.)

clothes fit to be seen. In the evening I spoke exceeding plain, both to the rich and poor : and a few, at least, received the truth in love.

Monday, 15.—At the desire of the good old widow, Mrs. M——, I went with Mr S—— to C——. Lord and Lady M—— were there before us ; to whom I was probably

“ A not-expected, much-unwelcome guest.”

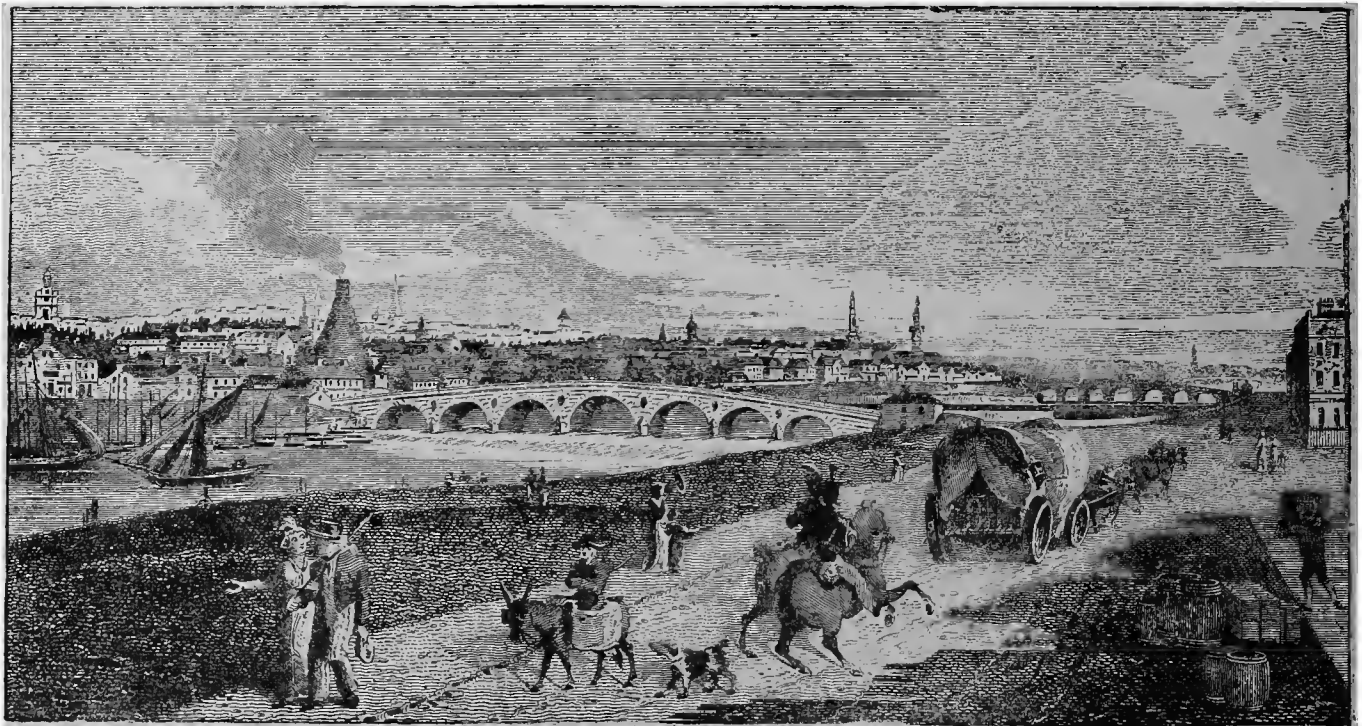
But whatsoever it was to them, it was a heavy afternoon to me ; as I had no place to retire to, and so was obliged to be in genteel company, for two or three hours together. O what a dull thing is life without religion ! I do not wonder that time hangs heavy

upon the hands of all who know not God, unless they are perpetually drunk with noise and hurry of one kind or another.

Thursday, JULY 30.—We rode through a country swiftly improving to Ayr, and passed a quiet and comfortable night.

Friday, 31.—Before two we reached Glasgow. In the evening I preached, and again at five in the morning.

Sunday, AUGUST 2.—I was sorry to find both the society and the congregations smaller than when I was here last. I impute this chiefly to the manner of preaching which has been generally used. The people have been told, frequently and strongly,



(GLASGOW, FROM AN OLD PRINT.)

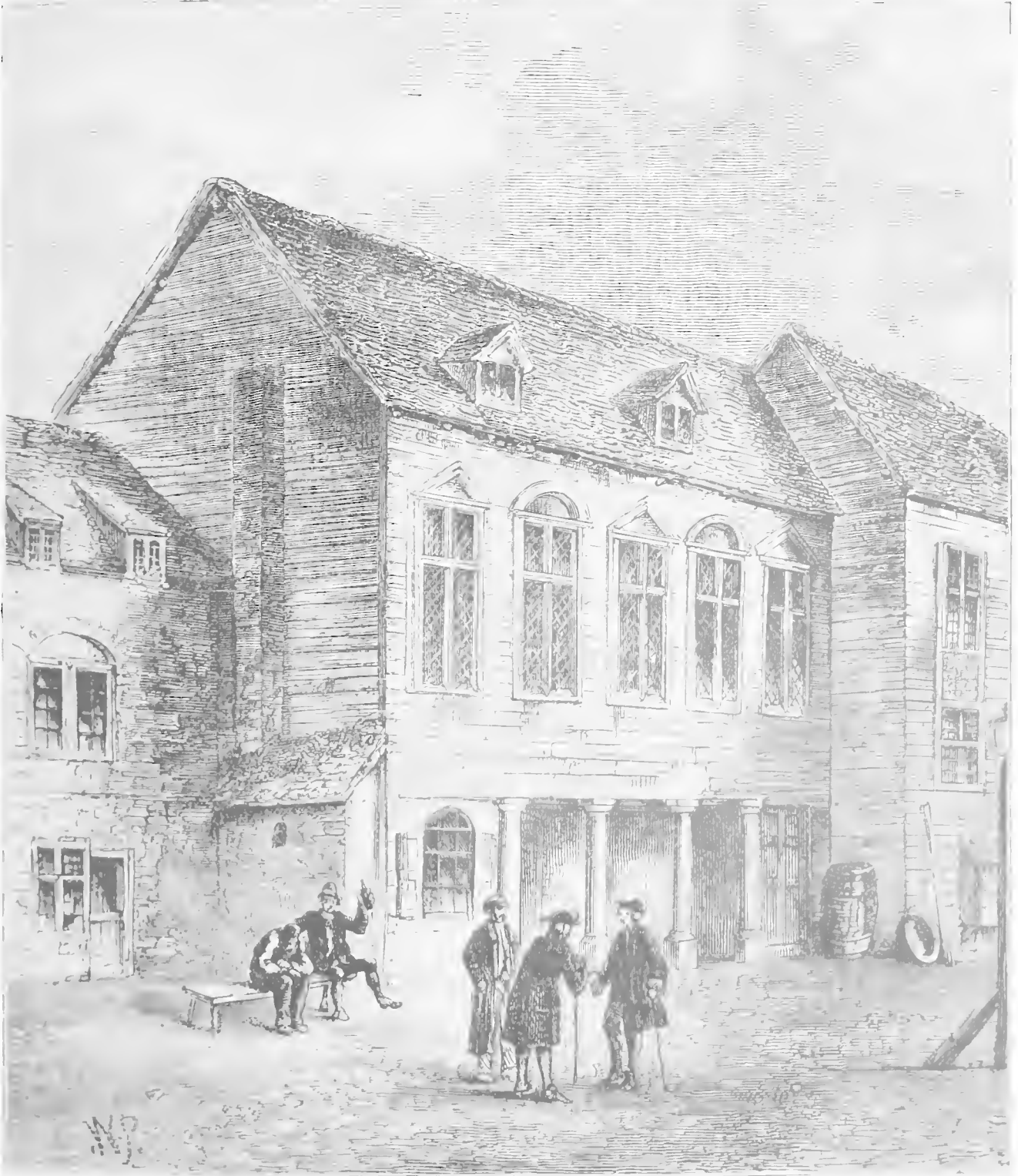
of their coldness, deadness, heaviness, and littleness of faith; but very rarely of any thing that would move thankfulness. Hereby many were driven away, and those that remained were kept cold and dead.

I encouraged them strongly at eight in the morning; and about noon preached upon the Castle-hill, on: "There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth." The sun shone exceeding hot upon my head; but all was well; for God was in the midst of us.

Wednesday, 12.—I took coach. The next day we reached Grantham, and London about seven on *Friday* evening; having run, that day, an hundred and ten miles. On the road I read over Seller's "History of Palmyra," and Norden's "Travels into Egypt and Abyssinia;" two as dry and unsatisfying books as ever I read in my life.

Thursday, NOVEMBER 12.—I occasionally looked into a book which I had long

thrown by, as not worth reading, entitled, "Thoughts on God and Nature." But how agreeably was I surprised! It contains a treasure of ancient learning, delivered in



(MARSHALSEA PRISON IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.)

clear and strong language; and is, indeed, a master-piece in its kind, a thunder-bolt to Lord Bolingbroke, and all his admirers.

Sunday, DECEMBER 13.—I found a little soreness on the edge of my tongue, which the next day spread to my gums, then to my lips, which inflamed, swelled, and, the skin bursting, bled considerably. I knew a little rest would cure all. But this was not to be had; for I had appointed to be at Sheerness on *Wednesday*, the 16th. Accordingly, I took horse between five and six, and came thither between five and six in the evening. At half an hour after six, I began reading prayers, (the Governor of the fort having given me the use of the chapel,) and afterwards preached, though not without difficulty, to a large and serious congregation.

Such a town as many of these live in, is scarce to be found again in England. In the dock adjoining to the fort there are six old men-of-war. These are divided into small tenements, forty, fifty, or sixty in a ship, with little chimneys and windows; and each of these contains a family. In one of them, where we called, a man and his wife and six little children lived. And yet all the ship was sweet and tolerably clean; sweeter than most sailing ships I have been in.

Saturday, JANUARY 2, 1768.—I called on a poor man in the Marshalsea, whose case appeared to be uncommon. He is by birth a Dutchman, a chemist by profession. Being but half-employed at home, he was advised to come to London, where he doubted not of having full employment. He was recommended to a countryman of his to lodge, who after six weeks arrested him for much more than he owed, and hurried him away to prison, having a wife, without money, friend, or a word of English to speak. I wrote the case to Mr. T——, who immediately gave fifteen pounds; by means of which, with a little addition, he was set at liberty, and put in a way of living. But I never saw him since: and reason good; for he could now live without me.

Monday, 4.—At my leisure hours this week, I read Dr. Priestley's ingenious book on Electricity. He seems to have accurately collected and well digested all that is known on that curious subject. But how little is that all! Indeed the use of it we know; at least, in some good degree. We know it is a thousand medicines in one: in particular, that it is the most efficacious medicine in nervous disorders of every kind, which has ever yet been discovered. But if we aim at theory, we know nothing. We are soon

“Lost and bewildered in the fruitless search.”

Monday, 11.—This week I spent my scraps of time in reading Mr. Wodrow's “History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland.” It would transcend belief, but that the vouchers are too authentic to admit of any exception. O what a blessed Governor was that *good-natured* man, so-called, King Charles the Second! Bloody Queen Mary was a lamb, a mere dove, in comparison of him!

Monday, FEBRUARY 8.—I met with a surprising poem, entitled, “Choheleth; or, The Preacher.” It is a paraphrase, in tolerable verse, on the Book of Ecclesiastes. I really think the author of it (a Turkey merchant) understands both the difficult

expressions and the connection of the whole better than any other, either ancient or modern, writer whom I have seen. He was at Lisbon during the great earthquake, just then sitting in his night-gown and slippers. Before he could dress himself, part of the house he was in fell, and blocked him up. By this means his life was saved; for all who had run out were dashed in pieces by the falling houses.

Thursday, 18.—Having been importunately pressed thereto, I rode (through a keen east wind) to Chatham. About six in the evening I preached at the barracks, in what they call the church. It is a large room, in which the chaplain reads prayers, and preaches now and then. It was soon as hot as an oven, through the multitude of people; some hundreds of whom were soldiers: and they were “all ear,” as Mr. Boston says, scarce allowing themselves to breathe. Even between five and six the next morning the room was warm enough. I suppose upwards of two hundred soldiers were a part of the audience. Many of these are already warring a good warfare, knowing in Whom they have believed.

Friday, 26.—I translated from the French one of the most useful tracts I ever saw, for those who desire to be “fervent in spirit.” How little does God regard men’s opinions! What a multitude of wrong opinions are embraced by all the members of the Church of Rome! Yet how highly favoured have many of them been!

Monday, 29.—I dined at Mr. M——’s. His strangeness is now gone. He has drank of my cup. Reproach has at length found out him also. Afterwards I spent an hour at Mr. G——’s. I can trust myself about once a year in this warm sunshine; but not much oftener, or I should melt away.

Wednesday, MARCH 16.—About nine I preached at Cheltenham,—a quiet, comfortable place; though it would not have been so, if either the rector or the Anabaptist minister could have prevented it. Both these have blown the trumpet with their might; but the people had no ears to hear. In the afternoon I preached at Upton, and then rode on to Worcester. But the difficulty was, where to preach. No room was large enough to contain the people; and it was too cold for them to stand abroad. At length we went to a friend’s, near the town, whose barn was larger than many churches. Here a numerous congregation soon assembled; and again at five, and at ten in the morning. Nothing is wanting here but a commodious house: and will not God provide this also?

Friday, 18.—The vicar of Pebworth had given notice in the church on Sunday, that I was to preach there on Friday. But the squire of the parish said, “It is contrary to the canons,” (wise squire!) “and it shall not be.” So I preached about a mile from it, at Broadmarston, by the side of Mr. Eden’s house. The congregation was exceeding large.

Wednesday, 30.—In the evening and the following morning I brought strange things to the ears of many in Manchester, concerning the government of their families,

and the education of their children. But some still made that very silly answer, "O, he has no children of his own!" Neither had St. Paul, nor (that we know) any of the Apostles. What then? Were they, therefore, unable to instruct parents? Not so. They were able to instruct every one that had a soul to be saved.

Wednesday, APRIL 6.—In the evening we had a huge congregation at Liverpool: but some pretty, gay, fluttering things did not behave with so much good manners as the mob at Wigan.

Monday, 11.—I rode to Bolton; on *Wednesday*, to Kendal. Seceders and mongrel



(MANCHESTER, FROM AN OLD PRINT.)

Methodists have so surfeited the people here, that there is small prospect of doing good; however, I once more "cast" my "bread upon the waters," and left the event to God.

Thursday, 14.—I rode on, through continued rain, to Ambleside. It cleared up before we came to Keswick, and we set out thence in a fair day; but on the mountains the storm met us again, which beat on us so impetuously, that our horses could scarce turn their faces against it. However, we made shift to reach Cockermouth; but there was no room for preaching, the town being in an uproar through the election for Members of Parliament.

Monday, MAY 2—I set out early from Aberdeen, and about noon preached in

Brechin. After sermon, the Provost desired to see me, and said, "Sir, my son had epileptic fits from his infancy: Dr. Ogylvie prescribed for him many times, and at length told me, he could do no more. I desired Mr. Blair last Monday to speak to



(LOCHLEVIN CASTLE.)

you. One Tuesday morning my son said to his mother, he had just been dreaming that his fits were gone, and he was perfectly well. Soon after I gave him the drops you advised: he is perfectly well, and has not had one fit since."

Thursday. 5.—We rode through the pleasant and fruitful Carse of Gowry, a plain, fifteen or sixteen miles long, between the river Tay and the mountains, very thick inhabited, to Perth. In the afternoon we walked over to the Royal Palace at Scoon. It is a large old house, delightfully situated, but swiftly running to ruin. Yet there are a few good pictures, and some fine tapestry left, in what they call the Queen's and the King's chambers. And what is far more curious, there is a bed and a set of hangings, in the (once) royal apartment, which was wrought by poor Queen Mary, while she was imprisoned in the castle of Lochlevin. It is some of the finest needlework I ever saw, and plainly shows both her exquisite skill and unwearied industry.



(BISHOP BUTLER.)

About this time a remarkable Work of God broke out among the children at Kingswood School.

Friday, 20.—I went on in reading that fine book, Bishop Butler's "Analogy."

But I doubt it is too hard for most of those for whom it is chiefly intended. *Free-thinkers*, so-called, are seldom *close thinkers*. They will not be at the pains of reading such a book as this. One that would profit them must dilute his sense, or they will neither swallow nor digest it.



(WESLEY, AGE 63.)

Wednesday, 25.—It is true that the English in general, and indeed most of the men of learning in Europe, have given up all accounts of witches and apparitions, as mere old wives' fables. I am sorry for

it; and I willingly take this opportunity of entering my solemn protest against this violent compliment which so many that believe the Bible pay to those who do not believe it. I owe them no such service. I take knowledge, these are at the bottom of the outcry which has been raised, and with such insolence spread throughout the

nation, in direct opposition not only to the Bible, but to the suffrage of the wisest and best of men in all ages and nations.

One of the capital objections to all these accounts, which I have known urged over and over. is this, "Did you ever see an apparition yourself?" No: nor did I ever see a murder; yet I believe there is such a thing; yea, and that in one place or another murder is committed every day. Therefore I cannot, as a reasonable man, deny the fact; although I never saw it, and perhaps never may. The testimony of unexceptionable witnesses fully convinces me both of the one and the other.

Thursday, JUNE 2.—I preached, at noon, at a farmer's house, near Brough, in Westmoreland. The sun was hot enough, but some shady trees covered both me and most of the congregation. A little bird perched on one of them, and sung without intermission, from the beginning of the service unto the end. Many of the people came from far; but I believe none of them regretted their labour.

The evening congregation in Swaledale was far larger, and equally attentive: and the society was one of the most lively which I have met with in England. Many of them do rejoice in the pure love of God, and many more are earnestly seeking it.

Friday, 3.—I rode to Barnard-castle. In the evening the commanding officer gave orders there should be no exercise, that all the Durham militia (what a contrast!) might be at liberty to attend the preaching. Accordingly, we had a little army of officers as well as soldiers; and all behaved well. A large number of them were present at five in the morning. I have not found so deep and lively a work in any other part of the kingdom, as runs through the whole circuit, particularly in the vales that wind between these horrid mountains.

Tuesday, AUGUST 9.—When we came to Neath, I was a little surprised to hear I was to preach in the church; of which the churchwardens had the disposal, the minister being just dead. I began reading prayers at six, but was greatly disgusted at the manner of singing. 1. Twelve or fourteen persons kept it to themselves, and quite shut out the congregation: 2. These repeated the same words, contrary to all sense and reason, six or eight or ten times over: 3. According to the shocking custom of modern music, different persons sung different words at one and the same moment; an intolerable insult on common-sense, and utterly incompatible with any devotion.

Sunday, 14.—Hearing my wife was dangerously ill, I took chaise immediately, and reached the Foundery before one in the morning.

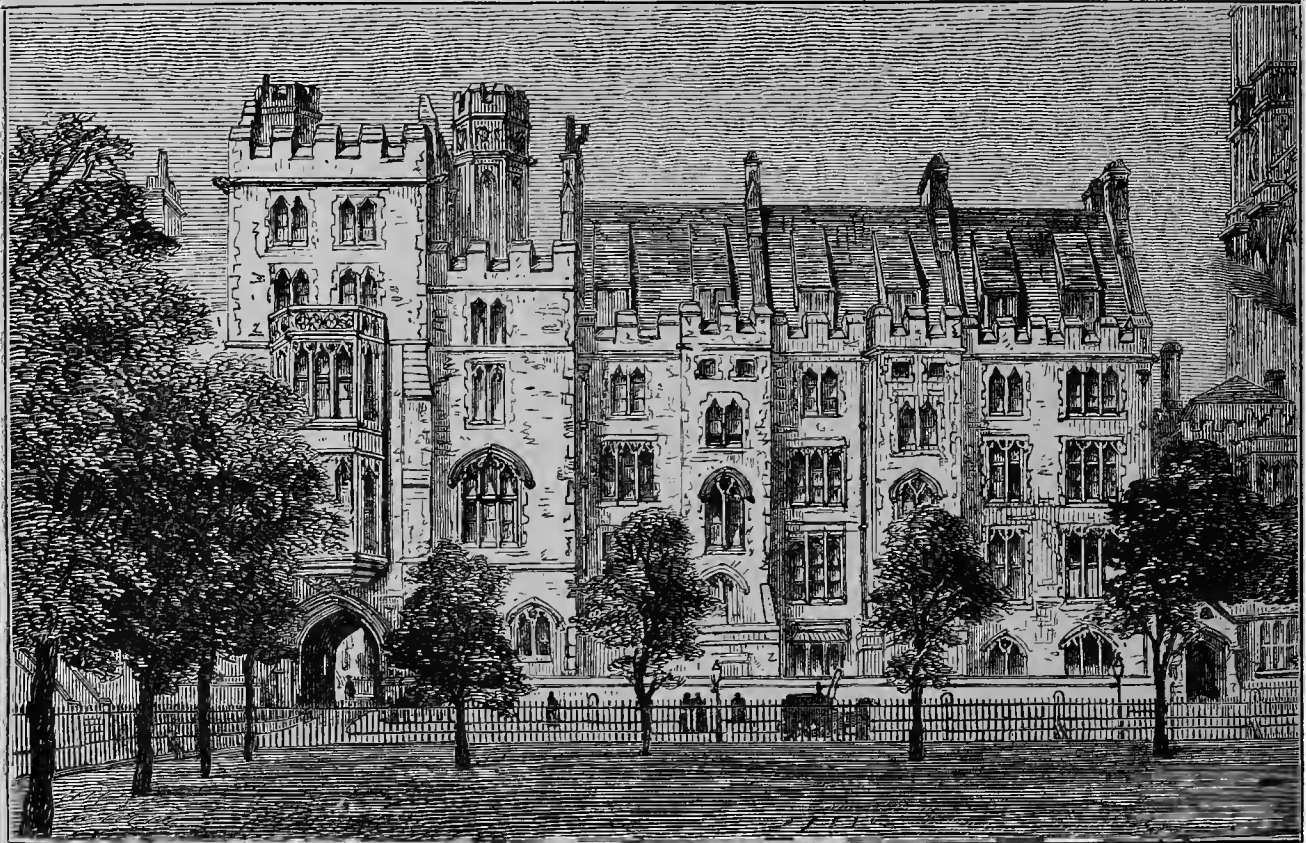
Our Conference began on *Tuesday, 16*, and ended on *Friday, 19*. O what can we do for more labourers? We can only cry to "the Lord of the harvest."

Tuesday, 30.—In the evening I preached in the meadow at St. Ives, to a very numerous and deeply-serious congregation. *Wednesday, 31.*—I met the children, a work which will exercise the talents of the most able preachers in England.

Friday, OCTOBER 14.—I dined with Dr. Wrangel, one of the King of Sweden's

chaplains, who has spent several years in Pennsylvania. His heart seemed to be greatly united to the American Christians ; and he strongly pleaded for our sending some of our preachers to help them, multitudes of whom are as sheep without a shepherd.

Saturday, 22.—I was much surprised in reading an “Essay on Music,” wrote by one who is a thorough master of the subject, to find that the music of the ancients was as simple as that of the Methodists ; that their music wholly consisted of melody, or the arrangement of single notes ; that what is now called harmony, singing in parts, the whole of counterpoint and fugues, is quite novel, being never known in the world till



(WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.)

the popedom of Leo the Tenth. He farther observes, that as the singing different words by different persons at the very same time necessarily prevents attention to the sense, so it frequently destroys melody for the sake of harmony ; meantime it destroys the very end of music, which is to affect the passions.

Thursday, DECEMBER 1.—I made an odd observation, which I recommend to all our preachers. The people of Canterbury have been so often reprov'd, (and frequently without a cause,) for being dead and cold, that it has utterly discouraged them, and made them cold as stones. How delicate a thing is it to reprove ! To do it well, requires more than human wisdom.

Wednesday, 14.—I saw the Westminster scholars act the “Adelphi” of Terence ;

an entertainment not unworthy of a Christian. O how do these heathens shame us! Their very comedies contain both excellent sense, the liveliest pictures of men and manners, and so fine strokes of genuine morality, as are seldom found in the writings of Christians.

Monday, JANUARY 9, 1769.—I spent a comfortable and profitable hour with Mr. Whitefield, in calling to mind the former times, and the manner wherein God prepared us for a work which it had not then entered into our hearts to conceive.

Tuesday, 17.—I rode to Chesham. Our own room being neither so large, nor so convenient, Mr. Spooner, the dissenting minister, gave me the use of his meeting. There was a great number of hearers. They were very attentive; and I doubt that was all.

Monday, FEBRUARY 6.—I spent an hour with a venerable woman, near ninety years of age, who retains her health, her senses, her understanding, and even her memory, to a good degree. In the last century she belonged to my grandfather Annesley's congregation, at whose house her father and she used to dine every Thursday; and whom she remembers to have frequently seen in his study, at the top of the house, with his window open, and without any fire, winter or summer. He lived seventy-seven years, and would probably have lived longer, had he not began water-drinking at seventy.

Friday, 17.—I abridged Dr. Watts's pretty "Treatise on the Passions." His hundred and seventy-seven pages will make a useful tract of four-and-twenty.

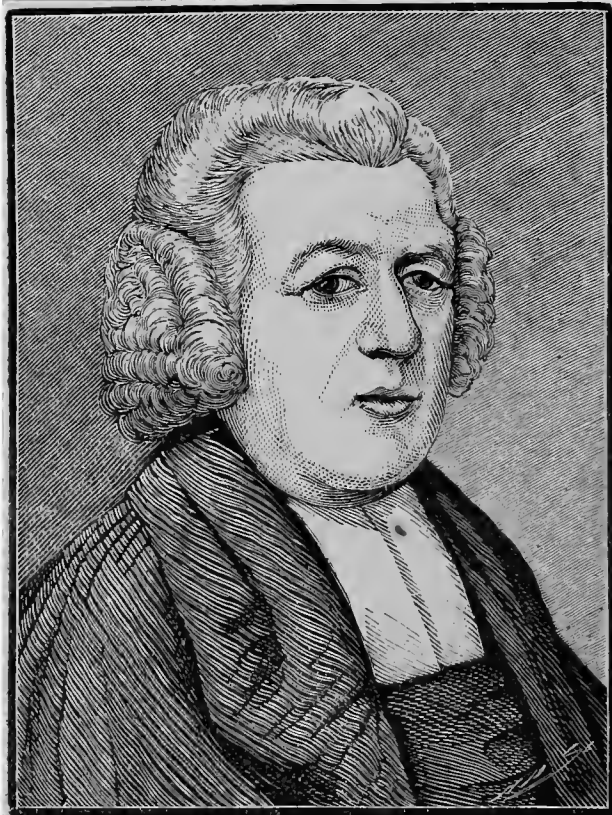
Sunday, MARCH 5.—After preaching at Spitalfields in the morning, and at West-street in the afternoon, I went to Brentford; on *Monday*, to Hungerford; and the next day to Bath. On the road, I read over Dr. Campbell's excellent answer to David Hume's insolent book against miracles; and Dr. Brown's keen "Animadversions on the Characteristics of Lord Shaftesbury,"—another lively, half-thinking writer.

Thursday, 30.—I was summoned to the Court of Conscience [Dublin] by a poor creature who fed my horses three or four times while I was on board. For this service he demanded ten shillings. I gave him half-a-crown. When I informed the Court of this, he was sharply reprov'd: let all beware of these land-sharks on our sea-coasts!—My scraps of time this week I employed in reading the account of Commodore



Byron. I never before read of any who endured such hardships, and survived them. Sure no novel in the world can be more affecting, or more surprising, than this history.

Wednesday, APRIL 19.—We took horse about ten, being desired to call at Kinnard, (ten or eleven miles out of the way,) where a little society had been lately formed, who were much alive to God. At the town-end, I was met by a messenger from Archdeacon C——e, who desired I would take a bed with him; and soon after by another, who told me, the Archdeacon desired I would alight at his door. I did so; and found an old friend whom I had not seen for four or five and thirty years. He received me with the most cordial affection; and, after a time, said, “We have been



(THE REV. JOHN NEWTON.)

building a new church, which my neighbours expected me to open; but if you please to do it, it will be as well.” Hearing the bell, the people flocked together from all parts of the town, and “received the Word with all readiness of mind.” I saw the Hand of God was in this, for the strengthening of this loving people.

Tuesday, 25.—I fixed again the meeting of the singers, and of the children; both which had been discontinued. Indeed, a general remissness had prevailed since the morning preaching was given up.

Monday, MAY 1.—I rode to Augher. It being extremely hot, I came in faint and weary. Before I finished my sermon, my head turned giddy, and I could hardly stand.

Tuesday, 2.—I began preaching at Sidaire, about half-hour after five; and it was a day of God’s power. The impression was general, if not universal: none appeared to be un-

moved. This constrained me to enlarge in prayer, as I have not done for some years; so that I did not dismiss the congregation till it was almost eight o’clock.

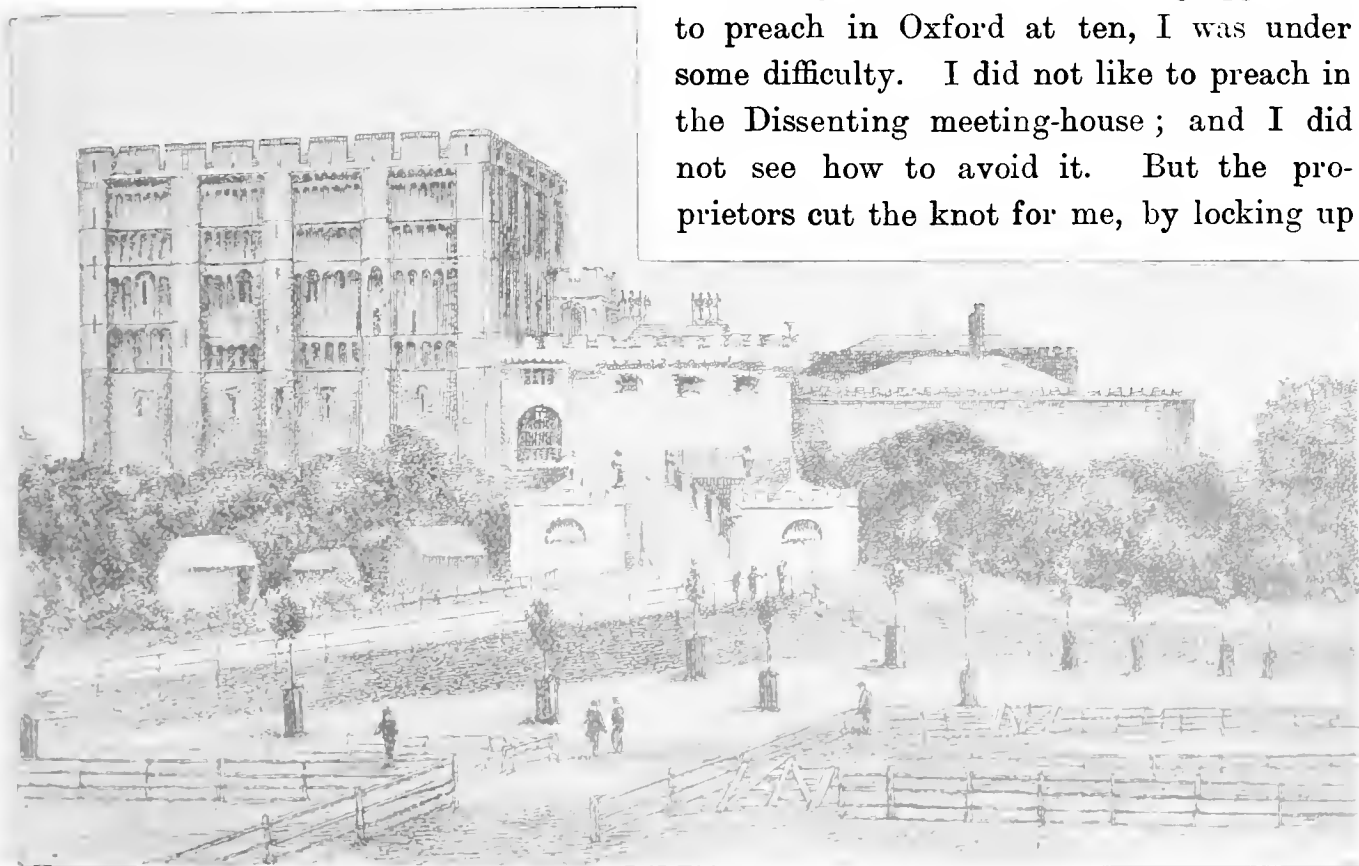
Monday, JULY 3.—I rode to Coolalough, (where was the Quarterly-meeting,) and preached at eleven, and in the evening. While we were singing, I was surprised to see the horses from all parts of the ground gathering about us. Is it true then that horses, as well as lions and tigers, have an ear for music?

Wednesday, AUGUST 16.—To-day I gave a second reading to that lively book, Mr. Newton’s Account of his own Experience. There is something very extraordinary therein; but one may account for it without a jot of Predestination. I doubt not but his, as well as Colonel Gardiner’s, conversion, was an answer to his mother’s prayers.

Tuesday, SEPTEMBER 5.—Last week I read over, as I rode, great part of Homer's *Odyssey*.

Tuesday, 12.—I inquired into the state of Kingswood School. The grievance now is the number of children. Instead of thirty, (as I desired,) we have near fifty; whereby our masters are burdened. And it is scarce possible to keep them in so exact order as we might do a smaller number. However, this still comes nearer a Christian school than any I know in the kingdom.

Tuesday, OCTOBER 17.—Having appointed to preach in Oxford at ten, I was under some difficulty. I did not like to preach in the Dissenting meeting-house; and I did not see how to avoid it. But the proprietors cut the knot for me, by locking up



(NORWICH CASTLE.)

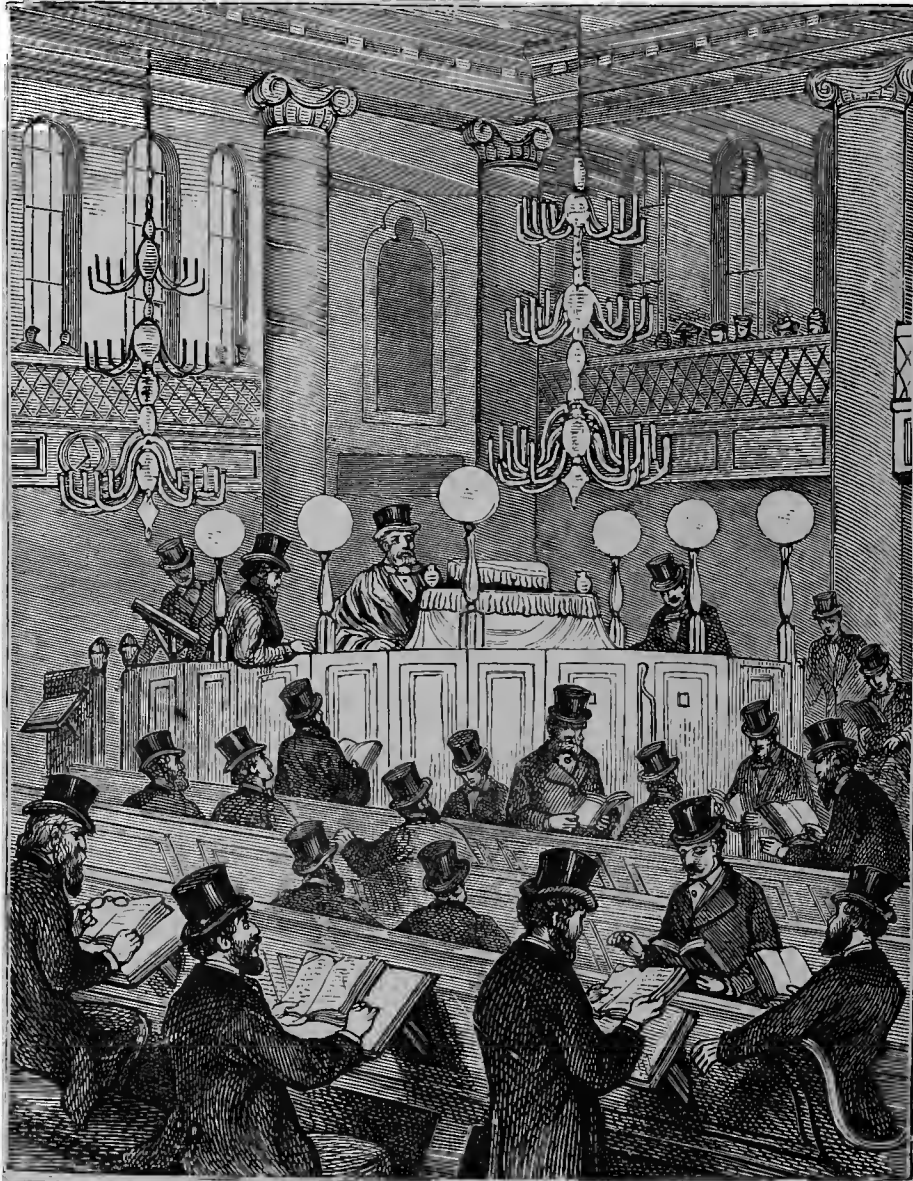
the doors. So I preached in James Mears's garden: and to such a congregation as I had not had in Oxford since I preached in St. Mary's church.

Saturday, NOVEMBER 4.—We returned to Norwich. *Monday*, 6, and the following days, I visited as many of the people, sick and well, as I possibly could; and on *Friday*, 10, leaving them more united than they had been for many years, I took coach again, and the next afternoon came to London.

In the coach, going and coming, I read several volumes of Mr. Guthrie's ingenious "*History of Scotland*:" I suppose, as impartial an one as any to be found, and as much to be depended upon. I never read any writer before who gave me so much light into the real character of that odd mixture, King James the First; nor into that of Mary Queen of Scots, so totally misrepresented by Buchanan, Queen Elizabeth's

pensioner, and her other hireling writers ; and not much less, by Dr. Robertson. Them he effectually exposes, showing how grossly they contradict matter of fact, and one another. He likewise points out the many and great mistakes of Dr. R., such as seem to imply either great inattention or great partiality.

Monday, JANUARY 1, 1770.—About eighteen hundred of us met together : it was



(A MODERN JEWISH SYNAGOGUE.)

a most solemn season. As we did openly “avouch the Lord to be our God, so did He avouch us to be His people.”

Wednesday, 17.—In a little journey, which I took into Bedfordshire, I finished Dr. Burnet’s “Theory of the Earth.” He is doubtless one of the first-rate writers, both as to sense and style ; his language is remarkably clear, unaffected, nervous, and elegant. And as to his theory, none can deny that it is ingenious, and consistent with itself.

Saturday, FEBRUARY 3, and at my leisure moments on several of the following days, I read with much expectation, a celebrated book,—Rousseau upon Education. But how was I disappointed! Sure a more consummate coxcomb never saw the sun! How amazingly full of himself! Whatever he speaks he pronounces as an oracle. But many of his oracles are as palpably false, as that “young children never love old people.” No! Do they never love grandfathers and grandmothers? Frequently more than they do their own parents. Indeed they love all that love them; and that with more warmth and sincerity than when they come to riper years.

But I object to his temper more than to his judgment: he is a mere misanthrope; a cynic all over. So indeed is his brother-infidel, Voltaire; and well-nigh as



(THE NORMAN KEEP AND CASTLE YARD, CARLISLE.)

great a coxcomb. But he hides both his doggedness and vanity a little better; whereas here it stares us in the face continually.

As to his book, it is whimsical to the last degree; grounded neither upon reason nor experience. To cite particular passages would be endless; but any one may observe concerning the whole, the advices which are good are trite and common, only disguised under new expressions. And those which are new, which are really his own, are lighter than vanity itself. Such discoveries I always expect from those who are too wise to believe their Bibles.

Friday, 23.—I was desired to hear Mr. Leoni sing at the Jewish synagogue. I never before saw a Jewish congregation behave so decently. Indeed the place itself is so solemn, that it might strike an awe upon those who have any thought of God.

Monday, MARCH 5.—I came to Newbury, where I had been much importuned to preach. But where? The Dissenters would not permit me to preach in their meeting-house. Some were then desirous to hire the old playhouse; but the good Mayor would not suffer it to be so profaned! So I made use of a workshop,—a large, commodious place. But it would by no means contain the congregation. All that could hear behaved well; and I was in hopes God would have a people in this place also. The next evening I preached at Bristol.

APRIL 13.—(Being *Good Friday*.) Notice having been given, through mistake, of my preaching at Carlisle, I was obliged to set out from Whitehaven, immediately after the morning preaching. I preached in Cockermouth at one, and then rode on to Carlisle. It was here the day of small things; the society consisting but of fifteen members. I preached at six; and as many as could hear, behaved with the utmost seriousness. Afterwards I walked to Houghton, a village two miles from Carlisle, and on a hard, clean bed, slept in peace.

Saturday, 14.—I preached at five to most of the village, though on so short a warning; and at eight in Carlisle. Leaving Mr. Rankin to preach in the evening, I rode on to Longtown; where, finding no better place to screen us from the wind, I stood in a large, broad entry, with a room on either hand. Many crowded in here; the rest stood at the door.

Monday, 16.—We had a fair morning till we began to climb up Enterkine, one of the highest mountains in the west of Scotland. We then got into a Scotch mist, and were dripping wet, before we come to the Lead-hills.

Saturday, 21.—Pushing through violent wind and rain, we came to Perth in the afternoon. This evening the Tolbooth contained the congregation, and at eight in the morning. The stormy wind would not suffer me to preach abroad in the evening; so we retired into the Court-house, as many as could, and had a solemn and comfortable hour.

Monday, 23.—I walked over to Scone, and took another view of that palace of ancient men of renown, long since mouldered into common dust. The buildings too are now decaying apace. So passes the dream of human greatness!

Monday, MAY 7.—At seven in the evening I preached at Arbroath, properly Aberbrothwick. The whole town seems moved.

Tuesday, 8.—I took a view of the small remains of the Abbey. I know nothing like it in all North-Britain. I paced it, and found it an hundred yards long. The breadth is proportionable. Part of the west end, which is still standing, shows it was full as high as Westminster Abbey. The south end of the cross-aisle likewise is standing, near the top of which is a large circular window. The zealous Reformers, they told us, burnt this down. God deliver us from reforming mobs!

I have seen no town in Scotland which increases so fast, or which is built with so much common-sense, as this. Two entire new streets, and part of a third, have been

built within these two years. They run parallel with each other, and have a row of gardens between them. So that every house has a garden; and thus both health and convenience are consulted.

Wednesday, 9.—I rode on to Dundee. The ministers here, particularly Mr. Small, are bitter enough: notwithstanding which, the society is well established, and the congregation exceeding large.

Saturday, 26. — We went by water to North-Biddick. The preaching here had been discontinued for many years, as it



(WHITBY.)

seemed to be sowing upon the sand; but at length we found the fruit of our labour. Many are both convinced and converted to God. In returning, as we were four large boats in company, we made

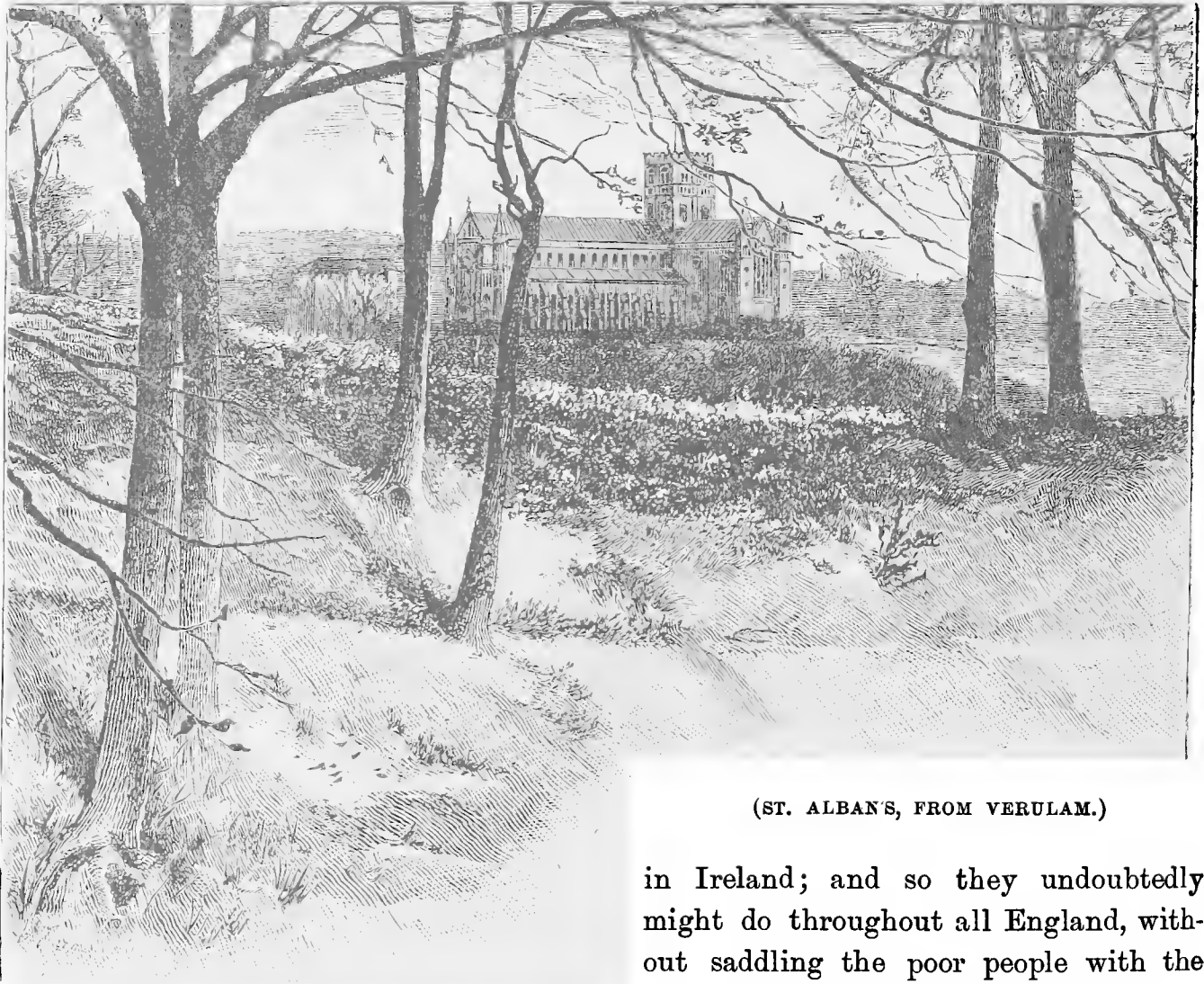
“The mountains and vales His praises rebound.”

So is even the water-language now changed!

Monday, 28.— I began again the meeting of the children, which had been neglected

for some months ; and we had a token for good : two or three were cut to the heart ; and many seemed much affected.

Friday, JUNE 15.—I was agreeably surprised to find the whole road from Thirsk to Stokesley, which used to be extremely bad, better than most turnpikes. The gentlemen had exerted themselves, and raised money enough to mend it effectually. So they have done for several hundred miles in Scotland, and throughout all Connaught



(ST. ALBANS, FROM VERULAM.)

in Ireland ; and so they undoubtedly might do throughout all England, without saddling the poor people with the vile imposition of turnpikes for ever.

In the afternoon we came to Whitby. Having preached thrice a day for five days, I was willing to preach in the house ; but notice had been given of my preaching in the market-place ; so I began at six, to a large congregation, most of them deeply attentive.

Saturday, 16.—In the afternoon I looked over Dr. Priestley's "English Grammar." I wonder he would publish it after Bishop Lowth's.

Sunday, 17.—We had a poor sermon at church. However, I went again in the afternoon, remembering the words of Mr. Philip Henry, "If the preacher does not know his duty, I bless God that I know mine."

Thursday, JULY 5.—I preached at six at Daw-green, near Dewsbury. All things contributed to make it a refreshing season: the gently-declining sun, the stillness of the evening, the beauty of the meadows and fields, through which

“The smooth clear ‘river drew its sinuous train’;”

the opposite hills and woods, and the earnestness of the people, covering the top of the hill on which we stood; and, above all, the Day-spring from on high, the consolation of the Holy One!

Monday, 30.—I preached at Bingham, ten miles from Nottingham. I really admired the exquisite stupidity of the people. They gaped and stared while I was speaking of death and judgment, as if they had never heard of such things before. And they were not helped by two surly, ill-mannered clergymen, who seemed to be just as wise as themselves.

Thursday, AUGUST 2.—Some friends from London met us at St. Alban's. Before dinner we took a walk in the Abbey, one of the most ancient buildings in the kingdom, near a thousand years old; and one of the largest, being five hundred and sixty feet in length, (considerably more than Westminster Abbey,) and broad and high in proportion. Near the east end is the tomb and vault of good Duke Humphrey. Some now living remember since his body was entire. But after the coffin was opened, so many were curious to taste the liquor in which it was preserved, that in a little time the corpse was left bare, and then soon mouldered away. A few bones are now all that remain. How little is the spirit concerned at this!

Sunday, 5, and for five or six days this week, the heat was as great as I remember in Georgia.

Friday, 31.—I met with an ingenious book, the late Lord Lyttelton's “Dialogues of the Dead.” A great part of it I could heartily subscribe to, though not to every word. I believe Madam Guion was in several mistakes, speculative and practical too: yet I would no more dare to call her, than her friend, Archbishop



(REV. J. GAMBOLD, BISHOP OF THE MORAVIAN BRETHREN.)

Fenelon, "a distracted enthusiast." She was undoubtedly a woman of a very uncommon understanding, and of excellent piety. Nor was she any more "a lunatic" than she was an heretic.

Another of this lively writer's assertions is, "Martin has spawned a strange brood of fellows, called Methodists, Moravians, Hutchinsonians, who are madder than Jack was in his worst days." I would ask any one who knows what good breeding means, is this language for a nobleman or a porter? But let the language be as it may, is the sentiment just? To say nothing of the Methodists, (although some of them too are not quite out of their senses,) could his Lordship show me in England many more sensible men than Mr. Gambold and Mr. Okely? And yet both of these were called Moravians. Or could he point out many men of stronger and deeper understanding than Dr. Horne and Mr. William Jones? (if he could pardon them for believing the Trinity!) And yet both of these are Hutchinsonians. What pity is it, that so ingenious a man, like many others gone before him, should pass so peremptory a sentence in a cause which he does not understand! Indeed, how could he understand it? How much has he read upon the question? What sensible Methodist, Moravian, or Hutchinsonian did he ever calmly converse with? What does he know of them, but from the caricatures drawn by Bishop Lavington, or Bishop Warburton? And did he ever give himself the trouble of reading the answers to those warm, lively men? Why should a good-natured and a thinking man thus condemn whole bodies of men by the lump? In this I can neither read the gentleman, the scholar, nor the Christian.

Since the writing of this, Lord Lyttelton is no more; he is mingled with common dust. But as his book survives, there still needs an answer to the unjust reflections contained therein.

Saturday, SEPTEMBER 1.—I took a walk to the top of that celebrated hill, Carn-Brae. Here are many monuments of remote antiquity, scarce to be found in any other part of Europe: Druid altars of enormous size, being only huge rocks, strangely suspended one upon the other; and rock-basins, hollowed on the surface of the rock, it is supposed, to contain the holy water. It is probable these are at least coeval with Pompey's theatre, if not with the Pyramids of Egypt.

Saturday, NOVEMBER 10.—I returned to London, and had the melancholy news of Mr. Whitefield's death confirmed by his executors, who desired me to preach his funeral sermon on Sunday, the 18th. In order to write this, I retired to Lewisham on *Monday*; and on *Sunday* following, went to the chapel in Tottenham-court-road. An immense multitude was gathered together from all corners of the town. I was at first afraid that a great part of the congregation would not be able to hear; but it pleased God so to strengthen my voice, that even those at the door heard distinctly. It was an awful season: all were still as night: most appeared to be deeply affected; and an impression was made on many, which one would hope will not speedily be effaced.

The time appointed for my beginning at the Tabernacle was half-hour after five : but it was quite filled at three ; so I began at four. At first the noise was exceeding



(WHITEFIELD'S TABERNACLE, 1820.)

great ; but it ceased when I began to speak ; and my voice was again so strengthened that all who were within could hear, unless an accidental noise hindered here or there

for a few moments. O that all may hear the Voice of Him with Whom are the issues of life and death ; and Who so loudly, by this unexpected stroke, calls all His children to love one another !

Wednesday, DECEMBER 5.—We went to Dover, where, with some difficulty, we climbed to the top of Shakespeare's cliff. It is exceeding high, and commands a vast prospect both by sea and land ; but it is nothing so terrible in itself as it is in his description. I preached to a very serious congregation in the evening as well as in the morning.

Thursday, JANUARY 3, 1771.—I spent an hour and a-half in beating the air, in reasoning with an infidel of the lowest class. He told me roundly, " I believe God is powerful, and the Creator of all things. But I am nothing obliged to Him for creating me, since He did it only for His own pleasure. Neither can I believe that He is good ; since He can remove all the evil in the world if He will : and, therefore, it is God's fault, and no one's else, that there is any evil in the universe." I am afraid we could not deny this, if we allowed that God had " from all eternity, unchangeably determined everything, great and small, which comes to pass in time."

Thursday, FEBRUARY 7.—I met with that ingenious tract, " A Dialogue between Moses and Lord Bolingbroke." It contains many striking and beautiful thoughts ; yet some things in it are not quite clear. It is not clear, that Moses includes in his account neither more nor less than the solar system. Probably he speaks, either solely of the creation of the earth, and of other bodies as related thereto ; or of the universe, the fixed stars, (mentioned Gen. i. 16,) including their satellites also. But be this as it may, is it well thus to run down all that differ from us ? Dr. Pye is an ingenious man ; but so is Dr. Robinson also. So are twenty more, although they understand Moses in a quite different manner.

Thursday, 14.—I went through both the upper and lower rooms of the London workhouse. It contains about an hundred children, who are in as good order as any private family. And the whole house is as clean, from top to bottom, as any gentleman's needs be. And why is not every workhouse in London, yea, through the kingdom, in the same order ? Purely for want either of sense, or of honesty and activity, in them that superintend it.

Sunday, APRIL 14.—(Athlone.) I designed to preach abroad ; but the storm drove us into the house. This house was built and given, with the ground on which it stands, by a single gentleman. In Cork, one person, Mr. Thomas Janes, gave between three and four hundred pounds toward the preaching-house. Towards that in Dublin, Mr. Lunel gave four hundred. I know no such benefactors among the Methodists in England.

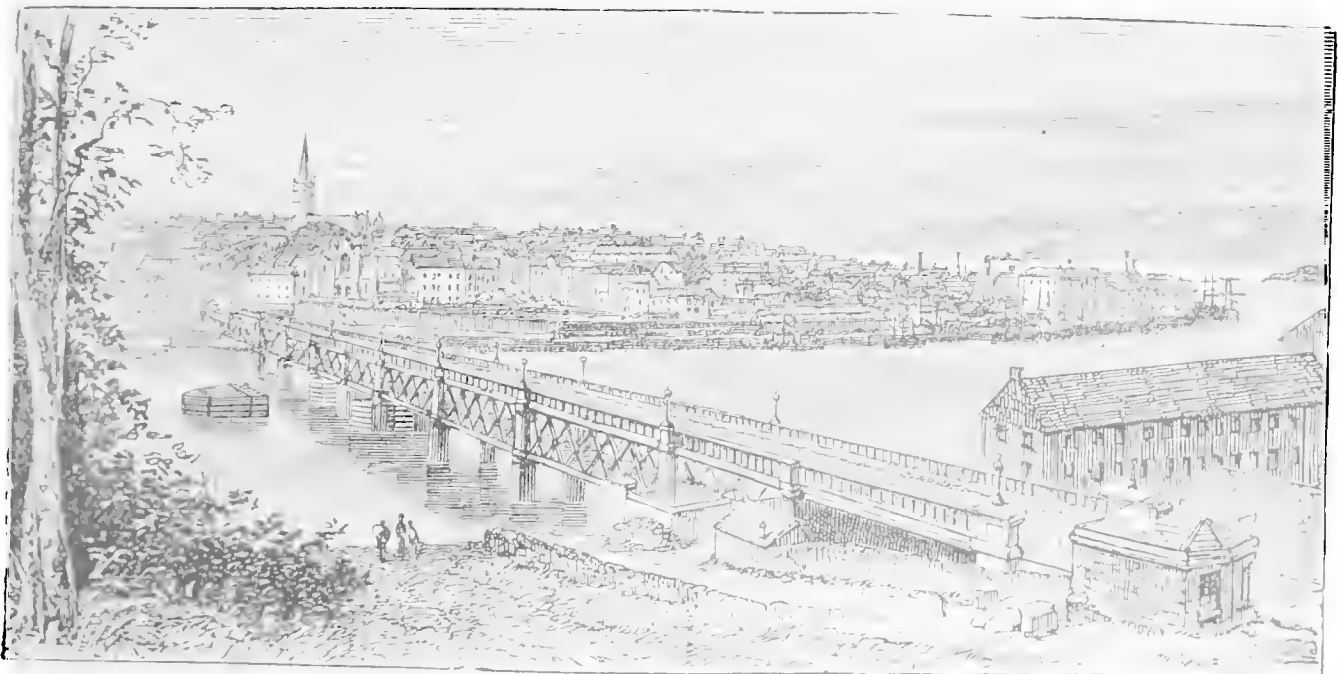
Saturday, JUNE 1.—I dined at Rahans, near Castlebar, one of the pleasantest seats in Connaught. It was an old castle, standing between two loughs, with a river behind, and a wood before. And the inhabitants

“Did like the scene appear;
Serenely pleasant, calmly fair:
Soft fell their words, as flew the air.”

O that the God of love may add to these amiable qualities, all “the mind which was in Christ Jesus!”

Sunday, 9.—About eight I had a few more, and about an hundred in the evening. I went to church at Clogher: the dean is one of the best readers I have heard, and one of the most easy, natural preachers: and the congregation was not only large, but remarkably well-behaved.

I seldom look at the old castle at Augher, without thinking of the famous Sir



(LONDONDERRY.)

Phelim O'Neale. In the beginning of the Irish Rebellion, he called one night at Mr. Kennedy's, an intimate acquaintance and foster-brother, (a very sacred relation among the Irish,) and said, “Rise, come away with me, that I may protect you, for fear some of my straggling parties should hurt you.” Mrs. Kennedy, being very near her time said, “Nay, gossip, consider my condition, and do not take my husband from me.” He replied, “You fool, it is for his own good.” But soon after they were gone, Mrs. K. said, “My heart misgives me; whatever comes of it, I must follow them.” So, as well as she could, she walked between her man-servant and her maid, an Irish girl. About sunrise they came near Augher castle, where Sir Phelim was standing with his men. Just by him was her husband, hanged on a tree. Sir Phelim, seeing her, sent and ordered the man and maid to stand from her. The man did so: the maid replied, “No; I will die with my mistress.” On this he ordered his men to fire.

She fell. Such was the mercy of the Irish at that time! Such the spirit which their good priests infused into them!

Monday, 10.—I was surprised at the improvements made in this county within a few years. For above thirty miles it is now cultivated like England, and sprinkled up and down with little new-built houses. A gentleman of Dermquin, desiring me to preach there, I began without delay, at the end of his house. It being the fair-day, there was a numerous congregation; but not so numerous as that at Magheralough, where I preached about noon. Between six and seven, after riding more than fifty Irish miles, I reached Derry, and preached.

Every morning and evening, on the following days, the congregations were larger than I ever remember; and several clergymen were present every evening.

Thursday, 13.—I spoke severally to the members of the society. I found far more life among them than I expected.

Friday, 14.—I looked over a volume of Mr. Skelton's Works. He is a surprising writer. When there is occasion, he shows all the wit of Dr. Swift, joined with ten times his judgment; and with (what is far more) a deep fear of God, and a tender love to mankind. About noon I preached at the New-buildings, two miles from Londonderry. The people, some time past, bore a near resemblance to the colliers of Kingswood. They were equally without God in the world, and eminent for all manner of wickedness: but old things are passed away, and they are eminent now for the fear of God, and the love of their neighbour. I preached there again on *Sunday, 16*, and administered the Lord's Supper to the society. I think they were all in tears; but, with the greatest part, they were tears of joy and love.

Monday, 17.—I met the singers for the last time. I joined them together two years ago; but, as the preachers following took no care or thought about them, they of course flew asunder. And no wonder; for nothing will stand in the Methodist plan, unless the preacher has his heart and his hand in it. Every preacher, therefore, should consider it is not his business to mind this or that thing only, but every thing.

Tuesday, 18.—Cheerfully leaving Londonderry, I rode through the wild, dreary mountains, to Cookstown. Here the scene was changed. The house at which I alighted was filled with whisky-drinkers; and the whole town, it being the fair-day, was all hurry and confusion. However, about seven the tent was set up. The people flocked from all quarters; and, considering many of them were far from sober, behaved tolerably well.

Thursday, 20.—We went on to Castle-Caulfield. As we were walking in the afternoon, an horse that was feeding turned short, and struck me on the small of my back. Had he been but an inch or two nearer, I should not have travelled any farther. As it was, I was well again in a few days. In the evening I preached on the lovely

green, before the castle, to a serious and large congregation. This was the first summer day we have had this year; and this was only warm, not hot.

Friday, 21.—At seven in the evening I preached at Armagh, in Mr. M'Gough's avenue. The congregation was in an arbour, the wide-spread trees quite overshadowing them; while

“The setting sun adorned the coast,
His beams entire, his fierceness lost.”

On *Thursday* and *Friday, JULY 18, 19*, we had our little Conference; a solemn and useful meeting.



(“AN HORSE THAT WAS FEEDING TURNED SHORT, AND STRUCK ME,” p. 378.)

Monday, AUGUST 12.—I set out for Wales, and after preaching at Chepstow and Brecknock, on *Wednesday, 14*, came to the Hay. Here I met with Dr. Maclaine's Translation of “Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History.” Certainly he is a very sensible translator of a very sensible writer; but I dare not affirm that either one or the other was acquainted with inward religion. The translator mentions, without any blame, Mr. Shinstra's “Letter against Fanaticism;” which, if the reasoning were just, would fix the charge of fanaticism on our Lord Himself, and all His Apostles. In truth, I cannot but fear, Mr. Shinstra is in the same class with Dr. Conyers Middleton; and aims every blow, though he seems to look another way, at the fanatics who wrote the Bible.

The very thing which Mr. Shinstra calls fanaticism, is no other than heart-religion ; in other words, "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." These must be *felt*, or they have no being. All, therefore, who condemn inward feelings in the gross, leave no place either for joy, peace, or love in religion ; and consequently reduce it to a dry, dead carcass.*

I rode, on *Thursday*, 22, to Dala, a little village at the mouth of Milford-Haven. It seemed to me that our preachers had bestowed here much pains to little purpose. The people, one and all, seemed as dead as stones,—perfectly quiet, and perfectly unconcerned. I told them just what I thought. It went as a sword to their hearts. They felt the truth, and wept bitterly. I know not where we have found more of the presence of God. Shall we at last have fruit here also ?

Friday, 23.—I preached at noon, to a lovely congregation of plain, artless people, at Houghton ; and in the town-hall at Pembroke, in the evening, to many rich and elegant hearers.

Sunday, 25.—At ten I began the service at St. Daniel's. The church, as usual, would ill contain the congregation. In the afternoon I preached in Monkton church, (one of the three belonging to Pembroke,) a large, old, ruinous building. I suppose it has scarce had such a congregation in it during this century. Many of them were gay, genteel people : so I spake on the first elements of the Gospel. But I was still out of their depth. O how hard it is to be shallow enough for a polite audience !

Monday, 26.—I rode to Llanelly, and at six read prayers, and preached in another large church, almost as ruinous as that at Pembroke. The congregation was numerous ; yet most of them seemed to understand what they heard.

Tuesday, 27.—We crept through a right Welsh road, and reached Oxwyck between twelve and one. The congregation had waited for some time ; so I began without delay. The road to Swansea was a little better ; so I reached the town in time ; and at six preached in the yard, as our room would contain hardly a third of the people.

Wednesday, 28.—I called, at Neath, on one of our friends ; but, before I could sit down, was informed a congregation was waiting for me. This I had no thought of : however, I gave them a short sermon, and hastened on to Coy church, near Bridge-end. I preached as deliberately as possible, as great part of the audience were Welsh : and I believe, by this means, all of them could understand at least the substance of the discourse. About six I preached in the town-hall at Cowbridge, to high and low, rich and poor ; and the two next evenings in the Court-house at Cardiff, to a still larger congregation. Afterwards we had a comfortable love-feast.

Friday, SEPTEMBER 6.—I spent an hour among our children at Kingswood. It is strange ! How long shall we be constrained to weave Penelope's web ? What is become of the wonderful work of grace which God wrought in them last September ? It is gone ! It is lost ! It is vanished away ! There is scarce any trace of it

remaining! Then we must begin again; and in due time we shall reap, if we faint not.

Thursday, OCTOBER 3.—Winchester. I now found time to take a view of the cathedral. Here the sight of that bad Cardinal's tomb, whom the sculptor has placed in a posture of prayer, brought to my mind those fine lines of Shakespeare, which he put into the mouth of King Henry the Sixth:—

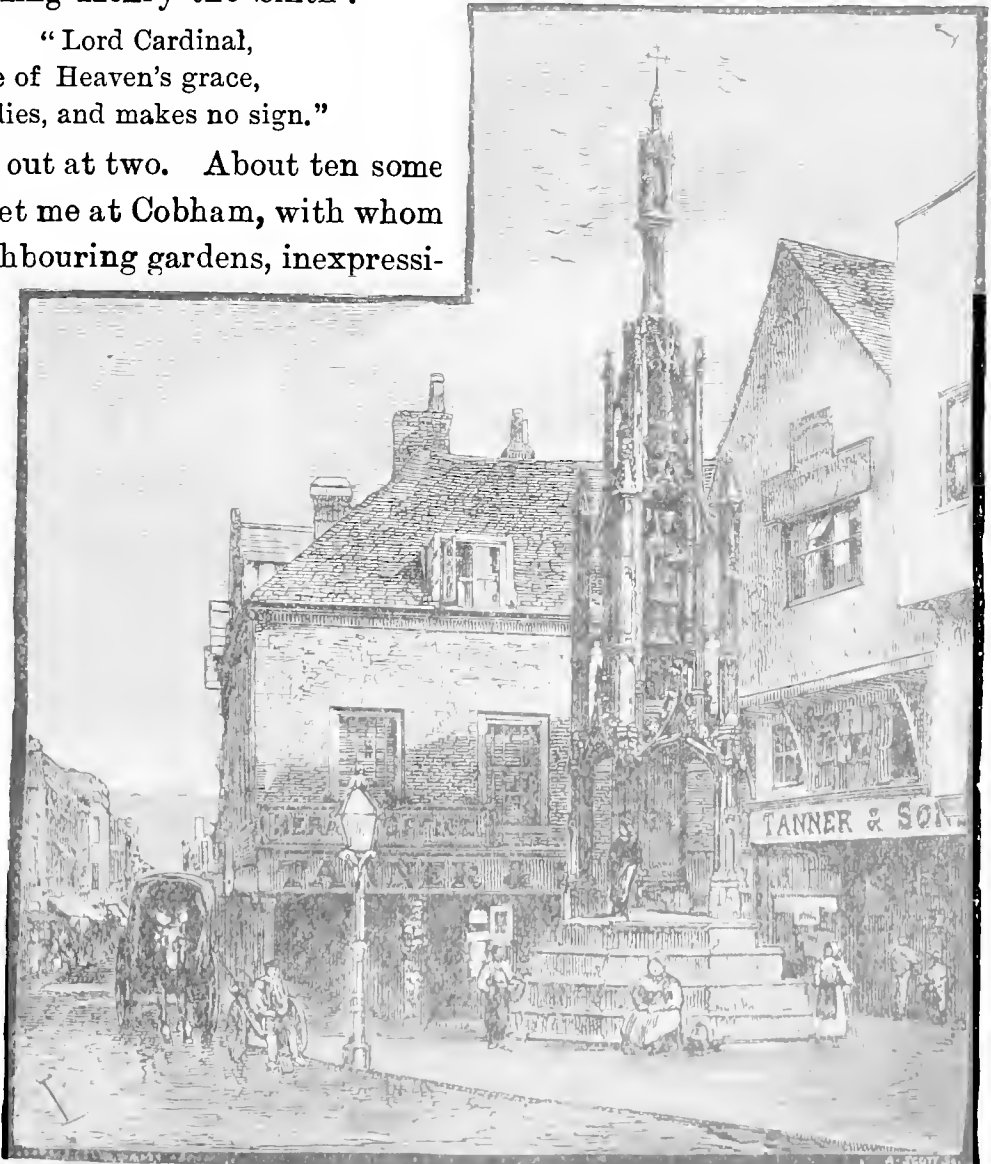
“Lord Cardinal,
If thou hast any hope of Heaven's grace,
Give us a sign. He dies, and makes no sign.”

Saturday, 5.—I set out at two. About ten some of our London friends met me at Cobham, with whom I took a walk in the neighbouring gardens, inexpressibly pleasant, through the variety of hills and dales, and the admirable contrivance of the whole. And now, after spending his life in bringing it to perfection, the gray-headed owner advertises it to be sold! Is there anything under the sun that can satisfy a spirit made for God?

Thursday, 10.—I preached at Holmby-house, where poor King Charles was formerly lodged. It has been a noble pile of buildings, finely situated on an hill; but little is left

except the kitchens, which, however, give a strong idea of its ancient grandeur.

Wednesday, 16.—I preached at South-Leigh. Here it was that I preached my first sermon, six-and-forty years ago. One man was in my present audience who heard it. Most of the rest are gone to their long home. After preaching at Witney in the evening. I met the believers apart, and was greatly refreshed among them. So simple a people I scarce ever saw. They did “open the window in their breast;” and it was easy to discern that God was there, filling them “with joy and peace in believing.”



(THE CROSS AND PENT HOUSE, WINCHESTER.)

Thursday, 17.—About ten I preached at Oxford, in a room well filled with deeply attentive hearers, on part of the Sermon on the Mount, the noblest compendium of religion which is to be found even in the oracles of God. In the evening I preached at High-Wycomb; the next, at Chesham, where, our own room being too small, that friendly man, Mr. Spooner, willingly gave me the use of his meeting-house.

Wednesday, 30.—I walked over to Winchelsea, said to have been once a large city, with abundance of trade and of inhabitants, the sea washing the foot of the hill on which it stands. The situation is exceeding bold, the hill being high and steep on

all sides. But the town is shrunk almost into nothing, and the seven churches into half an one. I preached at eleven in the new square.



(THE HIGH STREET, WINCHESTER.)

Thursday, NOVEMBER 7.—Lynn seems to be considerably larger than Yarmouth: I believe it stands on double the ground; and the houses in general are better built: some of them are little palaces. The Market-place is a spa-

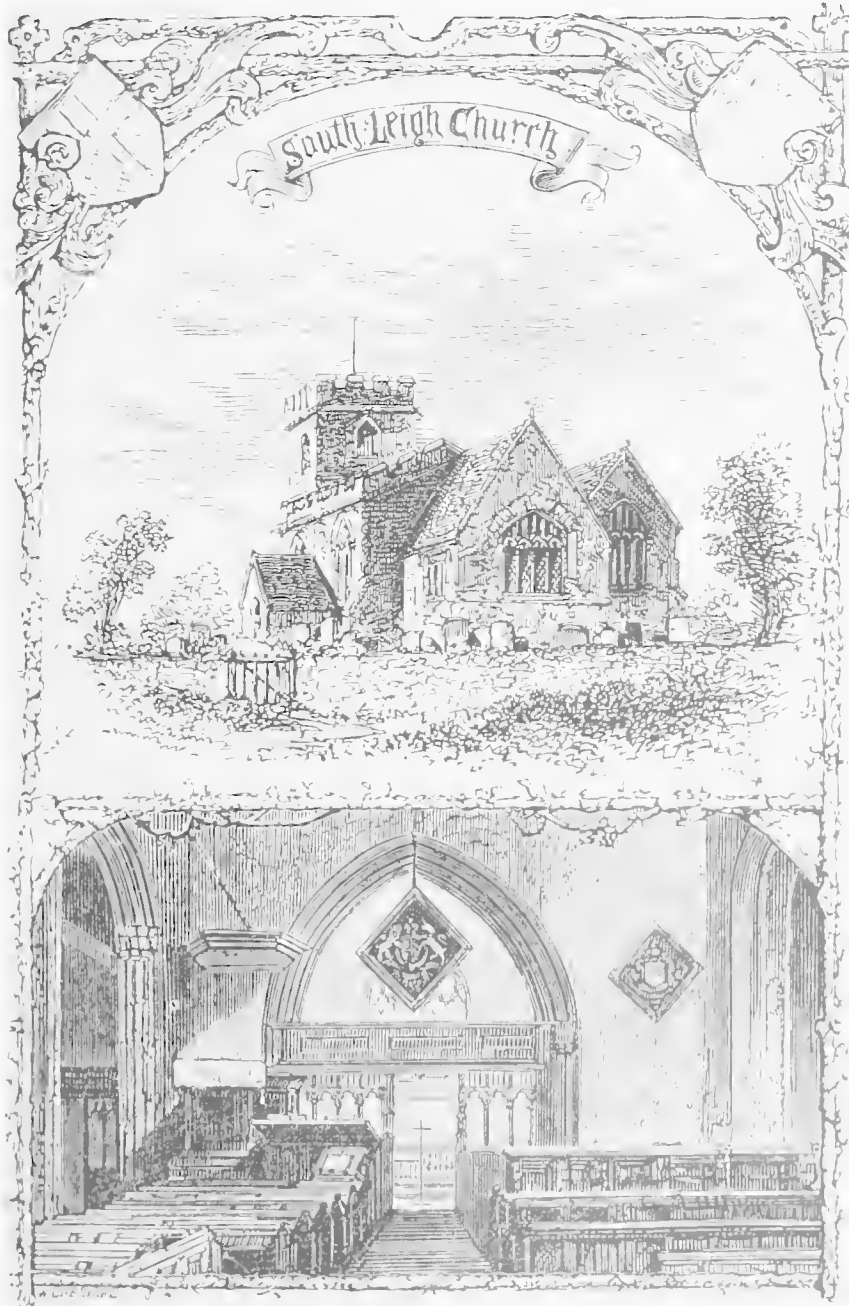
cious and noble square, more beautiful than either that at Yarmouth or Norwich; and the people are quite of another turn, affable and humane. They have the openness and frankness common throughout the county; and they add to it good-nature and courtesy.

Friday, DECEMBER 6.—Having preached to a small but much-affected company at Sittingbourne, I went on to Chatham. The huge congregation here devoured the Word; yet I hope they digested it too.

Saturday, 7.—In my way home I finished the first volume of Mr. Hooke's "Roman History." On this I remark, 1. That it is immeasurably too long, containing a thousand passages not worth relating: 2. That he relates abundance of contradictory accounts, often without telling us which is best: 3. That he recites at large the senseless tales of Clelia swimming in the Tiber, Mucius Scævola, and twenty more; and afterwards knocks them all on the head. What need then of reciting them? We want history; not romance, though compiled by Livy himself. Yet, 4. I admire him for doing justice to many great men, who have been generally misrepresented; Manlius

Capitolinus, in particular, as well as the two Gracchi. So that, upon the whole, this is far the best history of Rome that I have seen.

Monday, 23, and so all the following days, when I was not particularly engaged, I spent an hour in the morning with our preachers, as I used to do with my pupils at Oxford.



(SOUTH-LEIGH CHURCH, WHERE WESLEY PREACHED HIS FIRST SERMON.)

Wednesday, 25.—I preached early at the Foundery; morning and afternoon, at the chapel. In returning thence at night, a coach ran full against my chaise, and broke one of the shafts and the traces in pieces. I was thankful that this was all; that neither man nor beast received the least hurt.

Monday, 30.—At my brother's request, I sat again for my picture. This melancholy employment always reminds me of that natural reflection,—

“Behold, what frailty we in man may see!
His shadow is less given to change than he.”

Tuesday, JANUARY 14, 1772.—I spent an agreeable hour with Dr. S——, the oldest acquaintance I now have. He is the greatest genius in little things that ever fell under my notice. Almost every thing about him is of his own invention, either in whole or in part. Even his fire-screen, his lamps of various sorts, his ink-horn, his very save-all. I really believe, were he seriously to set about it, he could invent the

best mouse-trap that ever was in the world.

Thursday, 16.—I set out for Luton. The snow lay so deep on the road, that it was not without much difficulty, and some danger, we at last reached the town. I was offered the use of the church: the frost was exceeding sharp, and the glass was taken out of the windows. However, for the sake of the people, I accepted the offer, though I might just as well have preached in the open air. I suppose four times as many people were present, as would have been at the room: and about an hundred in the morning. So I did not repent of my journey through the snow.



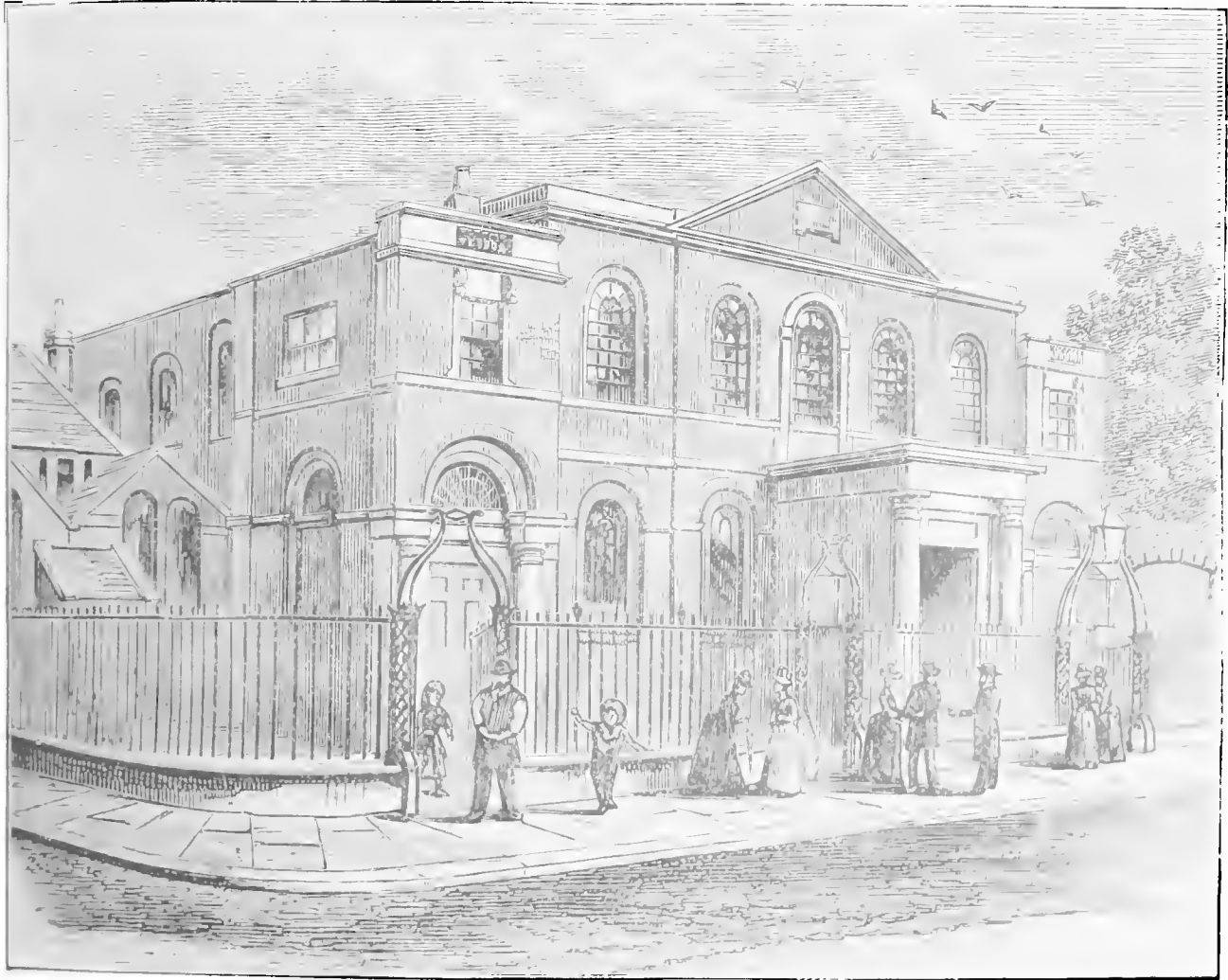
(PORTRAIT OF WESLEY, FROM THE PAINTING BY J. WILLIAMS.)

Friday, 17.—The usual road being blocked up with snow, we were obliged to take a by-road to Hertford. I found the poor children whom Mr. A. kept at school, were increased to about thirty boys, and thirty girls. I went in immediately to the girls. As soon as I began to speak, some of them burst into tears, and their emotion rose higher and higher; but it was kept within bounds till I began to pray. A cry then arose, which spread from one to another, till almost all cried aloud for mercy, and would not be comforted.

But how was the scene changed, when I went to the boys! They seemed as dead as stones, and scarce appeared to mind anything that was said: nay, some of them could hardly refrain from laughter. However, I spoke on, and set before them the terrors of the Lord. Presently one was cut to the heart; soon after, another and another: and in ten minutes, the far greater part of them were little less affected than

the girls had been. Except at Kingswood, I have seen no such work of God upon children for above thirty years. I spoke exceeding plain in the evening, on the narrow way that leadeth to life. But the men were widely different from the children: they were affected just as much as so many horses.

Saturday, FEBRUARY 1.—I found an increase of the work of God even in Southwark. Those who so furiously opposed us some years ago, as though they would have swallowed us up quick, are now crumbled into nothing.



(LONG LANE CHAPEL, SOUTHWARK.)

Friday, 7.—I called on a friend at Hampton-court, who went with me through the house. It struck me more than anything of the kind I have seen in England; more than Blenheim-house itself. One great difference is, everything there appears designedly grand and splendid; here everything is quite, as it were, natural, and one thinks it cannot be otherwise. If the expression may be allowed, there is a kind of stiffness runs through the one, and an easiness through the other. Of pictures I do not pretend to be a judge; but there is one, by Paul Rubens, which particularly

struck me, both with the design and the execution of it. It is Zacharias and Elizabeth, with John the Baptist, two or three years old, coming to visit Mary, and our Lord sitting upon her knee. The passions are surprisingly expressed, even in the children; but I could not see either the decency or common-sense of painting them stark naked: nothing can defend or excuse this: it is shockingly absurd, even an Indian being the judge.

Tuesday, 11.—I casually took a volume of what is called, “A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy.” *Sentimental!* what is that? It is not English; he might as well say, *Continental*. It is not sense. It conveys no determinate idea;



(HAMPTON COURT.)

yet one fool makes many. And this nonsensical word (who would believe it?) is become a fashionable one! However, the book agrees full well with the title; for one is as queer as the other. For oddity, uncouthness, and unlikeness to all the world beside, I suppose, the writer is without a rival.

Wednesday, 12.—In returning, I read a very different book, published by an honest Quaker, on that execrable sum of all villianies, commonly called the Slave Trade. I read of nothing like it in the heathen world, whether ancient or modern: and it infinitely exceeds, in every instance of barbarity, whatever Christian slaves suffer in Mahometan countries.

Friday, 21.—I met several of my friends, who had begun a subscription to prevent my riding on horseback; which I cannot do quite so well, since a hurt which I got some months ago. If they continue it, well; if not, I shall have strength according to my need.

Wednesday, MARCH 25.—We went on to Congleton, where all is now peace and love. None is now left to speak against the Methodists, except Mr. Sambach, the curate. He earnestly labours to drive them from the church; but they will not leave it yet.

Sunday, APRIL 5.—I preached at Manchester in the evening; but the house was far too small: crowds were obliged to go away. The speculative knowledge of the truth has ascended here from the least to the greatest. But how far short is this of experimental knowledge! Yet it is a step toward it not to be despised.

Monday, 6.—In the afternoon I drank tea at Am. O. But how was I shocked! The children that used to cling about me, and drink in every word, had been at a boarding-school. There they had unlearned all religion, and even seriousness; and had learned pride, vanity, affectation, and whatever could guard them against the knowledge and love of God. Methodist parents, who would send your girls headlong to hell, send them to a fashionable boarding-school!

Friday, 10.—Having sent my chaise before, I rode to Ambleside. Thence, on *Saturday*, we went on comfortably, in hired chaises, to Whitehaven.

Sunday, 12.—At eight we had our usual congregation of plain, earnest people. But at five (who would imagine it?) we had well-nigh all the gentry of the town; and “the power of the Lord was present to heal them;” so that few, I believe, were unaffected. The same power was present at the meeting of the children. I never, in all my life, was so affected with any part of Solomon’s Song, as while one of the girls was repeating it.

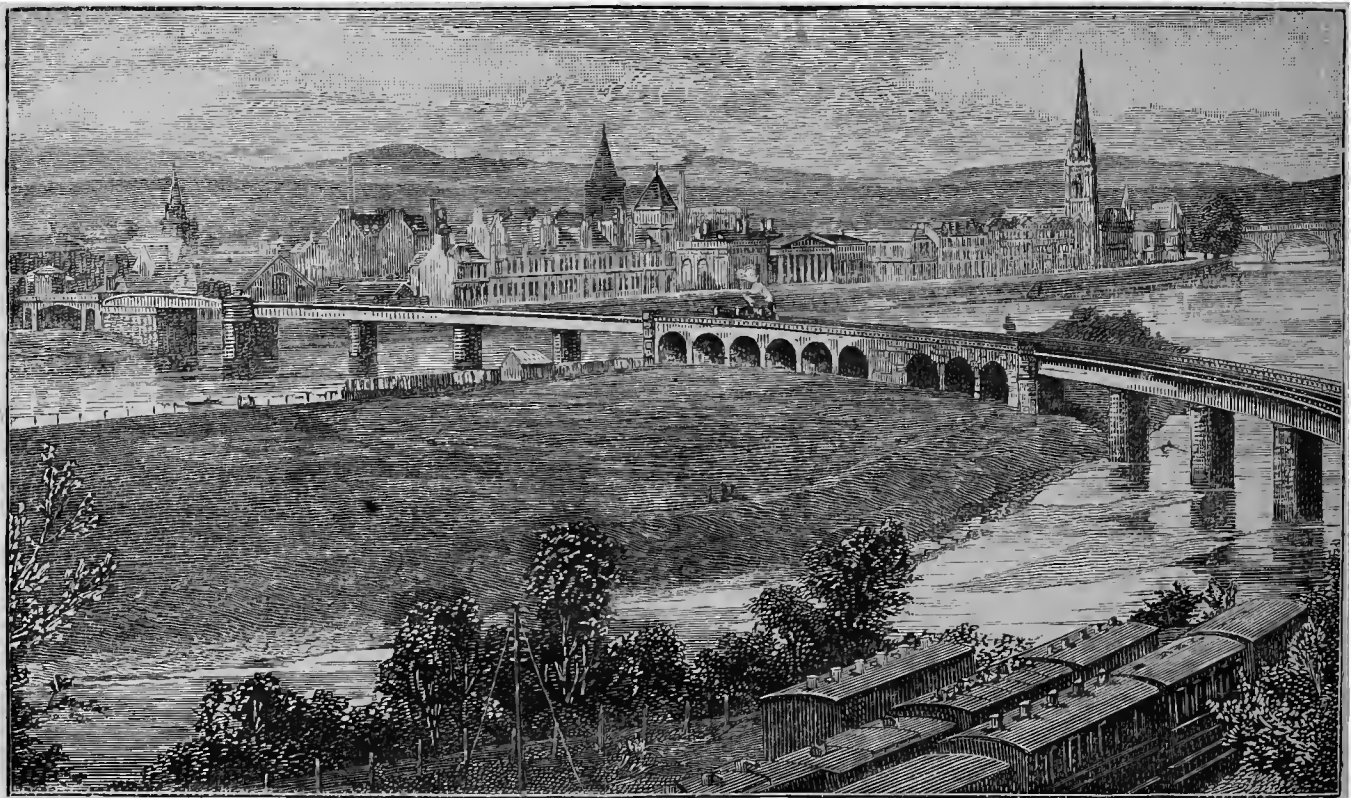
Monday, 13.—At five in the evening we had all the gentry again, with several clergymen; and again the Spirit applied the Word. For the present even the rich seemed to be moved. As soon as I had delivered my message, I set out for Cockermouth.

Wednesday, 15.—We rode for upwards of twenty miles, through a most delightful country; the fruitful mountains rising on either hand, and the clear stream running beneath. In the afternoon we had a furious storm of rain and snow: however, we reached Selkirk safe. Here I observed a little piece of stateliness which was quite new to me: the maid came in, and said, “Sir, *the lord of the stable* waits to know if he should feed your horses.” We call him *ostler* in England. After supper all the family seemed glad to join with us in prayer.

Monday, 20.—I went on to Greenock, a sea-port town, twenty miles west of Glasgow. It is built very much like Plymouth-dock, and has a safe and spacious harbour. The trade and inhabitants, and consequently the houses, are increasing swiftly; and so is cursing, swearing, drunkenness, sabbath-breaking, and all manner of

wickedness. Our room is about thrice as large as that at Glasgow ; but it would not near contain the congregation. I spoke exceeding plain, and not without hope that we may see some fruit, even among this hard-hearted generation.

Wednesday, 22.—About eight I preached once more in the Masons' Lodge, at Port-Glasgow. The house was crowded greatly ; and I suppose all the gentry of the town were a part of the congregation. Resolving not to shoot over their heads, as I had done the day before, I spoke strongly of death and judgment, heaven and hell. This they seemed to comprehend ; and there was no more laughing among them, or talking with each other ; but all were quietly and deeply attentive.



(PERTH, FROM THE RAILWAY.)

In the evening, when I began at Glasgow, the congregation being but small, I chose a subject fit for experienced Christians ; but soon after, a heap of fine gay people came in : yet I could not decently break off what I was about, though they gaped and stared abundantly. I could only give a short exhortation in the close, more suited to their capacity.

Thursday, 23, was the fast before the Lord's Supper. It was kept as a Sunday ; no shops open, or business done. Three ministers came to assist Mr. Gillies, with whom I had much conversation. They all seemed to be pious as well as sensible men. As it rained in the evening, I preached in the grammar-school,—a large, commodious room.

Saturday, 25, set out for the north.

I reached Perth in the evening, and sent to the Provost to desire the use of the Guildhall; in which I preached, *Sunday*, 26, in the morning, and (it being very cold) in the evening. Afterwards I accepted of the Provost's invitation to lodge at his house; and spent an agreeable evening with him and three ministers; concluded with solemn prayer.

Tuesday, 28.—We walked through the Duke of Athol's gardens, in which was one thing I never saw before,—a summer-house in the middle of a green-house, by means of which one might in the depth of winter enjoy the warmth of May, and sit surrounded with greens and flowers on every side.

In the evening I preached once more at Perth, to a large and serious congregation. Afterwards they did me an honour I never thought of,—presented me with the freedom of the city. The diploma ran thus:—

MAGISTRATUUM *illustris ordo et honorandus senatorum cætus inclytæ civitatis Perthensis, in debiti amoris et affectuum tesseram erga Johannem W——y, immunitatibus præfata civitatis, societatis etiam et fraternitatis cædiliticæ privilegiis donarunt.*

*Aprilis die 28^o anno Sal. 1772^o.**

I question whether any diploma from the city of London be more pompous, or expressed in better Latin.

In my way to Perth, I read over the first volume of Dr. Robertson's "History of Charles the Fifth." I know not when I have been so disappointed. It might as well be called the History of Alexander the Great. Here is a quarto volume of eight or ten shillings' price, containing dry, verbose dissertations on feudal government, the substance of all which might be comprised in half-a-sheet of paper! But "Charles the Fifth!" Where is Charles the Fifth?

"Leave off thy reflections, and give us thy tale!"

Sunday, MAY 3.—[Aberdeen.] I went in the morning to the English Church. here, likewise, I could not but admire the exemplary decency of the congregation. This was the more remarkable, because so miserable a reader I never heard before. Listening with all attention, I understood but one single word, *Balak*, in the first lesson; and one more, *begat*, was all I could possibly distinguish in the second. Is there no man of spirit belonging to this congregation? Why is such a burlesque upon public worship suffered? Would it not be far better to pay this gentleman for doing nothing, than for doing mischief; for bringing a scandal upon religion?

About three I preached at the College kirk in the Old-town, to a large congregation, rich and poor; at six, in our own house, on the narrow way.

* "The illustrious order of Magistrates, and honourable Court [*senatorum*] of Aldermen, of the famous city of Perth, as a proof of their well-merited esteem and affection for John Wesley, have invested him with the immunities of the above-mentioned city, and with the privileges of the fellowship and brotherhood of a Burgess: this 28th day of April, in the year of our salvation 1772."—EDIT.

Tuesday, 5.—I read over in my journey Dr. Beattie's ingenious "Inquiry after Truth." He is a writer quite equal to his subject, and far above the match of all the minute philosophers, David Hume in particular; the most insolent despiser of truth and virtue that ever appeared in the world. And yet it seems some complain of this doctor's using him with too great severity! I cannot understand how that can be, unless he treated him with rudeness, (which he does not,) since he is an avowed enemy to God and man, and to all that is sacred and valuable upon earth.

In the evening I preached in the new house at Arbroath (properly Aberbrothock). In this town there is a change indeed! It was wicked to a proverb; remarkable for Sabbath-breaking, cursing, swearing, drunkenness, and a general contempt of religion. But it is not so now. Open wickedness disappears; no oaths are heard, no drunkenness seen in the streets. And many have not only ceased from evil, and learned to do well, but are witnesses of the inward kingdom of God, "righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."

Wednesday, 6.—The magistrates here also did me the honour of presenting me with the freedom of their corporation. I value it as a token of their respect, though I shall hardly make any further use of it.

Thursday, 7.—I took Thomas Cherry away with me; but it was too late; he will hardly recover. Let all observe, (that no more preachers may murder themselves,) here is another martyr to screaming!

Friday, 8.—I laboured to reconcile those who (according to the custom of the place) were vehemently contending about nothing.

Saturday, 9.—I went to Edinburgh.

Sunday, 10.—I attended the Church of England service in the morning, and that of the kirk in the afternoon. In the evening I endeavoured to reach the hearts of a large congregation, by applying part of the Sermon on the Mount.

Monday, 11.—I spoke severally to the members of the society as closely as I could. Out of ninety (now united,) I scarce found ten of the original society; so indefatigable have the good ministers been to root out the seed God had sown in their hearts.

Tuesday, 12.—I preached at Ormiston, ten miles south of Edinburgh, to a large and deeply serious congregation. I dined at the minister's, a sensible man, who heartily bid us God-speed. But he soon changed his mind: Lord H——n informed him that he had received a letter from Lady H——, assuring him that we were "dreadful heretics, to whom no countenance should be given." It is pity! Should not the children of God leave the devil to do his own work?

Monday, 18.—Dr. Hamilton brought with him Dr. Monro and Dr. Gregory. They satisfied me what my disorder was; and told me there was but one method of cure. Perhaps but one natural one; but I think God has more than one method of healing either the soul or the body.

In the evening (the weather being still severe) I preached in the new house at Leith, to a lovely audience, on: "Narrow is the way that leadeth unto life."

Wednesday, 20.—I had designed to preach (as usual) at Provost Dixon's, in Haddington, in the way to Dunbar. But the Provost, too, had received light from the "Circular Letter," and durst not receive those *heretics*. In the evening I preached at Dunbar.



(THE BASS ROCK.)

Thursday, 21.—I went to the Bass, seven miles from it, which, in the horrid reign of Charles the Second, was the prison of those venerable men who suffered the loss of all things for a good conscience. It is a high rock surrounded by the sea, two or three miles in circumference, and about two miles from the shore. The strong east wind made the water so rough, that the boat could hardly live: and when we came to the only landing-place, (the other sides being quite perpendicular,) it was with much difficulty that we got up, climbing on our hands and knees. The castle, as one may judge by what remains, was utterly inaccessible. The walls of the chapel, and of

the Governor's house, are tolerably entire. The garden-walls are still seen near the top of the rock, with the well in the midst of it. And round the walls there are spots of grass, that feed eighteen or twenty sheep. But the proper natives of the island are Solund-geese, a bird about the size of a Muscovy-duck, which breed by thousands, from generation to generation, on the sides of the rock. It is peculiar to these, that they lay but one egg, which they do not sit upon at all, but keep it under one foot (as we saw with our eyes) till it is hatched. How many prayers did the holy men confined here offer up, in that evil day! And how many thanksgivings should we return, for all the liberty, civil and religious, which we enjoy!

Saturday, 23.—I went on to Alnwick, and preached in the town-hall. What a difference between an English and a Scotch congregation! These judge themselves rather than the preacher; and their aim is, not only to know, but to love and obey.

Saturday, 30.—I met a company of the most lively children that I have seen for several years. One of them repeated her hymn with such propriety that I did not observe one accent misplaced. Fair blossoms! And if they be duly attended, there may be good fruit!

Tuesday, JUNE 2.—We rode to New-Orygan, in Teesdale. The people were deeply attentive; but, I think, not deeply affected. From the top of the next enormous mountain, we had a view of Weardale. It is a lovely prospect. The green gently-rising meadows and fields, on both sides of the little river, clear as crystal, were sprinkled over with innumerable little houses; three in four of which (if not nine in ten) are sprung up since the Methodists came hither. Since that time, the beasts are turned into men, and the wilderness into a fruitful field.

Thursday, 4.—At five I took my leave of this blessed people. I was a little surprised, in looking attentively upon them, to observe so many beautiful faces as I never saw before in one congregation; many of the children in particular, twelve or fourteen of whom (chiefly boys) sat full in my view. But I allow, much more might be owing to grace than nature, to the heaven within that shone outward.

In this part of Weardale, the people in general are employed in the lead-mines.

In two respects, this society has always been peculiarly remarkable: the one, they have been the most liberal in providing every thing needful for the preachers: the other, they have been particularly careful with regard to marriage. They have in general married with each other; and that not for the sake of money, but virtue. Hence, having been yoke-fellows in grace before, they more easily bear the yoke of marriage, and assist each other in training up their children; and God has eminently blessed them therein. For in most of their families, the greatest part of the children above ten years old are converted to God. So that to several among them one may say, as St. Paul to Timothy: "The faith which dwelt first in thy grandmother, and thy mother, I am persuaded is in thee also." It was observable, too, that their leaders

were upright men, alive to God, and having an uncommon gift in prayer. This was increased by their continual exercise of it. The preachers were there but once a fortnight. But though they had neither preacher nor exhorter, they met every night for singing and prayer.

Monday, JULY 13.—I preached in Ledstone church, and spoke as plain and close as I could: but it seemed to be heathen Greek to the congregation. In the evening we had such another congregation at Doncaster.



Tuesday, 14.—I preached at Sheffield; *Thursday, 16,* at Hathenham; and *Friday, 17,* at Hatfield. Here, some time since, a justice levied a fine on a local preacher, on pretence of the Conventicle Act. So did a justice in Kent, three or four years ago; but it cost him some hundred pounds for his pains.

Wednesday, 29.—I crossed over to Pomfret, (properly Pontefract,) and, about noon, opened the new preaching-house there.

Tuesday, AUGUST 4.—Our Conference began. Generally, during the time of Conference, as I was talking from morning to night, I had used to desire one of our

brethren to preach in the morning. But having many things to say, I resolved, with God's help, to preach mornings as well as evenings. And I found no difference at all: I was no more tired than with my usual labour; that is, no more than if I had been sitting still in my study, from morning to night.

Friday, 14.—About noon, at the request of my old friend Howell Harris, I preached at Trevecka, on the strait gate; and we found our hearts knit together as at the beginning. He said, "I have borne with those pert, ignorant young men,



(JAMES THOMSON.)

vulgarly called students, till I cannot in conscience bear any longer. They preach bare-faced Reprobation, and so broad Antinomianism, that I have been constrained to oppose them to the face, even in the public congregation." It is no wonder they should preach thus. What better can be expected from raw lads of little understanding, little learning, and no experience?

Sunday, SEPTEMBER 6.—I preached on the quay, at Kingswood, and near King's-square. To this day field-preaching is a cross to me. But I know my commission, and see no other way of "preaching the Gospel to every creature."

Friday, 25.—I went over to Kingswood again, and had much satisfaction with the children. On *Sunday* I talked with the elder children one by one, advising them

as each had need; and it was easy to perceive that God is again working in many of their hearts.

Wednesday, 30.—I began visiting the society from house to house, taking them from west to east. This will undoubtedly be an heavy cross, no way pleasing to flesh and blood. But I already saw how unspeakably useful it will be to many souls.

Wednesday, OCTOBER 14.—A book was given me to write on, "The Works of Mr. Thomson," of whose poetical abilities I had always had a very low opinion: but, looking into one of his tragedies, "Edward and Eleonora," I was agreeably surprised. The sentiments are just and noble; the diction strong, smooth, and elegant; and the plot conducted with the utmost art, and wrought off in a most surprising manner. It

is quite his masterpiece, and I really think might vie with any modern performance of the kind.

Monday, NOVEMBER 23.—I opened the new house at Dorking, and was much comforted both this and the following evening. In returning to London, I read over *Belisarius*. The historical part is both affecting and instructive. But his tedious detail of the duties of a King might very well be spared.

Wednesday, DECEMBER 2.—I preached at the new preaching-house, in the parish of Bromley. In speaking severally to the members of the society, I was surprised at the openness and artlessness of the people. Such I should never have expected to find within ten miles of London:

Friday, 11.—Passing through Sittingbourne, I found a congregation ready; so I gave them a short discourse, and went on to Chatham.

In this journey I read over Sir John Dalrymple's "*Memoirs of the Revolution.*" He appears to be a man of strong understanding: and the book

is wrote with great accuracy of language, (allowing for a few Scotticisms,) and intermixed with very sensible reflections. But I observe, 1. He believes just as much of the Bible as David Hume did. Hence he perpetually ascribes to enthusiasm whatever good men did from a strong conviction of duty. 2. He cordially believes that idle tale which King James published. concerning Father Huddleston's giving King Charles extreme



(REV. JOHN WESLEY, GRANDFATHER OF JOHN WESLEY.)

unction. My eldest brother asked Lady Oglethorpe concerning this. "Sir," said she, "I never left the room from the moment the King was taken ill till the breath went out of his body; and I aver, that neither Father Huddleston nor any priest came into the room till his death." 3. He much labours to excuse that monster of cruelty, Graham, of Claverhouse, afterwards, as a reward for his execrable villianies, created Lord Dundee. Such wanton barbarities were scarce ever heard of, as he practised toward men, women, and children. Sir John himself says enough, in telling us his behaviour to his own troops. "He had but *one* punishment for *all* faults,—death: and for a very moderate fault he would ride up to a young gentleman, and, without any trial or ceremony, shoot him through the head."

Monday, 14.—I read prayers and preached to a crowded congregation at Gravesend. The stream here spreads wide, but it is not deep. Many are drawn, but none converted, or even awakened. Such is the general method of God's providence: where all approve, few profit.

Friday, 18.—I preached at Hertford. Last year there was a fair prospect there. But the servants of God quarrelled among themselves, till they destroyed the whole work. So that not only the society is no more, but even the preaching is discontinued. And hence those who had no religion before are now more hardened than ever. A more stupid and senseless mob I never saw, than that which flocked together in the evening. Yet they softened by degrees, so that at last all were quiet, and, as it were, attentive.

Monday, 21.—I visited the sick in various parts of the town, but was surprised that they were so few. I hardly remember so healthy a winter in London. So wisely does God order all things that the poor may not utterly be destroyed by hunger and sickness together.

Sunday, 27.—I dined with one who, in the midst of plenty, is completely miserable, through "the spirit of bondage," and, in particular, through the fear of death. This came upon him not by any outward means, but the immediate touch of God's Spirit. It will be well if he does not shake it off till he receives "the Spirit of adoption."

Thursday, 31.—Being greatly embarrassed by the necessities of the poor, we spread all our wants before God in solemn prayer; believing that He would sooner "make windows in heaven" than suffer His truth to fail.

Friday, JANUARY 1, 1773.—We (as usual) solemnly renewed our covenant with God.

Monday, 4.—I began revising my letters and papers. One of them was wrote above an hundred and fifty years ago, (in 1619,) I suppose by my grandfather's father, to her he was to marry in a few days. Several were wrote by my brothers and me when at school, many while we were at the University; abundantly testifying (if it be worth knowing) what was our aim from our youth up.

We observed *Friday, the 8th*, as a day of fasting and prayer, on account of the

general want of trade and scarcity of provisions. The next week I made an end of revising my letters; and from those I had both wrote and received, I could not but make one remark,—that for above these forty years, of all the friends who were once the most closely united, and afterwards separated from me, every one had separated himself! He left me, not I him. And from both mine and their own letters, the steps whereby they did this are clear and undeniable.

Tuesday, FEBRUARY 2.—Captain Webb preached at the Foundery. I admire the wisdom of God, in still raising up various preachers, according to the various tastes of men. The Captain is all life and fire: therefore, although he is not deep or regular, yet many who would not hear a better preacher flock together to hear him. And many are convinced under his preaching; some justified; a few built up in love.

Friday, MARCH 26.—We landed at Dunleary, and hired a coach to Dublin.

On *Monday* and *Tuesday* I examined the society, a little lessened, but now well united together. I was a little surprised to find the Commissioners of the Customs would not permit my chaise to be landed, because, they said, the captain of a packet-boat had no right to bring over goods. Poor pretence! However, I was more obliged to them than I then knew; for had it come on shore, it would have been utterly spoiled.

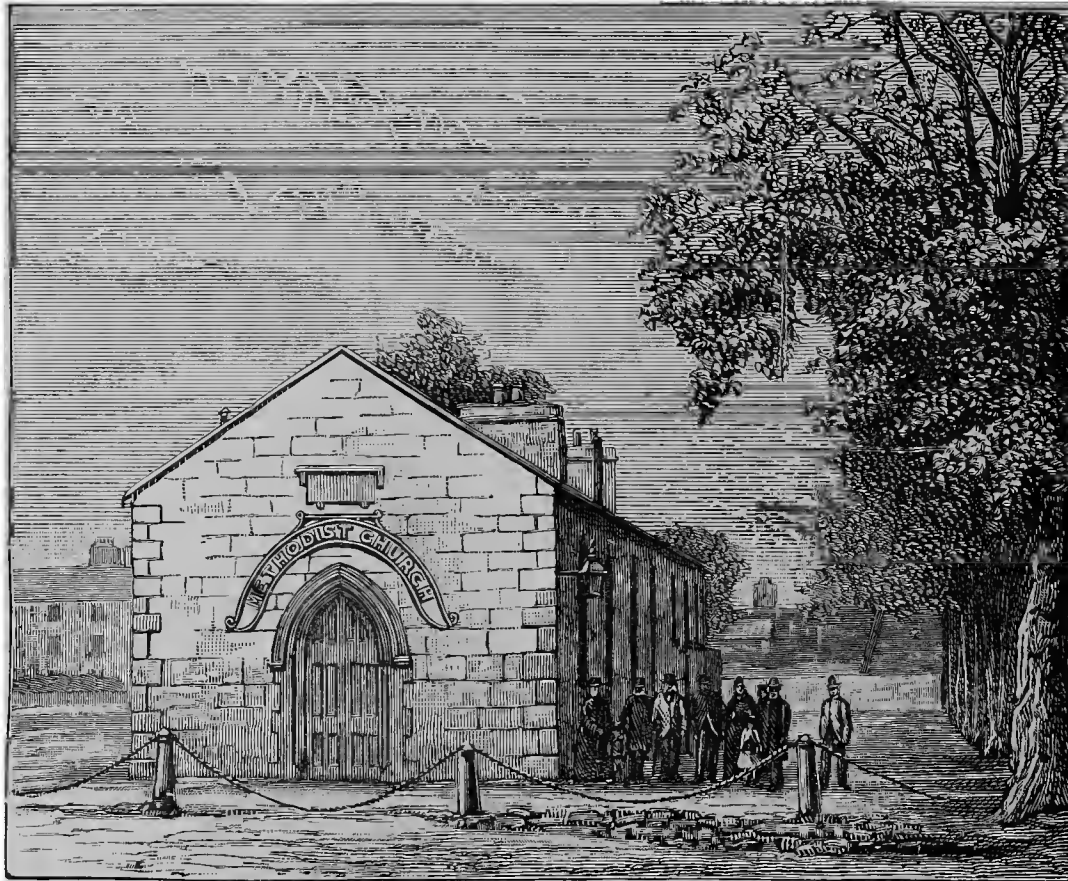
Thursday, MAY 13.—We went on, through a most dreary country, to Galway; where, at the late survey, there were twenty thousand Papists, and five hundred Protestants. But which of them are Christians, have the mind that was in Christ, and walk as He walked? And without this, how little does it avail, whether they are called Protestants or Papists! At six I preached in the Court-house, to a large congregation, who all behaved well. On *Saturday* I went on to Castlebar. Entering the town, I was struck with the sight of the Charter-school;—no gate to the courtyard, a large chasm in the wall, heaps of rubbish before the house-door, broken windows in abundance; the whole a picture of slothfulness, nastiness, and desolation! I did not dream there were any inhabitants, till, the next day, I saw about forty boys and girls walking from church. As I was just behind them, I could not but observe,



(CAPTAIN WEBB.)

1. That there was neither Master nor Mistress, though, it seems, they were both well: 2. That both boys and girls were completely dirty: 3. That none of them seemed to have any garters on, their stockings hanging about their heels: 4. That in the heels, even of many of the girls' stockings, were holes larger than a crown-piece. I gave a plain account of these things to the Trustees of the Charter-school in Dublin: whether they are altered or no, I cannot tell.

Wednesday, 26.—We set out at half-hour past two, and reached Omagh a little before eleven. Finding I could not reach Dergbridge by two o'clock in the chaise, I



(CASTLEBAR METHODIST CHURCH, FOUNDATION STONE LAID BY WESLEY.)

rode forward with all the speed I could; but the horse dropping a shoe, I was so retarded that I did not reach the place till between three and four. I found the minister and the people waiting; but the church would not near contain them; so I preached near it to a mixed multitude of rich and poor, Churchmen, Papists, and Presbyterians. I was a little weary and faint when I came, the sun having shone exceeding hot; but the number and behaviour of the congregation made me forget my own weariness.

Having a good horse, I rode to the place where I was to lodge (two miles off) in about an hour. After tea, they told me another congregation was waiting; so I began preaching without delay.

Thursday, 27.—I went on to Londonderry. *Friday, 28.* I was invited to see the bishop's palace, (a grand and beautiful structure,) and his garden, newly laid, and exceeding pleasant. Here I innocently gave some offence to the gardener, by mentioning the English of a Greek word. But he set us right, warmly assuring us that the English name of the flower is not Crane's bill, but Geranium!

Sunday, 30 (Whit-Sunday).—I dined at Mr. S.'s, a sensible, friendly man; where were five clergymen besides me; all of whom attended the preaching every evening. One would have imagined, from this friendliness of the clergy, joined with the good will both of the bishop and dean, the society would increase swiftly. But, in fact, it does not increase at all; it stands just as it was two years ago: so little does the favour of man advance the work of God!

Friday and Saturday, JUNE 11, 12.—I preached at Portadown, Kil-moriarty, Dawson's-grove, and Tander-agee. *Sunday, 13.* I preached at nine with great enlargement of heart. At half-hour past eleven the Church service began. The curate read prayers exceeding well, and the rector preached with uncommon earnestness. But what I most admired was, 1. The cleanness of the church, equal to any I have seen in England. 2. The serious behaviour of the whole congregation. And, 3. The excellent singing by forty or fifty voices, half men and half women. I have heard nothing like it in any church since I came into the kingdom.

The rector inviting me to dinner, I spent an agreeable hour with him and his curate. The congregation at six was exceeding numerous, and exceeding serious. We concluded the day with the societies, gathered from all parts: and great was our rejoicing. Many were filled with consolation, and many feeble hands were strengthened.

Monday, 14.—I preached in the evening at Lisburn. All the time I could spare here was taken up by poor patients. I generally asked, "What remedies have you used?" and was not a little surprised. What has fashion to do with physic? Why, (in Ireland, at least,) almost as much as with head-dress. Blisters, for anything or



(DR. BYROM.)

nothing, were all the fashion when I was in Ireland last. Now the grand fashionable medicine for twenty diseases (who would imagine it?) is mercury sublimate! Why is it not an halter, or a pistol? They would cure *a little* more speedily.

Thursday, 24.—Some friends from Dublin met us at Drogheda. In the evening we walked to see the place where King William passed the Boyne. It was almost a desperate attempt, considering the depth of the river, and the steepness of the banks; but God was on his side.

Monday, JULY 12.—I preached at Wolverhampton and Birmingham. In my



(BRISTOL CATHEDRAL.)

journey from Liverpool, I read Dr. Byrom's Poems. He has all the wit and humour of Dr. Swift, together with much more learning, a deep and strong understanding, and, above all, a serious vein of piety. A few things in him I particularly remarked: The first is concerning the patron of England; and I think there can be no reasonable doubt of the truth of his conjecture, that Georgius is a mistake for Gregorius; that the real patron of England is St. Gregory; (who sent Austin, the Monk, to convert England;) and that St. George (whom no one knows) came in by a mere blunder.

Wednesday, 21.—We had our Quarterly-meeting at London; at which I was surprised to find, that our income does not yet answer our expense. We were again near two hundred pounds bad. My private account I find still worse. I have laboured

as much as many writers ; and all my labour has gained me, in seventy years, a debt of five or six hundred pounds.

Tuesday, AUGUST 3.—Our Conference began. I preached mornings as well as evenings ; and it was all one. I found myself just as strong as if I had preached but once a day.

Sunday, 8.—At night I set out in the machine, and on *Monday* reached Bristol. In the way I looked over Mr. ——'s Dissertations. I was surprised to find him a thorough convert of Mr. Stonehouse's, both as to the pre-existence of souls, and the non-eternity of hell.

It would be excusable if these menders of the Bible would offer their hypotheses modestly. But one cannot excuse them when they not only obtrude their novel scheme with the utmost confidence, but even ridicule that Scriptural one which always was, and is now, held by men of the greatest learning and piety in the world. Hereby they promote the cause of infidelity more effectually than either Hume or Voltaire.

Friday, SEPTEMBER 3.—I went over to Kingswood.

Sunday, 5.—I examined sixteen of the boys at Kingswood who desired to partake of the Lord's Supper. Nine or ten had a clear sense of the pardoning love of God. The others were fully determined never to rest till they could witness the same confession.

Friday, 10.—I went over again to Kingswood, and inquired into the present state of the children. I found part of them had walked closely with God ; part had not, and were in heaviness. Hearing in the evening that they were got to prayer by themselves in the school, I went down ; but, not being willing to disturb them, stood at the window. Two or three had gone in first ; then more and more, till above thirty were gathered together. Such a sight I never saw before nor since. Three or four stood and stared, as if affrighted. The rest were all on their knees, pouring out their souls before God, in a manner not easy to be described. Sometimes one, sometimes more prayed aloud ; sometimes a cry went up from them all ; till five or six of them, who were in doubts before, saw the clear light of God's countenance.

Sunday, 12.—Four of Miss Owen's children desired leave to partake of the Lord's Supper. I talked with them severally, and found they were all still rejoicing in the love of God.

Monday, 13.—My cold remaining, I was ill able to speak. In the evening I was much worse, my palate and throat being greatly inflamed. However, I preached as I could ; but I could then go no farther. I could swallow neither liquids nor solids, and the windpipe seemed nearly closed. I lay down at my usual time, but the defluxion of rheum was so uninterrupted, that I slept not a minute till near three in the morning. On the following nine days I grew better.

Friday, 17.—I went to Kingswood, and found several of the children still alive to God.

Saturday, 18.—I gave them a short exhortation, which tired, but did not hurt me.

Sunday, 19.—I thought myself able to speak to the congregation, which I did for half-an-hour; but afterwards I found a pain in my left side and in my shoulder by turns, exactly as I did at Canterbury twenty years before. In the morning I could scarce lift my hand to my head; but, after being electrified, I was much better; so that I preached with tolerable ease in the evening; and the next evening read the letters, though my voice was weak. From this time I slowly recovered my voice and my strength; and on *Sunday* preached without any trouble.

Wednesday, 29.—After preaching at Pensford, I went to Publow, and in the morning spent a little time with the lovely children. Those of them who were lately affected, did not appear to have lost anything of what they had received; and some of them were clearly gaining ground, and advancing in the faith which works by love.

Sunday, OCTOBER 3.—I took a solemn leave of the society at Bristol, now consisting of eight hundred members.

Monday, DECEMBER 6.—I went to Canterbury in the stage-coach, and by the way read Lord Herbert's Life, written by himself; the author of the first system of Deism that ever was published in England. Was there ever so wild a knight-errant as this? Compared to him, Don Quixote was a sober man. Who can wonder, that a man of such a complexion should be an infidel?

Tuesday, JANUARY 4, 1774.—Three or four years ago, a stumbling horse threw me forward on the pommel of the saddle. I felt a good deal of pain; but it soon went off, and I thought of it no more. Last month the swelling was often painful. So on this day, Mr. Wathen performed the operation.

Wednesday, 5.—I was as perfectly easy as if no operation had been performed.

Tuesday, 11.—I began at the east end of the town to visit the society from house to house. I know no branch of the pastoral office which is of greater importance than this. But it is so grievous to flesh and blood, that I can prevail on few, even of our preachers, to undertake it.

Monday, 24.—I was desired by Mrs. Wright, of New York, to let her take my effigy in wax-work. She has that of Mr. Whitefield and many others; but none of them, I think, comes up to a well-drawn picture.

Wednesday, MARCH 30.—I went on to Congleton, where I received letters, informing me that my presence was necessary at Bristol. So about one I took chaise, and reached Bristol about half-an-hour after one the next day. Having done my business in about two hours, on *Friday* in the afternoon I reached Congleton again; (about a hundred and forty miles from Bristol;) no more tired (blessed be God!) than when I left it. What a change is in this town! The bitter enmity of the townfolks to the Methodists is clean forgotten. So has the steady behaviour of the little flock turned the hearts of their opposers.

Sunday, APRIL 3.—(Being *Easter Day*.) I went on to Macclesfield, and came just in time (so is the scene changed here also) to walk to the old church, with the mayor and the two ministers.



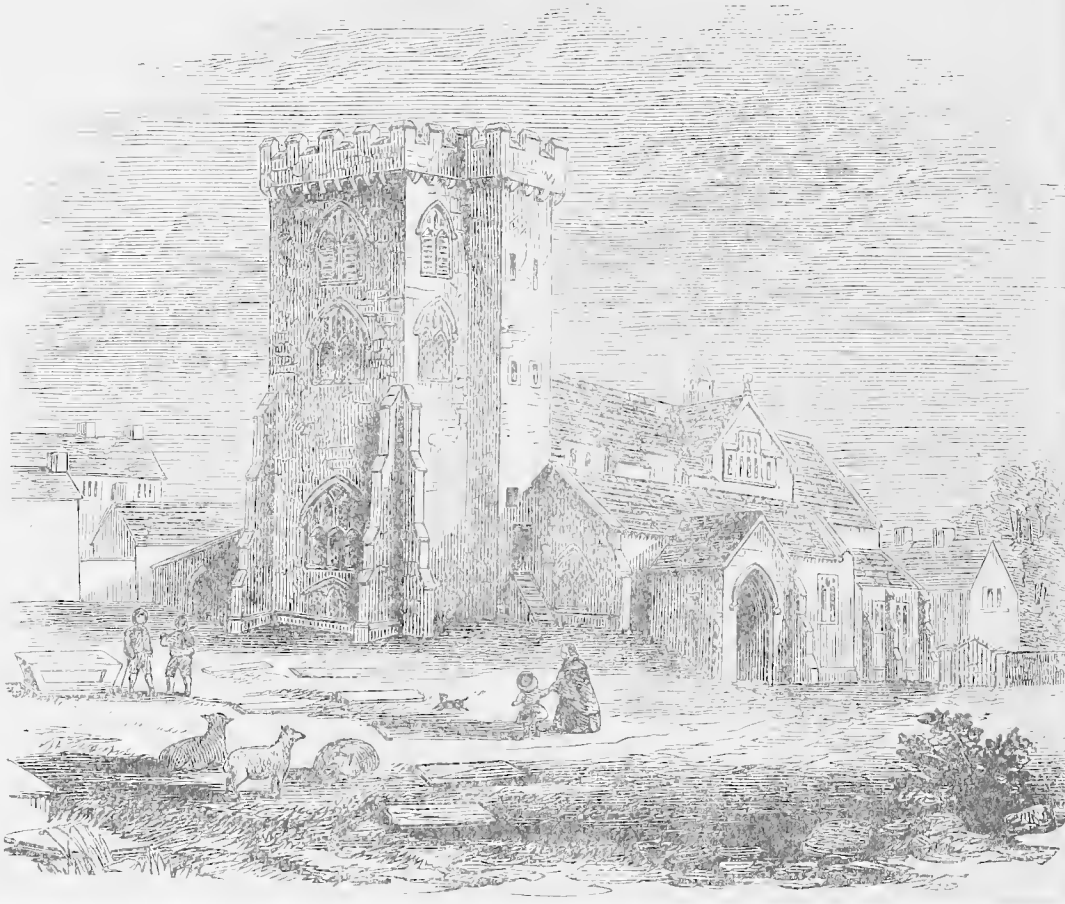
(REV. D. SIMPSON, AND CHRIST CHURCH, MACCLESFIELD.)

Friday, 15.—I preached at a preaching-house just built at Chowbent, which was lately a den of lions; but they are all now quiet as lambs. So they were the next day at the new house near Bury.

Sunday, 17.—I rode to Halifax. I believe all heard and many felt the application

of those words (part of the first lesson): "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!"

While I was at dinner at Dr. Leigh's, one came from Huddersfield to tell me the vicar was willing I should preach in the church. Dr. Leigh lending me his servant and his horse, I set out immediately; and, riding fast, came into the church while the vicar was reading the Psalms. It was well the people had no notice of my preaching,



(HEPTONSTALL CHURCH.)

till I came into the town: they quickly filled the church. I did not spare them, but fully delivered my own soul.

Monday, 18.—The minister of Heptonstall sent me word that I was welcome to preach in his church. It was with difficulty we got up the steep mountain; and when we were upon it, the wind was ready to bear us away. The church was filled, not with curious but serious hearers. No others would face so furious a storm.

Friday, 22.—I rode and walked to Bradshaw-house, standing alone in a dreary waste. But although it was a cold and stormy day, the people flocked from all quarters. So they did at noon the next day, to Clough, (two or three miles from



BIRSTAL: 1. John Nelson's Birthplace; 2. His Study in the Chapelyard; 3. His Bust in the Wesleyan Chapel; 4. The Church where he was Buried.
(From photographs by W. L. Berry, Gomersal, near Leeds).

Colne,) where, though it was cold enough, I was obliged to preach abroad. In the evening I preached to our old, upright, loving brethren at Keighley.

Sunday, 24.—It being a cold and stormy day, Haworth church contained the people tolerably well. On *Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday*, I preached at Bingley and Yeadon; and on *Thursday* opened the new house at Wakefield. What a change is here, since our friend was afraid to let me preach in his house, lest the mob should pull it down! So I preached in the main street; and then was sown the first seed, which has since borne so plenteous a harvest.

Hence I went to Leeds, and on *Saturday, 30*, to Birstal. Here, on the top of the hill, was the standard first set up four-and-thirty years ago. And since that time, what hath God wrought!



(JOHN NELSON'S PREACHING CHAIR.)

Sunday, MAY 1.—I preached at eight on that delicate device of Satan to destroy the whole religion of the heart,—the telling men not to regard frames or feelings, but to live by naked faith; that is, in plain terms, not to regard either love, joy, peace, or any other fruit of the Spirit; not to regard whether they feel these, or the reverse; whether their souls be in an heavenly or hellish frame! At one I preached at the foot of the hill to many thousand hearers; and at Leeds to about the same number, whom I besought, in strong terms, not to receive “the grace of God in vain.”

Sunday, 15.—[Glasgow.] My spirit was moved within me at the sermons I heard both morning and afternoon. They contained much truth, but were no more likely to awaken one soul than an Italian opera. In the evening a multitude of people assembled on the green, to whom I earnestly applied these words:

“Though I have all knowledge,—though I have all faith,—though I give all my goods to feed the poor,” etc., “and have not love, I am nothing.”

Tuesday, 17.—How is it that there is no increase in this society? It is exceeding easy to answer. One preacher stays here two or three months at a time, preaching on Sunday mornings, and three or four evenings in a week. Can a Methodist preacher preserve either bodily health, or spiritual life, with this exercise? And if he is but half alive, what will the people be? Just so it is at Greenock too.

Thursday, 19.—In the way to Perth, I read that ingenious tract, Dr. Gregory's “Advice to his Daughters.” Although I cannot agree with him in all things; (particularly as to dancing, decent pride, and both a reserve and a delicacy which I

think are quite unnatural;) yet I allow there are many fine strokes therein, and abundance of common-sense: and if a young woman followed this plan in little things, in such things as daily occur, and in great things copied after Miranda, she would form an accomplished character.

Friday, 20.—I rode over to Mr. Fraser's, at Monedie, whose mother-in-law was to be buried that day. O what a difference is there between the English and the Scotch method of burial! The English does honour to human nature; and even to the poor remains that were once a temple of the Holy Ghost! But when I see in Scotland a coffin put into the earth, and covered up without a word spoken, it reminds me of what was spoken concerning Jehoiakim: "He shall be buried with the burial of an ass!"

Saturday, 21.—I returned to Perth, and preached in the evening to a large congregation. But I could not find the way to their hearts. The generality of the people here are so wise that they need no more knowledge, and so good that they need no more religion! Who can warn them that are brimful of wisdom and goodness, to flee from the wrath to come?

Monday, 23.—About ten, I preached to a considerable number of plain, serious, country-people, at Rait, a little town in the middle of that lovely valley, called the Carse of Gowry.

In the evening I preached at Dundee; and on *Tuesday, 24,* went on to Arbroath. In the way I read Lord K—'s plausible "Essays on Morality and Natural Religion." Did ever man take so much pains to so little purpose, as he does in his Essay on Liberty and Necessity? What good would it do to mankind, if he could convince them that they are a mere piece of clock-work? that they have no more share in directing their own actions than in directing the sea or the north wind? He owns that "if men saw themselves in this light, all sense of moral obligation, of right and wrong, of good or ill desert, would immediately cease." Well, my lord sees himself in this light; consequently, if his own doctrine is true, he has no "sense of moral obligation, of right and wrong, of good or ill desert." Is he not then excellently well-qualified for a judge? Will he condemn a man for not "holding the wind in his fist?"

Tuesday, 31.—I preached at Easthaven, a small town, inhabited by fishermen. I suppose all the inhabitants were present; and all were ready to devour the Word. In the evening I preached at Dundee, and had great hope that brotherly love would continue.

In my way hither, I read Dr. Reid's ingenious Essay. With the former part of it I was greatly delighted; but afterwards I was much disappointed. I doubt whether the sentiments are just: but I am sure his language is so obscure that to most readers it must be mere Arabic. But I have a greater objection than this; namely, his exquisite want of judgment in so admiring that prodigy of self-conceit,

Rousseau,—a shallow, but supercilious infidel, two degrees below Voltaire! Is it possible, that a man who admires him can admire the Bible?

Wednesday, JUNE 1.—I went on to Edinburgh, and the next day examined the



(THE TOLBOOTH, EDINBURGH.)

society one by one. I was agreeably surprised. They have fairly profited since I was here last. Such a number of persons having sound Christian experience I never found in this society before. I preached in the evening to a very elegant congregation, and yet with great enlargement of heart.

Saturday, 4.—I found uncommon liberty at Edinburgh in applying Ezekiel's vision of the dry bones. As I was walking home, two men followed me, one of whom said, "Sir, you are my prisoner. I have a warrant from the Sheriff, to carry you to the Tolbooth." At first I thought he jested; but finding the thing was serious, I desired one or two of our friends to go up with me. When we were safe lodged in a house adjoining to the Tolbooth, I desired the officer to let me see his warrant. I found the prosecutor was one George Sutherland, once a member of the society. He had deposed, "That Hugh Saunderson, one of John Wesley's preachers, had taken from his wife one hundred pounds in money, and upwards of thirty pounds in goods; and had, besides that, terrified her into madness; so that, through the want of her help, and the loss of business, he was damaged five hundred pounds."

Before the Sheriff, Archibald Cockburn, Esq., he had deposed, "That the said John Wesley and Hugh Saunderson, to evade her pursuit, were preparing to fly the country; and therefore he desired his warrant to search for, seize, and incarcerate them in the Tolbooth, till they should find security for their appearance." To this request the Sheriff had assented, and given his warrant for that purpose.

But why does he incarcerate John Wesley? Nothing is laid against him, less or more. Hugh Saunderson preaches in connection with him. What then? Was not the Sheriff strangely overseen?

Mr. Sutherland furiously insisted that the officer should carry us to the Tolbooth without delay. However, he waited till two or three of our friends came, and gave a bond for our appearance on the 24th instant. Mr. S. did appear, the cause was heard, and the prosecutor fined one thousand pounds.

Saturday, 11.—I set out for the Dales. About noon I preached at Wolsingham, and in the evening near the preaching-house in Weardale.

Sunday, 12.—The rain drove us into the house, both morning and afternoon. Afterwards I met the poor remains of the select society; but neither of my two lovely children, Peggy Spence nor Sally Blackburn, were there. Indeed a whole row of such I had seen before; but three in four of them were now as careless as ever. In the evening I sent for Peggy Spence and Sally Blackburn. Peggy came, and I found she had well-nigh regained her ground, walking in the light, and having a lively hope of recovering all that she had lost. Sally flatly refused to come, and then ran out of doors. Being found at length, after a flood of tears, she was brought almost by force. But I could not get one look, and hardly a word, from her. She seemed to have no hope left: yet she is not out of God's reach.

I now inquired into the causes of that grievous decay in the vast work of God, which was here two years since; and I found several causes had concurred: Not one of the preachers that succeeded was capable of being a nursing-father to the new-born children: Jane Salkeld, one great instrument of the work, marrying, was debarred

from meeting the young ones ; and there being none left who so naturally cared for them, they fell heaps upon heaps.

Tuesday, 14.—We crossed over the enormous mountains into lovely Wenaudale ; the largest by far of all the dales, as well as the most beautiful. Some years since, many had been awakened here, and joined together by Mr. Ingham and his preachers. But since the bitter dissension between their preachers, the poor sheep have all been scattered. A considerable number of these have been gleaned up, and joined together by our preachers. I came into the midst of them at Redmire. As I rode through the town, the people stood staring on every side, as if we had been a company of



(THE THREE TOWERS, RICHMOND, YORKSHIRE.)

monsters. I preached in the street, and they soon ran together, young and old, from every quarter. I reminded the elder, of their having seen me thirty years before, when I preached in Wensley church ; and enforced once more : “ Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.” When I rode back through the town, it wore a new face. The people were profoundly civil : they were bowing and courtesying on every side. Such a change in two hours I have seldom seen.

Hence we hasted to Richmond, where I preached in a kind of square. All the Yorkshire militia were there ; and so were their officers, who kept them in awe, so that they behaved with decency. At six I preached at the end of our house in Barnard-castle. I was faint and feverish when I began ; but the staying an hour in a cold

bath (for the wind was very high and sharp) quite refreshed me; so that all my faintness was gone, and I was perfectly well when I concluded.

Monday, 20.—About nine I set out for Horsley, with Mr. Hopper and Mr. Smith. I took Mrs. Smith and her two little girls in the chaise with me. About two miles from the town just on the brow of the hill, on a sudden both the horses set out, without any visible cause, and flew down the hill, like an arrow out of a bow. In a minute John fell off the coach-box. The horses then went on full speed, sometimes

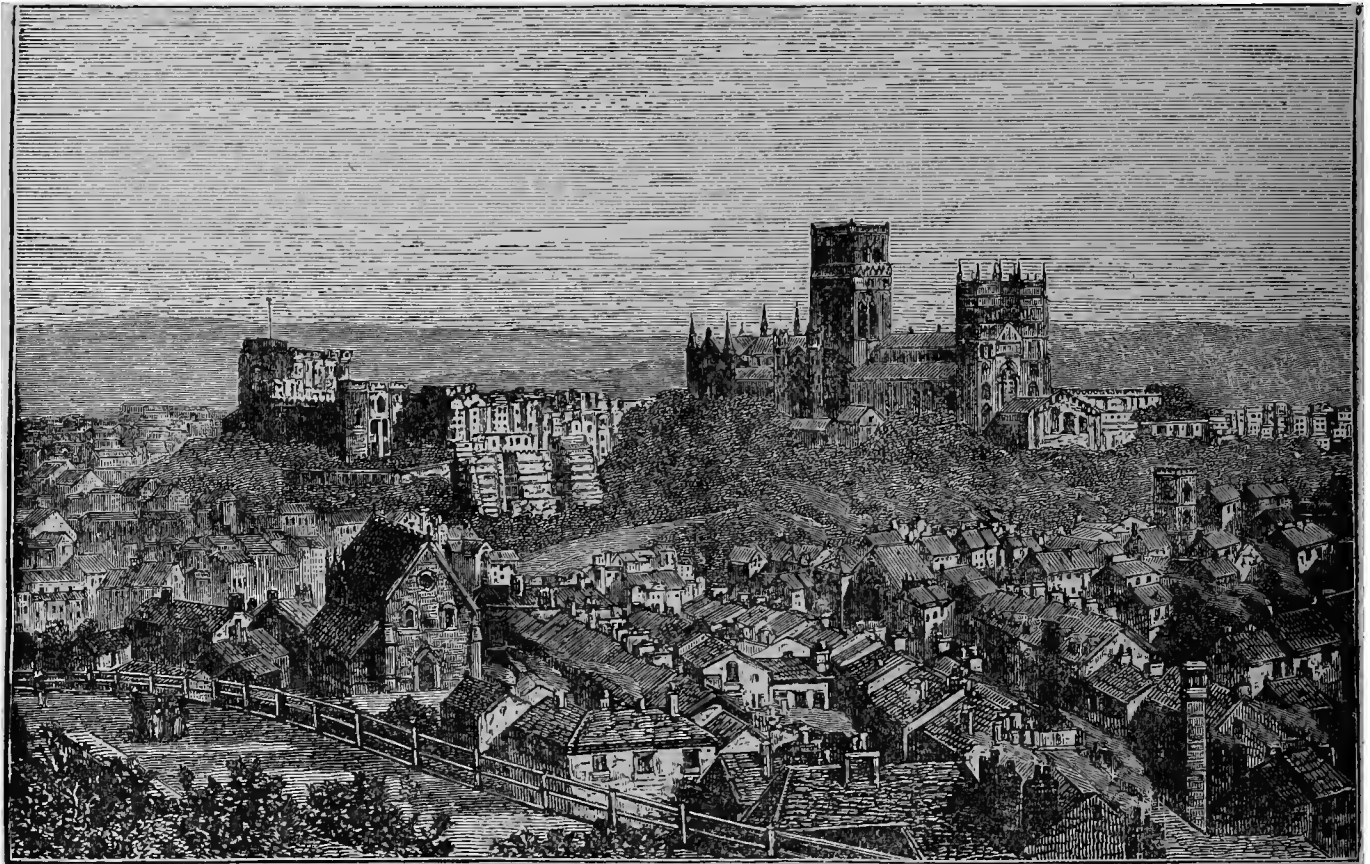


(WESLEY'S CALMNESS IN DANGER.)

to the edge of the ditch on the right, sometimes on the left. A cart came up against them: they avoided it as exactly as if the man had been on the box. A narrow bridge was at the foot of the hill. They went directly over the middle of it. They ran up the next hill with the same speed; many persons meeting us, but getting out of the way. Near the top of the hill was a gate, which led into a farmer's yard. It stood open. They turned short, and ran through it, without touching the gate on one side, or the post on the other. I thought, "However, the gate which is on the other side of the yard, and is shut, will stop them:" but they rushed through it as if it had been a cobweb, and galloped on through the corn-field. The little girls cried out,

“Grandpapa, save us!” I told them, “Nothing will hurt you: do not be afraid;” feeling no more fear or care, (blessed be God!) than if I had been sitting in my study. The horses ran on, till they came to the edge of a steep precipice. Just then Mr. Smith, who could not overtake us before, galloped in between. They stopped in a moment. Had they gone on ever so little, he and we must have gone down together!

I think some of the most remarkable circumstances were, 1. Both the horses, which were tame and quiet as could be, starting out in a moment just at the top of the hill, and running down full speed. 2. The coachman's being thrown on his head with



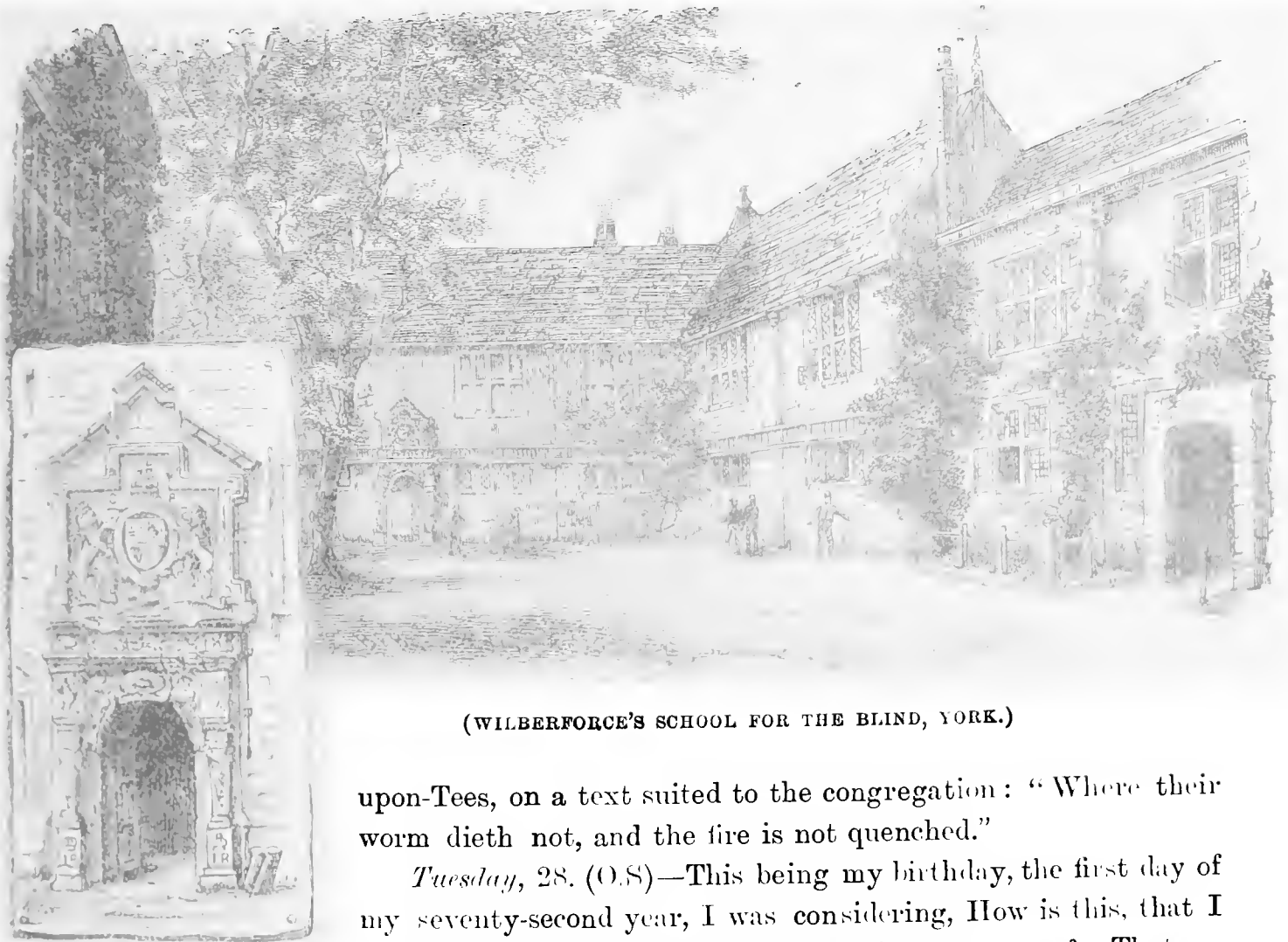
(DURHAM.)

such violence, and yet not hurt at all. 3. The chaise running again and again to the edge of each ditch, and yet not into it. 4. The avoiding the cart. 5. The keeping just the middle of the bridge. 6. The turning short through the first gate, in a manner that no coachman in England could have turned them, when in full gallop. 7. The going through the second gate as if it had been but smoke, without slackening their pace at all. This would have been impossible, had not the end of the chariot-pole struck exactly on the centre of the gate; whence the whole, by the sudden impetuous shock, was broke into small pieces. 8. That the little girl, who used to have fits, on my saying, “Nothing will hurt you,” ceased crying, and was quite composed. Lastly, that Mr. Smith struck in just then: in a minute more we had been down the

precipice: and had not the horses then stopped at once, they must have carried him and us down together. "Let those give thanks whom the Lord hath redeemed, and delivered from the hand of the enemy!"

Sunday, 26.—In the morning I preached at the Ballast-hills, among the glassmen, keelmen, and sailors. As these had nothing to pay, I exhorted them "to buy wine and milk without money and without price."

Monday, 27.—I took my leave of this lovely place and people, and about ten preached to a serious congregation at Durham. About six I preached at Stockton-



(WILBERFORCE'S SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND, YORK.)

upon-Tees, on a text suited to the congregation: "Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

Tuesday, 28. (O.S.)—This being my birthday, the first day of my seventy-second year, I was considering, How is this, that I find just the same strength as I did thirty years ago? That my sight is considerably better now, and my nerves firmer, than they were then? That I have none of the infirmities of old age, and have lost several I had in my youth? The grand cause is, the good pleasure of God, Who doeth whatsoever pleaseth Him. The chief means are, 1. My constantly rising at four, for about fifty years. 2. My generally preaching at five in the morning; one of the most healthy exercises in the world. 3. My never travelling less, by sea or land, than four thousand five hundred miles in a year.

In the evening I preached at Yarm; about eleven the next day at Osmotherley; and in the evening at Thirsk.

Thursday, JULY 7.—I preached at Beverley and Hull, where the house would not near contain the congregation. How is this town changed since I preached on the Car!

Saturday, 9.—I preached at Pocklington and York.

Sunday, 10.—Some of Tadcaster informing me that the minister was willing I should preach in the church, I went thither in the morning. But his mind was changed: so I preached in the street, to a listening multitude, from the lesson for the day, on the righteousness which exceeds that of the Scribes and Pharisees; in the morning and evening at York.

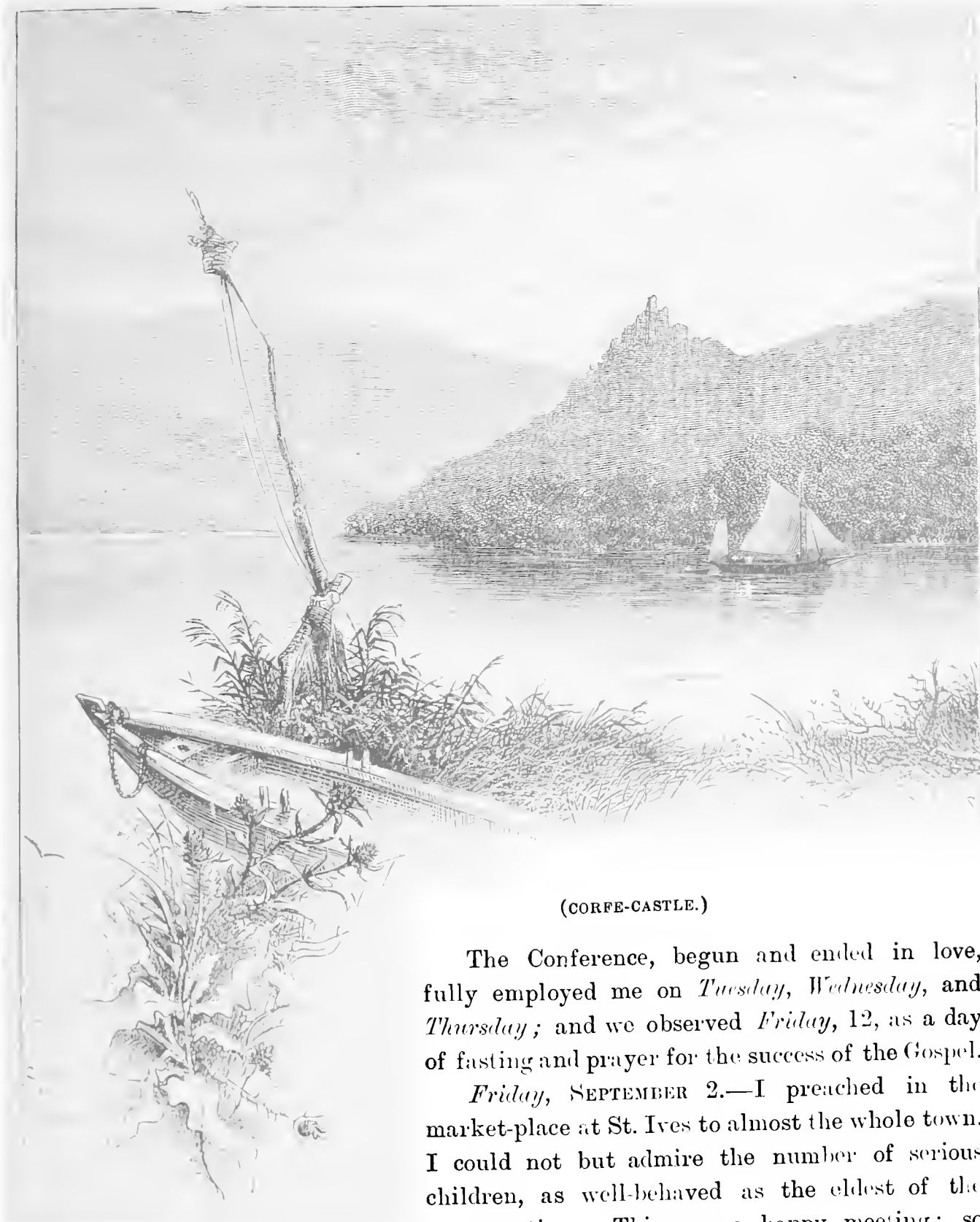
Tuesday, 12, was the Quarterly-meeting. It was a busy, and yet a comfortable day. Many were refreshed, both at the love-feast, and while I was describing the “hundred forty and four thousand,” standing “with the Lamb on mount Sion.” Who is ambitious to be of that number?

Monday, 25.—I went on to Sheffield; and on *Tuesday* met the select society. But it was reduced from sixty to twenty; and but half of these retained all that they once received! What a grievous error, to think those that are saved from sin cannot lose what they have gained! It is a miracle if they do not; seeing all earth and hell are so enraged against them: while, meantime, so very few, even of the children of God, skilfully endeavour to strengthen their hands.

Wednesday, 27.—About one we reached Leek, in Staffordshire. I could not imagine who the Quaker should be that had sent me word he expected me to dinner; and was agreeably surprised to find that it was my old friend, Joshua Strongman, of Mount-Mellick, in Ireland, whom I had not seen for many years. I found he was the same man still; of the same open, friendly, amiable temper: and every thing about him was (not costly or fine, but) surprisingly neat and elegant. It began to rain soon after we came in; but the rain stayed while I was preaching; and it seemed the whole town, rich and poor, were gathered together, and listened while I explained: “God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.” I preached at Burslem in the evening; and on *Thursday, 28,* in the afternoon, came to Shrewsbury.

Saturday, 30.—I went on to Madeley; and in the evening preached under a sycamore-tree, in Madeley-wood, to a large congregation, good part of them colliers, who drank in every word.

Saturday, AUGUST 6.—I walked from Newport to Berkeley-castle. It is a beautiful, though very ancient, building; and every part of it kept in good repair, except the lumber-room and the chapel; the latter of which, having been of no use for many years, is now dirty enough. I particularly admired the fine situation, and the garden on the top of the house.



(CORFE-CASTLE.)

The Conference, begun and ended in love, fully employed me on *Tuesday*, *Wednesday*, and *Thursday*; and we observed *Friday*, 12, as a day of fasting and prayer for the success of the Gospel.

Friday, SEPTEMBER 2.—I preached in the market-place at St. Ives to almost the whole town. I could not but admire the number of serious children, as well-behaved as the eldest of the congregation. This was a happy meeting: so

was that of the society too, when all their hearts were as melting wax.

Saturday, 3.—We had the Quarterly-meeting at Redruth. This is frequently a

dull, heavy meeting; but it was so lively a one to-day that we hardly knew how to part. About six I preached at Treworgey, and applied closely to the Methodists: "What do ye more than others?" One cried out, "Damnable doctrine!" True; it condemns all those who hear and do not obey it.

Thursday, 29.—I preached at Pill, on the "worm" that "dieth not, and the fire" that "is not quenched:" if haply some of these drowsy ones might awake, and escape from everlasting burnings.

Monday, OCTOBER 3, and on *Tuesday* and *Wednesday*, I examined the society.

Thursday, 6.—I met those of our society who had votes in the ensuing election, and advised them, 1. To vote, without fee or reward, for the person they judged most worthy: 2. To speak no evil of the person they voted against: and, 3. To take care their spirits were not sharpened against those that voted on the other side.

Sunday, 9.—The evening being fair and mild, I preached in the new square. It was a fruitful season:

"Soft fell the word as flew the air;"

even "as the rain into a fleece of wool." Many such seasons we have had lately: almost every day one and another has found peace, particularly young persons and children. Shall not they be a blessing in the rising generation? In the evening we had a solemn opportunity of renewing our covenant with God: a Means of Grace which I wonder has been so seldom used either in Romish or Protestant churches!

Monday, 10.—I preached at Salisbury; and on *Tuesday, 11,* set out for the Isle of Purbeck. When we came to Corfe-castle, the evening being quite calm and mild, I preached in a meadow near the town, to a deeply-attentive congregation, gathered from all parts of the island. I afterwards met the society, artless and teachable, and full of good desires. But few of them yet have got any farther than to "see men as trees walking."

Wednesday, 12.—I preached to a large congregation at five, who seemed quite athirst for instruction. Afterwards we took a walk over the remains of the castle, so bravely defended in the last century, against all the power of the Parliament forces, by the widow of the Lord Chief Justice Banks. It is one of the noblest ruins I ever saw: the walls are of an immense thickness, defying even the assaults of time, and were formerly surrounded by a deep ditch. The house, which stands in the middle, on the very top of the rock, has been a magnificent structure. Some time since the proprietor fitted up some rooms on the south-west side of this, and laid out a little garden, commanding a large prospect, pleasant beyond description. For a while he was greatly delighted with it: but the eye was not satisfied with seeing. It grew familiar; it pleased no more; and is now run all to ruin. No wonder: what can delight always, but the knowledge and love of God?

About noon I preached at Langton, three or four miles from Corfe-castle, to a

large and deeply serious congregation. In the evening I preached in a meadow, near Swanage, to a still larger congregation. And here at length I found three or four persons, and all of one family, who seemed really to enjoy the faith of the Gospel. Few others of the society (between thirty and forty in number) appeared to be convinced of sin. I fear the preachers have been more studious to please than to awaken, or there would have been a deeper work.

Tuesday, 18.—About nine I preached at Newnham; at noon, in the garden at



(“I ASKED, ‘WHAT ARE YOU DOING?’ HE ANSWERED, ‘I AM TAKING YOUR FACE,’” p. 418.)

Oxford; and in the evening, at Finstock, (a village near Carnbury-house, built by the great Earl of Clarendon, but not inhabited by any of his descendants!) to a plain, artless people.

Monday, 31, and the following days, I visited the societies near London.

Friday, NOVEMBER 4.—In the afternoon John Downes (who had preached with us many years) was saying, “I feel such a love to the people at West-street, that I could be content to die with them. I do not find myself very well; but I must be with them this evening.” He went thither, and began preaching, on: “Come unto Me, ye that are weary and heavy-laden.” After speaking ten or twelve minutes, he sunk down and spake no more, till his spirit returned to God.

I suppose he was by nature full as great a genius as Sir Isaac Newton. I will mention but two or three instances of it:—When he was at school, learning Algebra, he came one day to his master, and said, “Sir, I can prove this proposition a better way than it is proved in the book.” His master thought it could not be; but upon trial, acknowledged it to be so. Some time after, his father sent him to Newcastle with a clock, which was to be mended. He observed the clockmaker’s tools, and the manner how he took it in pieces, and put it together again; and when he came home, first made himself tools, and then made a clock, which went as true as any in the town. I suppose such strength of genius as this, has scarce been known in Europe before.

Another proof of it was this:—Thirty years ago, while I was shaving, he was whittling the top of a stick: I asked, “What are you doing?” He answered, “I am taking your face, which I intend to engrave on a copper-plate.” Accordingly, without any instruction, he first made himself tools, and then engraved the plate. The second picture which he engraved, was that which was prefixed to the “Notes upon the New Testament.” Such another instance, I suppose, not all England, or perhaps Europe, can produce.

For several months past, he had far deeper communion with God than ever he had had in his life; and for some days he had been frequently saying, “I am so happy, that I scarce know how to live. I enjoy such fellowship with God, as I thought could not be had on this side heaven.” And having now finished his course of fifty-two years, after a long conflict with pain, sickness, and poverty, he gloriously rested from his labours, and entered into the joy of his Lord.

Sunday, 13.—After a day of much labour, at my usual time, (half-hour past nine,) I lay down to rest. I told my servants, “I must rise at three, the Norwich coach setting out at four.” Hearing one of them knock, though sooner than I expected, I rose and dressed myself; but afterwards, looking at my watch, I found it was but half-hour past ten. While I was considering what to do, I heard a confused sound of many voices below; and, looking out at the window towards the yard, I saw it was as light as day. Meantime, many large flakes of fire were continually flying about the house; all the upper part of which was built of wood, which was near as dry as tinder. A large deal-yard, at a very small distance from us, was all in a light fire; from which the north-west wind drove the flames directly upon the Foundry; and there was no probability of help, for no water could be found. Perceiving I could be of no use, I took my Diary and my papers, and retired to a friend’s house. I had no fear; committing the matter into God’s Hands, and knowing He would do whatever was best. Immediately the wind turned about from north-west to south-east; and our pump supplied the engines with abundance of water; so that in a little more than two hours, all the danger was over.

Monday, 14.—In the evening I preached at Bury.

Friday, 18.—In the evening I met the society (at Norwich), and told them plain, I was resolved to have a regular society or none. I then read the Rules, and desired every one to consider whether he was willing to walk by these Rules or no.

Sunday, 20.—I spoke to every leader, concerning every one under his care; and put out every person whom they could not recommend to me. After this was done, out of two hundred and four members, one hundred and seventy-four remained.

Friday, 25.—I set out between eight and nine in a one-horse chaise, the wind



(“I WAS AT ONE END, AND A BOY AT THE OTHER.”)

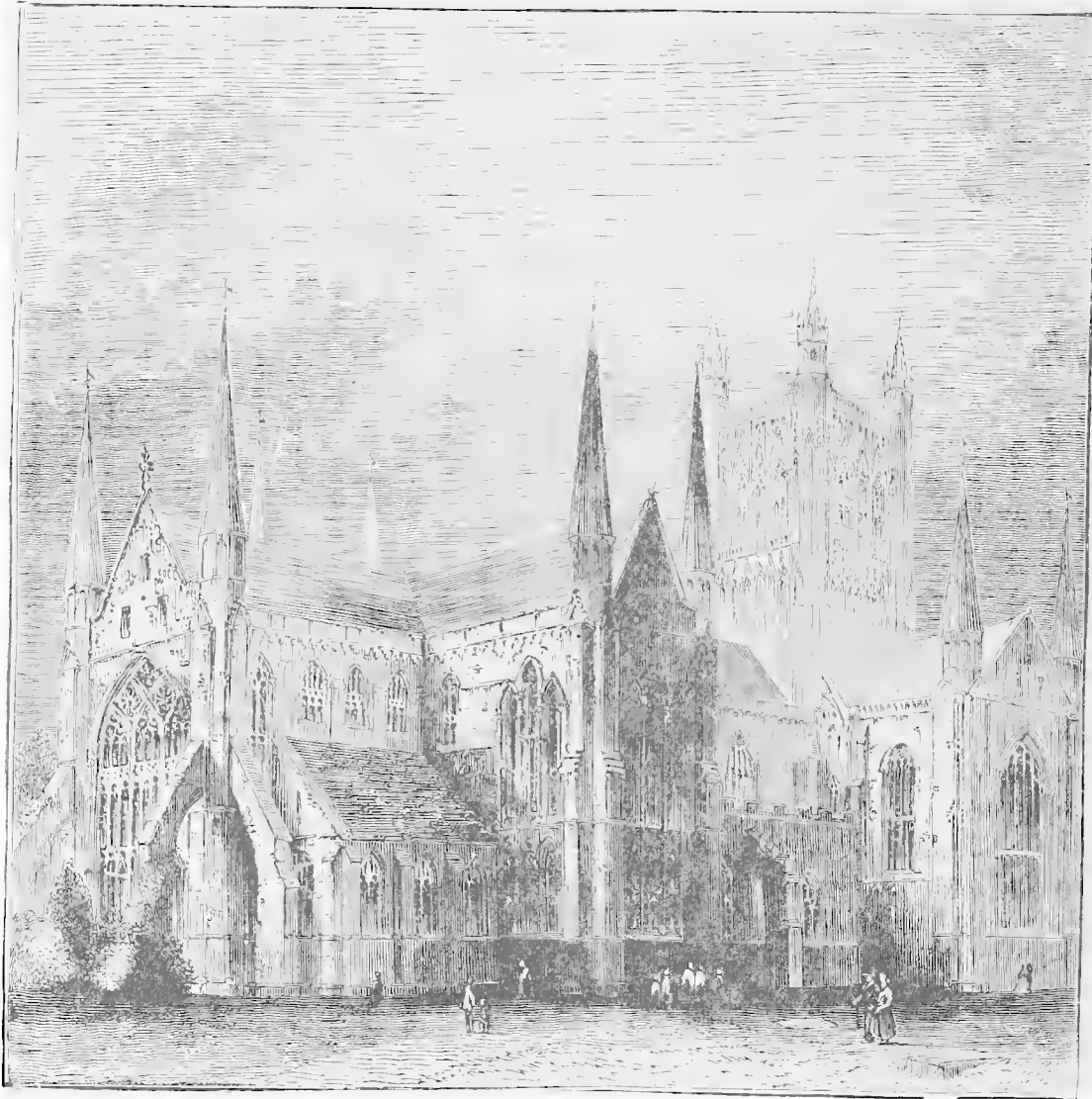
being high and cold enough. Much snow lay on the ground, and much fell as we crept along over the fen-banks.

Honest Mr. Tubbs would needs walk and lead the horse through water and mud up to his mid-leg, smiling and saying, “We fen-men do not mind a little dirt.” When we had gone about four miles, the road would not admit of a chaise. So I borrowed a horse and rode forward; but not far, for all the grounds were under water. Here therefore I procured a boat full twice as large as a kneading-trough. I was at one end, and a boy at the other, who paddled me safe to Erith. There Miss L—— waited for me with another chaise, which brought me to St. Ives.

No Methodist, I was told, had preached in this town: so I thought it high time

to begin; and about one I preached to a very well-dressed and yet well-behaved congregation.

Monday, DECEMBER 5.—I preached at Canterbury; and *Tuesday, 6,* at Dover. As I was setting out thence on *Wednesday* morning, a wagon, jostling us, disabled our chaise. Our coachman went back to procure another, saying, he would soon overtake



(WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.)

us. He did so after we had walked nine or ten miles, and brought us safe to Canterbury, where I spent a day or two with much satisfaction; and on *Saturday*, returned home.

Monday, 12.—I opened the new house at Sevenoaks.

Monday, 19, and the following days, I read with the preachers what I judged most useful: and we endeavoured to “provoke one another to love and to good works.”

Thursday, 22.—I walked, with one that belongs to the family, through the

Queen's house. The apartments are nothing so rich as those in Blenheim-house, but full as elegant. Nor is anything in Blenheim itself more grand than the staircase and the saloon. But I was quite disappointed in the Cartoons; they are but the shadow of what they were: the colours are so entirely faded, that you can hardly distinguish what they were once.

Sunday, 25.—During the twelve festival days, we had the Lord's Supper daily; a little emblem of the Primitive Church. May we be followers of them in all things, as they were of Christ!

Sunday, JANUARY 1, 1775.—We had a larger congregation at the renewal of the Covenant than we have had for many years: and I do not know that ever we had a greater blessing. Afterwards many desired to return thanks, either for a sense of pardon, for full salvation, or for a fresh manifestation of His grace, healing all their backslidings.

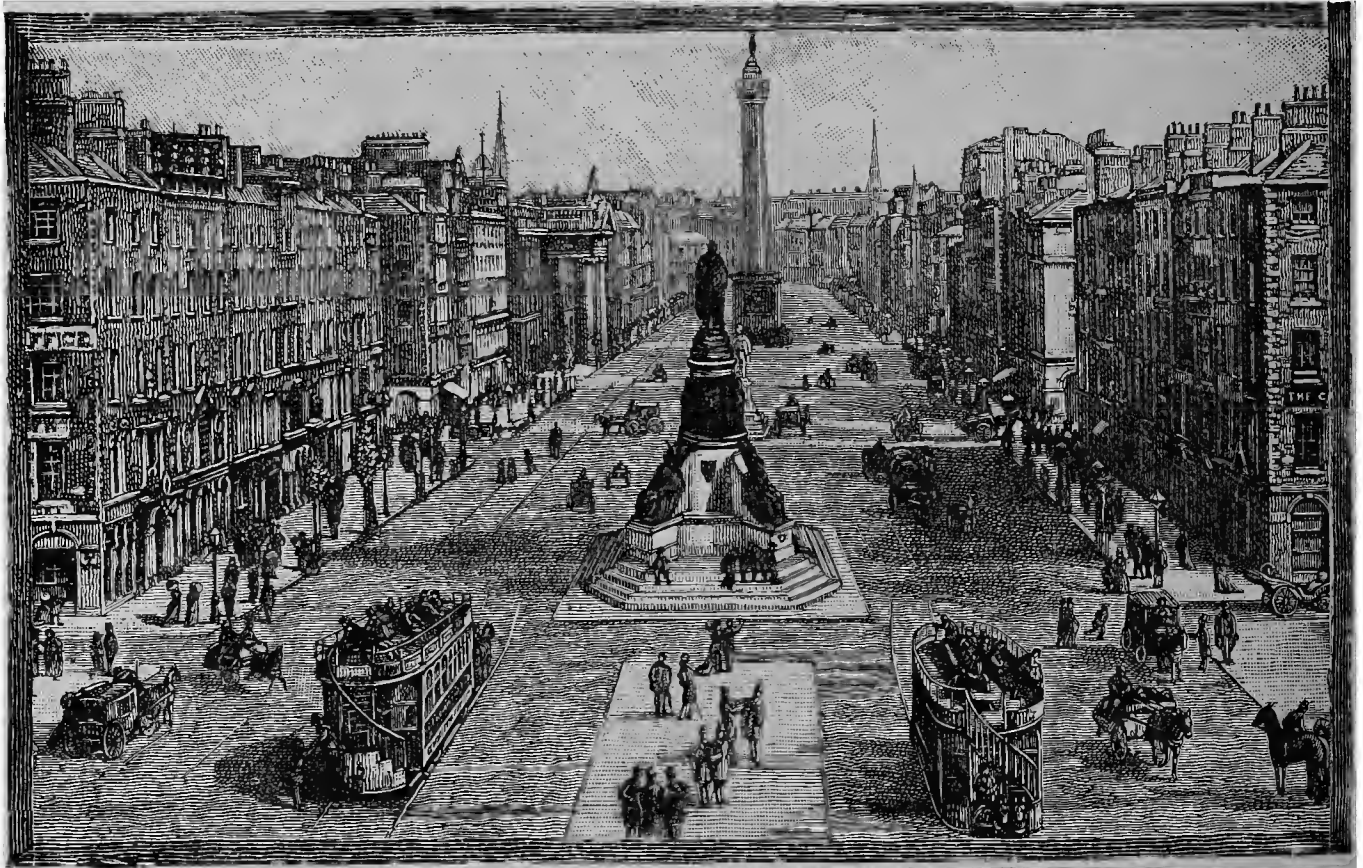
Sunday, 29.—Finding many were much dejected by the threatening posture of public affairs, I strongly enforced our Lord's words: "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" And of a truth God spoke in His Word. Many were ashamed of their unbelieving fears; and many enabled to "be careful for nothing," but simply to "make" all their "requests known unto God with thanksgiving."

Tuesday, MARCH 14.—In the evening I preached at Worcester. Here also the flame is gradually increasing. While I was here, there was a very extraordinary trial at the assizes. A boy being beaten by his master, ran away; and wandering about till he was half starved, was then allowed to lie in the hay-loft of an inn. In the night he stole into the room where two gentlemen lay; (probably not very sober;) and, without waking them, picked the money out of both their pockets; though their breeches lay under their head. In the morning, having confessed the fact, he was committed to gaol. He made no defence: so one of the counsellors rose up, and said, "My lord, as there is none to plead for this poor boy, I will do it myself." He did so; and then added, "My lord, it may be this bad boy may make a good man. And I humbly conceive it might be best to send him back to his master. I will give him a guinea towards his expenses." "And I will give him another," said the judge. Which he did, with a mild and serious reproof. So he was sent back full of good resolutions.

Tuesday, 21.—I preached at Knutsford; but the house would by no means contain the congregation. The street too was filled; and even those which could not hear were silent. This is uncommon; especially in a town little accustomed to this strange way of preaching: those who cannot hear themselves usually taking care to hinder others from hearing.

In the evening I opened the new house at Northwich, which was sufficiently crowded both this night and the next. After preaching at many places in the way, on *Saturday, 25*, I came to Liverpool. The congregations here, both morning and evening,

were so large, and so deeply attentive, that I could not be sorry for the contrary winds, which detained us till *Thursday*, the 30th, when we went on board the *Hawk*. We were scarce out of the river, when the wind turned against us, and blew harder and harder. A rolling sea made my companion sick enough. But so fine a ship I never sailed in before. She never shipped one sea, and went more steady than I thought was possible. On *Friday* morning it blew hard; but the next day we had a fair, small wind. So about six, on *Sunday*, APRIL 2, we landed at Dunleary; and between nine and ten reached Whitefriar-street.



(SACKVILLE STREET, DUBLIN. From a photograph by Poulton and Sons.)

On *Monday* and *Tuesday* I examined the society, in which, two years ago, there were three hundred and seventy-six persons. And I found three hundred and seventy-six still, not one more or less. But I found more peace and love among them than I had done for many years.

Thursday, 6.—I waited on Lady Moira, and was surprised to observe, though not a more grand, yet a far more elegant room, than any I ever saw in England. It was an octagon, about twenty feet square, and fifteen or sixteen high; having one window, (the sides of it inlaid throughout with mother-of-pearl,) reaching from the top of the room to the bottom. The ceiling, sides, and furniture of the room, were equally elegant. And must this too pass away like a dream?

Sunday, 9.—The good old dean of St. Patrick's desired me to come within the rails and assist him at the Lord's Supper. This also was a means of removing much prejudice from those who were zealous for the Church.

Monday, 10.—Leaving just four hundred members in the society, I began my tour through the kingdom.

Monday, 17.—I preached at Aughrim; and *Tuesday-noon*, at Eyre-court. Afterwards I was desired to walk down to Lord Eyre's. I was a little surprised at the inscription over the door, "Welcome to the house of liberty." Does it mean liberty from sin?

It is a noble old house. The staircase is grand; and so are two or three of the rooms. In the rest of the house, as well as in the ruinous outhouses, gardens, and fishponds, the owner seemed to say to every beholder, "All this profiteth me nothing!"

Monday, MAY 22.—(Castlebar.) I spent two or three hours in one of the loveliest places, and with one of the loveliest families, in the kingdom. Almost all I heard put me in mind of those beautiful lines of Prior,—

"The nymph did like the scene appear,
Serenely pleasant, calmly fair;
Soft fell her words, as flew the air."

How willingly could I have accepted the invitation to spend a few days here! Nay, at present, I must be about my Father's business: but I trust to meet them in a still lovelier place.

Between Limerick and Castlebar, I read over the famous controversy between Drs. Clarke and Leibnitz.

Monday, 29.—I called at Ballyhaise, and spent an hour with that venerable old man, Colonel Newburgh. It does me good to converse with those who have just finished their course, and are quivering over the great gulf. Thence I went on to Clones,—that is its proper name; not Clownish, as it is vulgarly called. It is a pleasant town, finely situated on a rising ground, in the midst of fruitful hills; and has a larger market-place than any I have seen in England, not excepting Norwich or Yarmouth. At six I preached in the old Danish fort, to the largest congregation I have had in the kingdom. The next morning I preached to a great part of them again. I preached at Roosky at noon, and Sidaire in the evening.

Wednesday, 31.—I hobbled on, through a miserable road, as far as wheels could pass, and then rode on to Lisleen. After dinner, we hastened to Dergbridge, and found a large congregation waiting. They appeared, one and all, to be deeply serious. Indeed there is a wonderful reformation spreading throughout this whole country, for several miles round. Outward wickedness is gone; and many, young and old, witness that the kingdom of God is within them.

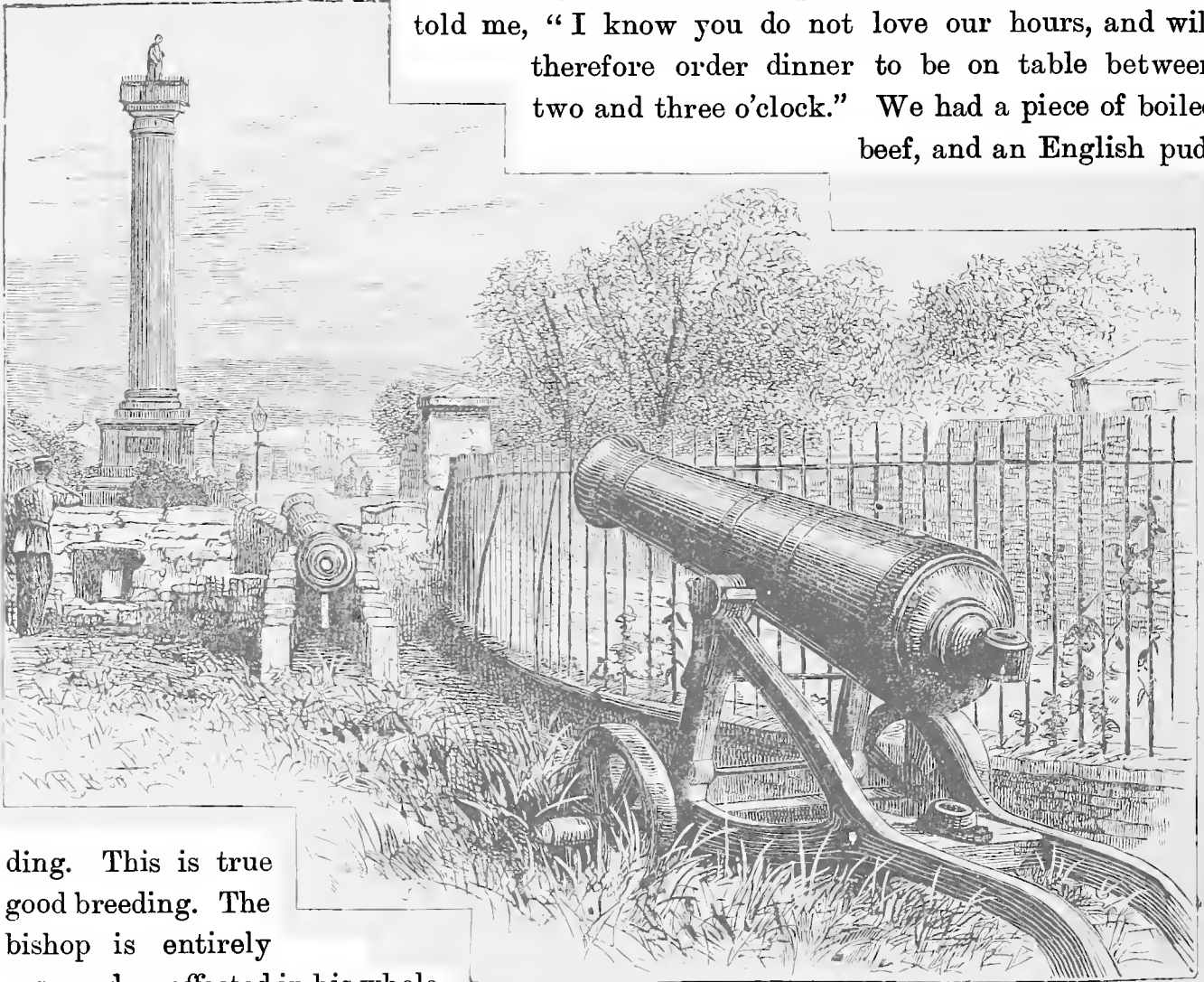
Thursday, JUNE 1.—I reached Londonderry.

Sunday, 4.—(Being *Whit-Sunday*.) The bishop preached a judicious, useful sermon, on the blasphemy of the Holy Ghost. He is both a good writer, and a good speaker; and he celebrated the Lord's Supper with admirable solemnity.

Hence I hastened to the New-buildings. The sun was intensely hot.

Monday, 5.—I examined the society, growing in grace, and increased in number from fifty-two to near seventy.

Tuesday, 6.—The bishop invited me to dinner; and told me, "I know you do not love our hours, and will therefore order dinner to be on table between two and three o'clock." We had a piece of boiled beef, and an English pud-



(WALKER'S MONUMENT, LONDONDERRY.)

ding. This is true good breeding. The bishop is entirely easy and unaffected in his whole behaviour, exemplary in all parts of public worship, and plenteous in good works.

Tuesday, 13.—I was not very well in the morning, but supposed it would soon go off. In the afternoon, the weather being extremely hot, I lay down on the grass, in Mr. Lark's orchard, at Cock-hill. This I had been accustomed to do for forty years, and never remember to have been hurt by it: only I never before lay on my face; in which posture I fell asleep. I waked a little, and but a little, out of order, and preached with ease to a multitude of people. Afterwards I was a good

deal worse. However, the next day I went on a few miles to the Grange. The table was placed here in such a manner, that, all the time I was preaching, a strong and sharp wind blew full on the left side of my head ; and it was not without a good deal of difficulty that I made an end of my sermon. I now found a deep obstruction in my breast : my pulse was exceeding weak and low ; I shivered with cold, though the air was sultry hot ; only now and then burning for a few minutes. I went early to bed, drank a draught of treacle-and-water, and applied treacle to the soles of my feet. I lay till seven on *Thursday*, 15, and then felt considerably better. But I found near the same obstruction in my breast : I had a low, weak pulse ; I burned and shivered by turns ; and, if I ventured to cough, it jarred my head exceedingly. In going on to Derry-anvil, I wondered what was the matter, that I could not attend to what I was reading ; no, not for three minutes together ; but my thoughts were perpetually shifting. Yet, all the time I was preaching in the evening, (although I stood in the open air, with the wind whistling round my head,) my mind was as composed as ever.

Friday, 16.—In going to Lurgan, I was again surprised that I could not fix my attention on what I read : yet, while I was preaching in the evening, on the Parade, I found my mind perfectly composed ; although it rained a great part of the time, which did not well agree with my head.

Saturday, 17.—I was persuaded to send for Dr. Laws, a sensible and skilful physician. He told me I was in a high fever, and advised me to lay by. But I told him that could not be done ; as I had appointed to preach at several places, and must preach as long as I could speak. He then prescribed a cooling draught, with a grain or two of camphor, as my nerves were universally agitated. This I took with me to Tanderagee : but when I came there, I was not able to preach ; my understanding being quite confused, and my strength entirely gone. Yet I breathed freely, and had not the least thirst, nor any pain from head to foot.

I was now at a full stand, whether to aim at Lisburn, or to push forward for Dublin. But my friends doubting whether I could bear so long a journey, I went straight to Derry-aghy ; a gentleman's seat, on the side of a hill, three miles beyond Lisburn. Here nature sunk, and I took my bed. But I could no more turn myself therein than a new-born child. My memory failed, as well as my strength, and well-nigh my understanding. Only those words ran in my mind, when I saw Miss Gayer on one side of the bed, looking at her mother on the other,—

“ She sat, like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.”

But still I had no thirst, no difficulty of breathing, no pain from head to foot.

I can give no account of what followed for two or three days, being more dead than alive. Only I remember it was difficult for me to speak, my throat being

exceeding dry. But Joseph Bradford tells me I said on *Wednesday*, "It will be determined before this time to-morrow;" that my tongue was much swollen, and as black as a coal; that I was convulsed all over; and that for some time my heart did not beat perceptibly, neither was any pulse discernible.

In the night of *Thursday*, 22, Joseph Bradford came to me with a cup, and said, "Sir, you must take this." I thought, "I will, if I can swallow, to please him; for it will do me neither harm nor good." Immediately it set me vomiting; my heart began to beat, and my pulse to play again; and from that hour the extremity of the



(THE REV. JOSEPH BRADFORD.)

symptoms abated. The next day I sat up several hours, and walked four or five times across the room. On *Saturday*, I sat up all day, and walked across the room many times, without any weariness; on *Sunday*, I came down stairs, and sat several hours in the parlour; on *Monday*, I walked out before the house; on *Tuesday*, I took an airing in the chaise; and on *Wednesday*, trusting in God, to the astonishment of my friends, I set out for Dublin.

I did not determine how far to go that day, not knowing my strength would hold. But finding myself no worse at Banbridge, I ventured to Newry; and, after travelling thirty (English) miles, I was stronger than in the morning.

Thursday, 29.—I went on to the Man-of-war, forty (Irish) miles from the Globe, at Newry.

Friday, 30.—We met Mr. Simpson, (with several other friends,) coming to meet us at Drogheda; who took us to his country-seat at James-town, about two miles from Dublin.

Tuesday, JULY 4.—Finding myself a little stronger, I preached for the first time; and I believe most could hear. I preached on *Thursday*, again; and my voice was clear, though weak. So on *Sunday* I ventured to preach twice, and found no weariness at all.

Monday, 10.—I began my regular course of preaching, morning and evening.

While I was in Dublin, I read two extraordinary books, but of very different kinds;—Mr. Sheridan's "Lectures on Elocution," and "The Life of Count Marsay;" and was

disappointed in both. There is more matter in the penny tract, "On Action and Utterance," abundantly more, than in all Mr. S.'s book; though he seems to think himself a mere Phœnix. Count Marsay was doubtless a pious man, but a thorough enthusiast; guided, in all his steps, not by the written Word, but by his own imagination; which he calls the Spirit.

Sunday, 23.—I again assisted at St. Patrick's in delivering the elements of the Lord's Supper. In the evening I embarked in the *Nonpareil*; and, about ten on *Tuesday* morning, landed at Park-gate.

Wednesday, 26.—I found one relic of my illness,—my hand shook, so that I could hardly write my name. But after I had been well electrified, by driving four or five hours over very rugged, broken pavement, my complaint was removed, and my hand was as steady as when I was ten years old.

About noon I preached in the shell of the house at Wigan. In the middle of the sermon came an impetuous storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, which added much to the solemnity of the occasion.

Thursday, 27.—I went on to Miss Bosanquet's, and prepared for the Conference. How willingly could I spend the residue of a busy life in this delightful retirement! But,

"Man was not born in shades to lie!"

Up and be doing! Labour on, till

"Death sings a requiem to the parting soul."

Sunday, 30.—I preached under Birstal-hill, and the greater part of the huge audience could hear while I enforced: "When the breath of man goeth forth, he turneth again to his dust, and then all his thoughts perish." I preached at Leeds in the evening, and found strength in proportion to my work.

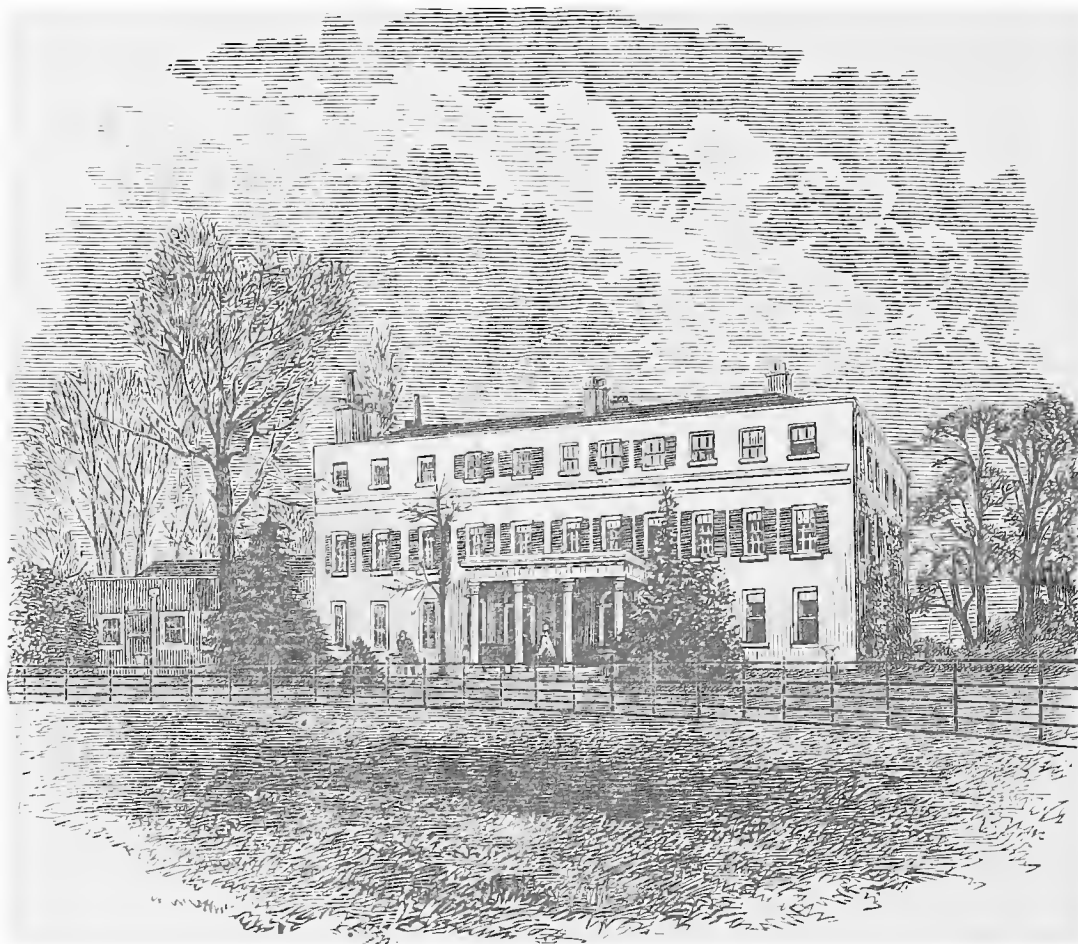
Tuesday, AUGUST 1.—Our Conference began. Having received several letters, intimating that many of the preachers were utterly unqualified for the work, having neither grace nor gifts sufficient for it, I determined to examine this weighty charge with all possible exactness. In order to this, I read those letters to all the Conference; and begged that every one would freely propose and enforce whatever



(MARY BOSANQUET, AFTERWARDS MRS. FLETCHER.)

objection he had to any one. The objections proposed were considered at large: in two or three difficult cases, Committees were appointed for that purpose. In consequence of this, we were all fully convinced that the charge advanced was without foundation; that God has really sent those labourers into His vineyard, and has qualified them for the work: and we were all more closely united together than we have been for many years.

Friday, 4.—I preached at Bradford, where the people are all alive. Many here



(BIRTHPLACE OF MARY BOSANQUET, LEYTON, ESSEX.)

have lately experienced the great salvation, and their zeal has been a general blessing. Indeed, this I always observe,—wherever a work of sanctification breaks out, the whole work of God prospers. Some are convinced of sin, others justified, and all stirred up to greater earnestness for salvation.

Friday, 18.—I preached at Brecon; and on *Saturday, 19*, went on to Carmarthen. How is this wilderness become a fruitful field! A year ago I knew no one in this town who had any desire of fleeing from the wrath to come; and now we have eighty persons in society.

Thursday, SEPTEMBER 7.—About eleven I preached in the town-hall at Liskeard,

to a large and serious congregation. At Saltash some of our brethren met me with a boat, which brought me safe to Plymouth-dock.

On *Thursday* and *Friday*, (14, 15,) I preached at Keynsham, Bradford, and Bath; on *Tuesday*, 19, at Frome; and on *Wednesday*, at Pensford. Thence I went on to the lovely family at Publow, a pattern for all the boarding-schools in England. Everything fit for a Christian to learn is taught here; but nothing unworthy the dignity of the Christian character. I gave a short exhortation to the children, which they received with eagerness. Many of them have the fear of God: some of them enjoy His love.



(CROSS HALL, THE HOME OF MARY BOSANQUET.)

Thursday, 21.—At the earnest request of the prisoner, who was to die next day, (and was very willing so to do; for, after deep agony of soul, he had found peace with God,) I preached at Newgate to him, and a crowded audience; many of whom felt that God was there.

Sunday, 24.—I preached abroad in the afternoon to a lovely congregation.

Friday, 29.—We observed as a fast-day, meeting at five, nine, one, and in the evening: and many found a strong hope, that God will yet be entreated for a guilty land.

Sunday, OCTOBER 8.—I preached in Moorfields to a larger congregation than usual. Strange that their curiosity should not be satisfied yet, after hearing the same thing near forty years!

Tuesday, 10.—I went on to Wycomb, and was much refreshed by the earnest attention of the whole congregation.

Wednesday, 11.—I took a walk to Lord Shelburne's house. What variety, in so small a compass! A beautiful grove, divided by a serpentine walk, conceals the house from the town. At the side of this runs a transparent river, with a smooth walk on each bank. Beyond this is a level lawn; then the house with sloping gardens behind it. Above these is a lofty hill; near the top of which is a lovely wood, having a grassy walk running along, just within the skirts of it. But can the owner rejoice in this paradise? No; for his wife is snatched away in the bloom of youth!



(LORD CHESTERFIELD.)

Thursday, 12.—About noon I preached at Watlington; and in the evening at Oxford, in a large house formerly belonging to the Presbyterians. But it was not large enough: many could not get in. Such a congregation I have not seen at Oxford, either for seriousness or number, for more than twenty years.

I borrowed here a volume of Lord Chesterfield's Letters, which I had heard very strongly commended. And what did I learn?—That he was a man of much wit, middling sense, and some learning; but as absolutely void of virtue, as any Jew, Turk or heathen that ever lived. I say, not only void of all religion, (for I doubt

whether he believed there is a God, though he tags most of his letters with the name, for better sound sake,) but even of virtue, of justice, and mercy, which he never once recommended to his son. And truth he sets at open defiance: he continually guards him against it. Half his letters inculcate deep dissimulation, as the most necessary of all accomplishments. Add to this, his studiously instilling into the young man all the principles of debauchery, when himself was between seventy and eighty years old. And his cruel censure of that amiable man, the Archbishop of Cambray, as a mere time-serving hypocrite! And this is the favourite of the age! Whereas, if justice and truth take place, if he is rewarded according to his desert, his name will stink to all generations.

Saturday, 14.—I preached at Finstock. How many days should I spend here if I was to do my own will! Not so: I am “to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish His work.” Therefore this is the first day I ever spent here: and perhaps it may be the last.

Sunday, 15.—About eight I preached at Witney. I admired the seriousness and decency of the congregation at church. I preached at five, on: “Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself;” a word that is sufficient to convince all mankind of sin. In meeting the select society, I was much comforted to find so few of them losing ground, and the far greater part still witnessing that “the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin.”

Monday, 16.—We had a lovely congregation at five. About nine I preached at Oxford; in Newnham at one; and in the evening at Wallingford.

Wednesday, 18.—I returned to Newbury. Some of our friends informed me, there were many red-hot patriots here; so I took occasion to give a strong exhortation, to “fear God, and honour the king.”

Friday, 27.—I preached about noon at Hanslop. In my way I looked over a volume of Dr. Swift's Letters. I was amazed! Was ever such trash palmed upon the world, under the name of a great man? More than half of what is contained in those sixteen volumes, would be dear at twopence a volume; being all, and more than all, the dull things which that witty man ever said. In the evening I preached at Bedford.



(DEAN SWIFT.)

Sunday, NOVEMBER 12.—I was desired to preach, in Bethnal-green church, a charity sermon for the widows and orphans of the soldiers that were killed in America. Knowing how many would seek occasion of offence, I wrote down my sermon. I dined with Sir John Hawkins and three other gentlemen that are in commission for the peace; and was agreeably surprised at a very serious conversation, kept up during the whole time I stayed.

Saturday, DECEMBER 2.—(Norwich.) I procured “the History of Norwich,” published but a few years since.

In the evening a large mob gathered at the door of the preaching-house, the captain of which struck many (chiefly women) with a large stick. Mr. Randal going out to see what was the matter, he struck him with it in the face. But he was soon secured, and carried before the mayor; who, knowing him to be a notorious offender, against whom one or two warrants were then lying, sent him to gaol without delay.

Tuesday, 5.—We set out a little before day, and reached Lynn in the afternoon. In the evening, the new house would hardly contain one half of the congregation.

Wednesday, 6.—I visited many of those that remained with us, and those that had left us since they had learned a new doctrine. I did not dispute, but endeavoured to soften their spirits, which had been sharpened to a high degree. In the evening the chapel was quite too small: and yet even those who could not get in were silent: a circumstance which I have seldom observed in any other part of England.

Saturday, 16.—To-day I read Dr. Beattie's Poems; certainly one of the best poets of the age. He wants only the ease and simplicity of Mr. Pope.—I know one, and only one, that has it.

Monday, JANUARY 1, 1776.—About eighteen hundred of us met together in London, in order to renew our covenant with God; and it was, as usual, a very solemn opportunity.

Tuesday, 2.—I set out for Bristol. Between London and Bristol, I read over that elegant trifle, “The Correspondence between Theodosius and Constantia.” I observed only one sentiment which I could not receive, that “Youth is the only possible time for friendship; because every one has at first a natural store of sincerity and benevolence; but as in process of time men find every one to be false and self-interested, they conform to them more and more, till, in riper years, they have neither truth nor benevolence left.” Perhaps it may be so with all that know not God; but they that do, escape “the corruption that is in the world;” and increase both in sincerity and in benevolence as they grow in the knowledge of Christ.

Saturday, 6.—I returned to London; and I returned just in time; for on *Sunday*, 7, the severe frost set in, accompanied with so deep a snow, as made even the high road impassable. For some days before the frost broke up, it was observed, by means

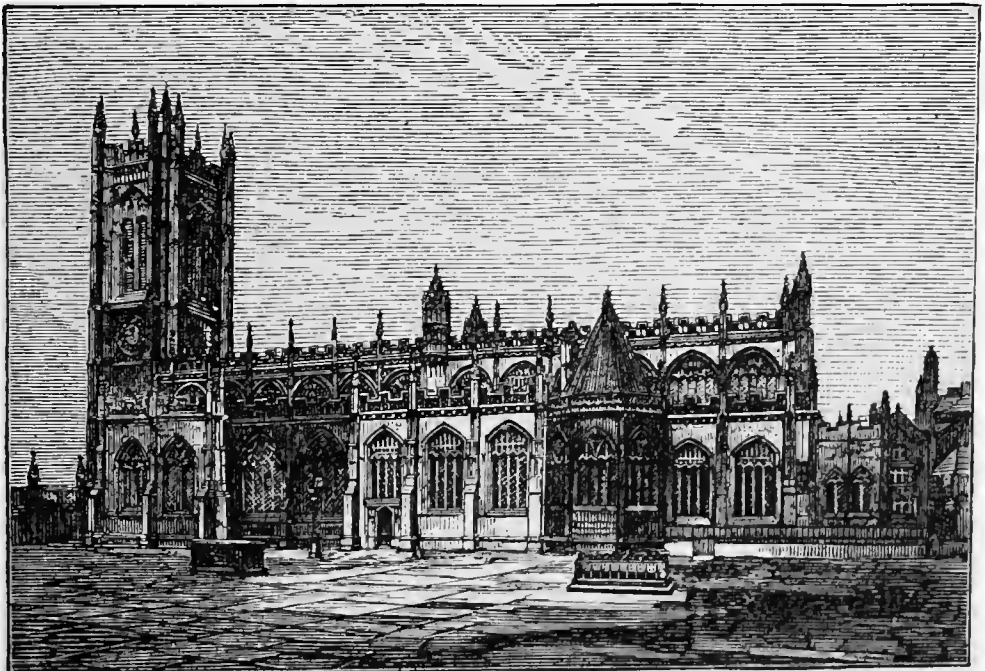
of the thermometer, that the cold was several degrees more intense than that in the year 1741. But God then removed the cup from us, by a gentle, gradual thaw.

Sunday, 28.—I was desired to preach a charity sermon in All Hallows church, Lombard-street. In the year 1735, about forty years ago, I preached in this church, at the earnest request of the Churchwardens, to a numerous congregation, who came, like me, with an intent to hear Dr. Heylyn. This was the first time that, having no notes about me, I preached extempore.

Wednesday, FEBRUARY 28.—I looked over a volume of Lord Lyttelton's Works. He is really a fine writer, both in verse and prose, though he believed the Bible; yea, and feared God!

Friday, MARCH 1.

—As we cannot depend on having the Foundery long, we met to consult about building a new chapel. Our petition to the City for a piece of ground lies before their Committee; but when we shall get any farther, I know not: so I determined to begin my circuit as usual; but promised to return whenever I should receive notice that our petition was granted.



(MANCHESTER CATHEDRAL.)

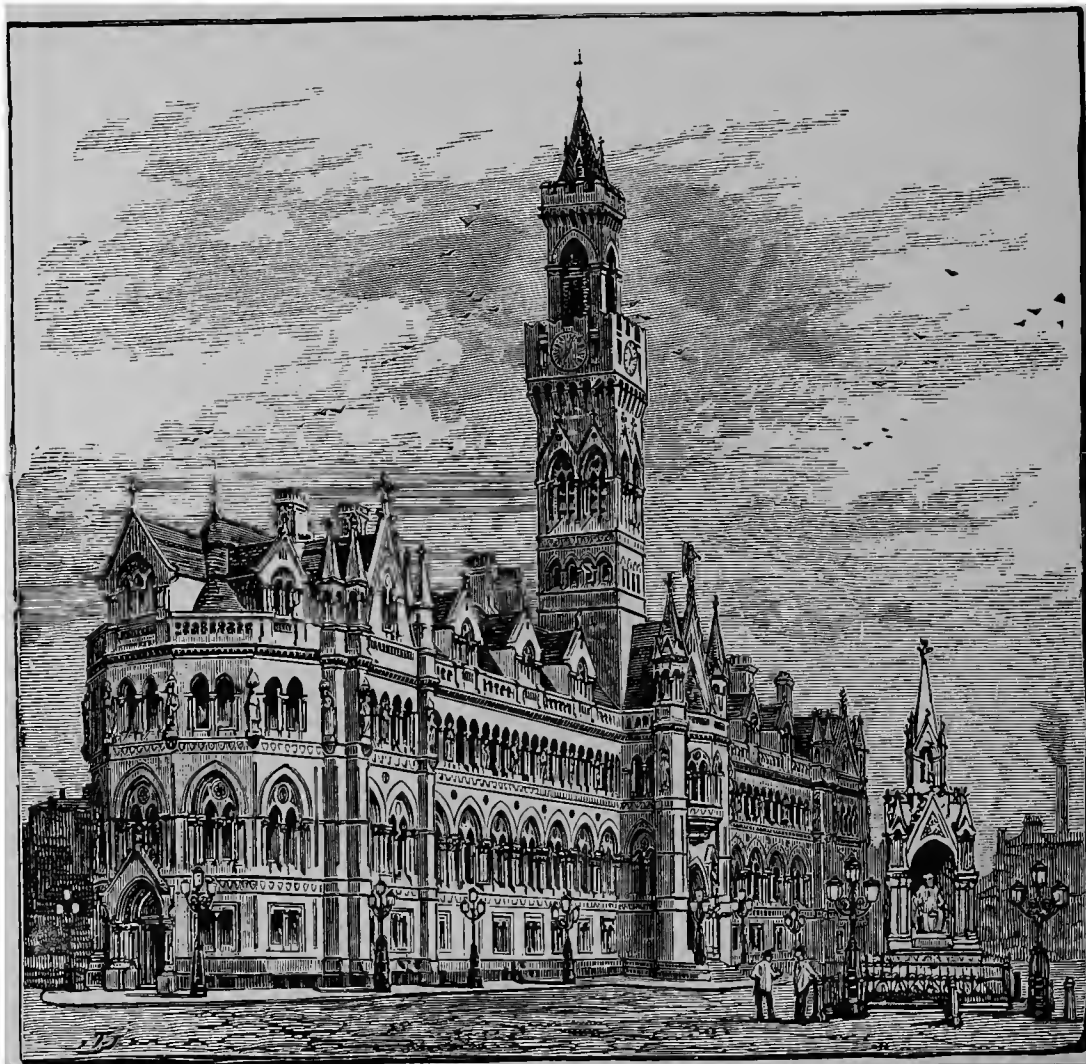
Wednesday, 6.—I went down to Taunton, and at three in the afternoon opened the new preaching-house. The people showed great eagerness to hear. Will they at length know the day of their visitation?

Thursday, 7.—I returned to Bristol; which I left on *Monday, 11*; and, having visited Stroud, Painswick, and Tewkesbury, on *Wednesday, 20*, came to Worcester.

Thursday, 21.—I was much refreshed among this loving people; especially by the select society, the far greater part of whom could still witness that God had saved them from inward as well as outward sin.

Wednesday, APRIL 3.—Having climbed over the mountains, I preached at the New-mills, in Derbyshire. The people here are quite earnest and artless, there being no public worship in the town but at our chapel: so that they go straight forward, knowing nothing of various opinions

Thursday, 4.—I began an answer to that dangerous Tract, Dr. Price's "Observations upon Liberty;" which, if practised, would overturn all government, and bring in universal anarchy. On Easter-day the preaching-house at Manchester contained the congregation pretty well at seven in the morning; but in the afternoon I was obliged to be abroad, thousands upon thousands flocking together. I stood in a convenient place, almost over against the infirmary, and exhorted a listening multitude to "live unto Him Who died for them and rose again."



(TOWN HALL, BRADFORD.)

Tuesday, 9.—I came to Chester, and had the satisfaction to find an earnest, loving, well-established people.

Wednesday, 10.—In the evening, the house at Liverpool was well filled with people of all ranks.

Friday, 12.—I visited one formerly a captain, now a dying sinner. His eyes spoke the agony of his soul; his tongue having well-nigh forgot its office. With great efforts he could but just say, "I want—Jesus Christ!" The next day he could not utter a word; but if he could not speak, God could hear.

Monday, 15.—About noon I preached in the new house at Wigan, to a very quiet and very dull congregation. But considering what the town was some years ago, wicked even to a proverb, we may well say, God hath done great things already. And we hope to see greater things than these. In the evening I was obliged to preach abroad at Bolton, though the air was cold, and the ground wet.

Tuesday, 16.—I preached about noon at Chowbent, once the roughest place in all the neighbourhood. But there is not the least trace of it remaining: such is the fruit of the genuine Gospel.

As we were considering in the afternoon what we should do, the rain not suffering us to be abroad, one asked the vicar for the use of the church; to which he readily consented. I began reading prayers at half-hour past five. The church was so crowded, pews, alleys, and galleries, as I believe it had not been these hundred years; and God bore witness to His Word.

Thursday, 18.—I clambered over the horrid mountains to Todmorden, and thence to Heptonstall, on the brow of another mountain. Such a congregation scarce ever met in the church before. In the evening I preached in the croft, adjoining to the new house at Halifax.

Wednesday, 24.—I went on to Otley, where the Word of God has free course, and brings forth much fruit. This is chiefly owing to the spirit and behaviour of those whom God has perfected in love. Their zeal stirs up many; and their steady and uniform conversation has a language almost irresistible.

Friday, 26.—I preached in the new chapel at Eccleshall, to a people just sprung out of the dust, exceeding artless and exceeding earnest; many of whom seemed to be already saved from sin. O, why do we not encourage all to expect this blessing every hour, from the moment they are justified! In the evening I preached at Bradford, on the wise man that builds his house upon a Rock; that is, who builds his hope of heaven on no other foundation than doing these sayings contained in the Sermon on the Mount; although, in another sense, we build not upon His sayings, but His sufferings.

Saturday, 27.—I preached in the church at Bingley; perhaps not so filled before for these hundred years.

Sunday, 28.—The congregation at Haworth was far greater than the church could contain. For the sake of the poor parishioners, few of whom are even awakened to this day, I spoke as strongly as I possibly could upon these words: "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."

Monday, 29.—About two I preached at Padiham, in a broad street, to a huge congregation. I think the only inattentive persons were, the minister and a kind of gentleman. I saw none inattentive at Clough in the evening. What has God wrought, since Mr. Grimshaw and I were seized near this place by a furious mob. and

kept prisoners for some hours! The sons of him who headed that mob now gladly receive our saying.

Tuesday, 30.—In the evening I preached in a kind of square, at Colne, to a multitude of people, all drinking in the Word. I scarce ever saw a congregation wherein men, women, and children stood in such a posture: and this in the town wherein, thirty years ago, no Methodist could show his head! The first that preached here was John Jane, who was innocently riding through the town, when the zealous



(JOHN JANE PREACHING IN THE STOCKS)

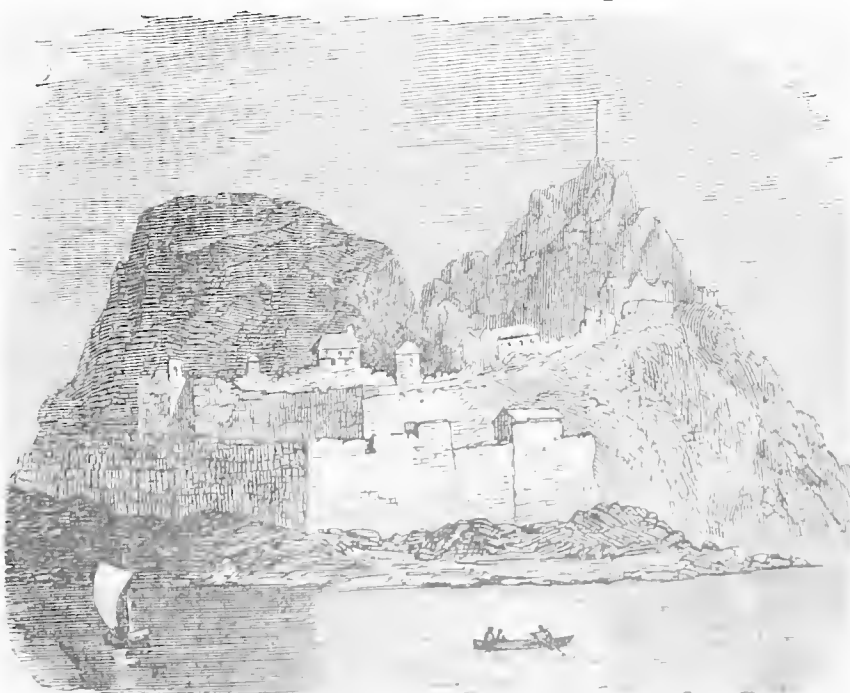
mob pulled him off his horse, and put him in the stocks. He seized the opportunity, and vehemently exhorted them "to flee from the wrath to come."

Wednesday, MAY 1.—I set out early, and the next afternoon reached Whitehaven; and my chaise-horses were no worse for travelling near a hundred and ten miles in two days.

In travelling through Berkshire, Oxfordshire, Bristol, Gloucestershire, Worcestershire, Warwickshire, Staffordshire, Cheshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, Westmoreland, and Cumberland, I diligently made two inquiries: the first was, concerning the increase or decrease of the people; the second, concerning the increase or decrease of trade. As to the latter, it is, within these last two years, amazingly increased; in several branches in such a manner as has not been known in the memory of man:

such is the fruit of the entire civil and religious liberty which all England now enjoys! And as to the former, not only in every city and large town, but in every village and hamlet, there is no decrease, but a very large and swift increase. One sign of this is the swarms of little children which we see in every place. Which, then, shall we most admire, the ignorance or confidence of those that affirm, population decreases in England? I doubt not but it increases full as fast here, as in any province of North America.

Monday, 6.—After preaching at Cockermouth and Wigton, I went on to Carlisle, and preached to a very serious congregation. Here I saw a very extraordinary genius, a man blind from four years of age, who could wind worsted, weave flowered plush on an engine and loom of his own making; who wove his own name in plush, and made his own clothes, and his own tools of every sort. Some years ago, being shut up in the organ-loft at church, he felt every part of it, and afterwards made an organ for himself, which, judges say, is an exceeding good one. He then taught himself to play upon it psalm-tunes, anthems, voluntaries, or anything which he heard. I heard him play several tunes with great accuracy, and a complex voluntary: I suppose all Europe can hardly produce such another instance. His name is Joseph Strong. But what is he the better for all this, if he is still “without God in the world”?



(DUMBARTON CASTLE.)

Wednesday, 8.—We set out early, but found the air so keen, that before noon our hands bled as if cut with a knife. In the evening I preached at Edinburgh; and the next evening near the river-side in Glasgow.

Friday, 10.—I went to Greenock. It being their fast-day before the Sacrament, (ridiculously so called, for they do not fast at all, but take their three meals, just as on other days,) the congregation was larger than when I was here before, and remarkably attentive. The next day I returned to Glasgow, and on *Sunday, 12,* went in the morning to the high-kirk, (to show I was no bigot,) and in the afternoon to the Church of England chapel. The decency of behaviour here surprises me more and more. I know nothing like it in these kingdoms, except among the Methodists.

In the evening the congregation by the river-side was exceeding numerous; to whom I declared "the whole counsel of God."

Monday, 13.—I returned to Edinburgh; and the next day went to Perth, where (it being supposed no house would contain the congregation) I preached at six on the South-inch, though the wind was cold and boisterous.

Friday, 17.—I reached Aberdeen in good time.

Saturday, 18.—I read over Dr. Johnson's "Tour to the Western Isles." It is a very curious book, wrote with admirable sense, and, I think, great fidelity; although, in some respects, he is thought to bear hard on the nation, which I am satisfied he never intended.



(DR. JOHNSON.)

Sunday, 19.—I attended the morning service at the kirk, full as formal as any in England; and no way calculated either to awaken sinners, or to stir up the gift of God in believers. In the afternoon I heard a useful sermon in the English chapel; and was again delighted with the exquisite decency both of the minister and the whole congregation. The Methodist congregations come the nearest to this; but even these do not come up to it. Our house was sufficiently crowded in the evening; but some of the hearers did not behave like those at the chapel.

Monday, 20.—I preached about eleven at Old-Meldrum, but could not reach Banff till near seven in the evening. I went directly to the Parade, and proclaimed, to a listening multitude, "the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ." All behaved well but a few gentry, whom I rebuked openly; and they stood corrected.

After preaching, Mrs. Gordon, the admiral's widow, invited me to supper. There I found five or six as agreeable women as I have seen in the kingdom; and I know not when I have spent two or three hours with greater satisfaction. In the morning I was going to preach in the assembly-room, when the Episcopal minister sent and offered me the use of his chapel. It was quickly filled. After reading prayers, I preached on those words in the second lesson: "What lack I yet?" and strongly applied them to those in particular who supposed themselves to be "rich and increased in goods, and lacked nothing." I then set out for Keith.

Banff is one of the neatest and most elegant towns that I have seen in Scotland. It is pleasantly situated on the side of a hill, sloping from the sea, though close to it; so that it is sufficiently sheltered from the sharpest winds. The streets are straight and broad. I believe it may be esteemed the fifth, if not the fourth, town in the kingdom. The country quite from Banff to Keith is the best peopled of any I have seen in Scotland. This is chiefly, if not entirely, owing to the late Earl of Findlater. He was indefatigable in doing good, took pains to procure industrious men from all parts, and to provide such little settlements for them as enabled them to live with comfort.

About noon I preached at the New-mills, nine miles from Banff, to a large congregation of plain, simple people. As we rode in the afternoon the heat overcame me, so that I was weary and faint before we came to Keith; but I no sooner stood up in the market-place than I forgot my weariness; such were the seriousness and attention of the whole congregation, though as numerous as that at Banff. Mr. Gordon, the minister of the parish, invited me to supper, and told me his kirk was at my service. A little society is formed here already; and is in a fair way of increasing. But they were just now in danger of losing their preaching-house, the owner being determined to sell it. I saw but one way to secure it for them, which was to buy it myself. So (who would have thought it?) I bought an estate, consisting of two houses, a yard, a garden, with three acres of good land. But he told me flat, "Sir, I will take no less for it than sixteen pounds ten shillings, to be paid, part now, part at Michaelmas, and the residue next May."

Here Mr. Gordon showed me a great curiosity. Near the top of the opposite hill, a new town is built, containing, I suppose, a hundred houses, which is *a town of beggars*. This, he informed me, was the professed, regular occupation of *all* the inhabitants. Early in spring they all go out, and spread themselves over the kingdom; and in autumn they return, and do what is requisite for their wives and children.

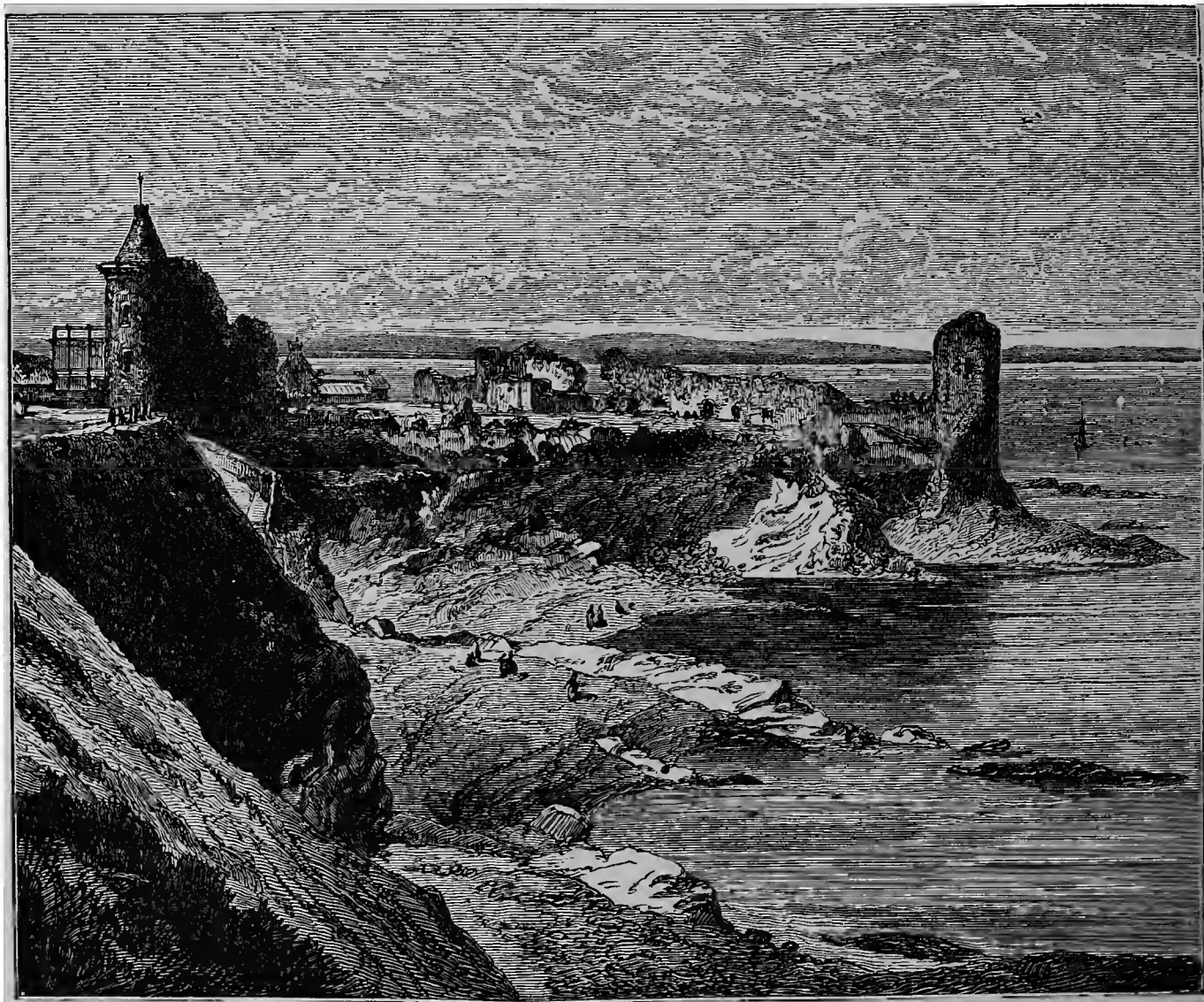
Wednesday, 22.—The wind turning north, we stepped at once from June to January. About one I preached at Inverurie, to a plain, earnest, loving people; and before five came to Aberdeen.

Thursday, 23.—I read over Mr. Pennant's "Journey through Scotland;" a lively as well as judicious writer. Judicious, I mean, in most respects; but I cannot give up to all the Deists in Great Britain the existence of witchcraft, till I give up the credit of all history, sacred and profane.

Friday, 24.—I returned to Arbroath, and lodged at Provost Grey's. So, for a time, we are in honour! I have hardly seen such another place in the three kingdoms, as this is at present. Hitherto there is no opposer at all, but every one seems to bid us God-speed!

Monday, 27.—I paid a visit to St. Andrew's, once the largest city in the kingdom. It was eight times as large as it is now, and a place of very great trade; but the sea

rushing from the north-east, gradually destroyed the harbour and trade together: in consequence of which, whole streets (that were) are now meadows and gardens. Three broad, straight, handsome streets remain, all pointing at the old cathedral; which, by the ruins, appears to have been above three hundred feet long, and proportionably broad and high: so that it seems to have exceeded York Minster, and to

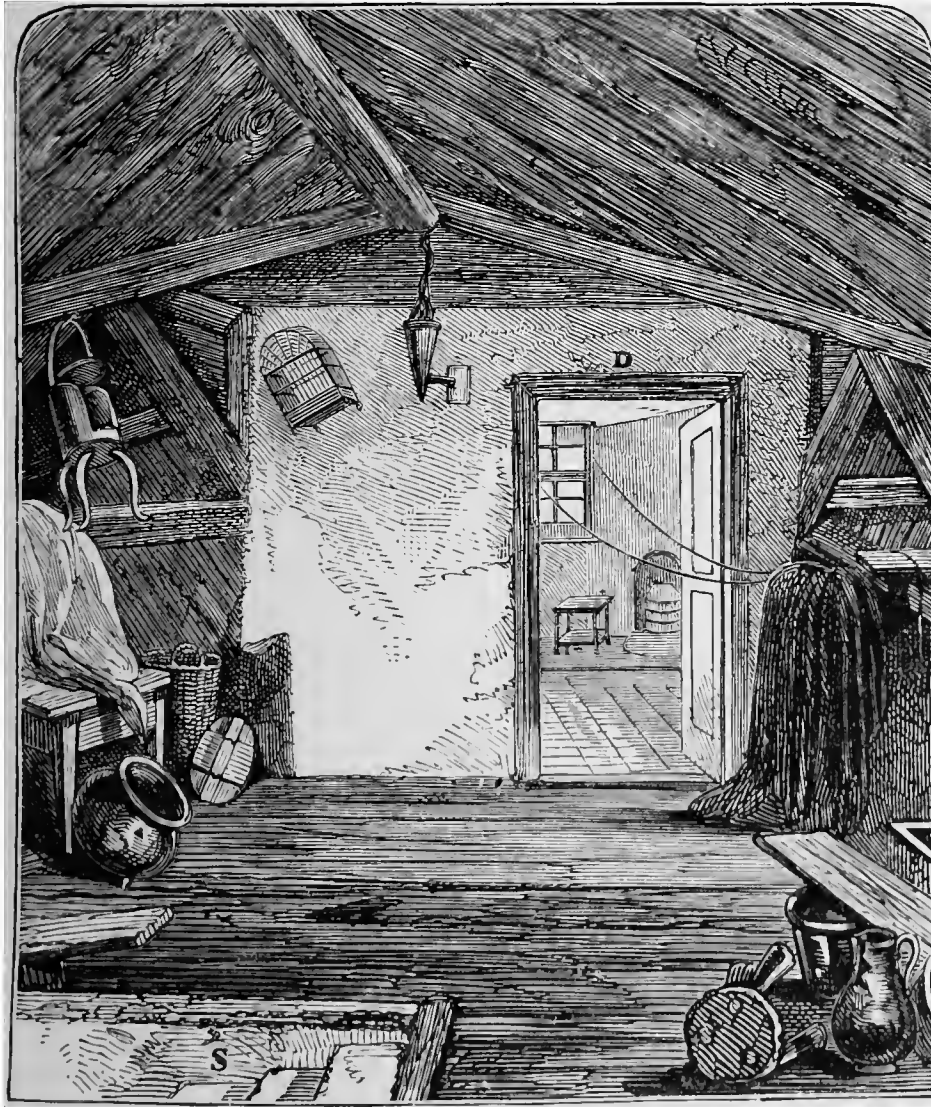


(RUINS OF ST. ANDREW'S CASTLE.)

have at least equalled any cathedral in England. Another church, afterwards used in its stead, bears date 1124. A steeple, standing near the cathedral, is thought to have stood thirteen hundred years.

What is left of St. Leonard's college is only a heap of ruins. Two colleges remain. One of them has a tolerable square; but all the windows are broke. We were informed, the students do this before they leave the college. Where are their blessed Governors in the meantime? Are they all fast asleep? The other college is

a mean building, but has a handsome library newly-erected. In the two colleges, we learned, were about seventy students; near the same number as at Old-Aberdeen. Those at New-Aberdeen are not more numerous: neither those at Glasgow. In Edinburgh, I suppose, there are a hundred. So four Universities contain three hundred and ten students! These all come to their several colleges in November, and return home in May! So they *may* study five months in the year, and lounge



(ORPHAN HOUSE STUDY, NEWCASTLE.)

all the rest! O where was the common-sense of those who instituted such colleges? In the English colleges, every one *may* reside all the year, as all my pupils did: and I should have thought myself little better than a highwayman, if I had not lectured them every day in the year, but Sundays.

We were so long detained at the Passage, that I only reached Edinburgh time enough to give notice of my preaching the next day. After preaching at Dunbar, Alnwick, and Morpeth, on *Saturday*, JUNE 1, I reached Newcastle.

On *Monday* and *Tuesday* (10, 11) I met the Classes. I left three hundred and seventy-four in the society, and I found about four hundred: and I trust they are more established in the "faith that worketh by love."

Monday, 17.—Part of this week I read, as I travelled, a famous book, which I had not looked into for these fifty years. It was Lucian's "Dialogues." He has a good deal of humour, but wonderful little judgment. His great hero is Diogenes, the



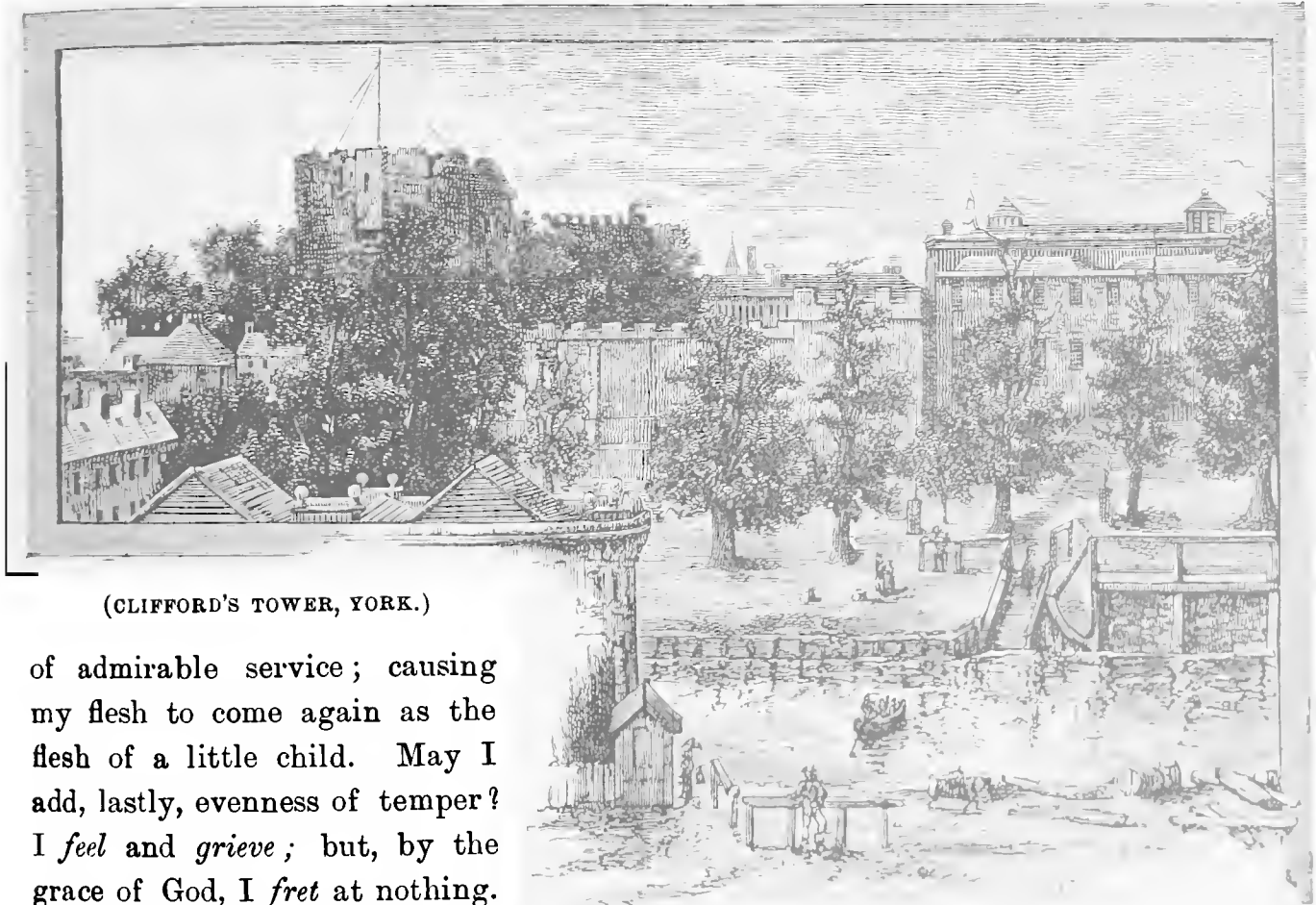
(WESLEYAN CHAPEL, FALSGRAVE, SCARBOROUGH.)

Cynic; just such another brute as himself. Socrates (as one might expect) he reviles and ridicules with all his might. I think there is more sense in his "Timon" than in all his other Dialogues put together: and yet, even that ends poorly, in the dull jest of his breaking the heads of all that came near him. How amazing is it, that such a book as this should be put into the hands of school-boys!

Monday, 24.—I went on to Scarborough. I think the preaching-house here is the most elegant of any square room which we have in England; and we had as elegant a congregation: but they were as attentive as if they had been Kingswood colliers.

Tuesday, 25.—I visited a poor backslider, who has given great occasion to the enemy to blaspheme.

Friday, 28.—(O.S.) I am seventy-three years old, and far abler to preach than I was at three-and-twenty. What natural means has God used to produce so wonderful an effect? 1. Continual exercise and change of air, by travelling above four thousand miles in a year: 2. Constant rising at four: 3. The ability, if ever I want, to sleep immediately: 4. The never losing a night's sleep in my life: 5. Two violent fevers, and two deep consumptions. These, it is true, were rough medicines; but they were



(CLIFFORD'S TOWER, YORK.)

of admirable service; causing my flesh to come again as the flesh of a little child. May I add, lastly, evenness of temper? I *feel* and *grieve*; but, by the grace of God, I *fret* at nothing. But still "the help that is done upon earth, He doeth it Himself."

Tuesday, JULY 2.—I went to York. The house was full enough in the evening, while I pointed the true and the false way of expounding those important words: "Ye are saved through faith."

Wednesday, 3.—I preached about noon at Tadcaster, with an uncommon degree of freedom; which was attended with a remarkable blessing. A glorious work is dawning here, against which nothing can prevail; unless the ball of contention be thrown in among the plain people, by one or two that have lately embraced new opinions. In the evening I preached at York, on the fashionable religion, vulgarly

called morality; and showed, at large, from the accounts given of it by its ablest patrons, that it is neither better nor worse than Atheism.

Thursday, 4.—I met the select society, and was a little surprised to find, that, instead of growing in grace, scarce two of them retained the grace they had two years ago. All of them seemed to be sincere; and yet a faintness of spirit ran through them all.

Friday, 5.—About eleven I preached at Foggathorp, a lone house, a few miles from Howden. Abundance of people were gathered together, notwithstanding heavy rain; and they received the truth in the love thereof. I came to Howden a little before three; when a large congregation was soon gathered. All were serious; the more so, because of a few claps of thunder that rolled over our heads.

I preached at Swinfleet in the evening. These are the most sensible and gentlemanlike farmers that I have seen anywhere; and many of them are “rooted and grounded in love,” and have adorned the Gospel many years.

Tuesday, 9.—I went thence [from Brigg] to Horncastle and to Spilsby, with Mr. Br——. While he was at Cambridge, he was convinced of sin, though not by any outward means, and soon after justified. Coming to Hull, he met with one of our preachers. By long and close conversation with him, he was clearly convinced it was his duty to join with the people called Methodists. At first, indeed, he staggered at lay preachers; but, after weighing the matter more deeply, he began preaching himself; and found a very remarkable blessing, both on his own soul, and on his labours.

Monday, 15.—I preached at Doncaster, in one of the most elegant houses in England, and to one of the most elegant congregations. They seemed greatly astonished; and well they might; for I scarce ever spoke so strongly on: “Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, that leadeth unto life.”

Wednesday, 17.—Having been desired, by one of Chesterfield, to give them a sermon in the way, I called there; but he did not come to own me. So, after resting awhile at another house, I stood at a small distance from the main street, and proclaimed salvation by faith to a serious congregation. After preaching at a few other places, on *Thursday, 18*, I preached at Nottingham.

Friday, AUGUST 2.—(London.) We made our first subscription toward building a new chapel; and at this, and the two following meetings, above a thousand pounds were cheerfully subscribed.

Tuesday, 13.—I preached at Taunton, and afterwards went with Mr. Brown to Kingston. The large, old parsonage-house is pleasantly situated close to the churchyard, just fit for a contemplative man. Here I found a clergyman, Dr. Coke, late Gentleman Commoner of Jesus College in Oxford, who came twenty miles on purpose. I had much conversation with him; and an union then began which I trust shall never end.

Wednesday, 14.—I preached at Tiverton; and on *Thursday* went on to Launceston.

Here I found the plain reason why the work of God had gained no ground in this circuit all the year. The preachers had given up the Methodist testimony. Either they did not speak of Perfection at all, (the peculiar doctrine committed to our trust,) or they spoke of it only in general terms, without urging the believers to "go on unto



(DR. COKE.)

perfection," and to expect it every moment. And wherever this is not earnestly done, the work of God does not prosper.

Saturday, 17.—We found Mr. Hoskins, at Cubert, alive. I was afterwards inquiring, if that scandal of Cornwall, the plundering of wrecked vessels, still subsisted. He said, "As much as ever; only the Methodists will have nothing to do

with it. But three months since a vessel was wrecked on the south coast, and the tinnerns presently seized on all the goods; and even broke in pieces a new coach which was on board, and carried every scrap of it away." But is there no way to prevent this shameful breach of all the laws both of religion and humanity? Indeed there is. The gentry of Cornwall may totally prevent it whenever they please. Let them only see that the laws be strictly executed upon the next plunderers; and after an example is made of ten of these, the next wreck will be unmolested. Nay, there is a milder way. Let them only agree together, to discharge any tinner or labourer that is concerned in the plundering of a wreck, and advertise his name, that no Cornish gentleman may employ him any more; and neither tinner nor labourer will any more be concerned in that bad work.

Wednesday, 21.—I preached at Penzance in a gentleman's balcony, which commanded the market-place, to a huge congregation, on: "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." The Word fell heavy, upon high and low, rich and poor. Such an opportunity I never had at Penzance before.

Monday, SEPTEMBER 9.—(Bristol.) I began, what I had long intended, visiting the society from house to house, setting apart at least two hours in a day for that purpose. I was surprised to find the simplicity with which one and all spoke, both of their temporal and spiritual state. Nor could I easily have known, by any other means, how great a work God has wrought among them. I found exceeding little to reprove; but much to praise God for. And I observed one thing which I did not expect:—In visiting all the families, without Lawford-gate, by far the poorest about the city, I did not find so much as one person who was out of work.

Another circumstance I critically inquired into, What is the real number of the people? Dr. Price says, (doubtless to encourage our good friends, the French and Spaniards,) "The people of England are between four and five millions; supposing them to be four, or four and a half, on an average, in one house." I found, in the families which I visited, about six in a house. But one who has lately made a more general inquiry, informs me, there are, without Lawford-gate, seven in a house. The same information I received, from one who has lately made the inquiry, concerning the inhabitants of Redcliffe. Now, if at four in a house, we are four millions, must we not, at seven in a house, be seven millions?

But even this is far short of the truth; for a plain reason, the houses are miscomputed. To give one instance:—The houses without Lawford-gate are computed to be a thousand. Now, at the sitting of the Justices, some years since, there were two hundred public-houses. Was then one house in five a public-house? No, surely one in ten at the utmost. If so, there were two thousand houses; and, consequently fourteen thousand persons.

Friday, 13.—I went on to Midsummer-Norton, where the rector, being applied to



(PENZANCE.)

cheerfully granted me the use of his church, and himself made one of the congregation. I preached on those words in the second lesson: "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" About two I preached in the new house, at Paulton, to a plain, simple, loving people; and spent the evening at Kingswood, endeavouring to remove some little offences, which had arisen in the family.

Tuesday, NOVEMBER 19.—I opened the new preaching-house at Lowestoft,—a new and lightsome building. It was thoroughly filled with deeply attentive hearers. Surely some of them will bear fruit unto perfection.

Thursday, DECEMBER 5.—I returned to London. In the way, I read over Mr. Gray's Works, and his Life wrote by Mr. Mason. He is an admirable poet, not much inferior to either Prior or Pope.

Friday, 13, was the national fast. It was observed not only throughout the city, but (I was afterwards informed) throughout the nation, with the utmost solemnity. I shall not wonder if God should now interpose and send us prosperity, since, at length, we are not too proud to acknowledge "there is a God that judgeth the earth."

Thursday, JANUARY 2, 1777.—I began expounding, in order, the Book of Ecclesiastes. I never before had so clear a sight either of the meaning or the beauties of it. Neither did I imagine that the several parts of it were in so exquisite a manner connected together; all tending to prove that grand truth,—that there is no happiness out of God.

Monday, 13.—I took the opportunity of spending an hour every morning with the preachers, as I did with my pupils at Oxford. And we endeavoured not only to increase each other's knowledge, but "to provoke one another to love and to good works."

Wednesday, 15.—I began visiting those of our society who lived in Bethnal-green hamlet. Many of them I found in such poverty as few can conceive without seeing it. O why do not all the rich that fear God constantly visit the poor? Can they spend part of their spare time better? Certainly not. So they will find in that day when "every man shall receive his own reward according to his own labour."

Such another scene I saw the next day, in visiting another part of the society. I have not found any such distress, no, not in the prison of Newgate. One poor man was just creeping out of his sick-bed, to his ragged wife and three little children; who were more than half naked, and the very picture of famine; when one bringing in a loaf of bread, they all ran, seized upon it, and tore it in pieces in an instant. Who would not rejoice that there is another world?

Sunday, 26.—I preached again at All Hallows church, morning and afternoon. I found great liberty of spirit; and the congregation seemed to be much affected. How is this? Do I yet please men? Is the offence of the Cross ceased? It seems, after being scandalous near fifty years, I am at length growing into an honourable man!

Monday, FEBRUARY 3.—Hearing there was some disturbance at Bristol, occasioned

by men whose tongues were set on fire against the Government, I went down in the diligence, and on *Tuesday* evening strongly enforced those solemn words: "Put them in mind to be subject to principalities and powers, to speak evil of no man." I believe God applied His Word, and convinced many that they had been out of their way.

Finding the repeated attempts to set fire to the city had occasioned a general consternation, on *Wednesday*, 5, I opened and applied those words to a crowded audience: "Is there any evil in the city, and the Lord hath not done it?"

Saturday, 15.—At the third message, I took up my cross, and went to see Dr. Dodd, in the Compter. I was greatly surprised. He seemed, though deeply affected, yet thoroughly resigned to the will of God. Mrs. Dodd likewise behaved with the utmost propriety. I doubt not, God will bring good out of this evil. *Tuesday*, 18, I visited him again, and found him still in a desirable state of mind: calmly giving himself up to whatsoever God should determine concerning him.

Monday, MARCH 10.—In the evening I preached at Reading. How many years were we beating the air at this town! Stretching out our hands to a people as stupid as oxen! But it is not so at present.

Friday, 28.—I received an affectionate message from a great man.—But I shall not wonder if the wind changes.

Sunday, APRIL 6.—I began a journey through some of our societies, to desire their assistance towards the expense of the new chapel.

Monday, 14.—I preached about noon at Warrington, and in the evening at Liverpool; where many large ships are now laid up in the docks, which had been employed for many years in buying or stealing poor Africans, and selling them in America for slaves. The men-butchers have now nothing to do at this laudable occupation. Since the American war broke out, there is no demand for human cattle. So the men of Africa, as well as Europe, may enjoy their native liberty.



(THOMAS GRAY.)

Monday, 21, was the day appointed for laying the foundation of the new chapel. The rain befriended us much, by keeping away thousands who purposed to be there. But there were still such multitudes, that it was with great difficulty I got through them to lay the first stone. Upon this was a plate of brass, (covered with another stone,) on which was engraved, "This was laid by Mr. John Wesley, on APRIL 1, 1777." Probably this will be seen no more, by any human eye; but will remain there till the earth and the works thereof are burned up.

Sunday, 27.—The sun breaking out, I snatched the opportunity of preaching to many thousands in Moorfields. All were still as night, while I showed how "the Son of God was manifested to destroy the works of the devil."

Monday, 28.—At one I took coach, and on *Wednesday* evening preached at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. I love our brethren in the southern counties; but still I find few among them that have the spirit of our northern societies.

Monday, MAY 5.—Having finished my business in these parts (Sunderland), I set my face southward again; and after preaching at Durham, about eleven went on to Darlington. I have not lately found so lively a work in any part of England as here. The society is constantly increasing, and seems to be all on fire for God.

There is nothing among them but humble, simple love; no dispute, no jar of any kind. They exactly answer the description that David Brainerd gives of his Indian congregation.

Saturday, 10.—After travelling between ninety and a hundred miles, I came back to Malton; and, having rested an hour, went on to Scarborough, and preached in the evening. But the flux which I had had for a few days so increased, that at first I found it difficult to speak. Yet the longer I spoke the stronger I grew. Is not God a present Help?

Sunday, 11.—I experienced a second time what one calls, *febris ex insolatione*.* The day was cold; but the sun shone warm on my back, as I sat in the window. In less than half an hour I began to shiver, and soon after had a strong fit of an ague. I directly lay down between blankets, and drank largely of warm lemonade. In

* "A fever produced by an incautious exposure to the sun."—EDIT.



(DR. DODD.)

ten minutes the hot fit came on, and quickly after I fell asleep. Having slept half-an-hour, I rose up and preached. Afterwards I met the society; and I found no want of strength, but was just as well at the end as at the beginning.



(LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF CITY-ROAD CHAPEL.)

Tuesday, 20.—I met the Committee for building, which indeed was my chief business at London. We consulted together on several articles, and were confidently persuaded, that He Who had incited us to begin, would enable us to finish.

Saturday, 24.—My brother and I paid another visit to Dr. Dodd, and spent a melancholy and useful hour. He appears, so far as man can judge, to be a true, evangelical penitent.

Friday, 30.—I went on to Whitehaven, where I found a little vessel waiting for me. After preaching in the evening, I went on board about eight o'clock, and before eight in the morning landed at Douglas, in the Isle of Man.

Douglas exceedingly resembles Newlyn in Cornwall; both in its situation, form, and buildings; only it is much larger, and has a few houses equal to most in Penzance. As soon as we landed, I was challenged by Mr. Booth, who had seen me in Ireland, and whose brother has been for many years a member of the society in Coolalough. A chaise was provided to carry me to Castletown. I was greatly surprised at the country. All the way from Douglas to Castletown it is as pleasant and as well cultivated as most parts of England, with many gentlemen's seats. At six I preached near the castle, I believe, to all the inhabitants of the town. Two or three gay young women showed they knew nothing about religion; all the rest were

deeply serious. Afterwards I spent an hour very agreeably at Mrs. Wood's, the widow of the late Governor.

Sunday, JUNE 1.—Mr. Corbett said, he would gladly have asked me to preach, but that the bishop had forbidden him; who had also forbidden all his clergy to admit any Methodist preacher to the Lord's Supper.



(DOUGLAS, ISLE OF MAN.)

But is any clergyman obliged, either in law or conscience, to obey such a prohibition? By no means. The *will* even of the king does not bind any *English* subject, unless it be seconded by an express law. How much less the will of a bishop? "But did not you take an oath to obey him?" No, nor any clergyman in the three kingdoms. This is a mere vulgar error. Shame that it should prevail almost universally!

Monday, 2.—The greater part of them were present at five in the morning. A more loving, simple-hearted people than this I never saw. It is supposed to contain near thirty thousand people, remarkably courteous and humane. Ever since smuggling was suppressed, they diligently cultivate their land: and they have a large herring fishery, so that the country improves daily. The old castle at Peel (as well as

the cathedral built within it) is only a heap of ruins. It was very large, and exceeding strong, with many brass guns; but they are now removed to England.

I set out for Douglas in the one-horse chaise, Mrs. Smyth riding with me. In about an hour, in spite of all I could do, the headstrong horse ran the wheel against a large stone: the chaise overset in a moment; but we fell so gently on smooth grass, that neither of us was hurt at all. In the evening I preached at Douglas, to near as large a congregation as that at Peel, but not near so serious. Before ten we went on



(PEEL CASTLE, ISLE OF MAN.)

board, and about twelve on *Tuesday*, 3, landed at Whitehaven. I preached at five in the afternoon; and hastening to Cocker-mouth, found a large congregation waiting in the castle-yard. Between nine and ten I took chaise; and about ten on *Wednesday*, 4, reached Settle. In the evening I preached near the market-place, and all but two or three gentlefolks were seriously attentive.

Thursday, 5.—About noon I came to Otley, and found E—— R—— just alive, but all alive to God. In the evening it seemed as if the departing saint had dropped her mantle upon the congregation; such an awe was upon them, while I explained and applied: “They were all filled with the Holy Ghost.”

Friday, 6.—I preached at Bradford, where a blessed work has increased ever since William Brammah was here. “Hath not God chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise?”

Sunday, 8.—About one I took my stand at Birstal: thousands upon thousands filled the vale and the side of the hill; and all, I found, could hear. Such another multitude assembled near Huddersfield in the evening. Many of these had never heard a Methodist preacher before; yet they all behaved well.

Monday, 9.—I spent one hour more at Otley. I have not before seen so triumphant an instance of the power of faith. Though in constant pain, she has



(ENTRANCE TO THE DUNGEON WHERE JOHN NELSON WAS IMPRISONED AT BRADFORD, YORKS.)

no complaint: so does the glory of God overshadow her, and swallow up her will in His! She is indeed

“All praise, all meekness, and all love!”

Wednesday, 11.—I had appointed to preach in the new preaching-house at Colne. Supposing it would be sufficiently crowded, I went a little before the time; so that the galleries were but half full when I came into the pulpit. Two minutes after, the whole left-hand gallery fell at once, with a hundred and fifty or two hundred persons. Considering the height, and the weight of people, one would have supposed many lives would have been lost. But I did not hear of one. Does not God give

His angels charge over them that fear Him? When the hurry was a little over, I went into the adjoining meadow, and quietly declared the whole counsel of God.

On *Thursday* and *Friday* I preached at Halifax, Daw-green, Horbury, and Wakefield. On *Saturday* I wrote "Thoughts upon God's Sovereignty." To a cool man, I think the whole matter will appear to rest on a single point:—As Creator, He could not but act according to His own sovereign will: but as Governor He acts, not as a mere Sovereign, but according to justice and mercy.

Monday, 16.—I met the class of children at Rothwell. This consisted last year of eleven young maidens. They are increased to twenty. I think, seventeen or eighteen of them are now rejoicing in the love of God. And their whole behaviour is suitable thereto, adorning the doctrine of God our Saviour.

Afterwards I went on to Rotherham, and was glad to find, that the society is not discouraged by the death of that good man, William Green, who had been as a father to them from the beginning. He never started either at labour or suffering; but went on calm and steady, trusting God with himself and his eight children, even while all the waves and storms went over him. He died, as he lived, in the full assurance of faith, praising God with his latest breath.

Tuesday, 17.—I preached in the market-place at Chesterfield, on: "It is appointed unto men once to die." Although the congregation was numerous, yet I did not observe any either trifling or inattentive hearers. In the evening I preached at Derby. It was supposed the people would be afraid to come, as part of the roof



(SUN-DIAL IN BIRSTAL CHURCHYARD, CARVED BY JOHN NELSON.)

had lately fallen in. (Indeed it fell an hour before the congregation met: otherwise many must have been hurt.) But they were not afraid: the house was well filled: and even the rich attended with seriousness.

Wednesday, 18.—I preached at Nottingham, to a serious, loving congregation. There is something in the people of this town, which I cannot but much approve of; although most of our society are of the lower class, chiefly employed in the stocking-manufacture, yet there is generally an uncommon gentleness and sweetness in their



(THE NEWARK GATE, LEICESTER.)

temper, and something of elegance in their behaviour, which, when added to solid, vital religion, make them an ornament to their profession.

Thursday, 19.—I did not reach Leicester till the congregation had waited some time: so I began immediately to enforce: “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.” I had designed not to call here at all, supposing it would be lost labour. But the behaviour of the whole congregation convinced me that I had judged wrong. They filled the house at five in the morning, and seemed determined to “stir up the gift of God which was in them.”

Wednesday, 25.—I saw Dr. Dodd for the last time. He was in exactly such a temper as I wished. He never at any time expressed the least murmuring or resent-

ment at any one ; but entirely and calmly gave himself up to the will of God. Such a prisoner I scarce ever saw before, much less such a condemned malefactor. I should think, none could converse with him without acknowledging that God is with him.

Thursday, 26.—I read the truly wonderful performance of Mr. Rowland Hill. I stood amazed! Compared to him, Mr. Toplady himself is a very civil, fair-spoken



(ROWLAND HILL.)

gentleman! *Friday, 27.* I wrote an answer to it: “not rendering railing for railing ;” (I have not so learned Christ ;) but “speaking the truth in love.”

Saturday, 28, (O.S.)—I have now completed my seventy-fourth year ; and by the peculiar favour of God, I find my health and strength, and all my faculties of body and mind, just the same as they were at four-and-twenty.

Sunday, JULY 6.—I preached in Pebworth church morning and afternoon ; and at Bengeworth in the evening. The church, large as it is, was well filled ; and many, for the present, were much affected. I preached there once more at eight in

the morning, and then rode on to Worcester. On *Tuesday* evening the rector of the parish was at the preaching; a candid, sensible man. He seemed much surprised, having never dreamed before that there was such a thing as common-sense among the Methodists! The society here, by patient continuance in well-doing, has quite overcome evil with good; even the beasts of the people are now tame, and open not their mouths against them. They profited much when the waves and storms went over them: may they profit as much by the calm!

Wednesday, 9.—I went through a delightful vale to Malvern-wells, lying on the side of a high mountain, and commanding one of the finest prospects in the world;



(MALVERN ABBEY CHURCH.)

the whole vale of Evesham. Hitherto the roads were remarkably good; but they grew worse and worse till we came to Monmouth.

Sunday, 13.—We had a plain, useful sermon from the vicar, though some said, “He did not preach the Gospel.” He preached what these men have great need to hear, lest they seek death in the error of their life.

Monday, 14.—In riding along on the side of Newport-bay, I observed on the ground a large quantity of turfs. These are found by removing the sand above the high-water mark, under which there is a continued bed of turf, with the roots of trees, leaves, nuts, and various kinds of vegetables. So that it is plain the sea is an intruder here, and now covers what was once dry land. Such probably was the whole bay a few centuries ago. Nay, it is not at all improbable, that formerly it was dry land from Aberystwith to St. David’s-point.

Tuesday, 15.—Mr. Bowen carried me in his chaise to Cardigan. I preached at noon; five or six clergymen being present, with a numerous congregation; and a more attentive one I have not seen: many likewise appeared deeply affected.

Wednesday, 16.—About nine I preached again in Newport church; and found much liberty among that poor, simple people. We dined with Admiral Vaughan, at Tracoon; one of the most delightful spots that can be imagined. Thence we rode to Haverfordwest; but the heat and dust were as much as I could bear: I was faint for a



(MUMBLES LIGHTHOUSE.)

while: but it was all gone as soon as I came into the congregation; and after preaching, and meeting the society, I was as fresh as at six in the morning.

Thursday, 17.—I preached at Roach, and took a view of the old castle, built on a steep rock. A gentleman wisely asked Mr. S——, “Pray is this natural or artificial?” He gravely replied, “Artificial, to be sure; I imported it from the north of Ireland.”

Friday, 18.—The more I converse with the society at Haverford, the more I am united to them.

Saturday, 19.—About eleven I preached at Howton, two miles short of the ferry.

There was an uncommon blessing among the simple-hearted people. At Pembroke, in the evening, we had the most elegant congregation I have seen since we came into Wales. Some of them came in dancing, and laughing, as into a theatre; but their mood was quickly changed, and in a few minutes they were as serious as my subject,—Death. I believe, if they do not take great care, they will remember it—for a week!

Sunday, 20.—The congregation at St. Daniel's was more than the church could contain. After reading prayers, I preached an hour, (an uncommon thing with me,) on: "Not every one that saith unto Me, Lord! Lord!" Many were cut to the heart; and at the Lord's Supper, many were wounded and many healed. Surely now, at least, if they do not harden their hearts, all these will know the day of their visitation.



(SWANSEA HARBOUR.)

Monday, 21.—Having been much pressed to preach at Jatterson, a colliery, six or seven miles from Pembroke, I began soon after seven. The house was presently filled, and all the space about the doors and windows; and the poor people drank in every word. I had finished my sermon, when a gentleman, violently pressing in, bade the people get home and mind their business. As he used some bad words, my driver spake to him. He fiercely said, "Do you think I need to be taught by a chaise-boy?" The lad replying, "Really, Sir, I do think so," the conversation ended.

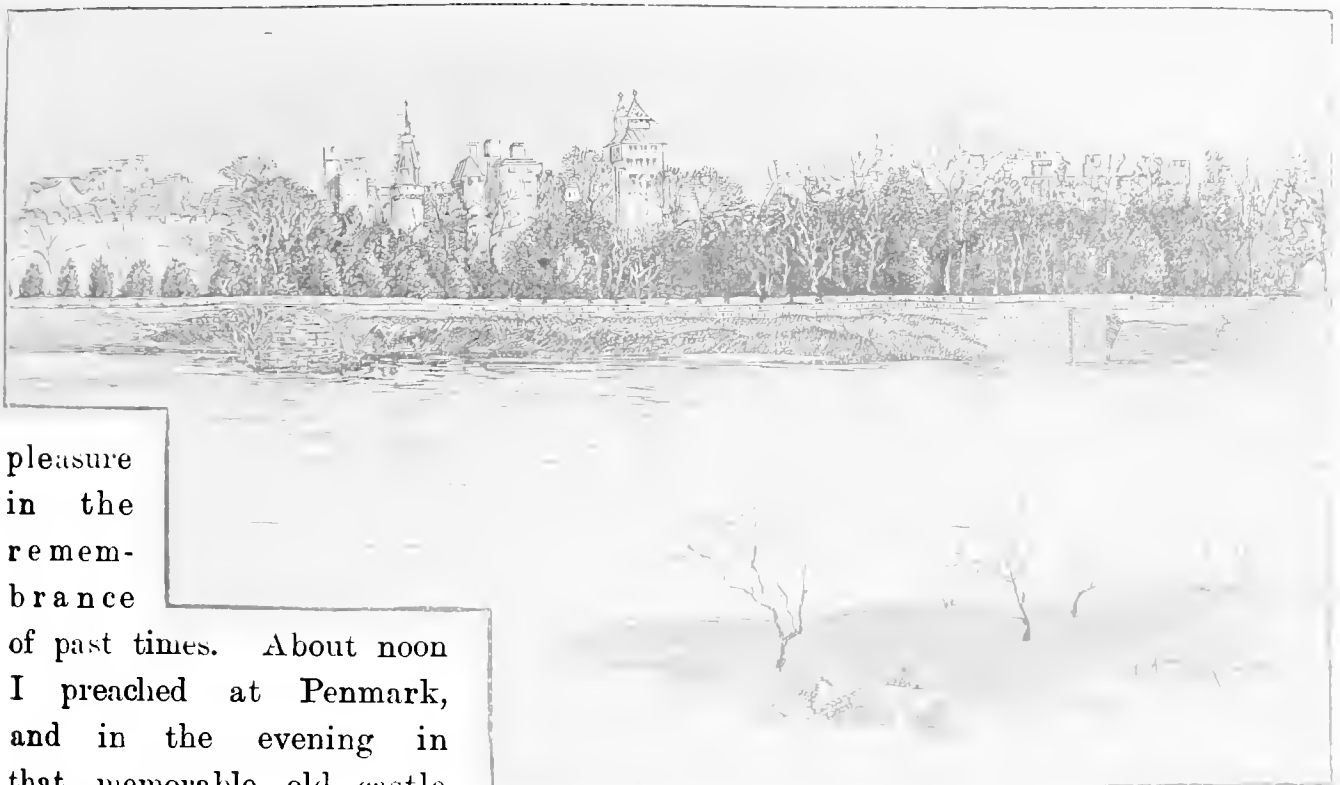
Wednesday, 23.—I preached in Swansea at five; in Neath, between eight and nine; and about one, at Margam. In the road between this and Bridge-end, we had the heaviest rain I ever remember to have seen in Europe. In the evening I preached in Oldcastle church, near Bridge-end.

Thursday, 24.—I preached to a large and serious congregation, in the town-hall at Cowbridge.

Friday, 25.—About eleven I read prayers, and preached in Lantwyt church, to a very numerous congregation. I have not seen either so large or so handsome a church since I left England. It was sixty yards long; but one end of it is now in ruins. I suppose it has been abundantly the most beautiful, as well as the most spacious, church in Wales.

In the evening I preached at Mrs. Jones's house in Fontegary. For the present, even the genteel hearers seemed affected; and God is able to continue the impression.

Saturday, 26.—I breakfasted at Fonmon castle, and found a melancholy



pleasure in the remembrance of past times. About noon I preached at Penmark, and in the evening in that memorable old castle at Cardiff.

(CARDIFF CASTLE, FROM THE RIVER.)

Sunday, 27.—I preached in the town-hall; and again in the afternoon, to a crowded audience, after preaching in a little church at Caerphilly. In the evening I preached in Mr. M——'s hall at Llandaff; and God applied His Word (I think) to every heart.

Wednesday, 30.—I spent an hour or two with Mr. Fletcher, restored to life in answer to many prayers. How many providential ends have been answered by his illness! And perhaps still greater will be answered by his recovery.

Tuesday, AUGUST 5.—Our yearly Conference began. I now particularly inquired (as that report had been spread far and wide) of every Assistant, "Have you reason to believe, from your own observation, that the Methodists are a fallen people? Is

there a decay or an increase in the work of God where you have been? Are the societies in general more dead, or more alive to God, than they were some years ago?" The almost universal answer was, "If we must 'know them by their fruits,' there is no decay in the work of God among the people in general. The societies are not dead to God: they are as much alive as they have been for many years. And we look on this report as a mere device of Satan, to make our hands hang down."

"But how can this question be decided?" You, and you, can judge no farther than you see. You cannot judge of one part by another; of the people of London; suppose, by those of Bristol. And none but myself has an opportunity of seeing them throughout the three kingdoms.

But to come to a short issue. In most places, the Methodists are still a poor, despised people, labouring under reproach, and many inconveniences; therefore, wherever the power of God is not, they decrease. By this, then, you may form a sure judgment. Do the Methodists in general decrease in number? Then they decrease in grace; they are a fallen, or, at least, a falling people. But they do not decrease in number; they continually increase: therefore they are not a fallen people.

The Conference concluded on *Friday*, as it began, in much love. But there was one jarring string: John Hilton told us, he must withdraw from our Connexion, because he saw the Methodists were a fallen people. Some would have reasoned with him, but it was lost labour; so we let him go in peace.

Monday, 11.—I returned to London.

Thursday, 14.—I drew up proposals for the "Arminian Magazine."

Friday, 15.—The Committee for the building met, which is now ready for the roof. Hitherto God has helped us!

Sunday, 17.—In the calm, fair evening, I took the opportunity to preach in Moorfields. The congregation was at least as large as I ever saw there. As yet I do not see any sign of the decay of the work of God in England.

Saturday, SEPTEMBER 27.—Having abundance of letters from Dublin, informing me that the society there was in the utmost confusion, by reason of some of the chief members, whom the preachers had thought it needful to exclude from the society; and finding all I could write was not sufficient to stop the growing evil; I saw but one way remaining, to go myself, and that as soon as possible. So the next day I took chaise with Mr. Goodwin, and made straight for Mr. Bowen's, at Llyngwair, in Pembrokeshire; hoping to borrow his sloop, and so cross over to Dublin without delay. I came to Llyngwair on *Tuesday*, 30. The next day, OCTOBER 1, the captain of a sloop at Fishgard, a small sea-port town, ten or twelve miles from Llyngwair, sent me word he would sail for Dublin in the evening; but he did not stir till about eight the next evening. We had a small, fair wind. From Fishgard to Dublin is about forty leagues. We had run ten or twelve till, at about eight in the morning,

Friday, 3, it fell dead calm. The swell was then such as I never felt before, except in the Bay of Biscay. Our little sloop, between twenty and thirty tons, rolled to and fro with a wonderful motion. About nine, the captain, finding he could not get forward, would

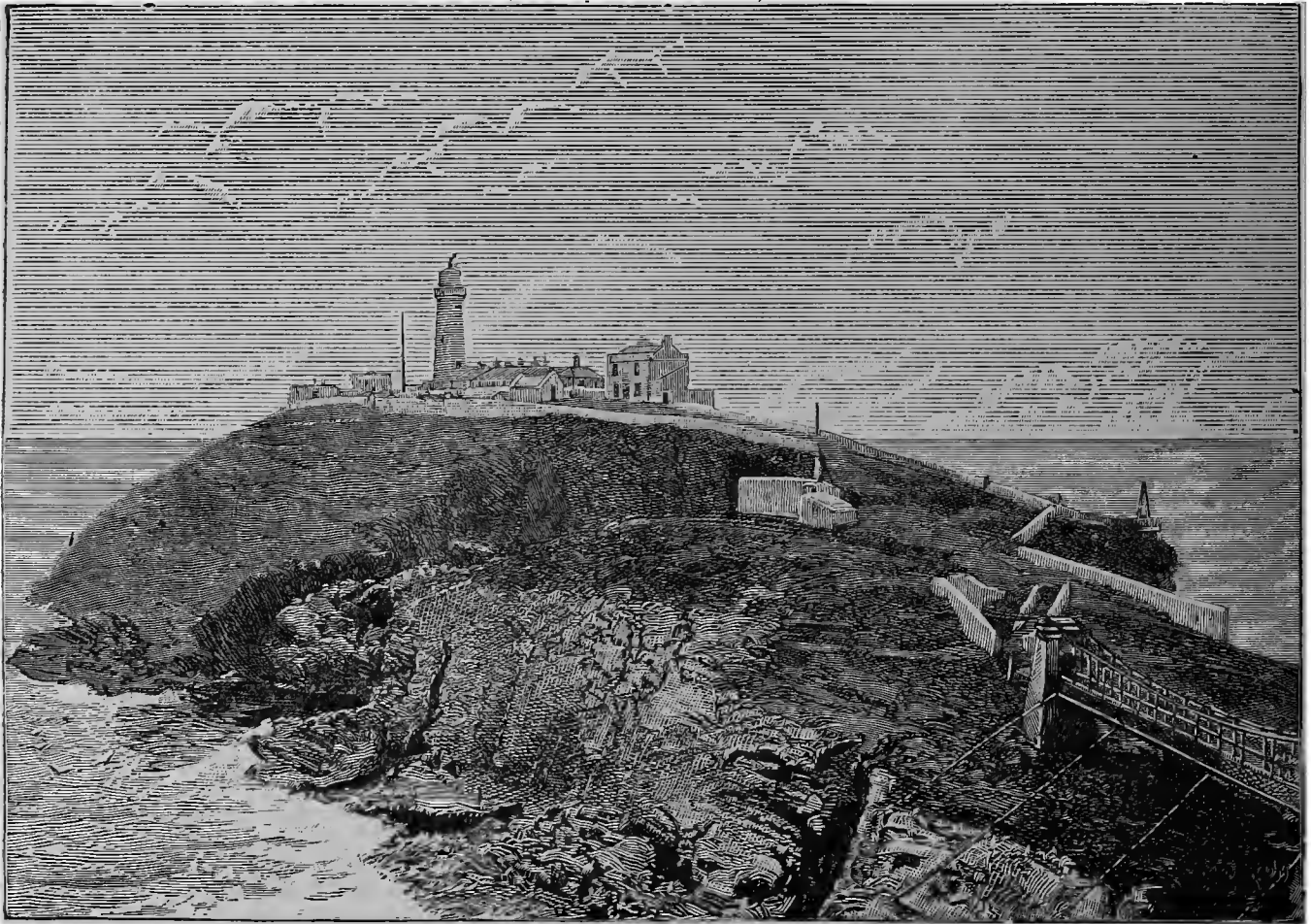


(THE CLOCK TOWER, DUBLIN CASTLE.)

have returned, but he could make no way. About eleven I desired we might go to prayer. Quickly after the wind sprung up fair; but it increased, till, about eight at night, it blew a storm, and it was pitch dark; so that, having only the captain and a

boy on board, we had much ado to work the vessel. However, about ten, though we scarce know how, we got safe into Dublin-bay.

Saturday, 4.—Between seven and eight I landed at Ring's-end. Mr. M'Kenny met me, and carried me to his house. Our friends presently flocked from all quarters, and seemed equally surprised and pleased at seeing me. I moved no dispute, but desired a few of each side to meet me together at ten on Monday morning. In the evening, although on so short a warning, we had an exceeding large congregation;



(SOUTH STACK LIGHTHOUSE.)

on whom (waiving all matter of contention) I strongly enforced those solemn words: "I must work the works of Him that sent Me, while it is day; the night cometh, when no man can work."

Sunday, 5.—I was much comforted at St. Patrick's, where an uncommon awe seemed to rest on the whole assembly. In the evening I preached on Eph. iv. 30, etc., being the conclusion of the Epistle for the day. Nothing could be more seasonable, and I read it as a presage of good.

Monday, 6.—At ten I met the contending parties; the preachers on one hand, and the excluded members on the other: I heard them at large, and they pleaded

their several causes with earnestness and calmness too. But four hours were too short to hear the whole cause; so we adjourned to the next day: meantime, in order to judge in what state the society really was, I examined them myself; meeting part of them to-day, and the rest on *Tuesday* and *Wednesday*. Four-and-thirty persons, I found, had been put out of, or left, the society: but, notwithstanding, as there were



(ABNEY HOUSE, STOKE NEWINGTON, 1845.)

last quarter four hundred and fifty-eight members, so there are just four hundred and fifty-eight still. At the desire of the members lately excluded, I now drew up the short state of the case; but I could in nowise pacify them: they were all civil, nay, it seemed, affectionate to *me*; but they could never forgive the preachers that had expelled them: so that I could not desire them to return into the society: they could only remain friends at a distance.

Thursday, 9.—I was desired by some of our friends to clear up the point of

Imputed Righteousness: I did so, by preaching on: "Abraham believed God, and it was imputed unto him for righteousness."

Saturday, 11.—I visited many, sick and well, and endeavoured to confirm them in their love towards each other. I was more and more convinced that God had sent me at this time to heal the breach of.

His people.

Monday, 13.—In the morning we went on board; but the wind being right a-head, and blowing hard, we made but little way, till night; and the sea was so rough, that I could not sleep till midnight.

Tuesday, 14.—After beating up and down several hours more, the captain thought best to run under the Carnarvonshire shore. About noon we put out to sea again, but the storm increased, and about four carried away our bowsprit, and tore one of the sails to tatters. But the damage was soon repaired; and before six, by the good providence of God, we landed at Holyhead.

Wanting to be in London as soon as possible, I took chaise at seven, and hastened to Bangor-ferry. But here we were at a full stop: they could not, or would not, carry us over till one the next day; and they then gave us only two miserable horses, although I had paid beforehand (fool as I was) for four. At Conway-ferry we were stopped again: so that with all the speed we could possibly make, even with a chaise and four, we travelled eight-and-twenty miles yesterday, and seventeen to-day.

Friday morning, Lichfield; and on *Saturday* morning, London.

Monday, 20.—I went on to High-Wycomb; but good Mr. James having procured

T H E
Arminian Magazine,
N U M B E R I.
For JANUARY 1778.

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS,

	Page
The Introduction, describing the general Design of the Work	3
The Life of Arminius	9
An Account of the Synod of Dort	17
L E T T E R S.	
Letter I. From the Rev. Mr. Samuel Wesley, Rector of Epworth, Lincolnshire. On the proper Requisites for entering into Holy Orders	29
Letter II. From the same. On the Folly of Youthful Enjoyments	30
Letter III. From the same. On the Athanasian Creed	31
Letter IV. From Mrs. Susannah Wesley: giving an Account of a remarkable Deliverance from Fire	ib.
Letter V. From the same: shewing, That the Happiness or Misery of All Men depends on themselves, and not on any Absolute Decree	33
Letter VI. From the same. The Doctrines of Election and Predestination clearly stated	36
Letter VII. From the same: shewing, how far Taking Thought for the Morrow is allowable	38
P O E T R Y.	
Eupolis's Hymn to the Creator. The Occasion: being Part of a Dialogue between Plato and Eupolis	39
The Hymn	40
Hymn. Salvation depends not on Absolute Decrees	45
Hymn on Universal Redemption	47

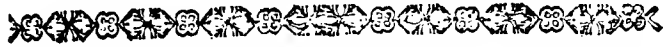
L O N D O N :

Printed by J. FRY and Co. and Sold at the Foundery, near Upper-Moorfield
[PRICE SIX-PENCE.]

(REDUCED FACSIMILE OF COVER TO THE FIRST NUMBER OF "THE ARMINIAN MAGAZINE.")

Thursday, in the afternoon, we reached Chester;

a drummer to beat his drum at the window of the preaching-house, I only prayed and sung by turns, from six to seven; and many of the people were much comforted. In the rest of the week I visited the societies at Oxford, Witney, Finstock, and Wallingford; and had reason to believe that many received the seed in honest and good hearts.



. T O T H E
R E A D E R.

IT is usual, I am informed, for the compilers of Magazines, to employ the outside Covers, in acquainting the courteous reader, with the Beauties and Excellencies of what he will find within. I beg him to excuse me from this trouble: from writing a panegyric upon myself. Neither can I desire my Friends to do it for me, in their recommendatory Letters. I am content this Magazine should stand or fall, by its own intrinsic value. If it is a compound of Falshood, Ribaldry, and Nonsense, let it sink into oblivion. If it contains only the words of truth and soberness, then let it meet with a favourable reception.

It is usual likewise with Magazine Writers, to speak of themselves in the plural number: "We will do thus." And indeed it is the general Custom of Great Men so to do. But I am a little one. Let me then be excused in this also, and permitted to speak as I am accustomed to do.

LEWISHAM,
Nov. 24, 1777.

John Wesley.

It will easily be observed, That this Magazine contains fewer Articles than any other. This is not by accident, but design. I have frequently been disgusted by the many bits and scraps of various kinds, which make up a great part of most publications of this nature. Before one has well entered upon any subject, it was at an end, and referred to the next Number: a mere trick to decoy the reader, to buy another and another Number. On the contrary, I shall endeavour to begin and conclude as many things as possible in each number: and with regard to taking the Numbers that follow, let every Reader use his own Discretion.

(REDUCED FACSIMILE OF ADDRESS TO THE READER,
WHICH APPEARED IN THE FIRST NUMBER OF
"THE ARMINIAN MAGAZINE.")

was worthy of a Christian bishop; easy, affable, courteous; and yet all his conversation spoke the dignity which was suitable to his character.

Having been many times desired, for near forty years, to publish a Magazine,

Monday, 27. — I preached at Stony-Stratford. The congregation was large and attentive: so it always is; yet I fear they receive little good, for they "need no repentance."

Monday, NOVEMBER 3. — I began visiting the Classes in London, in which I was fully employed for seven or eight days; afterwards I visited those in the neighbouring towns, and found reason to rejoice over them.

Sunday, 16. — I was desired to preach a charity sermon in St. Margaret's church, Rood-lane. In the morning I desired my friends not to come; in the afternoon it was crowded sufficiently, and I believe many of them felt the Word of God sharper than any two-edged sword.

Sunday, 23. — I preached in Lewisham church for the benefit of the Humane Society, instituted for the sake of those who seem to be drowned, strangled, or killed by any sudden stroke. It is a glorious design; in consequence of which many have been recovered, that must otherwise have inevitably perished.

Monday, 24. — I spent the afternoon at Mr. Blackwell's, with the B—— of —— . His whole behaviour

I at length complied; and now began to collect materials for it. If it once begin, I incline to think it will not end but with my life.

Monday, DECEMBER 1.—I spent some hours, both morning and afternoon, in visiting the sick at the west end of the town; but I could not see them all.

Wednesday, 3.—I visited as many as I could on the north-east part of the town. I spent the evening at Newington, with Mr. Fletcher, almost miraculously recovering from his consumption.

Tuesday, 9.—I visited the chief societies in Bedfordshire and Huntingdonshire, and returned by Hertford; where (for once) I saw a quiet and serious congregation. We had a larger congregation at Barnet, in the evening, than ever; and a greater number of communicants. Will this poor, barren wilderness at length blossom and bud as the rose?

Saturday, 13.—Being strongly urged to lay the first stone of the house which was going to be built at Bath, on *Sunday*, 14, after preaching at West-street chapel in the morning, and at St. Paul's, Shadwell, in the afternoon, I went to Brentford. I preached at six; and, taking chaise at twelve, on *Monday*, 15, easily reached Bath in the afternoon.

Tuesday, 16.—I paid a short visit to Bristol; preached in the evening and morning following, *Wednesday*, 17; and at one laid the foundation of the new chapel at Bath. The wind was piercing cold; yet scarce any of the congregation went away before the end of the sermon. After preaching at the room in the evening, I took chaise, and the next afternoon reached London.

Just at this time there was a combination among many of the post-chaise drivers on the Bath road, especially those that drove in the night, to deliver their passengers into each other's hands. One driver stopped at the spot they had appointed, where another waited to attack the chaise. In consequence of this, many were robbed; but I had a good protector still. I have travelled all roads, by day and by night, for these forty years, and never was interrupted yet.

Wednesday, 31.—We concluded the old year, and began the new, with prayer and thanksgiving. Four or five of the local-preachers assisted me. I was agreeably surprised; their manner of praying being so artless and unlaboured, and yet rational and Scriptural, both as to sense and expression.

Thursday, JANUARY 1, 1778.—We had a very solemn opportunity of renewing our covenant with God.

Tuesday, 6.—I spent an agreeable and a profitable hour with three German gentlemen, two of them Lutheran ministers, and the third, Professor of Divinity at Leipzig. I admired both their good sense, seriousness, and good breeding. How few of our clergy exceed or equal them!

Monday, 19.—I went over to Tunbridge-Wells, and preached in the large

Dissenting meeting, to a numerous congregation; and deep attention sat on every face.

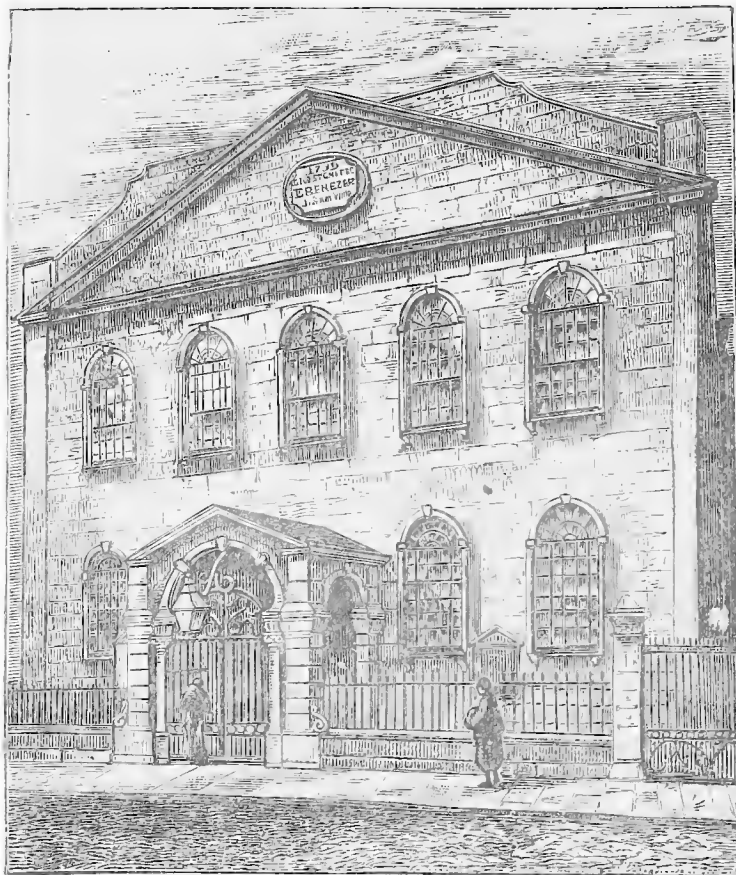
Tuesday, 20.—I went on, through miserable roads, to Robertsbridge; where an unusually large congregation was waiting. Thence we went on to Rye, where the house was sufficiently crowded, as usual. How large a society would be here, could we but spare them in one thing! Nay, but then all our labour would be in vain. One sin allowed would intercept the whole blessing.

Mr. Holman's widow being extremely desirous I should lodge at Carborough, two



(TUNBRIDGE-WELLS, FROM MOUNT EPHRAIM.)

miles from Rye, I ordered my chaise to take me up at the preaching-house immediately after the service. She had sent a servant to show me the way; which was a road dirty and slippery enough, cast up between two impassable marshes. The man waited a while, and then went home, leaving us to guide ourselves. Many rough journeys I have had; but such a one as this I never had before. It was one of the darkest nights I ever saw: it blew a storm and yet poured down with rain. The descent, in going out of the town, was near as steep as the ridge of a house. As soon as we had passed it, the driver, being a stranger, knew not which way to turn. Joseph Bradford, whom I had taken into the chaise, perceiving how things were, immediately got out and walked at the head of the horses, (who could not possibly keep their eyes open, the rain so violently beating in their faces,) through rain, wind, mud, and water;



(EBENEZER CHAPEL, KING STREET, BRISTOL.)

up in the king's house till five o'clock in the evening. Thus far, at least, we acknowledge God may direct our paths.

Wednesday, MARCH 4.—I went on to Bristol. I found the panic had spread hither also, as if the nation were on the brink of ruin. Strange that those who love God should be so frightened at shadows!

Monday, 9.—On this and the following days I visited the society, and found a good increase. This year I myself (which I have seldom done) chose the preachers for Bristol; and these were plain men; and likely to do more good than has been done in one year, for these twenty years.

Friday, 13.—I spent an hour with the children at Kingswood, many of whom are truly desirous to save their souls.

till, in less than an hour, he brought us safe to Carborough.

Tuesday, FEBRUARY 17.—I wrote "A Serious Address to the Inhabitants of England," with regard to the present state of the nation,—so strangely misrepresented both by ignorant and designing men,—to remove, if possible, the apprehensions which have been so diligently spread, as if it were on the brink of ruin.

Friday, 27, was the day appointed for the national fast; and it was observed with due solemnity. All shops were shut up; all was quiet in the streets all places of public worship were crowded; no food was served

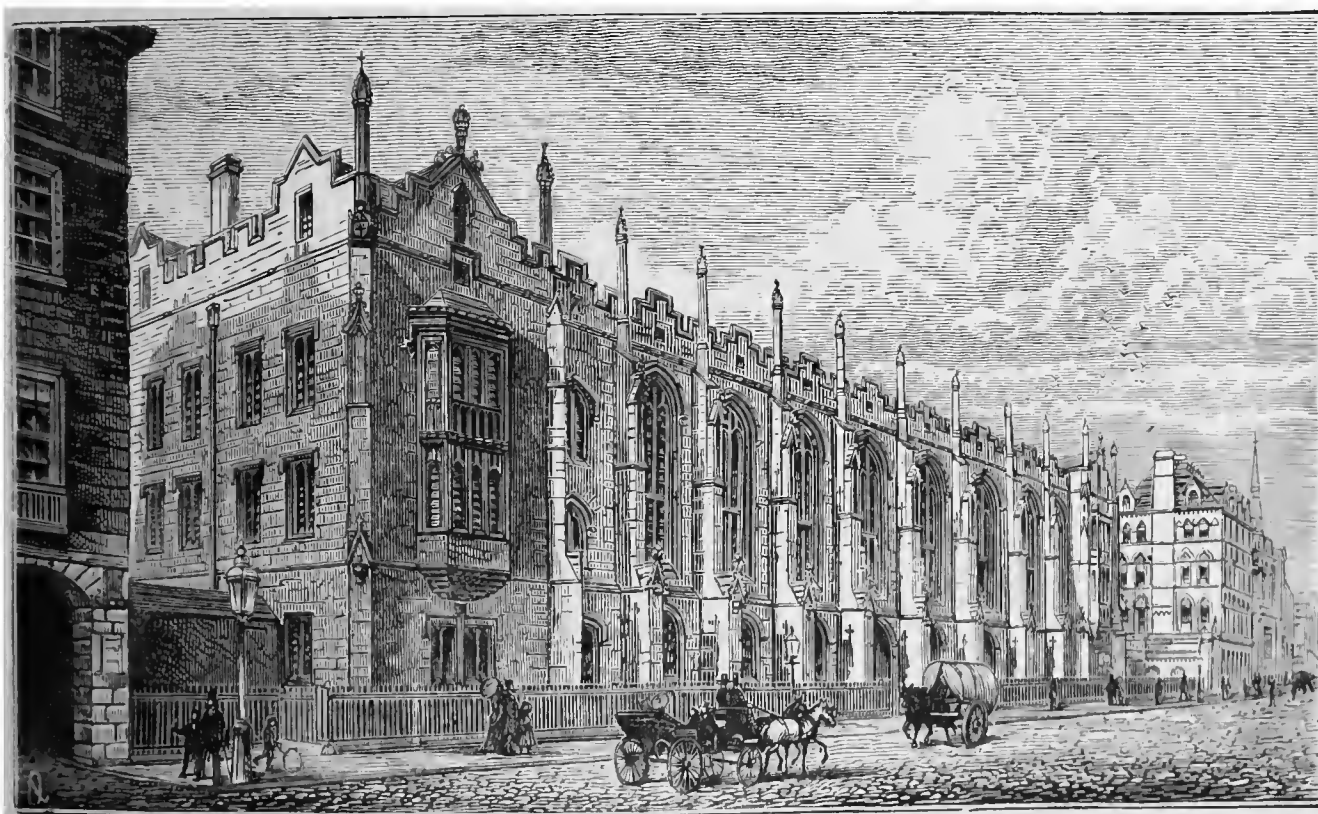


(PORTLAND SQUARE, BRISTOL.)

Thursday, 19.—I preached to a large congregation, in the church at Bengeworth, and spent a little time very agreeably with the rector,—a pious, candid, sensible man. In the evening I preached at Pebworth church; but I seemed out of my element. A long anthem was sung; but I suppose none beside the singers could understand one word of it. Is not that “praying in an unknown tongue?” I could no more bear it in any church of mine than Latin prayers.

Friday, 20.—I preached at Birmingham.

Saturday, 21.—Calling at Wolverhampton, I was informed that, some time since, a large, old house was taken, three or four miles from the town, which receives all the



(KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL, BIRMINGHAM.)

children that come, sometimes above four hundred at once. They are taught, gratis, reading, writing, and Popery; and, when at age, bound out apprentices.

In the evening I preached in the shell of the new house, at Newcastle-under-Lyme; and thence hastened forward, through Burslem, Congleton, Macclesfield, and Stockport, to Manchester. I found it needful here also, to guard honest Englishmen against the vast terror which had spread far and wide. I had designed going from hence to Chester, in order to embark at Parkgate; but a letter from Mr. Wagner informing me that a packet was ready to sail from Liverpool, I sent my horses forward, and followed them in the morning. But before I came thither, the wind turned west: so I was content.

Sunday, 22.—I was much refreshed by two plain, useful sermons, at St. Thomas's church; as well as by the serious and decent behaviour of the whole congregation. In the evening I exhorted all of our society who had been bred up in the Church, to continue therein.

Tuesday, 31.—We went on board the *Duke of Leinster*, and fell down the river with a small side-wind: but in the morning, after a dead calm, a contrary wind arose, and blew exceeding hard.

Wednesday, APRIL 1.—The sea was rough enough. However, I went to sleep about my usual time, and in the morning found myself in Dublin-bay; and about seven we landed at the quay.

Saturday, 4.—I began meeting the classes, and was agreeably surprised. I had heard, that near a hundred persons had left the society: on strict inquiry, I found about forty were wanting; the present number being about four hundred and sixty; and therefore were more loving and unanimous than I ever knew them before.

Sunday, 5.—Meeting the society in the evening, I largely explained the reasons of the late separation, and strongly exhorted all our brethren not to “render railing for railing.”

Thursday, 16.—I preached in the riding-house in Tullamore. The commanding officer ordered all the soldiers to be present, and attended himself, with the rest of the officers, while I explained: “Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's; and unto God the things that are God's.”

Tuesday, 21.—We found the election for Parliament-men had put all Kilkenny in an uproar. In consequence of this, we had a small, dead congregation. But another cause of this was, the bitter and perpetual quarrels between the chief members of the society. I talked largely with the contending parties, and they promised better behaviour for the time to come.

Sunday, 26.—At St. Peter's church I saw a pleasing sight, the Independent Companies, raised by private persons associating together, without any expense to the Government. They exercised every day; and, if they answer no other end, at least keep the Papists in order; who were exceedingly alert, ever since the army was removed to America.

Monday, 27.—In going to Bandon, I read Abbé Raynal's “History of the Settlements and Trade of the Europeans in the Indies.” I would be glad to propose a few queries. I ask, 1. Is not this “Philosophical History” (so called) in many parts profoundly dull; exactly fitted to spread a pleasing slumber over the eyes of the gentle reader? 2. Are there not several passages quite obscure? Is this the fault of the author or the translator? 3. Are there not several assertions which are false in fact? 4. Do not many of his assertions so border upon the marvellous, that none but a disciple of Voltaire could swallow them? 5. Is not Raynal one of

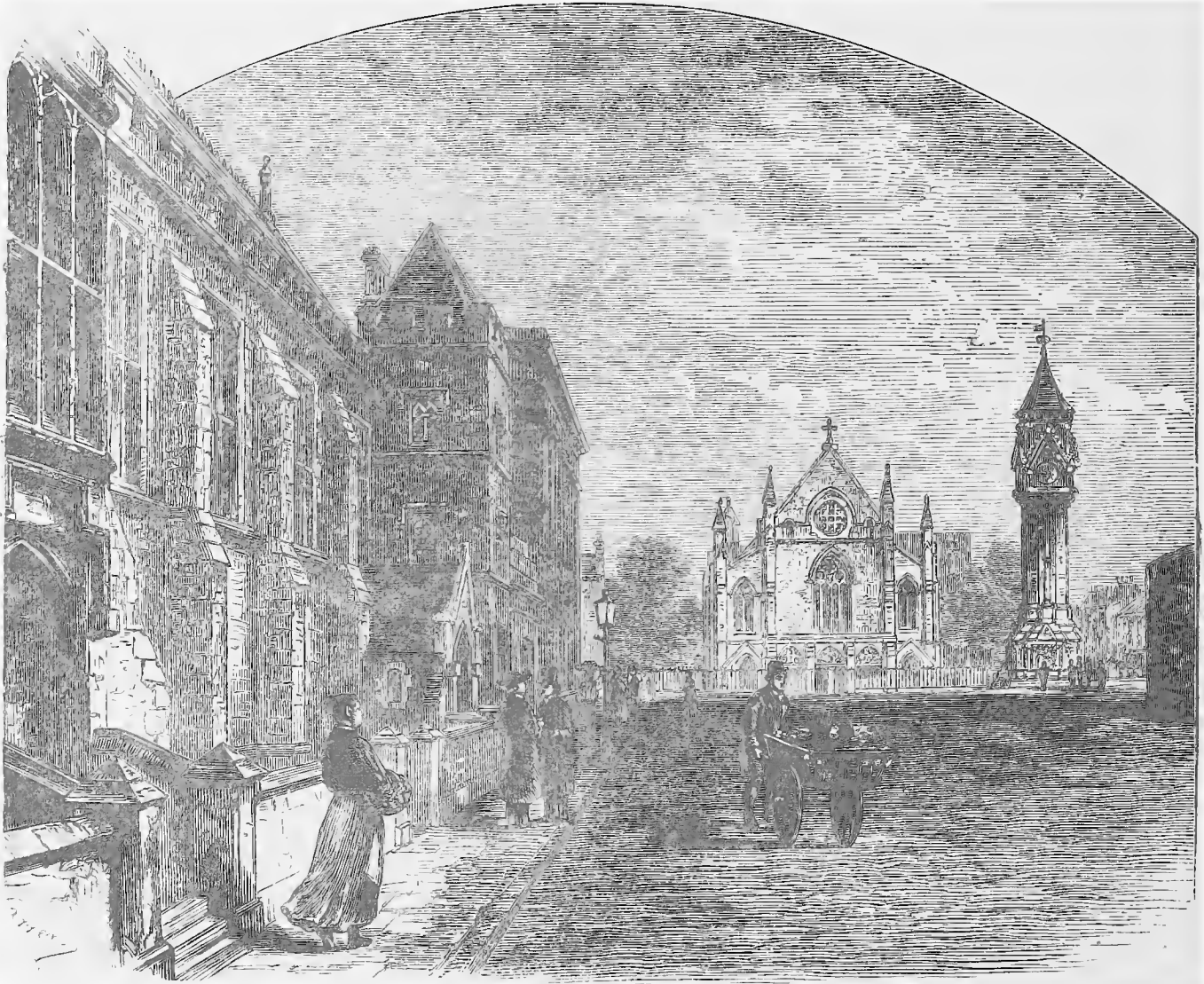
the bitterest enemies of the Christian Revelation, that ever set pen to paper? Far more determined, and less decent, than Voltaire himself? Does he not take every opportunity of wounding Christianity through the sides of superstition or enthusiasm? Is not the whole laboured panegyric on the Chinese and the Peruvians a blow at the root of Christianity; insinuating all along, that there are no Christians in the world so virtuous as these heathens? Prove this fact, and it undeniably follows that Christianity is not of God. But who can prove it? Not all the baptized or unbaptized infidels in the world. From what authentic history of China is that account taken? From none that is extant; it is pure romance, flowing from the Abbé's fruitful brain. And from what authentic history of Peru is the account of the Peruvians taken? I suppose from that pretty novel of Marmontel, probably wrote with the same design. 6. Is not Raynal one of the most bitter enemies of Monarchy that ever set pen to paper? With what acrimony does he personally inveigh against it, as absolutely, necessarily, essentially subversive, not only of liberty, but of all national industry, all virtue, all happiness! And who can deny it? Who? The Abbé himself? He totally confutes his own favourite hypothesis: for was not Atabalipe a Monarch? Yea, a far more absolute one than the King of France? And yet was not Peru industrious, virtuous, and happy under this very Monarch? So the Abbé peremptorily affirms, as it were on purpose to confute himself. And is not the Emperor of China, at this day, as absolute a Monarch, as any in Europe? And yet who so industrious, according to Raynal, who so virtuous, so happy, as his subjects? So that he must totally give up either his argument against Christianity, or that against Monarchy. If the Peruvians were, and the Chinese are, the most industrious, virtuous, and happy men, then Monarchy is no way inconsistent with the industry, virtue, and happiness of a people. But if the Peruvians were, in these respects, and the Chinese are, no better than other men, (which is the very truth,) then the argument against Christianity falls to the ground.

Wednesday, 29.—I returned to Cork, and met the classes. O when will even the Methodists learn not to exaggerate? After all the pompous accounts I had had of the vast increase of the society, it is not increased at all; nay, it is a little smaller than it was three years ago: and yet many of the members are alive to God. But the smiling world hangs heavy upon them.

Sunday, MAY 3.—I was a little surprised at a message from the gentlemen of the Aughrim Society, (a company of volunteers so called,) that, if I had no objection, they would attend at the new room in the evening. They did so, with another Independent Company, who were just raised: (the True Blues :) a body of so personable men I never saw together before. The gentlemen in scarlet filled the side gallery: those in blue the front gallery: but both galleries would not contain them all: some were constrained to stand below. All behaved admirably well, though I spoke exceeding

plain on: "We preach Christ crucified." No laughing, no talking; all seemed to hear as for life. Surely this is a token for good.

Monday, 4.—I used to have large congregations at my first coming to Limerick; but from the first day they gradually decreased. It was not so now; but poor and rich, Protestants and Papists, flocked together, from the beginning to the end. Had they a presage, that they should see my face no more?



(PERY SQUARE, LIMERICK.)

Saturday, 9.—I wrote a "Compassionate Address to the Inhabitants of Ireland." Through which, as well as through England, the mock patriots had laboured to spread the alarm, as though we were all on the very brink of destruction.

Sunday, 10.—I examined the society, and have not known them for many years so much alive to God; and I do not remember to have ever found them so loving before: indeed the whole city seemed to breathe the same spirit.

Monday, 18.—There were two roads to Sligo, one of which was several miles

shorter, but had some sloughs in it. However, having a good guide, we chose this. Two sloughs we got over well. On our approaching the third, seven or eight countrymen presently ran to help us. One of them carried me over on his shoulders; others got the horses through; and some carried the chaise. We then thought the difficulty was past; but in half-an-hour we came to another slough: being helped over it, I walked on, leaving Mr. Delap, John Carr, Joseph Bradford, and Jesse Bugden, with the chaise, which was stuck fast in the slough. As none of them thought of



(HORIZONTAL FORMATION, GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.)

unharnessing the horses, the traces were soon broke: at length they fastened ropes to the chaise, and to the stronger horse: and the horse pulling, and the men thrusting at once, they thrust it through the slough to the firm land.

Tuesday, 19.—I received an intelligible account of the famous massacre at Sligo. A little before the Revolution, one Mr. Morris, a Popish gentleman, invited all the chief Protestants to an entertainment; at the close of which, on a signal given, the men he had prepared fell upon them, and left not one of them alive. As soon as King William prevailed, he quitted Sligo. But venturing thither about twenty years after, supposing no one then knew him, he was discovered, and used according to his deserts.

Thursday, 21.—I went on to Peter Taylor's, near Swanlinbar. At six I preached

in a large room in the town, designed for an assembly; where rich as well as poor behaved with the utmost decency.

Friday, 22.—We went through a lovely country to Belturbet; once populous, now greatly decayed. At eleven I preached in the Armoury, a noble room, to a very large and very serious congregation. At six I preached in the court-house at Cavan, to a larger congregation than at Belturbet.

Saturday, 23.—I was desired to preach once more at Cootehill, which I had not seen for many years. The use of the Presbyterian meeting-house being procured, I had a very extraordinary congregation. To many Church-people were added Seceders, Arians, Moravians, and what not: however, I went straight forward, insisting that “without holiness no man shall see the Lord.”

After dinner we went on to Clones, finely situated on the top of a hill, in the midst of a fruitful and well-cultivated country; and the people seemed as sprightly as the place. I preached in the Green-fort near the town, to abundance of people, but no triflers. *Sunday, 24.*—I preached there again at nine, to a still larger congregation; but the far largest of all was in the evening; the people coming in from all parts of the country.

There is something very peculiar in this people: they are more plain, open, and earnest, than most I have seen in the kingdom. Indeed, some of our Irish societies, those in Athlone, Limerick, Castlebar, and Clones, have much of the spirit of our old Yorkshire societies.

Monday, 25.—I went through a pleasant country to Aghalun. A very large congregation was soon assembled; and the rich seemed to be as attentive as the poor. So they were also in the evening at Sidaire.

Friday, JUNE 5.—We went on to Coleraine. As the barracks here are empty, we hired one wing, which, by laying several rooms into one, supplied us with a spacious preaching-house; but it would not contain a third of the congregation; but standing at the door, I had them all before me in the barrack-square.

Saturday, 6.—I was desired to take a ride to the celebrated Giant's Causeway. It lies eleven English miles from Coleraine. When we came to the edge of the precipice, three or four poor boys were ready to hold our horses, and show us the way down. It being dead low water, we could go anywhere, and see everything to the best advantage.

In the evening I saw a pleasing sight. A few days ago a young gentlewoman, without the knowledge of her relations, entered into the society: she was informed this evening that her sister was speaking to me upon the same account. As soon as we came into the room, she ran to her sister, fell upon her neck, wept over her, and could just say, “O sister, sister!” before she sunk down upon her knees to praise God. Her sister could hardly bear it; she was in tears too, and so were all in the room. Such are the first fruits at Coleraine. May there be a suitable harvest!

Sunday, 7.—I breakfasted with Mr. Boyd, the twin-soul, for humility and love, with Mr. Sh——, of Staplehurst. I read prayers for him, and administered the Sacrament to such a number of communicants as I suppose never met there before. A little before the time of preaching, the rain ceased, and we had a wonderful congregation in the barrack-yard in the evening. Many of them were present at five in the morning, when I left them full of love and good desires. About nine I preached in the town-hall at Ballimannely; about twelve, at another little town; and in the evening, at Ballymena.

Tuesday, 9.—We went to Belfast, the largest town in Ulster, said to contain thirty thousand souls. The streets are well laid out; are broad, straight, and well-built. The poor-house stands on an eminence, fronting the main street, and having a beautiful prospect on every side over the whole country: the old men, the old women, the male and the female children, are all employed according to their strength; and all their apartments are airy, sweet, and clean, equal to anything of the kind I have seen in England.

I preached in the evening on one side of the new church, to far the largest congregation I have seen in Ireland.



(DONEGAL PLACE BELFAST.)

About twelve I preached at Kircubbin: thence we went to Port-a-ferry, and found a ready passage to Strangford. I stood on the point of a rock, which projected into a large circular cavity, that contained in the hollow, and round the edge of it, all the multitude who flocked together. I spoke longer than I used to do; and was no more weary when I had done, than I was at six in the morning. After service we went to Downpatrick, where I slept in peace.

Friday, 12.—I walked through the town; I suppose one of the most ancient in Ulster. I was informed, it was once abundantly larger than it is now; consisting of the Irish town, then inhabited by none but Roman Catholics; and the English town, encompassed with a wall, and a deep ditch filled with water. At the head of the English town stands the Abbey, on a hill which commands all the country. It is a noble ruin, and is far the largest building that I have seen in the kingdom.

Adjoining to it is one of the most beautiful groves which I ever beheld with my eyes : it covers the sloping side of the hill, and has vistas cut through it every way. In the middle of it is a circular space, twenty or thirty yards in diameter. I would have preached there, but the rain drove into the house as many as could crowd together.

Saturday, 13.—I took my stand in the middle of the grove ; the people standing before me on the gradually rising ground, which formed a beautiful theatre : the sun just glimmered through the trees, but did not hinder me at all. It was a glorious opportunity : the whole congregation seemed to drink into one spirit.

Tuesday, 16.—I preached at eight to a lively congregation, under the venerable old yew, supposed to have flourished in the reign of King James, if not of Queen Elizabeth.

Wednesday, 17.—At eleven our brethren flocked to Lisburn from all parts, whom I strongly exhorted, in the Apostle's words, to "walk worthy of the Lord." At the love-feast which followed, we were greatly comforted ; many of the country people declaring with all simplicity, and yet with great propriety both of sentiment and expression, what God had done for their souls.

Saturday, 20.—I travelled through a delightful country to Charlemont, where Captain Tottenham was the commanding officer. We lodged with him in the castle, which stands on an eminence, and commands the country on all sides. A tent was set up in the castle-yard, where all the soldiers were drawn up at eleven, with abundance of people from many miles round, who were all attention. In the evening their number was considerably enlarged ; but still all heard as for life.

Monday, 22.—I took a walk to the Primate's ; and went through the house, and all the improvements. The house is neat and handsome, but not magnificent ; and is elegantly, but not splendidly, furnished. The domain is beautifully laid out in meadow-ground, sprinkled with trees ; on one side of which is a long hill covered with a shrubbery, cut into serpentine walks. On each side of the shrubbery is a straight walk, commanding a beautiful prospect. Since this Primate came, the town wears another face : he has repaired and beautified the cathedral, built a row of neat houses for the Choral-vicars, erected a public library and an infirmary, procured the free-school to be rebuilt of the size of a little college, and a new-built horse-barrack, together with a considerable number of convenient and handsome houses ; so that Armagh is at length rising out of its ruins into a large and populous city. So much good may any man of a large fortune do, if he lays it out to the best advantage !

Tuesday, 23.—I went on to Tanderagee, one of the pleasantest towns in Ireland. As it was a fair, calm evening, I had designed to preach in the avenue to the castle ; but being desired to preach in the court-yard, I took my place under a tall spreading tree, in the midst of a numerous congregation, who were still as night. There could not be devised a more pleasing scene : the clear sky, the setting sun, the surrounding

woods, the plain, unaffected people, were just suitable to the subject: "My yoke is easy, and My burden is light."

Wednesday, 24.—For exactly two months, we have had only two days without rain. In the evening I preached in the same lovely place. I dined, supped, and lodged at Dr. Lesley's, the rector; a well-bred, sensible, and I believe a pious man. We had family prayers before supper, which he read with admirable propriety and devotion; and I know not that I have spent a more agreeable evening since I came into the kingdom.

Thursday, 25.—I walked round Dr. Lesley's domain: a pleasanter spot I never saw. It lies on the top of a fruitful hill, at a small distance from the town; and commands the whole view of a lovely country, east, west, north, and south; and it is laid out with the finest taste imaginable. The ground I took for a park I found was an orchard, tufted with fruit-trees and flowering-shrubs; and surrounded with a close, shady walk. I spent another hour with the amiable family this morning; and it was an hour I shall not soon forget: but it will never return!

Sunday, 28.(O.S.)—I am this day seventy-five years old; and I do not find myself, blessed be God! any weaker than I was at five-and-twenty. This also hath God wrought!

All this week I visited as many as I could, and endeavoured to confirm their love to each other; and I have not known the society for many years so united as it is now.

Tuesday, JULY 7.—Our little conference began, at which about twenty preachers were present.

Sunday, 12.—After I had several times explained the nature of it, we solemnly renewed our covenant with God. It was a time never to be forgotten; God poured down upon the assembly "the spirit of grace and supplication;" especially in singing that verse of the concluding hymn,—

"To us the covenant blood apply,
Which takes our sins away;
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day."

This afternoon, Mr. Delap, one of our preachers, walking through the city, met a crowd of people running from a mad dog, who had bit several persons: he walked on, took up a large stone, struck the dog on the head, and knocked him down; he then leaped upon him, and dispatched him; while the people crowded round, and gave him abundance of thanks.

On *Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday*, I visited many of those who had left the society; but I found them so deeply prejudiced, that, till their hearts are changed, I could not advise them to return to it.

Thursday, 16.—I went with a few friends to Lord Charlemont's, two or three miles from Dublin. It is one of the pleasantest places I have ever seen: the water, trees, and lawns, are so elegantly intermixed with each other; having a serpentine walk running through a thick wood on one side, and an open prospect both of land and sea on the other. In the thickest part of the wood is the hermitage, a small room, dark and gloomy enough. The Gothic temple, at the head of a fine piece of water, which is encompassed with stately trees, is delightful indeed. But what is all this



(TOWN HALL, ROCHDALE.)

unless God is here! Unless He is known, loved, and enjoyed? Not only vanity, unable to give happiness, but vexation of spirit.

Sunday, 19.—In the evening I went on board the *Prince of Orange*; but, the wind failing, we soon struck upon a sandbank! We got clear of it about five in the morning, and set sail.

Wednesday, 22.—I went on to Bolton. The new house here is the most beautiful in the country.

Friday, 24.—I preached at Bury and Rochdale, and the next evening at Halifax.

Sunday, 26.—The house was tolerably well filled at eight. Understanding there was great need of it, I preached on: “Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar’s; and unto God the things that are God’s.” I spoke with all plainness, and yet did not hear that any one was offended. In the evening I preached at Bradford, to such a congregation as I have not seen since I left London.

Saturday, AUGUST 1.—I was desired to take a view of Mr. Busfield’s improvements near Bingley. His house stands on the top of a hill clothed with wood, opposite to another which is covered with tall oaks. Between the hills runs the river. On the top, at the bottom, through the midst, and along the side of his woods, he has made partly straight, partly serpentine, walks; some of which command a lovely prospect. He is continually making new improvements: but will not that thought frequently intrude,—

“Must I then leave thee, Paradise? Then leave
These happy shades and mansions fit for gods?”

Sunday, 2.—At one I preached at the foot of Birstal-hill, to the largest congregation that ever was seen there. It was supposed there were twelve or fourteen thousand; but there were some thousands more at Leeds: I think it was the largest congregation that I have seen for many years, except that at Gwennap, in Cornwall.

Tuesday, 4.—Our Conference began: so large a number of preachers never met at a Conference before. I preached morning and evening, till *Thursday* night: then my voice began to fail; so I desired two of our preachers to supply my place the next day. On *Saturday* the Conference ended.

Friday, 28.—The stewards of the societies met at St. Ives,—a company of pious, sensible men.

Monday, 31.—About eleven I preached to a large and serious congregation, near the town-hall, in Bodmin; and about six in the evening at Launceston; a town as little troubled with religion as most in Cornwall.

Tuesday, SEPTEMBER 1.—I went to Tiverton. I was musing here on what I heard a good man say long since,—“Once in seven years I burn all my sermons; for it is a shame if I cannot write better sermons now than I could seven years ago.” Whatever others can do, I really cannot. I cannot write a better sermon on the Good Steward than I did seven years ago: I cannot write a better on the Great Assize, than I did twenty years ago: I cannot write a better on the Use of Money, than I did near thirty years ago: nay, I know not that I can write a better on the Circumcision of the Heart, than I did five-and-forty years ago. Perhaps, indeed, I may have read five or six hundred books more than I had then, and may know a little more History, or Natural Philosophy, than I did; but I am not sensible that this has made any essential addition to my knowledge in Divinity. Forty years ago I knew and preached every Christian doctrine which I preach now.

Thursday, 3.—About noon I preached at Cathanger, about eight miles from Taunton. It was an exceeding large house, built (as the inscription over the gate testifies) in the year 1555, by Sergeant Walsh, who had then eight thousand pounds a year; perhaps more than equal to twenty thousand now. But the once famous family is now forgotten; the estate is mouldered almost into nothing; and three-quarters of the magnificent buildings lie level with the dust. I preached in the great hall, like that of Lincoln College, to a very serious congregation. In the evening I preached at South-Petherton, once a place of renown, and the capital of a Saxon

kingdom; as is vouched by a palace of King Ina still remaining, and a very large and ancient church. I suppose the last blow given to it was by Judge Jefferies, who, after Monmouth's rebellion, hanged so many of the inhabitants, and drove so many away, that it is never likely to lift up its head again.

Friday, 4.—I spent some time in the evening, and an hour in the morning, with the lovely children at Publow. Such another company of them I never saw since Miss Bosanquet removed from Leytonstone.

Sunday, 6.—At eight I preached near the Drawbridge; at two, near Kingswood school, under the tree which I planted for the use of the next generation; and at five, near



(PEAR TREE PLANTED BY MR. WESLEY AT KINGSWOOD.)

King's-square, to a very numerous and exceeding serious congregation.

Monday, 7.—In my way to Bath, I read a pamphlet which surprised me exceedingly. For many years I had heard the king severely blamed for giving all places of trust and profit to Scotchmen: and this was so positively and continually affirmed, that I had no doubt of it. To put the matter beyond all possible dispute, the writer appeals to the Court Kalendar of the present year, which contains the names of all those that hold places under the king. And hereby it appears, that of four hundred and fifty odd places, just eight are possessed by Scotchmen; and of the hundred and fifty-one places in the Royal household, four are possessed by Scots, and no more.

Ought not this to be echoed through the three kingdoms, to show the regard to truth these wretches have, who are constantly endeavouring to inflame the nation against their Sovereign, as well as their fellow-subjects ?

Tuesday, 8.—In the evening I stood on one side of the market-place at Frome, and declared to a very numerous congregation: “His commandments are not grievous.” They stood as quiet as those at Bristol, a very few excepted ; most of whom were, by the courtesy of England, called gentlemen. How much inferior to the keelmen and colliers !



(MARKET-PLACE, FROME.)

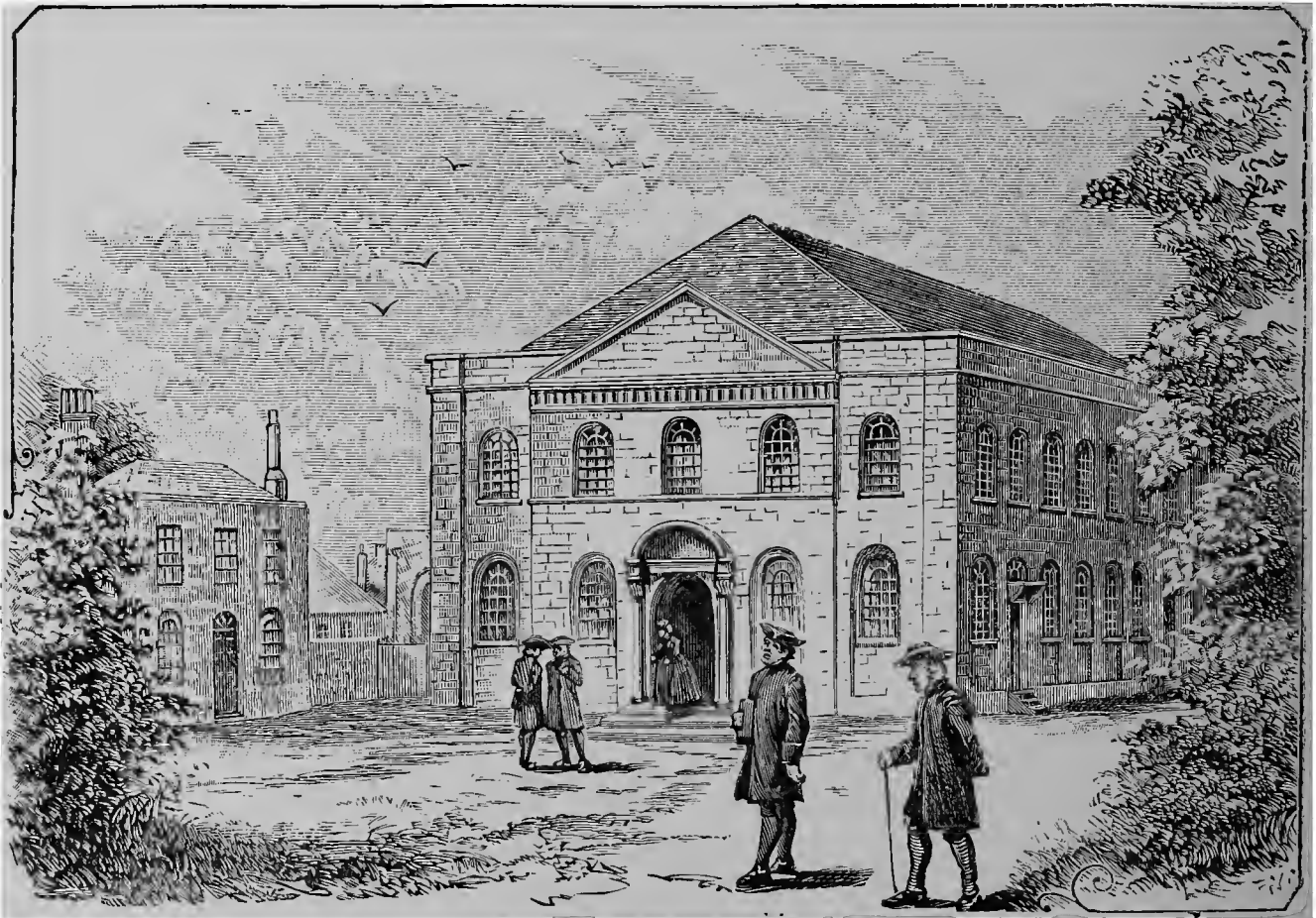
Saturday, OCTOBER 3.—Visiting one at the poor-house, I was much moved to see such a company of poor, maimed, halt, and blind, who seemed to have no one caring for their souls. So I appointed to be there the next day ; and at two o'clock had all that could get out of bed, young and old, in the great hall. My heart was greatly enlarged toward them, and many blessed God for the consolation.

Wednesday, 7.—We went on to Winchester. I had thoughts of preaching abroad, if haply anything might awaken a careless, self-conceited people. But the rain would not permit.

Wednesday, 14.—I went on to Oxford, and, having an hour to spare, walked to Christ-church, for which I cannot but still retain a peculiar affection. What lovely

mansions are these! What is wanting to make the inhabitants of them happy? That, without which no rational creature can be happy,—the experimental knowledge of God. In the evening I preached at Finstock, to a congregation gathered from many miles round. How gladly could I spend a few weeks in this delightful solitude! But I must not rest yet. As long as God gives me strength to labour, I am to use it.

Thursday, 15.—I preached at Witney. Since Nancy B. has been detained here, the work of God has greatly revived. Mysterious Providence! that one capable of being so extremely useful, should be thus shut up in a corner!



(CITY-ROAD CHAPEL, IN 1778.)

Friday, 16.—I was desired to preach at Thame, on my return to London. I came thither a little after ten. The mob had been so troublesome there, that it was a doubt with the preachers, whether the place should not be given up. However, I thought it might not be amiss, before this was done, to make one trial myself. But I found it impracticable to preach abroad, the wind being so exceeding sharp. I went therefore into a large building, formerly used by the Presbyterians. It was quickly filled, and more than filled, many being obliged to stand without. Yet there was no breath of noise; the whole congregation seemed to be “all but their attention dead.” We had prayed before, that God would give us a quiet time, and He granted us our request.

Immediately after, a strange scene occurred. I was desired to visit one who had been eminently pious, but had now been confined to her bed for several months, and was utterly unable to raise herself up. She desired us to pray, that the chain might be broken. A few of us prayed in faith. Presently she rose up, dressed herself, came down stairs, and I believe had not any farther complaint. In the evening I preached at High-Wycomb.

Monday, 26.—I set out in the diligence to Godmanchester, hoping to be there by six in the evening. But we did not come till past eight: so, most of the people being gone, I only gave a short exhortation. At five in the morning we had a large congregation, but a much larger in the evening.

Wednesday, 28.—About noon I preached at St. Neot's.

I preached in the evening at Bedford; and the next day, *Thursday, 29,* at Luton. We had a miserable preaching-house here: but Mr. Cole has now fitted up a very neat and commodious room, which was thoroughly filled with well-behaved and deeply attentive hearers. How long did

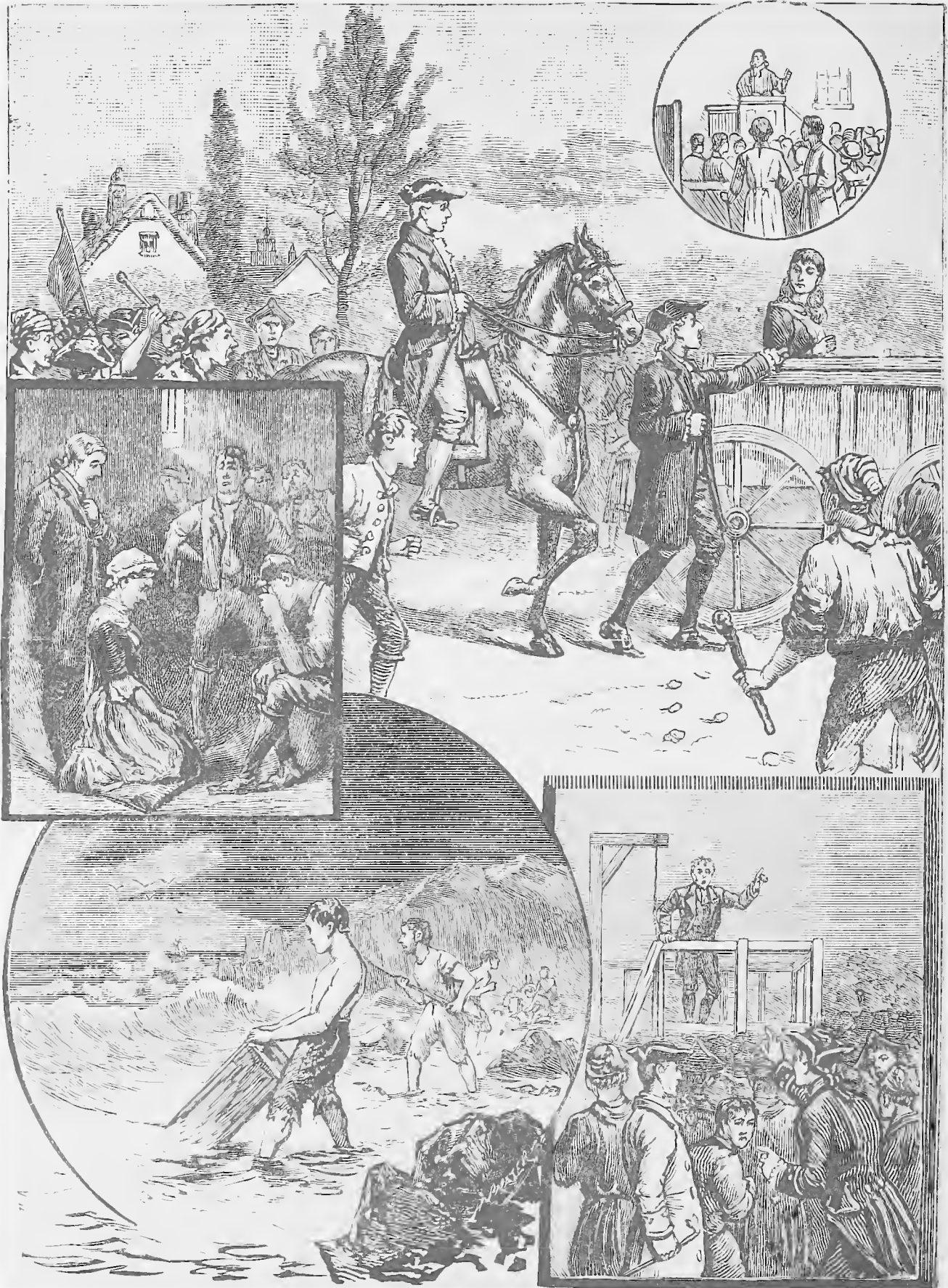


(MINSTER CHURCH, ISLE OF SHEPPEY.)

we seem to be ploughing the sand here. But it seems there will be some fruit at last.

Sunday, NOVEMBER 1, was the day appointed for opening the new chapel in the City-road. It is perfectly neat, but not fine; and contains far more people than the Foundery: I believe, together with the morning chapel, as many as the Tabernacle. Many were afraid that the multitudes, crowding from all parts, would have occasioned much disturbance. But they were happily disappointed: there was none at all: all was quietness, decency, and order. I preached on part of Solomon's prayer at the Dedication of the Temple; and both in the morning and afternoon, (when I preached on the hundred forty and four thousand standing with the Lamb on Mount Zion,) God was eminently present in the midst of the congregation.

Monday, 2.—I went to Chatham, and preached in the evening to a lively, loving congregation.



(SILAS TOLD : SHIPWRECKED.—VISITING AND PREACHING TO CONDEMNED PRISONERS IN NEWGATE.)

Tuesday, 3.—I went by water to Sheerness. Our room being far too small for the people that attended, I sent to the Governor to desire (what had been allowed me before) the use of the chapel. He refused me, (uncivilly enough,) affecting to doubt whether I was in orders! So I preached to as many as it would contain in our own room.

Wednesday, 4.—I took a view of the old church at Minster, once a spacious and elegant building. It stands pleasantly on the top of a hill, and commands all the country round. We went from thence to Queensborough, which contains above fifty houses, and sends two members to Parliament. Surely the whole Isle of Sheppey is now but a shadow of what it was once.

Thursday, 5.—I returned to Clatham, and on the following morning set out in the stage-coach for London. At the end of Stroud, I chose to walk up the hill, leaving the coach to follow me. But it was in no great haste: it did not overtake me till I had walked above five miles. I cared not if it had been ten: the more I walk, the sounder I sleep.

Sunday, 15.—Having promised to preach in the evening at St. Antholine's church, I had desired one to have a coach ready at the door, when the service at the new chapel was ended. But he had forgot; so that, after preaching and meeting the society, I was obliged to walk as fast as I could to the church. The people were so wedged together, that it was with difficulty I got in. The church was extremely hot; but this I soon forgot; for it pleased God to send a gracious rain upon His inheritance.

Sunday, 29.—I was desired to preach a charity sermon in St. Luke's church, Old-street. In the afternoon I preached at the new chapel; and at seven, in St. Margaret's, Rood-lane; full as much crowded as St. Luke's. Is then the scandal of the Cross ceased?

Wednesday, DECEMBER 2.—In the evening I preached at Robertsbridge, and spoke with all possible plainness, both for the sake of threescore children, and of a large congregation of serious, attentive people.

Friday, 11.—I preached at Lambeth, in the chapel newly prepared by Mr. Edwards, whose wife has seventy-five boarders. Miss Owen, at Pullo, takes only twenty, thinking she cannot do her duty to any more.

Sunday, 20.—I buried what was mortal of honest Silas Told. For many years he attended the malefactors in Newgate, without fee or reward; and I suppose no man, for this hundred years, has been so successful in that melancholy office. God had given him peculiar talents for it; and he had amazing success therein. The greatest part of those whom he attended died in peace, and many of them in the triumph of faith.

Friday, 25.—(Being *Christmas-day.*) Our service began at four, as usual, in the new chapel. I expected Mr. Richardson to read prayers at West-street chapel, but he did not come; so I read prayers myself, and preached, and administered the Sacrament

to several hundred people. In the afternoon I preached at the new chapel, thoroughly filled in every corner; and in the evening at St. Sepulchre's, one of the largest parish churches in London. It was warm enough, being sufficiently filled; yet I felt no weakness or weariness, but was stronger after I had preached my fourth sermon than I was after the first.

Thursday, 31.—We concluded the old year with a solemn watch-night, and began the new with praise and thanksgiving.



(VIEW NEAR LOWESTOFT.)

Friday, JANUARY 1, 1779.—At length we have a house capable of containing the whole society. We met there this evening to renew our covenant with God; and we never met on that solemn occasion without a peculiar blessing.

Tuesday, 12.—I dined and drank tea with four German ministers. I could not but admire the wisdom of those that appointed them. They seem to consider not only the essential points, their sense and piety, but even those smaller things, the good breeding, the address, yea, the persons of those they send into foreign countries.

Sunday, 24.—I visited a young woman in such terrible fits as I scarce ever saw before; and she was hardly out of one, when she fell into another; so that it seemed she must soon lose her reason, if not her life. But Dr. Wilson, in one or two days' time, restored her to perfect health.

Monday, FEBRUARY 8.—Finding many serious persons were much discouraged by prophets of evil, confidently foretelling very heavy calamities, which were coming upon our nation, I endeavoured to lift up their hands, by opening and applying those comfortable words: (Psalm xliii. 5, 6 :) “Why art thou so heavy, O my soul? And why art thou so disquieted within me? O put thy trust in God: for I will yet give Him thanks, Which is the help of my countenance, and my God.”

Wednesday, 10, was a national fast. So solemn a one I never saw before. From one end of the city to the other, there was scarce any one seen in the streets. All



(TEWKESBURY ABBEY.)

places of public worship were crowded in an uncommon degree; and an unusual awe sat on most faces. I preached on the words of God to Abraham, interceding for Sodom.

Thursday, 18.—I preached at Lowestoft, where is a great awakening, especially among youth and children; several of whom, between twelve and sixteen years of age, are a pattern to all about them.

Sunday, 21.—I returned to Norwich, and took an exact account of the society. I wish all our preachers would be accurate in their accounts, and rather speak under than above the truth. I had heard again and again of the increase of the society. **And what is the naked truth?** Why, I left in it two hundred and two members; and I find one hundred and seventy-nine! At twelve I took coach, and in the morning reached London.

Sunday, 28.—Immediately after preaching at Spitalfields, I hasted away to St. Peter's, Cornhill, and declared to a crowded congregation: "God hath given us His Holy Spirit." At four I preached in the new chapel, for the benefit of the Reformation Society. This also I trust will be a means of uniting together the hearts of the children of God of various denominations. •

Thursday, MARCH 11.—I opened the new chapel at Bath. It is about half as large as that at London, and built nearly upon the same model. We concluded the service with the Lord's Supper.

Monday, 15.—I began my tour through England and Scotland. The minister of Gratton (near Stanley) sending me word, I was welcome to the use of his church, I ordered notice to be given, that the service would begin there at six o'clock. Stanley chapel was thoroughly filled at two.

I was preparing to go to Gratton, when one brought me word from Mr. Roberts, that he had changed his mind; so I preached in Mr. Stephen's orchard, to far more than his church would have contained.

Wednesday, 17.—I preached at Tewkesbury about noon; and at Worcester in the evening.

Thursday, 18.—Upon inquiry, I found there had been no morning preaching since the Conference! So the people were of course weak and faint. At noon I preached in Bewdley, in an open space, at the head of the town, to a very numerous and quiet congregation. Here Mrs. C—— informed me, "This day twelvemonth I found peace with God; and the same day my son, till then utterly thoughtless, was convinced of sin. Some time after, he died, rejoicing in God, and praising Him with his latest breath."

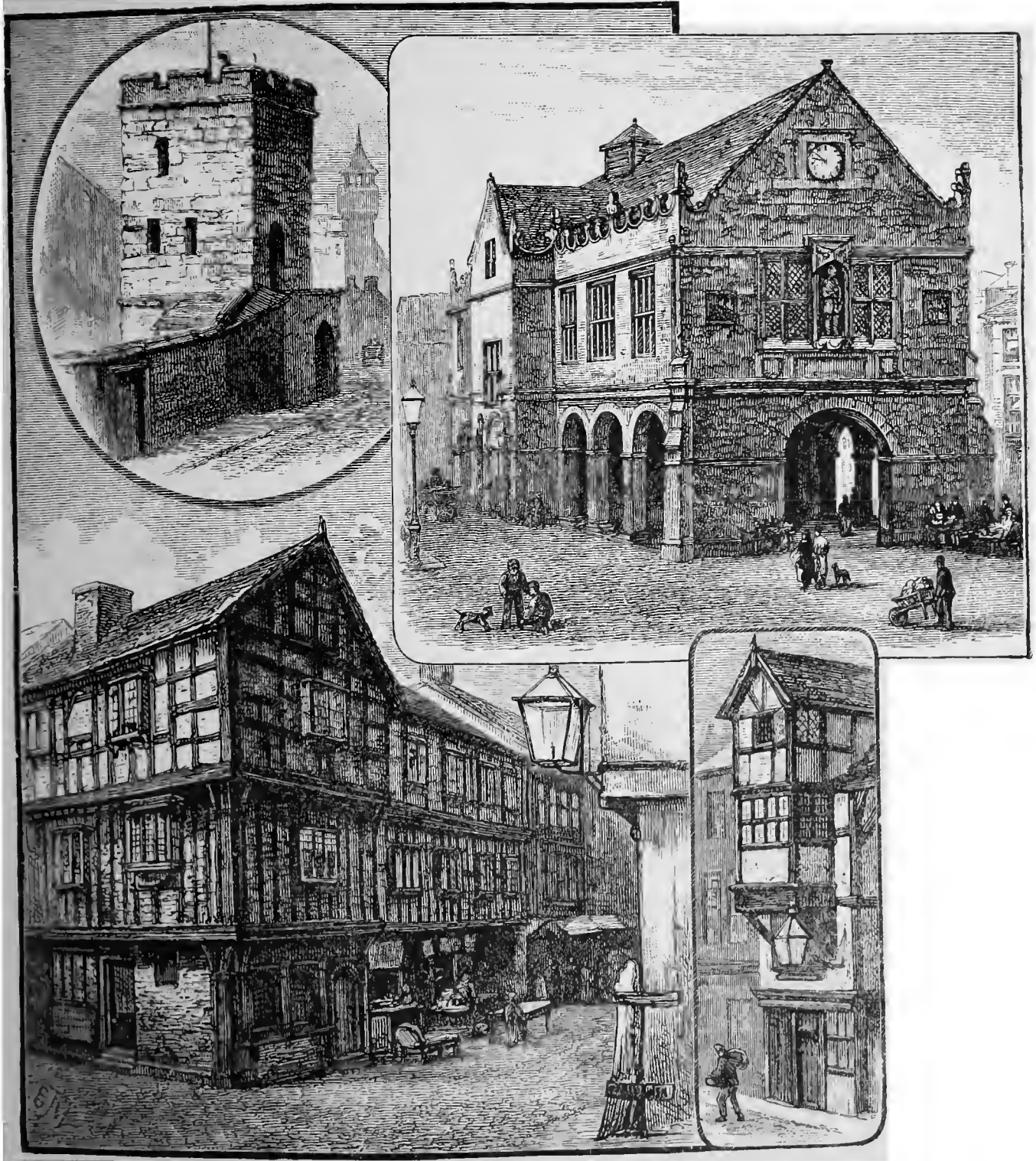
Friday, 19.—I preached in Bengeworth church about noon, and about six in Pebworth church.

Saturday, 20.—I went on to Birmingham.

Sunday, 21.—Just at the time of preaching, at Bromwich-heath, began such a storm as that which ushered in the year. Yet as no house could contain the people, I was constrained to stand in the court-yard. For a moment I was afraid of the tiles falling on the people; but they regarded nothing but the Word. As I concluded, we had a furious shower of hail.

After preaching at Wednesbury, Darlaston, Dudley, and Wolverhampton, on *Wednesday, 24*, I went on to Madeley. In the way I finished a celebrated "Essay on Taste." And is this the treatise that gained the premium? It is lively and pretty; but neither deep nor strong. Scarce any of the terms are accurately defined: indeed, defining is not this author's talent. He has not by any means a clear apprehension; and it is through this capital defect, that he jumbles together true and false propositions, in every chapter and in every page.

To this Essay three extracts are subjoined. The first is much to the purpose.



(SHREWSBURY.)

The second is a superficial, empty thing. Is this a specimen of the great M. D'Alembert? But I was most surprised at the third. What! is this extracted from the famous Montesquieu? It has neither strength, nor clearness, nor justness of thought! And is this the writer so admired all over Europe? He is no more to be compared to Lord Forbes, or Dr. Beattie, than a mouse to an elephant.

Thursday, 25.—I preached in the new house which Mr. Fletcher has built in Madeley-wood. The people here exactly resemble those at Kingswood; only they are more simple and teachable. But for want of discipline, the immense pains which he has taken with them has not done the good which might have been expected.

I preached at Shrewsbury in the evening, and on *Friday, 26*, about noon, in the Assembly-room at Broseley. We walked from thence to Coalbrook-dale, and took a view of the bridge which is shortly to be thrown over the Severn. It is one arch, a hundred feet broad, fifty-two high, and eighteen wide; all of cast-iron, weighing many hundred tons.

Thursday, APRIL 1.—About one, I preached at New-mills, in Derbyshire. A commodious preaching-house, lately built, has proved a blessing to the whole country. They flock together from every quarter, and are thankful both to God and man.

Friday, 2.—About one I opened the new chapel at Davyhulme.

Sunday, 4.—(Being *Easter-day*.) Was a solemn festival. In the afternoon I preached at Oldham, to such a congregation as I have not seen since I was in the Cornish amphitheatre.

Monday, 5.—I preached at Northwich. I used to go on from hence to Little-leigh; but since Mr. Barker is gone hence, that place knows us no more. I cannot but wonder at the infatuation of men that really love and fear God, and yet leave great part of, if not all, their substance to men that neither love nor fear Him! Surely if I did little good with my money while I lived, I would, at least, do good with it when I could live no longer.

Tuesday, 6.—I went to Mr. S——'s at Nantwich, a nephew of Mr. Matthew S——; who was, fifty years ago, one of our little company at Oxford, and was then both in person, in natural temper, and in piety, one of the loveliest young men I knew. Mr. Joseph S—— was then unborn, and was for many years without God in the world. But he is now as zealous in the works of God, as he was once in the works of the devil.

After preaching at Alpraham and Chester, on *Wednesday* I went on to Warrington. The proprietor of the new chapel had sent me word, that I was welcome to preach in it; but he had now altered his mind: so I preached in our own.

Tuesday, 13.—I preached at nine to a crowded audience in the new house at Bacup; at one, in the shell of the house at Padigham, where there is at length a prospect of peace, after abundance of disturbance, caused by one who neither fears God

nor reverences man. In the evening I preached at Colne; but the people were still in such a panic that few durst go into the left-hand gallery.

Wednesday, 14.—After a delightful ride through the mountains, I preached first in Todmorden, and then in Heptonstall church. I afterwards lodged at the Ewood, which I still love for good Mr. Grimshaw's sake.

Thursday, 15.—I went to Halifax, where a little thing had lately occasioned great disturbance. An angel blowing a trumpet was placed on the sounding-board over the pulpit. Many were vehemently against this; others as vehemently for it: but a total end was soon put to the contest; for the angel vanished away.

Sunday, 18.—In the morning I preached in Haworth church; but in the afternoon I could not. Thousands upon thousands were gathered together, so that I was obliged to stand in the churchyard.

Monday, 19.—I preached in Bingley church to a numerous congregation. I dined with Mr. Busfield, in his little paradise; but it can give no happiness unless God is there.

Thursday, 22.—I was a little surprised at a passage in Dr. Smollett's "History of England," vol. xv., pp. 121, 122:—

"Imposture and fanaticism still hang upon the skirts of religion. Weak minds were seduced by the delusions of a superstition, styled Methodism, raised upon the affectation of superior sanctity, and pretensions to divine illumination. Many thousands were infected with this enthusiasm by the endeavours of a few obscure preachers, such as Whitefield, and the two Wesleys, who found means to lay the whole kingdom under contribution."

Poor Dr. Smollett! Thus to transmit to all succeeding generations a whole heap of notorious falsehoods!

Meantime, what faith can be given to his History? What credit can any man of reason give to any fact upon *his* authority?

Monday, 26.—I preached at Huddersfield, where there is a great revival of the work of God. Many have found peace with God: sometimes sixteen, eighteen, yea, twenty in one day. So that the deadly wound they suffered, when their Predestinarian



(DR. SMOLLETT.)

brethren left them, is now fully healed ; and they are not only more lively, but more in number, than ever they were before.

Wednesday, 28.—I had promised to preach, at six in the morning, to the poor prisoners at Whiteley. Though the ground was covered with snow, so many people flocked together that I was constrained to preach in the court of the prison. The snow continued to fall, and the north wind to whistle round us ; but I trust God warmed many hearts.



(MARKET PLACE, HUDDERSFIELD.)

I preached at Wakefield in the evening ; *Thursday, 29*, at Rothwell and Leeds ; and on *Friday* noon, at Harewood. In the afternoon we walked to Mr. Lascelles's house. It is finely situated on a little eminence, commanding a most delightful prospect of hill and dale, and wood and water. It is built of a fine white stone, with two grand and beautiful fronts. I was not much struck with anything within. There is too much sameness in all the great houses I have seen in England, two rows of large, square rooms, with costly beds, glasses, chairs and tables. But here is a profusion of wealth ; every pane of glass, we were informed, cost six-and-twenty shillings. One looking-glass cost five hundred pounds, and one bed, six hundred. The whole floor

was just on the plan of Montague-house ; now the British Museum. The grounds round the house are pleasant indeed, particularly the walks on the river-side, and through the woods. But what has the owner thereof, save the beholding them with his eyes ?

Sunday, MAY 2.—Dr. Kershaw, the vicar of Leeds, desired me to assist him at the Sacrament. It was a solemn season. We were ten clergymen, and seven or eight hundred communicants. Mr. Atkinson desired me to preach in the afternoon. Such a congregation had been seldom seen there ; but I preached to a much larger in our own house at five ; and I found no want of strength.

Friday, 7.—After having visited the intermediate societies, I came to Darlington, and found some of the liveliest people in the north of England.

Sunday, 9.—I preached in the market-place ; and all the congregation behaved well, but a party of the Queen's Dragoons.

Monday, 10.—I preached at Barnard-castle ; and saw a quite different behaviour in the Durham militia : the handsomest body of soldiers I ever saw, except in Ireland. The next evening they all came, both officers and soldiers, and were a pattern to the whole congregation. In my journey to Brough, (where I preached at noon,) I read over a volume of Dr. Blair's Sermons. He is an elegant, but not a deep, writer ; much resembling, but not equalling, Mr. Seed.



(HUGH BLAIR, D.D.)

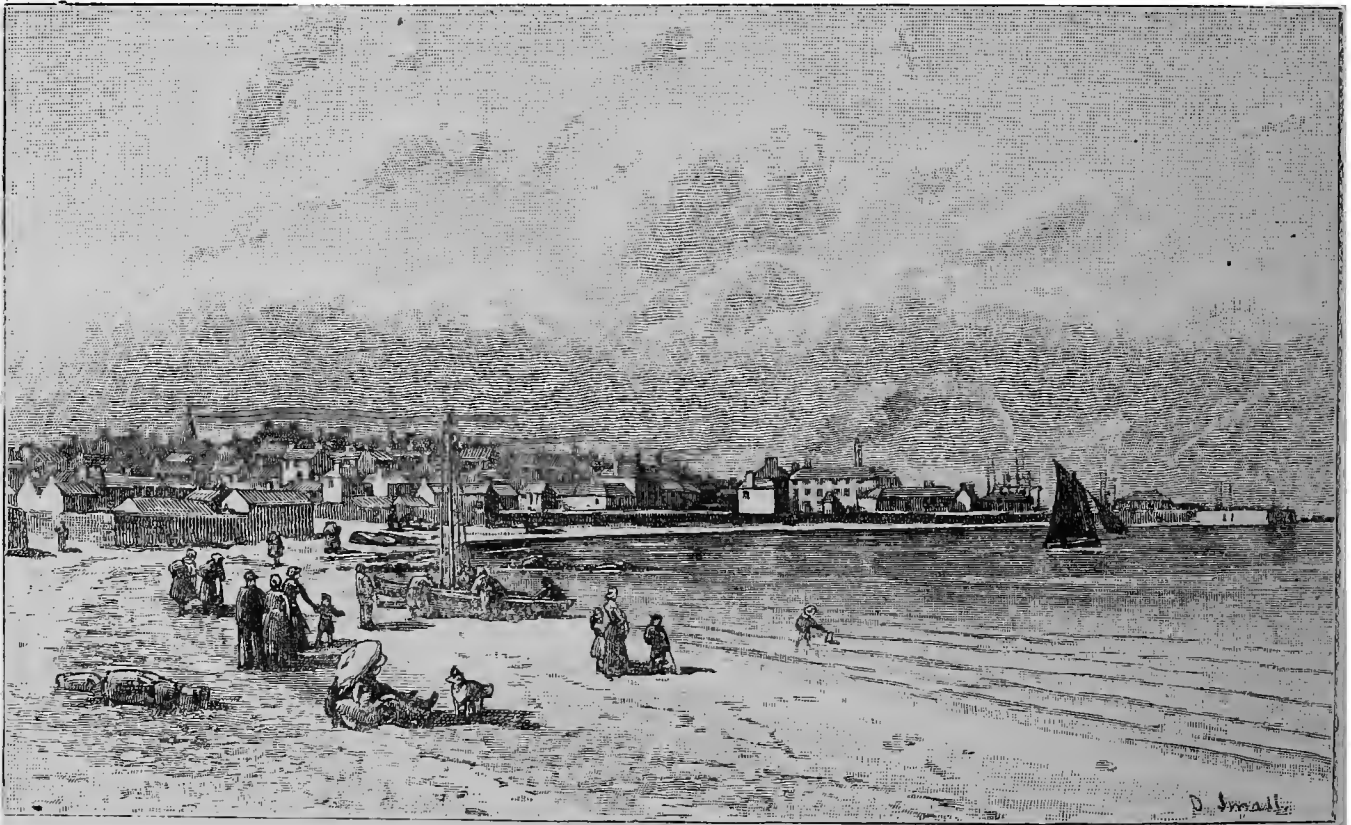
Wednesday, 12.—After preaching at Cuthburton and in Teesdale, I went a little out of my way, to see one of the wonders of nature. The river Tees rushes down between two rocks, and falls sixty feet perpendicular into a basin of water, sixty feet deep. In the evening I preached to the lovely congregation in Weardale, and the next day went on to Newcastle.

Tuesday, 25.—(Alnwick.) We walked through the castle. Two of the rooms are more elegant than even those at Harewood-house. But it is not a profusion of ornaments, (they are exceeding plain and simple,) it is not an abundance of gold and silver, but a *je ne sçai quoi*, that strikes every person of taste.

In the evening I preached in the town-hall, at Berwick. Many officers, as well as soldiers, were there ; and the whole congregation seemed much affected. Shall we see fruit at Berwick also ?

Wednesday, 26.—We had such a congregation at Dunbar as I have not seen there for many years.

Thursday, 27.—I went on to Edinburgh. I was agreeably surprised at the singing in the evening. I have not heard such female voices, so strong and clear, anywhere in England.



(DUNBAR.)

Friday, 28.—I went to Glasgow, and preached in the house ; but the next evening, by the river-side.

Sunday, 30.—At seven I spoke exceeding strong words, in applying the parable of the Sower. In the afternoon I went to the English chapel. But how was I surprised ! Such decency have I seldom seen even at West-street, or the new room in Bristol. 1. All, both men and women, were dressed plain : I did not see one high head : 2. No one took notice of any one, at coming in ; but, after a short ejaculation, sat quite still : 3. None spoke to any one during the service, nor looked either on one side or the other : 4. All stood, every man, woman, and child, while the Psalms were sung : 5. Instead of an unmeaning voluntary, was an anthem, and one of the simplest and sweetest I ever heard : 6. The prayers, preceding a sound, useful sermon, were

seriously and devoutly read : 7. After service, none bowed, or courtesied, or spoke, but went quietly and silently away.



(TRON CHURCH, GLASGOW.)

After church, I preached again by the river-side, to a huge multitude of serious people: I believe, full as many more as we had the Sunday before, at Newcastle. Surely we shall not lose all our labour here.

Monday, 31.—I returned to Edinburgh; and, JUNE 1, set out on my northern journey. In the evening I preached at Dundee. The congregation was, as usual, very large and deeply attentive. But that was all. I did not perceive that any one was affected at all.

Wednesday, 2.—We went on to Arbroath, where was near as large a congregation as at Dundee, but nothing so serious. The poor Glassites here, pleading for a merely notional faith, greatly hinder either the beginning, or the progress of any real work of God.

Thursday, 3.—I preached at Aberdeen, to a people that can feel as well as hear.

Friday, 4.—I set out for Inverness, and about eight preached at Inverurie, to a considerable number of plain country people, just like those we see in Yorkshire. My spirit was much refreshed among them, observing several of them in tears. Before we came to Strathbogie, (now new-named Huntley,) Mr. Brackenbury was much fatigued. So I desired him to go into the chaise, and rode forward to Keith.

Mr. Gordon, the minister, invited us to drink tea at his house. In the evening I went to the market-place. Four children, after they had stood a while to consider, ventured to come near me; then a few men and women crept forward; till we had upwards of a hundred. At nine on *Sunday, 6,* I suppose they were doubled; and some of them seemed a little affected. I dined at Mr. Gordon's, who behaved in the most courteous, yea, and affectionate, manner. At three I preached in the kirk, one of the largest I have seen in the kingdom, but very ruinous. It was thoroughly filled, and God was there in an uncommon manner. He sent forth His Voice, yea, and that a mighty Voice; so that I believe many of the stout-hearted trembled. In the evening I preached once more in the market-place, on those awful words: "Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

Monday, 7.—I came to Grange-green, near Forres, about twelve o'clock. But I found the house had changed its master since I was here before, nine years ago. Mr. Grant (who then lived here, in his brother's house) was now Sir Lodowick Grant; having succeeded to the title and estate of Sir Alexander, dying without issue. But his mind was not changed with his fortune. He received me with cordial affection, and insisted on my sending for Mrs. Smith and her little girl, whom I had left at Forres. We were all here as at home, in one of the most healthy and most pleasant situations in the kingdom; and I had the satisfaction to observe my daughter sensibly recovering her strength, almost every hour. In the evening all the family were called in to prayers; to whom I first expounded a portion of Scripture. Thus ended this comfortable day. So has God provided for us in a strange land!

Tuesday, 8.—I found another hearty welcome from Mr. Dunbar, the minister of Nairn. A little after ten I preached in his kirk, which was full from end to end. I have seldom seen a Scotch congregation so sensibly affected. Indeed it seemed that God smote the rocks, and brake the hearts of stone in pieces.

In the afternoon I reached Inverness, but found a new face of things there. Good Mr. Mackenzie had been for some years removed to Abraham's bosom. Mr. Fraser, his colleague, a pious man of the old stamp, was likewise gone to rest. The three present ministers are of another kind; so that I have no more place in the kirk: and the wind and rain would not permit me to preach on the green. However, our house was large, though gloomy enough. Being now informed, (which I did not suspect before,) that the town was uncommonly given to drunkenness, I used the utmost plainness of speech; and I believe not without effect. I then spent some time with the society, increased from twelve to between fifty and sixty: many of these knew in Whom they had believed; and many were going on to perfection: so that all the pains which have been taken to stop the work of God here, have hitherto been in vain.

Saturday, 12.—About one I preached at Inverurie, to a larger congregation than before, and was again refreshed with the simplicity and earnestness of the plain country-people. In the evening I preached at Aberdeen.

Sunday, 13.—I spoke as closely as I could, both morning and evening, and made a

pointed application to the hearts of all that were present. I am convinced this is the only way whereby we can do any good in Scotland. This very day I heard many excellent truths delivered in the kirk. But as there was no application, it was likely to do as much good as the singing of a lark. I wonder the pious ministers in Scotland are not sensible of this. They cannot but see, that no sinners are convinced of sin, none converted to God, by this way of preaching. How strange is it then, that neither reason nor experience teaches them to take a better way!

Monday, 14.—I preached again at Arbroath; *Tuesday, 15,* at Dundee; and *Wednesday, 16,* at Edinburgh.

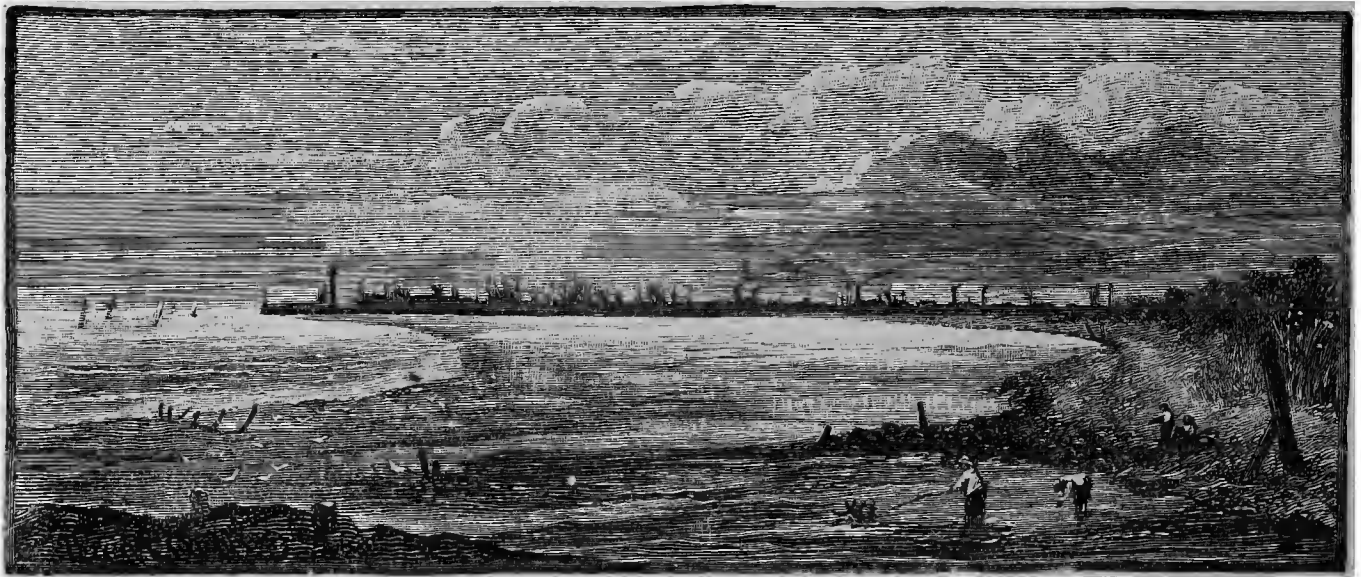
Thursday, 17.—I examined the society. In five years I found five members had been gained! ninety-nine being increased to a hundred and four. What then have



(INVERNESS CATHEDRAL.)

our preachers been doing all this time? 1. They have preached four evenings in the week, and on Sunday morning; the other mornings they have fairly given up. 2. They have taken great care not to speak too plain, lest they should give offence. 3. When Mr. Brackenbury preached the old Methodist doctrine, one of them said, "You must not preach such doctrine here. The doctrine of Perfection is not calculated for the meridian of Edinburgh." Waving, then, all other hindrances, is it any wonder, that the work of God has not prospered here?

Monday, 21.—I preached in the Court-house at Alnwick; and finding the people were greatly alarmed, with the news of the French and Spanish fleets, I opened and applied: "Say ye to the righteous, it shall be well with him." I believe many laid hold of the promise, and were not a little comforted.



(GRIMSBY.)

Tuesday, 22.—Finding the panic had spread to Newcastle, I strongly enforced those words: "The Lord sitteth above the waterfloods; the Lord reigneth a King for ever."

Wednesday, 23.—I rested here. Lovely place, and lovely company! But I believe there is another world: therefore, I must "arise, and go hence!"

Thursday, JULY 1.—This was the first of eighteen or twenty days full as hot as any I remember in Georgia; and yet the season is remarkably healthy.

Saturday, 3.—I reached Grimsby, and found a little trial. In this, and many other parts of the kingdom, those striplings, who call themselves Lady Huntingdon's preachers, have greatly hindered the work of God. They have neither sense, courage, nor grace, to go and beat up the devil's quarters, in any place where Christ has not been named; but wherever we have entered as by storm, and gathered a few souls,

often at the peril of our lives, they creep in, and, by doubtful disputations, set every one's sword against his brother. One of these has just crept into Grimsby, and is striving to divide the poor little flock; but I hope his labour will be in vain, and they will still hold "the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace."

Sunday, 4.—I had designed to preach abroad at Louth; but the rain drove us into the house. In the evening I expounded, and strongly applied, the story of Dives and Lazarus. The whole congregation, except a few poor gentlemen, behaved with decency.

Monday, 5.—I preached about eleven, at Langham-row. In the afternoon we went to Raithby. It is a small village on the top of a hill. The shell of Mr. Brackenbury's house was just finished, near which he has built a little chapel. It was quickly filled with deeply serious hearers. I was much comforted among them, and could not but observe, while the landlord and his tenants were standing together, how

"Love, like death, makes all distinctions void."

Friday, 9.—Went on to Epworth. How true is this trite remark.—

"The natal soil to all how strangely sweet!
The place where first he breathed
who can forget?"



(MARKET-CROSS, EPWORTH.)

In the evening I took my usual stand in the market-place; but had far more than the usual congregation.

Saturday, 10.—Taking a solitary walk in the churchyard, I felt the truth of: "One generation goeth, and another cometh."

Monday, 12.—I preached at Crowle; and afterwards searched the churchyard, to find the tomb of Mr. Ashbourn. We could find nothing of it there. At length we found a large flat stone in the church; but the inscription was utterly illegible, the letters being filled up with dust. However, we made a shift to pick it out; and then read as follows:—

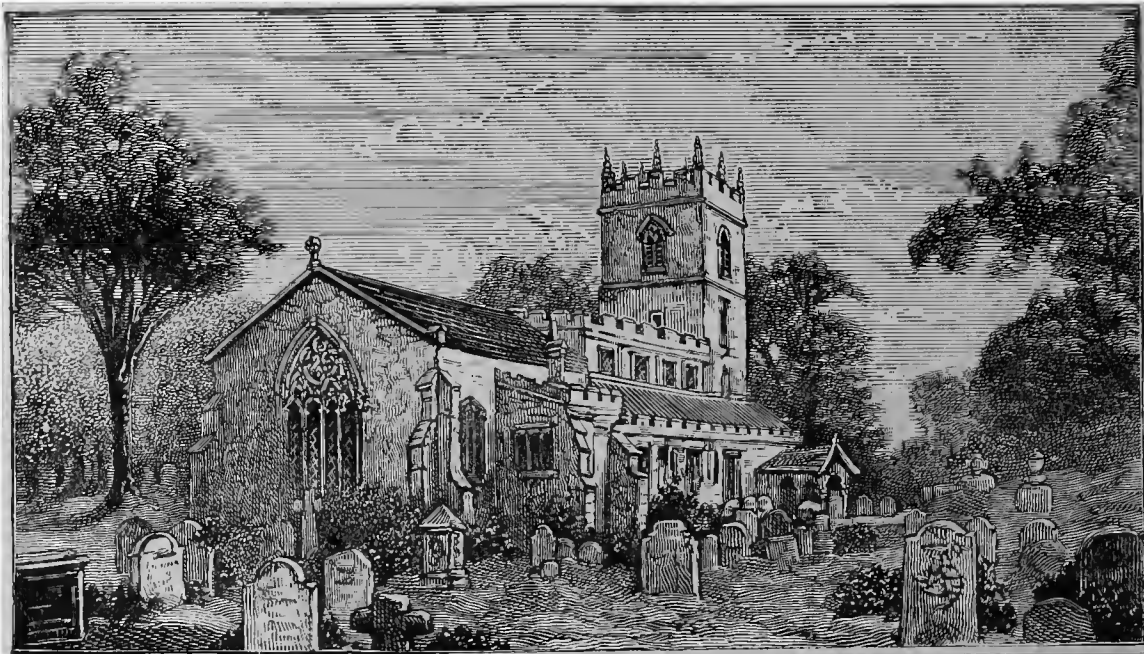
There lies the Body
OF
MR. SOLOMON ASHBOURN.

HE DIED IN 1711;

AND SOLEMNLY BEQUEATHED THE FOLLOWING VERSES TO HIS
PARISHIONERS :—

“Ye stiffnecked and uncircumcised in heart and ears, ye do always resist the Holy Ghost : as your fathers did, so do ye.”—*Acts* vii. 51.

“I have laboured in vain, I have spent my strength for nought, and in vain : yet surely my judgment is with the Lord, and my work with my God.”—*Isaiah* xlix. 4.



(EPWORTH CHURCH.)

But that generation, which was abandoned to all wickedness, is gone : so are most of their children. And there is reason to hope, that the curse entailed on them and their children is gone also : for there is now a more lively work of God here than in any of the neighbouring places.

Tuesday, 20.—I preached in Markfield church about noon ; and in the evening at Leicester ; where we had an exceeding solemn time, while I described the Son of Man coming in His glory.

Wednesday, 21.—The house was filled at five, and we had another solemn opportunity. About eight, calling at Hinckley, I was desired to preach ; as also at Forcell, ten or twelve miles farther. When I came to Coventry, I found notice had been given for my preaching in the park ; but the heavy rain prevented. I sent to the Mayor, desiring the use of the town-hall. He refused ; but the same day gave the use of it to a dancing-master. I then went to the women's market. Many soon gathered together, and listened with all seriousness. I preached there again the next morning,

Thursday, 22, and again in the evening. Then I took coach for London. I was nobly attended: behind the coach were ten convicted felons, loudly blaspheming and rattling their chains; by my side sat a man with a loaded blunderbuss, and another upon the coach.

Sunday, AUGUST 8.—This was the last night which I spent at the Foundery. What hath God wrought there in one-and-forty years!

Friday, 13.—As I was going down a steep pair of stairs, my foot slipped, and I fell down several steps. Falling on the edge of one of them, it broke the case of an Almanack, which was in my pocket, all to pieces. The edge of another stair met my



(COVENTRY.)

right buckle, and snapped the steel chape of it in two; but I was not hurt. So doth our good Master give His angels charge over us!

Saturday, 21.—I went to Pembroke. Understanding that a large number of American prisoners were here, in the evening I took my stand over against the place where they were confined; so that they all could hear distinctly. Many of them seemed much affected. O that God may set their souls at liberty!

Monday, 23.—I came once more to Carmarthen. Finding the people here (as indeed in every place) under a deep consternation through the terrible reports which

flew on every side, I cried aloud in the market-place: "Say ye unto the righteous, it shall be well with him." God made it a word in season to them, and many were no longer afraid.

Wednesday, 25.—I preached at five; and about eight in the town-hall at Neath. In the afternoon I preached in the church near Bridge-end, to a larger congregation than I ever saw there before; and at six, in the town-hall at Cowbridge, much crowded, and hot enough. The heat made it a little more difficult to speak; but, by the mercy of God, I was no more tired when I had done, than when I rose in the morning.

Sunday, 29.—(Bristol.) I had a very large number of communicants. It was one of the hottest days I have known in England. The thermometer rose to eighty degrees;—as high as it usually rises in Jamaica.

Being desired to visit a dying man on Kingsdown, I had no time but at two o'clock. The sun shone without a cloud; so that I had a warm journey. But I was well repaid; for the poor sinner found peace. At five I preached to an immense multitude in the square; and God comforted many drooping souls.

Wednesday, SEPTEMBER 1.—A gentleman, just come from Plymouth, gave us a very remarkable account:—"For two days the combined fleets of France and Spain lay at the mouth of the har-

bour. They might have entered it with perfect ease. The wind was fair; there was no fleet to oppose them; and the island, which is the grand security of the place, being incapable of giving them any hindrance; for there was scarce any garrison, and the few men that were there had no wadding at all, and but two rounds of powder." But had they not cannon? Yes, in abundance; but only two of them were mounted! Why then did they not go in, destroy the dock, and burn, or at least plunder, the town? I believe they could hardly tell themselves.—The plain reason was, the bridle of God was in their teeth; and He had said: "Hitherto shall ye come, and no farther."

Monday, 6.—I preached on David's prayer: "Lord, turn the counsel of Ahithophel



into foolishness." And how remarkably has He heard this prayer with regard to the French Ahithophels!

Thursday, 23.—In the evening one sat behind me in the pulpit at Bristol, who was one of our first masters at Kingswood. A little after he left the school, he likewise left the society. Riches then flowed in upon him; with which, having no relations, Mr. Spencer designed to do much good—after his death. "But God said unto him, Thou fool!" Two hours after, he died intestate, and left all his money to—be scrambled for!

Friday, OCTOBER 1.—I took a solemn leave of the children at Kingswood. Several of them have been convinced of sin again and again; but they soon trifled their convictions away.

Wednesday, 6.—At eleven I preached in Winchester, where there are four thousand five hundred French prisoners. I was glad to find they have plenty of wholesome food; and are treated, in all respects, with great humanity. In the evening I preached at Portsmouth-common.

Thursday, 7.—I took a view of the camp adjoining to the town, and wondered to find it as clean and neat as a gentleman's garden. But there was no chaplain. The English soldiers of this age have nothing to do with God!

Saturday, NOVEMBER 13.—I had the pleasure of an hour's conversation with Mr. G., one of the members of the first Congress in America. He unfolded a strange tale indeed! How has poor K. G. been betrayed on every side! But this is our comfort: there is One higher than they. And He will command all things to work together for good.

Saturday, 27.—I read Dr. Warner's History of Ireland, from its first settlement to the English Conquest; and, after calm deliberation, I make no scruple to pronounce it a mere senseless romance. I doubt not, Ireland was, before the Christian era, full as barbarous as Scotland or England. Indeed, it appears from their own accounts, that the Irish in general were continually plundering and murdering each other from the earliest ages to that period: and so they were ever since, by the account of Dr. Warner himself, till they were restrained by the English.

Monday, DECEMBER 13.—I retired to Lewisham, and settled the society-book. Fifty-seven members of the society have died this year; and none of them "as a fool dieth."

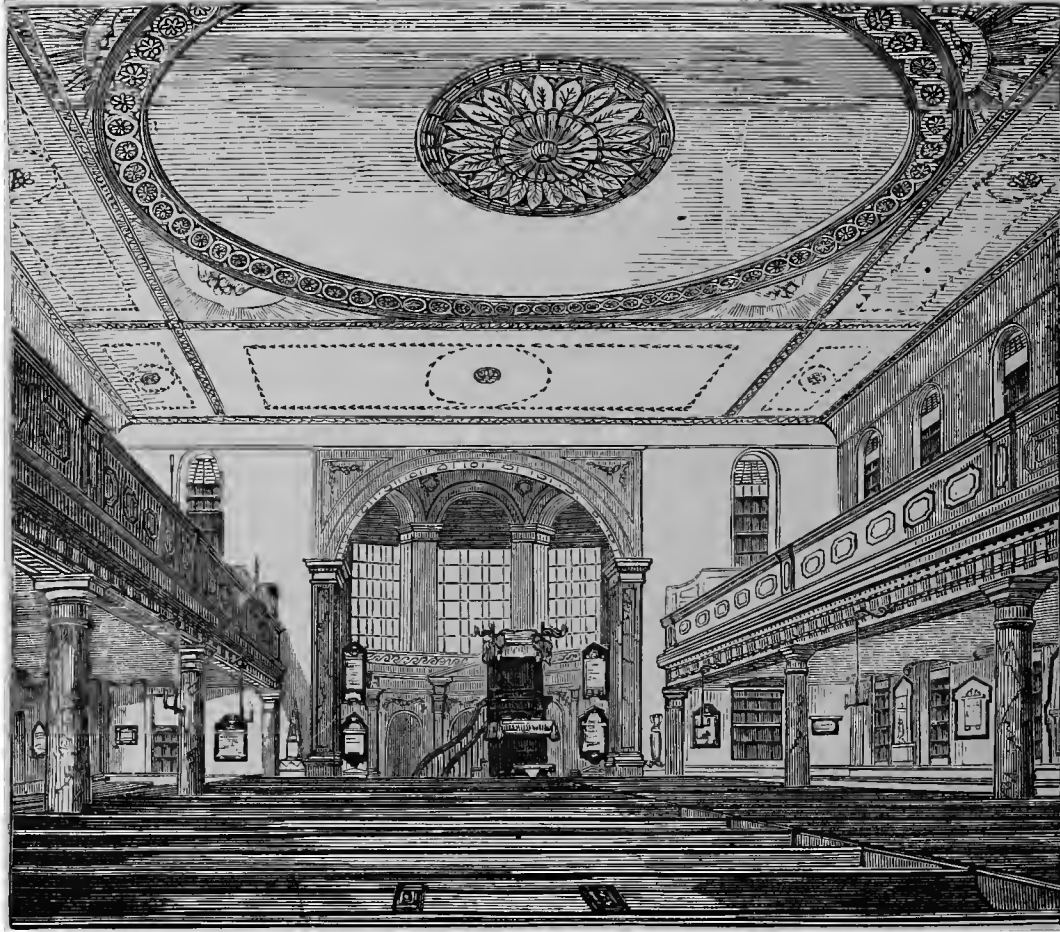
Saturday, 25.—We began the service at the new chapel, as usual, at four in the morning. Afterwards I read prayers, and preached and administered the Lord's Supper at West-street. In the afternoon I preached at the new chapel again; then met the society; and afterwards, the married men and women. But after this I was no more tired than when I rose in the morning.

Sunday, JANUARY 2, 1780.—We had the largest congregation at the renewal of our covenant with God, which ever met upon the occasion; and we were thoroughly

convinced, that God was not departed from us. He never will, unless we first depart from Him.

Tuesday, 18.—Receiving more and more accounts of the increase of Popery, I believed it my duty to write a letter concerning it, which was afterwards inserted in the public papers. Many were grievously offended; but I cannot help it: I must follow my own conscience.

Saturday, 22.—I spent an hour or two very agreeably in Sir Ashton Lever's museum. It does not equal the British Museum in size; nor is it constructed on so



(INTERIOR OF CITY ROAD CHAPEL, 1861.)

large a plan; as it contains no manuscripts, no books, no antiquities, nor any remarkable works of art. But I believe, for natural curiosities, it is not excelled by any museum in Europe; and all the beasts, birds, reptiles, and insects are admirably well ranged and preserved: so that if you saw many of them elsewhere, you would imagine they were alive! The hippopotamus, in particular, looks as fierce as if he was just coming out of the river; and the old lion appears as formidable now as when he was stalking in the Tower.

Sunday, 23.—In the evening I retired to Lewisham, to prepare matter (who would believe it?) for a Monthly Magazine.

Friday, FEBRUARY 4, being the national fast, I preached first at the new chapel, and then at St. Peter's, Cornhill. What a difference in the congregation! Yet out of these stones God can raise up children to Abraham.

Thursday, 17.—I preached at Dorking, and could not but reflect, in this room I lodged the first time I saw *poor* Mr. Ireland: emphatically poor! Poor beyond expression;—though he left fourscore thousand pounds behind him!

Thursday, 24.—I met the building Committee; according to whose representation, our income at last nearly answers our expenses. If so, it will clear itself in a few years.



(HIGH STREET, DORKING.)

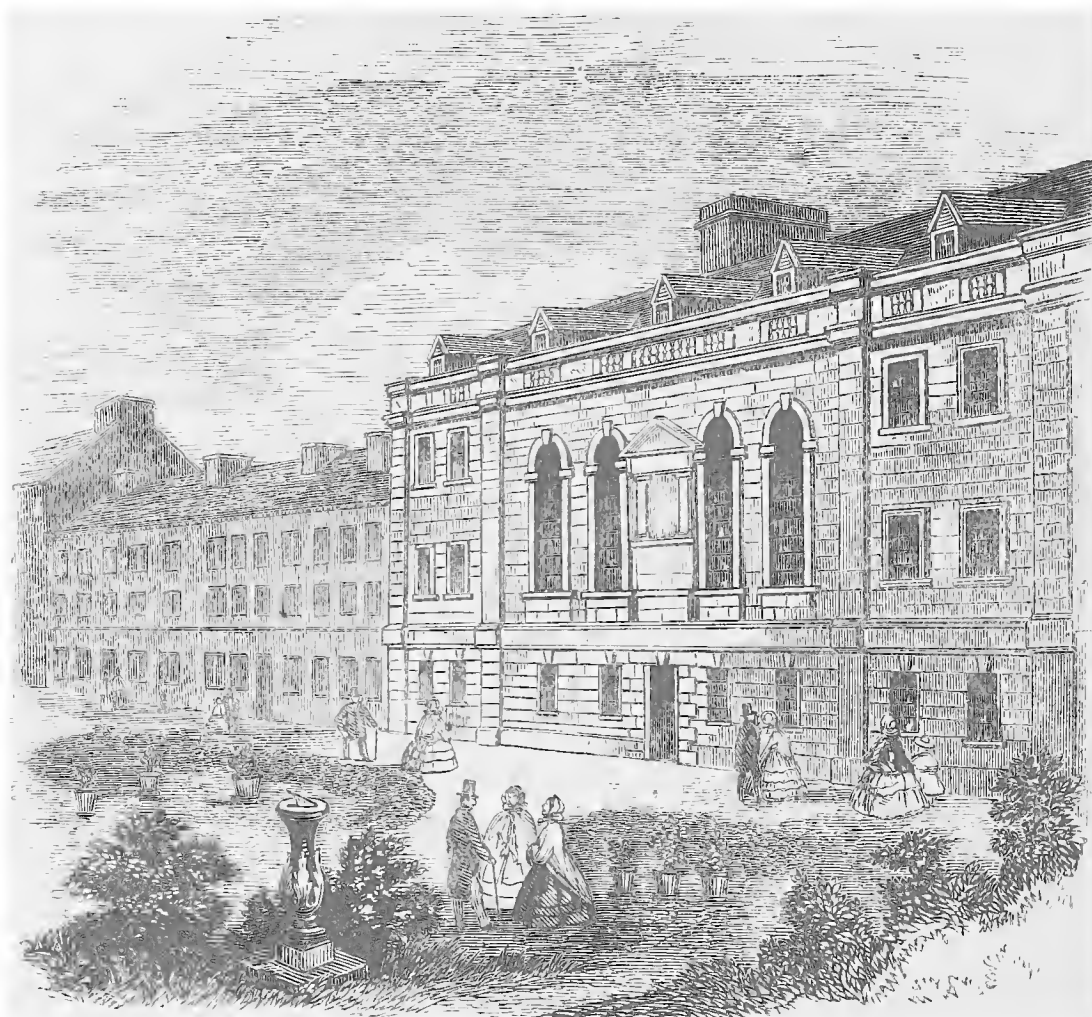
Friday, APRIL 7.—I went to Delph, a little village upon the mountains, where a remarkable work of God is just broke out. I was just set down, when the minister sent me word, I was welcome to preach in his church. On hearing this, many people walked thither immediately, near a mile from the town; but in ten minutes he sent me word, his mind was changed. We knew not then what to do, till the Trustees of the Independent meeting offered us the use of their house. It was quickly filled, and truly God bore witness to His Word. In the evening I preached at Huddersfield.

Monday, 10.—I preached in the prison at Whitelee.

Tuesday, 11.—In the evening I preached to a very genteel congregation at Wakefield.

Wednesday, 12.--After preaching at Rothwell, I inquired what was become of that lovely class of little girls, most of them believers, whom I met here a few years since. I found those of them that had pious parents remain to this day: but all of them whose parents did not fear God are gone back into the world. In the evening I preached in the new house at Leeds.

Thursday, 13.—I opened the new house at Hunslet. On *Friday*, I preached at Woodhouse.



(FULNECK.)

Sunday, 16.—Our house at Leeds was full at eight; yet every one heard distinctly. In the afternoon I preached at the old church; but a considerable part of the people could not hear. Indeed the church is remarkably ill constructed. Had it been built with common-sense, all that were in it, and even more, might have heard every word.

Monday, 17.—I left Leeds in one of the roughest mornings I have ever seen. We had rain, hail, snow, and wind, in abundance. About nine I preached at Bramley;

between one and two at Pudsey. Afterwards I walked to Fulneck, the German settlement. Mr. Moore showed us the house, chapel, hall, lodging-rooms, the apartments of the widows, the single men, and single women. He showed us likewise the workshops of various kinds, with the shops for grocery, drapery, mercery, hardware, etc., with which, as well as with bread from their bakehouse, they furnish the adjacent country. I see not what but the mighty power of God can hinder them from acquiring millions; as they, 1. Buy all materials with ready money at the best hand: 2. Have above a hundred young men, above fifty young women, many widows, and above a hundred married persons; all of whom are employed from morning to night, without any intermission, in various kinds of manufactures, not for journeymen's wages, but for no wages at all, save a little very plain food and raiment: as they have, 3. A quick sale for all their goods, and sell them all for ready money. But can they lay up treasure on earth, and at the same time lay up treasure in heaven?

In the evening I preached at Bradford, where I was well pleased to find many, both men and women, who had never suffered any decay since they were "perfected in love."

Wednesday, 19.—I went to Otley; but Mr. Ritchie was dead before I came. But he had first witnessed a good confession. One telling him, "You will be better soon;" he replied, "I cannot be better; for I have God in my heart. I am happy, happy, happy in His love!"

Mr. Wilson, the vicar, after a little hesitation, consented that I should preach his funeral sermon: this I did to-day. The text he had chosen was: "To you that believe, He is precious." Perhaps such a congregation had hardly been in Otley church before. Surely the right hand of the Lord bringeth mighty things to pass!

Sunday, 23.—Mr. Richardson being unwilling that I should preach any more in Haworth church, Providence opened another: I preached in Bingley church, both morning and afternoon. This is considerably larger than the other.

After preaching at several other places on *Monday* and *Tuesday, Wednesday, 26,* I preached in Heptonstall church, well filled with serious hearers. In the evening I preached near Todmorden, in the heart of the mountains. One would wonder where all the people came from.

Thursday, 27.—I preached in Todmorden church, with great enlargement of heart. In the afternoon we went on to Blackburn. It seemed, the whole town was moved. But the question was, where to put the congregation. We could not stand abroad, because of the sun: so as many as could, squeezed into the preaching-house. All the chief men of the town were there.

Sunday, 30.—We had a lovely congregation at Colne; but a much larger at one and at five. Many of them came ten or twelve miles; but I believe not in vain: God gave them a good reward for their labour.

Monday, MAY 1.—We reached Grassington about ten. The multitude of people



(PATELEY-BRIDGE CHAPEL.)

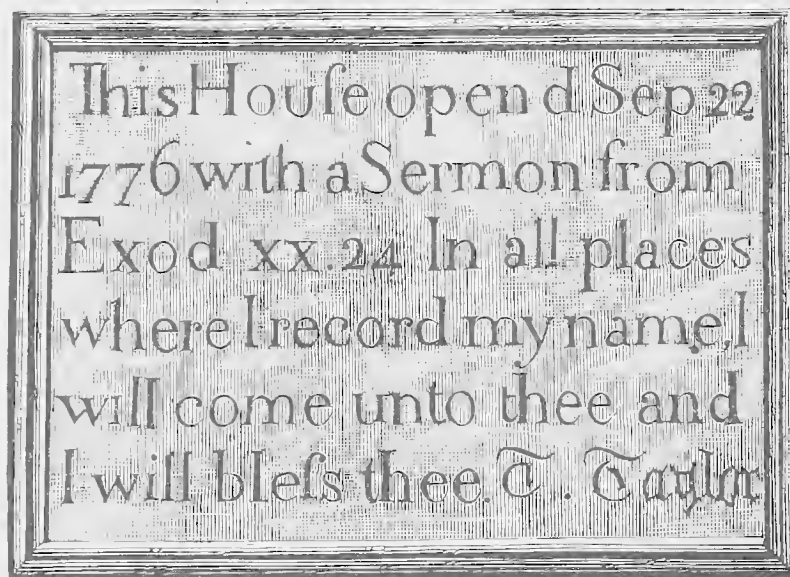
constrained me to preach abroad. It was fair all the time I was preaching; but afterwards rained much. At Pateley-bridge, the vicar offered me the use of his church. Though it was more than twice as large as our preaching-house, it was not near large enough to contain the congregation. How vast is the increase of the work of God! particularly in the most rugged and uncultivated places! How does He “send the springs” of

grace also “into the valleys, that run among the hills!”

Tuesday, 2.

--We came to Ripon, and observed a remarkable turn of Providence: the great hindrance of the work of God in this place has suddenly disappeared; and the poor people, being delivered

from their fear, gladly flock together to hear His Word. The new preaching-house was



quickly more than filled. In the afternoon we travelled through a delightful country; the more so when contrasted with the horrid mountains. The immense ruins of Garvaix Abbey show what a stately pile it was once. Though we were at a lone house, a numerous congregation assembled in the evening.

Wednesday, 3.—Judging it impracticable to pass the mountains in a carriage, I sent my chaise round, and took horse. At twelve I preached at Swaledale, to a loving people, increasing both in grace and number. Thence we crossed over another range of dreary mountains, and in the evening reached Barnard-castle. Not being yet inured to riding, I now felt something like weariness. But I forgot it in the lively congregation, and in the morning it was gone.

Thursday, 4.—About eight I preached to a serious congregation at Cuthbedson; and about one at Newbiggin, in Teesdale. We doubted how we should get over the next mountain, the famous Pikelow, after so long and heavy rains; but I scarce ever remember us getting over it so well. We found the people in Weardale, as usual, some of the liveliest in the kingdom; knowing nothing, and desiring to know nothing, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.

Friday, 5.—Notice having been given, without my knowledge, of my preaching at Ninhead, all the lead-miners that could, got together; and I declared to them: "All things are ready." After riding over another enormous mountain, I preached at Gamblesby (as I did about thirty years ago) to a large congregation of rich and poor. The chief man of the town was formerly a local-preacher, but now keeps his carriage. Has he increased in holiness as well as in wealth? If not, he has made a poor exchange.

In the evening, a large upper room, designed for an assembly, was procured for me at Penrith; but several of the poor people were struck with a panic, for fear the room should fall. Finding there was no remedy, I went down into the court below, and preached in great peace to a multitude of well-behaved people.

Saturday, 6.—I went on to Whitehaven.

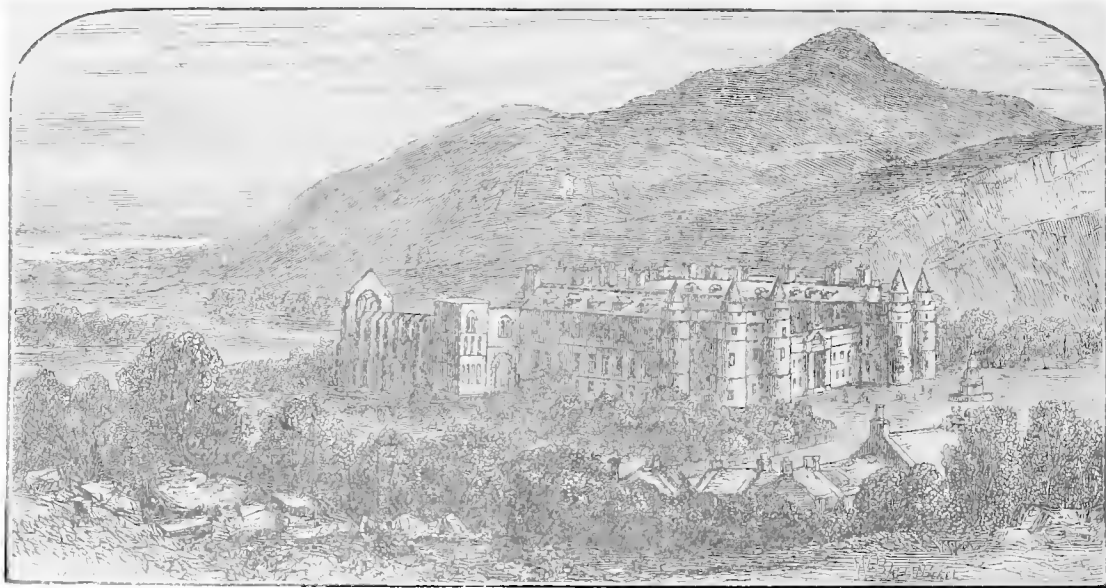
Sunday, 7.—I preached at eight, at two, and at five; but could not preach abroad because of the rain. We were in hopes of sailing for the Isle of Man the next morning, as a little vessel was waiting for us: but the wind then turned full against us. By this means I had an opportunity given me of meeting the select society. I was pleased to find, that none of them have lost the pure love of God, since they received it first. I was particularly pleased with a poor Negro. She seemed to be fuller of love than any of the rest. And not only her voice had an unusual sweetness, but her words were chosen and uttered with a peculiar propriety. I never heard, either in England or America, such a Negro speaker (man or woman) before.

Tuesday, 9.—Finding no hopes of sailing, after preaching morning and evening, I went to Cockermouth.

Wednesday, 10.—At eight I preached in the town-hall ; but to the poor only : the rich could not rise so soon. In the evening I preached in the town-hall at Carlisle.

Friday, 19.—I preached at Joppa, a settlement of colliers, three miles from Edinburgh. Some months ago, as some of them were cursing and swearing, one of our local-preachers going by, reprov'd them. One of them followed after him, and begged he would give them a sermon. He did so several times. Afterwards the travelling preachers went, and a few quickly agreed to meet together. Some of these now know in Whom they have believed, and walk worthy of their profession.

Saturday, 20.—I took one more walk through Holyrood-house, the mansion of ancient kings. But how melancholy an appearance does it make now ! The stately rooms are dirty as stables ; the colours of the tapestry are quite faded ; several of the



(HOLYROOD PALACE.)

pictures are cut and defaced. The roof of the royal chapel is fallen in ; and the bones of James the Fifth, and the once beautiful Lord Darnley, are scattered about like those of sheep or oxen.

Sunday, 21.—In the evening the house was well filled, and I was enabled to speak strong words. But I am not a preacher for the people of Edinburgh. Hugh Saunderson and Michael Fenwick are more to their taste.

Tuesday, 23.—A gentleman took me to see Roslyn-castle, eight miles from Edinburgh. It is now all in ruins, only a small dwelling-house is built on one part of it. The situation of it is exceeding fine, on the side of a steep mountain, hanging over a river, from which another mountain rises, equally steep, and clothed with wood. At a little distance is the chapel, which is in perfect preservation, both within and without. I should never have thought it had belonged to any one less than a sovereign Prince ! the inside being far more elegantly wrought with variety of

Scripture histories in stone-work, than I believe can be found again in Scotland; perhaps not in all England.

Hence we went to Dunbar.

Wednesday, 24.—In the afternoon I went through the lovely garden of a gentleman in the town, who has laid out walks hanging over the sea, and winding



(INTERIOR OF ROSLYN CHAPEL, from a photograph by G. W. Wilson & Co.)

among the rocks. One of them leads to the castle, wherein that poor injured woman, Mary Queen of Scots, was confined.

Wednesday, 31.—In the afternoon we took a view of the castle at Durham, the residence of the bishop. The situation is wonderfully fine, surrounded by the river, and commanding all the country; and many of the apartments are large and stately; but the furniture is mean beyond imagination! I know not where I have seen such in a gentleman's house, or a man of five hundred a year, except that of the Lord-Lieutenant in Dublin. In the largest chambers, the tapestry is quite faded; beside that,

it is coarse and ill-judged. Take but one instance:—In Jacob's vision you see, on the one side, a little paltry ladder, and an angel climbing it, in the attitude of a chimney-sweeper; and on the other side Jacob staring at him, from under a large silver-laced hat!

Thursday, JUNE 1.—About ten I preached at Aycliffe, a large village, twelve miles from Durham; all the inhabitants whereof seem now as full of good-will, as they were once of prejudice.



(FRONT OF NEWARK CASTLE.)

Sunday, 4.—The service began about ten at Staveley, near Boroughbridge. Mr. Hartley, the rector, read prayers. But the church would scarce contain half the congregation; so that I was obliged to stand upon a tombstone, both morning and afternoon. In the evening I preached at Boroughbridge, to a numerous congregation; and all were attentive, except a few soldiers, who seemed to understand nothing of the matter.

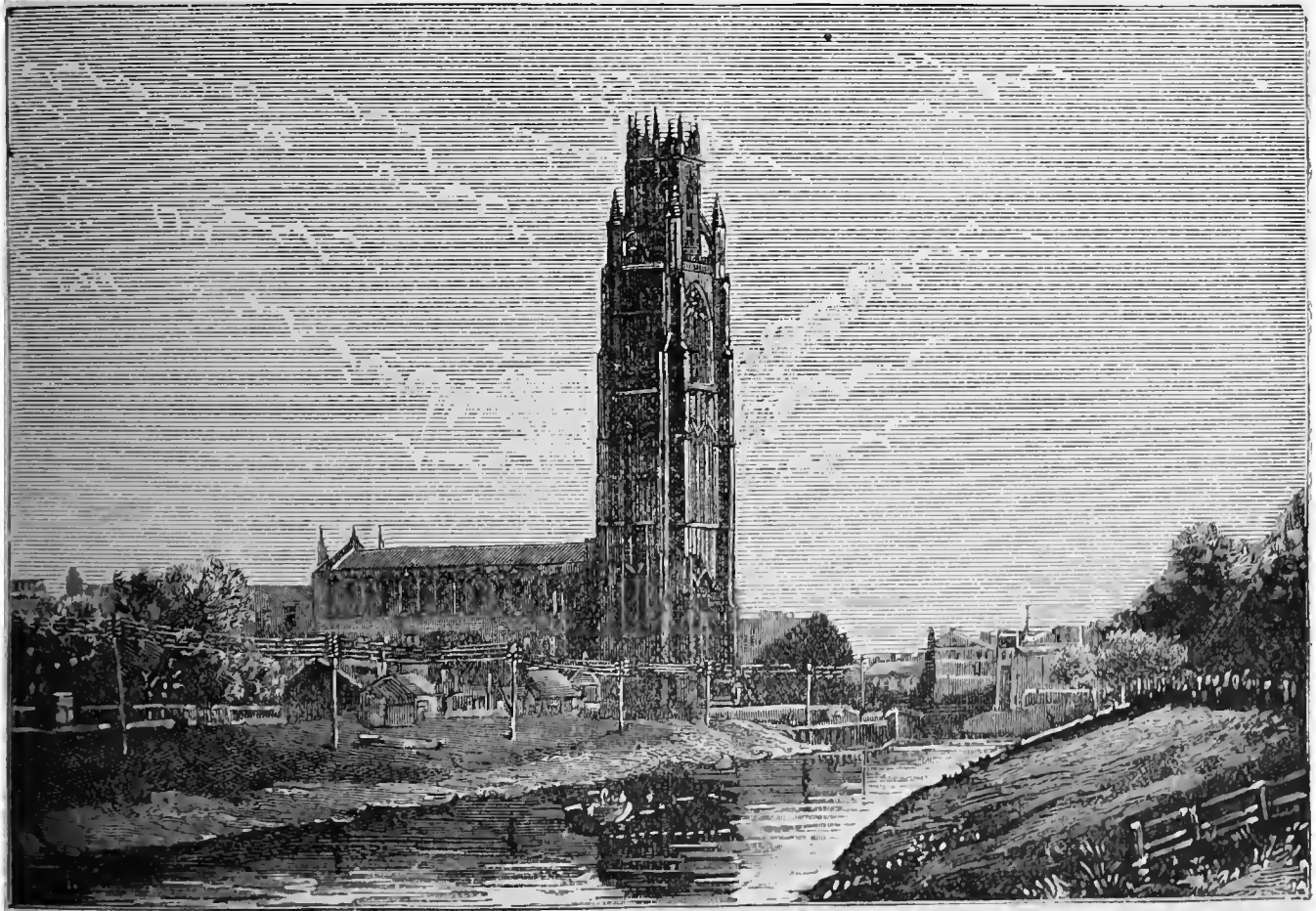
Monday, 5.—About noon I preached at Tockwith, and then went on to York.

Tuesday, 6, was the Quarterly-meeting, the most numerous I ever saw.

Sunday, 11.—Preached at Kirton, about eight, to a very large and very serious

congregation. Only before me stood one, something like a gentleman, with his hat on even at prayer. I could scarce help telling him a story:—In Jamaica, a Negro passing by the governor, pulled off his hat; so did the governor; at which one expressing his surprise, he said, “Sir, I should be ashamed if a Negro had more good manners than the governor of Jamaica.”

About two I preached at Gainsborough, and again at five, to a very numerous congregation. We had then a love-feast, and one of the most lively which I have



(BOSTON CHURCH.)

known for many years. Many spoke, and with great fervour, as well as simplicity; so that most who heard blessed God for the consolation.

Monday, 12.—About eleven I preached at Newton-upon-Trent, to a large and very genteel congregation. Thence we went to Newark: but our friends were divided as to the place where I should preach. At length they found a convenient place, covered on three sides, and on the fourth open to the street. It contained two or three thousand people well, who appeared to hear as for life. Only one big man, exceeding drunk, was very noisy and turbulent, till his wife seized him by the collar, gave him two or three hearty boxes on the ear, and dragged him away like a calf. But, at length, he got out of her hands, crept in among the people, and stood as quiet as a lamb.

Tuesday, 13.—I accepted of an invitation from a gentleman at Lincoln, in which I had not set my foot for upwards of fifty years. At six in the evening I preached in the castle-yard, to a large and attentive congregation. They were all as quiet as if I had been at Bristol. Will God have a people here also?

Wednesday, 14.—I preached again at ten in the morning. In the middle of the sermon a violent storm began; on which Mr. Wood, the keeper, opened the door of the court-house.

Friday, 16.—We went on to Boston, the largest town in the county, except



(THE CENTENARY CHAPEL, BOSTON.)

Lincoln. From the top of the steeple (which I suppose is by far the highest tower in the kingdom) we had a view not only of all the town, but of all the adjacent country. Formerly this town was in the fens; but the fens are vanished away: great part of them is turned into pasture, and part into arable land. At six the house contained the congregation, all of whom behaved in the most decent manner. How different from those wild beasts with whom Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Mather had to do!

Saturday, 24.—I preached about noon at Belton.

Sunday, 25.—Sir William Anderson, the rector, having sent an express order to his curate, he did not dare to gainsay. So at ten I began reading prayers to such a

congregation as I apprehend hardly ever assembled in this church before. I preached on Luke viii. 18, part of the second lesson. Not a breath was heard; all was still "as summer's noontide air;" and I believe our Lord then sowed seed in many hearts which will bring forth fruit to perfection.

Wednesday, 28. (O.S.)—I can hardly think I am entered this day into the seventy-eighth year of my age. By the blessing of God, I am just the same as when I entered the twenty-eighth. This hath God wrought, chiefly by my constant exercise, my rising early, and preaching morning and evening.

Monday, JULY 24.—I went on to Bristol. While I was at Bath, I narrowly observed and considered the celebrated Cartoons; the first three in particular. What a poor *designer* was one of the finest painters in the world! 1. Here are two men in a boat; each of them more than half as long as the boat itself. 2. Our Lord, saying to Peter: "Feed My sheep," points to three or four sheep standing by Him. 3. While Peter and John heal the lame man, two naked boys stand by them. For what? O pity that so fine a painter should be utterly without common-sense!

In the evening I saw one of the greatest curiosities in the vegetable creation,—the Nightly Cereus. About four in the afternoon, the dry stem began to swell; about six, it gradually opened; and about eight, it was in its full glory. I think the inner part of this flower, which was snow-white, was about five inches diameter; the yellow rays which surrounded it, I judged, were in diameter nine or ten inches. About twelve it began to droop, being covered with a cold sweat; at four it died away.

Tuesday, AUGUST 1.—Our Conference began. We have been always, hitherto, straitened for time. It was now resolved, "For the future we allow nine or ten days for each Conference; that every thing, relative to the carrying on of the work of God, may be maturely considered."

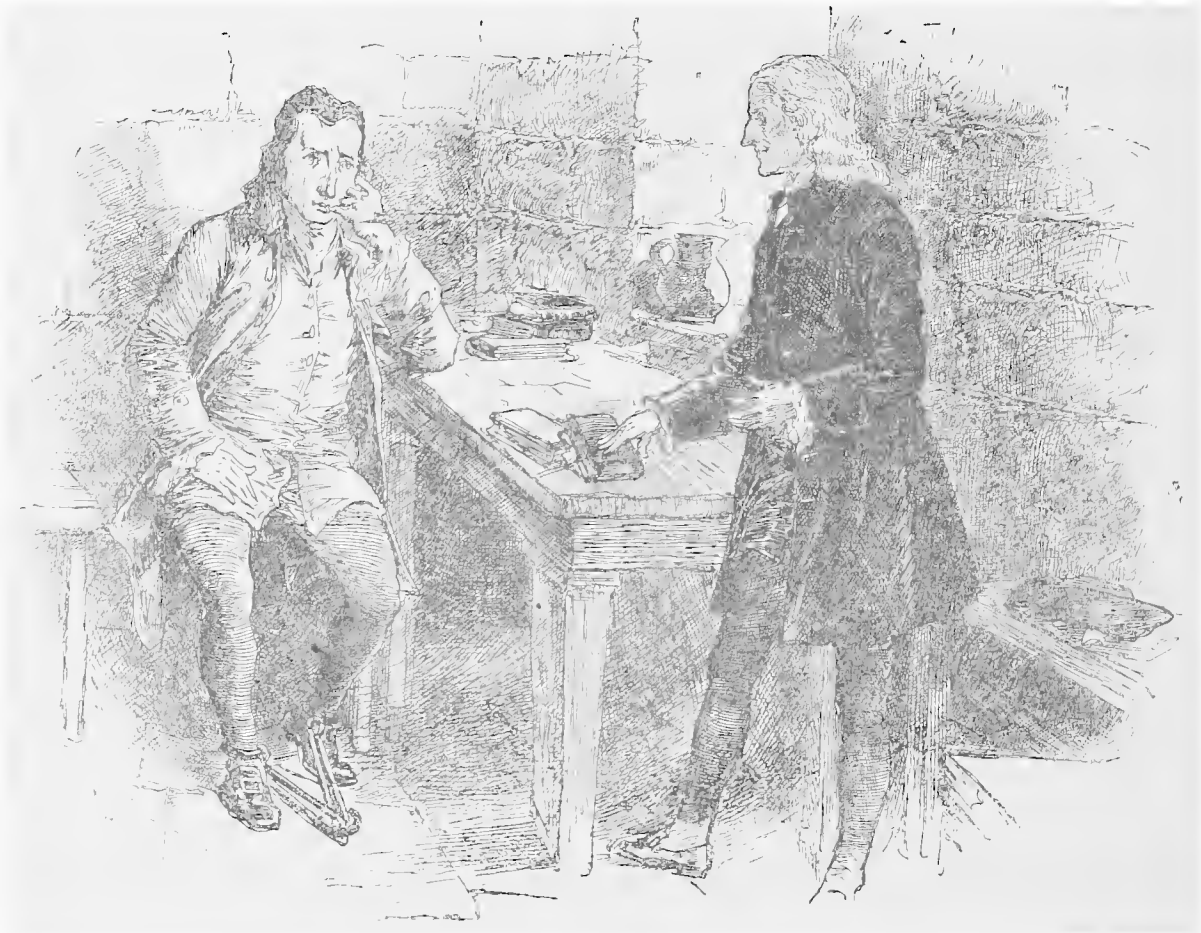
Friday, 25.—I now looked over a volume of Mr. K—'s Essays. He is a lively writer, of middling understanding. But I cannot admire his style at all. It is prim, affected, and highly Frenchified. I object to the beginning so many sentences with participles. This does well in French, but not in English. I cannot admire his judgment in many particulars. To instance in one or two: he depresses Cowley beyond all reason; who was far from being a mean poet. Full as unreasonably does he depress modern eloquence. I believe I have heard speakers at Oxford, to say nothing of Westminster, who were not inferior to either Demosthenes or Cicero.

Tuesday, OCTOBER 17.—I came back to Sevenoaks, and in the afternoon walked over to the Duke of Dorset's seat. The park is the pleasantest I ever saw; the trees are so elegantly disposed. The house, which is at least two hundred years old, is immensely large. The tapestry, representing the whole history of Nebuchadnezzar, is as fresh as if newly woven. But the bed-curtains are exceeding dirty, and look more like copper than gold. The silver on the tables, chairs, and glass, looks as dull as

lead. And, to complete all, King Nebuchadnezzar among the beasts, together with his eagle's claws, has a large crown upon his head, and is clothed in scarlet and gold.

Sunday, DECEMBER 10.—I began reading and explaining to the society, the large Minutes of the Conference. I desire to do all things openly and above-board. I would have all the world, and especially all of our society, see not only all the steps we take, but the reasons why we take them.

Saturday, 16.—Having a second message from Lord George Gordon, earnestly



(WESLEY'S INTERVIEW WITH LORD GEORGE GORDON.)

desiring to see me, I wrote a line to Lord Stormont, who, on *Monday, 18*, sent me a warrant to see him. On *Tuesday, 19*, I spent an hour with him, at his apartment in the Tower. Our conversation turned upon Popery and religion. He seemed to be well-acquainted with the Bible; and had abundance of other books, enough to furnish a study. I was agreeably surprised to find he did not complain of any person or thing; and cannot but hope, his confinement will take a right turn, and prove a lasting blessing to him.

Sunday, 24.—Desiring to make the most of this solemn day, I preached early in the morning at the new chapel; at ten and four I preached at West-street; and in the evening met the society at each end of the town.

Friday, 29.—I saw the indictment of the Grand Jury against Lord George

Gordon. I stood aghast! What a shocking insult upon truth and common-sense! But it is the usual *form*. The more is the shame. Why will not the Parliament remove this scandal from our nation?

Saturday, 30.—Waking between one and two in the morning, I observed a bright light shine upon the chapel. I easily concluded there was a fire near; probably in the adjoining timber-yard. If so, I knew it would soon lay us in ashes. I first called all the family to prayer; then going out, we found the fire about an hundred yards off, and had broke out while the wind was south. But a sailor cried out, “Avast! Avast! the wind is turned in a moment!” So it did to the west, while we were at prayer, and so drove the flame from us. We then thankfully returned, and I rested well the residue of the night.

Thursday, JANUARY 25, 1781.—I spent an agreeable hour at a concert of my nephews. But I was a little out of my element among Lords and Ladies. I love plain music and plain company best.

Wednesday, FEBRUARY 14.—To awaken, if possible, the careless ones at Loddon, at two in the afternoon, I opened and enforced those awful words: “Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.” In the evening, I applied those gracious words: “All things are ready; come unto the marriage.”

On *Saturday, 17*, I returned to Norwich. Here I found about fifty missing out of the two hundred and sixteen whom I left in the society a year ago. Such fickleness I have not found any where else in the kingdom; no, nor even in Ireland.

Wednesday, 21, being the national fast, I preached in the new chapel in the morning, and at West-street in the afternoon. At this, as well as the two last public fasts, all places of public worship were crowded; all shops were shut up; all was quiet in the streets, and seriousness seemed to spread through the whole city. And one may hope even this outward acknowledgment of God is, in a measure, acceptable to Him.

Sunday, 25.—My brother, Mr. Richardson, and Mr. Buckingham being ill, I went through the service at Spitalfields alone. The congregation was much larger than usual; but my strength was as my day, both here, the new chapel, and afterwards at St. Antholin’s church: the service lasted till near nine; but I was no more tired than at nine in the morning.

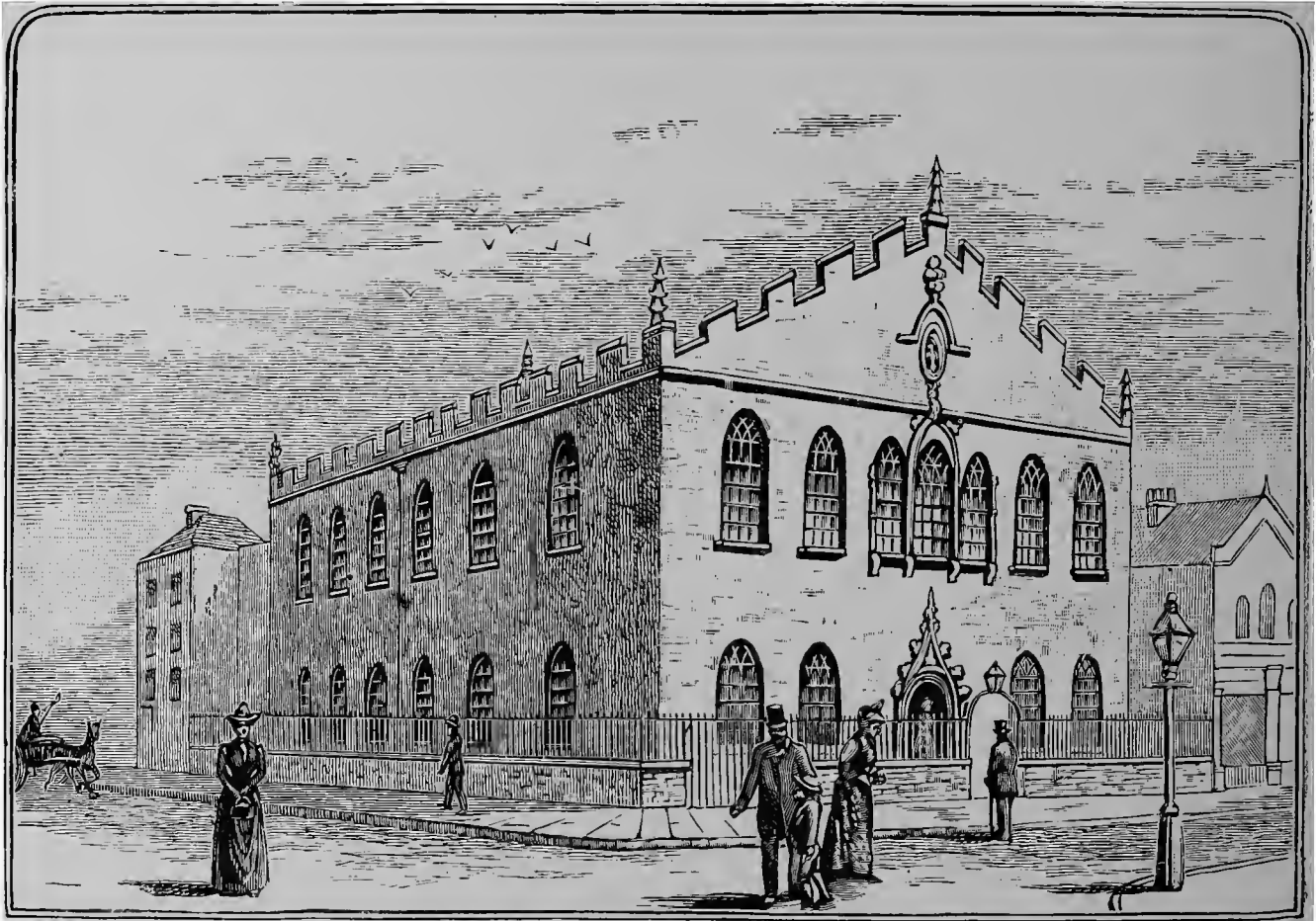
Friday, MARCH 2.—We had our General Quarterly-meeting, and found the money subscribed this year for the payment of the public debt was between fourteen and fifteen hundred pounds.

Tuesday, 27.—I went a little out of my way in order to open the new preaching house at Shrewsbury.

Wednesday, 28.—I returned to Burslem. How is the whole face of this country changed in about twenty years! Since the potteries were introduced, inhabitants have continually flowed in from every side. Hence the wilderness is literally become

a fruitful field. Houses, villages, towns have sprung up. And the country is not more improved than the people. The Word of God has had free course among them. Sinners are daily awakened and converted to God; and believers grow in the knowledge of Christ. In the evening the house was filled with people, and with the presence of God. This constrained me to extend the service a good deal longer than I am accustomed to do. Likewise, at the meeting of the society, many were filled with strong consolation.

After preaching at Congleton, Macclesfield, and Stockport, in my way, on *Friday*,



(OLDHAM-STREET CHAPEL, MANCHESTER.)

30, I opened the new chapel at Manchester, about the size of that in London. The whole congregation behaved with the utmost seriousness. I trust much good will be done in this place.

Sunday, APRIL 1.—I began reading prayers at ten o'clock. Our country friends flocked in from all sides. At the Communion was such a sight as I am persuaded was never seen at Manchester before: eleven or twelve hundred communicants at once; and all of them fearing God.

Tuesday, 3.—I took a solemn leave of our affectionate friends here, and went on to Bolton. The society here are true, original Methodists. They are not conformed

to the world, either in its maxims, its spirit, or its fashions ; but are simple followers of the Lamb : consequently they increase both in grace and number.

Monday, 9.—Desiring to be in Ireland as soon as possible, I hastened to Liverpool, and found a ship ready to sail ; but the wind was contrary, till on *Thursday* morning, the captain came in haste, and told us, the wind was come quite fair. So Mr. Floyd, Snowden, Joseph Bradford, and I, with two of our sisters, went on board. But scarce were we out at sea, when the wind turned quite foul, and rose higher and higher. In an hour I was so affected, as I had not been for forty years before. For two days I could not swallow the quantity of a pea of any thing solid, and very little of any liquid. I was bruised and sore from head to foot, and ill able to turn me on the bed.

All *Friday*, the storm increasing, the sea of consequence was rougher and rougher. Early on *Saturday* morning, the hatches were closed, which, together with the violent motion, made our horses so turbulent, that I was afraid we must have killed them, lest they should damage the ship. Mrs. S. now crept to me, threw her arms over me, and said, “O Sir, we will die together !” We had by this time three feet water in



(CENTRAL HALL, BUILT UPON THE SITE OF OLDHAM-STREET CHAPEL.)

the hold, though it was an exceeding light vessel. Meantime we were furiously driving on a lee-shore ; and when the captain cried, “Helm a-lee !” she would not obey the helm. I called our brethren to prayers ; and we found free access to the throne of grace. Soon after we got, I know not how, into Holyhead harbour, after being sufficiently buffeted by the winds and waves for two days and two nights.

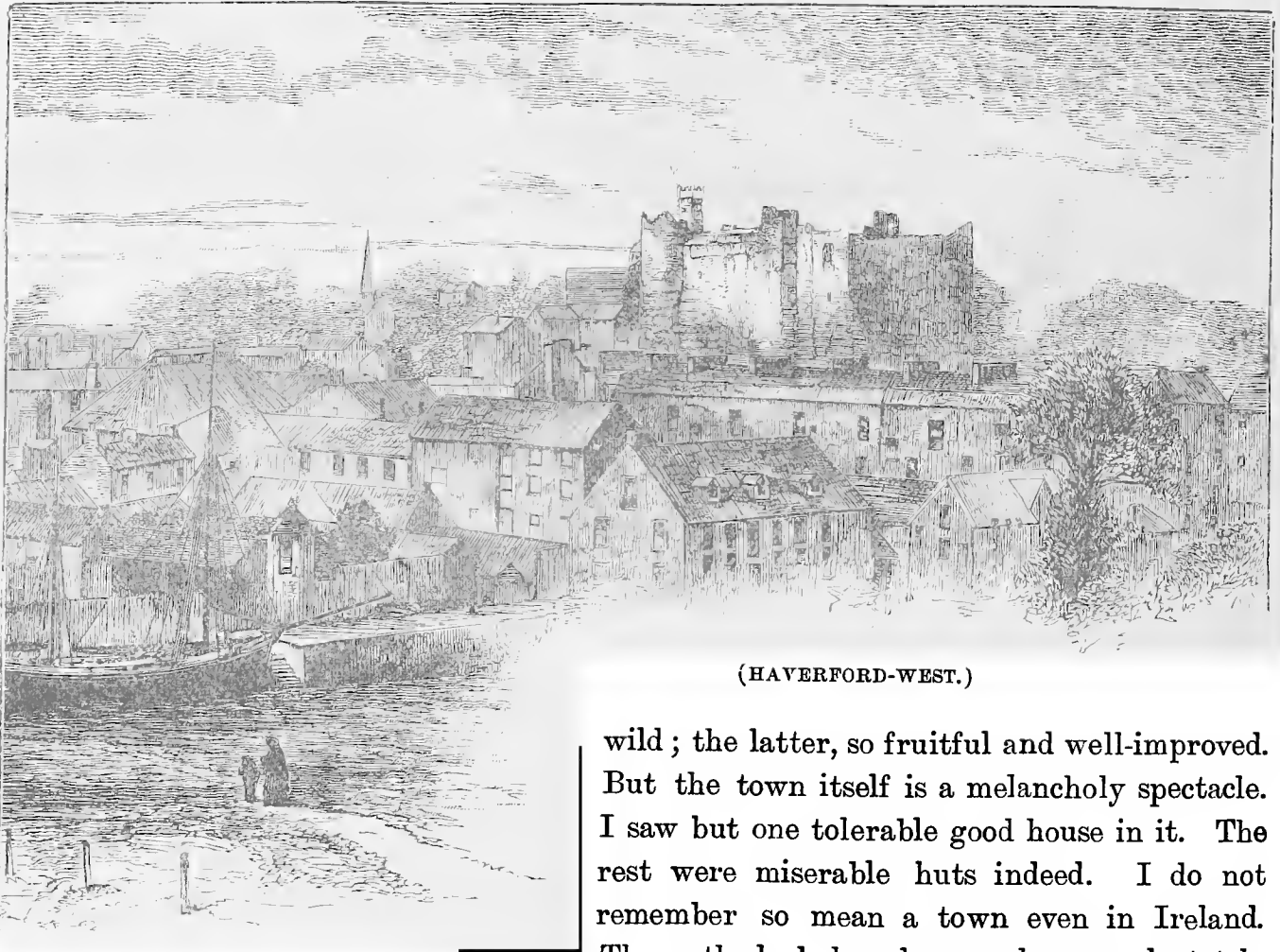
Thursday, 26.—I went on to Pembroke, and in the evening preached in the town-hall.

Friday, 27.—I preached at Jefferson, seven miles from Pembroke, to a large congregation of honest colliers. In the evening I preached in Pembroke town-hall again, to an elegant congregation.

Monday, 30.—I met about fifty children ; such a company as I have not seen

for many years. Miss Warren loves them, and they love her. She has taken true pains with them, and her labour has not been in vain. Several of them are much awakened; and the behaviour of all is so composed, that they are a pattern to the whole congregation.

Tuesday, MAY 1.—I rode to St. David's, seventeen measured miles from Haverford. I was surprised to find all the land, for the last nine or ten miles, so fruitful and well cultivated. What a difference is there between the westernmost parts of England, and the westernmost parts of Wales! The former (the west of Cornwall) so barren and



(HAVERFORD-WEST.)

wild; the latter, so fruitful and well-improved. But the town itself is a melancholy spectacle. I saw but one tolerable good house in it. The rest were miserable huts indeed. I do not remember so mean a town even in Ireland.

The cathedral has been a large and stately fabric, far superior to any other in Wales. But a great part of it is fallen down already; and the rest is hastening into ruin: one blessed fruit (among many) of bishops residing at a distance from their See.

Monday, 14.—Before I reached Monmouth, one met and informed me, that Mr. C., a Justice of the Peace, one of the greatest men in the town, desired I would take a bed at his house. Of consequence, all the rabble of the town were as quiet as lambs; and we had a comfortable opportunity both night and morning. Surely this is the Lord's doing!

Wednesday, 30.—I embarked on board the packet-boat, for the Isle of Man. We had a dead calm for many hours: however, we landed at Douglas on *Friday* morning. Both the preachers met me here, and gave me a comfortable account of the still increasing work of God.

Before dinner, we took a walk in a garden near the town, wherein any of the inhabitants of it may walk. It is wonderfully pleasant; yet not so pleasant as the



(CASTLE RUSHEN, CASTLETON, ISLE OF MAN.)

gardens of the Nunnery, (so it is still called,) which are not far from it. These are delightfully laid out, and yield to few places of the size in England.

At six I preached in the market-place, to a large congregation; all of whom, except a few children, and two or three giddy young women, were seriously attentive.

Saturday, JUNE 2.—I rode to Castleton. All the day I observed, wherever I was, one circumstance that surprised me:—In England we generally hear the birds singing, morning and evening; but here thrushes, and various other kinds of birds, were singing all day long. They did not intermit, even during the noon-day heat, where they had a few trees to shade them.

Sunday, 3.—Between six and seven I preached on the sea-shore at Peel, to

the largest congregation I have seen in the island : even the society nearly filled the house. I soon found what spirit they were of. Hardly in England (unless perhaps at Bolton) have I found so plain, so earnest, so simple a people.

Monday, 4.—We came to Bishop's-court, where good Bishop Wilson resided near threescore years. There is something venerable, though not magnificent, in the ancient palace ; and it is undoubtedly situated in one of the pleasantest spots of the whole island.



(WESLEYAN CHAPEL, SULBY-GLEN, ISLE OF MAN.)

At six in the evening I preached at Balleugh ; but the preaching-house would not contain one half of the congregation ; of which the vicar, Mr. Gilling, with his wife, sister, and daughter, were a part. He invited me to take a breakfast with him in the morning, *Tuesday, 5* ; which I willingly did.

Wednesday, 6.—This morning we rode through the most woody, and far the pleasantest, part of the island ;—a range of fruitful land, lying at the foot of the mountains, from Ramsay, through Sulby, to Kirkmichael. Here we stopped to look at the plain tomb-stones of those two good men, Bishop Wilson and Bishop Hildesley ; whose remains are deposited, side by side, at the east end of the church. We had scarce reached Peel before the rain increased ; but here the preaching-house contained

all that could come. Afterwards Mr. Crook desired me to meet the singers. I was agreeably surprised. I have not heard better singing either at Bristol or London. Many, both men and women, have admirable voices; and they sing with good judgment. Who would have expected this in the Isle of Man?

Thursday, 7.—I met our little body of preachers. They were two-and-twenty in all. I never saw in England so many stout, well-looking preachers together. If their spirit be answerable to their look, I know not what can stand before them. In the afternoon I rode over to Dawby, and preached to a very large and very serious congregation.

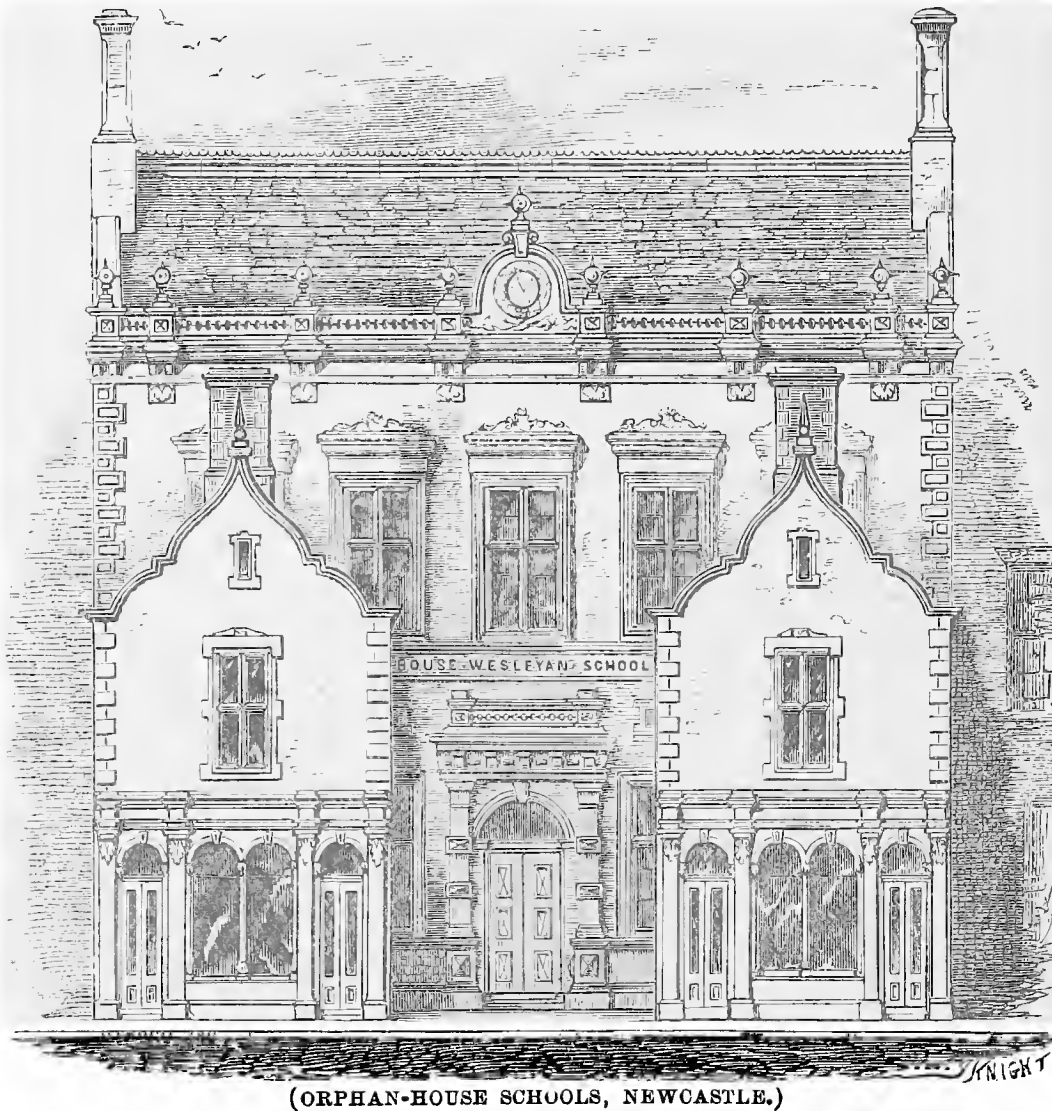


(RAMSAY, ISLE OF MAN.)

Friday, 8.—Having now visited the island round, east, south, north, and west, I was thoroughly convinced that we have no such circuit as this, either in England, Scotland, or Ireland. It is shut up from the world; and, having little trade, is visited by scarce any strangers. Here are no Papists, no Dissenters of any kind, no Calvinists, no disputers. Here is no opposition, either from the Governor, (a mild, humane man,) from the bishop, (a good man,) or from the bulk of the clergy. One or two of them did oppose for a time; but they seem now to understand better. So that we have now rather too little, than too much, reproach; the scandal of the Cross being, for the present, ceased. The natives are a plain, artless, simple people; unpolished, that is,

unpolluted; few of them are rich or genteel; the far greater part, moderately poor; and most of the strangers that settle among them are men that have seen affliction. The local-preachers are men of faith and love, knit together in one mind and one judgment. They speak either Manx or English, and follow a regular plan, which the assistant gives them monthly.

The isle is supposed to have thirty thousand inhabitants. Allowing half of them



to be adults, and our societies to contain one or two and twenty hundred members, what a fair proportion is this! What has been seen like this, in any part either of Great Britain or Ireland?

Saturday, 9.—We would willingly have set sail; but the strong north-east wind prevented us.

Monday, 11.—It being moderate, we put to sea: but it soon died away into a calm; so I had time to read over and consider Dr. Johnson's "Tour through Scotland." I had heard that he was severe upon the whole nation; but I could find nothing of

it. He simply mentions (but without any bitterness) what he approved or disapproved: and many of the reflections are extremely judicious; some of them very affecting.

Tuesday, 12.—The calm continuing, I read over Mr. Pennant's "Tour through Scotland." How amazingly different from Dr. Johnson's! He is doubtless a man both of sense and learning. Why has he then bad English in almost every page? No man should be above writing correctly.

Having several passengers on board, I offered to give them a sermon; which they willingly accepted. And all behaved with the utmost decency, while I showed: "His commandments are not grievous." Soon after, a little breeze sprung up, which, early in the morning, brought us to Whitehaven.

Sunday, 24.—I preached in the morning at Gateshead-Fell: about noon, at a village called Greenside, ten miles west of Newcastle, to the largest congregation I have seen in the north; many of whom were Roman Catholics. In the evening I preached once more at the Garth-Heads, (some thought to the largest congregation that had ever been there,) on those words in the service: "Comfort ye, comfort ye My people, saith your God."

Wednesday, JULY 4.—I called upon an honest man, and, I hope, took him out of the hands of an egregious quack; who was pouring in medicines upon him, for what he called "wind in the nerves!"

Thursday, 5.—I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Brackenbury again, though still exceeding weak. His chapel was thoroughly filled in the evening; I trust, with sincere hearers.

Friday, 6.—I finished the second volume of Dr. Robertson's "History of America." His language is always clear and strong, and frequently elegant; and I suppose his history is preferable to any history of America which has appeared in the English tongue. But I cannot admire, first, his intolerable prolixity in this history, as well as his "History of Charles the Fifth." He promises eight books of the History of America, and fills four of them with critical dissertations. True, the dissertations



(DR. W. ROBERTSON.)

are sensible, but they have lost their way ; they are not history : and they are swelled beyond all proportion ; doubtless, for the benefit of the author and the book-seller, rather than the reader. I cannot admire, secondly, a Christian divine writing a history, with so very little of Christianity in it. Nay, he seems studiously to avoid saying any thing which might imply that he believes the Bible. I can still less admire, thirdly, his speaking so honourably of a professed infidel ; yea, and referring to his masterpiece of infidelity, "Sketches of the History of Man ;" as artful, as unfair, as disingenuous a book, as even Toland's "Nazarenus." Least of all can I admire,



(TATTERSHALL CASTLE.)

fourthly, his copying after Dr. Hawkesworth, (who once professed better things,) in totally excluding the Creator from governing the world. Was it not enough, never to mention the Providence of God, where there was the fairest occasion, without saying expressly, "The *fortune* of Certiz," or "*chance*," did thus or thus ? So far as fortune or chance governs the world, God has no place in it.

The poor American, though not pretending to be a Christian, knew better than this. When the Indian was asked, "Why do you think the beloved ones take care of *you* ?" he answered, "When I was in the battle, the bullet went on this side, and on that side ; and this man died, and that man died ; and I am alive ! So I know the beloved ones take care of *me*."

It is true, the doctrine of a particular Providence (and any but a *particular* Providence is no Providence at all) is absolutely out of fashion in England: and a prudent author might write this to gain the favour of his gentle readers. Yet I will not say, this is real prudence; because he may lose hereby more than he gains; as the majority, even of Britons, to this day, retain some sort of respect for the Bible.

Saturday, 7.—We rode through Tattershall, where there are large remains of a stately castle; and there was in the chancel of the old church the finest painted-glass (so it was esteemed) in England; but the prudent owner, considering it brought him in nothing by staying there, lately sold it for a round sum of money.

Here I met with such a ferry as I never saw before. The boat was managed by an honest countryman who knew just nothing of the matter, and a young woman equally skilful. However, though the river was fifty yards broad, we got over it in an hour and a half. We then went on through the fens in a marvellous road, sometimes tracked, and sometimes not, till about six we came to Rauceby, and found the people gathered from all parts.

Monday, 23.—I preached at Yeadon, to a large congregation. I had heard the people there were remarkably dead: if so, they were now remarkably quickened; for I know not when I have seen a whole congregation so moved.

Sunday, 29.—I preached at eight before the house. I expected to preach at one, as usual, under the hill at Birstal; but after the church service was ended, the clerk exclaimed with a loud voice, “The Rev. Mr. Wesley is to preach here in the afternoon.” So I desired Mr. Pawson to preach at one. The church began at half-hour past two; and I spoke exceeding plain to such a congregation as I never met there before. In the evening I preached at Bradford to thousands upon thousands, on: “The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.”

Sunday, AUGUST 5.—At the old church in Leeds we had eighteen clergymen, and about eleven hundred communicants. I preached there at three: the church was thoroughly filled.

Monday, 6.—I desired Mr. Fletcher, Dr. Coke, and four more of our brethren, to meet every evening, that we might consult together on any difficulty that occurred.

On *Tuesday* our conference began, at which were present about seventy preachers, whom I had severally invited to come and assist me with their advice, in carrying on the great work of God.

Wednesday, 8.—I desired Mr. Fletcher to preach. I do not wonder he should be so popular; not only because he preaches with all his might, but because the power of God attends both his preaching and prayer.

Wednesday, 15.—I went to Sheffield. In the afternoon I took a view of the chapel lately built by the Duke of Norfolk. One may safely say, there is none like it in the three kingdoms; nor, I suppose, in the world. It is a stone building, an

octagon, about eighty feet diameter. A cupola, which is at a great height, gives some, but not much, light. A little more is given by four small windows, which are under the galleries. The pulpit is movable: it rolls upon wheels; and is shifted once a quarter, that all the pews may face it in their turns: I presume the first contrivance of the kind in Europe.

After preaching in the evening to a crowded audience, and exhorting the society to brotherly love, I took chaise with Dr. Coke; and, travelling day and night, the next evening came to London.

Thursday, 23.—Finding after breakfast, that I was within a mile of my old friend, G. S—, I walked over, and spent an hour with him. He is all-original still; like no man in the world, either in sentiments or any thing about him. But perhaps if I had his immense fortune, I might be as great an oddity as he.

Monday, 27.—I was desired to preach at Trenuth at noon, *a little way* (they said) out of the road. The *little way* proved six or seven miles, through a road ready to break our wheels in pieces. However, I just reached St. Austell time enough to preach; and God greatly comforted the hearts of His people.

Tuesday, 28.—Between nine and ten we had such a storm of rain, as I do not remember to have seen in Europe before. It seemed ready to beat in the windows of the chaise, and in three minutes drenched our horsemen from head to foot. We reached Truro, however, at the appointed time. I have not for many years seen a congregation so universally affected. One would have imagined, every one that was present had a desire to save his soul.

In the evening I preached in the High-street at Helston. I scarce know a town in the whole county which is so totally changed; not a spark of that bitter enmity to the Methodists, in which the people here for many years gloried above their fellows.

Going through Marazion, I was told that a large congregation was waiting: so I stepped out of my chaise, and began immediately; and we had a gracious shower. Some were cut to the heart; but more rejoiced with joy unspeakable.

In the evening I preached in the market-place at Penzance. I designed afterwards to meet the society; but the people were so eager to hear all they could, that they quickly filled the house from end to end. This is another of the towns wherein the whole stream of the people is turned, as it were, from east to west.

Saturday, SEPTEMBER 1.—At eleven I preached in Camborne church-town; and I believe the hearts of all the people were bowed down before the Lord. After the Quarterly-meeting in Redruth, I preached in the market-place, on the first principle: "Ye are saved through faith." It is also the last point; and it connects the first point of religion with the last.

Wednesday, 5.—About noon, I preached at Taunton. I believe it my duty to relate here what some will esteem a most notable instance of enthusiasm. Be it so or

not, I aver the plain fact. In an hour after we left Taunton, one of the chaise-horses was on a sudden so lame, that he could hardly set his foot to the ground. It being impossible to procure any human help, I knew of no remedy but prayer. Immediately the lameness was gone, and he went just as he did before.

Friday, 7.—I went over to Kingswood, and made a particular inquiry into the management of the school. I found some of the Rules had not been observed at all; particularly that of rising in the morning. Surely Satan has a peculiar spite at this



(WESLEY PREACHING TO CONDEMNED PRISONERS.)

school! What trouble has it cost me for above these thirty years! I can *plan*; but who will *execute*? I know not; God help me!

Friday, 28.—About noon I preached at Keynsham; and not without hopes of doing good even here. Since Miss Owen has removed from Publow, Miss Bishop has set up a school here; and it is worthy to be called a Christian school. It is what the school at Publow was.

Saturday, 29.—I spent an hour with Mr. Henderson at Hannam, and particularly inquired into his whole method; and I am persuaded there is not such another house for lunatics in the three kingdoms. He has a peculiar art of governing his patients;

not by fear, but by love. The consequence is, many of them speedily recover, and love him ever after.

Thursday, OCTOBER 4.—I was importuned to preach the condemned sermon at Bristol. I did so; though with little hope of doing good; the criminals being eminently impenitent. Yet they were, for the present, melted into tears; and they were not out of God's reach.

Tuesday, 9.—I preached at Winchester, where I went with great expectation to see that celebrated painting in the cathedral, the raising of Lazarus. But I was disappointed. I observed, 1. There was such a huddle of figures, that, had I not been told, I should not ever have guessed what they meant. 2. The colours in general were far too glaring, such as neither Christ nor His followers ever wore. When will painters have common-sense?

Wednesday, 10.—I opened the new preaching-house just finished at Newport, in the Isle of Wight. After preaching, I explained the nature of a Methodist society; of which few had before the least conception.

Sunday, 28.—(Norwich.) I preached at Bear-street to a large congregation, most of whom had never seen my face before. At half-an-hour after two, and at five, I preached to our usual congregation; and the next morning commended them to the grace of God.

Tuesday, 30.—I went to Wells, a considerable sea-port, twelve miles from Fakenham, where also Miss Franklin had opened a door, by preaching abroad, though at the peril of her life. She was followed by a young woman of the town, with whom I talked largely, and found her very sensible, and much devoted to God. From her I learnt that till the Methodists came, they had none but female teachers in this country; and that there were six of these within ten or twelve miles, all of whom were members of the Church of England. I preached about ten in a small, neat preaching-house; and all but two or three were very attentive. Here are a few who appear to be in great earnest. And if so, they will surely increase.

At two in the afternoon I preached at Walsingham, a place famous for many generations. Afterwards I walked over what is left of the famous Abbey, the east end of which is still standing. We then went to the Friary; the cloisters and chapel whereof are almost entire. Had there been a grain of virtue or public spirit in Henry the Eighth, these noble buildings need not have run to ruin.

Monday, NOVEMBER 5.—(London.) I began visiting the classes, and found a considerable increase in the society. This I impute chiefly to a small company of young persons, who have kept a prayer-meeting at five every morning. In the following week I visited most of the country societies, and found them increasing rather than decreasing.

Sunday, 18.—I preached at St. John's, Wapping; and God was present both to wound and heal.

Monday, 19.—Travelling all night, I breakfasted at Towcester, and preached there.

Tuesday, DECEMBER 11.—Finding abundance of people troubled, as though England were on the brink of destruction, I applied those comfortable words: "I will not destroy the city for ten's sake."

Friday, 21, we observed all over England as a day of fasting and prayer: and surely God will be entreated for a sinful nation!

Friday, MARCH 15, 1782.—In the evening I preached at Kingswood school, and afterwards met the bands. The colliers spoke without any reserve. I was greatly surprised: not only the matter of what they spoke was rational and Scriptural, but the language, yea, and the manner, were exactly proper. Who teacheth like Him?

Monday, 18.—I left our friends at Bristol with satisfaction; having been much refreshed among them. In the evening and the next day, I preached at Stroud; *Wednesday, 20,* at Gloucester, Tewkesbury, and Worcester.

Friday, 22.—(Madeley.) Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher complained, that, after all the pains they had taken, they could not prevail on the people to join in society, no, nor even to meet in a class. Resolving to try, I preached to a crowded audience, on: "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ." I followed the blow in the afternoon, by strongly applying those words: "Awake, thou that sleepest;" and then enforcing the necessity of Christian fellowship on all who desired either to awake or keep awake. I then desired those that were willing to join together for this purpose, to call upon Mr. Fletcher and me after service. Ninety-four or ninety-five persons did so; about as many men as women. We explained to them the nature of a Christian society and they willingly joined therein.

Monday, 25.—I spent an agreeable hour at the boarding-school in Sheriff-Hales. I believe the Misses Yeomans are well qualified for their office. Several of the children are under strong drawings.

Thursday, 28.—Coming to Congleton, I found the Calvinists were just breaking in, and striving to make havoc of the flock. Is this brotherly love? Is this doing as we would be done to? No more than robbing on the highway. But if it is decreed, they cannot help it: so we cannot blame them.

Friday, 29.—(Being *Good-Friday*.) I came to Macclesfield just time enough to assist Mr. Simpson in the laborious service of the day. I preached for him morning and afternoon; and we administered the Sacrament to about thirteen hundred persons. While we were administering, I heard a low, soft, solemn sound, just like that of an Æolian harp. It continued five or six minutes, and so affected many that they could not refrain from tears. It then gradually died away. Strange that no other organist (that I know) should think of this. In the evening, I preached at our room. Here was that harmony which art cannot imitate.

Sunday, 31.—(Being *Easter-Day*.) I preached in the church, morning and evening,

where we had about eight hundred communicants. In the evening, we had a love-feast ; and such an one as I had not seen for many years. Sixteen or eighteen persons gave a clear, Scriptural testimony of being renewed in love. And many others told what God had done for their souls, with inimitable simplicity.

Friday, APRIL 5.—About one I preached at Oldham ; and was surprised to see all the street lined with little children ; and such children as I never saw till now. Before preaching they only ran round me and before me ; but after it, a whole troop, boys and girls, closed me in, and would not be content till I shook each of them by the hand.



(MANCHESTER-STREET CHAPEL, OLDHAM.)

Saturday, 27.—As we rode to Keighley, the north-east wind was scarce supportable ; the frost being exceeding sharp, and all the mountains covered with snow.

Saturday, MAY 4.—In the evening I preached to an earnest congregation at Yeadon. The same congregation was present in the morning, together with an army of little children ; full as numerous, and almost as loving, as those that surrounded us at Oldham.

Sunday, 5.—One of my horses having been so thoroughly lamed at Otley, that he died in three or four days, I purchased another : but as it was his way to stand still when he pleased, I set out as soon as possible. When we had gone three miles, the chaise stuck fast. I walked for about a mile, and then borrowed a horse, which

brought me to Birstal before the prayers were ended. I preached on those words in the Gospel: "Do ye now believe?" which gave me an opportunity of speaking strong words, both to believers and unbelievers. In the evening I preached at Leeds, on St. James's beautiful description of pure religion and undefiled: "To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction and to keep himself unspotted from the world."



(PRINCES' STREET, EDINBURGH.)

Thursday, 9.—I preached at Wakefield in the evening. Such attention sat on every face, that it seemed as if every one in the congregation was on the brink of believing.

Friday, 10.—I preached at Sheffield; *Saturday, 11,* about noon, at Doncaster; and in the evening at Epworth. I found the accounts I had received of the work of God here, were not at all exaggerated. Here is a little country town, containing a little more than eight or nine hundred grown people; and there has been such a work

among them, as we have not seen in so short a time either at Leeds, Bristol, or London.

Sunday, 12.—About eight I preached at Misterton; about one at Overthorpe. Many of the Epworth children were there, and their spirit spread to all around them. But the huge congregation was in the market-place at Epworth, and the Lord in the midst of them. The love-feast which followed exceeded all. I never knew such a one here before. As soon as one had done speaking, another began. Several of them were children; but they spoke with the wisdom of the aged, though with the fire of youth. So out of the mouth of babes and sucklings did God perfect praise.

Tuesday, 14.—Some years ago four factories for spinning and weaving were set up at Epworth. In these a large number of young women, and boys and girls, were employed. The whole conversation of these was profane and loose to the last degree. But some of these stumbling in at the prayer-meeting were suddenly cut to the heart. These never rested till they had gained their companions. The whole scene was changed. In three of the factories, no more lewdness or profaneness were found; for God had put a new song in their mouth, and blasphemies were turned to praise. Those three I visited to-day, and found religion had taken deep root in them. No trifling word was heard among them, and they watch over each other in love. I found it exceeding good to be there, and we rejoiced together in the God of our salvation.

Friday, 31.—As I lodged with Lady Maxwell at Saughton-hall, (a good old mansion-house, three miles from Edinburgh,) she desired me to give a short discourse to a few of her poor neighbours. I did so at four in the afternoon.

Saturday, JUNE 1.—I spent a little time with forty poor children, whom Lady Maxwell keeps at school. They are swiftly brought forward in reading and writing, and learn the principles of religion. But I observe in them all the *ambitiosa paupertas*.* Be they ever so poor, they must have a scrap of finery. Many of them have not a shoe to their foot: but the girl in rags is not without her ruffles.

Sunday, 2.—Mr. Collins intended to have preached on the Castle-hill, at twelve o'clock; but the dull minister kept us in the kirk till past one. At six the house was well filled: and I did not shun to declare the whole counsel of God. I almost wonder at myself. I seldom speak anywhere so roughly as in Scotland. And yet most of the people hear and hear, and are just what they were before.

Monday, 3.—I went on to Dundee. The congregation was large and attentive, as usual. But I found no increase, either of the society, or of the work of God.

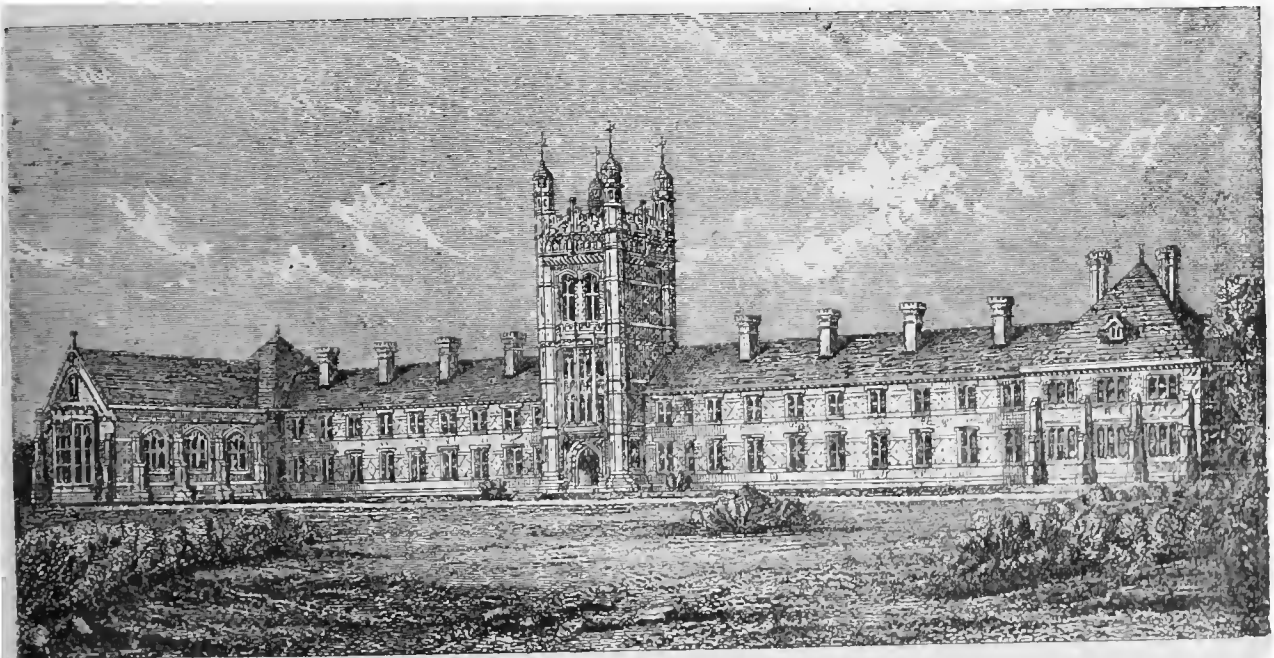
Tuesday, 4.—The house at Arbroath was well filled with serious and attentive hearers. Only one or two pretty flutterers seemed inclined to laugh, if any would have encouraged them.

Saturday, 15.—(Kelso.) As I was coming down stairs, the carpet slipped from

* The love of finery among the poor.—EDIT.

under my feet, which, I know not how, turned me round, and pitched me back, with my head foremost, for six or seven stairs. It was impossible to recover myself till I came to the bottom. My head rebounded once or twice, from the edge of the stone stairs. But it felt to me exactly as if I had fallen on a cushion or a pillow. Dr. Douglas ran out, sufficiently affrighted. But he needed not. For I rose as well as ever; having received no damage, but the loss of a little skin from one or two of my fingers. Doth not God give His angels charge over us, to keep us in all our ways?

Thursday, JULY 4.—I preached at Derby. I trust the work of God will now prosper here also. All the jars of our brethren are at an end, and they strive together for the hope of the Gospel.



(HANDSWORTH COLLEGE, BIRMINGHAM.)

Saturday, 6.—I came to Birmingham, and preached once more in the old, dreary preaching-house.

Sunday, 7.—I opened the new house at eight, and it contained the people well: but not in the evening; many were then constrained to go away. In the middle of the sermon, a huge noise was heard, caused by the breaking of a bench on which some people stood. None of them was hurt; yet it occasioned a general panic at first: but in a few minutes all was quiet.

Friday, 12.—I walked through Mr. Bolton's curious works. He has carried every thing which he takes in hand to a high degree of perfection, and employs in the house about five hundred men, women, and children. His gardens, running along the side of a hill, are delightful indeed; having a large piece of water at the bottom, in which are two well-wooded islands. If faith and love dwell here, then there may be

happiness too. Otherwise all these beautiful things are as unsatisfactory as straws and feathers.

Saturday, 13.—I spent an hour in Hagley-park; I suppose inferior to few, if any, in England. But we were straitened for time. To take a proper view of it would require five or six hours. Afterwards I went to the Leasowes, a farm so called, four or five miles from Hagley. I never was so surprised. I have seen nothing in all England to be compared with it. It is beautiful and elegant all over. There is nothing grand, nothing costly; no temples, so called; no statues; (except two or three, which had better have been spared;) but such walks, such shades, such hills and dales, such lawns, such artless cascades, such waving woods, with water intermixed, as exceed all imagination! On the upper side, from the openings of a shady walk, is a most beautiful and extensive prospect. And all this is comprised in the compass of three miles! I doubt if it be exceeded by any thing in Europe.

The father of Mr. Shenstone was a gentleman-farmer, who bred him at the University, and left him a small estate. This he wholly laid out in improving the Leasowes, living in hopes of great preferment, grounded on the promises of many rich and great friends. But nothing was performed, till he died at forty-eight; probably of a broken heart!

Sunday, 14.—I heard a sermon in the old church at Birmingham, which the preacher uttered with great vehemence against these “harebrained, itinerant enthusiasts.” But he totally missed his mark; having not the least conception of the persons whom he undertook to describe.

Sunday, AUGUST 18.—(Exeter.) I was much pleased with the decent behaviour of the whole congregation at the cathedral; as also with the solemn music at the post-communion, one of the finest compositions I ever heard. The bishop, inviting me to dinner, I could not but observe, 1. The lovely situation of the palace, covered with trees, and as rural and retired as if it was quite in the country. 2. The plainness of the furniture, not costly or showy, but just fit for a Christian bishop. 3. The dinner, sufficient, but not redundant; plain and good, but not delicate. 4. The propriety of the company,—five clergymen and four of the aldermen; and, 5. The genuine, unaffected courtesy of the bishop, who, I hope, will be a blessing to his whole diocese.

We set out early in the morning, *Monday, 19*, and in the afternoon came to Plymouth. I preached in the evening, and at five and twelve on *Tuesday*, purposing to preach in the square at the dock in the evening; but the rain prevented. However, I did so on *Wednesday* evening. A little before I concluded, the commanding officer came into the square with his regiment; but he immediately stopped the drums, and drew up all his men in order on the high side of the square. They were all still as night; nor did any of them stir, till I had pronounced the blessing.

Monday, SEPTEMBER 2.—I went on to Port-Isaac.

Tuesday, 3.—I preached in the street at Camelford. Being informed here, that my old friend, Mr. Thompson, rector of St. Gennis, was near death, and had expressed a particular desire to see me, I judged no time was to be lost. So, borrowing the best horse I could find, I set out, and rode as fast as I could. On the way, I met with a white-headed old man, who caught me by the hand, and said, "Sir, do you not know



(LAUDERDALE HOUSE, HIGHGATE, IN 1820.)

me?" I answered, "No." He said, "My father, my father! I am poor John Trembath." I desired him to speak to me in the evening at Launceston, which he did.

I found Mr. Thompson just alive, but quite sensible. It seemed to me as if none in the house but himself was very glad to see me. He had many doubts concerning his final state, and rather feared, than desired, to die; so that my whole business was to comfort him, and to increase and confirm his confidence in God. He desired me to administer the Lord's Supper, which I willingly did; and I left him much happier than I found him, calmly waiting till his change should come.

Tuesday, OCTOBER 15.—About noon I preached at Oxford. I have seen no such prospect here for many years. The congregation was large and still as night, although many gentlemen were among them. The next evening the house would not contain the congregation; yet all were quiet, even those that could not come in: and I believe God not only opened their understandings, but began a good work in some of their hearts.

Tuesday, NOVEMBER 5.—We reached Colchester. In order to strengthen this poor feeble society, I stayed with them till *Friday*, preaching morning and evening, and visiting in the day as many as I could, sick or well. I divided the classes anew, which had been strangely and irregularly jumbled together; appointed Stewards; regulated temporal as well as spiritual things; and left them in a better way than they had been for several years.

Sunday, 24.—I preached at St. Clement's in the Strand, (the largest church I ever preached in at London, except, perhaps, St. Sepulchre's,) to an immense congregation. I fully discharged my own soul.

Friday, 29.—I preached at Highgate, in the palace built in the last century by that wretched Duke of Lauderdale; now one of the most elegant boarding-houses in England.

Monday, DECEMBER 2.—I preached at St. Neots, in Huntingdonshire; *Tuesday*, 3, at Bugden about one; and in the evening at Huntingdon. Two clergymen were there, with one of whom I had much serious conversation.

Wednesday, 4.—I preached, with great enlargement of spirit, to my old congregation at Bedford.

Thursday, 5.—With some difficulty I crossed the country to Hinxworth, and preached to fifty or sixty plain people, who seemed very willing to learn. In the afternoon, it being impossible to drive a chaise straight round to Luton, I was obliged to go many miles about, and so did not reach it till after six o'clock; so I went directly to the preaching-house, and began without delay enforcing those solemn words: "To-day if ye will hear His Voice, harden not your hearts."

Friday, 6.—I could procure no other conveyance to St. Alban's but in an open chaise; and hence, (the frost being very sharp,) I contracted a severe cold.

Wednesday, JANUARY 1, 1783.—May I begin to live to-day!

Monday, FEBRUARY 17.—I had an opportunity of attending the lecture of that excellent man, Dr. Conyers. He was quite an original; his *matter* was very good, his *manner* very bad; but it is enough that God owned him, both in the conviction and conversion of sinners.

Friday, 21.—At our yearly meeting for that purpose, we examined our yearly accounts, and found the money received (just answering the expense) was upwards of three thousand pounds a year; but that is nothing to me: what I receive of it yearly, is neither more nor less than thirty pounds.

Saturday, MARCH 15.—I had a deep, tearing cough, and was exceeding heavy and weak. However, I made shift to preach at Weaver's-hall, and to meet the penitents.

Sunday, 16.—I found myself considerably worse. However, I preached in the morning; but had such a fever in the afternoon, that I was obliged to take my bed. Lying down in bed, I took part (being able to swallow no more) of a draught which was prepared for me.

Monday, 17.—Mr. Collins set out. About six in the morning, finding myself perfectly easy, I set out in the afternoon, and overtook him at Stroud. But it was as much as I could do; for I was in a high fever, though without any pain. After giving a short exhortation to the society, I was very glad to lie down. My fever was exactly of the same kind with that I had in the north of Ireland. On *Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday*, I was just the same: the whole nervous system was violently agitated. Hence arose the cramp, with little intermission, from the time I lay down in bed till morning: also a furious, tearing cough, usually recurring before each fit of the cramp. And yet I had no pain in my back, or head, or limbs, the cramp only excepted. But I had no strength at all, being scarce able to move, and much less to think. In this state I lay till *Friday* morning, when a violent fit of the cramp carried the fever quite away. Perceiving this, I took chaise without delay, and reached Worcester in the afternoon.

Saturday, 22.—In the morning I gave a short exhortation, and then went on to Birmingham.

Sunday, 23.—Finding still some remains of the fever, with a load and tightness across my breast, and a continual tendency to the cramp, I procured a friend to electrify me thoroughly, both through the legs and the breast, several times in the day. God so blessed this, that I had no more fever or cramp, and no more load or tightness across my breast. In the evening I ventured to preach three-quarters of an hour, and found no ill effect at all.

Sunday, APRIL 13.—In the morning we landed at Dunleary; whence (not being able to procure a carriage) I walked on to Dublin. Here I spent two or three weeks with much satisfaction, in my usual employments.

Monday, 21.—I spent an hour with Mr. Shelton, I think, full as extraordinary a man as Mr. Law; of full as rapid a genius: so that I had little to do but to hear; his words flowing as a river.

Sunday, MAY 4.—There was an Ordination at St. Patrick's. I admired the solemnity wherewith the archbishop went through the service: but the vacant faces of the ordained showed how little they were affected thereby. In the evening multitudes met to renew their covenant with God. But here was no vacant face to be seen; for God was in the midst, and manifested Himself to many.

Monday, 5.—We prepared for going on board the packet; but as it delayed

sailing, on *Tuesday*, 6, I waited on Lady Arabella Denny, at the Black Rock, four miles from Dublin. It is one of the pleasantest spots I ever saw. The garden is everything in miniature. On one side is a grove, with serpentine walks; on the other, a little meadow and a green-house, with a study (which she calls her chapel) hanging over the sea. Between these is a broad walk, leading down almost to the edge of the water; along which run two narrow walks, commanding the quay, one above the other. But it cannot be long before this excellent lady will remove to a nobler paradise.

Wednesday, 7.—The packet still delaying, I exhorted a large congregation, in the



(TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.)

evening, to take care how they built their house upon the sand; and then cheerfully commended them to the grace of God.

Friday, 23.—I set out for Derby; but the smith had so effectually lamed one of my horses, that many told me he would never be able to travel more. I thought “Even this may be made matter of prayer;” and set out cheerfully. The horse, instead of growing worse and worse, went better and better; and in the afternoon (after I had preached at Leek by the way) brought me safe to Derby.

Saturday, 24.—Being desired to marry two of our friends at Buxton, two-and-thirty miles from Derby, I took chaise at three, and came thither about eight. I found notice had been given of my preaching in the church; and the minister desired

me to read prayers. By this means I could not leave Buxton till eleven, nor reach Nottingham till after seven ; whereas I was to have preached at six.

Sunday, 25.—I had an easy day's work, as Mr. Bayley assisted me, by reading prayers, and delivering the wine at the Lord's Table.

Tuesday, 27.—I preached at Loughborough in the morning, and at Mountsorrel at one. In the evening I preached at Leicester, where I always feel much liberty, and yet see but little fruit.

Friday, JUNE, 13.—Landed at Helvoetsluys. Here we hired a coach for Briel, but were forced to hire a wagon also, to carry a box which one of us could have carried on his shoulders. At Briel we took a boat to Rotterdam. We had not been long there, when Mr. Bennet, a bookseller, who had invited me to his house, called upon me. But as Mr. Loyal, the minister of the Scotch congregation, had invited me, he gave up his claim, and went with us to Mr. Loyal's. I found a friendly, sensible, hospitable, and, I am persuaded, a pious man. We took a walk together round the town, all as clean as a gentleman's parlour. Many of the houses are as high as those in the main street at Edinburgh ; and the canals, running through the chief streets, make them convenient, as well as pleasant ; bringing the merchants' goods up to their doors. Stately trees grow on all their banks. The whole town is encompassed with a double row of elms ; so that one may walk all round it in the shade.

Saturday, 14.—I had much conversation with the two English ministers, sensible, well-bred, serious men. These, as well as Mr. Loyal, were very willing I should preach in their churches ; but they thought it would be best for me to preach in the Episcopal church. By our conversing freely together, many prejudices were removed, and all our hearts seemed to be united together.

In the evening we again took a walk round the town, and I observed, 1. Many of the houses are higher than most in Edinburgh. It is true they have not so many stories ; but each story is far loftier. 2. The streets, the outside and inside of their houses in every part, doors, windows, well-staircases, furniture, even floors, are kept so nicely clean that you cannot find a speck of dirt. 3. There is such a grandeur and elegance in the fronts of the large houses, as I never saw elsewhere ; and such a profusion of marble within, particularly in their lower floors and staircases, as I wonder other nations do not imitate. 4. The women and children (which I least of all expected) were in general the most beautiful I ever saw. They were surprisingly fair, and had an inexpressible air of innocence in their countenance. 5. This was wonderfully set off by their dress, which was plain and neat in the highest degree. 6. It has lately been observed, that growing vegetables greatly resist putridity : so there is an use in their numerous rows of trees which was not thought of at first. The elms balance the canals, preventing the putrefaction which those otherwise might produce.

One little circumstance I observed, which I suppose is peculiar to Holland : to

most chamber-windows a looking-glass is placed on the outside of the sash, so as to show the whole street, with all the passengers. There is something very pleasing in these moving pictures. Are they found in no other country?

Sunday, 15.—The Episcopal church is not quite so large as the chapel in West-street. It is very elegant both without and within.

One thing which I peculiarly observed was this, and the same in all the churches in Holland: at coming in, no one looks on the right or the left hand, or bows or courtesies to any one; but all go straight forward to their seats, as if no other person was in the place. During the service, none turns his head on either side, or looks at anything but his book or the minister; and in going out, none takes notice of any one, but all go straight forward till they are in the open air.



(DELFT.)

After church an English gentleman invited me to his country-house, not half-a-mile from the town. I scarce ever saw so pretty a place. The garden before the house was in three partitions, each quite different from the others. The house lay between this and another garden, (nothing like any of the others,) from which you looked through a beautiful summer-house, washed by a small stream, into rich pastures filled with cattle. We sat under an arbour of stately trees, between the front and the

back gardens. Here were four such children (I suppose seven, six, five, and three years old) as I never saw before in one family; such inexpressible beauty and innocence shone together!

In the evening I attended the service of the great Dutch church, as large as most of our cathedrals. The organ (like those in all the Dutch churches) was elegantly painted and gilded; and the tunes that were sung were very lively, and yet solemn.

Monday, 16.—We set out in a track-skuit for the Hague. By the way we saw a curiosity; the gallows near the canal, surrounded with a knot of beautiful trees: so the dying man will have one pleasant prospect here, whatever befalls him hereafter! At eleven we came to Delft, a large, handsome town, where we spent an hour at a merchant's house, who, as well as his wife, a very agreeable woman, seemed both to fear and to love God. Afterwards we saw the great church; I think nearly, if not quite, as

long as York Minster. It is exceedingly light and elegant within, and every part is kept exquisitely clean. The tomb of William the First is much admired; particularly his statue, which has more life than one would think could be expressed in brass.

When we came to the Hague, though we had heard much of it, we were not disappointed. It is, indeed, beautiful beyond expression. Many of the houses are exceeding grand, and are finely intermixed with water and wood; yet not too close but so as to be sufficiently ventilated by the air.

Being invited to tea by Madam de Vassenaar, (one of the first quality in the Hague,) I waited upon her in the afternoon. She received us with that easy openness



(VYVERBERG, THE HAGUE.)

and affability which is almost peculiar to Christians and persons of quality. Soon after came ten or twelve ladies more, who seemed to be of her own rank, (though dressed quite plain,) and two most agreeable gentlemen; one of whom, I afterwards understood, was a Colonel in the Prince's Guards. After tea I expounded the three first verses of the thirteenth of the first Epistle to the Corinthians. Captain M. interpreted, sentence by sentence. I then prayed, and Colonel V. after me. I believe this hour was well employed.

Tuesday, 17.—As we walked over the Place, we saw the Swiss Guards at their exercise. They are a fine body of men, taller, I suppose, than any English regiment; and they all wear large whiskers, which they take care to keep as black as their boots. Afterwards we saw the gardens at the Old Palace, beautifully laid out, with

a large piece of water in the middle, and a canal at each end: the open walks in it are pleasant, but the shady serpentine walks are far pleasanter.

We dined at Mrs. L——'s, in such a family as I have seldom seen. Her mother, upwards of seventy, seemed to be continually rejoicing in God her Saviour: the daughter breathes the same spirit; and her grandchildren, three little girls and a boy, seem to be all love. I have not seen four such children together in all England. A



(THE TINGEL, AMSTERDAM.)

gentleman coming in after dinner, I found a particular desire to pray for him. In a little while he melted into tears, as indeed did most of the company.

Wednesday, 18.—In the afternoon Madam de Vassenaar invited us to a meeting at a neighbouring lady's house. I expounded Gal. vi. 14, and Mr. M. interpreted as before.

Thursday, 19.—We took boat at seven. Mrs. L. and one of her relations, being unwilling to part so soon, bore us company to Leyden; a large and populous town, but not so pleasant as Rotterdam. In the afternoon we went on to Haarlem, where a plain, good man and his wife received us in a most affectionate manner. At six we took boat again. As it was filled from end to end, I was afraid we should not have

a very pleasant journey. After Mr. Ferguson had told the people who we were, we made a slight excuse, and sung an hymn. They were all attention. We then talked a little, by means of our interpreter, and desired that any of them who pleased would sing. Four persons did so; and sung well. After a while we sung again: so did one or two of them; and all our hearts were strangely knit together, so that when we came to Amsterdam they dismissed us with abundance of blessings.

Friday, 20.—We breakfasted at Mr. Ferguson's, near the heart of the city. At eleven we drank coffee (the custom in Holland) at Mr. J——'s, a merchant, whose dining-room is covered, both walls and ceiling, with the most beautiful paintings. He and his lady walked with us in the afternoon to the Stadt-house; perhaps the grandest buildings of the kind in Europe. The great hall is a noble room indeed, near as large as that of Christ-church in Oxford. But I have neither time nor inclination to describe particularly this amazing structure.

At five in the evening we drank tea at another merchant's, Mr. G——'s, where I had a long conversation with Mr. de H.; one of the most learned as well as popular ministers in the city; and (I believe, what is far more important) he is truly alive to God. He spoke Latin well, and seemed to be one of a strong understanding, as well as of an excellent spirit. In returning to our inn, we called at a stationer's; and though we spent but a few minutes, it was enough to convince us of his strong affection, even to strangers. What a change does the grace of God make in the heart! Shyness and stiffness are now no more!

Saturday, 21.—We breakfasted with a very extraordinary woman, who lamented that she could not talk to us but by an interpreter. However, she made us understand that she had a little child some years since, three or four years old, that was praying continually: that one morning, having just dressed her, she said, "Will you go kiss your sister?" She said, "Yes, mamma; and I will kiss you too;" and threw her arms about her mother's neck; who said, "My dear, where will you go now?" She said, "I will go to Jesus;" and died.

An easy good-breeding (such as I never expected to see here) runs through all the genteeler people of Amsterdam. And there is such a child-like simplicity in all that love God, as does honour to the religion they profess.

About two we called upon Mr. V——n, and immediately fell into close conversation. There seems to be in him a peculiar softness and sweetness of temper; and a peculiar liveliness in Mrs. V——n. Our loving dispute, concerning deliverance from sin, was concluded within an hour: and we parted, if that could be, better friends than we met. Afterwards we walked to Mr. J——'s house in the Plantations, a large tract of ground, laid out in shady walks. These lie within the city walls: but there are other walks, equally pleasant, without the gates. Indeed nothing is wanting but the power of religion to make Amsterdam a paradise.

Sunday, 22.—I went to the new church, so called still, though four or five hundred years old. It is larger, higher, and better illuminated than most of our cathedrals. The screen that divides the church from the choir is of polished brass, and shines like

gold. I understood the Psalms that were sung, and the text well, and a little of the sermon; which Mr. de H. delivered with great earnestness. At two I began the service at the English church, an elegant building. Only it has no galleries; nor have any of the churches in Holland.

After dinner Mrs. J—— took me in a coach to the Mere, and thence round the country to Zeeburg. I never saw such a country before: I suppose there is no such summer country in Europe. From Amsterdam to Mere is all a train of the most delightful gardens. Turning upon the left, you then open upon the Texel, which spreads into a sea. Zeeburg itself is a little house built on the edge of it, which commands both a land and sea prospect. What is wanting to make the inhabitants happy, but the knowledge and love of God?

Tuesday, 24.—We took a view of the new workhouse, which stands on one side of the Plantations. It much resembles Shoreditch workhouse: only it is considerably larger. And the front of it is so richly ornamented, that it looks like a royal palace. About four hundred are now in the house, which is to receive four hundred more: just half as many as are in the Poorhouse at Dublin, which now contains sixteen hundred. We saw many of the poor people, all at work, knitting, spinning, picking work, or weaving.

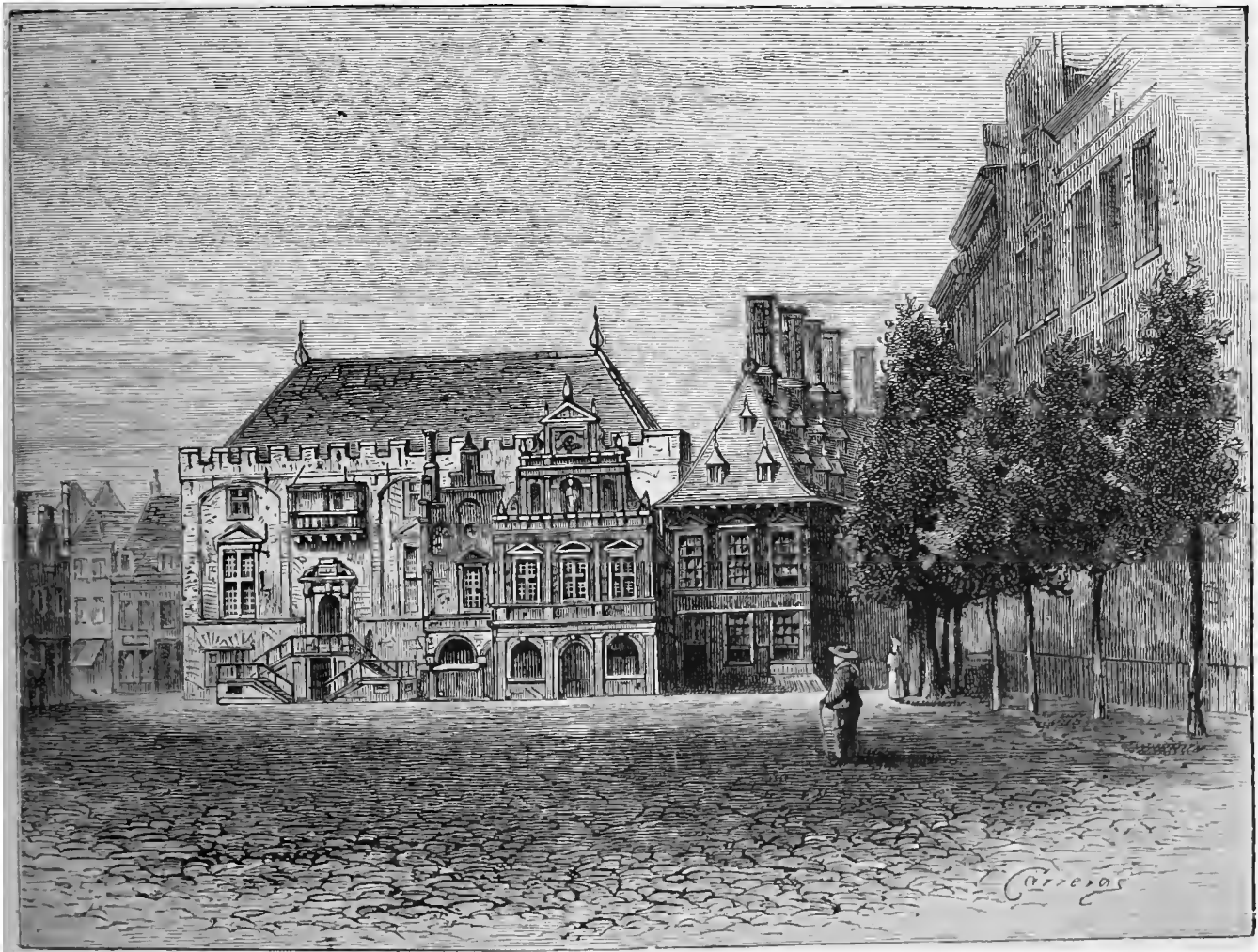
And the women in one room were all sewing, either fine or plain work. Many of these had been women of the town: for this is a bridewell and workhouse in one. The head-keeper was stalking to and fro, with a large silver-hilted sword by his side. The bed-chambers were exceeding neat: the beds are better or worse, as are those that



(DUTCH CANAL AND WINDMILL.)

use them. We saw both the men in one long room, and the women in another, at dinner. In both rooms they sung a Psalm and prayed, before and after dinner. I cannot but think the managers in Amsterdam wiser than those in Dublin: for certainly a little of the form of religion is better than none at all!

Afterwards we spent an hour at Mrs. V——'s, a very extraordinary woman. Both from her past and present experience, I can have no doubt that she is perfected in love. She said, "I was born at Surinam: and came from thence when I was

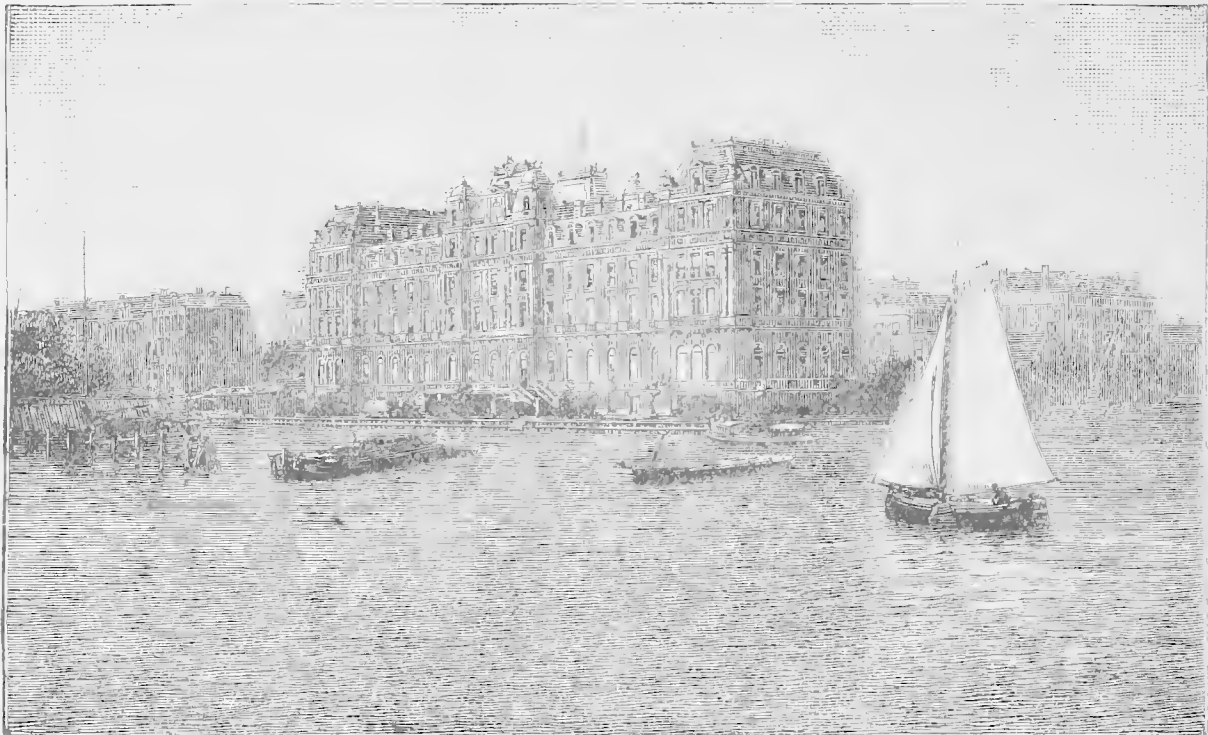


(THE TOWN HALL, HAARLEM.)

about ten years old. But when I came hither, my guardian would not let me have my fortune, unless I would go back to Surinam. However, I got acquainted with some pious people, and made shift to live, till I was about sixteen: I then embarked for Surinam; but a storm drove us to the coast of England, where the ship was stranded. I was in great distress, fearing I had done wrong in leaving the pious people; but just then God revealed Himself to my soul. I was filled with joy unspeakable; and boldly assured the people, who despaired of life, that God would preserve them all. And so He did: we got on shore at Devon; but we lost all that we had.

“After a time I returned to Amsterdam, and lived four years in service: then I married. Seven years after, it pleased God to work a deeper work in my heart: since then I have given myself wholly to Him. I desire nothing else. Jesus is my All. I am always pleased with His will.”

Wednesday, 25.—We took boat for Haarlem. The great church here is a noble structure, equalled by few cathedrals in England, either in length, breadth, or height: the organ is the largest I ever saw, and is said to be the finest in Europe. Hence we went to Mr. Van Ka——’s, whose wife was convinced of sin and justified by reading Mr. Whitefield’s Sermons.



(AMSTEL HOTEL, AMSTERDAM.)

Here we were as at home. Before dinner we took a walk in Haarlem Wood. It adjoins to the town, and is cut out in many shady walks; with lovely vistas shooting out every way. The walk from the Hague to Scheveling is pleasant; those near Amsterdam more so; but these exceed them all.

We returned in the afternoon to Amsterdam; and in the evening took leave of as many of our friends as we could. How entirely were we mistaken in the Hollanders, supposing them to be of a cold, phlegmatic, unfriendly temper! I have not met with a more warmly affectionate people in all Europe! no, not in Ireland!

Thursday, 26.—I observe of all the pious people in Holland, that, without any rule but the Word of God, they dress as plain as Miss March did formerly, and Miss Johnson does now! And considering the vast disadvantage they are under, having

no connection with each other, and being under no such discipline at all as we are, I wonder at the grace of God that is in them!

Friday, 27.—Being sick of inns, (our bill at Amsterdam alone amounting to near a hundred florins,) I willingly accepted of an invitation to lodge with the sons-in-law of James Oddie.

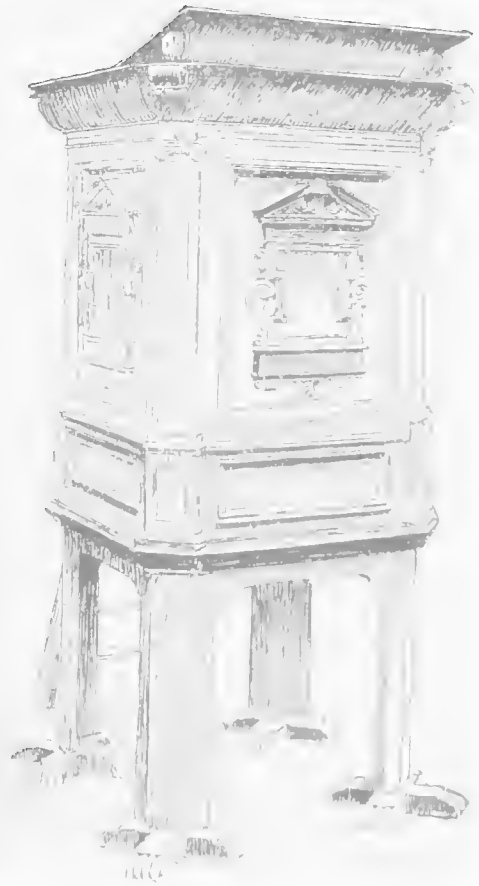
Saturday, 28. (O.S.)—We went over to Zeist, the settlement of the German Brethren. It is a small village, finely situated, with woods on every side, and much resembles one of the large Colleges in Oxford. Here I met with my old friend Bishop Antone, whom I had not seen for near fifty years. He did not ask me to eat or drink; for it is not their custom, and there is an inn: but they were all very courteous; and we were welcome to *buy* any thing that we pleased at their shops! I cannot see how it is possible for this community to avoid growing immensely rich.

I have this day lived fourscore years; and, by the mercy of God, my eyes are not waxed dim; and what little strength of body or mind I had thirty years since, just the same I have now. God grant I may never live to be useless!

Sunday, 29.—In the evening a large company of us met at Miss L.'s, where I was desired to repeat the substance of my morning sermon. I did so: Mr. Toydemea (the Professor of Law in the University) interpreting it sentence by sentence. They then sung a Dutch hymn; and we an English one. Afterwards Mr. Regulet, a venerable old man, spent some time in prayer, for the establishment of peace and love between the two nations.

Utrecht has much the look of an English town. The streets are broad, and have many noble houses. In quietness and stillness it much resembles Oxford. The country all round is like a garden: and the people I conversed with are not only civil and hospitable, but friendly and affectionate, even as those at Amsterdam.

Tuesday, JULY 1.—I called on as many as I could of my friends, and we parted with much affection. We then hired a yacht, which brought us to Helvoetsluys about eleven the next day. At two we went on board; but the wind turning against



(WESLEY'S PULPIT AT OXFORD.)

us, we did not reach Harwich till about nine on *Friday* morning. I can by no means regret either the trouble or expense which attended this little journey. It opened me a way into, as it were, a new world; where the land, the buildings, the people, the customs, were all such as I had never seen before. But as those with whom I conversed were of the same spirit with my friends in England, I was as much at home in Utrecht and Amsterdam, as in Bristol and London.

Sunday, 6.—We rejoiced to meet once more with our English friends in the new chapel; who were refreshed with the account of the gracious work which God is working in Holland also.

Monday, 14.—In the evening I preached in the new preaching-house at Oxford, a lightsome, cheerful place, and well filled with rich and poor, scholars as well as townsmen.

Tuesday, 15.—Walking through the city, I observed it swiftly improving in everything but religion. Observing narrowly the hall at Christ-church, I was convinced it is both loftier and larger than that of the Stadt-house in Amsterdam. I observed also, the gardens and walks in Holland, although extremely pleasant, were not to be compared with St. John's, or Trinity gardens; much less with the parks, Magdalen water-walks, etc., Christ-church meadow, or the White-walk.

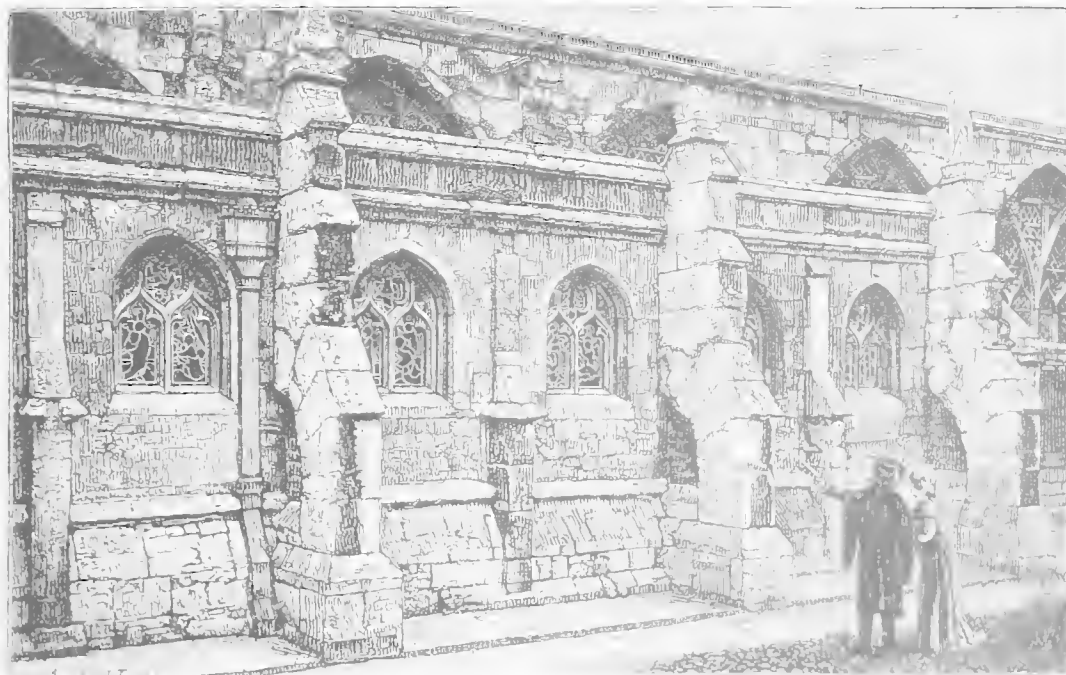
Wednesday, 16.—I went on to Witney. There were uncommon thunder and lightning here last Thursday; but nothing to that which were there on Friday night. About ten the storm was just over the town; and both the bursts of thunder and lightning, or rather sheets of flame, were without intermission. Those that were asleep in the town were waked, and many thought the day of Judgment was come. Men, women, and children flocked out of their houses, and kneeled down together in the streets. With the flames, the grace of God came down also in a manner never known before; and as the impression was general, so it was lasting: it did not pass away with the storm; but the spirit of seriousness, with that of grace and supplication, continued. A prayer-meeting being appointed on *Saturday* evening, the people flocked together, so that the preaching-house was more than filled; and many were constrained to stand without the door and windows. On *Sunday* morning, before the usual time of service, the church was quite filled. Such a sight was never seen in that church before! The rector himself was greatly moved, and delivered a pressing, close sermon, with uncommon earnestness. When I came on *Wednesday*, the same seriousness remained on the generality of the people. I preached in the evening at Wood-green, where a multitude flocked together, on the Son of Man coming in His glory. The Word fell heavy upon them, and many of their hearts were as melting wax.

Thursday, 17.—At five they were still so eager to hear, that the preaching-house would not near contain the congregation. After preaching, four-and-thirty persons desired admission into the society; every one of whom was (for the present, at least)

under very serious impressions: and most of them, there is reason to hope, will bring forth fruit with patience. In the evening I preached to a lovely congregation at Stroud; and on *Tuesday* afternoon came to Bristol.

Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, I spent at Bath.

Thursday, 24.—I went with a few friends to Blaise-castle. The woods on the side of the hill, cut through various directions, are the pleasantest I ever saw, little inferior to the Leasowes; and, by the beautiful prospects, far superior to Stow gardens. Afterwards we took a view of Lord Clifford's woods, at King's Weston. They are amazingly beautiful: I have seen nothing equal to them in the west of England, and very few in any other parts. In the evening I read to the congregation



(THE MONKS' LAVATORY, GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL.)

an account of our brethren in Holland; and many thanksgivings were rendered to God on their account.

Tuesday, 29.—Our Conference began, at which two important points were considered: first, the case of Birstal-house; and, secondly, the state of Kingswood School. With regard to the former, our brethren earnestly desired that I would go to Birstal myself, believing this would be the most effectual way of bringing the Trustees to reason. With regard to the latter, we all agreed, that either the school should cease, or the rules of it be punctually observed.

Tuesday, AUGUST 5.—Early in the morning I was seized with a most impetuous flux. In a few hours it was joined by a violent and almost continual cramp; first, in my feet, legs, thighs; then, in my side and my throat. The case being judged extreme, a grain and a half of opium was given me in three doses: this speedily

stopped the cramp ; but, at the same time, took away my speech, hearing, and power of motion ; and locked me up from head to foot ; so that I lay a mere log. I then sent for Dr. Drummond, who from that time attended me twice a day. For some days I was worse and worse ; till, on *Friday*, I was removed to Mr. Castleman's. Still my head was not affected, and I had no pain, although in a continual fever. But I continued slowly to recover, so that I could read or write an hour or two at a time.

Sunday, 17, and all the following week, my fever gradually abated ; but I had a continual thirst, and little or no increase of strength : nevertheless, being unwilling to be idle, on *Saturday*, 23, I spent an hour with the penitents ; and, finding myself no worse, on *Sunday*, 24, I preached at the new room, morning and afternoon. Finding my strength was now in some measure restored, I determined to delay no longer ; but, setting out on *Monday*, 25, reached Gloucester in the afternoon : in the evening I preached in the town-hall ; I believe, not in vain.

Wednesday, SEPTEMBER 3.—I consulted the preachers, how it was best to proceed with the Trustees of Birstal-house, to prevail upon them to settle it on the Methodist plan. They all advised me to begin by preaching there. Accordingly, I preached on *Thursday* evening, and met the society. I preached again in the morning.

Friday, 5.—About nine I met the nineteen Trustees ; and, after exhorting them to peace and love, said, “ All that I desire is, that this house may be settled on the Methodist plan ; and the same clause may be inserted in your Deed which is inserted in the Deed of the new chapel in London ; viz., ‘ In case the doctrine or practice of any preacher should, in the opinion of the major part of the Trustees, be not conformable to Mr. W——’s Sermons, and Notes on the New Testament, on representing this another preacher shall be sent within three months.’ ”

Five of the Trustees were willing to accept of our first proposals ; the rest were not willing.

Although I could not obtain the end proposed ; and, in that respect, had only my labour for my pains ; yet I do not at all repent of my journey : I have done my part ; let others bear their own burden. Going back nearly the same way I came, on *Saturday*, 13, I reached Bristol. I had likewise good reward for my labour, in the recovery of my health, by a journey of five or six hundred miles.

Friday, 26.—Observing the deep poverty of many of our brethren, I determined to do what I could for their relief. I spoke severally to some that were in good circumstances, and received about forty pounds. Next I inquired who were in the most pressing want, and visited them at their own houses. I was surprised to find no murmuring spirits among them, but many that were truly happy in God ; and all of them appeared to be exceeding thankful for the scanty relief which they received.

Sunday, 28.—It being a fair day, I snatched the opportunity of preaching abroad to twice or thrice as many as the room would have contained.

Friday, OCTOBER 10.—I crossed over to Southampton; and found two or three there also who feared and loved God. Then I went to Winchester. A clergyman having offered me his church, I purposed beginning at five; but the key was not to be found; so I made a virtue of necessity, and preached near the Cross-street; probably to double the congregation which would have been in the church.

Many of the Dutch prisoners remaining here, I paid them a short visit. When they were brought hither first, one of them prayed with as many as desired it, and gave them a word of exhortation. Presently one found peace with God, and joined him in that labour of love. These increased, so that they have now five exhorters: many are justified, and many more convinced of sin. About two hundred of them were met together when I came: they first sung a hymn in their own language; I then gave them a short exhortation in English, for which they were extremely thankful.

Wednesday, 22.—I went to Yarmouth. Often this poor society had been well-nigh shattered in pieces: first, by Benjamin Worship, then a furious Calvinist, tearing away near half of them; next, by John Simpson, turning Antinomian, and scattering most that were left. It has pleased God, contrary to all human probability, to raise a new society out of the dust; nay, and to give them courage to build a new preaching-house, which is well-finished, and contains about five hundred persons. I opened it



(WESLEY AND DR. JOHNSON.)

this evening ; and as many as could get in, seemed to be deeply affected. Who knows but God is about to repair the waste places, and to gather a people that shall be scattered no more ?

Thursday, 23.—We went to Lowestoft, where the people have stood firm from the beginning. Observing in the evening that forty or fifty people were talking together, as soon as the service was over, (a miserable custom that prevails in most places of public worship, throughout England and Ireland,) I strongly warned the congregation against it ; as I had done those at Norwich and Yarmouth. They received it in love ; and the next evening, all went silently away. But this warning must be given again and again in every place, or it will not be effectual.

Monday, NOVEMBER 17.—When I was at Sevenoaks I made an odd remark. In the year 1769, I weighed an hundred and twenty-two pounds. In 1783, I weighed not a pound more or less.

Thursday, DECEMBER 18.—I spent two hours with that great man, Dr. Johnson, who is sinking into the grave by a gentle decay.

Wednesday, 31.—We concluded the year at the new chapel, with the voice of praise and thanksgiving.

Thursday, JANUARY 1, 1784.—I retired for two or three days to Peckham.

Sunday, 4.—Though it rained violently, we had, I believe, upwards of eighteen hundred people at the renewal of the covenant : many found an uncommon blessing therein. I am sure I did, for one.

Monday, 12.—Desiring to help some that were in pressing want, but not having any money left, I believed it was not improper, in such a case, to desire help from God. A few hours after, one from whom I expected nothing less, put ten pounds into my hands.

Wednesday, 21.—Being vehemently accused, by a well-meaning man, of very many things, particularly of covetousness and uncourteousness, I referred the matter to three of our brethren. Truly, in these articles, “I know nothing by myself. But He that judgeth me is the Lord.”

Saturday, 24.—I began visiting the classes in the town and country.

Sunday, 25.—I preached in the afternoon in St. George's, Southwark ; a very large and commodious church.

Thursday, FEBRUARY 5.—I went down to Nottingham, and preached a charity sermon for the General Hospital.

Saturday, 14.—I desired all our preachers to meet, and consider thoroughly the proposal of sending missionaries to the East Indies. After the matter had been fully considered, we were unanimous in our judgment, that we have no call thither yet, no invitation, no Providential opening of any kind.

Thursday, 19.—I spent an agreeable hour with the modern Hannibal, Pascal Paoli ; probably the most accomplished General that is now in the world. He is of a

middle size, thin, well-shaped, genteel, and has something extremely striking in his countenance. How much happier is he now, with his moderate pension, than he was in the midst of his victories!

On *Saturday*, having a leisure hour, I made an end of that strange book, "Orlando Furioso." Ariosto had, doubtless, an uncommon genius, and subsequent poets have been greatly indebted to him: yet it is hard to say, which was the most out of his senses, the hero or the poet. He has not the least regard even to probability; his marvellous transcends all conception. Astolpho's shield and horn, and voyage to



(THE CHILDREN'S HOME, EDGORTH, BOLTON.)

the moon, the lance that unhorses every one, the all-penetrating sword, and I know not how many impenetrable helmets and coats of mail,—leaves transformed into ships, and into leaves again,—stones turned into horses, and again into stones,—are such monstrous fictions as never appeared in the world before, and, one would hope, never will again. O who, that is not himself out of his senses, can compare Ariosto with Tasso!

Friday, MARCH 5.—I talked at large with our Masters in Kingswood School, who are now just such as I wished for. At length the rules of the house are punctually observed, and the children are all in good order.

The next week I visited the classes at Bristol. *Friday*, 12, being at Samuel Rayner's, in Bradford, I was convinced of two vulgar errors: the one, that nightingales

will not live in cages; the other, that they only sing a month or two in the year. He has now three nightingales in cages; and they sing almost all day long, from November to August.

Tuesday, 30.—I preached in the new preaching-house at Henley-green; but this was far too small to hold the congregation. Indeed, this country is all on fire, and the flame is still spreading from village to village.

Wednesday, 31.—I reached Burslem, where we had the first society in the country; and it is still the largest, and the most in earnest. I was obliged to preach abroad. The house would but just contain the societies at the love-feast; at which many, both men and women, simply declared the wonderful works of God.

Monday, APRIL 5.—We are labouring to secure the preaching-houses to the next generation! In the name of God, let us, if possible, secure the present generation from drawing back to perdition! Let all the preachers that are still alive to God join together as one man, fast and pray, lift up their voice as a trumpet, be instant, in season, out of season, to convince them they are fallen; and exhort them instantly to “repent, and do the first works.”

Wednesday, 7.—I crossed over the water to Liverpool. Here I found a people much alive to God; one cause of which was, that they have preaching several mornings in a week, and prayer-meetings on the rest; all of which they are careful to attend.

Tuesday, 13.—I think every member of the society at Bolton does take my advice, with respect to other things, as well as with respect to dress and rising early; in consequence of which they are continually increasing in number as well as in grace.

Friday, 16.—I preached about ten at Wingate, a village five or six miles from Bolton. I was constrained, by the multitude of people, to preach abroad, though it was exceeding cold, on: “All things are ready; come unto the marriage.” Truly the people were ready too. They drank in every word.

In the evening we had a very uncommon congregation at Wigan. Only one gentlewoman behaved “as she used to do at church;” (so several afterwards informed me;) talking all the time, though no one answered her! But the rest were deeply attentive; and, I trust, will not be forgetful hearers. I had designed to go from hence to Blackburn; but hearing that one of our society, near Preston, was at the point of death, I turned a little out of my way, to spend half-an-hour with her. I found Mrs. Nuttal, a lovely, patient creature, praising God continually, though worn away with pining sickness and long-continued pain. Having paid the last office of friendship here, I went to Preston, and preached to a serious congregation.

Monday, 19.—I went on to Ambleside; where, as I was sitting down to supper, I was informed, notice had been given of my preaching, and that the congregation was waiting. I would not disappoint them; but preached immediately on salvation by faith. Among them were a gentleman and his wife, who gave me a remarkable

relation. She said she had often heard her mother relate, what an intimate acquaintance had told her, that her husband was concerned in the rebellion of 1745. He was tried at Carlisle, and found guilty. The evening before he was to die, sitting and musing in her chair, she fell fast asleep. She dreamed, one came to her, and said, "Go to such a part of the wall, and among the loose stones you will find a key, which you must carry to your husband." She waked; but, thinking it a common dream, paid no attention to it. Presently she fell asleep again, and dreamed the very same dream. She started up, put on her cloak and hat, and went to that part of the wall, and among the loose stones found a key. Having, with some difficulty, procured admission into the gaol, she gave this to her husband. It opened the door of his cell, as well as the lock of the prison door. So at midnight he escaped for life.

Tuesday, 20. — We went to Whitehaven. The house was filled in the evening, and much more the next, when we had all the church ministers, and most of the gentry, in the town; but they behaved with as much decency as if they had been colliers.

Friday, 23. — We travelled through a lovely country to Longtown, the last town in England; and



(HIGH STREET, DUNDEE.)

one of the best built in it; for all the houses are new, from one end to the other. The road from hence to Langholm is delightfully pleasant, running mostly by the side of a clear river. But it was past seven before we reached Selkirk.

Sunday, 25.—I attended the Tolbooth kirk at eleven. The sermon was very sensible; but having no application, was no way likely to awaken drowsy hearers. About four I preached at Lady Maxwell's, two or three miles from Edinburgh, and at six in our own house. For once it was thoroughly filled. I preached on: "God is a Spirit; and they that worship Him, must worship Him in spirit and in truth." I am amazed at this people. Use the most cutting words, and apply them in the most pointed manner, still they *hear*, but *feel* no more than the seats they sit upon!

Saturday, MAY 1.—I went to Dundee, through the Carse of Gowry, the fruit-fullest valley in the kingdom. And I observe a spirit of improvement prevails in

Dundee, and all the country round about it. Handsome houses spring up on every side. Trees are planted in abundance. Wastes and commons are continually turned into meadows and fruitful fields. There wants only a proportionable improvement in religion, and this will be one of the happiest countries in Europe.

Monday, 3.—I was agreeably surprised at the improvement of the land between Dundee and Arbroath.

Wednesday, 5.—(Aberdeen.) In the evening I talked largely with the preachers, and showed them the hurt it did both to them and the people, for any one preacher to stay six or eight weeks together in one place. Neither can he find matter for preaching every morning and evening, nor will the people come to hear him. Hence he grows cold by lying in bed, and so do the people. Whereas if he never stays more than a fortnight together in one place, he may find matter enough, and the people will gladly hear him. They immediately drew up such a plan.

Thursday, 6.—We had the largest congregation at five which I have seen since I came into the kingdom. We set out immediately after preaching, and reached Old-Meldrum about ten. A servant of Lady Banff's was waiting for us there, who desired I would take post-horses to Fort-Glen. In two hours we reached an inn, which, the servant told us, was four little miles from her house. So we made the best of our way, and got thither in exactly three hours. All the family received us with the most cordial affection. At seven I preached to a small congregation, all of whom were seriously attentive, and some, I believe, deeply affected.

Friday, 7.—I took a walk round about the town. I know not when I have seen so pleasant a place. One part of the house is an ancient castle, situated on the top of a little hill. At a small distance runs a clear river, with a beautiful wood on its banks. Close to it is a shady walk to the right, and another on the left hand. On two sides of the house there is abundance of wood: on the other, a wide prospect over fields and meadows. About ten I preached again with much liberty of spirit, on: "Love never faileth." About two I left this charming place, and made for Keith. But I know not how we could have got thither, had not Lady Banff sent me forward, through that miserable road, with four stout horses.

I preached about seven to the poor of this world: not a silk coat was seen among them: and to the greatest part of them at five in the morning. And I did not at all regret my labour.

Saturday, 8.—We reached the banks of the Spey. I suppose there are few such rivers in Europe. The rapidity of it exceeds even that of the Rhine: and it was now much swelled with melting snow. However, we made shift to get over before ten; and about twelve reached Elgin. Here I was received by a daughter of good Mr. Plenderleith, late of Edinburgh; with whom having spent an agreeable hour, I hastened toward Forres: but we were soon at full stop again; the river Findhorn

also was so swollen, that we were afraid the ford was not passable. However, having a good guide, we passed it without much difficulty. I found Sir Lodowick Grant almost worn out. Never was a visit more seasonable. By free and friendly conversation his spirits were so raised, that I am in hopes it will lengthen his life.

Sunday, 9.—I preached to a small company at noon, on: “His commandments are not grievous.” As I was concluding, Colonel Grant and his lady came in: for whose sake I began again, and lectured, as they call it, on the former part of the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke. We had a larger company in the afternoon, to whom I preached on “judgment to come.” And this subject seemed to affect them most.

Monday, 10.—I set out for Inverness. I had sent Mr. M’Allum before, on George Whitefield’s horse, to give notice of my coming. Hereby I was obliged to take both George and Mrs. M’Allum with me in my chaise. To ease the horses, we walked forward from Nairn, ordering Richard to follow us, as soon as they were fed: he did so, but there were two roads. So, as we took one, and he the other, we walked about twelve miles and a half of the way, through heavy rain. We then found Richard waiting for us at a little ale-house, and drove on to Inverness. But, blessed be God, I was no more tired than when I set out from Nairn. I preached at seven to a far larger congregation than I had seen here since I preached in the kirk.

Wednesday, 12.—A church being offered me at Elgin, in the evening, I had a multitude of hearers, whom I strongly exhorted to “seek the Lord while He may be found.”

Thursday, 13.—We took a view of the poor remains of the once-magnificent cathedral. By what ruins are left, the workmanship appears to have been exquisitely fine. What barbarians must they have been who hastened the destruction of this beautiful pile, by taking the lead off the roof!

The church was again well filled in the evening, by those who seemed to feel much more than the night before. In consequence, the morning congregation was more than doubled; and deep attention sat on every face. I do not despair of good being done even here, provided the preachers be “sons of thunder.”

Friday, 14.—We saw, at a distance, the Duke of Gordon’s new house, six hundred and fifty feet in front. Well might the Indian ask, “Are you white men no bigger than we red men? Then why do you build such lofty houses?” The country between this and Banff is well cultivated, and extremely pleasant. About two I read prayers and preached in the Episcopal chapel at Banff, one of the neatest towns in the kingdom. About ten I preached in Lady Banff’s dining-room, at Fort-Glen, to a very serious, though genteel, congregation; and afterwards spent a most agreeable evening with the lovely family.

Tuesday, 18.—I preached at Dundee.

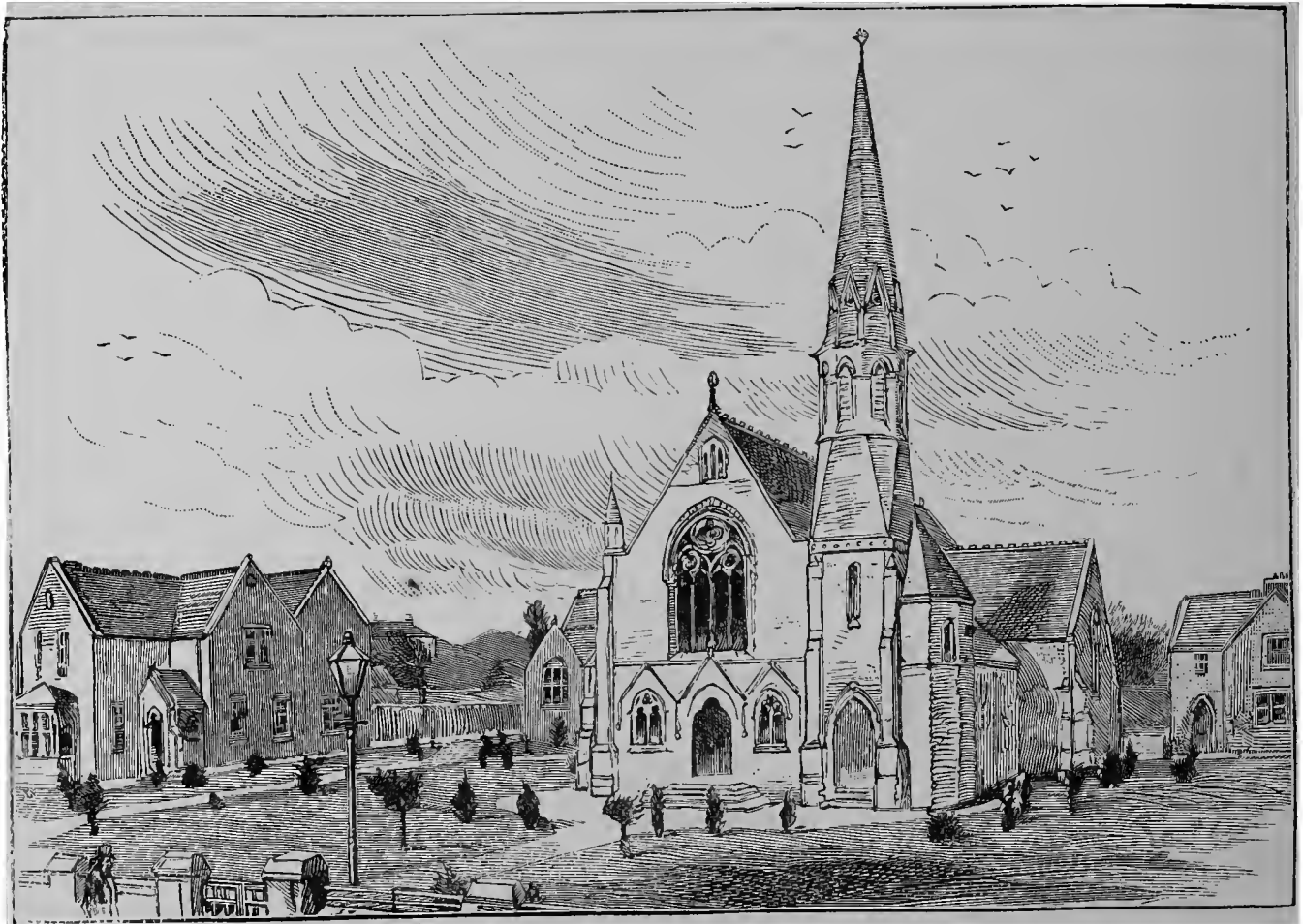
Wednesday, 19.—I crossed over the pleasant and fertile county of Fife, to Melval-house, the grand and beautiful seat of Lord Leven. He was not at home, being gone

to Edinburgh, as the King's Commissioner; but the Countess was, with two of her daughters, and both her sons-in-law. At their desire, I preached in the evening, on: "It is appointed unto man once to die;" and I believe God made the application.

Thursday, 20.—It blew a storm; nevertheless, with some difficulty we crossed the Queen's-ferry.

Friday, 21.—I examined the society, and found about sixty members left. Many of these were truly alive to God: so our labour here is not quite in vain.

Saturday, 22.—I had some close conversation with L. M., who appeared to be clearly



(MEMORIAL CHAPEL, SCHOOLS AND MANSE, EPWORTH.)

saved from sin, although exceedingly depressed by the tottering tenement of clay. About noon I spent an hour with her poor scholars; forty of whom she has provided with a serious master, who takes pains to instruct them in the principles of religion, as well as in reading and writing. A famous actress, just come down from London, (which, for the honour of Scotland, is just during the sitting of the Assembly,) stole away a great part of our congregation to-night. How much wiser are these Scots than their forefathers!

Sunday, 23.—I went in the morning to the Tolbooth kirk; in the afternoon, to the old Episcopal chapel. But they have lost their glorying: they talked, the moment service was done, as if they had been in London.

Saturday, JUNE 19.—In the evening I preached to a large congregation at Scarborough.

Sunday, 20.—The new vicar showed plainly, why he refused those who desired the liberty for me to preach in his church. A keener sermon I never heard. So all I have done to persuade the people to attend the church is overturned at once! And all who preach thus, will drive the Methodists from the church, in spite of all that I can do.

Sunday, 27.—I preached at Misterton at eight; and at Overthorpe about one. At four I took my stand in Epworth market-place, and preached on those words in the Gospel for the day: "There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance." It seemed as if very few, if any, of the sinners then present were unmoved.

Monday, 28. (O.S.)—I inquired into the state of the work of God which was so remarkable two years ago. It is not yet at an end; but there has been a grievous decay, owing to several causes: 1. The preachers that followed Thomas Tattershall were neither so zealous nor so diligent as he had been. 2. The two leaders, to whom the young men and lads were committed, went up and down to preach, and so left them in a great measure to themselves; or, rather, to the world and the devil. 3. The two women, who were the most useful of all others, forsook them; the one leaving town, and the other leaving God. 4. The factories which employed so many of the children failed, so that all of them were scattered abroad. 5. The meetings of the children by the preachers were discontinued; so their love soon grew cold; and as they rose into men and women, foolish desires entered, and destroyed all the grace they had left. Nevertheless great part of them stood firm, especially the young maidens, and still adorn their profession. This day I met the children myself, and found some of them still alive to God. And I do not doubt, but if the preachers are zealous and active, they will recover most of those that have been scattered.

To-day I entered on my eighty-second year, and found myself just as strong to labour, and as fit for any exercise of body or mind, as I was forty years ago. I do not impute this to second causes, but to the Sovereign Lord of all. It is He Who bids the sun of life stand still, so long as it pleaseth Him. I am as strong at eighty-one, as I was at twenty-one; but abundantly more healthy, being a stranger to the head-ache, tooth-ache, and other bodily disorders which attended me in my youth. We can only say, "The Lord reigneth!" While we live, let us live to Him!

Sunday, JULY 4.—I read prayers and preached in Owston church, so filled as probably it never was before; and believe every one, awakened or unawakened, felt that God was there.

Monday, 5.—At twelve I preached in the elegant house at Doncaster, for once pretty well filled; and spoke more strongly, indeed more roughly, than I am accustomed to do.

Tuesday, 6.—I went on to Sheffield, where the society is increased to near some

hundred members. How swiftly does the work of God spread among those who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow !

Wednesday, 7.—It was supposed there were a thousand persons present at five in the morning.

Monday, 12.—Mr. Sutcliffe read prayers, and I preached at Heptonstall, where many poor souls were refreshed. Between one and two I preached in Todmorden



(HEPTONSTALL CHAPEL, 1797.)

church ; and, at five, in our own preaching-house, boldly situated on the steep ascent of a tall mountain.

Tuesday, 13.—I went to Burnley, a place which had been tried for many years, but without effect. It seems, the time was now come. High and low, rich and poor, now flocked together from all quarters ; and all were eager to hear, except one man, who was the town-crier. He began to bawl main, till his wife ran to him, and literally stopped his noise : she seized him with one hand, and clapped the other upon

his mouth, so that he could not get out one word. God then began a work which, I am persuaded, will not soon come to an end.

Sunday, 18.—I preached, morning and afternoon, in Bingley church; but it would not near contain the congregation. Before service I stepped into the Sunday-school, which contains two hundred and forty children, taught every Sunday by several masters, and superintended by the curate. So, many children in one parish are restrained from open sin, and taught a little good manners, at least, as well as to read the Bible. I find these schools springing up wherever I go. Perhaps God may have a deeper end therein than men are aware of. Who knows but some of these schools may become nurseries for Christians?



(HEADINGLEY COLLEGE, LEEDS.)

Sunday, 25.—I preached to several thousands at Birstal, and to at least as many at Leeds.

Tuesday, 27.—Our Conference began; at which four of our brethren, after long debate, (in which Mr. Fletcher took much pains,) acknowledged their fault, and all that was past was forgotten.

Thursday, 29, being the public Thanksgiving-day, as there was not room for us in the old church, I read prayers, as well as preached, at our room. I admired the whole service for the day. The Prayers, Scriptures, and every part of it, pointed at one thing: "Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another." Having five clergymen to assist me, we administered the Lord's Supper, as was supposed, to sixteen or seventeen hundred persons.

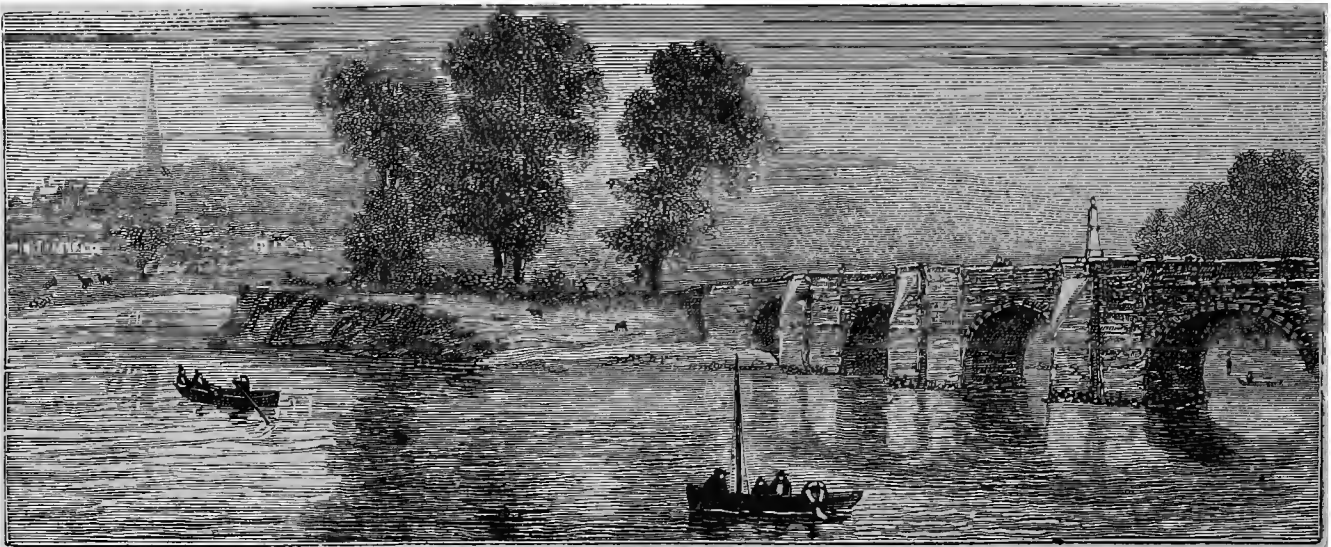
Sunday, AUGUST 1.—We were fifteen clergymen at the old church.

Monday, 9.—I rode over Malvern-hills, which affords one of the finest prospects in the kingdom, to Ledbury; then, through miserable roads, to Ross. I preached in the

evening at Monmouth, to a very quiet and civil congregation. Tumults were now at an end, as I lodged at the house of a gentleman whom none cared to oppose ; and even in the morning we had a large congregation, both of rich and poor.

Saturday, 14.—We reached Tenby soon after one. After dinner we took a walk through the town. I think there is not such a town in England. It is the Killmallock of Great Britain. Two-thirds of the ancient town are either in ruins, or vanished away.

Wednesday, 18.—I went to Admiral Vaughan's, at Tracoon, one of the pleasantest seats in Great Britain. The house is embosomed in lofty woods, and does not appear till you drop down upon it. The Admiral governs his family, as he did in his ship, with the utmost punctuality. The bell rings, and all attend without delay, whether at meals, or at morning and evening prayer.



(ROSS BRIDGE.)

Friday, 20.—About eight I preached in the church at Newport, and spoke strong words, if haply some might awake out of sleep. Thence we went to Haverfordwest ; it being the day when the bishop held his visitation. As I was returning in the afternoon from visiting some of the poor people, a carriage in the street obliged me to walk very near a clergyman, who made me a low bow : I did the same to him ; though I did not then know the bishop ; who has indeed won the hearts of the people in general by his courteous and obliging behaviour.

Thursday, 26.—On the road I read over Voltaire's Memoirs of himself. Certainly never was a more consummate coxcomb ! But even his character is less horrid than that of his royal hero ! Surely so unnatural a brute never disgraced a throne before !

Wednesday, SEPTEMBER 1.—Being now clear in my own mind, I took a step which I had long weighed in my mind, and appointed Mr. Whatcoat and Mr. Vasey to go and serve the desolate sheep in America.

Thursday, 2.—I added to them three more ; which, I verily believe, will be much to the glory of God.

Sunday, 12.—Dr. Coke read prayers, and I preached in the new room. Afterward I hastened to Kingswood, and preached under the shade of that double row of trees which I planted about forty years ago. How little did any one then think that they would answer such an intention ! The sun shone as hot as it used to do even in Georgia ; but his rays could not pierce our canopy ; and our Lord, meantime, shone upon many souls, and refreshed them that were weary.

Monday, 20, Tuesday, and Wednesday, I met the classes ; but found no increase in the society. No wonder, for discipline had been quite neglected ; and without this, little good can be done among the Methodists.

Thursday, 23.—I preached at Paulton about one ; and at Pensford in the evening. The gentlemen at Chew-Magna having sent me word I was welcome to preach in the church, I went thither the next morning ; but they now sent me word they had changed their minds ; so I preached in our own preaching-house, on : “ If we let Him alone, all men will believe on Him.”

Thursday, 30.—I had a long conversation with John M'Geary, one of our American preachers, just come to England. He gave a pleasing account of the work of God there, continually increasing, and vehemently importuned me to pay one more visit to America before I die. Nay, I shall pay no more visits to new worlds, till I go to the world of spirits.

Saturday, OCTOBER 2.—It pleased God once more to pour out His Spirit on the family at Kingswood. Many of the children were much affected. I talked particularly with some who desired to partake of the Lord's Supper. They did so the next morning. Afterwards I spent a little time with all the children ; and easily observed an uncommon awe resting upon them all. In the evening we renewed our covenant with God in the new room at Bristol. It was supposed we had a thousand communicants ; and I believe none went empty away.

Tuesday, 19.—I spent an hour at Lord Harcourt's seat, near Newnham ; one of the pleasantest spots I have seen. It stands on a gently-rising hill, and commands a most delightful prospect. The rooms are not so grand as some, but elegant in the highest degree. So is also the front of the house, and what is called the flower-garden ; a small inclosure, surrounded by lofty trees, and filled with all the beauties that nature and art can give.

The house at Oxford was thoroughly filled ; and students as well as townsmen were deeply serious.

Friday, NOVEMBER 5.—(London.) We had a solemn watch-night.

Saturday, 6.—I was an hour or two in conversation with that truly great man, Pascal Paoli ; who is a well-made, graceful man, about sixty years of age ; but he

does not look to be above forty. He appears to have a real regard for the public good, and much of the fear of God. He has a strong understanding, and seemed to be acquainted with every branch of polite literature. On my saying he had met with much the same treatment with that of an ancient lover of his country, Hannibal, he immediately answered, "But I have never yet met with a King of Bithynia."

Monday, 8.—This week I visited the societies near London; a very heavy, but necessary work.

Thursday, 18.—I visited two persons in Newgate, who were under sentence of death. They seemed to be in an excellent temper, calmly resigned to the will of God. But how much stress can be reasonably laid on such impressions, it is hard to say: so often have I known them vanish away as soon as ever the expectation of death was removed.

Saturday, 20.—At three in the morning two or three men broke into our house, through the kitchen-window. Thence they came up into the parlour, and broke open Mr. Moore's bureau, where they found two or three pounds: the night before I had prevented his leaving there seventy pounds, which he had just received. They next broke open the cupboard, and took away some silver spoons. Just at this time the alarum, which Mr. Moore, by mistake, had set for half-past three, (instead of four,) went off, as it usually did, with a thundering noise. At this the thieves ran away with all speed; though their work was not half done; and the whole damage which we sustained scarce amounted to six pounds.

Monday, 22.—I preached at Northampton; and on *Tuesday, 23*, at Whittlebury. Here my servant was seized with a fever, attended with eruptions all over, as big as pepper-corns. I took knowledge of the prickly-heat, as we called it in Georgia, termed by Dr. Heberden, the nettle-rash, and assured him he would be well in four-and-twenty hours. He was so; and drove us on to Banbury; where, on *Wednesday, 24*, I met with a hearty welcome from Mr. George, formerly a member of the London society. The Presbyterian minister offering me the use of his meeting, I willingly accepted his offer. It was, I believe, capable of containing near as many people as the chapel at West-street; but it would not near contain the congregation: and God uttered His Voice, yea, and that a mighty Voice; neither the sorrow nor the joy which was felt that night will quickly be forgotten.

Friday, 26.—I returned to London.

Sunday, 28.—I preached a charity sermon at St. Paul's, Covent-garden. It is the largest and the best-constructed parish church that I have preached in for several years; yet some hundreds were obliged to go away, not being able to get in. I strongly enforced the necessity of that humble, gentle, patient love, which is the very essence of true religion.

Thursday, DECEMBER 2.—I preached about noon at Bugden; and in the evening

to a crowded congregation at Binlington. I wondered that I saw nothing here of a young clergyman, who last year professed much love and esteem; but I soon heard that his eyes were opened to see the *decrees*. So he knows *me* no more.

Friday, 3.—Partly riding, and partly walking, through wind and rain, and water and dirt, we got at last to Luton, where I found a large congregation; and we greatly rejoiced in God our Saviour.

Saturday, 4.—I went on to London.

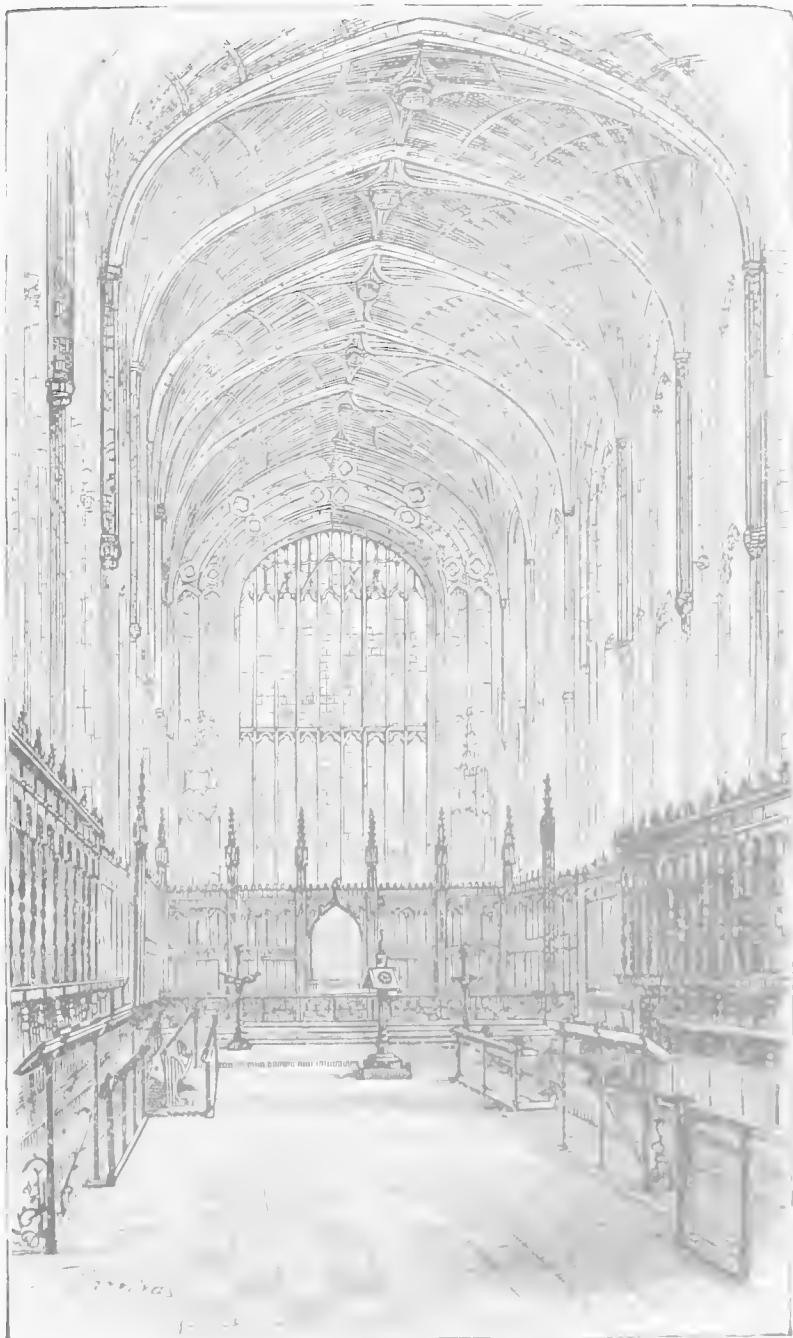
Tuesday, 7.—We set out in a lovely morning; but in about an hour, just as a pack of hounds came on in full cry, a furious storm of hail met them in the teeth, and utterly silenced them. It soon turned to snow; which so covered the road, that we could scarce get on, though we walked good part of the way.

Wednesday, 8.—With great difficulty, with two pair of good horses, we got on fifteen miles in five hours; but we could not reach Sevenoaks till the congregation had been long waiting.

Thursday, 9.—Going on to Shoreham, we found that venerable man, Mr. Perronet, ninety-one years of age, calmly waiting for the conclusion of a good warfare. His bodily strength is gone, but his understanding is little impaired; and he appears to have more love than ever.

Friday, 17.—I preached at Chatham, where I found only peace and love; and on *Saturday, 18,* cheerfully returned to London.

Monday, 20.—I went to Hinxworth, where I had the satisfaction of meeting Mr. Simeon, Fellow of King's College, in Cambridge. He has spent some time with



(KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE.)

Mr. Fletcher, at Madeley: two kindred souls; much resembling each other, both in fervour of spirit, and in the earnestness of their address. He gave me the pleasing information, that there are three parish churches in Cambridge wherein true Scriptural religion is preached; and several young gentlemen who are happy partakers of it. I preached in the evening on Galatians vi. 14.

Tuesday, 21.—I spent a little time with the children at Miss Harvey's school, whom she likewise carefully instructs herself. After dinner we set out for Wrestlingworth; and having a skilful guide, who rode before the chaise, and picked out the best way, we drove four miles in only three hours.



(LEYS SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE.)

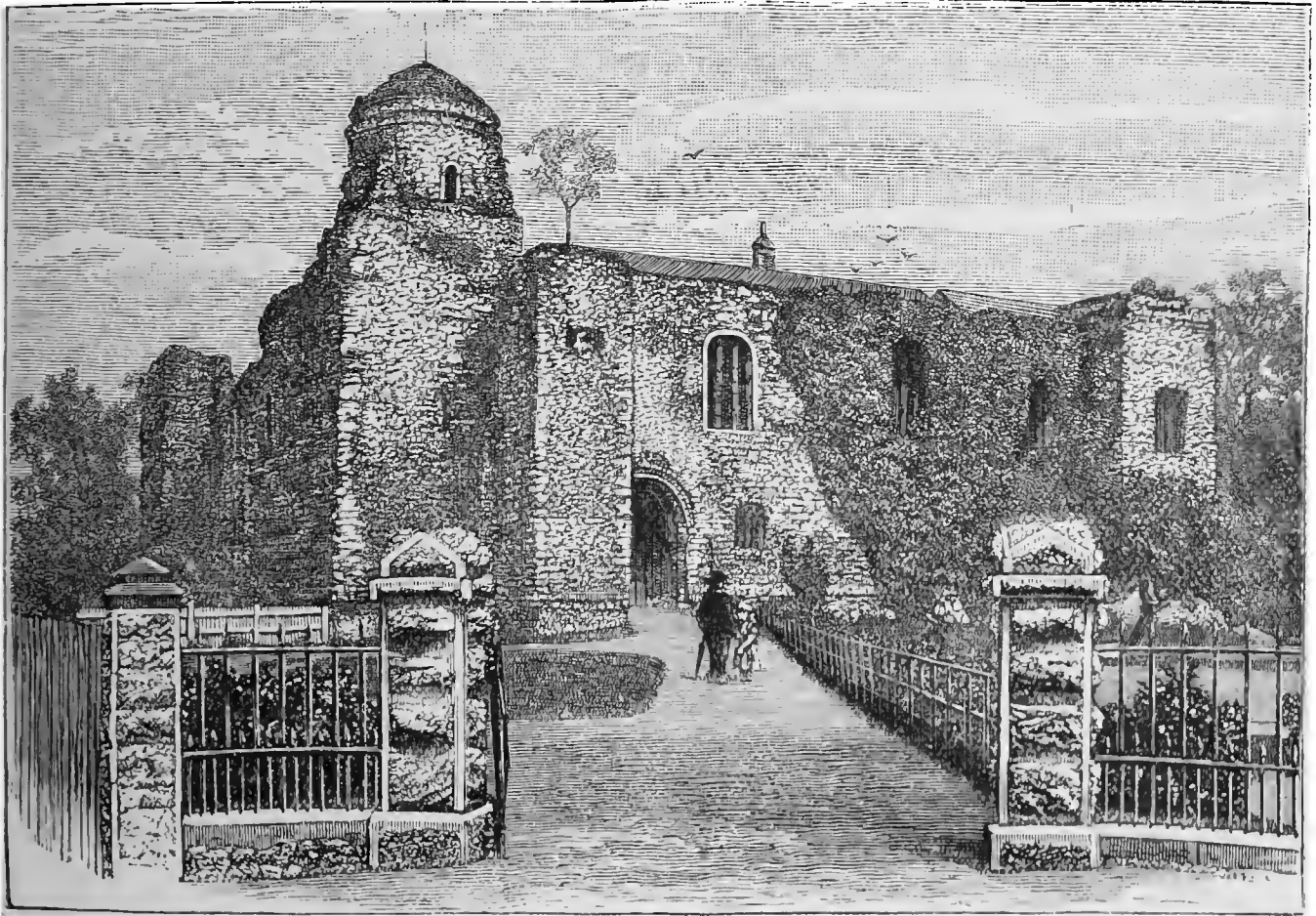
Sunday, 26.—I preached the condemned criminals' sermon in Newgate. Forty-seven were under sentence of death. While they were coming in, there was something very awful in the clink of their chains. But no sound was heard, either from them or the crowded audience, after the text was named: "There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance." The power of the Lord was eminently present, and most of the prisoners were in tears. A few days after, twenty of them died at once, five of whom died in peace. I could not but greatly approve of the spirit and behaviour of Mr. Villette, the ordinary; and I rejoiced to hear, that it was the same on all similar occasions.

Friday, 31.—We had a solemn watch-night, and ushered in the new year with the voice of praise and thanksgiving.

Saturday, JANUARY 1, 1785.—Whether this be the last or no, may it be the best year of my life!

Sunday, 2.—A larger number of people were present this evening, at the renewal of our covenant with God, than was ever seen before on the occasion.

Tuesday, 4.—At this season we usually distribute coals and bread among the



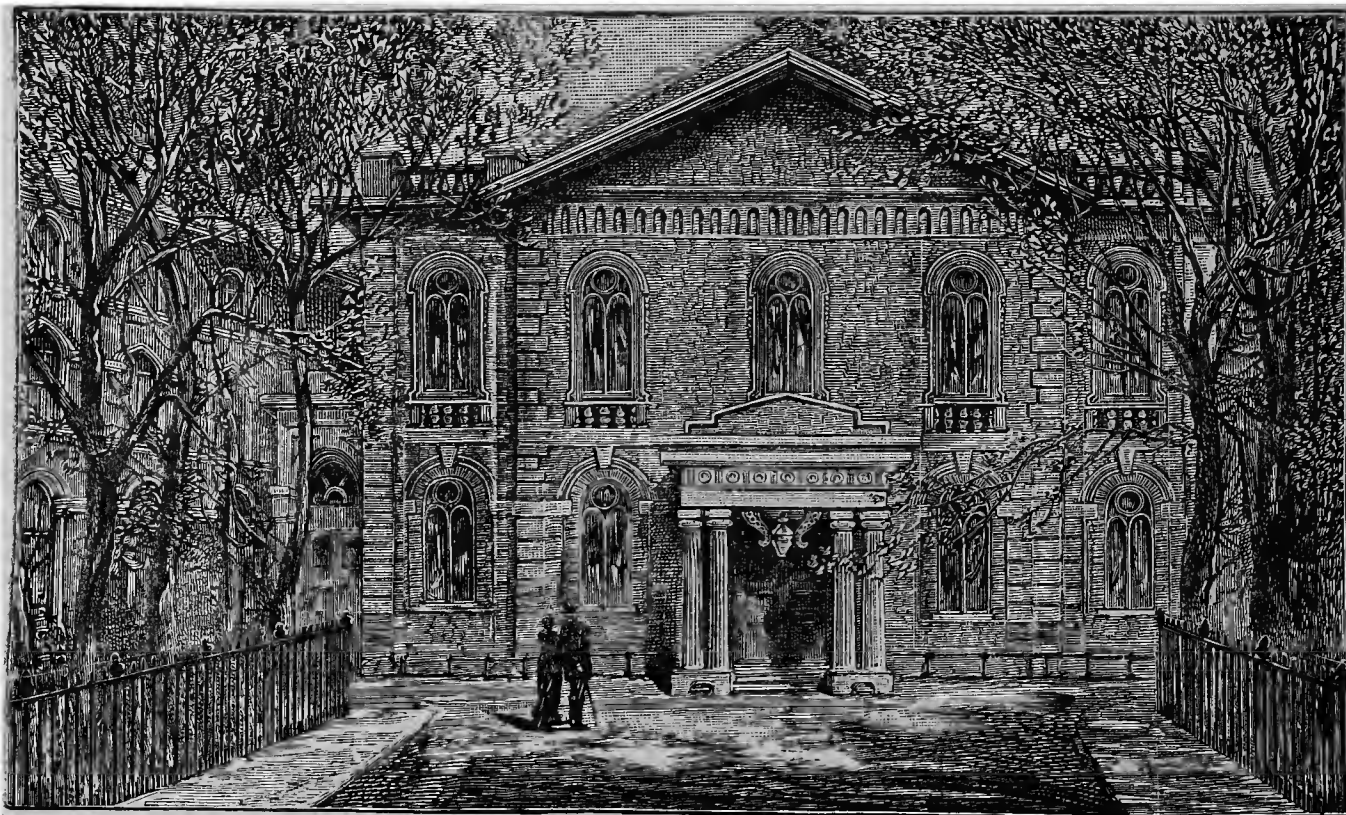
(COLCHESTER CASTLE.)

poor of the society. But I now considered, they wanted clothes, as well as food. So on this, and the four following days, I walked through the town, and begged two hundred pounds, in order to clothe them that needed it most. But it was hard work, as most of the streets were filled with melting snow, which often lay ankle deep; so that my feet were steeped in snow-water nearly from morning till evening: I held it out pretty well till *Saturday* evening; but I was laid up with a violent flux, which increased every hour, till, at six in the morning, Dr. Whitehead called upon me. His first draught made me quite easy; and three or four more perfected the cure.

I supposed my journeys this winter had been over; but I could not decline one more.

Monday, 17.—I set out for poor Colchester, to encourage the little flock. They had exceeding little of this world's goods, but most of them had a better portion.

Tuesday, 18.—I went on to Mistlethorn, a village near Manningtree. Some time since, one of the shipwrights of Deptford-yard, being sent hither to superintend the building of some men-of-war, began to read sermons on a Sunday evening in his own house. Afterwards he exhorted them a little, and then formed a little society. Some time after, he begged one of our preachers to come over and help them. I now found a lively society, and one of the most elegant congregations I had seen for many years. Yet they seemed as willing to be instructed, as if they had lived in Kingswood.



(CITY-ROAD CHAPEL, 1880.)

Sunday, 23.—I preached morning and afternoon at West-street, and in the evening in the chapel at Knightsbridge: I think, it will be the last time; for I know not that I have ever seen a worse-behaved congregation.

Tuesday, 25.—I spent two or three hours in the House of Lords. I had frequently heard that this was the most venerable assembly in England. But how was I disappointed! What is a Lord, but a sinner, born to die!

Sunday, 30.—From those words: "Righteous art Thou, O Lord, and true are Thy judgments," I endeavoured to point out those sins which were the chief cause of that awful transaction we commemorate this day. I believe the chief sin which brought the King to the block, was his persecuting the real Christians. Hereby he drove them into the hands of designing men, which issued in his own destruction.

Sunday, FEBRUARY 6.—We had a love-feast. I could not but observe the manner wherein several of them spoke one after another. Not only the matter, but the language, the accent, the tone of voice, wherewith illiterate persons, men and women, young and old, spoke, were such as a scholar need not be ashamed of. Who teacheth like Him?

Sunday, 13.—I met the single women, and exhorted them to consider, to prize, and to improve the advantages they enjoyed. On the following days, I visited many of our poor, to see with my own eyes what their wants were, and how they might be effectually relieved.

Sunday, 20.—I preached in Spitalfields church in the morning, in the afternoon at St. Ethelburg's, and in the evening at the new chapel. On *Monday*, *Tuesday*, and *Wednesday*, I visited the residue of the sick and poor.

Friday, 25.—I received letters from the preachers, stewards, and leaders at Plymouth-dock, informing me, that William Moore had renounced the Methodists, hired a place to preach in, and drawn away about forty of our members, to form a society for himself. They therefore begged I would come down as soon as possible, to quench the kindling fire. I saw no time was to be lost, and therefore immediately took places in the Exeter diligence.

Sunday, 27.—I preached in Stepney church, one of the largest parish churches in England.

Monday, 28.—The diligence reached Sarum about eight in the evening. About nine we left it. So keen a frost, I hardly ever felt before: and our carriage let in the air on all sides, so that we hardly could preserve life. However, soon after five on *Tuesday* evening, we got to Exeter.

Wednesday, MARCH 2.—We went on to Plymouth-dock; and found all that we had heard, confirmed. But I verily believe, we are better without William Moore than with him; as his heart is not right with God.

To quiet the minds of many well-meaning persons, I preached on those comfortable words: "Even the hairs of your head are all numbered;" and in the morning on: "Despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of Him."

Thursday, 3.—In the evening I read to the whole congregation a plain state of the case, with regard to the Deed of Declaration, which William Moore had so wonderfully misrepresented: and I believe they were all fully satisfied.

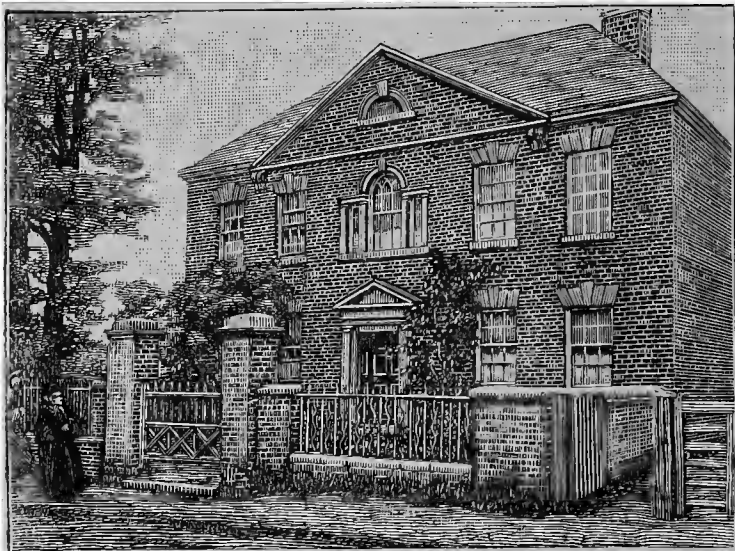
Friday, 4.—I took a walk through the Royal Hospital for sick and wounded sailors. I never saw any thing of the kind so complete: every part is so convenient, and so admirably neat. But there is nothing superfluous, and nothing purely ornamental, either within or without. There seems to be nothing wanting, but a man full of faith and zeal, to watch over the souls of the poor patients, and teach them to improve their affliction.

In the evening I preached to a large congregation at Plymouth; and it pleased

God to give me uncommon liberty in describing the power of faith. What a blessed proof of this has there been here, since I was in the town before!

Preaching at the Dock in the evening, I besought all serious people not to "grieve the Holy Spirit of God;" but to "put away all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil-speaking." I exhorted them, in particular, not to talk about Mr. Moore at all, but to give him up to God.

Thursday, 24.—(Worcester.) I breakfasted at Mrs. Price's, a Quaker, who keeps a boarding-school. I was much pleased with her children, so elegantly plain in their behaviour, as well as apparel. I was led, I know not how, to speak to them largely; then to pray; and we were all much comforted. The society is in great peace, and striving together for the hope of the Gospel. I have not seen greater earnestness and simplicity in any society, since we left London.



(AMBROSE FOLEY'S HOUSE, AT QUINTON, WHERE WESLEY STAYED.)

I was now considering how strangely the grain of mustard-seed, planted about fifty years ago, has grown up. It has spread through all Great Britain and Ireland; the Isle of Wight, and the Isle of Man; then to America, from the Leeward Islands, through the whole continent, into Canada and Newfoundland. And the societies, in all these parts, walk by one rule, knowing religion is holy tempers; and striving to worship God, not in form only, but likewise "in spirit and in truth."

Friday, 25.—(Being *Good-Friday.*) I hastened to reach Birmingham before the Church service began. A sharper frost I never knew: but indeed our house was hot enough in the evening; and I have not seen a more earnest people. Such an advantage it is to be fully employed. In every place we find labouring men most susceptible of religion. Such a blessing results from that curse: "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread."

Saturday, 26.—I had designed to rest; but notice had been given of my preaching at Quinton at noon. As the house would not hold the people, I was constrained, cold as it was, to preach abroad: and they all seemed to feel that solemn question: "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?"

In the evening my heart was enlarged in such a manner as I have seldom known; so that I detained the congregation considerably longer than I am accustomed to; and all the people seemed determined to "glorify God with their body and their spirit."

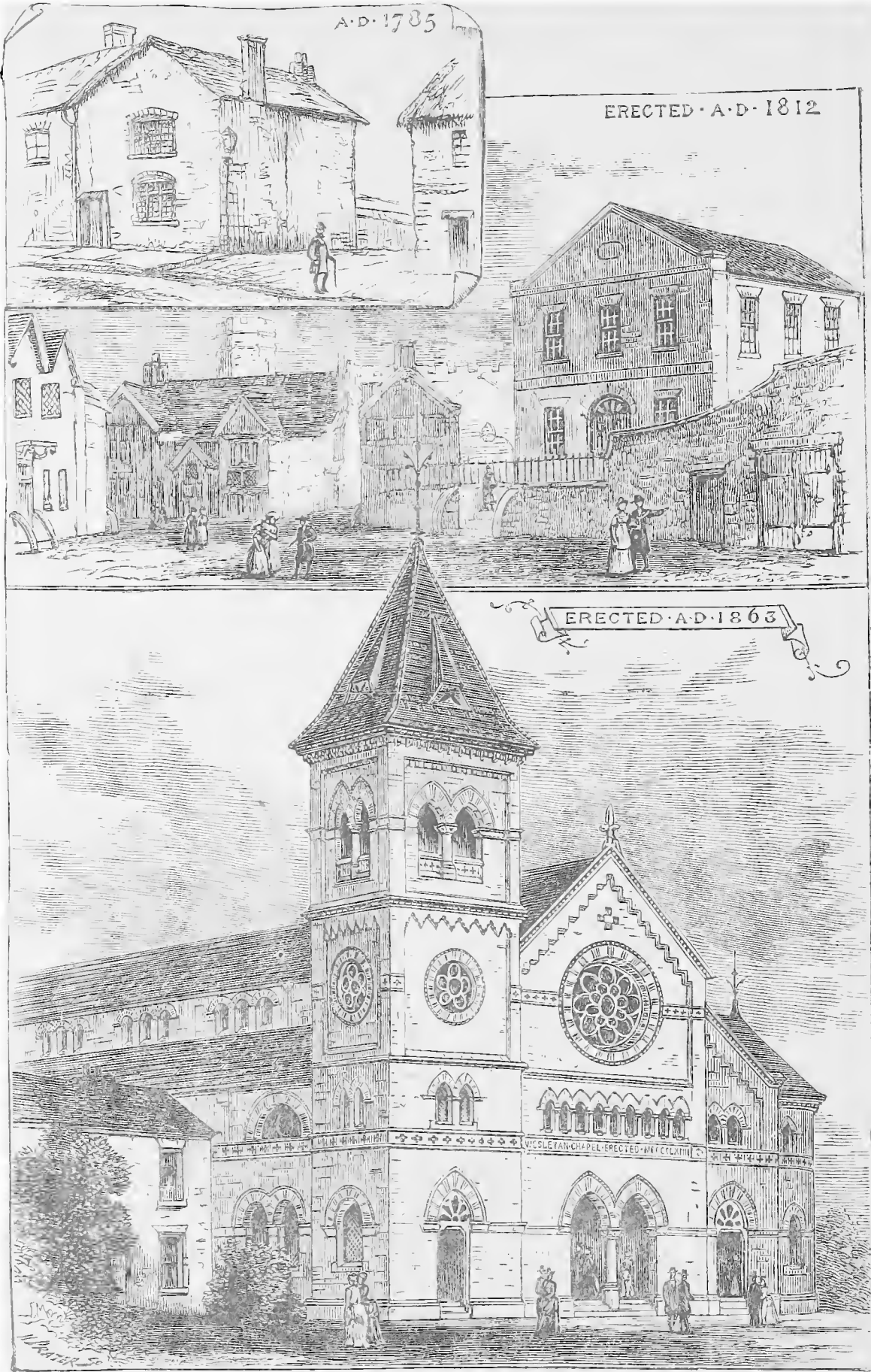
Sunday, 27.—(Being *Easter-day*.) I preached at seven, on: "The Lord is risen indeed," with an uncommon degree of freedom; and then met the local preachers, several of whom seemed to have caught the fashionable disease,—desire of independency. They were at first very warm; but at length agreed to act by the rules laid down in the Minutes of the Conference.



(TEA-SERVICE PRESENTED TO MR. AND MRS. FOLEY BY WESLEY.)

The weather now changed. Small rain fell some hours, and then turned into snow. This made it very dirty: however, the poor people got through, and filled Darlaston church. Hence I returned to Wednesbury; but could not preach abroad, the ground being covered with snow. As many as could crowded into the house. A love-feast followed, at which many plain people spoke without reserve. The artless propriety with which they spoke must be truly astonishing to all who do not consider that promise: "They shall be all taught of God."

Monday, 28—I preached a kind of funeral sermon on Sarah Wood, one of the first members of the society. For above fifty years she adorned the Gospel, being a



(STAFFORD CHAPELS, ILLUSTRATING THE PROGRESS OF METHODIST ARCHITECTURE.)

pattern of all holiness. She was confined to her bed for several months. Being asked if time did not hang upon her hands, she answered, "No; the Bible is my delight." "How can that be," said her friend, "when you cannot see?" "Very well," said she; "for the Lord brings it to my remembrance." So, without doubt or fear, she delivered up her soul to her merciful and faithful Creator.

About eleven I preached at Wolverhampton, and spent the afternoon with the amiable family at Hilton-park.

Tuesday, 29.—At noon I preached in the room at Stafford, to a deeply-affected congregation. This was the more strange, because there are few towns in England less infected with religion than Stafford. In the evening I preached at Newcastle, to a very serious and much-affected congregation.



(ROYAL INSTITUTE OF FINE ARTS, MANCHESTER.)

Wednesday, 30.—We found a difficulty at Lane-end. Even at noon the house contained not a third of the congregation. The wind was piercing cold: nevertheless I preached abroad, and God warmed our hearts. In the evening I was greatly comforted among our brethren at Burslem, well established in grace; and such another congregation I met with, *Thursday, 31*, at Congleton.

Friday, APRIL 1.—I came to Macclesfield, where Mr. Simpson had given notice of my preaching in his church. Here I fully delivered my own soul; and on *Saturday, 2*, went on to Manchester.

Sunday, 3.—Our brethren flocking in from all parts, the house, large as it is, could not contain them. It was supposed we had twelve hundred communicants.

Monday, 4.—I preached to our old, loving congregation at Bolton.

Tuesday, 5.—At noon I preached at Wingate, in the open air. The congregation

were quite ripe for all the Gospel blessings, devouring every word. In the evening I preached at Wigan.

Wednesday, 6.—I preached at Liverpool; but I found no ship there ready to sail. So, *Thursday, 7,* (after preaching at Warrington in the way,) I hastened to Chester. Neither was there any ship at Parkgate ready to sail; so, *Friday, 8,* we took coach, and reached Holyhead between four and five on *Saturday* in the afternoon. Between nine and ten we went on board the Clermont packet: but it was a dead calm till past ten on *Sunday, 10,* when the company desired me to give them a sermon. After sermon I prayed that God would give us a full and speedy passage. While I was speaking the wind sprung up, and in twelve hours brought us to Dublin Bay. Does not our Lord still hear the prayer? I found such a resting-place at our own house, as I never found in Ireland before; and two such preachers with two such wives, I know not where to find again. In the evening, and so every evening beside, we had Sunday-evening congregations; and in the morning they were larger, by a third part, than those I had when I was here last.

On *Tuesday,* and the three following days, I examined the society. I never found it in such a state before: many of them rejoiced in God their Saviour, and were as plain in their apparel, both men and women, as those in Bristol and London. Many, I verily believe, love God with all their hearts; and the number of these increase daily. The number of the whole society is seven hundred and forty-seven. Above three hundred of these have been added in a few months;—a new and unexpected thing! In various places, indeed, we have frequently felt

“The o’erwhelming power of saving grace;”

which acted almost irresistibly. But such a shower of grace never continued long; and afterwards men might resist the Holy Ghost as before. When the general ferment subsides, every one that partook of it has his trial for life; and the higher the flood, the lower will be the ebb; yea, the more swiftly it rose, the more swiftly it falls: so that if we see this here, we should not be discouraged. We should only use all diligence to encourage as many as possible to press forward, in spite of all the reflux tide. Now, especially, we should warn one another not to grow weary or faint in our mind; if haply we may see such another prodigy as the late one at Paulton, near Bath, where there was a very swift work of God; and yet, a year after, out of an hundred converted, there was not one backslider!

The number of children that are clearly converted to God is particularly remarkable. Thirteen or fourteen little maidens, in one class, are rejoicing in God their Saviour; and are as serious and stayed in their whole behaviour, as if they were thirty or forty years old. I have much hopes, that half of them will be steadfast in the grace of God which they now enjoy.

Sunday, 17.—We had such a number of communicants at the cathedral as was scarce ever seen there before. In the evening many were cut to the heart; and, I believe, not a few comforted. A love-feast followed; at which many spoke what God had done for their souls, with all plainness and simplicity.

Monday, 18.—I went through a delightful country to Prosperous; a little town, begun five years ago by Captain Brooke, just returned from the East Indies. Here he introduced every branch of the cotton manufactory, on a most extensive plan. He built two rows of commodious houses, with all convenient appurtenances; and he now employs about two thousand men, women, and children, on the spot, beside near the same number in other places.

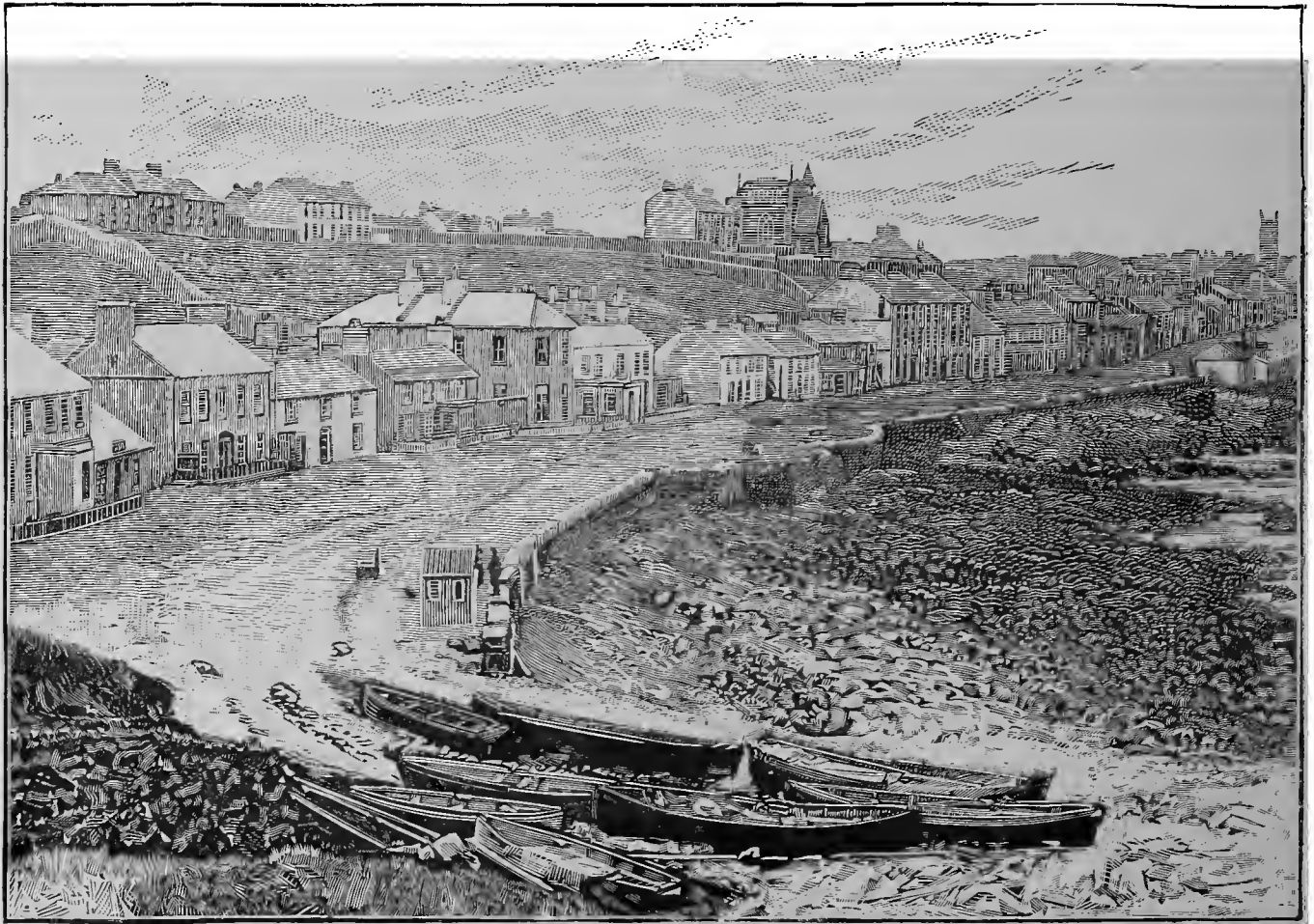
They had a very large room, but not near large enough for the congregation. All that got in seemed much affected, as they did likewise at five in the morning. About fifty of them are already joined in a society. Fair blossoms! But what will the fruit be?

A remarkable circumstance, we were informed, occurred near this place, about three weeks before:—A poor woman, who owed her landlord fourteen pounds, scraped seven together, which she brought him. But he absolutely refused to take less than the whole, yet detained her in talk till evening. She then set out on a car. When she was within a mile of home, she overtook a soldier, who said he was exceedingly tired, and earnestly entreated her to let him ride with her on the car, to which she at length consented. When they came to her house, finding there was no town within two miles, he begged he might sit by the fire-side till morning. She told him she durst not suffer it, as hers was a lone house, and there was none in it but herself and her girl: but at last she agreed he should lie in the girl's bed, and she and the girl would lie together. At midnight, two men, who had blackened their faces, broke into the house, and demanded her money. She said, "Then let me go into the next room and fetch it." Going in, she said to the soldier, "You have requited me well for my kindness, by bringing your comrades to rob my house." He asked, "Where are they?" She said, "In the next room." He started up, and ran thither. The men ran away with all speed. He fired after them, and shot one dead; who, being examined, appeared to be her landlord! So that a soldier was sent to protect an innocent woman, and punish an hardened villain!

Thursday, 21.—Going to Athlone, I found the scene entirely changed: there has not been for many years so much life in the society. Many of the old dead members are quickened again. Many are added to them; and there is no jar of any kind among them: they provoke one another only to love and to good works.

Friday, 22.—It is just seven years since I was here before; and I find little change in many, only that they are more dead to the world, and, consequently, more alive to God; and for a few that have left them, God has given them double, that are either alive to God, or athirst for Him.

Monday, 25.—Being desired to preach at Ballinasloe, in my way to Aughrim, I stood, about eleven, in the shade of a large house, and preached to a numerous congregation of Papists and Protestants, equally attentive, on: “The kingdom of God is at hand.” As I entered Aughrim, the rector, who was waiting at his gate, welcomed me into the country; and desired me to use his church, both now, and whenever I pleased: I preached there at six. It was thoroughly filled with well-behaved hearers. But the society here, as well as that at Tyrrellspass, is well-nigh shrunk into nothing!



(THE CLARKE MEMORIAL CHURCH, PORTSTEWART.)

Such is the baleful influence of riches! The same effect we find in every place. The more men increase in goods, (very few excepted,) the more they decrease in grace.

Tuesday, 26.—I went on to Eyre-court. Here, also, the minister gave me the use of his church; but the people seemed to understand little of the matter. As I had not this privilege at Birr, I went to the square, where the owner of a large house invited me to preach before it. The congregation was exceeding large; but many of them wild as colts untamed. However, the far greater part of them were seriously attentive. I am in hopes the work of God will revive here also; the rather, because He has fully restored one of the most eminent backsliders in the kingdom.

When I came to Tullamore, the minister was willing that I should preach in the church; where both the soldiers and all the officers attended, and our Great Captain was present also.

Thursday, 28.—I supposed the house at Portarlington would have more than contained the congregation; but it would scarce contain a third part of them. So I removed to the market-house, and preached on the general Judgment. The Word was quick and powerful, so that very few appeared to be unaffected.

In the evening I preached in the church at Mountmellick. Perhaps such a congregation was never there before.

Saturday, 30.—I preached at Waterford in the court-house, one of the largest in the kingdom. A multitude of people quickly ran together, which occasioned some tumult at first; but it was quickly over, and all were deeply attentive. Surely God will have much people in this city.

Sunday, MAY 1.—At eight I preached in the court-house to a larger congregation than before. At eleven I went to the cathedral, one of the most elegant churches in Ireland. The whole service was performed with the utmost solemnity. After service, the senior Prebend, Dr. Fall, invited me to dinner; and desired, when I came again, I would take a bed at his house. I doubt that will never be! At four I preached at the head of the Mall, to a Moorfields congregation, all quiet and attentive.

Monday, 2.—The congregation at five in the morning was larger than that on Saturday evening; and all of them appeared to have (for the present, at least) a real concern for their salvation. O that it may not pass away as the morning dew!

I took a solemn farewell of this affectionate people, concluding with those awful words:—

“Now on the brink of death we stand;
And if I pass before,
You all may safe escape to land,
And hail me on the shore!”

Tuesday, 3.—We set out for Dungarvan-ferry; but in spite of all the speed we could make, the road was so horrible, that we could not reach Youghal before six in the evening.

Wednesday, 4.—At five in the morning the court-house was thoroughly filled. So in the evening I preached in the Mall, where the congregation was much the same as the last at Waterford; only that they were in general Protestants.

Thursday, 5.—Before I came half way to Cork, I was met by about thirty horsemen.

Friday, 6.—I made an exact inquiry into the state of the society. I found the number was about four hundred, many of whom were greatly in earnest. Many children, chiefly girls, were indisputably justified; some of them were likewise sanctified, and were patterns of all holiness.

But how shall we keep up the flame that is now kindled, not only in Cork, but

in many parts of the nation? Not by sitting still; but by stirring up the gift of God that is in them; by uninterrupted watchfulness; by warning every one, and exhorting every one; by besieging the Throne with all the powers of prayer: and, after all, some will, and some will not, improve the grace which they have received. Therefore there must be a falling away. We are not to be discouraged at this; but to do all that in us lies to-day, leaving the morrow to God.

Saturday, 7.—On this day that venerable saint, Mr. Perronet, desired his granddaughter, Miss Briggs, who attended him day and night, to go out into the garden and take a little air. He was reading, and hearing her read, the three last chapters of Isaiah. When she returned, he was in a kind of ecstasy; the tears running down his cheeks, from a deep sense of the glorious things which were shortly to come to pass. He continued unspeakably happy that day, and on Sunday was, if possible, happier still. And indeed heaven seemed to be as it were opened to all that were round about him. When he was in bed, she went into his room to see if any thing was wanting; and as she stood at the feet of the bed, he smiled, and broke out, “God bless thee, my dear child, and all that belong to thee! Yea, He will bless thee!” Which he earnestly repeated many times, till she left the room. When she went in, the next morning, *Monday, 9*, his spirit was returned to God.

So ended the holy and happy life of Mr. Vincent Perronet, in the ninety-second year of his age. I follow hard after him in years, being now in the eighty-second year of my age. O that I may follow him in holiness; and that my last end may be like his!

Sunday, 8.—In the afternoon I stood in the vacant space near the preaching-house, capable of containing many thousands. An immense number assembled: there was no disturbance: the days of tumult here are over; and God has now, of a long season, made our enemies to be at peace with us.

Monday, 9.—About noon I preached at Kinsale, in the old bowling-green, which lies on the top of the hill, and commands a large prospect, both by sea and land. All behaved well, but a few officers, who walked up and down, and talked together during the whole service. The poor in Ireland in general are well-behaved: all the ill-breeding is among well-dressed people. In the evening I preached in the main street at Bandon, to a very numerous congregation: but some of them were better clothed than taught; for they laughed and talked great part of the time.

Wednesday, 11.—I returned from Bandon to Cork; and after endeavouring to confirm those that were much alive to God, on *Friday, 13*, with some difficulty, I broke loose from my affectionate friends, and in two long stages reached Kilfinnane. It being too stormy to preach abroad, I preached in the assembly-room.

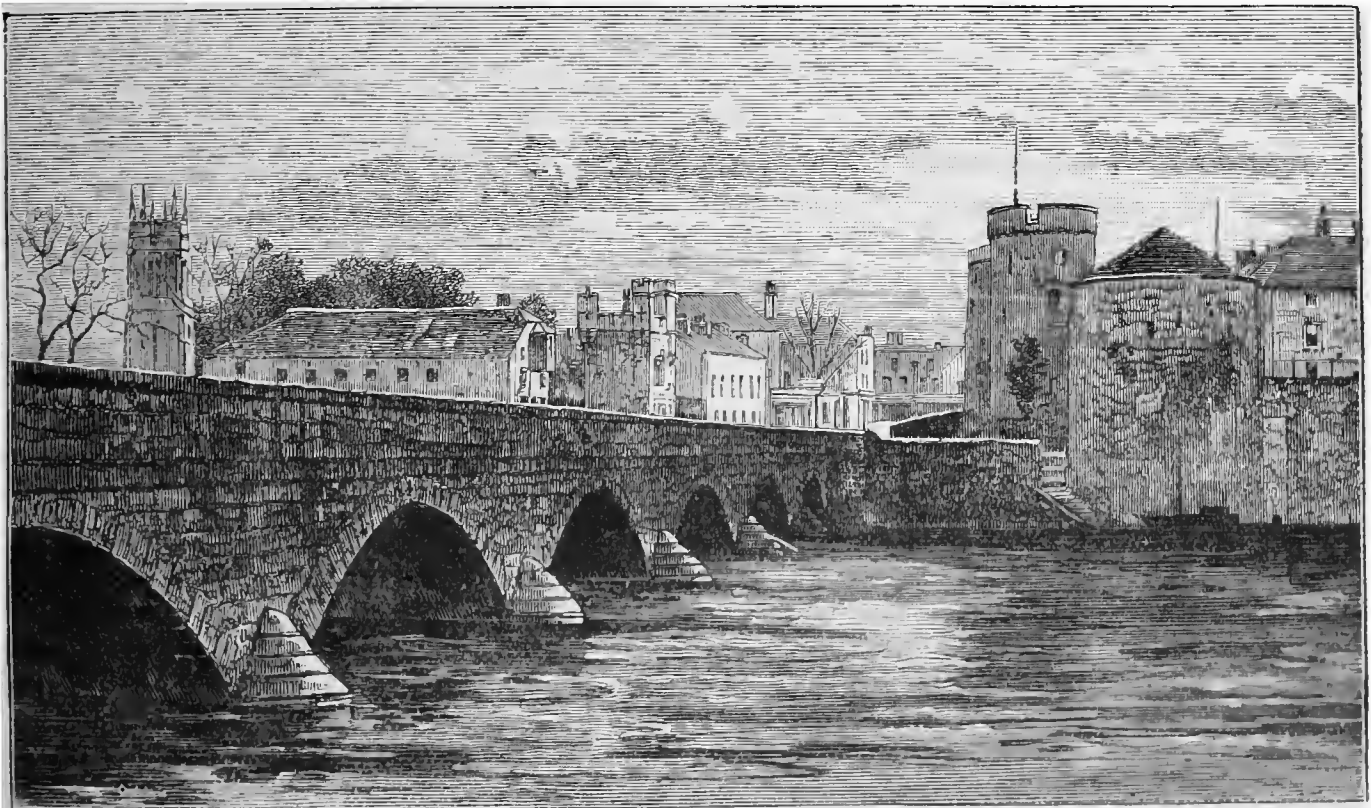
Afterwards I took a survey of the Danish mount near the town; the first I have seen, surrounded with a triple ditch; but it is not either so high or so large as that near Dundee. Is it not strange, that the Irish, as well as the Scots, should so soon

have driven out those merciless robbers who defied all the strength of England for so long a time?

Saturday, 14.—I found a far greater curiosity, a large Druidical temple. I judged by my eye, that it was not less than a hundred yards in diameter; and it was, if I remember right, full as entire as Stonehenge, or that at Stanton-drew. How our ancestors could bring, or even heave, these enormous stones, what modern can comprehend?

In the evening we found many of our old friends at Limerick were removed to Abraham's bosom.

Sunday, 15. (Being Whit-Sunday.)—The service at the cathedral began at eleven



(THOMOND BRIDGE, LIMERICK.)

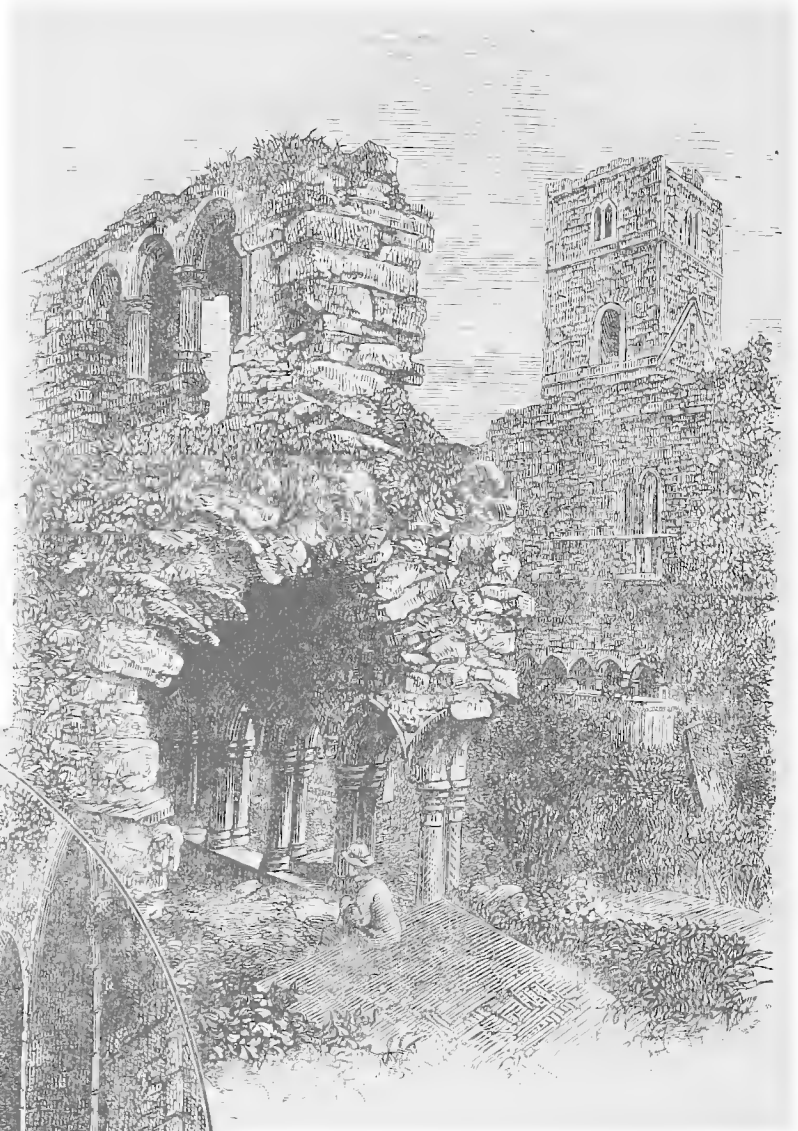
and lasted till three. It concluded a little sooner, by my assisting at the Lord's Supper, at the request of the clergymen. Between five and six, I took my stand near the custom-house, amidst an innumerable multitude of people; but they were

“Wild as the untaught Indian's brood.”

They made such a wonderful noise, that I judged it best to give them the ground, and retire to our own house.

Monday, 16.—I restored the select society, which had been quite neglected. In the evening I earnestly exhorted all our brethren to set out again in the good old way; and to “run with patience the race that is set before” them.

Tuesday, 17.—In my way to Gort, I was met by some of our brethren of Kilchreest, a village eight miles beyond it, giving me an invitation from Colonel Pearse, to lodge at his house. He sent me to Kilchreest in one of his own carriages. There I found a large number of plain people, to whom I preached in the yard. Thence I returned to the Colonel's; but the house being full of genteel company, I was as out of my element;



(SLIGO ABBEY.)

there being no room to talk upon the only subject which deserves the attention of a rational creature.

Wednesday, 18.— Learning that a little girl had sat up all night, and then walked two miles to see me, I took her into the chaise; and was surprised to find her continually rejoicing in God. The person with whom the preachers lodge informed me, that she has been two years possessed of His pure love.

Having heard a remarkable account of the Charter-school here, I resolved to see it with my own eyes. I went thither about five in the afternoon, but found no master or mistress. Seven or eight boys, and nine or ten girls, (the rest being rambling abroad,) dirty and ragged enough, were left to the care of a girl, half the head taller than the rest. She led us through the house. I observed first the school-room, not much bigger than a small closet. Twenty children could not be taught there at once, with any convenience. When we came into the bed-chamber, I inquired, "How many children now lodge in the house?" and was answered, "Fourteen or fifteen boys, and nineteen girls." For these boys, there were three beds, and five for the nineteen girls. For food I was informed, the master was allowed a penny-farthing a day for each! Thus they are clothed, lodged, and fed. But what are they taught? As far as I could learn, just nothing! Of these things I informed the Commissioners for these schools in Dublin. But I do not hear of any alteration. If this be a sample of the Irish Charter-schools, what good can we expect from them?

In my way from Limerick hither, I read and carefully considered Major Vallance's Irish Grammar, allowed to be the best extant. And supposing him to give a true account of the Irish language, it is not only beyond all comparison worse than any ancient language I know anything of; but below English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, or any other modern language. The difficulty of reading it is intolerable, occasioned chiefly by the insufferable number of mute letters, both of vowels and consonants; the like of which is not to be found in any language under heaven. The number of pronouns, and the irregular formation of the verbs, is equally insufferable. But nothing is so insufferable as their poetry; the whole construction of which is so trifling and childish; and yet requires more pains to write than either the modern rhyme, or the ancient attention to long and short syllables.

Friday, 20.—I went on to Castlebar. Here I generally find a welcome reception. Almost all the inhabitants here love us well, and believe the Methodists are good men.

Monday, 23.—After a long day's journey, I preached in the new court-house at Sligo, to far the worst congregation that I have seen since I came into the kingdom. Some (miscalled gentry) laughed and talked without fear or shame, till I openly reproved them: and the rabble were equally rude near the door. In the morning I preached in our own preaching-house, chiefly for the sake of Mrs. Simpson, a mother in Israel, who has been long confined to her room. Walking about noon, I was caught in a heavy shower, and contracted a severe cold. However, I preached in the evening to a far civiler congregation than the night before. So I think my labour here was not quite in vain.

Wednesday, 25.—I preached about ten in the court-house at Manorhamilton; and then rode over the Black-mountain, now clothed with green, and through a delightful road, to Mount-Florence. Here I observed the party-coloured gates (as they were some

years since) to be painted plain red. The wind was high and piercing cold; yet the multitude of people obliged me to preach in the open air.

Thursday, 26.—I preached in the assembly-room at Swanlinbar; but not without difficulty; my cold being so increased that I could not sing, nor speak, but just in one key. However, I made shift to preach in the church at Ballyconnell in the evening, though it was very full, and consequently very hot.

Friday, 27.—Feeling myself much as I was eleven years ago, and not knowing how short my time of working might be, I resolved to do a little while I could: so I began at five; and though I could scarce be heard at first, yet the more I spoke, the more my voice was strengthened. Before I had half done, every one could hear. To God be all the glory!

About ten I preached at Killeshandra, to a multitude of people. But my voice was now so strengthened, that every one could hear. In the evening, there being no house at Kilmore that could contain half the congregation, I was obliged again to preach abroad. There were several sharp showers, but none went away: for it pleased the Lord to send therewith gracious rain on the souls of them that feared Him.

Saturday, 28.—At five, though I had not quite recovered my voice, I judged it best to speak as I could. So I preached in Mr. Creighton's barn, and at seven in the ball-room at Cavan. I had designed to go straight from hence to Clones; but a friend sending me word, that Mr. Sanderson was willing I should preach in his church at Ballyhaise, I altered my purpose, and went thither. Abundance of people were waiting for me: but Mr. Sanderson having changed his mind, I preached in the inn-yard, to a very well-behaved congregation of rich as well as poor. Hence I went on to Clones, where I found such a society, as I had hardly seen in Ireland, making it a point of conscience to conform to all our rules, great and small. The new preaching-house was exceeding neat, but far too small to contain the congregation. The first time I preached to-day was with difficulty; the second and third with less; the fourth with none at all.

Sunday, 29.—The morning service, so called, began between twelve and one. At five, the storm was so high, that I could not preach in the market-place, as I first designed. At length we pitched upon a sloping meadow near the town, where we were perfectly sheltered by the hill. I suppose the congregation would have filled the house at Dublin, more than twice over. We had several showers; but the people regarded them not, being wholly taken up with better things.

Monday, 30.—We went on to Caledon. A convenient preaching-house is just built here; which (after the forms were removed) just contained the congregation. The power of God was very unusually present among them.

When we came to Armagh on *Tuesday*, the wind was extremely high, and the air as cold as it used to be in December. However, we had no place that could contain

the congregation, but Mr. M'Gough's avenue. And here the people, crowding close together, did not seem to regard either cold or wind.

Tuesday, 31.—We took a walk to the Primate's palace, and had a full view of the house. It is elegant in the highest degree, and yet not splendid; and it is furnished throughout, in a handsome, though not in a costly manner. Since I was here before, he has added an obelisk a hundred feet high; and dairy-house, with many other conveniences; and a chapel, never yet used. But we were informed, he designs to do many things more! How well then may it be said to him,

*Tu secunda marmora
Locas sub ipsum funus, et sepulchri
Immemor struis domos!**

Wednesday, JUNE 1.—I took my leave of my coeval, Mr. M'Gough, whom I scarce expect to see again in this world. About ten I preached in Blackwatertown, in Mr. Roe's yard, to a large and elegant congregation; and in the evening, to a larger still, at the side of the fort at Charlemont. Mrs. T. was an unspeakable blessing to this town, while Mr. T. was stationed there; and the revival of religion, which began then, has been increasing ever since.

Thursday, 2.—I went to Mr. Caulfield's, the rector of Killyman, three miles from Charlemont. His house is agreeably situated at the head of a beautiful avenue, in which I preached to a very numerous congregation; most of whom seemed to be deeply affected. I sent my horses on to Mr. Cook's town, ten Irish miles; Mr. Caulfield sending me thither, *Friday, 3,* with a pair of his.

Wednesday, 8.—We went to Ballymena. In the afternoon I walked over to Gracehill, the Moravian settlement. Beside many little houses for them that are married, they have three large buildings; (on the same plan with that at Fulneck;) having the chapel in the middle, the house for the single men on the left hand, that for the single women on the right. We spent one or two agreeable hours in seeing the several rooms. Nothing can exceed the neatness of the rooms, or the courtesy of the inhabitants: but if they have most courtesy, we have more love. We do not suffer a stranger, especially a Christian brother, to visit us, without asking him either "to bite or sup." "But it is their way." I am sorry to say, so it is. When I called on Bishop Antone, in Holland, an old acquaintance, whom I had not seen for six-and-forty years, till both he and I were grown gray-headed, he did not ask me so much as to wet my lips. Is not this a shameful way? A way, contrary not only to Christianity, but to

* The following is Boscawen's translation of these lines from Horace:—

"Day treads on day with rapid pace;
Moons hasten to their wane by nature's doom;
Whilst thou prepar'st the column's base
To rear thy palace, heedless of thy tomb!"—EDIT.

common humanity? Is it not a way that a Jew, a Mahometan, yea, an honest Heathen, would be ashamed of?

Wednesday, 22.—I went with twelve or fourteen of our friends on the canal to Prosperous. It is a most elegant way of travelling, little inferior to that of the track-scouts in Holland. We had fifty or sixty persons in the boat, many of whom desired me to give them a sermon. I did so; and they were all attention. In the evening I preached at Prosperous, to a numerous congregation, on the general judgment.

Tuesday, 28. (O.S.)—By the good providence of God, I finished the eighty-second year of my age. Is anything too hard for God? It is now eleven years since I have felt any such thing as weariness: many times I speak till my voice fails, and I can speak no longer; frequently I walk till my strength fails, and I can walk no farther; yet even then I feel no sensation of weariness, but am perfectly easy from head to foot. I dare not impute this to natural causes: it is the will of God.

Friday, JULY 1.—Most of our travelling preachers met to confer together on the things of God. We began and ended in much peace and love; being all resolved not to “do the work of the Lord so lightly.”

Sunday, 3.—We had a larger congregation than ever at St. Patrick's, where many of our brethren found such a blessing that they will not easily be so prejudiced against the church as they were in time past.

Wednesday, 6.—We concluded our Conference. I remember few such Conferences, either in England or Ireland: so perfectly unanimous were all the preachers, and so determined to give themselves up to God.

Sunday, 10.—I went on board the *Prince of Wales*, one of the neatest ships I ever was in. We left the work of God increasing in every part of the kingdom more than it has done for many years. About two in the morning we sailed out of Dublin-bay, and came into Holyhead-bay before one in the afternoon on *Monday, 11.* That evening we went on to Gwendy; *Tuesday, 12,* to Kimmel, one of the pleasantest inns in Wales; surrounded with gardens and stately woods, which their late proprietor must see no more!

Wednesday, 13.—We reached Chester. After preaching there between five and six in the evening, I stepped into the stage-coach, which was just setting out; and, travelling day and night, was brought safe to London on *Thursday, 14,* in the afternoon.

Sunday, 17.—I preached, both morning and evening, on the education of children. I now spoke chiefly to the parents, informing them that I designed to speak to the children at five the next morning.

Monday, 18.—At five not only the morning chapel was well filled, but many stood in the large chapel: I trust they did not come in vain. The rest of the week I was fully employed in writing for the Magazine, and preparing for the Conference.

Sunday, 24.—I preached at West-street, morning and afternoon; when both the

largeness and earnestness of the congregation gave me a comfortable hope of a blessing at the ensuing Conference.

Tuesday, 26.—Our Conference began; at which about seventy preachers were present, whom I had invited by name. One consequence of this was, that we had no contention or altercation at all; but everything proposed was calmly considered, and determined as we judged would be most for the glory of God.

Monday, AUGUST 1.—Having, with a few select friends, weighed the matter thoroughly, I yielded to their judgment, and set apart three of our well-trying preachers, John Pawson, Thomas Hanby,



(THOMAS HANBY.)



(JOHN PAWSON.)

and Joseph Taylor, to minister in Scotland; and I trust God will bless their ministrations, and show that He has sent them.

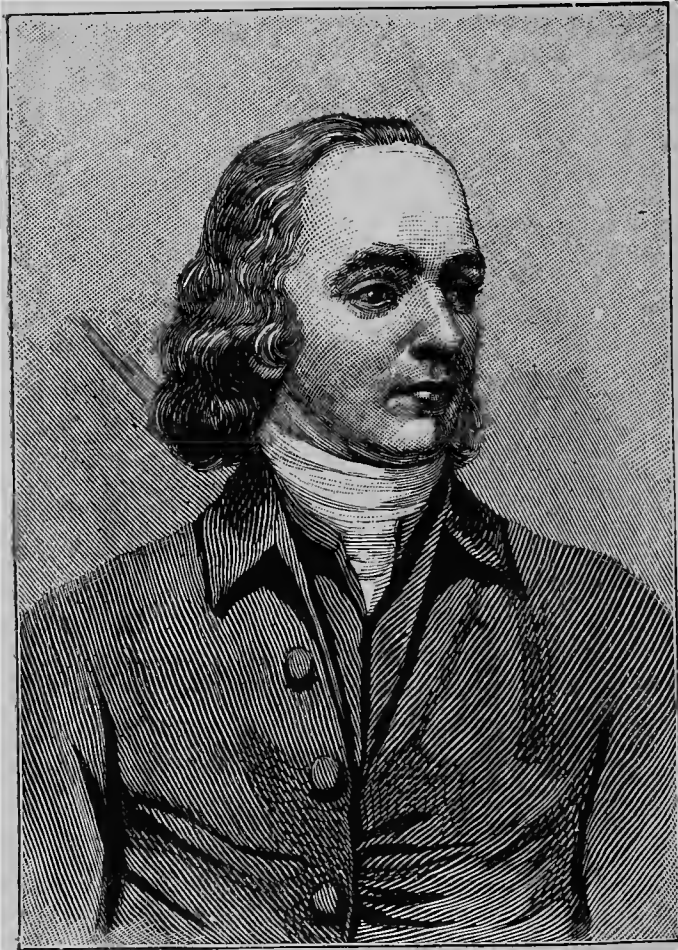
Wednesday, 3.—Our peaceful Conference ended, the God of power having presided over all our consultations.

Friday, 12.—I preached at Winchester; and on *Saturday, 13,* went on to Salisbury. As Captain Webb had just been there, I endeavoured to avail myself of the fire which he seldom fails to kindle.

Thursday, OCTOBER 13.—Returning to Oxford, I once more surveyed many of the gardens and delightful walks. What is wanting but the love of God, to make this place an earthly paradise?

Tuesday, 25.—I crossed over to Lynn, which has been, of a long season, a cold and comfortless place. But the scene is now entirely changed: two young, zealous, active preachers, strongly urging the people to expect a full and present salvation, have enlivened both the society and the congregation. But the difficulty was, how to get to London. No coach set out till Friday morning, nor got in before Saturday night. So I took a post-chaise after preaching, and reached Downham between ten and eleven: but here we were informed, that, in so dark a night, we could not travel over Ely roads, which run between two banks, across which are many bridges, where the

coachman must drive to an inch; but we knew in Whom we trusted, and pushed forward, till about one on *Thursday* we reached London.



(JOSEPH TAYLOR.)

Sunday, NOVEMBER 6.—I preached a funeral sermon for that great and good man, Mr. Fletcher; and most of the congregation felt that God was in the midst of them. In the afternoon I buried the remains of Judith Perry, a lovely young woman, snatched away at eighteen; but she was ripe for the Bridegroom, and went to meet Him in the full triumph of faith.

Sunday, 13.—I preached at Shoreditch church. The congregation was very numerous, and the collection unusually large.

Monday, 14.—This week I read over again, and carefully considered, Mr. Fry's tract upon Marriage. I wonder it is not more known, as there is nothing on the head like it in the English tongue. I still think he has proved to a demonstration,

that no marriages are forbidden, either by the law of God or of England, but those of brothers and sisters, and those in the ascending and descending line.

Wednesday, 30.—I went on to Margate. Some years since we had a small society here; but a local-preacher took them to himself: only two or three remained, who, from time to time, pressed our preachers to come again; and, to remove the objection, that there was no place to preach in, with the help of a few friends they built a convenient preaching-house. *Thursday, DECEMBER 1.*—I opened it in the evening: the congregation was large, and perfectly well-behaved; and I cannot but hope, that,

after all the stumbling blocks, there will be a people here, who will uniformly adorn the Gospel of Christ. On *Friday* I returned to London.

Monday, 5, and so the whole week, I spent every hour I could spare in the unpleasing but necessary work of going through the town and begging for the poor men who had been employed in finishing the new chapel. It is true, I am not obliged to do this; but if I do it not, nobody else will.

Sunday, 25.—(Being *Christmas-day*.) I preached at the new chapel early in the morning, and in the evening; about eleven at West-street.

Monday, 26.—I baptized a young woman brought up an Anabaptist; and God bore witness to His ordinance, filling her heart, at the very time, with peace and joy unspeakable.

This week I endeavoured to point out all the errata in the eight volumes of the *Arminian Magazine*. This must be done by me: otherwise several passages therein will be unintelligible.

Sunday, JANUARY 1, 1786.—We began that solemn service, the renewing of our covenant with God, not in the evening, as heretofore, but at three in the afternoon, as more convenient for the generality of people. And God was with us of a truth.

Monday, 9.—At leisure hours this week, I read the *Life of Sir William Penn*, a wise and good man. But I was much surprised at what he relates concerning his first wife; who lived, I suppose, fifty years, and said a little before her death, "I bless God, I never did any thing wrong in my life!" Was she then ever convinced of sin? And if not, could she be saved on any other footing than a heathen?

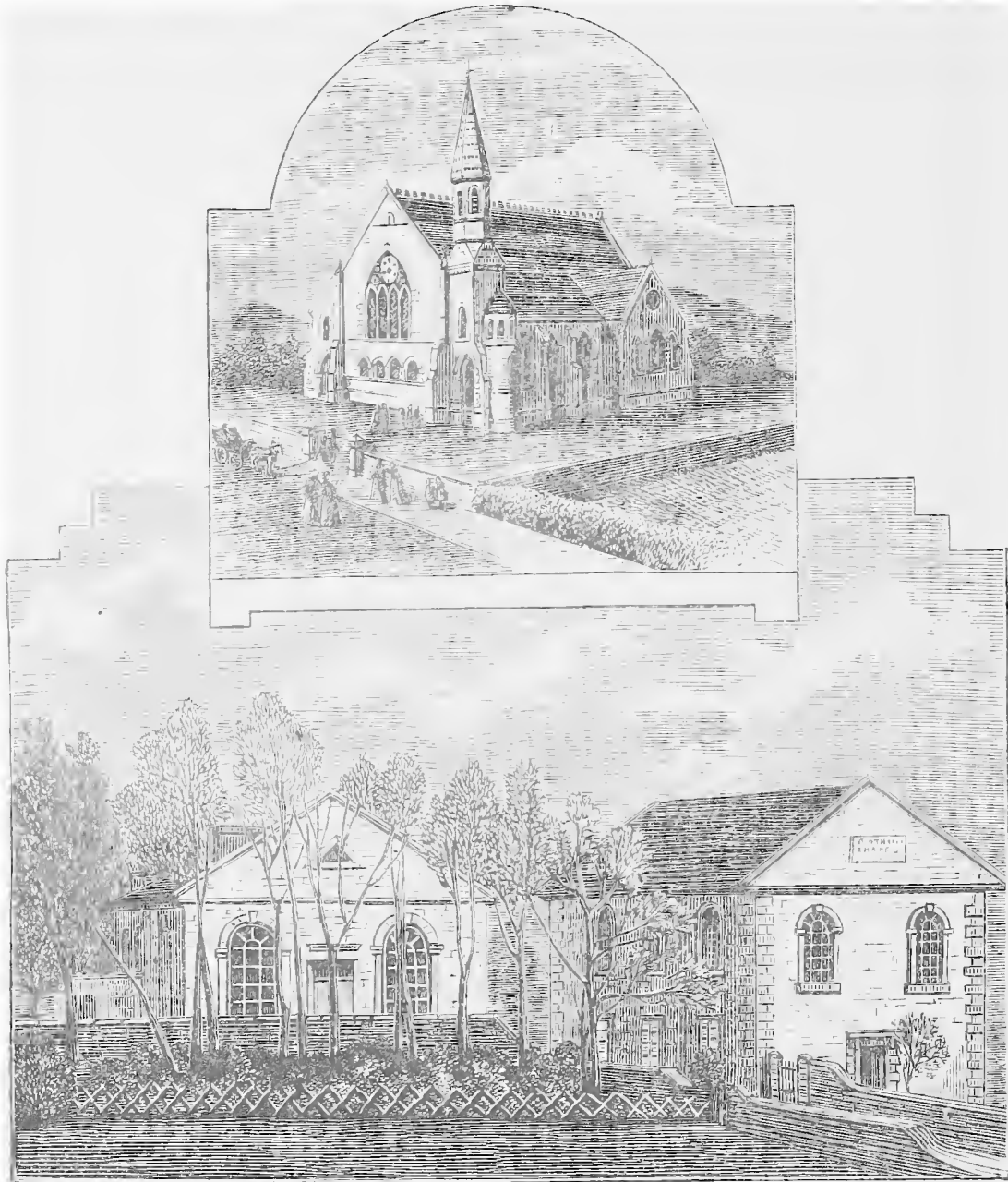
Tuesday, 24.—I was desired to go and hear the King deliver his speech in the House of Lords. But how agreeably was I surprised! He pronounced every word



(GEORGE III.)

with exact propriety. I much doubt whether there be any other King in Europe that is so just and natural a speaker.

Monday, APRIL 3.—About eleven I preached to a crowded congregation in the new house near Chapel-en-le-Frith. Many of these lively people came from among



(VIEW OF THE LATE AND THE PRESENT WESLEYAN CHAPEL, WITH EXISTING SCHOOL-ROOM TO THE LEFT, CHAPEL-EN-LE-FRITH.)

the mountains, and strongly reminded me of those fine verses wherein Dr. Burton paraphrases those plain words, "The hills are a refuge for the wild goats; and so are the stony rocks for the conies."

It is chiefly among these enormous mountains that so many have been awakened, justified, and soon after perfected in love; but even while they are full of love, Satan

strives to push many of them to extravagance. This appears in several instances :—1. Frequently three or four, yea, ten or twelve, pray aloud all together. 2. Some of them, perhaps many, scream all together as loud as they possibly can. 3. Some of them use improper, yea, indecent, expressions in prayer. 4. Several drop down as dead; and are as stiff as a corpse; but in a while they start up, and cry, “Glory! glory!” perhaps twenty times together. Just so do the French Prophets, and very lately the Jumpers in Wales, bring the real work into contempt. Yet whenever we reprove them, it should be in the most mild and gentle manner possible.

Sunday, 16. (Being *Easter-day*.)—I crossed over to Warrington; where, having read prayers, preached, and administered the Lord’s Supper, I hastened back to Bolton. The house was crowded the more, because of five hundred and fifty children who are taught in our Sunday-schools: such an army of them got about me when I came out of the chapel that I could scarce disengage myself from them.

Tuesday, MAY 9.—I went on to Richmond. I alighted, according to his own desire, at Archdeacon Blackburne’s house. He durst not ask me to preach in his church, “for fear somebody should be offended.” So I preached at the head of the street, to a numerous congregation; all of whom stood as still, (although it rained all the time,) and behaved as well, as if we had been in the church.



(LORD BACON.)

Thursday, 11.—I looked over Lord Bacon’s “Ten Centuries of Experiments.” Many of them are extremely curious; and many may be highly useful. Afterwards I read Dr. Anderson’s “Account of the Hebrides.” How accurate and sensible a writer! But how clearly does he show that, through the ill-judged salt [duty], the herring-fishery there, which might be of great advantage, is so effectually destroyed, that the King’s revenue therefrom is annihilated; yea, that it generally, at least frequently, turns out some thousand pounds worse than nothing!

Friday, 12.—I preached at Carlisle; and *Saturday, 13,* after a long day’s journey, at Glasgow. After spending three days here fully employed, on *Wednesday, 17,* we went on to Edinburgh. Here likewise I had much and pleasant work.

Monday, 22.—Having a long day's journey before us, we set out at half-hour past three: so we came early to Aberdeen.

Wednesday, 24.—We had an exceeding solemn parting, as I reminded them that we could hardly expect to see each other's face any more till we met in Abraham's bosom.

Thursday, 25.—We set out early; but when we came to Bervie, the inn was full; there was no room for man or beast; so we were constrained to go a double stage to Montrose. But the storm was so high, we could not pass for several hours. However, we reached Arbroath soon after six; and a large congregation was deeply attentive while I applied: "To him that hath shall be given; but from him that hath not shall be taken away even what he assuredly hath."

The storm was still so high, that, unless we set out at night, we could not pass till nine in the morning. So we went on board at eleven. The wind was then so strong, that the boat could scarce keep above water. However, our Great Pilot brought us safe to land between one and two in the morning.

Saturday, 27.—About three we came to the New Inn, and rested till between six and seven. Thence, going gently on to Kinghorn, we had a pleasant passage to Leith. After preaching, I walked to my lovely lodging at Coates, and found rest was sweet.

Sunday, 28.—I preached first at our own house, and at noon on the Castle-hill. I never saw such a congregation there before. But the chair was placed just opposite to the sun: but I soon forgot it, while I expounded those words: "I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God." In the evening the whole audience seemed to feel: "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord."

Tuesday, 30.—I had the happiness of conversing with the Earl of H—— and his Lady, at Dunbar. I could not but observe both the easiness of his behaviour, (such as we find in all the Scottish Nobility,) and the fineness of his appearance, greatly set off by a milk-white head of hair.

Wednesday, 31.—I took a view of the stupendous bridge, about ten miles from Dunbar, which is thrown over the deep glen that runs between the two mountains, commonly called the Peas. I doubt whether Louis the Fourteenth ever raised such a bridge as this. In the evening I preached at Berwick-upon-Tweed; *Thursday, JUNE 1,* at Alnwick.

Friday, 2.—I was desired to lay the first stone of the preaching-house there. A very large congregation attending, we spent some time on the spot, in solemn prayer, and singing praise to God. About noon I preached in the town-hall at Morpeth; in the evening at Newcastle. How different is the spirit of this congregation to that of most of those I have seen lately!

Sunday, 4.—(Being *Whitsunday.*) I preached at eight to an amazing congregation, at the Ballast-hills; but it was doubled by that at the Fell in the afternoon. But it was supposed that at the Garth-heads, in the evening, was as large as both together.

Saturday, 10.—I went to Darlington. Since I was here last, Mr. — died, and left many thousand pounds to an idle spendthrift, but not one groat to the poor. O unwise steward of the mammon of unrighteousness! How much better for him had he died a beggar!

Friday, 30.—I turned aside to Barnsley, formerly famous for all manner of wickedness. They were then ready to tear any Methodist preacher in pieces. Now not a dog wagged his tongue. I preached near the market-place to a very large



(DARLINGTON.)

congregation; and I believe the Word sunk into many hearts: they seemed to drink in every word. Surely God will have a people in this place.

Tuesday, JULY 4.—(Sheffield.) I met the select society, most of them walking in glorious liberty. Afterwards I went to Wentworth-house, the splendid seat of the late Marquis of Rockingham. He lately had forty thousand a year in England, and fifteen or twenty thousand in Ireland. And what has he now? Six foot of earth.

“A heap of dust is all remains of thee!

’Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be.”

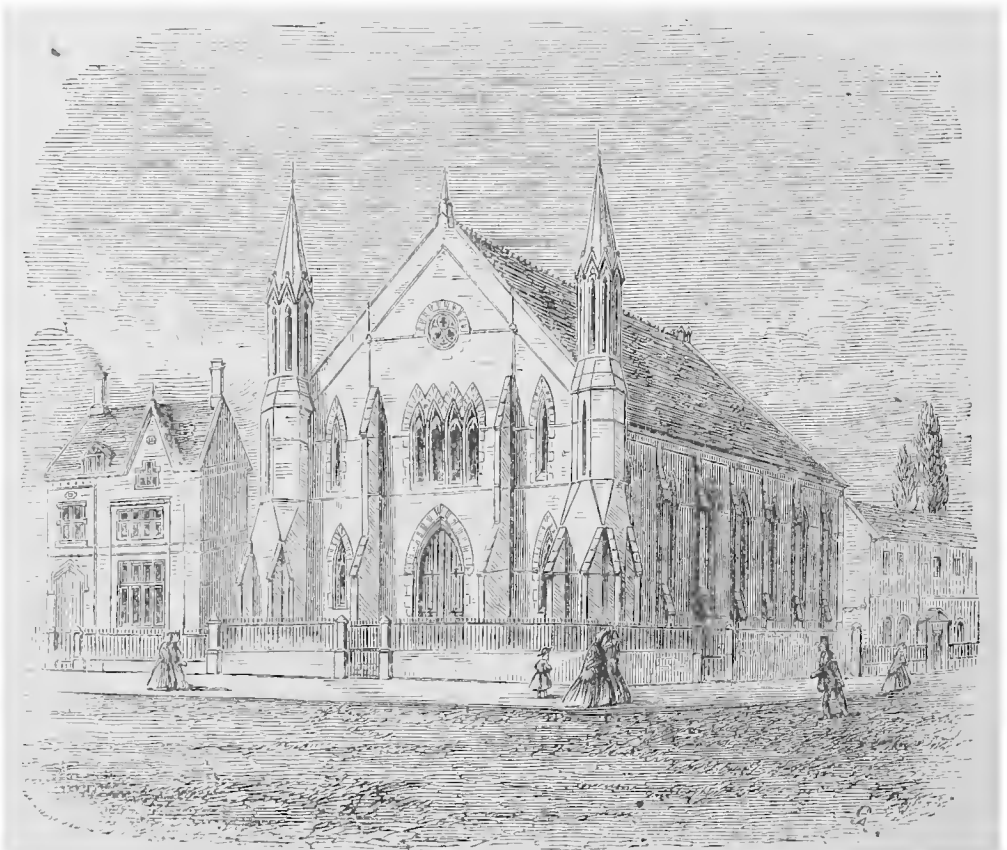
The situation of the house is very fine. It commands a large and beautiful



(FIRST CHAPEL IN DERBY, 1765.)

The most extraordinary thing I saw was the stables: a square fit for a royal palace, all built of fine stone, and near as large as the old Quadrangle at Christchurch in Oxford. But for what use were these built? To show that the owner had near threescore thousand pounds a year! O how much treasure might he have laid up in heaven, with all this mammon of unrighteousness! About one I preached at Thorpe, to three or

prospect. Before the house is an open view; behind, a few acres of wood; but not laid out with any taste. The green-houses are large; but I did not observe anything curious in them. The front of the house is large and magnificent, but not yet finished. The entrance is noble, the saloon exceeding grand, and so are several of the apartments. Few of the pictures are striking: I think none of them to be compared with some in Fonmon-castle.



(LONDON-ROAD CHAPEL, DERBY, 1865.)

four times as many as the preaching-house would have contained; and in the evening to the well-instructed and well-behaved congregation at Sheffield. O what has God wrought in this town! The leopard now lies down with the kid.

Wednesday, 5.—Notice was given, without my knowledge, of my preaching at Belper, seven miles short of Derby. I was nothing glad of this, as it obliged me to quit the turnpike-road, to hobble over a miserable common. The people, gathered from all parts, were waiting. So I went immediately to the market-place; and, standing under a large tree, testified: "This is life eternal, to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ Whom Thou hast sent." The house at Derby was thoroughly filled in the evening. As many of the better sort (so called) were there, I explained: (what seemed to be more adapted to their circumstances and experience,) "This only have I found, that God made man upright; but they have found out many inventions."

Thursday, 6.—In going to Ilston, we were again entangled in miserable roads. We got thither, however, about eleven. Though the church is large, it was sufficiently crowded. The vicar read prayers with great earnestness and propriety: I preached on: "Her ways are ways of pleasantness;" and the people seemed all ear. Surely good will be done in this place; though it is strongly opposed both by the Calvinists and Socinians.

We went on in a lovely afternoon, and through a lovely country, to Nottingham.

Saturday, 8.—I walked through the General Hospital. I never saw one so well ordered. Neatness, decency, and common-sense, shine through the whole. I do not wonder that many of the patients recover. I prayed with two of them. One of them, a notorious sinner, seemed to be cut to the heart.

Monday, 17.—After preaching at West-street, where many were impressed with a deep sense of the presence of God, I took coach for Bristol. We had a delightful journey; but having the window at my side open while I slept, I lost my voice, so that I could scarce be heard across a room. But before *Wednesday* morning (by applying garlic as usual) it was instantly restored.

Friday, 21.—I walked over to Kingswood-school, now one of the pleasantest spots in England. I found all things just according to my desire; the rules being well observed, and the whole behaviour of the children showing that they were now managed with the wisdom that cometh from above.

Sunday, 23.—I preached in the morning on those words in the second lesson: "Lazarus, come forth;" and I believe, many that were buried in sin heard the voice of the Son of God. In the evening I preached abroad on Matthew v. 20. In the middle of the sermon it began to rain; but not many went away. This put me in mind of that remarkable circumstance respecting the late Pope. On that solemn day when the Pope rides on horseback to St. Peter's, a violent storm scattered his whole retinue. When it abated, His Holiness was missing; but they soon found him sitting

quietly in the Church. Being asked how he could ride through such a storm, he very calmly replied, "I am ready to go, not only through water, but through fire also, for my Lord's sake." Strange, that such a man should be suffered to sit two years in the Papal chair!

Tuesday, 25.—Our Conference began: about eighty preachers attended. We met every day at six and nine in the morning, and at two in the afternoon. On *Tuesday* and on *Wednesday* morning the characters of the preachers were considered, whether already admitted or not.

Sunday, 30.—I preached in the room morning and evening; and in the afternoon at Kingswood, where there is rather an increase than a decrease in the work of God.



Monday, 31.—The Conference met again, and concluded on *Tuesday* morning. Great had been the expectations of many, that we should have had warm debates; but, by the mercy of God, we had none at all: everything was transacted with great calmness; and we parted, as we met, in peace and love.

Tuesday, AUGUST 8.—At seven Mr. Brackenbury, Broadbent, and I, took coach for Harwich, which we reached about eight in the evening.

Wednesday, 9.—Between two and three in the afternoon we went on board the Besborough packet, one of the cleanest ships I ever saw, with one of

Robt. Carr. Brackenbury.

the most obliging Captains. We had many gentlemen on board, whom I was agreeably surprised to find equally obliging.

Thursday, 10.—The wind continuing small, and the sea calm, they desired me to give them a sermon. They were all attention. Who knows but some among them may retain the impressions they then received?

Friday, 11.—For some time we had a dead calm; so that we did not reach Helvoetsluys till the afternoon, nor Rotterdam till between ten and eleven at night.

Saturday, 12.—Mr. Williams, minister of the Episcopal church, and Mr. Scott, minister of the Scotch church, both welcomed me to Holland; but their kindness involved me in an awkward difficulty: Mr. Scott had asked the consent of his consistory, for me to preach in his church on Sunday afternoon; but Mr. Williams had given

notice of my preaching in his church, both morning and afternoon; and neither of them being willing to give up his point, I would fain have compromised the matter; but each seemed to apprehend his honour concerned, and would not in anywise give up his point. I saw no possible way to satisfy both, but by prolonging my stay in Holland, in order to preach one Sunday, morning and afternoon in the Episcopal, and another in the Scotch church: and possibly God may have more work for me to do in Holland than I am yet aware of.

Sunday, 13.—The service began about ten. Mr. Williams read prayers exceedingly well, and I preached on those words in the first lesson: “How long halt ye between two opinions?” All the congregation gave a serious attention; but I fear they only heard, but did not feel: but many seemed to be much affected in the afternoon, while I opened and applied those words: “There hath no temptation taken you, but what is common to men.” In the evening Mr. Scott called upon me, and informed me, that the elders of his church would not desire me to stay in Holland on purpose to preach, but would dismiss my promise.

Monday, 14.—Taking boat at eight, we went at our ease through one of the pleasantest summer countries in Europe, and reached the Hague between twelve and one.

Tuesday, 15.—Making the experiment when we took boat, I found I could write as well in the boat as in my study: so from this hour I continued writing whenever I was on board. What mode of travelling is to be compared with this? About noon we called on Professor Roers, at Leyden, a very sensible and conversable man: as he spoke Latin very fluently, I could willingly have spent some hours with him; but I had appointed to be at Amsterdam in the evening.

Thursday, 17.—I breakfasted with a little company of truly pious people, and afterwards went to see the manner wherein the Deacons of Amsterdam relieve their poor weekly. I suppose there were two or three hundred poor, but the whole was transacted with the utmost stillness and decency.

Friday, 18.—Miss Rouquet, whose least recommendation was, that she could speak both Dutch, French, and English, spent the evening at Miss Falconberg's, the chief gentlewoman in the town. Here we supped. The manner was particular: no table-cloth was used, but plates, with knives and forks, and napkins, to each person, and fifteen or sixteen small ones; on which were bread, butter, cheese, slices of hung-beef, cakes, pancakes, and fruit of various kinds. To these were added music upon an excellent organ, one of the sweetest tones I ever heard.

Thursday, 24.—Having seen all the friends I proposed to see, I took my leave of this loving people, and the pleasant city of Amsterdam, very probably for ever; and, setting out at seven in the morning, between two and three in the afternoon came to Utrecht. Mr. Vanroc, the gentleman who had engaged me to lodge, sent a coach to

wait for me at my landing ; and received me with the courtesy and cordiality of an old Yorkshire Methodist.

Friday, 25.—I kept close to my work all the day.



(UTRECHT.)

I dined at Mr. Loten's, where was such variety of food as I never saw at any nobleman's table, either in England or Ireland. In the afternoon we took a view of a widow lady's gardens, in the suburbs of Utrecht. I believe, from the house to the end of the grand vista is about a mile. I think the gardens are not half as broad ; but such exquisite beauty and symmetry I never saw before. In grandeur it is not to be named with a few places in England ; but in elegance and variety, I verily believe it equals, if not exceeds, any place of the size in Europe.

In the evening I expounded to a select company of very honourable ladies, Matthew vii. 24 ; Miss Loten interpreting for me sentence by sentence : and I know not but God might bless this poor way of preaching to the Dutch, as He did that to the Indians by David Brainerd.

Saturday, 26.—I had now an opportunity of being tho-

roughly informed concerning the University of Utrecht. As the young gentlemen are scattered over this town, and live without the least control, they do anything, or nothing, as they please ; and as they have no tutors, they have none to check them. Most of them lounge from morning to night, doing nothing, or doing worse. Well, bad as they are, Oxford and Cambridge are not Utrecht yet.

Sunday, 27.—The Burghers have all agreed to depose their Burgomasters, and elect new ones in their stead; who are to-morrow to take an oath on a scaffold erected in the open market-place, not to the Prince of Orange, but to the city of Utrecht. To this end, they had displaced all the Prince's guards, and placed Burghers at all the gates. It is thought the example will spread; and it will not be strange if all Holland should soon be a field of blood.

Monday, 28.—We took boat at seven, being informed that at eight all the city gates would be shut. We found company enough in our inn at Helvoetsluys, genteel, good-natured, and sensible; but finding our conversation was not suited to their taste, we only dined with them on this and the following days. Both on this, *Thursday*, and *Friday*, the wind was quite contrary; but, otherwise, we could not have sailed, for it blew a storm; so I took the opportunity of writing a sermon for the Magazine.

Sunday, SEPTEMBER 3.—When we had been twenty-four hours on board, we were scarce come a third of our way. I judged we should not get on unless I preached; which I therefore did, between two and three in the afternoon, on: "It is appointed unto men once to die;" and I believe all were affected, for the present. Afterwards, we had a fair wind for several hours; but it then fell dead calm again. This did not last long; for as soon as prayer was over, a fresh breeze sprung up, and brought us into the Bay. It being then dark, we cast anchor; and it was well; for at ten at night we had a violent storm. I expected little rest; but I prayed, and God answered; so that I slept sound till my usual hour, four o'clock. The wind being again quite contrary, we were obliged to tack continually; but about nine were brought safe to Harwich. After resting about an hour, we took chaise, and about one came to Colchester; where, Mr. Brackenbury being exceeding weak, we thought it best to stay till the morning.

In the evening the house was thoroughly filled; and many received the truth in the love thereof; so that I did not at all regret my stopping here. Setting out early in the morning, *Tuesday, 5*, I reached London before one o'clock, and transacted most of my business in the afternoon. In the evening I preached on Psalm xxix. 9, 10; and the Voice of the Lord was indeed with power.

Wednesday, 6.—I answered my letters; and on *Thursday, 7*, set out for Bristol.

In the evening I preached at Newbury. It rained and blew vehemently; yet the house was thoroughly filled; and I found uncommon liberty in pushing the inquiry: "Who of you are building on the sand, and who upon a rock?"

Monday, 11.—(Bath.) Leaving the society here well united together, I went on, and preached at Bristol in the evening; and on *Tuesday, 12*, retired to a friend's house, where I went on with Mr. Fletcher's Life without interruption; but on *Wednesday, 13*, I could not resist the desire of my friends, to preach at Temple church in the evening. I never saw it so full in an evening before, nor felt so much of the power of God there.

Monday, 25.—We took coach in the afternoon ; and on *Tuesday* morning reached London. I now applied myself in earnest to the writing of Mr. Fletcher's Life, having procured the best materials I could. To this I dedicated all the time I could spare, till November, from five in the morning till eight at night. These are my studying hours ; I cannot write longer in a day without hurting my eyes.

Saturday, 30.—I went to bed at my usual time, half-an-hour past nine, and, to my own feeling, in perfect health. But just at twelve I was waked by an impetuous flux, which did not suffer me to rest many minutes together. Finding it rather



(FRONT OF HATFIELD-HOUSE.)

increased than decreased, though (what I never knew before) without its old companion the cramp, I sent for Dr. Whitehead. He came about four ; and, by the blessing of God, in three hours I was as well as ever. Nor did I find the least weakness or faintness ; but preached, morning and afternoon, and met the society in the evening, without any weariness. Of such a one I would boldly say, with the son of Sirach : “ Honour the physician, for God hath appointed him.”

Monday, OCTOBER 2.—I went to Chatham, and had much comfort with the loving, serious congregation in the evening, as well as at five in the morning.

Tuesday, 3.—We then ran down, with a fair, pleasant wind, to Sheerness. The preaching-house here is now finished, but by means never heard of. The building was undertaken a few months since, by a little handful of men, without any probable means of finishing it. But God so moved the hearts of the people in the dock, that even

those who did not pretend to any religion, carpenters, shipwrights, labourers, ran up, at all their vacant hours, and worked with all their might, without any pay. By this means a large square house was soon elegantly finished, both within and without; and it is the neatest building, next to the new chapel in London, of any in the south of England.

Tuesday, 10.—Having promised to preach in their new house, at Lynn, I thought it best to go while the good weather continued. I had ordered two places to be taken in the coach, which would have reached Lynn on *Tuesday* noon; but my messenger, mending my orders, took them in the diligence, which came in between nine and ten at night.

Thursday, 19.—I returned to London. In this journey I had a full sight of Lord Salisbury's seat, at Hatfield. The park is delightful. Both the fronts of the house are very handsome, though antique. The hall, the assembly-room, and the gallery, are grand and beautiful. The chapel is extremely pretty; but the furniture in general (excepting the pictures, many of which are originals) is just such as I should expect in a gentleman's house of five hundred a year.

Friday, JANUARY 5, 1787, and in the vacant hours of the following days, I read Dr. Hunter's Lectures. They are very lively and ingenious. The language is good, and the thoughts generally just. But they do not at all suit my taste; I do not admire that florid way of writing. Good sense does not need to be so studiously adorned. I love St. John's style, as well as matter.

Monday, 8, and the four following days, I went a-begging for the poor. I hoped to be able to provide food and raiment for those of the society who were in pressing want, yet had no weekly allowance: these were about two hundred: but I was much disappointed. Six or seven, indeed, of our brethren, gave ten pounds apiece. If forty or fifty had done this, I could have carried my design into execution. However, much good was done with two hundred pounds, and many sorrowful hearts made glad.

Friday, FEBRUARY 9.—I took the mail-coach in the evening, and reached Newark the next day about four in the afternoon. But having a great cold, and being so hoarse that I could not preach, I desired Mr. Mather to supply my place, till I had recovered my voice.



(ALEXANDER MATHER.)

Sunday, 11.—Having partly recovered my voice, I preached in the new house at nine,—a lightsome, cheerful building; and gave notice of preaching at five in the afternoon. But it was not long before I received a message from the Mayor, to desire me to begin preaching a little later, that himself and several of the Aldermen might the more conveniently attend. They all came at half-an-hour past five, and as many people as could possibly squeeze in; and God opened my mouth to speak strong words, and the hearts of many to receive them. Surely God will have a people in this place, that will adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour!

Monday, 12.—There being no places to be had in the York coach, Mr. Broadbent and I went across the country to Hinckley.

Tuesday, 13.—Leaving the society here much alive to God, I went on to Coventry. Here, finding places vacant in the Liverpool mail-coach, we set out in the evening, and reached London the next morning.

Friday, MARCH 2.—(Plymouth.) In the afternoon I drank tea at Mr. Hawker's, the minister of the new church. He seems to be a man of an excellent spirit, and is a pattern to all the clergy round about.

Monday, 12, and on the four days following, I met the society. They were considerably increased both in grace and number. In the evening we had a Sunday's congregation, and a very uncommon pouring out of the Spirit. If this continues, the society in Bristol will soon vie with that in Dublin.

Tuesday, 20.—In the evening I preached to a multitude of people, in the Tolbooth at Gloucester. High and low, rich and poor, behaved well. I trust a good blessing is coming to Gloucester also.

Wednesday, 21.—We had a numerous congregation at six, on whom I strongly enforced the great salvation. About eleven I had the satisfaction of spending an hour with the Bishop: a sensible, candid, and, I hope, pious man. The palace in which he lives (once the Priory) is a venerable place, quite retired and elegant, though not splendid; the chapel, in particular, fitted up by good Bishop Benson. The hall is noble; as are also two or three of the bedchambers. But how soon must all these change their possessor! Finding prejudice was now laid asleep, the tide running the contrary way, our friends thought it time to prepare for building their preaching-house: and a hundred pounds are already subscribed.

Thursday, 22.—About noon I preached at Tewkesbury, to the largest congregation I have seen there for many years; and in the evening, to our lovely and loving people, at Worcester;—plain, old, genuine Methodists.

Friday, 23.—Notice having been given, though without my knowledge, I went over to Stourport, a small, new-built village, almost equally distant from Bewdley and from Kidderminster.

Friday, 30.—(Burslem.) I had appointed to preach at five in the morning; but

soon after four I was saluted by a concert of music, both vocal and instrumental, at our gate, making the air ring with a hymn to the tune of Judas Maccabæus : it was a good prelude. So I began almost half-an-hour before five ; yet the house was crowded both above and below.

Wednesday, APRIL 4.—Finding there was no packet at Parkgate, I immediately took places in the mail-coach for Holyhead. The porter called us at two in the morning, on *Thursday*, but came again in half-an-hour, to inform us the coach was full ; so they returned my money, and at four I took a post-chaise. We overtook the coach at Conway ; and, crossing the ferry with the passengers, went forward without delay. So we came to Holyhead an hour before them, and went on board the *Le Despenser* between eleven and twelve o'clock. At one we left the harbour ; and at two the next day came into Dublin-bay. On the road and in the ship I read Mr. Blackwell's "Sacred Classics Illustrated and Defended." I think he fully proves his point.

Wednesday, 11.—By conversing with many of our friends, I found they were still increasing in grace as well as in number. The society now contains upwards of a thousand members so that it has outrun all in England, but that of London. After this amazing flow, we must expect an ebb : it will be well if only two hundred of these fall away.

Monday, 30.—About five we came to Wexford. Were ever assembly-rooms put to better use ? That in Wexford, wherein I preached, was one of the largest I ever saw ; and high and low, rich and poor, flocked together ; and it seemed as if many of them were ripe for the Gospel. I expect there will be a good harvest in this place.

Tuesday, MAY 1.—Setting out early in the morning, between nine and ten I preached in the church at Old-Ross, to a large company of as plain country-people as ever I saw in Yorkshire. We reached Waterford between two and three. At six I preached in the court-house, to an immense congregation, while a file of musketeers, ordered by the Mayor, paraded at the door. Two or three hundred attended in the morning, and gladly received the whole truth. In the evening the congregation was larger than before.

Wednesday, 9.—We went to Bandon. Here also there has been a remarkable work of God ; and yet not without many backsliders. It was therefore my chief business here to strengthen the weak, and recall the wanderers : so in the evening I preached in the assembly-room, (which was offered me by the Provost,) on : "How shall I give thee up, Ephraim ?" and God applied His Word.

Thursday, 10.—At noon we took a walk to Castle-Barnard. Mr. Barnard has given it a beautiful front, nearly resembling that of Lord Mansfield's house at Caen-Wood, and opened part of his lovely park to the house, which, I think, has now as beautiful a situation as Rockingham-house, in Yorkshire. Mr. Barnard much resembles, in person and air, the late Sir George Saville. Though he is far the richest person in these parts, he keeps no race-horses or hounds ; but loves his wife and home, and spends his time and fortune in improving his estate, and employing the

poor. Gentlemen of this spirit are a blessing to their neighbourhood. May God increase their number!

Saturday, 12.—A gentleman invited me to breakfast, with my old antagonist, Father O'Leary. I was not at all displeas'd at being disappointed. He is not the stiff, queer man that I expected; but of an easy, genteel carriage, and seems not to be wanting either in sense or learning. In the afternoon, by appointment, I waited on the Mayor,—an upright, sensible man, who is diligently employed, from morning to night, in doing all the good he can. He has already prevailed upon the Corporation to make it a fixed rule, that the two hundred a year, which was spent in two entertainments, should for the future be employed in relieving indigent freemen, with their wives and children. He has carefully regulated the House of Industry, and has instituted a Humane Society for the relief of persons seemingly drowned; and he is unwearied in removing abuses of every kind. When will our English Mayors copy after the Mayor of Cork? He led me through the Mayoralty-house,—a very noble and beautiful structure. The dining-room and the ball-room are magnificent, and shame the Mansion-house in London by their situation; commanding the whole river the fruitful hills on every side, and the meadows running between them. He was then so good as to walk with me quite through the city to the House of Industry, and to go with me through all the apartments; which are quite sweet and commodious. An hundred and ninety-two poor are now lodged therein; and the master (a pious man, and a member of our society) watches over them, reads with them, and prays with them, as if they were his own children.

Thursday, 17.—After morning service I met the stewards and leaders, and inquired into the rise of the late misunderstanding. I found the matter itself was nothing; but want of patience on both sides had swelled the mole-hill into a mountain. O how patient, how meek, how gentle toward all men ought a preacher, especially a Methodist, to be!

Tuesday, 22.—(Castlebar.) One of the men confined for murder earnestly importuned me to visit him. I did so; but he seem'd as dead as a stone. And I did not wonder; for such an action, performed in cool blood, I never heard of before. Mr. M'Donnel, who had his leg wounded by one shot, and both his arms broke by another, was sitting on the ground, when this wretch came and presented a blunderbuss. He begged only five minutes to say his prayers. Andrew swore, "No, not one;" and instantly shot him through the heart! This whole transaction, from the beginning to the end, containing such a series of calm, deliberate murder, perpetrated with so shocking circumstances, is hardly to be paralleled in history. Some time since a shrewd man said, "This country will never be in quiet, till one of these men has murdered the other, and then is hanged for it."

Tuesday, JUNE 26.—(Dublin.) We were agreeably surpris'd with the arrival of Dr. Coke, who came from Philadelphia in nine-and-twenty days, and gave us a pleasing account of the work of God in America.

Thursday, 28.—I had the pleasure of a conversation with Mr. Howard, I think one of the greatest men in Europe. Nothing but the mighty power of God can enable him to go through his difficult and dangerous employments. But what can hurt us if God is on our side?

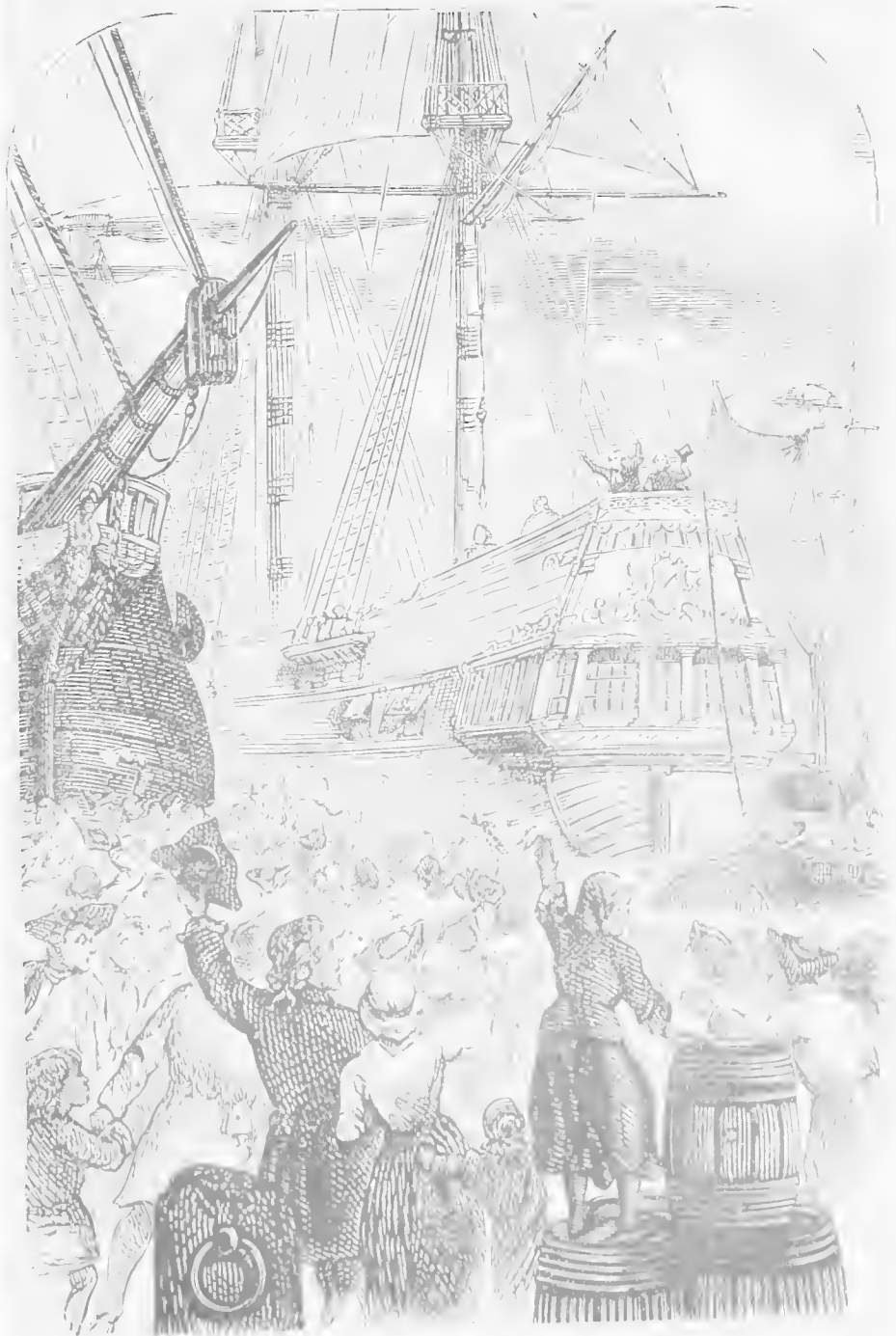
Saturday, 30.—I desired all our preachers to meet me, and consider the state of our brethren in America, who have been terribly frightened at their own shadow, as if the English preachers were just going to enslave them. I believe that fear is now over, and they are more aware of Satan's devices.

Thursday, JULY 5.—Most of our preachers came to town.

Friday, 6.—Our Conference began; and ended as usual on *Tuesday, 10.* We had no jarring string; but all, from the beginning to the end, was love and harmony.

Wednesday, 11.—At five I took an affectionate leave of this loving people; and, having finished all my business here, in the afternoon I went down with my friends, having taken the whole ship, and went on board *The Prince of Wales*,

one of the Parkgate packets. At seven we sailed with a fair, moderate wind. Between nine and ten I lay down, as usual, and slept till near four, when I was waked by an uncommon noise, and found the ship lay beating upon a large rock, about a league from Holyhead. The Captain, who had not long lain down, leaped up; and, running upon



(WESLEY'S FAREWELL TO IRELAND.)

the deck, when he saw how the ship lay, cried out, "Your lives may be saved, but I am undone!" Yet no sailor swore, and no woman cried out. We immediately went to prayer; and presently the ship, I know not how, shot off the rock, and pursued her way, without any more damage, than the wounding a few of her outside planks. About three in the afternoon we came safe to Parkgate; and in the evening went on to Chester.

Monday, 16.—The house was well filled at five in the morning. At noon I took

a view of Mr. Ryle's silk-mill, which keeps two hundred and fifty children in perpetual employment. In the evening I preached on Mark iii. 35.

Friday, 27.—I was invited to breakfast at Bury, by Mr. Peel, a calico-printer; who, a few years ago, began with five hundred pounds, and is now supposed to have gained fifty thousand pounds. O what a miracle if he lose not his soul!

Thence we went to Bolton. Here are eight hundred poor children taught in our Sunday-schools, by about eighty masters, who receive no pay but what they are to receive from their Great Master. About a hundred of them (part boys and part girls) are taught to sing; and



Robert Peel

(THE FIRST SIR ROBERT PEEL).

they sang so true, that, all singing together, there seemed to be but one voice. The house was thoroughly filled, while I explained and applied the first Commandment. What is all morality or religion without this? A mere castle in the air. In the evening, many of the children still hovering round the house, I desired forty or fifty to come in and sing,

"Vital spark of heavenly flame!"

Although some of them were silent, not being able to sing for tears, yet the harmony was such as I believe could not be equalled in the King's chapel.

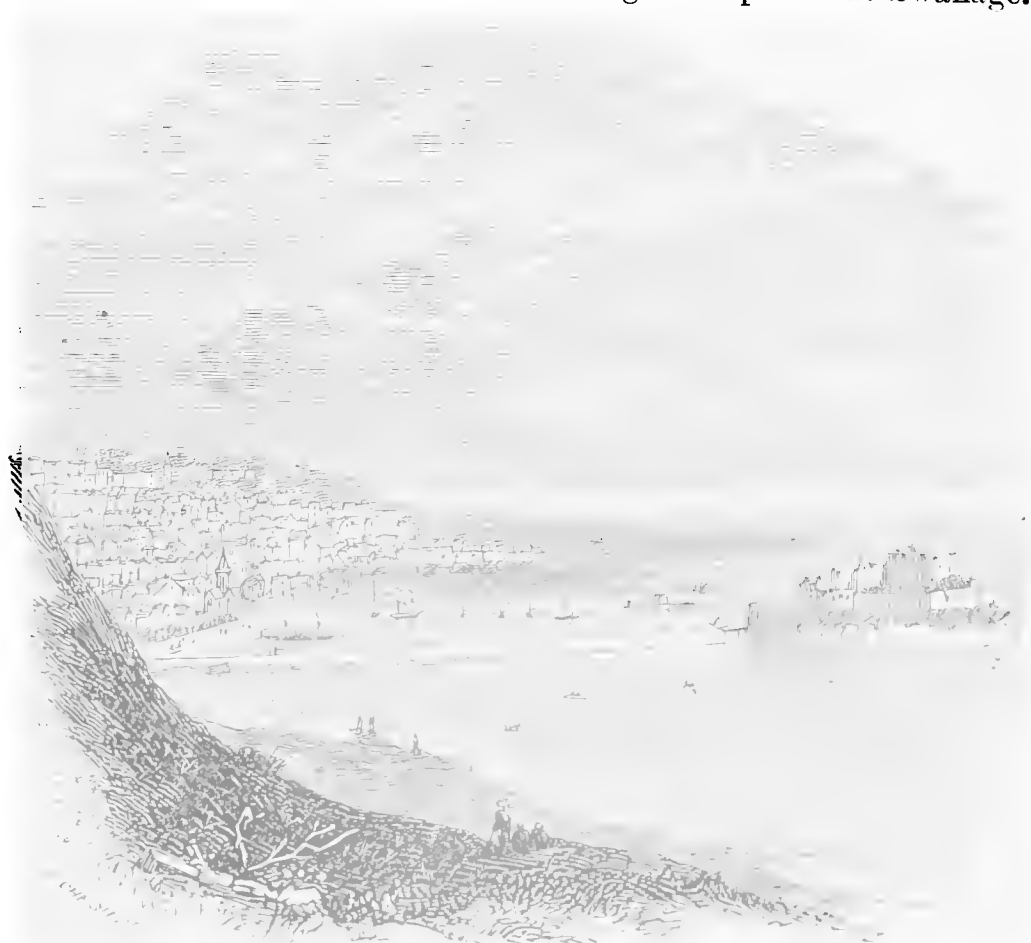
Thursday, AUGUST 9.—Desiring to be at Southampton as soon as possible, we took chaise at four in the morning, and (making but a short stay at Romsey) came thither

between eight and nine. We found two sloops nearly ready to sail. The captain of one promised to sail the next morning; so we sat down content. At seven in the evening I preached in Mr. Fay's school-room.

Saturday, 11.—We went on board *The Queen*, a small sloop, and sailed eight or nine leagues with a tolerable wind. But it then grew foul, and blew a storm; so that we were all glad to put in at Yarmouth harbour.

Monday, 13.—We set out from Yarmouth with a fair wind; but it soon turned against us, and blew so hard that in the afternoon we were glad to put in at Swanage. I found we had still a little society here. I had not seen them for thirteen years, and had no thought of seeing them now; but God does all things well. In the evening I preached.

Tuesday, 14.—Sailing on, with a fair wind, we fully expected to reach Guernsey in the afternoon; but the wind turning contrary, and blowing hard, we found it would be impossible. We then judged it best to put in at the Isle of Alderney;



(GUERNSEY.)

but we were very near being shipwrecked in the bay. When we were in the middle of the rocks, with the sea rippling all round us, the wind totally failed. Had this continued, we must have struck upon one or other of the rocks; so we went to prayer, and the wind sprung up instantly. About sunset we landed; and, though we had five beds in the same room, slept in peace.

About eight I went down to a convenient spot on the beach, and began giving out a hymn. A woman and two little children joined us immediately. Before the hymn was ended, we had a tolerable congregation; all of whom behaved well: part, indeed, continued at forty or fifty yards' distance; but they were all quiet and attentive.

It happened (to speak in the vulgar phrase) that three or four who sailed with us from England, a gentleman, with his wife and sister, were near relations of the Governor. He came to us this morning, and, when I went into the room, behaved



(MON PLAISER, GUERNSEY.)

with the utmost courtesy. This little circumstance may remove prejudice, and make a more open way for the Gospel.

Soon after we set sail, and, after a very pleasant passage, through little islands on either hand, we came to the venerable castle, standing on a rock, about a quarter of a

mile from Guernsey. The isle itself makes a beautiful appearance, spreading as a crescent to the right and left; about seven miles long, and five broad; part high land, and part low. The town itself is boldly situated, rising higher and higher from the water. The first thing I observed in it was, very narrow streets, and exceeding high



(DR. ADAM CLARKE.)

houses. But we quickly went on to Mr. De Jersey's, hardly a mile from the town. Here I found a most cordial welcome, both from the master of the house, and all his family. I preached at seven, in a large room, to as deeply serious a congregation as I ever saw.

Friday, 17.—I waited upon the Governor, and spent half-an-hour very agreeably.

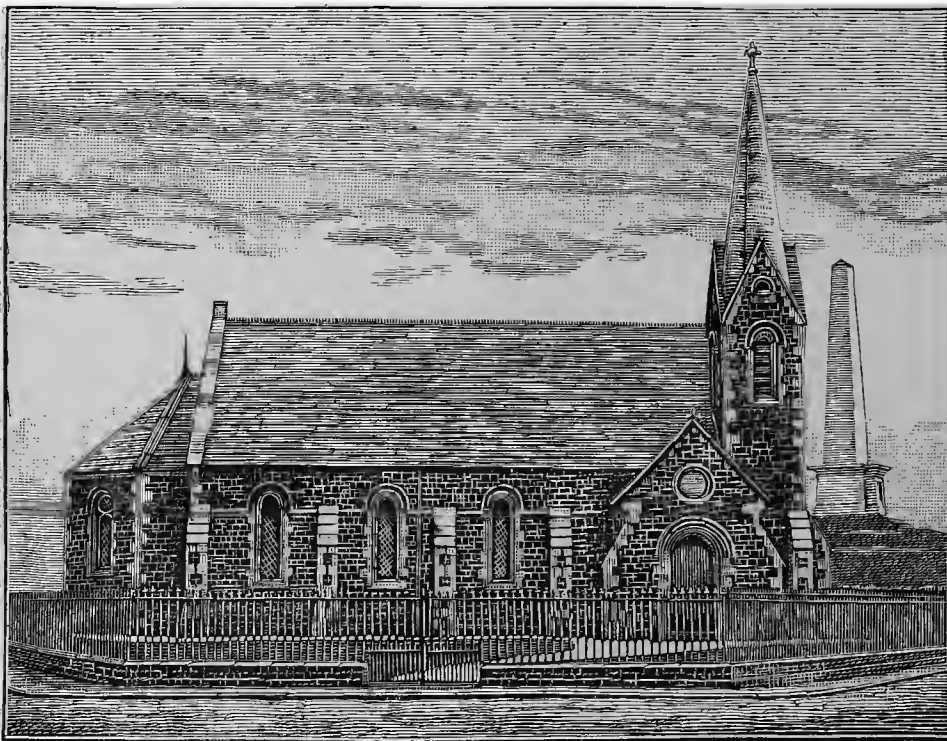
In the afternoon we took a walk upon the pier, the largest and finest I ever saw. The town is swiftly increasing; new houses starting up on every side.

In the evening I did not attempt to go into the house, but stood near it, in the yard, surrounded with tall, shady trees, and proclaimed to a large congregation: "God is a Spirit; and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." I believe many were cut to the heart this hour, and some not a little comforted.

Saturday, 18.—Dr. Coke and I dined at the Governor's.

Monday, 20.—We embarked between three and four in the morning, in a very small, inconvenient sloop, and not a swift sailer; so that we were seven hours in sailing

what is called seven leagues. About eleven we landed at St. Helier, and went straight to Mr. Brackenbury's house. It stands very pleasantly, near the end of the town; and has a large, convenient garden, with a lovely range of fruitful hills, which rise at a small distance from it. I preached in the evening to an exceeding serious congregation, on Matt. iii. ult.: and almost as many were present at five in the morning; whom I



(MEMORIAL CHURCH AND OBELISK, PORTRUSH.)

exhorted to go on to perfection; which many of them, Mr. Clarke informs me, are earnestly endeavouring to do.

Thursday, 23.—I rode to St. Mary's, five or six miles from St. Helier, through shady, pleasant lanes. The houses here are exactly like those in the interior parts of Wales, equal to the best farmers' houses in Lincolnshire; and the people in general are far better behaved than our country farmers in England.

Friday, 24.—I returned to St. Helier.

Monday, 27.—I thought when I left Southampton, to have been there again as this day; but God's thoughts were not as my thoughts. Here we are shut up in Jersey; for how long we cannot tell. But it is all well; for Thou, Lord, hast done it.

Wednesday, SEPTEMBER 5.—In the afternoon we drank tea at a friend's, who was mentioning a captain just come from France, that proposed to sail in the morning for Penzance; for which the wind would serve, though not for Southampton. In this we plainly saw the Hand of God; so we agreed with him immediately; and in the morning, *Thursday*, 6, went on board with a fair, moderate wind; but we had but just entered the ship when the wind died away. We cried to God for help, and it presently sprung up, exactly fair, and did not cease till it brought us into Penzance bay.

Friday, OCTOBER 5.—I preached at noon in Keynsham; and the power of God was present in an uncommon degree: so it was when I met the children at Miss Bishop's, and afterwards those at Mr. Simpson's. I verily think, the spirit and behaviour of these two sets of children gradually affect the whole place: which now



(DOVER CASTLE.)

retains scarce anything of the brutality and savageness for which it was eminent some years ago. In the evening we had a watchnight at Kingswood. The weather was exceeding rough: yet the house was filled; and few went away till after the noon of night.

Monday, 22.—I went to Canterbury, and preached in the evening on the first and great commandment; in the morning, *Tuesday*, 23, on the second. We then went on to Dover. In the evening I strongly applied the parable of the sower to a crowded audience.

Monday, 29.—I looked over all the manuscripts which I had collected for the Magazine, destroyed what I did not think worth publishing, and corrected the rest.

Tuesday, 30.—I went down to Miss Harvey's, at Hinxworth, in Hertfordshire. Mr. Simeon, from Cambridge, met me there; who breathes the very spirit of Mr. Fletcher.

Saturday, NOVEMBER 3.—I had a long conversation with Mr. Clulow, on that execrable Act, called the Conventicle Act. After consulting the Act of Toleration, with that of the fourteenth of Queen Anne, we were both clearly convinced, that it was the safest way to license all our chapels, and all our travelling preachers, not as Dissenters, but simply “Preachers of the Gospel;” and that no Justice, or Bench of Justices, has any authority to refuse licensing either the house or the preachers.

Monday, DECEMBER 10.—I was desired to see the celebrated wax-work at the Museum in Spring-gardens: it exhibits most of the crowned heads in Europe, and shows their characters in their countenance. Sense and majesty appear in the King of Spain; dulness and sottishness in the King of France; infernal subtlety in the late King of Prussia; (as well as in the skeleton Voltaire;) calmness and humanity in the Emperor, and King of Portugal; exquisite stupidity in the Prince of Orange; and amazing coarseness, with everything that is unamiable, in the Czarina.

Tuesday, MARCH 4, 1788.—(Bristol.) I gave notice of my design to preach on *Thursday* evening upon (what is now the general topic) Slavery. In consequence of this, on *Thursday*, the house from end to end was filled with high and low, rich and poor. I preached on that ancient prophecy: “God shall enlarge Japheth. And he shall dwell in the tents of Shem; and Canaan shall be his servant.” About the middle of the discourse, while there was on every side attention still as night, a vehement noise arose, none could tell why, and shot like lightning through the whole congregation. The terror and confusion were inexpressible. You might have imagined it was a city taken by storm. The people rushed upon each other with the utmost violence; the benches were broke in pieces: and nine-tenths of the congregation appeared to be struck with the same panic. In about six minutes the storm ceased, almost as suddenly as it rose; and, all being calm, I went on without the least interruption.

It was the strangest incident of the kind I ever remember; and I believe none can account for it, without supposing some preternatural influence. Satan fought, lest his kingdom should be delivered up. We set *Friday* apart as a day of fasting and prayer, that God would remember those poor outcasts of men; and (what seems impossible with men, considering the wealth and power of their oppressors) make a way for them to escape, and break their chains in sunder.

Monday, 31.—(Stafford.) Mr. Myat was mentioning a little circumstance which I think worth relating, for its oddness:—He had two cats with kitten at once; one of which was the mother of the other, and kittened three weeks before her. But she would not suffer one of her kittens to suck at all, till it was almost starved. The younger cat seeing this, took the kitten and suckled it till she kittened herself; and afterwards suckled it with her own kittens. Who can account for this?

Saturday, APRIL 19.—We went on to Bolton, where I preached in the evening in one of the most elegant houses in the kingdom, and to one of the liveliest

congregations. And this I must avow, there is not such a set of singers in any of the Methodist congregations in the three kingdoms. There cannot be; for we have near a hundred such trebles, boys and girls, selected out of our Sunday-schools, and accurately taught, as are not found together in any chapel, cathedral, or music-room within the four seas. Besides, the spirit with which they all sing, and the beauty of many of them, so suits the melody, that I defy any to exceed it; except the singing of angels in our Father's house.

Sunday, 20. — At eight, and at one, the house was thoroughly filled. About three I met between nine hundred and a thousand of the children belonging to our Sunday-schools. I never saw such a sight before. They were all exactly clean, as well as plain, in their apparel. All were serious and well-behaved. Many, both boys and girls, had as beautiful faces as, I believe, England or Europe can afford. When they all sung together, and none of them out of tune, the melody was beyond that of any theatre; and, what is the best of all, many of them truly fear God, and some



(DR. HAMILTON, JOHN WESLEY, AND JOSEPH COLE, AS THEY WERE SEEN WALKING IN EDINBURGH IN THE YEAR 1790.)

rejoice in His salvation. These are a pattern to all the town. Their usual diversion is to visit the poor that are sick, (sometimes six, or eight, or ten together,) to exhort, comfort, and pray with them. Frequently ten or more of them get together to sing and pray by themselves; sometimes thirty or forty; and are so earnestly engaged, alternately singing, praying, and crying, that they know not how to part. You children that hear this, why should not you go and do likewise? Is not God here as well as at Bolton?

Let God arise and maintain His own Cause, even "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings!"

Wednesday, MAY 14.—When I was in Scotland first, even at a Nobleman's table, we had only flesh meat of one kind, but no vegetables of any kind; but now they are as plentiful here as in England. Near Dumfries there are five very large public gardens, which furnish the town with greens and fruit in abundance.

Monday, 19.—I went to Edinburgh, and preached to a much larger congregation than I used to see here on a week-day. I still find a frankness and openness in the people of Edinburgh, which I find in few other parts of the kingdom. I spent two days among them with much satisfaction; and I was not at all disappointed in finding no such increase, either in the congregation or the society, as many expected from their leaving the Kirk.

Saturday, JUNE 28. (O.S.)—I this day enter on my eighty-fifth year: and what cause have I to praise God, as for a thousand spiritual blessings, so for bodily blessings also! How little have I suffered yet by "the rush of numerous years!" It is true, I am not so agile as I was in times past. I do not run or walk so fast as I did; my sight is a little decayed; my left eye is grown dim, and hardly serves me to read; I have daily some pain in the ball of my right eye, as also in my right temple, (occasioned by a blow received some months since,) and in my right shoulder and arm, which I impute partly to a sprain, and partly to the rheumatism. I find likewise some decay in my memory, with regard to names and things lately past; but not at all with regard to what I have read or heard twenty, forty, or sixty years ago; neither do I find any decay in my hearing, smell, taste, or appetite; (though I want but a third part of the food I did once;) nor do I feel any such thing as weariness, either in travelling or preaching: and I am not conscious of any decay in writing sermons; which I do as readily, and I believe as correctly, as ever.

To what cause can I impute this, that I am as I am? First, doubtless, to the power of God, fitting me for the work to which I am called, as long as He pleases to continue me therein; and, next, subordinately to this, to the prayers of His children.

May we not impute it, as inferior means,

1. To my constant exercise and change of air?
2. To my never having lost a night's sleep, sick or well, at land or at sea, since I was born?
3. To my having sleep at command; so that whenever I feel myself almost worn out, I call it, and it comes, day or night?
4. To my having constantly, for above sixty years, risen at four in the morning?
5. To my constant preaching at five in the morning, for above fifty years?
6. To my having had so little pain in my life; and so little sorrow, or anxious care?

Even now, though I find pain daily in my eye, or temple, or arm ; yet it is never violent, and seldom lasts many minutes at a time.

Whether or not this is sent to give me warning that I am shortly to quit this tabernacle, I do not know ; but be it one way or the other, I have only to say,

“ My remnant of days
I spend to His praise
Who died the whole world to redeem :
Be they many or few,
My days are His due,
And they all are devoted to Him ! ”

Sunday, JULY 6.—(Epworth.) I fain would prevent the members here from leaving the church ; but I cannot do it. As Mr. G. is not a pious man, but rather an enemy to piety, who frequently preaches against the truth, and those that hold and love it, I cannot with all my influence persuade them either to hear him, or to attend the Sacrament administered by him. If I cannot carry this point even while I live, who then can do it when I die ? And the case of Epworth is the case of every church, where the minister neither loves nor preaches the Gospel. The Methodists will not attend his ministrations. What then is to be done ?

At four I preached in the market-place, on Romans vi. 23.

Tuesday, FEBRUARY 24, 1789.—Mr. Wilberforce called upon me, and we had an agreeable and useful conversation. What a blessing is it to Mr. Pitt to have such a friend as this !

Tuesday, JULY 28.—The Conference began : about a hundred preachers were present, and never was our Master more eminently present with us. The case of separation from the Church was largely considered, and we were all unanimous against it.

Saturday, AUGUST 1.—We considered the case of Dewsbury-house, which the self-elected Trustees have robbed us of. The point they contended for was this,—that they should have a right of rejecting any preachers they disapproved of. But this, we saw, would destroy itinerancy. So they chose J. A. for a preacher, who adopted W. E. for his curate. Nothing remained but to build another preaching-house, toward which we subscribed two hundred and six pounds on the spot.

Friday, 14.—(Plymouth.) In the afternoon I went on to the Dock, having previously determined not to say or hear anything of their late senseless quarrel ; wherein I could not but blame both sides, and knew not which to blame most. So I spent this and the next day in peace, and answered all my letters.

Sunday, 16.—In the morning, I believe, we had not less than six hundred communicants ; but they were all admirably well-behaved, as if they indeed discerned the Lord's body. But when I preached in the afternoon, the house would not hold half the congregation. I chose the space adjoining the south side of the house, capable of containing some thousands of people. Besides, some hundreds sat on the

ridge of the rock which ran along at my left hand. I preached on part of the Gospel for the day: "He beheld the city, and wept over it."



(INTERVIEW BETWEEN WESLEY AND WILBERFORCE.)

Friday, SEPTEMBER 11.—I went over to Kingswood: sweet recess! where everything is now just as I wish. But

“Man was not born in shades to lie!

Let us work now: we shall rest by and by.

Saturday, 12.—I spent some time with the children ; all of whom behaved well : several are much awakened, and a few rejoicing in the favour of God.

Tuesday, DECEMBER 8.—(Chatham.) We took a walk in the dock-yard. In the evening I preached in the elegant house at Brompton ; but it is already far too small. The people flock in on every side, to hear peacefully the Gospel.

Monday, 14.—(Canterbury.) It pleased God to give me uncommon liberty of spirit ; as also at Dover the next evening, where the new house, large as it is, was far too small, so that many could not get in.

Sunday, 27.—(London). I preached in St. Luke's, our parish church, in the afternoon, to a very numerous congregation, on : "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come." So are the tables turned, that I have now more invitations to preach in churches than I can accept of.

Monday, 28.—I retired to Peckham ; and at leisure hours read part of a very pretty trifle,—the Life of Mrs. Bellamy. Surely never did any, since John Dryden, study more

"To make vice pleasing, and damnation shine!"

than this lively and elegant writer. She has a fine imagination ; a strong understanding ; an easy style, improved by much reading ; a fine, benevolent temper ; and every qualification that could consist with a total ignorance of God. But God was not in all her thoughts. Abundance of anecdotes she inserts, which may be true or false. One of them, concerning Mr. Garrick, is curious. She says, "When he was taking ship for England, a lady presented him with a parcel, which she desired him not to open till he was at sea. When he did, he found Wesley's Hymns, which he immediately threw over-board." I cannot believe it. I think Mr. G. had more sense. He knew my brother well ; and he knew him to be not only far superior in learning, but in poetry, to Mr. Thomson, and all his theatrical writers put together : none of them can equal him, either in strong, nervous sense, or purity and elegance of language. The musical compositions of his sons are not more excellent than the poetical ones of their father. In the evening I preached to a crowded congregation, some of whom seemed a good deal affected.

Thursday, 31.—I preached at the new chapel ; but, to avoid the cramp, went to bed at ten o'clock. I was well served. I know not that I ever before felt so much of it in one night.

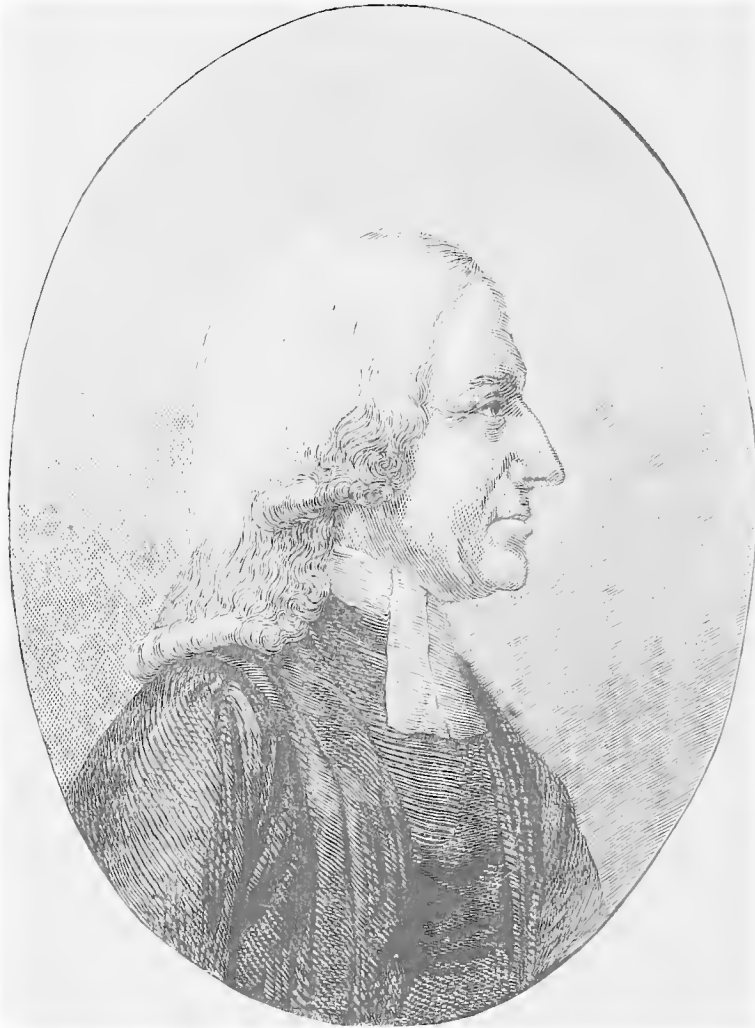
Friday, JANUARY 1, 1790.—I am now an old man, decayed from head to foot. My eyes are dim ; my right hand shakes much ; my mouth is hot and dry every morning ; I have a lingering fever almost every day ; my motion is weak and slow. However, blessed be God, I do not slack my labour : I can preach and write still.

Saturday, 2.—I preached at Snowsfields, on : "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ."

Sunday, 3.—I suppose near two thousand met at the new chapel to renew their covenant with God; a Scriptural Means of Grace which is now almost everywhere forgotten, except among the Methodists.

Sunday, FEBRUARY 21.—I preached to the children at the new chapel; and I believe not in vain.

Sunday, MARCH 14, was a comfortable day. In the morning I met the



(WESLEY, PORTRAIT IN THE "EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.")

Strangers' Society, instituted wholly for the relief, not of our society, but for poor, sick, friendless strangers. I do not know that I ever heard or read of such an institution till within a few years ago. So this also is one of the fruits of Methodism.

Monday, 15.—I set out early, and dined at Stroud; but in the evening we knew not what to do.

Friday, 19.—About eleven, coming to Quinton, I found a congregation waiting for me. So, that I might not disappoint them, I preached immediately, on: "We love Him, because He first loved us;" and then went on to Birmingham, which I think is thrice as large as when I saw it fifty years ago.

The congregation in the evening were well squeezed together, and most of them got in. The behaviour of the rich and poor is such as does honour to their profession; so decent,

so serious, so devout, from the beginning to the end! It was the same the next evening.

Sunday, 21.—The prayers began at the new house about half-an-hour after ten. It is a little larger than the new house at Brompton, and admirably well constructed.

Tuesday, 23.—About one I preached in the new house at Dudley; one of the neatest in England. It was a profitable season, where two persons, they informed me, found peace with God. We had a pleasant ride to Wolverhampton.

Friday, 26.—I finished my sermon on the Wedding Garment; perhaps the last that I shall write. My eyes are now waxed dim; my natural force is abated. However, while I can, I would fain do a little for God before I drop into the dust.

Sunday, APRIL 4. (Being *Easter-day*.)—I think we had about one thousand six hundred communicants. I preached, both morning and evening, without weariness; and in the evening lay down in peace.

Monday, 5.—Calling at Altrincham, I was desired to speak a few words to the people in the new chapel; but almost as soon as I got thither, the house was filled; and soon after, more than filled. So I preached on 1 Peter i. 3; and many praised God with joyful lips. About twelve I preached in the chapel at Northwich, to a large and very lively congregation; and, in the evening, met once more with our old affectionate friends at Chester. I have never seen this chapel more crowded than to-night; but still it could not near contain the congregation.

Here I met with one of the most extraordinary phenomena that I ever saw, or heard of:—Mr. Sellers has in his yard a large Newfoundland dog, and an old raven. These have fallen deeply in love with each other, and never desire to be apart. The bird has learned the bark of the dog, so that few can distinguish them. She is inconsolable when he goes out; and, if he stays out a day or two, she will get up all the bones and scraps she can, and hoard them up for him till he comes back.

Wednesday, 7.—About eleven I preached at Warrington. The chapel was well filled with serious hearers; but the great congregation was at Liverpool. If those without were added to those within, I believe it would have exceeded even that at Manchester; and surely the power of God was present with them also.

Thursday, 8.—Such another congregation we had on Thursday, among whom were many that had never been there before. They seemed utterly amazed when I explained: “Now faith is the evidence of things unseen.” I believe many were then convinced; but, alas, how soon will that conviction die away!

Friday, 9.—We went to Wigan, for many years proverbially called, *Wicked Wigan*; but it is not now what it was: the inhabitants in general have taken a softer mould. The house in the evening was more than filled; and all that could get in seemed to be greatly affected, while I strongly applied our Lord's words: “I will; be thou clean.”

Saturday, 10.—I crossed over to Northwich, and again found the wisdom of judging nothing before the time. The removal, which I used to ascribe to caprice, I find was the effect of necessity. A wretched man, who had persuaded his father-in-law to give the staff out of his own hands, now abridges him of half his five hundred a year; and has the conscience to take fifty pounds a year out of the remainder, for the board of his son, apprenticed to him. In the evening I preached in the lovely house at Bolton, to one of the loveliest congregations in England; who, by patient continuance in well-doing, have turned scorn and hatred into general esteem and goodwill.

Monday, MAY 24.—We set out at four, and reached Forglen about noon. The face of the country is much changed for the better since I was here before. Agriculture increases on every side; so do manufactories, industry, and cleanliness.

Friday, JUNE 18.—I preached at Stokesley in the morning; and then went on to Whitby. It was very providential, that part of the adjoining mountain fell down,

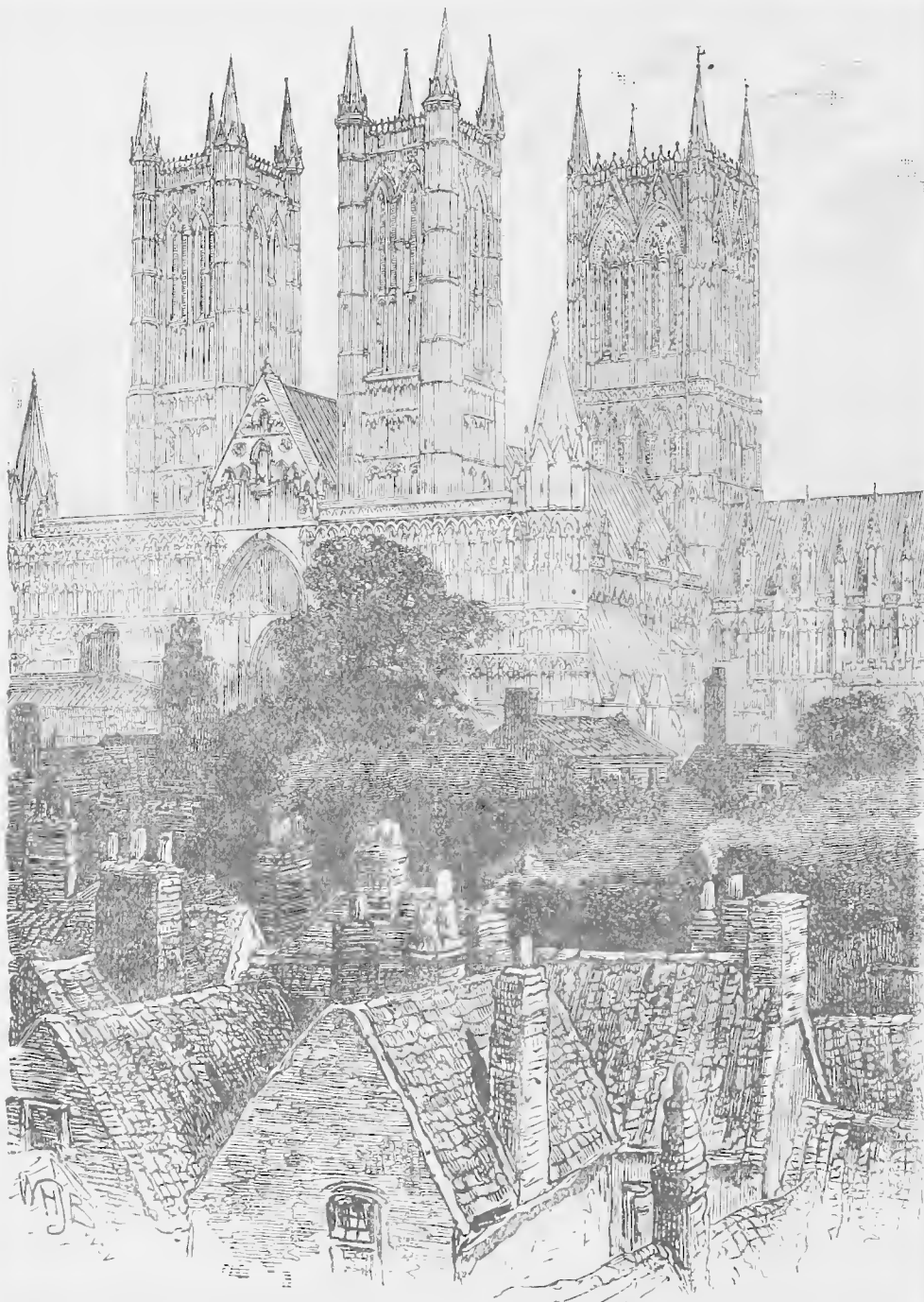
and demolished our old preaching-house, with many houses besides; by which means we have one of the most beautiful chapels in Great Britain, finely situated on the steep side of the mountain.

Monday, 28. (O.S.)—This day I enter into my eighty-eighth year. For above eighty-six years, I found none of the infirmities of old age; my eyes did not wax dim, neither was my natural strength abated: but last August I found almost a sudden change. My eyes were so dim that no glasses would help me. My strength likewise now quite forsook me; and probably will not return in this world. But I feel no pain from head to foot;

only it seems nature is exhausted; and, humanly speaking, will sink more and more, till

“The weary springs of life stand still at last.”

Thursday, JULY 1.—I went to Lincoln. After dinner we took a walk in and



(LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.)

round the Minster; which I really think is more elegant than that at York, in various parts of the structure, as well as in its admirable situation. The new house was thoroughly filled in the evening, and with hearers uncommonly serious. There seems to be a remarkable difference between the people of Lincoln and those of York. They have not so much fire and vigour of spirit; but far more mildness and gentleness; by means of which, if they had the same outward helps, they would probably excel their neighbours.

Sunday, SEPTEMBER 5.

—This day I cut off that vile custom, I know not when or how it began, of preaching three times a day by the same preacher, to the same congregation; enough to weary out both the bodies and minds of the speaker, as well as his hearers.

Thursday, 16.—I saw a pelican. Is it not strange that we have no true account or picture of this bird? It is one of the most beautiful in nature; being indeed a large swan, almost twice as big as a tame one; snow-white, and elegantly shaped. Only its neck is three quarters of a yard long, and capable of being so distended as to

contain two gallons of liquid or solid. She builds her nest in some wood, not far from a river; from which she daily brings a quantity of fish to her young: this she carries in her neck, (the only pouch which she has,) and then divides it among her young; and hence is fabricated the idle tale of her feeding them with her blood.

Thursday, 30.—It being a lovely morning, we went in a wherry, through Cowes harbour, to Newport; one of the pleasantest, neatest, and most elegant towns in the King's dominions.

Thursday, OCTOBER 7.—I went over to that poor skeleton of ancient Winchelsea.



(ST. THOMAS' CHURCH, WINCHELSEA.)

It is beautifully situated on the top of a steep hill, and was regularly built in broad streets, crossing each other, and encompassing a very large square; in the midst of which was a large church, now in ruins. I stood under a large tree, on the side of it, and called to most of the inhabitants of the town: "The kingdom of heaven is at hand; repent, and believe the Gospel."



(THE TREE AT WINCHELSEA UNDER WHICH WESLEY PREACHED HIS LAST SERMON IN THE OPEN AIR.)

Monday, 18.—No coach going out for Lynn to-day, I was obliged to take a post-chaise. But at Dereham no horses were to be had; so we were obliged to take the same horses to Swaffham. A congregation was ready here, that filled the house, and seemed quite ready to receive instruction. But here neither could we procure any post-horses; so that we were obliged to take a single-horse chaise. The wind, with mizzling rain, came full in our faces; and we had nothing to screen us from it; so that I was thoroughly chilled from head to foot before I came to Lynn. But I soon forgot this little inconvenience; for which the earnestness of the congregation made me large amends.

Tuesday, 19.—In the evening all the clergymen in the town, except one, who was lame, were present at the preaching. They are all prejudiced in favour of the Methodists; as indeed are most of the townsmen; who give a fair proof by contributing so much to our Sunday-schools; so that there is near twenty pounds in hand.

Wednesday, 20.—I had appointed to preach at Diss; a town near Scoleton; but the difficulty was, where I could preach. The minister was willing I should preach in the church; but feared offending the bishop, who, going up to London, was within a few miles of the town. But a gentleman asking the bishop whether he had any objection to it, was answered, "None at all." I think this church is one of the largest in this county. I suppose it has not been so filled these hundred years. This evening and the next I preached at Bury, to a deeply attentive congregation, many of whom know in Whom they have believed. So that here we have not lost all our labour.

Friday, 22.—We returned to London.

Sunday, 24.—I explained, to a numerous congregation in Spitalfields church, "the whole armour of God." St. Paul's, Shadwell, was still more crowded in the afternoon, while I enforced that important truth: "One thing is needful;" and I hope many, even then, resolved to choose the better part.

END OF WESLEY'S JOURNALS.

THE ORIGINAL ACCOUNT OF JOHN WESLEY'S DEATH.

"ADVERTISEMENT.—As many Friends have desired an immediate Account of the Circumstances relative to the Departure of the late Rev. Mr. Wesley, the following short but authentic Narrative has been drawn up in compliance with their Request.

"NEW CHAPEL, CITY-ROAD, *March 8th, 1791.*"

ON Thursday the 17th of February, Mr. Wesley preached at Lambeth from, "Labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life." When he came home he seemed very unwell, but on being asked, How he did? only said, he believed he had taken a little cold.

Friday the 18th, Mr. Wesley read and wrote as usual, dined at Mr. Urling's, and preached at Chelsea in the evening from, "The King's business requires haste;" but was obliged to stop once or twice, and told the people his cold so affected his voice as to prevent his speaking without those necessary pauses. He was prevailed on to let Mr. Rogers and Mr. Bradford meet the Classes, and had a high degree of fever all the way home.

Saturday the 19th, reading and writing filled up most of his precious time, though to those that were with him his complaints (fever and weakness) seemed evidently increasing. He dined at Mrs. Griffith's, Islington, and while there, desired a friend to read to him the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh chapters of Job. He

was easily prevailed upon to let Mr. Brackenbury meet the penitents. But still, struggling with his weakness, some of us (with hearts full of foreboding fears) saw him ready to sink under it. He rose (according to custom) early in the morning, but utterly unfit for his Sabbath's exercise: at seven o'clock he was obliged to lie down, and slept between three and four hours. When he awoke, said, "I have not had such a comfortable sleep this fortnight past:" the effects were soon gone, and in the afternoon he laid down again, and slept an hour or two: afterwards two of his own discourses on our Lord's Sermon on the Mount were read to him, and in the evening he came down to supper.

Monday the 20th. He seemed much better, and though his friends tried to dissuade him from it, would keep an engagement made some time before to dine with Mr.



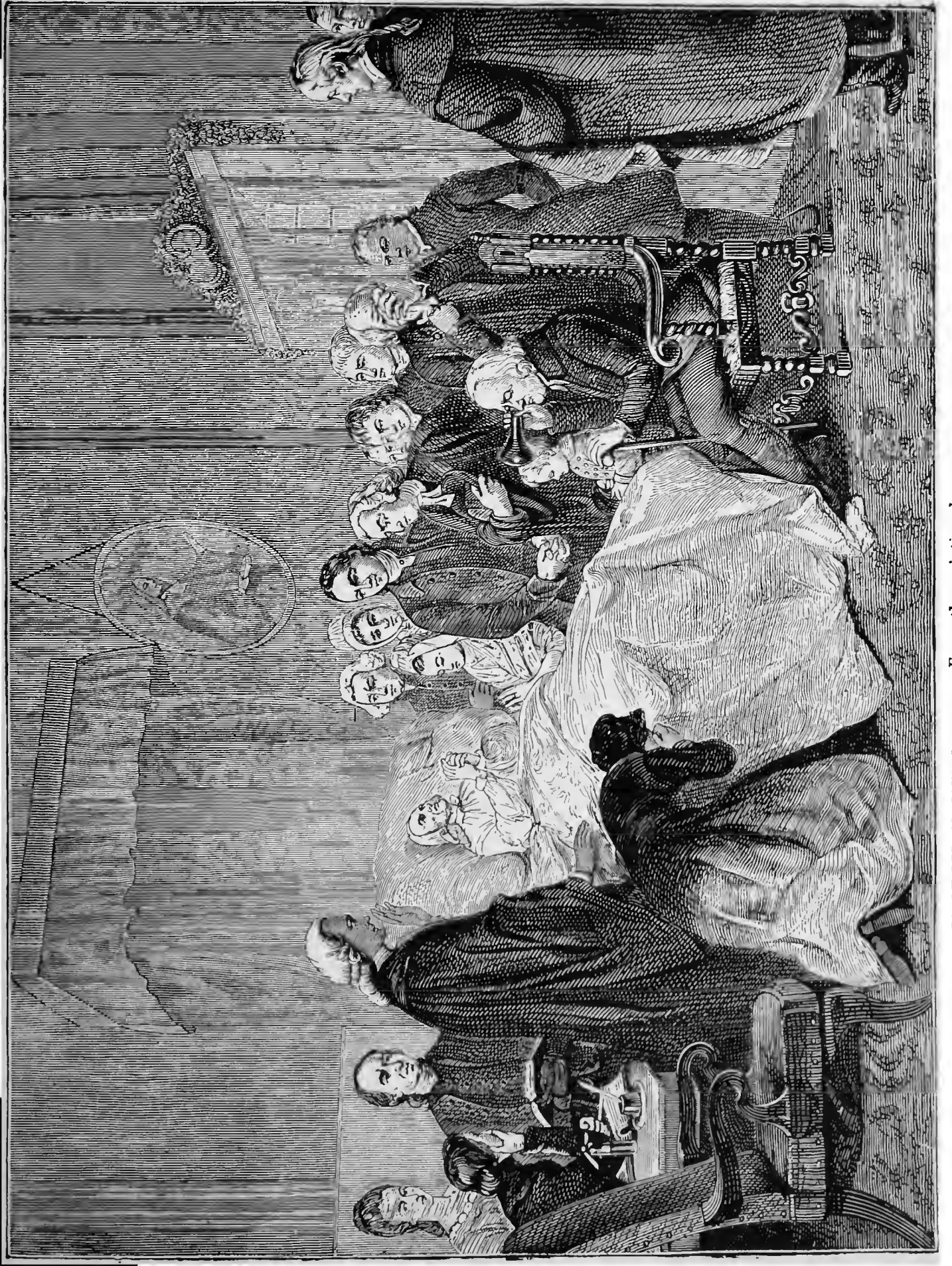
WESLEY PREACHING HIS LAST SERMON.

G—— at Twittenham [Twickenham]. Miss Wesley and E. R[itche] accompanied him: In his way thither he called on Lady Mary Fitzgerald: the conversation was truly profitable, and well became a last visit: he prayed in such a spirit and manner as I believe her Ladyship will never forget. At T. he seemed much better, and the first and last visit to that pleasing family and lovely place will, I trust, prove a lasting blessing. When we came home he seemed much better, and on Tuesday went on with his usual work, dined at Mr. Horton's, Islington, preached in the evening at the City-road from, "We through the Spirit wait for the hope of righteousness by

faith;" met the Leaders, and seemed better than he had been for some days. Our hopes again revived, and though we feared the little excursion which lay before him might be too much for his strength, yet we flattered ourselves with his longer stay.

On Wednesday morning Mr. Rogers went with him to Leatherhead to visit a family who have lately begun to receive the truth. They had the honour of this almost worn-out veteran in his blessed Master's service delivering his last public message beneath their roof. O that all that heard may take the solemn warning, and so embrace the blessed invitation he gave them from, "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call upon Him while He is near," as to meet our dear departed friend at God's right hand.

On Thursday he payed his last visit to that lovely place and family, Mr. Wolff's, at Balaam, which I have often heard him speak of with pleasure and much affection. Here Mr. Rogers says he was cheerful, and seemed nearly as well as usual, till



DEATH-BED OF JOHN WESLEY. From the painting by MARSHALL CLAXTON.

Friday, about breakfast time, when he seemed very heavy. About eleven o'clock Mrs. Wolff brought him home: I was struck with his manner of getting out of the coach, and going into the house, but more so as he went upstairs, and when he sat down in the chair. I ran for some refreshment, but before I could get anything for him he had sent Mr. R—— out of the room, and desired not to be interrupted for half-an-hour by any one, adding, not even if Joseph Bradford come. Mr. Bradford came a few minutes after, and as soon as the limited time was expired, went into the room; immediately after he came out and desired me to mull some wine with spices and carry it to Mr. Wesley: he drank a little and seemed sleepy. In a few minutes he was seized with sickness, threw it up, and said, "I must lie down." We immediately sent for Dr. Whitehead: on his coming in Mr. Wesley smiled and said, "Doctor, they are more afraid than hurt." I know not how he judged of our fears, for though my full heart felt as if the Chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof were near at hand to take my Father home, yet I had said nothing, nor do I know that any one around him had at that time feelings similar to my own. He lay most of the day, with a quick pulse, burning fever, and extremely sleepy. In the evening, while pouring out my soul into the bosom of my Lord, telling Him all I felt with respect to the Church in general, myself in particular, and trying to plead for my dearest Father's longer stay, that word, "Father, I will that they whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am, that they may behold My glory," seemed so immediately given me from above, that with dear Mrs. Fletcher on a similar occasion, I may say, "From that time my prayer for his life had lost its wings."

Saturday the 25th, he continued much the same; spoke but little, and if roused to answer a question, or take a little refreshment (which was seldom more than a spoonful at a time), soon dozed again. My mind felt much freedom to pray that our Lord would abate the stupor occasioned by the complaint; and I believe, all that knew how the corruptible body pressed down the active, vigorous spirit which for so long a series of years had been its inhabitant, earnestly united to intreat our gracious Lord, that if it was no longer consistent with His will to spare our dear aged Father to go in and out before us, we might at least receive his dying charges, and enjoy the comfort (amidst this awful scene) of hearing him seal, with his latest breath, the blessed truths we had long been accustomed to receive from God through him. We were indulged herein, and on Saturday night the stupor abated, though the fever still continued, but not so violent as before.

On Sunday morning with a little of Mr. Bradford's help, Mr. Wesley got up, took a cup of tea, and seemed much better. Many of our friends were all hopes: yet Dr. Whitehead said, he was not out of danger from his present complaints, and though I should have rejoiced in his longer stay, it seemed to me only as an answer to our prayer, and that our Lord was about to indulge us with such a mixture in our

cup, as would, at least for the present, soften the approaching stroke. Mr. Wesley, while sitting in his chair, looked quite cheerful, and in a manner we all deeply felt, repeated the latter part of that verse in the Scripture hymns on "Forsake me not when my strength faileth:"

"Till glad I lay this body down,
Thy servant Lord attend,
And O! my life of mercy crown
With a triumphant end!"

Soon after, in a most emphatical manner, he said, "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth." Some friends then present, speaking rather too much to him, he tried to exert himself, but was soon exhausted and obliged to lay down. After being quiet awhile, he looked up and said, "Speak to me, I cannot speak." On which Miss Wesley and I, there being no one else in the room, said, "Shall we pray with you, Sir?" He earnestly replied "Yes," and while we prayed that if our Father *must* lay this body down and leave us Orphans, our gracious Lord would let down rays of heavenly glory into his waiting spirit, and pour out on us, and all His children, the promised Comforter, his whole soul seemed engaged with God for an answer, and his hearty Amen thrilled through us. About half after two he said, "There is no need for more" (nor, indeed, had he strength to speak much); "when at Bristol,* my words were:

'I, the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.'

Seeing him very weak, and not able to speak much, I said, "Is this the present language of your heart, and do you now feel as you then did?" He replied, "Yes." I then repeated:

"Bold I approach th' eternal throne,
And claim the crown through Christ my own,"

and added, "'Tis enough. *He*, our precious Emmanuel, has purchased, has promised all." He earnestly replied, "He is all, He is all," and then said, "I will go." I said, "To joys above: Lord, help me to follow you," to which he replied, "Amen." Soon after, to Miss Wesley, who sat by his bedside, he said, "Sally, have you zeal for God now?" On her replying, "I wish to love Him better, that I may have more," he said, "Do you continue to rise early?" After this the fever was very high, and at times affected his head: but even then he was generally either meeting Classes, going to preach, or something that proved that though his head was subject to a temporary derangement, his heart was wholly engaged in his Master's work. In the evening he got up again, and while sitting in his chair, thinking I suppose of the kind friends he had lately visited, he said, "What are all the pretty things at B——

* This refers to an illness with which Mr. Wesley was seized at the Bristol Conference in the year 1783.

to a dying man !” Speaking of a lady he had only lately known, he said, “He believed she had real religion : how necessary for every one to be on the right foundation !

‘I, the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.’

We must be justified by faith, and then go on to Sanctification.”

Monday the 28th, his weakness increased apace, and his friends in general being greatly alarmed, Dr. Whitehead was desirous they should call in another Physician. Mr. Bradford mentioned his desire to our Honoured Father, which he absolutely refused, saying, “Dr. Whitehead knows my constitution better than any one ; I am perfectly satisfied and will not have any one else.” He slept most of the day, spoke but little ; yet that little testified how much his whole heart was taken up in the case of the Churches, the glory of God, and the things pertaining to that kingdom to which he was hastening. Once in a low, but very distinct manner, he said, “There is no way into the holiest but by the blood of Jesus.” Had he had strength at the time, it seemed as if he would have said more.

Tuesday March 1st, after a very restless night (though when asked whether he was in pain, he generally answered “No,” and never complained through his whole illness, except once, when he said that he felt a pain in his left breast, when he drew his breath), he began singing :

“All glory to God in the sky,
And peace upon earth be restor’d,
O Jesus, exalted on high,
Appear our omnipotent Lord !
Who meanly in Bethlehem born,
Didst stoop to redeem a lost race ;
Once more to Thy people return,
And reign in Thy kingdom of grace.

“Oh, wouldst thou again be made known,
Again in the Spirit descend ;
And set up in each of Thine own,
A kingdom that never shall end.
Thou only art able to bless ;
And make the glad nations obey,
And bid the dire enmity cease,
And bow the whole world to Thy sway.”

Here his strength failed, but after lying still awhile he called on Mr. Bradford to give him a pen and ink ; he brought them, but the right hand had well-nigh forgot its cunning, and those active fingers which had been the blessed instruments of spiritual consolation and pleasing instruction to thousands, could no longer perform their office. Some time after, he said to me, “I want to write :” I brought him a pen and ink, and on putting the pen into his hand, and holding the paper before him, he said, “I cannot.” I replied, “Let me write for you, Sir ; tell me what you would

say." "Nothing," returned he, "but, that God is with us." In the forenoon he said, "I will get up." While his things were getting ready, he broke out in a manner which, considering his extreme weakness, astonished us all, in these blessed words,

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs :
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

"Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God ; He made the sky,
And earth, and seas with all their train ;
His truth for ever stands secure,
He saves th' oppress'd, He feeds the poor,
And none shall find His promise vain."

Which were also the last words our Reverend and dear Father ever gave out in the City-road Chapel, viz., on Tuesday evening before preaching from, "We through the Spirit wait," etc. But to return to the chamber, where this great and "Good man met his fate," and which those who had the honour of attending felt was :

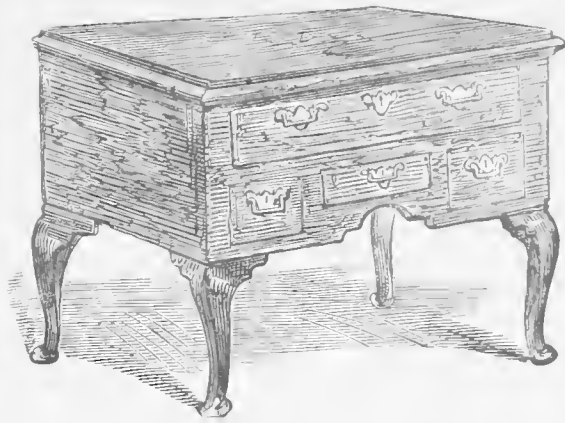
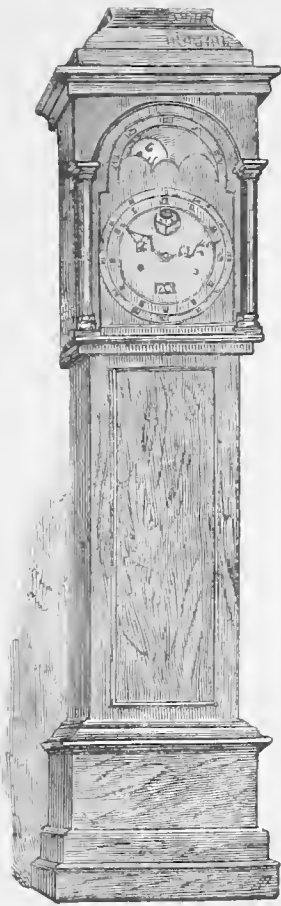
"Privileg'd beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven."

Some of our friends fearing that matters, respecting the meeting of the Preachers at the awful event we now anticipated, were not fully settled : Mr. Bradford asked our dying Father, if he wished things to continue as determined upon when debated at the last Conference ; or if he desired, in case of his removal, that any or all of them should be convened ? He answered, "No, by no means, let all things remain as concluded at the Conference."

When he got into his chair, we saw him change for death : but he, regardless of his dying frame, said, with a weak voice, "Lord, thou givest strength to those that can speak, and to those that cannot : Speak, Lord, to all our hearts, and let them know that Thou loosest tongues." He then sang :

"To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree."

Here his voice failed him, and after gasping for breath, he said, "Now we have done—Let us all go." We were obliged to lay him down on the bed from which he rose no more : but after lying still, and sleeping a little, he called me to him and said, "Betsy, you Mr. Bradford, etc., pray and praise." We knelt down, and truly our hearts were filled with the Divine presence ; the room seemed to be filled with God. A little after he spoke to Mr. Bradford about the key and contents of his bureau ; while he attended to the directions given him, Mr. Wesley called me and said, "I would have all things ready for my Executors, Mr. Wolff, Mr. Horton, and Mr. Marriott"—



FURNITURE USED BY JOHN WESLEY, NOW IN HIS HOUSE, NO. 47, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

here his voice again failed ; but taking breath he added, " Let me be buried in nothing but what is woollen, and let my corpse be carried in my coffin into the Chapel." Then, as if done with all below, he again begged we would pray and praise. We called up several friends that were in the house, and all kneeled down ; Mr. Broadbent prayed, at which time Mr. Wesley's fervor of spirit was visible to every one present, but in particular parts of the prayer his whole soul seemed to be engaged in a manner which evidently showed how ardently he longed for the full accomplishment of our united desires. One thing we could not but remark ; that when Mr. Broadbent was praying in a very expressive manner, that if God was about to take away our Father and our head to his eternal rest, he would be pleased to continue and increase his blessing upon the doctrine and discipline which he had long made his aged servant the means of propagating, and establishing in the world : such a degree of fervor accompanied his loud Amen, as was every way expressive of his soul's being engaged in the answer of our petitions. On rising from our knees, he took Mr. Broadbent's hand, drew him near, and with the utmost placidness saluted him, and said, " Farewell, farewell." Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, Mr. Horton, etc., etc., drew near the bedside, and he took the same affectionate leave of them all.

The next pleasing awful scene was the great exertion he made in order to make Mr. Broadbent (who had not left the room) understand that he fervently desired, a Sermon he had written on the Love of God should be scattered abroad, and given away to everybody. Something else he wished to say, but, alas ! his speech failed ; and those lips which used to feed many were no longer able (except when particular strength was given) to convey their accustomed sounds. A little after, Mr. Horton coming in, we hoped that if he had anything of moment on his mind, which he wished to communicate, he would again try to tell us what it was, and that either Mr. Horton, or some of those who were most used to hear our dear Father's dying voice, would be able to interpret his meaning ; but though he strove to speak, we were still unsuccessful : finding we could not understand what he said, he paused a little, and then with all the remaining strength he had, cried out, " The best of all is, God is with us ;"—and then, as if to assert the faithfulness of our promise-keeping Jehovah, and comfort the hearts of his weeping friends, lifting up his dying arm in token of victory, and raising his feeble voice with a holy triumph not to be expressed, again repeated the heart-reviving words, " The best of all is, God is with us ! " Some time after, giving him something to wet his parched lips, he said, " It will not do, we must take the consequence ; never mind the poor carcass." A little after this, seeing Mr. Rogers and Mr. Rankin stand by his bedside, he asked, " Who are these ? " (his sight now almost gone preventing him from distinctly knowing his most intimate friends, except in a peculiar light, or by their voice) ; being informed who they were, Mr. Rogers then said, " Sir, we are come to rejoice with you ; you are going to receive your crown."

"It is the Lord's doing," he replied, "and marvellous in our eyes." On being told Mrs. Wesley was come, he said, "He giveth his servants rest." He thanked her as she pressed his hand, and affectionately endeavoured to kiss her. On wetting his lips he said, "We thank Thee, O Lord, for these and all thy mercies: bless the Church and King: grant us truth and peace through Jesus Christ our Lord for ever and ever!" At another time, "He causeth His servants to lie down in peace." I replied,

"They lie down in peace indeed who rest in our Redeemer's bosom. Lord help us to rest in Him, and then rest with you in glory!" To which he replied, "Amen."

Then pausing a little, he cried, "The clouds drop fatness!" and soon after, "The Lord is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge!" He then called us to prayer. Mr. Broadbent was again the mouth of our full hearts, and though Mr. Wesley was greatly exhausted by these exertions, he appeared still more fervent in spirit. Several of his relations being present, Mr. Broadbent particularly thanked God for the honour He had conferred upon the family, and then fervently prayed that the glory might never be tarnished, nor they want a man to minister before the Lord to the latest generations: at the end of which petition our dying Father discovered such ardency of desire that the prayer might



ELIZABETH RITCHIE.

be answered, by repeating his Amen, as deeply affected all present. These exertions were however too much for his feeble frame, and most of the night following, though he was often heard attempting to repeat the psalm before-mentioned, he could only get out:

"I'll praise—— I'll praise——!"

On Wednesday morning we found the closing scene drew near. Mr. Bradford, his faithful friend, and most affectionate Son, prayed with him, and the last word he was heard to articulate was, "Farewell!" A few minutes before ten, while Miss Wesley, Mr. Horton, Mr. Brackenbury, Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, Dr. Whitehead, Mr. Broadbent, Mr. Whitfield, Mr. Bradford, and E. R. were kneeling around his bed; according to his often expressed desire, without a lingering groan, this man of God

gathered up his feet in the presence of his brethren ! We felt what is inexpressible ; the ineffable sweetness that filled our hearts as our beloved Pastor, Father, and Friend entered his Master's joy, for a few moments blunted the edge of our painful feelings on this truly glorious, melancholy occasion. As our dear aged Father breathed his last, Mr. Bradford was inwardly saying, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates ; be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and let this heir of glory enter in." Mr. Rogers gave out :

"Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo ! the Saviour stands above :
Shows the purchase of His merit,
Reaches out the crown of love."

I then said, "Let us pray for the mantle of our Elijah ;" on which Mr. Rogers prayed in the spirit for the descent of the Holy Ghost on us, and all who mourn the general loss the Church Militant sustains by the removal of our much-loved Father to his great reward. Even so. Amen. E. R.

"N.B.—It is judged necessary by the Preachers in London and earnestly recommended to their Brethren the Preachers, and the Societies in their respective Circuits, that in consideration of our late great Loss, Wednesday the 6th of April be kept as a Day of solemn fasting and prayer, in order to humble ourselves before the Lord, and implore the continuance of His mercies towards us. It is also judged needful that Friday the 1st of July be kept as another Day of solemn fasting and prayer for all the Methodist Societies, in order to implore the Blessing of God on the ensuing Conference.

"P.S.—On the subject of mourning Mr. Wesley's will is, that there be no Escutcheons.

"* * * The Executors of the late Rev. J. Wesley think it necessary to Caution his numerous Friends and the Public against receiving any spurious or hasty Account of his Life ; as three Gentlemen to whom he has bequeathed his Manuscripts and other valuable Papers will publish an Authentic Narrative as soon as it can be prepared for the Press.

"N.B.—The true Account will be signed by Mr. Wesley's Executors.

"JAMES ROGERS. JOHN BROADBENT. DUNCAN WRIGHT.	"THOMAS RANKIN. JOSEPH BRADFORD. GEORGE WHITFIELD."
---	---

We have also received from Dr. Rigg a copy of the printed letter which was sent to the preachers "with the news of the death of Mr. Wesley." The copy is addressed "Mr. John King, Preacher's House, Horncastle."

"LONDON, CITY-ROAD, *March 2nd*, 1791.

"DEAR BROTHER,—THE melancholy Period we have so long dreaded is now arrived.—Our aged and honoured FATHER, Mr. *Wesley* is no more ! He was taken to Paradise this Morning, in a glorious manner, after a sickness of five Days. We have not time to say more at present relative to his Demise.—Only what respects our future Oeconomy. This injunction HE laid upon us and all our Brethren on his Death-Bed, That we each continue in our respective Station till the time appointed for the next Conference at Manchester.

"We have therefore no doubt but you will, with us, readily comply with his Dying Request. The more so, as this is Consonant with the determination of the Conference held at Bristol when he was supposed to be near death—there, and confirmed in succeeding Conferencs.

"We remain, Dear Brother, Your affectionate, though sorrowful Brethren,

"JAMES ROGERS. JOSEPH BRADFORD. JOHN BROADBENT."	"THOMAS RANKIN. GEORGE WHITFIELD."
--	---------------------------------------

INDEX.

- Aberdeen*, 311, 312, 328, 389, 438, 439, 499, 560, 594.
- Abergavenny*, 117, 118.
- Accidents, Adventures, Anecdotes, etc.*
110, 173, 184, 212, 216, 220, 246, 248, 249, 268, 310, 324, 327, 331, 339, 341, 343, 348, 354, 378, 383, 402, 409, 411, 418, 421, 453, 454, 455, 469, 475, 479, 480, 493, 503, 515, 529, 531, 536, 559, 561, 564, 579, 584, 597, 614, 621.
- "*Address to the Clergy*," Wesley writes, 281.
- Alderney* visited, 609.
- Aldersgate Street*, Society in, 70, 89.
- Aldrich's* "Logic," Wesley translates, 239.
- Alleine's*, Richard, form of covenant, 279.
- All Hallows Church*, Lombard Street, Wesley preaches in, 433, 448.
- All Saints' Day*, "A day of triumphant joy," 287.
- Alnwick*, 392, 495, 500, 594.
- Altrincham*, 621.
- Ambleside*, 558.
- America*, a member of the first Congress in, 505; Whatcoat and Vasey appointed to, 566; a preacher from, 567; spread of Methodism through, 574, 606; fears of the brethren in, 607.
- American prisoners at Pembroke*, 503.
- Amsterdam*, 75, 546-52, 599.
- Anabaptist*, baptism of an, 93, 591; talk with an, 111.
- Anderson's*, Dr., "Account of the Hebrides," 593.
- Anderson*, Sir William, rector of Belton, 517.
- Annesley*, Dr., an old woman's recollections of, 365.
- Anson's*, Lord, "Voyage," noticed, 280.
- Antone*, Bishop, 551, 587.
- Antoninus*, Marcus, "Meditations" of, 206.
- Arbroath*, Abbey at, 370; new house at, 390; Wesley presented with the freedom of, 390; mentioned, 439, 536, 560, 594.
- Archbishop of Canterbury* waited on, 157. — of Dublin, 541.
- Ariosto's* "Orlando Furioso," criticism on, 557.
- Armagh*, the "Sovereign" of, 354; view of, 355; evening scene at, 379; house of the Archbishop of, 478, 587; visited, 586.
- Arminian Magazine*, 462, 467, 506, 588, 591, 601, 615; facsimile of cover to first number, 466; of address "To the Reader," 467.
- Arthur's Seat*, Edinburgh, 347, 348.
- Ashbourn*, Mr. Solomon, inscription on tombstone of, 502.
- Athlone*, 376, 579.
- Atkinson*, Rev. Mr., of Leeds, 495.
- Atlay*, John, 354.
- Augher*, old castle at, 377.
- Aughrim*, 580.
- Society Volunteers, the, hear Wesley preach, 473.
- Aycliffe*, Durham, 514.
- Bacon's*, Lord, "Ten Centuries of Experiments," 593.
- Bacup*, 492.
- Balleugh*, Isle of Man, 524.
- Ballinasloe*, 580.
- Ballinrobe*, Charter School at, 585.
- Ballyconnell*, 586.
- Ballyhaise*, 586.
- Ballymena*, 587.
- Ballyshannon*, 336, 337.
- Banbury*, 568.
- Bandon*, 582, 605.
- Bands*, institution of, 60, 153.
- Banff*, 438, 561.
- Lady, visits to, 560, 561.
- Bangor Cathedral*, 285, 286.
- Ferry, stoppage at, 466.
- Banks*, Lord Chief Justice, Corfe Castle defended by the widow of, 416.
- Baptism*, elderly woman receives, 195.
- Barber at Bolton*, testimony of a, 249.
- Barker*, Mr., consequences of death of, 492.
- Barkhausen*, Dr., 76.
- Barnard Castle*, 363, 410, 495, 511.
- Mr., a gentleman of a right spirit, 605.
- Barnet*, 468.
- Barnsley*, 595.
- Bass Rock*, the, 391.
- Bath*, 96, 100, 102, 153, 468, 482, 490, 517, 553, 601.
- Baxter's*, Richard, "History of the Councils," 268; "Life and Times," 292.
- Bayley*, Rev. Mr., 543.
- Beau Yard*, Society in, 89.
- Beattie's*, Dr., "Inquiry after Truth," 390; Poems, 432.
- Beau Nash*, 103.
- Bedford*, 295, 431.
- Bedlam*, Moorfields, 132.
- Beggars*, a town of, 439.
- Belfast*, 284, 285, 477.
- "*Belisarius*," 395.
- Bell*, George, 321.
- Bellamy*, Mrs., Life of, 619.
- Belper*, 597.
- Belton*, 517.
- Bengeworth*, 471.
- Benson*, good Bishop, mentioned, 604.
- Berkeley Castle*, 414.
- Berridge*, Rev. Mr., 317.
- Berwick-on-Tweed*, 224, 496, 594.
- Bethnal Green Church*, Wesley preaches in, 432; Hamlet, distress in, 448.
- Beveridge's*, Bishop, "*Pandectæ*," 29.
- Beverley Minster*, 348, 349.
- Beudley*, 490.
- Billingsgate* language, at North Tawton, 341.
- Bingham*, congregation at, 373.
- Bingley*, 435, 481, 493, 509, 565.
- Binlington*, a young clergyman at, 568.
- Birds*, singing of, in Isle of Man, 523.
- Birmingham*, 56, 471, 490, 537, 538, 574, 620.
- Birr*, Ireland, 580.
- Birstal*, lovefeast at, 315; the standard first set up at, 406; mentioned, 454, 481, 529, 535, 553, 554, 565.
- Chapel, the case of, 554.
- Birthdays*, Wesley's reflections on his, 413, 443, 457, 479, 517, 551, 563, 588, 616, 622.
- Bishop of Exeter*, Wesley dines with, 538.
- of Gloucester, an hour with the, 604.
- of London, waited on, 157.
- of Londonderry, conversation with, 352; Wesley dines with, 424.
- Bishop's Court*, Isle of Man, 524.
- Miss, school at Keynsham, 531, 613.
- Blackburn*, 509, 558.
- Blackburne*, Archdeacon, 593.
- Black Mountain*, Ireland, ride over, 585.
- Rock, Lady Arabella Denny's seat at, 542.
- Blacksmith*, talk with a, 173, 174.
- Blackwattertown*, 587.
- Blackwell's*, Mr., house at Lewisham, 295, 467.
- "Sacred Classics," noticed, 605.
- Blair*, Dr. Hugh, criticism on, 495.
- Blase Castle*, 553.
- Blazed trees*, 45.
- Boarding schools*, fashionable, effects of, 387.
- Boating in the Fens*, 419.
- Bodmin*, 481.
- Böhler*, Peter, 53-6, 58-62, 69, 72, 77.
- Bolton*, 480, 520, 558, 593, 608, 614, 621; Sunday Schools at, 608, 615.
- Cross, stone-throwing at, 227.
- Bolton's*, Mr., works, 537.
- Boothbank*, Cheshire, 256.
- Borlase*, Dr., conduct of, 196, 198.
- Boroughbridge*, 514.
- Bosanquet*, Mary, 427-29, 482.
- Boscawen*, lines from his translation of Horace, 587.
- Boston*, 515, 516.
- Boyd*, Rev. Mr., 477.
- Boyne*, passage of the, 400.
- Brackenhury*, R. C., Esq., 498, 500, 501, 527, 598, 601, 612.
- Bradford*, 428, 454, 481, 509, 557.
- Joseph, 428, 469, 521.
- Bradshaw House*, 404.
- Brainerd*, David, 450, 600.
- Bramley*, 508.
- Brammah*, William, 454.
- Bray's*, Dr., associates, Wesley writes to, 32.
- Brechin*, the Provost's son cured, 361.
- Bridewell*, 128.
- Bridge*, stupendous, near Dunbar, 594.
- Bristol*, 95, 96, 109, 112, 118, 123, 124, 128, 130, 132, 153, 178, 212, 213, 256, 281, 282, 302, 307, 308, 350, 353, 400-402, 432, 433, 446, 448, 462, 468, 470, 504, 517, 532, 533, 553, 554, 557, 597.
- Broadbent*, Mr., 598, 604.
- Bromley*, new preaching-house at, 395.
- Brompton*, Kent, 619.
- Broughty Castle*, 321, 322.
- Brown*, The, "an ill-looking house," 290.
- Brown*, Dr., on Shaftesbury's "Characteristics," 365.
- Buchanan*, George, criticized, 367.
- Buckingham*, Mr., 519.
- Bull-baiting* at Pensford, 156.
- Bunhill Fields*, Mrs. Susanna Wesley's grave in, 162.

- Burglars* break into the City-road house, 568.
- Burial*, difference between English and Scotch method of, 407.
- Burnet's*, Dr., "Theory of the Earth," 368.
- Burnley*, town-crier silenced, 564.
- Burslem*, great changes at, 520; the society at, 558; visited, 577; a good prelude at, 604.
- Busfield*, Mr., beautiful grounds of, 481, 493.
- Bury*, Peel's calico works at, 608.
- Butler*, Bishop, 361.
- Buxton*, 542.
- Byrom*, Dr., 399, 400.
- Byron's*, Commodore, "Narrative," 365.
- Calamy's*, Dr., abridgment of Baxter's Life, 268.
- Caledon*, 586.
- Calvinists* at Congleton, 533.
- Camborne*, 261, 262, 530.
- Cambridge*, 569.
- Camelford*, 539.
- Campbell's*, Dr., answer to Hume, 365.
- Canterbury*, 247, 248, 263, 290, 364, 402, 420, 613, 619.
- Carborough*, 469, 470.
- Cardiff Castle*, Wesley preaches in, 461.
- Cardigan*, 459.
- Carlisle*, 369, 370, 437, 512, 593.
- Cardmarthen*, 503.
- Carn Brae*, description of, 374.
- Carolina*, 29, 33, 34, 36, 44.
- Carse of Gowry*, 361, 407, 559.
- Cartoons*, Raphael's, criticism on, 517.
- Castlebar*, Charter School at, 397; Methodist Church at, 399; lovely family at, 423; visited, 585.
- Castle Barnard*, Ireland, description of, 283, 605.
- Castleman*, Mr., of Bristol, 554.
- Castleton*, Isle of Man, 523.
- Cathanger*, an old house near Taunton, 482.
- Cats*, anecdote of, 614.
- Caulfield*, Rev. Mr., of Killyman, 587.
- Causton*, Mr., 37, 39, 41.
- Cavan*, 586.
- Cavenac*, General, conversation with, 304.
- Cave's* "Primitive Christianity," Wesley abridges, 247.
- Chandler*, Joseph, conduct of, 129.
- Channel Islands*, visit to, 609-13.
- Chapel*, a new, for London, 433, 444, 449.
- Chapel-en-le-Frith*, 592.
- Charlemont*, good quarters at, 478.
- Charlemont's*, Lord, seat, 480.
- Charles I.*, at Holmby House, 381; death of, 572.
- Charles II.*, last moments of, 395.
- Charlestown*, 28, 33, 46.
- Charter-House*, 293.
- Charter Schools*, Ireland, state of, 585.
- Chatham*, 359, 382, 485, 487, 569, 602, 617.
- Cheltenham*, 359.
- Cherry*, Thomas, a martyr to screaming, 390.
- Chester*, 252, 253, 306, 434, 588, 608, 621.
- Chesterfield*, 444.
- Chesterfield's*, Lord, "Letters," 430.
- Chew-Magna*, 567.
- Chicasawos*, life amongst the, 38.
- "*Choheloth* ; or, *The Preacher*," 358.
- Chowent*, the vicar of, lends the church, 435.
- Christ-church*, Oxford, "lovely mansions," 483.
- "*Christian Library*," 266.
- Church of England*, separation from the, considered, 617.
- Cicero*, mentioned, 517.
- "*Circular Letter*," the, warns Provost Dixon not to receive "those heretics," 391.
- City-road Chapel*, laying the foundation of, 450, 451; opening of, 484, 485; Wesley preaches at, 487, 507, 519, 552, 588, 591, 619, 620.
- Clarke*, Dr. Adam, 611, 612.
- , Dr. Samuel, and Leibnitz, 423.
- Class-Leader*, note from a, 213.
- Class-Meeting*, first Methodist, 153.
- Clayton*, Mr., 13, 57.
- Claygy*, the, and the Methodists, 192, 617.
- Clifford's*, Lord, woods at King's Weston, 553.
- Clifton*, a good day's work at, 97; mentioned, 101.
- Clogher*, 377.
- Clones*, 476, 586.
- Clonmel*, praise of, 282.
- Clough*, transformation at, 435.
- Clulow*, Mr., consultation with, 614.
- Coalbrook Dale*, bridge at, 492.
- Cobham*, gardens at, 381.
- Cockermouth Castle*, 258, 511.
- Coke*, Dr., his first interview with Wesley, 444, 445, 529, 530, 567.
- Colchester*, 540, 572.
- *Castle*, 300, 571.
- Cole*, Joseph, 615.
- Coleraine*, 476.
- Colliers*, near Newcastle, 168-70.
- Collins*, Mr., 536, 541.
- Colne*, 436, 454, 493, 509.
- Cologne*, 76.
- Concert* by Wesley's nephews, 519.
- Conference*, London (1759), 301; Leeds (1766), 350; Bristol (1768), 363; Leeds (1772), 398; London (1773), 401; Bristol (1774), 415; Leeds (1775), 427; Bristol (1777), 461; in Ireland (1778), 479; Leeds (1778), 481; Bristol (1780), 517; Leeds (1781), 529; Bristol (1783), 553; Leeds (1784), 565; in Ireland (1785), 588; London (1785), 589; Bristol (1786), 598; in Ireland (1787), 607; Leeds (1789), 617.
- Confession* of a young man in Newgate, 127.
- Congleton*, 533, 577.
- Congress*, a member of the first, 505.
- Controversialist*, a mounted, 157, 158.
- Conventicle Act*, consultation with Clulow on the, 614.
- Conway*, 286.
- Conyers*, Rev. Dr., 540.
- Cope*, General, defeat of, 203.
- Corfe Castle*, 415, 416.
- Cork*, 378, 473, 581, 582; a model Mayor of, 230-35.
- Cornwall*, 196-202, 217, 246, 261, 262, 279, 306, 307, 320, 321, 351, 374, 415, 416, 444-47, 481, 530, 539.
- "*Correspondence* between Theodosius and Constantia," 432.
- Country life*, mistaken praise of, 352.
- County Towns* in Ireland, 336.
- Covenant*, renewing the, 396, 432, 468, 488, 571, 591, 620.
- Coventry*, 502, 503, 604.
- Cove of Cork*, 232.
- Covetousness*, a rich man warned against, 271.
- Cowbridge*, 504.
- Cowley*, the poet, 517.
- Cownley*, Joseph, 254.
- Cross Hall*, 429.
- Crossing* the Trent, 183; the Severn, 183.
- Crowle*, Mr. Ashbourn's tomb at, 501.
- Crow-Patrick*, ascent of, 318.
- Dales*, the, 409.
- Dalrymple's*, Sir John, "Memoirs of the Revolution," 395.
- Dargle*, scene on the, 339, 340.
- Darlaston*, mob at, 179, 180, 186-88; visited, 575.
- Darlington*, 450, 495, 595.
- Darnley*, Lord, bones of, 512.
- David*, Christian, talks with, 83-7.
- Dawby*, Isle of Man, 525.
- Deal*, Wesley lands at, 50; preaches in the inn at, 53.
- Debt* of the Society in London, 333.
- Decknatel*, Mr., 76.
- Deed of Declaration*, 573.
- De Jersey*, Mr., visit to, 611.
- Delamotte*, Mr. Charles, 15, 16, 21, 29, 30, 32, 33, 40, 59.
- Delap*, Mr., kills a mad dog, 479.
- Delft*, 544.
- Delph*, 507.
- Demosthenes*, mentioned, 517.
- Denny*, Lady Arabella, 542.
- Derby*, mob at, 326; roof falls in, 455; mentioned, 537, 542, 596, 597.
- Derry-aghy*, Wesley laid up at, 425.
- Dettingen*, John Haime at the battle of, 185.
- Devizes*, uproar at, 211.
- Devsbury Chapel*, the case of, 617.
- Dispensary* for the poor, the first in London, 210, 211.
- Diss*, visit to, 625.
- Dissenters*, the real, 127.
- Dodd*, Dr., 449-51, 456.
- Doddridge*, Dr., 267, 268.
- Dog* and raven, anecdote of, 621.
- Doncaster*, 444, 535, 563.
- Dorking*, 507.
- Dorset*, Duke of, seat of, 517.
- Douglas*, Dr., 537.
- *Isle of Man*, 451-53, 523.
- Dover*, 352, 376, 420, 613, 619.
- Downes*, John, death of, 417; a great genius, 418.
- Downham*, 590.
- Downpatrick*, 477.
- Dresden*, visit to, 79, 80.
- Druidical temple* at Kilfinnane, 583.
- Drummond*, Dr., attends Wesley, 554.
- Dublin*, 217, 218, 220, 254, 305, 365, 376, 397, 422, 463, 464-66, 472, 541, 542, 578, 588, 605.
- Dudley*, 326, 620.
- *Castle*, 326.
- Dumfries*, gardens near, 616.
- Dunbar*, 408, 513, 594.
- *Rev. Mr.*, at Nairn, 408.
- Dundee*, 408, 409, 536, 559, 560, 561.
- *Lord*, a "monster of cruelty," 300.
- Dunqarvan Ferry*, 581.
- Dunleary*, 541.
- Dunmore*, a delightful place, 245.
- Durham*, 412, 413, 514.
- *Castle*, 513.
- Dutch prisoners* at Winchester, 555; supper, 599.
- *the*, a warmly affectionate people, 550.
- Earthquake* at London (1750), 238.
- , fear of an, 322; at Lisbon, 359.
- Easter Day*, a good, 575, 621.
- East Indies*, no call thither yet, 550.
- Eccleshall*, 435.
- Ecclesiastes*, Book of, 358.
- Edinburgh*, 314, 328, 346-48, 390, 408, 438, 441, 496, 498, 499, 536, 559, 593, 616.
- *High School*, 327, 328.
- Edmundson*, William, "Journal" of, 339.
- Edwards*, Mrs., school at Lambeth, 487.
- Electricity*, Franklin's discoveries in, 255; virtues of, 358, 402.
- Electrifying*, Wesley resorts to, 287, 344.

- Elgin*, 560, 561.
Eliot, Mr., of New England, saying of, 328.
Ely, roads through, 590.
Ephraim Syrus, "Exhortations" of, 30.
Epitaph, Wesley's, on himself, 266.
Epworth, 159-61, 195, 196, 206, 223, 277, 322, 501, 502, 535, 536, 562, 563, 617.
 "Essay on Taste," criticism on, 490.
Ethics, a system of, taught by Wesley, 215.
Exeter, 121, 173, 538.
Experience Meeting, weekly, origin of, 60, 153.
Extempore Preaching, Wesley's first trial of, 433.
Extraordinary affections, 98, 99, 119, 120, 593.
Eyre Court, 580.
Eyre's, Lord, inscription over the door at, 423.
- Fakenham*, Norfolk, 532.
Falconberg's, Miss, Amsterdam, a supper at, 599.
Fall, Rev. Dr., Waterford, 581.
Falmouth, mob at, 200.
Farce at Newcastle, 184.
 "Further Appeal," effect of the, 208.
Fast Day, a memorable (1756), 281; national (1762), 317; on account of scarcity (1773), 396; (1775), 429; national (1776), 448; (1778), 470; (1779), 489; (1781), 519; (1781), 533.
Faversham, warning to the mob and magistrates at, 343.
Fellowship, Christian, the necessity of, 533.
Fenlon, Archbishop, 374.
Fenwick, Michael, 512.
Ferguson, Mr., Amsterdam, 547.
Ferry, a remarkable, 529.
Fetter-lane, Society at, 60, 92, 107, 116; interior of chapel, 92.
Field-preaching, begun, 95; champions against, 118; merits of, 227, 301.
Findhorn, crossing the, 560.
Findlater, Earl of, 439.
Finstock, a "delightful solitude," 484.
Fire, at Kingswood School, 294; near the Foundry, 418; near City-road Chapel, 519.
Fletcher, Mrs. Mary, 427-29.
 —, Rev. John, 288-90, 331, 461, 468, 492, 529, 533, 565, 569, 590, 602, 613.
Flood at Hayfield, Derbyshire, 228.
Foley, Ambrose, at Quinton, 574, 575.
Fontenoy, Methodist soldiers at, 207.
Forbes, 560.
Fort Glen, 560, 561.
Fothergill, Dr., advice of, 265.
Foundry, the, 133, 157, 239, 248, 295, 321, 333, 344, 363, 383, 397, 433, 485; Wesley's last night at the, 503.
Fox, Mr., 56-8.
Francke, Professor, 79, 88.
Frankfort, visit to, 77.
Franklin, Dr., discoveries of, 255.
 — Miss, preaches in Norfolk, 532.
Fraser, Mr., of Inverness, 499.
Frederica, 24, 29, 30, 32, 47, 105, 106.
Free-thinkers, seldom close thinkers, 362.
French Church, Spitalfields, 279.
 — fleet, off Plymouth, 504; Ahithophels, 505; invasion expected, 185; prisoners, 294, 302, 308, 505.
Frenchmen at Highgate and Savannah, 44.
French Prophets, 93, 110, 593.
Frome, "gentlemen" at, 483.
Frost, severe (January, 1776), 432.
Fry's "Marriage between Near Relations," 286, 590.
Fulneck, Moravian settlement at, 508, 509.
- Gainsborough*, lively lovefeast at, 515.
Gallows, Dutch, pleasant prospect from, 544.
Galway, 397.
Gambleby, 511.
Gambold, Rev. John, 373, 374.
Gardiner, Colonel, conversion of, 366.
Garrick, curious anecdote of, 619.
Garth Heads, 527.
Gateshead Fell, rough journey over, 190, 191; Wesley preaches at, 527.
Gawksyam, sylvan theatre at, 300.
General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, 328, 346.
 "General Delusion of Christians with Regard to Prophecy," an odd book, 245.
 "Gentleman's Reasons for Dissent," noticed, 274.
George III., misstatement about, corrected, 482; betrayed on every side, 505; an excellent speaker, 591.
 — Mr., mentioned, 568.
Georgia, voyage to, 15; return from, 45; mentioned, 25, 38, 42, 43, 73, 89, 106, 124, 346, 373, 500; Board of Trustees for, 33, 54.
Germans, on board ship, 16; behaviour of, on shore, 21; at Frederica, 30; in Ireland, 304; in London, 468, 488.
Germany, visit to, 73-89.
Gesner's "Death of Abel," 321.
Giant's Causeway, 476.
Glamis Castle, 313, 314.
Glasgow, 259, 291, 356, 388, 406, 496, 497, 593.
 — Cathedral, 291.
Gloucester, 111, 112, 533, 553, 554, 606.
Godmanchester, 485.
Gordon, Lord George, interview with, in the Tower, 518; indictment against, 519.
 — Mrs. Admiral, Wesley sups with, 438.
 — Rev. Mr., Keith, kindness of, 498.
Gordon's, Duke of, new house, 561.
Goudicheau, Mr., case of, 299.
Gracehill, Moravian settlement in Ireland, 587.
Graham of Claverhouse, 396.
Grange Green, near Forres, 498.
Grant, Colonel, 561.
 — Sir Archibald, 313, 314, 329.
 — Sir Lodowick, hospitality of, 498; a seasonable visit to, 561.
Grassington, 509.
Gratton, a changeable parson at, 490.
Gravesend, 15, 74, 396.
Gray, the poet, 448, 449.
Greaves, Rev. Mr., assists Wesley, 344.
Green, William, 455.
Greenock, 387.
Greenside, near Newcastle, 527.
Gregory, the real patron saint of England, 400.
Gregory's, Dr., "Advice to his Daughters," 406.
Grimsby, 346, 500.
Grinshavn, Rev. William, 225, 226, 300, 309, 493.
 "Grounds of the Old Religion," criticism on, 169.
Guernsey, visit to, 609-612.
Guion, Madame, 373.
Guthrie's "History of Scotland," 367.
Gutter-lane, Society in, 89.
Gwennap Pit, Wesley preaches in, 320.
- H* —, Earl of, conversation with, 594.
Haarlem, 546, 549, 550.
Hackney, Black and White House at, 270, 271.
Hagley Park, 538.
Hague, the, 544, 545, 599.
- Haime*, John, 184, 185, 207, 257.
Halifax, 403, 493.
Halle, visit to, 78, 80.
Hamilton, Dr., 615.
Hampton Court, 385, 386.
Hanby, Mr. Thomas, 589.
Handel, 297; the "Messiah" of, 298.
Hannam, lunatic asylum at, 531.
 — Mount, 98, 100.
Harcourt, Lord, visit to seat of, 567.
Harewood, 494.
Harris, Howell, 109, 130, 394.
Harvey's, Miss, school, 570, 613.
Harwich, 552, 598, 601.
Hatfield, 213, 214, 602, 603; a Justice's justice, 393.
Haverfordwest, 459, 522, 566.
Hawker, Rev. Mr., of Plymouth, 604.
Hawke's, Sir Edward, victory, 302.
Hawkesworth, Dr., 528.
Hawkins, Sir John, dinner with, 432.
Haworth Church, 225, 349, 435, 493.
Hebrides, Dr. Anderson on the, 593.
Helston, 530.
Helvoetsluys, the company in an inn at, 601.
Henderson's, Mr., house for lunatics, 531.
Henley-green, 558.
Henry, Philip, quoted, 372.
 — VIII. and the Abbays, 532.
Heptonstall, 404, 493, 509, 564.
Herbert, Lord, a "wild knight-errant," 402.
Herrnhuth, 53, 78, 88; visit to, 81-6.
Hertford, 468; scene at school at, 384; mob at, 396.
Heylyn, Rev. Dr., 64; "Lectures of," 267.
Highgate, 539, 540.
Hildesley, Bishop, 524.
Hill, Rowland, "truly wonderful performance of," 457.
Hinckley, 604.
Hinsworth, 540, 569, 613.
Hilton, John, leaves the Connexion, 462.
 — Park, amiable family at, 577.
Holland, visits to, 74-6, 543-52, 599-601.
Hollanders, a warmly affectionate people, 550.
Holman, Mrs., 469.
Holmby House, Wesley preaches at, 381.
 "Holy Club," origin of, 8, 12.
Holyhead, 521, 578.
Holy Island, 328.
Holyrood House, 314, 512.
Homer, genius of, 224.
Homilies, the, 43.
Hooke's "Roman History," 382.
Hopper, Christopher, 239, 241, 242, 249.
Horace's praise of a country life, criticism on, 352; quotation from, 587.
Horne, Dr., on Justification, answered, 317.
Hoskins, Mr., of Cubert, on wrecking, 445.
Hospitals, Dr. Stephen's, and the Royal, Dublin, 229; Royal, for sick and wounded sailors, 573.
Hot weather, remarkably, 504.
Hotwells, Bristol, 267, 268.
House of Lords, visits to the, 572, 591.
House, the little, under the wood, 353.
Howard, John, interview with, 607.
Howth, view of, 341.
Huddersfield, 454.
Huddleston, Father, 395, 396.
Hull, mob at, 251; change in, 414.
Humane Society, Wesley preaches for the, 467; at Cork, 606.
Hume, David, answered by Campbell, 365; by Beattie, 390.
Hunslet, 508.
Hunter, Mr., takes Mr. Wesley's likeness, 340.

- Hunter's*, Dr., Lectures, 603.
Huntingdon, 540.
 —, Lady, 299, 300, 352; troubles caused by her preachers, 500.
Husk, General, letter to, 205.
Hutchinsonians, the, 374.
Hutchinson's "Works" noticed, 289, 298.
Hutton, Mr. James, 60.
- I'Anson*, Sir Thomas, 325.
Ignatius, advice of, 168.
Iilton, 597.
Ina, King, palace of, 482.
Increase of the population and trade, 436, 446.
Independency, desire of, "the fashionable disease," 575.
Independent Companies, in Ireland, keep the Papists in order, 472.
Indians, North American, 20, 21, 25, 26, 118, 255, 561.
Ingham, Rev. Benjamin, 15, 16, 30, 32, 74, 410.
Innkeepers, at Nairn, 330; near Evesham, 345.
Inns, Wesley has family prayers in, in Scotland, 330; preaches in, at Deal, and Faversham, 52, 53; expense of Dutch, 551.
Interruption, a threatening, 129.
Invasion, French, expected, 185.
Inverness, 329, 499, 561.
Inverurie, 499.
Ireland, 217, 218, 220-23, 228-36, 254, 255, 282, 296-98, 304-306, 318-20, 336-40, 354, 355, 365, 366, 376-79, 397-400, 422-27, 472-80, 505, 521, 541, 542, 578 88, 606-607; farewell to, 607.
Irish cabin, scene in a, 338, 339.
 — language, difficulties of the, 585.
 — Rebellion, incident of the, 377.
Isle of Man, 451-53, 523-26.
Islington, 61, 106.
Italian, service in, at Savannah, 44.
- Jacobites*, the, 273.
Jamaica, anecdote about the governor of, 515.
James I., an "odd mixture," 367.
 — *II.*'s "idle tale," 395.
 — *V.* of Scotland, bones of, 512.
 —, "good" Mr., hires a drummer, 466.
Jane, John, preaches in the stocks, 436.
Jatterson, a "gentleman" at, 460.
Jefferies, Judge, at South Petherton, 482.
Jena, visit to, 78.
Jersey, visit to, 611, 612.
Jewish citizens, how they observed the fast (February, 1756), 281.
 — parishioners, Wesley's, 33.
Jews Synagogue, Rotterdam, 89; picture of a modern, 368; Leoni singing at, 369.
Johnson, Dr., his "Tour to the Western Isles," 438; "Tour through Scotland," 526; Wesley spends two hours with him, 555, 556.
 — Miss, plain dress of, 550.
Joppa, near Edinburgh, 512.
Jumpers, Welsh, 593.
Justices, Staffordshire, 182; Surrey, 189.
Justification, what it is, 125.
- Kames*, Lord, criticism on his "Essays," 407; "Sketches," 528.
Keighley, 534.
Keith, 439, 498.
Kempis, "Christian's Pattern," 66.
Kennington Common, 108, 109, 115.
Kensington Gardens, 268, 269.
Kershaw, Dr., vicar of Leeds, 495.
Keynsham, Miss Bishop's school at, 531, 613.
Kilchreest, 584.
- Kilfinnane*, 582.
Kilkenny, 245, 305, 319, 320, 355, 472.
Killeshandra, 586.
Kilmore, 586.
Kinchin, Rev. Charles, 56-8.
King, Wesley's projected Address to the, 188.
 "Kingdom of God," what it is, 121, 122.
Kingsdown, 504.
King's Weston, woods at, 553.
Kingswood, 97, 119, 122, 123, 168, 307, 345, 350, 394, 401, 531, 618.
 — School, 123, 239, 246, 342, 343, 345, 351, 361, 367, 380, 394, 401, 448, 470, 505, 531, 533, 557, 567, 598, 613, 619; fire at, 294; tree planted near, 482.
Kinsale, 582.
Kirton, behaviour of a gentleman at, 515.
Knightsbridge, 572.
Knor's "History of the Church of Scotland," 348.
 —, Vicesimus, "Essays," criticism on, 517.
Koker, Dr., of Rotterdam, 74.
- Lambeth*, new chapel at, 487.
Lane-end, 577.
Langholm, 559.
Lascelles, Mr., seat at Harewood, 494.
Lauderdale House, Highgate, 539, 540.
Laughter, strange spirit of, 131.
Launceston, 444, 481, 539.
Lawington, Bishop, 374.
Law, Rev. William, on "Christian Perfection," 17, 66; mentioned, 541.
Laws, Dr., "a sensible physician," 425.
Leasowes, beauties of the, 538.
Leadbury, 565.
Leeds, 207-209, 237, 303, 315, 350, 406, 427, 481, 494, 495, 508, 529, 535, 565.
Leek, Staffordshire, 414, 542.
Leibnitz, Dr., and Clarke, 423.
Leicester, 456, 502, 543.
Lending-stock for the poor, Wesley founds, 218; increases it, 353.
Leoni, the Jewish singer, 369.
Lesley, Rev. Dr., a good host, 479.
Leven's, Lord, visit to, 561.
Lever's, Sir Ashton, Museum, 506.
Lewisham, 295, 467, 505, 506.
Lewis's "Hebrew Antiquities," revision of, 247.
Leyden, 546, 599.
Leytonstone, the family at, 343.
Licensing of preachers and chapels, 614.
Lichfield Cathedral, 272, 273.
Limerick, the Highland regiment at, 244; the Treaty Stone, 296; large congregations at, 474; visited, 583.
Lincoln, 516, 622.
Lisbon, earthquake at, 359.
Lisburn, patients at, 399; lovefeast at, 478.
Little Leigh, changes at, 492.
Liverpool 273, 335, 360, 421, 434, 440, 471, 521, 558, 578, 621.
Llandaff, 323, 324, 461.
Local Preachers, desire of independency among, 575.
Lochlevin Castle, 361.
Loddon, the careless ones at, 519.
Logic, remarks on, 215.
London, 53, 55, 60, 61, 74, 89, 106, 120, 125, 126, 157, 184, 238, 246, 255, 264, 266, 278, 281, 286, 290, 302, 317, 321, 322, 333, 343, 350, 363, 367, 374, 376, 383, 396, 400, 417, 418, 420, 421, 429, 432, 433, 444, 448, 462, 466-68, 467, 503, 505-507, 518, 519, 530, 532, 567-73, 588-91, 602, 603, 619, 620, 625.
Londonderry, 377, 378, 399, 423, 424.
Long-Acre, chapel in, 72.
Longevity and health, means conducive to, 616.
- Long-lane*, Southwark, riot in, 151; chapel in, 385.
Longtown, the last town in England, 559.
Lord — finds it "very hot," 168.
Lord's Supper, the, after the Christmas festival, 421.
Lost on the mountains, 302, 303, 310.
Loten, Miss, interprets for Wesley, 600.
Loughborough, 543.
Louth, 501.
Lovefeast, first at Birstal, 315.
Lowestoft, 448, 489, 489, 556.
Lowness of spirits, cure for, 111.
Louth, Bishop, 343-45, 372.
Loyal, Rev. Mr., Rotterdam, 543.
Lucian's "Dialogues," 442.
Lunatic Asylum, Mr. Henderson's, 531.
Luther, Martin, remarks on his "Life," 229.
Lutheran service at Bertholdsdorf, 82; ministers, superiority of, 468.
Lutherans on the Lord's Day, 76; enemies to Herrnhuth, 87.
Luton, Wesley preaches in the church, 384; new room at, 485, 540, 569.
Lynn, 382, 432, 590, 603, 624, 625.
Lyttelton's, Lord, "Dialogues of the Dead," 373; Works, 433.
- M'Allum*, Mr., 561.
Macclesfield, Rev. D. Simpson's church at, 403, 533, 577.
M'Donnell, Mr., murder of, 606.
M'Geary, John, 567.
Mackenzie, "good Mr.," Inverness, 499.
Maclaine's, Dr., translation of "Mosesheim," 379.
Madan, Rev. M., 300, 335.
Madeley, 330, 331, 414, 490, 533, 569.
 — Wood, new chapel in, 492.
Madness, religion treated as, 133.
Magazine, a monthly, 462, 466, 467, 506.
Malvern Hills, 585.
 — Wells, 458.
Manchester, 56, 57, 257, 273, 359, 360, 387, 433, 434, 520, 521.
Manners, good, a lesson in, 515.
Manorhamilton, 585.
Marazion, 530.
March, Miss, plain dress of, 550.
Margate, opening of chapel at, 590.
Marienborn, visit to, 77.
Marriages, lawfulness of, 286, 590.
Marsay, Life of Count, 427.
Marshalsea Prison, visit to the, 255, 358; in the eighteenth century, 357.
Maryleport-street, Bristol, 123.
Mary, Queen of Scots, needlework by, 361; misrepresented by Buchanan, 367; at Dunbar Castle, 613.
Mather, Mr. Alexander, 516, 603.
Mutlock Bath, 316.
Maxwell, Lady, visits to, 536, 559.
Meissen Castle, chinaware manufactory in, 79.
Melval House, visit to, 561.
 "Menders" of the Bible promote infidelity, 401.
Mentz Cathedral, 88.
Mere, the, near Amsterdam, 548.
Methodism, growth of, in fifty years, 574.
Methodists, the name, 14; not a fallen people, 461.
Microscopic animals, 298.
Midsummer-Norton, 446.
Milestones in Saxony, 78.
Miller, Mr., of Lurgan, ingenious statue by, 318.
Minster, Isle of Sheppey, 485, 487.
Minutes, large, Wesley explains to the Society, 518.
Misdirected, 331, 333.
Missionaries, proposal of sending to the East Indies, considered, 556.

- Mistlethorn*, 572.
Mitchell, Mr. Thomas, 516.
Mobs, at St. Ives, 177, 190; at Wednesday, Walsall, and Darlaston, 178-82, 186-89; in Cornwall, 197-201; at Leeds, 209; at Shepton, 209, 219; at Plymouth, 217; at Roughlee, 226; at Cork, 230-35, 242-45; at Bolton, 238; at Holyhead, 240; at Bandon, 243, 244; at Hull, 251; at Chester, 252; at Dublin, 254; at Birmingham, 325; at Derby, 326; at Faversham, 343; at Stallbridge, 350; at Norwich, 432; at Clough, 435; at Thame, 484.
 "Modern Christianity Exemplified at Wednesday," 187.
Moir, Lady, 422.
Monmouth, 458, 522.
 "Monthly Review," letter to the, 286.
Montrose, 594.
Monument to Mrs. S. Wesley, 164.
Moore, William, forms a Society for himself, 573.
Moorfields, 115, 131, 280, 286, 301, 429, 450.
Moravians, 44, 53, 68, 72, 77, 78, 374; lack of hospitality, 551, 587.
Morgan, Mr., jun., account of, 7.
 — Mr., sen., letter to, 7.
Morpeth, 594.
Morris, Mr., treachery of, at Sligo, 475.
Mosheim's "Ecclesiastical History," 379.
Mouncton Priory, 332.
Mount-Eagle, or Crow-Patrick, ascent of, 318.
Mount Florence, 585.
Mountmellick, 581.
Mountsorrel, 543.
Mumbles, the, 459.
Museum, British, 506; Sir Ashton Lever's, 506.
Nairn, 498, 561.
Nantwich, 492.
Neath, 504.
Nebuchadnezzar, history of, in tapestry, 518.
Negroes, conversation with, 35, 36, 46, 47, 511; good manners of one, 515.
Nelson, John, his birthplace, study, bust, and burial-place, 405; his preaching-chair, 406; dungeon, 464; sun-dial carved by, 455.
Nettle-rash, or prickly heat, case of, 568.
Newark, 514, 515, 603.
Newbiggin, Teesdale, 511.
Newburgh, Colonel, a venerable old man, 423.
Newbury, "red-hot patriots" at, 431; visit to, 601.
Newcastle-under-Lyme, 471, 577.
Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 56, 158, 163, 168-70, 172, 183, 184, 190-95, 202-205, 207, 224, 274, 275, 292, 441, 442, 450, 495, 594.
New Chapel, London, 433, 444, 449. See also *City-road Chapel*.
 — *Ebenezer*, Saltzburghers' settlement, 3.
 — *England*, 91, 277, 278.
Newgate, Bristol, 97, 98, 101, 130, 317, 531, 532.
 — *London*, 89, 91, 126, 150, 151, 163, 429, 487, 568, 570.
Newington, 468.
New Mills, Derbyshire, 433, 492.
Newnham, visit to, 567.
Newport Bay, 458, 459.
 — *Isle of Wight*, 532, 623.
 — *Monmouthshire*, 566.
Newton, Rev. John, "Experience of," 366.
Newton-upon-Trent, 515.
New Year, at the Foundery (1766), 344; (1770), 368; renewing the Covenant (1773), 396; (1776), 432; (1778), 468; at the New Chapel (1779), 488; (1780), 505; (1784), 556; (1785), 571; (1786), 591; reflections on (1790), 619.
Nightingales, vulgar errors as to, 557.
Nightly Cereus, description of the, 517.
Ninhead, 511.
Nitschman, David, 16, 21.
Nonconformists, usage of, 268.
Norden's "Travels," 356.
Norfolk's, Duke of, chapel at Sheffield, 529.
Northampton, 568.
 — *New England*, conversions at, 90.
Northwich, 492, 621.
Norwich, 277, 278, 301, 367, 419, 432, 489, 519, 532; Castle, 367.
Nottingham, 276, 456, 543, 556, 597.
Nuttal, Mrs., visit to, 558.
Nyon, Fletcher's birthplace, 289.
Oddie, James, Wesley lodges with sons-in-law of, 551.
Oglethorpe, Mr., 20, 21, 25, 27, 30, 31; Lady, 396.
Oldham, 492, 534.
Old Meldrum, 560.
 — *Ross*, 605.
 — *Sarum*, visit to, 270.
O'Leary, Father, interview with, 606.
O'Neale, Sir Phelim, barbarity of, 377.
Orphan House, at Halle, 79; at Herrnhuth, 82; at Newcastle, 164, 165, 202, 204, 205, 441.
Ostler, a fine name for the, 387.
Otley, 349, 509.
Outdoor preaching, 94.
Owen's, Miss, school at Publow, 401, 402, 429, 482, 487, 531.
Owston, 563.
Oxford, 7, 8, 54, 56-8, 67, 74, 90-2, 95, 111, 124, 125, 126, 190, 248, 367, 382, 417, 430, 431, 483, 540, 551, 552, 567, 589.
 — *University*, Wesley preaches before, 144, 190.
P — Mr., scrambles from the mob at Bolton, 237, 238.
Padiham, 492.
Painting things beyond the life, 221.
Palatines in Ireland, 283, 319.
Panic, at Alnwick and Newcastle, 500; at Carmarthen, 503; at Witney, 552.
Paoli, General Pascal, 556, 567.
Papal Release for Souls in Purgatory, 88.
Papists, on the Rhine, 76; in Yorkshire, 195.
Parker, Mr., ex-Mayor of Bedford, 295.
Pastoral visitation, of great importance, 402.
Pateley Bridge, 510.
Pawson, Mr. John, 529, 589.
Pebworth Church, 471.
Peckham, 556, 619.
Peel, Isle of Man, 524.
 — Mr. (the first Sir Robert), Wesley breakfasts with, 608.
Pelican, the, 623.
Pembroke, 332, 460, 503, 521.
Penmaenmawr, 286.
Penn, Sir William, the Life of, 591.
Pennant's "Journey through Scotland," 439, 527.
Penwith, 511.
Pensford, bull-baiting rabble at, 156.
Penance, 446, 447, 613.
Perfection, the doctrine of, 445, 500.
Perronet, Rev. Vincent, 264, 344, 569; death of, 582.
Perry, Judith, death of, 590.
Perth, 388, 407, 438; freedom of, presented to Wesley, 389.
Phoenix Park, Dublin, 229.
Picture, celebrated, in Winchester Cathedral, 532.
Pikelow, getting over, 511.
Pike's "Philosophia Sacra," 281, 287.
Pithay, Bristol, 123.
Pitt, Mr., mentioned, 617.
Placey, pattern Society at, 292.
Plenderleith, good Mr., 560.
Plymouth, French and Spanish fleets at, 504; mentioned, 538, 573, 604.
 — *Dock*, Wesley shakes hands with the mob at, 217; visited, 573, 574, 617.
Poor and sick, visits to, 255, 256, 396, 448, 468, 573; begging for the, 571, 591, 603.
Pope a devout, 597.
 — *Clement XII.*, 88.
Popery, less dangerous than infidelity, 36; advantages of converts to, 343; increase of, 506.
Portarlington, 581.
Port Isaac, 538.
Portsmouth, 505.
Post-chaise drivers, combination of, on Bath road, 468.
Potter's, "Grecian Antiquities," revision of, 246.
Prayer, forms of, 58; answers to, 165, 166, 485, 531, 556.
Preachers in the Isle of Man "well-looking," 525.
 — *local*, in the Isle of Man, 526.
Preaching, in sleep, 260; extempore, 433; three times to the same congregation, 623.
Preston, 558.
Pretender, the, 202.
Price's, Dr., "Observations upon Liberty," 434, 446.
 — Mrs., boarding school, 574.
Priestley, Dr., on electricity, 358; his "English Grammar," 372.
Prince's "Christian History" noticed, 256.
Prisoners, French and English, 294; French, 302, 308, 505; American, 503; Dutch, 555.
Proclamation against rioters, good effects of, 190.
Prosperous Ireland, 579, 588.
Providence, Divine, reality of, 528, 529.
Publow, "the lovely children" at, 402, 429, 482, 531.
Pudsey, 509.
Pull's Ferry, Norwich, 277.
Purbeck, Isle of, 416.
Puritans, remarks on the, 216.
Pye's, Dr., ingenious tract, 376.
Quack, an egregious, Wesley delivers an honest man from, 527.
Quakers, intercourse with, 57, 58, 111, 129, 177, 339.
Quarterly Meeting, General, 519; at Redruth, 530.
Queensborough, 487.
Queen's Ferry, crossing the, 562.
 — *House*, Wesley walks through the, 420.
Quinton, 574, 620.
Rahans, near Castlebar, a pleasant seat with pleasant inhabitants, 376.
Raithby, chapel at, 501.
Ramsey, Mr., case of, 127, 151.
Raphael, cartoons of, 517.
Raynal's, Abbé, "History" criticized, 472.
Rayner's, Samuel, Bradford, 557.
Reading, 449.
Rebellion of 1745, a story of the, 559.
Redmire, 410.
Redruth, 530.

- Reformation Society*, Wesley preaches for the, 400.
- Regulet*, Mr., at Utrecht, 551.
- Reid's*, Dr., Essay, criticism on, 407.
- Rhetoric* taught by Wesley, 215.
- Rhine*, the, 76.
- Richardson*, Rev. Mr., 487, 519.
- Rev. Mr., Haworth, 509.
- Richmond*, Yorkshire, 410, 593.
- Ridley*, Alderman, letter to, 206.
- Riots*, at Bristol, 129, 132; at Long-lane, 151; at Darlaston, Walsall, Wednesbury, 178-82, 186-88; at Cork, 230-35, 242-45; at Bolton, 238; at Bandon, 243, 244; at Hull, 251; at Chester, 252; at Dublin, 254; at Stallbridge, 350.
- Ripon*, new chapel at, 510.
- Ritchie*, Mr., "good confession" of, 509.
- Roach*, old castle at, 459.
- Robertsbridge*, 469, 487.
- Robertson*, Dr., mistakes of, 368; "History of Charles V.," 389, 527; "History of America," 527.
- Rochdale*, 480.
- Rockingham's*, Marquis of, seat, 595.
- Rogers*, Dr., eight sermons by, 43.
- Romaine*, Rev. Mr., 300, 301.
- Roslyn Castle*, 512, 513.
- Rotherham*, 455.
- Rothwell*, class of children at, 455, 508.
- Rotterdam*, 74, 89, 543, 598.
- Roughlee*, mob at, 226, 227.
- Rouquet*, Miss, accomplishments of, 599.
- Rousseau*, criticized, 369, 408.
- "*Ruth*," an oratorio, 335.
- Rye*, the difficulty of, 469.
- Ryle's*, Mr., silk mill, 608.
- S**—, Dr., a great genius in little things, 384.
- Salisbury*, 55, 74, 416, 589.
- Salisbury's*, Lord, seat at Hatfield, 603.
- Salmon*, Mr. Joseph, 492.
- , Mr. Matthew, 492.
- Saltburghers*, settlement of the, 38.
- Sanderson*, Mr., changes his mind, 586.
- Sarney*, Mr., at Oxford, 54.
- Saughton Hall*, visit to, 536.
- Saunderson*, Hugh, 409, 512.
- Savannah*, Wesley arrives at, 21; mentioned, 30, 32, 36, 38, 41, 43, 44, 68, 105, 106.
- Savoy Chapel*, 62, 63, 89, 90.
- Saxe Gotha*, 78.
- Scarborough*, 442, 563.
- Scheveling*, 550.
- Scilly Isles*, 175, 176.
- Scone*, or *Scoon*, Royal Palace at, 361, 370.
- Scotchmen*, excessive royal patronage of, untrue, 482.
- Scotland*, 249, 250, 277, 278, 290-92, 311-14, 322, 327-31, 346-48, 356, 370, 371, 406-409, 437-41, 496-500, 512, 513, 536, 559-62, 589, 593, 594, 616.
- Seed's* Sermons, 336.
- Selkirk*, 559.
- Seller's* "History of Palmyra," 356.
- Sermons*, musings about, 481.
- Sevenoaks*, 420, 517, 556, 569.
- Shaftesbury*, the Mayor's message answered, 246.
- Shaftesbury's*, Lord, "Characteristics," 365.
- Shakespeare's Cliff*, 376.
- Shannon*, the, 221.
- Sharp*, Dr., on the "Rubrics and Canons," 275.
- Sheerness*, incivility of the Governor at, 487; remarkable building of chapel at, 602.
- Sheffield*, 316, 414, 529, 535, 563, 597.
- Shelburne's*, Lord, beautiful seat, 430.
- Shelton*, Mr., a rapid genius, 541.
- Shenstone*, the poet, 538.
- Shent*, Mary, funeral sermon on, 315.
- Sheridan's* "Lectures on Elocution," 426.
- Sheriff Hales*, Misses Yeomans' boarding school at, 533.
- Shinstra's*, Mr., "Letter," 379.
- Shoreditch Church*, Wesley preaches in, 590.
- Workhouse, comparison with, 548.
- Shoreham*, 264, 265, 573.
- Shrewsbury*, 491, 492, 519.
- Simeon*, Rev. Charles, 569, 613.
- Simpson*, John, 555.
- , Rev. D., 403, 533, 577.
- Simpson's*, Mr., school at Keynsham, 613.
- Singers* to be looked after, 378.
- Singing*, good, at Edinburgh, 496; in the Isle of Man, 525.
- Skelton*, Rev. Philip, "Works" of, 378.
- Slavery*, sermon on, at Bristol, 614.
- Slave Trade*, condemnation of the, 386, 449.
- Sligo*, the massacre at, 475; visited, 584, 585.
- Smith*, Mrs., and her two children, narrow escape of, 411; at Grange-green, 498.
- Smollett's*, Dr., "History of England," misstatements in, 493.
- Snowde*, Gwillam, case of, 127, 151.
- Snowfields Chapel*, 173, 289, 333, 619.
- Society*, beginning of, at Fetter-lane, 60; at Bristol, 96, 178.
- for the Reformation of Manners, 333, 344.
- Soldiers*, pious, 185, 244, 257, 269, 301.
- Solmes*, the Count of, and family, 77.
- Solway Frith*, 348.
- Southampton*, 555, 608.
- South Leigh Church*, Wesley preaches at, 381, 383.
- *Petherton*, 482.
- Spangenberg*, Mr., 20, 21, 38.
- Spanish fleet* off Plymouth, 504.
- Spencer*, Mr., unfulfilled designs of, 505.
- Spey*, crossing the, 560.
- Spitalfields*, 248, 279.
- Spring Gardens*, waxworks at the Museum in, 614.
- St. Alban's*, 372, 540; description of the Abbey, 373.
- *Andrew's*, 439-41.
- *Antholin's*, 487, 519.
- *Austell*, 530.
- *Bartholomew's*, scene changed at, 223.
- *Clement's*, in the Strand, 540.
- *David's*, 522.
- *Ethelburg's*, 573.
- *George* a mistake for Gregory, 400.
- *George's*, Bloomsbury, 71, 72.
- —, Southwark, 556.
- *Helier*, Jersey, 612.
- *Ives*, Cornwall, 177, 189, 481.
- —, Huntingdon, 419.
- *John's*, Clerkenwell, 90.
- —, style, 603.
- —, Wapping, 532.
- *Luke's Church*, Old-street, 487, 619.
- —, Hospital, 321.
- *Margaret's*, Rood-lane, 467, 487.
- *Mary's*, Jersey, 612.
- —, Oxford, 144, 145, 190.
- —, Scilly, 176.
- *Michael's* Mount, 197.
- *Neot's*, Huntingdonshire, 540.
- *Patrick's* Cathedral, 254, 427, 464, 541, 588; the Dean of, 423.
- *Paul's*, Covent Garden, 568.
- *Peter's*, Cornhill, 490, 507.
- *Stephen's*, Walbrook, architecture of, 299.
- Stafford*, 576, 577.
- Staffordshire*, "insurrection" in, 188.
- Stallbridge*, riots at, 350.
- Statius*' "Thebais," criticism on, 228.
- Staveley*, 514.
- Sterne's* "Sentimental Journey" criticized, 386.
- Stockton-upon-Tees*, 413.
- Stokesley*, 622.
- Stonehouse*, Rev. Mr., 61, 401.
- Stony Stratford*, 467.
- Stormont*, Lord, warrant from, 518.
- Storms*, at sea, 17, 18, 19, 48, 49, 463, 466, 521; on land, 166, 490, 530, 552.
- Stourport*, 604.
- Strangers' Society*, one of the fruits of Methodism, 620.
- Strong*, Joseph, a remarkable genius, 437.
- Strongman*, Joshua, an old friend, 414.
- Stroud*, 533, 541, 553, 620.
- Suicide* at Oxford, 91.
- Sunday Schools*, springing up everywhere, 565; at Bolton, 608, 615.
- Surinam*, a lady from, 549.
- "*Survey of the Wisdom of God in the Creation*," Wesley writes, 299; reads to his preachers, 333.
- Sutherland*, George, has Wesley arrested, 409; is fined £1,000, 409.
- Swaffham*, 624.
- Swaledale*, 511.
- Swanage*, 417, 609.
- Swanlinbar*, 586.
- Swansea*, 460.
- Swift's*, Dean, letters, 431.
- Swindells*, Mr., 219.
- Swiss Guards* at the Hague, 545.
- Switzers*, Wesley warns a number of, 89.
- Synagogues*, visits to Jewish, 89, 369.
- Tabernacle*, Whitefield's, 485.
- Tadcaster*, 443; minister changes his mind, 414.
- Talking* after service, "a miserable custom," 556, 562.
- Tanderagee*, a good day at, 399; evening at, 478.
- Tasso* mentioned, 557.
- Tattershall*, 528, 529.
- , Thomas, 563.
- Taunton*, 433, 530, 531.
- Taylor*, Dr., opinions of, 290.
- , John, 159, 160.
- , Mr. Joseph, 589, 590.
- Tees*, falls of the, 495.
- Teesdale*, 495.
- Telchig*, Mr., the Moravian, 72.
- Temptations*, how to conquer, 70, 72.
- Tenby*, 566.
- Tennent*, Mr. Gilbert, of New England, 271.
- Terence's* "Adelphi," Wesley sees, acted by Westminster scholars, 364.
- Tetney*, liberal Society at, 215.
- Tewkesbury*, 533, 604.
- Texel*, visit to the, 548.
- Thame*, Wesley makes one trial at, 484.
- Thanksgiving*, general (1769), 302; (1784), 565.
- Thompson*, Rev. Mr., of St. Gennis, 539.
- Thomson*, the poet, high praise of, 394.
- Thorpe*, 596.
- "*Thoughts on God and Nature*," 357.
- Tinnars*, a joyful company of, 177.
- Tiverton*, 444, 481.
- Todmorden*, 509, 564.
- Tolbooth Kirk*, Wesley preaches in the, 562.
- , the, Edinburgh, 408, 409.
- Told*, Silas, Wesley buries, 487; scenes from his life, 486.
- Toleration*, Act of, consulted, 614.
- Toplady*, Mr., 457.
- Tottenham*, Captain, 478.
- *Court-road Tabernacle*, 374, 376.

- Towcester*, 533.
Tower, the lion in, 506; Lord George Gordon in, 518.
Toydemea, Professor, 551.
Tracoon, visit to, 566.
Trembath, John, 539.
Trenwith, 530.
Truro, 530.
Tullamore, soldierly congregations at, 472, 473.
Tunbridge Wells, 468, 469.
Tyrellspass, 580.
- Ulster*, appearance of, 285.
Utrecht, visits to, 551, 600.
- Vallance's*, Major, Irish Grammar, 585.
Vanrocy, Mr., courtesy and cordiality of, 599.
Vasey, Mr. Thomas, appointed to America, 566.
Vassenaar, Madame de, 545, 546.
Vaudois, at Savannah, 44.
Vaughan, Admiral, visits to, 459, 566.
V—n, Sir —, solemn threat of, 202.
Venn, Rev. Mr., 300, 315.
Villette, Mr., ordinary of Newgate, 570.
Virgil quoted, 352.
Voltaire, his "Henriade," 286; Memoirs of himself, 566; a consummate coxcomb, 369, 566.
- Wakefield*, 406, 494, 507, 535.
Wales, 117, 118, 130, 217, 239-41, 286, 324, 331-33, 379, 380, 458-61, 503, 504, 521, 522.
Walsall, mob at, 179-82, 187, 188.
Walsh, Sergeant, large house built by, 482.
 —, Thomas, 282, 290.
Walsingham, 532.
Warburton, Bishop, 374.
Warner's, Dr., "History of Ireland," a "senseless romance," 505.
Warren's, Miss, school at Pembroke, 522.
Warrington, 449, 492, 593, 621.
Watchnight, first in London, 157; first in Cornwall, 246; in London, 567.
Waterford, 581, 605.
Wattevil, Baron, of Ysselstein, 75.
Watts, Dr., on "The Improvement of the Mind," 335; "Treatise on the Passions," 365.
Waxworks, visit to the, 614.
Wardale, "a lovely prospect," 392; Society in, 392, 409, 511; "lovely congregation" in, 495.
Weavers, collection for poor, 335.
 — Hall, 541.
Webb, Captain, "all life and fire," 397, 589.
Wednesbury, mob at, 178-82, 186-88; love-feast at, 575.
Weight, Wesley's, in 1769 and 1783, 556.
Weimar, detention at, 78.
Wells, Norfolk, 532.
Welsh Jumpers, 324.
 —, Mr., father of the Reformation of Manners Society, 344.
Wensleydale, 410.
Wentworth House, description of, 595.
Wesley, Rev. Charles, 15, 16, 21, 28, 56, 59, 60, 64, 183, 238, 263, 267, 350, 384, 519, 619.
 —, Rev. John, grandfather of Mr. Wesley, 395, 396.
- Wesley*, Rev. John, Introductory Letter by, 7; visits the prisoners, 7, 66; his account of the Holy Club, 12; voyage of, to Georgia, 15; awakes under water, 23; repels Mrs. Williamson from the Sacrament, 38; consequences, 38-45; leaves Georgia, 45; voyage home, 46; reflections on landing, 50; meets Peter Böhler, 53, 69; obtains salvation, 70; begins field preaching, 95; not an enemy to the Church of England, 111; writes to a Roman Catholic priest, 113; talks with his mother, 114; answers a clergyman's questions, 116; overthrown by a horseman, 117; preaches on his father's tomb, 161, 166; at his mother's deathbed and funeral, 162, 163; is refused the Sacrament at Epworth, 166; takes the oaths, 189; is seized by Mr. B—, 193; writes to the Mayor of Newcastle, 203; to General Husk, 205; to Alderman Ridley, 206; is shot over his horse's head, 212; amongst the soldiers at Cork, 244, 245; prepares books for the use of Kingswood School, 246, 247; falls on London Bridge, 248, 249; writes "An Address to the Clergy," 281; "A Preservative against Unsettled Notions," 295; "A Survey of the Wisdom of God in the Creation," 299; sits to Mr. Hunter for his portrait, 340; his mare falls on him, 343; he clothes a destitute man, 344; at the age of sixty-three, 362; is summoned before the Court of Conscience, Dublin, 365; preaches Whitefield's funeral sermon, 374; kicked by a horse, 378, 379; sits for his picture, 384; is presented with the freedom of Perth, 389; and of Arbroath, 390; revises his letters and papers, 396; finds his private account "still worse," 400; has an operation performed, 402; has his effigy taken in waxwork, 402; is served with a warrant at Edinburgh, 409; gains the day, 409; has a remarkable escape, 411; has a severe illness, 424-26; visits Dr. Dodd, in the Compter, 449; writes "Thoughts upon God's Sovereignty," 455; writes answer to Rowland Hill, 457; settles disputes at Dublin, 465; writes "A Serious Address to the Inhabitants of England," 470; "Compassionate Address to the Inhabitants of Ireland," 474; visits Lord George Gordon in the Tower, 518; suffers from attacks of fever, 541, 553, 554; visits Holland, 543; spends two hours with Dr. Johnson, 556; visits Holland for the last time, 588-601; writes Fletcher's Life, 602; pays his last visit to Ireland, 605-608; breakfasts with Father O'Leary, 606; bids farewell to "this loving people," 607; feels old age (Jan. 1st, 1790), 619; finishes his sermon on the Wedding Garment, 620; preaches his last sermon in the open air, 624; original account of death, 625.
 —, Rev. Samuel, jun., 55, 396.
- Wesley*, Rev. Samuel, sen., 7, 10, 161.
 —, Mrs. Susanna, 55, 74, 106, 107, 114, 115, 162-64.
Westminster School, 364.
West-street Chapel, 171, 468, 487, 505, 519, 572, 588, 591, 597.
Wexford, 605.
Whatcoat, Mr., appointed to America, 566.
Whitby, 371.
Whiteboys, origin of the, 319.
Whitefield, Rev. George, 92, 95, 100, 107, 108, 110, 111, 120, 157, 238, 300, 314, 346, 350, 365, 374, 402, 550; and Wesley, 138.
Whitefield's Tabernacle, 375.
Whitehall and London "Evening Post," mistakes of, 187.
Whitehaven, 310, 511, 527, 559.
Whitehead, Dr., attends Wesley, 602.
Whitelamb, Rev. Mr., 161.
Whitelee, or *Whiteley*, Wesley preaches to the prisoners at, 494, 507.
Whitfield, Mr. George, 561.
Whittlebury, 568.
 "Whole Duty of Man," 131.
Wigan, 435, 558, 578, 621.
Wilberforce, William, interview with, 617, 618.
William III. at the Boyne, 400.
Williamson, Mrs., case of, 37-42.
Wilson, Dr., cure by, 488.
 —, good Bishop, 524.
 —, Rev. Mr., vicar of Otley, 509.
Winchelsea, visits to, 382, 623, 624.
Winchester, 381, 382, 483, 505, 532, 555, 589.
Wingate, 558, 577.
Witches and apparitions, 362.
Witney, 431, 552.
Wodrow's "Sufferings of the Church Scotland," 358.
Wolverhampton, 471, 577, 620.
Wood, Sarah, funeral sermon on, 575.
Woodhouse, 508.
Woolley, John, case of, 153.
Worcester, 420, 421, 433, 458, 490, 533, 541, 574, 604.
Workhouse, visit to a London, 376; a Dutch, 548.
Worship, Benjamin, 555.
Wrangel, Dr., 363.
Wrecks, Cornish, plundering of, 445.
Wrestlingworth, 570.
Wright, Duncan, 345, 348.
 —, Mrs., of New York, takes Wesley's effigy in waxwork, 402.
Wroote, 160.
- Xenophon*, criticism on, 158.
- Yarmouth*, 308, 309, 335, 555.
 —, Isle of Wight, 609.
Yeadon, 529, 534.
Yearly meeting for examination of accounts, 540.
Yeomans' Misses, boarding school, 533.
York, 275, 348, 413, 414, 443, 514.
Youghal, 581.
Young, Robert, called to order, 192.
- Zeeburg*, on the Texel, 548.
Zeist, a settlement of the Brethren in Holland, 551.
Zinzendorf, Count, 77, 78.

